

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 285-291

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 285

Dinner started out a little awkward down at one end of the big table that you were all crowded around mainly because Edgar ended up sitting next to Victoria and Corey, who handled conflict the worst in the group. You, Sabrina and Gemma were at the other end, and Ollie, Paul and Brent were the buffers between the two sides.

Sabrina, Brent and Gemma tried their best to make things smooth over quickly as you all started chowing down on the burgers, chopped veggies and other snacks. Paul, on the other hand, seemed like he could sense his younger brother was currently on tilt and couldn't help but throw a few barbs his way. You almost wanted to tell him off for doing it, but after the way Edgar had assumed you would 'check' Gemma you weren't in the mood to get in between the brothers.

Thankfully things mellowed out relatively quickly and everyone, and whether that was the booze or the concerted efforts to make it so you weren't sure. Soon everyone was talking about the beach, and people they'd seen, and the girls were considering going shopping the next day. Then the conversation shifted to talking about going out that night, and as the food disappeared more drinks hit the table.

You, Corey and Victoria had done the most for dinner, and since you, Sabrina and Gemma had prepped brunch earlier, that meant it was the guys' turn to do the clean-up. You weren't exactly sure why, but Ollie ended up letting Edgar off the hook and offered to help Paul and Brent. The younger brother took advantage of that and disappeared into the basement to get ready to go out.

Gemma and Sabrina seemed to have a silent conversation with just a few looks, and then they both kissed you on the cheek and excused themselves, pulling Victoria under their wings and hustling upstairs to go get ready.

"Outside?" Corey asked you.

"Yeah, sure," you nodded, following him out. It was funny, Corey was probably the guy you trusted the most in general within your group of friends but was also the guy you knew the least overall. This weekend, being in a relationship yourself, you felt more of a kinship with him than you ever had before and you got where he was coming from.

The two of you headed out and around the side of the house, following the little path to the cramped garden and backyard where a small hot tub stood amongst the greenery.

“That’s going to see some use tomorrow, I bet,” you said.

“Or tonight, depending on when we get back,” Corey chuckled. “Your girlfriends stole mine away again though.”

“Yeah, I think Gemma felt bad about the argument,” you said. “Not that it happened, obviously. But about the impression it would give you and Victoria.”

“Hey, I heard the whole thing,” Corey sighed. “She wasn’t unreasonable, and you know Edgar. Victoria... honestly, I love her like nothing else, but if just a *little* bit of Gemma rubs off on her that would be a good thing. She needs to stand up for herself more.”

“Well, be careful what you wish for,” you said. “Because Sabrina is only a hair less argumentative than Gemma.”

“Really?” Corey asked. “I wouldn’t have thought so.”

You snorted and smirked. “So, my roommate for the summer is this guy named Mosche, and he goes to a lot of open mics at comedy clubs in the city...”

By the time you were finished telling the story; providing the parts about the time it was just you and Gemma, and then you, Gemma and Sabrina, Corey was laughing and shaking his head incredulously at the same time.

“I couldn’t ever do that,” he said. “I mean, I’d be embarrassed just getting the attention from a comedian on stage, but arguing back and forth? And God, Victoria would absolutely *die*.”

“They’ll both make excellent lawyers,” you grinned. “Especially in the courtroom, if they go that way. They’re both so fucking smart, and quick-witted, and totally unafraid of speaking their minds.”

“You really do love them,” Corey grinned at you.

“I really do,” you nodded.

“Hey now, don’t stop complimenting us,” Gemma said, coming around the corner of the house. She was dressed in one of her flowy summer dresses.

“How long have you been there?” you asked.

“Long enough to know you’re still smitten with me,” Gemma smiled, coming to you and leaning up to kiss you firmly on the lips. “Just like I am with you.”

“I guess I don’t need to sing his praises then, huh?” Corey asked.

“Nope. I’m sold,” Gemma grinned at him. “And, by the way, so is your Victoria. That girl is so in love with you it isn’t funny.”

That made Corey beam and look away sheepishly. “Yeah, it’s... pretty great.”

“Now, you men need to come upstairs,” Gemma said, taking your hand and pulling you back towards the door as she wiggled a finger for Corey to follow too.

“What’s up?” you asked.

“Nothing much,” Gemma smiled. “Your girlfriends just want to ensure you approve of our clubbing outfits.”

You glanced back at Corey. “Uh oh.”

