

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 601-610

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 601

“Can you *stop* for a second?” Sabrina sighed, shooting Emma a look. She was still standing in the bedroom doorway.

“Why?” Emma asked with faux innocence. “It feels really good.”

You were quickly realising that Emma had the same sneaky, intelligent streak that her sisters did. The fact that it hadn't stretched to her protecting herself with the online content was concerning, but at the moment you were *more* concerned that she was using it on you and Sabrina.

“Stop,” you said, clapping your hands down on Emma's bare hips and pulling her down against you. This made it harder for her to keep up her grinding motion but also pushed you just that little bit deeper into her.

“Oh,” Emma gulped at the feeling, her expression flashing to overwhelmed for just a moment. “Fuck, that's good.”

“Are you being for real here, Emma?” Sabrina asked. “No jokes.”

“I'd like to know that too,” you said evenly.

“Yeah, I'm telling the truth,” Emma said, leaning forward a little and putting a hand on your chest for support before turning and looking at her sister again. “You just fucking *assumed* I was being a whore back home. That *hurt*.”

“I'm sorry,” Sabrina said after pressing her lips together firmly for a moment. “I didn't mean to- No, you're right. I did assume that. You have to admit it doesn't look like you *were*'t doing that though, and it's not like I was judging you.”

“Really? You weren't judging me at *all*?” Emma asked pointedly.

“I was judging your choices about how to do the content, not you having sex,” Sabrina said. “I asked you *one time* if you were being safe and that was *it*. And you said yes!”

“Abstinence *is* being safe,” Emma said, then looked back at you and smirked a little. “Oops. Guess I’ve fucked up that one.”

“You said you’re on the pill,” you grunted, starting to sit up with the intention of getting her off of you.

“I *am* on the pill too,” she said quickly. “I swear.” She looked back at Sabrina again. “Seriously. I swear.”

“OK, fine,” Sabrina grunted, shaking her head. Then she sighed again heavily. “Fuck, Emma.”

“OK,” she smirked and started grinding on your cock again.

“Not what she meant,” you said, giving her another squeeze on the hips and stilling her.

“... I didn’t *not* mean it though,” Sabrina said, rolling her eyes. Then she pointed at Emma. “We’re gonna talk about this. You escalated on purpose. But if you *are* losing your virginity to John then he’s probably the best pick you could find - he’ll make it really good for you.”

“You don’t think pimping out your boyfriend for me to do porn with was an escalation?” Emma asked deadpan.

Sabrina spoke very slowly, emphasising each syllable with a hand gesture. “Vir-Gin-I-Ty.”

“Ties,” you pointed out. “Multiple.”

“Oh, I don’t care about her butt,” Sabrina waved dismissively. “I assume you had the same reaction as me and Katherine?”

“Amazing and immediately like I ate the worst fucking Mexican food ever, times six?” Emma asked. “And then it goes away as soon as the cock is gone?”

“Please never compare my penis to bad Mexican food in your ass,” you grumbled.

“Sort of like that, yeah,” Sabrina said, smirking a little and barely managing not to smirk at your comment. “Consider yourself still an ass virgin then, at least until we get you through the ass-training regime I went through the first time we really got it done. You’ll

know the difference when you feel it. Anyways-" she shook her head again and shrugged, making eye contact with you. "Make love to her, I guess, Boss. Do your thing. Love you, and she deserves her first time to be amazing even if she's..."

"Super cute and smart?" Emma suggested.

"A little devil."

"I'll take it," Emma smirked.

"Love you too, baby," you said.

Sabrina sighed again softly, meeting your eyes and nodding to you encouragingly, then rolled her eyes at Emma and shook her head before leaving the bedroom, closing the door behind her with a soft thud.

Emma turned to look back down at you again. "So..."

"You know, I tell Sabrina that she's crazy on a regular basis. I love her, but she can be a little much," you said. "You? You're already way past Katherine and reaching for that 1st Place 'Most Crazy Sodemeyer' title."

She cracked a grin. "You haven't met our Mom yet."

"I highly doubt she's *this* kind of crazy," you pointed out.

Emma shrugged. "Hey, we don't know what my parents get up to behind closed doors. Maybe they're secretly swingers and she gets gangbanged on the regular."

"How about we focus on you right now, and not a fictional version of your Mom?" you suggested. You let go of her hips and placed one hand on hers where it was braced on your chest, and raised the other to move some of her long ginger-blonde hair out of her face and behind her ear.

"Deal," she said, and as you traced your thumb over her cheek, then her nose and down to her lips she sucked the tip between them. And she started to slowly rotate her hips, grinding on your cock without anything to stop her. "Fuck, that's wild."

"Talk to me," you said. "What are you feeling?"

“Your cock feels different than a dildo, or other toys,” she said. “It’s hard, inside me, but also warm. And the feel of it stuck but movable, and how it sort of pivots a little...”

“Try shifting your hips like this,” you suggested, dropping your hands back to those skinny hips of hers and getting her to rotate them a little more.

“Ooh, God,” she moaned, closing her eyes as she followed your gentle guidance. “That feels like you’re stirring up my fucking *uterus*.”

You chuckled, sliding your hands back to grab her little ass cheeks and tugging her a little more forcefully forward and back.

“Uungh!” she grunted, and slowly started using that motion as well.

“You know I’m not actually in your uterus, right?” you asked.

She snorted and opened her eyes. “I think I know female anatomy better than *you*, John,” she said. “Yes, I know a penis doesn’t go into the uterus.”

“OK,” you said, grinning a little. “Just making sure the *virgin* understands how the penis goes into the vagina.”

“Shut up,” she said, leaning forward and bringing her chest down to press against yours as she lowered her lips to within an inch of yours. You could feel her breath on you and the smell of her was clear and true. “Just... shut up and let me figure stuff out.”

“So you don’t want more tips?” you asked, raising up that little bit more so your lips were brushing hers lightly as you spoke.

“... I’ll take tips,” she said with a little smile after a moment. “But no fun facts.”

“Definitely no fun facts,” you agreed.

She kissed you and started to work her hips again.

Chapter 602

Making love to Emma, like Sabrina asked you to, proved a bit of an issue only because Emma wanted to be in control.

That wasn't necessarily a *problem*, it just meant that you spent a lot more time as a living dildo for the next twenty or so minutes than you did *making love*.

You and Emma made out for a little while first as she used trial and error to figure out what sort of hip movements did the most for her like that, and the most for you. There was a lot of soft grunting in thought as she tried different things, but the little whimper and moan when she raised her hips too high and your cock popped out of her was cute as hell. She managed to reach between you to pull it back into position and sat back down on it with a satisfied sigh.

