

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 138-144

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 138

The recording was good, you had to tell yourselves, even though it felt tame compared to the big toy scene you had recorded on Saturday. Well, it was good *enough*. It would serve its purpose by sliding into the schedule to provide a better gradual escalation. Sabrina was going to release two videos that week, the first later that night and the second one on Friday.

She hadn't squirted during the scene, but she had leaked a lot down your hands and wrist, and you were almost more turned on once the cameras were off as Sabrina slowly licked it off of your arm, wrist and fingers while keeping eye contact with you.

"Were you always this kinky?" you asked her.

"God, no," Sabrina laughed, then sucked your thumb into her mouth and popped off of it. "It probably started once I started taking the pictures for OnlyFans and checking out the content of other girls. Then my solo videos pushed me further, but this?" She sucked your pointer finger into her mouth. "This is all inspired by you, John."

"Well you inspire me," you said, moving to pick her up so you could take her over to the couch and fuck her again.

"No, no," she said, fending you off with her hands and a laugh. "We need to clean up the gear, and I need to make dinner. That was tiring work, you know."

"Are you saying you need to build your energy up for later?" you asked.

"That's exactly what I'm saying, baby," Sabrina smiled and kissed you lightly.

You took on the job of cleaning up the equipment, having learned it all fairly easily, while Sabrina got started on dinner by throwing on an apron - and only an apron. Once the equipment was away she told you to get her laptop out and load up Netflix so you could watch the next episode of Castle. You got the laptop out and managed to get to Netflix on the browser, but were distracted watching her in the kitchen.

Sabrina had always been graceful to you. She had a lithe body, and she moved with purpose. There was something about watching her, all but naked, moving around the kitchen that just made you smile. And it wasn't just her naked butt bopping around.

"Do you have it ready?" she asked over her shoulder.

You stood up, leaving the laptop on the table, and went behind her and slid your hands across her sides and to her front, hugging her back to you lightly without pulling her from her work at the counter. You had one hand on her stomach and the other higher, grabbing one of her little tits. You also happened to be naked as well, and you chubbed up cock pressed against the small of her back and the cleft of her ass. "I did, but you are a lot more fun to watch than Castle," you said. You released her boob and brought your hand out from under the apron to pull her silky hair away from her neck so you could kiss her there. "What are you making?"

"Stir fry," she groaned happily. "Fuck, John, you know what you're doing to me."

"I do," you smiled into the crook of her neck, kissing her again.

She reached back and took your cock in one hand behind her, squeezing softly. "Dinner then play, Mister."

"You sure?" you asked, sliding your hands down from her stomach to her mound and tickling her pubic hair.

"Yyyyes," she drew out slowly, and then gripped your cock a little harder. "And I'm not sure if I'm happy you like watching my ass more than Castle. You're besmirching my beloved Nathan Fillion!"

That got you chuckling, and you left Sabrina to her cooking as you loaded up the next episode and let it play with the sound on high so she could listen along. The stirfry didn't take too long, and instead of dividing it up onto two plates Sabrina brought it over to you in one bowl and brought you and the laptop back over to the couch.

"Is this how we're going to eat all the time?" you asked as she gave you a quick suck to get you fully hard.

"Any time we're at home," she smirked and took off the apron.

"Might get awkward for Gemma," you said.

"She can take her turn too," Sabrina said. "Though, to be fair, her boobs might get more in the way. But then we can just lick the food off of her."

"We?" you asked with raised eyebrows.

"I told you already," Sabrina said. "It isn't going to be long until she and I are doing everything as intimate as you and the two of us. It's inevitable."

"Whatever you say, dear," you said, putting on a beleaguered husband voice.

“Happy wife, happy life,” Sabrina chuckled.

“Wife, huh?” you pointed out.

That got her blushing, but didn’t stop her from straddling your lap and lowering herself onto your cock. “You know what I meant,” she said.

“Right,” you said. “Wives. Plural.”

She rolled her eyes. “Fine. We’ll go with that.”

“Guess I need to get some rings,” you joked. “The rule is three months’ salary, right? Am I supposed to split that between both of you, or three months each? And am I waiting until we’re lawyers, or should I just do it now and base it on our intern pay?”

“Baby,” Sabrina said. “That’s not even funny. Eat your food.” She’d only brought one fork over with the bowl of stir fry, and she practically jammed your mouth full of food.

