

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 278-284

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 278

You and Corey hung out for about half an hour after spreading suntan lotion on yourselves, just taking in the sun and chatting. He was spending his summer interning at a non-profit he volunteered at during the school year working with underprivileged kids, which meant he'd been spending a lot of hours with grade schoolers who had a ton of energy and not a lot of sense. He was tired constantly, crashed hard when he got home, and had barely been out at all.

"But you love it," you said with a grin.

"Yeah, I do," Corey laughed. "I mean, they are insane little munchkins, but I really do."

"Is Victoria good with things being quiet on the relationship front?" you asked.

"Is she good?" Corey asked. "Dude, she prefers it. She gets to my place before I do, and pretty much every night I walk in to her cooking dinner for us. Honestly, she's going full wifey mode and it's so fucking nice."

"I'm happy for you, dude," you said, offering him a fist bump.

"Are things looking domestic at all with you and your girls?" Corey asked.

"Sort of," you chuckled. "Sabrina and I take care of most of the cooking, and Gemma is a bit more of a cleaner, but we aren't actually living together yet."

"Yet?" Corey asked.

That made you grimace a little. "I need to tell Paul and Brent that I'll be moving in with Sabrina this year. Gemma is heading back to Australia, but we're going to try to all get into the same law school so we can be together."

"Well, good luck on the law school front," Corey said. "But I don't know how Paul and Brent will take you leaving them with Edgar."

"He's Paul's brother," you pointed out. "And it's not like I won't go hang out or anything."

"They'll still need to find a new roommate," Corey said. "And that probably means one of Edgar's other friends."

You had to just sigh and decide that wasn't your problem. If Paul or Brent had gotten serious with a girl you would have been annoyed too, but you would accept it. Then again, if they'd come to you a month after getting with a girl to say they were moving in you probably would have been skeptical too.

But Sabrina was different. Gemma was different.

You and Corey switched topics, and a few minutes later the boys came hopping back up the beach, their bare feet on the hot sand making them dance a little until they got to the towels.

"Why didn't you guys come for a dip?" Brent asked as he stood on his towel and did a little dog-shake, spraying water and making you wince away and grunt before shoving his leg.

"We were watching our stuff," you said.

"Well, where did the girls go?" Edgar asked. "They could have done that."

You and Corey traded looks and shook your heads in mutual understanding. "Eddie, you have no clue about having a girlfriend," Corey said.

That devolved into some teasing as the guys declared that Corey was no longer the relationship guru of the group and that you should run a boot camp for them on how to get a girl. Then Edgar, caught up in wanting to seem like he could be a player, mentioned how he could pick up one of the girls they'd seen down the beach a little. Soon bets were being made, and Brent went with him as a witness since Edgar claimed Paul's height would take away from him even if Paul was the ugly brother. That comment started a wrestling match between the two with lots of laughs, and Edgar took Paul down to the sand but Paul got the back of Edgar's trunks in his fist and yanked them up into a wedgie.

The brothers called a truce, and Edgar had to fix his tight curly hair with a pick for a minute before he declared himself ready to go.

You got up to stretch and were thinking about taking a run down to the water quickly when a glorious sight appeared down the beach. It was bright, the sun making you squint a little even with sunglasses on, and there was a slight heat shimmer farther down the beach. That just gave a trippy, cinematic landscape behind Gemma, Sabrina, Ollie and Victoria coming back from their walk.

Gemma and Sabrina looked hot in their swimsuits. Gemma had her sunglasses up top of her head and her cleavage looked fantastic in the little boob-window of her suit. Sabrina's sunglasses were down and she had that bright smile of hers that you could see even from fifty yards away. Ollie had her own swathe of cleavage showing, her warm, dark skin shimmering in the sun so much that you wondered if she had used some sort of a glitter lotion that morning.

She was just a hair shorter than Sabrina, but curvy, so her swaggering steps screamed voluptuous even while her piercings said fierce.

Then there was Victoria.

“The girls are coming back,” you said. “Corey, I hope you take this the way I mean it - your girlfriend could star in a Baywatch series.”

“Thanks,” he laughed, standing up to see where you were looking.

The only thing missing from Victoria being a walking wet dream in that swimsuit was her running in slow motion.

“Hey, baby,” Sabrina said, jogging the last dozen yards after the girls squeezed past a few other groups of people. She jumped into your arms and kissed you with just a little tongue as she smiled widely.

You spun her around once and set her down, and she quickly stepped aside so that Gemma could step into your arms. “Hi, love,” Gemma said, wrapping her arms around your neck as you kissed her, slower but a little deeper and with a bit more tongue. You couldn’t help yourself and you palmed her cheeks, making her hum a laugh against your lips.

“Hey, babe,” Victoria said, going to Corey and hugging him before giving him a peck on the lips. Her shy nature meant she wasn’t much for PDA, and the peck was almost surprising to see out of her. Usually she was hugs and handholding only unless it was late after a night of drinking.