Then she pulled her lips from yours, moving into more of a forward lean than a forward press, resting her arms on your chest as she went through all of her trial and error movement at a slightly different angle. The only real difference was that you were able to look her in the eye and watch her vacillate between intensity and what seemed like stoic boredom. This round was shorter than the first, and the next one shorter than that as she went up to using her hands to brace against your chest instead of her forearms.

Once she was up on her hands she had more leverage to work with and found more movements she liked. You also had much better access to her front and teased your hands up and down her tight little stomach, her cute breasts and down her sides to her ass.

"Having fun?" you asked quietly.

"Having sex," she murmured.

"Emma," you said, sliding your hands back up her sides. She stopped her methodical movements and looked into your eyes again. "This doesn't have to be the only time we have sex, and if it's not with me then I'm sure you can try stuff out with whoever you decide to have sex with in the future. You don't need to do everything *right now*."

She let out a breath and shook her head. "Is that a pro tip?"

"Yes, it is," you chuckled.

“Fine,” she said. “Then what should I be doing?”

“Sit up straight,” you said, and she did. Her long, skinny torso looked fantastic leading up to the swell of her breasts, her tight tummy flexing as she arched her back a little bit in a stretch before sitting ramrod straight. You slid a hand up from her bald mound to the centre of her stomach, then higher to between her breasts. “Remember how compliments are better if you let them come naturally?”

She just arched an eyebrow in response, her face having gone stoic again.

“You have an amazing, sexy body,” you said. “The curve of your hips and waist, the perfect swell of your tits with their cute little nipples that make me want to suck on them again. Your belly button and tight abs. Your graceful shoulders and neck.”

“Thank you,” she murmured softly, her expression not changing but a little colour rising to her cheeks.

“Do the thing,” you suggested.

“The thing?”

“The thing that turns you on.”

Now her stoic expression broke as she looked at you in confusion, so you sat up and slid your hand up from the middle of the chest to wrap around the side of her neck, pulling her closer to you until you kissed her softly, tilting her head until you finally trailed kisses up her jaw to her ear.

“You’re an exhibitionist, right? You like to show off and be slutty for guys to look at. You like knowing they’re getting off looking at you. Sex doesn’t *stop* that, it just makes it more personal and *way* sluttier,” you murmured into her ear. You paused and sucked her earlobe softly. “You’re hot shit, Emma. Tight, sexy and gorgeous. *Feel* that.”

You pulled away, falling to your back again and putting your arms behind your head. She was looking at you with a new intensity, her eyelids hooded as she chewed on the inside of her lip and her brow furrowed just slightly. Then, slowly, she adjusted her stance from sitting on her knees while straddling you to balancing on the balls on her feet. This let her spread her knees wide, opening up your visual and showing off a bit more of her pussy with her thick clit hood and puffy folds.

She reached for your hands and you gave them to her, and using them for balance she started to bounce straight up and down on your cock in slow squats. "You like that, John?" she asked. "You like watching me ride you?"

"Mmm," you grunted softly, taking in a deep breath.

She started to add some hip rotation, working you more, and her eyes fluttered a little as a jolt of pleasure went through her. "You like watching my tight teen twat take your big cock?"

"It looks fantastic," you sighed.

She let go of one of your hands and reached down to where you were connected, then used her fingers to spread her pussy lips lewdly, showing off where your cock was actually pushing into her. "You took this," she said with a raspy voice. "Your cock is the *only* cock that's ever been inside this pink little pussy. Is it a pretty pink pussy?"

"Very pretty," you groaned. "Show me more. God, show me more."

She grinned, just a little, and let go of your other hand to lean back away from you and brace her hand on the bed between your legs. Her other hand remained at her pussy, spreading herself as she showed off. "You like that, John? You like seeing your big, thick cock penetrating my pretty pink pussy? Ploughing my fertile little cunt?"

Your moan was wordless, and it took effort to keep your eyes open instead of closing them in pleasure. She got off on being watched so you couldn't deny her that. "Your stuffed little slot looks stupendously sexy," you said, playing into her alliteration games.

Her smile was real and genuine, and you finally felt like you were getting towards that goal of making her first time special.

Chapter 603

“Oh, fuck,” Emma gasped into the pillow. “Oh, fuck, I’m going to come. I’m gonna come, John. Fuck, you’re making me come.”

It wasn’t the first orgasm she’d had, but it was definitely going to be the biggest.

Her legs had gotten tired after riding you for a while, especially in that last position, and you’d taken over for a couple of the basics. Missionary, with you sitting up instead of leaning down over her, had let her show off some more. Emma had stretched like a cat, arms of her head, enjoying every moment of your eyes roving over her sleek, naked frame. She’d played with her breasts, rubbed her clit, and generally touched herself all over as you’d slowly fucked her.

Doggy should have been next, but you weren’t Superman no matter what your girlfriends and other lovers pushed you towards accomplishing. Emma was sexy, and a new partner, and *tight*. You were going to come sooner than later and if you were going to make sure the whole experience was good for her there was one position all but one of your sexual partners swore by.

That was how you ended up with Emma on her stomach, her face in the pillow, as you fucked her in ‘prone bone.’ It was a little weird for a moment - her height matched what you were used to with Gemma, but her build matched Sabrina much more. Her little butt in particular was just *different* from what you were used to. Still, you were able to lay on top of her with your chest to her lean back and slowly work your hips as you buried your cock into her juicy little pussy and sucked gently on the side of her neck and across her shoulders.

“Do me a favour, gorgeous,” you murmured, trailing your kisses from her left shoulder to her right and then nuzzling your nose close to her ear. “Hold that orgasm. Don’t come yet.”

“Whyyy?” she whined.

“Pro tip,” you chuckled.

She turned and glared at you over her shoulder and you had a flash of *deja vu* because it was *just* the mid-sex sexual and frustrated and so turned-on sort of look that Sabrina would give you.

“Hold it,” you told her, just a touch more firmly.

“I don’t know if I *can*,” she groaned.

“Hold it,” you told her again.

She clenched her teeth and nodded, so you went back to kissing her shoulders while your hips worked in a smooth mechanical rhythm. You could feel her body trembling slightly under you, her little butt tensing and her long legs shifting as she kneaded her toes into the mattress. Grinning, you kissed back towards her neck and softly up to behind her ear, using that as a minor distraction as you crawled just slightly up her body, changing the angle of your thrusts so you were pointing down a little more instead of forward.

This, of course, was a little like cheating because it meant you were getting the right angle to search for her G-spot.

You knew when you found it because she sucked in a breath through her mouth so hard she hiccuped, her fingers squeezing yours and you held both her hands above her head.

