

The OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 301-350

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 301

“I’m just saying, it might be something to talk to us about first, baby,” Gemma said. “That was personal stuff.”

“I didn’t think it would be a big deal for you guys,” Sabrina sighed.

The three of you were sitting at a table, crammed into a busy beachfront restaurant patio that was overflowing with tourists like yourselves. The music piped through the speakers was loud, the conversations and laughter around you were louder, so you felt safe having the conversation in public as the three of you leaned in over your drinks to talk. Ollie had split off with Corey and Victoria for lunch, and you were pretty sure it was at Gemma’s request.

“Sabrina, I love you, but you’ve got the mind of a thirteen-year-old boy,” Gemma said, taking her hand.

“Was it really that bad?” Sabrina asked, turning to look at you. “I mean, Ollie isn’t going to spread rumours or tell people, and she’s kinky like us so I thought it would just make her more impressed with you, and it’s not like you would go around bragging for yourself.”

“Sabrina,” you sighed. “I- I don’t know. Time and place, partially. I don’t super mind that Ollie knows, but just blurting it out like that...”

“You’re going easy, John,” Gemma said.

“Don’t, baby,” Sabrina said, taking your hand in hers with the one that wasn’t still clasped in Gemma’s. “Tell me straight.”

You took a deep breath and nodded, centring your thoughts for a moment. “Sabrina, I love you, and you’re mine and Gemma’s. And I’m fine with all of the OnlyFans stuff, especially because we’re doing it together. And the fact that you’re so sexually open with us is amazing, and I’m so *fucking* happy with the way our relationship has been going between the three of us, but I think you’re getting too caught up in how much sex we all have and you’re seeing things with Porn Brain a bit. Ollie is one of my best friends at Uni, but she doesn’t need to know what we do in bed, or with whom. I don’t need her to see me as a stud or something. But I *do* want her to see us as a relationship that loves and supports each other, and yeah she can know in general that we’re actively loving each other, but details like who we invite into your bed are too personal.”

Sabrina nodded along slowly, listening intently as she absorbed what you were saying.

“I’m sorry,” she said, squeezing your hand. “John, really, I’m sorry. I got caught up with how open everything felt.”

"I liked the Porn Brain thing," Gemma said. "It fits well. Plus, baby, you weren't just telling *our* secrets. You also spilt on both Katherine and Becks even if Ollie doesn't know who they are."

Sabrina's shoulders slumped and she closed her eyes for a moment, nodding again.

"Can I suggest something?" you asked.

"Of course, love," Gemma said.

Sabrina blinked her eyes open, listening.

"I think we need to seriously consider new rules for us," you said. "Rules we're more serious about than the work ones because we've bent those ones a lot."

"Like what?" Sabrina asked.

"We need to be more clear about our boundaries," you said. "Like how much we tell people, especially friends and family. And who, and how much, we involve other people in stuff. Like, if Katherine visits again, is it presumed that there's going to be sex? Or if Becks wants to meet up again with us, or just me? What are we OK with?"

"That's a good idea," Gemma nodded. "But I think we should think about it this afternoon and reconnect tonight once we've all decided what our serious personal lines are."

"I like that," Sabrina said. "I- Thank you. I love you guys."

"We love you too, baby," Gemma said, then leaned over and kissed Sabrina on the cheek before whispering something to her that made her smile.

"Love you, John," Sabrina said, leaning in your direction next and kissing you on the lips. Then she stood up, letting go of your hands so that she could wipe under her eyes. "OK, I need to clean myself up a bit."

"I'll come with," Gemma said with a smile, standing as well. "Hold down the fort, love."

"Will do," you said. "And Gemma?"

"Mhmm?"

"The new piercings look great," you said.

She beamed a smile at you and touched the delicate chain earring that you'd bought for her, then took Sabrina's hands as they went in search of the bathroom.

Fuck me, you sighed to yourself as you watched them go.

Communication was key. The lady from the hippy store was so right.

But what *were* your boundaries? You already felt overwhelmingly blessed to be dating Gemma and Sabrina at the same time, and the fact that they were falling for each other at the same time as you was fucking amazing. And then there were the other encounters, not even just with Katherine and Becks. Becca, and partially Charlotte, were on that list. And based on how things had been going, you needed to make a decision about Tasha too because the girls liked to joke about getting their or your hands on her but she was with Mosche. And there was the issue of more OnlyFans content with other women in the future.

You needed to seriously think about this before you reconnected back on the topic. It would be so easy to just take everything and let the chips fall where they may, but you didn't want that. You didn't want to just risk it and have things blow up because you took every advantage and opportunity to get your dick wet when you already had more than enough in your two girlfriends.

"Fuck me," you sighed outwardly, if quietly. What a day.

Chapter 302

Sabrina and Gemma returned to the table after your food had been delivered, and they'd both slipped you their panties. Well, Gemma had slipped you her panties and Sabrina had slipped you a thong.

Lunch went back to normal after that, and Sabrina insisted on paying, and none of you brought up the issues that had been discussed earlier because you'd agreed to wait. While Sabrina was just inside paying, Gemma led you outside onto the sidewalk and she smiled as she stood right in front of you and kissed you, wrapping her arms up around your neck as her tits pressed against your chest.

It was a sweet, loving kiss that told you whatever else was going on, you were both OK. Then Sabrina came out of the restaurant and cleared her throat.

"Yes, baby?" Gemma asked.

"Um, where's mine?" she asked with a grin.

Gemma stepped away from you and Sabrina walked into your arms as you planted a kiss on her as well. She distracted you a bit by getting her hand on your crotch for a moment and rubbing while she giggled into the kiss. Then, once it was over, she turned to Gemma and wrapped her arms around Gemma's neck much like the girls often did with you as she looked deep into Gemma's eyes. "I'm sorry that I embarrassed you earlier, baby," she said. "I realized inside that my earlier apology was more John-centric, but I owed you one too."

"Thank you, baby," Gemma said. Then they leaned together and kissed sweetly, just like they had both kissed you.

More than a few men and women walking by on the crowded sidewalk lifted their eyebrows in surprise, and you were pretty sure the teenager who fell off his skateboard a dozen yards away had gotten distracted by the sight as well.

"Ahem," you coughed.

Sabrina ended their kiss and turned back to you without letting go of Gemma. "Something wrong, baby?"

"No, nothing," you said. "Just, uh, you two are fucking gorgeous and seeing you like that is causing me some, uh, problems."

Gemma laughed and clapped a hand over her mouth as she noticed you were holding the shopping bags over your groin area. Sabrina caught on a split second later and smirked. "We

need to meet up with the others and head back to get changed for the beach,” she said. “Unless you want to find a place...?”

“Nuh-uh,” Gemma shook her head. “We are not playing that kind of risky game. Come on, love. Walk your women back home.”

“Fine,” Sabrina sighed dramatically, but with a knowing smile. Shortly you were flanked by them, Gemma holding your hand and Sabrina’s arm looped through yours. You found Ollie, Corey and Victoria a little way up the street. You hadn’t covered the entire thing, but you’d definitely seen a majority so you doubted that you’d missed out on much more - and you could always explore the rest tomorrow.

The group walked back, and Gemma split from you a bit to talk with Ollie, and then with Victoria. Then when Gemma came back to you Sabrina split off to walk with Ollie for a bit as they whispered.

Back at the Air B&B, Sabrina pulled you and Gemma aside back to the hot tub area instead of heading right in.

“I apologized to Ollie,” she said. “No matter what we decide later, I had to make sure I did in case I made her uncomfortable. She was fine with it, or says she was.”

“She said the same to me,” Gemma said. “So unless she’s lying to both of us we should be fine.”

“OK,” you nodded. “Thanks, by the way, for going out of your way with my friends.”

“Of course, love,” Gemma smiled.

The three of you entered the house and found out that the guys had gone out for lunch and were hitting the beach after, so it was just the six of you still. The decision was made that everyone wanted to head back down to the beach quickly to try and find a spot big enough for the group, so everyone rushed to get changed. Your cock had gone back down during the walk, so you weren’t exactly feeling blue-balled - especially considering the blowjob you’d gotten earlier from Gemma - but seeing both of the girls stripping down in your room raised your horny levels again and you ended up bending Gemma over the bed and eating her out from behind for a minute, just wanting a taste of her as you licked between her lips and kissed the inner curves of her ass cheeks. You did the same to Sabrina even though she was almost finished changing, pulling her bikini bottoms down around her skinny thighs to expose her as she giggled and wiggled.

With the taste of your girlfriends on your lips, you finally got changed while they took turns in the washroom.

Gemma ended up wearing a red, white and blue coloured bikini that gave her decent coverage while still showing off cleavage, along with a fairly solid set of bottoms that rode a little low on her waist and covered most of her buttocks. She finished the look with a big pair of teal-tinted sunglasses and her new American Flag straw hat. Sabrina wore a colourful bikini that suited her smaller frame, with each piece of it in a bright primary colour. She also wore the tie-dye wrap that she'd gotten down at the shops.

"Have I mentioned that you two turn me on like nothing else?" you said once the three of you were ready to go.

"I would have guessed by your need to eat us out," Gemma laughed. "But it's nice to hear, love."

"Well, I know one thing that turns you on more than watching us get dressed and undressed," Sabrina said.

"What's that?" you asked.

Sabrina pivoted and pulled Gemma into another kiss like the one outside the restaurant, which both of them startled giggling into when you groaned in appreciation.

A pounding on the bedroom door interrupted them.

"Come on, you horny bastards!" Ollie yelled from outside. "The beach is waiting, and we're leaving. You can fuck like rabbits later!"

Chapter 303

Hot sand, cold water, slick bodies. The guys found the six of you eventually through a game of text-tag, and by midway through the afternoon you were exhausted from all of the above.

Sabrina was taking a walk with Ollie and Victoria while Corey was running down to the water with the guys, which left you and Gemma to watch over the towels and stuff. You were both laying out side by side in the middle of the collection of things and you were both covered in suntan lotion from Sabrina rubbing it into your skin before she left, which left Gemma glistening in the sun beside you.

"I can feel you looking at me, love," Gemma said with a little smile.

"What's it feel like?" you asked with a chuckle.

"Warm and tingly."

"I think that might just be the sun."

"Nope," she shook her head. "The sun doesn't make my nipples hard, love. Or give me goosebumps."

That made you smile because her swimsuit was showing off slight nipple bumps. "Well, should I stop looking?"

"No," she grinned, rolling onto her side and tilting her hat up so she could kiss you sweetly. "Keep looking. Never stop."

"I won't," you promised, letting your eyes trail from her face down to her cleavage, making her laugh lightly. You brought your eyes back up to her face and rolled onto your side as well to face her. "I have a question for you."

"Ask me anything," she said.

"You and Sabrina are getting closer and closer. I knew it was happening before, but it's been really apparent in the last day or so, and I love seeing you two looking into each other's eyes and feeling like I know exactly how you both feel, because it's how I do too. I just want to make sure that we're not leaving things unsaid, so I want to ask about you and her. Before all of this you weren't really interested in girls."

"There wasn't a question in there, love," she smirked at you a little.

"You know what I mean," you said.

"I do," she assured you. "And it's... I want to say it's complicated, but it's really not, I guess. Before you and Sabrina I never even thought about girls this way. Like, I could know someone was attractive, but I was focused on boys and then on my Ex. I don't have anyone in my family who is gay, and I knew a couple of gay kids or other Uni students but they weren't in my direct friend groups. When things got complicated with us, and I was telling myself it was going to be short-term, I let myself drop my inhibitions. And falling in love with you, and watching you and Sabrina fall in love at the same time, and all the sex just... it made it feel natural. And I *do* love Sabrina, even if it's slightly different than with you just like you love me and her in slightly different ways just because of who we are."

That made you think; did you love them differently? You knew they were different people who liked different things, but you'd been trying to keep things fairly equal between them.

"OK," you nodded. "So where are you at now with, I dunno, sexual orientation?"

"Well, I'm in love with a man and a woman, and I fuck them both as much as I can, so I guess that makes me bisexual," Gemma smirked a little, then leaned forward and pecked your lips. "And I'm not sure about the rest still. I know I liked playing with Becks too, though I don't want to add her to our thing. I like her as a friend and playing with her in bed, but I don't think I could do more people in our relationship. And it was also hot fucking in front of Katherine and Becca, but I'm still sure I don't want to be in any content."

"Thank you," you said softly.

"Thanks for asking, love," she smiled lightly. "And, just so you know, you're going to need to give Sabrina a quickie before dinner."

"Why's that?" you asked.

"Because, love, last night was all about her and tonight is about me, and I need you to make love to me."

"Gladly," you said. "Without Sabrina?"

She nodded. "I need a little alone time with you, I think."

"I don't know if a quickie is going to be enough for her," you chuckled.

"It will be," she grinned. "I ate her out in the bathroom of the restaurant, too."

That raised your eyebrows, imagining the two of them in a bathroom stall trying not to get caught. It also explained why they came out and gave you their panties at the time.

"I still can't believe I did that," she laughed.

“You’re amazing,” you told her.

“You don’t know the half of it,” she said, her laugh sliding into a smirk. She rolled over, putting her curvy back and ass to you, and then surreptitiously lowered her bottoms and slowly ran her hand up the slick, lotioned skin of her ass and pulled her cheek up a bit. That gave you a look at the buttplug that was in her ass.

“God,” you groaned softly.

She wiggled back against you, pulling her bottoms up before you got caught doing something, but pressed her back to your chest in a spoon position as she felt your hardening cock press against her ass. “I need you to make love to each of my tight little holes tonight, John,” she whispered.

“Whenever you want,” you said, wrapping your arms around her and holding her tightly.

She sighed deeply and happily, then wiggled her ass back against your crotch to tease you before pulling away and laying on her stomach. She looked over the rim of her sunglasses at you with a smile that said she knew exactly what she was doing to you.

Chapter 304

The guys returned before the girls, but thankfully by the time anyone was back you had managed to get your cock under control after the teasing and promises from Gemma.

Sabrina had basically collapsed onto you when she returned, and you sat up and held her as she downed an entire water bottle from her bag, and once she was hydrated she kissed you with a bright smile.

“How was the walk?” you asked.

“Good,” she said. “Though I should have had you come with me. I kept getting this feeling that guys were looking at me, or like me and the girls, and that wouldn’t have bothered me before but now it made me feel... I dunno.”

“Unsafe?” you asked.

“Like, a little?” she said. “And maybe a little uncomfortable. Like, I felt more naked than I usually would in a swimsuit because you or Gemma weren’t there.”

“I’m sorry,” you said with a frown. “I don’t want you to feel like that.”

“It’s OK,” she said, smiling softly and kissing your cheek. “It just means I want to spend more time with you.” She glanced at the others, who were in their own conversation, and then lowered her voice a little more and whispered in your ear. “Daddy.”

You rolled your eyes and squeezed her in a hug as you kissed her cheek.

Both groups had seen the volleyball nets down the beach, and the guys wanted to go play a game or two, so everything got picked up and hauled in that direction. Once you were there you found there were other folks also waiting, and you ended up mingling with them - it was a mix of ages, though no one was over the age of thirty.

One thing you noticed was that Sabrina stuck with you, making it clear you were together, or with Gemma when it was your turn on the sandy playing area. She did take a turn playing in an All-Girls 2v2 alongside Ollie since Gemma begged out (due to the secret buttplug) and Victoria was too shy (to the disappointment of every guy and some ladies on the beach).

“What’s with Sabrina?” Gemma asked you quietly as they were playing and laughing. The girls on the other side were only marginally more coordinated than Ollie and Sabrina.

“She said she felt weird on her walk,” you said, hugging Gemma to you around her shoulder and leaning down to whisper to her.

“Like sick?”

“No. She felt exposed. Like she wanted one of us with her.”

“Did something happen?” Gemma asked.

“She didn’t say it did, and I assume Ollie would have if Sabrina didn’t,” you said.

Gemma frowned and nodded, but you could tell it was another thing that was going to be talked about later. When the game ended Gemma skipped forward to meet Sabrina on her way to the two of you, catching her up in a spinning hug and then kissing her openly. “Nice job, baby,” she said.

“We lost,” Sabrina laughed. “And were terrible.”

“Hey,” Ollie chuckled as she joined you. “I thought ‘moderately bad’ was the worst we did.”

Ollie had worn a slightly less revealing swimsuit that afternoon. It was a one-piece that scooped high on her hips and had string lacing up through her cleavage area. Her big tits and chunky butt had still been a bit of a spectacle as she jumped around in the sand.

“Alright, reasonably underperforming,” you said.

“That’s more like it,” Ollie chuckled.

Gemma headed off with Ollie, who mentioned thinking one of the girls on the other team had been fuckable, to act as a wing woman. They came back twenty minutes later and Ollie had a phone number.

“It was honestly impressive,” Gemma said. “I don’t think the girl was even gay.”

“No,” Ollie said. “Definitely gay. Like, plays softball in an all-girls beer league gay.”

“How gay is that?” Sabrina laughed.

“It’s like... possibly still in the closet at home, and still claiming to be bisexual on dating apps, but only ever swiping on women,” Ollie said.

That set the three of you to chuckling.

“So, going to meet up with her tonight?” you asked.

“Maybe bring her back to the Air B&B for some bow-chicka-wow?” Sabrina added.

“Pervs,” Ollie laughed softly. “Maybe tonight, probably not back to the house though.”

“Hold on, explain this to me,” Gemma said. “What exactly is stopping you from bringing these girls back when you have your own room? It’s not like anyone is going to rib you about it. Hell, the single guys would probably be impressed and jealous. And you’re hot so it’s not like these women aren’t interested.”

“I dunno,” Ollie shrugged. “Like, for real? I just want to enjoy this vacation and I like the chase. I wouldn’t say no to a box-licking, but I don’t really want to deal with all the other stuff that comes with it.”

“Such a fuckboy,” Sabrina giggled.

“Yeah, that’s me,” Ollie laughed. “One night stands. Not really though - fuckboys lie to get in girls’ pants. I keep it real, and most ladies appreciate that.”

The conversation moved on, and Ollie ended up drifting away to try and wing woman for Paul as he was flirting with a couple of athletic-looking women.

“So, I have a weird question,” Sabrina said, hooking her arms in both yours and Gemma’s to pull you close. “And it might be more of a *tonight* question than right now, but it’s on my mind.”

“I think I know where you’re going with this,” Gemma said.

“Well, I don’t,” you said.

“Ollie is looking for something no-strings-attached, and we sometimes do stuff with other women,” Sabrina said. “And I’m not saying I *want* this, it’s just a random thought, OK? But what do you two think about if Gemma and I had a fun threesome with Ollie? And maybe if you could be there to watch, baby?”

“OK,” you said. “That’s definitely not the direction I thought you were going.”

Chapter 305

It took you and Gemma a moment to process Sabrina's hypothetical lesbian threesome idea.

For you, on the one hand, your cock was generally in favour of the idea of a live lesbian sex show. You already liked watching when Sabrina and Gemma were together, and while you weren't super sexually attracted to Ollie you could still recognize that she had an attractively thick body with big tits and an ass that would look great in sexual situations. And it just felt different than if the girls had suggested a threesome with another guy.

But the problems were also there. First, it was Ollie. You doubted it would cause a rift between the two of you, but you weren't sure if she'd be offended or turned off. Or she might want the threesome, but not be comfortable with you watching. But even if it wouldn't cause a rift, it would still change your relationship with her in a way you couldn't predict. You'd never really had the experience of being friends with someone that you'd also slept with - High School hadn't been that experience for you, and your hookups at University had never been close enough to home to have it come up. Would that feel weird, knowing that Ollie had fucked your girlfriends?

There was also the issue that, until now, every sexual experience that was outside the trio had included you. Becks and Katherine had happened for different reasons, but you'd been in the centre of it. The thing with Becca in the living room with Gemma was you *and* Gemma. Even the minor stuff with Tasha was weirdly casual flirting with you involved. Watching a live lesbian show would be hot, sure, but watching *your* Gemma and *your* Sabrina with someone else, even a woman, and not being able to join?

It didn't feel like getting cucked necessarily because it was with a woman, but it was close.

"I vote no," Gemma said, saying it before you could. "And don't get me wrong, Ollie is attractive both physically and mentally, and I'd bet she's good at what she does."

"But?" Sabrina asked, honestly curious.

"You're mine, baby," Gemma said, taking Sabrina's hand in both of hers. "Mine and John's. And I don't think Ollie could steal you from us or something, but I also think that Ollie's worries about no-strings go both ways for her and she's afraid of getting too close. If we hooked up with her, and especially didn't include John, then when I go back home I would be worried about her wanting more time with you and I *wouldn't* be there to make sure she understands that you're mine."

Sabrina's mouth opened as her eyebrows raised at the declaration from Gemma.

"I don't know how John feels about it, and it's more for the conversation later, but I'm saying Veto No on hooking up with Ollie," Gemma said. "I'm OK with us playing with Becks again, and I

think I'm OK with some other one-off hookups that don't even include all three of us if it's for Content. But Ollie is too close to home."

"Baby?" Sabrina looked at you.

"I agree with Gemma," you said. "I think it would be hot as hell in the moment seeing you two with her, but afterwards it wouldn't just be a no-strings thing. There are always strings. Becks was supposed to be no-strings and now we send nudes back and forth and we're planning to hook up with her again. Hell, baby, you and I were supposed to be no-strings and here we are."

That made Sabrina smile a little. "OK," she said quietly. "I- Like I said, it was just a thought. But can I just say that I'm fucking soaking through my bikini bottoms right now? God, I want to fuck you guys."

You found Corey and let him know you were leaving.

"Fuuuuck yes, Daddy," Sabrina moaned loudly. No one else was in the house and she could be as loud as she wanted as you stroked your cock into her as she was on her hands and knees on the bedroom floor.

She was bent over Gemma, who was lying on her back still wearing her bikini, and Gemma took Sabrina's face in her hands and pulled her down into a kiss. "You're ours, baby," she growled.

"Fuck yes," Sabrina groaned.

"God, you're squeezing me so tight," you grunted, laying a hard spank on Sabrina's butt.

"Yes!" Sabrina gasped. "Fuck, John. That's because I never want you to leave my cunt again. I want your cock in me all the time."

"Hey," Gemma said. "That's not sharing nicely."

"Sorry, baby," Sabrina said, turning back from looking at you over her shoulder to kiss Gemma again. "It's just how I feel, but I'll gladly let him fuck you too. He just needs to keep swapping back and forth."

"Better," Gemma grinned. Then she tilted Sabrina's head to the side and started kissing her in the crook of her neck, right on her spot.

"Oh! Ooooooh," Sabrina moaned.

“Fuck her hard, love,” Gemma mumbled to me, her lips not leaving Sabrina’s skin. “Fuck our delicious, perfect girlfriend who belongs to us while I make sure her mouth and her boobs know it as much as her pussy and ass do.”

You smirked and nodded, grabbing Sabrina’s ass and squeezing her skin hard enough to leave bright red marks along the cheeks.

“I love you both so much,” Sabrina moaned, each word drawing out and vibrating with the beat of your thrusting.

“And we love you, baby,” Gemma said, swapping to the other side of her neck. “Now, are you going to get that first orgasm out of the way or not? Because I’m going to need a shower either way and I’d rather be washing your squirt off of me than just the sun and the sand.”

“Holy fuck, you’re so hot,” Sabrina groaned deeply.

“Am I?” Gemma asked, pulling her lips away and replacing them with her hand, starting to choke Sabrina. You reached forward and got Sabrina’s hair wrapped around your fingers, pulling her head back as well.

Sabrina squeaked, shuddered once, and came hard.

Chapter 306

With a groan that echoed through the first floor of the house, Sabrina skipped down the last stairs as she stretched and came looking for you and Gemma. She was wearing one of your t-shirts - a nerdy one that they'd both agreed that you should get rid of and yet somehow both had ended up wearing more than once.

"Hi, baby," she said as she strolled into the kitchen barefoot.

"Hey, baby," you said, turning from the stove to pull her in with one arm.

She hugged herself around you quickly and went up on her toes to kiss you. "That smells good," she said. "Dinner?"

"Mhmm," you nodded. You were having tacos, so there was a lot of ground beef to feed seven people - Corey and Victoria had a bean paste that they had made and brought with them that would substitute as well.

"Need any help?" she offered.

"Lots," you said. "There's plenty of toppings to prep. But, and I say this with a deep amount of regret, I'm going to need you to go put on some pants because it's later than you think it is."

Sabrina glanced over at the clock on the microwave and sighed. "Shit," she said.

"I'm looking forward to the day you can walk around our home with as little clothing as you want, baby," you said.

She grinned at you and pulled your face down for another, even steamier, kiss.

"What was that for?"

"You said 'our home,'" she grinned. "OK, I'll go put on pants I guess."

"Wait," you said as she turned to walk away. You set down the spatula you'd been using to stir the meat and turned fully, reaching around her and slipping your hands under the shirt to grab her bare ass, each small cheek getting palmed by your hands as you squeezed firmly.

She broke into a giggle and then a laugh as you kissed her neck and roughly massaged her bum.

"What's the- Sabrina," Gemma said as she came up from the basement carrying the now-dried bedding that you had put in earlier that day.

You let go of Sabrina's butt and she wiggled it at Gemma before giving you another peck on the cheek and turning to skip back towards the stairs. You and Gemma had put her through her paces in a fast, hard fuck and she'd actually fallen asleep for about thirty minutes right on the ground while Gemma had gone to shower the squirt off of herself. Once the shower was empty you had woken Sabrina up and she'd gone for her own long, hot shower while you and Gemma got the room, and then the house, together.

Gemma gave Sabrina's butt a swat as your girlfriend skipped by, and Sabrina pivoted and caught Gemma in a kiss. Then the unmistakable sound of voices outside leaked through the walls and she broke away and sprinted up the stairs.

"That girl," Gemma sighed and grinned over at you, rolling her eyes.

Gemma followed Sabrina, and soon the house was full again as Brent, Paul, Corey, Victoria and Ollie all piled into the house and started spreading out. Corey and Victoria immediately offered to help with the food, but you said they should go grab showers first so they could feel fresh for dinner. The guys, of course, immediately disappeared when there was any concept of help needing to be doled out, and Ollie had gone up to change as well.

"What a circus," Gemma laughed as she came back downstairs with Sabrina in tow. Gemma was wearing a simple shirt and shorts combo, while Sabrina was still wearing your t-shirt but had used an elastic to turn it into a baggy crop top, and was wearing a pair of yoga pants that did interesting things to her butt. You had no doubt she'd done it for your benefit; or, really, to tease you.

"Ollie is showering in our room, so don't go up there," Sabrina said, coming over and seeing what you had accomplished so far.

"And the bed is remade for tonight," Gemma said. "Which reminds me - baby, now that you got yours, I was hoping if you wouldn't mind if I had some alone time with John tonight?"

"You don't want me?" Sabrina asked, her eyes going large, but she immediately cracked into a smile. "I'm joking. Yes, that's totally fine. Lovey-dovey?"

"Mhmm," Gemma smiled.

"What does that mean?" you asked.

"It's girlfriend-code," Gemma said.

"And I don't get to know?"

"Nope," Sabrina smirked and wrapped her arm around Gemma's shoulder to show they were a team on this.

You just sighed and went back to browning the ground beef. Soon Sabrina was starting on the toppings while Gemma started setting the table, and by the time Corey and Victoria joined you in the kitchen, they were able to add in and get everything finished quickly, including Victoria making her special Guacamole recipe.

Dinner was family-style, with everyone crammed around the table again. Brent got razzed for getting some of his toppings on the sour cream spoon and putting it back in the jar. Edgar was quizzed on the girl he'd been hanging out with the night before. Ollie mentioned that you'd been chatting up the hot MILF at the Hippy Store, which you had to deny. Plans got made for the evening - the guys, other than Edgar, had struck out at the club and Edgar's girl had invited him to a pub that was just off the beach that was going to have live music. Everyone agreed that would be a good place to go, and if the guys and Ollie found slim pickings for picking up chicks they could always transition to the dance club later.

Ollie once again wrangled the boys into cleaning up instead of disappearing again, and that left you, the girls, Corey and Victoria to hang outside and enjoy the cooling outdoors as the sun was disappearing over the houses to the west.

"Mm, by the way," Gemma said to Victoria. "The laundry is free if you want it."

"Oh," she said, flushing but nodding. "Right, I totally forgot. Thanks." She got up and went inside after giving Corey a kiss on the cheek.

"What does she need to do laundry for?" Corey asked.

"You'll thank me tomorrow," Gemma smirked, making Sabrina chuckle softly.

Corey looked at you and you just shook your head. He'd find out soon enough that he was going to have clean sheets again.

It didn't take too long before the girls wanted to go doll themselves up a bit to go out to the pub, which left you and Corey time to drink a beer and chat a bit before heading in to change yourselves. It was time to hit the pub.

Chapter 307

After getting the address of the pub, you ended up deciding to walk again instead of driving since Sabrina and Gemma weren't going to wear heels and the place was only a few blocks away. Suburban blocks, so it was still a good ten minutes, but closer than the dance club had been.

Sabrina had decided to keep wearing your shirt tied up like a crop top but had swapped out the yoga pants for khaki capris and running shoes, while Gemma had changed into jeans and boots that highlighted her legs and paired it with a shimmery white tank top that covered most of her cleavage and focused your attention up to her smile. The girls had also quickly braided each other's hair, giving them almost matching looks.

Paul, Brent and Edgar walked with you, while Ollie decided to drive with Corey and Victoria. The walk itself was fun, with the guys bantering and making sure to include you and the girls as bets were laid on whether Edgar's local girl would show up or not. Walking up to the pub building it was about a block away from the main shops and was at the end of a string of three storefronts that were kind of small-town picturesque. It had fancy-looking pot lights out front clearly illuminating the space, and tall stained glass windows with an oak double door at the leading corner of the building.

Inside, the pub had one main bar along one wall currently manned by a trio of bartenders, one big guy with lots of silver in his hair and two college-age female bartenders, and a couple of waitresses walking around as well. There were tall tables over in an area that was clearly focused on sports viewing with a big projector screen hanging from the ceiling, though instead of sports at the moment the small stage in front of it was occupied by what looked like a couple setting up a drum kit and speakers. There were also normal-height tables and booths throughout the rest of the room. The place was maybe two-thirds full, but not in the crowded way that everything else had been in the town for the holiday weekend. There was room to walk between the tables and the noise of the conversations going on wasn't deafening in the enclosed space.

You all headed for the back area and found that the empty booths would fit five, so you and the girls split from the guys so that you could claim two booths.

A waitress came over and you ordered a pitcher of water and a pitcher of a local craft beer to share, and she nodded and bounced away to fetch it. Soon the three of you were drinking and talking over the edge of the booths with the guys, and not long after that Corey, Victoria and Ollie walked in, with Ollie joining the boys and the couple joining you.

The band, with the female playing the drums and singing and the male playing guitar and crooning harmonies, kicked off a little too loud but soon got themselves dialled in and they were pretty good. Some more people filtered in as well, and soon the place was hopping. Corey and

Victoria went to find seats closer to the music, and Ollie and the boys went with them since that was where it looked like the largest concentration of ladies around your age were.

“OK,” Gemma said once the three of you were alone in your booth and the guys’ booth had been taken over by another group. “So. Boundary talk?”

Sabrina nodded, leaning forward after putting down her beer, and you agreed.

“Who wants to go first?” you asked.

“You should, baby,” Sabrina said, rubbing your forearm. “We set the terms for all this early on, I think it’s fair that you set the baseline in this conversation.”

You nodded and collected yourself. You hadn’t exactly had the time to really sit and ruminate on the whole thing by yourself, but you knew how you felt and had a feeling things would solidify as you started saying them out loud.

“OK,” you said. “So-”

“I recognize those earrings, and that handsome jawline,” said a woman as she approached from off to the right of the booth. She’d come through a Staff Only door that hadn’t been used since you’d sat down, and as you looked over you saw it was the gorgeous woman from the hippy store.

“Hi,” Gemma said, turning to see the woman was talking about her chain earring that you’d bought her.

“Hey, honey,” the woman said. “It looks great on you.”

“Thank you,” Gemma said. “I really like it so far.”

“And you, young man,” the woman said. “I hope you’ve taken my words to heart.”

“What words?” Sabrina asked, a slightly confused smile on her lips.

“Actually,” you said. “Um- OK. So, when you girls were picking out your jewellery at the store, we had a bit of a discussion about polyamory because- I’m sorry, I don’t think we even traded names.”

“Mallory,” the older woman said with a smile.

“Mallory offered me some advice because she recognized we were polyamorous and she went through a part of her life like that,” you finished. “Mallory, I’m John, and these are my amazing girlfriends Gemma and Sabrina.”

The girls said hello, and offered their hands, which Mallory shook. You ended up shaking her hand as well.

“And on your question Mallory, we were actually about to have a discussion and with you here I was sort of wondering if you’d listen in and maybe give us your thoughts as a... I don’t know, an impartial, third party, temporary mentor figure?”

“Oh,” Mallory said, raising her eyebrows slightly but still smiling. “Well, if you ladies are OK with it?”

Gemma smiled, raising an eyebrow towards me, but nodded. “If John thinks it’s a good idea, I trust him completely.”

“I’m in,” Sabrina said. “Though before we start talking about intimate details I’d like to know a little more about you.”

We shuffled a bit to make more room for Mallory to slip into the booth. “Well, that’s pretty easy to do from here,” Mallory said. “And understandable. I was polyamorous from the age of about seventeen until I was twenty-seven, so a decade, and was in two different relationships at that time - we didn’t have lingo like you do now like ‘poly pods’ and such. We were just kids who thought monogamy was bunk and liked to fuck. Then I got pregnant, ended the polyamory and settled down with Georgy, the father of my daughter, for the past 18 years. He’s over there behind the bar; we own the place and it’ll be our retirement hobby when he sells his car dealership.”

That revelation spurred a series of compliments from you and the girls on the place, and she waved them off. “Any other questions about me before we get to your conversation?” Mallory asked.

“What’s your skincare routine?” Gemma asked, half-teasing. “Because if I look half as good as you when I’m your age I’ll be stupidly happy.”

That brought a laugh from Mallory, and she started rattling off products she used and procedures she’d had done.

Chapter 308

The girls and Mallory chatted for a few minutes about stuff that honestly went over your head a little in regards to hair and skin care, but it seemed to put Gemma and Sabrina more at casual ease with Mallory. The three of them got comfortable with each other.

"I think we're losing him," Mallory chuckled as she gestured at you.

"Sorry," you said.

