

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 180-186

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 180

“Alright, here’s the deal,” Gemma said, holding your hand as she pulled you into the mall. “We’re here *mostly* for you, but that means we’re also here for us.”

“See, that was about as clear as mud,” you laughed.

“He’s not wrong, Gem,” Sabrina said. She was walking on your other side, as usual, with her arm hooked in yours. “What she means is that for every two stores we go and pick clothes for you to try on, we’re going to go into a store and try things on for you to see.”

“What kind of stores?” you asked, a grin spreading across your face.

“All sorts,” Gemma said and kissed you on the cheek. “And yes, that includes Victoria’s Secret.”

“And Hot Topic,” Sabrina said. “If there’s one here.”

“Alright, lead away, oh fairy girlfriends,” you said. “But I do have to work within a budget.”

“Oh, baby,” Sabrina said. “No. Today, you can buy us lunch, but we’re covering all the clothes.”

“By we she means she,” Gemma stage whispered. “I’m on a budget, too.”

“Sabrina, I can’t just let you spend your money on me like that,” you said. “We agreed that we weren’t going to do that to each other.”

Sabrina rolled her eyes and pulled out her phone. She quickly opened up her OnlyFans tab and showed you her current income for the month. “That’s like, three-quarters because of you,” she said. “So today, I’m Sugarmomma, OK?”

The number was almost absurd. If things kept going like they were she could probably cover her entire final year of tuition, and books, and rent and other living expenses, by the end of next month.

“OK,” you said. “I give up. I’m the sugarbaby today.”

“A hunky, lovable, sexy sugarbaby,” Gemma said.

“Definitely,” Sabrina agreed with a grin.

For a Saturday you felt like the mall should have been busier, but then you realized this was supposed to be the era of the downfall of the American shopping mall. Sure, there were plenty of people around, it just didn't *feel* busy. After a quick stop at the big digital map system near the entrance, the girls were dragging you through the big corridors and up an escalator onto another floor.

"Oh, we should stop there later," Gemma pointed out a store that I'd never heard of.

"Yes, definitely," Sabrina nodded.

"We're... right here though?" you asked. "Why not just go in now."

Gemma tutted and shook her head. "You know nothing, John Snow."

You never did get an answer to that question.

The first store you were brought into was mostly business casual, and it turned out you were starting with buying Date and Business clothes. Soon you had a pile of shirts and sweaters, and for the next thirty minutes, the girls had you rotating in and out of the dressing room trying on different fits and styles and colours. After your second in and out of the dressing room one of the ladies working at the store seemed to have stuck to Gemma and Sabrina. She was an attractive woman with a sort of angular face and tanned skin, and you thought she was likely a darker skinned Italian. Her nametag said Opaline, but she said to call her Opal, and soon she was as free prodding and poking you as your girlfriends were.

You ended up with three shirts and a sweater, and then one pair of slacks. Sabrina wouldn't let you even look at the price tags.

Opal gave some suggestions to the girls for where else to go in the mall, then hooked your arm on the way out to hold you back a moment.

"You are one lucky fuck, you know that?" she asked you.

"I'm *well* aware," you said.

"Good. Because you will never get a chance like this in your life, so make the most of it," she said and patted you on the ass like you were a batter heading up to the plate.

Gemma and Sabrina both burst out laughing when you told them why you'd taken an extra second to come out of the store.

The next store was a suit shop, but apparently, you were only there for shirts. A tall, thin and very gay man with a thin moustache and a penchant for making little derogatory sighs measured you up and brusquely walked you through the store and never addressed you once.

At least the shirts were nice - you ended up with three more button-downs, all of them patterned and in colours you wouldn't have picked for yourself.

Then the next stop was a dress store. Gemma and Sabrina passed off the shopping bags, and their purses, to you and each picked out a handful of dresses to try on. And then, blessedly, the fashion show reversed and it was your turn to watch and judge. Not that there was so much judging as offering minor commentary and being wowed by your girlfriends.

Sabrina knew how to buy for her slim body type and showed off a bunch of slinky dresses that ended high on her skinny thighs and showed off what little side-boob she had. Alanna tended toward a more modest style that all looked pretty on her, but then the last one she came out in was more ballgown than party dress and you couldn't talk. It was blood red and showed a perfect amount of her bounteous cleavage and lay across her body.