“M’yes, dea’,” you mumbled through the mouthful. Sabrina kissed your stuffed lips lightly, still shaking her head at you, and pressed play on the laptop so you could watch while she fed the two of you.

Chapter 139

The two of you made it through an entire episode before you finished dinner. To be fair, it was slow going since Sabrina had decided to feed both of you, and she took the occasional break to grind herself slowly on your cock.

“You know, and please don’t take this as me suggesting this is a bad thing,” you said. “But we should probably spend a bit of time together doing something that doesn’t involve sex.”

“Are you saying I should get off of you right now?” Sabrina asked.

“Let’s not be hasty here,” you smirked, putting your hands on her hips to keep her in place. “I just mean if you’re my Best Friend With Major Benefits, we should probably do some more best-friending.”

“But not dates,” Sabrina pointed out.

You gave her a look. All three of you knew that the ‘dating Gemma not Sabrina’ thing was more for the outside world than the three of you at this point.

“Fine, maybe date-like outings between best friends,” she acquiesced with a smile. Then she gave you a little peck on the lips. “But totally platonic.”

“Of course,” you said.

“And then you rail me at the end when you come to drop me off. Platonically.”

“Totally just between friends,” you agreed with a grin.

“And then maybe you sleep over. As friends.”

“And it’s not a big deal when friends share a bed, obviously,” you said.

“Obviously,” she agreed, grinning back.

“Good,” you said. “Then I would like to take you out - as total friends - on Thursday,” you said.

“And then I want you, me and Gemma to hang out together on Friday.”

“Now who’s pushing the threesome?” she smirked, poking you in the chest.

“That would be a happy coincidence,” you chuckled. “But my real goal is to make sure we, all three of us, are together at least once a week to make sure we’re all good with each other and what’s going on.”

She kissed you in response, a firm peck slowly developing into a makeout session as she slid her tongue between your lips. It lasted a long time, the ongoing Castle episode forgotten on the laptop and the empty bowl from the stir fry set aside on the side table.

“I love you, John,” she said once the kiss ended. Sabrina stayed close, looking into your eyes earnestly as she said it.

“I love you too, Sabrina,” you said, trying to tell her how much you meant it too.

“I want you to meet my sister,” Sabrina said, the pivot surprising you.

“Um, OK,” you said. “I don’t know your relationship with her, but I don’t think FaceTiming her when we’re like this is the best timing, buuuuut-”

“Not now, obviously,” she said. “She’s planning on coming up next weekend - not this coming, the one after - and she’s already been asking me about you from that photo we took that first day we started this. I’m going to have to talk to Gemma about you being my beard boyfriend that weekend too.”

“Well, I’d be happy to meet her,” you said. “And play tourist with you all weekend if you want, too.”

“Not *all* weekend,” she said. “We’ll want some sister time, obviously. Which does mean that she’ll ask me a ton of super personal questions. But anyways, that will give you time to go meetup with Gemma and give her time too. I don’t want to take you for a whole weekend from her.”

“OK,” you said and kissed the tip of her nose. “Sounds good to me.”

“Really?” she asked. “Just like that?”

“Just like that,” you said, raising an eyebrow. “It’s not like you’re asking me to meet your parents and explain our relationship.”

“True,” she giggled. “That would be... yikes. Now, to change the subject back to what’s at hand...” She stood up, your cock sliding out of her slowly as you both groaned a little at the feeling. She slammed the spacebar on the laptop and moved it to the floor. “Lay out. I want to try and sixty-nine with you.”

You did as asked, sliding sideways on the couch to get in position, but before she climbed on top of you she gave a little ‘Oh!’ like a lightbulb had gone off in her head, and she rushed to her room and came back holding a little purple object.

She handed you the buttplug, which already had some lube smeared on it. “You can use that, too,” she said. “I want to be ready as soon as Gemma takes you in her ass.”

“That might not be for a while,” you said.

“Considering she borrowed like three sizes of plugs from my weird little collection yesterday, I think it might happen sooner than later, stud,” Sabrina grinned at you. She crawled up onto the couch, and the two of you figured out the slightly-cramped positioning you would need, and soon Sabrina’s pussy and tight little ass were hanging above your lips.

“Have I ever told you I love how you smell?” you asked her.