"No need to apologise, baby," Sabrina said.

"So what was your conversation about?" Mallory asked.

"Boundaries," Gemma said. "Or, well, I guess *updating* our boundaries."

"Mmm, that's a good update talk," Mallory said. "Honestly, like I said, back in my energetic youth we didn't have the resources or, hell, the internet. Everything we got out of obscure philosophy books and random pseudo-academic talks where the pot, coke and hallucinogens flowed freely."

"Jesus," Sabrina chuckled. "Sounds like a wild time."

"It was," Mallory smirked. "But, drugs aside, we didn't know how important it was to have a talk like this. We screamed it at each other when someone acted selfish."

"Well, the only screaming we do is *someone* when she's getting it good," Gemma grinned teasingly at Sabrina.

"You're not so quiet yourself, baby," Sabrina laughed.

"So what's the big picture to start with?" Mallory asked, smiling as she watched Gemma and Sabrina tease each other.

"We're all going into our final year of college, and we're all aiming for law school," you said.

"We're interning at the same firm, and we stumbled into this a little ass backwards, but most of our rules so far have been about trying to make sure we're appropriate at work."

"Well, that's one place to start," Mallory nodded. "What about the timeline? What happens when graduation comes around and you're all headed in different directions?"

"Mmm, it's faster than that," Gemma shook her head. "I'm heading back home to Australia at the end of the summer; my student visa is running out. But we'll do Long Distance for the eight months, and then we're all going to go to the same law school. We'll all apply to the same places, and go wherever we all get in."

“That’s a big commitment for a relationship that’s only gone on for, what, a month and a bit?”

“About that,” Sabrina nodded. “But we’re sure about this.”

“Very sure,” you agreed.

“OK,” Mallory nodded. “Having a timeline on the long-distance thing should help cut the worst parts of it. So what boundaries do you need to talk about?”

Sabrina swallowed and glanced at Gemma, and then at you. “Well, it’s mostly about who we have sex with, honestly. Which sounds silly when I say it to someone else.”

“It’s not silly at all,” Mallory said with a soft smile, reaching across the table to pat Sabrina’s hand. “You’re already sharing, and John mentioned vaguely that you three spice things up a little occasionally. Talking about those boundaries will keep you all in sync. Where are you at with it now?”

“Well, it’s a little more complicated than *just* who jumps into our bed,” Sabrina sighed. She looked at you again and you nodded. Mallory wasn’t in the legal world, your Universities, the firm, or anywhere near your families. She didn’t even know your last names. “I also do some, um, *content* on OnlyFans. John has been helping, and so far we’ve included one other person. So there’s also a business side to this.”

“Oh, sweetie, you don’t need to worry about being judged about that with me,” Mallory chuckled. “I did more than my fair share of taking nude polaroids for boys, and even recording a few home sex tapes when I was your age. Hell, I was even tempted to try the OnlyFans thing myself - I hear MILFs make good money. The only thing stopping me is that, with the way my daughter is working her way through boys lately, I might end up being a grandmother sooner than later.”

That made Gemma snort just as she was taking a sip of water, which made the rest of you laugh as she sipped the water and blushed.

“OK, so are you fucking more guys because OnlyFans and that’s the problem?” Mallory asked.

“No,” Sabrina shook her head. “John is the only guy. He’s actually really popular with my fans. And we don’t show our faces or names.”

“And I’m not interested in being on camera,” Gemma said. “Well, for anyone other than these two.”

Sabrina smiled and scrunched up her nose at Gemma, probably thinking of the various nudes Gemma had sent you both.

“So it’s other women then,” Mallory said. “But you’re mixing business with pleasure.”

“Pretty much,” Sabrina sighed. “We all decided to try and think of what our new lines are now that we’re really sure and deep into the relationship. That’s just where we were going to start when you walked up.”

“Oh, well, let’s hear it then,” Mallory nodded.

Both of your girlfriends turned and looked at you expectantly, which had Mallory looking at you as well.

You sighed, took a sip of beer, and nodded. “OK. I love you both, and the first thing I want to say is that I would be perfectly content and happy if it was only ever us three together.” The girls both rolled their eyes a little and smiled, and you were about to move on as you smiled too, but Mallory stopped you.

“Hold on,” she said. “Ladies, what was that look for?”

“That’s just so John,” Gemma said.

“Very,” Sabrina nodded. “We already know that, but hearing it again is nice.”

“I don’t think you ladies are really hearing what he’s saying,” Mallory said. “I mean, you’re hearing, but you’re not listening. When he says that, the way he’s saying that, I can tell he means it. He isn’t saying it because you expect him to, or it’s a routine. You ladies need to remember that a real man says what he means. So as long as my judgement isn’t way off, your boyfriend is saying that, at the core of it, he is entirely dedicated to you. Is that something you should roll your eyes at?”

Gemma and Sabrina had both started frowning as Mallory spoke and then turned to you. Sabrina was sitting next to you, and Gemma was on the outside with Mallory on your other side, and they both reached over to take your hand and ended up both holding a couple of your fingers.

“I’m so sorry, love,” Gemma said.

“She’s right, we shouldn’t take that for granted at all. Take *you* for granted,” Sabrina nodded.

“It’s-” you started, but the words got stuck in your throat as you smiled seeing the earnest, deep emotion in both of their eyes. “Thank you.”

“OK, go on,” Mallory nodded at you.

“Alright, so that being said, and we’ve mentioned this before, but my biggest boundary is no other men. And I say that knowing that it’s hypocritical of me to keep things open to only what I like, but I couldn’t handle either of you getting intimate with another guy.”

“What does intimate mean?” Mallory asked. “Be specific.”

That stopped you for a moment as you had to consider.

“Sex?” Mallory asked. You shook your head. “Kissing?”

“No,” you said.

“Touching, groping?”

“Definitely not.”

“Dancing?”

“Well...” you said. “Mostly no.”

“What’s the exception you see?”

“Fun dancing is different, and it would depend on who with,” you said. “Definitely not grinding or sexy dancing, or anything intimate.”

“What about flirting?”

You thought back to the day before and how you felt while the girls were setting the group of guys to be shot down. “I- don’t think so,” you said. “It feels like too much, but even friendly flirting makes me uncomfortable.”

“Why?” Mallory prompted you.

“Not because of what I’m worried you’ll do,” you said to Gemma and Sabrina. “But because of what other guys might think they can get away with.”

Mallory nodded again. “Same for girls?”

“I-” You had to hesitate again. “No, different. I’m OK with you flirting with girls and maybe even some flirty dancing. But no kissing or more unless we agree on it.”

“Alright,” Mallory nodded. “Relatively clear, relatively straightforward.”

“That’s just us personally though,” Gemma said. “What about us as a group, love?”

You nodded. “No guys. Ever. Anyone else should be open to all of us, not just one or two of us even if it’s just two of us who participate. With the obvious exception.” You ended by glancing at Sabrina.

Mallory raised an eyebrow. “That’s cryptic.”

“It’s personal,” Sabrina said, remembering your conversation from earlier. “There’s someone I’m fine with either of them having sex with, but that I’d never do it with.”

“As long as you all know it,” Mallory shrugged. “Anything else?”

“Content-wise, Gemma needs to have veto power,” you said. “If we do more stuff with a third person, which makes sense business-wise, she should get to say yes or no to any content we do and with who it’s done with.”

“Good,” Mallory said. “So those are John’s lines. What did you ladies come up with?”

Chapter 309

“I’ll go next,” Gemma said and took a long sip of water. “So, one piece of background for me, Mallory, is that I was actually engaged before. It ended a little more than a year ago now, and I ended it when I found out he’d been cheating and going to brothels.”

“Oh, honey,” Mallory frowned and reached across the table to take Gemma’s hand firmly. “I’m so sorry.”

“Thanks,” Gemma said. “But I was OK a while ago because I know what I’m worth and it wasn’t that. It also, I think, gives me perspective on *this* relationship and how much fucking better it is than what I thought was great before. So that being said, I am completely on board with John’s lines for guys. I don’t need to ever flirt with another guy, and I’ll dance with like... cousins or old close friends on a wedding dance floor, but nothing romantic. And I don’t want Sabrina flirting with guys either. We led some guys on last night at the dance club for just a few minutes and even that made me not super comfortable because I guess I’m a bit of a jealous bitch when it comes to my girlfriend.” She glanced at you and smirked. “John can flirt with as many guys as he wants though.”

“Gee, thanks,” you laughed.

“For girls, I’m a little looser but not much. I’m OK with some flirty touching with girls, and a quick double-check visually on whether kissing them is OK. Anything more than that needs at least a brief conversation though. Group-wise, I’m super OK with everything we’ve done so far. New women are case-by-case that any of us can veto, and I like John’s rule that they need to be willing to be with all of us even if we aren’t all participating. More specifically, I’m still OK with Becks jumping into bed with us whenever we set the time to do it. I’m also leaning towards yes on Becca when the moment is right, and I’d say yes about Tasha too as long as she’s explicit with Mosche that she’s not exclusive with him.”

“OK, that was good,” Mallory said. “What about business-wise?”

“I was going to ask for less than what John said,” Gemma said. “I don’t know what content you would do that I would need to veto as long as you stick with your content guidelines, but I’d still like a say in who you do it with.”

“Any questions?” Mallory asked you and Sabrina. You both shook your heads. “What about those specific women, John?”

“I agree on Becks and Becca. I don’t think I can say yes to Tasha unless she and Mosche are explicitly open or they break up, not just non-exclusive.”

“Sabrina?” Mallory asked.

Sabrina closed her eyes and took in a breath, then let it out slowly through her nose. "I like flirting," she said. "I think it's OK, but after last night and what I was thinking today while I was out with the girls and you two weren't there, I think I might be changing my mind. I... John, I feel like what you said makes sense. I know I wouldn't be the one to push flirting into something more, but there are way too many people who wouldn't understand that a little light flirting is all it is and they would try and push for more. So I think no more flirting with guys. Girls I agree with Gemma on. Group-wise I've found my Goldilocks cock and I never want to consider another guy again, even for content. Girls, though... I don't know. The really depraved, horny part of me wants to see both of you dominating other women like you do with me. But I think that's mostly fantasy stuff that I don't *need*. I'm not really sure what I think, but I do think that I'm OK with what you guys said both generally and specifically. And I'm fine with Gemma having a veto on who and what content."

"You know, you three are making this pretty easy," Mallory chuckled softly. "When you asked me to sit down and help out as a third party I was expecting there to be some big clash."

"We've talked about this stuff before," Gemma said. "Just not this explicitly and purposefully."

Mallory nodded. "Being purposeful is important. Honestly, you guys, if my daughter came to me and said she was in a throuple and this was how it was, I'd be so fucking happy for her."

"Thanks," you and Gemma said at the same time. Sabrina just smiled and leaned in to rest her head on your shoulder.

"So the differences were mostly in flirting with other women and what those boundaries were, I think," Mallory said.

"Not really though," Gemma said. "I was just willing for the flirting to be more intimate stuff, but if John is only OK with non-touching other than dancing, that's OK with me."

"Same," Sabrina nodded.

"You're sure about giving me a veto on content though, baby?" Gemma asked Sabrina.

"I'm sure," she nodded. "If you're uncomfortable with someone we bring in, I don't care who it is. I'll send them packing."

"Thanks," Gemma said, and Sabrina left your shoulder to lean in the other direction and hug Gemma.

"OK, I have a new question," Sabrina then said, sitting upright a bit more and leaning forward. "Mallory, how monogamous with your husband are we talking here?"

Mallory chuckled and raised an eyebrow. "Is that a question, or flirting?"

"Maybe a bit of both," Sabrina grinned.

"Mostly monogamous," Mallory said. "With a touch of spice every once in a while. After my daughter's fifteenth birthday, my hubby got in contact with one of our old friends from our poly days. It was a guy I really liked fucking, but who wasn't anywhere near our lives anymore. He flew the guy in for my birthday and gave me a weekend in a hotel room for us to fuck each other silly. Then two years ago I noticed that one of the summer waitresses here had an obvious crush on him to the point it was about to start causing problems, so I sat them both down and told them I was fine with it if they wanted to start seeing each other for the summer, but it ended when she went back to college and she wasn't going to get re-hired in the future. He got three months with a co-ed and every time he was with her he'd come back and I'd fuck him like crazy to remind him why I was his wife."

"Did your daughter find out?" Gemma asked.

"No, thank God," Mallory chuckled. "She was still just a little too young to be serving here, or making friends with the waitresses. Actually, that's her over there." Mallory pointed over towards the music area.

You immediately could tell who her daughter was because she was a younger version of her mother but with longer hair and wearing just a bikini top over her Daisy Duke shorts. She was also very obviously flirting with Edgar.

"Oh," you said.

"What?" Mallory asked. "You know her?"

"No," Gemma shook her head. "Well, not personally. But we do know the guy she's talking to. Based on what he's said, I don't think he realizes she's a maneater."

"Oh, I see," Mallory chuckled, shaking her head a little. "Did she tell him she was a virgin?"

"Hard to be sure," you said. "Edgar likes to tell stories."

Mallory shook her head and looked back over at her daughter again. "Oh, to be her age again and have a chance to do things right instead of just running through boys like it was my job. It's tough for me to complain because I think I was even worse on my own mother."

"To be fair," Gemma said. "You're not exactly shrivelling away, Mallory."

"You too, huh?" Mallory asked, turning to Gemma, who shrugged and grinned. Mallory turned to you. "What about you, John? Going to shoot your shot?"

Chapter 310

"I think you're married, so even though you are the hottest forty-something woman that I've ever met, I wouldn't want to assume anything," you said to Mallory. "You do match the kind of person that we would want to have fun with though. Gorgeous, interesting, smart, and who we've connected with but not so close to our lives that it could cause issues, and not going to take some bedroom play too seriously afterwards."

"And that, young man, is why I wish my daughter was here flirting with you instead of your friend over there," Mallory chuckled. When she finished laughing she was still smiling widely and she looked over you, Gemma and Sabrina in a way that told you that she felt a sort of pride at hearing the way the three of you spoke with and about each other. "I'm actually tempted," she finally said. "I mean, it's been a long time since I was with a woman, but all three of you are attractive and mature enough that I think you could handle it. Are you serious about wanting to have sex with an old woman like me?"

You weren't expecting that pivot, and it took your brain a minute longer to parse the question than it did your cock, which got half-hard immediately.

"You're older than us, not old. And I'm super serious," Sabrina said.

"I'm in," Gemma nodded.

Mallory turned to you, a smile on her lips and travelling up to her eyes.

"If your husband was OK with it, I feel like I'd be an idiot to say no," you said.

"Well, I'll make you three a deal," Mallory said. "Let's trade numbers, and I'll talk to my hubby. That won't happen until the bar closes tonight because it'll be a bigger discussion than what I can have while he's working. How long are you in town for?"

"Monday," you said.

"I'll talk to him tonight, and if he agrees then I'll text you," Mallory said. "And we can meet up sometime tomorrow."

"Really?" you had to ask.

Mallory laughed and shook her head. "John, honestly, if I were twenty-five years younger you would be the perfect man except that you could use just a *touch* more ego. You're a cute guy who's keeping two women very, very happy based on how the three of you talk."

"He goes back and forth on it," Sabrina said. "Except in the bedroom. There he's super decisive and perfectly manly."

“Noted,” Mallory smirked.

The girls traded numbers with her - you felt weird about taking her number when her husband would be agreeing to let her stray or not. Even if he allowed it, you felt just a little weird about the idea that you could be friends with her or something after the fact.

“Alright,” Mallory finally said once texts had been traded. “Now I need to go check in on my hubby and how the night is going. And then... Do I need to pull my daughter off of that boy?”

“Are you OK with her possibly having sex with him?” Sabrina asked. “Because that’s definitely Edgar’s goal.”

“You think I can tell my twenty-year-old who not to have sex with?” Mallory asked with a laugh. “Let me rephrase the question - is he likely to hurt her?”

“No,” Gemma shook her head. “I mean, he can be an idiot, but...”

“Not that we know of,” you said. “And his older brother is here too and will keep him in check.”

“Well, have a good night you three,” Mallory said as she stood. “And I hope I’ll be texting you tomorrow.”

She left as the three of you said your goodbyes.

“Holy fucking shit,” Gemma said.

“We might have a foursome with a *smoking hot MILF*,” Sabrina broke into giggles, clapping a hand over her mouth hoping that they wouldn’t get even louder.

“I can’t believe that happened, “ you said. “I just thought her insight might be helpful.”

“Well, she helped lead the discussion and made me feel like I’m very clear and happy with where we’re at,” Gemma said.

“Same,” Sabrina nodded.

“And also we might bang her,” Gemma snickered.

“I dunno, she might bang *us*,” you said. “You don’t know what she likes.”

That got Sabrina giggling again.

“Soo, what was that about?” Ollie asked as she slid in next to the booth, planting her hands on the table as she leaned over and looked you all in the eyes.

“What was what about?” you asked, though considering Sabrina was still trying to get her giggles under control it was a losing gambit.

Ollie narrowed her eyes and she looked at you. “Who was the hot lady?”

“The wife of the owner,” Gemma said. “She wanted to know how we were doing.”

“Really? That guy is married to that woman?” Ollie asked, glancing over towards the bar.
“Jesus.”

“What does that mean?” you asked. “He looks pretty normal to me.”

“Well, yeah,” Ollie said. “He’s normal, she isn’t. I could have seen her married to like...” she glanced over to Gemma and Sabrina. “Who are older good-looking male celebrities?”

“George Clooney and Brad Pit would be the go-to’s,” Gemma said.

“I always thought Pierce Brosnan was a sexy older guy,” Sabrina said.

“Oooh, John. You should grow a beard,” Gemma said.

“Umm,” you said. “I dunno.”

“What about a moustache first?” Sabrina asked. “Could we start with a moustache to see what it’s like?”

“Hah, you don’t need to,” Ollie laughed. “He did Movember in our second year. I have pictures.”

Ollie was successfully distracted from asking about Mallory, though you ended up thoroughly embarrassed and blushing as Ollie showed off different pictures she had saved from over the last three years of University.

Once that game was done, you filled her in on how Edgar was chatting up with Mallory’s daughter, and Ollie almost broke down in a giggle fit of her own when she heard that the girl was described as a maneater by her own mother. “Poor Eddie,” Ollie laughed.

“Poor Eddie what?” Paul asked as he came over to the table. You all slid around a bit so he could fit in.

“Your brother is chatting up a chick who’s going to eat him alive,” Gemma said.

“Good, he deserves it,” Paul smirked. “But, other than her, I think this place is full of couples. Ollie, Brent and I were thinking of heading to the dance club. You in?”

Ollie pursed her lips and then nodded. “Sure. Wanna make a bet on who can get a number first?”

“Not a fucking chance,” Paul rolled his eyes, then looked to you and the girls. “You coming with?”

“We’re good,” you said. “See you back at the Air B&B.”

Paul shot you a thumbs up, and Ollie waved goodbye as she got up to follow him.

“Love?” Gemma said, reaching over to take your hand.

“Time to go?” you asked.

She nodded and smiled.

“Still lovey-dovey?” Sabrina asked Gemma.

“Mhmm,” Gemma nodded. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Sabrina smiled and then kissed her sweetly. “But I’ll come back too. I don’t want to hang out in a bar without you guys.”

“OK,” you said, taking a last drink of your water as you slipped around the side of the booth and stood up. “Let’s head out.”

“Next stop, Gemma’s booty,” Sabrina laughed.

“Sabrina!” Gemma scoffed at the volume of Sabrina’s declaration, but you could see the look in Gemma’s eye. She was horny as hell for you.

Chapter 311

"I'm just going to run up and grab my book," Sabrina said as you all entered the house. "Unless you guys are planning to start down here?"

"No," Gemma laughed. "Definitely don't want to risk someone walking in on us."

"Can you imagine the look on Victoria's face?" you chuckled.

Sabrina darted upstairs while you and Gemma kicked off your shoes. You took her in your arms and kissed her softly. "Is it weird that I love you so goddamn much and yet I'm still getting butterflies because I know we're about to have sex?"

Gemma smiled sweetly and shook her head. "No, love. I feel the same way."

"Alright," you said. "Just double-checking; all of that with Mallory was OK, right?"

Gemma nodded and hugged you tightly, pressing her cheek to your chest. "I was a little confused when you first asked her to sit down, but she was cool and even if she didn't add so much to the conversation, what she did add was good and she helped direct it so we didn't go in circles."

"And the other part?"

"She's hot as hell, John. Even if it's just a bucket-list kind of thing, having sex with her would be a lot of fun." She pulled back and looked up into your eyes. "You want that too, right?"

"Right now I just want you, love," you said.

You kissed her and she moaned softly against your lips.

"OK, the bedroom is free," Sabrina said as she came back down the stairs lightly. She'd changed into pyjama pants and a loose sweater and had her book in her hand. "And, um, I'm kind of looking forward to those clean sheets, so try not to make her squirt, baby?"

"No promises," Gemma laughed and stuck out her tongue. Then she left your arms and went to Sabrina, pulling her into a hug and a kiss. "Thanks for understanding."

"Thanks for being mine," Sabrina smiled back and then kissed Gemma on the tip of her nose. Then she gave Gemma a smack on the ass. "Now get our man upstairs, I can see his crotch bulge from here."

Gemma turned and grabbed your hand, pulling you towards the stairs, and you managed to snag a quick peck with Sabrina on your way by.

Upstairs, you shut the door behind you and Gemma was already pulling her shirt off, revealing the sexy bra she was wearing. She went to start undoing her jeans next but you caught her up in your arms, sweeping her off her feet, and lifted her up to kiss her stomach as she hummed a laugh and clutched onto your shoulders. Then you walked her to the bed and laid her down, lowering on top of her until you kissed her smoothly.

The three of you kissed often. If you thought about it from someone else's point of view, you would have been the equivalent of the gross couple in high school that were making out in the hallways all the time. The thing was, after a month and a half of dating the two of them, you'd learned a lot about what the different sorts of kisses were and meant.

This kiss was light and playful, with your tongues teasing with little dips against each other. It made a loud smacking noise compared to more intense kisses because you weren't pressing hard, but it still had that deep desire built into it. Gemma's hands were pulling at your shirt, lifting it up towards your armpits to get ready to strip it off of you, and you had one hand in her hair while the other rubbed against her hip and up to her bare side.

It ended and Gemma grinned as she pulled your shirt off of you, and then you continued making out.

There wasn't a rush to get naked. Oftentimes while the girls still managed to make it sexy, this part of sex was done quickly because you just wanted to be in or on each other. But Gemma had made it clear she wanted you to make love to her, and part of that was making sure she knew you lusted after every part of her.

You ended up rolling over, Gemma wanting a turn on top, and she grinned into your kisses as she undid your belt and then your pants while you reached around her to undo her bra. The snap came open, and Gemma sat up to pull off the bra, her heavy tits falling out with a natural little bounce.

"I fucking love the way you look at me, John," Gemma said with a smile. "Do you like my tits? Because they're all yours, love."

"I love them, Gemma," you said, slowly running your hands up from her torso, starting at her stomach until you were cupping her breasts from below. "I love how well they suit you, and how they feel. I love how naturally they hang, and how they jiggle and bounce when we're fucking. I especially love your areolas and how you squirm a little when I play with them, and how absolutely suckable your gorgeous nipples are."

Gemma was smiling broadly and she leaned back down, crushing her tits to your chest as she kissed you deeply. Then, in an extended body roll, she sat back up again and lifted her tits a little with her hand and bounced them softly. "I still can't believe Sabrina thought about getting a nipple piercing today," she laughed. "Do you think I should consider it?"

"I think you don't need them, but they would be hot," you answered honestly.

"What do you think; little barbells or rings you could tug on?" Gemma smirked.

"Barbells for you," you said. "Sabrina would need to be the one with rings. Are you being serious?"

"No," she said, chuckling warmly. "I like my breasts like this. I wouldn't mind Sabrina getting one or two though."

You sat up, pressing your face into her cleavage as you stood slightly and rolled both of you over again while Gemma laughed at the feeling of your cheeks and lips between her breasts. You laid her down on her back and she hooked her ankles around the small of your back, holding you in place as you separated from her tits. "We're supposed to be focusing on you, love."

"OK," she said softly, reaching up and running her fingers through your hair.

You bent back down and started raining kisses and little nibbles on her tits, making her moan softly and scratch her fingers in the bedsheets. "Oh, John," she sighed. "Oh, love."

You took your time getting to her nipples, and when you got there they were hard and erect, little rubbery points that you softly kissed, then gently started to suckle on and humm against as you massaged her other tit.

"I want your cock, love," Gemma panted. "I'm so fucking horny for you."

You came away from Gemma's nipple with a pop, letting it drop from the suction as you looked up at her. "Not yet," you said, reaching to finish undoing her pants and pull them down. "First I'm going to eat you until all I can smell and taste is you."

Gemma closed her eyes and breathed in deeply while nodding. "Oh, fuck. Yes, please, love."

Chapter 312

Eating out Gemma was always going to be something you wanted to do. The way she moaned and writhed and squirmed as you teased and tasted her was music to your ears. And since she was wearing that buttplug there were even more ways to do that - you could pull and push on the plug, or wiggle it around with a finger as you stabbed your tongue inside of her or against her clit.

For her part, Gemma gave you exactly what she knew you wanted - she let you know how much she enjoyed and appreciated you. She moaned loudly and whimpered and giggled when you teased her. She ran her hands through your hair and begged you for more of that one thing, or grabbed her tits hard and squeezed her eyes shut as she panted when you brought her closer to the edge of an orgasm.

She whimpered when you backed off and didn't let her come, but she didn't complain because the two of you were used to the play.

Once her pussy was flushed and her lips were slightly open from wanting more than a tongue or a finger dipping inside, you sat back a little and just blew a little stream of cool air against her pussy, making her giggle and squirm some more.

"Come up here," she asked, motioning with her hands. "I want to taste me on you."

You did as she asked and soon you were pressing her down into the mattress as you made out and she licked her own juices off of your cheeks.

"I still can't believe what a whore I love being for you, love," she gasped.

"I'll never stop loving you for it," you promised her. "I'm so happy that we can be open like this."

"Me too," she gasped. The gasp wasn't from her emotions so much as from the fact that you'd slowly inserted two fingers into her cunt. "Cock," she breathed out.

"I want to get you off with my fingers first," you told her.

She shook her head. "No, love. I want you inside me. I want your first load filling my pussy with your warmth. I want to feel you fill me. Then I want to get down and show you exactly how much I love that cock by sucking you hard again before you take my ass."

"OK," you said, finding it hard to argue with a series of actions like that. You kissed her again and leaned back, dropping your pants and boxers and stripping off your socks. "Buttplug in or out?"

"In," Gemma said. "You already make me feel stuffed when we fuck - I want to feel even more of that with you."

"Get on your stomach," you told her, and she flipped over and wiggled her juicy bum at you before spreading her legs. You climbed up and mounted her, your cock pressing between her butt cheeks before you scooped your hips and got it into position to enter her. She moaned at the first touch, but you teased your cock head between her lips. "I love you, love."

"You still say it wrong," she smirked a little, looking over her shoulder at you as she reached her arms forward above her head. That left her completely vulnerable to you in the prone position.

"I know," you chuckled, and pressed your cock into her.

She moaned softly, her lips quivering a little, and you groaned as you worked your cock in and out of her a few times before resting your chest down onto her back. You kissed the side of her neck, then behind her ear, as the two of you slowly worked your hips.

It was slow fucking, but that was the point. You both let out little wordless grunts and sighs. One of you would shift a leg to find a slightly different angle. She arched her back to crane her neck and kiss you lightly. You buried your hands under her to softly run your fingers over her tits or reached up to hold one of her hands with yours over her head.

You fucked Gemma slowly, feeling every soft pressure and groove inside of her. She was usually just a little less purely tight than Sabrina, which you weren't sure was because of their size difference or something else, but with the buttplug in you could feel the weird extra node of pressure that changed the angle of some things.

"I love you, John," Gemma sighed, and you shifted her braided hair to the side away from her face and saw she was smiling but crying.

"I love you too, Gemma," you promised her. "And I'm going to be yours forever."

"Thank you," she whispered.

You leaned down and kissed her tears away, then buried your nose in her hair as you fucked her just a little firmer.

"Are you close, love?" she asked.

"Getting there," you said. "Have you?"

"Lots of little ones," she said.

"So that's what those little flexes are," you smiled.

“Mhmm,” she nodded happily.

“Still want it inside you?”

“God, yes,” she gasped. “Deep inside, please.”

You started giving her more full thrusts, burying deep into her. The angle wasn't the best to get the deepest you could - her ass was plump enough that it was a bit of a block as it pressed and squished against your hips.

“Give it to me, love. Give me my cum. Give me your love,” Gemma requested of you. It wasn't begging; this wasn't the kind of sex where begging made sense.

You groaned and pressed as deep as you could, feeling the warmth boil up from your feet and wash over you in a wave as you flexed and humped a little, dumping your load deep into her.

“Yesss,” Gemma breathed out, her hands grabbing the sheets hard as her cunt fluttered in response to your orgasm.

You finished and panted three heavy breaths and kissed between Gemma's now slightly glistening shoulders before rolling off of her.

“Something like that?” you asked with a smirk.

“Exactly, love,” Gemma groaned happily. Then she shifted and knelt over you, kissing you firmly. “I love you, and I'm so fucking happy that you're the only person I've ever let do that. I wish you could have been my first.”

“I wish I could have been that for you too, Gemma,” you said. “But I'm so happy we found each other.”

“Me too,” she said. Then she kissed you again and then started trailing kisses down your body. She reached your cock and turned her head so she could with your face as she took your half-hard, cummy and juice-covered cock between her lips and started sucking you hard again.

“Oh, Gemma,” you grunted. “Oh, love.”

Chapter 313

“Oooh, fuck yes, love,” Gemma moaned as you pulled your cock out of her ass and then teased it right back in again.

She was laying with her back propped up by a couple of pillows. Missionary wasn't the simplest position to do anal in, but after doing the prone bone you both wanted to be able to face each other properly. So Gemma was holding her legs spread wide and with her hips right at the edge of the bed and tilted to give you access to her asshole between the lower curves and cleavage of her ass cheeks. She'd gotten you fully hard again, and then you'd taken turns lubing each other up with your fingers, before assuming the position. Now you were standing and dipping your cock in and out of Gemma's ass, teasing her hole and enjoying the visual of her ass trying to stay grabbing on but losing to the lube.

“How different is it to my pussy?” Gemma asked softly, massaging her nipples as she watched you with half-hooded eyes and breathed through her mouth.

“I'd never get them mixed up,” you said. “But not so different. Your asshole is tighter to get in, obviously, and it's less wet but warmer. It feels amazing. What's it feel like for you?”

“It feels like I'm doing something horribly wrong, but it's so right that it's with you,” Gemma said. “The physical of it is good, especially once we've been going a bit, but it's just knowing that it's you, in my ass, fucking me, that makes it so good.”

You grinned and leaned down to kiss her, and used that opportunity to push deeper into her. She groaned loudly against your lips and let go of her tits to grab your arms, but pulled instead of pushed so you didn't stop until you'd rooted yourself into her.

“Fuck, that's so good,” she breathed her words into your mouth. “You're so deep in my ass, love.”

You managed to get just a little deeper, though it wasn't on purpose - it was in panic as the door to the bedroom opened.

“Sorry,” Sabrina said quietly, quickly entering and shutting the door. “Sorry, I didn't want to interrupt!”

“What's wrong?” Gemma asked, her flush of brief panic colouring her face a little more.

“Corey and Victoria came back,” Sabrina said. “We're going to go sit in the hot tub. But Corey said that the others were coming back soon too and you weren't being super loud but I still thought I should warn you.”

Gemma hesitated a moment, biting her lip, then said, “Can you grab the ball gag for me?”

“Sure,” Sabrina smiled and went into the washroom and came back with the bag they’d stashed beneath the counter. She pulled out the ball gag and got on her knees on the bed, quickly checking out what was going on between us. “God, you look hot like that with your pretty little pussy lips pressed against him.” Then she leaned in and kissed Gemma softly before putting the ball gag in her mouth and strapping it around the back of her head so that Gemma’s now messy braid was still free. Then Sabrina got a look on her face that screamed ‘Naughty!’ and she rummaged back in the bag and came out with a pair of nipple clamps that looked a little like tweezers with an adjustable ring. She quickly put them on Gemma’s nipples and tightened them enough to stay on. Gemma moaned into the ball gag and glared at her, but that just made Sabrina snicker a little.

“There,” Sabrina said with a smirk. “Now she’s a proper little slut for you, baby.” She got off the bed and went to change into a swimsuit.

“You OK, love?” you asked Gemma quietly.

Gemma mumbled something and nodded, squeezing your arms to ask you to start fucking her again, which you did with long, slow strokes. The way she was positioned made her tits prominent and squeezed together between her upper arms, and now her nipples were even more prominent with the clamps, but you still made sure to switch between watching her chest and her eyes.

“Is it weird that I think you look really pretty with a gag in your mouth?” you asked after a minute.

That made her laugh, which squeezed her asshole around your cock.

“All done,” Sabrina said, stepping out of the washroom. She was wearing a sleek little one-piece in black and royal blue.

“I didn’t even know you owned a one-piece,” you said.

“Well, I figured after our talk earlier that I didn’t want to wear a bikini down there without you or Gemma. I mean, it’s just Corey and Victoria and nothing would ever happen, but I feel like... I don’t know. It’s like a respect thing for you two, I guess? Even if it’s silly because of the *other thing*, but that’s how I feel.”

Gemma let go of one of her legs to flash Sabrina a thumbs-up and mumbled relatively clearly an ‘I love you, baby.’

Sabrina smiled and came over and kissed you, then dropped to her knees next to you. “Pull out, baby,” she said.

You did, pulling slowly out of Gemma's ass as your blonde girlfriend whimpered softly. When you popped out fully Sabrina immediately took your cock and bobbed in one long suck down its length, sucking you and running her tongue across it despite it having just been in Gemma's ass. Then she turned to Gemma and pressed her tongue right into her asshole, rimming her deeply as it stayed a little open from wearing the buttplug for so long and then your cock reaming.

Gemma moaned in surprise, then snorted through her nose once, before Sabrina pulled away and stood up, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. She pulled you down and kissed your cheek. "I love you, baby." Then she knelt with one leg on the bed and kissed Gemma on the cheek. "I love you, baby."

"Love you too, Sabrina," you said, and Gemma mumbled her agreement.