“Holy fuck,” she croaked, craning her head to look back at you in near-panic. “Please can I stop holding it now!?”

You chuckled and kissed her cheek. “Why? Is this getting to you?”

Her eyelids fluttered as you thrust down the front of her pussy, glancing across her G-spot again. Bottoming out in her had a distinctly squishy sound to it.

“Do you do this to Sabrina?” she asked in frustration.

“Sometimes,” you said. “Gemma too.”

“And they don’t call the police for *torture!*?”

That made you laugh. “Ask me again.”

“And they don’t-”

“Ask me if you can come,” you corrected.

“Please can I just fucking come already?”

You quickly thrust into her three times, all at the right angle. They were the fastest, firmest thrusts you’d given her the whole time.

“I’m going to come when you do,” you said. “Where do you want it?”

“I- Fuck, I don’t, ungh, know.”

“Do you want me to fill your pretty pink pussy, or shoot all over your amazing ass and beautiful back, or make you a real slut and finish on your fantastic face?”

“I don’t *care*, John. Wherever you *want*, just let me *come*.”

You thrust three more times, fast and firm, and then three more.

“Come for me,” you whispered to her and thrust twice more as her pussy, which had been slowly squeezing tighter and tighter as her abdomen locked up with her effort, suddenly went loose. It was the damndest thing because she let out a wordless moan like she was releasing the biggest pressure in the world, but she didn’t squirt at all. You’d never been with a girl who, during a big orgasm, didn’t have her pussy clench or anything and this was the opposite.

Suddenly all the strength in her Kegels disappeared as her body went limp below the neck. You kept thrusting as she came *hard*, and right as you felt your own orgasm tipping over you did the responsible thing and pulled out of your girlfriend’s younger sister and let your cock push between her two little ass cheeks, thrusting against them as you released your cum in five heavy ropes that spattered from her tailbone to her shoulder blades before you even had to start stroking yourself. Your groans had started right next to her ear and ended looming over her as you made space for your orgasm to paint her like a canvas, and you panted hard through the rippling pleasure as you milked out the last of your orgasm onto her ass.

Then you tilted your hips back down and slipped your cock back into her, feeling her pussy react with a wave of surprise as she moaned into the pillow and pushed back until you were fully buried in her again.

“Ohmigod,” she exhaled heavily. “Ohmifuckingod.”

You chuckled and gave her a few slow, leisurely thrusts.

Chapter 604

The first thing that you weren't expecting after finally pulling out of Emma was for her to go content-brain.

"Can you go grab my phone from out there," she asked, a little tired and a little glassy-eyed as she gestured toward the bedroom door.

"For what?" you asked, sitting up on the edge of the bed and swinging your feet to the floor.

"To get pictures and maybe a GIFable video of my back covered in your splooge," she said. "If I'm gonna start monetizing with your guys' help I can't think of a better way to get people to sign up than 'Check out the results of me losing my virginity to a porn star.'"

You coughed, trying not to choke on your own spit, and shook your head. "Emma," you said once you had your breath and voice back. "You don't think maybe you'd want to keep this as a special moment for *you*?"

"I mean, I'm not in love with you or whatever," she said. Then she looked at you and her expression shifted a little. "Not that this wasn't... I mean, that *was* pretty... amazing. And I definitely had a better first time than any other girl I know by like... four more stars and like 45 minutes. So five out of five deflowering, would be deflowered by you again if I could?"

You opened your mouth but ended up clicking it shut, unsure what to say. Finally, you sighed. "Please don't submit a Yelp review for this service, I'm not opening a devirginizing parlour."

She snorted and then chuckled, resting her head back down on the pillow. "Do you really think I'll regret sharing the photos?"

"I think it's something you need to decide," you said. "We almost filmed and shared Sabrina's first time doing anal and it went *awful* so that idea got scrapped."

She chewed on her lip for a moment. "Well, I need to *have* the pictures to decide about them," she finally said. "So... could you, please?"

“I can,” you said, patting her lower leg and rubbing it before standing to go. For a moment you hesitated, thinking you should at least slip on your briefs, but then you remembered that it was Sabrina out there. She’d *prefer* you naked.

Heading out of the bedroom, you found Sabrina curled up on the couch with her laptop, and headphones on as she was doing some content editing. When she saw you moving around she looked up and her eyebrows raised in a silent question. You slipped over to her and gave her a kiss, which she extended by sliding a hand through the hair on the back of your head.

“Everything good?” she asked, sliding the headphones off.

“Yeah, we finished,” you said. “Do you know where her phone is?”

“Table,” she nodded with her head. “Why does she want it?”

“Aftershots,” you said. “Maybe for content, maybe just for her. I cautioned her about sharing personal moments.”

Sabrina nodded, then smirked a little. “So did you rock her world?”

“I... think so?” you hedged. “She’s reacting differently than anyone else we’ve been with.”

“You mean anyone our age or older,” Sabrina smirked even more. “Feeling old all of a sudden, Mister Boss?”

“Don’t you start,” you chuckled, then kissed her again before heading towards the kitchen table.

“If you aren’t sure, go again,” Sabrina suggested. “You made love to her, maybe fucking her brains out will get the response you really want.”

“I figured I’d do the shower thing,” you said as you picked up the phone and turned back towards your girlfriend.

“That could work too,” Sabrina said. “After the brain-melting. She’s a Sodemeyer sister, I bet she’s into the same shit as me and Katherine.”

“Katherine didn’t want to explore that when she was here,” you pointed out.

“Katherine didn’t want to open that can of worms because she was afraid it would be too good and she couldn’t get it on the regular,” Sabrina grinned.

“Did she say that, or are you assuming?”

“Twin-tuition,” she chuckled.

You rolled your eyes and headed for the bedroom.

“Emma, my darling,” Sabrina called from the couch. “Once your dirty pictures have been taken, ask John for the Mister Boss treatment if you’ve got any balls. Then let him do what he wants.”

“Are you trying to get your boyfriend to fuck me *again* right after he just took my virginity?” Emma called back.

“She is never gonna let the one go,” Sabrina sighed.

“It’s been like... an hour,” you said.

“*Never*,” Sabrina said dramatically with a grin. Then she raised her voice again. “Yes, I am. Do it or you’re chicken.”

“Whatever,” Emma replied.

You got to the bedroom door and rolled your eyes at Sabrina before closing it behind you. Turning to Emma, still on the bed, you sighed. “You can ignore her,” you said. “I was planning on pampering you a little with aftercare.”

“Well, take these pictures,” Emma said. “Your cum is getting cool and it feels kinda gross. Then we can decide what we’re doing.”

