

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 208-214

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 208

“So... that was fun,” Sabrina said with a little self-satisfied smile as she looked across the kitchen table at you and Katherine. “Yeah?”

You coughed a little, looking between the sisters. Fun, yes. Hot? Definitely. Weird? Absolutely.

Katherine was wearing panties and that was all, her naked breasts and pierced nipples just out there. Sabrina was wearing just a tank top. Following the sex, and getting yourselves cleaned up a bit, you had all headed back out to the kitchen to eat the breakfast you'd brought in from the bakery.

“Mmm,” Katherine nodded in response to her sister. “It was...”

“Great?” Sabrina grinned.

Katherine blushed. “Yeah.” Then she looked for your reaction.

“It was hot,” you nodded. “And still weird.”

That made both of the sisters snort a little.

“Mm, you better wipe that up or I'll suck it off myself,” Sabrina said, pointing at Katherine's left nipple where there was a little bead of cum under her nipple piercing.

“Hmm?” Katherine questioned, looking down and seeing the spot. “Oh, gross, Sabrina,” she said.

“You liked it enough that you took a face and mouthful,” Sabrina teased.

“I meant you licking my nipple, you bitch,” Katherine rolled her eyes. Then she used a finger to scoop up the cum and reached over a smeared it on Sabrina's croissant. “There.”

Sabrina didn't even flinch in picking up her croissant and taking a big bite out of it, meeting her twin's eye as she did it. “Mmmmm,” she moaned dramatically. “I love my boyfriends come, don't you?”

That set the two of them off with giggling and blushing again, and all you could do was shake your head.

“So, round two?” Sabrina asked.

“I don’t know,” Katherine said. “I’m feeling pretty sensitive down there...”

“Not you,” Sabrina scoffed. “Me! I’m all ramped up, I’m gonna have blue lady balls if I don’t get some.” She stood up, draining the last of her coffee and then sat on your lap and took your hand and put it between her legs. You automatically started to slide your fingers between her slick lips. “What do you think, baby?” Sabrina asked. “Ready for another go?”

“What happened to all the touristy stuff we were supposed to be doing this morning?” you asked.

“Oh, give her what she wants,” Katherine sighed. “We can cut one of our stops. If we don’t she’ll be all whiney and be humping your leg all day.”

“Says the twin who used to have to get off every day before school by humping her pillow,” Sabrina said.

“Says the twin who almost got caught jilling off by our parents on six separate occasions,” Katherine shot back.

“Key word is *alomst*,” Sabrina smirked.

“Alright, alright,” you said, breaking up the sisterly bickering. “Come on, let’s get you fucked so we can start our day.” You picked her up as you stood, carrying her towards her bedroom.

“Yay!” Sabrina cheered goofily.

“I’ll just wait out here,” Katherine called after you.

Once you were in the bedroom and you’d tossed Sabrina on the bed, she made a ‘come hither’ finger motion to you and you leaned down close to kiss her, and then she whispered, “Choke me and give me some hickey’s, Daddy. And pinch my side like you do. I already wanted to make Katherine a little jealous of my sexy boyfriend for fun, but this’ll really get her.”

You raised an eyebrow. “Sabrina, I’m not going to be used-”

“I know,” Sabrina assured you with a kiss to stop you. “It’s all in good fun. She dated a boy in high school we were both crushing on, and I always teased her she’d get jealous when I found mine.”

You fucked Sabrina silly, using all of her buttons that you’d learned to make Sabrina ride the waves of her orgasms. You left a quartet of hickey’s on her breasts, bold statements that she

was yours. She squirted as you choked her in missionary position, your noses brushing against each other as her eyes rolled into the back of her skull and she twitched hard.

And you finished by thrusting hard, making her yelp in pleasure, as she begged for you to drop your load deep in her pussy so she could feel it leaking out slowly all day.

Katherine, who had slowly migrated to the doorway of the bedroom, had her own little orgasm leaning against the door jam with her fingers buried in her panties as she heard that.

Afterwards, Sabrina sent you and Katherine to have a shower so that you could get ready to go out while she caught her breath. There was a quick jockeying between the two of you of who would go first until Sabrina asked what was taking the two of you so long, and that was how you ended up getting a blowjob from Katherine in the shower before fingering her as you stood under the hot water and made out.

“Suck my titties,” Katherine gasped. “So close. Suck my nipples, John.”

I leaned down further, taking one of her pierced nipples between your lips and tonguing it hard as you wiggled and thrust two fingers in her cunt. She had an arm around your shoulders to keep herself steady, which left your other hand free to palm her ass and then slip a finger down her crack, prodding at her back door. If she really did have the same reaction to anal as her sister, a cock might be too much but a finger would be...

“Ooooh, fuuuck,” Katherine hummed, her voice dropping huskily as her legs twitched when you pushed up to the first knuckle in her ass. “Fuck my- Oh, fucking- Finger my holes, you bastard. Oh, God, you’re in both my holes.”

You raised from her tit and captured her mouth with yours, kissing her hard. When you pulled away and pressed your forehead to hers she gasped. You pressed your middle finger up to the second knuckle in her butt. “Almost there?” you asked.

“Mhmm,” she squeaked, looking you in the eye.

“What do you want?” you asked. “What filthy thing is right there on the tip of your tongue? I can see it in your eyes. You want something.”