“Thanks for being weird about it,” Sabrina laughed. She took your cock in her mouth and slowly started to blow you, so you reciprocated and started to tease her labia and her entrance with your tongue.

You both wordlessly decided to take a slow-burn approach, teasing more than anything. By the time you got to her ass, you must have been building each other up for a good ten or fifteen minutes. You kissed your way between her butt cheeks, pulling her hips down a bit to give you a better angle, then kissed right on her neat little butthole.

“Are you ready for me to be extra naughty with you?” you asked her. “Ready for me to tongue this cute little ass?”

“Mmmm, yes please Daddy,” Sabrina moaned around your cock, rubbing her lips across it.

You couldn't help but shake your head and smirk at the name. She probably didn't even realize she'd used it again.

Chapter 140

Eating ass was similar but different to eating pussy. At the heart of it, you were using your lips and tongue to tease a part of the body of a woman you were in lust, and love, with. She was clean, and you wanted to do it for her.

On the other hand, there weren't any labia, or clits, for you to focus on. Sure you could play with her little cheeks too, and you did. You left a hickey on the inside of her ass cheek like you had to Gemma, which Sabrina seemed to love as she moaned your name around your cock in her mouth. But there was only one place to *really* go, so that's where you went.

You started with your lips, kissing around her little tight hole and feeling the taught ring. Then you stiffened your lip, prodding with your kisses, getting a proper feel of what you were dealing with.

“Mm, that feels weird but nice,” Sabrina said, coming off of your cock to whisper it to you.

“How does this feel?” you asked, taking a broad-tongued lick across the entire whole.

She giggled a little and snorted. “It tickles, but isn't like... super pleasurable? It's like if you licked the sole of my foot - naughty and dirty and kinky, but it doesn't send tingles through me like if you play with my nipples or clit. It's more a warm, passive heat.”

“Well, I'm about to stick my tongue up this 'warm but passive' asshole of yours so how about you let me know if it's not worth it?” you asked. “Because if you're just not an anal girl, that is totally fine and I'll switch back to your tasty little pussy.”

“I will,” she assured you.

You kissed her buttock again, then slowly began prodding it with your tongue, which made her tense up.

“Wow, that feels weird,” she laughed. “Hold on, let me try and relax.”

She flexed her butthole, which only seemed to tighten it.

“Not that,” you laughed into her cheeks.

“OK, OK, umm... what about if I do this?”

Whatever she did, it seemed to work as your prodding tongue felt just enough softening to slowly be able to work the tip into her tight little anal ring.

“Oh, fuck, John,” she groaned. “I don’t even know if that feels good or not, but I can’t believe you’re doing it. Your tongue is in my ass, baby.”

Unable to talk intelligibly at the moment, you decided to start trying to push your tongue deeper, rimming her butthole and stabbing it in a bit at a time. Slowly you were going deeper and deeper, your face pressed tight to her cheeks as you drove your tongue into the weird, warm space. It tasted sort of salty more than anything, like sweat without the sharp sting, which was something you could live with as you listened to her nasally moaning that Sabrina was making.

“Oh, fucking hell, Daddy,” she gasped. “I can feel your tongue all the way up inside my ass. You’re tongue-fucking my ass. You’re so fucking good to me, Daddy. Gawd, I can’t believe-fuuuuck.”

You slid the thumb of the hand that you weren’t holding the buttplug with into her pussy as you continued to push your tongue into her, and her whole body quivered with a mini-orgasm.

Without anything new to do with your tongue, you decided to transition to the buttplug. You withdrew your tongue, stabbing it as her anal ring a few times before sliding your face to the side and getting the buttplug in position. Then you softly bit her ass cheek as you pushed the properly lubed-up plug into her spit-lubed asshole. It wasn’t an overly large plug, the purple plastic sliding into her asshole about halfway fairly easily, then you had to apply a little more pressure to get to the widest point, and then her asshole swallowed it up and tightened around the neck bit.

“Fuck, that feels big in my ass even after your tongue,” she groaned.

“Didn’t you try a bigger one on that one solo video?” you asked her.

“Yeah, and it felt huge,” she sighed.

“Huge like this?” you asked her, tugging on the plug and pulling it back out to the wide part, watching her anal ring stretch to accommodate it before you slid it back in.

