

# The OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 151-200

By Breakthebar

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

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

## Chapter 151

Gemma fucking back at you was awesome. Getting to play with her asshole a bit was also awesome. Doing both at the same time was surprisingly *not* the duplication of awesome you thought it would be because both couldn't happen well at the same time. Either your hand was in the way, or she was tentative about the backward movement. It just didn't work well.

At the end of the day, you fingered her butt a little bit while the head of your cock was inside her pussy, and then the two of you went back to fucking. Watching Gemma's ass as she took charge was as great as you'd told her. Seeing her pussy stretching around your cock was - well, the only thing better was the idea of both her and Sabrina doing it back and forth.

You finished off with Gemma sitting up high and bouncing on your cock instead of backing up onto it, while you reached around and grabbed one of her bouncing tits with one hand and grabbed her hair near the scalp again with the other. You both came, first Gemma and then you, as you unloaded a second time inside of her. She collapsed back onto your chest, sitting on your lap with your cock still inside of her, and you hugged her around the stomach as you both caught your breath.

"Can I ask you a question?" she asked.

"Isn't that the sort of thing that got us here in the first place?"

She chuckled. "Maybe so. But seriously, John. Is sex always this good for you? Cause it wasn't for me. You're honestly the best I've had, and I can't see anyone being better than this."

That made your chest swell with some pride. "Honestly, no. It's never been like this. I don't know what it is, Gemma. Maybe it's you and Sabrina, or the confidence you both give me. Or maybe it's something else."

"I won't try and get you to say I'm the best you've ever had," Gemma said, turning back and kissing your cheek. "I know Sabrina and I together have to be at least half again as good as one of us."

Gemma ended up leading you to the washroom for a shower, where you kissed and fondled each other but didn't go for another round. You were back in her room, dressed and helping her strip her bed, when there was a knock on her open bedroom door.

"Hey, kids," Becca said. "Mom and Mom are home. You guys better not have gotten into any trouble."

"Hey," Gemma smiled. "Did you have a good date?"

“Definitely,” Charlotte said, passing by the room behind Becca and smacking her fuck-buddy-roommate on the ass.

Becca laughed. “Charlotte got jealous of your Dance Club story, so we went out dancing tonight,” she told you. “We had guys buying us drinks all night, danced up on each other, and now I’m about to go strap in and go to town on her in the privacy of our room. Unless you two want to come watch? I’ve never done it with a proper audience before.”

The wiggle of her eyebrows and teasing grin had you and Gemma both laughing. “That’s a hot offer,” you said. “But Gemma and I just had our own fun and I need to get back to my place. Work is stressful as hell this week.”

“Ah, maybe next time,” Becca said, scrunching up her nose as she made a face.

“Beeeecca,” Charlotte called from the room next door. “I’m naaaaaaked.”

“Duty calls,” Becca said, giving you both a mock salute and heading to their room.

You helped Gemma re-make her bed with fresh sheets she’d bought just to tackle this problem and then sat on the edge of the bed as she crawled up and straddled your lap, kissing you as she hugged you close.

“I wish you didn’t have to go,” she said. “I want to wake up next to you.”

“I know, me too,” you said. “I’ll get a couple of bags together for the weekend to leave here and at Sabrina’s.”

“OK,” she nodded and kissed you again. “Do we need to talk at all about Joy, or work, before you go?”

“I don’t think so. Nothing happened today,” you told her.

“I was thinking and... on Monday we had a lot going on,” Gemma said. “Sabrina and I were both pissed off, and we needed to talk about some other things, too. Even though I came to see you that night, I still feel like I let you down. *We* let you down. We should have been with you after you went through that - it was mostly you taking the hits, not us.”

You squeezed her a little tighter in your hug. “It’s OK,” you said. “I wasn’t even thinking of that when you told me the plan you two had. I’ll be totally open, I was a little sad and lonely when I was at my place that afternoon, but you brightened up my evening significantly.”

“I’m still sorry,” she said quietly.

“Then I forgive you,” you replied and kissed her lightly.

“You should probably go before I start taking these clothes back off of you,” she grinned.

“Alright, love,” you said and kissed her again.

“Unless you want to go take Becca up on that offer,” Gemma teased.

You snorted a soft laugh. “You are more than enough to keep me occupied, I don’t need a live lesbian show.”

“So you’re saying you *don’t* want to see me be a Top to Sabrina this weekend?”

“Now, now,” you said. “I wouldn’t go *that* far.”

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“John, with me,” Garrison said, sticking his head into the Intern conference room and motioning to you.

Gemma and Sabrina both raised their eyebrows at you questioningly.

Eric was less subtle. “What does he want with you?” he asked. “You’re not getting *another* special assignment, are you? That’s totally unfair.”

“I don’t know, dude,” you said, getting up and heading out the door and jogging down the hall to catch up with Garrison. It was five minutes before the start of the day, so Joy and Andy hadn’t shown up yet but Associates, the paralegals for the firm and a couple of the Partners were all wishing each other good mornings as they went to their own offices. “What can I do for you, sir?”

Garrison didn’t say anything, just motioning you on, leading you back to his office. He ushered you in and shut the door, sitting at his desk with a frown as he looked at you through narrowed eyes.

“Sir?” you asked again, starting to feel more than a little nervous.

## Chapter 152

“Anything to say for yourself?” Garrison asked you.

You raised an eyebrow and could feel yourself drawing back from him a bit. There was... so much that he could be talking about. The least of which was taking some extra break time, and the largest was being overtly sexual with both of your fellow-intern-girlfriends on company time, in the building. And that didn't even start to cover whatever shit Joy and her mother may have come up with. Why did you just accept that things may have settled yesterday? You'd given them a whole day to scheme something up.

“Sir, I've got no idea what you're asking me about,” you said.

Garrison smirked. “Good. You didn't try to guess.”

“I don't understand?” you asked.

Garrison leaned back in his chair and grinned. “I just wanted to see how you would react. I tried that with my nephew yesterday when I met up with my sister's family and he spilt his guts on a half dozen things his parents didn't know about. Court is a pressure cooker, so if you couldn't handle this I wouldn't bother going forward with the mentorship.”

You opened your mouth for a moment, wanting to say something about how ridiculous that was, but then clicked it shut.

He was going to mentor you.

“Just me?” you asked.

“I'll talk with Sabrina and Gemma later this morning,” he said, waving at you not to make it an issue. “I checked over some more of the work you three have been doing yesterday to make sure the extra effort I'm about to put in is worth it. I was happy to see it will be.”

“Thank you, sir,” you said.

“Now, there's plenty I could just dump onto you, but I prefer teaching moments to just spoon-feeding. I believe you took your LSATs right before you started with us, correct?”

“I did,” you nodded. “I still haven't heard anything back, but I'm planning on applying to schools this fall so I prepped all last year.”

“Good. I also saw Sabrina has done the same thing. Do you know what Gemma's plans are?”

You frowned. “Not really. She’ll be heading back to Australia at the end of the summer. We- It’s kind of a soft spot between us. We both know she’s leaving, so we’re trying to enjoy things before that happens.”

He snorted and shook her head lightly. “Making things tomorrow-you’s problem isn’t a great plan,” he said. “Well, let’s assume she needed to do something similar if she’s planning on school there and not here. I need you to clear up any emergency work this morning, you’re going to be busy this afternoon.”

“Alright,” you said. “What if I get some pushback, though?”

Garrison furrowed his brow. “From who? An associate?”

“No, the Associates haven’t been like that. At least not yet,” you said. “I mean from Joy.”

“What possible pushback could she give you, John? She’s an intern, and I’m a Partner. She has no say in this.”

“What I mean to say is that she’ll likely take this... I don’t even know if ‘personally’ is the right phrasing.”

“John,” Garrison said. “Just do what I tell you and don’t worry about it,” he said. “Head back to the conference room and send Sabrina down to see me. Don’t tell her about the ‘anything to say’ trick, or the mentoring. I’ll fill her in myself.”

“Alright,” you nodded and stood. “Thanks, sir.”

“Don’t thank me yet,” he said and slowly smirked. “Now I’ve got my eye on you three, kid. It’s up to you whether that’s a good thing or not.”

You nodded and left, but internally you started sweating buckets. Garrison had already been a bit scary in his gruff, no-nonsense place of power, and you’d actually wanted his personal attention like this. But *‘I have my eye on you’* made you think about all the crap you, Gemma and Sabrina had been pulling in the last week and a half.

The rules really, really needed to start being enforced. No more wild shit at the office.

When you got back to the conference room you were surprised to see that Andy was in the room, though his head was resting on the table and he might have been asleep. Gemma and Sabrina immediately looked up at you, flashing you concerned-but-happy-to-see-you looks.

“Sabrina, he wants to see you now,” you said.

“What’s it about?” she asked.

“He told me not to say anything,” you said. But you couldn’t help yourself, and you gave her a little wink.

“Alright,” Sabrina said, raising an eyebrow as she stood. She turned to Gemma. “Don’t fill him in on the thing. I want to be there.”

“Oh, of course,” Gemma said, her smile sliding into a full grin.

Sabrina left, and Gemma scrunched up her nose a little at you as she silently teased you about having a secret too. You got to work, and about ten minutes later you saw Sabrina coming back down the hall from your seat across from the door. She had a big smile on, and as she passed an area in the hallway that didn’t have office doors or windows she skipped and did a silent little happy dance. Obviously she was feeling thrilled at getting some mentorship as well. A few steps from the conference room door she stopped and took a long breath, steeling her expression before coming in.

“Gemma,” she said, and your other girlfriend looked up from her work. “You’re up.”

The blonde frowned. “Alright,” she said, glancing back and forth between you and Sabrina. She stood and left, and once she did Sabrina broke into another smile and sat down.

“What’s all that about?” Eric asked.

You felt... not bad, but not great either, that he wasn’t looped in on the mentorship. Before last weekend you wouldn’t have cared either way, but after the way he helped with the rapper guy, you felt a little more kinship with him. He was on the team.

“Just a Garrison thing,” you said. “Hey, how did all the podcasting stuff go?”

“Oh, dude!” he exclaimed, immediately forgetting about his questions. “I’m actually taking off next Wednesday night and Thursday morning. One of the biggest podcasts is flying me out to Miami! They always have a bunch of hot chicks in their studio clout chasing - like Instagram influencers and OnlyFans models and shit - so I am going to get fuckin’ laaaaii-” he stopped at the look Sabrina was giving him and stammered to try and cover himself. “-ser eye surgery.”

You couldn’t help but bark a little laugh out, and Sabrina just snorted a little and rolled her eyes.

## Chapter 153

Joy, of course, bustled in late. Earlier than the previous two days, but still late. She immediately zeroed in on the fact that Gemma's workspace was occupied, but she wasn't there.

"Where's blondie?" Joy demanded as she shoved her way by Andy, knocking his chair hard to wake him up.

"Gemma got called out to talk with Garrison," you said.

"Hmm," Joy sneered, dropping her purse and taking her seat at the end of the table. "Well, hopefully that old bastard is disciplining her properly. Then again, she'd probably just offer him a favo-"

"Stop," you said tightly. You were holding the mouse for your laptop in a white-knuckled grip and glaring at her. "Joy, do not continue that sentence."

She smirked, leaning back in her seat and fixing the tuck on her blouse into her designer skirt. This pushed her tits out a bit, emphasizing her assets, but you didn't take the bait. "Oh, what's wrong *widdle buddy*?" she asked, putting on the same sort of babying voice people used to talk to their beloved dogs. "Do you have a *widdle cwush* on her or something?" She turned to Sabrina. "How do *you* feel about that?"

Sabrina sucked in a breath and let it out slowly through her nose. "I think you probably shouldn't sexually harass people, Joy."

"Are you insinuating that I did?" Joy asked, feigning shock. "I don't think I said anything like that. Andy, Eric. Did you hear me sexually harass anyone?"

Andy and Eric both looked uneasy. Andy also looked like he might need to dive for the garbage can sometime this morning if his hangover headache didn't let up.

"If you try and say that again, I'll slap you with a slander complaint so fast you won't even realize you're fired until you're back wherever you go at night and you're crying into a tub of chunky monkey ice cream because you've got nothing," Joy said.

"Whatever," Sabrina deadpanned.

You were about to say something else, and you were somewhat glad that Gemma coming back distracted you. She entered the room, her own happy smile faltering and turning sour as she saw Joy had arrived for the day.

"Where were you?" Joy demanded. "There's work to do."



“Just talking with Mr Garrison,” Gemma said. “And I was here working almost an hour ago. Where have you been?”

“I don’t have to answer to you,” Joy said. “But you *do* answer to me. What did Garrison want?”

“None of your business, Joy,” Gemma sighed.

“It’s not an HR issue,” Joy said. “You have to tell me.”

“Actually, we don’t,” you said. “Especially considering Garrison told us not to talk about it.”

Joy narrowed her eyes. “You talked to him as well?”

“So did I,” Sabrina smirked.

Eric just held up his hands. “Yeah, I’m not in whatever this is.”

“We have work to get done,” you said. “Let’s just-”

Joy shot up from her seat and stormed out of the office, down the corridor in the direction of the Partner offices. You had to wonder if she was heading to complain to her Mom or to try and find things out from Garrison himself. Still, while she was gone you were able to make eye contact with Gemma and she grinned happily, and she flashed the same smile to Sabrina as well. The three of you started working hard.

“You gonna tell me what’s going on, or what?” Eric muttered to you out of the side of his mouth.

“She’s not here,” you said at a normal volume. “You don’t need to whisper.”

“Dude, she fucking scares me,” Eric said.

“It’s just a meeting this afternoon,” Sabrina told Eric. “It’s going to be super boring.”

“Eugh,” Eric made a face. “Count me out.”

Joy came back looking even more sour than she had before, and she stayed quiet for the next hour as she sat in front of her computer and... worked? You really weren’t sure *what* she actually did, since she didn’t seem to do any physical work with the files that Associates would bring in, and her digital work didn’t seem to progress any of your progress markers.

And then, of course, Joy was up and out again by 11:30 AM for her early, long lunch.

“I wonder if her mother is ever going to have a meeting she *doesn’t* get to go to,” you pondered.

“Whatever,” Gemma said, closing her own laptop. “It doesn’t matter. If she’s in charge and is taking lunch now, I think we can all consider ourselves on lunch as well.”

“Really?” Eric asked, perking up from his spot.

“Yeah. Why don’t you take Andy downstairs? It looks like he could use some Gatorade or something,” Gemma said. “If we’re taking a bit longer of a lunch, there’s a Greek place a block over I want to try and go to.”

“I’m in,” you said. “Sabrina?”

“Definitely,” she nodded.

You all closed down your laptops and left the building. Becks gave the five of you a look as you headed from the elevators to the front doors, and Gemma gave her a wave while Sabrina sent her a quick wink. Eric and Andy split off, deciding to go to the sub place, and once you were out of sight you were quickly arm-in-arm with Sabrina and holding Gemma’s hand.

“A new Greek place, huh?” you asked her.

“Well, there *is* actually a Greek place,” she grinned. “But they have some booth seating, and we need a touch of privacy when Sabrina tells you the secret.”

“Speaking of secrets,” Sabrina said, turning to you. “Did you know about Garrison and the mentorship program?”

You grinned. “I talked with him a couple of days ago,” you said. “And I told him that the two of you were the top interns and deserved it the most.”

Both of your girlfriends rolled their eyes and gave you little shoves, assuring you that you were their equal. Then Gemma added a ‘Probably’ with a smirk, and Sabrina said ‘Kind of’ and stuck out her tongue.

## Chapter 154

“OK,” Sabrina said. “So there’s this Twitter account.”

“Because all really good stories start like that,” you said.

The three of you were ensconced in a small booth at the front end of the Greek place, each of you eating your own order of Shawarma. Well, that was true until Gemma tried hers, and then eyed yours, and without saying anything you swapped baskets with her. She grinned and leaned over the table to kiss you, and Sabrina rolled her eyes. “Could you two stop being cute for one second so we can get through this story?”

“Sorry,” Gemma grinned.

“You know, it would be easier if you would just let me order for you,” you said.

“That would actually be kinda hot,” Sabrina said.

“But then I wouldn’t get to try things. What if I miss out on something new?” Gemma asked.

“Just- What’s the Twitter account, Sabrina?” you asked.

Sabrina swallowed her mouthful of shawarma and then pulled out her phone. “It’s probably easier if I just show you.” She manipulated her phone for a couple of seconds, then put it face-up on the table and slid it over to you.

You looked down, then immediately covered it with your hands as you looked around to make sure no one was peering over at it. “What the fuck?”

“Look closer,” Gemma prompted you.

You narrowed your eyes and moved your hands away, looking down at the profile. It was called @DaddyDick and had an erect penis as its profile picture with a cartoon face drawn on the head.

And you realized quickly that it was *your* dick.

“I’ll repeat. What the fuck?”

“It’s a fan account,” Sabrina explained. “I told you I have guy and girl fans, right? Well, I don’t know who it is, but someone has decided to start this account and is roleplaying as... well, as you? But it’s actually more from the perspective of your penis. Look at the first few posts.”

You scrolled down the timeline and saw more pictures of your penis - well, they were screengrabs, not pictures. The account only had about ten posts so far, and each one was written in first person and detailing the 'adventures' of 'Daddy's Dick' and your encounters with Sabrina's OnlyFans persona. It started with the restaurant and a couple of photos Sabrina had posted mentioning her having fun with you, and the last three were from the video she'd released. As you were watching a 'new tweets' notification came up and you refreshed, seeing that the newest tweet was talking about the next video in Sabrina's releases that she'd started teasing.

"I don't even know what to say," you said, sliding the phone back to her.

"Just be flattered," Gemma suggested.

"My penis has a Twitter account with more followers than my own, and I don't even control it," you said.

"Do you *use* your Twitter account?" Sabrina asked.

"Well, no," you said.

"Then that doesn't matter," Sabrina continued. "Look, you have fans. I have fans. Nothing else here, between us, or in the content is changing. I just thought it was funny and showed Gemma, and we knew we needed to tell you. It's like... it's like free advertising. And it's not like anyone is going to recognize it's you."

You had to take a long breath and then stall further by taking a big bite of shawarma and slowly chewing.

"I guess there's nothing I could even do about it," you sighed.

"Nope," Gemma said. "Plus, I think it's kinda funny. Daddy."

You rolled your eyes.

Finishing up your lunches, you took your time walking back, arriving just before one o'clock and getting sat down. The three of you had put on the rush that Garrison had asked for that morning, and even when leaving early for lunch you had cleared out all the 'high priority' tasks for the day.

Right at one o'clock, Garrison was knocking on the conference room door. You saw his eyes scan the table, lingering for a long moment on the trash of Andy's lunch still sitting on the table in front of him, and at the empty seat where Joy wasn't currently sitting. Then he pointed at you, Gemma and Sabrina. "Follow," he grunted.

You did, the three of you following Garrison down to the elevators. He brought you down to the first floor, and Becks shot the three of you another concerned glance as Garrison led you through the lobby and into the hallways. He brought you to a small, bare office that had been set up with three dividers on the desk, and three chairs. Each spot had a small stack of papers face down, and three sharpened pencils.

“Pick a seat,” he directed you. Once the three of you were sitting, he checked his watch. “Alright. You’re writing a practice LSAT,” he said. “You have three hours. Go.” Then he left.

You, Gemma and Sabrina blinked and looked at each other in surprise. The door shut with a loud clunk.

The three of you flipped over your papers and it was, in fact, a practice LSAT. It looked like the sort of one you would purchase through a service that people used to help study, and a high-grade one at that. You took another glance at Gemma, who was frowning as she was reading the instructions, and then at Sabrina who was already looking stressed as she was tying her hair back as her eyes darted, wide and panicked, up and down the page.

For the next twenty minutes, the three of you worked feverishly, trying to remember everything from when you’d written the actual test a month ago.

Then you stopped. A thought had occurred to you. A risky one... but was it?

“Hold on,” you said.

Sabrina frowned and glanced up at you. “Shh,” she hushed.

“No, hold on,” you said again. “This is a test.”

“No shit,” Gemma said, looking up at you quickly.

“No,” you shook your head. “I mean this, all of this, is a test.”

## Chapter 155

“John, are you OK?” Sabrina asked you, looking at you like you had three heads.

“No, seriously. Think about it,” you said. “Sure, we’re writing LSATs. But this isn’t accredited. Garrison didn’t tell us any rules. For the last month, he hasn’t cared one bit about how we divided work, as long as the work got done, because this isn’t school. We’re working in the real world. So we can just... work together.”

Gemma opened her mouth and then closed it, looking thoughtful and cocking her head a bit. Sabrina blinked rapidly, then shrugged. “Fuck it,” she said and lowered the cardboard divider that Garrison had set up. “I fucking hate tests anyways.”

“Alright, I’m in,” Gemma nodded.

So you wrote your practice LSATs together.

And it was actually... fun?

Studying and preparing for the LSAT had been a stressful addition to your third year of university. You’d had a full course load, and all that extra studying on top of things. Writing the test was even more stressful than applying to University to begin with. But writing it *with* Gemma and Sabrina made it fly by. One of you generally had the answer on the tip of your tongue, and for the more complicated questions you were able to quickly work it out between the three of you.

You not only finished the test, but you finished it early.

When the door opened and Garrison stuck his head in after three hours, he found the three of you sitting around the desk, chatting and laughing. Your tests were stacked neatly, along with the pencils and the dividers. Gemma, wearing a pair of nice slacks instead of a skirt, even had her feet up on the desk though she lowered them when the door opened.

“Things went well then?” Garrison asked.

“Absolutely,” you said. The three of you had agreed that since you had come up with the reasoning for working together, you were going to be the one to explain it. “We finished the whole thing. Even checked it twice.”

“We?” he asked pointedly.

This was the moment you had to own your shit. You were maybe 85% sure that this was ‘a Test’ and not just writing a test. Everything you knew about Garrison told you he shouldn’t care about trying to enforce school rules or anything like that.

“Of course,” you said. “You gave us a task, and we completed it. Together. To the best of our abilities.”

“Hmm,” he nodded. “Alright. Give me whoever’s copy is neatest, and head back upstairs. Work as usual for the rest of the day.”

“Yes, sir,” you all said and gave him Sabrina’s copy since she had the nicest handwriting.

Once you were all in the elevator, with Garrison having stayed behind on the first floor, you let out nervous exhalations and laughs.

“I can’t believe we just did that,” Gemma said. “It feels like we got away with cheating, but it wasn’t.”

“God, we may have just ruined my view on every test and assignment going forward in Uni,” Sabrina said. “Why *shouldn’t* we be able to use the resources we would in the real world? Now I wonder how many of the Partners start off something new just by Googling.”

That got the three of you laughing, and you were still grinning as you got back to the intern conference room.

“Well?” Joy demanded, standing from her seat at the far end of the table as the three of you filed in and headed for your seats around the conference table. “Where were you?”

“Downstairs,” you said.

“Doing what?” she scoffed. “I went and checked the basement and none of you were there.”

“Garrison had us working on something,” Gemma said. “It’s private.”

Joy took in a deep breath, and you thought you could almost see the gears grinding in her head as her peevish rage grated through her. But she held her tongue and didn’t say anything to Gemma. Instead, she turned to you and the syrupy sweet, completely false smile that oozed onto her face and put you on more of a defensive than anything else. “Well, John. It’s good you’re back finally because while you were busy with *whatever*, we got another cleaning assignment down in the basement. You need to come with me.”

“What?” Eric asked. “I don’t remember anyone telling us that. I could have-”

“My mother sent it to me,” Joy snapped and then turned back to you again. “Come on. We need to get the job done before the end of the day.”

You glanced at Gemma and Sabrina. Was this it? Was this really her move?

“Sure,” you said. You pulled out your phone and fiddled with it, turning on the camera app and then slipping it into your front shirt pocket to record video. “Let’s go.”

“Mm,” she pouted, narrowing her eyes. “Leave your phone here. You shouldn’t even have it at work, and we need to stay focused.”

You furrowed your brow. “I’m not leaving my phone here.”

“Are you refusing to do your *job*, John?” Joy demanded. “Because if you don’t want to do it, I can make sure that’s a permanent thing.”

Either Joy was suspicious of you wanting your phone and that you could try and record her, or she was just that much of a control freak that she wanted to flex it every way she could. Either way, you had to think quickly.

“Well, first I’d like to see the direction from your Mother,” you said. “I just want to know what room we’re cleaning down there.”

“I don’t have to explain myself to you,” Joy sneered.

“I’m not asking you to explain,” you said. “I just want you to show me the directive so I know what I’m doing.”

“She told me. There’s nothing to show,” she countered.

“Didn’t you just say she ‘sent’ it to you?” Gemma asked.

Was now the time to push? You had your phone recording, but was this the best you could get?

“Why are you trying to get me alone in a room with you, Joy?” you asked her. “Is there some reason you want to do that?”



## Chapter 156

“I’m not even going to dignify that with a response,” Joy said. Her face had gone still as a rock, her eyes glaring daggers at you. And your phone. “If you don’t want to do the work, then you’ll face the consequences.”

Fuck. *Fuck.*

She knew. Or she suspected.

“Now, if you are refusing to do the task Mrs Bellagamba relayed to me, then I’ll just need to make a report of it and you can go back to your drudgery work for now. We’ll see how long that lasts.”

Joy left the room. You sat down heavily in your chair, pulled out your phone and stopped the recording.

“Uh, what the fuck was that about?” Eric asked.

“Remember the club?” Gemma asked him. “Kinda like that.”

“Oooh,” Eric said. “Well, shit. What now?”

“I don’t know,” you said, shaking your head.

The four of you got back to work. You only noticed Andy wasn’t there after a few more minutes, and Eric told you he’d gone home sick. Weirdly, Joy just... didn’t come back before the end of the day. She’d left her purse and other things in the conference room, and you had all been expecting her to show back up, but soon enough you were filing out of the conference room at the end of the day and turning off the light. None of you had any idea where she’d disappeared to.

Outside the office, Gemma walked with you around the corner and then planted a goodbye kiss on you. “Have fun tonight,” she said as you both hugged each other, her chest to yours and her arms up and resting on your shoulders. “And remember what I said.”

“I will,” you smiled. Since you were meeting up with Sabrina later this was almost the reverse situation from yesterday.

“I’m being serious, John. Make sure you make love to her at least once,” Gemma said.

Now it was your turn to kiss her. “I hear you, love. I will make sure to be as sweet and giving as I can be.”

“Good,” she said, then bit her lower lip and grinned. “I’m starting to get really excited about this time tomorrow.”

“Why is that?” you asked teasingly.

“Because,” she said, pulling you close and whispering in your ear so that none of the busy crowd walking by you on the sidewalk would hear. “I want your cock, love. I want it so bad, and in every way.”

“Every way, huh?” you asked, raising your eyebrows.

She slowly nodded. “Every. Way.”

“Well, I was already excited too, but now I’m going to have a hard time getting home,” you said and pressed your hips forward a little so that she could feel your quickly developing boner press against her.

She laughed. “Sorry, love.”

“No you’re not,” you said.

“No, I’m not,” she agreed with another smile and kiss.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was almost a relief, walking into your apartment and not interrupting something between Mosche and Tasha. In fact, neither of them was there, which left you wondering if they had swapped locations and they were busy terrorizing whoever Tasha’s roommate was instead.

You spent the next hour getting ready for your ‘platonic date’ with Sabrina and decided to really treat it like you had your date with Gemma. So, once you’d narrowed down your outfit choices, you took a picture of them and sent them to Gemma for approval, and just like with Sabrina, Gemma immediately suggested swapping items around.

She was right, it did look better.

One thing you weren’t sure about was what you could bring for Sabrina. Your go-to instinct was to go get her a flower like you did for Gemma, but that felt a little... devaluing of the tradition you’d started with Gemma. The whole three-person, dating-not-dating relationship thing was only working because you weren’t trying to force things and you all knew you were different people headed in the same direction. You didn’t want to treat Sabrina like she was the same as Gemma because that wasn’t fair to either of them.

You ended up racking your brain for a bit, trying to figure out what you could do. What sort of gesture you could make.

Knocking on Sabrina's door, you were only 50% sure you'd made the right choice. When she opened the door she was already beaming and dressed in a slinky black dress that had a shimmery quality to it. It hung from two slim straps on her shoulders and she clearly couldn't wear a bra with it from how bare the back was. It was the sort of dress suited to her small-chested frame and that could never have worked for Gemma because her boobs would have been all over the place. On Sabrina, it looked perfect.

"I don't think 'Wow' does you justice," you said, openly eye-fucking her hungrily.

"You like?" she asked with that smile of hers, doing a little turn in place.

"You are absolutely breathtaking," you said, stepping forward and pulling her into a kiss. She melted against your chest there in the doorway to her apartment. Once it ended, you held up your gift. "I brought you something."

"A book?" she asked, raising one eyebrow. "A... used one?"

"A romantic mystery," you said, showing her the front. "It's from the seventies and is about a female detective who gets involved with the man who hires her to investigate his wife's murder. I'm hoping it's got Castle vibes."

She broke into a smile, taking the book from you and turning it over in her hands. Then she kissed you again, on her tiptoes. "Has anyone told you that you're the sweetest?" she asked.

"Not today," you smiled.

"Well, you are," she said and grabbed your hand, pulling you into the apartment. "How much time do we have before we need to be out the door?"

"No specific time," you said.

"Good," she said, and then slipped her dress from her shoulders and let it slither off of her body to pool at her feet. She hadn't been wearing panties under it either. "Because I don't want to mess up our record. Come fuck me, baby."

## Chapter 157

"I still can't believe we did that," Sabrina said, laughing lightly as she sat on the barstool next to yours.

"Neither can I," you said, grinning as widely as she was. Your hand was on her leg, your fingers dipping under the hem of her slinky black dress familiarly.

The bar was a moderately popular one, busy for a Thursday night, and you were glad you'd been able to spot the two open seats. You'd noticed almost a dozen guys checking out Sabrina, a few even while they were talking with other women, and it was a warm little source of pride in your chest that you knew she was not only with you, but she was *with you*.

"We should do that again with Gemma," Sabrina said after taking a sip of her espresso martini.

"Do you mean going to the karaoke bar, or what we did in the private room?" you asked with a teasing raise of your eyebrow.

Sabrina flushed just a little and grinned. "Both."

You leaned over and kissed her lightly on the lips. "God, I feel like such an idiot."

"Why?" she asked, cocking her head to the side a little at your statement.

"Because we've been going to the same university for three years, and I've seen you around campus and in my classes that whole time and I never talked to you. Let alone asked you out," you said. "I feel like I wasted time."

She smiled warmly, putting her hand on yours, encouraging it a little higher on her leg. "I know what you mean. But if you had, maybe I wouldn't have been ready. I didn't know you, and I've changed a lot since our first year. I'm glad you're getting this version of me and not that one. I was kind of stuck up back then."

"And now?" you asked.

"Now I like it when you get stuck in," she said quietly.

"Naughty, naughty girl," you said.

"Just for you, Daddy," she chuckled.

You opened your eyes wide, giving her a look that made her chuckle turn into a full-blown laugh that drew some eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Karaoke. Drinks. Dancing.