“Give me a hickey like Sabrina,” Katherine gasped.

You bent down and took the inner curve of her little boob between your lips and sucked hard. She came, losing strength in her legs as a warm wash of girlcum released from her pussy briefly and her ass clamped down hard on your invading finger.

As she came down, getting strength back in her legs as she clung to you, she laughed once, and then again. Then she had your cheeks in her hands and she was kissing you. You slowly

pulled your fingers from her pussy and raised them up to your mouth, sucking her taste off of them.

“Forgetting something?” she asked, glancing back and down towards her butt.

“I’d pull it out but you’re clenching,” you smirked.

“I am?” she asked.

“No,” you said, and pushed your finger in all the way to the third knuckle and her eyes went wide as she gulped air. You wiggled it for a second before slowly, carefully pulling it all the way out. “I just wanted to do that.”

“You really are a bastard,” she rolled her eyes. “A sexy, rough, perfect fuck bastard.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” you said.

“You should,” she grinned. Then she looked down and saw that you were hard again. She took one glance up at you, and then at the door of the washroom, and then back at you as she shrugged and dropped to her knees and took your cock in her mouth again.

Four loads in one morning made getting out the door pretty fucking tough. Your balls felt empty but your legs felt sluggish, and that post-nut clarity only made you hyper-aware of the conversation you needed to have with Gemma sooner than later.

Chapter 209

The three of you were out on the town and gave Katherine a quick tour of the city - or at least the fun parts that you knew. You pointed out where you had your first date, and hit up some parks and a couple of the historical sites that didn’t cost an arm and a leg to get into.

Sabrina had worn a cute, loose and flowy tank top with spaghetti straps and a front that showed off a bit of cleavage, which also happened to flash the fresh hickeys on her cleavage when she moved the right way. And she loved moving in just that way when she thought no one but you, or you and Katherine could see as she flashed you a cheeky grin. She also made excellent use of the jean booty shorts she wore that exposed her skinny legs, getting your hand on the back of her thigh or rubbing her inner thigh when you were sitting together.

Katherine, on the other hand, was wearing a t-shirt she promised was from a popular KPop act that you’d never heard of. She’d tied the lower hem higher up her torso with an elastic band, but apparently, she was right about the popularity of the group because she was approached at least half a dozen times by other college age, and even a couple of high school, girls who recognized the shirt. She also wore a cute denim skirt, and while she wasn’t as brazen about

teasing you she did check several times to see if you were checking her out, and always smiled widely when you were.

The three of you caught lunch at a diner that Katherine had looked up from the Food Network show 'You Gotta Eat Here!' To be fair, the pizza was definitely good, but not \$20 in Uber costs good. She covered lunch though, so you and Sabrina split the transportation.

"So tell me more about this trio thing," Katherine said around a mouthful of greasy pizza. The three of you were sitting inside a booth at the end of the diner seating area and the next closest occupied table was several away, so you had some privacy.

"What do you want to know?" Sabrina asked.

"Is it that John has two girlfriends, or are the three of you like a unit? Have you had a threesome? Do you all sleep in the same bed if you're together? What about dates, do you go separately or together? How do you split the bill, does John pay for everything? That would get really expensive. How do you decide which person's place to go to? And how do-"

"Katherine!" Sabrina laughed, interrupting the torrent of questions.

You reached over and took Katherine's hand for a moment, giving her a smile and a squeeze. "How about one question at a time?"

"Sorry," she smirked with a bit of a flush to her cheeks. "It's just... I never suspected my own twin would be a Poly Person."

"What can I say? We all sort of fell into it," Sabrina said. "So, to start, we're all interning together. That's how we met, though I already told you John and I recognized each other from classes back in Uni. I knew Gemma was interested in him, but then he and I started flirting hard one day when we got a special assignment together, and things sort of rolled downhill. We do have threesomes, and we sleep together in the same bed. John is a great cuddle buddy. And we try and go dutch on most things unless one of us wants to spoil the others a bit."

Katherine, of course, had a dozen more questions that you both fielded over lunch. Based on Sabrina's blunt openness about the whole thing you tried to do the same even if it was a little embarrassing at times. The one thing you noticed Sabrina avoided bringing up was her OnlyFans stuff, so you avoided it carefully as well. By the time you were slurping up the last of your soda, Katherine seemed satisfied with all of the answers.

"So when do I meet her?" Katherine asked.

"Meet her?" you asked.

“Well, yeah. You three are a throuple or whatever, so I should probably meet my twin's girlfriend,” Katherine said.

“I don't think that label has been thrown around yet,” Sabrina said.

“Whatever. I want to meet her,” Katherine said.

“I'm going to see her this afternoon,” you said. “I'll ask if she wants to meet you, maybe tomorrow?”

“Might as well see if Gem wants to come to dinner, it was going to be the three of us tonight anyways,” Sabrina said.

“Alright, I'll see,” you nodded.

“Good,” Katherine smiled. Then her smile slipped into a little teasing smirk just like Sabrina's often did. “Can't wait to see what kind of girl could turn my sister, even just a little.”

Now it was your turn to snicker, and Sabrina gave you a 'don't you dare' sort of look.

“What?” Katherine asked.