"Have fun," she whispered and directed your cock back into Gemma for you. Then she grabbed her towel and headed for the door.

Once Sabrina was gone you eased back into Gemma and sighed, leaning down to kiss her cheek as well. "We're in love with one nasty little slut, but she's all ours," you whispered to Gemma.

Gemma grinned around the rubber ball and nodded, then humped her hips a little asking for you to make love to her ass.

Chapter 314

“Yeah, OK,” Gemma said, still a little hoarse. “That hit the spot.”

You hummed a chuckle and squeezed her a little tighter to you. The both of you were naked, laying near the foot of the bed as you gently spooned her. The ball gag was laying somewhere near the middle of the bed, and the nipple clamps had hit the floor at some point. Gemma had a half dozen fresh hickies across her cleavage, and her nipples were ruddy and swollen as you lay basking in the sweaty warmth of each other.

“So it was good for you?” you asked with a little smile.

That made her laugh and turn over to face you, her nose grazing against yours as she stared into your eyes. “The best I’ve ever had, love.”

You kissed her softly, and she returned it with an earnestness that set flutters in your chest despite the fact that the two of you had been having wild buttsex not five minutes ago.

“God, part of me wants to call Sabrina up here,” Gemma sighed.

“I don’t think I can go anymore, love,” you said.

“Not for you, for me,” Gemma smirked. “Get her to massage my ass with her tongue since she’s such a nasty little slut. I’m going to be feeling it tomorrow.”

“Good hurt?” you asked.

“The best,” she assured you with a smile.

“Well, what about this,” you suggested. “I pick you up and carry you into the shower, and we wash the sweat and cum off, and then we head down to join them in the hot tub?”

“Mmmm,” Gemma considered and then nodded. “Yes, please.”

It took another couple of minutes of softly touching and kissing each other for you to finally roll off the end of the bed heavily and then stand, scooping your girlfriend up into your arms and carrying her into the washroom.

You were leading Gemma down the stairs when the front door burst open. Edgar piled in followed by the blonde who you recognized as Mallory’s daughter from the pub.

“Oh, hey,” Edgar said. “Ummm.”

“Hey,” you said, walking the rest of the way down and then turning and taking Gemma’s hand. Together you crossed to the front door and the mismatched couple. “Hi, I’m John,” you said, holding out a hand to Mallory’s daughter. “This is Gemma. And I’m sorry for whatever Edgar has, or will, say and do.”

That made the girl smirk and laugh while Edgar rolled her eyes. “Thanks. I’m Genevieve. And he hasn’t been *too* bad a boy so far.”

“Well, have fun with whatever you’re getting up to,” Gemma said. “I’m sure it’ll just be board games or something, down in the basement where anyone might walk in.” She looked pointedly at Edgar.

“Oh yeah,” Edgar said. “Uh... definitely here to just play some Monopoly.”

You rolled your eyes as Edgar grabbed Genevieve’s hand and led her to the stairs down into the basement. When they were gone, the tinkling laughter of the blonde cut off by Edgar shutting the door, you glanced at Gemma.

“What?” she asked.

“You had to break his balls that much?”

“After the ‘control your woman’ thing?” Gemma pointed out. “Definitely.”

“Fair,” you said. You were just happy that Gemma had taken the precaution of wrapping a towel around her chest before you’d left the bedroom or else Edgar and his new friend would have gotten an eyeful of the hickies on her cleavage.

You and Gemma headed out of the house, and Sabrina’s face lit up as you rounded the corner and walked towards the hot tub. She was sitting across from Corey and Victoria and it looked like they’d been talking and sipping on beers. You helped Gemma up into the tub and took her towel for her to set aside before you dipped back into the house to grab drinks for you and her, and refills for Sabrina and Corey.

“Hey, baby,” Sabrina grinned again as you stepped into the hot tub, passing out the beers. She took hers and set it aside, immediately hugging herself to you as you sat down in between her and Gemma.

“Hey to you too,” you said with a smile. Then you were surprised by Sabrina kissing you firmly and a little overzealously. When she finally broke away you were half-stunned by it, but also confused.

“She did it to me, too,” Gemma chuckled. “Seems like our partner felt a little left out.”

"I'm sorry, Sabrina," you said, rubbing your hand along her arm as you hugged her to you.

"No, no need to apologize," Sabrina said. "Alone time is good, and I'm looking forward to mine. With both of you. I just missed you."

"We saw you, what, twenty-five minutes ago?" Gemma asked.

Sabrina made a face and stuck out her tongue, making all four of you laugh.

You could tell Corey wanted to ask something, but felt like it might be too personal, and he let it go and changed the subject of the conversation. The five of you chatted about random stuff, just feeling casual as you enjoyed the hot water. Occasionally some of you would rise up to sit on the edge, just keeping your feet in, so that you could cool off. The first time Gemma did that she blushed a little in the dark - she hadn't really brought a swimsuit that didn't show off at least a little of her cleavage, and even wearing the one that covered her the most there were two hickies standing out.

Victoria blushed as well, and you caught Corey glancing at them once and looking away, then glancing down at Victoria's impressive if moderately covered cleavage. You could tell he was thinking about doing that to his own girlfriend. No one mentioned anything, and the conversation covered the blip, and Gemma wasn't blushing at all the next time she raised up out of the water.

She did, however, slip back down below when the three loud club-goers for the night came strolling back home.

"Any luck tonight?" you called.

"I," Paul said, coming over to the hot tub with his chest puffed out. "Got a blowjob."

"Thanks to whom?" Ollie demanded, also coming over.

"OK, Ollie helped," Paul said.

Ollie coughed loudly.

"Ollie did most of the heavy lifting," Paul corrected himself. "Thank you, dearest lesbian friend."

"Well, I got something too," she smirked, then turned to you five. "I got a little head myself from this cute little redhead."

"I got a rock," Brent sighed, shooting off a Charlie Brown quote. He was usually luckier at the bars and clubs than Edgar and Paul put together.

“Congrats on the conquests,” Gemma said. “I’d say pics or it didn’t happen, but that would be rude.”

“Oh, I have pics,” Ollie laughed. “But they’re staying locked up in my secure folder.”

“You got a pic!?” Paul asked, clearly shocked.

The three of them headed inside, bickering about getting pictures from hookups, and Corey and Victoria decided to call it a night too and got out of the hot tub. You got a brief eyeful of Victoria’s tits jiggling in her top as she dried herself off, and when you looked away you caught Sabrina looking as well and she had the decency to blush. It wasn’t like you could blame her, those things were *impressive*.

You didn’t think to warn the couple until after they were gone that Edgar was ‘entertaining’ down in the basement if one of them had to go get their sheets out of the dryer. Hopefully, they’d seen the pair coming in and made the assumption.

“Hey, Gemma?” Sabrina asked as the three of you sat in the darkness and looked up at the night sky.

“Yes, baby?” Gemma asked, reaching across your shoulders to play her fingers along Sabrina’s neck.

“Did you have a good buttfuck?”

“The best,” Gemma grinned into the night. “Thanks for asking.”

Chapter 315

You couldn't keep the smile on your face as you watched your girlfriends getting ready for bed. Gemma kept grabbing Sabrina's butt and kissing her neck, and Sabrina clearly was annoyed but also didn't want it to stop as she switched back and forth from moaning in appreciation to scoffing playfully and pulling away. Then she would get Gemma back by turning and kissing her on the lips and trailing her fingers across Gemma's mound but not actually touching her pussy or clit.

The reverie you'd found from the bed was interrupted by your phone ringing.

"It's Becks," you said, smiling but also feeling your brow crease a little. It was past 1 am on a Saturday night.

"Well, answer it," Sabrina said, hip-bumping Gemma out of the way so she could get back into the bathroom.

You answered the call. "Hey, Becks," you said quietly.

"Hey, Daddy," she said.

Oh. It was that sort of call.

"Hey, Becks," Gemma said as she crawled up on the bed. All she was wearing was one of your t-shirts, the bumps of her nipples pressing against the fabric.

"Am I on speaker?" Becks asked.

"No, she just knows it was you calling," you said.

"Hand me to her?" Becks requested.

You handed the phone over to Gemma and they had a brief, cryptic conversation as Gemma smirked at me. Then Gemma rolled back off the bed, heading for the bathroom and lifting up the hem of her shirt to flash you her bum. Her grin at you over her shoulder was an absolute tease.

Gemma and Sabrina, and presumably Becks, spoke quietly in the bathroom for a few minutes before both of your girlfriends came back out. Sabrina, opposite to Gemma, was only wearing a thong. Both of them had their hair down and brushed out, ready for bed, and you had a sense of peace seeing them so natural.

"What did she want?" you asked.

“You’ll see,” Gemma said, tossing you your phone before getting up under the covers with you on one side while Sabrina got up on the other.

Before you could ask another question your phone pinged with a text. You looked at it with a frown and saw that it was from Becks. You opened it up and it was a picture of her in an apartment bathroom, looking at herself in the mirror. She was wearing a silk blue negligee that hung from her shoulders by thin little straps and showed off a whole lot of her cleavage. She was giving a hooded-eyes, sexy-lip-bite look.

You blew out a breath at seeing the picture.

“She had another bad date tonight,” Sabrina explained. “She’s looking for a forever-guy and isn’t just putting up with boys with big dicks anymore. And since tonight was a flop, and she was horny, she was masturbating thinking about you.”

“She was going to ask you for phone sex again,” Gemma whispered, snuggling close to your side and dipping her hand down beneath the covers to fondle your cock.

“We said she should text you pictures, and we’d text some back,” Sabrina grinned, taking her own phone and lifting it high, snapping a selfie with the three of you in it.

Another pic came in from Becks. She’d let one shoulder of her negligee fall off her arm, baring one of her perfect breasts. Her mouth was open in a soft pant.

Another one came shortly after. Both tits out, her biting her lip again as she tugged on one of her nipples.

Sabrina took a picture of you kissing Gemma.

Becks sent another, this time she was naked and looking over her shoulder, showing off her butt.

Gemma took Sabrina’s phone and took a picture of you and Sabrina kissing. Then another as you suckled on that sweet spot on Sabrina’s neck.

Becks had moved and was now naked on her bed, showing off her pussy lips with one leg bent to the side. There was a dildo on the bed next to her.

Sabrina hummed a laugh as she let the covers slip down.

The pictures traded back and forth quickly. Gemma and Sabrina both took turns fondling your cock, giving you handjobs, and then licking and sucking on it. A couple of the pictures even had both of them doing it. Becks’ return pictures were a little rougher, not quite as well framed, though that was understandable since it was just her and one of her hands was usually busy.

She started by spreading herself lewdly, then sucking on the dildo to get it wet, and then was fucking herself with it. She showed off her sticky fingers. She turned over and you had to wonder at how she was twisting herself to get a shot from behind herself. She even tested the dildo against her asshole, clearly putting pressure on it to pop in as the rubber appendage was bending. Then one silly frowning face - obviously her butt wasn't taking the dildo.

It went on for almost thirty minutes and there must have been a hundred photos sent back and forth until finally you had Sabrina deepthroating your cock as your phone rang.

"Hey, baby," you said quietly, a little over a whisper.

"Can I come, Daddy?" Becks moaned in your ear. "Please can I come on your cock?"

"You may," you said, groaning as you let your own orgasm start to release. "Do it, Becks. Come for me while I fill up that pretty little cunt."

Becks' moans as she came were musical and delicious. Gemma's humming chuckle in your other ear was a beautiful counterpoint as she listened in. Sabrina's chortles of happiness as she swallowed down your load were like a counter melody to the whole thing.

As you and Becks both breathed heavily, coming down the other side of your orgasms, you could hear her grunt slightly as she stretched. "Thanks, John," she said. "That was really good. I needed that."

"Any time, Becks," you said with a smile. "Want me to delete the pics?"

"No, keep them," she laughed. "I'll delete the ones with the girls' faces in them. Mind if I keep a couple of the dick pics though?"

"Fine with me," you said, glancing at Gemma who nodded with a smile.

"When are you guys back?" Becks asked.

"Monday afternoon," you said. "Want to do dinner on Tuesday, catch up on everything?"

"Sure," she said and you could hear the easy smile. "God, that really hit the spot. Thanks, Daddy."

"My pleasure, Miss Lusty," you grinned before hanging up.

"So we're fucking Becks on Tuesday?" Sabrina asked, coming up from licking your cock clean.

"Dinner doesn't mean sex," Gemma laughed.

“I mean...” Sabrina said with a smirk. “It *is* us.”

That made you laugh.

Chapter 316

You woke up feeling *fucking amazing*. Which was weird, because usually you felt that way when you woke up with one of your beautiful girlfriends sucking your cock, or even riding it gently, but today you slowly drifted awake and you were snuggled up on your side with your arms around Sabrina, your semi-hard cock pressed against her back and her butt against your thighs. Gemma was behind you, up even higher on the pillow than you were, her breasts softly resting against your shoulders and her nose pressed into your hair as she let out little snoring exhalations. Her leg was curled up over your hip slightly, the warmth of her thigh pressing down.

Bundled up under the covers, you were almost too hot to be comfortable, but it was just so good.

"I know you're awake," Sabrina whispered.

That made you smile as you shifted your arms around her slightly so you could gently cup one of her breasts. "How did you know?" you asked.

"Your breathing changes when you wake up," she said quietly. "It hitches just for a second, then you let out a little 'uh' deep down in your chest, and I know you're waking up."

"How long have you been waiting for that little 'uh'?" you asked.

"All my life," she said, and you could hear the smile on her lips.

You bent your neck to kiss her on the top of her head.

"I'm going to go shower," Sabrina whispered. "But I don't want to get up."

"Mmmm, I don't want you to either," you mumbled.

"John?" she asked.

"Mhmm?"

"Can we just always sleep together from now on? Like, my place or your place, or Gemma's? I don't want to wake up without you anymore."

You had to absorb that for a second. The three of you, so far, had been trying not to go *all in* all in so fast. Trying to make sure you were all getting space during the week, to be your own people and not just be obsessed with each other. It had been hard as hell.

"I want that too," you admitted. "But-"

“Oh, stop,” Gemma grumbled. “We’re obviously gonna do it,” She smacked her lips as she woke up more, then leaned down and kissed your ear, then shifted more and crawled half over you so she could kiss Sabrina on the lips, turning the brunette's face by the chin to meet her. They started making out.

“She gets tongue and I get a kiss on the ear?” you smirked.

“Says the guy pressing his cock against her,” Gemma smirked right back.

“I’m so blessed,” Sabrina giggled.

The three of you did, in fact, manage to pull yourselves out of bed. Sabrina had first dibs on the shower and you ended up getting kisses from Gemma as the two of you tried to decide what to wear for the day. Sabrina was just out of the shower, and giggling hard again as you picked her naked, wet body up wrapped in her towel and carried her around the room, when Gemma’s phone pinged.

You set Sabrina down and started to dry her off as Gemma fetched her phone.

“Well, well, well,” Gemma said, grinning as she read the text she’d gotten.

“Is that Mallory?” Sabrina asked excitedly. “Or is it Becks wanting round two from last night?”

“It’s Mallory,” Gemma said, then she put on what must have been her ‘Sexy American MILF’ accent to read the text, dropping her voice low and husky. “Good morning, sexy young things. I spoke with my hubby and he got very hard at the idea of me spending some time with you today, as long as he can hear about it afterwards. I would love to meet up with you for some fun. Are you still interested?”

“That’s not anywhere close to her voice,” you laughed. “But it was still hot.”

“Tell her yes!” Sabrina said, wriggling free from your towel-drying and skipping over to Gemma to look at the texts.

“I am,” Gemma nodded with a grin as she was typing. “Dear Mallory, We’re all super excited to see more of you. How does right after lunch sound, or do you work at the shop today? And do you want to see *how* excited?”

Mallory responded quickly that she wasn’t working, and that was a perfect time to meet. You ended up deciding that it was probably best for everyone involved if she came to the rental rather than you going to her house. She also indicated she would very much like to see the excitement.

Gemma took a picture of Sabrina's hard nipple, but Sabrina went one further and took a second one, a closeup with Gemma mid-lick of her nipple. Then Gemma took a quick photo of the wet patch in the front of her panties after pulling them tight to her mound - she'd gotten hot and bothered with the making out you two had been doing while Sabrina was in the shower, and now discussing the foursome.

Your cock was last, and it only took a couple of strokes for Sabrina to get it hard. They ended up taking a picture of it with one of Sabrina's hands and one of Gemma's hands both wrapped around your shaft, the head just poking out the end.

Gemma sent the photos, and while she did it Sabrina dropped to her knees and started to slowly suck you. Sabrina stopped when another text message came through, and Gemma's eyes went wide before showing you the photo.

Mallory, though her head was out of the shot, was sitting at a kitchen table clearly having breakfast. She was in a thin white housecoat, the upper part falling loose to show a lot of cleavage and one perfect, pointy nipple exposed. The bottom was also loose, and her legs were spread just enough to show a hint of her pussy without any details.

"Fuck," Sabrina said. "She really would make a shitload of money if she did content."

Gemma kissed you, grinning, and then took her phone back from Sabrina and kissed her too.

"Can't wait to fuck you," Gemma said as she typed. "And John isn't allowed to come until you milk the first one out of him. Your choice on how to do that."

Mallory just sent back a laughing-hard emoji and a kiss emoji.

"Guys," Gemma said as she looked at the two of you with a big smile. "We're fucking a MILF."

Chapter 317

The three of you were, somehow, still some of the earliest folks awake in the morning. Victoria was the only other person up and was reading quietly in the living room area as you all came downstairs. Gemma went to sit with her while you and Sabrina hit the kitchen to start whipping up another breakfast for the crew. Everyone else was heading back home that night after dinner, while you, Gemma and Sabrina were using your extra day off of work to stay one more night in the rental.

“Have you mentioned to the boys about living together for the school year?” Sabrina asked you as the two of you worked to whip up a mess of pancakes.

“Shit,” you sighed. “I totally forgot I needed to do that. I’ll take care of it today, baby.”

“Good,” she grinned. “Not that I care if they whine and complain, because you’re mine and Gemma’s, but I’d rather them not be mad at me.”

“They wouldn’t and won’t be,” you assured her. “Corey and Ollie both really like you.”

“Yeah, but Brent and Paul are the ones who you’re going to be leaving to find a new roommate,” Sabrina pointed out.

“They like you too,” you said. “You just happen to be taken, and they are on the hunt for boobs and butts so they aren’t paying as much attention.”

Sabrina grinned and rolled her eyes in a ‘Boys’ sort of expression. Then she softened her look. “Baby, about earlier...”

“Mallory?” you asked.

“No, before that. About us staying together now,” Sabrina said. “I really *do* want that, but I know it’s not logistically possible.”

“Shhh,” you hushed her, stepping over and wrapping your arms around her. She was wearing one of your hoodies, the only one you’d brought on the trip, and had on workout shorts hidden underneath it. She leaned into you as you wrapped your arms around her. “Maybe not *every* night,” you said quietly. “But more for sure.”

“Thanks,” she grinned and pursed her lips. You leaned down to kiss her.

The pancakes started to stack up, and you turned the oven on low and started loading them onto a baking tray to keep them warm as you kept flipping and frying. Sabrina took over most of the other work.

“Anything we can do to help?” Victoria asked. You turned and saw that she and Gemma were coming into the kitchen together.

“Pretty simple this morning, Vic,” you said. “Thank you though. How did you sleep?”

“Pretty good,” Victoria said, then blushed for almost no reason. “Thanks for asking. And thanks for hanging out last night, it was fun.”

“Of course,” you said. “Any time.”

“I, for one, am happy that I’ll have you around during the school year,” Sabrina said, stepping around the kitchen island to hug Victoria. “I mean, Ollie is great, but you are simply lovely.”

“Thanks,” Victoria said, hugging her back with the biggest smile you might have ever seen on her, other than when she was looking at Corey. “Don’t you have a group of friends back there, though?”

“I do, but it’s more like…” Sabrina waved her hand back and forth. “We study together, we go to academic talks, we study some more, occasionally we get together and drink at someone’s house and they argue about world issues they only half-understand. I *like* them, but they’re boring and think they know everything. Having normal, actually interesting friends who like *stuff* and *doing things* outside of the internet is important.”

“I promise not to become an internet person,” Victoria chuckled. “And maybe you can come volunteer with me and Corey, get out of the house.”

“I will,” Sabrina promised. “And I’ll even drag John with me.”

“Hey,” you said. “No volun-telling me for things. You know I don’t like people. Or animals. Or plants.”

“Lies,” Gemma declared. “You like all those things. Especially people. Especially *these* people.” She gestured around at the house.

You smirked. “Caught me,” you said. “I’ll come along without complaining.”

Corey was the next person down, and with him there everyone started to set the table for breakfast as you kept adding to the pile of pancakes. Brent was next, almost stumbling down the stairs as he groaned about his hangover, followed next by Ollie doing the same thing. Paul was last, looking chipper as hell.

Mimosas, strong and with extra fruit floating inside, were quickly prepared by Ollie with Victoria’s help.

“Who’s going to go wake up Edgar?” Ollie asked as she sat down, looking pointedly at Paul.

“Hey, I’m not my brother’s keeper,” Paul said. “Let’s just leave him a plate, if he can’t get his ass up at a reasonable time.”

That’s exactly what you all did, setting aside a plate for him and then universally demolishing the rest of the meal. Not one scrap of food was left other than what was on the plate for Edgar, and even then you caught Paul sneaking one of the breakfast sausages off of it for himself.

Ollie once again rallied the boys to clean the kitchen, and since most of them were leaving that day it had been decided you would all hit the beach in the morning to make the most of the day. Everyone rushed to get changed, and when you headed out the door Paul left a difficult-to-read note that said ‘Gone Swimming’ for his brother.

You’d contemplated driving the convertible down to the beach since it was a beautiful day, but parking it would be annoying and possibly expensive, so you walked again, and this time your girls stuck with you the entire way instead of trading off to talk with Ollie or Victoria. They both seemed extra... clingy wasn’t the right word. Affectionate, maybe. Gemma lifted your hand, fingers intertwined, several times to kiss the back of it. Sabrina kissed your arm that hers was looped around, and at one corner as you waited for early holiday traffic to pass she slipped her hands into your pockets while she stood in front of you. She didn’t *do* anything with that position, she just did it casually, getting that much closer to you until it was time to move.

Once you hit the beach the over-affection dimmed a little as you spread out towels and got yourselves situated, but you noticed that both of them were smiling even more than usual, and biting their lips softly. You couldn’t figure out what was going on until you finally realized it - they were as horny as you were, looking forward to lunch. Or, rather, what was coming *after* lunch.

After everything that had happened last night, you weren’t exactly aching with blue balls despite the interrupted blowjob that morning, but as you walked your way down to the water across the less-crowded morning beach, you could feel your cock stiffen and stir a little in your trunks and were happy when you splashed into the ocean.

Chapter 318

“Look over there!”

You looked, like a fool, and Ollie smacked her hand down in a crack on the back of your shoulder. With a groan you rolled over, wincing at the sharp pain as you lowered your sunglasses.

“Thanks,” you said.

“Serves you right for almost falling asleep,” Ollie chuckled. She took a sip from her water bottle - the one she’d filled with the second round of mimosas that she’d made before you all left - and sighed loudly as she settled in cross-legged next to you on her towel. Sabrina and Gemma had gone for a walk with Corey and Victoria, your two girlfriends holding hands as they went with the couple, and Brent and Paul had run down to the water again since Edgar had finally shown up. The guys and Ollie had razzed him about hooking up with his ‘local virgin girl’ in the basement and Edgar had spun a dirty retelling of how tight she’d been, etc. etc. You didn’t have the heart to tell him he’d slept with a girl a year younger than him with probably double, or even triple, the body count he did.

Ollie had gone off to the public restrooms, and she’d caught you accidentally starting to doze off in the heat when she’d come back.

“Alright,” she sighed. “So.”

“So?” you asked, sitting up and reaching for the sunscreen, starting to slather another layer on yourself.

“So,” Ollie nodded. “You’re dating two women who are way out of your league. They are both pretty fantastic, they are both totally smitten with you, and even though you guys tried to keep quiet last night I could still hear enough that I have even more confirmation they’re pretty happy with you in bed. So, what the fuck happened?”

“I... don’t know?” you said. “You already heard how we met.”

“Yeah, but how did you go from ‘my work buddy John’ to ‘Relationship Sex God John?’” Ollie asked, then she put on a ridiculous British brogue. “Are ye a wizard, Johnny?”

“No, I’m not a wizard,” you chuckled.

“Any magic involved? Voodoo? Genies and three wishes?”

“Nope.”

“Mind control? Did you hypnotize them, or reprogram their brains? Wack science pheromones?”

“I’m starting to get a little insulted.”

“Blackmail? A relationship app? Aliens? A bet gone wrong, but oh so right? Truth or dare?”

“Where are you getting these ideas?” you chuckled.

“Porn, mostly,” Ollie laughed and shrugged. A middle-aged woman walking by on the beach looked over at her, scowling openly. “What?” Ollie demanded loudly. “I watch porn. I read porn. I flick my bean to porn. Get over it and stop listening in on people’s conversations.”

The woman scowled harder and stormed away.

“Jesus,” you laughed.

“Oh, she had it coming,” Ollie smirked. “But seriously, John. This is me checking in on you for the last time this weekend. Are you good? Is everything OK? Are you kidnapped by soul-sucking vampire chicks and need to be rescued?”

“If they were vampires, why are we at the beach?” you pointed out.

“Fair,” Ollie said.

“Yes, I’m fine,” you said. “No, correction - I’m fucking great, Ollie. I’m in love with them, and they are in love with me. And the roadblocks ahead of us are things we can manage, and plan for. And the things we can’t plan for we can handle together.”

“And you’re not sacrificing your future, right?” Ollie asked. “Like, you’re not simping out and going to work them through law school or something.”

“We’re all going together,” you said. “We’re a team. A tripod. We’ll all support each other, and get where we all want to be.”

“OK,” Ollie said and sighed, raising her sunglasses. “One last question then.”

“What’s that?”

“Where can I find two hotties like them?”

You snorted and shook your head, leaning back down to lay on your towel. “You find attractive girls to hook up with all the time. You just never let it become more than a quick hook-up.”

“That’s because I don’t want to be tied down,” Ollie grunted, laying down beside you.

"Then you're not looking for women like mine," you said. "Because mine *want* a relationship. We're more than just sex."

"Asshole," Ollie sighed.

"What did I say?"

"Smart things."

"So 'asshole' is like 'killer' now? It's a good thing?"

"Cockweed."

"I don't even know what that would be."

"Shut up, John."

"I'm going to live with Sabrina next year," you said.

"I figured," Ollie shrugged.

"I need to tell the guys."

"So tell them."

"I'm a little worried they'll be mad," you admitted. "We've lived together for three years between the dorms and sophomore and junior years."

"So?" Ollie asked. "They can see you're in love too, dumbass. They'll get over it and find someone else. Maybe a friend of Edgar."

"I doubt that makes things better," you said. "And I thought I was saying smart things, how can I be a dumbass?"

"God, I could punch you."

"Hey, Ollie?"

"I swear to Christ, John, if you say something stupid I'm going to kick sand all over you."

You just grinned and soaked up the sun.

The guys came back first, dripping water and causing a ruckus as they grabbed their towels to dry off. The girls and Corey came back next, and you and Ollie joined them in heading down to the water to splash around a bit. The beach was filling up again as the heat settled down onto the coastal town, another scorcher, and trudging back up the beach to the towels was a process of weaving around dozens of families.

Once you were there the group traded plans. Edgar had a lunch date planned with his 'local girl,' which had Brent, Paul and Ollie joking about being careful he wasn't getting caught up in a shotgun wedding for deflowering her. That had you, Sabrina and Gemma smirking and trying not to say anything. Corey and Victoria were going to try a Vegan restaurant for lunch that was off the beaten path, and Brent, Paul and Ollie decided to stalk Edgar and catch lunch wherever his 'date' was to snoop.

That gave you, Gemma and Sabrina a perfect out to head back to the rental house for lunch.

Chapter 319

Leftovers from the last couple of dinners made a quick lunch, and the three of you rushed through showering to get the sweat, sand and sunscreen off from your morning around the beach. You ended up cleaning the lunch dishes and getting everything ready in the house. It was kind of a weird feeling, like you were having guests over for a dinner party or something, and also getting ready for a big date, except you knew what was going to happen and it should have been more casual. Once you had the first floor cleaned up you headed upstairs. Gemma and Sabrina were both trading time in the en suite bathroom, so you grabbed your stuff and hit the main bathroom upstairs, taking your shower. Once you were out you found Sabrina waiting for you, and she started styling your hair while you brushed your teeth. She was wearing a cute blue summer dress and already had her hair done in a half-pony that kept it out of the front of her face but still loose in the back.

The doorbell rang, and Gemma rushed by to go answer the door. In your brief glance, she was also wearing a summer dress, a lavender one that left most of her back bare and showed off a generous amount of her cleavage while still looking elegant. It was one of your favourites that she wore.

“There, done,” Sabrina said, getting your hair into the intentionally-messy look that she and Gemma both liked you to wear when you weren’t at the office. She pecked your cheek and quickly washed her hands of the hair product before heading out. You spit, rinsed your mouth, and quickly followed. The girls had picked your outfit - a loose button-down with the sleeves rolled up and khaki shorts. No underwear.

Downstairs you could hear voices as the girls were talking, and as you came down you found them standing near the kitchen island. Gemma was flushed a little from her nervous energy, and she was holding a glass of white wine and handing Sabrina another one.

Mallory looked stunning. She was wearing a soft, rose-pink blouse that showed almost as much cleavage as Gemma’s dress, along with peaks at the straps of the black bra she was wearing that hinted at lingerie. Her lower half was covered by a long, jean skirt that was somehow still loose and flowy and came all the way down to her ankles, and you noticed she was wearing some sort of pantyhose or stockings.

“Hello, Mallory,” you said, smiling with the same nervous energy that was affecting Gemma.

“John,” Mallory said, turning to smile at you. Her makeup was done lightly, her absolutely stunning features taking prominence, except for thick mascara that was making her eyes pop.

You weren’t entirely sure how to say hello to an older woman that you were about to have a foursome with, so you threw caution to the wind and stepped right up to her, leaning down and kissing her lightly on the lips. You could feel her smile quirk into a smirk a little before she kissed you back a little firmer, though not pushing things by adding any tongue.

“You look fantastic,” you said as you pulled back from her.

“You look pretty delicious too,” she said. “And I’m glad you found your ego.”

“I told you he was more forceful when it came to the bedroom,” Sabrina smirked.

“Wine, love?” Gemma offered.

“I’m good, I think,” you said. All three of the women had the chilled white wine, and Mallory was also holding a big, almost oversized purse under one arm. “Should we sit?”

“Mmm,” Mallory nodded, sipping from her glass, and you all transitioned over to the table.

“So, we’re all... excited,” Gemma said with a smile. “And very glad you’re here.”

“Me too,” Mallory smiled. “Any new developments between you guys since last night?”

“Just ongoing love and respect,” Sabrina said, then smirked. “And Gemma took it in the ass last night.”

That, fortunately, made Mallory laugh a little and didn’t shock her in the least. “Well, I’m glad you three are having fun. But I can tell we’re all a little eagre...”

“We are,” you said. You were sitting at the corner beside her, and you reached over and took her hand. It was different than holding Gemma’s and Sabrina’s - while her face, and what you’d seen of her body, were still gorgeous and had gone through plenty of care to stay youthful, there were parts of a person that were harder to hide middle-age on. Her hands were smooth and soft but different from girls your own age. “But we always have a frank conversation before we have fun with anyone new. Wants, likes, dislikes, that sort of thing.”

Mallory smiled and nodded, setting aside her half-finished glass of wine. “I half expected to already be bent over and getting ploughed by now, but this makes me think we’re going to have a lot *more* fun today,” she said.

“Oh, we prefer quality *and* quantity over speed,” Gemma said with a teasing wink at you. “So, Mallory, what do you like in your no-strings-attached sex?”

Mallory sighed and picked up her glass again, swirling it as she looked into the wine for a moment then back up at the three of you. “I’m a switch, but based on how you three talk, I have a feeling John is generally a top, Gemma is a switch and Sabrina is a bottom, right? So I’ll happily be a subby bottom unless you three want to get into some kinky roleplay or something.”

“I *definitely* want to be subby with you,” Sabrina smiled broadly and licked her lower lip.

“Happily, dear,” Mallory grinned. “In that case, I’m fine with spanking and hair-pulling. Dirty talk is a plus, and you can call me filthy names, just don’t bring up my husband. Some light scratching with fingernails is good too, just nothing too deep and definitely no breaking the skin. If you want to break out toys, I’ll say yes or no at the time. No binding me up or blindfolding me though - I trust you all, but not *that* much for a first encounter. And no anal unless you three manage to get me to go multiorgasmic, then I’ll beg you for it. It’s been a long while since *that* happened though so don’t expect it.”

“Challenge accepted,” Gemma said.

Mallory kept smiling and shook her head. “We’ll see.”

“What about marks, like hickies?” Sabrina asked. “You can probably tell from Gemma’s tits, we like to do that.”

Gemma’s cleavage *was* showing off a few of the hickies from last night - she’d picked her swimsuit earlier to hide them from the others and had covered a couple with makeup that was showered off now.

“I think one or two should be fine,” Mallory said. “In appropriate places. Not on my neck or upper chest - it’s too damn hot to be fully covered up right now.”

“Are you OK with full girl-on-girl?” Gemma asked. “Licking, fingering, the works?”

“Oh, baby,” Mallory smirked a little. “I was munching rug before you were born. I said last night that it’s been a while, not that I grew out of it.”

“Anything you really like?” you asked. “Or that gets your motor running heavy?”

“Two things,” Mallory said. “The first is a good cunt-licking. I assume that’s going to be happening?”

“Definitely,” Gemma chuckled at the same time as Sabrina giggled, “Uh-huh.” You just nodded along with a grin.

“Good. The second is that I love sucking a cock from soft to hard. I just get this tingly feeling, knowing *I* did that.”

“Oh, yeah?” you asked.

She looked at you, sex in her eyes. “Absolutely.”

You stood up, stepping around the corner of the table, and Mallory shifted in her seat to face you. "Time for you to get out my cock, Mallory," you said.

"Mmm," Mallory hummed, reaching forward and starting to undo your pants. "Yes, sir."

"Fuck that's hot," Sabrina groaned, leaning forward in her seat. "Say that again."

