

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 300-313

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 300

Gemma and Sabrina weren't amused that you ended up buying Gemma the earring chains, along with a cute toe ring for Sabrina from the same shop. They appreciated it, and they both kissed you deeply for the gifts, but then they scolded you for spending more money on them.

Then they teased you about how the MILF shopkeeper wanted to bone you, and you just rolled your eyes and let them do it - the brief talk with the woman had helped a few things feel settled in your mind, and she'd been hot as hell for a woman in her late forties or early fifties so your girlfriends thinking she wanted to fuck you was a compliment.

Ollie immediately joined in on the teasing when she found out what had been going on, but the whole group of you moved on down the row of shops and it was forgotten quickly.

A few shops later, as you were coming up on lunch, the next place along the strip was a tattoo parlour. You thought everyone would walk past the place, but were surprised when Gemma, Sabrina and Ollie all wanted to go in. Corey and Victoria said they were going to go down to the beach quickly to dip their feet in the water, and you almost wanted to join them because it was so hot, but you stuck with the girls and entered the tattoo parlour.

"Hello, hello," said the woman at the front desk as your group entered. She was tall and busty, her curly hair dyed in a two-tone black and blonde and held up in a pair of messy buns on top of her head. She had a similar number of piercings to Ollie with her eyebrows, both lips and a septum piercing, and she was wearing what looked like a merch T-shirt for the shop that clung to her figure. "What can I do for you folks? Do one of you have an appointment?"

"No, sorry," Gemma said. "I was wondering if you had a piercer in that had availability?"

"Mmm, depends on what you want to get done," the woman said, quirking her lips a little as she tapped at the laptop in front of her checking a schedule.

The shop was brightly lit, which surprised you a bit, and looked like it was partially an art gallery for street art and photography. There were framed prints of black and white skateboarders, surfers and other people doing more extreme sports, not to mention tattoos on buff guys and sexy ladies. The place was colourful and clean despite what it had sort of looked like from the outside, and there were a few people waiting in a sitting area at the front while the buzz of multiple tattoo machines were going, though the actual tattooists and clients were hidden behind half-walls for privacy.

“Just my upper ears on both sides, like up here,” Gemma said, pulling her hair away from her ear and showing where she meant.

“Oh, a helix piercing,” the woman nodded. “Yeah, we can do that no problem without an appointment. It’ll be maybe a ten-minute wait, she’s just finishing up with someone right now. What’s your name?”

“Great! And I’m Gemma,” she said, and turned to you with a smile.’

“Actually,” Sabrina said, stepping forward. “Is Tiff able to do nipples?”

You almost choked on your own spit and Gemma’s eyes went wide as she turned towards Sabrina.

“She is, but that’s an appointment-only piercing,” the woman behind the counter said. “Plus, and don’t take this the wrong way because I love having mine done, but it’s not an ‘at a whim’ kind of thing. Nipple piercings take up to a year to heal properly, and until then you need to stay away from fun things like the beach, or having them played with with fingers or lips.”

“Oh,” Sabrina said, making a disappointed face.

“I could have told you that if you asked me, girl,” Ollie said.

“Sorry, baby,” Sabrina sighed, turning to you and hugging your side. “I know you liked the look of them on my sister.”

This time you *did* choke on your spit, and ended up coughing hard.

“I’m sorry, what?” Ollie asked.

“Oh, my twin sister has nipple piercings,” Sabrina said casually.

“You showed him a picture of your sister’s tits?” Ollie asked, still surprised.

“No,” Sabrina scoffed, which likely would have helped diffuse the situation, but it was Sabrina. “I let them fuck when she came to visit.”

“Sabrina!” Gemma said. You were still coughing and could feel the heat rising to your face. The woman behind the counter had one carefully manicured eyebrow raised as she listened in.

“What? It’s not like we did it together,” Sabrina said. “And Ollie doesn’t know my sister, and she’s cool.”

“Thanks, I think,” Ollie laughed awkwardly.

“It wasn’t a big thing,” Sabrina said. “My twin was on a dry spell, she has the same taste as I do in guys, and one thing led to another.”

“And you were alright with this?” Ollie asked Gemma.

“It was a *little* more complicated than that,” Gemma said, blushing almost as much as you were as you managed to get your coughing under control. “But... yes?”

“Jesus,” Ollie said, looking at you as you turned back to the group, wiping the tears from your eyes from your hard coughing. “I didn’t know you had it in you, John. Twins.”

“Not at the same time,” Gemma clarified.

“Still,” Ollie chuckled.

“Can we *not* discuss who we’ve slept with?” you asked.

“We should show Ollie a picture of Becks,” Sabrina said, ignoring you and looking to Gemma. “She’ll lose her mind.”

“*Another* one?” Ollie asked.

“So just the two ears then, right?” the woman behind the counter tried to confirm.

You sighed, hard and heavy.

Chapter 301

“I’m just saying, it might be something to talk to us about first, baby,” Gemma said. “That was personal stuff.”

“I didn’t think it would be a big deal for you guys,” Sabrina sighed.

The three of you were sitting at a table, crammed into a busy beachfront restaurant patio that was overflowing with tourists like yourselves. The music piped through the speakers was loud, the conversations and laughter around you were louder, so you felt safe having the conversation in public as the three of you leaned in over your drinks to talk. Ollie had split off with Corey and Victoria for lunch, and you were pretty sure it was at Gemma’s request.

“Sabrina, I love you, but you’ve got the mind of a thirteen-year-old boy,” Gemma said, taking her hand.

“Was it really that bad?” Sabrina asked, turning to look at you. “I mean, Ollie isn’t going to spread rumours or tell people, and she’s kinky like us so I thought it would just make her more impressed with you, and it’s not like you would go around bragging for yourself.”

“Sabrina,” you sighed. “I- I don’t know. Time and place, partially. I don’t super mind that Ollie knows, but just blurting it out like that...”

“You’re going easy, John,” Gemma said.

“Don’t, baby,” Sabrina said, taking your hand in hers with the one that wasn’t still clasped in Gemma’s. “Tell me straight.”

You took a deep breath and nodded, centring your thoughts for a moment. “Sabrina, I love you, and you’re mine and Gemma’s. And I’m fine with all of the OnlyFans stuff, especially because we’re doing it together. And that fact that you’re so sexually open with us is amazing, and I’m so *fucking* happy with the way our relationship has been going between the three of us, but I think you’re getting to caught up in how much sex we all have and you’re seeing things with Porn Brain a bit. Ollie is one of my best friends at Uni, but she doesn’t need to know what we do in bed, or with who. I don’t need her to see me as a stud or something. But I *do* want her to see us as a relationship that loves and supports each other, and yeah she can know in general that we’re actively loving each other, but details like who we invite into your bed are too personal.”

Sabrina nodded along slowly, listening intently as she absorbed what you were saying.

“I’m sorry,” she said, squeezing your hand. “John, really, I’m sorry. I got caught up with how open everything felt.”

“I liked the Porn Brain thing,” Gemma said. “It fits well. Plus, baby, you weren’t just telling *our* secrets. You also spilt on both Katherine and Becks even if Ollie doesn’t know who they are.”

Sabrina’s shoulders slumped and she closed her eyes for a moment, nodding again.

“Can I suggest something?” you asked.

“Of course, love,” Gemma said.

Sabrina blinked her eyes open, listening.

“I think we need to seriously consider new rules for us,” you said. “Rules we’re more serious about than the work ones because we’ve bent those ones a lot.”

“Like what?” Sabrina asked.

“We need to be more clear about our boundaries,” you said. “Like how much we tell people, especially friends and family. And who, and how much, we involve other people in stuff. Like, if Katherine visits again, is it presumed that there’s going to be sex? Or if Becks wants to meet up again with us, or just me? What are we OK with?”

“That’s a good idea,” Gemma nodded. “But I think we should think about it this afternoon and reconnect tonight once we’ve all decided what our serious personal lines are.”

“I like that,” Sabrina said. “I- Thank you. I love you guys.”

“We love you too, baby,” Gemma said, then leaned over and kissed Sabrina on the cheek before whispering something to her that made her smile.

“Love you, John,” Sabrina said, leaning in your direction next and kissing you on the lips. Then she stood up, letting go of your hands so that she could wipe under her eyes. “OK, I need to clean myself up a bit.”

“I’ll come with,” Gemma said with a smile, standing as well. “Hold down the fort, love.”

“Will do,” you said. “And Gemma?”

“Mhmm?”

“The new piercings look great,” you said.

She beamed a smile at you and touched the delicate chain earring that you’d bought for her, then took Sabrina’s hands as they went in search of the bathroom.

Fuck me, you sighed to yourself as you watched them go.

Communication was key. The lady from the hippy store was so right.

But what *were* your boundaries? You already felt overwhelmingly blessed to be dating Gemma and Sabrina at the same time, and the fact that they were falling for each other at the same time as you was fucking amazing. And then there were the other encounters, not even just with Katherine and Becks. Becca, and partially Charlotte, were on that list. And based on how things had been going, you needed to make a decision about Tasha too because the girls liked to joke about getting their or your hands on her but she was with Mosche. And there was the issue of more OnlyFans content with other women in the future.

You needed to seriously think about this before you reconnected back on the topic. It would be so easy to just take everything and let the chips fall where they may, but you didn’t want that. You didn’t want to just risk it and have things blow up because you took every advantage and opportunity to get your dick wet when you already had more than enough in your two girlfriends.

“Fuck me,” you sighed outwardly, if quietly. What a day.