She opened her phone for you and you quickly got shots, close up and higher angled to catch the ‘blast zone’ in full. Then lower again as she spread her ass cheeks and legs, showing off her flushed pussy and little asshole with the streaks of cum up her back in the background. Finally, you got her a couple as she scooped up two fingerfuls of cum and licked them, though her reaction to the slightly congealed cum once the photos were taken was kinda funny.

You went and grabbed a wet hand towel from the bathroom and came back out, gently cleaning her up. Your last wipe was through the crack of her ass, palming around her little buttcheeks before you gave them a friendly squeeze and leaned down to kiss between her shoulder blades. "All good," you said.

She rolled up to sitting and looked at you with her long hair partially hiding her face and with her eyes hooded. Deciding to take a guess at what she wanted as she was looking at you, you leaned in and kissed her tenderly. She responded enthusiastically.

You pulled away with a sigh. "Alright," you said, taking her hand and lifting it to suggest she stand up. "Come with me to the shower. Let's get you cleaned up properly."

"Is that the 'Mister Boss' treatment?" she asked.

"No," you chuckled. "It's-"

"Give me the Mister Boss treatment," she said. "Please."

Chapter 605

You'd warned her.

Hell, you'd almost tried to persuade her away from it.

Emma insisted.

That's how you ended up with her sitting back against the headboard of the bed, holding her hands pinned to it above her head, as you fucked her mouth. She was moaning and drooling, the spittle dripping from her lips every time you pulled your cock from her mouth so she could take a wet gasp for breath. Only one or two before you slid your cock back into her mouth again.

You were fucking her mouth roughly and judging by the look in her eyes and the grin on her lips whenever they weren't wrapped around your shaft, she was loving it.

The Sodemeyer sisters really were peas in a pod when it came to how they liked their kinks.

You drove your cock back into her mouth, thrusting firmly but never forcing your way into her throat - she hadn't deepthroated you on her own before, and the angle wasn't right to start doing that. Right angles and everything.

Still, there was plenty you could do without her swallowing your cock, and between Gemma and Sabrina your girlfriends had given you plenty of useful ideas and information on how to make the facefucking intimate and filthy at the same time. You distended her cheeks, pressing your cockhead to one side or the other. You fucking her lips exclusively with short little thrusts. You took it slow with a couple of tests, but you even ended up rubbing your spit-covered cock over her face as she panted for breath and stuck out her tongue to lick your balls.

Pulling out of her mouth again, and went to one knee and grabbed Emma's face with one hand. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, giving you an "Aaaah!" as she wordlessly asked for more.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" you asked her.

"Mhmm," she grunted, nodding.

You sighed, shaking your head a little. "You're a little freak, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh," she said, nodding again. Her eyes were big and focused on yours, her makeup now smeared way more than from the first time the two of you had sex. She looked like a hooker after a bad night on some Cop drama show, except there was joy in her eyes. That was also the most emotion you'd seen from her the entire trip so far.

You slipped your hand down from holding her chin and cheeks to her throat - just holding her, not choking her. Testing boundaries to see if you were brushing up against any yet. Your other hand wedged between her skinny thighs and rubbed two fingers across her pussy. It was swamped and slick, and you were able to drive two fingers into her almost immediately. A third joined shortly after, stretching her tight little hole.

"You can always tell me to stop," you said evenly. "But you aren't going to, are you?"

"No," she whispered, then bit her lower lip hard.

"Are you going to be my little fuck toy, then?" you asked. "Are you going to let me do everything I want to you until your body is limp and completely fucked into a coma?"

"I want to be your little fuck toy," she whispered.

"What was that?" you asked, doubling down. "I didn't quite catch that, Emma."

"I'm your little obedient fuck toy," she said, then leaned forward and pressed her throat harder against your hand in a needy, lewd display. Just like her sister would.

You worked your fingers inside her roughly, a squishing, sloshing sound soon coming from her as she moaned like a whore and closed her eyes as she was overwhelmed by the sensation.

Then, all at once, you pulled both hands away and left her gasping from the loss of your touch. You didn't leave her alone for long, though - you grabbed her by the ankles and yanked her down the bed until you were standing next to it and you'd manhandled her to her knees at the edge, her ass pointing back at you.

"Arch your back," you told her, firmly pressing down on her middle back and directing her. "More. Good. Now your little booty is properly displayed. Do you know *why* it needs to be properly displayed?"

“Because you’re going to do something to it?” she guessed.

“Because you’re *offering* for me to do what I want to it,” you corrected her. Then you gave her right cheek a spank that made her gasp hard. “Like that.” You trailed a thumb down her buttcrack and through her labia, hooking it over her clit for a moment and making her grunt and shiver. “Or like that.”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned.

You gave her left cheek a spank, earning another gasp. Then you grabbed both cheeks firmly and raked your fingers down them firmly. “Should I turn this little ass red?” you asked her.

“You can do whatever you want to it, Sir,” Emma said.

You leaned down over her, kissing her shoulder and then pressing your lips to her ear, letting the ‘Mister Boss’ voice go for a moment. “Does spanking you give you a thrill that you want to explore more, or is it just pain?” you asked gently.

“Um, uh,” Emma gulped, trying to follow your change of pace. “Yes.”

“Yes, what?” you chuckled, softly massaging her ass cheek with one hand.

“Spank me more?”

Your massage turned rougher, gripping her cheek with clawed fingers.

And then you started to spank her. You varied the strengths and where you hit, from her upper thighs and across her cheeks, and even giving her puffy, lippy pussy a few firm smacks that had her moaning into the mattress and her legs shaking. Once her ass was a warm pink under your touch you grabbed her near her knees and manhandled her again, this time just getting her to spread them a little more.

“Now, little fuck toy, show me your pussy. Show me your slutty little pussy the way you want me to see it,” you told her.

Emma sobbed, not in sorrow or any emotion really, but just out of horniness as she reached between her legs and spread her labia in one of her lewd displays until her entire cunt was open, her little fuck hole flexing in hunger at the same pulsing rhythm as her anal ring.

You spit on it, from up close as you knelt next to the bed, and your spittle spattered her pretty pink core.

“Ooooooh,” she moaned, starting to rub it in.

“What do you want me to do with the little hole, Emma?” you asked.

“Fuck me please, Sir,” she grunted.

“That didn’t sound like much of a question. It sounded like you were telling me what to do.”

“Please, John - please fuck my little hole. Fuck me like you’re taking my virginity all over again. Fuck me until your cum is pouring out my ears, you fill me up so much. I want to feel that big cock stirring my guts again.”

