

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 292-298

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 292

The first thing that you and Gemma made Sabrina do once her hands were handcuffed behind her back was figure out how to get your shirt off.

You were wearing a button-down, so she ended up needing to mumble-plead with you to lay down on the bed as she propped herself up facing away from you, working her fingers blind behind her back to undo each button. Once that was done she had to try and get the shirt off of you.

“Mmmgh!” she groaned in frustration, unable to get the shoulders off of you to pull it down your arms.

“Shhh, baby,” you chuckled softly, taking pity on her and shrugging the shirt off yourself and then pulling her back to you as you sat up at the head of the bed. You wrapped your arms around her naked body, holding her tightly in a hug as she huffed a few long breaths through her nose.

“Alright, so maybe puzzles aren’t the fun tease I thought they would be,” Gemma sighed. She’d been trying to help Sabrina by coaching her a bit, but it hadn’t helped.

“Mmmgh-mmph-mmm,” Sabrina mumbled unintelligibly through her gag and tape.

“Stop complaining,” you said, running your hand across her body until you were palming her pussy and teasing her lips with your fingers while you grabbed her chest firmly with the other. “Or are you not happy being in my arms, little brat?”

“Mm-mm,” she hummed and nuzzled her head against yours and pressed the front of her gag tape to your cheek like she was kissing you.

“Better,” you said and started to trail your fingers more purposefully around her pussy. Her bare, smooth lips were already slick for your eating her out and you could feel them getting warmer with her horniness. Soon they would be that wonderful ruddy flushed colour she got when she was overdue for a fucking.

“I think she’s being a bit of a baby,” Gemma said, reaching behind herself to undo her bra and stripping it off, then crawling up the bed to lay next to you and Sabrina. She leaned over the brunette to kiss you firmly, pushing her tits against Sabrina’s face in the process.

“You just want to tease her even more and get her *really* worked up,” you said once the kiss ended.

Gemma smirked and grabbed Sabrina’s chin, leaning down to kiss her through the tape. “Yeah, maybe I do,” she grinned.

You had wiggled two fingers into Sabrina’s entrance and the three of you cuddled like that for a bit, with you and Gemma trading kisses when you weren’t teasing Sabrina mercilessly by kissing those spots on her neck that made her toes flex and her eyes squeeze closed as she moaned deep in her chest.

Her little tits didn’t miss out on attention either as you palmed and squeezed one roughly, manhandling them, while Gemma would dip her lips lower occasionally to suck or nibble at Sabrina’s nipples.

Sabrina was squirming, pressing her face against you or Gemma like she wanted to be kissing or licking you. Gemma grabbed her face again as you started strumming Sabrina’s clit harder, kissing her sloppily through the tape, and Sabrina’s legs pulled back and waggled in the air to try and make as much room as possible for you between her legs.

“Little bratty slut,” Gemma laughed softly as she pressed her nose to Sabrina’s, looking deep into her eyes, before she slid lower on the bed. You saw where she was going and fell to the side a little, sort of spooning behind and below Sabrina a bit to get her a little more flat on the bed. This gave Gemma a better angle to start eating out Sabrina as you took your turn mashing your lips against the tape in a broken kiss before trailing them along her jaw and to her neck again.

“Hhmmmmg,” Sabrina moaned and started babbling quietly through her gag as Gemma dove between her legs. Sabrina craned her neck up, wanting to watch Gemma, and you helped prop her up a bit. Gemma shifted a little for a better angle and then drove her tongue deep into Sabrina, who quickly wrapped her legs over Gemma’s shoulders and thrust her hips to signal she wanted more.

You grabbed her tits hard and held her there as Gemma sucked and slurped, but Sabrina being Sabrina she could just sit and enjoy it. Soon you felt her handcuffed hands blindly feeling around your crotch area and started to try and undo your belt. You helped her out, quickly undoing your pants and shoving them and your briefs down to your thighs, and she got your cock in between her hands and started awkwardly jerking you off.

“Fuuuck,” you exhaled, loving the feel of her fingers but wanting more.

Gemma seemed to agree, and she pushed away from Sabrina and used her hands on the other girl’s hips to roll her off of you. “My turn with our man,” she said, shifting up the bed and your body. You were a little surprised that she ignored your cock and climbed up to kiss you hard.

Your nose was filled with the smell of her, a sweet counterpoint to the smell of Sabrina that had surrounded you, and you moaned softly through the kiss.

Sabrina might have been handcuffed and gagged but she was still horny as hell and industrious - she rolled onto her knees and scampered down behind Gemma, getting between your legs and pressing her taped face between the blondes ass cheeks and nuzzling her to give Gemma as much stimulation as she could without the use of her lips, tongue or fingers.

"Mmmm, little slut," Gemma giggled, humping her hips to push her groin back at Sabrina, and then she climbed a little higher on you so that she could put her breasts right in your face. You immediately got your lips on the underboob of one and bit her softly, warning her of what you were going to do, but she didn't pull away. So you got your lips in a seal and sucked hard, leaving a big hickey on her. The three of you had decided in the week leading up to the trip that there would be *no* hickeys for a bit since the girls were going to be in swimsuits, but just one wasn't going to hurt if it was going to be hidden by swimsuits anyways, right?

"Fuck, I love that," Gemma moaned. "God, you both push my fucking *buttons*."

