

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 166-172

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 166

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

third girl to this thing, would it add a whole new person worth of dates, or would it just be a fraction added?

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

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

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

“One sec!” he called.

“It’s alright,” you called back. “You’re on your own for dinner, bud.”

“So no pizza?”

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

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

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

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

“I don’t need luck, Mosche,” you said. “I’m in love, and it’s fucking amazing.”

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

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

## **Chapter 167**

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

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

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

“I’m.. what?”

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

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

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

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

“Are you fucking them both?” Becca asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Really?” you asked in surprise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not a fivesome?” you asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **Chapter 168**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



“Best boyfriend ever,” Sabrina agreed.

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

“Fuck, you two,” you groaned.

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

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

“Mmmm!” Sabrina hummed happily at the idea.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 169

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It does,” you assured her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“That sounds fun,” Becca said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **Chapter 170**

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

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

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

Sabrina paid the cover for the three of you at the door, insisting that you weren’t paying that night since this was them taking you out. The main sitting area was dark, the stage brightly lit as

the first act was running through his jokes at lightning speed. The bar area was dim, but light enough that you could see a gathering of the various comics off to the side in one corner. Several of the same customers from last week when you'd come in with Gemma were in the group, and you kind of hoped that they weren't going to recognize you. They were spread over a few tables and booths so you didn't initially see Mosche or Tasha.

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

"OK," she said as she turned back to you. "Maybe we don't come here every week."

"That or we sneak in some flasks," Sabrina smirked.

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

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

The girls also apparently had another idea, and in the deep dark you felt a hand crawl onto your thigh, and then higher to rest on your crotch. You looked over to Gemma and she grinned at you, and you lowered a hand to her leg, and then slid your fingers to her inner thigh. She spread her legs just a touch, encouraging you, and you slid your hand higher. Not under her dress, but definitely pushing it up just a bit so that you were very much holding an inappropriately personal area.

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

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

For his part, Mosche was beaming as he mounted the stage after receiving such an unexpected welcome. He tried to shade his eyes from the bright spotlights, but couldn't see you. He made a joke about being the popular guy in the room for once, which earned him a laugh at the

self-deprecation, and then he went into his bit. Now, you had heard him perform it multiple times at this point both in the club and in the apartment. It was the best he'd ever done it. The crowd was on his side, which helped a lot, but you had to assume that the last-minute burst to his confidence did wonders for him too. When he left the stage he got a rousing round of applause from the entire club, including big cheers from the back where the comics were. They'd seen him finally nail a set after months and months of trying, and were recognizing him as one of their own.

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

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

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

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

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

Sabrina ended up ordering a basket of french fries for the three of you to share, and you all decided not to order another round of cocktails or beers to save your wallets. As the waitress was about to turn away with your order Gemma touched her arm. "Could you let Mosche know that his fans are over here?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Guys? You came!”

## **Chapter 171**

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

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

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

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

“Thanks,” he grinned again.

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

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

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

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

She grabbed Mosche’s hand and led him away.

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

“Great tits, too,” Sabrina noted.

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

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

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

“As nice as Becks’?” Sabrina asked.

“Or Becca’s?” Gemma asked.

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

“Twice, actually,” Gemma said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

You groaned, knowing what had to be coming.

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

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

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

“You mean my stud of a boyfriend?” Gemma asked. “Yeah, of course he’s here.”

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

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

“What? No,” Julie said. “That’s not- It takes-”

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

The crowd erupted in cheers and jeers.

## **Chapter 172**

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Better than ever," Gemma called back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"All hail the Universal Cock!" the crowd cheered.

"I've got the weirdest boner right now," you whispered to Sabrina, who laughed and kissed you.

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

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

"Oh, you did fine," Gemma assured her.

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

"You don't need to, Tasha," you said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hey!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You were outside in moments.

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