Paul, who had also stood up as the girls arrived, looked to Ollie. “Hey, sugarbear,” he said, opening his arms and pursing his lips.

Ollie laughed and lunged forward, flicking Paul’s crotch hard enough to make him gulp air and go down to one knee.

“OK, yeah, I deserved that,” he half chuckled as he tried to catch his breath. Then he looked up at Ollie again who looked a little guilty for getting him as good as she had. “Want to kiss it better?”

The laughs from the rest of you almost drowned out the scoff from Ollie.

Almost.

## **Chapter 279**

You, Gemma and Ollie ended up heading down to the water with Corey and Victoria, while Paul and Sabrina stayed up by the towels waiting for the results of the Great Pickup Bet. Sabrina and Paul had been in a couple of the same lectures last year just like you and she had, so they were able to trade some notes on which Profs they liked and some of the weirdos in the classes.

The water was almost as crowded as the beach because of the heat so the five of you didn't have free reign or anything, but at the water's edge you turned and surprised Gemma by picking her up in a cradle and carrying her into the ocean as she laughed.

"Don't you dare drop me," she said, wrapping her hands around the back of your neck. "I love the water, but I don't want to get my hair wet today."

"I wouldn't dare," you promised, then pretended to drop her. That made her whoops and then laugh. You set her down when she would be waist deep, and Gemma hugged you tightly. Her skin was warm from the sun and the water was cool without being cold, making a sensual moment between the two of you despite the crowds and shouting kids.

"I love the feel of wet sand under my feet," she said, grinning up at you as she lowered her sunglasses over her eyes.

"Do you get to spend a lot of time at the beach back home?" you asked.

"Not nearly as much as I'd like," she said. "I'm not a beach bum or anything."

"I dunno," you teased her. "This is a beach, and you have a very nice bum."

"Ahem," Ollie cleared her throat from almost right next to the two of you. "John, I'm happy for you and all, but come on. There are people around and you two are pretty much sucking face."

"Sorry," you laughed, letting go of Gemma except for a hand on the small of her back.

"Ollie was telling me stories about you," Gemma grinned as she shifted slightly to more properly include your friend in the conversation.

"Uh oh," you said.

"Uh oh is right, Buster," Ollie laughed. "I know all the dark, embarrassing secrets."

"Hey, I know secrets about you too, remember," you pointed out.

"Yeah, but I'm not trying to impress my girlfriends," Ollie said.

"Oh, I know some secrets too," Gemma said with a sly little smile directed at you. "Ollie, do you know about Lucy?"

“Oh, God,” you groaned.

“No,” Ollie said with a big, happy smile as she hooked her arm in Gemma’s and started pulling her away from me. “No, I do *not* know about someone named Lucy. Please, do tell.”

Gemma shot you a glance over her shoulder with a teasing smile as they started wading through the water together, reaching back with her free hand for mine to join them. “Well, while I’m in the city for the summer I’m rooming with these three girls…”

By the time you went back to the towels Ollie had a whole new bundle of ammunition to use to tease you between your history with Lucy and the events with Joy. It was a good thing she was your friend, or else you’d be worried.

Well, you were still a little worried.

Corey and Victoria were still down enjoying the water, and when you got back Brent and Edgar had returned as well.

“Well, how’d it go?” you asked. Gemma had gotten down onto her towel next to Sabrina and was rummaging in her beach bag.

“It was a complete shit show,” Brent chortled. “Crash and fuckin’ *burn*.”

“It wasn’t that bad,” Edgar scoffed. “I just made a miscalculation.”

“And what was that?” Gemma asked with a little smirk. She’d pulled the suntan lotion out of her bag and started applying a new layer to her legs.

“I went for the hottest one,” Edgar said. “It’s a risk/reward thing. She’s either the one who gets approached the most, or she never gets approached. I just gambled and lost, and it’s not like I could try to pick up one of her friends instead.”

“Excuses,” Sabrina said from where she was laying.

“I dunno,” you said. “Asking a girl’s friend out in front of her right after you got rejected by her?”

“Depends on how you approached the first girl,” Ollie said, getting down on her own towel on the other side of Sabrina and laying back, dropping her sunglasses over her eyes. “If you went too hard, and the denial was brutal, then yeah. But if you’re smooth enough you can pivot a cold approach.”

“Says the lesbian,” Edgar grumbled. “It’s so much easier for you, ladies don’t just assume you’re trying to get in their pants.”

“Are you kidding me?” Ollie laughed. “Lesbians are clueless about almost any nuance. You have to be blunt as hell with most girls for them to realize you’re hitting on them.”

That made Gemma snicker. “To be fair, that’s most guys too.”

“True,” Sabrina laughed.

“Please tell me John missed you hitting on him,” Paul begged. “Please. There’s got to be a bump in this fairytale throuple thing somewhere.”