Mallory smirked as she glanced over at Sabrina, then looked back up at you with hooded eyes as she slowly licked her lips and then moaned. "Yes, sir."

Chapter 320

Mallory unzipped your pants and wriggled her fingers inside your shorts, her smile warming as she found you weren't wearing underwear and she easily grasped the root of your cock. Considering the sexual discussion you weren't completely flaccid, but you were maybe at about a half-chub which made it easy for her to pull your cock out of the front of your shorts.

"Mmm," she hummed, eyeing it as she held it daintily in one hand.

"Now, Mallory," you said. "Wrap those lips around my cock and get me hard."

"Yes, sir," she said with a flash of a smirk, knowing that you were enjoying her being the submissive despite being somewhere around twice your age. The MILF leaned forward and took the head and about two inches of your cock into her mouth, slowly drawing back to stretch it as she let the partially firm member draw through her lips until it fell out. She immediately fished with her tongue to pull it back in line and did the same manoeuvre again, sucking with her cheeks and lips.

"Yeeaaaasss," you groaned happily and lifted your hand to run it through her bottle-blond hair. She looked up as you did that, stroking your fingers along her scalp, and you could tell that was a move she liked. Her eyes, already showing she was into this, softened in a way that you hadn't even seen Sabrina do. That one little gesture sent chills down her spine and she started bobbing on your cock more earnestly.

"God, she's even extra-pretty with a cock in her mouth," Sabrina sighed.

"Is she good at it, love?" Gemma asked. "Is she being a good little MILF pet?"

"Very good," you said from your chest, letting it rumble a little bit, stroking your fingers through Mallory's hair again.

Gemma stood up and came around to lean over Mallory, whispering in her ear. "How does Sir's cock taste, Mal?"

"Mmm. Very good, Mistress," Mallory said, again with that sexy smirk. "I love the feeling of it getting hard in my mouth."

"Good MILF," Gemma said, then as Mallory took your cock into her mouth again, Gemma sucked on her earlobe. That made Mallory's eyelids flicker.

It didn't take long for you to get fully hard, and you pulled away from Mallory once you did. "I think we should take this upstairs," you said.

"I agree," Mallory said with a grin. "May I stand, sir?"

“You may,” you said. Every time she said it, you liked it. You liked it better than ‘Daddy,’ though you doubted Sabrina would change her mind on that one.

Once Mallory was standing, you reached over and beckoned Sabrina to you and she came around the table, taking your hand and standing close. “I think,” you said. “You should all strip. I would very much like to follow my three sluts up the stairs.”

Sabrina broke into a grin and immediately let go of your hand so she could shift the shoulder straps of her dress. It slid down her body with little encouragement, pooling at her feet. Gemma was fast behind her, her sexy dress sliding down her more curvaceous form. Neither of them had been wearing any underwear underneath.

“What do you think-” Then you broke character for a moment. “Sorry, Mallory. I know you were OK with dirty names, but I feel like I might be stepping on toes if I just guess at what to call you. Is ‘MILF Pet’ OK with you? Or like, ‘my MILF pet?’”

“Yes,” she said, chuckling a little. “Those are both fine. If I’m calling you Sir, we can do some ownership play. It only lasts for the afternoon though.”

“Totally understandable,” you nodded, then took a breath to get back into character. “So, *my* pretty little MILF pet, what do you think of my girlfriends?”

“I think they are absolutely stunning, sir,” Mallory smiled. “I particularly like the decorations you’ve gifted Mistress Gemma.”

“Thank you, Pet,” Gemma smiled, reaching up and touching the hickies across her breasts lightly. “I earned each one from Sir, and loved every minute of it.”

“I have no doubt, Mistress,” Mallory said.

“Your turn now, pet,” you said. “Clothes off.”

“Yes, sir,” Mallory nodded and started to unbutton her blouse. She didn’t dance or anything, didn’t draw it out, but it was still sexy just because of the smiles and looks that she flashed at you and the girls. When she pulled off the blouse she revealed a strappy bra holding in her expanse of breasts. You could tell she’d had a boob job at some point, but it had been more to deal with the slow sag of ageing rather than increasing size, so with the bra on she still looked mostly natural. Her skirt came off faster and made your eyes open a little more - she was wearing black lingerie to match the fancy bra, including a black garter belt with straps running down to hold up her black thigh-high stockings.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Gemma breathed.

“So fucking hot,” Sabrina agreed.

“Do you like them, sir, or should I remove them as well?” Mallory asked, lowering her chin so she was looking up at you a little more, assuming a submissive cast despite her knowing smile.

“I am very pleased, my pet,” you said. “Now, before we go upstairs, I require one more thing.”

“Anything, sir,” she offered.

“I think, despite your new acquaintance with my cock, we haven’t *properly* said hello. Kiss us.”

Mallory couldn’t hide her grin if she tried. She first went to Sabrina, the ‘lowest’ in your hierarchy in terms of dominance, and leaned down a slight amount to kiss the slender woman. Sabrina’s kiss back was surprisingly tentative at first, but deepened until you could see tongue being traded. Mallory’s hands stroked through Sabrina’s hair, and Sabrina’s softly trailed fingers up and down the older woman’s sides. Then Mallory stepped to Gemma, and Gemma pulled her into a more forceful kiss that started hot and only got hotter. The two blondes made out ferociously for a moment, and Gemma grabbed Mallory’s ass with both hands before giving it a sharp spank and pulling away.

Finally, Mallory stepped to you. “May I kiss you, sir?” she requested.

“You may,” you nodded.

Mallory came close, her bra-covered tits pressed into your chest, and she kissed you probingly. Gently. Little pecks on either corner of your lips, before moving more to the centre. You finally kissed her back, and soon you were trading tongues as she clutched onto the front of your shirt and you held her in your arms. It wasn’t a forceful kiss. It was exploratory. Introductory. It was lusty, but not so horny that it was uncontrolled.

It was, for lack of a better word in your mind, mature.

“Good,” you said after the kiss ended. “Now, my sexy pet, and my loving girlfriends, let’s head upstairs. Grab your clothes.”

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You didn't even make it halfway up the stairs before you had to stop the girls.

"Bend over," you ordered them.

"Yes, sir," Mallory chuckled warmly, and Gemma looked back and smirked at you while Sabrina grinned, biting the tip of her tongue. They lined up and bent forward, resting their hands on the higher stairs.

"God, that's beautiful," you murmured, then stepped one more step up and palmed Gemma's ass, burying your face between her thighs and cheeks as you tongued her bare pussy. She moaned happily, pushed back at you a little, and then groaned as you pulled away. Then you went to Sabrina and gave her butt, the smallest of the three by a margin, a little swat that made her hum a happy giggle and arch her back more. You licked up the back of her thigh and planted a soft bite on her ass cheek, then lightly ran your tongue along the centre fold of her pussy as it peeked between cheeks, just teasing her.

Then you moved to the third ass between your two girlfriends. Mallory's butt was about as full as Gemma's, and while you could tell even from the back that she was more mature, she wasn't saggy or gave away how much more mature. She was also still wearing the panties of her lingerie set, along with the thigh-high stockings and garter belt. Leaning in, you took the elastic of the garter belt that crossed over the back of her thigh and pulled it out, letting it snap back softly and then kissing the smooth, warm skin of her bare thigh. Then you crossed over and kissed the other one, lingering with your lips pressed to the sensitive, soft skin, before trailing more kisses up until you reached where her lace panties cupped her mound. You kissed the gusset of the garment softly, feeling the tender folds of her pussy hidden away beneath it, and Mallory moaned softly.

Rather than getting her naked like your cock wanted, you decided to tease her a bit and started kissing her pussy more heavily through the lingerie panties, letting your tongue wet the thin fabric. It started to cling more to her, and Mallory groaned warmly again before it got muffled. You could tell that one of the girls, probably Gemma, had pulled the blonde MILF into a kiss. Soon you started to taste the telltale tang of a pussy as you kissed her thoroughly sodden panties, and you pulled away, stepping one more step up and trailing your fingers along her pussy lips through the clinging fabric. Gemma *had* been kissing Mallory, and had a big grin on her face, but had turned the MILF in the other direction to kiss Sabrina as well.

You gave both the submissives a light smack on the ass, interrupting their kiss. "Come on now, dirty girls," you said. "Let's head to the bedroom before someone walks in and catches these three fine asses lined up like the sluts you are."

It was a quick walk down the upstairs hall to the bedroom, but you caught Mallory's hand just outside and spun her around, pinning her to the wall with your body and pushing your lips to

hers in an insistent kiss as you groped one of her heavy breasts through her brassiere and trailed your fingers across the front of her wet panties, feeling the nub of her clit hood standing out as she writhed her hips forward to meet your fingers.

Mallory was an excellent kisser, and you immediately started to catch on to little tricks you fully intended to use on Gemma and Sabrina in the future. The two of you kissed ferociously, wanting each other. She ran her hands down your body and got her fingers around your cock as it was standing out the front of your khakis, but you stopped groping her breast and caught both her hands with yours loosely. You pulled her hands up, breaking away from the kiss to raise them between you, and pushed them up above her head and pinned them to the wall with one hand.

Looking at Mallory, 'vulnerable' before you from this close, was a thrill. She was absolutely sexy, with a teasing smile that still remained submissive, and a look in her eyes like she wanted to ravage you, while also desperate to *be* ravaged. Her wavy blonde hair fell partially over the side of her face and you wanted to pull it back and grab her hard to kiss her again, but you didn't want to let go of her arms or her pussy to do that. Instead, you leaned forward again into another heavy kiss, catching her lower lip between your teeth and pulling away softly. That made her hum in appreciation.

"I'm going to absolutely love fucking you breathless," you said.

"I can't wait, sir," she said with a grin.

You let go of her pussy and spun her around, arms still above her head, and pressed her front to the wall and pushed your hard cock against her panty-clad ass as you bent to kiss the crook of her neck. She ground her butt back at you and moaned low and slow. Finally, you pulled back and gave her ass a spank that made it jiggle. "Into the bedroom, my sexy MILF pet," you ordered.

She panted lightly with her horniness as you let go of her hands and she bit her lip, walking into the bedroom.

Gemma had already gotten impatient and was sitting at the edge of the bed, Sabrina kneeling on the ground between her legs and just starting to eat out your Aussie girlfriend. "That was fucking hot," she said, having watched you through the open bedroom door.

You closed the door, locking it, and then stepped behind Mallory again and hugged her from behind with your arms crossing over her stomach. You kissed her neck and then whispered in her ear. "I'll give you a choice, my submissive little MILF. You can either join Sabrina between Gemma's thighs, or you can get behind Sabrina. Whoever you pick is the pussy that you're going to be sucking my first load out of later."

"Mmm, thank you, sir," Mallory crooned, biting her lip again as she looked between the two women. "I think I would like to service Mistress first. It's only proper."

“Good pet,” you said, and let her slip from your arms.

Mallory sauntered over to Gemma and Sabrina, Gemma watching her come on with an eager smirk, and Mallory sank to her knees as Gemma spread her legs a little wider. Sabrina glanced over to see Mallory join her and shifted with a naughty little smile, giving the older woman some room to join her while also hooking her fingers with Mallory’s in a sisterly welcome. Then Mallory leaned in and you couldn’t see what was going on between Gemma’s legs, but you could definitely tell it was good as Gemma let her head hang back and she moaned up at the ceiling.

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You couldn't help taking a moment to yourself, just holding your cock lightly as you stood behind Mallory and Sabrina, watching them feasting on Gemma's cunt. Sabrina was stark naked, her wonderful little ass pointed back at you and she was even wiggling it a little, trying to entice you. Whether she wanted some spanking or something more sweet like a licking or dicking, you weren't sure. Mallory, in her lingerie, was almost as delicious to watch. Part of you wanted to rip that clothing off of her so that you could finally see the MILF in all her glory, but you held yourself back so the anticipation could keep building.

Gemma, leaning back on her elbows, her wonderfully large tits bare and heaving as she enjoyed the other's tongues and lips, looked back up at you with hooded eyes as she smiled sweetly. Some of her blonde hair fell over her face and she looked like an absolute Goddess getting serviced.

You went around the trio, getting up on the bed on your knees and leaned down to kiss Gemma with a long, open-mouthed kiss. She returned it eagerly, lifting one hand to cup your cheek and keep you near her.

"How is it?" you asked with a smile, looking deep into her eyes from a few inches away as you pulled back from the kiss.

"Amazing," she said, blinking slowly as her ass clenched and her hips shifted with the teasing she was getting. "Fuck, John. When you and Sabrina do this to me it's good, but Mallory - ooh, shit - Mallory knows what she's doing."

"I aim to please, Mistress," Mallory said from between Gemma's legs, and you both looked down to see her smiling even as she was kissing Gemma's smooth skin.

"Well, so do I," Gemma said and looked back to you. "Gimme that cock, love. I want to make sure you're good and hard for fucking our little MILF."

You ended up straddling Gemma as she leaned back further, resting her back on the bed, and she slobbered on your cock briefly before wrapping her tits around it and slowly jerking you off with them. It felt good and you groaned happily, slowly thrusting your hips to add to the sensation. Then you reached down and softly tweaked Gemma's nipples, making her eyes roll back a little as she got hit with another point of stimulation and moaned. Once you were as hard as you were likely to get, you swung your leg back over and knelt next to Gemma's head, and she opened her mouth to let you start fucking her lips. You pawed her breasts at the same time, but while you loved your girlfriend's mouth, you had other more interesting things to do so you only stroked between her lips for a couple of minutes.

When you pulled away she smiled at you and blew you a kiss, and you laughed and shook your head, leaning down to kiss Gemma on that sweet little mouth of hers. Then you stood up off of the bed.

“Come, pets,” you said. “You can return to your Mistress’s honeypot in a bit.”

Sabrina and Mallory looked over and saw that you were pointing to the floor in front of you, and they both quickly knee-walked the couple of steps to you and sat on their knees.

“Good girls,” you said, reaching a hand to each of them and running it through their hair. Sabrina smiled up at you with a slight smirk, enjoying the play, while Mallory bit her lower lip and leaned into your hand a little, looking up at you with a blazing dedication that almost made you a little scared of how much she got into this game. It was hot as fuck. “Now, I think, you should disrobe your Sir.”

“Thank you, sir,” Mallory said, and Sabrina got in on the game and said the same a split second after. Then they were slowly undressing you, working together to get your pants off. Once they were gone, they stood and slowly pulled your shirt off as well, and Sabrina immediately kissed your chest. Seeing her do that, Mallory copied your girlfriend and soon they were both layering kisses across your chest, down your stomach, and up to your neck. You bent down to catch Sabrina’s mouth with your own first, making out with her a little, and then turned to do the same with Mallory.

“Enough kissing, pets,” Gemma called from over on the bed. She’d shifted to the corner and was watching with a grin, slowly rubbing a couple of fingers along the outer lips of her pussy. “I think there’s better things to do with your mouths.”

“I agree,” you chuckled. “Come here, MILF pet.” You took Mallory’s arms and turned her around, standing her in front of you with your cock pressing against her ass and lower back. She let you move her, and with slight directions she stood leaning forward just slightly, her ass popped back and her back arched softly.

“On your knees in front of your MILF sister-slut, baby,” you ordered Sabrina.

“Yes, Sir,” she said, shifting down like you’d ordered. You had a mild hope that maybe ‘Sir’ would catch on with her and put ‘Daddy’ to rest.

“Now, my stunning MILF,” you said, coming back around Mallory and pressing to her back again, sliding your hands up her bare sides to cup her breasts through her bra. “I believe you said that you particularly enjoy a good pussy licking, and since you’ve been a good MILF slut, I’ll reward you.” You glanced over at Gemma. “Mistress Gemma, could you come and occupy this sexy mouth of our MILF plaything?”

“Of course, Sir,” Gemma said, standing up and coming forward. She had to stand off to the side a bit because Sabrina was kneeling directly in front of Mallory, but she quickly pulled Mallory into a deep kiss, wrapping her fingers into the blonde hair of the MILF and pulling her into it.

Meanwhile, you knelt behind Mallory and fished your fingers into the elastic waistband of her panties. The lingerie was worn over the garter belt, allowing it to be removed first, and you slowly pulled it down over her ass, revealing her ass cheeks fully. They were bouncy and smooth, with just a slight amount of stretch marks from her maturing body, and you paused with her panties stuck right under her ass as you let go of the waistband and softly clawed the fingers of both hands, running your fingernails down her ass cheeks like she said she liked. Her butt clenched and wiggled under your fingers and she moaned into Gemma’s kiss. Then you gave both cheeks a soft spank and watched them jiggle. She had a tan line, having worn a bikini skimpier than her panties at some point outside during the hot summer, which acted almost like an arrow pointing down between her thighs.

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You pulled the panties the rest of the way down her legs, baring her completely, just a hint of a glimpse of her pussy poking between her ass cheeks and thighs from her standing position and your angle.

“Widen your stance, MILF pet,” you ordered and she immediately complied.

Now you could see her pussy properly, the soft whorl of her entrance and her slick labia begging for more attention. You could also see Sabrina waiting impatiently, biting her lip as she was staring right at Mallory’s cunt from the front. Reaching between Mallory’s legs you took hold of Sabrina by the throat, making her loose a little girly grunt of surprise and pleasure, before sliding your hand up higher to take her by the chin and then pull her towards Mallory.

“Eat, baby,” you murmured your order.

Sabrina eagerly tongued Mallory’s pussy, and after watching her do that from the odd angle, and seeing her tongue dig between Mallory’s outer labia, you leaned in as well to join her. Your face, based on the angle, pressed into Mallory’s cushy ass but you didn’t care, and you slid your tongue up and down her inner thighs before stabbing it against her perineum and sliding forward and finding the bottom of her pussy, wiggling to tap at the entrance to her pussy and tasting her.

“Uuuungh!” Mallory groaned, muffled by Gemma’s kissing.

Mallory tasted a little more tart than Sabrina and Gemma, but in a clean way that was just as delightful as any of your other experiences eating pussy so far. Your tongue and Sabrina’s battled playfully a little when they ran into each other, but for the most part you focused on Mallory’s hole and Sabrina focused her efforts towards the MILF’s clit area.

Working her like that had the effect you’d hoped for, and soon you could taste more of her as Mallory got even hornier, her body getting ready to be fucked good and proper. Her juices didn’t exactly leak out of her, but you could tell all the stimulation was opening her up and her pussy flushed slightly and got warm from the increased blood flow. You decided to push further though, remembering what she’d said down at the table - both about her loving a good pussy licking, and about her being able to go multi-orgasmic

You had already been holding her ass cheeks, both to stabilize yourself and her and because you just liked squeezing them, but now you slid your tongue back to her perineum and then spread her cheeks, sliding your tongue back more. Mallory’s asshole was clean and had a distinct little pucker of an anal ring and a shade-darker dimple around it. You kissed and licked around that dimple first, making sure she wasn’t going to call a pause, and then pressed your mouth to her asshole and started to tongue it.

“Oooh, fuck,” Mallory groaned through Gemma’s kissing. “Oh, Sir! Fuck!”

“He’s eating your ass, isn’t he?” Gemma chuckled softly. “You threw down the gauntlet, Mallory, and said some magic words. He’ll get you to go multi-orgasmic just so he can hear you begging for him to ream your tight, sexy ass. But he is a very loving Sir who doesn’t like to hurt his toys, so he’ll drill that fantastic tongue of his into it first to make sure you’re ready later.”

Mallory whimpered, and you could feel her ass clenching and smiled to yourself.

You spent a decent couple of minutes eating Mallory’s MILF ass, wedging your tongue deeper and deeper into her, and she just kept moaning and groaning and gasping. Then, deciding you’d teased her enough for now, you turned your face from directly between her ass cheeks and raked your teeth down the inner curve of Mallory’s ass cheek, before planting your lips there and ramping up the suction until you popped away from her and left a hickey.

“Oh, fuck!” Mallory groaned in surprise. “Sir, did you just-?”

“I did,” you said, standing up and grabbing both her meaty cheeks firmly, digging your fingers into them as you leaned to speak lowly to her over her shoulder. “I left a mark right on your ass so you and your body know that I intend to make it mine later. Now, how is your slut-sister doing down between your pretty little legs?”

“Very well, sir,” Mallory groaned.

“Have you come yet?”

“No, sir,” she shook her head. “I need- ungh- your slutty whore MILF needs penetration to come properly, sir.”

“Are you ready to be penetrated?”

“Yes, please, sir,” Mallory moaned.

“I think a proper MILF pet should be exhibiting *all* she offers if she’s going to be taken properly,” you said, letting go of her ass and starting to undo the hooks on the back of her bra.

“Absolutely, sir,” Mallory groaned.

You finished undoing her bra while you kissed the corner of her jaw, and then down her neck to her shoulders. Once the garment was undone, you helped her out of it, her breasts bared to Gemma who literally licked her lips at the sight of them. You dropped the bra off to the side and gently cupped Mallory’s breasts from below, unable to see them properly but feeling their heft and weight. She was almost as busty as Gemma.

“What do you think, Mistress Gemma?” you asked. “Are they worthy of some *penetration*?”

“Absolutely, sir,” Gemma smirked. “Though she’ll have to make sure to use them properly later. Our little MILF pet definitely needs to let you fuck these big titties of hers.”

“Happily, sir,” Mallory groaned.

“Good,” you said, letting go of one tit and squeezing the other tight. With your now free hand, you scooped your cock under and between her legs, nudging it into position right at her entrance. “Now, my sweet, sexy, whore of a Mom I’d Like to Fuck. My sex pet. My willing fuckhole. Ask me for what you want.”

“Please, sir,” Mallory begged, craning her neck back to look at you, her beautiful, mature face a mix between a warm smile and a desperate plea. “Claim my little slave cunt with your cock. Use my fuckhole for your pleasure. Stretch me out like the young stud you are; the stud who has Mistress Gemma and my slut-sister Sabrina in love with his cock. Please, fuck me, Sir. Fuck me like I’ve never been fucked before. Ream me. Pound me. Ruin me. Please, sir! Please?”

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You slowly, *slowly*, pushed into Mallory, feeling that she was wet and tight and welcoming, the glans of your cock getting swallowed up by her cunt.

“Like that, my pet?” you asked.

“More, please, Sir,” she panted. “More! Slut-sister Sabrina is teasing me *so bad* by licking all around my clit hood without touching it, and all I want is to be full of your cock.”

You ground into her deeper, sliding almost halfway in, feeling her squeeze her cunt around you. She was easily as tight as Gemma, your back-of-the-mind worry that her maturity or experience might have left her a little looser being proven false. She felt amazing, and as you reached back around her to grab her other breast, you grunted and speared the rest of your cock into her in one hard thrust.

“Oh!” Mallory grunted. And then she came, her body freezing up for one heartbeat as her head drifted lower, and then she exhaled heavily and sucked in a breath through her nose. “Oh, sir,” she groaned. “That was- I’m sorry I didn’t ask, sir. A good pet asks if she can come.”

“You’re forgiven,” you said, grinning to yourself as you remained buried inside her. “This time. Next time you’ll be punished.”

“And I would deserve it, sir,” she agreed, looking over her shoulder at you as the words were submissive, but your connection through her eyes confirmed to her that you meant it in a fun way, and she confirmed that she would enjoy that.

“Now, my MILF fucktoy,” you said. “It’s time to put you to use.”

You pulled out, feeling her cunt gripping on as she intentionally squeezed you, and then you slammed back into her as she let out an exhaled grunt and then a moan. You did it again, slowly, and then sped it up. You let go of her tits and grabbed her arms, holding her at the elbows to counter-balance as she leaned forward so she could push her ass back at you, and you pulled back to keep her from falling forward.

Slowing briefly, you looked over Mallory’s shoulder to Gemma. “I think you’re free to do whatever you’d like to our MILF’s tits and mouth now, love,” you said.

“Mmm,” Gemma hummed with a grin as you started fucking again. “Part of me is tempted to break out the toys already, but I think this first one...” Gemma came forward again and leaned in out of your view, but by the way Mallory gasped and moaned you assumed Gemma had started sucking on her tits.

Mallory's back didn't show her natural build as much as Sabrina's slender form did and was more like Gemma's as you followed the line of the MILFs spine down with your eyes to her tailbone. Her skin wasn't perfect and flawless either, dotted with freckles that had become more prominent as she'd aged. Still smooth and beautiful, but you kept seeing little things that reminded you that this wasn't Gemma, or even Becks, that you were fucking. Mallory was over twice your age. You were fucking a woman with a daughter one year younger than you.

And, judging by her gasps and the soft squelching that was coming from down below in between the claps of her ass against your hips, you were doing a pretty good job at it.

You let go of one of her arms briefly to clap your hand down on the side of her ass cheek on an outstroke, making Mallory moan, and instead of taking her arm back in your grip you slid that hand up from the base of her neck to wreath your fingers in her blonde hair right at her scalp, holding her tightly and pulling her head back.

"How's it feel to get fucked by a man half your age, Mallory?" you asked. "To get used by someone who would be more appropriate for your daughter? To be on display and tasted by a throuple who want to fuck you, and give you a taste of all our lust, because we think you're a fucking sexy woman and delight that you want to be our whore for the afternoon?"

"So good, sir," Mallory gasped, groaning in her throat. "God, my pussy- fuck, you can fuck, sir! God, it feels so good. And your slut's lips on my clit... and Mistress pulling on my nipples... Mmmm, I haven't felt like this in decades."

"Are you going to come again, my little fuckhole MILF?" you asked.

"I am, sir," she gasped. "Fuck, please may I come?"

"No," you said. "Good MILFs should be able to hold it until their Sir allows it."

She nodded, or tried to except for your hand holding her head back, and gasped again. You redoubled your efforts, pounding into her mercilessly, using your hips to try and change the angle slightly and hit other parts of her cunt. She hiccuped.

Gemma stood up and grabbed her face, kissing Mallory hard, then leaned back and slapped Mallory's tit on the side hard enough for you to hear the distinct clap of it. Mallory jerked and moaned, and Gemma did it again on the other tit. "Hold it, Mally-MILF," she chided. "Don't you disappoint Sir."

"I won't," Mallory sobbed softly. "I'm- fuck, I'm holding it. Sabrina, please- unnngh- just ease up a little."

"Suck hard, baby," you ordered Sabrina, then looked at Gemma. "Pull those nipples of hers, love."

Mallory almost screamed, the sound gurgling in her throat, and you drove deep into her and pulled her back so her ass was mashed to your hips and her shoulder to your chest. You pressed your lips to her ear and whispered. "You may come."

Mallory groaned and you almost lost your load into her as her body tensed over and over in rapid succession, then she released a loud exhalation of breath and her knees went weak, forcing you to catch her before she fell down onto Sabrina. You hefted Mallory up completely, Sabrina scrambling out of the way, and you walked her the two steps to the bed and laid her on it face down, her ass still up in the air and her cunt still clinging to your cock. You thrust into her rapidly, leaning over her and hugging her gently, and she moaned and her cunt fluttered as she looked to the side to make eye contact with you, her eyes dreamy. She exhaled another long grunt.

"Ooh, she squirted," Sabrina grinned.

"Gemma, love," you said. "On the bed, on your back."

Gemma jumped onto the bed next to you and Mallory, spreading her legs, and you pulled out of Mallory. Your cock was red and angry, ready to blow, and was slick with Mallory's juices. You positioned yourself and fucked your cock into your girlfriend, only making it about halfway in before you lost control of your own orgasm and groaned heavily, unleashing long waves of cum as she moaned happily and groped her tits. You were holding her thighs tightly, pumping your cock into her with each wave of release, until you were spent and pulled out of her with a moan.

"Fuck, that was a big one," Gemma moaned.

"Pet," you said, giving Mallory a half-hearted spank. Her head lifted as she blinked back to conscious thought. "Time for a snack." You directed her attention to Gemma's pussy, already starting to leak the pearly mixture of your load and her juices.

"Eat me, Mallory," Gemma ordered.

"Yes, sir," Mallory said, blinking once and shaking her head as she started to smile. "Yes, Mistress." She shifted over, her legs having regained their strength, and lowered her mouth to Gemma's pussy.

You, meanwhile, with one hand palming Mallory's ass, turned to Sabrina who was still sitting on the ground, watching impatiently and touching herself. "Come here, baby," you said, motioning to your cock. "Get me clean, and then it's your turn for some attention."

Sabrina grinned and crawled toward you, letting her tongue fall out of her mouth like an eager puppy.

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Sabrina got what she wanted, which was you fucking her hard and fast on the bed while Mallory sat on her face. That was the first chance you had to actually see and play with the MILFs tits properly - just as you'd thought, they were almost as large as Gemma's and she'd had a little work done to keep them up and perky, but even so they were soft and malleable and overall just wonderful.

You were fucking Sabrina hard, standing off the side of the bed for the best leverage. Mallory was sitting low on Sabrina, using her pussy to muffle and suffocate the brunette just a little bit, which Sabrina loved. Reaching out, you hooked a hand around Mallory's neck and pulled her to you so you could kiss her roughly. There was something about kissing her that was so different from kissing your girlfriends, and you wanted more of it.

"Tell me something dirty that you want," you demanded as you ended the kiss but kept her pulled close. "What kinky thing is floating around in your mind, fueled by the tingles in your pussy?"

Mallory licked her lips and considered you for a moment, then closed her eyes a bit the corner of her lower lip as a shock of pleasure rolled through her from whatever Sabrina was doing. When she opened her eyes she looked deep into your gaze. "I want... each of you in one of my holes," she said.

"Really?" you asked with a little smirk. "Gemma already went to put on that strap-on. Would Sabrina with a dildo be enough?"

Mallory laughed and shook her head. "I brought one too," she said. "It's in my bag, though we left that downstairs."

You kissed her again. "We'll make it happen. But that begs the question - who fucks which hole?"

"Well, you'll be in my ass," she said.

"I thought we had to get you multi-orgasmic?" you asked.

"You already did, Sir," she chuckled. "Didn't you notice when I leaked all over your floor?"

"I wasn't sure if that counted," you said. "But I don't hear any *begging*."

"When the time comes," she grinned.

Gemma came out of the washroom wearing the harness for the strap-on that she and Sabrina had bought at the sex shop. That was one purchase they hadn't revealed to you yet, and you were sure that it was going to become more of a thing with you three now that they had one.

"Alright," Gemma giggled as she grabbed onto the bright orange, somewhat floppy dildo hanging from it. "Who wants some cock?"

"Come over here, love," you chuckled, waving her to you. Gemma came over and you kissed her, then pulled out of Sabrina. Your brunette girlfriend groaned in protest as you pulled out of her, but Mallory sat up to let her see what was happening and Sabrina's eyes got wide as she saw Gemma standing between her legs.

"Hey, Mistress," Sabrina said.

"Hello, my little girlfriend-slut," Gemma grinned. "Ready to take my cock?"

"Um..." Sabrina hesitated but then jerked as Gemma tapped her clit with the end of the cock before putting it into place to enter her.

"What was that?" Gemma asked.

"Yes, Mistress. Please fill me with your cock," Sabrina gasped.

You watched for a minute as Gemma started to figure out how to fuck Sabrina with the strap-on. Once she found a bit of a rhythm, her tits bouncing pleasantly, she got more into it. Gemma motioned for Mallory to lean down, and Gemma pulled the dildo from Sabrina's pussy and fed it to the MILF. "Yeah, that's it," Gemma said. "Suck her pussy off of it."

Gemma went back to fucking Sabrina, pulling out to feed Mallory every dozen strokes or so. This position was more of a sixty-nine between Sabrina and Mallory, so you took advantage of that by climbing up on the bed and getting behind the MILF. You got into position and slowly started to fuck into her from behind again, but this time taking a more leisurely pace, grinding and changing your angles frequently so you could get a feel for every nook and cranny of her pussy. At the same time, you slid a finger down to Sabrina and she sucked on it for you, then you brought it back up and played it at Mallory's asshole.

Soon you had one finger in her ass up to the first knuckle, just teasing it, and she was rocking back to meet your slow thrusts. Gemma, meanwhile, had gotten the hang of fucking with the strap-on and wanted to change positions. Soon you were laying back on the bed and Sabrina was riding you, while Gemma was laying next to you and Mallory was doing the same with her. You decided that Sabrina had been waiting long enough to come and you pulled her down against your chest, fucking up into her as you hugged her tightly. Gemma reached over and got a hand on Sabrina's throat, choking her for you.

“Jesus, she can handle that?” Mallory asked, her riding of Gemma’s dildo slowing down to just some rocking as she watched the rough fucking.

“She can take a little more,” you grunted.

“Ooooh, Daddy,” Sabrina moaned as Gemma let her breathe for a moment. “Fuck, your cock is so fucking good in my pussy, Daddy. Please pound me, please please please.” She cut off as Gemma rolled her eyes and started choking her again.

“I guess ‘Sir’ isn’t replacing ‘Daddy,’” you sighed.

“Mallory, stick a finger up her ass,” Gemma said. “But give her a good, hard spanking first.”

Sabrina’s ass was red and Mallory was smirking by the time the MILF was working a finger into Sabrina’s ass. You were sweating now from fucking Sabrina at speed, and she was clenching her teeth as she tried to hold onto her orgasm until you gave her permission.

“Are you ready, baby?” you asked.

She nodded.

“Are you going to squirt?”

She nodded faster.

“Are you being a good girl and waiting, though?”

She opened her eyes and glared at you for even challenging the fact that she was. Gemma was squeezing her neck hard.

“Do you like having Mallory’s finger up your ass?”

Another nod.

“Is it as good as my cock up there?”

She shook her head, making you smile a little.

“Do you love me?” you asked.

She nodded once. Definitive.

“Come for me, baby,” you said.

She released, her howl coming out more like a growl as she arched her back and pressed her face down into the crook of your neck, her whole body tensing as she came hard. You added to it by pinching her sides the way she liked, spiking her pain/pleasure feeling right in the middle of her orgasm, and she rocked back and forth hard. Her squirt dribbled and washed out of her around your cock, bathing your groin and torso, until she finally collapsed down to your chest and panted.

“Damn,” Mallory said. “Can I get one of those please, sir?”

Chapter 326

Step one to Mallory getting what she wanted was her needing to lick Sabrina's squirt off of you, which ended up with her face being covered in Sabrina's juices as she sucked on your balls. This position left her open for Gemma to get behind her and start fucking her with the strap-on.

"You like Sir's big, juicy balls, MILFy?" Gemma asked. "Are you wishing you could get the next load out of them?"

"Yes, Mistress," Mallory moaned, looking up at you from around your rigid cock, her big dark eyes meeting yours.