“I didn’t know Victoria even brought a clubbing outfit,” Corey said.

“She didn’t,” Gemma said. “But Sabrina and I put together an outfit for her - the fact that she had my tits but Sabrina’s waistline is a little ridiculous.”

“Hey, you won’t hear me complaining,” Corey laughed as you stepped back into the house. The guys and Ollie were just finishing up the kitchen.

“Well, she’s waiting in your room,” Gemma waved Corey towards the stairs. “Tell her exactly what you think, cause she could use a confidence boost.”

Corey nodded and started bounding up the stairs, but you slipped your arm around Gemma and pulled her close, kissing her cheek. “You know I love your waistline and hips,” you murmured to her.

“I know, love,” Gemma said with a smile, looking up at you. “And I’m not jealous of Sabrina or Victoria, the skinny bitches. That girl’s proportions are just a little ridiculous in general is all. She also doesn’t have much of a butt.”

“Hmmm,” you hummed a laugh, grabbing hers through her dress.

“Hey!” Ollie said, heading past the two of you as she went to the stairs to go up. “No grabass in the public areas unless everyone gets a grab.”

“Careful what you wish for, Ollie,” Gemma said. “I grab back and don’t let go.”

That made Ollie laugh as she climbed the stairs.

"I like her," Gemma said. "She's a good friend for you."

"I know she is," you said with a grin.

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It turned out the 'fashion show' thing wasn't just for Corey and Victoria. Gemma led you up to your bedroom and Sabrina was just finishing her makeup in the en suite bathroom - the counter space was actually kind of small in there so they weren't able to get ready together like they usually did.

"Wow, baby," you grinned as she came out a minute later. "Going all out tonight, huh?"

"Gotta make sure I show off for you, Daddy," she teased you, sticking out her tongue between her teeth. "What do you think of my outfit? It wasn't what I thought I'd wear out, but Victoria borrowed my skirt."

"I think you look fantastic," you said. She was wearing an off-the-shoulder white crop top with a graphic 'LA' across the front, along with her low-riding jeans and a pair of heels. She'd also put on a pair of silver hoop earrings and had a couple of slim braids mixed into her otherwise loose, dark hair. "I'm getting posh rocker rave girl vibes."

"Not quite what I was going for, but close enough and it sounds hot," Sabrina said, coming over to you and pursing her lips. You leaned down and kissed her sweetly as she smiled.

"I do have one question though," you said.

"What's that?" she asked, her eyes bright.

Your question wasn't with your words - instead, you slid your hands up from her waist and over her bare skin, under her crop top and up to her tits. Sabrina bit her lip naughtily as you felt her bare nipples between your thumbs and forefingers. She wasn't wearing a bra.

"Baby, I love how you think," you said. "But if we're dancing I don't want any chance of you flashing a bunch of random pricks. And especially not the guys. Could you put on a bikini top or something for me, please?"

Sabrina pouted playfully. "Alright," she sighed. "I was just thinking of us having some fun on the dance floor again."

"You can have all the fun you want *with* a bikini top," Gemma said from the bathroom. She'd stripped off her sundress when she'd headed in there and was doing her own makeup, and you

had a clear view of her thong-clad butt as she leaned towards the mirror. "I agree with John, I don't want you flashing randos either. Those titties are ours."

"OK, OK," Sabrina said. "I'll put on a bikini top."

"And not the teeny tiny one," Gemma said, turning and looking out at the two of you. Sabrina made a face and stuck out her tongue at your Aussie girlfriend. "Yeah," Gemma laughed. "I know how you think, baby."

Sabrina rolled her eyes and went over to her bags to find the top she would use, and you went into the bathroom and hugged Gemma from behind while being careful not to disrupt her makeup application.

"You know, I think I might love you," you said with a smile, meeting her eye in the mirror.

"That's pretty handy," Gemma said with a smile. "Cause I think I might love you too, love."

"What are you wearing tonight?" you asked.

"You'll see in a minute," she teased. "But I promise I'll look as hot as Sabrina does."

"Oh, I wouldn't doubt that for a second," you said. "I was just thinking that you've wanted to do what me and Sabrina did that one time."

"Love, I really do," Gemma said. "But not while we're out with your friends. I don't mind them knowing... I guess what they already know about us. But I'm not risking them *seeing* it, OK?"

"OK," you agreed, leaning down and starting to kiss on her neck and shoulder.

