

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 384-390

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 384

"I want to know what John thinks first," Gemma said. "You're the one that would be having sex with her, love."

"I..." you started, but stopped and sighed. "Alita is an attractive woman, so on a purely physical level I would go for it. And I guess there are some ways we could technically make it workable for the OnlyFans, with 'Baby' doing an intro from off-screen or not getting directly involved, and it would be extra content. From a relationship perspective though?" You had to stop again and shake your head. "I really don't know. We set the boundary that anyone we film with should want all of us, but is that too broad? Like, what if someone wants to film with just Sabrina and me, but not have casual sex with Gemma. Or what if it's a big opportunity and a girl wants to film with just Sabrina? I feel like those are both situations that could easily come up and we didn't really account for it."

Sabrina pressed her lips together but didn't say anything. You could tell she was doing the math in her head as well - setting the boundary that you all wouldn't fool around with anyone who didn't want all of you was one thing, but business decisions were different. And the money you were talking about was very real - a collab with a big name, under the right circumstances, could potentially bring tens of thousands of dollars for a weekend of work. Or more. Law school was going to be expensive, especially if one or two of you were going to be international students. And that didn't account for student loans from your undergrads.

"Speak your mind, love," Gemma said, patting Sabrina's thighs as she was lying across us.

"I think playing it by ear is going to be important," Sabrina said carefully, thinking through what she was saying. "I mean, you leave in... three weeks? We can't exactly hold to 'all of us or none of us' in terms of filming with people when you aren't here. So I guess the first question is if you want us to not film with anyone else when you're back home?"

Gemma worked her mouth for a moment, obviously unsure. "OK, yeah, that's a good point," she finally said. "Obviously when I'm not here I can't expect your potential on-screen fucks to be interested in me."

"Well, let's break it down more granular," you said. "The most basic situation is if someone wants to film one-on-one with Sabrina."

"No guys, obviously," Sabrina said.

“Thank you,” you said, running your fingers through her hair, and Sabrina smiled up at you warmly in an almost contented-cat-like way.

“Just girl-girl?” Gemma said. “I mean... if it’s business, and they sign an NDA and you guys make sure the deal is solid, then I think I’d be OK with it as long as you were the one filming it, John, and you two were in charge of editing the footage just in case.”

“That’s fair,” Sabrina said. “And probably workable. Would you want veto power on who it was?”

“I want to say yes, but in the circumstances we’re talking about... it doesn’t make sense,” Gemma said. “I just don’t know the reputations of anyone so my feedback would be based on nothing. As long as you found them attractive, I’d be fine with it.”

“OK, then the next clear situation is with Alita. Does it make sense for me to film with someone as ‘Daddy’ with Sabrina not involved?”

Both girls had to think about it for another moment. “I think...” Sabrina finally said. “I think maybe just because we could make it work, doesn’t mean we need to. And I feel bad because I know Alita could use the cash, and this is sort of our family business now, but I feel like if we open that door then we might get more requests for John to film with other girls and I don’t think I’d want you, like, flying out to film for a weekend with a bunch of women we don’t know or something. Is that hypocritical?”

“God, no,” you said. “Baby, you are entirely removing the possibility of filming with other guys because I’m not comfortable with it. You’re totally in your right to want that.”

“Agreed,” Gemma said. “And when we remove Alita from the situation, I agree it would be weird even if you were playing the ‘Daddy’ character, love.”

“Well, I guess I need to talk with Alita again and let her know we aren’t in. I’ll offer to help her test the waters herself if she wants,” Sabrina said.

“I’m totally fine with you doing some filming for her,” Gemma said. “Show her the technical side of things and stuff.”

“Same,” you said. “And if there’s some *other* way we can help her out, let us know.”

“I will,” Sabrina agreed. “Alright, it’s a No to filming with Alita.”

“Let’s finish the game theory though,” Gemma said. “Yes to potential Girl-Girl filming, no to farming out John as a stud cock. And when I’m not here, you guys are free to film with other girls as you see fit if it makes sense for the business. Are we missing anything? Or anyone?”

“On the filming side, I don’t think so unless you want to quibble over multiple other girls in one scene, like Boy-Girl-Girl-Girl or something,” Sabrina said, and Gemma shook her head. “Then the last person to talk about is Katherine.”

“Ah,” Gemma said.

“Oh,” you agreed.

“I think that’s a you decision, love,” Gemma said, rubbing Sabrina’s thigh through her sweatpants.

“Any thoughts, John?” Sabrina asked.

“Um... She was fun, I liked fooling around with her a lot and that’s mostly because she’s so much like you, but there’s that bit of weirdness too,” you said.

“Here’s how I see it,” Sabrina said. “Thanksgiving comes around, or Christmas holidays, you’re going to end up coming to meet my parents and stuff. Katherine will be there, and if she wants to fuck then I’m totally fine with your fucking her unless you or Gemma feel too weird about it.”