"Holy shit," Sabrina said for you.

"Really?" Alanna asked. "I thought it would be too much."

"Are you kidding?" Sabrina asked. "It's fucking perfect."

"What do you think, John?" Gemma asked.

You stood up and went to her, taking her cheeks softly in your hands and kissing her sweetly. "It's like it was made for you. Don't second guess yourself ever, Gemma. You could make a plastic bag look hot."

She beamed, then blushed as she swirled around and looked at herself in the mirror. "I don't even know where I would wear it," she said.

"Um, on a fancy date, duh," Sabrina chuckled. "I don't even care where you decide to wear it though, I'm buying it for you."

"No, you can't," Gemma said.

"Hey," Sabrina said, holding up a finger with a scolding tone, then pointed to herself. "Sugarmomma for the day, remember?"

Gemma looked back at herself in the mirror and you hugged her from behind, and she smiled. "OK. But just this one."

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Two more stores for you included another suit store, this time for an actual suit that would be tailored and you would have to come back to do a fitting for, and then a shoe store.

Sabrina bought you three pairs of shoes. A new set of dress shoes, a set of casual slip-on loafers, and a pair of speciality Vans.

You didn't need shoes. You thought you had too many shoes to begin with.

Apparently not.

"Sabrina, this is too much," you said.

"You say that now," she smirked. "But it's our turn now."

You were going bikini shopping.

You got sat with the purses and the shopping bags right in front of the changing rooms and you weren't even allowed to see what they had picked out.

Sabrina went first, and you immediately saw what she was doing. The first swimsuit she came out in was technically a one-piece, but the fabric was cut and twisted to show off most of her sides and focused around a ring that sat on her abs.

The next suit was a tankini, with low-on-the-hip but full bottoms, and a top that covered halfway down her torso. She looked cute and wiggled her bum at you and Gemma, but quickly went back in to change again.

Swimsuit number 3 was a true bikini, this one blue with cups that covered her breasts and a bottom that cut high on her bum, showing about half her cheeks.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I think I can't wait to go to a beach with you," you said.

"That's the one you should buy," Gemma nodded.

Sabrina smirked and walked up and kissed me, then looked to Gemma. "You say that now," she said and wiggled her eyebrows. She skipped back into the dressing room.

"I'm going to be honest," you said. "I'm a little scared we're going to get thrown out of here."

Gemma bit her lip and looked back at the counter of the store where a teenager was currently playing on her phone. "I think we're OK," she said, then glanced back at the dressing room. "Probably."

The next suit was lewd, but not because it showed any more skin than the last one. This one just happened to be a very stretchy bando top that clung to Sabrina like a second skin.

One that very clearly showed off her nipples and camel toe.

"Too much?" she asked, sticking her tongue out playfully while peeking around to make sure no one else was in the store.

"For the beach or a public pool? Yes," you said. "For your OF? It's just right."

Sabrina raised a finger. "Oh my God, I hadn't even thought of that. I just wanted to make you blush." She skipped the two steps to you and sat in your lap, kissing you deeply. "Good idea, baby." Then she grinned and winked. "Sugarmomma is going to going to spoil you even more now."

Then she reached down and grabbed your dick through your pants and looked thoughtful, and headed back for the changing rooms.

"That was the last one, right?" you asked Gemma.

"What do you think?"

You blew out a breath.

"Is the coast clear out there?" Sabrina asked quietly from inside the dressing room.

"Yep," Gemma said after checking over her shoulder again.

Sabrina whipped back the curtain and she was in a micro bikini, except the 'cups' over the nipples were cartoon ice cream cones and the little patch of fabric that couldn't even cover her landing strip was a cartoon whipped cream with a cherry on top.

I snorted and tried to suppress a laugh. Gemma bit her tongue to stop her own laugh.

"Now this one has to be too much, right?" Sabrina asked with a smirk.

"Yes!" you said.

"Mkay," she giggled, then surprised you by stepping out of the dressing room and pushing her chest to your face, pulling the little ice cream cone cup nipple covering aside and feeding you

her stubby nipple for a moment. She was flushed as she pulled away and scampered back into the dressing room. She came out with most of the swimsuits in one hand and plopped onto the little bench beside me. "I need to think about the bando one, but I'll get the blue one for sure. Your turn, Gemma."