“Fuu-hhuuuck, John,” she grunted, leaving your cock to look back at you. “If you’re going to play with it like that, at least eat me out while you do it.”

“Gladly,” you laughed, pulling your thumb from the entrance of her pussy as you began to eat her out again while tapping and tugging on the buttplug every once in a while. Every time you did it Sabrina would moan somewhere in her chest, and you could see her little clit poking out of its hood as she got hornier and hornier.

But you kept her there, slowly boiling over. And she did the same to you.

So together you edged each other until you were thrusting your cock up at her mouth struggling for release, and she was humping her cunt back at your face for the same.

You popped first, and as she slurped down your cum while it filled her mouth you managed to tug on the buttplug again while suctioning onto her clit, and she came hard as well, rewarding you with your own mouthful of liquidy girlcum.

She collapsed on top of you when you were both done, her nose pressed to the root of your cock as her pussy and ass sat just below your chin.

“I love you, Daddy,” she groaned happily.

“We really need to figure out something else you can call me,” you sighed, content and a little sleepy.

She giggled, her body rocking on mine as she did it. “Sorry, baby.”

“I know,” you said, patting her ass cheek. “I know.”

Chapter 141

A shower, with some gratuitous fondling of each other, ended the evening. Launching the first video felt a little anticlimactic. There wasn't any real fanfare, it was more just a click of the button and Sabrina giving you a kiss as the video uploaded and went live.

“Give it an hour or two,” she said, wreathing her fingers together behind your neck as she looked up into your eyes with a soft smile. “The exhilaration comes from the numbers more than putting it live. Once the numbers start getting bigger it starts to feel like a real thing you did, and the comments that come with them make it personal.”

“I'll follow your lead,” you said, pulling her in for a hug and kissing her forehead.

Part of you wanted to fuck again, but for better or worse you needed to get home and be ready for work properly - not only was Joy gunning for you, but so was her mother now. And Garrison

was going to be paying closer attention to if his thoughts on mentorship were real. You and the girls couldn't risk being late... which reminded you that Sabrina had disappeared at lunch.

You were already at the front door to the apartment, shoes on and kissing Sabrina goodbye when you remembered that.

"Hey, where did you go at lunch?" you asked.

Sabrina was thrown for a moment by the pivot, but broke into a grin. "Oh, that. I followed Joy and her mother to try and get some information. They went to this fancy restaurant and had lunch together. And would you be surprised to find out they are both cunts to the service staff?"

You snorted. "No I would not. Did you find out anything useful?"

"Ehn, not sure," she shrugged. "Nothing explosive happened and I couldn't actually hear their conversation, so we may need to do it a few more times to see if there's a pattern or something. Maybe we can discover the secret network of bitches they belong to or something."

"You know, it's kind of hot when you pretend to be a spy," You grinned.

"Who says I'm not a spy?" Sabrina chuckled. Then she held up her hands in a gun pose and put on a terrible Russian accent. "From Russia with love, mothafucka."

"Was that Russian, or Samuel L Jackson?" you laughed.

"Hey, Sammy J would make a great bond girl," Sabrina giggled with you, dropping her hands.

You left her after another long kiss, and she slapped your ass on the way out of her apartment.

The Uber home was quick and quiet - you had considered repaying the drop-in on Gemma, but your nearly late arrival at work that morning stopped you. Also the fact that your Uber bill had gone up significantly since you started seeing both women.

You were yawning to yourself as you stepped into your apartment, not taking the precaution of knocking before keying the door open, and you paid for it.

"Eek!" someone squealed in protest.

Your eyes shot open as your yawn cut off, and you were looking at Tasha in profile on the couch, naked and on top of Mosche. Your first thought, which probably should have told you something about your current mind state, was that she had pretty nice, mid-sized tits. Not as small as Sabrina, not as big as Gemma, but right down the middle.

Tasha, weirdly enough, wasn't the one who had made the Eek sound.

“John, what the fuck!?” Mosche yelled as he scrambled to try to preserve his modesty, then realized he should be trying to preserve Tasha’s modesty more than his own, but that just ended up with him scrambling to try and reach a pillow or anything and coming up empty, so he just planted his hands over her tits to cover them.

“What the fuck yourself!” you said, slapping a hand over your eyes.

Tasha just started laughing.

“Get out!” Mosche yelled.