“She made it pretty clear she wasn’t looking to try and date him,” Gemma said. “So I’m OK with it.”

“Then I’m OK with it, I guess,” you said. It was still weird to have an open pass to have sex with Sabrina’s twin.

“But like I said,” Sabrina said with a smirk. “No trying to fuck my Mom, OK? My parents are happily together, I don’t need you seducing her.”

That made you and Gemma laugh. “I promise not to seduce your Mom,” you said.

“Don’t you have a younger sister?” Gemma asked.

“Oh, I do,” Sabrina said with an even bigger smirk. “Emma is going to be a first year at our University this year though, so if something is going to happen there it would be *well* before Thanksgiving or Christmas.”

That one left you coughing on your own spit.

## **Chapter 385**

With your big conversation out of the way, the three of you started thinking about what you were going to do for dinner. After three long days at the courthouse, you didn’t necessarily want to

order in, but you were also keenly aware that the supplies in the apartment were starting to run low. In the end, the three of you decided to head out and do some groceries. The girls both went and changed into something slightly more presentable and then you headed out and walked a couple of blocks over to a grocery store that would still be open.

Doing something so much more *normal* than what a lot of your life had been even in the last few days was a major boon to your own morale. Not that you'd been down, but you hadn't realised how much pressure you were carrying in your shoulders. Getting to just walk the aisles with both Sabrina and Gemma was wonderfully relaxing as you talked and joked. You ended up buying a little more than planned since you found a few things that Gemma hadn't tried but had been part of your or Sabrina's childhoods. Multiple cereal boxes were included in that list.

Sabrina paid, not letting you even utter a whisper of a complaint with her look, and then the three of you walked back to the apartment each carrying a big brown bag of food. When you arrived back home you went to open the door and it stopped about six inches open, wedged on a shoe.

"God damn it," you grunted, setting down your bag and reaching in to move the shoe. It was Mosche's, so he was obviously home. You tossed the shoe aside and got the door open fully. "Hey," you called. "I'm home, the girls are here."

You were half-finished unpacking the food when Mosche wandered out from his room. "Hey," he said. "Are you guys interested in coming to my open mic night tonight?"

"Um, I'm not sure," you said, glancing at the girls. "We were planning on making dinner and then probably crashing. We've had a long week already."

"Oh, alright," Mosche said with a sigh.

"Something wrong?" Sabrina asked.

"Kind of," Mosche said. "Things are awkward down at the club now."

"You mean because you're avoiding Tasha, or because some of the guys there had sex with her?" Gemma asked bluntly.

Mosche flushed with embarrassment. "Um, yeah," he mumbled. "Both I guess."

"How come you haven't talked to her, Mosche?" Sabrina asked. "Are you breaking up with her? Or going to tell her the truth about talking to someone else?"

"I don't know," Mosche said, retreating back a bit towards his room. "I haven't decided yet."

“You do realise that the longer you wait, the worse it gets, right?” you suggested gently. Based on both Gemma and Sabrina’s personalities, you knew there was no way they weren’t going to go at him a bit here and you didn’t want to pile on too much even if he deserved it. Giving him an out was the best you could do under the circumstances.

Mosche screwed up his face a little like a kid who was caught in his own lies... or just a logical puzzle. Either way, he was stuck.

“Have you seen that other girl?” Gemma asked.

“No,” Mosche said, but his tone was telling.

“But you’ve been texting with her,” Sabrina guessed, and Mosche nodded. “And playing video games?” Mosche hesitated but nodded again.

“Have you talked to her about Tasha?” Gemma asked bluntly.

“No,” Mosche said. “Even I know that’s a bad idea.”

“Cool,” Gemma said. “So you’re a Cheater. I really hoped that wasn’t the kind of person you were, Mosche, but I guess I was wrong.”

“I’m not a cheater,” Mosche said, getting defensive. “I haven’t kissed her or slept with her or anything. We haven’t even gone on a date.”

“How many hours have you spent talking or playing games with her this week, and how many hours with Tasha?” Sabrina asked. “Or, better yet, how many texts have you sent her and Tasha?”

“I need to go,” Mosche mumbled, turning and heading for his room.

“You’re being a dirtbag, Mosche,” Gemma called after him. “I know what it’s like to be cheated on, Mosche. Tasha deserves better, and you deserve to feel guilty until you make it right.”

Mosche’s door shut loudly.

“I know why you said it, love, but that last one might have been a little hard even if it was right,” you said.

“He’s being a coward,” Gemma grunted.

The three of you got the food put away, and sometime while you were cooking dinner Mosche slunk his way past and out the door. You only realised he was leaving when the front door of the apartment shut heavily.