Chapter 302

Sabrina and Gemma returned to the table after your food had been delivered, and they’d both slipped you their panties. Well, Gemma had slipped you her panties and Sabrina had slipped you a thong.

Lunch went back to normal after that, and Sabrina insisted on paying, and none of you brought up the issues that had been discussed earlier because you’d agreed to wait. While Sabrina was just inside paying Gemma led you outside onto the sidewalk and she smiled as she stood right in front of you and kissed you, wrapping her arms up around your neck as her tits pressed against your chest.

It was a sweet, loving kiss that told you whatever else was going on, you were both OK. Then Sabrina came out of the restaurant and cleared her throat.

“Yes, baby?” Gemma asked.

“Um, where’s mine?” she asked with a grin.

Gemma stepped away from you and Sabrina walked into your arms as you planted a kiss on her as well. She distracted you a bit by getting her hand on your crotch for a moment and rubbing while she giggled into the kiss. Then, once it was over, she turned to Gemma and wrapped her arms around Gemma’s neck much like the girls often did with you as she looked deep into Gemma’s eyes. “I’m sorry that I embarrassed you earlier, baby,” she said. “I realized inside that my earlier one was more John-centric, but I owed you one too.”

“Thank you, baby,” Gemma said. Then they leaned together and kissed sweetly, just like they had both kissed you.

More than a few men and women walking by on the crowded sidewalk lifted their eyebrows in surprise, and you were pretty sure the teenager who fell off his skateboard a dozen yards away had gotten distracted by the sight as well.

“Ahem,” you coughed.

Sabrina ended their kiss and turned back to you without letting go of Gemma. “Something wrong, baby?”

“No, nothing,” you said. “Just, uh, you two are fucking gorgeous and seeing you like that is causing me some, uh, problems.”

Gemma laughed and clapped a hand over her mouth as she noticed you were holding the shopping bags over your groin area. Sabrina caught on a split second later and smirked. "We need to meet up with the others and head back to get changed for the beach," she said. "Unless you want to find a place...?"

"Nuh-uh," Gemma shook her head. "We are not playing that kind of risky game. Come on, love. Walk your women back home."

"Fine," Sabrina sighed dramatically, but with a knowing smile. Shortly you were flanked by them, Gemma holding your hand and Sabrina's arm looped through yours. You found Ollie, Corey and Victoria a little way up the street. You hadn't covered the entire thing, but you'd definitely seen a majority so you doubted that you'd missed out on much more - and you could always explore the rest tomorrow.

The group walked back, and Gemma split from you a bit to talk with Ollie, and then with Victoria. Then when Gemma came back to you Sabrina split off to walk with Ollie for a bit as they whispered.

Back that Air B&B, Sabrina pulled you and Gemma aside back to the hot tub area instead of heading right in.

"I apologized to Ollie," she said. "No matter what we decide later, I had to make sure I did in case I made her uncomfortable. She was fine with it, or says she was."

"She said the same to me," Gemma said. "So unless she's lying to both of us we should be fine."

"OK," you nodded. "Thanks, by the way, for going out of your way with my friends."

"Of course, love," Gemma smiled.

The three of you entered the house and found out that the guys had gone out for lunch and were hitting the beach after, so it was just the six of you still. The decision was made that everyone wanted to head back down to the beach quickly to try and find a spot big enough for the group, so everyone rushed to get changed. Your cock had gone back down during the walk, so you weren't exactly feeling blue-balled - especially considering the blowjob you'd gotten earlier from Gemma - but seeing both of the girls stripping down in your room raised your horny levels again and you ended up bending Gemma over the bed and eating her out from behind for a minute, just wanting a taste of her as you licked between her lips and kissed the inner curves of her ass cheeks. You did the same to Sabrina even though she was almost finished changing, pulling her bikini bottoms down around her skinny thighs to expose her as she giggled and wiggled.

With the taste of your girlfriends on your lips, you finally got changed as well as they took turns in the washroom.

Gemma ended up wearing a red, white and blue coloured bikini that gave her decent coverage while still showing off cleavage, along with a fairly solid set of bottoms that rode a little low on her waist and covered most of her buttocks. She finished the look with a big pair of teal-tinted sunglasses and her new American Flag star hat. Sabrina wore a colourful bikini that suited her smaller frame, with each piece of it in a bright primary colour. She also wore the tie-dye wrap that she'd gotten down at the shops.

"Have I mentioned that you two turn me on like nothing else?" you said once the three of you were ready to go.

"I would have guessed by the need to eat us out," Gemma laughed. "But it's nice to hear, love."

"Well, I know one thing that turns you on more than watching us get dressed and undressed," Sabrina said.

"What's that?" you asked.

Sabrina pivoted and pulled Gemma into another kiss like the one outside the restaurant, which both of them startled giggling into when you groaned in appreciation.

A pounding on the bedroom door interrupted them.

"Come on, you horny bastards!" Ollie yelled from outside. "The beach is waiting, and we're leaving. You can fuck like rabbits later!"

Chapter 303

Hot sand, cold water, slick bodies. The guys found the six of you eventually through a series of text-tag, and by midway through the afternoon you were exhausted from all of the above.

Sabrina was taking a walk with Ollie and Victoria while Corey was running down to the water with the guys, which left you and Gemma to watch over the towels and stuff. You were both laying out on towels side by side in the middle of the collection of things and you were both covered in suntan lotion from Sabrina rubbing it into your skin before she left, which left Gemma glistening in the sun beside you.

"I can feel you looking at me, love," Gemma said with a little smile.

"What's it feel like?" you asked with a chuckle.

“Warm and tingly.”

“I think that might just be the sun.”

“Nope,” she shook her head. “The sun doesn’t make my nipples hard, love. Or give me goosebumps.”

That made you smile because her swimsuit was showing off slight nipple bumps. “Well, should I stop looking?”

“No,” she grinned, rolling onto her side and tilting her hat up so she could kiss you sweetly. “Keep looking. Never stop.”

“I won’t,” you promised, letting your eyes trail from her face down to her cleavage, making her laugh lightly. You brought your eyes back up to her face and rolled onto your side as well to face her. “I have a question for you.”

“Ask me anything,” she said.

“You and Sabrina are getting closer and closer. I knew it was happening before, but it’s been really apparent in the last day or so, and I love seeing you two looking into each other’s eyes and feeling like I know exactly how you both feel, because it’s how I do too. I just want to make sure that we’re not leaving things unsaid, so I want to ask about you and her. Before all of this you weren’t really interested in girls.”

“There wasn’t a question in there, love,” she smirked at you a little.

“You know what I mean,” you said.

“I do,” she assured you. “And it’s... I want to say it’s complicated, but it’s really not I guess. Before you and Sabrina I never even thought about girls this way. Like, I could know someone was attractive, but I was focused on boys and then on my Ex. I don’t have anyone in my family who is gay, and I knew a couple of gay kids or other Uni students but they weren’t in my direct friend groups. When things got complicated with us, and I was telling myself it was going to be short-term, I let myself drop my inhibitions. And falling in love with you, and watching you and Sabrina fall in love at the same time, and all the sex just... it made it feel natural. And I *do* love Sabrina, even if it’s slightly different than with you just like you love me and hear in slightly different ways just because of who we are.”

That made you think; did you love them differently? You knew they were different people who liked different things, but you’d been trying to keep things fairly equal between them.

“OK,” you nodded. “So where are you at now with, I dunno, sexual orientation?”

“Well, I’m in love with a man and a woman, and I fuck them both as much as I can, so I guess that makes me bisexual,” Gemma smirked a little, then leaned forward and pecked your lips. “And I’m not sure about the rest still. I know I liked playing with Becks too, though I don’t want to add her to our thing. I like her as a friend and playing with her in bed, but I don’t think I could do more people in our relationship. And it was also hot fucking in front of Katherine and Becca, but I’m still sure I don’t want to be in any content.”

“Thank you,” you said softly.

“Thanks for asking, love,” she smiled lightly. “And, just so you know, you’re going to need to give Sabrina a quickie before dinner.”

“Why’s that?” you asked.

“Because, love, last night was all about her and tonight is about me, and I need you to make love to me.”

“Gladly,” you said. “Without Sabrina?”

She nodded. “I need a little alone time with you, I think.”

“I don’t know if a quickie is going to be enough for her,” you chuckled.

“It will be,” she grinned. “I ate her out in the bathroom of the restaurant, too.”

That raised your eyebrows, imagining the two of them in a bathroom stall trying not to get caught. It also explained why they came out and gave you their panties at the time.

“I still can’t believe I did that,” she laughed.

“You’re amazing,” you told her.

“You don’t know the half of it,” she said, her laugh sliding into a smirk. She rolled over, putting her curvy back and ass to me, and then surreptitiously lowered her bottoms and slowly ran her hand up the slick, lotioned skin of her ass and pulled her cheek up a bit. That gave you a look at the buttplug that was in her ass.

“God,” you groaned softly.

She wriggled back against you, pulling her bottoms up before you got caught doing something, but pressed her back to your chest in a spoon position as she felt your hardening cock press against her ass. “I need you to make love to each of my tight little holes tonight, John,” she whispered.

“Whenever you want,” you said, wrapping your arms around her and holding her tightly.

She sighed deeply and happily, then wiggled her ass back against your crotch to tease you before pulling away and laying on her stomach. She looked over the rim of her sunglasses at you with a smile that said she knew exactly what she was doing to you.

Chapter 304

The guys came back before the girls, but thankfully by the time anyone was back you had managed to get your cock under control after the teasing and promises from Gemma.