You shook your head again, though she couldn’t see it since she was face down into the mattress as she humped her hips blindly. Begging.

Chapter 606

“Ohmigodohmigodohmigaaaawwwd,” Emma mumbled, thrashing her head back and forth hard enough that her long, sweat-wet hair actually slapped against the side of your face as you stood over her, drilling into her cunt with your cock.

Taking her from behind had been more ‘dominant’ and she’d liked it, but fucking her on her back meant that Emma could see you. And you’d realised that a big part of her exhibitionism was this escalation of moving from knowing people were looking at her pictures or clips to *you* seeing her. And using her.

“Don’t you fucking come, you little ginger fuckhole toy,” you growled. She seemed to love the dirt talk. You grabbed her by the face again, your fingers mashing into her skinny cheeks as she gasped and looked at you with wide, lusty eyes. That was another thing that really got her ramping up fast - she liked being choked, just like Sabrina and Katherine, but she *really* liked it when you palmed her face or hooked your fingers in her mouth. When you forced her to watch you as you pounded into her.

“I won’t,” she promised. “I won’t, I won’t.”

“Good girl,” you grunted, letting go of her face and grabbing her feet. They’d been pressed flat on your chest, her knees bent towards her, and you used that cheerleader flexibility she still held onto and pushed her legs to either side.

Emma could do a full side split, leaving her open for a deep drilling. And that’s just what you did.

“Please,” she begged.

You’d been through the routine of it with her a couple of times already. To be fair, you’d had a *surprising* amount of sex that day, so your balls weren’t exactly overflowing. Your stamina was *up*. First would come the begging.

“Please what, Emma?” you asked gruffly.

“Please hit me,” she begged.

“No,” you grunted. She wanted you to slap her. It’s what she was asking for. You definitely were *not* there - especially because you knew she didn’t want a playful little slap. She wanted you to wallop her on the face as hard as you had spanked her ass.

You weren't sure *why* she wanted that, or where she'd got the idea, but you'd told her firmly that if she really wanted that then it would be a discussion when you weren't both in the bedroom or having sex. She'd need to talk about it stone cold, fully dressed and ready to spill her guts about the full what, when, why and how.

Of course, she was Sabrina's sister, so while she accepted that answer she was also more than willing to use it to her advantage.

"Please?" she begged.

"No," you grunted again.

"Then *please* pull on my nipples. *Hard.*"

She used it as leverage to get other things she wanted. She was a manipulative little slut, and you wondered if that was 'younger sister syndrome' or something else.

You leaned down over Emma and grabbed her tits, mauling them with your hands roughly before pinching her nipples between your thumbs and forefingers and pulling on them until her little tits were stretched to their limit as her body lunged under them from your continued thrusts.

"Oooh, fuck, John that's goood," she moaned, wincing a little from the painful pleasure.

You'd thought about breaking out some of the toys from the toy chest Sabrina kept, but figured that would be like opening up Disneyland for her.

Releasing her nipples, you grabbed her sides right under her arms and pulled her skinny body towards you as you thrust into her extra hard a few times. Then you pulled out of her completely. Emma knew what her job was when that happened and both her hands immediately went to her pussy, pulling her labia open in that lewd display she liked to make of herself.

"Nononono, please don't leave my little fuckhole," she begged.

Instead of thrusting into her like you had the last two times, which had led to her having more of those bone-melting, body-slackening orgasms that turned her to mush, you pressed your cock to her stomach as you leaned down over her completely, pressing your chest to her hers and feeling the heat from her body. You brushed her face with your hands, moving the sweaty hair from her forehead and staring intensely into her

eyes. Her face, even as she was panting for breath through her nose, went stoic again as she looked at you with needy eyes.

“You gave me your virginity,” you said carefully. “And now you’re giving me your trust to have this kind of sex. This isn’t normal for most people, and it shouldn’t be. So whatever happens outside of this bedroom, Emma, be careful who you have this kind of sex with in the future. I need you to promise me that you’ll be careful and not just try and chase a dragon.”

Her stoic expression broke as she looked at you in confusion for a moment, then frowned slightly as her eyes started to water. “Why are you saying this?”

“Because we might have just met, but I care about you,” you said. “As a person in general. As a beautiful, interesting girl who deserves to be cared for. As the sister of my girlfriend, who I love desperately. And I’ve done research over the summer to make sure I’m doing things to keep Sabrina happy and satisfied with *her* wants. And some of the other women we’ve played with. I’ve seen stories - heartbreaking stories - from real people who had relationships that revolved around rough sex, or BDSM, go horribly wrong because they didn’t take the time to figure out how to do it in a healthy way. So this thing we’re doing? It needs to be able to be put on pause. That’s what I want you to know. There’s no shame in pressing pause, or communicating clearly, or stopping to make sure that the person who’s doing all that hard stuff that puts tingles in your brain also really still cares about you and isn’t just the character they are emphasising.”

Her eyes were still watering as you spoke, and a single tear from the left eye broke and travelled down her cheek towards her ear in a black trail of her messy makeup.

“OK,” she promised.

You kissed her gently, then pressed your forehead to hers. “I’m going to come soon. Are you sure you want your first creampie to be with me? That’s something you could save for the future. For someone special to you.”

“Fuck, John,” she said, looping her arms around your neck and holding you. “If you’re not ‘special to me now’ then when the hell will you be?”

You snorted softly and kissed her again.

“Yes,” she said when it ended. “Dump your load into my slutty little cunt like it’s sextoy.”

Chapter 607

“She asleep?” Sabrina asked. She was smiling softly, almost serenely, and set her laptop aside.

You nodded, trudging out from the bedroom in just a fresh pair of boxers. The shower had left you clean, but the exhaustion in your bones was still there. It hadn't been the longest or most intense sex session you'd ever had - not by several factors - but it had been a lot and you *had* had a threesome with Tasha and Becks that afternoon.

Sabrina patted the couch beside her and you slumped down onto it before letting her pull you down so you were lying with your head in her lap. Her soft smile continued as she ran her fingers through your hair. “Sounded like she enjoyed it. She's a fucking kinky bitch, though.”

“Pot, meet Kettle,” you chuckled.

“Hey, I never said I wasn't,” Sabrina smirked playfully. Then she shook her head. “I'm a little worried about some of the stuff she was begging you for.”

“I think part of it was just being told no,” you said. “But yeah.”

“You handled it well, though. It's definitely an important discussion.”

“So you could hear *everything*, huh?” you asked.

“When I didn't have headphones in,” she said.

You sighed. “I need you to tell me if anything's changed, baby. If hearing it, seeing it - just if you're still in the same frame of mind or not.”