"Is she doing a good job on you?"

"Sabrina is doing an *adequate* job considering her current limitations," Gemma said with a smirk down at you.

'Mmm!' Sabrina complained.

"Shush, brat," Gemma said, reaching back and taking Sabrina by the hair to pull her between the blonde's legs again. "Do what you can."

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You weren't entirely sure how it happened, but Gemma ended up climbing up your body more until she was sitting her pussy on your face. This wasn't a bad thing by any means - you happily started to eat her out as she began to slowly leak her juices down onto your lips and chin. Sabrina, meanwhile, had followed her as well and was perched precariously on her knees, shoving her face between Gemma's ass cheeks.

"Ooooh, yesyeahyes," Gemma moaned, sitting up a little more and pushing her clit down at your mouth. "Oh, God, John!"

She hummed, and you could only imagine when she would get that look on her face with her eyes closed as she focused on the pleasure running through her.

"Mmphg, mmf!" Sabrina mumbled.

“Oooh, fuck! Fuck, yes. Oh my God. Mmmmuugh!” Gemma groaned. She reached back and shoved Sabrina back from her ass so that she could sit up more and lean back a bit until she was practically sitting on your chest. She ran her hands through your hair and looked down at you, and in her current position you were able to look up and meet her eyes around her wonderfully big tits. You squeezed your arms out from under her and slid one hand up her body to grab one of those big tits, and hooked the other around her thigh so you could get a thumb just over her clit hood to pull it back and open her up that little bit more for your tongue.

Sabrina, meanwhile, had ducked lower as she knelt between your legs and she had started to nuzzle her face against your cock. Without her mouth or her hands she had limited options, and the fact that she was debasing herself so quickly to just try and give you any sort of pleasure was such a turn-on.

As you ate her, Gemma reached back, twisting her torso a bit so that she could grab Sabrina by the hair again. “That’s right, baby,” she groaned. “Worship that big cock any way you can. Look at it - it’s as long as your face. God, it’s such a pussy pleaser, isn’t it?”

“mMMmmf!” Sabrina mumbled, and you weren’t sure what exactly she was trying to say but you could feel her nodding.

You stabbed your tongue up right at Gemma’s clit while at the same time you got one of her nipples between your fingers and squeezed it hard, and she let go of Sabrina to hunch over you as she yelped loudly and started to roll through her first, small orgasm.

“Mmmf mm mmmg mm mmph?” Sabrina mumbled, and you got the feeling she was commenting on Gemma being loud.

Your Australian girlfriend’s orgasm rolled through her, and she quickly dismounted from your chest and slid down to join Sabrina at your groin. She knelt next to the brunette and shoved her face against your cock, then took command of it with her hand and started stroking you. “How’s she doing, baby?” Gemma asked.

“As well as I could hope,” you said. “Though she could use her mouth.”

“Nope, not yet,” Gemma said, still stroking you and grinning. Then she dropped her mouth to your cock and started blowing you.

Sabrina had little she could do like that, so you sat up a bit and reached down to take her face in her hands, pulling her higher on her knees and leaning towards you so that you could kiss her through the tape. Then, as Gemma blew you, you slid your hand down Sabrina’s stomach and she spread her legs wider so that you could start teasing her cunt again.

“Noticing what?”

“Sabrina’s been wearing a buttplug all night, love,” Gemma said. “And now she’s feeling what it’s like to have you deep inside her while her ass is occupied as well.

Sabrina giggled behind her gag as she looked at you, and you reached behind her to palm her ass cheeks and slid your fingers down the cleft of her butt to her asshole where you found a small metal disc that could only be the stopper of a buttplug.

“How the fuck did I miss that?” you asked.

“No idea, baby,” Gemma said. “But I don’t think she cares.” Then Gemma slapped Sabrina’s butt. “Get riding.”

“Mmmfff, mmgmm,” Sabrina mumbled, and started working her hips.

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Sabrina was leaning deep over you, grinding her hips as she rode your cock hard and fast to stir inside her cunt. Her face was red from the effort, but that was helped along by the fact that you had both hands around her throat and were choking her as she looked into your eyes with a glassy, pleasure-filled gaze of mind-fuck.

“That’s it, baby,” you crooned to her softly. “That’s it. God, you feel so fucking good. You’re being the perfect little slut for me. I wish I had more fucking hands to put on you.” You shifted your grip to hold her neck with one hand, running the other down her side to palm at her tit briefly before going lower and softly pinching the skin at her waist. “

Sabrina was still gagged and couldn’t respond except through her eyes, which flashed at the feeling of you pinching her and she put a little extra oomph into the next three grinding motions.

Gemma, meanwhile, was lying on the bed behind Sabrina and between your legs, and had been teasing your balls for a little bit, first with her fingers and then with her mouth. But she’d pulled away as Sabrina started to go harder, likely to avoid getting an ass slammed into her face by accident. Now she was chuckling to herself and you could feel the pressure in Sabrina’s pussy changing as she played with the buttplug in Sabrina’s other hole.

Sabrina’s eyes went wide and you could hear the hiccup even through her gag, and all at once her pussy went back to normal.

“Did you just take the buttplug out?” you asked.

“Mmhmm,” Gemma hummed, leaning sideways so she could see you and flash a grin. “I’m just gonna play with her a little bit.”