The three of you sat down to eat, but the conversation revolved around Tasha and Mosche and mostly went in circles until you were finally done eating and you took the plates to the kitchen. When you came back, your girlfriends were still talking about when would be best to talk to Tasha.

“Why don’t you just go see her now?” you suggested. “Not that I wouldn’t rather spend the evening with both of you in an empty apartment, but you’re clearly set on this happening and she’s been through more than enough.”

“You’d be OK with us abandoning you, baby?” Sabrina asked.

You chuckled. “You’re not abandoning me, you’re going to help someone else.” Then you grinned. “Plus, I can always just spend the night jerking off to porn.”

Both Gemma and Sabrina were offended at the implication that they wouldn’t be the source of your orgasms, and you had to fend them off as you were all laughing. “OK, OK,” you said. “I’ll spend the night working on the mock trial? I promise not to jerk off.”

“Good,” Gemma grinned. “Because those loads belong to us, love.”

“They also belong on us. And in us,” Sabrina said, scrunching up her nose playfully.

The girls ended up texting Tasha to make sure she was home and not out, and then left together after some goodnight kisses with you, promising to text you when they got home safe. Then you were alone in the apartment, and all you had to occupy your time with was either porn or work.

For some reason, you had a feeling they would know if you jerked off, so you got to work on the Mock Trial documents.

## **Chapter 386**

You kissed Gemma as she leaned into you. “Good morning, love,” you said softly with a little smile.

“Morning, love,” she said back with a grin, then backed off to head to her seat in the conference room. “We had to ride in with Eric again; he went to do the coffee run. Sabrina is just downstairs talking with Becks.”

“Ah, shit,” you said. “Today was supposed to be Andy’s day.”

“Mhmm,” Gemma nodded. “And he didn’t hear anything back from Andy yet, before you ask.”

“How did last night go?” you asked.

Gemma gave a rueful, half-smirk and shrugged. “About how you’d expect. Tasha was already super frustrated with Mosche and considering dumping him for the ghosting situation. Once we told her what we knew, she’s set on it.”

“So did she call him?”

“Nope,” Gemma said. “She’s going to confront him the next time they see each other at the comedy club.”

You groaned and shook your head. “That feels cruel, but it’s not like I can blame her. God, what a fucked up situation.”

Gemma had set her purse down and gotten herself situated, and she pushed back from the table and sighed. “At the heart of it, it was a communication issue. Tasha *liked* that Mosche was a little weird, but he didn’t pick up on social cues and read into things poorly. If they’d just had a straight-up conversation a lot of stuff could have been avoided.”

“Have I mentioned that I love you today?” you asked with a smile.

“Only once by text,” Gemma smiled back. “And I love you too. So fucking much. And we missed you last night.”

“Not that much,” you said.

“What?” Gemma asked.

Now it was your turn to smirk. “Becca sent me a video late last night. You and Sabrina were a *little* loud and kept up her and Charlotte.”

“Oh my *gawd*,” Gemma said, flushing with embarrassment and covering her face with her hands.

“I dunno, I think they found it kind of hot,” you chuckled.

“We just don’t take as much alone time together, OK?” Gemma said. “And we were both feeling thankful for each other, and you, after everything with Tasha.”

“OK,” you said, still laughing a little at the look on her face.

Sabrina arrived a couple of minutes later, followed by Eric about ten minutes after that as he balanced a particularly large coffee order. You ended up helping him with the deliveries, and then returned to the intern conference room and got to work.

There was a massive pile of shit to get done; all of the progress that the four of you had made in previous weeks felt like it had been erased. That was when you realised that Andy must have outed himself by getting almost nothing done - you wouldn't have been surprised if the Associates caught him sleeping on more than one occasion. It was kind of sad not having him with you, but it wasn't a loss to your group productivity at all.

Garrison stopped by in the mid-morning, looking tired but happy, and he told the four of you that negotiations had gone through the afternoon and evening on the case until the final settlement was signed just after 1 AM that morning. Vernic, the client, was making the acquisition at just under half of the original price. It was a big win for their client and therefore for the firm.

The celebratory pizza arrived for lunch, and with the amount of work looming over you, the four of you decided to work through your break. Then Sabrina pivoted in the afternoon to working on the Mock Trial, integrating the notes you'd been making last night into her current outline and plans and continuing to dive into her own research. That left you, Eric and Gemma to keep plugging away and by the end of the work day you'd made a decent dent in the pile of work but it was still way larger than you'd left it last Friday.

"So..." Eric said as he looked at the time on his phone and sighed. "I've got a flight to catch tomorrow after work. Are we working late tonight?"

"Yeah, we probably should," you said. "Especially if we want to get stuff done on the mock trial as well."

"Alright," Eric said. "I just need to cancel on Lucy then."

"Oh, she is *not* going to like that," Sabrina said.

"Yeah, well, she can deal with it," Eric muttered. "Business before pleasure. And she was kind of a bitch again this morning so maybe she needs some alone time."