Gemma picked up her bundle of swimsuits, but almost as soon as she was in there she stuck her hand out through the curtain holding the ice cream microkini. "Nope, not a chance," she said.

"Aw, come on," Sabrina pouted.

Gemma just shook the strings and 'fabric' and Sabrina went a took it. She shrugged as she sat back down next to you. "I tried."

Your blonde girlfriend hadn't decided on a gimmick for her part in the bikini fashion show. Instead, she was actually shopping for a bikini and with her bust it made it more difficult to find one that fit properly, gave her enough support where it was needed, and looked the right amount of sexy. Her first two tries looked good to you - but then, most things on Gemma would look good - but she had complaints about them. The third one was deemed 'OK' but not great, and by the fourth one, Gemma was frustrated.

"Go in there with her," Sabrina prompted you.

"I can't," you said.

"You have to, Sugarbaby," Sabrina said, poking you in the side. "Seriously, Gemma is getting self-conscious now. Go cheer her up. Just don't be loud."

You glanced over at the teenager behind the counter, who seemed to still be engrossed in either a big game of candy crush or some sort of high school drama.

"Fuck it," you said quietly, and darted for the dressing room curtain.

You slipped inside and Gemma was naked, looking over her next selection. She half-yelped in surprise until she realized it was you, and then her face turned to confusion until you went to your knees in front of her and lifted one of her legs over your shoulder and pushed your lips to her pussy.

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"Oh, fuck," Gemma moaned softly as you tongued her pussy.

“Shhh,” you shushed her, reaching up with one hand to tease her nipple as you ducked back to lick her pussy.

“What are you doing?” she asked, her hands going down to your hair but not pushing you away.

“Showing you how fucking sexy you are,” you said. “Just don’t get us caught.”

Gemma leaned back, breathing deeply as she looked down at you with your mouth buried in her pussy. “I fucking love you,” she sighed softly.

You wiggled your tongue as your ‘I love you too’, making her bite her lip and close her eyes to stop from moaning. As you ate her she slid down the back wall of the dressing room and you followed her until she was sitting on the little bench. Then you had the leverage to really push, and you went at her.

“John,” she hissed softly. “John, fuck!”

She squeezed her eyes shut and then put her arm over her mouth and bit it to stop from getting loud as she came. You lapped her up, enjoying the feeling of her thighs trying to squeeze you as she shuddered and sniffed in breaths through her nose until she came down.

Only then did you pull off of her and place a chaste little kiss on her clit before standing up and kissing her on the mouth.

“You are crazy,” she whispered.

“You are fucking crazy sexy,” you retorted. “Now get that bikini on, I want to see you in it so I can imagine taking it back off of you.”

She snorted and rolled her eyes, but her smile didn’t slip.

You peeked out of the curtain and Sabrina nodded and waved you out, so you scooted out as Gemma was getting dressed.

“Mmm,” Sabrina hummed, seeing the wetness on your lips. She immediately started kissing you, her tongue doing its best to taste your lips and cheeks.

“You know you’re a freak, right?” Gemma said as she opened the curtain and saw what Sabrina was doing.

Sabrina shrugged with a grin and then cocked her head to the side. “That one is pretty. How’s it fit?”

Gemma had on a black bikini with full cups and low-riding bottoms that tied at the hip. The cups on the top had a pattern of crystal sequins on them. "Pretty good," she said, looking in the mirror and tugging at the top in a couple of different ways. "I'm not afraid I'm going to pop out. Not sure about the butt though."

"I like the butt," Sabrina said, standing up and tugging on the bottoms. "What do you think, John?"

You felt like this was a trap question, or at least it would have been if it was just you and one girlfriend going shopping. But with two the dynamic was different. "Well, I'd rather no bottoms at all myself," you said, making both girls smirk and roll their eyes. "But I think you're right, Gemma. It doesn't do your booty justice."

"That was the perfect way of putting it, love," Gemma said, coming over and kissing you lightly.