Sabrina had basically collapsed onto you when she returned, and you sat up and held her as she downed an entire water bottle from her bag, and once she was hydrated she kissed you with a bright smile.

“How was the walk?” you asked.

“Good,” she said. “Though I should have had you come with me. I kept getting this feeling that guys were looking at me, or like me and the girls, and that wouldn’t have bothered me before but now it made me feel... I dunno.”

“Unsafe?” you asked.

“Like, a little?” she said. “And maybe a little uncomfortable. Like, I felt more naked than I usually would in a swimsuit because you or Gemma weren’t there.”

“I’m sorry,” you said with a frown. “I don’t want you to feel like that.”

“It’s OK,” she said, smiling softly and kissing your cheek. “It just means I want to spend more time with you.” She glanced at the others, who were in their own conversation, and then lowered her voice a little more and whispered in your ear. “Daddy.”

You rolled your eyes and squeezed her in a hug as you kissed her cheek.

Both groups had seen the volleyball nets down the beach, and the guys wanted to go play a game or two, so everything got picked up and hauled in that direction. Once you were there you found there were other folks also waiting, and you ended up mingling with them - it was a mix of ages, though no one was over the age of thirty.

One thing you noticed was that Sabrina stuck with you, making it clear you were together, or with Gemma when it was your turn on the sandy playing area. She did take a turn playing in an All-Girls 2v2 alongside Ollie since Gemma begged out (due to the secret buttplug) and Victoria was too shy (to the disappointment of every guy and some ladies on the beach).

“What’s with Sabrina?” Gemma asked you quietly as they were playing and laughing. The girls on the other side were only marginally more coordinated than Ollie and Sabrina.

“She said she felt weird on her walk,” you said, hugging Gemma to you around her shoulder and leaning down to whisper to her.

“Like sick?”

“No. She felt exposed. Like she wanted one of us with her.”

“Did something happen?” Gemma asked.

“She didn’t say it did, and I assume Ollie would have if Sabrina didn’t,” you said.

Gemma frowned and nodded, but you could tell it was another thing that was going to be talked about later. When the game ended Gemma skipped forward to meet Sabrina on her way to the two of you, catching her up in a spinning hug and then kissing her openly. “Nice job, baby,” she said.

“We lost,” Sabrina laughed. “And were terrible.”

“Hey,” Ollie chuckled as she joined you. “I thought ‘moderately bad’ was the worst we did.”

Ollie had worn a slightly-less-revealing swimsuit that afternoon. It was a one-piece that scooped high on her hips and had string lacing up through her cleavage area. Her big tits and chunky butt had still been a bit of a spectacle as she jumped around in the sand.

“Alright, reasonably underperforming,” you said.

“That’s more like it,” Ollie chuckled.

Gemma headed off with Ollie, who mentioned thinking one of the girls on the other team had been fuckable, to act as a wing woman. They came back twenty minutes later and Ollie had a phone number.

“It was honestly impressive,” Gemma said. “I don’t think the girl was even gay.”

“No,” Ollie said. “Definitely gay. Like, plays softball in an all-girls beer league gay.”

“How gay is that?” Sabrina laughed.

“It’s like... possibly still in the closet at home, and still claiming to be bisexual on dating apps, but only ever swiping on women,” Ollie said.

That set the three of you to chuckling.

“So, going to meet up with her tonight?” you asked.

“Maybe bring her back to the Air B&B for some bow-chicka-wow?” Sabrina added.

“Pervs,” Ollie laughed softly. “Maybe tonight, probably not back to the house though.”

“Hold on, explain this to me,” Gemma said. “What exactly is stopping you from bringing these girls back when you have your own room. It’s not like anyone is going to rib you about it. Hell, the single guys would probably be impressed and jealous. And you’re hot so it’s not like these women aren’t interested.”

“I dunno,” Ollie shrugged. “Like, for real? I just want to enjoy this vacation and I like the chase. I wouldn’t say no to a box-licking, but I don’t really want to deal with all the other stuff that comes with it.”

“Such a fuckboy,” Sabrina giggled.

“Yeah, that’s me,” Ollie laughed. “One night stands. Not really though - fuckboys lie to get in girls' pants. I keep it real, and most ladies appreciate that.”

The conversation moved on, and Ollie ended up drifting away to try and wing woman for Paul as he was flirting with a couple of athletic-looking women.

“So, I have a weird question,” Sabrina said, hooking her arms in both yours and Gemma’s to pull you close. “And it might be more of a *tonight* question than right now, but it’s on my mind.”

“I think I know where you’re going with this,” Gemma said.

“Well, I don’t,” you said.

“Ollie is looking for something no-strings-attached, and we sometimes do stuff with other women,” Sabrina said. “And I’m not saying I *want* this, it’s just a random thought, OK? But what do you two think about if Gemma and I had a fun threesome with Ollie? And maybe if you could be there to watch, baby?”

“OK,” you said. “That’s definitely not the direction I thought you were going.”

Chapter 305

It took you and Gemma a moment to process Sabrina’s hypothetical lesbian threesome idea.

For you, on the one hand, your cock was generally in favour of the idea of a live lesbian sex show. You already liked watching when Sabrina and Gemma were together, and while you weren't super sexually attracted to Ollie you could still recognize that she had an attractively thick body with big tits and an ass that would look great in sexual situations. And it just felt different than if the girls had suggested a threesome with another guy.

But the problems were also there. First, it was Ollie. You doubted it would cause a rift between the two of you, but you weren't sure if she'd be offended or turned off. Or she might want the threesome, but not be comfortable with you watching. But even if it wouldn't cause a rift, it would still change your relationship with her in a way you couldn't predict. You'd never really had the experience of being friends with someone that you'd also slept with - High School hadn't been that experience for you, and your hookups at University had never been close enough to home to have it come up. Would that feel weird, knowing that Ollie had fucked your girlfriends?

There was also the issue that, until now, every sexual experience that was outside the trio had included you. Becks and Katherine had happened for different reasons, but you'd been in the centre of it. The thing with Becca in the living room with Gemma was you *and* Gemma. Even the minor stuff with Tasha was weirdly casual flirting with you involved. Watching a live lesbian show would be hot, sure, but watching *your* Gemma and *your* Sabrina with someone else, even a woman, and not being able to join?

It didn't feel like getting cucked necessarily because it was with a woman, but it was close.

"I vote no," Gemma said, saying it before you could. "And don't get me wrong, Ollie is attractive both physically and mentally, and I'd bet she's good at what she does."

"But?" Sabrina asked, honestly curious.

"You're mine, baby," Gemma said, taking Sabrina's hand in both of hers. "Mine and John's. And I don't think Ollie could steal you from us or something, but I also think that Ollie's worries about no-strings goes both ways for her and she's afraid of getting too close. If we hooked up with her, and especially didn't include John, then when I go back home I would be worried about her wanting more time with you and I *wouldn't* be there to make sure she understands that you're mine."

Sabrina's mouth opened as her eyebrows raised at the declaration from Gemma.

"I don't know how John feels about it, and it's more for the conversation later, but I'm saying Veto No on hooking up with Ollie," Gemma said. "I'm OK with us playing with Becks again, and I think I'm OK with some other one-off hookups that don't even include all three of us if it's for Content. But Ollie is too close to home."

"Baby?" Sabrina looked at you.

"I agree with Gemma," you said. "I think it would be hot as hell in the moment seeing you two with her, but afterwards it wouldn't just be a no-strings thing. There are always strings. Becks was supposed to be no-strings and now we send nudes back and forth and we're planning to hook up with her again. Hell, baby, you and I were supposed to be no-strings and here we are."

That made Sabrina smile a little. "OK," she said quietly. "I- Like I said, it was just a thought. But can I just say that I'm fucking soaking through my bikini bottoms right now? God, I want to fuck you guys."

Yoy found Corey and let him know you were leaving.

* * * * *

"Fuuuuck yes, Daddy," Sabrina moaned loudly. No one else was in the house and she could be as loud as she wanted as you stroked your cock into her as she was on her hands and knees on the bedroom floor.

She was bent over Gemma, who was laying on her back still wearing her bikini, and Gemma took Sabrina's face in her hands and pulled her down into a kiss. "You're ours, baby," she growled.

"Fuck yes," Sabrina groaned.

"God, you're squeezing me so tight," you grunted, laying a hard spank on Sabrina's butt.

"Yes!" Sabrina gasped. "Fuck, John. That's because I never want you to leave my cunt again. I want your cock in me all the time."

"Hey," Gemma said. "That's not sharing nicely."

"Sorry, baby," Sabrina said, turning back from looking at you over her shoulder to kiss Gemma again. "It's just how I feel, but I'll gladly let him fuck you too. He just needs to keep swapping back and forth."

"Better," Gemma grinned. Then she tilted Sabrina's head to the side and started kissing her in the crook of her neck, right on her spot.

"Oh! Ooooooh," Sabrina moaned.

"Fuck her hard, love," Gemma mumbled to me, her lips not leaving Sabrina's skin. "Fuck our delicious, perfect girlfriend who belongs to us while I make sure her mouth and her boobs know it as much as her pussy and ass do."

You smirked and nodded, grabbing Sabrina's ass and squeezing her skin hard enough to leave bright red marks along the cheeks.

"I love you both so much," Sabrina moaned, each word drawing out and vibrating with the beat of your thrusting.

"And we love you, baby," Gemma said, swapping to the other side of her neck. "Now, are you going to get that first orgasm out of the way or not? Because I'm going to need a shower either way and I'd rather be washing your squirt off of me than just the sun and the sand."