You glanced at Gemma, who gave you a look and rolled her eyes briefly. Same old, same old.

The four of you pushed on through the late afternoon, Eric pivoting to work with Sabrina while you and Gemma continued on the regular work. Dinner 'mysteriously' showed up in the form of Indian takeout, and a couple of the associates wandered by and snagged a bite while they were working late as well. Sabrina and Eric tried to pump them for information on who you would be facing in the mock trial, or any tips on the case if they knew it, but apparently they were all on strict orders not to help.

"Alright, we need to call it here," Sabrina finally declared, closing her laptop.

"It's only... Jesus, seven," you said. "But we could go another couple of hours."



“We have somewhere to be, actually,” Gemma said. “A friend needs our support?”

You frowned and cocked your head to the side.

“Tasha,” Gemma said. “She’s performing tonight.”

“You guys know a stripper?” Eric asked in surprise.

“What?” Gemma asked. “Who said she was a stripper?”

“Well- uh-” Eric stammered. “I just assumed because you said she’s ‘performing’ and it’s a Thursday...”

“She’s a comic, Eric,” Sabrina sighed. “She’s performing at an Open Mic night.”

“Ooooh,” he said. “So not a stripper.”

“No,” you said. “Not a stripper.”

“Well, I guess I’ll head home then.”

You didn’t bother asking if he would have asked to come along if it *had* been to a strip club.

## **Chapter 387**

The cheers as Tasha took the stage were polite, but you, Gemma and Sabrina made up for that to the point that other people were turning in their seats to look at you.

You had gotten to the Comedy Club just as the Open Mic was starting, the trip over from the office not taking too long but the wait outside to get in slowing you down. That meant you didn’t really have a chance to find Tasha ahead of time, but it turned out she was going on early that night.

She broke into a grin as she mounted the stage, glancing in your general direction at the back of the main stage room, then took the mic and started into her bit. You’d heard it before, but it was still good and the three of you were there to support her so you upped your reactions a bit and soon the crowd was laughing with you.

Sabrina leaned towards you during one brief pause for laughter and applause and whispered in your ear as she squeezed your fingers. “By the way,” she said. “Tasha had all the guys use condoms during the gangbang thing, and she’d already gotten herself tested just in case before Gemma and I brought it up. She’s clean.”

“OK?” you whispered back. “Isn’t it a little soon?”

Sabrina gave you a look in the dark.

“So, is anyone here going through a breakup?” Tasha asked on stage. A few people gave a couple of cheers in the crowd. “Wow, OK, no need to get excited about it. What did he do, why are you breaking up?”

You got a bit of a lump in your throat, having a feeling you knew what was coming. The problem that Mosche had ridden himself into was that he wasn’t just dating an outspoken woman who could rip him a new one on social media or something - he had been dating a woman with a sharp wit and access to a microphone and a live audience. You were fairly sure he wouldn’t be there that night if he was still avoiding Tasha, but lots of people who knew him would be and his dirty laundry was about to get aired out.

Tasha did some crowd work, going back and forth with a trio of ladies. One of them was in the middle of a breakup and they were fighting over their shared dog. Tasha did a good job of keeping it light and turned it into a bit about keeping the boyfriend or the dog and which was better for a lady. Which one could protect her, which one was more willing to cuddle at night or take care of you when you were sick. That sort of stuff. After she’d milked it a bit she transitioned, crossing the stage a bit to signal she wasn’t bantering with the trio anymore.

“So, I’m also going through a breakup,” she said. “Well, I think I am. It’s hard to tell when you’re being ghosted. Has anyone been ghosted before?” There was a chorus of groans and cheers. “It’s the worst, right? Floating in a void of your own insecurities, without closure. But here’s what I’ve realised - if you’re getting ghosted, you have a simple question to ask yourself. Am I the crazy asshole? Now, for some of us that might be a hard truth - maybe I *am* the crazy one and I just don’t like the idea. So we go to our friends, we go to acquaintances, and we explain what’s going on and of course, no one is going to tell us we’re crazy. Well, at least to our faces, ‘cause if we *are* crazy who wants to be the one to say that?” She got some laughs out of that. “The flip side is obviously that we’re not crazy, so the person who is doing the ghosting has to be the one doing something wrong.

“Here’s where I’ve decided to flip the script though, right?” Tasha continued. “I figure, if there’s a 50% chance that I’m the crazy one, why not just own it? If I’m the crazy asshole, then it’s just my nature, right? And if *he’s a crazy* asshole, then he deserves to get it right back!” A bunch of women in the crowd cheered in response. Tasha pulled out her phone from her back pocket and lifted it up. “Who’s interested in making some bad decisions tonight?”

That got an even bigger cheer.

“Oh, God,” you muttered.