You shot Sabrina a look back, and she rolled her eyes a little giving you permission to say it. “It's more like Sabrina turned Gemma a bit,” you said. “She was definitely the instigator of stuff between the two of them.”

“Whaaaaat,” Katherine said, looking over at her sister in surprise. “When did you start liking girls?”

“About the time I lived in a coed dorm with single-gender shower rooms,” Sabrina said. “See enough titties every day, you get a little curious.”

Katherine barked out a laugh. “After the show I got this morning, I can't really blame you I guess.”

The three of you stood from the booth and Katherine went to pay at the front, which gave you and Sabrina a moment alone.

“Love you, baby,” Sabrina said, smiling as she slipped her arms around your waist and hugged you with her cheek on your chest.

“Love you, too,” you said. “You're sure everything this morning is OK on your end?”

“Oh, for sure,” Sabrina nodded. “Katherine and I, we could work anything out. She was mostly worried about what you would do or think when it happened, not me.”

“OK,” you nodded.

“You’re worried about Gemma still, huh?” she asked.

“Uh, yeah,” you said with a rueful smirk.

“I could tell you it’ll be fine, but I don’t think that would help, would it?” she asked.

“Not really.”

“Well, it will be,” she said. “So you need to go to her, and show her how much you love her just like she asked, OK? And in the meantime, I’m taking my sister shopping. What would you like us to wear to dinner tonight?”

“You’re really buying something for the two of you?”

“Oh, yeah,” she said. “I may not spill the beans on where the money comes from, but I still want to treat her.”

“Dresses,” you said. “Something flowy and classy.”

She grinned. “OK, baby. I promise when we meet for dinner, you’re going to be Wowed.”

“I’m always wowed,” you said.

“I know, and that’s one of the many reasons Gemma and I love you,” Sabrina said with a big smile.

Chapter 210

You knocked on Gemma’s apartment door and waited for a long moment, worrying about what might happen in the next few minutes. Sure, Sabrina was pretty sure things would be fine. And Gemma hadn’t been pissed on the phone, but that didn’t mean she wasn’t hurt. Didn’t mean all the shit her ex-fiancee had pulled on her wasn’t impacting things.

Fuck, you weren’t even sure what would happen if Becca answered the door. After all the promises she’d made to make about taking care of Gemma... fuck.

The door opened and Gemma was there wearing the same summer dress she’d worn on your first date. She stepped out of the apartment and into your arms, grabbing you around the back

of your head and pulling you down into a soul-searing kiss. It lasted a long time, your tongues slithering and sliding as you traded your emotions and hunger for each other. When you finally came apart, gasping for air, she took your hands in hers. "Make love to me," she demanded. "Everything else comes second, first I need you to show me I'm still yours and you're still mine."

She pulled you inside the apartment, and before the door had even shut all the way she was pulling her dress off over her head to reveal she was completely naked underneath. "No one else is home right now," she said.

The two of you tumbled, kissing in between the both of you fumbling to get you undressed, your way into the living room and collapsed onto the couch. Gemma ended up with her head back on the armrest, looking up at you as you raised her ass to rest on your chest as you knelt before her and began to eat her out. She wrapped her thighs around your head and her legs crossed behind your back as you dove into your girlfriend's pussy with a desperate desire to show her everything you were feeling through the act. You spelt 'I Love You' with your tongue a dozen times.

And once she had shuddered towards her first orgasm, but hadn't yet reached it, you lowered her hips down and leaned over on top of her, sliding your cock inside of her as you kissed her softly.

You didn't fuck her. Not yet, at least. You made love. Every stroke was a slow, thoughtful, passionate nudge. Every kiss had a different word or message in it. Gemma softly ran her hands up and down your sides, then to your chest, then holding your face softly, and then back down to your hips. You cradled her head with your hands, holding her still and protected.

"I love you," you told her. "I want to love you forever." It was the first thing you'd said since you knocked on the door.

She had already been smiling through and between kisses, but now she broke into a full grin as her eyes welled up a little. "I love you too, you beautiful boy. Now kiss me again, because my lips miss every second they aren't touching yours."

You did just that.

When Gemma came, it was soft but long, a slow heat that finally came to a boil and simmered. "Come inside me, love," she moaned softly as her body slowly rolled and twitched with her orgasm. "I want to feel your love in me again, where no one else ever has."

You let loose, and somehow the hours of walking and laughing, and the food, must have done its work because you were able to drop a big one as your toes curled and your ass flexed as each pump went deep into her.

The two of you didn't want to disengage, so you ended up rolling to your sides without ever exiting from her.

"I'm sorry about what happened this morning," you said softly, stroking her hair from her sweaty forehead.

"I know you are," she said. "And I know I should be upset, but... after the way my ex acted, you make me feel like I know exactly what you're thinking. You don't hide anything from me. It was an honest mistake and not one that you chose to make. So I forgive you."

"Thank you," you said, pressing your forehead to hers as you both looked into each other's eyes.

She ended the moment by tilting her lips to yours and giving you a peck. "But that's not the only thing we need to talk about," she said.

"No, it's not," you agreed. "I really liked our phone call this morning."

"So did I," she said and smiled cutely.

"So... Love love," you said.

"Love love," she nodded. "Realistically, at the end of the summer I *have* to go back to Australia. I can't extend another semester, my Visa won't allow it. I barely got the work permit addition for the summer."