“I live here!” you said back.

“It’s not a big deal, Moschey,” Tasha said.

“What do you mean I’m not a big deal?” Mosche asked. “You said I was big.”

“Not *you*. It,” Tasha said. “John, it’s fine. Really. We should have moved to the bedroom.”

“I *said* that earlier,” Mosche complained.

“Moschey, shut the fuck up,” Tasha sighed.

“Look, I’ll just head to my room,” you said, still covering your eyes. “You guys do... whatever, but I’m going to need to head to the washroom in like thirty minutes so there’s your fair warning.”

“Thanks, John,” Tasha said.

“What are you thanking him for?” Mosche asked.

“For not being pissed off or a creep?” Tasha said more than asked.

They were still bickering, though you thought Tasha may have started riding him again, by the time you got to your room and closed the door. You pressed your back to it and let out a long breath, shaking your head.

Well, at least things seemed to be working out for Mosche.

You took out your phone, starting to chuckle a little, and texted the group chat.

You: *I just walked in on Mosche and Tasha fucking on the living room couch.*

Sabrina: *Bahahaha!*

Gemma: *She's cute. Who was on top?*

Sabrina: *Do you really need to ask? It was obviously her.*

Gemma: *True.*

Sabrina: *Did you get any pics? Tasha is hot.*

You sighed again and rolled your eyes.

You: *No I didn't get any pictures. That would be weird.*

Sabrina: *Says you. I bet if I asked she'd let me take a pic of her tits in his face. No harm in asking.*

You: *Sabrina, I love you, but I'm not doing that.*

Gemma: *Sabrina you can be so weird sometimes.*

The three of you bantered a bit more over the group texts, and then both of them sent you, and each other, Good Night pics of their boobs.

Life, you decided despite all the chaos at your internship, was pretty fucking great.

Chapter 142

Somehow, some way, you had a quiet and near-normal day. You didn't realize it until the workday was almost over. Sure, Joy had been bitchy and lorded over the rest of you interns in an annoying way, but she didn't make any passes at you. Didn't try and squeeze more information, or get you alone. Her mother didn't show up.

Garrison also didn't call you to his office, or Sabrina or Gemma, so there wasn't any Up to the rollercoaster that your work life had started to feel like either.

Joy showed up late at the start of the day, left for lunch early and came back late. Then she left early at the end of the day as well. All told, when you did the math, she was really only there for about half the work day - that in itself could have been ammunition to use against her if she wasn't always with her mother.

It was nearing the end of the day, and you were over in the copy room working at the photocopiers, when Gemma came in and shut the door behind her.

“Hey,” you said. “I’m almost done with these if-”

She cut you off by hugging you tightly from behind and kissing your neck.

“Gemma…” you sighed. This was breaking the rules.

“Be quiet, love,” she whispered. One of her hands slid down your front to your crotch. “I just needed to hold you for a minute.”

“Is something wrong?” you asked.

She shook her head, which you felt instead of saw since she was behind you. You turned in her arms and hugged her back.

“I don’t believe you,” you said. “We have a date tonight, and you don’t get emotional at the office other than getting pissed off at Joy.”

Gemma sighed and squeezed you tighter, so you squeezed her as well and held her. If she didn’t want to talk about it, you couldn’t make her. Especially not here where she’d probably feel even more embarrassed if the emotions got too big.

“Thanks, John,” she finally said, slowly letting go of you. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Gem,” you said, and softly kissed her for a moment. “Is this something I should ask you about later, or do you want me to not bring it up?”

“I was just feeling overwhelmed by something,” she said, wiping under her eyes to make sure she hadn’t gotten teary and smudged her makeup badly. “That was what I needed.”

“OK,” you said, and hopped up to sit on the work counter while you held her hands in yours. “What are we doing for our date?”

Gemma smiled, which reassured you that she was coming out of whatever flash she’d had. “It’s a secret,” she said. “Dress casual though. But not too casual or extra nerdy, I still want to look like the hottest couple where we’re going.”

“See, you say things like that and I feel self-conscious about my clothing options,” you said.

“Should I send Sabrina home with you to help dress you again?” Gemma smirked.

“That would break the rule, I think,” you pointed out.

“You don’t think you can spend an hour or two with her without getting sexual?” Gemma teased.