"Alright, so let's find some bottoms to go with the top," Sabrina shrugged. Thus commenced a hunt of which you didn't take part, but which took a good fifteen minutes through the store and included looping the teenage clerk into. Eventually they found one, another black but this time more elastic and it sat higher on the hips but showed off a lot more butt.

"I don't know," you said. "I definitely like the view, but that's a lot of you for other guys to see."

"Baby, I won't get it if you don't want," Gemma said, sitting down on your lap and wrapping her arms around your shoulders. "But I promise you, back home this would be considered moderate for a day at the beach."

You made a face, but then broke. "OK," you said.

She smiled and kissed you again, then went to change.

Then the girls gave you your last surprise of the store and presented you with a Banana Hammock.

"I told you I'd find one," Gemma smirked.

You closed your eyes and took a long breath, then opened them. "Fine, I'll try it. But I'm not buying it!"

"OK," Gemma said, grinning. Sabrina smiled like she was trying to break her face.

You went into the changing room and shucked your shorts and boxers and struggled with the ridiculously small and stretchy material until you had it up over your ass in the back. Then it was a case of juggling your cock and balls around to try and get them situated while also not snapping the elastic fabric against them.

“Baby, you OK in there?” Gemma asked from outside.

“Almost got it,” you grunted.

“OK,” she said.

You finally felt like you were fully covered and looked at yourself in the mirror. Yup, you looked ridiculous.

“Is the coast clear?” you asked.

“Oh, definitely,” Sabrina said.

You reached for the curtain, then hesitated. “That sounded like a not-quite,” you said.

“OK, the cashier is looking over but that’s it,” Gemma said.

You closed your eyes and let out a breath, then shrugged and whipped open the curtain.

Click-click! Sabrina took a photo of you immediately and then took off to the front of the store as she was giggling.

“Sabrina!” you growled.

Gemma was right there, laughing with one hand over her mouth and blushing as she eyed you up. “It actually looks pretty good, love,” she said. “And your dick looks really impressive.”

“Sir, are you wearing underwear under that?” the teenager at the cash said. “You’re supposed to wear underwear when trying on the suits. You have to buy that one now.”

You blinked and looked to Gemma, who burst out laughing. You could hear Sabrina cackling as well on the other side of the store.

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The next, and they promised last, two stores for you were to buy you some more casual clothes that you could wear out on day-dates. This was where they actually started to argue a bit - not in a nasty way or anything, but their casual styles differed more than what they liked for a more formal you.

They ended up splitting the difference when Sabrina said they should just buy both ideas. And you weren't allowed to say anything about it. So you ended up with some new shorts and shirts, and a couple of light sweaters for cooler days.

By the end of it you were hauling around a half dozen bags between the three of you, but both of them were very happy and lovey with you as you all went to the food court. They did, in fact, allow you to buy them lunch and you all sat down at a booth together with the bags of clothes on the empty booth seat next to Sabrina.

"Something wrong, love?" Gemma asked you when she noticed you looking off for a moment during the conversation.

"No," you said, looking back to them and smiling. "Just thinking."

"Oh, shit," Sabrina sighed. "Baby, if we were too pushy today I'm so sorry. We should have asked your opinion more."

Gemma got a pained look on her face as well. "God, we were total snooty bitches, weren't we? You didn't pick a single thing for yourself."

"I- That's not it, but kind of is," you said. You reached across the table and took one of each of their hands in yours. "I was just thinking that I don't know how much longer I can keep up the act that you two aren't way out of my league. Believe me, I like all the clothes. I still don't think I needed the shoes, but whatever. I just- I feel like I should have been able to pick clothes that were attractive to you. And I'm just having a kind of self-deprecating, imposter syndrome moment. I can't believe I'm dating both of you."

The girls glanced at each other, and then Gemma was leaning across the table to kiss you while Sabrina kissed the side of your face rapidly, then down to your neck. When they pulled back Gemma stayed leaning over the table. "John, I love you. I don't love you because of *or* despite your clothes, or your style. I love you because you make me laugh, and you make my pussy tingle every time you do something sweet, and you make my heart flutter every time I see the way you look at me."

"And I love you because you are the most understanding, earnest guy I've ever met who also happens to give me warm butterflies in my gut when you flirt with me, and you just know how to push my buttons like no one has even guessed before," Sabrina said.