This time you had planned the dancing, unlike last week with Gemma. Sabrina had made it clear she wanted to go dancing with you when you told her the story of that date, so there was no way you were going to deny her that.

It being a Thursday, it wasn't nearly as long a wait to get into a club that was only a few blocks from her place. Inside it was still busy, but people weren't crammed in.

And best of all, there weren't any internet personalities trying to flex on you and your date.

Sabrina, to be honest, wasn't quite as good a dancer as Gemma was. That wasn't to say she lacked enthusiasm, but she just didn't have the natural grace in her hips. But that wasn't going to stop either of you from having fun. Things started slowly as she enjoyed you twirling her and dancing front to front to the Top 40 dance songs that the DJ seemed to be stuck on. You wondered if a little more variety would help liven up the crowd, maybe a rock song or something just to break up the repetitiveness.

As the night went on, you and Sabrina started dancing closer and closer. You were grinding on each other on the dance floor. Making out every once in a while when you weren't staring into each other's eyes. Then Sabrina grabbed your hand and pulled you into one of the darker corners of the club, and soon you were leaning against the wall as Sabrina backed up into you, grinding her petite ass against your stiff cock in your pants as she raised her arms back to run her fingers through your hair. You had been holding her hips, but you let your hands roam up her sides.

She surprised you by taking your hands and sliding them under the fabric of her slinky dress from the arm holes, and now you were palming her naked breasts as she danced back against you. Her nipples were little stiff rubbery nubs between your fingers as you both dry-humped at each other. You glanced around and no one seemed to be watching you, so you took one hand from her tits and reached down between you, sliding up the back of her dress. Sabrina got a look in her eye and bounced her ass away from you, letting you pull the fabric up until you had free access to her naked butt - she never did put on any underwear before you went out. You slid your fingers down her crack and slowly began to rub at her pussy as she leaned back against your chest.

"Fuck, John," she moaned. "This is so hot."

"I wish I could fuck you right now," you whispered to her, leaning down to speak into her ear and then kissing her neck the way she liked. She'd already been wet, but you could feel her start to almost drip and you slid a finger inside of her.

“You can, if you want,” she panted in reply. “Right here on the dance floor.”

“You would, wouldn’t you?” you asked. “For me.”

“Anything,” she nodded.

“But you’re all mine,” you said. “And I don’t want anyone else to think you’re just some easy slut, because you’re not. You’re only *my* slut.”

“Fuck, yes I am,” she panted.

“Are you going to come?” you asked her.

She nodded.

“How soon?”

“Almost-”

“I love you, Sabrina,” you whispered to her, fingering her at the back of the dance floor as the beat of the music pounded through your bodies.

She tensed, her hips jerking a couple of times, and you felt her release some of her juices onto your hand. Not a full squirt, but definitely a release. You pulled your fingers from her and let her dress fall back down over her ass, and you brought your hand up and slid it back under her dress to palm her tit with your girlcum-soaked hand, smearing it across her breast and nipples.

“John, I love you too,” she said, turning in your arms and taking your face between her hands to bring your face down to hers to kiss you hard. It meant your hands slipped from her chest, but you just held her as she kissed you. It wasn’t the filthy making out you had been doing before. It was kissing.

She ended it, pulling away a bit and looking up at you with big eyes. “Take me home?” she asked.

“On one condition,” you told her.

“Anything,” she promised.

“Tonight, I’m making love to you,” you said.

She kissed you again.

## Chapter 158

For once, you and Sabrina didn't have sex on her couch while you were at her place. Of course, that didn't occur to you until much later.

Once you were back at her apartment, as soon as she kicked off her heels at the front door you scooped her up into your arms. She laughed and kissed you.

"I love holding you in my arms," you told her.

"I love being held," she told you and rested her head on your shoulder. "God, you make me feel safe."

You carried her into her room and set her down slowly on her bed. She went to start wiggling out of her dress, but you stopped her with a hand. "Hold on," you told her. "You look so fucking beautiful like this, I want to enjoy unwrapping you."

"Oh yeah?" she asked. "Am I your present?"

"Absolutely," you said, and leaned down over her to start kissing again. She began undoing the buttons on your shirt while you rubbed your hands up and down the outside of her thighs. Sabrina was lying on her back near the end of her bed, her heels propped on the bottom corner as you leaned down between her legs. Once she had your shirt completely open she ran her fingers across your torso, humming happily into your lips.

You broke away from her, kissing down to her neck and lavishing some attention on her erogenous spot there until she was squirming happily under you, and then you kissed lower. Down her collarbone, to her chest. She'd been teasing you passively all night with the way her dress scooped low between her little tits, and you kissed and licked your way in little circles around that bare area between her breasts until you were nuzzling the fabric of her dress aside.

"Mmmm, John baby," Sabrina moaned softly. She was running one hand through your hair and the other through her own. "That feels good."

You slowly, carefully, took one of the sides of her dress and lifted it over her nipple, baring it as you moved the fabric aside. It was hard and flushed from her arousal and you softly kissed it, then tongued it, then sucked it. Sabrina was breathing deeply, trying not to get distracted and enjoy the moment.

"I love your nipples," you whispered to her. "And your cute little areolas. And your perfect little tits. God, you're so fucking gorgeous, Sabrina."

She cooed a little and sighed happily as you gave the other side of her chest the same treatment, softly revealing her tit and loving on it. Then you started to move lower, but you didn't

take off her dress. Instead, you kissed down the silky, shimmery fabric. Her torso looked sexy as hell with the fabric lying across it, thin enough that it outlined every curve and dimple. You pressed your cheek to her stomach, right near her belly button, and breathed with her for a long moment to get as in sync with her as you could, then moved on.

Slowly, you raised the skirt of her dress up her thighs until you revealed her pussy. It was pink and glistening, and you could tell she was absolutely turned on by this as much as she was when the two of you were rough and demanding. You gave her thigh a soft kiss, then looked up her body to meet her gaze. "I love you, Sabrina. I need you to know I mean that."

"I know," she said, sitting up so she could cup your face with her hands. "I love you too. And I know you love Gemma the same way."

"This isn't-"

"John, stop," she said and kissed you softly. "I'm not trying to derail this. I just- You need to say that to her. You need to tell her you *love* her, like for real. Not your 'love you for now' bullshit."

"She knows," you said.

"She knows because you've talked about it, or she knows because you both have these feelings?" she asked you.

You couldn't answer her. Everything with Gemma was jumbled up.

"I'm sorry," she said, looking at the expression on your face. "I just don't want you to get hurt if you hide from it."

You didn't know what to say, so you kissed her. Once you pulled away, you sighed. "You know, you're making it pretty hard to make love to you," you said. "Now are you going to let me have my dessert and eat at least three orgasms out of you, or what?"

"Yes please, baby," she smiled softly.

You lowered her onto her back and leaned low between her legs. Now wasn't the time to think about Gemma, and to distract yourself you brought your lips to Sabrina's wonderful pussy and began a long, slow game of teasing.

Over the next half hour, you edged Sabrina hard. Not in the sense that usually took, demanding that she hold her orgasm or using little bits of pain and pleasure together the way she liked. Instead, you were entirely sweet, and entirely giving. You just rode the waves of her pleasure and never tipped her over the edge.

Until she begged, at least.



“Please, baby,” she gasped. Her ankles were drumming softly on your back, her legs thrown over your shoulders as her fingers wrenched in your hair, trying to hold you in place between her legs. “Please, let me come. I want to come for you.”

“Tell me you love me,” you said.

“I do. I love you so much, John. You’re the best. The best lover. The best partner. The best boyfriend.”

You tapped her clit with your tongue and wiggled the fingers that were in her pussy, brushing against her G spot, and she came with a massive exhalation of breath. She leaked juices but didn’t squirt, and you happily licked at her around your fingers as she oozed.

Then you pushed right back to that edge, and as she came a second time she moaned, “I loooove you.” She was wordless the third time, just panting and groaning as she came even harder. You had three fingers inside her at that point, and two from your other hand with one knuckle deep in her bum.

As she came down from the orgasm she sat up, pulling your face to hers so she could kiss you again.

“Get your fingers out of me, please. It’s my turn to worship you, baby,” she said between kisses. “I’m going to make love to that magnificent cock.”

## Chapter 159

If you had spent a little over half an hour loving on Sabrina's pussy with your mouth and fingers, Sabrina seemed determined to give you the same and more. She had you lay down on the bed with just your shoulders and chest up on the pillows and started undressing you. Your shirt was already open but you hadn't taken off the rest of your clothes and she seemed to enjoy her unwrapping as much as you had with her - not that she was totally unwrapped since she was still actually wearing the dress. While you'd been eating her out it had been pushed up past her waist, but as she moved around and tugged off your clothes it fell back down, concealing her again.

Once you were naked, Sabrina got down on her hands and knees between your legs and crawled up your body to kiss you soft and sweet, then a little more insistently with her tongue added in. And then she stole your move and started kissing down your body, trailing her lips down your neck and across your chest, even going so far as licking and sucking your nipples as she looked up at you with a spark in her eye and a giggle. Then she went lower, kissing down to your pelvis until she reached your erect cock.

She kissed the side of the shaft with just a peck, looking up and grinning as your gazes were locked. "You know you have the best cock, right?" she asked.

"That's all I am to you, aren't I?" You joked. "Just a piece of meat for you to devour."

"Don't," she said, shaking her head. "Don't even make jokes like that, OK?" She crawled back up your body and pressed herself to your side so that you were nose to nose. "I want to make a promise between the two of us."

"Anything," you said, meaning it.

"It's something my Aunt and Uncle did when they got married," Sabrina said. "They promised to never, ever joke about getting a divorce. It just wasn't allowed in their relationship thesaurus. I want to make a similar promise with you. I don't want us to ever joke about breaking up, I don't want us to ever joke about hating each other, and the only time I want you to call me a bitch is in the bedroom."

You listened to her and when she was done you nodded and hugged her to you. "I promise," you said quietly and kissed her on the cheek.

"I promise, too," she whispered. Then she pulled back. "Is there anything you don't want me to say or joke about?"

"I think you covered it for now," you said.

"But you need to tell me if that changes," Sabrina said with a serious expression.

"I will," you said and kissed her on the cheek again. "I do want to point out that the meat joke wasn't the things we just promised though."

"I know," she said. "I'd just already been thinking about my Aunt and Uncle earlier, and you joking about why I loved you made me think of it. Because I do love you for your cock, but not even close to *just* for your cock, or the sex. You know that right?"

"Of course I do," you said, rubbing her back. "Sabrina, you know I love you for way more than the sex, right?"

She smiled softly and then giggled. "Honestly, sometimes it's hard to tell since we do it so often."

"Do you want to take a break?" you asked. "From sex, not from each other. So we can spend more other-time together."

"Yes," Sabrina said, "But God, no. I don't want to stop any of this, I just want more."

"I do too," you said, holding her.

You held each other for a long moment, and then Sabrina snaked her hand down your abdomen to take hold of your cock again, squeezing you lightly. "Now I really am going to worship your cock, baby. But it's not just about your cock. It's about you, OK?"

You kissed her softly, and she smiled and slithered back down your body and started by kissing you at the root.

An hour is a lot of blowjob, but somehow Sabrina made it feel like an instant and an eternity at the same time. She made love to your cock with her mouth and hands, giving and giving. About halfway through you popped for the first time, your toes clenching as Sabrina accepted your load into her mouth and swallowed it down only to quickly deepthroat your cock when you were done, gurgling and sucking and tonguing all at once. There wasn't even a chance for you to start getting soft.

She kept you hard and went right back to loving on you again. By the time she was done her makeup was cloudy around her eyes and her lipstick was practically nonexistent - it was like you'd facefucked her roughly, but instead it had happened slow and methodical.

Sabrina gasped as she finally released your cock from her mouth and sat up, breathing deeply and smiling messily at you. "Love you, baby," she said.

You got up onto your knees and pulled her to you, kissing her hard and then lowering her down onto her back on the bed, kissing her all the way down. "I love you too," you said. You lowered

the dress off her shoulders, then slid it down her body and off so that she was as naked as you were, and climbed between her legs.

The two of you didn't say a word, your eyes doing the talking for you as she spread her legs and lifted one up to your shoulder. You got in position and rubbed the head of your cock across her clit and then down into place and easily slid into her. She gasped a little, and you moaned softly. She reached for you, and you lowered yourself to kiss her again as you slid into her fully, feeling her body accepting you.

"I'm glad we did it this way," Sabrina said as you slowly started to thrust in and out. "It's like a decadent cake on my birthday."

You chuckled softly. "You know, for most people hard and kinky is the once-in-a-while treat."

She grinned and kissed you again. "That's just because other couples don't listen to each other properly. But you do, and I do. And Gemma does."

You made love to Sabrina. And then you did it again a little while later with her on top. And you fell asleep like that, still inside of her.

## Chapter 160

“John, wake up!” Sabrina said, shaking you awake.

“Mmh, wha-?” you groaned, and then you realized you felt kind of cold and as you blinked your eyes awake you saw a naked Sabrina rushing around the room.

“We’re going to be late for work,” Sabrina said.

“Ah, fuck,” you grunted and rolled to the side of the bed. Glancing at the clock, you did the quick math in your head and realized that not only was there no time to rush back to your place to get a change of clothes, but there also wasn’t even time to hop in the shower.

The two of you got out the door, you dressed in your date clothes from the night before and Sabrina at least in a fresh set of work clothes, but her makeup looking a little more... trashy wasn’t the right word, but she was definitely not her usual clean self. She hadn’t had time to completely clean her face, so her eyes still had a bit of that smokiness around them.

The only reason the two of you didn’t stink of sex was thanks to a wet washcloth and a spritz of her most gender-neutral perfume.

In the back of the Uber, which was the only way the two of you were going to get to work close to on time, Sabrina glanced over at you and smiled and reached down and took your hand. “Thanks,” she said.

“For what?” you asked.

“Everything,” she grinned, resting her head against the window and looking over at you.

“You two make a cute couple,” the Uber driver, a lady whose ears were festooned with piercings, said from the front seat.

“Thank you,” you said. “I like to think so, too.”

“How did you two meet?” she asked, glancing back at us in the rearview mirror. “I love meet-cute stories, so please don’t tell me you met on an app.”

“Oh, definitely not an app,” Sabrina grinned. “See, we’re both working at the same internship, but we’ve been going to college together for three years now...”

Sabrina told most of the story, omitting the OnlyFans connection but not that she had encouraged your other co-worker to also pursue a relationship with you.

“God damn, here I thought I was getting a Hallmark Movie and instead I got Skinimax,” the driver laughed. “So, what? Are the three of you in a poly relationship, or is this a two-on-one sister wives kind of thing?”

“Oh, definitely sister-wives,” Sabrina laughed, rubbing your leg. “I love her, but I’m not in love with her, if you know what I mean.”

“I don’t, but I think I get it,” the woman said. “What about you, handsome?”

“Oh, I’m definitely in love with them both,” you said. “But I can’t speak for what they feel for each other. It’s still new, and pretty wild, all things considered. Kissing two gorgeous women in front of the other is honestly the weirdest part and not the sex. Like, a threesome is awesome but it’s kind of this contained thing, but casually kissing my girlfriends hello? That makes it feel a lot more real.”

Sabrina grinned and leaned over, kissing me.

“So what happens at the end of your internship?” the driver asked as she made a hard left on a yellow light, pulling into downtown. “You said you two go to college together, but I’m guessing this other chick doesn’t.”

“We don’t know yet,” Sabrina said. “It’s something we need to talk about.”

“I plan on being with them both as long as they’ll have me,” you said. “And working to make that a reality.”

“Really?” Sabrina asked. “I mean, I know we’ve talked about Gemma a bit, but…”

“It’s been on my mind a lot,” you admitted. “And it’s a conversation she and I need to have, and then all three of us. It just feels really early to be having a ‘what does the future look like’ talk.”

Sabrina grabbed your hand and squeezed it hard. “You can make it work.”

“Fuck,” the driver laughed. “Do you two want to try and be a *little* less romantic feel-good rom-com or what?”

“Sorry,” Sabrina said with a quick laugh. “We’re young and in love.”

“Well, we’re at your destination,” the driver said. “You two can go off and live your Suits life.”

“Thanks for the ride,” Sabrina said, stepping out of her side of the car since she was next to the curb.

You went to follow her, but the driver cleared her throat so you stopped and looked at her. “Try not to fuck it up, Prince Charming,” the woman smirked at you.

“Trying my best every day,” you said.

She winked and laughed, and you exited the car shaking your head with a smile. The woman was driving away practically before you shut the door fully, and Sabrina was busy giving her a rating on her phone.

“She was nice,” Sabrina said. “And helped me get a look into that noggin of yours.”

“How’s that?” you asked.

“That you’re serious about making things work with Gemma,” she said. “I knew you were, but now you’ve really said it.”

“Is that OK with you?” you asked. “Part of me has been worried that you were OK with this because the three of us thing was temporary. Or that maybe she feels that way.”

“Well, I can’t talk for her, but I don’t think love should be intended to be temporary,” Sabrina said. “And I know what you and her are feeling isn’t temporary. If it was I would’ve been a lot more frustrated that you were using the L-word.”

“Lesbians?” you joked.

Sabrina rolled her eyes. “Yeah. Lesbians.”

You pulled her into a hug and kissed the top of her head. “I love you, Sabrina.”

“Love you too, baby,” she said, hugging you back before stepping away and straightening out her clothes before brushing a hand over your stomach to flatten a wrinkle in your shirt. “OK. Last day of the week. Think we can survive it before we get an entire weekend to the three of us?”

## Chapter 161

You were late, but not late enough that anyone noticed other than Gemma, who immediately noted that you weren't wearing one of your usual work outfits. She raised an eyebrow and smirked at the two of you, and a few minutes later she and Sabrina stepped out of the intern conference room and came back fifteen minutes later - Sabrina's makeup was clean and fresh.

Nothing out of the norm, or at least the new norm, happened that morning. Joy came in late, as usual. Joy was a simmering pot of bitchiness, as usual. And Joy left early for lunch, as usual.

The rest of you ended up grabbing lunches from the bodega and eating up in the office, so you didn't get a good chance to chat with Gemma beyond the usual work jokes and teases. That actually made things feel lighter though - most of the morning you'd been thinking about the conversation with the Uber driver, and how you needed to have some heavier conversations with Gemma.

Despite the quiet morning and lunch, things started picking up in the afternoon when Garrison stopped by right at 1 pm and summoned Sabrina to his office.

She wasn't back by the time Joy returned from her long lunch, and after ten minutes of Joy futzing around with her 'obsolete piece of shit' laptop she seemed to finally notice that Sabrina was missing. "Where's Twiggy?" she asked, gesturing at Sabrina's usual seat.

"In a meeting," you said without looking up from your work. "And her name is Sabrina."

"Ugh. What do you mean, in a meeting?" Joy asked. "What possible reason does she have to be in a meeting?"

"We didn't ask," Gemma said, staring down the length of the conference table at her.

"Well, she better be able to explain herself," Joy muttered. She pounded a finger on her laptop keyboard a few times, then closed it. "John, there's a cleanup job in the basement my mother just emailed me about. We need to go take care of it."

"I'll go with him," Gemma said, standing up.

"No, you won't," Joy said. "There are sensitive documents, so I'm supposed to take care of them."

"Then why is John going?" Eric asked. "And why not me, or Andy? John always gets to do these other jobs. I could use a break from document scanning."

"Because I said so," Joy sneered at him. "Come on, John."



“One second,” you said, typing quickly on your laptop as if you were finishing something off. You weren’t actually on any screen and just used it as a reason to let Joy finish at her seat and grab her purse and start towards the door. That gave you the time to pull out your phone and turn on the recording app without her being able to see it.

You stood and went around the table, Gemma touching her fingers to yours for a split second as you moved past her. Enough to try and reassure you, but not give you away to the others. You followed Joy out of the conference room and towards the elevators.

“So, which room are we cleaning?” you asked her.

“It’s down in the basement,” she said. “One of the storage rooms.”

“Yeah, but which one?” you asked again.

“I’ll show you,” she said, pursing her lips disapprovingly. The problem was that you couldn’t tell if she was doing it because she thought you should have been eager to do what you thought she had planned, or if this really was a job sent to her by her mother and she just didn’t like being questioned.

Once you were in the elevator, you cleared your throat and shuffled your feet and didn’t really want to even get down to the basement alone with her. “So, Joy,” you said. “About the last time we, ah, talked...”

“Not here,” she said.

That... wasn’t what you expected. Wait- You glanced up at the ceiling of the elevator but there wasn’t an obvious security camera. What if there was one, though? Hidden behind a grill or in a light or something. Fuck, what if people checked it and saw you openly kissing both Gemma and Sabrina? Did a security guard review the footage? Was there one actively watching?

In the short time it took to reach the basement, you had started to sweat bullets. Not only were you in a rough position now, but you’d accidentally done that to yourself and the girls, too.

Why couldn’t you just follow the rules? No PDA at work!

“Come on,” Joy said, motioning for you to follow her into the winding corridors of the basement. She seemed to wander for a moment, but then stopped us at a door and pulled out a key, opening it up. Inside was a storage room not unlike the one that you had helped clean up before, down to the tables and chairs and racks of bankers’ boxes full of old files.

And, surprisingly, it was a mess.

“You start in the stacks and make sure you grab any garbage, and bring me any boxes that look like they are out of place,” Joy said. “I need to start on the documents. Just try not to read anything, OK?”

“Uh, yeah,” you said, a little surprised she wasn’t trying to succubus you. The job was real. “Sure.”

You went into the stacks of files and ended up coming out with an armload of garbage. Someone had spent a significant amount of time down in the room working. Then you came out again with a trio of filing boxes that had been displaced. “Are these of use to you?” you asked her.

“Let me see,” she said, and quickly read the labels as you held them up. “Yeah, put that one here on the desk and that bottom one on the couch, then try to find where that last one is supposed to go back. Please.”

“Sure,” you said.

Joy said ‘please.’

She was being... pleasant?

You did as she asked, and it took you a couple of minutes to find the right spot for the box since she’d already had four more around her at the work tables. Once you did and slid it home you returned to her. “What’s next?” you asked.

“Do another quick check for garbage and then empty it out and bring it to one of the drops in the hall,” she said, not looking up from the page she was reading to try and re-file it properly. “I should be able to give you some files to alphabetize after that.”

You nodded and went to it, finding a last couple of wrappers in the stacks and behind the couch before tying up the garbage bag and replacing it with a new one, then walking it out to one of the big grey rolling bins in the corridor. You weren’t really sure what to expect at that point, and before going back in you took out your phone and checked that it was still recording before putting it back in your pocket.

*Alright, you thought to yourself. Let’s see if anything happens.*

You went back into the room and Joy pointed to a stack of files. “Start alphabetizing those,” she said. “Just don’t look inside them, alright?”

“OK,” you said. “Uh... what about that... conversation?”

She glanced up at you with a raised eyebrow. “We have work to do, John. We can talk some other time.”

“OK,” you said, and started working.

*What the fuck?*

## Chapter 162

“I don’t know,” you whispered. “She didn’t do anything. Didn’t even want to talk about it.”

“Maybe she knows,” Gemma muttered. “I mean, recording her isn’t the most original plan, right?”

“Maybe,” you agreed. “But then, if just the threat of it keeps her at bay, we’re in a stalemate. We can’t get evidence, but she can’t do anything.”

“Anything to you,” Gemma said. “That doesn’t help the rest of us.”

You and Gemma were down the hall from the conference room in the little staff kitchen for the floor. She was slowly making a new pot of coffee and you were filling up your water bottle.

“We’ve got Garrison on our side for real now,” you said. “So she’s got a short leash on whatever crap she can pull on you two.”

“That doesn’t help Eric,” Gemma said.

You frowned. “I know.”

You and the girls had come to a collective decision that while Andy was a nice enough kid, he was already shit at this job anyways. Whatever connection he had that had gotten him his internship to begin with, that was going to have to be enough. Eric, on the other hand, wasn’t as connected. And while douchey, he’d also helped you and Gemma out without asking questions when you needed it.

Loyalty had to go both ways.

“OK,” you said. “So maybe we need to dig harder if she can’t come at me directly right now.”

“We could see if we can find something out about her mother,” Gemma pointed out. “That’s her entire power base.”

“You want to take on a full-on Partner for the firm?” you asked.

“I mean, if there’s a vulnerability to leverage,” Gemma shrugged.

“Gemma, I love you, but this isn’t our home,” you said. “We’re done here in two months no matter what. Waging a war on a Partner sounds like something out of a legal drama.”

“Maybe it’s a little overboard,” she smirked. “But if we *do* find something...”

“OK, yeah. If it falls in our lap, we’ll obviously use it,” you said. “But can we at least consider that the *nuclear* option?”

Gemma nodded, finished loading the grinds into the coffee maker and turned it on. “You know,” she said, turning and leaning back against the counter. “It’s less than two hours to the end of the day. Are you ready for our big night?”

“How big are we talking?” you asked. “You two are in charge.”

“Big enough,” she teased you. “Go home at the end of the day and pack an overnight bag, OK? But not a lot of clothes, remember we’re going shopping for you tomorrow.”

“OK,” you said. “Where am I meeting you two?”

“I’ll text you,” she said with a grin. “Gotta keep you in suspense.”

You rolled your eyes. “Did Sabrina tell you what she was doing with Garrison?”

“Mentor meeting,” Gemma said. “Just an informal get-to-know-you interview kind of thing. She said he wants to meet with me on Monday. Didn’t mention about you.”

“I think we already did that,” you said. “Sort of.”

“Well, we both need to thank you again,” Gemma said, peeking out the kitchen down the hall and then coming back and pressing close to you, giving you a kiss on the tip of your nose. “I’m excited to do that.”

“I’m excited too,” you grinned.

Two hours, unfortunately, was a long time.

It started with Joy getting summoned out of the conference room. Not totally weird, but the look on her face wasn’t exactly the usual aggressive snide expression of haughtiness she usually carried. She came back five minutes later with a smirk on her lips and a glint in her eye.

“Listen up,” she said, strutting back over to her spot at one end of the table. “As the lead intern, I’ve been tasked with giving you all performance reviews. So for the rest of the day you all need to stay in here and I’ll be calling you over to an office to conduct your reviews. That means no extra meetings, no mini water breaks to go bullshit in the kitchen, and no going home sick.” Joy glared over at Andy on the last one. “Eric, you’re up first. Come find me in the empty office three doors down in five minutes.”

She grabbed her laptop and left, that smirk still on her face.

“She’s joking, right?” Eric asked.

“I don’t think so,” you said.

“I don’t know whether to laugh, or be mad,” Gemma said. “I mean, seriously. There’s no way she can actually be doing performance reviews for us. Especially alone.”

“I’ll just go talk to Garrison,” you sighed and started to stand.

“Actually, I think we should let her do them,” Sabrina said. You all looked at her like she’d grown a second head. “No, wait. Hear me out,” she continued. “There’s no way that any review she does will be seen as legitimate as long as we don’t just accept them, right? So let’s let her dig her own grave. Find out what kind of crap she’s going to throw at us, and *then* we go talk to Garrison. It’s not like she can make the reviews formal and put them into our files or anything by herself.”

“That’s actually a great idea,” Gemma said, starting to grin. “Sabrina’s right. Try and remember everything she accuses you of, don’t agree with anything she says, and don’t sign anything.”

You all agreed, and at five minutes after Joy left Eric went to meet her.

Ten minutes after that the shouting started.

## Chapter 163

You looked at Gemma. Gemma looked at Sabrina. Sabrina looked at Andy, then looked back at you since Andy was currently nodding off and didn't even hear the shouting.

"Should we...?" Gemma asked.

"What is going *on!?*" you all heard coming from the hallway. It was Jack Baskin, one of the firm Associates who had an office near the conference rooms. "I'm on a call!"

The three of you didn't hear a reply, but you did hear Jack muttering to himself as he went back to his office. A minute later Eric walked back into the conference room looking a little red in the face and taking deep breaths.

"You OK, bud?" you asked him.

"She got *really* angry that I wouldn't sign her review sheet," he said.

"What did she try and say?" Sabrina asked.

"Other than accusing me of sexual harassment?" Eric started. "She said I do shit work, spend half my time on my phone, which is wage theft, and based on the quality of my work she thinks I won't even graduate from my undergrad."

"I mean, most of that is pure bullshit," Gemma said. "Though you do spend a lot of time on your phone."

Eric started to reply, then stopped as his phone binged and he looked down at it and then blushed. "Look, juggling dating apps looking for The One takes a lot of effort, OK?"

You smirked a little. "It's fine, Eric. You get your work done."

"You could try looking for someone not on an App or at a bar or club, though," Sabrina offered.

"Shit," Gemma sighed. "I've been summoned."

"Good luck," you said with a soft smile.

"Don't need it," she replied confidently. "But thanks."

Gemma left, and Eric continued the conversation. "Where the hell am I supposed to meet hot chicks other than on apps or at bars?"

“Well, you screwed up with me and Gemma right here at work,” Sabrina said. “Try joining a social club or something for the next couple of months. Like a hiking club or something. Or volunteer somewhere.”

“Or,” Eric countered. “After my podcast appearances next week I could be swimming in DMs. I think I should just take my chances for now.”

“Whatever works for you,” you chuckled.

Gemma was gone for about fifteen minutes before coming back. She had a frustrated look on her face, but there hadn't been any shouting. “Apparently,” she said as she dropped into her chair. “I dress like a frumpy cow, I need to learn not to talk back to my superiors, and my productivity suffers because I'm too busy flirting with my co-workers even though it isn't working. She said, ‘This is a place of business, not a dating app.’”

“Now that's funny and a little ironic,” you smirked.

“I think you dress perfectly, by the way,” Sabrina added.

“Thanks,” Gemma said.

You wanted to reach over and give her hand a squeeze. Or, really, you wanted to kiss her and tell her how absolutely gorgeous she was, and how her business attire made her look professional and confident. Instead, you settled with quickly texting her a heart emoji, and when she saw it she looked over at you and beamed a smile your way.

“Looks like I'm next,” Sabrina said, standing up after receiving her own summons over the Slack chat. “If I'm not back in twenty minutes, come help me hide the body.”

That got the three of you, that weren't asleep, laughing lightly to relieve the stress.

Sabrina was out for about seventeen minutes, enough that you were starting to check the clock and wonder if you would actually need to go check on things and possibly help Sabrina get away with murder. She came back clenching her jaw and walking with her posture ramrod straight, and she sat down in her chair softly perched on the edge.

“Sabrina?” you asked her.

She held up a finger and took a long, deep breath. She licked her lips lightly, breathed again, and then nodded to herself. “Apparently Joy thinks that I need to learn what work-appropriate attire is because everything I wear is too tight and revealing even though I have a boyish figure, and I need to smile more often because I give off an unpleasant air that makes people uncomfortable. I also need to figure out how to speed up my workflow because apparently this



is a real business that can't act like colleges and give special considerations for people who are falling behind."

You stood up, intending to stop the circus, but Sabrina shook her head as she looked over to you. "Just go with the plan, John," she said.

It took you a moment to nod, sitting down by sighing angrily.