"*That* actually reminds me, you're OK with me and her spending time out tomorrow, right?" you asked. Gemma had been informed of the plan for the week via the group text last night.

"As long as you understand that she and I are planning our weekend," she said.

"Our weekend?"

"You caught that, huh?" Gemma chuckled. Then she got closer, pressing herself against your knees. "Yes, love. Our weekend. Friday, Saturday and Sunday. All three of us."

You were hard, and she noticed.

"I trust you to dress yourself today," she said with a grin. "But I'm letting you know now that some of this weekend is going out shopping, and you're not allowed to complain."

"Why would I complain?" you asked. "I'll be spending time with two gorgeous women that I love."

She kissed you quickly, then stepped away. "Good."

"I want to fuck you right here, right now," you said quietly.

"Maybe someday," she smiled naughtily. "I kind of fantasize about doing it in the office, on the conference table."

"Are people watching us?"

She shook her head. "No, well, sort of. Since we started being... open about things, Sabrina is there sometimes masturbating as she watches us. I've even imagined Becks joining in like that."

"I'm going to be stuck in here for a while," you said, looking down at your tented pants.

"Sorry," she giggled. "Though I'm just as bad. I can feel the wet spot in my panties."

You bit the tip of your tongue for a second, trying to decide whether to push things or not. This sort of talk wasn't supposed to happen in the office; it was against the rules you'd set for yourselves.

But Joy was gone for the day already, and you were horny.

"Take them off," you said. "I want them."

"Here?" Gemma asked, surprised.

That was probably a bad idea - anyone could walk in and Gemma was wearing a stylish pair of pants today that made her ass look fantastic. "No, too risky," you said. "Go take them off in the washroom and bring them back to me."

"You're being very naughty, you know," Gemma said, biting her lower lip as she looked at you.

"I know," you said. "Do you want to join me, or are you chicken?"

You'd never called Gemma a chicken before, but apparently it was some sort of a trigger for her because she didn't even leave the copy room. Right there, in between the two big photocopiers, she stripped off her pants and then the lacey purple thong she'd been wearing and tossed it to you. And then, still without pants on, she stepped up to you, took the thong back, kissed you and then pushed them into your mouth - damp part first. The fabric tasted like a dulled version of her.

Then she went and quickly put her pants back on, and you let the fabric fall out of your mouth and into your hand.

"Guess I'm not a chicken, huh?" she asked with a grin.

"Nope," you said. "And that is definitely not something I'm going to forget."

"Good," she said, then took her thong from your hand and slipped it into your pocket. "You know, at some point I'm going to need to reclaim at least some of my panties from you if we keep doing this."

Chapter 143

Sabrina met you at the elevator after work. You were going to see Gemma that night, so the three of you organized that you and Sabrina would stay just a little later so you could have a private moment in the day.

"Long day, huh?" Sabrina commented as you waited for the elevator to reach your floor.

"Very," you said.

"Long and hard," Sabrina said, getting a sly smile on her lips.

You snorted softly at the innuendo. "I think my days are only long and hard when I'm doing something that's worth doing."

"Is that so?" she asked. "And what's worth doing?"

The elevator arrived and you both stepped inside, and you thumbed the lobby button. As soon as the door closed you turned and picked her up, pinning her to the mirrored wall of the elevator with her ass resting on the metal handhold bar that ran around it at waist height. "You are," you said, and kissed her.

She returned it with fervour, your tongues duelling for a long moment.

"God, I want you inside me," Sabrina moaned as your kiss broke apart.

"How bad?" you asked.

"So bad," she laughed. "You need to fuck Gemma good enough that I feel it at home tonight."

"I'll try my very best," you grinned, and kissed her quickly again.

"There's something else I need to talk to you about though," she said, between kisses.

"What's that?" you asked.

The elevator reached the lobby, and you quickly helped her lower to the floor and separated from her. There were a few people, including a couple of the associates from the firm, in the lobby still and you didn't want to give anyone suspicions. On your way out you both waved to Becks, who was talking with a couple of people you didn't recognize.

Outside, Sabrina hooked her arm in yours and pulled you down the street. Once you were around a corner, she pushed you up against the concrete wall of another building and put your hands on her ass and pulled you down into another kiss that lasted longer than the one in the elevator.

"This isn't talking," you breathed heavily once it ended.