“That OK with you, baby?” you asked Sabrina, knowing that while she could handle some toys in her butt, much more than that had made for a disastrous first attempt at anal between the two of you.

“Mmmph,” she nodded quickly.

“OK,” you said, and she started to grind on you again and you met her by thrusting up into her more.

Sabrina’s breathing was still restricted to her nose and you could tell whenever Gemma started doing something because Sabrina’s nostrils would flare a little bit. Soon, between Sabrina grinding and you thrusting up at her, you started to feel a new growing pressure as Gemma played with her. Sabrina was swallowing frequently, which you could feel through your hand on her throat, but she was also closing her eyes a lot more than usual.

Then there was a rustling and you realized it was Gemma getting something else out of that paper bag they’d brought back from the sex shop.

“That better not be a buttplug for me,” you said with a smirk, and you could tell Sabrina grinned as your little joke snapped her out of whatever sexual space her mind was in.

“Nope,” Gemma said. “At least not this time.”

“Ha. Ha.”

Sabrina had been moaning and mumbling a lot, but after Gemma started doing whatever she was doing back there Sabrina’s vocalization got a lot more fervent. Soon she was moaning loudly even through the gag, and you could feel Gemma working something in and out of Sabrina’s butt and you wondered if it was some new anal-specific toy or something.

Then Gemma spanked Sabrina’s ass cheek hard while whatever it was was fairly deep inside of her, and Sabrina thrust her weight down at you as she sought a harder choking and closer connection as she peaked towards an orgasm.

“Oh, you dirty little brat,” you growled at her, softly squeezing her waist in a pinch and ramping up the pressure both there and at her throat. “Are you going to come for me? Are you going to come all over my cock, with Gemma playing with that tight little ass of yours?”

“Mmmf mm-mm,” Sabrina moaned, though it came out strained. You were dead sure she’d said, ‘*Yes, Daddy.*’

“Hold it for me then,” you ordered her. “Don’t you fucking roll on it yet.”

Sabrina froze, but her legs were quivering hard and you thrust up into her as you could feel her cunt turning into a steel trap.

“You have a choice, baby,” you said. “You can come right now, but tomorrow you can’t come all day, or you can wait longer and tomorrow you can come, but only by touching yourself.”

“Hmmmng!” Sabrina growled, opening her eyes wide to glare at you.

“I’m kidding, baby,” you laughed, pulling her down tight to you as you looked up into her red face. “Come for me right now like the good little fuckslut you are.”

“Uuuuuuuunnnngh,” Sabrina groaned as her body went limp after holding her orgasm, the only part of her not going lax being her hips and cunt as she heaved herself, stirring your cock inside of her again until that became too much and she lurched forward, coming all the way off her cock as she squirted girlcum all over your torso. That lurch brought out a full-body shake and rock, and a second smaller spray dribbled down onto you as well.

“Good fucking giiirrrrl,” Gemma crooned, rubbing Sabrina’s back comfortingly. “Good girl, Sabrina. Such a big fucking come for Daddy.”

Sabrina fell forward, completely losing her thoughts for a moment, and her flushed-red chest pressed to your face. You’d let go of her throat and you wrapped your arms around her back, hugging her down to you as you kissed her cleavage.

After a big one like that, you thought she would need at least a few minutes to recover. Maybe take the sex tape off and remove the panties from her mouth so that she could take some full, deep breaths. Perhaps give Gemma a turn. That’s not what happened though.

Sabrina sat back up, leaning to press her tape-covered lips to yours in what you could only guess would have been a soul-sucking kiss, and then shifting her hips back as she sat up and looked over her shoulder at Gemma.

“Alright,” Gemma said to some non-vocal communication between them. She took your cock in her hand and tilted you back up, putting her other hand on Sabrina’s hip to guide her back down onto you.

You very quickly realized what the communication was about.

‘Sabrina!’ you said quickly.

“Shhh, John,” Gemma said. “She wants this.”

“Mmmf!” Sabrina nodded

“But like this?”

“Yes, love,” Gemma said. “Gagged, handcuffed, and already well-fucked. This is how she wants to take you in her ass.”

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“Uuuhn,” Sabrina groaned in her chest and throat. “Uuu-huuuu-huunnn.”

She was sitting straight up, her posture completely erect. Her face and chest were flushed a rosy pink and her little tits were jostling and wiggling as her body shook. You had a straight sightline to her pussy, her labia a warm hue from the fucking you’d been doing and her inner lips spread apart like they wanted you back inside them.

But you weren’t inside them. You were inside her ass.

“You’ve got this, baby,” Gemma coached Sabrina gently. “You’ve got this. Just a little at a time. Go slow, baby.”

“Holy fuck,” you groaned, letting your head fall back against the mattress and closing your eyes. Sabrina had a tight pussy. Gemma’s ass was tighter still. But Sabrina’s ass felt like you were going to lose your cock to loss of blood flow her little anal ring was constricting so hard despite the lube that Gemma had fingered into her.

“A little bit more now,” Gemma said. She was kneeling behind Sabrina, her hands on the brunette’s hips to help steady her.

“Eeeeeehhmmm,” Sabrina groaned.

“That’s half, baby!” Gemma cheered softly. “You’re doing so fucking good.”

“How?” you asked.