"Holy fuck, you're so hot," Sabrina groaned deeply.

"Am I?" Gemma asked, pulling her lips away and replacing them with her hand, starting to choke Sabrina. You reached forward and got Sabrina's hair wrapped around your fingers, pulling her head back as well.

Sabrina squeaked, shuddered once, and came hard.

Chapter 306

With a groan that echoed through the first floor of the house, Sabrina skipped down the last stairs as she stretched and came looking for you and Gemma. She was wearing one of your t-shirts - a nerdy one that they'd both agreed that you should get rid of and yet somehow both had ended up wearing it more than once.

"Hi, baby," she said as she strolled into the kitchen barefoot.

"Hey, baby," you said, turning from the stove to pull her in with one arm.

She hugged herself around you quickly and went up on her toes to kiss you. "That smells good," she said. "Dinner?"

"Mhmm," you nodded. You were having tacos, so there was a lot of ground beef to feed seven people - Corey and Victoria had a bean paste that they had made and brought with them that would substitute as well.

"Need any help?" she offered.

"Lots," you said. "There's plenty of toppings to prep. But, and I say this with a deep amount of regret, I'm going to need you to go put on some pants because it's later than you think it is."

Sabrina glanced over at the clock on the microwave and sighed. "Shit," she said.

“I’m looking forward to the day you can walk around our home with as little clothing as you want, baby,” you said.

She grinned at you and pulled your face down for another, even steamier, kiss.

“What was that for?”

“You said ‘our home,’” she grinned. “OK, I’ll go put on pants I guess.”

“Wait,” you said as she turned to walk away. You set down the spatula you’d been using to stir the meat and turned fully, reaching around her and slipping your hands under the shirt to grab her bare ass, each small cheek getting palmed by your hands as you squeezed firmly.

She broke into a giggle and then a laugh as you kissed her neck and roughly massaged her bum.

“What’s the- Sabrina,” Gemma said as she came up from the basement carrying the now-dried bedding that you had put in earlier that day.

You let go of Sabrina’s butt and she wiggled it at Gemmam before giving you another peck on the cheek and turning to skip back towards the stairs. You and Gemma had put her through her paces in a fast, hard fuck and she’d actually fallen asleep for about thirty minutes right on the ground while Gemma had gone to shower the squirt off of herself. Once the shower was empty you had woken Sabrina up and she’d gone for her own long, hot shower while you and Gemma got the room, and then the house, together.

Gemma gave Sabrina’s butt a swat as your girlfriend skipped by, and Sabrina pivoted and caught Gemma in a kiss. Then the unmistakable sound of voices outside leaked through the walls and she broke away and sprinted up the stairs.

“That girl,” Gemma sighed as grinned over at you and rolled her eyes.

Gemma followed Sabrina, and soon the house was full again as Brent, Paul, Corey, Victoria and Ollie all piled into the house and started spreading out. Corey and Victoria immediately offered to help with dinner, but you said they should go grab showers first so they could feel fresh for dinner. The guys, of course, immediately disappeared when there was any concept of help needing to be doled out, and Ollie had gone up to change as well.

“What a circus,” Gemma laughed as she came back downstairs with Sabrina in tow. Gemma was wearing a simple shirt and shorts combo, while Sabrina was still wearing your t-shirt but had used an elastic to turn it into a baggy crop top, and was wearing a pair of yoga pants that did interesting things to her butt. You had no doubt she’d done it for your benefit; or, really, to tease you.

“Ollie is showering in our room, so don’t go up there,” Sabrina said, coming over and seeing what you had accomplished so far.

“And the bed is remade for tonight,” Gemma said. “Which reminds me - baby, now that you got yours, I was hoping if you wouldn’t mind if I had some alone time with John tonight?”

“You don’t want me?” Sabrina asked, her eyes going large, but she immediately cracked into a smile. “I’m joking. Yes, that’s totally fine. Lovey-dovey?”

“Mhmm,” Gemma smiled.

“What does that mean?” you asked.

“It’s girlfriend-code,” Gemma said.

“And I don’t get to know?”

“Nope,” Sabrina smirked and wrapped her arm around Gemma’s shoulder to show they were a team on this.

You just sighed and went back to browning the ground beef. Soon Sabrina was starting on the toppings while Gemma started setting the table, and by the time Corey and Victoria joined you in the kitchen, they were able to add in and get everything finished quickly, including Victoria making her special Guacamole recipe.

Dinner was family-style, with everyone crammed around the table again. Brent got razzed for getting some of his toppings on the sour cream spoon and putting it back in the jar. Edgar was quizzed on the girl he’d been hanging out with the night before. Ollie mentioned that you’d been chatting up the hot MILF at the Hippy Store, which you had to deny. Plans got made for the evening - the guys, other than Edgar, had struck out at the club and Edgar’s girl had invited him to a pub that was just off the beach that was going to have live music. Everyone agreed that would be a good place to go, and if the guys and Ollie found slim pickings for picking up chicks they could always transition to the dance club later.

Ollie once again wrangled the boys into cleaning up instead of disappearing again, and that left you, the girls, Corey and Victoria to hang outside and enjoy the cooling outdoors as the sun was disappearing over the houses to the west.

“Mm, by the way,” Gemma said to Victoria. “The laundry is free if you want it.”

“Oh,” she said, flushing but nodding. “Right, I totally forgot. Thanks.” She got up and went inside after giving Corey a kiss on the cheek.

“What does she need to do laundry for?” Corey asked.

“You’ll thank me tomorrow,” Gemma smirked, making Sabrina chuckle softly.

Corey looked at you and you just shook your head. He’d find out soon enough that he was going to have clean sheets again.

Soon enough the girls wanted to go doll themselves up a bit to go out to the pub, which left you and Corey time to drink a beer and chat a bit before heading in to change yourselves. It was time to hit the pub.

Chapter 307

After getting the address of the pub, you ended up deciding to walk again instead of driving since Sabrina and Gemma weren’t going to wear heels and the place was only a few blocks away. Suburban blocks, so it was still a good ten minutes, but closer than the dance club had been.

Sabrina had decided to keep wearing your shirt tied up like a crop top but had swapped out the yoga pants for khaki capris and running shoes, while Gemma had changed into jeans and boots that highlighted her legs and paired it with a shimmery white tank top that covered most of her cleavage and focused your attention up to her smile. The girls had also quickly braided each other’s hair, giving them almost matching looks.

Paul, Brent and Edgar walked with you, while Ollie decided to drive with Corey and Victoria. The walk itself was fun, with the guys bantering and making sure to include you and the girls as bets were laid on whether Edgar’s local girl would show up or not. Walking up to the pub building it was about a block away from the main shops and was at the end of a string of three storefronts that were kind of small-town picturesque. It had fancy-looking pot lights out front clearly illuminating the space, and tall stained glass windows with an oak double door at the leading corner of the building.

Inside, the pub had one main bar along one wall currently manned by a trio of bartenders, one big guy with lots of silver in his hair and two college-age female bartenders, and a couple of waitresses walking around as well. There were tall tables over in an area that was clearly focused on sports viewing with a big projector screen hanging from the ceiling, though instead of sports at the moment the small stage in front of it was occupied by what looked like a couple setting up a drum kit and speakers. There were also normal-height tables and booths throughout the rest of the room. The place was maybe two-thirds full, but not in the crowded way that everything else had been in the town for the holiday weekend. There was room to walk between the tables and the noise of the conversations going on wasn’t deafening in the enclosed space.

You all headed for the back area and found that the empty booths would fit five, so you and the girls split from the guys so that you could claim two booths.

A waitress came over and you ordered a pitcher of water and a pitcher of a local craft beer to share, and she nodded and bounced away to fetch it. Soon the three of you were drinking and talking over the edge of the booths with the guys, and not long after that Corey, Victoria and Ollie walked in, with Ollie joining the boys and the couple joining you.

The band, with the female playing the drums and singing and the male playing guitar and crooning harmonies, kicked off a little too loud but soon got themselves dialled in and they were pretty good. Some more people filtered in a swell, and soon the place was hopping. Corey and Victoria went to find seats closer to the music, and Ollie and the boys went with them since that was where it looked like the largest concentration of ladies around your age were.

“OK,” Gemma said once the three of you were alone in your booth and the guys’ booth had been taken over by another group. “So. Boundary talk?”

Sabrina nodded, leaning forward after putting down her beer, and you agreed.

“Who wants to go first?” you asked.

“You should, baby,” Sabrina said, rubbing your forearm. “We set the terms for all this early on, I think it’s fair that you set the baseline in this conversation.”

You nodded and collected yourself. You hadn’t exactly had the time to really sit and ruminate on the whole thing by yourself, but you knew how you felt and had a feeling things would solidify as you started saying them out loud.

“OK,” you said. “So-”

“I recognize those earrings, and that handsome jawline,” said a woman as she approached from off to the right of the booth. She’d come through a Staff Only door that hadn’t been used since you’d sat down, and as you looked over you saw it was the gorgeous woman from the hippy store.

“Hi,” Gemma said, turning to see the woman was talking about her chain earrings.

“Hey, honey,” the woman said. “They look great on you.”

“Thank you,” Gemma said. “I really like them so far.”

“And you, young man,” the woman said. “I hope you’ve taken my words to heart.”

“What words?” Sabrina asked, a slightly confused smile on her lips.