Tasha unlocked her phone and made a call, putting it on speaker and holding it up to the mic so that the ringing sound filled the room.

*“Hey-ho, this is Mosche. I can’t pick up the phone right now, so if this is a business inquiry please leave your name and number and I’ll hit you back. If you’re anyone else, just text me.”*

“Oh, Mosche,” you groaned.

“Heeyyy Mosche,” Tasha said, both into her phone and the mic. “It’s me, Tasha, the girl you’ve been seeing. It’s been almost two weeks since you answered a text or a call, and I know you’re not dead or in the hospital, so I’m just making this official and breaking up with you. We’re done.” There were some cheers from the audience. “Now, the problem is that I’ve got some of your stuff at my place still. What do you want me to do with your tighty-whities? I mean, I’d donate them but I don’t think anywhere would accept them with how stained they are. And you also left that ‘Comedy for Dummies’ book on my coffee table with all the highlighted passages and sticky notes. Should I just mail it, or give it to your roommate? I know you were working really hard on that and I wouldn’t want to deprive you of your only source of jokes. Anyways, that’s all, asshole. Enjoy chatting with the new girl who’s too young for you until she realises how fucking weird you are. Byeeeee.”

She hung up, and the crowd started cheering some more. You applauded, a little slowly since you still felt bad for Mosche getting aired out like that.

“That’s all I’ve got,” Tasha said into the mic as she put her phone away. “I’m Tasha, and I’m newly single!”

The crowd got even louder as she got down from the stage and the host went up to introduce the next act. Tasha got a lot of high fives from the audience as she made her way towards the back, and Gemma and Sabrina both stood to slip around to the entry bar area so you followed.

“Tash!” Gemma called, leading the way, and Tasha turned a few steps out of the darkened theatre area and grinned as she saw the three of you. Gemma walked straight into her and wrapped her up in a hug, and then made space for Sabrina to do the same.

You were last and Tasha hesitated a moment, smirking a little as she looked up at you. “Sorry if I made things weird,” she said. “At your place, I mean. Throwing myself at you.”

“It’s alright, it’s forgotten,” you said, pulling her into a hug. “You were going through some shit.”

“Thanks,” she mumbled into your chest as the next comic took the stage and started their bit.

“Come on,” Sabrina said once the hug ended, taking you both by the hand and tugging you towards the bar. “We need drinks.”

## Chapter 388

The four of you sequestered yourselves down at the end of the bar nearest the door, taking up the little corner area next to the wall, and the girls ordered some sort of a mixed drink that had a nice tartness without making you pucker up. Sabrina sat right in the corner, with Gemma standing next to her, while Tasha sat on the barstool next to her and you ended up standing at her side comfortably.

“So that was a show,” Gemma said with a little smirk once you’d all gotten sips of your drinks.

“Yeah, well, maybe it didn’t go as well as I imagined, and maybe it was a little crazy. But I felt like I had to do it that way after what he did and is doing,” Tasha sighed. “I mean, I’m all for sexual liberation and everything, but... that night I got involved with guys I wouldn’t have otherwise because Mosche made me think he was into it. And then he has the fucking gall to ghost me? If he wants to leave me with the wreck of this place feeling awkward as hell, then I’m going to do the same thing to him.”

“Sounds fair to me,” Sabrina said.

“John, I know he’s just your temp roommate, but I’m sorry for whatever blowback this has on you through him,” Tasha said, looking up at you slightly from her seat.

“It’s fine, Tash,” you said, rubbing her back lightly.

“Can I just say you look fucking hot though?” Sabrina asked. “Like, wow.”

“Thanks,” Tasha said. She was wearing a classic little black dress, with a bit of an emphasis on little, paired with knee-high black boots. “I figured if I’m going to act like an unhinged bad bitch then I should at least dress the part.”

That got chuckles out of all of you.

“Alright, so it’s a good thing you went on early,” Sabrina said.

“Why’s that?” Tasha asked, and you raised an eyebrow and glanced at Gemma, who just smiled at you but didn’t give you any hints.

“Because tonight is the start of the ‘Tasha Rehabilitation Campaign’ that I’m running,” Sabrina said. “Do you have any other friends here you need to talk to or anything?”

“No, my roomie and usual group came out on Tuesday to support me, and since you said you guys were coming tonight I told them they could take a night off from ‘Tasha Watch.’”

That one made you snort and smile a little, and Tasha shot you a quick smirk.

“Good,” Sabrina said. “Then finish your drink, because we’re leaving.”

“OK, hold on,” Tasha said, and looked to Gemma since she apparently realised that the blonde was the more reasonable of your two girlfriends. “What’s involved in this campaign?”

“It’s a five-step program,” Sabrina said, keeping the attention on her. “And step one has already started.”

“Here we go,” Gemma chuckled.

“OK, I’ll bite,” Tasha said. “What are the steps?”