"And where do you think it should go?" Gemma asked. "Up this pussy, so you can carry his swimmers around with you? Or all over your big mommy tits so Sabrina and I can lick it off of your nipples? Or, what about all over that gorgeous face, masking you with it? You know if that happens you'll need to take a picture of it for him though."

"I want it everywhere, Mistress," Mallory moaned. "In my mouth, on my face. All over my tits. Up my cunt. My ass. On my back."

"Dirty, dirty MILF," Sabrina giggled, still a little loopy from her big orgasm as she laid next to you and was softly touching herself as she watched the three of you.

"Let's start with something easy," you said, pulling away from Mallory and getting up on your knees, presenting your cock to her. She quickly pulled it into her mouth and you started to fuck her mouth as Gemma fucked her pussy.

"You know," your blonde girlfriend said. "This is a lot more work than I thought it was."

"Now you realize," you laughed.

"Let's switch," she offered.

Mallory stayed in place as you and Gemma moved around her, and soon you were buried in the MILF's pussy again as Gemma had her sucking her own juices off of the dildo.

"How much of what Sabrina got do you want, little MILF pet?" Gemma asked.

"All of it except the pinching, Mistress," Mallory panted as she was given the chance to speak.

"You want me to choke you?" Gemma asked to confirm.

"You can do it with your cock if you want, Mistress," Mallory said.

“Flip over,” you ordered her, pulling out.

Mallory quickly flipped over and you spread her legs. This was, strangely, the first time in the whole encounter you were looking at the *front* over her pussy and you found she had a slightly prominent clit hood that looked like something you would want to play with later if you had the chance to eat her out again. For now, though, you ran your cock across her lips, teasing her with it as you took in the sight of her naked body. You and Gemma ended up moving Mallory a bit, pulling her to a corner of the bed so that you could fuck her while standing on the floor, but Mallory’s head hung back off the other side where Gemma could fuck her mouth.

You speared into the MILF again, slow and insistent, and then looked down at her as you leaned forward and took her tits in your hands, squeezing them hard. “You sure you want it as hard as Sabrina?” you asked.

“Do it,” Mallory nodded. “I begged for you to ruin me earlier, Sir. I want it.”

You thrust into her hard once, her body rocking with yours. Then you did what Gemma had done earlier and gave one of her boobs a hard spank.

Then you fucked Mallory hard and fast. Her body rocked and tried to fuck back at you, but while her effort was commendable and the way it made her tits bounce was fucking sexy, she couldn’t keep up. You were pounding her too relentlessly, relying on the *ton* of sex that you’d been having with Sabrina and Gemma to keep you going. At the same time, Gemma was slowly feeding the bright orange dildo into Mallory’s mouth, and you could even see her occasionally swallow it into her throat. Gemma was murmuring sexy, filthy nothings to Mallory, looking down most of the time and watching the older woman’s face or body, though occasionally looking up at you with a beaming pride.

“I have an idea,” Sabrina suddenly said, scrambling from the bed and heading into the washroom before coming back out. She leaned over Mallory and caught one of her tits without you even slowing your fucking, and quickly fastened the nipple clamps onto Mallory’s tits. That sharp sensation made Mallory howl and choke on the dildo, but once she had a chance to catch her breath she just shook her head and grinned at Sabrina.

“You brat,” she laughed. Then she opened her mouth and took Gemma’s dildo back in her mouth.

“What should I do now, Sir?” Sabrina asked, looking to you for an order. Positioned as she was, getting Sabrina to stick a finger in Mallory’s ass as fair play wasn’t going to work.

“Suck in her underboob,” you said. “Leave a nice little hickey on each one.”

Sabrina seemed to love that idea and went about it quickly, tonguing and kissing the soft flesh like she was priming it, before leaving a quickly developing bruise on the first one. She was just starting on the next one when Mallory shuddered.

“Hold on,” you said, and Sabrina made space so that you could lean down over Mallory. “Are you holding it, my MILF whore, or did you slip?”

“Mmmfgh,” Mallory groaned around the dildo in her mouth, so Gemma pulled it out. “Close, sir,” she panted. “Please may I come?”

“Not yet,” you growled. “You need to make a decision now, Mallory. Are you ready?”

“Uh?” she half-indicated in the positive.

“When you come the first time, do you want me to keep fucking you in this position, or change positions?”

“This one,” she panted, squeezing her eyes shut.

“OK. On your second orgasm, do you want Sabrina to sit on your face, or Gemma?”

“Mistress Gemma has the right, but I haven’t tasted my slut-sister properly yet,” she groaned. “So... Sabrina?”

“Alright,” you said. “Last question before you can come, Mallory. On your third orgasm, when I come too, should I come inside you, or all over that sexy chest and face of yours?”

“Inside,” she gasped and groaned immediately. “Please, inside me, Sir. I want to feel it. God, please, let me come. I’m so close. I’m so fucking close, Sir. Please?”

You grinned, pushing her chin up and back, and Gemma inserted the dildo into Mallory’s mouth again, fucking it into her throat.

“Come now, my MILF pet,” you said. “Come hard, because you aren’t getting a break.”

She released, gurgling around the dildo, and you grunted as her cunt tightened but you refused to stop thrusting.

Chapter 327

“Holy. Fuck,” Mallory panted. She was still lying where you had ravaged her, her legs spread and her head hanging off the side of the bed. Your cum was slowly dripping out of her pussy, which was looking a little swollen.

“I think that’s what Sabrina said the first time we did that to her,” Gemma chuckled, lying next to the MILF and softly stroking her fingers over the older woman’s stomach.

“If I didn’t, I was thinking it,” Sabrina giggled from the floor. She’d ended the session paying Mallory back by straddling her head, holding her by the hair to pull her up to eat the brunette’s pussy as you deep-dicked her and Gemma mauled her tit and fingered her clit. Sabrina had squirted all over Mallory’s face, causing her eyeliner and mascara to run.

“I haven’t been fucked like that...” Mallory exhaled. “I don’t know. In decades for sure. I had a threesome with three guys once, but I think you girls knew I could take more than they did.”

“We know you won’t break,” Gemma grinned, then got up on her knees and leaned down to kiss Mallory sweetly. “And we know that you wanted it.”

“Mmm, I did,” Mallory hummed. “And do again, but I need a break.”

“Hydration!” Sabrina declared, slowly standing up. She went over into the bathroom and came back with the housecoats that the three of you had brought.

“You’ll be leaking all over if someone doesn’t clean that up for you,” Gemma smirked at Mallory, eyeing down towards the MILFs pussy.

Mallory rolled her eyes and spread one leg wider. “Yes, Mistress,” she chuckled.

It took another ten minutes before the four of you staggered downstairs towards the kitchen, and it took most of that time for you to finally stop feeling lightheaded after the ridiculous pace of fucking you’d been maintaining. Your whole body felt a little sore from the strain and the hard orgasm you’d had at the end of it. The girls, beyond needing to clean up Mallory’s pussy, had also all stepped into the washroom to clean their faces.

Downstairs, you went about filling up big glasses from the sink with water while the ladies sat at the table. When you turned around you found them all grinning a little sloppily, obviously highly pleased with the way the afternoon was turning out so far.

“Alright,” you said as you sat the waters down in front of them, kissing each of them on the cheek as you did it. “We’re out of the bedroom, so I feel like we can safely say the Sub game is on pause?”

“For the moment,” Mallory agreed. “But before we talk, I brought a little something extra for just this sort of occasion...” She reached over and grabbed that large purse of hers that she’d left down near the table earlier, and she dug around inside and pulled out a Tupperware container. She popped the top to reveal a couple of large brownies, the smell of them wafting out and filling the kitchen.

“Ooh, shit those smell good,” Sabrina groaned.

“Baked fresh this morning,” Mallory grinned.

“I’ll get some milk,” Gemma said, standing.

“You guys should know, they *are* pot brownies,” Mallory said. “Not the strongest, but if we each have half of one we’ll get a nice little buzz going.”

“Just in time for Round Two?” Sabrina asked with a grin. The three of you had already exchanged your histories with drugs - none of you had tried anything harder than pot. You and Sabrina had only done that less than a handful of times between smoking and edibles. Gemma’s ex had led her to having more experience than that, but she wasn’t a regular user.

“If I got my regular recipe right, it should kick in in about thirty minutes,” Mallory smiled.

Soon Gemma had plates for you all and cups of milk, and Mallory broke the brownies in halves and doled them out. They were absolutely delicious, any taste from the pot hidden by the rich chocolate that Mallory had used. There were moans and groans almost as loud as in the bedroom from all three of you as you praised Mallory’s baking.

Once the brownies were gone, and the milk with it, the four of you were absolutely relaxed.

“Alright,” Mallory said. “Now we can properly debrief.”

“Then the first thing I want to say is that I’m sorry you didn’t get more attention from me, Gemma,” you said.

“You creampie’d me, love,” Gemma chuckled.

“Well, that was pretty fast,” you said. “When we go back up there, I’m not leaving until I’ve fucked you properly along with everything else.”

Your girlfriend beamed a cute smile at you, then turned to Mallory and reached across the table to take her hand. “How was everything for you so far? We have sex like this regularly and know each other, so you’re the important voice here.”

Mallory smiled and shook her head as she looked at you. "Honestly? The communication between you three is stellar. I knew what was happening, and what people wanted, the whole time. John, being denied that first load of yours and then eating it out of Gemma was hot as hell and really set the tone, especially after you gave me three fast orgasms."

"I thought it was two?" you asked.

"Definitely three," she said.

"So you *did* go multi-orgasmic?" Sabrina grinned and raised her eyebrows.

"I did," Mallory chuckled. "And I plan on getting my ass fucked, and all my holes filled, when we go back up there." She quirked her lips in a smirk and slowly pulled the front of your robe that she was wearing aside, revealing one of her breasts. Her areolas were a wonderful ruddy colour and while her nipples weren't large, they suited her perfectly and she slowly tweaked this one between her fingers. "How do you feel about wearing my strap-on and helping out with that, Sabrina?"

Sabrina's grin turned into a smirk of her own. "Happy to," she said. "The only question is, which of those pretty little MILF holes do I get to fuck?"

"I was thinking maybe you each get a turn with each of them?" Mallory said with an eyebrow twitch.

You were already getting hard from the implications of this. "Other than triple-penetration, anything else you want to happen up there?"

"Just treat me like your whore," Mallory said. "Like you have been. Honestly, you three are killing it."

"If that's the case," you said. "I think maybe our MILF whore should come over here and get to work because this cock is ready for round two but I think we should take our time."

"Mmhmmhmm," Mallory hummed, biting her lip and slipping from her chair to her knees, starting to come around the table. You were only wearing a pair of athletic shorts, and she licked her lips. "Yes, sir. I'm-"

"Mom!?"

Chapter 328

“Genevieve?” Mallory said, her eyes going wide as you all looked over at the door that had just burst open.

“Oh, shiiiiit,” you mumbled.

The door to the basement had opened and the girl that Mallory had pointed out at the bar had come out of it followed by Edgar. You were pretty sure that your face matched his - wide-eyed, mouth agape.

“Mom, what the *fuck!?*” Genevieve screeched.

“Language,” Mallory chided her, standing up and straightening your robe that she was wearing.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” she raged, looking around wildly at you, Gemma and Sabrina all *also* barely dressed. “You’re cheating on Dad and you’re telling me not to *swear?*”

Mallory sighed and glanced back at you. “Sorry,” she said, then turned back to her daughter. “Well, I guess this conversation is happening now,” she sighed.

“What conversation? This isn’t a fucking conversation!” Genevieve yelled.

“Sit down, Gen,” Mallory said, using a tone that immediately made you straighten your spine a bit more because it was *Mom Voice*. “You too, young man,” she added, staring ice at Edgar.

Genevieve looked like she wanted to argue, but the power of Mom Voice won at least for the moment and she ended up sitting down next to Sabrina at the table. Edgar had to go around and sit in the chair next to Mallory’s, looking very uncomfortable. His eyes were also darting around, clearly putting the pieces together.

Mallory sat and put her hands flat on the table, taking a deep breath as she levelled her gaze across the table at her daughter. “First,” she said. “I understand that this is certainly coming as a shock to you so I’m sorry for correcting you when you’re obviously upset.”

Genevieve just grit her teeth and didn’t say anything. She really did look like a younger version of her mother, though you were a little biased in thinking that Mallory looked hotter considering everything that had been going on. You made surreptitious eye contact with both Gemma and Sabrina, confirming that all three of you were feeling *way* out of your depth at the moment.

“The most important thing for you to know is that I am *not* cheating on your father,” Mallory said. “He is fully aware that I’m here and having an afternoon of fun with my new friends.”

“There is no way that Dad would be OK with this,” Genevieve said. “And... you’re gay!?”

“Please, dear,” Mallory shook her head. “Bisexual. And yes, I’ve been sleeping with men *and* women since I was younger than you are now. Not that that should come as a shock to you considering that I know all about you and the girls from your cheerleading squad.” Gen’s eyes got wide at that. “But yes, your father is aware and approves. This isn’t how I thought I would end up having this conversation with you, Gen, but your father and I were... promiscuous when we were your age. Multiple partners, group sex, that sort of thing. We stopped most of it when we got pregnant with you, but over the years we’ve both had approved little flings.”

“Dad sleeps with other people too?”

“Well,” Mallory said with a little smirk. “We aren’t *sleeping*.”

Genevieve looked a little queasy at that joke.

“Oh, come off it,” Mallory rolled her eyes. “You’ve been on a tear since last year, going through one boy after another. You can’t tell me you haven’t had two at once by now.”

“You weren’t a virgin?” Edgar asked, interrupting the Mother-Daughter conversation. You almost choked on your own spit, trying not to guffaw.

Now it was Genevieve’s turn to roll her eyes. “You think if I was a virgin I’d give it up to some guy passing through town for a holiday weekend?” Edgar looked almost hurt at that, but Gen focused back on her mother. “So what, you just met these three and decided to jump into bed with them? Is that how this works?”

“No,” Mallory said. “God, no. Your father and I are much more picky than that. I met John, Gemma and Sabrina yesterday at the shop and saw how cute and healthy a polyamorous relationship they have. Then they happened to be at the bar last night and I got to know them better, and they let me know they found me attractive, so your Father and I discussed it like adults. Which, I daresay, seems to be more thought than you’ve been putting into your hookups, though you don’t have a partner to run things by.”

“So you guys had sex, then,” Genevieve said, looking around the table.

“Fantastic sex,” Mallory corrected. “Dear, sex with the right partners should be mind-blowing experiences. I easily came a half dozen times.”

Genevieve opened her mouth but clearly didn’t know how to reply to that.

“Now, I’m sure you’ll want to confirm this with your Father, but he’s managing the bar at the moment so you should probably wait until he’s at least off of work,” Mallory said. “You can have that conversation alone or I can be there, whatever your choice is. But for now, unless you’d like to take my place and find out how good these three are, I’m going to take my lovers here and

head back up for our next round so I can get my ass fucked with John's fantastic cock. I do need to get home in time to make dinner, after all."

Now Gen's jaw *really* dropped, as did Edgar's.

"That wasn't actually a question, dear," Mallory said as she stood up from her chair. "You should probably take your friend here back downstairs and at least polish his knob. Right now he's picturing fucking my ass instead of doing dirty things with you, which just isn't right." She came around the table again, standing behind you with her hands on your shoulders and leaned down to kiss you on the cheek. "Coming, Sir?"

You managed to stand up without stumbling and decided that if Mallory was going for shock value that you'd help her out. You turned and picked Mallory up, hefting her over your shoulder and giving her robe-covered ass a smack. "Let's get to it, you goddamn sexy MILF," you said.

Mallory laughed as you carried her towards the stairs, Gemma and Sabrina following. "Go have fun, Gen," she called to her daughter. "Just don't do anything I wouldn't do. Which isn't much!"

Chapter 329

You put Mallory down at the top of the stairs, but she grabbed your hand and led you back to the bedroom without a word. Once you were all inside she shut the door and went to the bed, sitting down on the corner of it and letting out a long breath.

“Are you OK?” Sabrina asked, the first of you to reach her. Sabrina climbed up on the bed and hugged Mallory from behind, resting her chin on the older woman’s shoulder. Gemma sat beside her and hugged her as well, leaving you to get down on your knees in front of her and take her hands in yours.

“It’ll be fine,” Mallory said, clearly having had a very brief moment but letting it go quickly. “It was awkward, that’s for sure.”

“We had no idea Edgar was bringing her here,” you said.

“At all,” Gemma reinforced.

“No, it’s fine, you guys,” Mallory shook her head. “I definitely don’t blame you. Sorry if that killed the mood.”

“We can get the mood back if that’s what you want,” Sabrina grinned. “We’re more worried about you than getting more sex.”

Mallory smiled softly and turned, kissing Sabrina lightly. “And that, my dear, is why the sex is so great.”

“Do you really want to continue?” Gemma asked.

“You guys leave tomorrow?” Mallory asked.

“Probably around noon,” you sighed. The vacation was almost over.

“Then there isn’t another time I can come see you again for another round of fun,” Mallory said. “So yes, even if I know my daughter is riding cock a couple of floors down, I very much want to get fucked again myself.” She snorted and smirked. “It wouldn’t be the first time I was fucking in the master bedroom knowing full well she was doing the same thing in our basement with a boy she ‘snuck’ in. First time for her knowing that too, though.”

That got a chuckle out of each of you, and you stood up and cradled Mallory’s jaw with both your hands and leaned into a slow, luxurious kiss with her. “Is there anything we can do to help smooth things over with your husband?” you asked. “He agreed to us fucking, not your lifestyle getting outed to his daughter.”

“Well...” Mallory said, biting her lip. “There is one thing we could do...”

Your warm-up ended up being a bit of a photoshoot. Mallory didn't want to expose the three of you in any way, so none of the half-dozen photos included your faces but it did include Mallory's. There were a couple of her sucking your cock, playing it up for the camera as she grinned and had wide eyes - she also got to do her 'favourite thing' of sucking you from soft-ish to hard again. Then there were pictures of her sucking on Sabrina's and Gemma's tits, and tonguing their pussies. The last photo was taken by you, looking down at her on her knees. She had your cock in her mouth, while Gemma and Sabrina were standing on either side of you wearing the strap-ons, Mallory with a hand on each one as she stroked lube onto them. It was a hot, very *porny* picture.

“That's perfect,” Mallory said. “Just enough to tease him into being an absolute horny bastard tonight.”

“So what now, then?” Gemma asked, stepping behind Mallory and hugging the MILF from behind, cupping her tits as she pressed her own to Mallory's back.

“Mmm, I think John said something about you needing to get fucked, Mistress,” Mallory groaned.

“I think that's exactly what's going to happen,” you grinned. The pot brownies had kicked in and you were all feeling buzzed, but Mallory had gotten her dosage right and none of you were feeling droopy or dozy. You turned to Sabrina and pulled her into a kiss. “And while that's happening, I think you, baby, need to get my little MILF pet's ass ready to receive my cock.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Sabrina grinned.

Soon Gemma's strap-on was off again and you were spooned up behind her, slow-fucking your girlfriend as you watched Mallory bent over on her hands and knees on the bed while Sabrina ate her ass and started getting lubed up fingers inside of her. After a bit you sped up your fucking motions a little and Gemma moaned happily, partially turning and starting to make out with you. Then you had a great idea and had Mallory pivot on the bed so that *she* could make out with both you and Gemma while Sabrina continued preparing her ass.

Gemma came, slow and sweet. It wasn't the same kind of powerful, body-numbing orgasm that Sabrina and Mallory had gotten earlier, but she revelled in it, moaning heavily into Mallory's lips.

“God, I love you,” she groaned as she pulled from Mallory and looked back at you.

“I love you too, love,” you said with a smile.

“Fuck, you two are so cute and sexy together,” Mallory murmured.

“You should see him when we manage to fuck Sabrina out,” Gemma laughed. “He’s so sweet with her even if she’s an absolute ragdoll. He tucks her in and cuddles her so nicely even though she’s a sweaty, spitty, cummy mess.”

“Gee, thanks,” Sabrina chuckled. “Next time I’ll remember to swim back to consciousness so I can shower before he tucks me in.”

Mallory declared herself ready, and you pulled out of Gemma and ordered the MILF to clean off your slick cock. She did it with a smile of course, slurping Gemma’s taste from you.

“Now, my little pet,” you said. “Where do you want this cock?”

“In my ass, Sir,” Mallory said, looking up at you with wide eyes, giving you that ‘puppy dog’ look.

“You don’t sound very convincing, MILF,” Gemma said with a smirk, already starting to put her strap-on back on.

“I’m sorry, Mistress,” Mallory said. “Please, Sir. I really want you to take my ass.”

“No, Daddy,” Sabrina said, getting on her knees next to Mallory and giving you the same look. “I want you in *my* ass. I want you to stretch it out and I want to feel you pounding me so hard like the good little girl I am. I deserve it more.”

Mallory got into the little challenge right away. “No, Sir. *I* deserve your big, masterful cock in my ass more. Please, Sir, please fuck my ass. My hole has wanted it since you stuck your finger up there earlier, sir. It’s *aching* for you.”

“Mine’s tighter, Daddy,” Sabrina said. “It must be. She’s your sexy MILF pet, but I’m your perfect little bratty princess.”

“Mine is definitely tighter than your regular slut’s, sir,” Mallory begged. “Please fuck my ass? I want to feel you deep inside me, claiming parts of me that have been alone for so long. I promise you can do anything you want - fuck me slow and sweet, or absolutely destroy it. Please, Sir? Please destroy my ass and put your load deep inside me.”

You had to laugh at the escalating absurdities of the begging, and you leaned down and kissed Sabrina and then Mallory. “I will gladly take your ass, my little Mallory-MILF. First by myself, and then we’re going to fill each of these needy little holes of yours at the same time.”

“Thank you, Sir,” Mallory grinned. Sabrina fake pouted, then broke into a laugh that she couldn’t hold back as she leaned in to kiss Mallory on the cheek.

Chapter 330

“Oooh, yes yes yes,” Mallory sighed, her neck a little strained as she closed her eyes and focused on relaxing. She was on her back at the edge of the bed, her legs pulled back and wide so that she was fully open to you. You were holding both of her hands with yours and she was pulling slightly.

And your cock was about a quarter of the way into her ass.

“Mmm, I love the way it clings onto your cock when you’re pulling away,” Sabrina hummed, peeking around you to watch.

“You good, pet?” Gemma asked. She was cradling Mallory’s head, smiling down at the MILF.

“So good,” Mallory panted, then opened her eyes. “Maybe a little more lube, though?”

Sabrina provided it, dribbling the lube onto Mallory’s pussy and then using her fingers to swipe it down onto your cock as you continued to slowly inch your cock in and out of Mallory’s ass.

“Good, Sir, that’s good,” Mallory groaned.

It took almost ten minutes to work most of the way into Mallory’s ass, and you felt like you’d reached her maximum before you were fully buried inside her. To be fair, you had a feeling based on the fact that she usually wanted anal immediately after being multi-orgasmic, that the last time she’d done it her body had been a lot more physically tired and hadn’t shown this sort of resistance. She swore she was loving it though, and after adding a bit more lube you were stroking into her at a slow pace.

“God, Sir,” Mallory moaned, looking up at you as you continued to hold her hands. “Good God! Fuck, you’re easing my ass into it so well.”

“Your ass feels amazing, pet,” you said, using your hips to hook your cock just a little bit into a different angle and making her groan.

“Come here, slut,” Gemma said with a grin, shifting so she wasn’t cradling Mallory’s head anymore and instead was pressing her strap-on to Mallory’s mouth. The MILF quickly sucked in the head and started grunting as you picked up the pace of your thrusting.

“Mallory, can I take a picture of this for us?” Sabrina asked.

Mallory let go of your hand to give Sabrina a thumbs up, and your kinky girlfriend quickly got a picture of the double-teaming.

Gemma fed Mallory a bit more cock, then pulled it away and tapped the head of her dildo on Mallory's lips. "God, I want to just take you home with us and keep you naked and leashed," she said warmly. "Our little live-in MILF pet."

"Not just a pet," you grunted. "She's gotta make more of those brownies, too."

That made the others laugh, Mallory's ass squeezing you as you hesitated in your stroking due to the tightness.

"Maybe in another life," Mallory sighed as she smiled and her laughter died off. "I don't think I'd be opposed to becoming a kept woman for three sexy young things like you. Just spending my days fucking and cooking for you three, getting loved on and my brains fucked out. What a life that would be! You should definitely find someone to do that, you'd treat them so good."

That made Gemma humm a new chuckle. "What do you think, guys? Should we find a live-in MILF for Mallory to come over and play with?"

"Hah!" Mallory barked a laugh. "Not a MILF. Some young thing that can keep up with you three and who won't be seventy when you're forty."

"I'll put out an ad in the paper," Sabrina said. "Sex pet wanted for Poly family. Must be beautiful, sexually open, good in the kitchen and willing to work for amazing dick. Serious requests only."

That brought on another bout of laughter, and then Gemma pulled her dildo from Mallory's lips altogether. "I think it's time," she said.

"Mmm, yes please, Mistress," Mallory hummed.

It took a little bit of manoeuvring but Gemma ended up straddling Mallory, including her bent-back thighs, and you helped fish the dildo into place.

"Ooooooh, motherfucker," Mallory groaned as Gemma slowly thrust the dildo into Mallory's cunt.

"That's the idea," Gemma said, and you could hear the smirk in her voice even though she was looking away from you.

For your part, Mallory's ass had just gotten tighter and you could feel the pressure of the dildo inside of the MILF. Your view had also changed - Gemma's ass and back dominated it now, and you palmed her cheeks and massaged them with stiff fingers. "Having fun, love?"

"Yep," Gemma chuckled, then leaned down and kissed Mallory as she shifted from being braced on her feet to her knees, shoving the dildo in deeper as Mallory moaned.

"Sabrina," you said, gesturing towards Mallory's other end.

Of course, Sabrina found it funny that she would be the one stuffing Mallory's mouth considering she was the one who loved getting choked. Sabrina ended up straddling Mallory's chest, the borrowed strap-on basically tightened as much as it could be so it was sturdy on her thin frame, and Sabrina leaned forward onto her hands and knees as she fed the dildo into Mallory's mouth. This put Sabrina's little butt up in the air and pointed right at Gemma's face, so of course your Aussie girlfriend started kissing and licking your brunette girlfriend. Since you were now otherwise unoccupied other than slow-stroking Mallory's ass, you reached over and grabbed the lube, dropping a dollop between Gemma's ass cheeks, and started to tease her with a couple of fingers since it was available.

The moaning in the bedroom was mostly muffled, but the chorus of the three of your voices and your occasional groans was music that you would probably never forget.

Mallory came twice like that, the second one right on the tail of the first when you drove as deep into her as you could get. She needed a break after that, and after a quick wipe-down of your cock Sabrina was mounted in reverse cowgirl, while you fucked Mallory's pussy at speed and Gemma fucked her face. Another quick wipe-down and break after another large orgasm and Mallory straddled Sabrina again, this time in cowgirl, and Gemma got behind her to take her ass while you knelt straddling Sabrina's head and Mallory sucked your cock. Sabrina, of course, managed to get her mouth up high enough to suck on your balls as well.

"Fuck, you're amazing," you groaned as Mallory dropped her jaw and let you fuck her face a little rougher. You were holding her head, her hair pulled back with your fingers softly scratching against her scalp, as you did it and Gemma was giving her spanks while fucking her ass. Mallory mumbled something and you pulled out. "What was that, little three-hole MILF slut?"

"I want your cum please, sir," Mallory panted. "I'm, ungh, I'm almost... worn out... Please can you come all over my face? I want to be your little cumslut whore."

You shoved your cock back in her mouth and she sucked it hard, then you pulled back out and she opened her mouth wide, sticking her tongue out. Mallory, for all that she was somehow still gorgeous, was an absolute mess. Sabrina surprised you by reaching up from below and pumping your cock with both hands, pointing you at Mallory's face.

"That's it, Mal," Sabrina cooed. "Get marked by your Sir. Get his load all over that slutty, whore cumdump face. He's had every one of your holes, and now his girlfriends have too. How does it feel knowing that you're a complete fucktoy for three people who are young enough to be your children, but who think you're an absolute fucking snack of a MILF slut?"

You moaned. Mallory groaned. Gemma reached forward and ran her fingernails down Mallory's back as she smirked at you, knowing what she was doing. Mallory came, her happy groan turning into an uncontrolled one as her orgasm stiffened her, and your own unleashed, spurting rope after rope of cum onto her face, lips and tongue.

When you were finished you fell back, making sure not to sit on Sabrina's face (even if she might have liked that), as you panted for breath. Mallory was covered in cum.

And, of course, Sabrina pulled Mallory down and started making out with her, getting covered in your cum as well.

Chapter 331

“Don’t forget your Tupperware,” Gemma said, darting into the kitchen from near the front door.

“Oh, thanks dear,” Mallory said.

Cleanup had been fun, with a lot of grab-ass going on as the four of you crammed into the tiny shower. You’d even managed to get hard again, but the girls had taken it easy on you and other than a quick, soapy titty-fuck from Mallory you’d mostly just been getting clean.

Then, dressed again, you all headed downstairs. Sabrina bit the bullet and snuck halfway down the stairs to find out if Edgar and Genevieve were still down there, and she came back up shaking her head. It was impossible to know if they actually *had* gone back down there to fuck or if Gen had been too weirded out and left after the surprise encounter in the kitchen.

“That was a hell of a lot of fun, Mallory,” you said, taking her in your arms.

“It was,” she agreed and leaned in to kiss you sweetly on the mouth. You grabbed her ass lightly and she smiled into the kiss before pulling away. “Honestly, I didn’t even realize how much I might have needed that.” She turned to Sabrina and hugged her tightly.

“Well, if you ever feel like a repeat, just give us a call,” Sabrina said. “You’ve got mine and Gemma’s numbers.”

“We’ll see what my husband thinks,” Mallory chuckled. “I know I’m going to get absolutely railed tonight after the bar closes, but longer-term this might just be a one-time thing.”

“That’s totally understandable,” Gemma said, coming back with the brownie container and handing it over. Mallory put it in her purse and then hugged Gemma tightly, too. “We wouldn’t ever want to get in the way of your home life.”

“You kids are- ugh!” Mallory sighed. “Perfect. If you lived closer, I’d honestly be considering finding my hubby a more full-time girlfriend and opening up our marriage some more so this could keep happening. I loved turning you into motherfuckers.”

“And we loved fucking a mother,” you chuckled. The four of you all hugged, and Mallory kissed each of you on the forehead. “Have a safe walk home,” you said as she pulled away and stepped out the door and onto the porch.

“Thanks, babes,” Mallory said, waving lightly before starting down the driveway.

Sabrina started closing the door, but Gemma said, “One sec,” and slipped out, following Mallory down the driveway. The two blondes stopped, and you and Sabrina closed the front door most of the way and watched through the crack, trying not to look like you were spying. Gemma and

Mallory spoke for about a minute and then they hugged again, and Mallory kissed Gemma on the cheek before Gemma came back to the house and Mallory left.

“What was that about?” Sabrina asked.

“Oh, I was just thanking her for putting up with your bratty ass,” Gemma joked, making Sabrina smirk and roll her eyes.

“Don’t pry, baby,” you said, hugging Sabrina from behind.

“Fine,” Sabrina sighed.

“Thanks, love,” Gemma said, smiling serenely at you.

“You’re welcome,” you said, then let go of Sabrina and stood between them, taking both their hands. “OK. I thought that went really... fucking amazing? Even better? Other than the Genevieve surprise. Do we need to do any debriefing?”

“I’m good,” Gemma said.

“Me too,” Sabrina said. “I mean, I’m fucking horny already and might rub one out to the pictures we took, but I’m good with everything.”

“Actually, we do need to talk about one thing,” Gemma said, tugging the two of you into the living room. “Edgar knows we hooked up with Mallory, which probably means all of your friends are going to know. What’s our response to that?”

You had to take a breath, and then shrug. “What’s it matter?” you asked. “It’s not like we’re ashamed of it, right? She was open and willing, none of us were cheating. We had a really good time, and so did she.”

“Do you think the guys can handle it?” Sabrina asked. “I mean, Corey and Victoria might be a little embarrassed to know but should be fine, and Ollie might want details and be jealous. But what about Brent and Paul?”

That made you stop to think for a moment - how would they react? In the past, your rare hookups had always been met with high-fives. The revelation of you dating Sabrina and Gemma had also generally been accepted the same way. Was this whole thing one break too much, though? Neither of them had found a weekend fling, while you showed up with two girlfriends and hooked up with what might have been the hottest MILF you’d ever seen.

“I... think they should be fine,” you said. “I might get a little ribbing about it, but I can give it back as good as I get, especially because I can just warn them that their Moms might be next.”

That brought a snort from Gemma as she covered her mouth, and Sabrina grinned in a way that made you worried she might *actually* try to seduce someone's Mom.

"What about Edgar?" Gemma asked. "We've already had some issues this weekend."

"Edgar can eat a bag of dicks if he has a problem with it," you said. "He was hooking up with her daughter. He can't say anything."

"Then it's decided that we take a little ribbing, but shut down anything else," Sabrina said definitively. Then she leaned back on the couch and spread her arms, letting out a long breath. "You know? That wasn't the *best* sex we've had, but it was definitely up there. Top 3 for sure."

"Satisfied with yourself?" Gemma chuckled.

"Very," Sabrina grinned. Then she glanced over at you. "But don't think that now that we've fucked a MILF, and just because you've fucked my twin sister, you can go after my Mom."

"What?" you asked sarcastically. "I thought that was the whole point of this!"

Gemma snorted again and started laughing, and Sabrina rolled her eyes in an extra-exaggerated way and then leaned over and kissed you. "Not unless she's a widow, and fifty years from now," Sabrina said.

"Alright, deal," you chuckled, kissing her back.

"OK, you two," Gemma sighed, standing up. "Based on the time, there's about forty minutes until we're supposed to be meeting for dinner. Let's start getting things together, yeah?"

"I think you mean, 'Come on, kitchen bitches. Get cooking,'" Sabrina said, and instead of standing up she swung her leg over you and straddled you, hugging you tightly.

"That's exactly what I meant," Gemma said, coming over and swatting Sabrina on the ass over her dress. Then she frowned and felt Sabrina's ass some more. "Babe. Underwear. Now."

"Mmm!" Sabrina whined like a little kid, pouting at you, making you laugh. Then she laughed and stood up, spinning and kissing Gemma. "Yes, Mistress."