“Actually,” you said. “Um- OK. So, when you girls were picking out your jewellery at the store, we had a bit of a discussion about polyamory because- I’m sorry, I don’t think we even traded names.”

“Mallory,” the older woman said with a smile.

“Mallory offered me some advice because she recognized we were polyamorous and she went through a part of her life like that,” you finished. “Mallory, I’m John, and these are my amazing girlfriends Gemma and Sabrina.”

The girls said hello, and offered their hands, which Mallory shook. You ended up shaking her hand as well.

“And on your question Mallory, we were actually about to have a discussion and with you here I was sort of wondering if you’d listen in and maybe give us your thoughts as a... I don’t know, an impartial, third party, temporary mentor figure?”

“Oh,” Mallory said, raising her eyebrows slightly but still smiling. “Well, if you ladies are OK with it?”

Gemma smiled, raising an eyebrow towards me, but nodded. “If John thinks it’s a good idea, I trust him completely.”

“I’m in,” Sabrina said. “Though before we start talking about intimate details I’d like to know a little more about you.”

We shuffled a bit to make more room for Mallory to slip into the booth. “Well, that’s pretty easy to do from here,” Mallory said. “And understandable. I was polyamorous from the age of about seventeen until I was twenty-seven, so a decade, and was in two different relationships at that time - we didn’t have lingo like you do now like ‘poly pods’ and such. We were just kids who thought monogamy was bunk and liked to fuck. Then I got pregnant, ended the polyamory and settled down with Georgy, the father of my daughter for the past 18 years. He’s over there behind the bar; we own the place and it’ll be our retirement hobby when he sells his car dealership.”

That revelation spurred a series of compliments from you and the girls on the place, and she waved them off. “Any other questions about me before we get to your conversation?” Mallory asked.

“What’s your skincare routine?” Gemma asked, half-teasing. “Because if I look half as good as you when I’m your age I’ll be stupidly happy.”

That brought a laugh from Mallory, and she started rattling off products she used and procedures she'd had done.

Chapter 308

The girls and Mallory chatted for a few minutes about stuff that honestly went over your head a little in regards to hair care and skin care, but it seemed to put Gemma and Sabrina more at casual ease with Mallory. The three of them got comfortable with each other.

"I think we're losing him," Mallory chuckled as she gestured at you.

"Sorry," you said.

"No need to apologise, baby," Sabrina said.

"So what was your conversation about?" Mallory asked.

"Boundaries," Gemma said. "Or, well, I guess updating our boundaries."

"Mmm, that's a good update talk," Mallory said. "Honestly, like I said, back in my energetic youth we didn't have the resources or, hell, the internet. Everything we got out of obscure philosophy books and random pseudo-academic talks where the pot, coke and hallucinogens flowed freely."

"Jesus," Sabrina chuckled. "Sounds like a wild time."

"It was," Mallory smirked. "But, drugs aside, we didn't know how important it was to have a talk like this. We screamed it at each other when someone acted selfish."

"Well, the only screaming we do is *someone* when she's getting it good," Gemma grinned teasingly at Sabrina.

"You're not so quiet yourself, baby," Sabrina laughed.

"So what's the big picture to start with?" Mallory asked, smiling as she watched Gemma and Sabrina tease each other.

"We're all going into our final year of college, and we're all aiming for law school," you said.

"We're interning at the same firm, and we stumbled into this a little ass backwards, but most of our rules so far have been about trying to make sure we're appropriate at work."

"Well, that's one place to start," Mallory nodded. "What about the timeline? What happens when graduation comes around and you're all headed in different directions."

“Mmm, it’s faster than that,” Gemma shook her head. “I’m heading back home to Australia at the end of the summer; my student visa is running out. But we’ll do Long Distance for the eight months, and then we’re all going to go to the same law school. We’ll all apply to the same places, and go wherever we all get in.”

“That’s a big commitment for a relationship that’s only gone on for, what, a month and a bit?”

“About that,” Sabrina nodded. “But we’re sure about this.”

“Very sure,” you agreed.

“OK,” Mallory nodded. “Having a timeline on the long-distance thing should help cut the worst parts of it. So what boundaries do you need to talk about?”

Sabrina swallowed and glanced at Gemma, and then at you. “Well, it’s mostly about who we have sex with, honestly. Which sounds silly when I say it to someone else.”

“It’s not silly at all,” Mallory said with a soft smile, reaching across the table to pat Sabrina’s hand. “You’re already sharing, and John mentioned vaguely that you three spice things up a little occasionally. Talking about those boundaries will keep you all in sync. Where are you at with it now?”

“Well, it’s a little more complicated than *just* who jumps into our bed,” Sabrina sighed. She looked at you again and you nodded. Mallory wasn’t in the legal world, your Universities or the firm or anywhere near your families. She didn’t even know your last names. “I also do some, um, *content* on OnlyFans. John has been helping, and so far we’ve included one other person. So there’s also a business side to this.”

“Oh, sweetie, you don’t need to worry about being judged about that with me,” Mallory chuckled. “I did more than my fair share of taking nude polaroids for boys, and even recording a few home sex tapes when I was your age. Hell, I was even tempted to try the OnlyFans thing myself - I hear MILFs make good money. The only thing stopping me is that, with the way my daughter is working her way through boys lately, I might end up being a grandmother sooner than later.”

That made Gemma snort just as she was taking a sip of water, which made the rest of you laugh as she sipped the water and blushed.

“OK, so are you fucking more guys because OnlyFans and that’s the problem?” Mallory asked.

“No,” Sabrina shook her head. “John is the only guy. He’s actually really popular with my fans. And we don’t show our faces or names.”

“And I’m not interested in being on camera,” Gemma said. “Well, for anyone other than these two.”

Sabrina smiled and scrunched up her nose at Gemma, probably thinking of the various nudes Gemma had sent you both.

“So it’s other women then,” Mallory said. “But you’re mixing business with pleasure.”

“Pretty much,” Sabrina sighed. “We all decided to try and think of what our new lines are now that we’re really sure and deep into the relationship. That’s just where we were going to start when you walked up.”

“Oh, well, let’s hear it then,” Mallory nodded.

Both of your girlfriends turned and looked at you expectantly, which had Mallory looking at you too.

You sighed, took a sip of beer, and nodded. “OK. I love you both, and the first thing I want to say is that I would be perfectly content and happy if it was only ever us three together.” The girls both rolled their eyes a little and smiled, and you were about to move on as you smiled too, but Mallory stopped you.

“Hold on,” she said. “Ladies, what was that look for?”

“That’s just so John,” Gemma said.

“Very,” Sabrina nodded. “We already know that, but hearing it again is nice.”

“I don’t think you ladies are really hearing what he’s saying,” Mallory said. “I mean, you’re hearing, but you’re not listening. When he says that, the *way* he’s saying that, I can tell he means it. He isn’t saying it because you expect him to, or it’s a routine. You ladies need to remember that a real man says what he means. So as long as my judgement isn’t *way* off, your boyfriend is saying that, at the core of it, he is entirely dedicated to you. Is that something you should roll your eyes at?”

Gemma and Sabrina had both started frowning as Mallory spoke and then turned to you. Sabrina was sitting next to you, and Gemma was on the outside with Mallory on your other side, and they both reached over to take your hand and ended up both holding a couple of your fingers.

“I’m so sorry, love,” Gemma said.

“She’s right, we shouldn’t take that for granted at all. Take *you* for granted,” Sabrina nodded.

“It’s-” you started, but the words got stuck in your throat as you smiled seeing the earnest, deep emotion in both of their eyes. “Thank you.”

“OK, go on,” Mallory nodded at you.

“Alright, so that being said, and we’ve mentioned this before, but my biggest boundary is no other men. And I say that knowing that it’s hypocritical of me to keep things open to only what I like, but I couldn’t handle either of you getting intimate with another guy.”

“What does intimate mean?” Mallory asked. “Be specific.”

That stopped you for a moment as you had to consider.

“Sex?” Mallory asked. You shook your head. “Kissing?”

“No,” you said.

“Touching, groping?”

“Definitely not.”

“Dancing?”

“Well...” you said. “Mostly no.”

“What’s the exception you see?”

“Fun dancing is different, and it would depend on who with,” you said. “Definitely not grinding or sexy dancing, or anything intimate.”

“What about flirting?”

You thought back to the day before and how you felt while the girls were setting the group of guys to be shot down. “I- don’t think so,” you said. “It feels like too much, but even friendly flirting makes me uncomfortable.”

“Why?” Mallory prompted you.

“Not because of what I’m worried you’ll do,” you said to Gemma and Sabrina. “But because of what other guys might think they can get away with.”

Mallory nodded again. “Same for girls?”

“I-” You had to hesitate again. “No, different. I’m OK with you flirting with girls and maybe even some flirty dancing. But no kissing or more unless we agree on it.”

“Alright,” Mallory nodded. “Relatively clear, relatively straightforward.”

“That’s just us personally though,” Gemma said. “What about us as a group, love?”

You nodded. “No guys. Ever. Anyone else should be open to all of us, not just one or two of us even if it’s just two of us who participate. With the obvious exception.” You ended by glancing at Sabrina.

Mallory raised an eyebrow. “That’s cryptic.”

“It’s personal,” Sabrina said, remembering your conversation from earlier. “There’s someone I’m fine with either of them having sex with, but that I’d never do it with.”

“As long as you all know it,” Mallory shrugged. “Anything else?”

“Content-wise, Gemma needs to have veto power,” you said. “If we do more stuff with a third person, which makes sense business-wise, she should get to say yes or no to any content we do and with who it’s done with.”