You were flushed and smiling, but laughed a little sadly. "I- Thank you. I love you both too. And hearing that is like angels singing. But I still feel like I should be more to deserve you. What that woman from the first store said earlier is true - I'm the luckiest guy in the fucking world."

"God, I want to fuck you right now," Sabrina said.

Gemma snorted a giggle. "Same, honestly."

You sighed and shook your head. "Maybe I just need to accept that you just want me for my body after all."

That set them both laughing, and lunch got back on track. After you threw out all the trash the girls led you to the last stop of the shopping trip - unfortunately, there wasn't a Hot Topic in the mall after all - Victoria's Secret.

What the three of you learned was that Victoria's Secret was that her store was always busy, and the retail workers were on the lookout for shenanigans. You still got to play the dutiful boyfriend to both girls, much to the shock and amusement of the statuesque blonde who helped the three of you out.

Sabrina ended up buying a few new thongs since they were on sale, along with a sexy negligee that you couldn't wait to take off of her the first time you got to see it. Gemma doubled down on the thongs and found a fancy bra that fit her perfectly. Then she shushed both you and Sabrina away for a bit and came back ten minutes later with a Cheshire cat grin and a little bag that she wouldn't let either of you look inside. Sabrina was more annoyed by that than you were.

With arms full of shopping bags, you couldn't guess at the cost that Sabrina's credit card had just wracked up. It had to be at least a thousand dollars (hint - it turned out to be more than triple that with the suit), but she wouldn't hear another word about it. She kissed you and told you to shut up. Then she kissed Gemma right there on the bus, and then winked.

By the time the three of you were piling into the elevator at her place, you were tired from all the walking and ready for a nap. Thinking that's what was about to happen, when the girls sent you into Sabrina's bedroom with the bags you set them down carefully and then climbed onto the bed, waiting for them to climb on with you and cuddle up.

"Well, that's not what I was expecting," Gemma said from the doorway.

"I guess we weren't really explicit about what was happening now," Sabrina said.

You blinked your eyes open drearily, and then a lot more open a lot quicker.

The girls were standing at the foot of the bed. In their new lingerie.

Their very sexy lingerie. And Sabrina had a tube of lube in her hand.

Chapter 184

"Hi," Gemma giggled when she saw you waking up.

“Sorry,” you said. “And, uh, wow.”

“Wow is right,” Sabrina smirked, giving Gemma a side-eyed glance and biting the inside of her lip.

Gemma was dressed in a beautiful green set of lace bra and panties. They didn't give her any support whatsoever - the bra was all lace, cupping over her bountiful breasts and just tugging them together enough to make a ridiculous amount of cleavage. Her areolas and nipples could be seen through the gaps in the lace. The panties were similar, hugging her mound. But the real surprise was the garter belt and the dark green stockings it was holding up. Gemma looked like a pornstar, or you guessed pornstars were supposed to look like this when they achieved the look properly.

Sabrina, for her part, hadn't waited long to reveal the negligee. It was gauze and blue, and didn't hide a single part of her body behind the swoopy film of fabric. She'd matched it with one of her new thongs of a similar colour.

“Did I die and go to heaven?” you asked.

“Sorry, this is actually hell,” Gemma said. “I'm about to pull off my face and underneath I'm a fifty-five-year-old fat guy with facial herpes and a desire to wear your skin.”

Sabrina snorted hard at that, and you rolled your eyes and grinned. “Well, for a fat man, you really know how to wear that bra.”

“Thank you,” she grinned and stuck a pose.

“Seriously, you both look absolutely amazing,” you said. “I don't even know where to start the compliments, and if I do I don't think I'll be able to stop.”

“You're rambling, baby,” Sabrina said, climbing up onto the bed. She leaned in and kissed you, and took your hand and brought it through the gap in the negligee to press against her bare skin and slowly run up towards her breast. “And there's one more surprise.”

She turned your face to look back at Gemma again, who smiled sexily and did a little turn for you, wagging her hips until she was facing away. Then she slowly started to lower her panties, bending over as she did it, to reveal a little green-gemmed buttplug between her cheeks. She dropped the panties, the garter belt and stockings still on, and turned back around. Gemma climbed up onto the bed, giving you a smouldering gaze as she prowled on her hands and knees until she was nose to nose with you, and she kissed you hard and passionately. She moaned into your lips, and you grunted your own pleasure back.