"That's more like it," Gemma giggled, sending her back towards the stairs with another swat to the butt. Once Sabrina was heading up the stairs Gemma turned back to you and stuck her tongue out, lifting the front of her own dress and flashing you her bare pussy.

"Naughty, Mistress," you snorted, standing up and taking Gemma in your arms, kissing her gently. She responded, feeding you a little tongue, and then pulled away to look at you with half-closed eyes.

“I’m so fucking happy, John,” she said.

“Me too, love,” you replied, squeezing her tighter. “Me too.”

Chapter 332

Ollie, Corey and Victoria were the first of your friends to come back to the Air B&B, which was on brand for the division of labour going on all weekend. None of them said anything about Mallory, and Corey and Victoria immediately jumped in to help you and Sabrina with the food prep while Ollie went upstairs to start packing. Everyone other than you, Gemma and Sabrina needed to head back that night, and if she was going to wrangle the boys into doing dishes after dinner she wanted to get things done for herself early.

Corey and Victoria filled you and Sabrina in on how the afternoon had gone down at the beach, which sounded like it had been a chill day in the sand and surf. A quick look, and a slight flush to Sabrina's cheeks, was enough for them to understand what *you* had generally been getting up to all afternoon. When Ollie came back down she started moving food over to the table - other than the requisite salad, it was mostly a whole ton of kebabs with chopped vegetables, along with hunks of pork and chicken. You were running back and forth from the BBQ outside to a couple of pans inside to try and make sure everything was cooked through but not dried out.

The guys showed up a little after six, which was actually pretty good considering Ollie had been worried they would show up *way* late. And again, when they came in, there were no immediate questions. Edgar definitely shot you a look at one point, but other than that the boys piled into their seats at the table after grabbing their drinks, and everyone tucked in.

"So," Brent said after he'd finished his first kebab, looking down the table at you with a bit of a smirk starting. "Edgar says that you guys had a pretty busy afternoon."

"You mean when him and his local girl crashed our hookup?" you asked.

Paul almost choked on the piece of pepper he'd been biting into as he laughed and tried to cover it.

"Wait, you guys hooked up with someone?" Ollie asked, raising her eyebrow. "Like, all three of you?"

"It was the lady from the hippy store yesterday," Sabrina said offhandedly.

"That super hot MILF?" Ollie asked.

"Mhmm," Sabrina hummed and nodded with a self-satisfied smile.

"Dude," Ollie said, then turned to look at you. "Dude!"

"Was that the lady you were talking with last night?" Corey asked.

"At the bar," Gemma confirmed. "She's pretty awesome. And great in the sack."

Paul was coughing and trying to get himself together, and Brent was snickering.

“I don’t think us picking up a super hot older woman is the real headline of the story though,” you said. “Is it, Edgar?”

“Wait, what does *that* mean?” Brent asked.

Edgar squirmed a little in his seat, then sighed. “She was the mom of the girl I was hooking up with,” he admitted.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Ollie said. “You guys fucked the Mom of the virgin chick Edgar was getting with?”

“Technically we fucked her several times,” Sabrina said with a little smirk.

“And Genevieve definitely wasn’t a virgin,” Gemma said.

“Well obviously,” Brent said. “She was a MILF.”

“Oh, no,” you said. “Mallory was the name of the woman we were with. Genevieve was her daughter.”

Paul fell out of his chair, crying he was laughing so hard.

“She *said* she was a virgin,” Edgar exclaimed.

“Dude, I could tell she wasn’t,” Ollie chortled. “I mean, you seriously bought that?”

“Well, why wouldn’t I?!” Edgar asked.

“I’m getting big ‘Wedding Crashers’ vibes off of this,” Corey chuckled. For some reason *that* was what set Victoria off into nervous, embarrassed giggles. Gemma, who was sitting beside her, started giggling too and took her hand, squeezing it as she leaned into her.

“OK, OK,” Paul panted, getting up into his chair. “So... you guys had sex with Edgar’s non-virgin local hookup’s Mom. Did the whole run-in thing happen too?”

“Oh, it was awkward as shit,” Sabrina said. “Basically, like, ‘Surprise, your Dad and I are sexual beings and somehow you missed that even though you’re a bit of a slut.’”

“This. Is. Amazing,” Ollie said.

“Was the Dad OK with it?” Corey asked.

“Yes, though we’re not giving details,” Gemma said. “Not our story to tell.”

“Alright, alright,” you finally said. “Now you guys know, so how about we change the subject? Even Edgar’s thing isn’t actually embarrassing.”

“No, but it’s still hilarious,” Paul said, grinning over the table at his brother.

“Careful,” Brent said. “Piss off John and he might just seduce *your* Mom next.”

“Bah!” Paul barked a laugh. “You three couldn’t handle our Mom even if you tried.”

“You haven’t seen how big my strap-on is,” Gemma said with a smirk, which got Ollie giggling hard, which set Victoria off again.

Finally, you managed to change the subject and everyone started talking about what they were doing for the rest of the summer. There wasn’t likely going to be another meetup before the school year, so it was nice to just know what was going on with your friends. But then you remembered you needed to have a more serious conversation, and you were very much running out of time to have it in person.

Now or never, you sighed internally.

“So, guys,” you said. “I think maybe you can see this coming, but I should put it out there. I’m... going to be moving in with Sabrina for the year.”

“God damn it,” Paul groaned.

“Hah, I win,” Brent said.

Paul fished in his pocket and took out his wallet, pulling a twenty out and handing it to Brent.

“You guys bet on that?” Sabrina asked.

“Oh, we figured as soon as we saw you two together that you’d be moving in together,” Paul admitted. “I just thought that you would move in with John instead of him moving in with you.”

“Why the hell would she want to move in with you guys?” Ollie asked.

“It was wishful thinking!” Paul defended himself. “Our place could use a woman’s touch, and you two together are halfway decent in the kitchen.”

“Gee, thanks,” you rolled your eyes.

“So you guys aren’t mad at John?” Gemma asked.

“No, of course not,” Brent said. “We’ll get someone to take his room. And this way we won’t have to hear you two banging all the time - our walls are thin as hell.”

“Shit, we won’t need to hear you two banging other girls and making us jealous, too,” Paul laughed.

That, you realized, wasn’t something that had been covered in discussions between you, Gemma and Sabrina yet.

Chapter 333

“See you, big guy,” Ollie said, pulling you into a hug. The house was cleaned, the cars were getting packed, and your friend had pulled you back into the living room as the boys were figuring out how they had crammed everything into the two vehicles on the way out.

“Big guy?” you asked.

“Well, all of the names I used to call you don’t fit anymore,” she said, squeezing you tighter until you hugged her back properly. She pulled back, keeping her hands on your arms. “Seriously, John. You’ve changed since the end of last year. I don’t know if it was happening anyway, or if Sabrina and Gemma brought it on, but you’re more... mature. It looks good on you.”

“Thanks, Ollie,” you said.

“Now don’t fuck it up,” she smirked.

“Not on my life,” you promised her.

“So you guys hook up with other people, huh?” she asked.

“Didn’t get in enough digs at the dinner table?”

“I didn’t get *any* digs in then,” she said. “I was just surprised that if you guys were open to that, neither of the girls asked me. I got a hint of flirtiness for a while there until today.”

“You’re too close to home, Ollie,” you said. “And don’t get me wrong, I think Sabrina in particular would have been into it, but we’ve got rules. Another one is that we’ll only hook up with people who are interested in *all* of us.”

“You think I wouldn’t take your dick to get at Gemma and Sabrina?” she asked sarcastically.

“I *know* you wouldn’t,” you said, pulling her into another hug. “Plus, my dick would turn you bi, and what would *that* do to your reputation?”

She snorted and hugged you back again. “Get back to the city safe,” she mumbled.

“You too. Don’t let the guys do anything stupid.”

“When do I ever?” she asked.

“All the time,” you said.

“Not when *my* ass is on the line,” she chuckled. The hug ended and you two headed back outside. Ollie went and hugged Gemma and Sabrina goodbye, the girls talking quickly. Sabrina would be in your circle from now on back at school, but Ollie wouldn’t see Gemma again any time soon.

Corey and Victoria came over and gave you hugs goodbye as well, followed by the guys though that was more of a bunch of shoving and teasing. Then, it felt like all at once, they were in the cars and driving away. Sabrina came over and stood on one side of you, looping her arm with yours, and Gemma came up on the other and took your hand in both of hers, leaning her head against your shoulder.

“Sad to see them go?” Gemma asked.

“A little,” you said. “But then again, we’ve got the whole place to ourselves for one last night.”

“Naked hot tub?” Sabrina asked.

“There are still neighbours, Sabrina,” Gemma chuckled. “Plus, I thought you wanted to fuck on the beach tonight.”

“... good point,” Sabrina grinned.

“Are we really doing that?” you asked.

“I think we are, love,” Gemma said, turning to hug you and kiss your cheek. “But first, I think we should give you a *little* more time to recover from your three-woman fuckfest this afternoon. I’m thinking movie night?”

The three of you headed back inside, and soon Gemma had hooked her laptop up to the TV in the living room and you were all sprawled on the same couch, limbs crisscrossing as you watched *Cruel Intentions*, which neither you nor Sabrina had watched. After the scene where Sarah Michelle Geller’s character taught Selma Blair’s character how to kiss, Sabrina turned over and reached for Gemma’s foot, pulling it to her mouth and biting her.

“Ow!” Gemma said, pulling it away and laughing. “What the fuck was that for?”

“You knew this movie would turn me the fuck on, you bitch,” Sabrina giggled.

“Isn’t that the point?” Gemma pointed out.

Not all of the movie was horny like that scene, but definitely enough of it that you felt the effects of it too. By the time the credits were rolling, the sun was setting outside.

“Alright,” you said. “What do we need to bring with us down to the beach?”

“Well, first off, no underwear beneath our dresses,” Gemma said. Sabrina immediately reached under hers and pulled down her thong, dropping it on your face with a grin. You bit the string and growled playfully, shaking it back and forth like a dog with a toy.

“Done,” Sabrina said.

“We’ll also want a towel or two, plus lube,” Gemma said. “Sand is our enemy if we’re doing this. I’d also say a big umbrella to hide ourselves some more, but walking down there with an umbrella at this time of day would look sketchy as hell.”

“We’ll just find a dark corner,” Sabrina said. “Anything else?”

“A flashlight and some tissues to clean up after,” Gemma said. “Unless you plan on walking back here with cum on your face or running down your leg.”

“You know, I do swallow too,” Sabrina smirked. “But that makes sense.”

“Can I just ask, what’s the goal here?” you asked. “Like, are we just trying for the experience with a quickie, or are you both expecting me to get you a load?”

“Baby,” Sabrina said. “Are you suggesting that you *can’t* give us both a load on the beach?”

“Quickly?” you asked. “After the day we’ve had?”

“He’s not wrong, Sabrina,” Gemma said. “Buuut I think we can do it.”

“OK,” you sighed, shooting a silent prayer up to the heavens that you weren’t going to end up in county lockup or something for indecent exposure.

The three of you untangled yourselves from each other and the girls went upstairs to grab Gemma’s beach bag and the things they would need, then came back downstairs. Both of them had done their hair up with ponytails to try and minimize the sand issue there, and you got mooned by both of them as they proved to you that they weren’t, in fact, wearing underwear.

“You know, you two are absolutely crazy, right?” you asked.

“I feel like you’ve told us that before,” Sabrina smirked.

“And I feel like you love it,” Gemma said.

“I really do,” you sighed. “Now please, my loving girlfriends, at least promise me you aren’t going to be loud when we’re down there?”

Gemma reached into the beach bag and lifted out the ball gag with a grin. “Not a problem, love. We’ve got it covered.”

“Jesus Christ,” you muttered, shaking your head. And, with a towel over your shoulder, you locked up the house and headed for the beach.

Chapter 334

You'd already done the walk down to the beach several times, but there was a difference this time - everything was just so much more calm. It seemed like a lot of the tourists had done the same thing that your friends had and headed out sometime in the afternoon or early evening. The quiet of the town was lovely, and you could see why folks would want to live here any time *other* than the holiday weekends.

The three of you chatted as you walked. Sabrina liked Ollie a lot, while Gemma had bonded with Victoria more, but they both liked the other girl as well. Paul and Brent hadn't exactly made big, fantastic impressions on your girlfriends, but they agreed that the boys seemed OK. Corey, on the other hand, got lots of praise. Edgar was, well, Edgar.

Mallory was another topic of conversation, though the three of you avoided talking about the sex elements of your interactions with her. Instead, you discussed the little bits and pieces of lessons you'd gotten from talking with her. Mallory had really pushed the communication thing, which you'd already been taking as important, but now you wanted to push that even more. The last thing you wanted was a rift forming, especially while Gemma was back home in Australia and felt disconnected from you and Sabrina.

It really didn't take that long to get down to the beachfront street, so you didn't delve into any deeper conversation topics. The street itself, lined and bustling with shops earlier that day, was quiet now with a few cars driving down it. All of the shops were closed, leaving only the few restaurants with their lights on. Even the festive lights that had been up were off, and you could imagine town workers coming through to clean them up in the next day or so.

The three of you crossed the street and headed down onto the beach. The temperature had already dropped a little and by the time you were spreading out the big towel the sun was almost set back over the town and the three of you were looking out over the Atlantic ocean as the dark blues and blacks of night crept up into the sky.

You ended up sitting next to Gemma and leaning back with your arm around her, having mounded the sand a bit under the towel two of you to give a light shoulder rest. Sabrina sat between your legs, leaning back and resting her head on your chest.

It was quiet, and the three of you let it be that way, just holding each other and watching the night come on.

"Can I start yet?" Sabrina finally asked.

"No," Gemma said. "We're still easily visible from the street, baby."

"Gah. Fine," Sabrina said, then smiled slyly. "Mistress."

“Don’t you start,” Gemma chuckled.

More quiet. Sabrina was getting impatient though and was rubbing her hands up and down your legs. Gemma rolled her eyes and leaned in to kiss you softly.

“No fair,” Sabrina said when she glanced back and noticed the soft kissing.

“You picked that spot so you could feel her cock getting hard against you,” Gemma said. “I picked this spot so I could kiss him.”

“... fine,” Sabrina said through narrowed eyes, knowing she’d been read like a book.

Finally, you were in the dark, the sparse lights from the street behind you put a soft, barely-there light on the edges of the girls as you looked at them.

“OK, baby,” Gemma said quietly to Sabrina. “You can start.”

“Finally,” Sabrina sighed, sitting up and then rolling over so she was crawling up your torso to kiss you, her hands quickly finding the strings for your shorts and loosening them. She got your shorts down, your cock popping out already mostly hard, and she kissed you fiercely as her fingers traced the head. Then she turned and caught Gemma in a kiss as well. “Thanks for doing this,” she whispered.

“Get it out of your system now,” Gemma whispered back, running her fingers through Sabrina’s hair. “Because we’re not doing it *more* public than this. There are still people walking up and down the street twenty yards away.”

“We’ll see if that works,” Sabrina giggled softly, then moved back down your torso and got her mouth on your cock.

You groaned softly, and Gemma shushed you with a kiss. “Don’t tell me you’re the one we need to gag,” she teased you.

“I’m not,” you assured her. “It’s just different knowing we’re out in the middle of a beach. Anyone could look out into the dark and see us.”

“Which is why we need to go *fast*,” Gemma said, finding Sabrina’s head with one hand and pushing her down on your cock. Sabrina hadn’t exactly been ready for that and gagged once before she swallowed your cock into her throat, making the both of you groan. “That’s it, my loves,” Gemma whispered.

You didn’t want her to just have her way, so you took some initiative yourself and reached down, pulling Gemma’s dress up over her hips, and then even higher until it was bundled under her arms and both her pussy and her breasts were bare to you. You immediately leaned down and

caught her nipple between your lips as your fingers teased over her mound and started tickling her outer labia.

“Dirty bastard,” Gemma chuckled.

“Says the completely naked girl,” Sabrina said, coming off of your cock and shifting over. She opened Gemma’s legs and got between them, burying her tongue inside of your shared girlfriend.

“Oooh, fuck,” Gemma groaned.

“Now who needs the ball gag?” you joked.

“Shut up, love,” Gemma crooned.

Sabrina swapped back and forth a couple of times between you and Gemma, sucking you and eating her. You spent your time with Gemma’s breasts mostly, sucking and licking those delightful nipples while your hands explored every inch of her soft skin. Finally, Sabrina came up from tonguing Gemma and said, “OK, now ride him.”

“I thought you were going first,” Gemma whispered.

“Bitch, are you complaining?”

“No, just surprised,” Gemma said. Then, as Sabrina slipped out of the way, Gemma rolled over and straddled you. It only took a moment in the dark for her to grasp your cock in her fingers and get it lined up, and she sat down on it with a delighted moan.

“Congrats,” Sabrina said. “You’re fucking him in public.”

“It doesn’t feel very public,” Gemma hummed softly as she started to grind herself on your cock.

“Should I turn on the flashlight?” Sabrina asked.

“No!” Gemma whispered sharply.

“I thought you wanted this to be fast?” Sabrina teased. “And here you are just rocking on it. John, baby, you clearly need to take charge of her. Gemma’s gotten lazy.”

“I’m not-” Gemma started, but you agreed with Sabrina and you hefted Gemma by her hips, keeping her still and stable as you rolled the both of you over. You took Gemma’s legs in hand and pushed them back, and immediately started fucking into her with more power. You were hungry for them both - the foursome with Mallory had been amazing, but the MILF had

understandably been the focal point of it. Now you needed to feel like they were the focus. Gemma and Sabrina. They were your world.

“Oooh, fuck,” Gemma groaned as you were thrusting faster, your skin starting to clap together softly.

“Need the gag?” Sabrina asked.

Gemma answered by shaking her head, barely visible in the low light.

“How about lube?”

“No sand yet,” Gemma grunted.

You slipped your hands down Gemma’s legs from her knees to her thighs until you were cupping her ass as she lifted it off the ground slightly for you to fuck her hard at an angle she liked. While there were small, individual grains, it wasn’t as bad as you’d worried it would be.

“God, I wish I could lick on that clit while he was fucking you,” Sabrina whispered.

“I can change positions,” you pointed out.

“Don’t,” Sabrina said. “She’s close.”

Gemma groaned in agreement. How Sabrina knew that you couldn’t figure out.

“Gemma, love,” you said. “How close?”

“Close enough. Are you?” she asked.

You shook your head, and could almost feel her frowning. She wanted you to come with her, but you just weren’t close enough yet.

“I won’t leave you until I pop,” you promised her.

Gemma flung her arms around your neck and pulled you into a deep kiss as you fucked into her deep and insistently. That was all she wanted to hear.

Chapter 335

You kissed Gemma again, pressing your chest down to hers as you shifted your knees wider to get some better power into your thrusts. In the soft, barely-there light her hair looked like silver and her eyes glimmered with little spots from the far-away streetlights. She looked like something out of a fantasy, and she felt like magic.

“I love you,” you whispered to her in the dark, feeling her pussy squelching and squeezing and grabbing onto you as you thrust over and over in a mechanical, steady rhythm.

“I love you too, John,” she gasped softly in your ear. “I love you so much.”

She had come once already, and as you leaned up from her Sabrina took your place, leaning down to place kisses on the Australian’s lips.

There was something about the three of you doing it here, out in the dark, that felt different. Every time with them felt special, but after everything that had happened earlier in the day, and all weekend, this felt...

“This feels like a love song,” you said quietly, one hand planted on the towel next to Gemma’s shoulder for leverage. You shifted the other one to slide up Sabrina’s leg and under the hem of her dress, caressing her ass for a moment and then up her back. “I don’t know what it is, but this is...”

“Effortless,” Gemma gasped as Sabrina pulled away from their kissing. “It feels effortless.” You could see she was leaking tears from her eyes, but her smile told you they were happy tears.

Sabrina turned and kissed you, her one hand trailing down and still brushing fingers across Gemma’s nipple, keeping the three of you connected to each other. “I’m so happy,” she whispered into your lips. “Thank you for being who you are, baby. This never would have happened without you being you in that copy room.”

“I’m so fucking happy too, Sabrina,” you moaned softly and kissed her again briefly before leaning down to Gemma again to kiss her as well. As your lips met you unloaded, your balls aching as you filled her pussy. Again, for the umpteenth time, you couldn’t believe how much your girlfriends trusted and loved you.

Sure, Gemma had an IUD, but she had a deep fear of getting pregnant at a young age. And yet, ever since that first time, you almost always finished inside her. The ultimate act of trust, really. Of love.

Gemma moaned and her stomach sucked in and her chest pressed out as she shifted into her own orgasm as she felt the gooeey explosion filling her deep. “Yesss, John,” she gasped. “Gaaawd, yes.”

When it was over, both of you panting softly, Gemma opened her eyes and looked deep into yours with what little light you had to do so. "I think I know what our song is," she said, then glanced aside to Sabrina - they were holding hands already, and the brunette knelt down closer. "Ours, the three of us."

"What song?" Sabrina asked.

"Iris," Gemma said.

And then Gemma started singing. Softly, barely more than a whisper. Almost focused more on caressing the both of you than anything else.

"And I'd give up forever to touch you, 'cause I know that you feel me somehow. You're the closest to heaven that I'll ever be, and I don't want to go home right now."

She only made it through the first verse before Sabrina leaned in and kissed her deeply. The three of you slowly loved on each other as your cock softened and slipped out of Gemma, trading kisses and holding each other, until the emotions had stopped overwhelming you.

You and Sabrina ended up cuddled on either side of Gemma on the towel, Gemma's dress having fallen down over her tits but her hips and mound still bare to the world. Or at least the ocean, based on the direction you were facing.

"You need to sing that song for us for real," Sabrina whispered, leaning with one hand keeping her head up as she looked down at Gemma with pure adoration in her eyes.

"I'm not a singer," Gemma chuckled softly. "I just got overwhelmed by the moment."

"I still want you to," Sabrina said. "Please?"

"It's better as a duet," Gemma said, turning to look at you. "How about it, baby? Want to sing with me?"

You flushed. "I'm not much of a singer either," you said. "But for you two, I'll try."

"Well, I can't be left out of singing *our* song," Sabrina said. "So I guess I need to learn a part too."

"I didn't even get to the part that hits me the hardest," Gemma said. This time she spoke the words, the moment of complete freedom and lack of silly shame having slipped away. *"And I don't want the world to see me, 'cause I don't think that they'd understand. When everything's made to be broken, I just want you to know who I am."*

The three of you sat quietly for a moment, and you kissed Gemma on the shoulder softly. “Are you worried about your family?” you asked.

She nodded. “And both of yours,” she said. “And... everyone. Your friends took it well, but what about the rest of the world? People in law school. Old stodgy professors. Deans. Judges we might clerk for. Recruitment officers at law firms. I’m scared that this is going to be the only real thing I can count on and I just want you two to know I love you like *that*. Like nothing else matters. I don’t want to have to explain this to them, because this isn’t explainable. Because you two are my heaven.”

Another long, tender moment of embracing each other and trying to ward off the world started and didn’t stop for a while.

Chapter 336

“Sabrina,” Gemma ended up whispering. “If you don’t clean him up soon, his cock is gonna get gross.”

That made you chuckle - your cock was currently soft and you wouldn’t have called it anything other than gross in its current state. Floppy, dripping with the mixed cum and juices from finishing in Gemma, and now having sat in the open air for a good fifteen minutes as the three of you got emotional.

Sabrina, on the other hand, had different standards of gross. “Lay on your back, baby,” she requested, and you did so. Instead of crawling over Gemma to get to you, Sabrina simply leaned over and lay belly-to-belly with the Australian as she got your cock in her mouth and started sucking and slurping.

“We did bring paper towels,” you pointed out.

“Bah,” Sabrina said, taking her lips from your cock. “I like the way the two of you taste.”

“Just let her be a little slut, love,” Gemma said. That was a bit of irony considering she was currently sliding her hand up Sabrina’s dress and pawing at the brunette’s ass.

It didn’t take long for you to be ‘clean’ and your cock to sleepily start to respond. You’d had another big day and while you had full confidence that your girlfriends could probably get your cock up even if you were frozen solid in a block of ice, the relatively quick speed at which you started getting hard between Sabrina’s lips was still a little surprising. Soon enough you were reaching peak stiffy, and Sabrina pulled off of you and started stroking you the rest of the way as she looked back at Gemma. “I think Mallory was right,” she said. “Knowing I can do that to him feels so fucking sexy.”

“How do you want to fuck, baby?” you asked, sitting up and putting a hand at her jaw to wipe a thumb across her lips before kissing her.

“Doggy,” she said with a smile, then glanced at Gemma. “Mind if I get over you?”

“Am I choking you?” Gemma asked.

“Yes please,” Sabrina said, then her smile turned into a smirk. “Mistress, Darling.”

“Careful what you start, baby,” Gemma said darkly, her hand still up Sabrina’s dress and doing something that made the thinner girl squirm a little.

“Sorry,” Sabrina giggled. Then she glanced up at the street, which had been pretty quiet for a long while, and bit her lip. “Can I get naked?”

Gemma checked with you with a glance, then nodded. "Yes you can, baby," she allowed.

Sabrina quickly pulled her dress over her head, baring herself in the darkness as she slipped over Gemma, straddling her much like she would have if she was going to ride her. With Gemma's dress still bundled around her waist, this would have made an excellent threesome position - one you had used plenty of times in the past month - but this was Sabrina's time.

The two girls kissed as you got behind Sabrina and caressed her ass with your hands, then slid up higher to her waist and higher again to cup her small tits hanging underneath her. Sabrina moaned into her kissing at the feel of your hands on her, and you slowly dragged them back to her ass.

"Alright," Gemma said, reaching over into the beach bag and pulling out the ball gag. "Open wide, baby." Sabrina did just that, allowing Gemma to fasten the gag around her head loosely before getting her brunette hair out of the way. Then Gemma tightened it in place. "Good?" she asked.

"Mhmm," Sabrina hummed softly, nodding.

"Can you spit it out if you really need to?"

Sabrina worked her jaw and, with some effort, tongued it out of her mouth and down to her chin. "In an emergency," she said.

Gemma pushed the ball back into her mouth with a finger. "Good girl," she said. Then she wrapped her arms around the back of Sabrina's neck and pulled her down into a hug, crushing their chests together as Sabrina's face pressed to Gemma's neck. Your blonde girlfriend looked over Sabrina's shoulder to you. "Whenever you're ready, love," she said, then shifted Sabrina's hair out of the way and started kissing her neck right on the 'spot.'

Sabrina whimpered and groaned into the ballgag, immediately starting to wiggle her hips at you.

The way she was positioned, face down and ass up, pushed her cunt in your direction and even with almost no light you were able to easily get your cock into position, feeling that familiar sensation of being on the cusp of entering her.

And you held there, teasing her. Or, more appropriately, letting her tease herself as she wiggled and humped her hips. The head of your cock slid up and down and all over her pussy, slipping through her labia, glancing off her clit. It even hotdogged up through her ass crack before you shifted to get it back into position. Finally, when you felt like she'd been teased enough, you took one glance up at the street before giving her ass a hard spank.

She froze, moaning hard into the gag.

“Are you done being a needy little cunt and ready to be a good girl?” you asked.

She mumbled something unintelligible into the gag, but her nodding was more understandable.

You slipped into her pussy with one long, insistent stroke. It was wet and willing and you stabbed into her like a hot knife through butter until you were balls deep and feeling her flexing and twitching insides as she once again adjusted to your cock.

Leaning over her, you kissed her on her temple since Gemma’s head was a little in the way to reach her cheek. “I love you, baby,” you said. Then you kissed Gemma’s hair before leaning back up and starting to fuck Sabrina.

The three of you had already spent much longer than you probably should have fucking on the beach, even if it was dark. Someone, at some point, was going to come by and quite possibly notice you. Sabrina seemed in the mood for a hard and fast fuck as well, and she used her hips as much as she could to fuck back at you. Then, when Gemma let her go, she got up more on her hands which let her really fuck back at you. She was mumbling and groaning into the gag with wild abandon, and you couldn’t help but give her what you know she wanted, swatting her ass several times.

Then Gemma got into the game again and reached up with both hands, wrapping them around Sabrina’s throat and pulling her down a bit so that she could whisper in the girl’s ear. “There, baby,” she said. “Now you’re a little choking slut for him. For Daddy. You better start fucking back at him harder though, or he might decide that pretty little pussy of yours just doesn’t deserve all of his love right now and he switches down to mine. And I know, your pussy is nice and tight and tasty, but mine is too. And our boyfriend *does* love to swap back and forth between us.”

Sabrina squealed and started fucking back at you harder, taking the inspiration to heart.

Chapter 337

“That’s it, little fuckslut,” Gemma whispered to her, still choking her. “Remind John how much you love him absolutely using you. How much you love his cock slamming every inch of your cunt. Making your pussy dribble and drool, driving you towards such a big orgasm that you spray your squirt all over, completely losing control. Are you thankful for him, love? Do you tell him you love him enough, and thank him for using your little hole so perfectly?”

“Mmfmm, Mmm!” Sabrina garbled through the gag, repeating it over and over. It had to be something like ‘Thank you, John.’

“Good girl,” Gemma crooned into Sabrina’s ear. “Good fucking girl. Be his little slut. Our slut, because I love how fucking sexy you are too. God, Sabrina, it didn’t even take you two weeks to seduce me into becoming a bisexual whore for the two of you, but that means you’re my little whore to love, too. And I do. I so fucking do, just like him. Just like John. We love you, you little fucking cunt. You hole. Are you getting close? I can tell you’re holding it back now.”

Sabrina’s movement to slam back and meet your thrusts was slowing as she tensed. You grabbed her sides firmly, not pinching her yet but getting close. Listening to Gemma’s filthy, loving words to Sabrina was getting you close as well.

“Almost there, baby,” Gemma whispered to her. “You’re almost there. Your pussy is going to absolutely explode, isn’t it? Even after a foursome with an absolute goddess of a MILF, your pussy just can’t get enough of his cock. Are you ready? Should I count you down?”

“Meeemf!” Sabrina begged.

“Ten,” Gemma counted. “Nine. Eight.” She glanced at you and nodded. You pinched Sabrina’s sides, sparking that pleasure-pain for her. “One, Sabrina. Come right now.”

Sabrina keened hard in her chest as her entire body clenched and she came. You pulled out of her fully, watching as the spray of her squirt came out of her and splattered you and Gemma both. Then you wedged your cock back into her, forcing three thrusts, and pulled back out as she started squirting again. You did that one more time, the squirt reducing in size each time, before you worked your way back into her deeply and hauled her up and away from Gemma. You pushed Sabrina’s face and chest first right into the sand, the slightly rough texture of it playing all down her naked body as you mounted her in a prone position and fucked her hard and deep with fast rabbit thrusts until you groaned heavily in her ear and came inside her.

She was panting, her face turned to the side and her cheek pressed to the sand, and she looked back at you and despite the ballgag and the hair and sand sticking to her because of the sweat, you could tell she was smiling deliriously.

Eventually, you pulled off of her and helped her roll over. Sabrina's entire front was covered in sand, from cheek to chest to hips to toes. You reached behind her head and undid the gag, which she spit out before taking a deep breath. Then she launched herself at you, tackling you in a hug to your back, and she reached over and pulled Gemma into the hug as well.

"I feel like I never would have figured myself out sexually without you guys," Sabrina sobbed softly. "I love you so much. Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"Shh," you shushed her softly, rubbing her back. "Shhh."

It turned out that cleaning up the area, when you fucked outside, was a breeze. The squirt that hit the sand was a whatever sort of thing, and the squirt that hit the towel was just a damp towel. The cleanup of yourselves was a different matter. Funnily enough, it was actually Sabrina who ended up the least-haggard looking by the end of it by pure dint of her not wearing her clothes while you were fucking. Your shorts and shirt were soaked and sandy, as was Gemma's dress. Sure, Sabrina was kind of sandy even after the three of you scraped her down, but at least she had a clean garment to wear.

Once you were finished, and all covered up, Gemma fished the flashlight out of the bag and flashed it around. The lube, which hadn't been used, had fallen out of the bag while all the fumbling around had happened, and the ballgag had almost been forgotten.

The walk back home was almost like the three of you had been out drinking. Each of you was physically tired even if you were mentally and emotionally wired. By the time you reached the Air B&B, none of you wanted to do anything, but you also didn't want to go to bed.

"Hot tub," Sabrina groaned almost zombie-like as she staggered around the house towards the deck area.

You looked at Gemma and shrugged. "Guess we're getting in the hot tub."

"We should really be showering the sand off first," Gemma sighed.

"Not our hot tub," Sabrina said from the darkness around the corner.

Soon the cover was off and you'd raised the temperature and turned on the jets. Sabrina was the first to strip down naked and hop in, and after a glance around the dark houses, you and Gemma did the same.

Feeling the temperature rise, the three of you groaned happily as you half-floated. You didn't cuddle, instead enjoying having the space to feel the water encompassing you as your feet mingled in the middle.

"Love you guys," you mumbled happily.

“Love you more,” Sabrina said.

“Love you most,” Gemma said.

“Damn,” Sabrina sighed. “Love you... mostest.”

That got Gemma sliding around to kiss her to shut her up, and then you got assaulted with kisses as they teamed up on you. And, somehow, your cock managed to rise as wet tits rubbed all over your chest and face, and lips kissed your face and sucked on your earlobes and whispered sexy things in your ear. Then hands found your hard cock.

They got you up on the edge of the hot tub, and you received a blowjob in the near-pitch darkness without the house lights on. Somehow they sucked one final orgasm out of you, and you weren't even sure whose mouth gobbled it up. You did know they shared it with a kiss.

Then it was their turn, and Sabrina got propped up on the edge of the hot tub as Gemma licked her and you stood, making out with her and supporting her.

Gemma got her turn too, her wet tits hugged to your chest as Sabrina buried her face between the Australian's cheeks.

The bed up in your room, when you finally made it there, was glorious. One of the girls, you weren't sure which, had changed the sheets. You mumbled a thank you that you didn't think either of them heard because they were already asleep.

Chapter 338

“Gooooood morning, baby,” Gemma whispered in your ear.

You groaned and rolled towards her, and she laughed softly as you got your arm around her and pulled her into a hug. The weird part, as you woke up, was that she wasn't under the covers and she wasn't naked. Blearily opening your eyes, you found her lips and kissed her softly.

“What time is it?” you asked.

“Almost nine,” she said.