“About you fucking her?”

You nodded.

“Fuck, I'm fine with that,” she said, glancing back towards the bedroom. “I'm not even exactly mad about you being her first. Gemma is, just a little, but not at you. She's frustrated that I didn't ask the question and that she can't be here for the 'clearing the air' that needs to happen.”

“Fuck,” you sighed. You hadn’t even been thinking of what Gemma would say about that issue.

“Had some stuff on your mind, baby,” Sabrina chuckled, still running her fingers through your hair.

“Still-”

“You had a virgin to make happy,” she said, not letting you finish. “Interrupting her first time to try and get Gemma on the phone would have probably ruined it for Emma.”

You closed your eyes and took a deep breath. She was right, obviously, but you didn’t like that you hadn’t been thinking of Gemma much in the whole thing. Just because your other girlfriend had given the go-ahead ahead of time didn’t mean you should stop considering what she’d be thinking of the... developing facts.

“She loves you,” Sabrina said.

“Sabrina,” you said, your eyes snapping open. “That was a wild, special evening but-”

“I mean Gemma, you big goof,” she chuckled, rolling her eyes.

“Oh,” you sighed, relaxing.

“She said to tell you, since you were a little busy to accept a good morning text,” Sabrina smirked. “So I’m telling you.”

“Well, I love her too,” you said.

“She also said to give you this,” Sabrina grinned, then leaned down and kissed you, feeding just a little bit of tongue into your mouth.

“Mmmf,” you grunted, wishing you had Gemma there to *really* kiss. Not that you didn’t love getting kisses from Sabrina, but the two of you were missing your partner.

“So how was your day?” Sabrina finally asked as the kiss ended.

You told her everything, from the pickups to the time at the park and the teasing the girls had done, to heading back to Becks’ place and the fun there. The only thing you kept back was that Tasha and Becks were going to try dating.

“Waitwaitwait,” Sabrina said at the end. “So you’re telling me that not only do I *not* have to do the whole ‘Oh by the way, we do porn’ conversation, but Tasha is basically humping the walls at the idea of her perfect fucking titties being in our content?”

“I think it’s more than her titties,” you chuckled.

“Well, her whole sexy body, but it’s the titties that will bring her attention. I can see the thumbnails now...”

You snorted and sat up, leaning in to kiss her. “Yes, Tasha is in. Though I don’t think we’ll have time to film with her this week.”

“Fuck, you’re right,” Sabrina sighed. “Shit. Why does this summer need to end?”

“So that the school year can start, so that we can graduate at the end, so that we can be with Gemma again?”

“That is a good point,” Sabrina said with a grin, climbing up onto your lap and straddling you. “Have I told you that you’re a very smart man for being so pretty?”

“Uh, not like that,” you chuckled.

She pursed her lips in thought, then shrugged. “OK. Maybe not pretty. You’re definitely cute, and ruggedly handsome when you let your scruff come in though.”

“Noted,” you said, your hands having naturally gone to her waist. She started to grind with her hips a little. “Sabrina, I love you, but I don’t know if I’ve got that in me.”

She gave you a pouting look that was utterly silly and cute at the same time. “I was kinda hoping I’d have *you* in *me*.”

“I’ll make you a deal,” you grunted, sliding your hands from her hips to her ass over her shorts. “I’ll eat you out while we watch an episode of Castle.”

“Yes!” she grinned, then hesitated. “Wait. That means you can’t *watch* the episode though.”

“I can listen to it though,” you pointed out.

Sabrina rolled her eyes and sighed. “Alright, I *guess* since you’re a dude you don’t *have* to watch it directly to see the Fillion do his thing.”

“The Fillion’ is like 50, isn’t he?”

“Yeah, but he was 38 when the show started.”

“That’s still so *old* compared to us.”

“Are you telling me that you wouldn’t bang Cate Blanchett if we got the chance?”

“What do you mean *we*?” you asked. “Shouldn’t the hypothetical be *me*?”

“Baby,” Sabrina said, putting a hand on your chest and looking at you seriously. “If you get the chance to bang Cate Blanchett and you *don’t* bring me along, I will be so *fucking mad*.”

You snorted and laughed. “I promise not to leave you behind.”

“Good,” she grinned, then wriggled away from you and back to her seat, starting to push down her shorts. “Now I’m fucking *Niagara Falls* over here in cooch-town so I’m sorry if I squirt all over your face and you need another shower before we go to bed.”

“The things I do for love,” you sighed. That got you a smirk, a slap on the arm, and then a grin as you yanked her shorts and panties the rest of the way down your girlfriend’s legs and then slipped off the couch and pulled her bare thigh over your shoulder. “Start the show. I’m getting to work.”

Chapter 608

“Mmm,” a woman moaned softly near your head. It took a moment for you to go from that thought to realising you were holding her in your arms. You pulled her tighter to your chest, feeling that you really did have both arms hugged around her in a spooning position. Her ass wiggled against your crotch and you had one hand on her stomach and the other clutching a little breast.

“Good morning,” you murmured.

“Wha-?” Emma murmured, slowly waking up and trying to piece together where she was. “John.”

“Good morning,” you murmured again, tilting your head down without having opened your eyes yet and kissing her bare shoulder. She was naked, you had on your boxers.

“Oh, fuck,” Emma groaned, everything from the night before flooding back to her as sleep lost its grip.

“You-over-did-it,” Sabrina sang in a lilting tune as she came out of the bathroom. She was wearing a housecoat and a smile.

“Fuck you,” Emma grumbled.

“Shouldn’t have asked him to fuck you like a little slut without working your way up to it,” Sabrina teased.

“*You* dared me to ask for that,” Emma shot back.

“Do you listen to everything I say? Because I’m pretty sure you told me I’m only right ‘like 50 per cent of the time’ yesterday,” Sabrina smirked.

“Fuck you,” Emma grumbled. “My pussy feels like a fucking dump truck went through it, my ass aches like it’s sunburned and *God* my tits hurt.”

“Sorry about that,” you murmured into her shoulder. “You were begging for that though.”

“Ugh,” Emma scoffed. You noticed her one hand raised to yours on her tit and kept it there instead of moving it though.

“You two keep snuggling,” Sabrina said heading out of the bedroom. “I’m making breakfast, and then I’m reclaiming my boyfriend. If you can manage it you can fuck him again while I’m being all domestic and shit.”

“Such a traditional woman,” Emma grunted sarcastically, making you laugh. She took a deep breath, held it for a moment and then let it out slowly. “I don’t know if I can have sex with you again right now. My pussy seriously feels fucking... hollow. And swollen. At the same time.”