“Good,” Mallory said. “So those are John’s lines. What did you ladies come up with?”

Chapter 309

“I’ll go next,” Gemma said and took a long sip of water. “So, one piece of background for me, Mallory, is that I was actually engaged before. It ended a little more than a year ago now, and I ended it when I found out he’d been cheating and going to brothels.”

“Oh, honey,” Mallory frowned and reached across the table to take Gemma’s hand firmly. “I’m so sorry.”

“Thanks,” Gemma said. “But I was OK a while ago because I know what I’m worth and it wasn’t that. It also, I think, gives me perspective on *this* relationship and how much fucking better it is than what I thought was great before. So that being said, I am completely on board with John’s lines for guys. I don’t need to ever flirt with another guy, and I’ll dance with like... cousins or old close friends on a wedding dance floor, but nothing romantic. And I don’t want Sabrina flirting with guys either. We led some guys on last night at the dance club for just a few minutes and even that made me not super comfortable because I guess I’m a bit of a jealous bitch when it comes to my girlfriend.” She glanced at you and smirked. “John can flirt with as many guys as he wants though.”

“Gee, thanks,” you laughed.

“For girls, I’m a little looser but not much. I’m OK with some flirty touching with girls, and a quick double-check visually on whether kissing them is OK. Anything more than that needs at least a brief conversation though. Group-wise, I’m super OK with everything we’ve done so far. New women are case-by-case that any of us can veto, and I like John’s rule of they need to be willing to be with all of us even if we aren’t all participating. More specifically, I’m still OK with Becks jumping into bed with us whenever we set the time to do it. I’m also leaning towards yes on Becca when the moment is right, and I’d say yes about Tasha too as long as she’s explicit with Mosche that she’s not exclusive with him.”

“OK, that was good,” Mallory said. “What about business-wise?”

“I was going to ask for less than what John said,” Gemma said. “I don’t know what content you would do that I would need to veto as long as you stick with your content guidelines, but I’d still like a say in who you do it with.”

“Any questions?” Mallory asked you and Sabrina. You both shook your heads. “What about those specific women, John?”

“I agree on Becks and Becca. I don’t think I can say yes to Tasha unless she and Mosche are explicitly open or they break up, not just non-exclusive.”

“Sabrina?” Mallory asked.

Sabrina closed her eyes and took in a breath, then let it out slowly through her nose. “I like flirting,” she said. “I think it’s OK, but after last night and what I was thinking today while I was out with the girls and you two weren’t there, I think I might be changing my mind. I… John, I feel like what you said makes sense. I know I wouldn’t be the one to push flirting into something more, but there are way too many people who wouldn’t understand that a little light flirting is all it is and they would try and push for more. So I think no more flirting with guys. Girls I agree with Gemma on. Group-wise I’ve found my Goldilocks cock and I never want to consider another guy again, even for content. Girls, though… I don’t know. The really depraved, horny part of me wants to see both of you dominating other women like you do with me. But I think that’s mostly fantasy stuff that I don’t *need*. I’m not really sure what I think, but I do think that I’m OK with what you guys said both generally and specifically. And I’m fine with Gemma having a veto on who and what content.”

“You know, you three are making this pretty easy,” Mallory chuckled softly. “When you asked me to sit down and help out as a third party I was expecting there to be some big clash.”

“We’ve talked about this stuff before,” Gemma said. “Just not this explicitly and purposefully.”

Mallory nodded. “Being purposeful is important. Honestly, you guys, if my daughter came to me and said she was in a throuple and this was how it was, I’d be so fucking happy for her.”

“Thanks,” you and Gemma said at the same time. Sabrina just smiled and leaned in to rest her head on your shoulder.

“So the differences were mostly in flirting with other women and what those boundaries were, I think,” Mallory said.

“Not really though,” Gemma said. “I was just willing for the flirting to be more intimate stuff, but if John is only OK with non-touching other than dancing, that’s OK with me.”

“Same,” Sabrina nodded.

“You’re sure about giving me a veto on content though, baby?” Gemma asked Sabrina.

“I’m sure,” she nodded. “If you’re uncomfortable with someone we bring in, I don’t care who it is. I’ll send them packing.”

“Thanks,” Gemma said, and Sabrina left your shoulder to lean the other direction and hug Gemma.

“OK, I have a new question,” Sabrina then said, sitting upright a bit more and leaning forward. “Mallory, how monogamous with your husband are we talking here?”

Mallory chuckled and raised an eyebrow. “Is that a question, or flirting?”

“Maybe a bit of both,” Sabrina grinned.

“Mostly monogamous,” Mallory said. “With a touch of spice every once in a while. After my daughter’s fifteenth birthday, my hubby got in contact with one of our old friends from our poly days. It was a guy I really liked fucking, but who wasn’t anywhere near our lives anymore. He flew the guy in for my birthday and gave me a weekend in a hotel room for us to fuck each other silly. Then two years ago I noticed that one of the summer waitresses here had an obvious crush on him to the point it was about to start causing problems, so I sat them both down and told them I was fine with it if they wanted to start seeing each other for the summer, but it ended when she went back to college and she wasn’t going to get re-hired in the future. He got three months with a co-ed and every time he was with her he’d come back and I’d fuck him like crazy to remind him why I was his wife.”

“Did your daughter find out?” Gemma asked.

“No, thank God,” Mallory chuckled. “She was still just a little too young to be serving here, or making friends with the waitresses. Actually, that’s her over there.” Mallory pointed over towards the music area.

You immediately could tell who her daughter was because she was a younger version of her mother but with longer hair and wearing just a bikini top over her Daisy Duke shorts. She was also very obviously flirting with Edgar.

“Oh,” you said.

“What?” Mallory asked. “You know her?”

“No,” Gemma shook her head. “Well, not personally. But we do know the guy she’s talking to. Based on what he’s said, I don’t think he realizes she’s a maneater.”

“Oh, I see,” Mallory chuckled, shaking her head a little. “Did she tell him she was a virgin?”

“Hard to be sure,” you said. “Edgar likes to tell stories.”

Mallory shook her head and looked back over at her daughter again. “Oh, to be her age again and have a chance to do things right instead of just running through boys like it was my job. It’s tough for me to complain because I think I was even worse on my own mother.”

“To be fair,” Gemma said. “You’re not exactly shrivelling away, Mallory.”

“You too, huh?” Mallory asked, turning to Gemma, who shrugged and grinned. Mallory turned to you. “What about you, John? Going to shoot your shot?”

Chapter 310

“I think you’re married, so even though you are the hottest forty-something woman that I’ve ever met, I wouldn’t want to assume anything,” you said to Mallory. “You do match the kind of person that we would want to have fun with though. Gorgeous, interesting, smart, and who we’ve connected with but not so close to our lives that it could cause issues, and not going to take some bedroom play too seriously afterwards.”

“And that, young man, is why I wish my daughter was here flirting with you instead of your friend over there,” Mallory chuckled. When she finished laughing she was still smiling widely and she looked over you, Gemma and Sabrina in a way that told you that she felt a sort of pride at hearing the way the three of you spoke with and about each other. “I’m actually tempted,” she finally said. “I mean, it’s been a long time since I was with a woman, but all three of you are attractive and mature enough that I think you could handle it. Are you serious about wanting to have sex with an old woman like me?”

You weren’t expecting that pivot, and it took your brain a minute longer to parse the question than it did your cock, which got half-hard immediately.

"You're older than us, not old. And I'm super serious," Sabrina said.

"I'm in," Gemma nodded.

Mallory turned to you, a smile on her lips and travelling up to her eyes.

"If your husband was OK with it, I feel like I'd be an idiot to say no," you said.

"Well, I'll make you three a deal," Mallory said. "Let's trade numbers, and I'll talk to my hubby. That won't happen until the bar closes tonight because it'll be a bigger discussion than what I can have while he's working. How long are you in town for?"

"Monday," you said.

"I'll talk to him tonight, and if he agrees then I'll text you," Mallory said. "And we can meet up sometime tomorrow."

"Really?" you had to ask.

Mallory laughed and shook her head. "John, honestly, if I were twenty-five years younger you would be the perfect man except that you could use just a *touch* more ego. You're a cute guy who's keeping two women very, very happy based on how the three of you talk."

"He goes back and forth on it," Sabrina said. "Except in the bedroom. There he's super decisive and perfectly manly."

"Noted," Mallory smirked.

The girls traded numbers with her - you felt weird about taking her number when her husband would be agreeing to let her stray or not. Even if he allowed it, you felt just a little weird about the idea that you could be friends with her or something after the fact.

"Alright," Mallory finally said once texts had been traded. "Now I need to go check in on my hubby and how the night is going. And then... Do I need to pull my daughter off of that boy?"

"Are you OK with her possibly having sex with him?" Sabrina asked. "Because that's definitely Edgar's goal."

"You think I can tell my twenty-year-old who not to have sex with?" Mallory asked with a laugh. "Let me rephrase the question - is he likely to hurt her?"

"No," Gemma shook her head. "I mean, he can be an idiot, but..."

"Not that we know of," you said. "And his older brother is here too and will keep him in check."

“Well, have a good night you three,” Mallory said as she stood. “And I hope I’ll be texting you tomorrow.”

She left as the three of you said your goodbyes.

“Holy fucking shit,” Gemma said.

“We might have a foursome with a *smoking hot MILF*,” Sabrina broke into giggles, clapping a hand over her mouth hoping that they wouldn’t get even louder.

“I can’t believe that happened, “ you said. “I just thought her insight might be helpful.”