“Oh, he didn’t miss it. John flirted back just fine,” Gemma said. “But I don’t think he *realized* we were flirting.”

“I don’t think I realize when we’re flirting now,” you laughed.

“That’s true,” Sabrina giggled. “I’m still getting used to being super blunt with him, but also I really like it.”

“Wait, hold on,” Gemma said, sitting up and looking down at your girlfriend. “You need to get used to being blunt? You?”

“I wasn’t always like this,” Sabrina said. “You two bring out the romantic in me.”

“Romantic. Right,” Gemma snorted.

Sabrina made a face, then smirked. “Babe, want to rub that suntan lotion on me.” She even gave a little booty wiggle to emphasize it.

“Yes,” Gemma said. “But you’re just distracting me from teasing you.”

“Maybe I am, but you love it,” Sabrina said.

“Dude,” Brent grunted from beside you as your Australian girlfriend started applying suntan lotion on your brunette girlfriend’s butt. “You are one lucky fucker.”

“You can stop staring now,” you chuckled. “Now, let’s talk payment. Last I remember, Edgar had to cover the first round cause he failed?”

“I didn’t fail, I just left it hanging for later,” Edgar hedged. That set you and the guys snorting and slapping his back, congratulating him on buying the first round.

## Chapter 280

“Hey, do you guys mind if we squeeze in here?”

You were laying out on your towel next to Gemma and Sabrina, all happily sunning yourselves quietly. Corey and Victoria had gone for a walk, but Ollie and Brent were with you doing the same thing as you.

The speaker, once you closed one eye against the bright sun to actually be able to see him, was a tall and lanky sort of guy with a curly mop of hair and two friends with him. They looked to be about the same age or a year or two younger, but definitely in college as well.

“Sure,” Sabrina said, gesturing to the slim open space next to her and Ollie. The two of them had been talking quietly before then. “Pop a squat. Just don’t block our sun.”

“Hey, I wouldn’t sare block you from your vitamin D,” the guy joked.

You rolled your eyes as Gemma snorted softly.

Sabrina, having the mind of a fourteen-year-old boy when she was relaxed, gave the weak joke a chuckle.

The guys quickly laid out their towels and cracked open the little cooler they’d brought, and you had to admit the *snap-hiss* of their beer’s opening was tempting.

“God, I could do for a Bramble right now,” Gemma mumbled and turned over from her front to her back.

“Want to go for a walk?” you offered. “We could probably find a bar and grab a drink.”

“In a bit,” Gemma said. “I need to even out my front here or I’ll be two-toned front and back.”

The guys continued to banter a little with Sabrina and Brent, who immediately recognized fellow jock-types and did the sports guy social dance of finding out who cheered for what team. You did notice that the two friends were distracted from the main conversation frequently by the sights of your group - Gemma’s cleavage was in view now, and Ollie was laying on her back as well. The mop-headed guy had clearly set his sights on Sabrina.

And to be honest, you didn’t give a shit.

Sabrina loved you. And, in the case of potential cheating, you also knew she absolutely worshipped your cock. You had absolutely nothing to worry about, and as you passively listened to the flirting going on you could tell that she was having fun with the guy in more of a ‘you just don’t know what I know’ sort of way than that he had any chance.

Paul and Edgar finally got back from their journey down the main street, returning to you with a couple of two-litre bottles of cola, a bottle in a brown paper bag, and a sleeve of red solo cups. You noticed Edgar checking out Gemma quickly, but you couldn't really blame him for that. You were checking her out every chance you got as well. Brent offered introductions that you didn't really pay attention to, and soon Paul and Edgar were doing a poor job of surreptitiously pouring Jack and Cokes for everyone.

Not that they were spilling it or anything. They were just bad at hiding it.

Thankfully it didn't seem like the local PD was out looking for open alcohol on the Friday of July 4th weekend, so there weren't any problems over the mixed drinks or the other guys' beer.

You accepted your first drink and took a sip from the cup and had to cough softly and blink.

"That's a little strong, don't you think?" you asked Paul, who had handed it to you.

"I dunno, dude," he said. "I'm pouring from giant bottles here. Don't at me."

It didn't help that the drink was also warm. You managed to down it, and then Gemma was passing you half of hers so you had to down that as well.

Corey and Victoria returned to the group, welcomed by the same warm Jack and Cokes, and you noticed the other guys' eyes immediately track on to Victoria as the 'fresh meat,' but when they quickly realized she was very much taken their eyes wandered back to Gemma and Ollie.

"I'm going to hit the water," you said, mostly to your girlfriends but also to no one in particular.

"I'll come with you," Ollie said, getting up.

"Don't be too long," Gemma said, patting your leg as you stood up. "We should head back soon. We still need to do groceries."

"Sounds good," you said.

Soon you and Ollie were down at the edge of the water and you sighed as the first wave climbed up over your ankles and you waded deeper.

"Oh, that's good," Ollie agreed with you and let out a sigh. "God, that was an awful drink."