“Numbing lube,” Gemma explained. “As soon as she saw it at the sex shop and the gay guy at the counter explained what it was, Sabrina had to try it.”

Sabrina babbled something behind her gag.

“Is it working?” you asked her.

Sabrina's face was scrunched up, but you couldn't tell if it was from pain or concentration because of the sex tape. She nodded quickly though.

"OK," you exhaled.

The coaching continued, which was a little silly in retrospect considering Gemma had only started doing anal with you in the last month herself.

Part of you wanted to see what your cock in her ass looked like. It wouldn't be a big deal to either of them if you asked Gemma to snap a quick picture, but you decided against it. You'd save that fun for another time. After the debacle that Sabrina's first attempt at anal had been, on camera no less, you didn't want to jinx anything.

"OK, stop there," Gemma told Sabrina, who halted her descent onto your cock. "You've got about six inches of him in you now, the last bit is the hardest for me. I think you shouldn't push yourself this time and just work with this. OK?"

"Mmmhmm," Sabrina nodded in agreement.

Gemma smiled and leaned in to kiss Sabrina on the shoulder. "Just take it slow. You're in charge of this part. John will fuck up at you when you're ready."

It took a lot of deep breathing on both of your parts, but Sabrina did start to ride your cock. She ended up leaning forward more and you raised your hands to cup her face and give her some more leverage since she couldn't brace herself, and in that position she slowly started to raise up and down on about three inches of cock until she was in a slow rhythm.

"You're doing so good, baby," you told her. "God, your ass feels amazing. I'm so fucking lucky to have you. You have both of you."

Sabrina babbled something, and Gemma eased her way down to sit more beside the two of you, no longer holding Sabrina's hips and instead just rubbing her back. "She says she loves you."

"I say I love her too," you said and leaned up to give her a kiss where her lips were behind the sex tape.

"Mmmph-mmm," Sabrina mumbled, and you didn't get it so you looked to Gemma.

"I don't know what that was," Gemma shook her head.

"Mmph!" Sabrina hummed, then patted your hip and went down on your cock a little firmer.

"Fuuuuuck," you groaned, and on her next in-stroke while riding you thrust up into her.

“Hmmmmmuh!” Sabrina moaned.

“More like that, love,” Gemma encouraged you.

You fucked Sabrina’s ass. It wasn’t particularly hard, or even particularly rough and dirty like she liked regular sex, but you did manage to get a good clip going as she rolled her body. Gemma’s hands wandered, stroking Sabrina’s ass or your balls, then reaching between you to tease Sabrina’s clit, then up to pinch at her nipples.

Sabrina babbled again, and you didn’t need a translation. You could tell by the way she was tensing, and the goosebumps on her skin, that she was getting close.

“Choke her, love,” Gemma said and gave Sabrina a spank on the ass.

You wrapped your fingers around Sabrina’s throat again, squeezing the way she liked, and your other hand trailed down her body to palm her booty and squeeze her cheek. Gemma spanked her other cheek again with a solid clap, and Sabrina started keening a soft whine in her chest as she pressed down to you more until her chest was pressed to yours and her hips were only able to hump up and down a little. That left you to be the one to thrust, and you fucked up at her with an insistent pounding.

“That’s it, my good dirty girl. You’re so fucking pretty when you’re this close to coming, baby. I can see you holding it back already like the perfect little darling you are,” you whispered to her. “Your ass feels so fucking good, Sabrina. You’re squeezing me so hard, as soon as you come I think I’m going to as well. Do you want me to do that? Do you want me to come in your ass while you come on my cock?”

Sabrina nodded loosely, almost delirious.

Gemma spanked her ass again and shoved her other hand between you to maul Sabrina’s tit. Then she pinched the fleshy part of Sabrina’s butt.

“Hm,” Sabrina squeaked, a pitiful little sound as her eyes were watering and her body was tensed all over. *‘Please.’*

“Go, baby,” you groaned. “Come for me, love.”

She let go and came.

You let go and came.

You lost coherent thought as it felt like your cock exploded into shrapnel and your mind went bye-bye for a long moment. When you blinked, your back was arched you were thrusting up into

Sabrina so insistently and she was fully seated on your cock as she shouted and moaned into her gag, her face pressed into the crook of your neck even while you kept one hand on her throat.

Another blink and you were breathing deeply, Sabrina's full weight on your chest and your hands fallen to the side. You were covered in sweat and you felt lightheaded. Your cock, still hard, was caught with just the head in Sabrina's ass. She was busy licking the side of your neck as her body continued to jerk with aftershocks of her orgasm.

"Easy now," Gemma said softly.

Hands were on your chest, pressing firmly, and when you looked up you saw that Sabrina wasn't handcuffed anymore and she was slowly dismounting from you.

"I think I died there for a second," you said roughly.

Sabrina hummed something, smiling behind the tape, as she sat tenderly onto the mattress next to you and then laid down, curling up and snuggling against your side.

"Don't fall asleep," Gemma said, patting Sabrina's hip. "We need to get the tape off of you and you'll be leaking that giant fucking load John just put in your ass all over the bed.

Sabrina groaned and sat back up, and Gemma unwound the tape from around her mouth and neck. As soon as she could Sabrina spit out the completely soaked, and possibly chewed-on, panties from her mouth and had to work her jaw a few times. Then she turned and almost collapsed on top of you as she planted her lips to yours.