"Agreed?"

"Yes, agreed."

"I'm serious, love," Gemma said, stopping the application of her lipstick and looking at you in the mirror.

"I know," you said, grinning at her. "You think I would force you or something?"

"No," Gemma sighed. "I'm more telling myself, 'cause I know with a few more drinks and if I see an opportunity I might want to risk it. So don't let me, OK?"

"OK," you agreed. "Dancing only tonight."

"Until we get home," Gemma grinned.

You went back out into the room and Sabrina was just putting her shirt back on, having used a simple black bikini top to give her a modicum more modesty. You proved to her that it wasn't *that* much of a barrier by kissing her firmly and sliding your hands up her sides again, palming her tits over the thin fabric and tweaking her nipples just as easily as you had when she was naked.

When Gemma came out all glammed up she made you wait for a kiss as she wanted her liquid lipstick to dry a little more. She was already wearing a pretty lingerie bra and thong combo, and she quickly put on a black dress that had a sort of velvet quality to it and had a formed corset for a top nut only just came down onto her thighs, showing off her tanned legs. She covered her bra straps by adding a crochet fishnet shrug over her shoulders and arms, and Sabrina quickly went to work on her hair to help her get it just right.

"What do you think, love?" Gemma asked, turning to you with a smile. She'd paired the dress and shrug with a sexy pair of heels and gold hoop earrings that looked the same as Sabrina's silver ones.

"I think I'm the luckiest man alive," you said. "God, you two."

They both grinned and you ended up in a three-way hug. Then they both grabbed your ass at the same time and squeezed, laughing.

"Now *you* need to get all dolled up for us, love," Gemma said.

"And you can take your time," Sabrina said. "The longer you take, the longer we can make out." She pushed Gemma lightly back towards the bed as they both giggled and teased you. All you could do was sigh and shake your head, then head for the washroom to tidy yourself up. No doubt they had already picked out an outfit for you.

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The guys, of course, were ready way before the rest of you and were already two beers further in as they waited downstairs. Gemma and Sabrina didn't actually start making out - at least not fully. You distinctly heard some kissing noises from in the washroom. But they both went to offer Ollie some help getting ready, leaving you an outfit laid out on the bed.

You decided to ignore the fact that they didn't put underwear out for you and put on some briefs.

You found the guys, who immediately got a beer into your hand. Corey and Victoria were the next to come down and the other guys went a little quiet when they saw her. Victoria was wearing a very cute top that Gemma had lent her - it was a crop that hugged her chest and collar tightly, rising into a lace-like turtleneck, and had full lace sleeves with cutouts to leave her

shoulders bare but didn't show any cleavage. She was also wearing a cute, high-waisted and pleated black skirt borrowed from Sabrina. It came down to about three-quarters of the way down her thighs, giving her good coverage while still looking sexy, and she'd paired it with a pair of tight black boots that rose to her knees.

"Wow, Vic," you said. "You look absolutely stunning."

"Thanks," she said with a shy smile, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

Corey was just behind her, beaming proudly. Obviously the girls had gotten Victoria out of her shell as, on the rare occasion she did come out on the town back at University, she usually wore loose, drapey dresses that hid her figure.

Ollie and the girls only took a couple minutes longer, and you had to stop yourself from staring at the amount of cleavage Ollie was showing off. Her hair was pulled tight on the back of her head and gathered into a cute poof of a ponytail at the back of her head, and she was wearing a slinky black and silver dress with long spaghetti strap shoulders and a deep V neckline. Half her tits had to be showing, and considering her considerably large bust that was a *lot* of tit. It also hugged the rest of her in a flattering way and cut into whooshy, feathery bits at her knees that you were sure would look great on the dance floor. The whole ensemble was extremely sexy, and her warm brown skin was shimmering from some sort of glitter as she smirked at all of you guys.

"Holy tits," Paul said as his eyes went wide.

"Yes they are," Ollie laughed, sticking out her tongue. "So get a good look now, 'cause if I catch you guys trying to get a peek down my top I'll knee you in the balls."

Edgar, who had been on the receiving end of that move once before from her, immediately looked away.

With the girls all wearing heels, and Corey being the soberest, it was decided that he would drive the girls to the club while you and the guys took the ten-minute walk. With you being the second-soberest, you led the boys after getting quick kisses from Gemma and Sabrina, along with a punch in the arm and a smirk from Ollie.