"Sorry," she chuckled. "I just wanted to let you know that the first video is going really well. Like.... Really fucking well. The subscribers fucking love it."

"That's good," you said. "And I think they love you in it. You played that scene so well, and were super hot."

"Well, I mean yes," Sabrina said. "But there are a lot of comments about you as well."

You frowned. "Really? They barely see anything except my dick and hear my voice with a modulator on it."

“Well, that doesn’t seem to matter because half of the comments want me to record more with ‘Daddy,’” she said. “So I just wanted you to know that not only do you have me and Gemma as your little dedicated sluts, but you’re also secretly a pornstar.”

You actually got a little light headed at what she was saying. You had... fans... of your dick. And not just someone you’d slept with, but people who had seen it on video.

“This is so weird,” you said.

“Yeah, but it’s also kinda hot,” Sabrina giggled, and kissed you again. “Anyways, I just wanted you to know that. Do you want me to come back to your place and help you pick out another outfit for tonight?”

“Yes, but no,” you said. “Gemma and I talked about the date and she’s keeping it a secret, but told me to dress casual but not too casual. If you come over we’re going to break a promise to her not to have sex the day of a date.”

“Yeah, fair,” Sabrina pouted. “OK, baby. I guess this is where we split, then.”

“Love you,” you said, kissing her again.

“Love you too,” she replied with a flash of a grin, and then she turned and was walking down to catch her bus. You had to go in the opposite direction, and you found yourself humming the entire way home.

You were a pornstar. You had Sabrina, and you had Gemma. And today hadn’t been total shit at work. It was a good day, and hopefully was about to be great.

Once you got home, you decided to knock at the door this time even though you were alone. You gave a good twenty seconds before keying into the apartment, but there was no naked Tasha, or Mosche for that matter. You quickly went about your business, giving yourself a fresh shave and a shower, and then sauntered back to your room in a towel - or you would have, if you hadn’t been stopped by the vision of Mosche’s bare ass pumping away, his pants and undies down around his knees as he thrust into Tasha from behind with her bent over the counter of the kitchen.

“Oh, come on,” you said, putting up a hand to block your vision of them as you walked past. “There’s no way you didn’t know I was here.”

“Shit! Sorry, dude,” Mosche said. “Thought you would be in there longer.”

“Hey, John,” Tasha grunted. “Mosche, don’t you fucking stop now.”

“But John-”

“John has two girlfriends, he knows what fucking is like. Make me come and maybe we’ll stop edging you later tonight.”

Jesus, I didn’t need to know about this, you thought, quickly walking past the pair and back to your room, shutting the door. You stood there trying not to think about what you’d just seen and heard for a long minute before you felt like you could function again.

But you had things to do. You were supposed to meet Gemma downtown at 6:30pm, so you didn’t have that much time before you needed to catch your bus back. Your room once again became a whirlwind of clothes as you stressed yourself out over what ‘casual, but not too casual’ meant.

In the end, you took a picture of two outfits and sent them to Sabrina for approval, and she had you mix and match the two before she declared you fit for a date. Then she sent you a picture of her ass with a buttplug in it and told you to have fun.

Chapter 144

“Hey, love,” Gemma said, grinning from ear to ear as you walked down the street to meet her.

You swept her up in your arms and spun her around right there on the sidewalk as you kissed her. Gemma had worn a pair of tight jeans that were more hole than fabric - you weren’t sure when or how that trend started, but you appreciated all the skin it showed. She was also wearing a t-shirt for a band you didn’t know, but tied in the back to make it more like a crop top, and cute converse shoes.

“Hello, gorgeous,” you said, setting her down but still hugging her to you.

“No flower this time?” she asked.

“I wasn’t sure what we were doing, so I held off,” you said. “But I memorized a half dozen places in the area, so depending on where we’re going I want to stop and get you one.”

“You don’t have to do that,” she said, but you knew the look in her eye was that she’d be happy if you did. It was a thing you’d started, and keeping it going was a gesture you wanted to pursue.

Instead of answering, you kissed her again on the lips and took her hand in yours. “So what are we up to?” you asked.

“Have you ever done ax throwing?” she asked.

“I haven’t, but I’ve seen pictures,” you said.

“Well, that’s what we’re doing. I want to see you go full barbarian for me while we drink. Then, since we’ve made it our thing, there’s a food truck that’s supposed to be set up a block over that we should try out.”