"Right?" you laughed. "Paul is no longer allowed to mix drinks this weekend."

"Maybe he did it on purpose," Ollie smirked. "Weaponized incompetence."



“Not his move,” you shook your head. “He’s just a lightweight and doesn’t know a good drink from a bad one.”

“Fair,” Ollie grinned. The two of you had waded into the ocean up to her waist, which due to her shorter stature meant your balls and cock were getting dunked by the rise and fall of the waves. The cool water felt fucking great. “So, anyways, two girlfriends huh?”

“Not you too,” you laughed.

“Oh, I’m not gonna say the same thing as the guys,” Ollie said. Then she punched you in the arm. “You find two bisexual hotties and you don’t save me one, you cunt?”

That made you laugh harder as you raised your hands to block her further two punches.

“There, that’s out of my system,” Ollie laughed with you.

“That wasn’t that much different from the boys,” you chuckled.

“Whatever,” Ollie said, waving her hand dismissively. “Seriously, I can’t believe you hooked up with Sabrina randomly. And Gemma - God, you really are a lucky fuck, you know that?”

“I absolutely know that,” you said. “But seriously, other than the fact that they are both hot...”

“What do I think of them?” Ollie asked.

“Yeah,” you nodded. “I mean, no offence but whatever you say I’m still going to be in love with them, but I don’t care what Brent or Paul think. You and Corey are a lot better judges of character than them.”

Ollie smiled a lot softer now and shook her head at you. “John, you big softy,” she said, giving you a playful shove on the hip. “So far they are both pretty great. Both of them are making an effort, and both of them are funny and engaged in conversation. Obviously, they’re both smart. I mean, they might be a little emotionally delayed if they fell in love with *you*, buuuut...”

“Harr harr,” you smirked at your friend.

“They’re great, John,” Ollie assured you. “Now don’t fuck it up.”

“Trying my best, Ollie,” you said. “I’m trying my best.”

## **Chapter 281**

“It’ll be fun,” Sabrina said as she walked arm in arm with you down the path back to the Air B&B.

“Hey, you know I like going out dancing with both of you,” you said, glancing over to Gemma as she walked on your other side with her hand wrapped up with yours. “I just don’t know how long I want to put up with those guys flirting with you.”

“John, you know-” Sabrina started, but you interrupted her.

“I know, baby. There’s no way you would do anything with them,” you said. “At some point it’ll start annoying me though.”

“Just don’t string them along, Sabrina,” Gemma said. “A little teasing is whatever, but *I’ll* be annoyed at some point too.”

“OK, OK,” Sabrina said. “I’ll stop teasing them. But going out to meet them at a club is good for Paul and Edgar, too. Those two both need some wing women.”

“I heard that,” Paul said from up ahead of you.

“You were supposed to,” Sabrina called back to him with a grin. She’d slipped into the banter between the guys easily. You could have sworn it would be Gemma who would have been able to do that more, but for some reason she was a little more subdued and Sabrina was a little more extroverted, than your expectations. “Anyways, hopefully we’ll be able to find some hot lesbian for Ollie, too.”

“I don’t need any help, you skinny bitch,” Ollie laughed from behind you.

“Says you,” Gemma got in on the teasing. “How long has it been since you’ve been in a relationship?”

“Oh, harrharrharr,” Ollie said. “That’s a classic one - lesbians don’t hook up, they move in together.”

“Hey, she could do better than that lesbian comedian at Mosche’s club,” Gemma chuckled.

The lot of you had headed back to the Air B&B together, and once you hit the house the air conditioning was *glorious*. Everyone scattered, needing to get themselves cleaned up, and you had to feel a little thankful that you’d gotten there early and had been able to choose the master bedroom for the three of you because that meant you had a private washroom.

A quick, cold shower helped refresh you, and then Gemma was soaping up your cock.

“Now?” you asked. “We’re supposed to be heading out for groceries.”

“We bought everything for the breakfasts,” Gemma said. “I already talked with Ollie and Brent about it. We just need to buy an ice cream cake for tomorrow night to cover dessert.”

“OK,” you said, and let yourself exhale and relax as your girlfriend stroked your cock slowly and started kissing your chest.

“Hey, you started without me,” Sabrina said. She’d headed to the kitchen when you got back and she entered the washroom with her top already off and a plate in one hand with three tall glasses filled with ice and water. She set her makeshift tray down on the sink counter and quickly untied her bottoms and then entered the glassed-in shower and handed you and Gemma each a glass. “Drink up, you need to hydrate after all that sun.”

“Yes, Mom,” Gemma teased her, but still took a long sip as she kept it out of the spray of the shower.

“That’s ‘Mommy-Baby’ to you,” Sabrina laughed, dipping back out of the shower to grab her own glass and take a drink.

Soon the three of you had drained your water but were left with cups of ice.