"So long distance," you said.

"Long distance is hard," she said. "Most relationships can't handle it."

"I know," you said. "But we're different."

"I know," she smiled softly. "And we're going to plan ahead. I did a lot of reading before our call, and more again this morning. There's a lot for us to talk about in terms of boundaries of trust, and communication expectations, and all that kind of stuff. But most importantly we need to set a deadline for Long Distance to end. If we leave it open-ended, we're pretty much doomed."

"That means we need to decide what happens when we graduate," you said.

"And where we're applying for Law School," she agreed.

"We should include Sabrina in this conversation," you said. "Unless you're-"

She shook her head before you could even ask it. “Things are different now,” she said. “I’m not ending things with you, and I’m not ending things with her. We decide this together.”

“So... how are the schools in Australia?” you asked with a little grin.

“Different,” Gemma smiled back. “Less prestigious globally, but only if we think we can all get into a big Ivy League law school here.”

“We don’t need it,” you said. “Let’s keep our options open.”

“Agreed,” she nodded and then kissed you. “I’m so fucking happy right now.”

“I’m so fucking happy right now, too,” you grinned.

“You didn’t go soft,” Gemma said, wiggling her eyebrows at you.

“No, no I didn’t,” you said.

“Good, because now I want to ride you, baby,” she said. “You showed me how much you love me, it’s my turn.”

“You two are so fucking hot and cute, it’s kind of gross,” Becca laughed.

You and Gemma practically jumped in surprise as you looked over to see Becca lounging against the corner of the hallway. She was topless, her breasts and nipples bare to you both, and had on loose sweatpants that clung to her hips. She also had one hand down the front and looked like she was softly massaging her pussy.

“So, can I watch?” Becca asked.

Chapter 211

“Becca, I didn’t think you were home,” Gemma said, looking over her shoulder at her roommate. You were laying with your back to the back of the couch and Gemma was still clinging to you, so Becca was only really getting an eyeful of Gemma’s back and maybe a bit of her butt.

“I wasn’t,” she laughed. “I got home fifteen minutes ago and you two were going at it in a slow fuck on the couch and were so into each other you didn’t even hear me say hey when I walked in. Since then I went and got changed, came out here and you two were still fucking, so then I made myself a drink, drank it, came back here and you two were talking.”

“Oh my God,” Gemma grumbled.

"It's fine," Becca waved you both off. "No big deal. Charlotte and I have banged on that couch plenty of times and been walked in on. I'm surprised it hasn't happened with you yet."

"Well, OK," Gemma said.

"So, you two going to keep going or what?" Becca asked. "Cause Char left me hanging last night and I wouldn't mind jilling off watching you two at all."

Gemma turned back to look at you with an 'I don't even know how that answer this' look. You shot her the same one back, then one that was more 'If you're OK with it, I'm OK with it.' You got an 'Are you sure?' back, and nodded slightly.

"Fine," Gemma said, turning back to Becca. "You can watch, but from the chair over there. No touching or trying to jump in."

"Oh, wasn't planning on it," she smirked as she sauntered through the living room to the indicated chair, stopping to drop her pants before sitting down buck naked. You'd seen her naked before on several occasions, or at least partially naked, but it was still a little thrill. Becca was a striking woman with her sharp feminine features mixed against her boyish short haircut and her strong build. "If we ever get around to *that*, there's a bigger talk to be had first. And we'll need safewords."

"Tease," you said.

"No teasing, just promises," she smirked back.

Gemma rolled her eyes as she turned back to you and kissed you softly. "You sure?" she asked quietly.

"After the morning I've had? This doesn't even crack the top three Big Things that happened."

Gemma cracked a grin and kissed you again, and then the two of you slowly got rotated so that you were on your back and Gemma was on top.

"He's been in you this whole time?" Becca asked. "Fuck, that's hot."

"Getting a good view?" Gemma asked, looking over her shoulder.

"Fuck, yes," Becca said as she spread her legs and slowly ran her fingers across her pussy lips. You couldn't get a good look at it from your position, but you could see her face and tits just fine and her nipples were rock hard and standing out. "Seriously, Gem. You have a great ass."

You smirked and ran your hands down Gemma's back to her ass and teased pulling her cheeks apart but didn't.

“Oh, you naughty bastard,” Becca laughed, fingering herself a little faster.

You slid your hands back up to Gemma’s sides and held her softly. “Ignore her,” you whispered. “Do what you want.”

“What I want is to make love to you,” she said and kissed you long and soft as she began to hunch her hips, grinding you inside of her.

For the next ten minutes or so, the three of you softly grunted and moaned as you each made slow, inch-by-inch gains towards your orgasms. Gemma really did want to make love to you, slow and warm. When she wasn’t hunching or circling her hips to work your cock, she was arching her back to slowly slide back and forth on you as she fed you her tits. And when she wasn’t doing that she was just resting with her chest pressed to yours, squeezing you inside of her with her abdomen and Kegels.

“I love you,” she whispered again between moans.

“I love you, too,” you smiled back.

She shifted a bit higher, getting her tits in your face, and you felt your cock pop out of her. It stood up straight and Becca moaned in the background at the sight. Gemma reached back and pushed it back into position, nudging it into the notch of her cunt, and then sliding back on. But she only went until the head was inside of her, and then she slid back off, and then back on.