When she pulled back, Gemma took a deep breath but didn't stop smiling. "John. Love. I would like you to please take my anal virginity and be my first. Could you do that for me? Stretch my asshole with your cock, and be the only man to ever do that? Make me yours?"

"He is so hard right now," Sabrina giggled as she reached into your boxers to feel the pole that was tenting them.

"Is that a yes?" Gemma asked you.

"God, yes," you gasped and took her by the shoulder so you could kiss her again. She hummed happily and you slowly fell backwards, pulling her with you until she was laying on your body as the two of you made out.

"Do you want to take the buttplug out of her?" Sabrina asked you, kissing your ear from the side. "Or should I?"

"Yes?" you mumbled through the kissing.

Sabrina snorted and took your hand from Gemma's hip and slid it back to her ass, getting your fingers around the plug. You tugged on it, and Gemma sucked in a breath, and then you tugged on it again and she whined a little bit in her throat.

"Don't tease me like that, love," she whispered. "Not today. Another time."

"OK," you said, and slowly pulled the plug out of her as she groaned softly.

Sabrina took the plug and set it aside, then reached back and spread Gemma's cheeks and smeared lube between them, and Gemma jumped a little on you when Sabrina slid two of her slim fingers into her to spread the lube around.

"Fuuu-huuuck," Gemma moaned.

"That's nothing compared to what he's got," Sabrina reminded her.

"I know," Gemma nodded. Then, after one last kiss, she slithered down your body until she had free access to your boxers, which she pulled down and off of you. She took you in her mouth and sucked hard, tonguing your head for a moment, but pulled off. "I want you to last as long as possible in my ass, so no blowjob. Is that OK?"

"Of course it is," you said, giving her a little look like she was crazy to ask and making her chuckle.

"OK," she said. "And I want to be on top for the first time?"

“Anything you want, love,” you said.

She beamed at that. Then Sabrina squirted some lube into her hand, and Gemma started stroking your cock and getting it slimy and slick. It felt different, getting jacked off by a girl with lube. Spit was slick but it wasn't like this.

“OK, you're ready,” Sabrina declared.

Gemma looked to you. “Are you?”

“I don't know how I could be,” you said. “I don't think I could ever be fully ready for this. But God I want you.”

She grinned and climbed back up your body, getting herself straddled and in position. Then she reached back and stroked your cock a couple of times, and pivoted her hips, and you felt your cock rubbing against the soft folds of her pussy. She closed her eyes and pressed down briefly, but didn't pop you in. Your cock was directed higher up. Her hips tilted a little more. And then you were nuzzled into place.

Gemma opened her eyes and looked into yours.

“I love you,” you said.

She smiled, as wide and as beautiful as you'd ever seen her smile, and she sat down.

Chapter 185

“Ooooooh, my fuckin' Gaaawd,” Gemma moaned, her one eye twitching low as she made what you could only describe as the dumbest, lewdest, sexiest face you'd ever seen her make.

“Jesus fuck,” Sabrina said. “You were supposed to go slow, you greedy slut. You've got almost all of him in you.”

Gemma's ass was tight as hell and only got tighter as her body reacted to the wanted invasion by rippling and squeezing. It was also hot in a way that you hadn't expected for some reason like you were closer to her core temperature or something.

You took her face in your hands and kissed her lips lightly, then he cheeks, as she twitched on top of you and slowly sucked in a long breath.

“How much more?” she asked Sabrina.

“Like, an inch and a- OK, yeah, that’s it,” Sabrina said as Gemma pressed her ass the rest of the way down onto you, enveloping your cock.

“That’s it, love,” she whispered hoarsely. “That’s all of me.”

You kissed her again, softly, and sucked her lip between yours and tugged on it a little before letting it go. “Thank you,” you said. “For sharing this with me.”

“No one else,” she smiled softly. Then she stuck out her tongue a little as she closed her eyes and raised her ass off of your cock, then slowly went back down. Her face twitched as she did it, and her leg shuddered.

“Do you like it?” you asked her.

