

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 314-320

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 314

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Good hurt?” you asked.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, hey," Edgar said. "Ummm."

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

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

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

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

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

"What?" she asked.

"You had to break his balls that much?"

"After the 'control your woman' thing earlier?" Gemma pointed out. "Definitely."

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m sorry, Sabrina,” you said, rubbing your hand along her arm as you hugged her to you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Any luck tonight?” you called.

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

“Thanks to whom?” Ollie demanded, also coming over.

“OK, Ollie helped,” Paul said.

Ollie coughed loudly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Did you have a good buttfuck?”

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

Chapter 315

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

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

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

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

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

"Hey, Daddy," she said.

Oh. It was that sort of call.

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

"Am I on speaker?" Becks asked.

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

"Hand me to her?" Becks requested.

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

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

"What did she want?" you asked.

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

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

You blew out a breath at seeing the picture.

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

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

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

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

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

Sabrina took a picture of you kissing Gemma.

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

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

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

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

The pictures traded back and forth quickly. Gemma and Sabrina both took turns fondling your cock, giving you handjobs, and then licking and sucking on it. A couple of the pictures even had both of them doing it. Becks’ return pictures were a little rougher, not quite as well framed, though that was understandable since it was just her and one of her hands was busy. She started by spreading herself lewdly, then sucking on the dildo to get it wet, and then was fucking herself with it. She showed off her sticky fingers. She turned over and you had to wonder at how she was twisting herself to get a shot from behind herself. She even tested the dildo against her also, clearly putting pressure on it to pop in as the rubber appendage was bending. Then one silly frowning face - obviously her butt wasn’t taking the dildo.

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

“Hey, baby,” you said quietly, a little over a whisper.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“When are you guys back?” Becks asked.

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

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

“My pleasure, Miss Lusty,” you grinned before hanging up.

“So we’re fucking Becks on Tuesday?” Sabrina asked, coming up from licking your cock clean.

“Dinner doesn’t mean sex,” Gemma laughed.

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

That made you laugh.

Chapter 316

You woke up feeling *fucking amazing*. Which was weird, because usually you felt that way when you woke up with one of your beautiful girlfriends sucking your cock, or even riding it gently, but today you slowly drifted awake and you were snuggled up on your side with your arms around Sabrina, your semi-hard cock pressed against her back and her butt against your thighs.

Gemma was behind you, up even higher on the pillow than you were, her breasts softly resting against your shoulders and her nose pressed into your hair as she let out little snoring exhalations. Her leg was curled up over your hip slightly, the warmth of her thigh pressing down.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"John?" she asked.

"Mhmm?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m so blessed,” Sabrina giggled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 317

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

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

"Shit," you sighed. "I totally forgot I needed to do that. I'll take care of it today, baby."

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

"They wouldn't and won't be," you assured her. "Corey and Ollie both really like you."

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

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

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

“Mallory?” you asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Of course,” you said. “Any time.”

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

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

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

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

"I will," Sabrina promised. "And I'll even drag John with me."

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

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

You smirked. "Caught me," you said. "I'll come along without complaining."

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

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

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

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

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

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

You'd contemplated driving the convertible down to the beach since it was a beautiful day, but parking it would be annoying and possibly expensive, so you walked again, and this time your girls stuck with you the entire way instead of trading off to talk with Ollie or Victoria. They both

seemed extra... clingy wasn't the right word. Affectionate, maybe. Gemma lifted your hand, fingers intertwined, several times to kiss the back of it. Sabrina kissed your arm that hers was looped around, and at one corner as you waited for early holiday traffic to pass she slipped her hands into your pockets while she stood in front of you. She didn't *do* anything with that position, she just did it casually, getting that much closer to you until it was time to move.

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

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

Chapter 318

"Look over there!"

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

"Thanks," you said.

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

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

"Alright," she sighed. "So."

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

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

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

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

“No, I’m not a wizard,” you chuckled.

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

“Nope.”

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

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

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

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

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

The woman scowled harder and stormed away.

“Jesus,” you laughed.

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

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

“Fair,” Ollie said.

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

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

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

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

“What’s that?”

“Where can I find two hotties like them?”

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

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

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

“Asshole,” Ollie sighed.

“What did I say?”

“Smart things.”

“So ‘asshole’ is like ‘killer’ now? It’s a good thing?”

“Cockweed.”

“I don’t even know what that would be.”

“Shut up, John.”

“I’m going to live with Sabrina next year,” you said.

“I figured,” Ollie shrugged.

“I need to tell the guys.”

“So tell them.”

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

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

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

“God, I could punch you.”

“Hey, Ollie?”

“I swear to Christ, John, if you say something stupid I’m going to kick sand all over you.”

You just grinned and soaked up the sun.

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

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

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

Chapter 319

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

blue summer dress and already had her hair done in a half-pony that kept it out of the front of her face but still loose in the back.

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

“There, done,” Sabrina said, getting your hair into the intentionally-messy look that she and Gemma both liked you to wear when you weren’t at the office. She pecked your cheek and quickly washed her hands of the hair product before heading out. You spit, rinsed your mouth, and quickly followed. The girls had picked your outfit - a loose button-down with the sleeves rolled up and khaki shorts without underwear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Wine, love?” Gemma offered.

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

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

"So, we're all... excited," Gemma said with a smile. "And very glad you're here."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Challenge accepted," Gemma said.

Mallory kept smiling and shook her head. "We'll see."

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

Gemma's cleavage was showing off a few of the hickies from last night - she'd picked her swimsuit earlier to hide them from the others.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, yeah?" you asked.

She looked at you, sex in her eyes. "Absolutely."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sabrina broke into a grin and immediately let go of your hands so she could shift the shoulder straps of her dress. It slid down her body with little encouragement, pooling at her feet. Gemma was fast behind her, her sexy dress sliding down her more curvaceous form. Both of them hadn't been wearing any underwear underneath.

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

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

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

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

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

"I have no doubt, Mistress," Mallory said.

"Your turn now, pet," you said. "Clothes off."

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

"Fuck, that's hot," Gemma breathed.

"So fucking hot," Sabrina agreed.

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

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

“Anything, sir,” she offered.

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

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

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

“You may,” you nodded.

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

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

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