The boys were eager after seeing a lot of folks your age, or age-ish, down at the beach so the ten-minute walk only ended up taking eight, and soon you were coming up on the club. It was a decent-sized building a block away from the beach and you had a feeling it doubled as a bar during the day, but now it was set up with lots of Tiki motifs outside and had a line set up. The girls and Corey were waiting for you, and you all piled into the line together and were laughing and chatting as you waited to get in. A trio of ladies had gotten in line behind you and soon Paul, Brent and Edgar were flirting with them hard.

"I'm going to kiss that one before we go home for the night," Ollie muttered to you and Sabrina with a smirk as she nodded towards one of the ladies. She was wearing a rainbow bikini top underneath a fishnet tank top, along with black booty shorts, and had a half dozen tattoos across her body.

"I dunno," you said. "She seems into Brent."

"Nah. She's a total lesbian," Ollie said. "She's just going to accept the free drinks."

"She's also glanced at Ollie and Gemma's cleavage like six times," Sabrina whispered with a little smirk of her own.

"Oh, don't look now," Ollie smirked. "She likes the looks of your cute little booty too."

"She does?" Sabrina asked with a smile, pointedly not looking back.

"Hey, it's a nice booty," Ollie said.

"You two mind not flirting *right* in front of me?" you asked with a chuckle.

"Shhh, baby," Sabrina laughed. "I'm getting compliments here." To mollify you she hugged your arm a little tighter with hers and kissed it since you were standing arm in arm.

Gemma was still acting as a secondary buffer for Victoria, so once you all ended up getting into the club there was a bit of a dispersal as your large group filtered in and headed for different parts of the bar. The place continued the tiki theme inside, with a long, colourful bar splitting the front half of the space and the DJ and dance area in the back, a little darker and sparkling with club lighting. You ended up buying Sabrina and Ollie's first drinks, and once the three of you found a standing table Corey, Gemma and Victoria joined you.

"So, who wants to make a bet?" Gemma asked. "The boys are already off and running - which of them is actually going to get a number or better tonight?"

The bids started coming in as the six of you settled into the space and started having fun.

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The thing about going out with Gemma and Sabrina together to any bar was that they got hit on. It was annoying but somewhat understandable. You would never have assumed that a guy with two girls was dating *both* of them. Going out with one or the other you never had that problem - well, other than that first time with Gemma. But it was obvious that you were together.

Three people weren't so obvious.

Three people in a group were even less obvious. Gemma was splitting her time between you and Corey and Victoria. Sabrina was doing the same with Ollie. You weren't lacking for attention at all, one or the other of your girlfriends was always holding your hand, leaning in to whisper with you and trade quick kisses, or dancing with you lightly next to the table without heading over to the dance floor yet.

That didn't stop guys from coming over to the table. Sabrina, Gemma and Ollie all got propositioned several times by random guys offering them drinks or dances. None of them would accept, surprising the guys, and sending them on their way. And every time, well at least with Gemma and Sabrina, it made you smile as they would look back to you with a look that said, *'Sorry, baby. You're all that I want and everyone should know it.'*

"Alright, I think it's time," Sabrina finally said as she pulled you back into a conversation with Ollie.

"Time for what?" you asked.

"To find Ollie a hot chick's mouth to stick her tongue in," Sabrina grinned.

"I already said I don't need a wing woman!" Ollie laughed.

"Well, you've got one anyways," Sabrina said. "John, take Gemma to the dance floor for a bit. I'm gonna want my turn when we're finished."

"Alright, baby," you said, and she leaned in and kissed you firmly before pulling back with a big smile. She winked and then looped her arm with Ollie and led her towards the bar.

"Gemma, love," you said, leaning over the other way and catching the attention of the others. "Sabrina has *ordered* us to get our butts to the dance floor."

Gemma laughed and took your hand. "Well, if she ordered." Then she turned to Victoria. "Do you want to come dancing?"

"OK," Victoria smiled and nodded, and Corey kissed her on the cheek. The four of you abandoned your table, which was bound to get taken by someone else within seconds, and headed for the dance floor.

You'd sort of been hoping for some more intimate dancing with Gemma, but you ended up in a little group with Corey and Victoria as well and just had fun with it. Gemma spent her time encouraging and teasing Victoria to have fun as much as she spent dancing with you, and you couldn't begrudge her the fact that she was being so *good* with the shy girl. Then a heavier dance beat came on and she forced Victoria to put her arms around Corey to dance closer, then came to you.