“Hoooooly fuck,” you grunted as Gemma fucked you with just the entrance of her hole.

“God damn, you filthy Aussie,” Becca moaned softly. “Fuck him with that hole. You’ll gape so fucking good after that.”

Gemma ignored Becca and kept doing what she was doing, closing her eyes and gasping softly at the feelings rolling through her as your cock plunged in and out of her over and over. You busied yourself with her breasts, gobbling the bounteous cleavage, kissing her all over. Tasting the sweat from her underboob as eagerly as you suckled her nipples. You went to your favourite spot on her, just at the corner of her underboob and inner cleavage, and sucked hard, marking her as yours again.

“Yesss,” she hissed and drove down hard on your cock as she came.

She breathed deeply as her orgasm flowed through her, and then slowly blinked back to focus as she smiled down at you. “Love you,” she said. “What will get you off again, baby?”

“Can I make a request?” Becca asked.

“No promises,” you said.

“Reverse cowgirl, leaning back,” Becca said. “God, I want to see that cock plunging in and out of you as your tits bounce, girl. You are such a fucking goddess.”

You smirked a little. “I don’t disagree,” you said.

Gemma got off of you and remounted in the position, exposing her entire naked front to Becca as she leaned her hands back on your chest. “Happy?” she asked.

“You say that like you’re not enjoying this,” Becca said.

“OK, maybe it’s hot,” Gemma said. “Pinch your nipples, you voyeur slut.”

“Mmm,” Becca hummed.

You, unfortunately, couldn’t see anything in the current position other than Gemma’s naked back and part of her ass pressing against your pelvis. Not that that entirely mattered when Gemma started bouncing on your cock. Your orgasm finally started to rise, your sixth of the day, and you got Gemma to brace her feet on your legs and you started to fuck up into her.

“Holy fuck, you two look like real pornstars,” Becca moaned.

“That’s it, you spying bitch,” Gemma gasped. “Finger fuck that cunt. Put another one in. Yes! Like that, four fucking fingers. God, love, you’re fucking making my pussy roar. Becca, don’t stop pinching your nipples. John, don’t- don’t stop- ooh, fucking... Becca, you better come because he’s about the blast inside of me again.”

“Fuuucking hell,” Becca keened, and you could only guess she was coming.

“Do it, love. Come in me. I want to feel it again. I want to feel your love. God, I love you. Do it. Do iiiit,” she called, and then you exploded inside of her and she sat down heavily on your hips, your cock pushing deep into her as your balls felt like they spat out dust and shrivelled up into empty raisins by the time you were done.

“Holy- Fuck,” you panted heavily.

“God, it’s leaking out around his cock,” Becca laughed. “That’s fucking hot.”

“Either get us a cloth or get ready to lick it off his balls,” Gemma said.

Becca staggered to her feet and headed to the kitchen. “When I suck those balls, I want them full and fresh,” she laughed. She through a pair of wet cloths from the kitchen at us, lounging in

the doorway for a moment. "You two are fucking wild," she said. "And hot as hell. But now, I need a nap."

As Becca stumbled down the hall towards her room, Gemma slowly got off of your finally-deflating cock and put one of the wet cloths to her pussy. "That really was wild," she grinned at you.

"It was," you agreed. Then you reached out and took her hand. "I'm so fucking happy right now."

"Me too," she grinned. Then she looked down at your messy cock and balls and glanced towards the front door before shrugging and dropping to her knees beside the couch. She took your dick back between her lips and started to clean you off with her mouth.

"Lof 'oo," she mumbled with your cock in her mouth.

You laughed and ran your fingers through her hair, pulling away from her face. "Love you, too."

Chapter 212

It felt strange to have so much to talk about, and yet be unable to actually make any decisions or really even get too far in the conversation. You and Gemma got dressed - or, rather you got dressed and Gemma put her dress back on - and you cleaned up and sprayed air freshener in the living room before heading to her room.

The two of you sat in her bed, 'fully' clothed and cuddling as you talked. About school. About possibilities. About how you wanted to introduce each other to your families, and how those families might accept your whole three-person relationship. Gemma especially wanted you to meet her cousin Birdie, who was her best friend, while you realized that you wanted less to introduce her to your old high school friends and more to rub her and Sabrina in their faces. Your high school friends were kind of dicks - your college friends, on the other hand, were good people and were going to lose their minds with how happy they would be for you.

You talked about pets, and what sort you might want in the future. Gemma was a dog person, and so were you, but you had a feeling Sabrina might be a cat person. Then again, you could also see Sabrina being happy having some giant bull mastiff or great dane to walk around, so it was another thing to check with her. Pets shifted to kids, which got awkward quickly and was definitely a three-person-necessary conversation.

And then the two of you took a nap, still holding each other, and you woke up to Gemma kissing you softly with a little smile on her face. "I love you," she whispered quietly.

"Love you too," you said. It felt like it should have gotten repetitive, but it just felt so *good* to say.

“Want a drink?” she asked.

“Sure,” you nodded. “Water would be great.”

She grinned and slid off of the bed and went out into the hall. After a moment you heard voices, and then the voices got a little louder. You were just sitting up more and sliding to the edge of the bed when Gemma came storming in, no water in sight, and slammed the door.