Joy strutted into the room five minutes later, glaring as she saw Andy with his chin to his chest sitting perfectly still in his seat. It was late in the afternoon and the conference room was warm as hell - even with the stress, you were feeling your own eyes drooping a little. You didn't even feel any sort of way about Andy being asleep instead of working it had become so commonplace.

"Hey," Joy said, snapping loudly as she stalked up to him. He blinked awake and looked around with a confused expression. "Jerkoff, come on. It's your review time."

Andy got up, still looking like he wasn't sure where he was, and followed her out. We all hoped he remembered not to sign her bullshit review.

He came back not three minutes later, frowning.

"What happened?" Eric asked.

"She said I failed in every category," Andy said. "And I asked her what that meant and she just told me to get out of her sight so I did."

Your Slack chat pinged on your laptop and you took a deep breath. "Alright," you said. "I'm up."

## Chapter 164

Walking to the office that Joy was in only took about fifteen steps, and you shouldn't have been worried. It was all bullshit at the end of the day. The problem was, there was this little 'But' in the back of your mind. Those little nuggets of doubt that wanted you to consider that things might be going sideways. That she might be a step or two ahead of you and the others.

You squashed the 'But' and went to the open door of the office, knocking lightly.

Joy looked up and smiled. Sweetly.

She was attractive when she wasn't acting like a raging bitch, and you could tell that between her family connections and her Pretty Privilege she probably got her way about 98% of the time in her life. You still weren't sure what might have happened if she had started at the same time as the rest of you for the internship and had set her sights on you - if she'd aggressively pursued you sexually that early, you likely would have appreciated the attention and fallen in with her.

What a shit decision that would have been considering what you had now.

You moved into the office, mostly just a box of a room with a standard desk and chairs inside and an empty filing cabinet. The window was looking out at the neighbouring building so it wasn't much of a view, but it did let in more natural light than the conference room had.

"John, hi," Joy said, still maintaining that 'sweet girl' persona. "Please sit. As you know, this is your performance review."

"If you say so," you said, taking a seat and doing your best not to fidget or give off any sign of being nervous.

"Could you do me a favour and take out your phone and turn it off?" Joy asked. "This is an important meeting and I would rather make sure we aren't going to be interrupted."

"No, sorry," you said. "I can't do that."

"And why is that?" Joy asked.

"Because that isn't a necessary step for this sort of meeting," you said. Which was true, but you were also currently kicking yourself because you hadn't just forgotten to turn on your recording app before stepping into the room, but your phone was currently sitting next to your laptop in the conference room. You'd sent Gemma that little heart emoji, set it down, and hadn't put it back in your pocket.

You didn't have any protection. You couldn't gather any evidence.

*Fuck.*

Joy's smile broke into a small frown. "I really must insist," she said.

"I promise it won't be a distraction," you said.

Joy pursed her lips slightly and narrowed her eyes, looking you up and down. She reached over to the side of the desk and picked up two small stacks of paper, setting them side by side in front of her. "You know," she said, speaking slowly and carefully picking her words. "Employee reviews are very important tools for employers and HR departments to track progress and decide whether an employee is worth keeping around. Or if an Intern is worth making an offer of employment in the future."

"I'm aware of this, yeah," you said.

"Well, some reviews," she said, patting one of the stacks of paper. "They go fairly well. Nothing to note, maybe even a decent word or two about the employee. Things are taken in a kinder light, you could say. But sometimes reviews go poorly." She patted the other stack of papers lightly. "Other reviews, well, sometimes things can't just go overlooked. Sometimes they go poorly, and an entire group can see repercussions coming down because of it. They are the only way to know if correction is needed or not, after all."

The implication she was making was clear. Joy had made up two different sets of reviews, and judging by the size of the paper stacks they must have been for everyone on the team and not just for you. She was offering a trade. What she wanted from you, and the whole team would get good reviews.

You already knew what she wanted. And, to be honest, it wasn't like it would be hard to do. Give her what she wanted, get what you and Gemma and Sabrina wanted. Save Eric to boot.

Except she was a snake, and you and your girlfriends had already decided the cost wasn't worth it.

"I just want to have an open and frank discussion with you, John." Joy said.

You shrugged in your seat. "I can turn off my phone," you said. "But to be more comfortable with that circumstance I'll need to go get a witness for this meeting."

"You don't get a witness for a review," Joy said, her demeanour dropping more.

"No, I'm pretty sure I can if I want," you said. "For any sort of disciplinary or HR meeting I can elect to bring a witness."

She fully scowled at that point and then pulled a garbage can out from under the desk. It had a contraption on top of it, and you quickly realized it was a bolted-on paper shredder as Joy picked up the stack of 'good' reviews and fed the top page into the shredder.

"If you want to enforce a rule like that I can't stop you," she said over the noise of the machine. "But I think it would be in *most* of our best interests if we just have our frank talk one-on-one."

"I'm good," you said with another shrug.

She fed another couple of sheets into the shredder. "Are you sure, John? Because the way I see things, either you've decided you're in trouble or you're being personally insulting to me on purpose. And I definitely *do not* enjoy being insulted."

"You can take it any way you want," you said and stood up as she started feeding the rest of the 'good' reviews into the shredder. "But I think this meeting is over."

"Well, in that case, unfortunately I can't say your review is going to be very positive if we can't even start the meeting positively," Joy said. She was talking loud enough that you assumed she was trying to put on a show for the non-existent recording you were supposed to be making. "Anything that happens from here on out is going to be on you."

You wanted to snap at her. Wanted to level an accusation, but then you realized - she could be purposefully pushing *your* buttons. Or those of the others.

Joy could be recording *you* to try and get her own evidence for blackmail.

"I guess we'll see, Joy," you said.

## Chapter 165

You probably owed it to the others to head right back to the conference room and let them know what happened, but you decided with the last 'review meeting' done you needed to strike while the iron was hot. Instead of turning right towards the conference room you turned left down the hallway.

Garrison's office was at the far end of the building - which wasn't actually that far, but with every step you wondered if Joy was watching you. Maybe she was a step ahead if she was recording as well. Or two, or three. According to Becks, she'd been running rampant for years with the interns. Maybe she'd dealt with this sort of resistance before.

You had to tell Garrison now before she, and possibly her mother, manufactured something that you couldn't get out of.

But your luck, it would seem, was absolute garbage because Garrison's office door was shut and the light was off. He'd already gone home for the weekend.

"Fuuuuck," you groaned softly.

Should you try one of the other Partners? Obviously Bellagamba wasn't an option, but there were four more of them. As you turned back to look at the other offices around you, you saw down at the far end of the hallway Joy was leaning against the doorway of the office she'd used, her arms crossed and smirking.

You took in a deep breath and then took another short hall to the other side of the offices and then walked the long way back to the conference room past the kitchen and the elevators. You were tempted to stop at the HR office but the lack of help you and Gemma had gotten earlier told you it was likely a dead end. Any report there was just as likely to go to Bellagamba as it was to reach Garrison, and if Joy's mother had actually told her to do employee reviews then you'd be fucked.

So you went back to the conference room and the others looked up at you expectantly. Joy hadn't returned, so you just shook your head. "We didn't even start," you said.

"You got failed too?" Andy asked.

"I didn't even get that far," you clarified, and looked to Gemma and Sabrina. "She asked me to turn off my phone for the meeting and I told her I could go get a witness, and we deadlocked."

Sabrina's eyes went wide at the implication of that, and Gemma sniffed hard and you could see her mind spinning to try and come up with a new solution to things.

You opened your laptop back up, but you didn't go back to work. Instead, you started an email and worked to try and get it perfect. You still didn't have any real evidence, so you couldn't make any accusations about Joy's sexual demands and advances. You outlined the events of the afternoon, though, and made it clear that you and the others hadn't agreed to be reviewed by a fellow intern (because *fuck* the idea of calling her 'lead intern') and that none of you had signed off on her reviews as you all found them to be absurd.

Joy never returned to the conference room, so for the last ten minutes of the day you gathered the others - even Andy - around your laptop and showed them the email. Gemma and Sabrina offered a few wordsmithing ideas, and Eric made a good point about noting that Joy had openly insulted Andy in front of the rest of us. Andy literally hugged him for that.

You wrote out each of your names at the bottom of the email, CC'd each of them, and then sent the email to Garrison.

It was the best you were going to be able to do in the short term. None of you had Garrison's personal number to try and call or text him, and you weren't even sure if that would be appropriate.

With the email sent, you all packed up for the day and walked out together.

"We'll be fine," Gemma assured you all in the elevator.

"I hope so," Andy sighed. "My Grandma will be pissed if I get fired from another internship."

"Another?" Sabrina asked.

"Yeah, last year I was at this investment banking place. It was really boring and everyone was an asshole," Andy said. "No chill at all."

You had so many questions, but Andy didn't offer anything else and you could only assume he'd been turfed for any number of the egregiously lazy things he did on a daily basis.

Outside the building you all split up, but you, Sabrina and Gemma circled back around and met up at the corner.

"See you soon," Gemma said, slipping into your arms and kissing you lightly.

"You know you're an absolute goddess, right?" you asked her. "Nothing Joy said to you today was real. You look amazing every single day in your work outfits. Stylish and confident and just the right amount of sexy without becoming unprofessional."

"Thanks, baby," she smiled softly and kissed you again. Then she pulled away with a little smirk and a twinkle in her eye. "Or maybe it's Daddy for the rest of the night?"

“More like rest of the weekend,” Sabrina laughed as she took Gemma’s spot in your arms, pulling you down into a kiss with both her hands on your cheeks.

“Look,” you said once it was over. “I’ll be ‘Daddy’ one time this weekend, OK? Can we limit it to that?”

Both of them started giggling.

“OK, hon,” Gemma said, slipping her hand into yours. “One time this weekend, you are going to be our Daddy Dom. For both of us. And the rest of the time you’ll just be our John.”

“Our sexy, lovable, amazing John,” Sabrina grinned, still hugging you with one arm around your waist. “Now, you need to rush home and pack your bag, OK?”

“Can you *please* tell me what we’re doing tonight?” you asked.

“Dress semi-casual,” Gemma said. “We’re going out for a bit, OK? But not too long, at least tonight.”

“OK,” you nodded. “You know, I love you both so fucking much, right?”

“We know,” Gemma grinned.

You kissed her again, then Sabrina, then Gemma again. Sabrina laughed and pushed you away. “Go! People are starting to stare, and we have preparations to make.”

“Alright, alright,” you grinned. “I miss you both already.”

Somehow you managed to catch your bus, and the entire ride home you had a big grin on your face. The workday had been weird, things had been left in chaos, but none of that fucking mattered.

## Chapter 166

“Hey dude,” Mosche said as you entered the apartment. “Are you and Gemma coming out to the club tonight for Open Mic?”

You sighed and shrugged. “I dunno, Mosche. I’m kind of going on a date with Gemma *and* Sabrina tonight and they are planning it together.”

“Oh,” he said, deflating just a little bit. He’d been standing in the kitchen area of the apartment and looked like he was half-ready to go out for the night, dressed in slacks and dress shoes, but just an undershirt on top. “Well, that’s OK I guess. Tasha and I are both going up again, and she has friends coming tonight and I want to look good in front of them.”

“Dude, don’t stress,” you said. “You’re a good guy, Tasha seems to like you and you like her. If she likes you, her friends should too, alright?”

“Yeah, I guess,” Mosche nodded along with you. “I just don’t want this to be a flash-in-the-pan kind of thing, right? If they hate me, then I don’t know what’ll happen. And what if one of them is the guy that she wants to have a threesome with?”

“I- I dunno about that, dude,” you said. “Did you ever make a decision and talk to her about that?”

“Kind of,” he said, but you could see his hesitation. “Maybe,” he hedged, and then his shoulders slumped. “No.”

“Well, you get a say if you want to participate,” you told him. “And you get a say in who it’s with if you do. And, don’t forget, you get a say if you want to be in any sort of relationship with her. If you don’t like the idea and she really wants it, maybe that’s just a sign you guys aren’t compatible in the right areas.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Mosche said. “But she’s really hot and I really like her boobies, and other than this *one thing* it’s been really great so far.”

You couldn’t help but facepalm a little. “Did you just say ‘boobies’?”

“Well, yeah. She has really great ones,” Mosche said. “Like, you kinda saw them that time you walked in, right?”

“Mosche,” you said. “Buddy? I tried not to take a good look out of respect. If you want me to comment on Tasha’s tits, she’s going to have to ask for that herself. But please, for the love of God, never call them her ‘boobies’ ever again. Especially not to her face.”

“What?” Mosche scoffed. “Why not? She likes when I do that.”



You tried to reply, but then sighed and shook your head. "You know what, I would have assumed it sounded too childish, but if she says she likes it then what do I know?"

"Are you eating dinner here?" Mosche asked. "Should we order a pizza or something?"

"I dunno," you said. "Let me figure out what's happening tonight for my date and I'll let you know."

"OK," he said, and reached up into the cupboard and took out his peanut butter and grabbed a spoon. "I'll just have a snack then."

"You do that, dude," you sighed, walking down to your bedroom. In all honesty, Mosche wasn't even close to a bad roommate other than the chance of walking in on him doing something inappropriate in the public spaces of the apartment. You could have done far worse for a summer sublet. But still, the dude had some *peculiarities*.

You texted the group chat asking where you were headed and when, and if you should eat dinner at your place.

***Gemma:*** *No! Be at my place @ 6:45. Dinner here, then going out.*

You sent her back a thumbs up and a heart, and then she sent you back an eggplant, a splash of water and a drooly face, which made you snort a laugh. Then you got another text, this one a picture from Sabrina of both of their bare asses pressed hip-to-hip. You couldn't see between their legs due to the shadows, and you knew they weren't naked since you could see the bottoms of their shirts and their pulled-down underwear, which made you wonder where they even were.

***You:*** *Looks like it's a full moon tonight.*

You got an eye-roll emoji from Gemma and a crying laughing emoji from Sabrina on that one.

Viewing your clothing options, you were glad that the girls were taking you out shopping tomorrow. For all that you'd come equipped for work and downtime for the summer, you hadn't exactly been planning on going on a ton of dates - even if you'd met just Gemma or just Sabrina, you still wouldn't have been going out as often as you were. You had to wonder if it was additive, like you doubled the number of dates, or if it was a reduced effect. If you added a third girl to this thing, would it add a whole new person worth of dates, or would it just be a fraction added?

"OK, I really need to stop overthinking these things," you said to yourself as you pieced together an outfit. Adding a third person to the relationship. Hah! Like that would make any sense at all. You'd only ever see that in a porno or something, it could never work.

You quickly packed an overnight bag with some fresh undies and socks, a pair of shorts, a t-shirt and your running shoes. Then you tossed in another shirt and some jeans so that the girls could decide what you wore. Then you sighed and packed a work outfit in a separate bag that you could leave at Sabrina's for next week if you stayed over.

Before leaving the apartment you went and knocked on Mosche's bedroom door.

"One sec!" he called.

"It's alright," you called back. "You're on your own for dinner, bud."

"So no pizza?"

"Not unless you get some for yourself. I'm probably not going to be back here until at least tomorrow night, so all the leftovers are yours."

"OK," he said. He opened the door wide, and he'd put on a short-sleeved dress shirt with a fancy design on it. "What do you think of this?"

"That actually looks really good on you," you nodded. "If I don't see you, good luck with Tasha's friends tonight and break a leg on stage."

"Thanks," he grinned, and you knocked knuckles with him. "Good luck with your... threesome date?"

"I don't need luck, Mosche," you said. "I'm in love, and it's fucking amazing."

As you walked back towards the apartment door, you heard Mosche mutter to himself. "Maybe one of Tasha's friends would want to date me, too."

That, you decided, sounded like a disaster waiting to happen if he asked anyone that for real.

## Chapter 167

“Well, well, well,” Becca said as she opened the door. “Isn’t it the man of the hour.”

“Hey, Becca,” you said. “You’re looking especially pretty this afternoon.”

“Why, yes I am,” she grinned, turning in a circle to show off her outfit. She was dressed in what you could only describe as a slinky ballgown, a deep burgundy colour that played nicely against her lighter skin tone. The spaghetti straps and the deep v of the cleavage accented her femininity more than she usually did - well, at least compared to whenever you usually saw her fully clothed. “Charlotte and I are headed out to a fundraiser dinner. But you, Mister,” she continued, stepping out of the apartment and into the hallway and shutting the door behind her. “You’ve got some ‘splainin’ to do, Lucy.”

“I’m.. what?”

She rolled her eyes. “It’s an I Love Lucy reference. Gosh, sometimes I forget how young you guys are.”

“You’re only like three or four years older than us,” you countered. “And I’m pretty sure I Love Lucy is multiple *decades* older.”

“Whatever,” she said. “I need you to tell me what’s going on here. Why is there another very pretty girl getting ready for a two-on-one date with you? This isn’t the fucking Bachelor. I thought we settled the fact that you’re in it to win it with Gemma?”

“I am,” you said. “Look, it’s weird and it’s complicated, OK? I get that, and I get that I definitely don’t deserve to be dating one of them, let alone both. But I am. Gemma, Sabrina and I are connected, and they decided they wanted to be in charge of this weekend and I’m just along for the ride.”

“Are you fucking them both?” Becca asked.

You took a breath and nodded. “Yes,” you said simply.

“And are you saying you love Sabrina as well?” she asked.

“I am. And they both know it,” you said.

Becca smirked and shook her head. “Oh, you sweet, naive boy,” she said. “They are going to eat you alive, aren’t they?”

“I’m going to do my best to keep my head above water,” you grinned.

“Fuck,” Becca laughed. “I cannot *wait* for Lucy to come home and find out about this. It’s gonna be fucking fireworks.”

You sighed. “Yeah, I’m not sure what the plan is with that.”

“Plan?” Becca asked. “Fuck any plans. Lucy can scream and whine and cry all she wants. Gemma told me about her listening to you two getting it on outside her door, that bitch can’t say shit about you without sounding like a hypocrite.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re on our side,” you said. “Can we go in now, please? I’d really like to say hello to my girlfriends.”

“One more thing,” Becca said, and stood back from you and twirled again. “Seriously, how does this look? Like, to the male gaze, I mean. I’ve got plenty of ladies to tell me what they think but I’m supposed to be trying to convince rich old men to donate money tonight.”

“Becca,” you said. “You look incredibly fuckable.”

“That. That right there is the look I was going for,” she smirked. Then she scrunched up her nose and glanced down the hallway, and then pulled the left side of her dress aside and let one of her boobs pop out. “Here’s your reward, bub,” she said. “I haven’t put my boob tape on yet to keep the girls in place.”

You stood there for a second with your eyebrows raised. “God damn,” you said. “As nice as the first time I saw them.”

“What are you waiting for?” Becca asked. “Get out your phone and take a picture.”

“Really?” you asked in surprise.

“Well, it’s not much of a reward to just see a titty for the second time, is it?” she asked.

You scrambled to pull out your phone and soon you had a picture of Becca with one boob showing as she made a winking face with her tongue out playfully. Then she released the other tit and leaned forward slightly, biting her lip. “Might as well get them both.” You just chuckled and took another picture, then she started covering herself up again.

“That’s *almost* the best reward I’ve ever gotten,” you told her. “You really are a gorgeous woman, Becca.”

“Whoa, hold on. Just almost?” Becca asked, adjusting her dress over her bust.

“Well...” you said, then flicked back several photos in your file. “There was a bet with a secretary at work that I wouldn’t fuck-and-tell on Gemma and Sabrina to, and I got this by winning it.” You showed her the full frontal, sans face, of Becks.

“Damn!” Becca laughed. “I need to start upping my game. She’s hot. Don’t tell me she’s another conquest of yours.”

“Not even close,” you said. “She prefers black guys.”

“Has she seen your cock yet?” Becca asked. “Cause if she thinks it’s just black guys with big dicks, you could change her mind.”

“I’m perfectly, completely happy with Gemma and Sabrina. They are more than enough to handle,” you said.

“Fair,” Becca laughed, stepping back to the apartment door. “But, and I’m certainly only saying this hypothetically and am not admitting anything - the only thing better than a threesome is a foursome where everyone is into it.”

“Not a fivesome?” you asked.

She snorted. “No, five is too many to be intimate. At that point it’s more of an orgy situation, and those can be hot but it’s different.”

“You’ve been in an orgy?” you asked as you followed her into the entryway and started kicking off your shoes.

“What, you haven’t?” Becca asked. “Aren’t you in college?”

You blinked. “Becca, I think our college experiences may have been very different.”

“Ehn,” she shrugged. “I mean, if you ever get the chance you should go for it. But if you think seeing Gemma get railed by another guy wouldn’t be your thing, then I’d say she’s way more important to hold on to than getting the experience.”

“What the hell kind of conversation is this?” Gemma asked as she came around the corner.

“Just making sure he’s treating you right, girl,” Becca said. “You know I’m just looking out for you. Oh, and I showed him my boobs.”

Gemma snorted. “Oh, that’s fine. And you don’t need to keep testing him, Becca.” She stepped past Becca and into your arms, and you kissed hard as she fed you her tongue.

“Ugh, gross,” Becca laughed. “Are you two gonna fuck right here in the vestibule again, or can you make it to the bedroom?”

Gemma turned, her jaw dropping slightly as her cheeks flushed. “You know about that?”

## Chapter 168

“Hey, baby,” Sabrina grinned as Gemma led you into the kitchen. She turned from what she was working on at the counter and stepped forward into your arms, kissing you warmly. “Are you excited for tonight?”

“I am,” you said with your own grin. “And I don’t know what you two are making, but it smells fantastic.”

“It’s skilly ‘n duff,” Gemma said, coming in behind you. “It’s like a thick chicken soup with a dough cooked on top. It’s really good.”

“Thanks for making dinner for me,” you said.

She slipped under your other arm, and you were hugging both of them. Gemma was dressed in a t-shirt and shorts with an apron on, while Sabrina was in a cute brown leather skirt and dark maroon blouse and looked more ready for the date.

“You’re welcome, baby,” Sabrina said. “But Gemma’s in charge of this one, I’m just the helping hand.”

“I’m not a blast in the kitchen or anything, but I helped my Mum make this a ton when I was a kid,” Gemma said.

You kissed them both on top of the head. “Any shot of you two telling me what else we’re doing tonight?”

“Mm-mmm,” Sabrina grinned and shook her head.

“It’s nothing bad, we promise,” Gemma laughed. “Now, Sabrina, do you want to take him back to my room? I can finish up here and everything should be ready in about twenty minutes.”

“Sure,” Sabrina grinned and took your hand. “Come on, baby. We all had a stressful fucking day, let’s get you feeling more relaxed.”

“I’m not complaining, but that’s not necessary,” you said, letting yourself get tugged away.

“I think it’s necessary,” Sabrina said. She led you down to Gemma’s room and pulled you in, shutting the door behind you both. “The way I see it, giving you a pre-date blowjob has been an excellent tradition so far, so why break it?”

You waved your hands as if searching for an answer and ended up finding none. Sabrina laughed and started unbuttoning her shirt. “No need to risk getting any jizz stains on it,” she explained when you raised your eyebrow.

“And no bra, I see,” you said as her pretty little nipples came into view.

“Nope,” she grinned. “All the better for you to grope me any time you want.”

“Free groping, huh?” you asked. “You mean like this?” You reached forward and softly cupped one of the soft swells of her little breast, running your thumb just under her areola and nipple.

“Mmhmm,” Sabrina nodded, closing her eyes to savour the feeling.

“And what about like this?” you asked, and took her breast firmly, squeezing it and drilling your thumb across her hardening nipple.

“Fuck, baby. Yes, especially like that,” Sabrina gasped.

You let go of her breast and pulled her in close, picking her up by the waist to kiss her instead of bending down to do it. She threaded her arms around the back of your neck and you both breathed through your noses as you made out like that in the middle of Gemma’s bedroom for a long moment.

“I love you,” you told her as you set her back down.

“I know, baby. Now let me love on you,” she said, leading you over to the bed and getting you to sit as she started to undo your pants.

About fifteen minutes later the door opened and Gemma slipped in, grinning as she saw you sat on the edge of her bed with your pants around your ankles. Sabrina was kneeling on the bed next to you, her face in your lap as she slowly sucked your cock.

“Dinner should be ready in about five,” Gemma said, crossing the room to sit on the other side of you. She pulled you into a kiss, brushing her fingers against your cheek as your tongues entangled for a moment. “Hello, love.”

You smiled. “Hello, love,” you said back, and then pecked her lips again.

Gemma undid the apron around her neck and back and tossed it away, then started pulling off her shirt. “Make some room, bitch,” she giggled, nudging Sabrina’s shoulder.

Sabrina snorted and shifted, laying down on the bed and pulling your cock to bend more towards her a bit. “I’ve got his cock, you work his balls,” she mumbled with her lips barely leaving the head.



“Gladly,” Gemma grinned and then kissed you again before slipping from the bed. She had one of your balls in her mouth before she even started undoing the clasp on her bra, and then her breasts were free and she went to work really tongue-bathing your sack.

“You two are way too good for me,” you groaned.

“Only when you’re not busy being too good for us,” Gemma said.

“Best boyfriend ever,” Sabrina agreed.

They traded places at one point, Sabrina taking over tending to your nuts while Gemma slobbered on your cock. You were getting close and both of them could tell, and Sabrina left your balls and kissed up your cock until she was practically making out with Gemma around the head of your dick.

“Fuck, you two,” you groaned.

Sabrina grabbed the root of your dick with her slim fingers and started jacking you off.

“Cum all over my tits, baby,” Gemma said. “And Sabrina can lick it off.”

“Mmmm!” Sabrina hummed happily at the idea.

You did just that. The release happened fast, and you grunted with each shot of cum that splattered across Gemma’s cleavage as Sabrina jerked you. Then she kissed Gemma on the lips, and your cock surged one more time.

“He liked that,” Sabrina grinned. “Told you.”

Gemma laughed and bit her lip as she looked at you. “Did you, baby? Like watching me get seduced by Sabrina?”

“I did,” you nodded, catching your breath. “You two are both so fucking beautiful, but together it’s like...” You made a mind-blown gesture.

Gemma smirked. “Well, get a load of this,” she said and pushed her chest out towards Sabrina.

“Yummy,” Sabrina said. She leaned forward and began to slowly lick your cum off of Gemma’s tits, occasionally moving up to kiss her with cummy lips.

Once she was clean, Gemma kissed Sabrina one more time, then stood up. “I hope that didn’t ruin your appetite, dirty girl.”

“Nope,” Sabrina said. “Just made me want even more.”

“I meant for dinner,” Gemma said as she went to one of her pieces of luggage to look for what she was planning on wearing.

“I know,” Sabrina grinned and winked at you. “But I didn’t.”

## Chapter 169

“Ermagerd,” Charlotte groaned as she shovelled soup into her mouth. “Gemma, this is so fuckin’ good.”

Becca and Charlotte had joined you at the kitchen table. Their fundraiser was an Open Bar, Drinks and Appies sort of affair so they’d accepted Gemma’s offer to eat a bowl. Though ‘eat a bowl of soup’ had been the main discussion point so far through the dinner. Did one eat or drink soup?

“It really is,” Sabrina nodded. The soup, the thick chicken soup kind of thing that was almost a stew it was so full of thick chunks of chicken, carrots, and celery, and mixed with the super soft dough that had been cooked on top of it, was fragrant and flavourful.

“My only complaint is that I’m going to be too full to move after this,” you said.

“Oh, I’m sure the girls can get you moving,” Becca smirked.

“Yeah we will,” Gemma grinned. “And thanks, all. It’s a family recipe. Usually we eat it in the winter, which it is right now back home, so I wasn’t sure if it would work for a summer date night.”

“It does,” you assured her.

“It really, really does,” Sabrina nodded in agreement.

The door to the apartment opened and shut, and the clacking of high heels echoed for a moment ahead of her before Lucy poked her head into the kitchen. “Fuck, what is that delic- Oh.”

“Hey, Lucy,” Gemma said. “I made soup. Feel free to grab a bowl.”

Lucy was making a face like she’d smelled dogshit as she looked at the five of you at the table, but she stepped in. She was dressed in a little red dress that offset her skintone nicely, with her dark hair pulled back into a bun.

“How’d the after-work drinks go?” Charlotte asked her.

“Fine,” Lucy answered. “One of the guys wants to meet later on tonight to go to a club.”

“That sounds fun,” Becca said.

“Who are you?” Lucy said, abruptly changing the subject as she looked over Sabrina.

“Oh, I’m Sabrina,” she said, standing with a smile and offering Lucy her hand to shake. “I’m John’s best friend...”

Lucy scoffed. “Why would you want *him* as a best friend?”

“Sorry, I didn’t finish,” Sabrina said. “I’m his best friend with major benefits. We fuck like rabbits and he makes me come like there’s no tomorrow. Gemma and I are totally in love with him.”

Charlotte coughed, trying to cover her mouth and her laugh. Becca stuttered out a soft snort as she leaned back and took in the scene. Gemma, for her part, was trying to stifle her own embarrassed giggle as she bit her lips and looked with wide eyes.

Lucy just stood there with her mouth gaping open as she blinked.

“You’re Lucy, right?” Sabrina pressed on. “You dated John in high school. I don’t know what you were thinking, walking away from such a sweet guy with such a fantastic cock. I mean, not only is it a great size, but he just knows how to use it, am I right? Was he doing that thing with his hips when you two were dating, or did he pick that up later?”

“Um,” Lucy stuttered. “Uh... I need to go.”

“Oh, that’s too bad,” Sabrina smiled sweetly. “I was looking forward to trading bedroom war stories with someone other than Gemma.”

Lucy left the room without another word, looking like she’d seen a ghost.

Everyone was quiet for a long moment, and it was only broken once the pressure inside Becca finally erupted and she gasped out a laugh, which set everyone else off.

“Oh. My. God,” Charlotte panted, trying not to bark out her own giggles. “Sabrina, that was amazing.”

“I know,” Sabrina laughed, wiping tears from her eyes. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen her look like that,” you heaved, trying to get control of your breathing.

“She looked like she’d gotten surprise buttfucked,” Becca giggled and snorted. “Holy shit, girl. You know how to shut a bitch *down*.”

Lucy didn’t make another appearance, and soon Becca and Charlotte had to leave for their fundraiser. As you and Sabrina started on the dishes, being careful not to mess up your date clothes, Gemma made up a bowl of soup and brought it to Lucy’s bedroom as a peace offering. You assumed Lucy must have accepted it since Gemma came back empty-handed. Cleaning a

kitchen with three sets of hands instead of two made the work go quickly, and soon Gemma took a minute to freshen up her makeup in the bathroom while you and Sabrina kissed and held hands near the front door. When Gemma came back she smiled and took over from Sabrina for a moment, kissing you as well, before she went looking for the right shoes to match her pretty lavender summer dress.

“God, you look good in that,” Sabrina noted once Gemma had her heels on. “I wish my tits could do that.”

“No you don’t,” Gemma said. “Cause then you’d have to wear a bra all the time and John wouldn’t be able to pinch your nipples.” You took the cue and did just that, palming Sabrina’s chest and finding her nipple quickly. Gemma joined in with a smirk, pinching Sabrina’s other nipple.