"I did it," she said, grinning into your kiss and hug as you bundled your arms around her.

"You did it," you grinned.

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Sabrina was worn out, and part of you expected that Gemma would be wanting a turn considering she'd gotten teased with oral but that was all. She could tell that you were more than a little wiped too though, and she just kissed you softly with a look that said that she'd want you soon, but not now.

Gemma ended up taking Sabrina into the shower, telling you to pick out some swimsuits for them. They weren't in there long, and you assumed it was just enough time for Gemma to coach Sabrina on how to get the cum out of her ass. They came out, and Sabrina had a little bit more pep in her step as she strode across the room to you and pressed her body to yours in a hug.

“Thanks, Daddy,” she whispered into your chest. “That was perfect.”

“I didn’t do much Daddy stuff this time,” you said with a little smirk.

“You did enough,” Sabrina said. “The right amount. And that numbing lube helped take the edge off, along with all the buttplug-wearing I’ve been doing when you weren’t around. But, um... I don’t think I’m going to be your little anal queen like Gemma is. That’s definitely a once-in-a-while treat.”

“I’m not an *anal queen*,” Gemma scoffed as she picked up the bikini you’d chosen for her. “I’m just... an appreciator of John’s cock in my ass.”

That made you and Sabrina snort and chuckle a little, and you hugged Sabrina tighter. “Anal only when prepared,” you confirmed for her.

“Well, a finger here or there,” Sabrina grinned.

The girls got dressed in their swimsuits, and you threw on a pair of shorts since you only had two suits with you and you’d wear your other one to the beach the next day. It was almost 2 AM, and you weren’t sure how many of your friends had made it back to the house. You were also more than a little worried at who might have heard what - Sabrina’s gag had helped, but Gemma hadn’t exactly been quiet while you’d been eating her out, and you really weren’t sure how loud you had been. Especially as you came.

Slipping out of the bedroom, the three of you quietly walked down the upstairs hallway. The light was on in Paul and Brent’s room, but you were pretty sure that had been on all day. Ollie’s room was dark, as was Corey and Victoria’s. But then, as you were softly walking by, there was a muffled girly moan from inside Corey and Victoria’s room.

All three of you froze, the girls looking back at you with big eyes. After a moment there was another moan. Gemma turned to Sabrina and pumped her fist, mouthing something to her that you thought might be ‘*Yeah, Victoria!*’

That almost had you laughing, but you managed the urge the girls to keep walking and you made it to the stairs. Once you were outside the girls let loose their laughs and high-fived for their new friend getting some.

You just rolled your eyes and went to the hot tub, lifting off the top and getting the jets running as it heated up quickly. The girls quickly hopped in, and you followed them, and soon you had one of them snuggled up on either side of you.

“Mmm, maybe I don’t need your help later on,” Gemma giggled a little. “This jet is *almost* perfectly positioned...”

“I have one of those too,” Sabrina laughed.

“You two are so fucking horny,” you sighed, rolling your eyes playfully.

They didn’t actually try to get off, and other than light touches and some snuggling the three of you sat still enough that the motion detector light on the deck went off, leaving you to sit in the dark. You talked quietly, hearing more about what the girls thought of your friends. They liked Corey and Victoria a lot. And Ollie. Brent and Paul were fine, and they understood why you were friends with them, they were just more like Eric in the girl’s estimations than they were like you.

You could tell that Gemma was about to discuss Edgar when a pair of figures started coming up the driveway from the sidewalk. The hot tub deck was along the side of the house, so you raised your arms and waved. The motion detector light turned on, the flare of it making Ollie and Paul wince away for a moment.

“Walk of shame?” Gemma called with a little grin.

“Shame? More like failure,” Ollie chuckled once she saw the three of you. “Paul here struck out every time. Nothing I did could help him.”

“Hey, sometimes a guy has an off night,” Paul sighed. “Just gotta pick myself up and try again tomorrow. Is Brent back?”

“Not sure,” you said. “We didn’t see him.”

“Alright. I’ll check if he’s upstairs. What about Edgar?”

“No idea,” Sabrina answered. “Did he really take a girl down to the beach?”

“Apparently,” Paul shrugged, heading for the door.

“I need that hot tub before bed,” Ollie said, leaving Paul and coming over towards the three of you. As she got close she peeked in and made a face. “Damn, I thought you’d be skinny dipping.”

That got a chuckle out of the three of you.

“Careful, don’t put ideas in their heads,” you said.

“Well, I don’t want to go get changed just to come back out here, so don’t mind me,” Ollie said as she hopped up on the step and then swung her leg over the side, entering the hot tub still wearing her silvery dress. “I’d strip down to my underwear, but I’m not wearing any.”

That made you flush a little and shake your head, while Gemma barked a laugh and offered Ollie a hand to stabilise her as she was getting in.

“Any more luck for you?” Sabrina asked.

“Nah, I wasn’t looking,” Ollie sighed as she settled into a seat across from the three of you.
“After that chick earlier in the night, I was good.”

“What’s it like, trying to figure out if a girl is interested in some action?” Gemma asked curiously.
“I mean, how do you know if she’ll do lesbian stuff?”

“You mean other than the super obvious ones?” Ollie asked with a smirk.

“Well, yeah,” Gemma chuckled.