“Ugh!” she grunted.

“Whoa, hey, what happened?” you asked.

“It’s Lucy. Again,” Gemma said. “She made a comment about the living room smelling, and somehow she decided it had to have been us, and she said some shit and I said some shit.”

“Gem... it was us,” you said.

She gave you a look. “That’s not the point.”

“Would you like me to try and handle Lucy myself, help problem solve with you, or just sit and listen?” you asked.

Gemma opened her mouth to say something but then clicked it shut as she narrowed her eyes and stared at you with a quirk on her lips. “I don’t know if I should feel blessed or annoyed at how reasonable that question is,” she said.

“Hey, I’m dating two women, I’ve gotta learn a little something now and then,” you said.

She rolled her eyes and got back on the bed with you. “None of the above,” she answered your question. “I just want to forget the last three minutes.”

You wrapped your arms around her and pulled her close, and she sighed softly.

“Sabrina and Katherine wanted to know if we’d both meet them for dinner,” you said quietly. “Now that Katherine knows about the three of us she’s excited to meet you.”

“She’s not going to try and sleep with me as well, is she?” Gemma asked, the teasing grin on her lips audible.

“Not that I know of,” you said. “But that *would* be pretty hot.”

“You would think that,” Gemma chuckled.

“So dinner?” you asked.

“Yes, absolutely,” she nodded.

“OK. You should probably text her about what to wear. They’re buying new dresses I think.”

After a moment Gemma sighed and sat up. “Well, now I need to get all dolled up.”

“Don’t go,” you groaned, holding onto her arm.

Gemma smiled and let you pull her back into your grip. “Fine. Five more minutes,” she said.

Five minutes turned into twenty, but Gemma did end up getting up to get herself put together. You watched her throughout the process, silently smiling to yourself as you watched her. She would flash you smiles and glances, but you didn’t say anything. She did send a text to Sabrina, and then went rummaging in her luggage and pulled out a dress and put you to work ironing it when she confirmed you did, in fact, know how to iron.

By the time she was ready to go, spinning in place in the middle of her room for your approval, you knew you were cutting it close.

“OK, let’s go,” Gemma nodded. Then she hesitated and smirked. “You haven’t checked your phone, have you?” she asked.

“No,” you frowned, realizing it was over on the side table.

“You should before we leave,” Gemma said.

You picked it up and turned it over, seeing you had a couple of messages. One set was in the group chat between you, Gemma and Sabrina and was the girls discussing clothes for the night. The other was from an unknown number and was an image. When you opened it you were treated to a picture of Becca - this time it wasn’t just her boobs, it was a full front as she lay on her back on her bed. Her legs were spread a bit and her knees pulled back. Her pussy looked flushed and slick like she was horny and wanting a fuck, or had just been fingering herself.

“Holy shit,” you said.

The message with it said, ‘*Thanks for the inspiration. Hope this puts a smile on your face ;)*’

“She asked for your number to send that,” Gemma said.

“And you let her?” you asked.

Gemma shrugged. “You’ve already got other pictures of her, of Becks and of Tasha. What’s one more?”

“Weirdest relationship ever,” you sighed and chuckled.

“And you wouldn’t change a thing,” Gemma said.

“No, no I wouldn’t,” you agreed, taking her hand in yours.

Chapter 213

The twins tried the joke on Gemma. You saw it coming as soon as you both walked into the restaurant and they were wearing very similar dresses in a gorgeous burgundy. Sabrina had followed your request and they both had drapey, flowy garments that left their backs bare but stayed tight and high in the front.

When they both stood to greet you, the one who came to you grinned and said, “Hi, baby,” and pulled you into a kiss. You snuck in a brief feel of her breast with your thumb, disguising it as touching her side for anyone who was glancing towards you all, and you felt the little extra bumps of nipple piercings.

She was still smiling when she pulled back from the brief kiss, one eyebrow just slightly raised as her eyes glinted playfully, knowing that you knew she was Katherine.

Meanwhile, Sabrina was pretending to meet Gemma for the first time, making a show of hugging her. Gemma looked at you over Sabrina’s shoulder with a look, and you shrugged, and she rolled her eyes and pulled back from the hug and planted a kiss on Sabrina, who was surprised and then kissed her back.

Then Gemma really did hug Katherine. “It’s so nice to meet you,” Gemma said. “Sabrina was so excited that you were coming down to visit.”

“Thanks,” Katherine grinned, “It’s really nice to meet you too. And God, I swear I’m not hitting on you, but you’re so gorgeous.”

“Thanks,” Gemma chuckled back, and then she leaned forward. “And I forgive you for this morning. Did he hit the spot?”

Katherine blushed and nodded. “Definitely, and thanks.”

You got into the booth. Sabrina had picked a Pho restaurant, mid-ish scale, a couple of blocks from her place that she had tried take-out from before. The decor was nicely subdued, and the restaurant itself wasn’t terribly busy so there was enough noise in the place to cover your own conversations, but not so busy that you felt crowded.

“How did you know?” Sabrina asked Gemma as you sat beside her while the twins sat on the other side of the table.

“Easy,” Gemma said. “I know the smell of your shampoo.”

“I used her shampoo,” Katherine pointed out.