With a little smile, you fished one of the ice cubes out of your cup and softly touched it to Gemma’s shoulder. That made her shudder for a moment and then groan happily as she pressed into the feeling. You teased the quickly melting ice across her reddened skin and across her clavicle, and then down her chest to her breast. She sniffed in a breath at that and then exhaled through her lips with a soft hissing sound as you teased it over her nipple.

“Mmm, does that feel good, babe?” Sabrina asked, fishing an ice cube out of her own glass and holding it to Gemma’s belly.

“God, yes,” she hummed. She did the same thing as you two and got an ice cube in her fingers and pressed it to Sabrina’s back and trailed it down.

“Mmmm, that tickles,” Sabrina wriggled with a grin.

Soon the three of you were teasing each other mercilessly with the ice. Gemma’s sensitive breasts, both her nipples and the soft underside of her tits, got a lot of ice. Sabrina’s nipples got some too, though Gemma focused her efforts by sliding it down between Sabrina’s buttcrack. You weren’t left out either - your nipples got teased by both girls, as did your cock. The feeling of ice on your hot, hard shaft was weird but not bad. Ice directly on your balls wasn’t actually that bad either. You did wriggle away from Gemma teasing your ass crack as well, though.

Then, of course, Sabrina escalated the situation as she ran another ice cube down Gemma’s stomach and over her mound, all the way down to her pussy lips.

“Oh, fuck,” Gemma grunted and you looked down and saw Sabrina was now fingering her. And the ice cube was gone.

“How’s that feel?” Sabrina asked Gemma.

“Put one up inside of you and find out,” Gemma moaned.

“Daddy?” Sabrina requested, turning to present her ass to you as she leaned in and started licking the water from Gemma’s chest and continued fingering her.

“God, sometimes I think you might actually be evil,” you laughed as you gave Sabrina a little spank. Then you got one of your last ice cubes and slid it between Sabrina’s thighs, teasing her with the cold. Eventually, you raised it to her pussy lips, icing over both of her labia along with her clit hood, though you spared her trying to actually apply it to her clit. She was moaning as she continued to lick Gemma’s chest like a horny little puppy or something, but those moans turned to full-throated groans as you slipped the ice cube inside of her.

“Oh, fucking shit fuck,” Sabrina groaned.

“Yeah, bitch,” Gemma grunted. “Now you get it.”

“That’s actually pretty nice,” Sabrina moaned. “I could see doing this more often.”

“Naughty freak,” Gemma laughed.

“Our naughty freak,” you grinned.

“Yours,” Sabrina nodded and kissed Gemma, then turned to you. “And yours. Now, what would happen if you put your cock inside me while I had an ice cube up there?”

You had a feeling you were about to find out.

## **Chapter 282**

“God, yes baby,” Sabrina moaned as you fucked her fast and shallow, her pussy lips spreading wonderfully as you looked down at where your cock was spearing into her.

“Stop hogging him,” Gemma complained, reaching around Sabrina and tweaking at her nipples.

You had gotten out of the shower to continue your play and now Sabrina was laying on top of Gemma with their pussies stacked, allowing you to swap back and forth between them. It was a kind of heaven, getting to look at both of your girlfriend’s pussies while fucking them.

“Stop being so jealous,” Sabrina groaned as you continued to thrust into her. She wriggled from the pleasure you and Gemma were raining on her.

“I *am* jealous,” Gemma giggled, grabbing Sabrina’s tits more firmly.

“Sorry, love,” you said as you pulled out of Sabrina and dropped your hips a little so you could enter Gemma. Your Australian girlfriend gasped in pleasure, but Sabrina gave you an exaggerated pout as she used the fingers of both hands to spread her cunt lewdly. That just gave you an opening to drop a wad of spit down onto her pussy and then use your thumb to tease her hole and up to her clit.

“God, I love getting fucked by you two,” Gemma moaned.

“Shhh,” you hushed her. “Not so loud, Gem.”

“Why not?” she said, but did drop her voice. “Why shouldn’t your friends know how much of a fucking sex god you are?”

“How would you like your friends to know what an absolute slut you are when you’re riding my cock?” you pointed out.

That made her hesitate and bite her lip as she looked over Sabrina’s shoulder at you. “OK, point taken,” she laughed.

“I don’t care if my friends know,” Sabrina gasped. “My sister already does.”

“You say that now, you little kink,” Gemma said. “But that’s because you want his cock back inside of you.”

“.... OK, maybe,” Sabrina giggled.

You rolled your eyes and swapped pussies again, making Sabrina moan softly. Then you bent over her to kiss her, your lips and tongue sloppy with hers, and then she shifted to let you bend lower to kiss Gemma the same way. This made you change your cock angle in Sabrina and she used her hips to fuck up at you in little rabbit humps.