“Step one, cutie, is that we are here to seduce you at a bar. Oh, look, we’re here!” Sabrina said and acted surprised for a moment, then turned back to Tasha. “Hey there, cutie,” she said, putting on the slightly huskier voice she usually used for your OnlyFans shoots. “You are looking absolutely fucking yummy tonight, and you are ridiculously funny and entertaining. My boyfriend and girlfriend and I think you’re so fucking attractive. How would you feel about coming home with us tonight?”

Tasha had started to flush and laughed nervously. “OK, what happens after the seduction? What’s step two?”

“Oh, step one doesn’t end at the bar,” Sabrina said, sitting forward in her seat and reaching out to tuck some of Tasha’s darker golden hair behind her ear in a classic flirty move. “Step one includes us taking you back to my place and making you feel like an absolute queen since that’s what you are. The hook-up will be very thorough. And then John is going to do his Special Thing with you, and you’ll sleep over in our bed with us because you are *not* some throwaway floozy. And tomorrow morning we’ll make you breakfast before we have to go to work.”

Tasha blew out a long breath, glancing at Gemma and then up at you. All you could give her was a little shrug; you hadn’t been filled in on this plan, but it sounded pretty great.

“Step two starts tomorrow,” Sabrina said. “When all three of us will be texting you flirty things all day because we’re infatuated with you. And I mean who *wouldn’t* be, right? And we’ll make sure you know that we definitely want to see you again because you are so worth it. Then step three is that you’ll come over to my place again on Saturday and we’ll fuck all afternoon, then go out and get some delicious food so that John can recharge and we can treat you to dinner, and then back to my place again for some more fun before bed. Step four is on Sunday, when we wake up with some morning sex, then go out for Brunch.”

“And then Step five,” Gemma filled in, “If you’re as happy with the weekend as I’m sure we’ll be, is that you have us as fuckbuddies if you want, or just friends who shared an intimate weekend together if you want to keep things more simple and platonic. We’ll be happy either way.”

“God damn,” Tasha said, breathing out again heavily. “You guys really take picking a girl up seriously.”

“We do,” Sabrina said, then leaned forward and softly planted a little peck of a kiss right on Tasha’s lips. “You’re single. We’ve thought you were attractive and sexy and fun in all the right ways since we met you.”

Tasha looked up at you again. “You’re awfully quiet,” she said.

“I wasn’t aware of this plan,” you admitted, “But I think my devious girlfriends thought it would be fun to surprise me with it. I’m wholeheartedly in, though, Tash.” You leaned down and gave her a similar, soft peck as Sabrina had to seal that thought.

“Shit,” Tasha said, then looked at Gemma.

“Just because it’s Sabrina’s idea doesn’t mean I didn’t help,” Gemma said with a smirk. “I added the meal breaks.”

Tasha barked a laugh, then bit her lip as she glanced between the three of you again. “So this is happening?”

“Only if you want it to,” you told her. “You know best what will help you get back to normal, and if it’s a weekend of getting loved on properly then I think we’re happy to help.”

Tasha shook her head, looking at Sabrina with a ‘you naughty minx’ look, then sighed. “Fuck it- Or, rather, fuck me. Let’s go.”

## **Chapter 389**

“Oh, fucking *hell*,” Tasha moaned.

You had all jumped into an Uber for the ride to Sabrina’s, and the girls had sat in the back together while you sat up front. It was a quick ride, only a few minutes, and you all piled back out onto the sidewalk into Sabrina’s building and into the elevator. That led the Gemma pulling Tasha into a kiss after shooting you a little smirk, and she took the other blonde by the back of her head and planted it on her.

Gemma hadn't stopped there though - no, she went further and slid her hand up under Tasha's little dress and had her fingers in the other girl's thong and was openly fingering her. *That* was what had Tasha moaning.

Gemma pulled away, smirking again as she made a show of licking her fingers and then breaking into a laugh at the look on Tasha's face.

"You guys don't fuck around," Tasha exhaled as the elevator reached Sabrina's floor.

"Oh, we fuck around," you said. "We're just very discerning who we do it with."

"That's not what I m- *woah!*"

You scooped up Tasha in your arms and she had to throw her arms around your shoulder to stay steady as you started walking her down the corridor to Sabrina's apartment. "I know," you said with a grin as you carried her.

She rolled her eyes and just laughed.

Sabrina got the door to the apartment open and you walked Tasha in all the way to the couch, setting her down and immediately going to your knees in front of her.

"Tash, I'm going to eat you out now," you said. "You only get to say four things, OK? Those things are Faster, Slower, Harder or Softer. Got it?"

"Um," she said, her eyes going a little wide. "Um, OK?"