Gemma shrugged. “Then it was a lucky guess. And I think a mistaken kiss would be the least of our problems, wouldn’t it?”

The embarrassed look on Katherine’s face as she flushed made the three of you chuckle.

Dinner was... well, it was delightful. You already knew that Katherine was just as personable and bubbly as Sabrina was and enjoyed spending time with her, and Gemma immediately picked up on the same vibe. The conversation mostly focused on the twin’s childhood and teenage years as they took turns embarrassing each other, but you and Gemma chipped in some of your own stories. Katherine had lots of questions about Australia, but Gemma was pleasantly surprised it was more about the music scene and a couple of popular Aussie television shows rather than the usual questions about kangaroos and koalas and deadly animals.

The girls all laughed when you ordered chicken wings, which were supposed to be an appetizer, rather than a bowl of pho, and you told them about a terrible first date you’d had back in your first year of university where you’d had the brothy Vietnamese soup for the first time and it hadn’t sat well with you. Ever since, your stomach complained when you tried it, so you avoided it.

Gemma commiserated that she had a similar reaction to shrimp, and Katherine agreed on seafood putting her off a bit even if she could eat it if it was the only thing available. Sabrina just laughed, claiming she clearly had the strongest stomach since she could eat anything.

By the time the dishes were being cleared, someone was playing footsy with you under the table and none of them were showing signs it was them. Other than that, the four of you were into your second bottle of wine and just enjoying the conversation. When Sabrina announced that there was a pub she wanted to go to, it was an easy thing to agree with and you all split the dinner and walked a block over to the pub. Gemma walked with her hand in yours, and you felt a little uneven without Sabrina on your other side as she walked just ahead of you and Gemma with her arm looped with her sister.

Lots of eyes turned to watch the four of you as you entered the pub and went and found a table. While you’d been decently dressed for the Pho place, the four of you were a little over-dressed for the new location, but none of the girls seemed to care. The new table was square and you all sat on your own side, but you had Gemma to your left and Sabrina to your right, with Katherine across from you. You picked up the first round, ordering a round of Gemma’s current favourite

Brambler at the bar and bringing it back. That got the girls talking about cocktails they liked, and what was popular in different places where they had grown up and were going to school.

Throughout the night, as each of you got a round for the table, the conversation flowed and shifted easily. A couple of times every hour a guy came to the table, asking if he could buy one of the girls a drink, trying to flirt or carve them away for a chat, but each time the girls turned him down by indicating that you were their boyfriend. Even Katherine, who checked that that was OK with the others once the guy had left dejected.

“For that sort of thing, absolutely,” Gemma said. “You can use him as an Excuse Boyfriend any time you need. But I’m already sharing him with one of you, I don’t think I could handle both of you.”

That made Sabrina snort a laugh, and Katherine shook her head. “I couldn’t handle sharing with Sabrina. A little teasing, sure, but other than this morning we’ve never gone nearly as far.”

“We’d probably get real bitchy, real quick,” Sabrina agreed. She leaned over and took her sister’s hand in hers. “I love you, twinsie,” she said. “And I want to see you happy...”

“With anyone but my man,” Katherine laughed. She turned to you and Gemma to explain. “That’s exactly what I told her about my first boyfriend.”

By the time the fourth round was done it was already past 11 PM and you were all feeling a nice, warm buzz from your slow approach to drinking. No one was drunk, but you were all definitely happy.

“We’re crashing at my place,” Sabrina declared, holding up a finger. “No excuses.”

“OK,” you said and turned to Gemma. “OK?”

“Mhmm,” she smiled happily.

You ended up walking arm in arm with Sabrina this time as Gemma did the same with Katherine as they chatted happily.

“Love you, baby,” Sabrina smiled as she walked next to you. “This is the best night.”

“Love you too,” you smiled down at her, and leaned down for just a peck.

Chapter 214

“Good night,” Katherine grinned, waving a little as you turned off the light for her. She had demanded that she would be the one to sleep on the couch that night so that the three of you could share the bed in the bedroom.

“Night, sweet dreams,” you said.

“Oh, I’ll definitely have sweet dreams,” she winked as she pulled off her shirt right before slipping under the blanket on the couch. You had a dull view of her bare breasts for a moment from the light coming out of the bedroom, but at that point it didn’t seem weird at all to see her naked.

Your girlfriend’s twin sister being naked wasn’t weird.

“Yeesh,” you sighed to yourself a little, smiling slightly as you shook your head.

Inside the bedroom, Gemma gestured for you to shut the door as she and Sabrina were turning down the fresh sheets they’d just put on the bed. You did, and Gemma then quickly shrugged off her dress and took off her bra, leaving her in her panties as she climbed into bed. Sabrina followed suit, though she hadn’t been wearing a bra underneath her own dress. You climbed up between them and soon you were on your back getting kissed all over your neck and chest as you felt their nipples brushing against your skin and their hands brushing up and down your torso, working down towards your boxers.

Sabrina was the first to dip her hand beneath the elastic waistband of your underwear, but Gemma was quick to follow and soon you had two hands on your cock, slowly feeling you all over from the head to the base, and down to softly massage your balls.

“God damn,” you moaned softly. “I want you both so bad, but we shouldn’t have sex with Katherine in the other room. It wouldn’t be fair.”