“Well, she helped lead the discussion and made me feel like I’m very clear and happy with where we’re at,” Gemma said.

“Same,” Sabrina nodded.

“And also we might bang her,” Gemma snickered.

“I dunno, she might bang *us*,” you said. “You don’t know what she likes.”

That got Sabrina giggling again.

“Soo, what was that about?” Ollie asked as she slid in next to the booth, planting her hands on the table as she leaned over and looked you all in the eyes.

“What was what about?” you asked, though considering Sabrina was still trying to get her giggles under control it was a losing gambit.

Ollie narrowed her eyes and she looked at you. “Who was the hot lady?”

“The wife of the owner,” Gemma said. “She wanted to know how we were doing.”

“Really? That guy is married to that woman?” Ollie asked, glancing over towards the bar. “Jesus.”

“What does that mean?” you asked. “He looks pretty normal to me.”

“Well, yeah,” Ollie said. “He’s normal, she isn’t. I could have seen her married to like...” she glanced over to Gemma and Sabrina. “Who are older good-looking male celebrities?”

“George Clooney and Brad Pitt would be the go-to’s,” Gemma said.

"I always thought Pierce Brosnan was a sexy older guy," Sabrina said.

"Oooh, John. You should grow a beard," Gemma said.

"Umm," you said. "I dunno."

"What about a moustache first?" Sabrina asked. "Could we start with a moustache to see what it's like?"

"Hah, you don't need to," Ollie laughed. "He did Movember in our second year. I have pictures."

Ollie was successfully distracted from asking about Mallory, though you ended up thoroughly embarrassed and blushing as Ollie showed off different pictures she had saved from over the last three years of University.

Once that game was done, you filled her in on how Edgar was chatting up with Mallory's daughter, and Ollie almost broke down in a giggle fit of her own when she heard that the girl was described as a maneater by her own mother. "Poor Eddie," Ollie laughed.

"Poor Eddie what?" Paul asked as he came over to the table. You all slid around a bit so he could fit in.

"Your brother is chatting up a chick who's going to eat him alive," Gemma said.

"Good, he deserves it," Paul smirked. "But, other than her, I think this place is full of couples. Ollie, Brent and I were thinking of heading to the dance club. You in?"

Ollie pursed her lips and then nodded. "Sure. Wanna make a bet on who can get a number first?"

"Not a fucking chance," Paul rolled his eyes, then looked to you and the girls. "You coming with?"

"We're good," you said. "See you back at the Air B&B."

Paul shot you a thumb's up, and Ollie waved goodbye as she got up to follow him.

"Love?" Gemma said, reaching over to take your hand.

"Time to go?" you asked.

She nodded and smiled.

"Still lovey-dovey?" Sabrina asked Gemma.

“Mhmm,” Gemma nodded. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Sabrina smiled and then kissed her sweetly. “But I’ll come back too. I don’t want to hang out in a bar without you guys.”

“OK,” you said, taking a last drink of your water as you slipped around the side of the booth and stood up. “Let’s head out.”

“Next stop, Gemma’s booty,” Sabrina laughed.

“Sabrina!” Gemma scoffed at the volume of Sabrina’s declaration, but you could see the look in Gemma’s eye. She was horny as hell for you.

Chapter 311

“I’m just going to run up and grab my book,” Sabrina said as you all entered the house. “Unless you guys are planning to start down here?”

“No,” Gemma laughed. “Definitely don’t want to risk someone walking in on us.”

“Can you imagine the look on Victoria’s face?” you chuckled.

Sabrina darted upstairs while you and Gemma kicked off your shoes. You took her in your arms and kissed her softly. “Is it weird that I love you so goddamn much and yet I’m still getting butterflies because I know we’re about to have sex?”

Gemma smiled sweetly and shook her head. “No, love. I feel the same way.”

“Alright,” you said. “Just double-checking; all of that with Mallory was OK, right?”

Gemma nodded and hugged you tightly, pressing her cheek to your chest. “I was a little confused when you first asked her to sit down, but she was cool and even if she didn’t add so much to the conversation, what she did add was good and she helped direct it so we didn’t go in circles.”

“And the other part?”

“She’s hot as hell, John. Even if it’s just a bucket-list kind of thing, having sex with her would be a lot of fun.” She pulled back and looked up into your eyes. “You want that too, right?”

“Right now I just want you, love,” you said.

You kissed her and she moaned softly against your lips.

“OK, the bedroom is free,” Sabrina said as she came back down the stairs lightly. She’d changed into pyjama pants and a loose sweater and had her book in her hand. “And, um, I’m kind of looking forward to those clean sheets, so try not to make her squirt, baby?”

“No promises,” Gemma laughed and stuck out her tongue. Then she left your arms and went to Sabrina, pulling her into a hug and a kiss. “Thanks for understanding.”

“Thanks for being mine,” Sabrina smiled back and then kissed Gemma on the tip of her nose. Then she gave Gemma a smack on the ass. “Now get our man upstairs, I can see his crotch bulge from here.”

Gemma turned and grabbed your hand, pulling you towards the stairs, and you managed to snag a quick peck with Sabrina on your way by.

Upstairs, you shut the door behind you and Gemma was already pulling her shirt off, revealing the sexy bra she was wearing. She went to start undoing her jeans next but you caught her up in your arms, sweeping her off her feet, and lifted her up to kiss her stomach as she hummed a laugh and clutched onto your shoulders. Then you walked her to the bed and laid her down, lowering on top of her until you kissed her smoothly.

The three of you kissed often. If you thought about it from someone else’s point of view, you would have been the equivalent of the gross couple in high school that were making out in the hallways all the time. The thing was, after a month and a half of dating the two of them, you’d learned a lot about what the different sorts of kisses were and meant.

This kiss was light and playful, with your tongues teasing with little dips against each other. It made a loud smacking noise compared to more intense kisses because you weren’t pressing hard, but it still had that deep desire built into it. Gemma’s hands were pulling at your shirt, lifting it up towards your armpits to get ready to strip it off of you, and you had one hand in her hair while the other rubbed against her hip and up to her bare side.

It ended and Gemma grinned as she pulled your shirt off of you, and then you continued making out.

There wasn’t a rush to get naked. Oftentimes while the girls still managed to make it sexy, this part of sex was done quickly because you just wanted to be in or on each other. But Gemma had made it clear she wanted you to make love to her, and part of that was making sure she knew you lusted after every part of her.

You ended up rolling over, Gemma wanting a turn on top, and she grinned into your kisses as she undid your belt and then your pants while you reached around her to undo her bra. The

snap came open, and Gemma sat up to pull off the bra, her heavy tits falling out with a natural little bounce.

“I fucking love the way you look at me, John,” Gemma said with a smile. “Do you like my tits? Because they’re all yours, love.”

“I love them, Gemma,” you said, slowly running your hands up from her torso, starting at her stomach until you were cupping her breasts from below. “I love how well they suit you, and how they feel. I love how naturally they hang, and how they jiggle and bounce when we’re fucking. I especially love your areolas and how you squirm a little when I play with them, and how absolutely suckable your gorgeous nipples are.”

Gemma was smiling broadly and she leaned back down, crushing her tits to your chest as she kissed you deeply. Then, in an extended body roll, she sat back up again and lifted her tits a little with her hand and bounced them softly. “I still can’t believe Sabrina thought about getting a nipple piercing today,” she laughed. “Do you think I should consider it?”

“I think you don’t need them, but they would be hot,” you answered honestly.

“What do you think; little barbells or rings you could tug on?” Gemma smirked.

“Barbells for you,” you said. “Sabrina would need to be the one with rings. Are you being serious?”

“No,” she said, chuckling warmly. “I like my breasts like this. I wouldn’t mind Sabrina getting one or two though.”

You sat up, pressing your face into her cleavage as you stood slightly and rolled both of you over again while Gemma laughed at the feeling of your cheeks and lips between her breasts. You laid her down on her back and she hooked her ankles around the small of your back, holding you in place as you separated from her tits. “We’re supposed to be focusing on you, love.”

“OK,” she said softly, reaching up and running her fingers through your hair.

You bent back down and started raining kisses and little nibbles on her tits, making her moan softly and scratch her fingers in the bedsheets. “Oh, John,” she sighed. “Oh, love.”

You took your time getting to her nipples, and when you got there they were hard and erect, little rubbery points that you softly kissed, then gently started to suckle on and humm against as you massaged her other tit.

“I want your cock, love,” Gemma panted. “I’m so fucking horny for you.”

You came away from Gemma's nipple with a pop, letting it drop from the suction as you looked up at her. "Not yet," you said, reaching to finish undoing her pants and pull them down. "First I'm going to eat you until all I can smell and taste is you."

Gemma closed her eyes and breathed in deeply while nodding. "Oh, fuck. Yes, please, love."

Chapter 312

Eating out Gemma was always going to be something you wanted to do. The way she moaned and writhed and squirmed as you teased and tasted her was music to your ears. And since she was wearing that buttplug there were even more ways to do that - you could pull and push on the plug, or wiggle it around with a finger as you stabbed your tongue inside of her or against her clit.

For her part, Gemma gave you exactly what she knew you wanted - she let you know how much she enjoyed and appreciated you. She moaned loudly and whimpered and giggled when you teased her. She ran her hands through your hair and begged you for more of that one thing, or grabbed her tits hard and squeezed her eyes shut as she panted when you brought her closer to the edge of an orgasm.

She whimpered when you backed off and didn't let her come, but she didn't complain because the two of you were used to the play.