“She’s getting close,” Gemma smirked at you as your kisses ended. “Hold on.” She pushed you back lightly and you pulled away from Sabrina, making her pout a little again, but Gemma used her larger size to throw Sabrina around the bed a bit and soon Sabrina was on her back on the bed, her legs still spread before you, while Gemma was on top of her facing down, crushing her tits to the thinner girl’s chest. Gemma put a hand over Sabrina’s mouth, and another on her throat, before looking back at you over her shoulder. “Fuck her good, love.”

You ran the slick head of your cock up and down Gemma's slick pussy lips that were presented to you in doggy style before tilting down to re-enter Sabrina. Your brunette girlfriend moaned loudly into Gemma's hand, letting herself go a bit now that she was muffled.

"Hey," you said, patting Sabrina's hip. "I'm not joking about this - no squirting. We don't have any change of sheets for the rest of the weekend."

"Mfff Mm-mm," Sabrina mumbled through Gemma's fingers, which translated loosely to 'Yes, *Daddy*.'

You fucked Sabrina hard and fast, the sounds of her moans and groans music in your ears even though you could barely see any of her. All you needed were her eyes though, and while Gemma was choking her and muffling her mouth she was also kissing the side of Sabrina's face and whispering dirty things in her ear. That let Sabrina stare up at you with her big, expressive eyes as she inched closer and closer to her orgasm. You also had the fantastic visual of Gemma's ass, and since you were trying to get Sabrina to come without squirting you didn't do the pinching thing she liked and instead grabbed onto Gemma's meaty ass cheeks and massaged them roughly.

Sabrina came with a long, muffled shout that you were pretty sure included some '*Daddy!*' comments but was all mumbled together into one long string of wordless noises. Thankfully you'd straddled the line with her correctly and she didn't spray the end of the bed but still had a good, solid orgasm that made her toes curl and her eyes squeeze closed.

You continued to thrust into her but slowed down so she could work her way back from the peak, and when her toes uncurled and her legs fell softly back to the bed you pulled out of her tenderly. Once you were clear you didn't want to wait any more and you quickly moved higher, getting one foot up onto the edge of the mattress and fucking into Gemma.

"God, yes, love," Gemma grunted, turning to look back at you again with a piercing gaze. You ran your fingers through her gorgeous, if currently slightly messy from the shower and lack of proper drying, hair and gripped her near the scalp, pulling her head back. "Fuck me, love. Fuck me."

"Mmm, your turn," Sabrina grinned as she continued to catch her breath. She bit her lip and reached up, putting both hands around Gemma's neck and starting to choke her back. You felt Gemma's cunt clamp and flutter when she did that and you knew that Gemma had talked herself into this with all the dirty talk she'd been whispering to Sabrina.

Your blonde girlfriend was slamming her ass back at you to meet your thrusts, her tits still pressed down on your other girlfriend, as she quickly worked towards her own orgasm and yours. If you'd been at home you probably would have started teasing her asshole at that point, getting a thumb just inside of her at least, but that would have probably made her ease towards a squirt of her own and the goal here was to *not* ruin the bed.

Instead, you paused your thrusts for a moment and got your other foot up on the edge of the bed as well, leaning over her and fucking down into her more in a true mounted position. This let you put your lips next to her ear and you kissed her there and then sucked on her earlobe softly.

“Come for me, Gem,” you whispered to her. “Come for me and I’ll fill you up. I can’t resist you.”

“Ooooh, loooove,” she whimpered softly through her lips as she started to come hard, slamming her hips back at you one more time to get you as deep in her as she could.

“Good, Gemma,” you moaned into her ear as you matched her with your own orgasm, pumping a hot wave into her.

“God, I love you both,” Sabrina said, tilting up to kiss your cheek and then Gemma’s chin, which were the only things she could reach from her position. Gemma was coming down quickly and you let her hair go, which let her drop her head. Sabrina kissed her on the cheek as well. “Now, I’m super happy getting dogpiled by you guys, but you’re heavy and it’s getting hard to breathe,” Sabrina laughed.

That made you laugh as well, and you pulled out of Gemma with a wet *schlorp* sound as the mix of juices in her had a moment of suction. You helped Gemma roll off of Sabrina and breathed deeply as your two girlfriends snuggled together.

“I think I need another shower,” you said, looking down at yourself.

“Go, baby,” Sabrina said to you with a soft smile. “We’ll shower in a bit. We need a little girl time snuggle.”

“Alright,” you said, thinking you wouldn’t trade this for all the world. They looked so fucking good together. You leaned down and kissed them both on the cheek. “Love you,” you said.

“Love you too,” they both chorused softly.

## **Chapter 283**

Of the three of you, it was definitely you that started blushing the most as you left the master bedroom and headed for the stairs only to be met by Ollie applauding for her open doorway.

“Damn,” she said with a teasing smirk as she shook her head. “Wouldn’t have guessed you had it in you, John.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” you said. “I told them to keep it down.”

"I mean, a little afternoon delight is one thing, but 'don't squirt because we only have one set of sheets?'" Ollie chuckled. "That's some wild shit."