Ollie sighed, spreading her arms wide on the side of the hot tub, as she started to hold court and tell the girls about being a lesbian on the prowl. You tried not to stare at Ollie’s huge cleavage that was bobbing at the edge of the water.

Chapter 296

You were humming to yourself as you worked the frying pans and tongs, flipping bacon in two pans and guessing at what you were supposed to do with the fake-on for Corey and Victoria. Sabrina was over at the counter chopping up peppers and onions, her little bum bopping as she danced to a song in her head while she worked.

“How are you feeling this morning, baby?” you asked.

She glanced over her shoulder at you with a grin. “Like my ass got rammed by the rhino,” she said. “In the best way.”

You snorted and shook your head. “Still happy?”

“Completely,” she said.

Gemma came back into the kitchen from setting the big dining table for breakfast, heading for the fridge. They were both dressed in cotton shorts that hugged their hips and asses, and Sabrina was wearing one of your t-shirts tied up into a crop top while Gemma had put on a hoodie for the morning but would definitely need to change before you ventured out of the air conditioning.

“What are you two grinning at?” she asked as she started pulling the juice and milk out of the fridge.

“Butt stuff,” Sabrina giggled.

Gemma scoffed and set the jugs down so she could swat Sabrina’s ass, making the brunette yelp and laugh even more.

The smell of bacon, and the omelettes that you and Sabrina started making once the frying pans were free, summoned the rest of the house. Soon enough everyone was sitting around the breakfast table, though you felt just a little abandoned by your girlfriends as they had both congregated with Ollie to talk with Victoria down at the other end of the table, while you were with all the guys at your end.

There was some good-natured ribbing going on - Brent had, in fact, heard a bit of what you and the girls had gotten up to the night before but thankfully didn’t have any details to share other than that he knew you’d been ‘gettin’ busy’. You didn’t spill on hearing the same thing from Corey’s room. Paul got teased about striking out, and he blamed Ollie’s presence, who denied that from across the table when she heard it. Then the guys’ attention turned to Edgar.

“What?” he asked.

“Well, you came in pretty late,” his brother said.

“Or early,” Brent pointed out, gesturing with a piece of bacon.

“Did you... y’know?” Paul asked. “Was it a walk of shame or what?”

Edgar looked away and had a little smile on her face.

“You dog! You dirty dog,” Brent laughed, clapping Edgar on the shoulder. “On the beach?”

“Some rocks near the beach,” Edgar admitted. “We walked the beach all the way to the end, and then... y’know.”

“How was it?” Paul asked.

“We don’t need to hear about that,” Corey said.

“The hell we don’t,” Brent laughed.

“It was... good,” Edgar said. “She’d never been with a black guy before.”

“So you disappointed her big expectations,” you teased him, getting some laughs.

“More like blew them out of the water,” Edgar said, rolling his eyes.

“Oh, you released the Kraken!” Paul chuckled, flopping his arm onto the table as if he’d whipped out a giant dick.

“You guys are filthy,” Gemma laughed from the other end of the table.

“So she... y’know?” Paul asked his brother.

“I’ll just say it was a, uh, tight squeeze,” Edgar smirked.

You had a feeling Edgar had not, in fact, had sex last night. Maybe a handjob, or a blowjob, and some groping. There was a chance you were wrong but you doubted it.

Brent and Paul, on the other hand, were both bouncing in their seats as they clapped Edgar on the back and cheered for him.

Thankfully, and Corey had that look on his face too, the conversation moved on and started to more properly include everyone as you discussed what the group was going to do for the day. The single guys wanted to crash for the morning, but the girls all wanted to go out and walk the beachfront street to check out all the little shops. That, of course, meant that you and Corey were going to head out with them.

Soon the breakfast table started to empty and Ollie had to wrangle the boys back to the kitchen to do the cleanup since you, Sabrina and Gemma had done the cooking. You headed upstairs first since Gemma and Sabrina were talking with Victoria, and once you were in your room you had to wrinkle your nose a little because it smelled like stale sex.

“I can’t believe we slept on these sheets,” you mumbled to yourself as you looked at the bed. It was... not clean. It wasn’t *filthy*, but definitely not clean. The first thing you did was open the bedroom window to try and air the place out, and then you stripped the sheets from the bed and bundled them up as tight as you could. You’d seen a washer and dryer combo in the basement when you first toured the place.

After quickly changing into your swimsuit and a fresh shirt you grabbed the bundle of sheets and headed for the door. If you were quick you could make it down to the basement without anyone noticing. That plan went out the window almost immediately, however, as you took three steps down the upstairs hallway and then Gemma, Sabrina and Victoria all came up the stairs still talking.

“Oh,” Gemma said, seeing what you had in your hands. “Good thinking.”

Victoria was looking at your bundle curiously.

“I, um, get a little extra wet when we’re...” Sabrina said, blushing a little.

“Oh!” Victoria said and blushed a bright pink. “Um... I... might need to use the machines after you guys.”

That broke Sabrina into a fit of giggles as she hugged the busty girl tightly. It also made *you* start blushing because you’d never thought you’d hear Victoria admit anything sexual, let alone that she was a squirter.

The girls let you pass and you quickly went down the stairs, making the turn at the bottom to keep going down. Half of the basement was a finished lounge space that Edgar was using as his bedroom, and somehow he’d managed to get his stuff *everywhere* and make it a mess. You headed through the door into the unfinished portion where the washing machine was.