“We know,” Gemma smiled against your neck. “We already talked about that. So no sex, but we can do other stuff.”

“We know the thing with Katherine is still in your head,” Sabrina whispered. “Even though we’re all OK with it, and you and her had fun. So we want to show you that it doesn’t bother either of us.” She kissed your lips softly and then let go of your cock, rolling out of bed and getting your phone out of your pants pocket and coming back to bed. She hit the On button and then held the phone up to see your face, unlocking it.

“What are you doing?” you asked.

“We’re going to give you the best handjob ever while you look at naked photos of hot chicks we all know,” Sabrina smirked.

Soon she was back against you, holding your phone propped up on your sternum while her hand went back into your boxers to join Gemma.

“First up is obviously Becks,” Sabrina said. “Excluding any photos of us, obviously.”

“Obviously,” you laughed softly, still a little light-headed at all of this.

The photo of Becks’ naked, if headless, body came up on your phone screen. She was slender but still full-figured, with smaller breasts than Gemma and softer brown areolas. She had taken the picture in the mirror at her place, you assumed, and must have played with her nipples for a bit to get them as perky as they were.

“Hmmm,” Gemma hummed a little chuckle. “You got harder.”

“She’s really hot,” you admitted.

“Yes, she is,” Sabrina grinned as she slowly kissed around your jawline and up to your ear. “Just think about what it would be like to get these titties in your hands, baby. Becks says she likes black guys, but I bet you could show her your big dick and make her change her mind. Maybe we should make another bet with her, see if we can get her to give you a blowjob in a back room at work? That would be so fucking hot.”

“I wouldn’t mind kissing her,” Gemma smiled. She was laying a little lower, kissing your chest with her tits pressed to your side. “Imagine if John was fucking her in missionary, making her boobs bounce, and we each started sucking on one?”

“Unnngh,” you groaned softly, imagining the filthy fantasy.

Sabrina changed pictures, showing the one of Tasha’s tits. “If we’re gonna suck titties, I think I’d prefer these,” she said.

“Tasha would so be down for a foursome,” Gemma whispered. “But we couldn’t do that to Mosche.”

“We can fantasize though,” Sabrina grinned. “How does that feel, baby? Knowing that with just a word and a look, you could probably have Tasha down on her knees for you? Sucking your cock with the smart little mouth of hers, wrapping her titties around your cock? She’s got a decent butt, too. Would you want to pound that ass and make her titties bounce as you shoved her head into my snatch?”

“Only if I’m riding your face at the same time,” Gemma said with a smirk.

“Mmm, that would be so fucking hot,” Sabrina agreed.

She changed the photo again, this one of Becca out in the hallway at Gemma's place flashing you her breasts. "We all know Becca would be interested in more, too," Sabrina said. "She's such a teasing bitch, but it sounds like she's more of a domme with Charlotte. What do you think, baby, could you share us with her and make me and Gemma your little subby girlfriends for a night?"

"Hmmmhmm," Gemma hummed a laugh as she kissed up from your chest to your chin, and then turned and kissed Sabrina lightly. "You'd be surprised."

"What's that mean?" Sabrina asked with a curious grin.

"Confession time," you said. "Becca watched Gemma and I have sex this afternoon."

"Really?" Sabrina asked, her eyes going wide as she licked her lower lip. "Did she think it was hot?"

"Uh, yeah," Gemma laughed. "She masturbated in her panties and came with us. Then she sent... this." Gemma took control of your phone and flipped through to the next photo that Sabrina didn't know about yet.

"Hooly shit," Sabrina said, her eyes wide as she drank in the vision of Becca naked on her back, horny and presenting herself like she wanted to be fucked. "That's so fucking hot."

"I'll let her know you think so," Gemma chuckled.

"Gem, suck him," Sabrina said. "He's close."

"OK," Gemma agreed and scooted down to take your cock out of your boxers and immediately inhale it.

It didn't take long as Gemma blew you, using her favourite tricks, and you and +Sabrina looked at the picture of Becca. Sabrina zoomed in on the photo, which was high resolution and could handle giving a closeup of Becca's lips. Then her nipples. Then down her stomach to her wet pussy. You came when Sabrina zoomed in just a bit more on her pussy and the slight reveal of her asshole as well. Gemma took it all, humming happily, and when you were done she lifted up and made a show of gulping a swallow.

"Hey, I wanted some," Sabrina frowned in a mock pout.

Gemma smirked and leaned over, and you saw a cummy tongue dip into the kiss. When they finished Sabrina was smiling happily and smacked her lips. "Yummy. Thanks, babe."

"Your turn," you said, reaching down and starting to peel off Sabrina's panties.

“Nooo, you know I’ll be too loud,” Sabrina said.

“That’s what these are for,” you said, holding up her sodden panties after getting them from around her feet. “Open wide.”

Sabrina gave you a look between scared and horny as hell, but open her mouth and let you bundle her wet panties into her mouth. Then she moaned as you went between her legs and started kissing up her thighs and Gemma shifted over in the bed, taking one of her little titties in hand and kissing her jawline almost just like Sabrina had been doing to you minutes ago.

It wasn’t a terribly long night, but you were all satisfied by the time you fell asleep with your girls snuggled up on either side of you.