"Oh my God," you groaned, laughing and covering your face with one hand.

"Hey, it's a reasonable ask," Sabrina said, following you out of the room. "I had to do laundry like four times a week when we first started dating. Now I own three different sets of sheets."

"Same," Gemma said, though she had the courtesy to be a little embarrassed by the conversation. "He just... brings it out of us."

Sabrina snorted hard at the innuendo and grabbed Gemma, kissing her.

"Please tell me the others are out doing the groceries," you said.

"Yeah," Ollie said, still smirking. "The boys all went out and Victoria is downstairs reading."

"Oh, no," you groaned. "Did she hear us, too?"

"I mean, I don't know for sure," Ollie said. "I think she was down there most of the time, so possibly not."

"Wait, how loud *were* we?" Gemma asked.

"Not, like, super loud," Ollie said. "I could hear you muffled in my room, but we're adjacent. She *probably* couldn't hear you downstairs."

That led to a quick check of what could and couldn't be heard on the upper floor as you and Sabrina were sent back into your bedroom to make fake sex noises while Gemma and Ollie listened from the different rooms. Sabrina, of course, tried to make them into real sex noises and you had to fend off her hands as she tried to get into your shorts as you both grunted and moaned.

"Well, Ollie could definitely hear us," Gemma reported. "And you can hear decently clear from the main bathroom too. Corey and Vic might be able to hear if we're extra loud, but Paul and Brent probably won't hear anything."

"Oh, good," you said with a heavy dose of sarcasm. "Only three of my friends will hear me having sex."

"Five if the guys go to the bathroom," Ollie teased you.

"Oh nooo," Sabrina said dramatically. "We're going to have to go to a sex shop and buy some proper gags."



That set the four of you to laughing, and you thought it was a joke, but as you were heading down the stairs and the guys arrived home with groceries you found out that it wasn't. They went and wrangled Victoria from the living room couch and soon they were headed out to Sabrina's convertible rental, laughing secretively and refusing to tell the guys where they were going. You weren't sure if Victoria was getting swept along or actually wanted to go, but you saw Corey check in on her before they left and she seemed to assure him she was OK.

You helped the guys unload and put away the groceries, and then as Paul, Brent and Edgar all disappeared to clean themselves up or do... whatever they were doing, you and Corey started dinner.

"I can't believe Victoria went with the girls," Corey shook his head, smiling a little as he found a cutting board in one of the cupboards and took it out. The plan for the night was cheeseburgers, home fries and a salad, and you were going to make up the meat patties while Corey made the fixings as he had bought fake meat patties for himself and Vic.

"Gemma and Sabrina can be pretty convincing," you said with a smile of your own.

"I can tell," Corey said. "Like I said before, I think they are pretty great and the three of you seem to get along really well. But still, Victoria going to a sex shop? I never would have thought it was possible."

"Well, Sabrina might tease her but it's all in love, and Gemma will help reassure her," you said. "And hey, maybe she'll come back with something interesting for you two."

"Oh, God," Corey laughed. "I don't even know what to expect."

"I'm not saying I know what you guys are like, like that," you said. "But, uh... just FYI the walls aren't that thick upstairs."

"Oh, God," Corey had to turn away from the tomatoes he'd been slicing to cough his laugh into his arm. "How did you figure that out?"

"Ollie gave us a standing ovation while you guys were out," you admitted.

That set Corey to laughing as he tried to apologize but couldn't get it out.

By the time the girls got back, each of them carrying a little brown unmarked bag, you had the outdoor grill fired up and were just waiting for it to heat up to put the meat on. Sabrina met you with a sweet kiss and a wink, and Gemma kissed you longer and surprised you by bringing your hand up to her chest to grope her tit through her shirt as she fed you a little tongue.

Ollie held back a second before following them inside. “Your girls are wild, but fun,” she said to you.

“They weren’t too much for Vic, were they?” you asked.

“God, no,” Ollie said. “Fuck, we’ve known Victoria for almost three years and I’ve never heard her talk so much. Gemma might literally be her best girl friend already. And she actually bought a couple of things and didn’t even blush at the counter.”

“Good for her,” you said, feeling really proud that your Australian girlfriend was making such a good connection with the shy, sweet girl. “I see you made a couple of purchases too.”

“And I got the number of the chick who was working behind the counter,” Ollie smirked, fishing out her receipt from the bag and showing you the back where a phone number was written in black permanent marker. “Had to show your girls that I didn’t need a wing woman after all.”

“Nice,” you said, starting to put the patties on the grill. The sizzle of the meat on the hot metal was satisfying. “You gonna actually call her? Maybe she can meet us out at that club we’re supposed to go to.”

“Maybe,” Ollie shrugged. “We’ll see. She was decent looking, but I think she leaned more Dominant and that’s not what I’m looking for in a hookup. Turns out you and I are into similar kinds of girls, John.”

“Oh, God,” you groaned.