“Well, well, well,” Gemma said from behind you just as you were bundling the sheets into the machine. “Fancy meeting you here.”

You grinned and shook your head. What was she up to?

Chapter 297

You turned as you shut the washing machine, crossing your arms as you looked at Gemma. She was standing in the doorway, leaning against the doorsill and giving you one of those little smirks of hers.

“What’s up, love?” you asked. “Just wanted to see me being all domestic?”

“Hah, no,” she said, coming into the room and shutting the door. “I got enough of that watching you and Sabrina make breakfast.”

“Then what is it?”

“I just wanted a couple of minutes alone with you,” she said, coming to you and wrapping her arms around your neck to pull you into a kiss. This pressed her body to yours, and you groaned happily as you let your hands slide down her body to grab her ass through her thin shorts.

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

She shook her head, rubbing her nose against yours lightly as she smiled. “Not today.”

“I love you to the moon and the stars,” you said.

“Those are two very different measurements,” she laughed.

"I love you to the depths of the sea," you said.

"Little closer, but still a big difference depending on where you're at," she teased me.

"I love you," you said simply, looking into her eyes.

"I love you, too," she said and kissed you again.

You made out for a couple of minutes, her pressing to you enough that you leaned back against the washing machine. Her hands roamed under your t-shirt and yours squeezed her ass.

"You did really good with Sabrina last night," Gemma finally said as your kiss ended.

"That's what you're thinking about?"

"That's why I came down here," she corrected you. "I wanted you to know that. You trusted her to know not to stop her even if you were worried. You gave her what she needed."

"I wasn't exactly being asked to do something I didn't want to," you pointed out.

"No, you weren't," Gemma smirked a little. "But you were still perfect with her. I'm still sort of in dreamland when it comes to this whole relationship between the three of us in some ways. It almost doesn't feel real, like when you're on vacation and you feel settled and comfortable but you know it's not home. But seeing you two together, and both of you trusting and loving me like this... John, I'm not going to *like* going home and being away from you, but I know I'm not going to worry about us. I'm not going to stress out worrying or wondering. I'll probably burn out batteries on my vibrators considering how much sex I'm getting used to, but I'll never question that you love me."

You weren't sure why, but her heartfelt speech hit you hard, and you let go of her ass and wrapped your arms around her back, hugging to you tightly. "I'm going to miss you so much," you whispered to her.

"I know, love," she whispered back. "I know."

The two of you hugged hard until it almost hurt, and then Gemma softly patted you and you let her go.

"Now, turn on that washing machine and hop up on it," she said.

"Why?" you asked.

“Because I’m going to suck your cock and make sure those big ol’ balls of yours are empty for our walk. I don’t want them knocking back and forth and getting bruised,” she said with a teasing smile.

You laughed and turned, doing just what she said.

* * * * *

Your group left the house about a half hour later. You and Gemma had been forced to sneak out of the laundry room, though Edgar had already been snoring on his couch bed so it wasn’t exactly a stealth mission. Sabrina, Ollie, Corey and Victoria had met you in the front hall, and once everyone was set you set off.

The walk was fun since the sun hadn’t risen to its height and begun scorching everything with its heat. It was supposed to be another hot, clear day so your afternoon at the beach was probably going to be crammed in with the crowds again, but the breeze that morning kept you all from sweating.

Sabrina had swapped out her cotton shorts for a cute pair of jean ones that didn’t show off her ass but did highlight her slender legs, and she was still wearing your shirt tied up as a crop and you had no doubt she didn’t put on a bra under it since it was baggy on her. Gemma had kept her cotton shorts but swapped her hoodie for a tube top underneath a short-sleeved plaid flannel that she left unbuttoned. Her platinum blonde hair was also up in a bun that left her neck bare. Victoria had dressed a little more conservatively, wearing a t-shirt from one of Corey’s volunteer causes that was a size too big for her and hid her figure, along with Capri-length tights. Last out the door was Ollie, who had gone back to her punk roots after dressing up so much last night. She was wearing a black band t-shirt with the bottom half roughly cut off to make it a crop top, over which she wore her light jean vest that had a bunch of different band and tour patches stitched on. She paired that with a high-waisted jean short with fraying all over it. She also had all of her piercings in and Sabrina had helped her pull her kinky hair into a pair of tight braids.

You spent most of the walk down to the beachfront holding Gemma’s hand or with Sabrina’s arm looped with yours, though rarely both as the group shifted around walking partners as you crossed sidewalks and through little neighbourhood shortcuts. Eventually, as the group was reaching the beach and the noise of the accompanying shopping area got louder ahead of you, you ended up walking with Corey as the girls walked in a quartet.

“Are you ready for this?” Corey asked you with a little smirk.

“For what? Shopping?”

“Girls shopping in a group,” Corey said.

“I’ve been out a few times with Sabrina and Gemma,” you said.

“Oh, dude,” Corey sighed. “The more there are, the more chaotic it is. Even Victoria and her friends back at school can be a bit much. With Ollie and your girlfriends?”

You groaned softly but smiled. “How bad could it be?”

Chapter 298

The shops were small, cramped and filled to the brim with touristy stuff. Some of it was summer stuff, some of it was America stuff for the 4th, and some of it was hippy stuff. You started seeing repeated goods in the third shop. It was hot, you were all seating, and you doubted there was going to be anything you would want to buy.