“OK, OK,” Sabrina gave in, looking like she was about to cream herself. “You’re right.”

“We give him different things,” Gemma said, pulling Sabrina into a hug. “Physically and sexually. But he loves us both for our minds and our hearts. Deal?”

Sabrina nodded, hugging her back, and you wrapped your arms around them both for a long moment.

“OK,” Gemma said, breaking the hug. “We’re running a little behind. Let’s get going.”

## Chapter 170

“You know, if you’d told me we were coming here I could have told Mosche to expect us,” you said as you helped Sabrina out of the Uber. The three of you had ridden in the back seat together, and despite the fact that it would have made the most sense for Sabrina to sit in the middle as the shortest and slimmest of you all, your girlfriends had insisted you sit in the middle so that you could put your arms around both of them. Gemma had been on the curbside, so you hadn’t had the chance to be a little chivalrous for her since she got out first, but Sabrina accepted your hand with a smile.

“We thought about that,” Gemma said. “But keeping things like this a little secret is fun. Sabrina wants to see his and Tasha’s acts, and we should support them both considering they’re pretty much the only other people we know in the city who don’t work or live with us.”

“That’s fair,” you said and found yourself quickly looped arm in arm with Sabrina on one side and hand in hand with Gemma on the other as you headed for the doors. The Open Mic Night had started about ten minutes ago, so you only hoped that there would be some seats.

Sabrina paid the cover for the three of you at the door, insisting that you weren’t paying that night since this was them taking you out. The main sitting area was dark, the stage brightly lit as the first act was running through his jokes at lightning speed. The bar area was dim, but light enough that you could see a gathering of the various comics off to the side in one corner. Several of the same customers from last week when you’d come in with Gemma were in the group, and you kind of hoped that they weren’t going to recognize you. They were spread over a few tables and booths so you didn’t initially see Mosche or Tasha.

Gemma led you and Sabrina to the bar and ordered you each a Bramble and a beer, and paid the almost forty dollars for the drinks. Plus tip.

“OK,” she said as she turned back to you. “Maybe we don’t come here every week.”

“That or we sneak in some flasks,” Sabrina smirked.

Once you were delivered your drinks you went to the entryway to the stage area and one of the waitresses pointed you over to an empty table on the far left side of the room, blessedly out of the spotlight and away from the hot seat. The three of you got your seats and settled in.

It was the same host from last time, and there were a couple of the same acts working on their jokes. But now that you weren’t the focus of the crowd work it was a lot easier to settle in and enjoy the comedy, or the bombs, in equal measure.

The girls also apparently had another idea, and in the deep dark you felt a hand crawl onto your thigh, and then higher to rest on your crotch. You looked over to Gemma and she grinned at you, and you lowered a hand to her leg, and then slid your fingers to her inner thigh. She spread

her legs just a touch, encouraging you, and you slid your hand higher. Not under her dress, but definitely pushing it up just a bit so that you were very much holding an inappropriately personal area.

Glancing at Sabrina, you decided you wanted to make sure the fun was being had in equal measure and you tugged her chair closer to you so that you could wrap an arm around her shoulders. She flashed you a grin and rested her head on your shoulder. Then she looked at you again and bit the tip of her tongue playfully as your hand trailed down a bit more and played your fingers over her breast and nipple lightly through her blouse. She shifted closer and reached to feel up your crotch only to find Gemma's hand already there. They glanced around you at each other, grinning silently, and Sabrina let Gemma have your crotch as she put her hand on your leg and rubbed slowly.

Mosche ended up going on before intermission, and you and the girls left off your over-friendliness to clap and cheer loudly for him - way louder than any of the other comics had gotten. Sabrina even put two fingers in her mouth and whistled shrilly.

For his part, Mosche was beaming as he mounted the stage after receiving such an unexpected welcome. He tried to shade his eyes from the bright spotlights, but couldn't see you. He made a joke about being the popular guy in the room for once, which earned him a laugh at the self-deprecation, and then he went into his bit. Now, you had heard him perform it multiple times at this point both in the club and in the apartment. It was the best he'd ever done it. The crowd was on his side, which helped a lot, but you had to assume that the last-minute burst to his confidence did wonders for him too. When he left the stage he got a rousing round of applause from the entire club, including big cheers from the back where the comics were. They'd seen him finally nail a set after months and months of trying, and were recognizing him as one of their own.

The host came up and announced the intermission, and the lights raised as people started standing up and shifting towards the bar.

"You folks need anything?" a waitress came by, then her eyes widened as she recognized you and Gemma - she was the same waitress who had gotten caught up in the snarky repartee as she'd tried to serve you last week. "Oh, it's you guys."

"Hey," Gemma grinned. "We're back."

"Well, at least you're back here this time," the waitress smirked. "I don't think any of the comics know you're here or they would probably try to pick some fights again."

"I was hoping to avoid that this time," you said. "We're just here to support our friends."

Sabrina ended up ordering a basket of french fries for the three of you to share, and you all decided not to order another round of cocktails or beers to save your wallets. As the waitress

was about to turn away with your order Gemma touched her arm. "Could you let Mosche know that his fans are over here?"

"Sure," the waitress smiled. "You guys really helped him out. I usually feel bad for the guy - he tries so hard and wasn't seeing a real hit. He needed tonight."

She left, and Sabrina immediately turned and leaned forward to talk with Gemma. "She definitely has a crush on him, right?"

"For. Sure," Gemma said. "I mean, maybe just a pity-crush, but she'd totally fuck him if he made a move."

"Wait, hold on," you said. "You mean that chick would hook up with Mosche?"

"Oh, for sure," Sabrina nodded. "I mean, probably not long term, but one night after he does well, or bombs? She'd definitely be willing to make a mistake with him."

"It's OK, babe," Gemma said, rubbing your leg. "You don't need to understand women any more. You've got us locked in." She pursed her lips and you kissed her.

"Both of us," Sabrina prompted you, and you leaned in to kiss her as well.

"Guys? You came!"



## Chapter 171

You, Gemma and Sabrina all stood up as Mosche approached you guys with a grateful smile on his face.

“Oh my God, I didn’t think you were coming,” he said.

“We wanted to support you and Tasha,” Sabrina said, and hugged him quickly.

You and Gemma each hugged him as well, and you clapped him on the shoulder. “Dude, that was the best set I’ve heard you do. Your timing was on, you hit every beat. Great job!”

“Thanks,” he grinned again.

“Hey, guys!” Tasha said, having followed Mosche into the seating area. Another quick round of hugs happened. The five of you chatted quickly, but intermission wasn’t too long and Tasha had other friends who had come to see her and she wanted Mosche with her.

“Hey, quick question,” she said before she pulled Mosche away. “Is it OK if I do some crowd work on you guys again?”

“You, absolutely,” Gemma said. “It was funny and flirty. We’re not looking to get into any fights tonight.”

“Awesome, sounds good,” she nodded. “We’ll try not to spread around that you’re here again. I mean, the others will figure it out once they hear you, but there should only be a few people on after me.”

She grabbed Mosche’s hand and led him away.

“She’s cute,” Gemma said as the three of you sat back down.

“Great tits, too,” Sabrina noted.

“Not as nice as either of yours,” you said, which earned you an eye roll from both of them.

“Stop trying to suck up, baby,” Gemma said. “You’ve already got us. When we’re talking about some other girl, just say what you actually think.”

“OK, OK,” you agreed. “Tasha has nice tits.”

“As nice as Becks’?” Sabrina asked.

“Or Becca’s?” Gemma asked.

“Wait, you’ve seen Becca’s tits, too?” Sabrina asked you.

“Twice, actually,” Gemma said.

That led into you telling the story of running into Becca in the kitchen late at night, and Sabrina ended up remembering that had happened and you’d told her about it but hadn’t connected the who and where and it had slipped her mind. Then you surprised them both by mentioning that this time you’d gotten pictures of them too, which both of them immediately wanted to see. The crowd was starting to filter back to their tables, so you had to hold the phone low and under the table to show them.

“She does have nice tits,” Sabrina nodded. “And she looked so good in that dress, and has that kind of swagger to her.”

“She’s the older sister I wish I’d had growing up,” Gemma said.

“Except you kinda want a piece of her too, don’t you,” Sabrina smirked.

“No!” Gemma said, then slowly grinned and blushed. “OK, maybe a little.”

“We’re going to turn you into John’s sexy bi girlfriend sooner than later,” Sabrina teased her.

The lights started to dim, and your waitress came by with Sabrina’s order of fries, and soon you were back to squeezing between the two of them. This time your arm was around Gemma’s shoulder and your other hand was in Sabrina’s lap holding one of hers.

The host introduced two more comics, and then one of the key antagonists from your last trip to the comedy club mounted the stage.

“Please give a warm welcome to the Mistress of Mayhem, Julie Miles!”

Julie hadn’t exactly changed in the week since the last time you’d seen her. She had swapped out the booty shorts for a black leather skirt over her leather thigh-high boots, and had her hair up in a bun held in place with black chopsticks - you had to assume she’d seen that in a movie and thought it looked hot. To be fair, it felt a little bad disparaging her, even if it was just in your head. She couldn’t help that she looked a way that you found unattractive. Then she opened her mouth and you remembered that you also found her demeanour unattractive as well.

“What’s up, what’s up, party people! I’m Julie Miles, but I like my bitches to call me their Bull Dyke!”

It was the exact same intro she’d used last time.

Julie's act hadn't changed much either. She talked about herself and her potential female partners crudely, earning some half-hearted chuckles at best. Then she asked her big 'Who here eats pussy?' question to a few more cheers from the crowd. This was where Gemma had taken her off course last time, so you hoped that maybe 'Julie Miles, Bull Dyke' had a better second half to her act. Turned out she didn't.

That didn't stop her from finishing her routine early and pausing and smiling at the crowd with a 'and now for something different' kind of look.

"I hear we have a couple of special guests in the crowd," she said.

You groaned, knowing what had to be coming.

"You still out there, Australia, or were you too scared to go tete-a-tete with the Bull Dyke again?"

"Oh, I'm here," Gemma called back. "Not that I enjoyed your set any more than last time. I see you still haven't figured out how to talk about anything but pussy."

"Nothing better to talk about," Julie shot back, looking into the darkness without being able to see us. "Now, tell me this. Are you here with the same guy as last time?"

"You mean my stud of a boyfriend?" Gemma asked. "Yeah, of course he's here."

"Alright, so I've been thinking about this all week, Australia," Julie said. "How many Aussie's does it take to screw a fuckboy?"

"As many as want to hop on his dick," Gemma said. "Are you trying to kink shame us or something?"

"What? No," Julie said. "That's not- It takes-"

"Hey, babe," Sabrina said loudly, cutting Julie off. "You want to tell her about how we both sucked our boyfriend's cock earlier, or should I?"

The crowd erupted in cheers and jeers.

## Chapter 172

Julie never recovered, though she didn't flop as hard as last time. Apparently, she'd learned that breaking down and just insulting and threatening the audience was frowned upon.

The host got her off stage, and Sabrina celebrated by kissing you and then turning your face to kiss Gemma as well. No one on stage, or most of the crowd, could see it but the people around you certainly could and the three of you got some Woos!

Things calmed down again, and by the time Tasha got called on stage your basket of fries was empty and the three of you were on the last sips of your beers, the cocktails long emptied.

When Tasha was announced, you and Gemma and Sabrina gave her the same welcoming applause as you had for Mosche, but you were matched by another group off in the darkness across the sitting area. Tasha got on stage, grinning and waving, and went into her set. She was a little looser than Mosche was, maybe a little more improvisational. The last time she'd been the clearly better performer, and maybe she still was, but her set didn't hit quite as well as his did this time even though both you and her other friends tried to encourage her with laughs.

Then Tasha transitioned into talking about her friends, doing a little crowd work bouncing off of them - it went better for her, and obviously wasn't rehearsed or else it would have sounded fake. Then she pivoted in your direction.

"Now, two weeks in a row a certain couple - or trio, I guess - have gotten into fights with the comics on this stage, but I like to think we had some good back and forth last time. How are you three doing out there in the darkness?"

"Better than ever," Gemma called back.

"Good! Now, last time you gave us a little tease, and it's had me thinking about Big Cocks. And believe me, my set isn't going to turn into some Amy Schumer act, so stay with me folks. There's another girl in the mix now so I want some corroborating evidence. Is he really as big as Australia claims?"

"He's perfectly big," Sabrina called back with a grin.

"Now that sounds too good to be true," Tasha said. "I mean, I always thought it was a Glass Slipper kind of situation. Everyone's vagina is supposed to be different, right? So perfect for one lady isn't perfect for the rest. But now, here we are, with a 'perfect cock' right here in the audience."

"You want some proof, Tasha?" Gemma called, to some cheers from the now tipsy and drunk crowd.

“Uh, hell yeah I do. But I don’t think that’s legal for a comedy club,” she joked.

Gemma stood up, opening her phone as she wove through the tables until she was next to the stage, and then made to show Tasha a picture but pulled it back quickly. “If I’m right, you need to send him a picture of your tits,” she said.

Tasha made a show of being shocked and fanning herself. But the crowd cheered, and she pretended to think about it before agreeing. “Fine. Tit Pic for Dick Pic, it’s fair.”

Gemma showed her the picture, and Tasha leaned down to take a look and her eyes went wide. “Holy fuck,” she said right into the microphone to a chorus of laughter from the audience. “Damn, girl. Or girls!? You both take that thing?”

“Hell yes we do,” Gemma said, then pulled her phone back and stepped back into the darkness.

“Gad dayum,” Tasha said, fanning herself again. “Well, there you have it, folks. You’ve heard of universal remotes and universally beloved celebrities. Now we know that there’s such thing as a Universal Cock.” Then she bowed towards you with her hands over her head in a worshipping gesture. “All hail the Universal Cock!”

“All hail the Universal Cock!” the crowd cheered.

“I’ve got the weirdest boner right now,” you whispered to Sabrina, who laughed and kissed you.

The rest of the show was going to take another hour, but you only stayed for one more comedian before the three of you decided to make your exit while the host was on stage. As you stepped out of the seating area and up into the bar area you saw several comics noticing you. Tasha and Mosche were standing at the bar, so they came over.

“You guys made my set,” Tasha said, gathering you into a group hug. “Thanks for saving my bacon.”

“Oh, you did fine,” Gemma assured her.

“Fine isn’t good enough,” Tasha countered, then she held up her phone. “And fair is fair. Or should I say, Tit for Tat?”

“You don’t need to, Tasha,” you said.

“No no no,” Tasha wagged a finger at you. “You’ve already seen them, so what’s a picture between friends?”

You glanced at Mosche, who just shrugged. “You have seen them before.”

Sabrina stepped in and gave Tasha your number, surprising you that she had it memorized, and soon you had a message pending on your phone. "And I'm just saying," she followed up with a laugh and a wink. "I wouldn't mind a tasteful dick pic in return."

"You can get that from Mosche," you said.

She turned to him. "You have dick pics of John?"

"What? No," he sputtered, and all three of the girls started laughing.

"Hey!"

You all turned at the angry growl, finding Julie standing with her arms crossed and a big frown. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

You weren't looking into getting into a fight with an angry lesbian, and neither were Gemma and Sabrina. But both of your girlfriends also weren't people to get run over, and after a week of stressing over Joy, they were both a little wound up.

"What the fuck is wrong with us?" Sabrina asked. "What the fuck is wrong with *you*?"

"Yeah, you put your hand over the fire again and got burned," Gemma said. "Just because you think you're tough shit doesn't mean anything. If you can't take shit, don't try and dish it out."

"Fuck you," Julie said. "It's my fucking job to crack jokes. You three assholes-"

Tasha had been waving over towards the bar, and a big black guy stepped out and stepped in front of Julie. "I'm sorry, folks," he said. "I'm going to have to ask you to leave for the night. Is that alright?"

"Absolutely," you nodded, looking up at the guy. "We were just on our way out and saying goodbye to the friends we came out to see."

"That's great, thanks for coming," he said, then turned to Julie. "If you say one more word to these paying customers, I'm banning you for a month and you'll have to work coat check for a year before you touch that stage again."

Julie glowered, and pouted, but didn't open her mouth. You felt bad for her dentist with all the grinding she was doing.

"We'll see you later, guys," Gemma said, leaning in and giving Mosche and Tasha quick hugs. Sabrina waved, and you offered knuckles to Mosche for him to knock and then got a quick hug from Tasha.

You were outside in moments.

“OK, that was wild,” Sabrina said. “I’m calling an Uber, but I want to see that picture!”

## Chapter 173

The correct choice was likely for you to head to Sabrina's apartment since you'd be alone, but since you had left your overnight bag at Gemma's the three of you headed back there. Going up was a lot less intense than when you and either of the girls separately stumbled in after a date. Sure, there was some groping and light kissing, but you weren't making out in the elevator.

It was a different sort of sexual tension. Comfortable. There wasn't any question about what we'd be doing, any nervousness that maybe something would go wrong, but still the excitement of being together. You hoped, as the girls giggled to each other while Gemma rubbed her palm over the crotch of your pants in the elevator, that this would be the standard for a long time to come.

At Gemma's apartment, Sabrina ramped things up just a touch as Gemma opened the door. Sabrina unzipped your pants without undoing the belt or button and fished her fingers inside, stroking your cock through your boxers. When Gemma got the door open and turned around she scoffed dramatically and gave Sabrina's ass a light spank. "Did anyone give you permission to do that?"

"No," Sabrina grinned wickedly. "But I want to."

The voice she put on was slightly different. Just a touch more innocent, and a touch more whiny, and breathy. It was her 'brat' voice, the same one she used when she called you Daddy on or off camera.

You took her arm by the wrist and pulled her hand out of your zipper, and Sabrina pouted playfully.

Gemma slipped into your arms and kissed you lightly again, right in front of Sabrina, and then led you both inside. Shoes were left at the door and Gemma led you right back to her bedroom. Becca and Charlotte's door at the end of the hall was open and it sounded like they were watching a movie (not a dirty one), and you didn't see any sign of Lucy. Once you were inside Gemma's room, she shut the door and turned to find Sabrina just about to go up on her tiptoes to kiss you.

"Ah, ah," Gemma said, wagging a finger and pulling Sabrina away. Sabrina made a smarmy face. Gemma turned back to you. "Tonight you're Daddy, OK?"

You snorted out a small chuckle and nodded. You'd given them one night, and they were taking it early.

"And tonight I'm in control," Gemma continued. "I'm Madame Director. And Sabrina is the Brat who needs to be taught how to be a good girl."



"I don't *need* to be a good girl 'cause Daddy spoils me rotten," Sabrina said, putting her hands behind her back and grinning as she swished her hips.

"Oh God," you said to Gemma. "You're creating a monster."

Both girls giggled and Gemma swatted Sabrina's butt again. "There's just one last thing to make this perfect. Give us a minute in the washroom to get ready, OK?"

"Sure," you said. They both grabbed bags from beside the dresser and left the room. You ended up sitting on the edge of the bed debating whether you should get naked or not, and eventually decided to just unbutton your shirt a bit and leave it at that.

"Hey, stud," Becca said from the doorway. The girls had left it open and she was leaning casually dressed in a tight 'wife beater' tank top and panties, clearly lacking a bra. "What's up? Just you and Gemma tonight?"

"Both," you said. "They're getting ready in the bathroom."

"Ooh, a surprise for the threesome," Becca smirked. "You know you're one lucky fuck, right?"

"Oh, I know," you said.

"Are you guys going to be here tomorrow night, too? Charlotte and I are hosting a... let's call it a party. Lucy is making herself scarce, but it was sort of a semi-impromptu thing we planned a couple of hours ago and I haven't talked to Gemma about it yet."

"The girls are in charge of the weekend," you said. "But I think the plan was probably Sabrina's or my place."

"Alright, cool," Becca nodded. "Not that you aren't welcome, but it's kind of a Gals Only party so we'd either need to tie you up in this room, or you'd be the naked butler or something."

You laughed. "Well, that sounds like an interesting party, but I don't know how they'd feel about me getting ogled like that."

Becca turned as a door down the hall opened and raised her eyebrows. "Damn," she said, then looked back at you. "Lucky bastard." She stopped leaning on the doorway and you could hear her say something in the hallway quietly, but not what. Then Gemma and Sabrina were walking into the room with shit-eating grins. They were both dressed in button-down white blouses, with red and silver plaid kilts and red knee high socks. Gemma had pulled her blonde hair back into a high ponytail while Sabrina's brunette hair was woven into a single braid.

They were schoolgirl fantasies.

“Professor John, I caught Sabrina doing something naughty in the bathroom while moaning your name,” Gemma said tartly. “I think she needs to be taught a lesson.”

“And what sort of lesson is that?” you asked, trying to slip into character.

Gemma shut the door. “A big one,” she said. “It needs to be hard, and long, too.”

“I don’t need punishing, sir,” Sabrina said, pouting out her lower lip and looking at you with big puppy dog eyes. “I wasn’t doing anything bad, I promise. I’m a good girl.”

“Good girl my ass,” Gemma said, then looked at you apologetically. “Sorry for my language, sir.”

“It seems to me like we have two conflicting stories,” you said. “What exactly were you doing in the bathroom, Sabrina?”

“Nothing!” Sabrina said.

“She was rubbing herself under her kilt, sir,” Gemma reported to you. “And she isn’t in proper uniform. I can prove it.”

“How is that?” you asked.

Gemma, standing just behind Sabrina, lifted up Sabrina’s kilt from the front to show that the brunette wasn’t wearing any panties while also flashing you her pussy for a long moment. “See, sir?”

“It’s not my fault,” Sabrina pouted. “My panties got all soaked through during the lesson, sir.”

“You mean while you were daydreaming?” you asked, playing along. “That makes three infractions, Sabrina. Daydreaming in class, improper uniform and inappropriate actions in the school bathroom. What are we going to do with you?”

## Chapter 174

"I think she needs a proper spanking, sir," Gemma said. "My momma always said the only way to turn a bad girl good was to not spare the rod."

"Well, we'll see about the rod," you said. "But I think you're right. Come over here, Sabrina."

You were still sitting on the edge of the bed and Sabrina made a show of shuffling over to you, though she was trying to suppress her grin and failing. Gemma quickly directed her to get up on the bed and lay over your lap, then pushed down on her lower back to make her arch it so that her ass was tilted upwards.

"I don't think over the kilt is going to be enough, sir," Gemma said.

"Are you saying I should give Sabrina her spankings on a bare bottom?" you asked.

"Yes, sir," Gemma nodded with a mock-serious expression.

"What do you think about that, Sabrina?" you asked.

"Please not many, sir," Sabrina said. "I don't know how many my bum can take like that."

"Well, let's find out," you said and slowly started pulling the kilt up over her ass. Now, you had seen Sabrina's naked butt plenty of times. On photo and video, and in person. You'd done all sorts of wicked things, including giving her some spanks in the middle of sex. But you still had that delight of anticipation as you tugged up the fabric bit by bit, unveiling her skinny thighs and then the bottom curve of her cheeks, and then up farther and farther until the swell of her naked ass was on display. Her cheeks were smooth and pale, though the skin was starting to goose pimple, and she kept her thighs pressed together as she looked back at you over her shoulder with those big eyes.

"How many do you think I deserve?" she asked.

"Oh, definitely five naked spanks for the daydreaming," Gemma said. She was standing just next to us, watching with a smirk on her face.

"No, that's too many," Sabrina argued.

"On each cheek," Gemma finished.

"That sounds fair," you said, silencing Sabrina. You put a hand on her left cheek, not grabbing or massaging as usual, just resting it there like you were lining it up. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," Sabrina nodded.

You brought your hand up and then cracked it down on her little tush, the slap of the spank sharp. It was maybe half power of what you thought you could do, and it made Sabrina yelp a little 'meep!' as her glutes clenched and unclenched for a moment. You waited for a long moment. "Well, I guess that one didn't count," you said.

"What? Why?" Sabrina asked.

"Good girls know they are supposed to count out their spankings," Gemma said.

"One?" Sabrina asked timidly.

"Too late," Gemma said.

"I'll need to start over," you said and spanked her again. This time, her ass clenched before the spank in anticipation, and you left a light pink spot on her pale cheek for a moment.

"One!" Sabrina said.

"And thank him," Gemma prompted.

"Thank you, sir," Sabrina said.

You spanked the same cheek again, the pink in the cheek staying a bit longer.

"Two. Thank you, sir," she said breathily.

For each spank you ramped up the power just a bit, by the end of the five you guessed you were at about three-quarters power and her butt cheek was warm and holding a pink glow as you rested your hand on it and softly rubbed her skin.

"Five. Thank you, sir," she said, breathing deeply.

You continued to rub her abused ass cheek for a moment. "What were you daydreaming about during class, Sabrina?" you asked her.

"Huh?" she asked back, confused for a moment before remembering the roleplay. "Oh, um, I was fantasizing, sir. About... someone."

"It was about Professor John, wasn't it?" Gemma asked.

"Maaaybe," Sabrina said.

Gemma scoffed. "I think you should continue with the punishment, sir."

"I agree," you said. And you set about doing just that, spanking Sabrina's other ass cheek as she counted them out and thanked you for them. Until the last one, which she didn't say anything to. So you spanked her again, the hardest you'd done so far, leaving a clear handprint on her cheek for a moment before it faded into the general pink warmth.

"Five! Thank you, Daddy," she said.

"Daddy?" Gemma asked.

"Sir! I mean, sir," Sabrina said, pretending to be ashamed at the slip but was obviously not. "Is that all the punishment, sir?"

"For the daydreaming," Gemma filled in. "Now you need to be punished for the improper uniform attire. I think ten per cheek should be enough, sir."

"Noooo," Sabrina moaned, but at the same time she waved her bum back and forth making it clear that she wanted more.

You went back to spanking her again, this time swapping back and forth between the cheeks which made her stumble a few times on the count. By the end, her entire ass was a bright, warm pink and she'd gotten another thirteen or so spanks on each cheek, and she'd abandoned trying to correct her 'sirs' from Daddy.

She was panting, her legs splayed instead of pressed together, after the final spank and you were softly massaging her cheeks. You leaned down and kissed one, then the other, which was out of character for the roleplay but you felt like you wanted to soothe them and her somehow. They were fully flushed and you could feel the warmth through your lips.

Gemma, meanwhile, had the tip of her tongue resting on her lower lip as she breathed deeply as well, clearly turned on. "Look at her," she said. "What kind of good girl gets so wet between her thighs from a spanking? Is this exactly what you were daydreaming about? What you were thinking of while you were inappropriate in the school washroom?"

"No," Sabrina shook her head.

"What were you daydreaming about?" Gemma demanded.

"Daddy's fingers."

"Doing what?"

"Touching me."

## Chapter 175

Sabrina's pussy, peeking out from between her legs and pink buttocks, was looking particularly sodden as she watched you over her shoulder, biting her lip.

"You want Daddy to touch that needy little pussy?" Gemma asked her. "To slide his fingers across your swollen little lips, and brush against your hole, and bump your clit?"

"Mhmm," Sabrina nodded eagerly.

"But that doesn't sound like a punishment," Gemma said. She was clearly enjoying being in charge and verbally teasing Sabrina with what *could* be. The schoolgirl outfits they were wearing had slightly different effects - Sabrina, with her slim body, could probably actually pull off being a teen if she affected a more realistic teen persona. On Gemma the outfit looked more sexual; you were all still young enough that someone could potentially believe you were teenagers, but Gemma's fuller figure would suggest she was a very genetically gifted teen if that were the case.

Gemma paced a little, coming back to look between Sabrina's legs. "I think Sabrina needs another punishment, Professor," she said, reverting to the roleplay. "If she wants you to touch her, I think a proper punishment is for her to touch you instead."

"That doesn't sound very appropriate, Gemma," you said, feigning surprise.

"Sometimes a horny little slut needs to be taught a proper lesson, Professor," she replied. "Sabrina, get on your knees in front of Daddy."

Sabrina moved quickly, sliding from your lap and onto the floor, taking a position between your legs and immediately reaching for your belt.

"Ah," Gemma corrected her, lightly slapping her hand from me. "Good girls ask for permission, and wait until they have it."

Sabrina turned her big eyes on you. "Please, Daddy, can I take out your big Daddy cock and use my hands and mouth on you?"

"Maybe tone it down a little bit," you commented.

"Daddy," Gemma scolded you.

You rolled your eyes at her but smirked a little, then turned your attention back to Sabrina. "Yes, you may."

It didn't take her long to get your pants undone, and she didn't stop there and quickly stripped you of your pants and briefs. Your cock was already hard, and it stood in front of her, but even though you could tell that Sabrina wanted to take you in her mouth she hesitated and then looked at Gemma expectantly.

"Mmmm, she's learning," Gemma cooed as she climbed up on the bed next to you, sitting on her knees and resting her chin on your shoulder. "Sabrina, since this is your punishment, you should probably start with Daddy's balls. The last thing you get to taste is his precum."

Sabrina immediately moved down beneath your cock, wedging her face between your legs so that she could start sucking on your balls as she looked past your erection. Gemma, meanwhile, turned your face to kiss you lightly.

"You made love to her last night, right?" she asked you in a whisper.

"We did," you replied softly.

"Good," Gemma grinned. "Because tonight we're going to be rough with her."

Sabrina made her way slowly up from your sack to the root of your cock, making a show of getting her lips and tongue on every part of you.

"Look at her," Gemma whispered in your ear, watching as she cuddled up a little closer behind you. "She fucking loves your cock. No, she's *in* love with your cock. And you. She wants to make sure you know that."

You reached down and stroked Sabrina's cheek, and she grinned and pressed her cheek into your palm almost like a dog wanting more petting.

"Roughly, love," Gemma whispered to you.

You slid your fingers back more until you had a grip on the back of her neck and pulled her towards your cock head. Sabrina opened her mouth and immediately started blowing you, but it was quickly more than that as she used her mouth to fuck you. She gagged for a moment, then took you deep into her throat as her eyes began to water.

When she pulled off, you surprised her by standing up and spinning her around on her knees and pushing her back against the bed. She sat on her butt when she realized what you were doing, which had to sting still from the spankings, then opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue.

Without a word, you lined up and inserted your cock into her mouth and started fucking her face. Sabrina moaned and groaned, slurping hard and battering the bottom of your cock with her tongue as you switched up your thrusting technique frequently. Sometimes it was long and

deep, sometimes short and shallow. This position also left you looking forwards at Gemma - when you weren't looking down at Sabrina as you held her head in place against the mattress - and she laid down on her stomach and brought her hands down to Sabrina's shoulders, then to her throat.

"Fuck," Gemma said. "I can feel her gagging on your cock. It's so fucking hot when that happens."

You pulled out of Sabrina's mouth, letting her take some deep breaths, but she did it while sticking her tongue out and asking for more.

"Does my little brat want more facefucking?" you asked.

"Yes, please," she said innocently. "Gemma, choke me while I deepthroat. I want him to feel your hands adding extra pressure."

You slipped back into her mouth and thrust a few times shallowly before sliding deep in again, forcing her to swallow and deepthroat you. Gemma started to squeeze, but Sabrina took hold of her wrists to encourage her, and she choked the brunette more firmly. You could, in fact, feel her throat tighten a bit, but it was when Gemma started moving her hands up and down a bit and you could feel the shift in pressure that you could really tell the difference.