“Do I- Do I like it?” she parroted back to me. “Do I like your big fucking rod stretching my ass so it feels like you’re trying to put a full fucking log inside me? Do I like your cock head hitting the walls of my fucking anus?” She slammed her lips to yours, kissing you savagely, and then pulled away. “Yes. God, yes. I want more. I want you to fuck me. Fuck my ass. Holy fuck, I think I might be an anal whore for real. My whole fucking body is tingling, I feel like such a fucking hoe with your cock in my aaaass.” She lifted up and slid back down again, faster and more insistent that time. “I’m your anal whore, John. I’m going to want this so much more often. God, I can’t believe I didn’t know this before, but I’m so happy I waited to find out with you. Fuck! I want to fucking-wait- ungh! Uuunnggh!”

She came, seizing up and freezing, her eyes closed as she gasped for air and her ass squeezed the ever-loving life out of your cock. She exhaled everything in her lungs in a rush when she released, and collapsed loosely onto your chest.

“I think she likes it,” Sabrina said, sitting next to us on the bed and watching with her mouth slightly agape.

“I think so,” you nodded. Then you shifted your hips to thrust up at Gemma a bit, and her head came up as she moaned throatily and with her tongue hanging at the edge of her lip.

“Do that again. God, John, please do that again,” she begged. So you did, and she moaned again, and then she was shifting back at your cock, and within moments you were finding a rhythm.

“You filthy buttslut,” Sabrina said, biting her lip as she watched us fucking. “God, I can’t wait to feel him crack open my ass, too. I can’t reasonably expect to react like this, but if I like it even half as much I’ll be set for life.”

Gemma thrust down hard onto you and settled for a moment, screwing her hips in a small circle, then she pulled the cups of her bra aside and her boobs popped out. She then leaned forward and you buried your face in the tit flesh, finding a nipple and sucking on it.

“Sabrina,” Gemma moaned. “I’m so- I’m close to another. And John is getting bigger inside me, I think he’s close too. Could you just-?”

“Just what?” Sabrina asked. “I don’t know what you want.”

“Just choke me a little,” Gemma gasped.

Sabrina barked a laugh. “I knew I fucking loved you,” she said, and then she wrapped a slim hand around Gemma’s throat and put on just a bit of pressure.

Gemma shuddered, a precursor to another orgasm. With your mouth and vision full of tit, you blindly groped down between the two of you, wiggling your fingers down until you found her pussy and you could thrum her lips and clit with two fingers.

She hiccuped, and then Gemma’s whole body started to sag like you’d hit an off switch on her or something and you were worried that Sabrina might have accidentally choked her out. Then Gemma’s body rocked back to life and she slammed her hips down, burying you in her ass again as she silently moaned and her body released an orgasm from deep inside her.

Gemma didn’t squirt. She flooded. It dribbled out of her in a stream, covering your hips and crotch area and soaking down into the sheets almost immediately.

And you came, right in the middle of her massive orgasm. Watching her face twitch and her breasts heave, feeling her juices just unleash from her, all of that would have likely put you over the top.

But that ass was the thing that did it.

You felt like you were cumming against the current, releasing through the squeezing of her asshole on your cock. But you weren’t just in the middle of an amazing sexual experience that you would remember and hold dear to yourself for the rest of your life. You’d also spent the entire day so far getting teased and tempted and not finding release.

So you came, hard and long, releasing your own jets deep into her ass until you felt like your balls had shrivelled up from emptying themselves so much.

You fell back against the bed, or at least your head did, as Gemma rode her orgasm down from its peak and she started to fall sideways. You think Sabrina may have actually saved you from a broken cock when she caught Gemma and tilted her forward to land on you instead because you were still hard inside her like her anus was a cock ring.

“Well,” Sabrina said quietly, laying down next to you and slowly fingering herself as she gazed at your delirious, trying-to-be-people-again expressions. “That looked like fun.”

Chapter 186

“I still feel like I wasted the big reveal,” Sabrina said with a laugh. “I mean, really.”

The three of you were out to dinner at a sports bar, packed into the back corner and enjoying some easy finger food. Nachos, mozza sticks and garlic bread did not make a healthy meal, but damn they were delicious.

Gemma rolled her eyes at Sabrina as she popped another mozza stick in her mouth. “I’m sorry, OK?” she said. “It’s not like I thought it would be like that. I figured it would be like we usually are and jump back and forth a bit.”