Once her pussy was flushed and her lips were slightly open from wanting more than a tongue of a finger dipping inside, you sat back a little and just blew a little stream of cool air against her pussy, making her giggle and squirm some more.

"Come up here," she asked, motioning with her hands. "I want to taste me on you."

You did as she asked and soon you were pressing her down into the mattress as you made out and she licked her own juices off of your cheeks.

"I still can't believe what a whore I love being for you, love," she gasped.

"I'll never stop loving you for it," you promised her. "I'm so happy that we can be open like this."

"Me too," she gasped. The gasp wasn't from her emotions so much as from the fact that you'd slowly inserted two fingers into her cunt. "Cock," she breathed out.

"I want to get you off with my fingers first," you told her.

She shook her head. "No, love. I want you inside me. I want your first load filling my pussy with your warmth. I want to feel you fill me. Then I want to get down and show you exactly how much I love that cock by sucking you hard again before you take my ass."

"OK," you said, finding it hard to argue with a series of actions like that. You kissed her again and leaned back, dropping your pants and boxers and stripping off your socks. "Buttplug in or out?"

"In," Gemma said. "You already make me feel stuff when we fuck - I want to feel even more of that with you."

"Get on your stomach," you told her, and she flipped over and wiggled her juicy bum at you before spreading her legs. You climbed up and mounted her, your cock pressing between her butt cheeks before you scooped your hips and got your cock into position to enter her. She moaned at the first touch, but you teased your cock head between her lips. "I love you, love."

"You still say it wrong," she smirked a little, looking over her shoulder at you as she reached her arms forward above her head. That left her completely vulnerable to you in the prone position.

"I know," you chuckled, and pressed your cock into her.

She moaned softly, her lips quivering a little, and you groaned as you worked your cock in and out of her a few times before resting your chest down onto her back. You kissed the side of her neck, then behind her ear, as the two of you slowly worked your hips.

It was slow fucking, but that was the point. You both let out little wordless grunts and sighs. One of you would shift a leg to find a different slight angle. She arched her back to crane her neck and kiss you lightly. You buried your hands under her to softly run your fingers over her tits or reached up to hold one of her hands with yours over her head.

You fucked Gemma slowly, feeling every soft pressure and groove inside of her. She was usually just a little less purely tight than Sabrina, which you weren't sure was because of their size difference or something else, but with the buttplug in you could feel the weird extra node of pressure that changed the angle of some things.

"I love you, John," Gemma sighed, and you shifted her braided hair to the side away from her face and saw she was smiling but crying.

"I love you too, Gemma," you promised her. "And I'm going to be yours forever."

"Thank you," she whispered.

You leaned down and kissed her tears away, then buried your nose in her hair as you fucked her just a little firmer.

“Are you close, love?” she asked.

“Getting there,” you said. “Have you?”

“Lots of little ones,” she said.

“So that’s what those little flexes are,” you smiled.

“Mhmm,” she nodded happily.

“Still want it inside you?”

“God, yes,” she gasped. “Deep inside, please.”

You started giving her more full thrusts, burying deep into her. The angle wasn’t the best to get the deepest you could - her ass was plump enough that was a bit of a block as it pressed and squished against your torso.

“Give it to me, love. Give me my cum. Give me your love,” Gemma requested of you. It wasn’t begging; this wasn’t the kind of sex where begging made sense.

You groaned and pressed as deep as you could, feeling the warmth boil up from your feet and wash over you in a wave as you flexed and humped a little, dumping your load into Gemma’s cunt.

“Yesss,” Gemma breathed out, her hands grabbing the sheets hard as her cunt fluttered in response to your orgasm.

You finished and panted three heavy breaths and kissed between Gemma’s now slightly glistening shoulders before rolling off of her.

“Something like that?” you asked with a smirk.

“Exactly, love,” Gemma groaned happily. Then she shifted and knelt over you, kissing you firmly. “I love you, and I’m so fucking happy that you’re the only person I’ve ever let do that. I wish you could have been my first.”

“I wish I could have been that for you too, Gemma,” you said. “But I’m so happy we found each other.”

“Me too,” she said. Then she kissed you again and then started trailing kisses down your body. She reached your cock and turned her head so she could with your face as she took your half-hard, cummy and juice-covered cock between her lips and started sucking you hard again.

“Oh, Gemma,” you grunted. “Oh, love.”

Chapter 313

“Oooh, fuck yes, love,” Gemma moaned as you pulled your cock out of her ass and then teased it right back in again.

She was laying with her back propped up by a couple of pillows. Missionary wasn't the simplest position to do anal in, but after doing the prone bone you both wanted to be able to face each other properly. So Gemma was holding her legs spread wide and with her hips right at the edge of the bed and tilted to give you access to her asshole between the inner curves and cleavage of her ass cheeks. She'd gotten you fully hard again, and then you'd taken turns lubing each other up with your fingers, before assuming the position. Now you were standing and dipping your cock in and out of Gemma's ass, teasing her hole and enjoying the visual of her ass trying to stay grabbing on but losing to the lube.

“How different is it to my pussy?” Gemma asked softly, massaging her nipples as she watched you with half-hooded eyes and breathed through her mouth.

“I'd never get them mixed up,” you said. “But not so different. Your asshole is tighter to get in, obviously, and it's less wet but warmer. It feels amazing. What's it feel like for you?”

“It feels like I'm doing something horribly wrong, but it's so right that it's with you,” Gemma said. “The physical of it is good, especially once we've been going a bit, but it's just knowing that it's you, in my ass, fucking me, that makes it so good.”

You grinned and leaned down to kiss her, and used that opportunity to push deeper into her. She groaned loudly against your lips and let go of her tits to grab your arms, but pulled instead of pushed so you didn't stop until you'd rooted yourself into her.

“Fuck, that's so good,” she breathed her words into your mouth. “You're so deep in my ass, love.”

You managed to get just a little deeper, though it wasn't on purpose - it was in panic as the door to the bedroom opened.

“Sorry,” Sabrina said quietly, quickly entering and shutting the door. “Sorry, I didn't want to interrupt!”

“What's wrong?” Gemma asked, her flush of panic colouring her face a little more.

“Corey and Victoria came back,” Sabrina said. “We’re going to go sit in the hot tub. But Corey said that the others were coming back soon too and you weren’t being super loud but I still thought I should warn you.”

Gemma hesitated a moment, biting her lip, then said, “Can you grab the ball gag for me?”

“Sure,” Sabrina smiled and went into the washroom and came back with the bag they’d stashed beneath the counter. She pulled out the ball gag and got on her knees on the bed, quickly checking out what was going on between us. “God, you look hot like that with your pretty little pussy lips pressed against him like that.” Then she leaned in and kissed Gemma softly before putting the ball gag in her mouth and strapping it around the back of her head so that Gemma’s now messy braid was still free. Then Sabrina got a look on her face that screamed ‘Naughty!’ and she rummaged back in the bag and came out with a pair of nipple clamps that looked a little like tweezers with an adjustable ring. She quickly put them on Gemma’s nipples and tightened them enough to stay on. Gemma moaned into the ball gag and glared at her, but that just made Sabrina snicker a little.

“There,” Sabrina said with a smirk. “Now she’s a proper little slut for you, baby.” She got off the bed and went to change into a swimsuit.

“You OK, love?” you asked Gemma quietly.

Gemma mumbled something and nodded, squeezing your arms to ask you to start fucking her again, which you did with long, slow strokes. The way she was positioned made her tits prominent and squeezed together between her upper arms, and no her nipples were even more prominent with the clamps, but you still made sure to switch between watching her chest and her eyes.

“Is it weird that I think you look really pretty with a gag in your mouth?” you asked after a minute.

That made her laugh, which squeezed her asshole around your cock.

“All done,” Sabrina said, stepping out of the washroom. She was wearing a sleek little one-piece in black and royal blue.

“I didn’t even know you owned a one-piece,” you said.

“Well, I figured after our talk earlier that I didn’t want to wear a bikini down there without you or Gemma. I mean, it’s just Corey and Victoria and nothing would ever happen, but I feel like... I don’t know. It’s like a respect thing for you two, I guess? Even if it’s silly because of the *other thing*, but that’s how I feel.”

Gemma let go of one of her legs to flash Sabrina a thumbs-up and mumbled relatively clearly an ‘I love you, baby.’

Sabrina smiled and came over and kissed you, then dropped to her knees next to you. "Pull out, baby," she said.

You did, pulling slowly out of Gemma's ass as your blonde girlfriend whimpered softly. When you popped out fully Sabrina immediately took your cock and bobbed in one long suck down its length, sucking you and running her tongue across it despite it having just been in Gemma's ass. Then she turned to Gemma and pressed her tongue right into her asshole, rimming her deeply as it stayed a little open from wearing the buttplug for so long and then your cock reaming.

Gemma moaned in surprise, then snorted through her nose once, before Sabrina pulled away and stood up, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. She pulled you down and kissed your cheek. "I love you, baby." Then she knelt with one leg on the bed and kissed Gemma on the cheek. "I love you, baby."

"Love you too, Sabrina," you said, and Gemma mumbled her agreement.

"Have fun," she whispered and directed your cock back into Gemma for you. Then she grabbed her towel and headed for the door.

Once Sabrina was gone you eased back into Gemma and sighed, leaning down to kiss her cheek as well. "We're in love with one nasty little slut, but she's all ours," you whispered to Gemma.

Gemma grinned around the rubber ball and nodded, then humped her hips a little asking for you to make love to her ass.