Pulling your cock out of Sabrina's throat and mouth again, you didn't want to blow so soon so you slapped your dick on her face and she immediately nuzzled into it and got her spittle all over her face.

"What next?" you asked Gemma.

Gemma looked at you with a grin. Her hands were still on Sabrina's throat as she panted, but they weren't squeezing. "That depends, love. Sabrina wants you to finger her, but it looks like you want some pussy. Oooh, wait, I know exactly what to do."



## Chapter 176

You had two kilt-covered asses staring at you shortly after. You flipped up the first kilt quickly, revealing Sabrina's still-warm butt. Then you slowly lifted Gemma's kilt, revealing her thicker thighs and her wonderfully rounded ass, also sans panties.

"Well, I think we have a problem," you said.

Both of your girlfriends looked back at you a little confused. "What do you mean?" asked Gemma.

"Well, Sabrina got punished for improper uniform," you said. "And now find out that my star student is *also* in improper uniform."

"That-"

**SMACK.** You spanked Gemma. She yelped and leaned away from the spanking.

You waited.

"John, that-"

You spanked her again on the same cheek, and she yelped again, which made Sabrina snicker a little so you spanked her once as well.

"Fuck! Thank you, Daddy," she said.

"Thank you, Daddy," Gemma said, realizing how she'd messed up.

"I think fair is fair," you said. "Don't you?"

"Yes, Daddy," Gemma said and lowered herself to her elbows, pushing her ass back at you.

Gemma took the spankings a little better after that, though she didn't like it quite as much as Sabrina did. By the last one her bum was looking pink and warm just like Sabrina's and you massaged it lightly and kissed her cheek.

"Daddy, I want your cock now," she said. "And Sabrina can get what she wants, you can finger her at the same time."

"Gladly," you said, and manoeuvred the head of your cock into position and sunk into her just up to the head. Then, as you felt her body subtly trying to either push you out or pull you in deeper, you slid your fingers along Sabrina's pussy to get them slimy with her natural lubricants, then slid two fingers into her.

“Oooh, fuck yes,” Sabrina gasped.

You slid fully into Gemma, making her gasp as well, and you spent the next few minutes finding your rhythm with the girls. Then, without warning her, you pulled out of Gemma and got behind Sabrina, fucking into her quickly.

“Hey,” Gemma whined a little.

“Love,” you said. “I know you’re in charge, but Sabrina needed some cock.”

“It’s fine,” Gemma laughed, turning onto her side next to Sabrina and reaching over to rub Sabrina’s back as you were thrusting into her. “Actually, I have an idea.”

“What’s that?” you asked.

“Flip her over,” Gemma said.

You pulled out of Sabrina and used her hips to flip her over onto her back, and she immediately spread her legs and made grabby hands to get you back into her. “I was getting close,” she panted. “Please, John. Just finish me off before we do something else.”

“Uh-uh,” Gemma shook her head, getting up on her knees on the couch. She leaned down and surprised Sabrina with a kiss, then whispered something in her ear. Sabrina got a surprised look, then nodded. Gemma shifted again and swung her leg over Sabrina’s head so that she was straddling her face, holding up the kilt so that Sabrina’s face wasn’t blocked. “Now fuck her while she eats my pussy, Daddy,” Gemma said.

She leaned forward and dropped the kilt, and then her eyes closed halfway as you could only assume Sabrina went right to work. Hidden by the kilt.

You wanted to see it, but this was supposed to be Gemma’s show. Fuck, you wanted to see Sabrina licking Gemma. Instead of forcing it, you lined up with Sabrina’s pussy and stroked into her again, starting to fuck her quick and vigorous.

“Tits,” you gasped at Gemma.

“Yes, Daddy,” she panted, rolling her hips slightly in response to whatever Sabrina was doing. Gemma quickly unbuttoned her blouse to reveal a white bra underneath that blessedly had a front clasp. When she undid it her tits bounced free, and you leaned forward and buried your face in between them, sucking hard on the inside cleavage.

“Oh, fucking shit,” Gemma groaned as you left a hickey on her. “Yes, love. Mark me. Fuck!”

Once she was properly bruising where no one but the three of you would see she began feeding you her tits as you fucked Sabrina hard. The room devolved into grunts and pants until Gemma pushed you away lightly and reached down to start diddling Sabrina's clit, which made the slimmer girl moan and bounce her hips up off of the mattress.

Gemma actually ripped Sabrina's blouse, popped buttons going everywhere as her small chest was bared. Then Gemma grabbed Sabrina's breasts with both hands as she shifted forward a bit. "Make her squirt," she told you. "Fuck her g-spot, love, and make her squirt. Fuck! Then come inside her for me and I'll pay her back for eating my ass like she is right now by eating your creampie out of her. Do you want to see that? Do you want to see me lick my first pussy?"

You, of course, were very much in favour of all of these things. You shifted your position and grabbed Sabrina's legs, pushing them back to tilt her pelvis so that you could fuck up at her g-spot. Her clit, that special little nub, got a thumb on it as you slowly rubbed circles around it. Gemma didn't let go of Sabrina's tits, squeezing them hard as she rode her face.

When you felt Sabrina's body quake you grabbed her thigh hard. "Don't you fucking come yet, brat," you told her.

A muffled, "M'yes, Daddy," came from underneath Gemma's kilt.

"She's tonguing my ass, love," Gemma panted. "She's got her tongue right up in there. You know we've both been practising for you, right? She's going to do this again tomorrow, and then you're going to take my anal virginity. Then on Sunday you're going to take her ass too, and you'll have all three holes of both of us."

"Fuck," you grunted. "I love you so fucking much, Gemma."

She laughed. "I know, love. And I know it's not just the sex."

"Daddy, please," came a weak request from under Gemma's kilt.

You ramped up your thrusts that little bit more that you could, and you pressed your thumb right on Sabrina's clit, and you pinched her side the way she liked. Gemma gave Sabrina's nipples a little twist and sat her ass back, enveloping Sabrina's face.

"Now, my beautiful good girl," you said.

Sabrina came, her squirt rocketing out of her and spraying against your pelvis, but you didn't stop fucking her. Gemma leaned forward and kissed you, and you pushed as deep as you could into Sabrina and came just as her orgasm was subsiding.

## Chapter 177

Sabrina was panting, splayed out on the bed with her shirt open and her kilt pulled up to her waist. Her legs were splayed open, her pussy oozing your cum.

You had stepped back and ended up sitting down on Gemma's desk chair as you tried to catch your breath, while Gemma had fallen forward and to the side off of Sabrina's face and was laying next to her.

Standing and stepping forward, you used your mostly-hard cock and pushed back into Sabrina, climbing fully on top of her and wrapping her up in your arms as you kissed her. It took Sabrina a moment to blink herself back to reality and start kissing you back, and she wrapped one leg up over your waist.

"Love you," you told her quietly.

"Love you too, Daddy," she laughed softly against your lips.

You kissed her one more time then got off of her, your slimy cock pulling from her and you moved over to Gemma. She was still on her side, smiling warmly, and she rolled onto her stomach and opened her mouth to take you in. She didn't care about the mixed juices on you, and she quickly began sucking them off.

"Fuuuck," you sighed.

Gemma hummed in response, and you naturally wreathed your fingers in her hair as she sucked you. Once she was done she pulled back and sat up on her knees, giving you another smile. "You know, I'm not really getting my chance to be a director," she pointed out.

"What do you want to do next, love?" you asked her.

"Well, I did promise something," she said and looked over at Sabrina, who had been watching us with her own contented smile.

"Really?" Sabrina asked. "I mean, being eaten and doing the eating are kinda different."

"I want to," Gemma replied. "I want to give to you as much as you give to me and him."

Sabrina just opened her legs wider in response. Gemma got down on her hands and knees and approached her from the side.

To be honest, it was fun to watch but wasn't as amazing an experience as you were expecting - at least from your end of things. The mechanical licking and slurping was hotter in the abstract than anything. Watching Sabrina's expressions, and the way Gemma shifted her hips as she got

into slightly different stances to change her angle of attack, that was hot. Seeing Sabrina's nipples harden up again as she threw her head back onto the bed and moaned happily was hot.

You pulled Gemma's face from Sabrina for a moment, kissing her deeply and tasting Sabrina all over her. "What do you want to happen next, Madame Director?"

Gemma looked around, then bit her lip. "I want you to fuck me doggy while I eat her some more. Pound my face into her pussy."

"OK," you grinned. The three of you were quickly in position, and you were fucking Gemma.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I don't know if I can move," Gemma groaned.

She was face down again on the bed, laid flat. Sabrina was on top of her but facing the other direction as she'd been tonguing Gemma's ass again while you'd been fucking her from behind and then swapping down to get a blowjob from Gemma before sliding back up into Sabrina. It had been another one of those 'this is hot, but not as functional' moments that was more about the power and the visual than it was the actual steady pleasure.

You were leaning back against the headboard of the bed, your legs splayed open and your deflated cock clean but spent for now. Sabrina was resting her face sideways on Gemma's plentiful ass like a pillow.

"Have I told you two that you're both amazing sexual dynamos, and I'm desperately in love with you?" you asked them.

"Prove it," Sabrina grunted. "Water."

"Yeah," Gemma chuckled, shifting and rolling Sabrina off of her but turning to quickly become the little spoon to the other girl. "Prove it."

"OK," you sighed and got off the bed.

Both of them had come several more times over the last hour and a half. You stepped in a wet spot right off the edge of the bed and couldn't be sure if it had been from that first time Sabrina had squirted, or the third when she'd had her ass hanging off the edge of the bed and you'd been fucking her hard while she made out with Gemma.

Your Australian girlfriend seemed to have gotten over all squeamishness she'd had about being intimate with Sabrina at this point.

"Two waters, coming up," you said as you searched for your briefs.

“Go naked,” Gemma prompted you. “Maybe you’ll run into Becca again.”

“Heh. If she propositions you like last time, you should fuck her,” Sabrina said.

You snorted a laugh.

“You can,” Gemma said. “Just for a minute. If you want.”

You stopped and stood up, raising an eyebrow at both of them. “You think that’s a good idea?”

“No,” Gemma said. “But it would be hot.”

“I think you’re more cockdrunk than I am,” Sabrina laughed, kissing her on the cheek.

“I think the proper term would be cumdrunk,” Gemma said. “I did swallow a load and eat one out of you, Sabrina.”

“Fair, but still. I was joking and you weren’t,” Sabrina said.

Gemma shifted a little. “OK. You both make good points. No fucking Becca unless she agrees to come in here and eat us both out, too.”

“You really are cumdrunk,” you laughed, stepping over and leaning down to kiss her. Then you kissed Sabrina to keep things even.

“Fine, no sex with Becca period,” Gemma sighed. “You’ll just have to get us our water, then come back and fuck us more.”

“Gemma, darling,” Sabrina said. “I think maybe we could pace ourselves. We’ve got two more days of sex to go this weekend.”

That made Gemma bark a laugh. “Good point,” she said.

You left them giggling and talking, heading out to the kitchen in nothing but a single sock - you weren’t sure when the other one had even come off. You grabbed three glasses and started filling them up at the sink when you heard feet padding behind you.

“So, are you and your sluts finished for the night, or am I going to be tortured for another hour?” Lucy asked from the doorway.

## Chapter 178

“Fuck,” you said, grabbing for a towel and covering your dick.

“What the fuck?” Lucy replied, realizing you were naked. “Fucking pervert, why the fuck are you walking around like that?”

“Because it’s almost two in the morning and the last time I did it, it wasn’t an issue with your roommates.”

“Well, I’m not a fucking perv like them or you,” Lucy scoffed. “And I *live here*.”

“If you just leave for a second, I’ll get our water and be out of your way,” you said.

“Fine!” Lucy said and left the kitchen.

You sighed heavily and turned back to the counter, filling up the last glass for you, Gemma and Sabrina and gathering them up in both hands carefully. Coming around the corner, you almost ran right into Lucy all over again. “What the hell? I thought you were going to your room.”

“I thought you were covering yourself up!” Lucy said. And then she took a long glance at your cock and blinked in surprise.

“Take a picture, it’ll last longer,” you said to your ex.

“I wasn’t- Fuck you!” she said.

“Lus, we didn’t fuck in high school, and we’re not fucking now,” you said and walked past her. “Thanks but no thanks.”

“That’s not what I meant!” Lucy shouted after you. “Uggh!”

You didn’t even make it halfway down the hallway before the door at the end of the hall opened and Becca stuck her head out. She took one look at you, and Lucy behind you, and barked a laugh and ducked back inside. Charlotte immediately took her place and looked at you and very pointedly at your cock and made a ‘pretty nice’ face and winked. Then she yelped and grabbed at her top, which two Becca hands had started to pull up to try and flash you. She ducked back into the room and there was scolding and giggling as the door shut.

Once you were back in Gemma’s room you sighed heavily, looking at Gemma and Sabrina both asleep, naked on top of the cover and in each other’s arms.

“Well, I guess you weren’t actually that thirsty,” you mumbled. You set the glasses of water on the bedside table and drained one for yourself, then looked at the bed again trying to decide

who you wanted to spoon up behind. The best spot, the middle, wasn't available since they were practically hugging each other.

In the end you spooned up behind Gemma since she was closer and her ass was looking particularly nice. You yanked a blanket off of a nearby chair and carefully tucked the three of you in, though your feet stuck out the bottom, and draped your arm across them both.

"Love you," you said quietly into the darkness. Neither of them replied they were so out.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mmm, fuck," you groaned as you were jostled awake.

"Sorry," Sabrina whispered. It was dark and she was somewhere above and to the side of you, climbing over you and Gemma.

"Wha-?" Gemma muttered, also waking up. It was still late, you'd maybe only been asleep for an hour.

"Sorry!" Sabrina said again. "I just needed that water."

"Bedside table," you muttered.

"Pass me one, please," Gemma said, holding out her hand as she rolled to face and reach over you. Both girls got their drinks and you rolled onto your back, watching them naked in the dark.

"That's good," Sabrina sighed. "But I feel sticky and kinda gross."

"Shower?" Gemma offered.

"Can we all fit?" Sabrina asked.

"It'll be tight," Gemma said.

"Mmmm," you groaned in complaint. "I was sleeping."

"Are you sure you don't want both of your loving girlfriends to wash you, baby?" Sabrina said, getting close and kissing you on the cheek.

"We promise to be extra sexy once we're clean too," Gemma said, kissing your other cheek and rubbing your chest.

You took a deep breath and nodded. "I'm up, I'm up."



The three of you didn't bother with clothes despite your run-in with Lucy, which you told them about once you'd piled into the washroom and started the shower water heating up. Both of them thought it was funny, but also felt a little bad about thrusting you out there and making her uncomfortable in her own apartment. You decided that you'd spend the rest of the weekend at one of your other apartments to give her some space, and next time you were around you would make an apology gesture.

Then you were in the shower, and you had the delight of helping soap down two beautiful women with very different bodies. None of you particularly wanted sex at the moment, but the teasing was heavy and the light amount of groping and oral got each of your engines running. You, in particular, got the royal treatment with a quick double blowjob and a tiffuck from Gemma while Sabrina massaged your scalp.

With you hard and them sporting stiff nipples, drying off became a game of grabass, and it chased back into Gemma's room until the three of you were under the covers.

"Now this is right," you hummed happily as your girls settled in on either side of you.

"It is," Sabrina agreed.

"I dunno," Gemma said. "I kinda like when his penis is wedged between my ass cheeks and his arms are around me."

"You're just looking forward to getting your ass split open tomorrow," Sabrina teased quietly. "Though I know what you mean about falling asleep in his arms."

"I'm right here, you know," you said.

"We know," Gemma chuckled softly.

"We just like talking about you, and you like listening to us," Sabrina said.

"True," you said and squeezed them both a little closer to you. "Love you both."

"Love you too, baby," Sabrina said as she snuggled in.

Gemma edged herself up a bit more and kissed the corner of your lips. "Love you most."

"That's debatable," Sabrina grumbled sleepily.

You kissed Gemma back lightly on the cheek, then Sabrina on top of her head since that was what you could reach. "No bickering," you said, starting to fall asleep. "I- mmm-"

"Shh, love," Gemma whispered. "Just get your rest."

## Chapter 179

“Morning, studly,” Becca said as she barged into the washroom while you were taking a piss.

Now, the thing about taking a piss in the morning after waking up squeezed between two beautiful, naked women is that it doesn't really matter how much sex you had the night before, you're going to wake up hard. And pissing with a hard-on is, well, not the easiest. And now that you had started, there wasn't much stopping it so you couldn't exactly cover it up.

“I swear I locked that door,” you said, trying your best to be as casual about things as Becca was. At least this time you were wearing your briefs even if your dick was out.

“Oh, probably. It just doesn't work super well,” Becca said. “Charlotte's called the Super like four times about it and we just gave up.” She was in that tight tank top and panties, but that soon changed as she peeled off her top while she walked behind you and reached into the shower to turn on the water.

“Becca?” you asked in surprise.

“Oh, calm down,” she said, patting you on the back. “We've seen each other naked already. I just need a shower and you're almost done.”

It was true, the last drops squeezing out and you gave yourself a shake before putting it away. The tent in your briefs wasn't quite as lewd as just having it out.

“Hey, I didn't say you had to cover up,” Becca said, waiting for the shower to heat up.

“Becca, I like you, but you're just a little crazy,” you said and shifted over to the sink to wash your hands.

“I'll take that as a compliment,” she laughed. Then Becca bent over and pulled her panties down, her bare ass pointing at you for a moment. She climbed into the shower and looked over. “You want to join me?”

“Yes, but no,” you told the truth.

“Promise you'll enjoy it,” she smirked.

“You're a teasing bitch,” you chuckled.

“Just the tip, baby. Promise,” she teased you. “Or we could do it the Mormon way and just soak. I hear that doesn't even count as sex.”

“Careful what you wish for, last night the girls were joking about letting me take you up on that kind of offer.”

“Really?” she laughed. She grabbed her tits and shook them at you. “Too bad it was just a joke.”

“One of these days you’re going to make an offer you can’t back up, Becca,” you said.

“Fair. But I don’t welch, John,” she grinned while grabbing her shampoo. “Now, are you planning on watching my entire shower and jerking off, or should I close the shower curtain so we don’t get water everywhere?”

“Good morning, Becca,” you said as you slipped out of the bathroom.

“Morning, studly,” she said again.

Back in Gemma’s room you shut the door behind you and went back to the bed, planning on climbing in between the girls again, but Sabrina blinked her eyes open as you approached and rolled over, opening her mouth and sticking out her tongue.

“Really?” you asked.

“Uh-huh,” she hummed quietly without closing her mouth.

You stripped off your briefs and fed her your cock and she started sucking on you softly. Gemma eventually woke up and saw what was happening, scooting closer up behind Sabrina and leaning up for a morning kiss.

“You never mentioned the washroom door didn’t lock properly,” you said.

“Please don’t tell me Lucy barged in on you,” Gemma sighed.

“Becca,” you said.

“Oh, that’s fine,” she shrugged.

“Well, she came in, stripped naked for the shower and offered for me to join her,” you said.

“She would,” Gemma shook her head with a smirk.

“Do you remember what you said last night?” you asked.

Gemma frowned. “No, what?”

Sabrina pulled off your dick long enough to laugh. "Gemma, you really were cumdrunk, weren't you?"

"We joked about that sort of thing last night and you said I should go for it and fuck her if she offered," you filled in.

"Oh, shit," Gemma groaned. "Jesus, you do something to my brain, love."

"I didn't do anything," you said, tugging her back up with a finger under her chin to kiss her again as Sabrina started sucking you again.

"Thank you," she sighed. "I mean, it wouldn't be the end of the world, but you're ours. I should talk to her about laying off those jokes."

Sabrina decided she was hungrier for food more than cum, so the three of you decided breakfast was more important than finishing a blowjob. It left you horny as hell, but you had a suspicion that the two of them liked you that way.

You dressed casually out of the clothes in your bag, and Sabrina did the same out of her overnight bag, while Gemma slipped on cotton pyjama pants and a t-shirt without a bra on.

"That's hot," Sabrina said, reaching over and poking Gemma's unsupported tit.

"Stop," Gemma giggled.

"What? When I go braless you can barely tell," Sabrina said. "I think it's hot to see your shirt clinging to your boobs like that."

"Come on, you two," you said, ushering them towards the door. "I stopped getting a blowjob for this, so let's get some food."

"Fine, fine," Sabrina said. "If we have to, Daddy."

"Hey," you said, pulling her back towards you and lifting her up into a kiss. "Bratty Sabrina got spanked out last night."

"OK," she nodded, smiling softly and hugging you. "Love you, baby."

You set her down and took Gemma into your arms as well, kissing her deeply. "And I think your boobs look great like that, too," you smirked.

"Maybe I should get you a banana hammock at the mall today, see how you like dangling out," Gemma teased you.

The three of you headed out of her room to the kitchen and Gemma fetched you all bowls and her big box of Cinnamon Toast Crunch. It wasn't nearly as hearty or healthy a breakfast as last time, but it was already ten in the morning and you were heading for the mall where a greasy food court lunch was awaiting you.

"So," Becca said as she joined you in the kitchen and headed for the fridge. "Rowdy night last night, huh?"

Gemma winced. "I thought we kept it down. You didn't hear us much, did you?"

"Well, no," Becca shrugged. "I mean, other than the fact that someone named 'Daddy' blew one of your minds. And at least one of you squirted, quote, 'like a tsunami.'" Then she glanced at you. "Nice work, Daddy."

"Ugh," you groaned, leaning your head down to rest it on the table. You were never going to escape this pet name.

## Chapter 180

“Alright, here’s the deal,” Gemma said, holding your hand as she pulled you into the mall. “We’re here *mostly* for you, but that means we’re also here for us.”

“See, that was about as clear as mud,” you laughed.

“He’s not wrong, Gemma,” Sabrina said. She was walking on your other side, as usual, with her arm hooked in yours. “What she means is that for every two stores we go and pick clothes for you to try on, we’re going to go into a store and try things on for you to see.”

“What kind of stores?” you asked, a grin spreading across your face.

“All sorts,” Gemma said and kissed you on the cheek. “And yes, that includes Victoria’s Secret.”

“And Hot Topic,” Sabrina said. “If there’s one here.”

“Alright, lead away, oh fairy girlfriends,” you said. “But I do have to work within a budget.”

“Oh, baby,” Sabrina said. “No. Today, you can buy us lunch, but we’re covering all the clothes.”

“By we she means she,” Gemma stage whispered. “I’m on a budget, too.”

“Sabrina, I can’t just let you spend your money on me like that,” you said. “We agreed that we weren’t going to do that to each other.”

Sabrina rolled her eyes and pulled out her phone. She quickly opened up her OnlyFans tab and showed you her current income for the month. “That’s like, three-quarters because of you,” she said. “So today, I’m Sugarmomma, OK?”

The number was almost absurd. If things kept going like they were she could probably cover her entire final year of tuition, and books, and rent and other living expenses, by the end of next month.

“OK,” you said. “I give up. I’m the sugarbaby today.”

“A hunky, lovable, sexy sugarbaby,” Gemma said.

“Definitely,” Sabrina agreed with a grin.

For a Saturday you felt like the mall should have been busier, but then you realized this was supposed to be the era of the downfall of the American shopping mall. Sure, there were plenty of people around, it just didn’t *feel* busy. After a quick stop at the big digital map system near the

entrance, the girls were dragging you through the big corridors and up an escalator onto another floor.

“Oh, we should stop there later,” Gemma pointed out a store that I’d never heard of.

“Yes, definitely,” Sabrina nodded.

“We’re... right here though?” you asked. “Why not just go in now?”

Gemma tutted and shook her head. “You know nothing, John Snow.”

You never did get an answer to that question.

The first store you were brought into was mostly business casual, and it turned out you were starting with buying Date and Business clothes. Soon you had a pile of shirts and sweaters, and for the next thirty minutes, the girls had you rotating in and out of the dressing room trying on different fits and styles and colours. After your second in and out of the dressing room one of the ladies working at the store seemed to have stuck to Gemma and Sabrina. She was an attractive woman with a sort of angular face and tanned skin, and you thought she was likely a darker skinned Italian. Her nametag said Opaline, but she said to call her Opal, and soon she was as freely prodding and poking you as your girlfriends were.

You ended up with three shirts and a sweater, and then one pair of slacks. Sabrina wouldn’t let you even look at the price tags.

Opal gave some suggestions to the girls for where else to go in the mall, then hooked your arm on the way out to hold you back a moment.

“You are one lucky fuck, you know that?” she asked you.

“I’m *well* aware,” you said.

“Good. Because you will never get another chance like this in your life, so make the most of it,” she said and patted you on the ass like you were a batter heading up to the plate.

Gemma and Sabrina both burst out laughing when you told them why you’d taken an extra second to come out of the store.

The next stop was a suit shop, but apparently you were only there for shirts. A tall, thin and very gay man with a thin moustache and a penchant for making little derogatory sighs measured you up and brusquely walked you through the store and never addressed you once.

At least the shirts were nice - you ended up with three more button-downs, all of them patterned and in colours you wouldn’t have picked for yourself.

Then the next stop was a dress store. Gemma and Sabrina passed off the shopping bags, and their purses, to you and each picked out a handful of dresses to try on. And then, blessedly, the fashion show reversed and it was your turn to watch and judge. Not that there was so much judging as offering minor commentary and being wowed by your girlfriends.

Sabrina knew how to buy for her slim body type and showed off a bunch of slinky dresses that ended high on her skinny thighs and showed off what little side-boob she had. Gemma tended toward a more modest style that all looked pretty on her, but then the last one she came out in was more ballgown than party dress and you couldn't talk. It was blood red and showed a perfect amount of her bounteous cleavage and lay across her body.

"Holy shit," Sabrina said for you.

"Really?" Gemma asked. "I thought it would be too much."

"Are you kidding?" Sabrina asked. "It's fucking perfect."

"What do you think, John?" Gemma asked.

You stood up and went to her, taking her cheeks softly in your hands and kissing her sweetly. "It's like it was made for you. Don't second guess yourself ever, Gemma. You could make a plastic bag look hot."

She beamed, then blushed as she swirled around and looked at herself in the mirror. "I don't even know where I would wear it," she said.

"Um, on a fancy date, duh," Sabrina chuckled. "I don't even care where you decide to wear it though, I'm buying it for you."

"No, you can't," Gemma said.

"Hey," Sabrina said, holding up a finger with a scolding tone, then pointed to herself. "Sugarmomma for the day, remember?"

Gemma looked back at herself in the mirror and you hugged her from behind, and she smiled. "OK. But just this one."



## Chapter 181

Two more stores for you included another suit store, this time for an actual suit that would be tailored and you would have to come back to do a fitting, and then a shoe store.

Sabrina bought you three pairs of shoes. A new set of dress shoes, a set of casual slip-on loafers, and a pair of specialty Vans.

You didn't need shoes. You thought you had too many shoes to begin with.

Apparently not.

"Sabrina, this is too much," you said.

"You say that," she smirked. "But it's our turn now."

You were going bikini shopping.

You got sat with the purses and the shopping bags right in front of the changing rooms and you weren't even allowed to see what they had picked out.

Sabrina went first, and you immediately saw what she was doing. The first swimsuit she came out in was technically a one-piece, but the fabric was cut and twisted to show off most of her sides and focused around a ring that sat on her abs.

The next suit was a tankini, with low-on-the-hip but full bottoms, and a top that covered halfway down her torso. She looked cute and wiggled her bum at you and Gemma, but quickly went back in to change again.

Swimsuit number 3 was a true bikini, this one blue with cups that covered her breasts and a bottom that cut high on her bum, showing about half her cheeks.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I think I can't wait to go to a beach with you," you said.

"That's the one you should buy," Gemma nodded.

Sabrina smirked and walked up and kissed me, then looked to Gemma. "You say that now," she said and wiggled her eyebrows. She skipped back into the dressing room.

"I'm going to be honest," you said. "I'm a little scared we're going to get thrown out of here."

Gemma bit her lip and looked back at the counter of the store where a teenager was currently playing on her phone. "I think we're OK," she said, then glanced back at the dressing room. "Probably."

The next suit was lewd, but not because it showed any more skin than the last one. This one just happened to be a very stretchy bando top that clung to Sabrina like a second skin.

One that very clearly showed off her nipples and camel toe.

"Too much?" she asked, sticking her tongue out playfully while peeking around to make sure no one else was in the store.

"For the beach or a public pool? Yes," you said. "For your OF? It's just right."

Sabrina raised a finger. "Oh my God, I hadn't even thought of that. I just wanted to make you blush." She skipped the two steps to you and sat in your lap, kissing you deeply. "Good idea, baby." Then she grinned and winked. "Sugarmomma is going to going to spoil you even more now."

Then she reached down and grabbed your dick through your pants and looked thoughtful, and headed back for the changing rooms.

"That was the last one, right?" you asked Gemma.

"What do you think?"

You blew out a breath.

"Is the coast clear out there?" Sabrina asked quietly from inside the dressing room.

"Yep," Gemma said after checking over her shoulder again.

Sabrina whipped back the curtain and she was in a micro bikini, except the 'cups' over the nipples were cartoon ice cream cones and the little patch of fabric that couldn't even cover her landing strip was a cartoon whipped cream with a cherry on top.

You snorted and tried to suppress a laugh. Gemma bit her tongue to stop her own laugh.

"Now this one has to be too much, right?" Sabrina asked with a smirk.

"Yes!" you said.

"Mkay," she giggled, then surprised you by stepping out of the dressing room and pushing her chest to your face, pulling the little icecream cone nipple covering aside and feeding you her

stubby nipple for a moment. She was flushed as she pulled away and scampered back into the dressing room. She came out with most of the swimsuits in one hand and plopped onto the little bench beside me. "I need to think about the bando one, but I'll get the blue one for sure. Your turn, Gemma."

Gemma picked up her bundle of swimsuits, but almost as soon as she was in there she stuck her hand out through the curtain holding the ice cream microkini. "Nope, not a chance," she said.

"Aw, come on," Sabrina pouted.

Gemma just shook the strings and 'fabric' and Sabrina went a took it. She shrugged as she sat back down next to you. "I tried."

Your blonde girlfriend hadn't decided on a gimmick for her part in the bikini fashion show. Instead, she was actually shopping for a bikini and with her bust it made it more difficult to find one that fit properly, gave her enough support where it was needed, and looked the right amount of sexy. Her first two tries looked good to you - but then, most things on Gemma would look good - but she had complaints about them. The third one was deemed 'OK' but not great, and by the fourth one, Gemma was frustrated.

"Go in there with her," Sabrina prompted you.

"I can't," you said.

"You have to, Sugarbaby," Sabrina said, poking you in the side. "Seriously, Gemma is getting self-conscious now. Go cheer her up. Just don't be loud."

You glanced over at the teenager behind the counter, who seemed to still be engrossed in either a big game of candy crush or some sort of high school drama.

"Fuck it," you said quietly, and darted for the dressing room curtain.