“It was a lot,” you said, letting your fingers stroke her tight little stomach since she was holding the ones on her breast. “No regrets?”

“Not yet,” she said. “Just... keep holding me?”

You kissed her shoulder again, but if she tried to say anything else you missed it because you fell back asleep.

Breakfast - bacon, scrambled eggs and OJ brought to the bed by Sabrina on three plates, was what woke you back up and both you and Emma sat up at the head of the bed while she sat cross-legged in front of you. Emma, who had been sleeping naked, blushed when she had to get up and find her shirt and put it on before climbing back under the covers. That just made Sabrina snort and tease her a little before tucking into the food.

Once the three of you were at least halfway done eating, Sabrina motioned with her fork. “So, how was your first time?”

“Fine,” Emma mumbled, blushing all over again.

“Oh, come on,” Sabrina said. “It was better than fine, right? If he did a good job, tell him he did a good job.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “It was really good.”

Sabrina smirked, a naughty twinkle in her eye. “And how was the *second* round?”

Emma bit her lip, and the blush turned her neck and cheeks pink. “Well...”

“If you don’t tell me the truth, you don’t get to fuck him again.”

“Sabrina,” you sighed. “If she doesn’t want to talk about it she doesn’t have to.”

“It was amazing,” Emma said. “From the moment he pinned my head to the wall with his cock to his cum dripping out of my gaping pussy at the end.”

Sabrina snorted, covering her mouth with the back of her hand as she grinned.

“Honestly?” she asked. “This feels more like you’re my sister than I’ve felt in years. I mean - you’ve grown up so different from me and Katherine. Different likes, different clubs in school, different styles. And like, the physical aspects of you being taller, and with your light hair compared to our dark hair, and not wanting to do sister-talk with me or Katherine all the time... I dunno. Knowing that *something* about us is so similar is really fucking nice.”

“I... know how you feel,” Emma said. “Honestly, I always thought you and Katherine were prudes. And kinda weird. But your ‘sister-talks’ were definitely ‘twin talks.’”

“Not when we were trying to invite you to places,” Sabrina pointed out.

“Then I was just your little sis tagging along,” Emma twisted her lips into a pained smirk.

“That was fine when I was a little kid and you guys were early teens, but by the time I was thirteen and you guys had your seventeenth birthday? It felt like I was still ‘the kid’ compared to you.”

“Oh, Emma,” Sabrina said, reaching out and taking her hand. “I’m sorry. I never realised you felt that way. I promise we were trying.”

“Well, I was kind of a brat. Still am, if I’m being honest.”

“You’ll get over it. Me and Katherine did.”

You coughed, covering your mouth and turning away as you choked on those words and tried not to laugh.

“OK, so maybe I’m *mostly* not a brat except in sexual situations where I can get it fucked out of me,” Sabrina smirked. “It’s a good outlet, you should try it.”

“I think I already did,” Emma chuckled.

“So he did the shower thing after he turned your hole into a cumdump, right?” Sabrina asked, moving the conversation on in the lewdest way you thought she could, leading to you coughing all over again.

“Yes,” Emma said, biting her lip. “And he fingered all his cum out of me and made me orgasm *again* before he washed my hair. God, I mean, I’ve had multiple orgasms in one night before but that was... Holy shit.”

“Right?” Sabrina grinned. “And he’s all mine, but I’ll still let you borrow him sometimes.”

“Thanks,” Emma said, smiling just a little as she looked over at you. Then she bit her lip, getting that look on her face that the Sodemeyer sisters got when they were thinking about doing something sexual.

“Not right *now*,” Sabrina laughed, seeing it too. “Right now you need to finish your breakfast and then get out of my bed because I’m gonna reclaim my boyfriend.”

Chapter 609

Sabrina, wearing just a light sundress, sighed happily as she sat down on the couch next to Emma. The younger sister had changed while you and Sabrina had been busy and was wearing an athletic bra and tight little spandex shorts - it was less than she'd worn any other day, and you wondered a little about the change. It definitely wasn't 'going out' clothes so she'd need to change if you were going to do any touristy stuff before she was leaving that afternoon.

"That sounded like fun," Emma said. "But it was kinda... short?"

"Oh, my darling little sister," Sabrina said, pulling her into a side hug as they sat together and then resting her head on the taller girl's shoulder. "If all sex was a marathon *every* time, nothing would ever get done. Quickies are fun too, you just gotta know what you're looking for. Speaking of which, check this out." She pulled aside the bust on her sundress, showing off the side of her breast without exposing a nipple - the bloom of a fresh hickey you'd left there was already darkening.

"What?" Emma asked in confusion. "You let him do that?"

"Let him?" Sabrina asked with a laugh. "I fucking *love* it. I beg him for more. Listen - never let a guy put his hands on you if you don't trust him, and never let a guy put a mark on you unless you love him, OK?"

"We were playing the hickey game before we ever said The Big L," you pointed out as you came back from the kitchen, handing her a glass of water.

"True," Sabrina smirked. "But I'm pretty sure at that point we were still pretending that Gemma was your girlfriend and you and I were just fuckbuddies. I already loved you, I just didn't know how to process that."

You sighed, sitting down next to her on the couch and leaning forward to look around her at Emma. "Either way, she's not wrong," you said. "The fact that Sabrina and Gemma *want* me to give them hickeys in places that are hidden from the world is hot, but I'd never do it to them if they didn't ask first."

"Beg," Sabrina grinned. "We *beg* you for them."

"You beg both of us for them. Gemma asks."

“True,” Sabrina snickered.

“So what are we doing today?” you asked.

“We’re having a lazy day,” Sabrina declared. “And we’re going to start working on a business plan for Emma if you want.”

“That would be good,” Emma nodded.

“And you, Mister, are going to go get that last load of your stuff from Mosche’s place so that we can say we *actually* live together for real,” Sabrina added to you.

“I’ll go get some clothes on,” you nodded. “Better to do that now.”

“First, though,” Sabrina said, putting a hand on your arm to stop you from getting up. “We need to have a quick discussion.” That had you raising your eyebrows, and Sabrina got up from the couch and sat back down on the coffee table so the three of you were looking at each other instead of sitting side by side. “We need to talk about expectations, and what school will look like.”

You nodded slowly, and Emma twisted up her lips in thought as she frowned with her eyebrows. You were starting to get used to her micro-expressions more and more, and could tell this was more a ‘mild concern’ than a frustration or anything like that.