"Good girl," you said and leaned in and kissed her as thoroughly as Gemma had in the elevator. She kissed a little like Becks did, and you realised that they had similar lips even if most of the rest of them were different. You teased her lips with your tongue, and she let you in and soon you were swapping spit as you lifted her up by her hips and pulled her dress up to her waist blindly. Then you pulled down her thong and awkwardly got it off around her boots until you finally positioned her butt on the edge of the couch.

It only took you the length of a breath and a deep look into her eyes before you lowered yourself down to her pussy, spreading her legs with your hands so she was nice and open to you, and you gave her lips and big lick. Her mound and lips were covered in a little peach fuzz of pubic hair, but it was so soft that you didn't mind at all and it just made her stand out a little as different.

"Fuuuck," Tasha moaned.

You dove in, satisfied there wasn't some funky surprise waiting for you, driving your tongue into her. She quickly had her thighs up on your shoulders, squeezing your head lightly as she groaned.

The couch shifted, and you glanced up to see that Sabrina had climbed up onto the couch next to Tasha. She was grinning and used a finger to turn Tasha's face to the side and she started making out with her. Seeing your gorgeous girlfriend deeply kissing a cutie like Tasha would always be a turn-on, and the tenderness you could tell Sabrina was putting into her kiss and little touches on Tasha's cheek and neck told you she was still on her mission to reassure her that she was valuable and wanted.

Gemma, from behind you, unzipped and peeled Tasha's boots off of her before she got on the couch on the other side of her. Your girlfriend had already stripped off the skirt and blouse she'd been wearing all day, leaving her in a cute pair of underwear that lived somewhere on the border of lingerie but didn't quite tip over. It was a cute black set that you liked on her, and it framed her cleavage wonderfully while showing off just a bit of ass cheek on the bottom. "My turn," she said, and Sabrina separated from Tasha and nodded in Gemma's direction.

You used the moment of transition to introduce your fingers to your own work, teasing her with the tip of your middle finger, and she groaned as her lips met Gemma's.

Sabrina stripped out of her clothes as the blondes were kissing and she ended up in just her panties, her pretty little pink nipples hard little nubs as she took back control of Tasha and started kissing her again. This led Gemma to urge Tasha to let the shoulder straps over her dress come down and soon Tasha's tits were out, her tight dress just a belt around her stomach.

You'd seen her tits before. Hell, you had a picture of them on your phone. Memory and photography didn't do them justice. They were large without looking strange on her moderate frame, and they had perfect little circular areolas capped with perfect nipples. They hung just a touch wide on her as she laid back, and Gemma immediately started groping her and kissing on her neck as Sabrina made out with her.

It didn't take too long for Tasha's thighs to squeeze tighter around your ears and for her to moan her wants in between kisses. As you drove her towards her first orgasm for the night, both of your girlfriends traded off licking and sucking on Tasha's tits while the other rained kisses across her lips, neck and cheeks.

"Oh, fucking hell," Tasha moaned, her hips thrusting up at you as you tongued her clit and worked two fingers in her. That made you think of her saying the same thing in the elevator and you chuckled, the hum of it passing through your lips to the sensitive skin of her labia, and that was what really set her off.



Tasha came, though her orgasm wasn't as satisfyingly responsive as Gemma or Sabrina. She came hard and fast, clenching and then releasing, and sighed heavily after maybe fifteen seconds as she relaxed back onto the couch.

"Good girl, Tasha," Sabrina cooed as she leaned in and kissed her cheek. "Now I think it's my turn between those pretty legs of yours. Do you want to maybe suck John's cock? Share it with Gemma."

"That sounds good," Tasha panted lightly.

"Out of the way, and out of those pants, baby," Sabrina said to you eagerly as she slid to the floor next to you. She kissed you as you got Tasha's legs off of your shoulders, tasting the other woman on your lips, and moaned lightly. "Delicious," she said with a grin. "Now, properly introduce her to what she's been missing."

"Whatever you say, baby," you said, giving her one last peck on the nose before standing and starting to undo your belt while both of the blondes watched you with pleased little smiles on their lips and glimmers in their eyes.

## Chapter 390

"Ummmmuuuhh," Tasha hummed from her chest, the sound echoing in the shower and mingling with the falling water as she leaned into you. You had to grin as you swapped from slowly washing her to just holding her.

Baked on how the apartment looked, the sex was wild and maybe even a little freaky. There were clothes and shoes scattered from the living room to the bedroom, the bed only had the bottom sheet on it, and there were three different sex toys scattered across it. In reality, the entire sexual encounter had been slow, passionate and loving. The focus had been Tasha, and you and the girls had touched, kissed and licked every possible erogenous zone on her body. You'd fucked her twice, both times slow and smooth. Once on her back as you either made out or she had both her tits sucked and kissed by the girls. The other time was on her stomach in a pronebone while she tasted Gemma and Sabrina worked a vibrator between her legs and watched.