“Love you, love,” she said into your ear and then kissed it.

“Love you too, love,” you said back, wrapping your arms around her waist and pulling her close before sliding your hands over her ass.

She laughed warmly and started to grind with you lightly, one hand up and hooked around your neck as her other hand slid back to yours on her ass and encouraged you to grip her tighter. Her tits were pressed to your chest and she looked absolutely gorgeous in the flashing lights of the club as the two of you moved to the beat of the music.

Unfortunately, Victoria and Corey didn't have the dancing stamina of the two of you and as soon as the song ended they motioned that they were heading to the bar. Gemma rolled her eyes slightly to you with a little smile as if to say, '*Lightweights!*' and she took your hand to follow them. You passed by Sabrina and Ollie as they were chatting with four ladies, two of whom looked like they had boyfriends, and Sabrina shot you a grin and a wink. You also spotted Edgar and Brent talking with the three ladies from the line but didn't see Paul anywhere.

Gemma bought you your drink this time, and soon you, Corey and Victoria had found a new table to stand around. You could tell Gemma wanted to get back out onto the dance floor with the way she was tapping to the beat of the music and bumping you with her hip softly as she very slightly danced in place, but she was also all in on being the Victoria-Whisperer.

You were surprised when Brent and Sabrina came over to your table together. “What's up?”

“Well, Ollie was right,” Sabrina said with a smirk. “She didn't need a wing woman.”

“She just walked up to the chick I was talking with for the last hour and asked her if she wanted to make out, and they just started kissing right there in front of me!” Brent said.

“It was kind of awesome,” Sabrina laughed.

“Sorry, dude,” you chuckled and shook your head, patting him on the shoulder.

“It's whatever,” Brent sighed. “There's always another hush in the sea.”

“Well, now that I'm not wing-womaning Ollie, I can help you out,” Sabrina offered. “Unless you're too *manly* for that?”

“Hell no!” Brent said. “Find me a lady!”

Sabrina started chatting a little quieter with Brent as they scoped out who was around, but they were interrupted when the guys from the beach showed up. Paul was with them, and soon your

little table was crowded as everyone was saying hello and one of them went and bought a couple pitchers of beer.

It became almost impossible to have a proper conversation, as everyone was talking and laughing over each other and the music, but you briefly caught some of their names and promptly forgot them. Brent told the story about Ollie stealing his girl, and Paul claimed he'd seen it coming from a mile away, which brought on an argument about Gay-dar and if it was the same knowing if guys or girls were gay.

You found that ironic because the guys from the other group were all eyeing Sabrina and Gemma and flirting with them. You were about to say something when you felt your phone vibrate in your pocket.

Sabrina: *Don't worry, baby. I'll deal with it ;)*

Pursing your lips a little, you raised your eyebrow and glanced across the table at Sabrina. She met your eye and gave one of her teasing, evil little smirks.

This should be interesting.

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The flirting went on for another five minutes or so, and it got to the point that not only were Corey and Victoria shooting glances over at you, but so were Paul and Brent. Gemma and Sabrina weren't quite flirting back, but they weren't shutting it down. The thing was, you also noticed that they were slowly moving toward each other.

You had no idea what their plan was, or even how they had come up with a plan.

Sabrina had just slipped around one of the guys and was now standing one person away from Gemma when the main talker from earlier at the beach leaned in to put his elbow on the table, turning full-on towards Gemma.

"So," he said. "Are you just here for a year, or did you move here permanently? Because I think your accent is fucking hot."

"I'm leaving soon, actually," Gemma said with a slightly raised eyebrow. "End of the summer."

"Oh, that's too bad," the guy said, and you could tell that he didn't mean that in the slightest. You could practically see the concept of hooking up with Gemma with no strings attached over the weekend floating through his brain. "So how do you find American guys compared to back home in Britain?"

That almost made you choke as you took a sip of your beer. Plenty of people commented on Gemma's accent, especially while you were out, but no one had ever mistaken her for being British.

"Oh, I luv Bri'ish lads," Gemma said, slipping into a terrible cockney accent. "But you American blokes, well, there's sommat so manly 'bout a cowboy."

"Oh yeah?" the guy asked, completely unphased by the accent and wording change. "So you like cowboys, huh? Ever heard that song 'Save a horse, ride a cowboy?'"