“Yeah, you know what I mean,” Ollie laughed, then gave you the kind of smack on the ass that one teammate gives another. “I’m proud of you, boy.”

“Gee, thanks Pa,” you joked, making her laugh as she went inside with her little brown bag from the sex shop.

## **Chapter 284**

Coming back into the house, balancing the plate of burgers and not-actually-burgers along with the bottle of BBQ sauce, metal spatula and an additional plate of toasted buns wasn’t the problem.

No, there wasn’t a problem with any element of the dinner.

The problem was the raised-voice discussion happening over in the living room that was edging into full-on argument territory. Even *that* wouldn’t have been an issue if it was Edgar and Paul

doing their usual arguing brothers act. Or Brent and Paul. Or Brent and Edgar. Or Ollie and just about anyone cause she could never admit being wrong about something.

It was Gemma and Edgar.

That was the problem. Mostly because you knew Edgar was a bit of a stubborn idiot and had no idea what he was getting into arguing with Gemma because she'd been playing the nice, sweet, bubbly girlfriend so far.

Sabrina was leaning against the bannister to the stairs when you walked in and she glanced over at you with a slightly self-satisfied smile, which just signalled to you that Gemma was obviously in the right and Sabrina wasn't about to cockblock your girlfriend from winning. You had to groan as you stepped quickly over to the kitchen and set down the meat on the counter. Corey shot you a look as if he was worried you were going to overreact; Victoria was with him and you had a feeling she had probably retreated from the confrontation as soon as it started.

Now with your hands emptied you went over to the living area.

"John, fucking finally!" Edgar said loudly. "Get your girlfriend-"

"Don't try and pull that shit, you little weasel," Gemma interrupted him. "John isn't some voice of authority over me that you can just call in to save your ass from embarrassment. And it's a little pathetic that just because you're wrong you would resort to misogyny to try and save face in front of... oh look, no one! Because your brother is laughing his ass off at you right along with Brent and Ollie already said she agrees with me."

Gemma was sitting on one couch, sitting forward a little aggressively as she stared across the coffee table at Edgar. It wasn't a glare, you'd seen her glare. It was just her totally engaged. Edgar, on the other hand, was clearly frustrated and off balance in the conversation. He was blustering a little and looking away a lot, and you would have bet if he was white he would have been flushed red. Instead, he was doing that thing you'd noticed that he and Paul did, pursing his lips in frustration, and you had to wonder if they'd picked that up from a parent or if it was a cultural thing.

Paul and Brent, meanwhile, were on the other couch and were both in absolute tears as they covered their faces trying not to openly break into laughter. Ollie was smirking and leaning back, sitting next to Gemma on the couch with her arms folded over her chest looking all the world like she was completely happy to just watch Edgar get taken apart after she'd argued with him over dumb shit so many times in the past.

"Don't call me a weasel," Edgar said. "That's fucking racist, and just because you aren't from America doesn't mean you can just pretend to be better than us."

"I never *once* suggested that," Gemma said. "And since when is calling you a weasel racist? I didn't say you *look* like one, or that your race has some sort of similarity to one. I said *you*, as an individual, are acting like a misogynistic weasel by trying to *weasel* your way out of admitting you're wrong by trying to get my boyfriend to check me. Guess what, if John were an abusive asshole who would do something like that, he wouldn't be having threesomes every night."

That broke Brent and Paul, who started howling their laughter.

"What is this even about?" you asked with an exasperated smile.

"Edgar said the Nigerian film industry is the most successful one in the world," Ollie said. "And Gemma corrected him by pointing out that Nollywood isn't even the highest producing one."

"It's Bollywood, then Nollywood, then China, then Japan, then Hollywood," Gemma said. "And that's only on the number of films produced, not quality. And the only reason Nollywood is even second is because they produce *so much trash*."

"Gemma took a class on the Entertainment Industry for her degree back home," Sabrina said from behind you.

"This whole thing is about... movies," you deadpanned.

"She's being racist! She's saying our cultural heritage is trash!" Edgar argued.

"Our movies *are* trash!" Paul laughed at his brother. "I mean, they are *classic*, memey trash, but they are trash. Everyone knows that."

"Alright, whatever," you sighed. "Food is up, it's time for dinner."

Gemma stood up and came to you, kissing you on the cheek. "Sorry, love," she whispered.

"I know," you whispered back and squeezed her fingers.

Ollie followed her and winked at you, mouthing, '*I like her even more now.*' Brent and Paul both followed, heading for the kitchen and wiping at the tears in their eyes.

You looked down at Edgar, who was still looking uncomfortable and unhappy. "Ed," you said. "I don't care if you argue with Gemma or Sabrina about whatever. But if you ever insinuate that they need to be checked by me, or if you try and 'check them' yourself with anything but civil discourse, I'll deck you."

He gave you a snotty little look and you just shook your head and turned, wanting to get past the whole thing with a good cheeseburger and time with your friends.