You slipped inside and Gemma was naked, looking over her next selection. She half-yelped in surprise until she realized it was you, and then her face turned to confusion until you went to your knees in front of her and lifted one of her legs over your shoulder and pushed your lips to her pussy.

## Chapter 182

“Oh, fuck,” Gemma moaned softly as you tongued her pussy.

“Shhh,” you shushed her, reaching up with one hand to tease her nipple as you ducked back to lick her pussy.

“What are you doing?” she asked, her hands going down to your hair but not pushing you away.

“Showing you how fucking sexy you are,” you said. “Just don’t get us caught.”

Gemma leaned back, breathing deeply as she looked down at you with your mouth buried in her pussy. “I fucking love you,” she sighed softly.

You wiggled your tongue as your *‘I love you too,’* making her bite her lip and close her eyes to stop from moaning. As you ate her she slid down the back wall of the dressing room and you followed her until she was sitting on the little bench. Then you had the leverage to really push, and you went at her.

“John,” she hissed softly. “John, fuck!”

She squeezed her eyes shut and then put her arm over her mouth and bit it to stop from getting loud as she came. You lapped her up, enjoying the feeling of her thighs trying to squeeze you as she shuddered and sniffed in breaths through her nose until she came down.

Only then did you pull off of her and place a chaste little kiss on her clit before standing up and kissing her on the mouth.

“You are crazy,” she whispered.

“You are fucking crazy sexy,” you retorted. “Now get that bikini on, I want to see you in it so I can imagine taking it back off of you.”

She snorted and rolled her eyes, but her smile didn’t slip.

You peeked out of the curtain and Sabrina nodded and waved you out, so you scooted out as Gemma was getting dressed.

“Mmm,” Sabrina hummed, seeing the wetness on your lips. She immediately started kissing you, her tongue doing its best to taste your lips and cheeks.

“You know you’re a freak, right?” Gemma said as she opened the curtain and saw what Sabrina was doing.

Sabrina shrugged with a grin and then cocked her head to the side. "That one is pretty. How's it fit?"

Gemma had on a black bikini with full cups and low-riding bottoms that tied at the hip. The cups on the top had a pattern of crystal sequins on them. "Pretty good," she said, looking in the mirror and tugging at the top in a couple of different ways. "I'm not afraid I'm going to pop out. Not sure about the butt though."

"I like the butt," Sabrina said, standing up and tugging on the bottoms. "What do you think, John?"

You felt like this was a trap question, or at least it would have been if it was just you and one girlfriend going shopping. But with two the dynamic was different. "Well, I'd rather no bottoms at all myself," you said, making both girls smirk and roll their eyes. "But I think you're right, Gemma. It doesn't do your booty justice."

"That was the perfect way of putting it, love," Gemma said, coming over and kissing you lightly.

"Alright, so let's find some bottoms to go with the top," Sabrina shrugged. Thus commenced a hunt of which you didn't take part, but which took a good fifteen minutes through the store and included looping the teenage clerk into. Eventually they found one, another black but this time more elastic and it sat higher on the hips but showed off a lot more butt.

"I don't know," you said. "I definitely like the view, but that's a lot of you for other guys to see."

"Baby, I won't get it if you don't want," Gemma said, sitting down on your lap and wrapping her arms around your shoulders. "But I promise you, back home this would be considered moderate for a day at the beach."

You made a face, but then broke. "OK," you said.

She smiled and kissed you again, then went to change.

Then the girls gave you your last surprise of the store and presented you with a Banana Hammock.

"I told you I'd find one," Gemma smirked.

You closed your eyes and took a long breath, then opened them. "Fine, I'll try it. But I'm not buying it!"

"OK," Gemma said, grinning. Sabrina smiled like she was trying to break her face.

You went into the changing room and shucked your shorts and boxers and struggled with the ridiculously small and stretchy material until you had it up over your ass in the back. Then it was a case of juggling your cock and balls around to try and get them situated while also not snapping the elastic fabric against them.

“Baby, you OK in there?” Gemma asked from outside.

“Almost got it,” you grunted.

“OK,” she said.

You finally felt like you were fully covered and looked at yourself in the mirror. Yup, you looked ridiculous.

“Is the coast clear?” you asked.

“Oh, definitely,” Sabrina said.

You reached for the curtain, then hesitated. “That sounded like a not-quite,” you said.

“OK, the cashier is looking over but that’s it,” Gemma said.

You closed your eyes and let out a breath, then shrugged and whipped open the curtain.

*Click-click!* Sabrina took a photo of you immediately and then took off to the front of the store as she was giggling.

“Sabrina!” you growled.

Gemma was right there, laughing with one hand over her mouth and blushing as she eyed you up. “It actually looks pretty good, love,” she said. “And your dick looks really impressive.”

“Sir, are you wearing underwear under that?” the teenager at the cash said. “You’re supposed to wear underwear when trying on the suits. You have to buy that one now.”

You blinked and looked to Gemma, who burst out laughing. You could hear Sabrina cackling as well on the other side of the store.

## Chapter 183

The next, and they promised last, two stores for you were to buy you some more casual clothes that you could wear out on day-dates. This was where they actually started to argue a bit - not in a nasty way or anything, but their casual styles differed more than what they liked for a more formal you.

They ended up splitting the difference when Sabrina said they should just buy both ideas. And you weren't allowed to say anything about it. So you ended up with some new shorts and shirts, and a couple of light sweaters for cooler days.

By the end of it you were hauling around a half dozen bags between the three of you, but both of them were very happy and lovey with you as you all went to the food court. They did, in fact, allow you to buy them lunch and you all sat down at a booth together with the bags of clothes on the empty booth seat next to Sabrina.

"Something wrong, love?" Gemma asked you when she noticed you looking off for a moment during the conversation.

"No," you said, looking back to them and smiling. "Just thinking."

"Oh, shit," Sabrina sighed. "Baby, if we were too pushy today I'm so sorry. We should have asked your opinion more."

Gemma got a pained look on her face as well. "God, we were total snooty bitches, weren't we? You didn't pick a single thing for yourself."

"I- That's not it, but kind of is," you said. You reached across the table and took one of each of their hands in yours. "I was just thinking that I don't know how much longer I can keep up the act that you two aren't way out of my league. Believe me, I like all the clothes. I still don't think I needed the shoes, but whatever. I just- I feel like I should have been able to pick clothes that were attractive to you. And I'm just having a kind of self-deprecating, imposter syndrome moment. I can't believe I'm dating both of you."

The girls glanced at each other, and then Gemma was leaning across the table to kiss you while Sabrina kissed the side of your face rapidly, then down to your neck. When they pulled back Gemma stayed leaning over the table. "John, I love you. I don't love you because of *or* despite your clothes, or your style. I love you because you make me laugh, and you make my pussy tingle every time you do something sweet, and you make my heart flutter every time I see the way you look at me."

"And I love you because you are the most understanding, earnest guy I've ever met who also happens to give me warm butterflies in my gut when you flirt with me, and you just know how to push my buttons like no one has even guessed at before," Sabrina said.

You were flushed and smiling, but laughed a little sadly. “I- Thank you. I love you both too. And hearing that is like angels singing. But I still feel like I should be more to deserve you. What that woman from the first store said earlier is true - I’m the luckiest guy in the fucking world.”

“God, I want to fuck you right now,” Sabrina said.

Gemma snorted a giggle. “Same, honestly.”

You sighed and shook your head. “Maybe I just need to accept that you just want me for my body after all.”

That set them both laughing, and lunch got back on track. After you threw out all the trash the girls led you to the last stop of the shopping trip - unfortunately, there wasn’t a Hot Topic in the mall after all - Victoria’s Secret.

What the three of you learned was that Victoria’s Secret was that her store was always busy, and the retail workers were on the lookout for shenanigans. You still got to play the dutiful boyfriend to both girls, much to the shock and amusement of the statuesque blonde who helped the three of you out.

Sabrina ended up buying a few new thongs since they were on sale, along with a sexy negligee that you couldn’t wait to take off of her the first time you got to see it. Gemma doubled down on the thongs and found a fancy bra that fit her perfectly. Then she shushed both you and Sabrina away for a bit and came back ten minutes later with a Cheshire cat grin and a little bag that she wouldn’t let either of you look inside. Sabrina was more annoyed by that than you were.

With arms full of shopping bags, you couldn’t guess at the cost that Sabrina’s credit card had just wracked up. It had to be at least a thousand dollars (hint - it turned out to be more than triple that with the suit and the dress for Gemma), but she wouldn’t hear another word about it. She kissed you and told you to shut up. Then she kissed Gemma right there on the bus, and then winked.

By the time the three of you were piling into the elevator at her place, you were tired from all the walking and ready for a nap. Thinking that’s what was about to happen, when the girls sent you into Sabrina’s bedroom with the bags you set them down carefully and then climbed onto the bed, waiting for them to climb on with you and cuddle up.

“Well, that’s not what I was expecting,” Gemma said from the doorway.

“I guess we weren’t really explicit about what was happening now,” Sabrina said.

You blinked your eyes open drearily, and then a lot more open a lot quicker.



The girls were standing at the foot of the bed. In their new lingerie.

Their very sexy lingerie. And Sabrina had a tube of lube in her hand.

## Chapter 184

“Hi,” Gemma giggled when she saw you waking up.

“Sorry,” you said. “And, uh, wow.”

“Wow is right,” Sabrina smirked, giving Gemma a side-eyed glance and biting the inside of her lip.

Gemma was dressed in a beautiful green set of lace bra and panties. They didn't give her any support whatsoever - the bra was all lace, cupping over her bountiful breasts and just tugging them together enough to make a ridiculous amount of cleavage. Her areolas and nipples could be seen through the gaps in the lace. The panties were similar, hugging her mound. But the real surprise was the garter belt and the dark green stockings it was holding up. Gemma looked like a pornstar, or you guessed pornstars were supposed to look like this when they achieved the look properly.

Sabrina, for her part, hadn't waited long to reveal the negligee. It was gauze and blue, and didn't hide a single part of her body behind the swoopy film of fabric. She'd matched it with one of her new thongs of a similar colour.

“Did I die and go to heaven?” you asked.

“Sorry, this is actually hell,” Gemma said. “I'm about to pull off my face and underneath I'm a fifty-five-year-old fat guy with facial herpes and a desire to wear your skin.”

Sabrina snorted hard at that, and you rolled your eyes and grinned. “Well, for a fat man, you really know how to wear that bra.”

“Thank you,” she grinned and stuck a pose.

“Seriously, you both look absolutely amazing,” you said. “I don't even know where to start the compliments, and if I do I don't think I'll be able to stop.”

“You're rambling, baby,” Sabrina said, climbing up onto the bed. She leaned in and kissed you, and took your hand and brought it through the gap in the negligee to press against her bare skin and slowly run up towards her breast. “And there's one more surprise.”

She turned your face to look back at Gemma again, who smiled sexily and did a little turn for you, wagging her hips until she was facing away. Then she slowly started to lower her thong, bending over as she did it, to reveal a little green-gemmed buttplug between her cheeks. She dropped the thong, the garter belt and stockings still on, and turned back around. Gemma climbed up onto the bed, giving you a smouldering gaze as she prowled on her hands and

knees until she was nose to nose with you, and she kissed you hard and passionately. She moaned into your lips, and you grunted your own pleasure back.

When she pulled back, Gemma took a deep breath but didn't stop smiling. "John. Love. I would like you to please take my anal virginity and be my first. Could you do that for me? Stretch my asshole with your cock, and be the only man to ever do that? Make me yours?"

"He is so hard right now," Sabrina giggled as she reached into your boxers to feel the pole that was tenting them.

"Is that a yes?" Gemma asked you.

"God, yes," you gasped and took her by the shoulder so you could kiss her again. She hummed happily and you slowly fell backwards, pulling her with you until she was laying on your body as the two of you made out.

"Do you want to take the buttplug out of her?" Sabrina asked you, kissing your ear from the side. "Or should I?"

"Yes?" you mumbled through the kissing.

Sabrina snorted and took your hand from Gemma's hip and slid it back to her ass, getting your fingers around the plug. You tugged on it, and Gemma sucked in a breath, and then you tugged on it again and she whined a little bit in her throat.

"Don't tease me like that, love," she whispered. "Not today. Another time."

"OK," you said, and slowly pulled the plug out of her as she groaned softly.

Sabrina took the plug and set it aside, then reached back and spread Gemma's cheeks and smeared lube between them, and Gemma jumped a little on you when Sabrina slid two of her slim fingers into her to spread the lube around.

"Fuuu-huuuck," Gemma moaned.

"That's nothing compared to what he's got," Sabrina reminded her.

"I know," Gemma nodded. Then, after one last kiss, she slithered down your body until she had free access to your boxers, which she pulled down and off of you. She took you in her mouth and sucked hard, tonguing your head for a moment, but pulled off. "I want you to last as long as possible in my ass, so no blowjob. Is that OK?"

"Of course it is," you said, giving her a little look like she was crazy to ask and making her chuckle.

“OK,” she said. “And I want to be on top for the first time?”

“Anything you want, love,” you said.

She beamed at that. Then Sabrina squirted some lube into her hand, and Gemma started stroking your cock and getting it slimy and slick. It felt different, getting jacked off by a girl with lube. Spit was slick but it wasn't like this.

“OK, you're ready,” Sabrina declared.

Gemma looked to you. “Are you?”

“I don't know how I could be,” you said. “I don't think I could ever be fully ready for this. But God I want you.”

She grinned and climbed back up your body, getting herself straddled and in position. Then she reached back and stroked your cock a couple of times, and pivoted her hips, and you felt your cock rubbing against the soft folds of her pussy. She closed her eyes and pressed down briefly, but didn't pop you in. Your cock was directed higher up. Her hips tilted a little more. And then you were nuzzled into place.

Gemma opened her eyes and looked into yours.

“I love you,” you said.

She smiled, as wide and as beautiful as you'd ever seen her smile, and she sat down.

## Chapter 185

“Ooooooh, my fuckin’ Gaaaawd,” Gemma moaned, her one eye twitching low as she made what you could only describe as the dumbest, lewdest, sexiest face you’d ever seen her make.

“Jesus fuck,” Sabrina said. “You were supposed to go slow, you greedy slut. You’ve got almost all of him in you.”

Gemma’s ass was tight as hell and only got tighter as her body reacted to the wanted invasion by rippling and squeezing. It was also hot in a way that you hadn’t expected for some reason, like you were closer to her core temperature or something.

You took her face in your hands and kissed her lips lightly, then her cheeks, as she twitched on top of you and slowly sucked in a long breath.

“How much more?” she asked Sabrina.

“Like, an inch and a- OK, yeah, that’s it,” Sabrina said as Gemma pressed her ass the rest of the way down onto you, enveloping your cock.

“That’s it, love,” she whispered hoarsely. “That’s all of me.”

You kissed her again, softly, and sucked her lip between yours and tugged on it a little before letting it go. “Thank you,” you said. “For sharing this with me.”

“No one else,” she smiled softly. Then she stuck out her tongue a little as she closed her eyes and raised her ass off of your cock, then slowly went back down. Her face twitched as she did it, and her leg shuddered.

“Do you like it?” you asked her.

“Do I- Do I like it?” she parroted back to me. “Do I like your big fucking rod stretching my ass so it feels like you’re trying to put a full fucking log inside me? Do I like your cock head hitting the walls of my fucking anus?” She slammed her lips to yours, kissing you savagely, and then pulled away. “Yes. God, yes. I want more. I want you to fuck me. Fuck my ass. Holy fuck, I think I might be an anal whore for real. My whole fucking body is tingling, I feel like such a fucking hoe with your cock in my aaaass.” She lifted up and slid back down again, faster and more insistent that time. “I’m your anal whore, John. I’m going to want this so much more often. God, I can’t believe I didn’t know this before, but I’m so happy I waited to find out with you. Fuck! I want to fucking- wait- ungh! Uuunnggh!”

She came, seizing up and freezing, her eyes closed as she gasped for air and her ass squeezed the ever-loving life out of your cock. She exhaled everything in her lungs in a rush when she released, and collapsed loosely onto your chest.

“I think she might like it,” Sabrina said sarcastically, sitting next to you on the bed and watching with her mouth slightly agape.

“I think so,” you nodded. Then you shifted your hips to thrust up at Gemma a bit, and her head came up as she moaned throatily and with her tongue hanging at the edge of her lip.

“Do that again. God, John, please do that again,” she begged. So you did, and she moaned again, and then she was shifting back at your cock, and within moments you were finding a rhythm.

“You filthy buttslut,” Sabrina said, biting her lip as she watched you fucking. “God, I can’t wait to feel him crack open my ass, too. I can’t reasonably expect to react like this, but if I like it even half as much I’ll be set for life.”

Gemma thrust down hard onto you and settled for a moment, screwing her hips in a small circle, then she pulled the cups of her bra aside and her boobs popped out. She then leaned forward and you buried your face in the tit flesh, finding a nipple and sucking on it.

“Sabrina,” Gemma moaned. “I’m so- I’m close to another. And John is getting bigger inside me, I think he’s close too. Could you just-?”

“Just what?” Sabrina asked. “I don’t know what you want.”

“Just choke me a little,” Gemma gasped.

Sabrina barked a laugh. “I knew I fucking loved you,” she said, and then she wrapped a slim hand around Gemma’s throat and put on just a bit of pressure.

Gemma shuddered, a precursor to another orgasm. With your mouth and vision full of tit, you blindly groped down between the two of you, wiggling your fingers down until you found her pussy and you could thum her lips and clit with two fingers.

She hiccuped, and then Gemma’s whole body started to sag like you’d hit an off switch on her or something and you were worried that Sabrina might have accidentally choked her out. Then Gemma’s body rocked back to life and she slammed her hips down, burying you in her ass again as she silently moaned and her body released an orgasm from deep inside her.

Gemma didn’t squirt. She flooded. It dribbled out of her in a stream, covering your hips and crotch area and soaking down into the sheets almost immediately.

And you came, right in the middle of her massive orgasm. Watching her face twitch and her breasts heave, feeling her juices just unleash from her, all of that would have likely put you over the top.

But that ass was the thing that did it.

You felt like you were cumming against the current, releasing through the squeezing of her asshole on your cock. But you weren't just in the middle of an amazing sexual experience that you would remember and hold dear to yourself for the rest of your life. You'd also spent the entire day so far getting teased and tempted and not finding release.

So you came, hard and long, releasing your own jets deep into her ass until you felt like your balls had shrivelled up from emptying themselves so much.

You fell back against the bed, or at least your head did, as Gemma rode her orgasm down from its peak and she started to fall sideways. You thought Sabrina may have actually saved you from a broken cock when she caught Gemma and tilted her forward to land on you instead because you were still hard inside her like her anus was a cock ring refusing to loosen.

"Well," Sabrina said quietly, laying down next to you and slowly fingering herself as she gazed at your delirious, trying-to-be-people-again expressions. "That looked like fun."

## Chapter 186

“I still feel like I wasted the big reveal,” Sabrina said with a laugh. “I mean, really.”

The three of you were out to dinner at a sports bar, packed into the back corner and enjoying some easy finger food. Nachos, mozza sticks and garlic bread did not make a healthy meal, but damn they were delicious.

Gemma rolled her eyes at Sabrina as she popped another mozza stick in her mouth. “I’m sorry, OK?” she said. “It’s not like I thought it would be like that. I figured it would be like we usually are and jump back and forth a bit.”

“You both seem to be forgetting that today isn’t over,” you said.

“Is that a promise?” Sabrina looked at you with a beaming smile.

“Yes, it is,” you said, leaning over and kissing her lightly.

“What about me?” Gemma asked.

“Bitch, you had the orgasm of all orgasms, don’t be greedy,” Sabrina snickered.

“I promise that once we’ve turned Sabrina into a puddle, I’ll give you the rest of whatever I’ve got,” you told Gemma.

“Good enough,” she grinned.

The three of you split the bill after a couple of rounds of drinks and picking all the plates clean. More than that, with the promise made, Sabrina got touchy at the table. She was playing footsy with you frequently, but also running her hands up and down your thigh or arm and just generally eye-fucking you.

By the time you were leaving, the plan to head back to her place was thrown out the window since yours was closer to the bar.

“OK, hold on,” you said as you reached your apartment door after a long walk home instead of splurging on yet another Uber ride. With the girls watching you knocked out a firm ‘Rap-tappa-tap-tap’ and waited a long ten seconds before keying open the door and poking your head in. “All clear,” you said, opening the door and gesturing them in.

“I dunno, I wouldn’t have minded walking in on Tasha,” Sabrina said. Then she spun around and held up a finger dramatically. “Wait!”

You and Gemma both looked at her questioningly. “Um, wait for what?” you asked.



“I need your phone,” she said, holding out her hand.

You fished out your phone from your pocket and handed it to her, and she opened it using the code. The fact that she knew it surprised you, but also you didn't really feel any need to care.

“There it is,” she smirked. Then she took you by the hand and pulled you over to the couch, sitting you down in the middle and taking a seat next to you, gesturing for Gemma to take the other side.

“What's going on?” you asked.

“Take your dick out,” Sabrina ordered you.

“Um...” you looked around the common space of the apartment.

“Oh, you've walked in on him plenty,” Sabrina scoffed. “Just take it out.”

You followed her directions and did so. She leaned down and sucked you a couple of times, getting you firmer and slick, and then started stroking you with a handjob.

“Sabrina, hon,” Gemma said. “This isn't making any sense.”

“OK, so I said I wouldn't mind walking in on Tasha naked, right?” Sabrina said. You and Gemma both nodded. “Well, we all forgot about something that happened last night.” She turned your phone around to show you the screen, along with the picture of Tasha flashing, her breasts on full display even with the overexposure on the top part of the screen.

Gemma snorted loudly and shook her head, but Sabrina just grinned and started stroking you more firmly. “What do you think, baby? Want to come all over her tits?”

“I'd rather come all over you two,” you said.

Sabrina gave you a look, pouting, as if to say, ‘*Just play the game please.*’

You sighed and leaned back, letting her work your cock as you stared at the tits on your phone.

And then the door to the washroom opened and Tasha walked out and into the kitchen, reaching for a cup out of the cupboard. Naked. No towel, nothing. Just a bare ass and titties.

“Um,” you said with wide eyes.

Tasha turned slowly, her own eyes wide, and took the three of you in. Gemma, and you with your dick out, and Sabrina who hadn't stopped stroking you for some reason.

You shoved Sabrina's hand away and covered your dick at almost the same time that Tasha grabbed a towel from the stove and had to quickly decide what she was going to cover. She ended up going for the towel over her crotch and an arm across her tits.

"Um, hey guys," she said. "Didn't, uh, didn't realize you were here."

"Neither did we," you stammered. "I, ah, knocked but I guess..."

"We were in the tub," Tasha clarified.

"Well, this is awkward," Gemma snickered.

"Can I just say you have great tits, Tasha?" Sabrina said.

"Thanks," Tasha said.

There was a long, awkward silence.

"Hey, T-Honey," Mosche said, sauntering out of the bathroom without a stitch of clothing on himself, his dick swinging between his legs. "What's up."

"OH, God," Gemma said, covering her eyes.

Sabrina just started nervously laughing.

You turned red and tried to just stuff your cock back in your pants as quickly as possible.

Tasha gave up covering herself and threw the towel at Mosche to try and cover him.

"Oh, hey guys," Mosche said, pushing up his glasses on his nose.

## Chapter 187

“So... I feel like we need to come up with some sort of a system,” you said.

Everyone was at least partially dressed at that point. Your cock was away, and Tasha had Mosche’s shirt on while he was wearing his boxers. You were all sitting at the kitchen table.

“We didn’t hear you guys from the washroom,” Mosche said, only now getting hit with the embarrassment. The dude’s emotional reaction time was stunningly slow sometimes. Or maybe it was a defence mechanism.

“And we didn’t think you were here,” you countered.

“Are we talking sock on the doorknob, or what?” Tasha asked.

“I feel like that would be too obvious for our neighbours,” you said. “But then, I’m only here for another couple of months. Mosche, what do you and your regular roommates do?”

“Well, usually with Paul and Sammy here we just hang out and if they bring a girl home they go to their rooms,” Mosche said.

“OK, but I’ve walked in on you alone,” you pointed out.

“That was one time!” Mosche protested.

“OK, here’s an idea,” Gemma said. “Get something to put on your door that you can flip one way or another. So if one of us girls is over and we’re doing something not in a bedroom, you flip it over and let the other roommate know to knock and to head right to their room when they do come in.”

Sabrina started giggling at the absurdity of the situation.

“I mean, I can make that work if you can,” you said to Mosche. “But I feel like this is getting more complicated than necessary. What if we just keep our nakedness behind closed doors?”

“Baby, that’s a little hypocritical,” Gemma said. “You literally just did the same thing at my place with my roommates.”

Sabrina’s snickering turned into a full laugh. “Thank you! I was just thinking that.”

“Well, this sounds like a story,” Tasha smirked.

Now it was your turn to blush. “Well, think of what happened to you, but it’s me in the buff and it’s my ex-girlfriend walking in on me getting the glass of water.”

“Shiiiiit,” Tasha snickered.

“His ex who definitely wants to hate-fuck him,” Sabrina pointed out.

“Shhhhit!” Tasha laughed.

“OK, let’s move on from that,” you said, putting your hands on the table. “Until we figure something else out, let’s just say that all nudity stays behind closed doors, OK?”

“That’s fair,” Mosche said. “What about non-nude stuff?”

“What does that even mean?” you asked.

“Well, like making out. Or heavy petting.”

Gemma turned your face and kissed you hard, using tongue, and laughed a little at your stunned reaction as she pulled away. She turned to the group, “Did that make anyone uncomfortable?”

Everyone but you shook their heads no. You would have as well but you were still blinking to come back from the surprise tonguing your mouth just got.

“How about this?” Tasha asked, grabbing Mosche’s hand and putting it on her boob.

“Nope,” Sabrina said as the rest of you shook your heads, though it was a little ridiculous. “Though I wouldn’t mind a grab myself.”

Tasha snorted and grabbed Sabrina’s hand and put it on her other boob. Sabrina turned to you and Gemma with a shit-eating grin while Mosche stared open-mouthed at her hand groping his... girlfriend?

“OK, I think we’ve found the line,” you said. “So unless we’re planning to turn this into a board game night or something, maybe we... split to separate rooms?”

“Someone’s horny,” Gemma stage whispered to Tasha.

“It’s me, I’m the horny one,” Sabrina grinned, clearly tweaking Tasha’s nipple through her shirt before letting go of her.

“Agh, bitch,” Tasha laughed and grabbed her boob. “Fine with me.” She turned to Mosche. “Babes, can you go warm up the bath water?”

“Sure,” he said with a little grin and got up to go do that.

When he was gone Tasha turned back to you three. "OK, fair is fair. I only got a glimpse and you guys have seen me in the full buff now," Tasha said. "Whip it out."

"Really?" you asked. "What about Mosche?"

"I'm not gonna suck it," Tasha said.

"Fair *is* fair, baby," Gemma said as she rolled her eyes a little and reached for your shorts.

"Hold on," Sabrina said. "If you want to see it in full effect, you should show these off." And she stood behind Tasha and started lifting her shirt.

Tasha's tits came back into view at about the same time as your cock, and as Gemma stroked you a couple of times to get you to your hardest Tasha tweaked her nipple and licked her bottom lip. Her breasts were perfectly proportioned and, to be frank, looked like they would be a blast to play with. It seemed like she was thinking something similar about your cock.

"OK," she said, moving Sabrina's hands and letting her shirt drop. "That's enough." Then she winked at Gemma. "Lucky girls."

"I'm the lucky one," you said.

"Yeah, that too," she smirked. "Now I'm gonna go fuck my boytoy, so unless you guys want to hear some girlish squealing you'd better get going."

"Are those noises coming from you or from him?" Sabrina asked.

"I'm not telling," Tasha smirked, then turned and walked away. You weren't sure if the fact that the shirt was up and revealing her entire bare ass was by accident or on purpose.

"So..." Sabrina said. "Can I please get fucked now? I promise all of *our* girlish squealing will come from me."

## Chapter 188

"I think it worked," Gemma chuckled, laying next to Sabrina and slowly stroking her face, moving the sweaty strands of hair from her forehead and cheek. She turned to look back at you where you were panting, sitting on the other side of the bed and trying to catch your breath and let your heart rate drop back down. "Nice work, Daddy."

At some point you had given up on not being 'Daddy' again that night as you and Gemma worked over Sabrina. It looked like half her body was pink from the soft pinches, hard grabbing and the flushing of several new hickies on her small breasts and her stomach. Her pussy was also a bright pink and leaking your cum.

"Mmmm," Sabrina moaned happily as she blinked sleepily and stretched. Then she rolled over and curled up into the fetal position. "M'you guys finish without me," she mumbled softly. "Tired."

Gemma kissed her on the cheek, then rolled away and crawled over to you and sat next to you, throwing her legs over your lap and hugging her upper body to yours as she rested her head on your shoulder. You both just watched Sabrina as she fell asleep.

"I can't believe *this* is a heartwarming moment in our relationship," you chuckled softly.

Gemma chuckled with you. "I know. Who would have thought? If someone told me a month ago that I was going to be part of a threesome I would have thought they were crazy. And here I am in a throuple."

"Is it enough?" you asked her quietly. "Are you getting enough of me? Because you deserve it all."

"I *do* get it all, love," she said, turning and kissing your shoulder where she'd been resting her head. "I just share it all with her."

You turned her lips up to you and kissed her, soft and sweet. "What can I do for you?" you asked.

She smiled and kissed you back. "Well, what I *want* is you in my ass again like earlier, but I think I'm probably too sensitive for that right now. Was I walking funny earlier?"

"Only a little," you smirked.

She rolled her eyes with a happy grin. "How about a sixty-nine?" she asked. "I want to love on you, and I want to feel your tongue."

"Gladly," you said, and kissed her one more time before laying down on the bed. Gemma straddled your head and leisurely laid down on your body, and soon you were both in a little

competition of who could distract the other with your hands and mouths. Then that turned into who could edge the other for longer.

Gemma won, sucking a load out of you, but you made it up to her by tonguing her ass while you wiggled your fingers on her g-spot, making her come hard.

“Well, looks like I missed some fun,” Sabrina said, waking you up. She was looking down at you with a silly grin, and as you blinked awake and shifted your head you realized that Gemma was still lying on top of you and your face was currently framed by her thighs, ass and pussy.

“What time is it?” you asked Sabrina.

“Late,” she said. “Or early, depending on how you think of it. I just missed your body next to mine.”

“Let’s go to bed properly,” you said, and slowly rolled Gemma off of you. She groaned and blinked awake. “Bedtime, love,” you said to her quietly.

She grumbled about already being asleep, but happily got under the covers and re-snuggled up to you with Sabrina on your other side. They held hands on your chest.

“How is this my life?” you whispered to the dark room.

“Shhh,” Sabrina whispered. “Stop acting so surprised or I’ll go get Tasha to smother you in another set of tits just to put things in perspective.”

Gemma, half asleep, snorted a laugh.

You just rubbed their backs and kept your thoughts on them joking about sharing you to yourself.

\* \* \* \* \*

“What time is it?” Gemma groaned, which woke you up.