“Then let’s throw some axes,” you said, giving her hand a squeeze.

* * * * *

“But then I come out of the shower and they are *right there* in the kitchen, and his ass is pointed right at me,” you said, gesturing with the pint you were holding as Gemma laughed along with your story. “And Mosche is freaking out again, but Tasha is just like ‘Hey’ and then goes right back to telling him to fuck her. And then, here’s the kicker, she says if she gets her off she *might* stop edging him later.”

“Oh nooo,” Gemma giggled, closing her eyes as she laughed. “She’s got poor Mosche wrapped around her finger.”

“I don’t know whether to congratulate him, or be worried for him,” you said. “He finally found a woman who knows what she wants with him, but if he hasn’t gotten off this whole time I don’t know what to think.”

“Oh, boy,” Gemma sighed, wiping her tears of laughter from her eyes and then standing up. “Alright, my turn.”

She stepped up to the line and hefted one of the handaxes, feeling its weight in her hands. Then she wound up, using both hands to bring it over her head, and let it loose. The ax spun end over end and impacted with the wooden board with a satisfying *thunk*, sticking into the target about half a foot from centre.

“Nice!” you called, standing up and high fiving Gemma.

The bar was loud with the sounds of not only the ax throwing, but other weird bar games as well. You would never have guessed that the old, warehouse looking building held this gem of a bar inside it.

“Fear me, for I am Xena, warrior princess,” Gemma laughed, flexing and giving you a tough expression.

“Did Xena have a romantic interest in the show?” you asked.

“No idea,” she said, and pressed up against you as she tilted her chin up for a kiss, which you provided. “But this Xena is very happy to have met her Conan.”

“So I’m Conan, huh?” you asked. “Doesn’t Conan have a new woman in every story he’s in?”

“Love, it’s a joke about the axes, stop trying to take the metaphor any further,” Gemma said with a roll of her eyes.

You gave her ass a squeeze and winked, then stepped over to the line and picked up an ax to throw. Her’s was still stuck in the target. You’d quickly decided that throwing one-handed was more comfortable than two-handed for you, so you rotated the haft of the ax in your hand and then focused on the target. Then you pulled the ax back and let it fly. It spun just like Gemma’s had, but hit the target with the flat metal top of the hatchet head instead of with the blade with a *clonk* and then clattered to the floor.

With a sigh, you turned around and gave Gemma a shrug. “Conan is a sword guy anyways.”

“Yes he is,” Gemma said as you walked back to her, and she reached over and put a hand on your crotch for a moment, feeling up your package. “Yes, he certainly is.”

* * * * *

Three pints of beer each had hit you both, and after a quick trip to the restroom at the bar you were ready for some food. Your arms ached from throwing the axes so much, not used to the weird activity but knowing that you wanted to come back.

You and Gemma had laughed and talked through the whole thing without a moment of silence between the two of you. She talked about her extended family, which was pretty large, and about some of her wild animal encounters back home in Australia - you hadn’t asked for them, so she was more than happy to wow you when they came to her mind naturally. In return you talked about your smaller extended family, and the rift on your father’s side with his two toxic siblings, and you told her some stories about growing up playing house league sports and the stupid rivalries between kids in school.

Gemma had paid at the bar, so when she led you to a food cart that proclaimed itself ‘The King of Waffles’ you wouldn’t hear about her paying. The waffle cart served these thin, crunchy waffles shaped into a cone, with a variety of toppings that could go inside them. The inside of the waffles were still fluffy, and you ordered the ‘Breakfast Special’ that was filled with tater tots, bacon, scrambled eggs and maple syrup, while Gemma tried the ‘All-American’ that had hamburger, french fries, onion rings, and cheeseburger toppings.

You ended up eating the All-American.

“Is this going to happen every time, or just some of the time?” you asked, teasing her as you both sat on a city bench outside of a park, carefully trying to eat your stuffed waffles out of the cardboard cones they were served in.

“What do you mean?” Gemma asked.

“Have I told you today how much I love you?” you pivoted.

“You have, but tell me again,” she grinned.

“Gemma, I love you so much that I’ll let you switch food with me every day of the week,” you said.

She smiled and rested her head on your shoulder. “Thanks, love.”