“We don't need to be out of here until noon,” you mumbled accusatorily.

“But we need to clean, and pack, and we want to take one last walk,” Gemma said. “Now, Sabrina is finishing up frying the last of the bacon downstairs, and she's trying this thing where she dips it in pancake batter and cooks that.”

“... OK, that sounds amazing,” you grunted.

Gemma pulled the covers off of you, exposing your nakedness, and sighed happily to herself as she looked at you. That made you roll your eyes and reach for her again, pulling her down onto the bed and she started giggling as you got up under the baggy T-shirt she was wearing - your T-shirt, which she had wanted you to throw out during the 'sort through John's wardrobe' era at the start of your relationship. With your head fully under her shirt, you managed to get your lips on her tits, burying your face between them and groaning as she kept laughing.

She ended up needing to pull the shirt off to get you off of her, pushing you back to the bed. “Bacon and pancakes,” she reminded you.

That got you up, and you got on a pair of boxers before following her out of the bedroom and down to the kitchen while she put the shirt back on.

Kissing Sabrina good morning as well, you ended up sitting at the kitchen table across from your two girlfriends as the three of you tried and *loved* Sabrina's Tiktok recipe hack.

As you ate your eyes kept drifting from your girlfriend's faces to their chests. Gemma's nipples were poking the front of her shirt, and Sabrina was only wearing her bathrobe and her cleavage was *almost* in full view but not quite.

“Well, at least we didn't break him yesterday,” Gemma chuckled.

“Sorry,” you said, looking back up to their smiling faces.

“For what?” Sabrina asked and pulled the robe from her shoulders to bare her chest for you. “These tits are all yours, baby.”

“True,” Gemma smiled and pulled her shirt up to show off her breasts as well.

“And I’ll never, ever, ever get tired of them,” you said with a grin. Then you picked up the syrup bottle, dabbed a bead of it onto your finger, and reached over and rubbed it on Gemma’s nipple. “Oops.”

“I’ll get it,” Sabrina grinned, and Gemma rolled her eyes as Sabrina sucked on her nipple to get the sugary substance. Once she was done Gemma lowered her shirt. “If I let you two continue that, soon I’d be on my back on the floor and covered in syrup.”

“And what, my love, would be wrong with that?” Sabrina asked, leaning over to nuzzle into Gemma’s neck and kiss her softly.

“Nothing, if we weren’t on a time limit,” Gemma said as she leaned into the kiss for a moment and then pulled away. “Come on, you horny devils. We need to clean up.”

Since Sabrina had cooked breakfast, you and Gemma took charge of cleaning up while your brunette girlfriend headed upstairs to get dressed and make herself up for the day. You were only really driving home so you didn’t feel like she needed to even put on makeup, but you had already learned not to say things like that to either of them. Especially together. Compliments like ‘You don’t need it’ fell on deaf ears.

Once cleanup was down to just wiping the counters and getting things sorted for emptying the fridge on your way out, you sent Gemma up to get ready for the day as well. She laughed as you sent her away with a smack on the ass, and you watched her head towards the stairs.

“God, I’m one luck fucker,” you said to yourself.

“Yes, you are,” Gemma called back from the stairs, the smile clear in her voice.

Once you finished the cleanup you headed up as well and, since the girls wanted to go on one more walk, you got dressed in some jean shorts and a T-shirt. The girls finished their preparations and the three of you rallied downstairs in the living room.

“OK,” Gemma said. “Packing is mostly done, cleanup shouldn’t take more than half an hour. We’ve got about an hour and a half before check out. Before we go, I want to do a check-in. How are we? How do we feel the weekend went?”

“I somehow keep finding more and more reasons to love you both,” you said. “I’m pretty tired, and my cock might need to be on bed rest for a day or two, but I’m great.”

“My heart is full,” Sabrina said. “My head still can’t quite wrap around the fact that we had amazing sex with Mallory, and I’m happy we got everything clear and clean with John’s friends for the school year to start on a good note. And my little bootyhole feels better than it did yesterday.”

That made you and Gemma both grin and snicker a little. “How about you, love?” you asked Gemma.

“I’m sad,” she said. “Not because of the weekend, but because it’s over. Because it was perfect, and it makes me hate that I’m leaving you guys in a month and a half. And yeah, the sex this weekend was amazing, and I’m really happy that we met Mallory, and everything else has all been good for us too. But most of all, when I looked around this house and the three of us in it... God, maybe this is silly, but I can’t help but imagine us living like this. Every day. Together.”

The three of you came together in a group hug, kissing lightly. You could almost hear your old high school pals seeing how emotional you were at the vision of living with Gemma and Sabrina in a house like this and chuckling, ‘*Hah, gay!*’

But you didn’t care that you were emotional. Didn’t care that your eyes were tearing up as you held them in your arms.

“OK,” Gemma said, fanning at her eyes to try and keep herself from spilling full tears. “Let’s go for our walk, unless either of you has more to check in on?”

“Well,” Sabrina said. “How’s *your* ass feeling? Because we do have a strap-on and I had fun with that whole DPing Mallory situation...”

“Not for a day,” you said, imagining your cock trying to get up and failing. “At least. My cock is on bed rest, remember?”

“And I’m not sure I’m ready for that to happen on a work night anyways,” Gemma said. “Ask me again on Friday when we have the next day off.”

Sabrina pulled out her phone and started typing on it.

“What are you doing?” Gemma asked.

“Setting a reminder to ask you about DPing you on Friday,” Sabrina said.

You couldn’t stop the snort of a laugh that came out of you.

Chapter 339

Again, the walk down to the beach from the Air B&B was amazingly calm. Despite the early heat the three of you were able to catch the soft breezes winding through the town coming off of the ocean, and it was refreshing as hell. You could see yourselves living in a town like this in the future, though you weren't sure when. Most good Lawyer jobs weren't going to be located in a smaller holiday town, but maybe when you were older and established.

The town was technically open, but it seemed like it was a 'day of rest' for the main stretch on the beachfront - all of the touristy shops were closed up after a long weekend. There were some people out on the beach but not *nearly* as many as during the weekend. The three of you took a meandering walk down the beachfront, the girls giggling as you passed by the area where you had fucked the night before. The shop where Mallory worked was closed up, and while you could see some movement inside you figured it was workers doing inventory or something so you didn't go try and knock.

Instead, taking a rest on a bench and looking out at the ocean as the breeze ruffled both girls' hair, Gemma texted Mallory. A few minutes later her phone pinged with a text, and she burst out laughing when she checked it.

"What is it?" Sabrina asked.

Gemma showed Sabrina first, and your brunette girlfriend got a naughty smile on her face before handing you the phone. Mallory's response had been a photo of her from the chest up, and based on the angle of her tits she was laying on her back. Her naked breasts were covered with a load of cum, and her hair was messed up.

Mallory: *Hubby was inspired by the story last night, and the photos this morning. Thanks for doing that for us!*

You chuckled as well, still not entirely comfortable with Gemma's faceless photos being sent to someone else, but considering Sabrina's OF activities it wasn't like it was any more revealing than all the things you'd done with her on there. And Mallory had more than reciprocated - even if you never met her husband, you felt like you owed him for saying yes to her to begin with.

Gemma took back the phone and replied, and soon you had the update that things were all good with Mallory's husband, but her daughter was still acting weirded out. Mallory was having fun with it though, egging her on a bit to show the hypocrisy.

The walk back from the beachfront was a little melancholic, as was packing the car to leave. You still couldn't believe Sabrina had rented the car she did.

You both took turns driving back, taking some slower side routes and seeing a bit more of the countryside before getting back to the city. Gemma talked about needing to take a road trip in Australia some time, and you and Sabrina agreed that had to happen when it could.

You dropped Gemma off at her place first, both you and Sabrina getting big kisses goodbye, and then drove to your place and Sabrina took over the driver's seat to go return the car.

"Sabrina," you said, hugging her around the waist as you leaned against the hood of the car as it was pulled up in front of your building. "Thank you."

"Thank *you*, baby," Sabrina smiled up at you.

"No, I mean it," you said, looking down into her eyes. "This weekend. The car. The extra days at the rental place. It was a big expense that Gemma and I couldn't really afford without you."

"Shush, John," Sabrina said, going to her tiptoes to kiss you softly. "You are as much a part of my platform as I am now. I was doing *OK* before you. Now, with you involved on and off camera, and Gemma helping off camera too, it's booming. I feel like I should be treating you *more* than this, not less."

You sighed, leaning down to nuzzle her nose with yours before pecking her lips. "Still," you said. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," she said.

When you headed up to your apartment, you stopped at the door before going in but after you had already unlocked it. You'd been away since Thursday night - you had no idea what Mosche had been getting up to since then. Or Tasha. Or both.

You knocked loudly. Then knocked again. Without any sound or answer from inside, you entered the apartment and looked around. There wasn't anyone around at the moment unless they were asleep in Mosche's room. The place looked a little messy, which was to say it was the same level of cleanliness as it was usually kept. You did see a pair of panties lying spread on the arm of the couch, which was a little weird, but they definitely weren't Gemma's or Sabrina's so you assumed they belonged to Tasha. You went and dropped your bag in your room, cringing a little at the mess in there, and then went and got a drink from the kitchen.

It was quiet. And not a peaceful kind of quiet like you thought you might have wanted after a long weekend of friends, fun, sun, and sex.

It was lonely quiet.

With a sigh, you headed to your room and started to clean and sort through things. It was weird, living in a place for four months that someone else lived in the other 8 months of the year. You

were living *around* another person's life. Mosche's regular roommate hadn't left anything valuable or anything, but you were getting tired of living out of luggage and duffel bags.

By the time it was dinner time, you hadn't heard from Mosche but you'd finished a load of laundry down in the basement of the building and had gotten things as tidy in your room as you could manage. You were on a roll and you had even tackled cleaning the washroom, which you were sure Gemma, Sabrina and Tasha would all appreciate, and were now working on the kitchen when there was a knock on the door.

"Nothing weird going on, Mosche," you called.

There was another knock on the door, which made you frown. Had he forgotten his keys?

You went and opened the door, and Sabrina and Gemma were standing there. Gemma was holding a pizza box and Sabrina was holding a six-pack of beer.

"We both didn't want to sleep without you tonight," Gemma said.

"Mind if we crash with you for the night, baby?" Sabrina asked.

You managed to not start tearing up at the swell of love in your chest.

Chapter 340

The three of you were a mess. Not in a sexual way, you just knew that you looked a little ridiculous.

Gemma and Sabrina, once you invited them, dropped off their bags with fresh outfits to store at your place in your room and discovered the cleaning you'd been doing. That got you kisses, which developed into full-on make-out kisses when Gemma discovered the freshly cleaned washroom as you finished the kitchen. The girls ended up helping you clean the last main area of the apartment; the living room.

On the face of it, the living room wasn't *that* dirty. You also were able to assure yourself that most of the garbage was Mosches doing. Once that was taken care of though, the girls wanted to move the couch and the chair to vacuum properly. Your insistence that such an idea might not turn out the way they thought it would went unheeded, and soon you were shifting the couch.

There wasn't a dead animal back there, but somehow there was enough hair that there was no way it could have come from a person. Your best guess was that Mosche or his roommate had maybe had a long-haired cat for a pet. Or, quite possibly, the cat or dog had belonged to some other tenant who had lived in the apartment before them.

Once the entire living area was cleaned, including dusting the window shades and wiping down all the surfaces - something you insisted on using gloves for considering how you had caught Mosche doing things when he thought he was going to be alone for a while - the three of you collapsed onto the freshly cleaned and Febreezed couch. Soon you had a rerun of *The Other Guys* playing from the movie channel, the pizza was half-eaten, and you each had a beer in hand. All three of you were sprawled across each other on the couch. You were leaning sideways, your face resting on Gemma's butt as she was on her stomach. Your hand that wasn't holding a slice of pizza was massaging Sabrina's foot as she was laying in the opposite direction. Occasionally Gemma would kick her foot up softly while she was laughing at the banter between Will Ferrel and Mark Wahlburg, and you would lean over and plant a kiss on her ankle or the top of her foot.

That was how Mosche found you when he came back to the apartment. All three of you looked over to the door as he was unlocking it, and Sabrina muted the movie.

"Oh, hey guys," Mosche said, realizing you were there.

"Hey, buddy," you said. "You OK?"

Mosche was dressed as he usually was, which was to say somewhere in the shabby-chic department with a zip-up hoodie that didn't quite fit him, cargo shorts and flip-flops that probably needed to be replaced. The reason you asked was more based on the fact that he looked about as down as you'd ever seen him.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” he sighed.

“Mosche, you don’t need to play tough with us,” Sabrina said, sitting up and then standing. She took a slice of pizza out of the box and a beer from the six-pack and brought it over to him, pushing them into his hands. “Come on, tell us what happened.”

“But it’s embarrassing,” he muttered sulkily.

“Well, maybe we can help make it less embarrassing,” Gemma said, also sitting up. That caused you to lose your butt-pillow so you sat up as well. You were less thrilled about helping Mosche work through whatever thing was going on with him. Not because you didn’t want to help him, but because the girls were there to experience whatever hole that Mosche had gotten himself into.

“OK,” Mosche sighed and walked over to the living area, taking a bite of his pizza. Then he sat next to *you* on the couch instead of taking the chair, which Sabrina went and sat in cross-legged.

“Give it to us straight,” Sabrina said, leaning forward. “That’s the only way to handle something that puts a frown on a guy’s face like you have.”

“It’s weird, though,” Mosche said.

“Did it happen today, or sometime this weekend?” Gemma asked.

“Both, sort of,” Mosche said.

“Well, what happened this weekend?” Sabrina asked. “Start at the beginning.”

“Well, I guess it started on Friday,” Mosche said. “Tasha and I did the holiday weekend open mic, and she got talked to about doing the opening spot for a Comedian that was coming through on Sunday, so yesterday. She got the earliest time slot so it wasn’t a *huge* deal, but it was still a gig. After the open mic we got drinks, and she said she wanted to celebrate. She ended up... well, she picked up a girl at the Comedy Club, and brought her and me back to her place, and we sort of...”

“You had a threesome with Tasha and another woman?” Gemma asked.

“That’s awesome, isn’t it?” Sabrina asked.

“It was good,” Mosche nodded.

You could almost see where this was going like you were reading a map. Which wasn't fair, considering you already knew what Tasha had been asking Mosche for.

"So what happened to make it a problem?" Gemma asked.

"Well, after the, um, threesome with the girl from the bar, we spent all Saturday together and I met some more of her friends. Then we went out to a bar that night, and we met up with more of her friends, and, um, she was still celebrating that she got the opening spot I guess and she ended up wanting to *celebrate*. With, like, more than me."

Here it comes, you thought.

"What, like, with a party?" Sabrina asked.

"You could call it that," Mosche said.

"Mosche, honey, you'll need to be a little more descriptive," Gemma prompted him.

Mosche looked over at you pleadingly, not wanting to say it out loud.

"You had another threesome?"

"Sort of," he said.

"More than that?"

He nodded.

"And she invited other guys," you guessed.

He nodded again.

"How many other guys?" Gemma asked, a little surprised.

"Four," Mosche said. "So five, including me."

"Jesus," Sabrina said, sitting back. You knew her well enough that she was imagining what that would feel like. "That's way too much."

"Are you OK?" Gemma asked. "Did you all-?"

"It was kind of one after another," Mosche said. "She really liked it."

"But what about you?" Gemma asked, and then guessed. "You didn't."

Mosche shrugged, looking down at his hands. "I liked *part* of it."

"Oh, Moschey," Sabrina sighed, reaching over and taking his hand sympathetically. "Don't worry. We'll figure it out."

Chapter 341

“Jesus Christ, five cocks,” Sabrina muttered.

Gemma snorted in the darkness.

The three of you were in bed. In some ways coming back to the apartment was nice, even if the bed was smaller. It just meant that the snuggling felt all the more personal. Sabrina always slept on your right, now, and Gemma on your left. Sabrina was almost always naked, and Gemma preferred to wear a sleep shirt unless you'd been doing a lot of fucking right before bed. She didn't wear anything *under* the sleep shirt, so you still had those loose, glorious breasts pressed against you or easily squeezable.

“I mean, I'm just saying,” Sabrina said. “Three uses every hole, but five?”

“She wasn't taking them all at once,” Gemma said. “If it was one at a time it was more like a gangbang.”

“I think technically if it was one at a time it was a train,” you pointed out.

“Whatever, porn addict,” Gemma snickered.

“Not since I started dating you two,” you said. “Well, other than the photos you keep sending, and getting sent, to my phone.”

“Speaking of which,” Sabrina said. “Want me to jerk you off to Mallory's tits? Or Tasha's, and you can imagine being in the train?”

“You are awful,” Gemma giggled quietly.

“No, baby,” you groaned in the dark. “But thank you.”

The three of you, though mostly the girls, had talked Mosche through his problems as the guy ate half the pizza. For how skinny he was, the dude could put away a pie by himself pretty easily. Mosche's weekend hadn't gotten any easier - Sunday after the group sex he'd talked with Tasha and they'd made things officially opaque. They were dating fully but didn't want to put an exclusive tag on it. Tasha said she was willing to if he wanted, but that would mean no more picking up girls from the comedy club for a threesome. She was either Open or Closed, and once she closed the relationship she wanted to stay closed.

With the good memory of the two-women threesome in his mind, Mosche had agreed to have a girlfriend in an open relationship.

Then Tasha had done the opening spot at the comedy club, and while the second and third opening comics were warming up the crowd some more Mosche hadn't been able to find her. He'd eventually gone backstage in the club and heard someone having sex in the headliner's dressing room.

He didn't confirm it, but he was pretty sure it had been Tasha.

Mosche had headed back out to the bar at the club, and Tasha had met him there about ten minutes later. He hadn't gotten any clues that it was her - she looked fine, and wasn't flushed or anything.

The girls tried, you had to give them that. They really tried to help Mosche work through the mess. It only partially worked because while Tasha was definitely making choices that you three wouldn't, Mosche was also agreeing to things that he probably wasn't comfortable with, but also wasn't willing to do anything about.

Eventually, the movie had ended while still on mute and one of the Harry Potter movies had started, and the girls ran out of things to say. Mosche had headed off to bed, and so had you and the girls.

"I think five would be the absolute max," Gemma said.

"What?" you asked.

"Cocks," she said. "And I'm not talking like I want it, I just mean logistically I feel like five would have to be the max for a gangbang that any reasonable woman would want to deal with. One in each orifice, plus one in each hand. Right?"

"We should ask Mallory," Sabrina mumbled. "See how many she maxed out at in her promiscuous, slutty youth."

"You two are crazy," you sighed.

"How many women would be too many for group sex?" Gemma asked you.

"I felt like I was barely keeping up with you two and Mallory all at once," you said. "Same as when Becks is here. Three women to please takes a lot more than you might think."

"What if it was us, plus Mallory and her daughter?" Sabrina asked. "She was hot."

"Gross, Sabrina," Gemma scoffed.

"What?" Sabrina asked.

“Mother and daughter shouldn’t be having sex.”

“Oh, please. I wasn’t suggesting that,” Sabrina said. “Just because they might share him doesn’t mean Mallory is tonguing her snatch or something.”

You sighed and rolled your eyes in the ark. The banter died off as you held them both to you.

“I don’t want to go back to work,” Gemma sighed. “I just want to spend another day like this, just in bed with you two.”

“Big same,” Sabrina sighed.

“I have to do the coffee run tomorrow,” you reminded them.

They both groaned.

“Good night,” you whispered.

“Good night, love,” Gemma said, kissing your cheek.

“Night, baby,” Sabrina muttered, snuggling a little tighter up against you.

After a minute you could feel yourself drifting away when you had a momentary flicker of thought that made you chuckle.

“What?” Gemma asked groggily.

“I was just thinking of all the women we’ve had, or who want to have, sex with all lined up with your butts in the air for the reverse-train,” you said.

“Dirty pervert,” Sabrina giggled, then kissed your chest. “Whose ass was first in line?”

“Yours,” you said with a grin. “And Gemma’s stacked right on top.”

“Mmm,” Sabrina moaned dreamily. “Perfect.”

Chapter 342

Tuesday morning after a long weekend should probably have given you a ‘case of the Mondays,’ but ever since you’d started dating Gemma and Sabrina everything had felt lighter. Work, with them across the table from you, was still *work* but it didn’t feel heavy. And waking up with them, getting ready together, and taking the bus downtown to the office... it all felt *good* in a way that you couldn’t really describe.

It made you think of how your friend Corey had explained the domestic-ness of his relationship with Victoria. There was something about knowing you were with someone, or in your case someones, that made the little things feel like nothing at all, and the big things feel like little things.

But, still, not wanting to signal to anyone that there might be more going on, the three of you split up before reaching the office. Sabrina headed in early, while Gemma went with you to the coffee shop to pick up the morning order since Tuesdays were your day. Even standing in line at a coffee shop, holding her hand, felt good and you couldn’t keep a smile off your lips.

Back at the office, Gemma opened the door for you and the two of you entered the lobby with Becks grinning at you. “Hey you two,” she said, standing up and coming to the side of her reception desk. Gemma strode over to her quickly and hugged her, giving her a friendly kiss on the cheek before handing Becks her coffee. “Sabrina said your weekend was eventful.”

“It was,” Gemma grinned. “But that’s definitely Girl’s Night talk. Drinks tonight?”

“Sure,” Becks agreed, then glanced over at you. “Hey, John.”

“Hey Becks,” you said with a smile, your last phone call running through your mind as she begged you to give her permission to come. “How was your weekend?”

“Boring,” she said. “One bad date, and I got bailed on by a couple of my friends. I mostly stayed home and did a mid-summer cleaning.”

“Well that’s got to make you feel a little better, at least,” Gemma said.

“Oh, it does,” Becks said, then let a saucy smile slip through for a moment. “Especially cleaning out the pipes, if you know what I mean.”

You snorted and Gemma rolled her eyes with a smile. “Well, I’m glad John could offer you some ‘tips’ on that,” Gemma chuckled. “Anything new otherwise?”

“Nope,” Becks said. “And I don’t have any other news from the She-Devil either.”

“We were going with KillJoy,” Gemma said.

Becks smirked and shrugged. "Either way, no movement there."

"Alright, thanks for keeping an ear out," Gemma said.

"We should get up and deliver these," you said, lifting the stack of hot coffee and other drinks you were holding. "Nice to be back and see you, Becks."

"You too, baby," Becks said, then flushed and looked around to make sure no one else was nearby. "God, sorry. I didn't mean-"

"It's OK," Gemma said with a smile, patting her arm and winking.

"I'll talk to you guys later," Becks said and went to her chair still blushing slightly as you and Gemma headed for the elevator.

You waited in silence for a long moment until the elevator arrived, then stepped in and Gemma hit the button. As soon as the doors closed she sighed heavily. "Shit."

"I can talk to her," you said.

"No, it should be me and Sabrina," Gemma said. "Becks is great, but you're ours. I'm happy to have more 'rendezvous' between us, but if she's Freudian slipping like that she might be... I don't know."

"I love you," you said, leaning into her a little to nudge her since your hands were full.

"I know, love," Gemma sighed, leaning right back and resting her head on your shoulder for a moment. "Don't worry. We'll handle it."

The office was quiet, as usual that early in the morning, and Gemma helped you make the rounds to deliver the steaming cups of coffee. There was only one other person in the office as you went around, one of the Associates getting an early start before he had court later in the day and he was on the upper floor, so you and Gemma were surprised when you got to the Intern conference room and both Eric and - most surprisingly Andy - were already there with Sabrina.

"Hey, guys," you said as you walked in. "What's going on?"

"What's going on is Garrison has been riding our asses," Eric said.

"We were gone one extra day," Gemma pointed out.

“Well, he still rode us!” Eric grunted. “He emailed me that my processing output needs to be higher and made me lock up my phone during work hours yesterday because he said I spend too much time on dating apps.”

“You *do* spend too much time on dating apps,” Sabrina said. “Plus, I thought you were trying to make things work with Lucy?”

“That’s a whole other story,” Eric grunted. “But he said I needed to make up for time lost. And he told Andy he needs to put in more hours before *and* after work this week or else he’s going to get shitcanned.”

Andy, while present, seemed to be asleep sitting up in his chair.

“Garrison actually said ‘shitcanned?’” you asked.

“Well, no,” Eric said. “That was my paraphrasing.”

“Is it because Andy shows up late every single morning and barely gets anything done during the day?” Gemma asked.

Eric pursed his lips in a way that told you that was definitely the truth, but he was annoyed and on a tear and didn’t want logic or facts to stand in his way.

“Look,” you said. “That sucks. But it’s not *our* fault, so why are you taking it out on us? I think you’re not even that mad about the phone thing. What happened with Lucy?”

Eric sighed and slumped a little bit, glancing over at Gemma.

“I didn’t hear anything,” Gemma said, holding up her hands as she sat down in her office chair at the opposite end of the table from Erica. “Lucy doesn’t like talking to me at the best of times, and I was barely home yesterday.”

“But,” Sabrina cut in. “Just to cut to the chase a little bit - please tell me she didn’t ask you to be OK with a gangbang. I’ve had enough of *that* kind of drama for one twenty-four-hour period.”

“What?” Eric asked, his jaw dropping. “You... what?”

“It’s a thing about my roommate and the girl he’s seeing,” you said. “Not a thing any of *us* were involved in.”

“Oh,” Eric said, breathing out as if he was relieved that he hadn’t misjudged one of you dramatically. “Well, no, it’s not that bad.”

“So spill,” Sabrina said, leaning forward. “Before Garrison gets in and interrupts.”

Eric made a face as if he wanted to argue, but shrugged. "Alright. Well, we were sort of on a break, right? So Friday..."

Chapter 343

Eric stopped outside of the building and bounced on his toes, shrugging his shoulders as he hyped himself up a little. Things had been going well with Lucy right up until they weren't, and then it had gotten kind of weird. But he was fairly certain that he'd smoothed things over.

The thing was, she was like... really hot. He'd never had a thing for Asian girls before, but she was definitely smokin' hot, and even if she was kind of crazy he could still try and set up something for the rest of the summer. He'd even talked with some of the Red Pill podcasters he'd met during the whole podcast tour about it, and they'd encouraged him to just show her who was boss. Not through physical violence or anything - the Red Pill was about being a *man* and protecting women, not assaulting them or something like some people said. Just making sure she knew that he wasn't going to put up with some of her shit, and she could either get on board for something good or go back to dating brokies or soy boys.

He'd considered following John's advice and getting flowers, but that was a simp move and set a bad precedent that Lucy would expect him to keep following through on. He really worried for John; the guy seemed completely infatuated with Gemma, but the blonde Australian had to be playing him a little and using him for expensive dates and shit. She would leave at the end of the summer, and John would be heartbroken because he was falling for her.

So, instead of bearing flowers, Eric knocked on the door to the apartment Lucy shared with Gemma and their other roommates dressed to the nines. He looked *good*. His shirt was on point, and his hair nicely styled. He'd gotten his sports coat tailored like one of the guys had suggested he should. He felt on top of the world. He'd even bought a gold pinky accent ring to wear and it made him feel kind of like a Mafia boss.

The door opened, but it wasn't Lucy. Instead, one of Lucy and Gemma's older roommates had answered. Eric couldn't remember her name but she was a sort of androgynous woman with really short hair and she wore mannish clothes.

"Well, well, well," she said with a smirk. "The gentleman caller returns."

"Hey," Eric said. "Is Lucy ready to go?"

"Not sure," the woman said. "Did you bring the dowry?"

"What?" Eric asked.

"The dowry for her hand, obviously," the woman said, clearly thinking she was making a joke. "If you're bringing her out without an escort, I assume you're taking her hand in marriage?"

"What? No," Eric said. "This is just a date. Can you get Lucy?"

The woman sighed and shook her head. "The other gentleman caller is a lot more fun to banter with," she said.

"Lucy is seeing someone else?"

"No, Jesus," the woman said. "I was talking about John. You know him and Gemma, right?"

"Oh," Eric sighed in relief. "Yeah, we work together."

"Well, you should take banter lessons from him," the woman said as she opened the door wider and invited him into the apartment. "He's a lot more fun than you are."

"He also brings snacks sometimes," the other older roommate said as she was walking by the front door. The one with the bright hair and the big tits that made him think of a hentai character. "You should think about bringing snacks."

"Ain't that the truth," the first one said. "You can wait here, I'll see if Lady Lucy is ready."

Eric put his hands in his pockets and blew out a breath, waiting for a good ten minutes standing in the entryway of the apartment.

Finally, the loud *clack-clack* of heeled shoes on linoleum sounded, and Eric looked up to see Lucy come around the corner in a pretty lavender dress. Her dark black hair was pinned up, and she looked hot, but he was a little disappointed that her dress didn't show any cleavage.

"Hey, hunk," Lucy said as she smiled at him, then stepped forward and air-kissed with him.

"Ready to go?"

"Yeah," he said. "We better get moving, our reservation is soon. You were supposed to be ready when I got here."

"Oh, you know how I need to pamper myself," Lucy laughed. "Come on, let's go."

Eric opened the door, ushered her out into the hallway, and then walked down to the elevator. As they waited for it to arrive he looked over at her again. "Oh," he said. "You, um, look hot."

"Thanks," she said with a smile.

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"OK, hold on," Gemma said, interrupting Eric's story. "Ignoring the fact that you don't know Becca or Charlotte's names, and you think Charlotte looks like a hentai character-

"Or that you think Gemma is going to break John's heart," Sabine chipped in.

“-Don’t get me started on *that*,” Gemma continued. “But seriously, Eric? *That* is the best you’ve got for a compliment when you see a girl all dressed up to go out with you? ‘You look hot?’”

“Well, what *should* I say?” Eric scoffed. “I said the truth, she looked hot.”

“You could be a little more descriptive maybe. Or flowery,” Sabrina said. “At least use a better word. Beautiful, gorgeous, stunning. Something with more than five letters at minimum.”

“Fine, I’ll remember that for my next date,” Eric sighed. “Can I continue with the story or not?”

“Alright,” Gemma said. “You can continue.”

Eric turned to John. “Sorry about thinking you’re a simp,” he said.

“I really don’t care what you think I am with her,” you said. “Because I know we’re in love.”

Eric took a breath, getting ready to continue his story, and you glanced at Sabrina. She met your eyes and smiled, knowing that you were telling her that you loved her just as much.

Chapter 344

Eric crossed around to the other side of the Uber to open the door for Lucy, which seemed to make her happy. Then things got awkward.

“This is where we’re eating?” she asked, putting on a face like she’d smelled something rotten.

“Yeah,” Eric said. “It’s a nice place. What, is there something wrong with it?”

“No, it’s fine,” Lucy said, but she was clearly put off.

Eric wasn’t interested in playing whatever game she was, so he didn’t beg for her to tell him the truth. Instead, he just took her hand and led her inside. They were almost fifteen minutes late for their reservation so the host had to move some things around and they had to wait to be seated.

That led to Eric counting Lucy sighing loudly almost a dozen times as they sat and waited. Once his name was called Lucy seemed to perk up a little and they were escorted to their seats. Being the gentleman he was, Eric pulled out her chair for her and Lucy preened a little at the pampering.

“I’ll order for us,” he said, taking the menu from her.

Lucy raised her eyebrows at that but seemed to like that he was taking charge. It was a trick he’d picked up from one of the podcast hosts. First, when the waiter came over, Eric ordered a bottle of wine for them to share. It wasn’t the most expensive on the list, but it was a decent \$50 bottle.

And then, when the waiter left, he just sat and looked across the table at Lucy without saying anything. He kept himself relatively neutral, maybe with a little smile. It was another trick to show he was comfortable and had the power in the relationship. Lucy was obviously confused for a moment, and then flustered, which was exactly how he wanted her since she had some apologising to do.

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“That is so fucked up, Eric,” Sabrina interrupted him.

“What? No, it isn’t,” Eric said. “It’s just Evo Psych. Every relationship has someone who is in charge, and if it isn’t the man then the relationship is doomed to fail.”

“I don’t even know where to start,” you groaned, rolling your eyes.

“Oh come on,” Eric said and gestured between you, Gemma and Sabrina. “You guys can’t tell me that between you two there isn’t one of you who is obviously in charge most of the time?”

“No, there isn’t,” Gemma said. “We talk and we compromise if we don’t agree on something. Communication builds a strong relationship, Eric. Not... power games.”

“Whatever,” Eric sighed. “I’d bet that one of you wears the pants, you just haven’t realised it yet.”

“I literally cannot imagine how this story could get any worse,” you said.

“Oh, it does,” Eric assured you.

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Lucy finally asked how Eric’s week had been.

“Busy,” he said. “I work a lot.”

“Gemma said you have pretty regular hours at the office,” Lucy said.

“Well, any real man has a couple of side hustles going at my age,” Eric said. “The hardest million is the first one, after all.”

“And how’s that going?” Lucy asked. She’d previously shared that she’d dated some guys with trust funds in the millions, and Eric knew that she was making a point of that.

“Work smart *and* hard now, and I’ll be there soon,” Eric said.

“So that’s why you didn’t call me this week?”

Eric shrugged.

“Seriously. Why didn’t you call me this week? Or answer my texts with more than a couple of words?”

“I was busy,” Eric said. “Doing business. You can’t expect me to be at your beck and call, Lucy. I’m a man, with important things in my life.”

“So you’re saying I’m not important,” Lucy made that stink face again.

“I’m saying you’re just *one* important thing in my life,” Eric countered. “Or would you prefer I was just some simp who worshipped at your feet?”

“Obviously not,” Lucy said, though a part of Eric wondered if that *was* what she wanted. “But if you plan on us being a thing, you’ll need to put in some more effort.”

“Maybe *you* need to put in some more effort,” Eric said. “It’s not like you were offering to come over to my place to make things easier for me. Maybe cook me dinner some night.”

“You know I don’t do kitchens,” Lucy sneered.

“And I don’t do distractions,” Eric said just as the waiter approached with the wine. He had Eric smell it, though to be honest Eric had no idea why he would do that, and then taste it. It tasted like wine, but Eric drew out the tasting a little bit to make it look like he knew more than he did, and he nodded. The glasses got poured. He raised his towards Lucy. “A toast,” he said.

Lucy raised her glass as well, clinking against his, with her eyebrow up curiously.

“To two hot as hell people settling our differences on a beautiful night out,” Eric declared.

“Mmm,” Lucy hummed in agreement and they both sipped their wine.

Their conversation was further interrupted by the waiter returning to take their orders, Eric ordered a spring roll dish for appetisers to share, and then he ordered Lucy a salad topped with salmon and himself a lamb dish.