“You both seem to be forgetting that today isn’t over,” you said.

“Is that a promise,” Sabrina looked at you with a beaming smile.

“Yes, it is,” you said, leaning over and kissing her lightly.

“What about me?” Gemma asked.

“Bitch, you had the orgasm of all orgasms, don’t be greedy,” Sabrina snickered.

“I promise that once we’ve turned Sabrina into a puddle, I’ll give you the rest of whatever I’ve got,” you told Gemma.

“Good enough,” she grinned.

The three of you split the bill after a couple of rounds of drinks and picking all the plates clean. More than that, with the promise made, Sabrina got touchy at the table. She was playing footsy with you frequently, but also running her hands up and down your thigh or arm and just generally eye-fucking you.

By the time you were leaving, the plan to head back to her place was thrown out the window since yours was closer to the bar.

“OK, hold on,” you said as you reached your apartment door after a long walk home instead of splurging on yet another Uber ride. With the girls watching you knocked out a firm ‘Rap-tappa-tap-tap’ and waited a long ten seconds before keying open the door and poking your head in. “All clear,” you said, opening the door and gesturing them in.

"I dunno, I wouldn't have minded walking in on Tasha," Sabrina said. Then she spun around and held up a finger dramatically. "Wait!"

You and Gemma both looked at her questioningly. "Um, wait for what?" you asked.

"I need your phone," she said, holding out her hand.

You fished out your phone from your pocket and handed it to her, and she opened it using the code. The fact that she knew it surprised you, but also you didn't really feel any need to care.

"There it is," she smirked. Then she took you by the hand and pulled you over to the couch, sitting you down in the middle and taking a seat next to you, gesturing for Gemma to take the other side.

"What's going on?" you asked.

"Take your dick out," Sabrina ordered you.

"Um..." you looked around the common space of the apartment.

"Oh, you've walked in on him plenty," Sabrina scoffed. "Just take it out."

You followed her directions and did so. She leaned down and sucked you a couple of times, getting you firmer and slick, and then started stroking you with a handjob.

"Sabrina, hon," Gemma said. "This isn't making any sense."

"OK, so I said I wouldn't mind walking in on Tasha naked, right?" Sabrina said. You and Gemma both nodded. "Well, we all forgot about something that happened last night." She turned your phone around to show you the screen, along with the picture of Tasha flashing, her breasts on full display even with the overexposure on the top part of the screen.

Gemma snorted loudly and shook her head, but Sabrina just grinned and started stroking you more firmly. "What do you think, baby? Want to come all over her tits?"

"I'd rather come all over you two," you said.

Sabrina gave you a look, pouting, as if to say, 'Just play the game please.'

You sighed and leaned back, letting her work your cock as you stared at the tits on your phone.

And then the door to the washroom opened and Tasha walked out and into the kitchen, reaching for a cup out of the cupboard. Naked. No towel, nothing. Just a bare ass and titties.

“Um,” you said with wide eyes.

Tasha turned slowly, her own eyes wide, and took the three of you in. Gemma, and you with your dick out, and Sabrina who hadn't stopped stroking you for some reason.

You shoved Sabrina's hand away and covered your dick at almost the same time that Tasha grabbed a towel from the stove and had to quickly decide what she was going to cover. She ended up going for the towel over her crotch and an arm across her tits.

“Um, hey guys,” she said. “Didn't, uh, didn't realize you were here.”

“Neither did we,” you stammered. “I, ah, knocked but I guess...”

“We were in the tub,” Tasha clarified.

“Well, this is awkward,” Gemma snickered.

“Can I just say you have great tits, Tasha?” Sabrina said.

“Thanks,” Tasha said.

There was a long, awkward silence.

“Hey, T-Honey,” Mosche said, sauntering out of the bathroom without a stitch of clothing on himself, his dick swinging between his legs. “What's up.”

“OH God,” Gemma said, covering her eyes.

Sabrina just started nervously laughing.

You turned red and tried to just stuff your cock back in your pants as quickly as possible.

Tasha gave up covering herself and threw the towel at Mosche to try and cover him.

“Oh, hey guys,” Mosche said, pushing up his glasses on his nose.