“Almost ten,” Sabrina sighed. Your side was cold as she’d rolled away and you squinted one eye open to look for her. She was pulling on a pair of your athletic shorts and cinching them tight, her little boobs bouncing with the movement.

“What are you doing?” you asked her.

“I need to pee, and unless you want me to pull a you and flash myself to your roommate, I’m getting dressed.”

“Mmm,” you nodded and let your head fall back down.

“We should get up, love,” Gemma said.

“Sleepy,” you grumbled. “Tired.”

“Yes, even Sex Gods need to rest,” Gemma whispered with a smile. “But we’re going to brunch. Just think of all the pancakes and waffles and hashbrowns and bacon and-”

“Are you trying to get me fat?” you asked her. “Because you’re just listing things that will get me fat.”

“I’m trying to get you to carbo-load,” Gemma said. “You need your energy.”

“For what?” you asked dreamily.

“Well, you’re fucking Sabrina’s ass today,” Gemma said. “And I want more of you for myself, too.”

“What was that you said about waffles?” you asked, and both laughed.

Sabrina came back into your room wearing just your shorts and her bra, which you guessed was as much covering as she’d wanted to bother with. “Well, you missed out,” she said.

“On what?” Gemma asked.

“I walked in on Tasha fingering herself in the washroom,” Sabrina smirked. “Apparently she’s horny in the mornings and Mosche sleeps like the dead.”

“Let me guess, she offered for you to join her?” you asked.

“Hah, no. She isn’t as wild as Becca. She was totally embarrassed. But she did ask me about this art display you two left on me,” Sabrina said, gesturing to her torso covered in hickey marks. “So I told her all about it while I pee’d, and she looked about ready to hump the faucet when I left.”

You snorted and shook your head. “How the hell did my life go from normal to being surrounded by sexual deviants in less than two weeks?” you asked.

“Oh, love,” Gemma said while running her fingers through your hair. “You say that like you aren’t the reason we love being deviant to begin with.”



## Chapter 189

Brunch was, of course, delicious. You weren't sure if you'd ever had a *bad* brunch, to be fair. Sabrina ended up wearing your shorts, joking that she liked getting into your pants, and had pulled a spaghetti strap tank top out of her purse that clung to her upper body tightly. It would have been lewd if she hadn't worn a bra, and you still asked her to wear your new flannel button-down to cover up a bit more. She'd sighed and stroked your cheek and agreed, tying the ends up in a bow just beneath her small bust. Gemma, on the other hand, had packed one of her summer dresses in her larger purse and slipped that on. Then Sabrina had lifted it up and pulled down the panties Gemma had on, sticking out her tongue at you as she did it.

Gemma just rolled her eyes at that and let it happen, the dress coming down to her knees and not at risk of wildly exposing her at any moment.

Of course, you hadn't been expecting the flirting and touching to go along with the delicious brunch. It was Sabrina that started it, but soon all three of you were surreptitiously doing things to each other in the back corner of the restaurant. The biggest moment was when Gemma's eyes went wide and she looked from you to Sabrina and back in a panic as she sat up tall and sucked in a breath through her nose. Sabrina had a smarmy smile on, and you pretended to drop your fork and took a peak under the white tablecloth covering the table.

Sabrina's bare foot was wedged between Gemma's thighs, her big toe wedged into the cleft of Gemma's pussy and wiggling around.

Gemma made her stop after a minute, and Sabrina fake pouted a little until you slid your hand up her inside thigh and under the baggy legs of the athletic shorts and brushed against her clit because of course she wasn't wearing any underwear herself.

You went dutch on the bill as you'd all agreed, and then the girls wanted to go for a walk through the park since it was a beautiful day. You ended up in the same one as you and Gemma had gone to the food trucks on your first date and enjoyed the easy walk as the three of you laughed and chatted. Then you bought ice cream cones from a vendor and sat on a bench, talking and just being with each other some more.

Things couldn't just be sweet, though. With the three of you, and especially Sabrina, someone was bound to do something. You were sitting in the middle of them, as usual, and Gemma had kicked off her sandals and was sitting with her legs curled up on your lap while Sabrina was sitting sideways on the other end of the bench, her back against the armrest and her knees high. Slowly, seeing when you would notice, she spread her legs and bit and manoeuvred the leg of the shorts to give you a straight look down at her pussy.

You ignored it for a bit, teasing her by playing ignorant, until you could tell she was getting frustrated and then you leaned over towards her. "Baby, if we were alone I would drip the icecream all over your pussy and lick it off, but we're in public."

Sabrina snorted and ended up with ice cream all over her mouth and nose since you'd timed it perfectly to when she was licking her cone. Gemma burst out laughing at that, and you ended up needing to kiss Sabrina's face clean at her insistence.

Sure, the three of you got looks. You weren't just a young couple who were overly touchy and unafraid of PDA in public, you were a *trio*. And, you had to admit, you egged each other on a bit. But who cared? You were in a city that all three of you weren't planning on living in, let alone knew enough people to worry about getting seen.

And you were in love.

Once the cones had been devoured, Sabrina spun on her butt and rested her head in your lap, closing and lowering her legs so she wasn't flashing the world. She looked up at you with a smile.

"So, I was thinking," she said.

"That's dangerous," Gemma said.

"Yes, it is," Sabrina smirked. "But anyways, I was thinking. Obviously I'm horny as hell for you to spear my butt, John. And I want it to be special like with Gemma. *But* I also feel like it's a wasted opportunity for a cash grab? I mean, imagine if I could truthfully advertise it was my first time getting buttfucked, and by DD no less?"

You opened your mouth to respond, but closed it again, torn in your answer.

"I think that's a choice you need to make," Gemma said. "I mean, it's special between you and John, but you're right it would be a good business decision. It's your virginity though."

"I know," she sighed. "But I want to know what John thinks."

"I think we can make it special no matter what," you said. "I think the more important question is whether you want to share that, or keep it private just for us."

"Ugh, when you put it like that I feel like I should keep it private," Sabrina said. "But then, does it super matter? I mean, it'll be our moment no matter what. And Gemma can film it for us."

"I can?" Gemma asked.

"Well, if you're willing," Sabrina said.

Gemma made a face as she thought about it, then shrugged. "If it's what you want, I can try."

You leaned down and kissed Sabrina softly, then stroked her hair slowly. “Your decision, beautiful.”

“Let me think about it a little more,” she said. “But not too long. Just on the ride to my place.”

“You want to go now?” you asked.

Sabrina smirked and lifted up her phone. “I already called the Uber, baby. I can feel your dick getting a little firm under my head and *gawd* I can’t wait to get it in my ass.”

## Chapter 190

“OK, you’re in frame,” Gemma said. “Now what?”

“Just make sure that you don’t show mine or John’s face above our lips,” Sabrina said. “I could blur them out, but it’s not the style my fans are used to. And even with the stabilizer try and move slow and smooth.”

You were on the bed in Sabrina’s apartment, and Sabrina was lying back with her upper back and head on the pillow. She’d taken off her shirts to leave herself in her bra, and had decided it was cute to leave on your shorts as well. Gemma was also stripped down to her underwear - which, since she’d left her panties at your place was just her bra - for the sake of not feeling awkward being the only one fully dressed.

Gemma was kneeling slightly away from Sabrina, with one of the phones Sabrina used for recording set up on a handheld stabilizer grip. It was technically called a ‘gimbal’ but you all just kept calling it a ‘stabilizer’ since that was what it did. You were just off the bed, down to your boxers.

“Got it,” Gemma nodded. “Ready?”

“Ready,” Sabrina said, reaching over and reassuring herself that the lube was just off to the side.

“Ready,” you nodded.

“OK, and... Action!”

“Mmm, Daddy, I can’t believe it’s finally the day,” Sabrina crooned, putting on her ‘sexy pornstar’ husky voice. “After last night I thought things couldn’t get any better. Look at all these hickeys you and Mommy left on me.”

“Hold up,” Gemma said. “Cut! Um, Mommy, really?”

Sabrina giggled a little. “Sorry, I didn’t know how to refer to you and it just sort of was the natural thing after calling John Daddy. I think my fans will find it super hot that ‘Daddy’ has a wife or something, and I’m the plaything.”

“Well, I’m definitely not Mommy,” Gemma said, making a face. “And I’m never getting on camera.”

“Oh, I know I know,” Sabrina assured her. “It’s just trying to make the roleplay of the character match us enough that I can be myself without *being* myself, if that makes sense. What should I call you?”

Gemma thought about it. "I... don't know?"

"What about Mistress?" Sabrina offered. "Daddy and Mistress."

"That sounds like I'm more in control though," Gemma pointed out. "And I think the kinky hotness of the Daddy thing is that John is in control."

"True," Sabrina nodded.

"What about Darling?" you suggested. "This is the first time Gemma's being mentioned, so you could say something like 'I can't believe you and your girlfriend did this to me. Your *Darling* is so generous to let me be your little toy.'"

"I like that," Sabrina said. "Gemma?"

"Darling works," she said, then turned to you. "But that means you can't ever call me Darling other than in bed with Sabrina, OK?"

"Oh, do you have a thing about not being called certain nicknames in certain places?" you asked with a raised eyebrow.

Gemma had the dignity to blush, knowing you'd trapped her on the Daddy thing. "Whatever," she said. "Alright, I'm Darling, let's start over."

You all got back in place.

"And... Action!"

"Ooh, Daddy, I can't believe it's happening already. You and your girlfriend Darling just ravaged me last night-

"Cut!" Gemma called.

"You know, you're just supposed to be the camera woman," Sabrina smirked.

"Sorry, sorry," Gemma said. "That just didn't sound natural at all. Be more natural."

"Be more natural,' she says," Sabrina teased. "OK, I'll try."

"Alright, third times that charm," Gemma said. "And... Action!"

"Mmmm, hey Daddy. God, I can't believe you and your girlfriend did this to me last night. Look at how much you marked me! It made me shiver every fucking time. I'm so *fucking* lucky that your

*Darling* is willing to let me be your little plaything.” Sabrina shifted on the bed, brushing her fingers over the hickey bruises on her torso and slowly shifting her hips sexually. “But did you know, Daddy, that Darling gave me permission to be a bad girl today? A filthy girl, just for you?” She pulled off her bra slowly, revealing three more hickey marks on her breasts. “Well, even more dirty than last night?”

She slowly lifted her bum from the bed and pushed down the shorts until the waistband was just hiding her pussy. You came forward and leaned into the shot, kissing her while standing next to the bed as you palmed one of her tits and found her nipple with your fingers, tugging on it lightly and making her croon a moan against your lips. “And what exactly did my Darling give you permission to do, my bratty little pet?” you asked.

She bit her lip sexily and slipped her fingers under the waistband of the shorts, clearly stroking her pussy without showing it yet. “Darling said that you’d been the best boyfriend, and you’re always the best Daddy for me, so if I wanted to I could give you something.”

“And what’s that, baby?” you asked.

Sabrina rolled over on the bed, arcing her back and pressing out her ass, sliding the shorts down to reveal it was bare and she had a little golden buttplug in it. “Darling says I can get ask you to fuck my ass, Daddy. I know you’ve been saving it because I’m an anal virgin, but I’ve wanted it for so long. Will you fuck my tight little asshole, Daddy? Will you be the man to show me how much my last virgin fuckhole wants your cock?”

You slowly brought your hand back and then softly spanked one of her cheeks, making it jiggle, then you spread her cheeks apart to show the camera the buttplug more clearly. “This little fuckhole right here?” you asked.

“Yesss, Daddy,” Sabrina moaned as you poked the end of the buttplug and wiggled it around a bit.

“You’re sure you want me to do this?” you asked. “You know once you’re my little three-hole slut that you’ll be mine forever.”

“I already am, Daddy,” she gasped. “Oh, God, I want to be with you and Darling forever and ever. Please fuck my ass, Daddy. Just go slow, we’ve played with fingers and plugs but I don’t know what your big delicious Daddy Dick will be like in there.”

You leaned down and tilted her neck back, bringing her chin up so you could kiss her again. “OK, baby. I’m going to take your ass and make it mine. Do you need any more stretching first, or have you been a good girl and prepped yourself properly?”

“I’ve been good, I promise,” she gasped as you tugged on the buttplug. “I’m ready for you, Daddy. Just let me get you hard first, and maybe feel you in my pussy for a minute to really make me the horniest bitch I can be for you.”

Sabrina spun on her knees and licked her lips as she faced you lowering your boxers to reveal your cock. Then, without using her hands, she bent low to hook the head between her lips and and bring it up to horizontal as she took you into her mouth in a slow, loving start to the blowjob.

## Chapter 191

The blowjob was, well, it was as great as usual. Sabrina and Gemma were both great in slightly different ways, but the biggest thing between them both was that they both made you feel like they really did love your cock because it was yours.

As Sabrina slowly bobbed her mouth, keeping her hands away and behind her back, Gemma shifted on the bed and began to get other angles. She got a closeup from the side, catching Sabrina's tongue as she slithered out from her lips along the bottom of your shaft. She got an angle that hid Sabrina's face when she worked her lips down your cock and began to lap and suck at your balls. Then, when the proper blowjob continued again, she got behind Sabrina and got a shot of Sabrina's pussy and plugged ass with her bobbing head and your torso in the background. When Sabrina realized that was the view she wiggled her bum and shifted her stance to show more of herself to the camera, then reached between her legs and slid a finger through her pussy lips and diddled her clit for a moment.

Then, with a look up at you, Sabrina jammed her face down low on your cock and gagged and bit. You knew she wanted you to fuck her face and make her depthroat you, so you wove your fingers into her hand and started to do just that. Gemma came back around the bed, slowly moving the camera around, showing off Sabrina's ass as she pressed her pelvis to the bed, then up her back, then to your fingers in her hair. Finally Gemma zoomed back in on your cock fucking Sabrina's lips and pushing deep into her throat.

And then, and you weren't sure if it was a subconscious thing or intentional, Gemma reached into frame and ran her hand along Sabrina's throat, accentuating the little bit of bulge that happened when she depthroated you.

Sabrina came. She hadn't been playing with herself, hadn't had her nipples teased and tested. She came, just a small one, from being treated like a fleshlight and Gemma making that one little move to emotionally set her over the edge.

You pulled out of her throat and mouth, thick strands of spittle connecting your cock to her lips, as she panted to catch her breath.

"Good girl," you said. "God, when you're not being a brat you are *the best* girl."

"Thank you, Daddy," she beamed up at you, her eye makeup smudged now from her eyes watering during the facefucking. "Are you ready to take my ass now?"

"I am, baby," you said. "Do you want to be on top, or do you want me to be in control?"

"Oh, you Daddy," she panted. She spun on her knees again, planting her messy face against the pillows and practically hiding her eyes and forehead between them so that only her lips and



chin were visible. She raised her ass up and spread her knees wide. "Please, take me like this, Daddy. Make me your anal whore, just like I know Darling is for you."

You got beside her, Gemma getting a just-off-centre shot to show Sabrina's hanging nipples between her legs and her face in the background. "Darling is my girlfriend though, baby," you said, putting two fingers on the buttplug and wiggling it to make her squirm. "Does that mean you want to be my girlfriend?"

"Mmm-mm," she shook her head. "I want more. I want to be yours. I want to be your pet, and your mistress. Your official side piece. Can I be your official mistress, Daddy? I promise to be the best sex pet ever."

"Yes, baby," you said, leaning down and kissing the top of one of her ass cheeks as you began to pull out the buttplug. "But didn't you realize that's what you were already? You're mine."

"Yeeesss, Daddy," Sabrina moaned lewdly, and you weren't sure if she was playing it up for you, or the camera, or just really felt that way.

Gemma got a good closeup of her ass releasing the golden buttplug, gaping for just a moment and then shrinking to close *almost* all the way.

You grabbed the lube and dripped a bit onto Sabrina's asshole and slowly rubbed it in, awkwardly getting a bit more on your cock off-camera and stroking it as well.

"Are you ready, baby?" you asked.

"God, yes Daddy," she nodded. "Make me yours."

You got into position behind her, and Gemma shifted on the bed to get an above and slightly to the side view as you placed your cock to Sabrina's asshole as she spread her cheeks for you.

"On three, OK?" you asked. "Make sure you relax."

"OK, Daddy," she gasped. "I trust you."

"One," you counted. "Two."

You pushed in, popping the head of your cock through her anal ring before she could tense up at three.

"Oooh, Daddy, fuck!" Sabrina squealed, and you held her hips in place and didn't move your cock anymore as her upper body rocked from the surprise.

You weren't thinking about the camera anymore, or the show. Or even Gemma, really. Because when you'd thrust into Sabrina and she'd squealed it hadn't been like with Gemma. There had been pain in her voice. And the last fucking thing you would ever want to do was cause either of your girls real pain, even if they wanted it or Sabrina wanted to push through for the sake of a video.

So you had a decision to make. Stop, or try and push on. Trust your gut, or trust in Sabrina's sexy acting abilities. If you called cut it would, at best, make the video seem choppy. But more importantly it might ruin Sabrina's first time doing anal. If you didn't and she was in pain, it could be way more disastrous.

"Cut," you said, holding still. "Sabrina, I need to know that you're OK."

Sabrina stayed with her face buried in the pillows for a long moment, then raised them and looked back at you with tears in her eyes and her lip quivering.

## Chapter 192

Sabrina was sitting on the floor of her shower with her knees curled up and her forehead pressed between them as you sat next to her rubbing her back as she whimpered.

“Honey, it’s OK,” Gemma said. She was sitting on the toilet just outside the shower, reaching in and holding one of Sabrina’s hands. “It’s OK.”

“I- I just wanted it so bad,” Sabrina sobbed a little, lifting her face to look at you and Gemma. “You loved it so much and were nervous, but I *wanted* it and it felt-”

She started crying again, burying her head between her knees.

“Shhh,” you shushed her soothingly. “It’s OK. It’s OK.”

Sabrina had done all the prepping she could think of. She’d been secretly wearing buttplugs around at work. She’d fingered her butt. She’d even gone up one last butt plug size right before we did it. But for some reason, when you had popped into her, it hadn’t felt good at all. In fact, it had downright stung and she’d thought maybe she’d ripped open or something.

It was the strangest thing, when you thought about it. Compared to Gemma, Sabrina practically got off on little shocks of pain and you would have almost called her a masochist. Well, maybe not that far, but still. But for some reason it just didn’t do anything good for her to take your cock in the one place she’d been building up in her mind.

“I love you,” you whispered to her.

She cried.

\* \* \* \* \*

You and Gemma, once Sabrina was cried out, got her dried off and tucked her into bed, promising to make her some dinner. The two of you worked together to make a simple sandwich combo for her, bouncing thoughts off of each other as to what she would like on it. You’d even found a bag of chips rolled and clipped in one cupboard to go with it.

“I’m going to go,” Gemma said once you had the plate all made up.

“What? No,” you said, taking her hand. “She needs us both right now.”

“No,” Gemma smiled sadly. “She needs you, love. Right now I’m the girl who can do something she can’t. She needs you to show her that that doesn’t matter, and that you love her. So stay, and I’ll go.”

You frowned, not liking the idea of ending the weekend early. Or going to sleep without her next to you.

“Seriously, love,” she said, seeing the look on your face. “I’ll see you tomorrow, OK?”

“Alright,” you sighed, and let her kiss you for a long minute.

You walked Gemma to the door and kissed her again on her way out, making her promise to text when she got back to her place.

Then you looked around the apartment and shook your head with a little sigh. Sabrina was a lot of things, but she wasn’t tidy. So you went to work, quickly cleaning the living room and kitchen, and then you laid out the light dinner on the coffee table, and set up her laptop, and got a blanket from where it was stashed under a side table and got it ready.

Inside her room, Sabrina hadn’t fallen asleep. She was just laying there on her side under the covers, frowning to herself. You went to her and knelt down next to the bed, brushing the hair out of her face and leaning in to kiss her forehead.

“Gemma’s gone,” you said quietly.

“Did you fuck her ass again before she left?” Sabrina asked petulantly.

“Sabrina,” you said, surprised and stern.

She softened immediately, looking guilty. “Sorry. That was bitchy of me.”

“Come here,” you said and pulled the covers off of her. She had panties on but that was it. You picked her up in a cradle carry and brought her out into the living room area, sitting down on the couch with her in your lap and pulling the blanket over you both.

“Castle and Sandwiches?” she asked.

You nodded and kissed her.

“I can’t eat with me bundled up like this,” she pointed out.

“That’s what this arm is for,” you said, wiggling your hand that wasn’t under the blanket. Then you picked up a chip and lifted it to her lips.

She looked at and pursed her lips, then opened her mouth and let you feed it to her. She chewed quickly and then rested her head on your shoulder. “I’m sorry,” she said.

“For what?” you asked.

“Not being able to do it,” she sighed.

“Well, I’m sorry,” you said.

She frowned, her brow crinkling. “For what?”

“For making you ever think you needed to,” you said.

“You didn’t,” she said, raising her face to look at you fully and pouting her lips.

“Then why do you think it matters to me?” you asked. “I mean, sure it would be nice. But so would a lot of things. I don’t *need* to fuck your cute little butt, Sabrina. I do *need* you.”

She rolled her lips in and smiled, looking a lot younger than she was for a moment, before resting her head on your shoulder. “I love you,” she whispered.

“I know,” you said. “I love you too.”

And you reached over and pressed play on the show, and Nathan Fillion filled the screen. Eventually you both figured out that feeding her the sandwich would be more mess than it was worth and you lost the blanket, and then your clothes joined it, as did her panties.

You were eating an early dinner, and six episodes of Castle later you were both sprawled on the couch, naked and slowly massaging each other's feet.

“Did I mention that I love you?” she asked, smiling happily and then taking your big toe and putting it between her teeth playfully.

“You did. Did I mention that I love you?”

“You did,” she grinned.

## Chapter 193

“Well, well,” Becks said as you walked into the office right behind Sabrina, having opened the door for her. “Someone is looking spiffy.”

“She always looks spiffy,” you smirked.

“She’s talking about you, dummy,” Sabrina smirked, giving you a nudge with her elbow.

“I know, dummy,” you chuckled, nudging her back.

“So I’m guessing you guys had a good weekend?” Becks asked.

“Mhmm,” Sabrina nodded. “Almost perfect.”

“Almost?” Becks raised an eyebrow.

Sabrina hesitated and then shrugged. “Almost.”

“Well, I hope your week starts just as well,” she said. “Gemma isn’t in yet. She hasn’t forgotten my coffee, has she?”

“Haven’t seen her yet, but I’m sure she’s on her way,” you said. “As for the start of the week... well, let’s just say I probably have an email in my inbox that will determine that.”

Becks levelled a ‘what did you do?’ look at you and Sabrina, so you put off going up into the office for another couple of minutes to tell her about the ‘performance reviews’ that Joy had played at on Friday.

“Well, shit,” she sighed once you’d finished the story. “I dunno what to tell you guys on this one, she never pulled that kind of crap before that I can remember. Or at least that she told me about. What are you going to do?”

“Well, hopefully Garrison believes us,” you said.

“And if not, we’re not really sure,” Sabrina said. “We’re going to need to figure it out as we go. If we come back down here before lunch, we’ve probably been fired.”

“And who’s going to get me my morning coffee if that happens?” Becks asked with a commiserating smile.

“Joy,” you guessed. “She’d be the only intern left.”

“Fat chance of that,” Becks sighed. “She never did the coffee run even in her first year.”

You and Sabrina left Becks to her work and piled into the elevator, and this time you didn't flirt or kiss or anything. You'd discussed your realization last week that there might be cameras in there, so it was all business.

Up on the floor you stepped out and weren't immediately met with security, so that was a good sign. You were both also the first ones in the conference room, so you opened your laptops and checked your emails.

"I've got nothing," you said.

"Me neither," Sabrina frowned. "Maybe he didn't check his emails over the weekend?"

"Maybe," you said. "But, I mean, he's a partnered lawyer at a good firm, he'd have to at least check his emails, right?"

The two of you settled in, waiting to see what would happen. Eric was the next person to arrive, and he didn't have an email either. Then Gemma showed up with a cardboard box. You immediately got up to help her with it.

"Thanks," she smiled and touched your fingers as you both moved the box onto the table.

"No problem," you smiled. "Good morning." You tried your best to add a silent 'beautiful' to the end of that with your eyes.

"Good morning," she replied, smiling wide. Maybe she'd gotten the message. Then she turned to the box and unfolded the top, pulling out five extra large takeout cups. "Drinks for everyone, and doughnuts and croissants."

"Pushing some buttons?" Sabrina asked.

"I don't know what you mean," Gemma said, putting on an obviously innocent voice. "I just wanted to treat my fellow lowly interns to a snack at the start of the week."

There were more drinks in the box which she took out and went to deliver to the various offices. Associates were already in, but you had no idea about the partners since their offices were at the other end of the floor and on the floor up.

Gemma was back well before Andy, let alone Joy, so she checked her emails and had nothing either. "He wasn't in yet, though," she said.

"Well, I guess we just work and wait," you said.

And that's what you did. You left a doughnut, croissant and Andy's drink neatly on a napkin at his spot and then disposed of the box Gemma had carried everything in, but each of you made a point of leaving your own crum-covered napkins and drinks out in full view.

At 9:30 AM you went to check if Garrison was in and you saw his light on from down the hall, so you steeled yourself and went down to see him. You knocked on his door and it looked like he'd been in for at least a couple of minutes and was already sipping on his coffee.

"John, please don't tell me you got into another brawl this weekend with some internet rapper or whatever," he said, looking up from his computer with a pleasant, teasing look.

"Uh, no, sir. Nothing like that," you said. "How was your weekend?"

"Shitty!" he laughed. "But that's what happens when you end up working all weekend. I'll be honest, kid. It's easy to slip into bad habits when there's always more work to do. Don't let that be you, huh?"

"Oh, well, I'm sorry to hear that, sir," you said. "But then, did you see our email?"

"What do you mean?" Garrison asked.

"We sent you an email on Friday afternoon," you said. "All of us interns - well, most of us. It was about the 'performance reviews' that Joy tried to put us through."

He blinked, and then frowned. "I didn't get an email like that," he said. "I don't like the sound of that either. Are you sure you sent it?"

"98%? I sent it to you, and CC'd the others. They all read it and signed on," you said.

He clicked on his own laptop for a few minutes, his frown deepening. "I'm not seeing it here."

"Sir, I know I sent that email. Everyone watched me do it," you said.

Garrison actually cracked his knuckles and then stood. "Let's head down there and take a look, make sure it's not sitting in your drafts folder or something, hmm?"

You felt like you were being walked to the principal's office as he escorted you back down to the conference room. The others, including Andy thank God, looked up as you entered followed by Garrison.

"Morning folks," he said, but didn't continue.



You went around to your spot and opened your laptop, and he hovered over you as you clicked through to your Sent folder and saw that the email wasn't there. And then you clicked your drafts and it wasn't there. You even clicked your Deleted folder and it wasn't there.

"Hey, guys," you said. "Do any of you have the CC copies of the email?"

All of them quickly checked and started shaking their heads.

"What the frick?" Gemma muttered, her frown deepening. Then she looked up to Garrison. "Sir, I swear that John is telling you the truth. I know I got the CC'd copy when he sent it on Friday afternoon."

Garrison had just started to speak when Mrs Bellagamba showed up at the door followed by one of the HR workers. "Oh, Terry," she said in surprise. "Well, I guess it's good you're here. Interns, we have a serious issue we need to discuss."

"Actually," Garrison said. "I think you and I have something to discuss first."

## Chapter 194

Garrison and Bellagamba both stepped outside and, after a moment, the lady from HR stepped in. It was the one you and Gemma hadn't reported to, who worked up on the second floor. She'd been there during one of your interviews but you hadn't seen her since you started at the firm.

And you quickly decided that you were happy about that.

This lady just stood there at the doorway, starting out a little startled that Garrison firmly shut the door as she stepped in, and then was simply frosty and glaring. The strange thing was that she hadn't seemed to be so... well, bitchy, when she'd sat in on your interview. Was that just a front, or had something happened to make her act like that?

She was eyeing all of you, and all of you were watching her.

"Ahem," she coughed, glaring.

You all got back to work, typing softly and only stealing glances towards her and the door. The typing, however, didn't overpower the muted, stern voices that were happening out in the hallway. You couldn't tell what was being said, but it was clear that Garrison and Bellagamba were having an intense discussion.

*'Mom and Dad are fighting'* Sabrina sent over the slack channel we all shared. Not the official Intern one, since Joy was in that one.

You knew exactly when Gemma read it because she almost spit out a laugh and coughed to cover it up. Glancing over to her, you met her eyes as she kept coughing into her elbow, her eyes watering a little. You looked over at Sabrina and she was trying not to giggle at the response she'd gotten. The HR lady didn't seem to be catching on.

"Hah!" Eric barked out a quick laugh when he saw the message.

The HR lady turned and glared at him, and he shrunk in his seat a bit as he stared at his laptop screen and mumbled an apology.

The voices outside the door cut off abruptly, and a moment later the door opened. Garrison was holding it open and Joy walked in. The smirk on her lips, and the pleased crinkle of her eyes as she looked around the room, was more than enough to let you know she was feeling totally in control and had a secret she was keeping.

Garrison shut the door again once she was inside, which broke that facade for a moment, but she turned back to the room and gave the HR lady a smarmy, simpering smile. "Good morning, Cheryl," she said.

“Good morning, Joy,” apparently-Cheryl said, giving her a tight little smile in return.

“So, I guess something is going on...” Joy began saying to the room, clearly leading into gloating, as she made her way around the conference table. But then she saw the napkins. And the crumbs. And the coffee cups. Her face hardened and her smile turned into a sneer. “Um, excuse me? I thought it was made clear that you weren’t allowed to make any purchases for yourself along with the regular coffee orders. This might as well be insubordination. And theft. Cheryl, are you going to do something about this?”

“Actually,” Gemma said. “I bought everything with my own money. Just a Monday morning treat to help us get started.”

Joy narrowed her eyes. “Well, where’s mine then? Are you excluding me? Because that sounds like bullying and workplace harassment. I *am* head of the intern team.”

“Oh, sorry,” Gemma said, putting on an innocent look and tone. “I just got snacks for the crew of us who are here before the start of the day. I figured since you’re always in sometime after 10 that you probably have time for a proper breakfast.”

“Hm,” Cheryl hummed a soft grunt. It was like an auditory ‘*Cheryl will remember this*’ from a video game. And it was music to your ears.

“Well, I- I have permission from a partner of the firm to work the hours I do,” Joy stuttered, noting the slightly raised eyebrow of Cheryl. Then she steeled herself a little. “But that’s neither here nor there. I still find it disrespectful that you would exclude me on purpose.”

“Sorry, but you can’t force me to buy you things,” Gemma said. “Not with my own money. Can she, Cheryl?”

Cheryl pursed her lips for a moment as she regarded the two women at either end of the room. “No, she can’t,” Cheryl said. “But if this is any sort of ongoing issue we’ll need to put in a new policy of not bringing in food other than for your own consumption. And I don’t want to have to go through that process.”

“I’ll keep that in mind, Cheryl,” Gemma smiled sweetly. “I wouldn’t want to cause you *any* extra work.”