And fuck if you didn’t care.

The girls were having fun. From the moment you all hit the beach street none of them dropped their smiles. You tried on a dozen sunglasses, and a half dozen silly hats put on your head and you were shown possibly a hundred different silly shirts. Bags, mostly small ones, slowly started to accumulate in your hands. Sabrina bought a cute tie-dye wrap in one shop. Gemma bought a straw hat coloured like the American flag, both because it would suit her outfit for the beach and as a souvenir to bring back home. Sabrina bought a trio of really long lollipops that she said reminded her of being a kid. Ollie even got in on things and bought a couple of old CDs from a store that you swore was half-thrift shop, along with a new pair of sunglasses that you had to admit suited her face.

Then came the *really* hippy store. It was practically a maze that you had to navigate through to see everything, and the girls took plenty of pictures together and with you next to weird wooden carvings and statuettes that you couldn’t imagine anyone actually buying for their home. Then, near the back, there was more of the touristy stuff along with a whole ‘gem girl’ area with crystals and shit, and clothes, and jewellery.

“What do you think, love?” Gemma asked, turning to you and holding up a pair of dangling earrings that reminded you of something you’d see on an Indian bride at her wedding.

“They’re cute, but won’t they pull on your earlobes?” you asked, stepping over to her.

“Maybe,” she grinned. “But I don’t know if I could pull off earrings this big.”

“I think you could make anything look good, love,” you said.

She grinned and went to her tiptoes to give you a peck on the lips before turning back to the counter. “What about this one? I could get another piercing in the top part of my ears, and when

I'm not wearing it I could get a little stud for it." She pointed out a little silver chain designed to attach to the ear at the lobe and somewhere higher.

"Baby, if you want to get another piercing then I think it would look great," you said, hugging her from behind.

The woman who had been talking with Gemma behind the counter took out the earring to show her. Gemma took it and held it up to her ear and had you take a picture so she could see what it would look like, then asked you to go find Sabrina so she could see it too.

Sabrina was with Victoria and Corey across the shop looking at a display from one local artist or another. At first glance, it looked like more hippy trippy sunsets and crap, but Sabrina and Corey were giggling and Victoria was blushing and biting her bottom lip.

"What's up?" you asked as you stepped behind Sabrina and wrapped your arms around her.

"These paintings are practically porn," Sabrina snorted, trying to stifle herself from laughing harder.

"What?"

"They're all vaginas," Corey coughed.

You frowned and narrowed your eyes, looking at the paintings again. Then you tilted your head a little and you saw it... and then you couldn't *unsee* it. "Oh my God," you laughed.

"Want one for our place?" Sabrina asked you with a teasing smile.

"Please, no," you shook your head.

"Mmm, we need more *phallic* art, got it," Sabrina grinned.

That one got Victoria, who burst with a bark of a laugh and then clapped her hands over her mouth. That set Sabrina and Corey off into another fit of giggling, which got to you.

"What is going on over here?" Ollie asked, coming over to you.

You had to wipe your eyes and just gesture at the paintings, pulling Sabrina away. "Gemma wants your opinion on something."

Gemma was talking with the woman behind the counter as you came over, and you both managed to get your giggle fit down. Sabrina took a look at the earring chain and thought it would look good on Gemma, and Gemma decided to get it. You signalled behind their backs to

the woman that you wanted to pay for it, and she grinned and winked at you. Then Gemma was pulling Sabrina away to look at some rings.

“New to polyamory, aren’t you?” the woman asked.

You blinked and glanced over at her. She was leaning on the glass counter of the display and smiling as she watched Sabrina and Gemma a few counters down, but looked back to you. You’d been distracted before, but after taking a solid look at her you realized the woman must have been in her forties but had the sort of gorgeous face that usually went with someone who had been a celebrity their whole lives.

“How could you guess?” you asked.

“Just the way you stand with both of them, mostly. The blonde made it obvious, but if you weren’t involved with the brunette as well then I’d say she had a deep crush on you,” the woman said. “That or you were a cheater.”

“We’re together,” you said, looking back over at the girls. “And it’s definitely new to all of us.”

“Well, it suits you,” the woman said. “I assume you’re a closed loop?”

“That’s the plan,” you said. “With some minor exceptions, I guess. All agreed on beforehand.”

“That’s good,” she said. “A little spice can help, but too much can ruin the pot.”

“Are you polyamorous?” you asked.

She shook her head, smiling at you again. “I was. Years ago now. But when I got pregnant I realized I was in love with one man, and just liked fucking the rest. Thankfully my daughter was his, and we settled down together.”

“Happy ever after?” you asked.

“Well, daughters are daughters,” the woman chuckled. “So mostly, except for all the teenage angst at the appropriate times.”

“Baby, come look,” Sabrina called to you, pointing at something in the display.

“Thanks,” you said to the woman.

“Good luck,” she grinned. “Just remember that the only way you can mess up love is if you stop talking.”

You smiled and nodded to her, and went down to the other end of the counters to Sabrina and Gemma.

“Flirting with the pretty MILF saleslady, baby?” Gemma asked you quietly with a teasing smile.

“Something like that,” you chuckled, then slipped your arm around Sabrina’s waist. “Alright, what do you want me to see?”