You hadn't *just* fucked Tasha. You'd had some time with both Gemma and Sabrina as well but had maintained the same tone throughout. Tasha had made out with Sabrina while she rode you, and Gemma had spooned up behind Tasha while you entered your girlfriend from behind.

It had been some really great, heartwarming sex. Then, when everyone was totally mellow and the orgasms had faded, Sabrina ordered you into the shower to 'do your thing.' The fact that taking a shower and washing your partners was 'your thing' was kind of funny, but after the way Becks had reacted to it you figured maybe the girls had a point.

So now you were cradling Tasha in your arms, holding her under the hot water as her tits pressed into your sternum and you kissed the top of her wet head. Your hand slid up and down her slick back, just feeling her skin.

“How are you feeling?” you asked her quietly.

“Like I can barely stand,” Tasha chuckled. She looked up at you. “I figured you had to be decent at sex, keeping those two happy at the same time, but God damn you guys can fuck.”

“So can you,” you said with a little smile and leaned down to kiss her tenderly. “God, you’re cute.”

She grinned a bit at the and pursed her lips again, asking for another kiss. You gave it to her, letting it linger as you brought your hand down from her shoulder to her breasts, teasing her nipples a little by just rubbing your thumb over them. She moaned softly against your lips.

“Remember that joke I made when you and Gemma and Sabrina came to the club together the last time?” Tasha asked.

“Which one?” you raised an eyebrow.

“The one about this guy,” she took your semi-hard cock in one hand and gently started to stroke you. “Being a ‘universal cock.’”

You snickered softly and nodded. “I remember. You got the entire club to cheer for my dick.”

“Yeah, well, I was right,” Tasha said. “It’s pretty goddamn perfect. Long enough to get deep without being too long, thick enough to stretch me nicely without actually hurting. I feel like Goldilocks.”

“Well, you’re pretty perfect too,” you said. “Your breasts are so damn nice, Tash. Perfectly sized for you, with that delicious jiggle when you laugh, or when you work your hips back at me. And these cute nipples that deserve to be loved on.” You slid your hand lower from her tits, down her stomach to her fuzzy pubic mound. “And your pussy is a delicious, tight little peach. You felt so fucking good, even through a condom. I know Sabrina has her whole ‘Steps’ thing going on, but just so you know I really do hope you will come back on Saturday.”

“I will,” she said, then laughed and her tits jiggled just the way you’d said they did. “God, I will. Fuck.” She was still stroking you, and you didn’t stop playing with her pussy, and soon you fell into making out under the water as she gave you a handjob and you fingered her. She came first, groaning into your lips. You still found it strange, after fucking her, how fast her orgasms washed through her and then were gone. It almost felt like she was missing out or something. Then she continued stroking you, a little faster, and took a moment to squirt some body wash

onto your cock to make it even more slick. She went back to kissing you as she did it, and you ended up grunting through your orgasm as she softly bit your bottom lip and you came all over her stomach.

Then you washed her properly, including her hair, which she legitimately almost fell over during because her legs got weak. That led to more laughter and holding her up with your hands on her ass as you kissed some more before rinsing her off.

Back out of the shower you took your time drying her, and she did the same for you, and you both stepped out of the bathroom to find the apartment had been cleaned up, the bed remade, and the sex toys put away. Sabrina and Gemma were dressed in a couple of your shirts and that was all, and they presented Tasha with one as well before urging you into the bed and tucking you in. They headed into the washroom together, leaving you and Tasha to snuggle.

“How are you feeling now?” you asked quietly as you spooned up behind her. You *hadn't* been provided with a shirt, so you were naked under the covers and could feel your cock pressed to one of her ass cheeks.

“Warm and fuzzy,” Tasha said, then took a deep breath and let it out. “Which is a lot different from how I felt after the gangbang. Maybe it's bad form to talk about that with a guy I just had... whatever this experience was, but-”

“Shh,” you shushed her, squeezing her a little more tightly in a hug. “Tonight is all about you, and if you think talking about it will help, you can tell me anything and it'll go into the vault. OK?”

Tasha nodded, pressed her back against you a little firmer as if to assure herself that you were there, and then broke into a sob as she pressed her face down against the pillow. You held her as she cried, and then let go only to grab a tissue from the bedside table so she could wipe her nose and eyes. Then she started talking and told you how the gangbang had been. How she'd felt empowered and sexual, thinking that her guy wanted to see her that way. Thinking she was doing something for him. And how the sex hadn't been good, just overwhelming. And how after that feeling of empowerment had disappeared quickly, and how feeling sexy turned to feeling dirty. And how she'd felt dirty ever since, and it had only gotten worse when Mosche had acted so weirdly and then started ghosting her.

“I finally feel clean,” she said quietly. “Thank you, John.”

You exhaled a deep breath and squeezed her tightly again. “You're welcome, Tash,” you said. “We're here for you.”