“OK,” Sabrina said. “So. Emma, I’m not gonna lie, we’ve had this discussion with some of our friends before. Not about you, but about them. Gemma, John and I are a throuple - three people all in a relationship with each other. We share our love, and our bed, with other *women* who are open to it. A couple of the friends we’ve made this summer and slept with on a regular basis could have... been more than friends. But we made the decision that we needed to draw boundaries. We’re still friends with them, we still have sex with them. Hell, we still love them, but they aren’t *in love* with us, or with John. What you did last night, giving up your virginity to him, means that he’s gonna be *that* special guy for you for the rest of your life. But - and I love you, babe, and you’ll always be my sister - you can’t have an ‘in love’ romantic relationship with him. You can *be* romantic, and sexual, but he can’t ever be your boyfriend. Not for real, anyways - if we’re out and some guy is hitting on one of our friends it’s totally fine if they use him as their ‘Excuse Boyfriend’ and we’ve even had romantic ‘One of Us’ weekends where a girl has been ‘in’ our relationship for a couple of days of love. I’m sorry if this is a lot, but that line really needs to be drawn now since things got more complicated.”

Emma's frown hadn't changed and her eyes were trained on Sabrina. "OK," she said. Completely neutral, no emotion.

"OK?" Sabrina asked.

"He's your boyfriend, and Gemma's," Emma said. "For me, he's just a guy."

"No, not *just* a guy," Sabrina said, grabbing both her sister's hands and holding them tight. "John is a *safe space* for you. Same with me. I'd say the same for Gemma, but I don't expect you to feel close to her until you guys actually, like, *meet* and stuff. But our home, or relationship with you, I want you to know you're *wanted* and *safe* and can talk to us and tell us anything and we'll always have your back no matter what. You just can't dream about marrying him. He'll never be *yours*, he's ours."

"You realise that's kind of fucked up, right?" Emma asked.

"'Fucked Up' will be our relationship autobiography," Sabrina smirked.

Emma rolled her eyes. "Fine. I understand the boundary you are setting. What does this mean for school?"

"That's where it gets... complicated," Sabrina sighed and glanced at you.

Considering you hadn't discussed this talk between you, you weren't sure what to do or say so you just reached forward and put a hand on her bare knee, giving it a squeeze.

Chapter 610

The plan was fairly simple.

Emma was going to live in the dorms at the University, just like had been originally planned. Getting that First Year experience, making friends and figuring out how to do life in a group of new people were all important. She wasn't, however, going to make any content in her room - probably an especially good thing since she was going to have a roommate.

Instead, Emma was going to have a key to yours and Sabrina's apartment, and one of the bedrooms would be 'her office.' You and Sabrina would help her decorate, the only real demand was that there needed to be a bed in there so that it could also act as a guest room for out-of-town visitors when needed. She could come and go as she pleased, but all her content needed to be filmed in that room.

"Well that's going to get pretty boring fast, isn't it?" Emma pointed out. "Like, some of it, sure, but it doesn't make sense for all of it."

"We do all our content here,' Sabrina pointed out. "And we're doing pretty damn well."

"You've got, like four different rooms though between the kitchen, table, the couch and the bedroom. Five! The washroom," Emma said. "Plus, I like... hiking. You saw that."

Sabrina grimaced.

"Someone explain for me?" you asked.

"She goes on hikes and strips naked and films herself," Sabrina said, then turned back to her sister. "I thought we talked about how fucking dangerous that was to be doing? What if some guy had followed you out there while you were doing it?"

"Well now I don't need to do it alone," Emma shrugged. "One of you can come with me."

That sparked off a whole conversation that ended up needing to be tabled because 'How far is John going to go in risking breaking Public Indecency laws for your content?' wasn't a conversation you'd been ready for. You also didn't want to point out in front of Emma that you'd both fucked in that copse of trees in the park and that hadn't even *been* for content.

The conversation moved on, explaining that Emma would be welcome at your place but there would be times you'd need to declare it 'Closed for Filming' - especially if you had guests in to do it, or just visiting in general. You'd try to make sure she had a heads-up whenever that was going to happen, and give her access to her 'office' while guests were around if needed.

"I think that covers everything about us and the apartment, right?" Sabrina mused, chewing on the inside of her cheek for a moment. "Did you have any questions?"

"What about just, like... sex?" Emma asked.

"As in sex... not for content?" Sabrina guessed.

Emma nodded. "If I'm feeling horny or whatever, can I just... come over and suck John's dick and then hop on?"

Sabrina snorted and smirked, glancing at you. "I mean, if he isn't busy with something, I'm fine with it."

"Text me first," you said, shaking your head ruefully. "Sabrina and I *will* be in our final years. Our workload will be bigger than yours, we'll be doing a lot of studying and writing papers and stuff. Not to mention our own social lives *and* managing Sabrina's content too."

"What if I'm already at your place?" Emma asked. "Can I just bend over?"

It was your turn to snort a little. "Emma, if you just bend over in front of me you're more likely to get a spank than me just lining up and fucking you. How about if you're horny you seduce me a little?"

She grinned. "I can do that."

"Can I just bend over," Sabrina sighed, looking at her sister. "Really? Guys want a little more than just *a hole*."

"Not the guys I've been going out with," Emma smirked.

"Men," Sabrina corrected herself. "Men, like John, want more than just a hole. And if you want *great* sex then making sure he knows how special and sexy he is is the best way to make that happen."

Emma grinned, getting that look in her eye again, as she turned to you. "You're special. And sexy. Want to fuck me again?"

That got you laughing and Sabrina slapped her sister's arm. "Not right now, you total fucking cockwhore. Jeez, one good fucking and you're addicted."

"I'm just saying, I'm feeling better and hearing you guys go at it before got me turned on again," Emma smirked. "I wouldn't mind getting pounded into this couch."

"I need to go get the last of my stuff from my old place," you said, standing up and offering them both a hand to stand as well. They did and you pulled them into a hug, squeezing them tight. "And you two need to start on that business plan - I can be the fresh set of eyes once I'm back. Then, *if* there's time and *if* Sabrina says it's OK, we can fool around some more."

"What happened to whenever I feel like it?" Emma pouted.

"Not everything is about you," Sabrina smirked. "Unless this is just you being a brat so he fucks you into a coma again."

"I figured I'd test it out," Emma chuckled.

You growled playfully and grabbed each of their asses with a hand. "Fucking Sodemeysers," you said, shaking your head. "Trouble all around." They were laughing at that and you gave Sabrina, and then Emma, a kiss on the head before letting go and heading towards the bedroom to change.

"Just wait until you're at our parents' place for Thanksgiving and Katherine is there too," Sabrina said with a grin. "Then there'll be *three* of us."

"Note to self, make sure my Will is updated before Thanksgiving," you replied, making them both laugh.