“OK, can we speed this up a bit?” you asked. “I know storytelling is in the details, but this is dragging and we’re trying to hear it all *before* Garrison gets in.”

You, Gemma and Sabrina had all started working while Eric told his story. Andy still hadn’t woken up and was sitting ramrod straight in his seat. It was almost impressive how he could sleep through your conversation without falling over in any direction.

“Fine, fine,” Eric said. “Nothing really happened during dinner. She talked about people at her work and looking forward to going back to school and her friends being around. Then she asked about you a bunch, John. She really dislikes you, man. Then she wanted dessert but I said no, we were going for a walk down to that food truck place you guys told me about and I might get her something sweet there.”

Sabrina just shook her head, and Gemma sighed softly. “Does anything *good* happen on this date?”

“For sure. We’re about to get to the blowjob,” Eric said.

“Oh, God,” Sabrina groaned.

Chapter 345

Eric was walking hand in hand with Lucy, who was practised at walking in her heels but after a few blocks started to wobble a little.

“What’s wrong?” Eric asked.

“My feet hurt,” she said. “It’s nothing, I just have to rest for a minute.”

Eric looked around but they were still a couple more blocks from the park and there weren’t any benches around. He blew out a breath. “I could carry you?” he offered.

Lucy’s eyes lit up. “Really?”

“Sure,” he said. He scooped her up with a grunt and started to carry her in both arms. Lucy was a smaller woman, slim and tight and hot, which was just his type. She was also fairly dense, because she felt a lot heavier than she looked. After the first block Eric could feel himself sweating a little, and by the time they reached the corner crosswalk that led to the lit-up park with all the food trucks he was losing it a little. “Alright,” he groaned, setting her back down.

“Thanks, baby,” Lucy said, and gave him a kiss.

Eric smirked and tried not to show he was a little overexerted as he wondered if he needed to find someone even smaller than Lucy.

“No problem, hottie,” Eric said, then took her hand and led her across to the park.

“I thought we were getting to a blowjob?” Sabrina interrupted.

“We are,” Eric said. “We walk through the park, and we both get a lot of looks because we look so hot together. Then I got her this artisan gelato thing from one of the trucks.”

“I can’t believe I’m saying this, but that’s still not a blowjob,” Gemma sighed.

“Gemma said that she and John came here as part of their first date,” Lucy said. They were sitting on a bench now and she was slowly eating the gelato out of the little plastic cup, teasing Eric by sucking on the little wooden spoon-thing the truck had provided as a utensil.

“Oh, yeah?” Eric asked, not wanting to admit that he’d gotten the date idea from Sabrina, who had suggested it because John had used it and it apparently went well.

“She said it was a perfect date spot. I dunno though, it feels weird.”

“What’s weird about this?” Eric asked. “There’s plenty of other couples here.”

Lucy slid a little closer to Eric, who had his arm across the back of the bench, and she adjusted to lean into him a little. That made him smirk, knowing that he’d solidly regained the power now. “Well,” Lucy said quietly, her tongue brushing the middle of her upper lip. “Usually I like to know I have a place where I can take a date who is doing well for a little reward.”

That was a red flag for Eric. Not that he had been planning anything long-term with Lucy to begin with, but hearing that she gave it up that easily definitely put her into the Hoe category and not the Wifey category. He hadn’t asked her what her body count was, but he was sure it had to be higher than he wanted in a girlfriend or wife. That didn’t mean he couldn’t enjoy himself though.

“Oh, yeah?” he asked. “What sort of reward?”

“I dunno,” she said, wriggling a little against him. “Depends where we are and how good the date is.”

“What would this date rate?” Eric asked.

“Find a place and you can find out,” Lucy said with a little smirk.

Eric took her hand and they stood up. After a quick look around, he started walking down the path beyond the food trucks and deeper into the park area where the lights weren’t as concentrated. The number of people around quickly thinned out, and soon they had a decent buffer of trees from the green space. They diverted down a jogging path that cut through the foliage, and then Eric had to scoop Lucy up in his arms again as they went off the path and into the brush to find a hidden spot.

When he set her down they both looked around quietly, trying to judge if anyone had seen them dip into their little hiding place.

“How’s this?” Eric asked.

“Still kinda public,” Lucy hesitated.

“It’s not that public,” Eric said. “Come on, we can do something here.”

“Ok, fine,” Lucy said, then kicked off her shoes and set them aside carefully before going down to her knees. Her dress ended well up her thigh so she wasn’t risking getting it dirty. She quickly unzipped Eric’s slacks and fished inside-

“OK, do we really need to hear this?” you asked, feeling more than a little awkward.

“We need the details,” Sabrina waved you off, though you saw a look in her eye that she wanted to know where this hidden spot was more than the details of the blowjob. You had a feeling she’d be looking for a spot like that sooner than later for a date night of your own.

“I’m honestly just shocked Lucy would do this,” Gemma said. “You’re not lying here, are you Eric? Maybe exaggerating a bit?”

“Nope,” Eric shook his head. “Craziest blowjob I ever got. No way I would lie about it.”

“OK, keep going,” Sabrina urged, making you roll your eyes a little.

Lucy got Eric’s cock out, which was already stiff from the situation, and she took a firm hold of it and licked the head like it was a popsicle.

“I’m going for a walk,” you said, closing your laptop.

“We can stop,” Gemma offered.

“If you feel uncomfortable,” Sabrina said.

You sighed. “It’s fine. I know you want all the gory details. If Eric is fine sharing, I don’t care if you guys get them. I just don’t want to hear them myself.”

“Sorry, love,” Gemma said, blushing a little but clearly interested in the story.

You headed out into the office towards the water cooler.

Lucy got Eric’s cock out, which was already stiff from the situation, and she took a firm hold of it and licked the head like it was a popsicle. She had a little tongue that she teased him with, not really putting her lips around him. It felt good at first but then became frustrating.

“Suck it,” Eric groaned.

“Like this?” she asked and kissed the side of his cock head.

“Yeah, more,” Eric grunted, putting his hand on top of her head.

“Don’t mess up my hair,” Lucy scolded him, pushing his hand away. “Just stand there and enjoy.”

Lucy kissed and licked his head, slowly jacking him off with her hand. She teased him for a while like that, and despite the lack of an actual blowjob, Eric could feel himself getting closer. He thought it was maybe something to do with where they were doing it. In the darkness under the trees, he could see the glimmers of light through the trunks and brush, and hear the dim sounds of music and the occasional laughter.

“Getting close?” Lucy asked him.

“Yeah,” Eric grunted.

She stood up and stood beside him. “Can’t get my dress or makeup all nasty,” she whispered quietly to him as she started jerking him more firmly with her hand.

“You could swallow,” he suggested.

“You know I don’t do that,” Lucy scolded him but didn’t stop stroking him.

Eric came, thrusting his pelvis out at the last moment as he worried about getting cum on his slacks, and he ejaculated into the darkness as he heaved in a breath and tried to stay quiet. Lucy was whispering something to him, though he was too distracted to really hear it.

When he came down he gasped.

“There,” Lucy said, and he could hear the pleased smirk on her lips. “Isn’t that a good reward?”

“Mhmm,” he grunted, though he was already thinking about fucking her later.

Lucy wiped her hand on a nearby tree and then went looking for her shoes, finding them in the dark and slipping them on.

“Oh, what the- Oh, God!”

Chapter 346

“You got caught?” Sabrina asked with big eyes and raised eyebrows.

“No, no,” Eric said, shaking his head. “Worse.”

“What could be worse than getting caught?” Gemma asked.

“Gross,” Lucy whined and grunted at the same time. “You fucking came in my shoes, you asshole.”

“I wasn’t exactly in control of my dick,” Eric replied, still adjusting himself. “You were the one pointing it in that direction.”

“I didn’t know you’d shoot that far!” Lucy complained. “Or this much! Fucking disgusting.”

“OK, yeah that’s gross,” Gemma said.

“Yeah, if she wasn’t expecting it... ew,” Sabrina shuddered. She ignored the look Gemma gave shot at her quickly and hoped she wasn’t blushing. “So what did you do?”

“Well, she couldn’t walk around the city barefoot,” Eric said. “So she had to wear them, but she was definitely put off and wanted to go home. So I called an Uber and we headed back to her place. But she didn’t even wait for me to open the door for her and she left me standing there on the sidewalk without even a goodnight kiss.”

“Damn,” Sabrina said. “I mean, I probably would have done the same thing, if I’m honest, but there wouldn’t have been a blowjob or shoe-cum.”

“What? Why? It was a good date,” Eric said. “We had a nice meal at a fancy place, we did the whole walk down to the food trucks thing that you told me about. And the blowjob was her idea.”

“Eric, I don’t know how to say this any softer without being super clear,” Gemma said. “You were being an asshole, and the only reason Lucy went along with it is because she’s used to assholes.”

“Give me one example of how I was an asshole,” Eric said. “I brought her somewhere nice, I paid for the meal, I paid for dessert, I even fucking carried her two blocks.”

“How about thinking that you were better than her?” Gemma pointed out. “That’s a pretty good place to start.”

“And only wanting to go on the date to have sex to begin with,” Sabrina said. “Did *she* know that was all you wanted? Because the only way for you to not be a turd with that goal is if she knows it too.”

“Look, I’m not going to debate this with you two,” Eric sighed. “Everything I’m doing is backed up by science. The Man’o’sphere is rigorous in its findings. Plus, we didn’t even get to the bad part.”

“That wasn’t the *end?!?*” Sabrina asked.

“God, no,” Eric said. “She texted me later that night and said I owed her a new pair of shoes and sent me a Venmo request for like \$400. I told her there was no way I was paying for those shoes because she was the one who screwed up. Then she sent me pictures of the shoes and they didn’t even look that bad. I said she should bring them over to my place and I’d clean them, and she said there was no way she was coming to my place without me paying for the shoes. She called me a bastard and an asshole, and I said she was being bitchy, and then she got mad at me for calling her a bitch and I tried to tell her I didn’t call her a bitch, just that she was being bitchy, and that blew up and she blocked me.”

“OK,” Gemma sighed. “So that’s where it ended.”

“No,” Eric said. “She unblocked me the next day.”

“Oh, God,” Sabrina groaned.

“She said she forgave me for the shoes, which I guess was her taking ownership that it was her fault. But I knew she would bring them up later, and she did. We texted flirty stuff most of Saturday morning, and then she came over to my place.”

“Did any of the bad stuff happen at your place?”

“Not... really?” Eric said. “We did bone though.”

“Please, Eric,” Sabrina said. “Just say you had sex. Erase ‘boning’ from your vocabulary.”

“Alright, we had sex. And it was... meh? She just kind of laid there.”

“Jesus, Lucy,” Gemma grunted, shaking her head. “No wonder she’s such a bitch.”

“What does that mean?” Eric asked.

"I mean she's a total bitch to me, and at first it was because of the whole John and her dating in high school," Gemma said. "But now I think it's because she's jealous."

"Of John?"

"Of... good sex," Gemma said, flushing a little. "She can't be enjoying it if she's just laying there."

"Well, she said she got off," Eric said.

"So do lots of girls who are lying their asses off," Sabrina said. "Eric, seriously, you have some work to do to fix your thinking on dating, but you still deserve someone who actually likes being with you."

"Yeah, well, after we had sex things got prickly again," Eric said. "We went out to dinner and she started in on me about the shoes again, and I told her to drop it. Then she said those shoes had been a gift from a past boyfriend, and if he could give them to her then I should be able to replace them, or maybe I was just too poor for that. Well, I wasn't going to stand for shit like that and I just got up and left. She followed me out of the pizza place and was screaming at me for like three blocks before a cop approached her. She started saying I'd assaulted her and shit, but as soon as the cop got serious with her she backed off."

"Holy shit," Gemma said. "Crazy bitch."

"Yeah, well, once we got back to my place--"

"She went with you?" Sabrina asked. "You let her?!"

"Well, yeah," he said. "She was acting crazy, but she's kinda hot when she's crazy. We had sex again, and it was like... really good. Angry sex is what she likes, I guess. Then we had make-up sex, which was pretty good too. Then she said if I didn't pay for the shoes she'd take me to small claims court, and when I pointed out that the shoes had gotten dirty while we were performing an act that would come with a charge of indecent exposure at the very least, she got mad and left."

Gemma and Sabrina just listened with wide eyes.

"So that's how Saturday ended," Eric said.

"There's *more*?" Sabrina asked.

"Not much," Eric said. "We went back to flirty texting on Sunday, but then she sent me a link to a pair of shoes she wanted me to buy her, and I stopped responding. She texted again yesterday

evening and wanted me to come over, but I told her I was busy and then left the rest of her messages on read.”

You came back into the room, water cup in hand. “Everything done here?” you asked. “I saw Garrison while I was in the kitchen. He just got in but said he’ll be coming down here soon.”

“Yeah,” Gemma said, waving you in. “All the nasty parts are over.”

“Feel better talking about it?” you asked Eric as you moved around the table and took your seat.

“Sort of?” he said. “But the girls are ragging on me for being smart.”

“It’s pronounced ‘a dick,’ Eric,” Sabrina sighed, then looked at you. “He needs dating lessons.”

“I got laid multiple times this weekend,” Eric said. “That’s doing better than you, probably.”

Sabrina went red and barked a laugh, clapping a hand over her mouth. You had to cover your own as well. You weren’t even sure where you would *start* if you went down that path. Beach sex? Mallory? Hot tub? Anal?

God, you loved your girlfriends.

Chapter 347

With Garrison coming imminently, Sabrina nudged Andy to wake him up. It ended up taking a concerted shake to actually get him blinking and moving. He looked around the room blearily. “Oh, hey guys,” he said. “What did I miss?”

“Nothing, dude,” you said. “You just need to look like you’re working.”

“Right, right,” he mumbled and started absently tapping on the keys of his laptop. Sabrina reached over and turned it on for him.

It was another ten minutes before Garrison showed up in the doorway to the conference room. “Good morning, folks,” he said.

“Good morning,” Gemma and Sabrina both said. You’d already said good morning to him in the hallway so it felt weird to say it again.

“How was the extra long weekend?” he asked.

“Very good, sir,” you said. “We took a trip out to the beach.”

He did that sort of frown and nod motion that said he approved but didn’t actually care enough to say something or ask questions. “Great. I hope you’re coming back relaxed and ready to work. Just so you’re aware, I did end up receiving another strongly worded Cease and Desist from the lawyer of the ‘DeezChains’ guy yesterday, so I called him directly. You shouldn’t have anything more to worry about unless you go looking for trouble. It sounds like his lawyer is milking billable hours out of him by following through on his fruitless and petty demands. Certainly unethical in my book, and in an ethically grey area professionally, but he’s within his bounds to follow his client’s orders until it infringes on someone else. I’ve let him know harassing you with frivolous legal censures will qualify.”

“Thank you, sir,” Gemma said. “And I promise, we haven’t been doing anything to keep that going.”

“My pleasure,” Garrison smirked. You got the feeling he’d had fun tangling with whatever slimy lawyer DeezChains had on retainer. “So, you three are back to regular assignments and hours for now. Court for the merger case begins on Monday, so I’ll be taking you all to that for the day. Plan to be on point and take notes.”

Eric perked up, hearing that he would be coming along as well. Andy, on the other hand, looked like his eyelids were fighting to stay open and he didn’t really react.

“That’s all for now,” Garrison said. “John, come see me in my office in an hour.”

“Yes, sir,” you nodded and Garrison left.

“What’s he want to see you about?” Sabrina asked.

“No idea,” you said. That got her, Gemma and Eric guessing, but you really didn’t know. It could have been any of their suggestions, or none of them.

An hour later on the dot you got up from your work and slipped by Gemma, touching her shoulder briefly as you walked by her. Down at the other end of the building you knocked on Garrison’s office door. He gestured you in and pointed at a seat without raising his eyes from the document he was reading. You sat and waited for a couple of minutes as he continued to read, grunting every once in a while as he read something that was either notable, or interesting, or something.

Finally, Garrison set the document down and looked up at you. “John, you are starting to feel like a problem child for me,” he said.

“I’m sorry, sir?” you asked.

He reached up and wiped at his forehead as he sighed. “This morning I had a second Cease and Desist on my desk with your name on it. This one was from Joy.”

I blinked. “Wait... really? What am I supposedly doing?”

“Defamation, as far as I can tell. You had a run-in at a ‘function’ and decried her honour, or something.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” you grunted.

“So that did happen?”

“Well, if you call a house party at a friend’s apartment a ‘function,’ and me ‘decrying her honour’ just telling her she sucked, then yes,” you admitted.

“Alright, well, I’ll probably be able to make this go away by lunch,” he said. “Joy didn’t do it through her mother, so I assume she doesn’t know. I’ll remind her that her daughter suing a member of her firm will damage the firm, which directly impacts her chequebook. That should be enough.”

“Thank you, sir,” you said.

“This one isn’t for you,” he said. “But like I said, this is starting to look way too much like a pattern. Either you need to start playing nicer with people, or you need to be ready to pay me for my services. I’m not fielding another one of these without good reason.”

“Understood, sir,” you said. “And for what it’s worth, I’m sorry.”

“Good,” he nodded. “Now get back to work, and send Sabrina down here.”

You left, shaking your head. Joy had waited to make her strike, or maybe it had just taken that long for her to find a lawyer willing to draft the letter for her. Then again, you had a feeling if you did some checking the lawyer was probably young and in the same social circle as her. Or it was from ‘a lawyer’ and she’d drafted it herself.

Back in the conference room you told Sabrina she was being called up next.

“What’s it about?” she asked.

“Probably not the same thing as mine,” you said.

“Gee, be less descriptive,” Gemma said sarcastically.

“Joy tried to C&D me over the party thing,” you said. “Garrison is going to squash it. I don’t know what he wants you for.”

“OK,” Sabrina exhaled a little nervously. “How do I look?”

“Perfect,” Gemma said. “Put together. Ready to take on the world.”

“Thanks,” Sabrina grinned at your shared girlfriend.

Gemma blew her a kiss and Sabrina left for her meeting. You settled in back to work and ended up starting to worry a bit as time dragged on and Sabrina wasn’t returning. At a quarter to noon you and Gemma were trading looks, wondering where the brunette was.

At noon you got up and got ready to head down to the convenience store, still no Sabrina.

She caught up to you at the elevators.

“What was that about?” Gemma asked.

“You guys are not going to guess,” she said with a grin.

“If we can’t guess, just tell us,” you said.

“I aced my last practice LSAT,” Sabrina said. “Garrison wants me to lead our team in a head-to-head mock trial with the interns at a firm across town.”

“Holy shit,” you said. “Sabrina, that’s huge!”

“I know,” she grinned and then laughed as you and Gemma crushed her in a hug between the two of you.

“I’m so proud of you, baby,” you whispered to her during the hug.

“Thanks,” she whispered back, her smile beaming wide enough you thought she might pull a muscle in her cheek. “I can’t wait to get started.”

Chapter 348

You talked a bit more over lunch - you were all going to be participating, and Garrison would do some tutoring on the Mock Trial process for those of you who had less experience with it, but the majority of the research and team direction was going to be up to Sabrina. She was thrilled.

Eric grumbled a little until he realised that he was also included on the team, and then perked up when he figured out he could do all the 'fun stuff' and not need to do the heavy end of the research. Sabrina had been given every morning to dedicate to the Mock Trial, which meant she still had to work your regular afternoon, and you could tell she was practically vibrating wanting to dig into the new challenge. It was still early July and the Mock Trial would happen sometime at the start of August.

At the end of the day, you and the girls had to split up and you felt like a fucking freshman in high school mooning after your first girlfriend at the end of the school day. It made you laugh at yourself a little bit, but that didn't make you miss their presence any less. After the weekend you felt attached at the hip and having them both go their own way made you miss them even if you'd see them the next morning.

The girls were going on 'Girl's Night' with Becks, which you knew meant they would go out for cocktails somewhere so they could chat. You weren't sure how much of the weekend they would tell Becks about - quite possibly all of it, while showing the pictures - but you were more worried about them needing to have the conversation with Becks about her Freudian slip that morning. You *liked* Becks. She was cool and sexy. But you weren't in love with her. Friends-with-benefits was the most it could be, especially with all three of you leaving the city by the end of the summer. Long distance with Gemma was going to be a bitch, and you weren't looking to add another long-distance thing.

Becks could be a friend, but that was all. Just like Mallory.

You made your way home and performed the ritual of heavily knocking on the apartment door before entering. Mosche was home but in his room and called he'd be out in a couple of minutes. That gave you time to go drop your stuff off in your room and get changed into something more casual and comfortable. When you came back out Mosche was sitting in the living room.

"Long day?" you asked.

"Sort of," he sighed. He was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, but looked like he'd been through a windstorm. His hair, usually a bit messy, was flared out like an anime character.

"Still bummed about the Tasha thing?" you asked, grabbing a seat on the couch since he was in the chair.

"Yeah," he sighed again. "I appreciated Gemma and Sabrina giving me stuff to think about, but it hasn't been helping."

"Mosche, I'm going to ask you this and you should really consider your answer, OK?" you said. He frowned and nodded. "Do you want me to console you, or give you my hard opinion?"

He hesitated, taking your warning to heart. Most people would have said 'hard opinion' because they thought that's what they wanted, but for all that Mosche was a soft little marshmallow of a man he was also pretty self-deprecating in his humour and knew he didn't do well with conflict or tough decisions.

"Console me," he finally said. That relieved you of the need to tell him to break up with Tasha. She was 'sowing her wild oats' or whatever you called it for women. Mosche wasn't into it, which meant their relationship was doomed. If Sabrina or Gemma had sat you down with a serious request to do what Tasha wanted to, it would have been the end of your relationship. You loved both of them, but an honest desire for a gangbang or even just a two-guy threesome meant you weren't going to match up in the long run. You knew you were extremely lucky to have fallen in love with two women whose sexuality was so in line with your own.

"Alright, buddy," you said, standing up and putting your hand out to him. Mosche took it and you pulled him up to his feet and into a hug. You squeezed him firmly. "You'll be alright. It'll turn out how it should."

Mosche hugged you back hard and you were pretty sure he cried a little.

At the beginning of the summer you never would have guessed that you would have been in this sort of position with Mosche. But you'd fallen in love with two women in that time and made plans for the future with them, so how out of the blue was becoming decent friends with your weird roommate in the same amount of time?

You ended the hug when appropriate and gave him a firm pat on the back. "Do you have an open mic somewhere you need to go to tonight?" you asked.

"No," he said.

"OK. Then let's order something in. Do you want to watch movies, or play video games?"

"Let's watch movies," he sighed. "But nothing romantic."

"Got it," you nodded.

Mosche ended up wanting to order Chinese food, which worked for you, and the two of you were partway into Treasure Planet - his pick, wanting to watch a couple of movies he was nostalgic for - when the knock on the door announced the food.

"I'll get it," Mosche said, pausing the movie and getting up. He went to the door and opened it.

"Hi," said a bright female voice. "Golden Koi. That'll be twenty-three seventy."

Mosche didn't say or do anything, and you looked over and saw he was in shock. The girl in the doorway was a cute Asian girl of some sort with a round face and tits that were stretching what must have been the delivery outfit of the Golden Koi restaurant. Her hair was up in a ponytail that kind of sprayed out behind her head.

"Mosche?" you asked.

"Um," he said.

You got up and went to the door. "Thanks," you said, taking the money from Mosche's hand and giving it to the girl. Then you took the bag of food from her. "Keep the change."

"Thanks," she said, giving Mosche a look that said she wasn't sure what she thought of the tall white guy just standing there with his mouth hanging open.

"You look like Akali from League of Legends," Mosche blurted out. "You're really pretty."

The delivery driver's eyebrows shot up. "Thanks?" she said. "You play?"

"Yeah," Mosche said, taking a breath. "Um, sorry. I just opened the door and it was like meeting a movie star or something."

"You really think I look like her?" the girl giggled.

You didn't see it - you weren't a big computer gamer, but you were online enough to have seen the character before. This girl wasn't a slender ninja. She was cute, and a little curvy.

"I'm sorry to interject," you said. "Before this goes any further - are you out of high school?"

"Yeah," she said with a smile. "I'm nineteen."

"Alright, proceed with whatever conversation this is, nerds," you said with a smile, bringing the food into the kitchen and trying not to eavesdrop on the awkward, geeky conversation that followed.

Chapter 349

Trying not to listen in on a conversation while you were less than ten feet away and the movie was paused was difficult, so you busied yourself by going into the kitchen to get plates and cutlery. The kitchen also happened to be about twelve feet away from the door, so it didn't help much.

Listening to Mosche and the Asian girl talking was weird. Not because they were *being* weird, but just because they both seemed to be kind of bad at flirting. She seemed like a nice enough girl, but she was clearly a slightly-awkward nerd and when that ran up against Mosche's slightly-awkward nerdiness... well, the awkward had you cringing as you stayed in the kitchen and blew out a long breath.

Then, somehow, by some grace of God as he looked down on Mosche in what you could only assume was pity, the Asian girl made a move.

"Do you want my number?" she asked.

"Oh, um..." Mosche stuttered.

Yes! Say yes, Mosche! Take the number! You were screaming in your head. Tasha was hot, and was definitely giving him a lot of sex, but he wasn't happy.

"...Sssure," Mosche said.

"Cool," the girl said. "Give me your phone." There was a long silent moment. "Just, um, text if you want to play a game or something some night."

"Cool," Mosche mirrored her tone. "Um, thanks for the food."

"Thanks for the tip," she said. "OK..." It sounded like she walked away.

You came out of the kitchen and found Mosche peering out the door, watching her leave.

"Hey," you said.

Mosche jumped, spooked out of his skin for a moment, and looked back at you guiltily. "It's not- That wasn't-

"Calm down, dude," you said, pulling him fully back into the apartment and then closing the door. "She gave you her number?"

"Yeah," he flushed a little, looking like a shy five-year-old instead of a guy in his mid-twenties. "To play a game or something sometime."

“Mhmm,” you said knowingly, then gestured that the two of you should get to the food. “She seemed nice.”

“Yeah,” he said. “And pretty.”

“You feel guilty,” you guessed.

“Well, I’m dating Tasha…” Mosche trailed off.

“Have you guys talked again about being exclusive? Because, and I mean this with all sincerity Mosche, I don’t think her getting a gangbang train run on her really hints strongly at her wanting to be exclusive.”

He flushed even more at the reminder of the weekend he’d had while you’d been at the beach. “Yeah, I guess…” he mumbled.

“Hey, this isn’t a bad thing,” you said, pulling the Chinese food out of the big paper bag and starting to peel the toppers off of the containers. “This new girl seems… sweet. And Tasha is fun, but maybe too much fun. You should talk to Tasha and see where you’re at - maybe last weekend got it all out of her system and she’s ready to settle down and be your shiksa girlfriend. Or maybe she’s just having fun, and doesn’t care if you find someone else.”

“Do you think maybe the girls could find that out for me?” Mosche asked. “Gemma, or Sabrina, could probably have that conversation easier with her.”

“I mean, they could,” you said. “But it’s really a conversation *you* need to have, dude.”

He hung his head and took a deep breath, then looked back up. “Do you think that Tasha could, y’know, be interested in something like what you and them have?”

“A throuple?” you asked.

“Yeah,” he said. “I don’t know about this new girl, but Tasha is open, right? So maybe?”

“Maybe?” you hedged. “I mean, as far as I know, she’s a lot more interested in dicks than pussies, so if you open that door she might want to *date* other guys.” Mosche frowned at that. “And I don’t think that’s something you want.”

“Not really, no,” he sighed.

“Well, you should text that chick,” you said. “Neither of you even gave each other your names. And you have her number, so you need to make the first move.”

He sighed heavily and you knew he didn't like the idea of being the one to need to make a move. From what you knew of his relationship with Tasha, she'd very much been the instigator. Hell, she'd been an instigator with you as well, you just hadn't gone for it. Mosche felt like he needed someone to guide him, but that also meant he was open to getting run over like a doormat. And for all that you liked Mosche, he was a bit of a doormat already.

"Just text her 'Hey, this is Mosche. The tall, handsome guy. What's your name? Unless you want me to call you Akali for the rest of our lives,' Easy-peasy and it calls back to how you started talking," you suggested.

"Isn't it weird that I didn't even ask her name?" Mosche asked.

"Yeah, but it only gets *more* weird if you don't ask now and just hope to figure it out at some point," you said.

"OK, OK," Mosche sighed. "I'll text her."

You just sat there and waited.

"Now?" he asked.

"Yeah, now," you said.

He fished out his phone and started typing into the fresh contact. Once he was done, you allowed him to get food and started up the movie again. By the end of the movie he had gotten four texts back, and each time his phone buzzed with a new one he was grinning as he checked it. Watching him made you grin as well, thinking of how he was feeling with that Newness of meeting someone, and it made you pull out your own phone and text a couple of hearts to each of your girlfriends.

Gemma replied with a couple of hearts of her own, short and sweet. Sabrina responded a little later, after Treasure Planet had ended and Mosche was surfing through Netflix to pick the next movie you'd watch. And of course, Sabrina's response was a picture. Of her, in a washroom stall, with her dress hiked up to her hips as she fingered herself.

'*So it's going well, then?*' you asked her.

'*Yes. Will tell you more tomorrow. I'm just horny for you, and Gemma didn't want to leave Becks alone at the table to come eat me out, or let me eat her out.*'

You shook your head with a roll of your eyes and excused yourself as Mosche kept looking for a movie, going back to your room. It didn't take you long at all to stroke yourself hard looking at the picture Sabrina had sent you, and you sent her a picture back of your cock.

A couple of minutes later you got a picture back from her again after you'd wrestled your cock into your pants and headed back out to the living room. It was a picture of Sabrina, smiling happily with that 'I just came' gleam in her eye. *'Thank you, Daddy.'*

Mosche glanced over at your heavy sigh but didn't ask.

Chapter 350

“Morning, love,” Gemma said, coming into the conference room with a bright smile on her face. She circled the table and leaned in to kiss you deeply, moaning a little into your lips.

“Good morning,” you said with a grin of your own as she pulled away. “You’re here early.”

“I could say the same thing to you,” she said. “Couldn’t sleep?”

“Went to bed early,” you admitted. “I’m not used to being alone, and not being dead exhausted.”

She laughed as she took her seat, looking over at you with a glow about her. “Same,” she said. “I missed you.”

“I missed you, too,” you said, reaching over and taking her hand. “How did Girl’s Night go?”

“Sad you didn’t get another visit at the end?” Gemma asked with a glimmer in her eye.

“Maybe,” you smirked.

“It was fine,” Gemma said. “Or good, I guess. We waited until we had a couple of drinks in us before we talked with Becks - social lubricant. We didn’t want her too drunk and maybe take it badly, but we also wanted her loosened up. She took it pretty well, I think, even if all three of us were a little embarrassed. She admitted she does have a crush on you, and she’s wondered what it would be like dating you, or joining our relationship for real, but she doesn’t see it as a realistic thing. Between all of us leaving sooner than later, and us going to law school, and even the age difference, it wouldn’t work. So she’s got a crush on us, and wants to keep fucking if that’s OK with all of us - like a Friends-with-Benefits situation, except not like it was with Sabrina.”

“Well, Sabrina was a ‘Best Friend with Major Benefits,’” you smirked.

“True,” Gemma chuckled. “Are you OK with all of that?”

“Gemma, love, are you seriously asking if I’m OK with our threesome having a regular fourth guest? And it’s Becks?”

“Fair,” Gemma smirked. “And good, because she’s going to spend Friday night with us, then shoot a scene with you and Sabrina on Saturday.”

“She wants to be in more scenes?” you asked, a little surprised. “We haven’t even released the first one yet, just teased it.”

“Sabrina let her see the response to the teases, and Becks was getting a ton of compliments,” Gemma explained. “She found it hot, so she asked to do another. I think the bonus cash in her pocket after the last scenes was also welcome, but she’d probably do it for free.”

“Anything else happen?” you asked.

“You mean other than Sabrina jilling herself off in the bathroom?” Gemma asked. “Not a whole lot. We played by the rules though - no flirting with guys, no accepting drinks from them. When we were leaving Sabrina said she liked feeling so secure in our relationship. I felt that way too.”

“You know, I think I love you?” you joked.

“I think you might too,” Gemma smirked. “What did you get up to last night?”

You quickly explained Mosche still being upset over the Tasha situation, then the appearance of the mysterious Takeout Delivery Girl.

“Good for Mosche,” Gemma said once you finished talking about coaching him to text the girl. “I mean, I like Tasha in general, but she’s definitely too strong a personality for him.”

“That’s exactly how I feel about it,” you agreed. “There’s just one thing I’m a little worried about.”

“Sabrina?” Gemma guessed.

You nodded. “If Mosche does end it with Tasha for sure, Sabrina is going to want to hook something up.”

“Well, not if you or I draw a line,” Gemma said. “Do you not want to have sex with her?”

“I...” you hesitated. You’d pretty much seen every part of Tasha at this point, between her flashing her tits and sending a picture of them, and that night after Katherine had visited and you found her asleep on top of Mosche in a 69 on the living room couch. Tasha was an *attractive* woman. “Physically, and even personality-wise, yes,” you said. “I think it would be hot, and a lot of fun.”

“What’s the ‘but?’” Gemma asked, raising an eyebrow knowingly.

“I don’t know how I feel about having sex with someone who has *that much sex*,” you said. “I mean... a gangbang train? The last thing I would want to have happen is us getting something that could fuck us up just for the sake of sex one time.”

“Have I mentioned that I think I love you?” Gemma asked with a little smile.

“Maybe once or twice,” you smirked lopsidedly to her.

"I agree," Gemma sighed. "She's a bit more promiscuous than I might be comfortable with too. But, there *are* always condoms."

You felt a little silly for not even having considered that. For all the sex you'd been having, it had all been without. Gemma had her IUD, and Sabrina was religious about her pills. Becks said the same, and while it hadn't come up with Mallory you had to assume with her outlook and maturity she was either also covered or might have been menopausal. Though, thinking about it, you weren't really sure *when* menopause usually kicked in so maybe it wasn't that.

"Did I just blow your mind?" Gemma chuckled.

"Maybe," you laughed back. "I'm mostly just stunned, thinking about how much I want to replay that night in the conference room with you right now."

Gemma went pink as she flushed, and right at that moment, Sabrina walked in. One look at Gemma and your brunette girlfriend's grin got even wider as she looked back at you. "You said something dirty," she said. "Tell me everything."