Joy, foiled for the moment, sat down and started to make herself look busy. It was the most you’d ever seen her physically do with her laptop since you’d met her.

The door opened and both Garrison and Bellagamba stepped back inside. Garrison looked annoyed, and a little frustrated. Bellagamba was like ice.

“Mother, I-” Joy started.

“It will need to wait,” Garrison said, holding up a finger.

Joy worked her mouth like a fish out of water. Her eyes looked like she was screaming at her mother psychically or something, but Bellagamba just glanced at her daughter and then scanned the rest of us again with that icy glare.

“Alright. Here’s the deal, folks,” Garrison said. “First, there is no ‘senior intern’ or ‘head intern’ or whatever position. You’re all interns, all of equal position. Joy, just because you’ve spent the last four summers doing the same job here, it doesn’t give you the right to act as anyone’s supervisor. You are *not* to be giving other interns direction, let alone performance reviews. If someone needs something from you all, literally anyone else from the office will come down here and tell you, or ask for it by email. Next, Joy, from what I understand you’ve been arriving and leaving with your mother throughout the day. If you are going to keep your internship at this firm, you’re not a Partner’s daughter. You are to arrive here *on time* to work, you will take the half-hour lunch break with the others, and you will leave at end of business. And you will participate in the Coffee rotation, just like everyone else.”

You thought Joy might actually just spontaneously combust and die, the way she was slowly turning pink and red. “Mother-” she squeaked.

Bellagamba just turned and walked out.

“Cheryl, please make a note of this verbal warning in Joy’s file,” Garrison said.

Cheryl nodded.

“John, Gemma and Sabrina, come with me please,” Garrison said. He waved Cheryl out and then stepped out of the office.

There was a part of you that wanted to see what Joy would do or say once there weren’t any ‘adults’ in the room. The larger part of you wanted to be outside the blast radius. You stood, and Gemma and Sabrina were quickly doing the same.

## Chapter 195

The three of you followed Garrison out of the conference room and down the hall, though not in the direction of his office. Instead, he led you toward the elevators. He thumbed the Up button and then waited.

You wanted to say something. 'Thank you' was at the top of your mind, followed by several dozen other things. But you also didn't want to sound... you weren't even sure how to describe it. 'Weak' wasn't right, but it felt close. Maybe 'guilty?' But that wasn't right either. So you kept your mouth shut and decided to let Garrison take the lead, and Gemma and Sabrina seemed to be doing the same.

After an agonizing half-minute the elevator finally opened and all four of you piled in, and Garrison hit the button for the next floor up. It probably would have ended up being faster to take the stairs.

"If I might, sir," Gemma said, breaking the silence. "Where are we headed?"

Garrison, for the first time since you'd entered his office that morning, broke a soft half-smile. "Couldn't hold it in anymore, Gemma?"

"I was about to crack if she didn't," Sabrina said with a smile.

"John?" Garrison asked.

"I am zen. I am centred," you said. "I am curious as hell."

He snorted a little and shook his head. "We're heading to IT," he said as the elevator opened again one floor up. You'd only been to IT once since starting, to collect your company laptop and get your credentials sorted. Gemma and Sabrina had been up here more. There were some Partners who had offices up on this floor, making use of the corner rooms, and some First Year associates in a bullpen who didn't rate high enough to be on the Coffee Run lists or pawning off work to you. Most of the floor was dominated by a big conference room that doubled as a legal library for the firm, along with the IT office and a small gym tucked away for senior associates and Partners to use.

You followed Garrison through the winding hallways, past the First Year bullpen which seemed to be a flurry of activity while one of the other partners seemed to be dictating something to them. Then you reached the glassed-in IT area with its bank of servers. Garrison walked right in, knocking offhandedly on the glass door as he entered. "Jacobs," he said.

"Sir," Jacobs turned from where he seemed to have been working on a computer that looked like it had been torn apart at the seams. He had been standing with his back to the door at a

standing desk, and when he saw Garrison and the rest of you he looked... you weren't sure. It was a weird mash of emotions.

"We need to do a quick search of the internal databases," Garrison said.

"Sure," Jacobs nodded, moving over to the other standing desk where his main rig seemed to be set up. "Legal records, or-?"

"Emails. Internal emails," Garrison said.

Jacobs hesitated, then slowly turned with a raised eyebrow. "Sir? Isn't that..."

"I'm a Senior Partner of the firm, Jacobs," Garrison said. "I own those servers. I own everything on those servers. I own the four very expensive standing desks I see in here, as well. So if I want you to look in the database for emails, you'll look in the damn database."

"Sir," he nodded, eyes going wide as he turned back to his computer and brought up some sort of program.

Garrison turned to you, Sabrina and Gemma. "Let's try a key phrase first," he said. "Something relatively unique."

"Um, how about 'We find her activity extremely suspect and out of the norm,?'" you hedged.

"Or, 'We do not accept the so-called results of her fabricated performance reviews,'" Gemma offered.

Jacobs quickly typed into the program and hit enter, and a loading bar quickly scanned across the screen as, you assumed, the database was scanned. It came up with 0 results.

"Nothing," Jacobs said.

"I can see that," Garrison grunted. "Is this searching all emails?"

"Everything in every account archive," Jacobs said.

"What about deleted emails? We keep those, correct?" Garrison asked.

Jacobs hesitated, but he didn't move and that hesitation extended.

And then Jacobs looked like he physically cracked. He didn't just deflate emotionally, the guy straight up had a physical reaction as he curled forward and let loose a sob as he grabbed at his hair and just started bawling.

You had no fucking clue what to do with that. And judging by the look on his face, neither did Garrison. Gemma looked a lot like the two of you.

Sabrina looked like she wanted to offer some sort of support to the guy, but stopped after one step like she was afraid if she finished putting a hand on his shoulder it might burn her.

"I'm so sorry," Jacobs heaved. "I'm- Oh, God, you're going to fire me. I'm going to get fired. I can't lose this job, I just can't."

"Jesus," Garrison muttered. "Jacobs, get a hold of yourself. What do you need, a shake or a slap or a damn hankie?"

"I'm- I'm sorry," Jacobs said, trying to wipe his eyes and catch his breath at the same time. "Please don't fire me. I just- I can't lose this job! But I had to do it."

"Had to do what?" you asked, though you definitely were starting to piece things together.

"I deleted the emails. All of them," he admitted. "I used the backdoor into the system and erased every trace of them. You can't find them in any inbox or folder. Just like I did with the others."

"Others?" Garrison asked darkly.

Jacobs nodded silently.

"How many others?" Garrison asked.

"A few every year," Jacobs said.

"For how many years?"

"The last three."

"Why?" Gemma asked.

Jacobs blinked and took a long, sad breath. "Because she blackmailed me."

## Chapter 196

“It started four years ago,” Jacobs explained. He’d gotten control of himself now and he looked more exhausted than anything else. Garrison had pulled him out of the IT office and down the hall to an open meeting room and you, Sabrina and Gemma had just sort of followed along since you hadn’t been sent away. “At first I thought it was innocent stuff. I had a girlfriend. Joy was just kind of flirty whenever she had to come by the IT office. I thought it wasn’t anything, and sort of took it as a compliment. Then the next year, when she was back, she went right back to it and this time she went harder. And I- God, I was such an idiot, but it felt good to be wanted. I’ve been with my wife for seven years now, four by that second summer.”

“You slept with an intern?” Garrison asked bluntly.

“No!” Jacobs said. “God, no. But I flirted back, and Joy got my number from my email signature and started texting me. At first, I thought it was just friendly stuff, but then I realized I was hiding it from Jenny and knew it was wrong so I tried to stop it. Then Joy sent me a nude picture, and... I was weak and didn’t tell her to stop. When I finally did she got pissed at me and threatened to tell my girlfriend and get me fired, and I panicked. I could erase everything from my phone, but I couldn’t do anything about hers since she was using a personal phone and not a company one.

“Then she came to me about halfway through that summer and said I had to pay up. She made me search for an email and delete it. She’d been the one to send it so I assumed it was something embarrassing and this would be the end of it, but then she came back twice more for me to do it again. Then another few times last year.”

Garrison sighed loudly through his nose, a long sound that spoke of irritation and annoyance. “And there’s no way to get those emails back?”

Jacobs shook his head. “I scraped every trace of them from the servers, accounts and devices. Unless someone saw them right when they got sent, it was like they were never there.”

“Alright,” Garrison sighed and stood. “Go back to work. Obviously this is a major problem, but I’m not going to just lash out and fire you. If you want any shot at keeping your job you’re going to stay silent about this until I say otherwise, got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Jacobs nodded.

“Then don’t screw it up,” he said. Then he turned to you and the girls as if he’d forgotten you were even there. “You three go back down to the conference room. Don’t say anything to anyone about this. I’m going to need to call in a Partners meeting and it might take some time to get that together. Breathe a word of it and everything else goes away.”

“Understood, sir,” you nodded.



“Yes, sir,” Gemma and Sabrina both answered.

He dismissed you, and the three of you wound your way back through the halls towards the elevators, but you tugged the girls over to the heavy door to the stairs. Despite the nice furnishings of the legal offices, the stairs to the building were hard concrete and steel girders and little else, so as the door shut behind you with a massive clang and echo you were going to have to keep your voices down.

“Holy shit,” Gemma hissed quietly. “Holy fucking shit!”

“She is so fucked,” Sabrina nodded.

“Probably,” you agreed. “But maybe not. We need to be careful.”

Gemma took a breath and nodded. “She’s a snake. She might have planned for this or something. And we don’t know if her Mom is in on it.”

“Fuck, you’re right,” Sabrina whispered. “Shit. OK. What do we do next?”

“Nothing,” you said. “We do what Garrison said. That’s the only way we don’t risk screwing everything up. He knows, he believes us. That should be enough for now.”

“OK,” Sabrina said. “OK. So we wait.”

“Well,” Gemma said quietly as the three of you started walking down the stairs. “There is one other thing we could do.”

“What’s that?” you asked as you reached the mid-floor flight.

“Celebrate just a little,” Gemma grinned, and then she pushed you up against the wall of the stairwell and kissed you with full tongue. When she finally pulled away she was grinning ear to ear. “Good morning, baby.”

“Morning, Gemma,” you said. She laughed and wiped her thumb over your lip to scrub away a tiny mark of her lipstick.

“Freedom,” Sabrina faux-yelled, doing a Braveheart impression quietly, then gave you a sweet kiss of her own.

The three of you went down the next flight of stairs together holding hands, then split apart as you entered the office floor. You split up, Gemma heading to the washroom and Sabrina going with you to the conference room. When you entered she quickly slipped to Gemma’s seat and

grabbed her purse, then headed out again to meet her. Kissing like that had left Gemma's lipstick smudged a little and fixing it was safer than raising questions.

Joy wasn't in the conference room when the two of you returned, and once Sabrina had left again and you were sitting down Eric turned to you. "So? What the fuck is going on?"

"Not entirely sure," you fudged the truth. "Garrison is on the warpath though. Where did Joy go?"

"She was all pissy for a few minutes after you guys left with Garrison and then she stormed out," Eric said.

"Probably went to tell off her Mom," Andy said. "Some people just don't respect their elders."

You and Eric just sort of looked at the dopey stoner for a long moment.

Gemma and Sabrina came back to the conference room a few minutes later, and Eric asked them the same thing but they gave him even less.

Then Joy came back about 30 minutes later.

You weren't sure what made you more worry, the fact that she looked like she'd been crying her eyes out, or that she had a big shit-eating grin on her face.

## Chapter 197

Joy didn't say anything, which made the whole thing with her even more unnerving. She went to her seat with that frustrating, slightly-crazed grin and sat down, pulling out a tissue from her bag to wipe under her eyes. She didn't even bother heading out to the washroom or anything, she just sat there grinning.

Gemma broke the silence, looking down the table at her. "Are you OK?"

"Oh, fine," Joy said. Then she laughed. Or cackled. Much more of a cackle.

You made eye contact with Sabrina across the table and did a little mind-reading where both of you were definitely in agreement that Joy might be going crazy.

It was right around 11:30, when Joy usually - or used to - leave for lunch, when Mr Vega showed up at the conference room door with a knock. He was another of the Partners, though you'd only seen him a couple of times when he dropped off work for all of you.

"John," he said gravely. "Come with me."

"Yes, sir," you said, standing and shutting your laptop again.

Gemma gave you a concerned look as you passed her, and glanced down at Joy, guessing this had something to do with her. You just tried to give Gemma a reassuring nod since Vega was waiting right at the door.

He didn't say anything as he started escorting you down the hall, but you could tell he was tense from the way he was flexing his hands down by his side. Vega led you down to the same conference room you had played 'dumb intern' in against Sabrina's uncle for Garrison. You followed Vega inside and stopped in your tracks as you came face to face with the entire group of the Senior Partners. There were seven of them in all, each of them looking at you with tense expressions. Cheryl from earlier, and Carol, were both in attendance as well with their laptops open.

Despite the very intense vibe in the room, your brain made the weird connection that the two HR ladies for the firm were named Cheryl and Carol, and that seemed a little silly for some reason.

"John, you should sit," Garrison said, directing you to the open chair at the head of the conference table. You weren't sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing, but you did it. Just like in the elevator you felt like you had a thousand things you could say or ask to try and fill the silence, or cut it. But silence felt like the right choice at this point.

The reason for that was that, even though most of the partners were giving you something of a stonewall of poker faces, three people weren't. Carol and Cheryl looked downright disgusted

whenever they looked down the table at you, and Bellagamba looked like she was barely managing to keep in some sort of remark.

“John, allegations of sexual harassment within the intern pool have come forward,” Vega said once he was sitting and situated. “We take these allegations extremely seriously, which is why we are all here at the moment along with Human Resources. I need you to know that nothing but the absolute truth will be beneficial to you here as we investigate the allegations. Do you understand?”

You blew out a long breath and nodded. Very quickly the puzzle pieces were falling into place. The crazed look that Joy had been holding. Her missing from the conference room. Her likely having backup plans after getting shut down earlier.

There were a few ways you could play this, but going as close to straight as possible seemed like the best bet.

“Really?” you asked. “Damn, that’s actually a huge relief. I haven’t been able to get any actual evidence so I wasn’t sure how to handle it.”

Several of the partners looked at each other in mild confusion, though they all had good enough poker faces not to give away much more than morbid curiosity.

Vega glanced at Garrison, then down the table to Bellagamba, before turning back to you. “Why don’t we start from the beginning, then. What was the first incident?”

“Well, all of us Interns had been working pretty smoothly so far this summer. At least, I like to think we were. Then Mrs Bellagamba returned to the office and Joy arrived. As soon as she came into our conference room she started belittling everyone, guys and girls both. I’ll be honest, Eric tested the water a bit to see if she might be interested in a date but wasn’t rude about it, and Joy was pretty cruel in how she answered him, and then she started domineering everyone in the room. Later that first day she sent me and Sabrina down to clean one of the records rooms, but then showed up herself a little while later and sent Sabrina up to a meeting she said Sabrina had been asked for. Then Joy made some, ah, well I’d say romantic advances but it sounded like she was just looking for sex. I told her I wasn’t interested, and then had to physically fend her off a bit, but she wouldn’t take no for an answer. Carol should have the records of Gemma and I reporting our relationship to HR, which was one of plenty of reasons I didn’t want to engage in any sort of relationship with Joy, but she ended up slapping me when I continued to reject her advances. I left, and Gemma and Sabrina both met me up on this floor.”

“Why didn’t you report this alleged incident?” Cheryl asked stiffly.

“I mean, I didn’t have any evidence,” you said. “Well, we didn’t. Gemma and Sabrina were pretty pissed off, but they didn’t actually see or hear anything, so anything I brought forward was just going to be hearsay. And, to be honest, anything I brought forward was also going to be against

a five-year intern who also happens to be a Senior Partner's daughter. The most evidence I had was the slap mark on my cheek, and Gemma can back me up about that because she saw it, but she didn't see it happen."

"This is-" Bellagamba started to say, but Garrison looked down the table at her and there was a short battle of wills. Bellagamba didn't back down, but she also didn't continue the comment.

Garrison turned to you. "Were there any other instances you think we should be made aware of?"

"Well, I kept expecting something," you said. "I started recording on my phone whenever I was going to be alone with Joy, but she didn't bring it up again until the sham performance reviews when she made some veiled threats that I should agree to what she wanted or else she would file a whole series of negative reviews for all of us interns that could get us fired. But she wasn't direct about it, and I got the impression she either thought I was recording her or she was recording the meeting herself for some reason. I believe that's all."

The Partners were silent for a long time, looking around at each other, and down the table at Carol and Cheryl. Vega had written something on a notepad and slid it to Garrison, who glanced at it and nodded.

"John, you can head back down to the conference room," he said. "We're done with you for now, but we may circle back around to you. This is a private meeting at the moment, so do not speak about it with anyone else. Including your girlfriend."

"Yes, sir," you nodded, and quickly stood and nodded again to them all before leaving the room and speed-walking yourself down the hall.

"Holy fuck," you muttered to yourself once you made it to the washroom, looking at yourself in the mirror. You'd been sweating bullets down your back.

But maybe, just maybe, this would work.

## Chapter 198

Returning to the conference room with the others, when you walked in Joy looked up and seemed confused as you went and took your seat. She still had a smarmy little grin on as she tried to get a read on you, but when you told the others that what you'd been called away for wasn't a big deal she got even more confused.

It honestly kind of felt good to be mind-fucking her like this, even if nothing was confirmed or solid at the moment. With Bellagamba in that room it felt just as likely that you were going to get turfed as that something would happen with Joy. And thinking like that brought you down a bit of a mental rabbit hole as you considered what would happen if you *did* end up getting fired.

The good news was that it wouldn't actually affect your final year at college - well, unless the firm (or Bellagamba) contacted them to tell them you'd been fired for sexual harassment. But that was the absolute worst-case scenario. Outside of that, you weren't counting on the internship to actually afford your final year. That's what your student loans were for.

But you *were* counting on the internship to help pay for your summer expenses. Subletting a place wasn't cheap, let alone other living expenses. Without the internship paychecks you would need to leave the city unless you found another job, and there was no fucking way you were leaving the city this summer because that would mean leaving Gemma.

You felt a little bad thinking of it like that, or really of excluding Sabrina from that equation, but the reality was that you and Sabrina could reunite back at school if one of you had to leave the internship and city. But Gemma was going back to Australia - leave now, and you would likely lose her forever.

Another wild option was that you could move in with one of the girls if whatever job you found couldn't cover you having your own place, but despite wanting to spend every minute with both of them that felt too early and sort of cheap. Forcing a step like that made the idea of it less special. The scary part was that at this point Sabrina could basically just be your Sugar Mommy for real and would probably be happy to do so.

Just before noon, Gemma got called out of the office by Vega. You had no doubt they wanted to get her side of things before you both had the chance to talk privately.

Lunch was a subdued affair. You and Sabrina went down to the bodega and made sure to pick up one of Gemma's usuals before going back to eat in the conference room. Eric took the run down to the sub place, wanting to stay away from Joy as much as possible. On your way in and out Becks had been busy at her desk both times, but had taken a moment to wave as you and Sabrina came back in and flashed you a thumbs up as if to say, 'Hey, you're not fired yet!'

Sabrina got summoned by Vega right at 12:30, and Gemma returned after a minute and was thankful for the lunch you'd gotten her. She also openly came over and gave you a little peck on

the lips, and pulled her chair over to eat next to you as you started back to work. That left Eric and Andy wide-eyed and open-mouthed, which made Gemma laugh and explain that your relationship was HR Certified.

Eric, of course, was a little putout but you reminded him he was travelling down to Miami later in the week for his podcasts. Andy was surprisingly enthusiastic for you two.

Joy, somewhat surprisingly, took almost an hour-long lunch break and was lucky to return when she did. Right at one o'clock, minutes after she had returned, Vega showed up escorting Sabrina back and asked to see Joy *'again.'*

She left, shooting a smirky glare over her shoulder as she went.

And she never came back that afternoon.

It was weird. Her place at the end of the table was like a hole, sitting there waiting for someone to fall into it. Joy was a horrible, irritating presence but her not being there when we expected her to be was weird. Joy being free to work her evil little fingers into fucking your lives up however she could without you knowing what she was doing was something else entirely.

But she just... didn't come back. Her laptop sat open, and her purse hung from her chair. The afternoon passed and none of the partners came to the conference room. Things started, slowly, to feel like... normal? Andy was the first one to crack a joke, the lovable dope. Gemma asked you a question, and Sabrina had the answer quicker than you, which led to some teasing. Eric showed off one of the girls he'd been chatting up on a dating app, and Sabrina pointed out to him that the pretty woman had a kid listed on her profile, which Eric had missed and immediately decided excluded the woman from being a potential partner. That spawned a whole, lingering debate as you worked about whether any of you would date a single parent.

And then the day was over, and Joy still hadn't come back. You shut her laptop and left her stuff there, turning off the light as you left.

You kissed Gemma goodbye outside the building, in sight of Andy and Eric since they knew. And then you kissed Sabrina goodbye just around the corner.

You went home. And you weren't fired.

Or you weren't fired yet.

It was weird, not knowing.

## Chapter 199

“Hey, Daddy,” Sabrina grinned as she looked up into the camera of her phone.

“Ugh,” you groaned and rolled your eyes, but you couldn’t help the little smile as you heard the annoying play name again.

“Oh, hush,” Gemma laughed. “You love it.”

The three of you had decided not to get together for once, mostly for the sake of your and Gemma’s wallets but also so that you could all have some non-couple time. So, of course, you ended up on a three-way video call at the end of the night. You’d spent the evening with Mosche and finally ordered that pizza he’d been wanting and had watched Die Hard 3, which was definitely not the Die Hard you would have preferred because it was, quite frankly, pretty bad.

Now you were in your room laying on your bed, and the girls had turned from texting to the group call.

“I put up with it,” you countered Gemma. “There’s a difference.”

“That’s OK,” Sabrina said. “I like that you kinda don’t like it because it means you fuck me harder when you hear it because you’re annoyed with me.”

“Filthy bitch,” Gemma snickered.

“Says the butt queen,” Sabrina teased her back.

“I am not a butt queen,” Gemma said. “God, I do want to do it again though, love.”

“See you in twenty,” you said, pretending to get up from the bed and making both girls chuckle a little.

“How are you doing though, Sabrina?” Gemma asked. “Better than last night?”

“Yeah,” Sabrina nodded. “Thank you for giving me some alone time with John, though. It helped a ton.”

“No need to thank me,” Gemma said. “You needed it. I know you’d do the same for me.”

That made Sabrina smile broadly and nod. “Absolutely, babe.”

The conversation shifted a bit, and the three of you made some guesses about the Joy situation but you didn’t have enough information to jump to any conclusions at where things would land.



Then you purposefully pivoted the conversation to where you and Gemma should go on a date later that week, and what Sabrina wanted to do when her sister came to visit.

It was right around when Sabrina was saying how, when her sister left Sunday night, that she wanted you to give her a good fucking to round out the weekend that she stopped. "Gemma, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," your Australian girlfriend said, flushing a little.

"Where's your other hand?" Sabrina asked.

"Holding the phone," Gemma said cheekily.

"Your *other* other hand then," Sabrina said.

Gemma bit the corner of her lip in a grin and then panned the camera of her phone down her body. She was wearing a simple bra and was laying in bed, and her panties were pulled down her thighs and her other hand was currently rubbing between her pussy lips.

"Were you masturbating to my plans for introducing my sister to John?" Sabrina asked.

"It just sounded really cute, OK!?" Gemma said, bringing the camera back up to her face. "I was fantasizing about introducing him to *my* family, and then that went to having sex in my old room at home. And I got horny."

"Love you, love," you said warmly.

"Love you too," she said back, just as warm as she smiled at you. Then she squinted a little. "Sabrina, where's *your* other hand?"

"Oh, I'm two knuckles deep already," Sabrina said, panning down her own completely naked body to show herself softly finger fucking herself. "As soon as I knew you were, I started working. Now, John, are you gonna show us our boyfriend's cock or not?"

And that's how you ended up in a three-way mutual masturbation video call with your two girlfriends when there was a loud knock on your door.

"One second!" you shouted, quickly yanking your boxers back up as the tinkling laughter of both Gemma and Sabrina echoed out of the speaker. You flipped over the phone and went to the door.

"Hey, what's-" you stopped halfway because where you had expected Mosche you found a half-naked Tasha. And the half that was naked was her lower half as she had a tank top on without any pants or panties.

“Hey, sorry,” she said. “Just wondering if you had any lube?”

“Uh... I don't think so, no,” you said.

“Oh, damn. OK,” she said. She kind of peeked around you into the room. “Did I hear you talking to someone?”

“Yeah, I'm on a call with Sabrina and Gemma,” you said.

Tasha glanced down to the tent in your boxers and broke into a grin. “Nice.”

“Thanks,” you said, still a little weirded out. “So...”

“Right,” she nodded. “Um... since you don't have lube, you might need to get new cooking oil next time one of you does groceries.”

You had questions, but you just let them go. “Thanks for the heads up,” you said. “No pants, huh?”

“Oh, yeah,” Tasha said, completely comfortable as she stepped away and started back down the hallway, talking to you over her shoulder as her full, naked ass bobbed in front of you. “Just felt like Porky Pigging it this time. You've already seen the girls so I figured I'd give you a new show. G'night!”

When you got back to your phone and turned it over you had a lot of questions to answer for the girls. And then they had you put in headphones and jerk off as they whispered sexy, ridiculous things to you and fingered themselves to the view of your hand stroking your cock.

And the orgasm was damn good, even if it was just your own hand and not either of your girlfriends with you.

Going to sleep alone was another matter entirely, and you texted them both a picture of the empty space next to you. Gemma sent you a heart emoji back. Sabrina, in what had to be record time, sent you a spliced picture of her lying next to you overlaid on top of the one you'd just sent so it was like she was there.

It wasn't the same as having them with you, but it was nice.

## Chapter 200

Going back to work on Tuesday, you expected things were going to get hectic. But after stopping by Becks to do your coffee run drop off and hinting with her that something had happened yesterday but you couldn't talk about it yet, and her openly telling you she didn't have any other info, you went up to work and... nothing weird happened.

In fact, nothing seemed to happen at all. Including no Joy. You were the first one in and as you flipped on the conference room light you saw that all of her stuff was gone. Eric was surprisingly the next in, but he didn't have the balls to take his old seat back and sat next to you again. Then Sabrina came in, then Gemma, who circled the table and gave you a quick peck good morning in the smallest possible office PDA to try to keep things simple.

Andy showed up late, as usual. The five of you got to work. Still no Joy.

At 11:45, just as you all were starting to think strongly about lunch, something tickled your nose. You sat up, still not sure exactly what you were smelling, but it was like you had heard the magical tinkling song of an Ice Cream truck. Something nearby had set off your stomach in a visceral reaction.

"Hey, folks," Garrison said moments later, stepping into the conference room with a pair of pizza boxes in his hands.

"Sir," you said, nodding and trying to control your salivating mouth. Those weren't just pizzas. They might have been the best-smelling pizza's you'd ever sniffed.

"Are those for us?" Andy asked bluntly.

"They are," Garrison nodded, setting them down in the middle of the table and flipping open the lids to reveal two deep-dish, gloriously greasy pizzas. "Just a little going away party."

"A going away party?" Gemma asked while you, Eric and Andy were already grabbing for slices of the perfect pizzas.

"Yes," Garrison said with a soft, satisfied smirk. "Unfortunately it's my job to let you folks know that your fellow intern Joy has decided to leave the firm to pursue other opportunities or something to that effect."

"That's... all?" you asked, pizza slice in hand but not eating yet.

Garrison huffed one soft, frustrated chuckle. "Joy was called into a meeting yesterday, but before we could start it she decided to resign her position. I think it had something to do with her mother arranging a new opportunity for her." He was clearly unamused by this move, but you couldn't blame Bellagamba for trying to get her daughter out of the shit into which she'd dug

herself a hole. It was rank nepotism, but you could at least understand the motivation. Getting Joy to quit before the firm could fire her would sell better to the outside world. "In other news," Garrison continued, reaching over to grab a slice for himself. "You folks should know that there's been some official shifts in responsibility following our impromptu Partners meeting yesterday. I'll officially be your point person for contact from now on, and you won't be having any contact with Mrs Bellagamba. Understood?"

"Absolutely," Eric said through his mouthful of pizza.

"Right," Garrison nodded, taking a bite of his slice. "Well, I'll leave you folks to it. If I don't get out of here I'll take another slice, and I can't afford that on my diet."

He left, and once the delicious - and expensive, which you realized after looking up the restaurant because you wanted more - pizza was finished you all went back to work. And it was great. Eric slid back over to his old seat. The banter picked up between the four of you, and Andy only took a fifteen-minute food coma nap.

And the next day was great, too. By the third day that 'great' feeling was ebbing away because, to be real, you were still doing mostly mindless grunt work. But you were doing it with two girlfriends and two friendly acquaintances.

On Tuesday after work you went to Sabrina's and filmed a couple more scenes, along with going through the agonizing process of trying to film a photo set without showing either of your faces. Then on Thursday, as Eric was flying out to Miami for a long weekend of podcasts, you had another date with Gemma and went rock climbing at an indoor place in the city. She had a blast, and you realized that it was a sport you actually enjoyed, and committed that you'd go with her again the weekend after next and the two of you would get Sabrina to go as well.

You ended the night at your place, and Gemma slept over, and waking up next to her was wonderful.

By lunch on Friday your life was feeling almost perfect, and you and Gemma walked Sabrina down to the bodega.

"See you tonight, right?" Sabrina said as the three of you stood outside on the sidewalk.

"Absolutely," you said and gave her a little kiss. "Have fun picking up your sister from the train station. I can't wait to meet her."

Sabrina grinned. "I can't wait for her to meet you," she said. "She's going to be jealous as hell." Then she turned to Gemma. "Thanks again for giving me the weekend. I promise you'll have him for at least a few hours tomorrow afternoon."

"Don't worry if the plans change, babe," Gemma said, pulling her into a hug. "I'll understand."

“OK, well if they do then I promise to let you know,” Sabrina said. “And I promise I’ll eat you out for like an hour next time we’re all together.”

That made Gemma blush and look around at the people walking past you on the sidewalk, but no one apparently heard the bold promise.

You said your goodbyes and Sabrina was off, while you and Gemma grabbed lunch and went back up to the office. The conference room was quiet without Sabrina and Eric.

Sabrina sent you both a text a couple of hours later, a picture of her and, well, her duplicate standing with their cheeks pressed together and smiling. One of them, and you couldn’t tell whether it was Sabrina or her sister, was throwing up a peace sign.

“Katherine is super excited to meet you!!!” she texted.

“Oh, God,” Gemma said when she saw the picture. “She really is an exact twin. If she’s twin in personality too, you’re in for a weekend and a half.”

“Jeez, I didn’t even think of that,” you laughed.

The day ended and you headed home to change, and Gemma ended up coming with you so she could repay Sabrina for those pre-date prep blowjobs and help you decide on what to wear. Once that was figured out and you were all dressed up, she gave you a soft kiss and left at the same time you did, sending you off to meet your other girlfriend’s sister.