"Are ye daft or sommat?" Gemma laughed, still putting on the accent. "Everyone knows Big and Rich, it's a classic song!"

"Well, what do you think? Want to hit the dance floor, see if it fits?" the guy asked.

"Actually," Sabrina cut in, elbowing her way past the last guy between her and Gemma. "I was planning on taking my girlfriend to the dance floor. Right, baby?" Then she kissed Gemma, and Gemma kissed her back, reaching up and running her fingers into the hair at the nape of Sabrina's neck to deepen the kiss as they swapped spit and battled tongues.

"Holy shit," one of the other guys said heavily.

"Mmmmp," Gemma moaned as she pressed a little forward to finish the kiss, then pulled away a little but had Sabrina's lower lip caught between her teeth for a moment longer before letting it go. "I would *love* to go to the dance floor, baby."

"That is so hot," another one of the guys said.

"So you two are an item?" the first guy asked. "That's cool."

"Oh, we're very much an item," Sabrina said, wrapping her arms around Gemma and putting her hands on Gemma's tits teasingly. "Right, baby?"

"Absolutely, honey," Gemma grinned, pecking her lips again before turning to the guy. "But, I mean, a girl can only do so much with another girl. We love having threesomes."

"Y-y-y-you do?" the guy asked, his eyes going wide in delight.

"All the time," Sabrina said with a little smirk.

"Holy fucking shit," one of the guys repeated. Most of the table had gone quiet as this played out, and you were having a hard time not busting out a grin and laugh as the girls played with the guy like lionesses considering a kill.

“Honestly,” Gemma said. “I can’t wait for Sabrina to sit on my face as I take our big dick tonight.”

“Uh-huh?” the guy asked. “So, then do you *both* want to hit the dance floor?”

“Oh, *we* do,” Gemma said, then turned to you and held out her hand. “Come on, love. Sabrina and I want to grind up on you just like your loving girlfriends should.”

“Happy to, love,” you said, taking her hand and letting her pull you past a couple of the guys. She got a hand behind your neck and pulled you into a deep kiss, and as soon as that finished you were kissing Sabrina as well. Then they both took your hands and pulled you from the table and towards the dancefloor.

“Holy fucking shit!” that one guy said, loudly. “That dude is the *man*.”

You left it to Brent, Paul and Corey to explain what had just happened to the guys as you hit the dance floor with your girls.

“Love you, baby,” Sabrina half shouted to you as you found a spot on the dance floor for the three of you.

“Took you long enough, Sabrina,” Gemma said. “He was calling me *British!*”

“Sorry, baby,” Sabrina said and kissed Gemma briefly. “I was just waiting for the right set-up.”

“You two are crazy,” you said, taking each of them by the hand and spinning them in place before pulling them into your arms as the three of you started dancing.

Dancing with the three of you wasn’t quite as hot as one-on-one time in the same sort of intimate way. It was different because it required a little more coordination and a little more mindfulness to keep everyone involved. In reality, it wasn’t so different from your threesomes, so you were practised hands at it. Sometimes the three of you would dance together. Sometimes one of the girls would grind her ass against you while the other danced with her in front. Sometimes the girls sandwiched you between them.

Sabrina liked to make you and Gemma kiss on the dance floor. Gemma liked to watch Sabrina grind her ass on you. You were loving how touchy and kissy they were with each other - every week they got closer not just physically, but emotionally. You were truly in a throuple now not just in name, but in action, and seeing them together was as pleasing to you as being with one of them.

“Ollie,” Sabrina shouted suddenly, breaking away from the two of you for a moment as she went into the crowd and came back pulling Ollie with her. “How did it go?”

Ollie smirked and sucked a couple of her fingers into her mouth naughtily before laughing.

“Really?” Gemma asked, offering her a high five. “Where?”

“Out back,” Ollie said loudly, nodding towards an emergency exit that was propped open both for air and access to a smoker's area. “She gave me her number, I might call her tomorrow.”

“No more hooking up tonight?” Sabrina asked.

“Are you kidding me? If we went further tonight I'd be in a relationship tomorrow,” Ollie said. “Lesbians are *clingy* if we aren't careful.”

“You don't say,” Gemma laughed. “Dance with us?”

“OK,” Ollie grinned, and soon the four of you were dancing loosely, occasionally partnering off a little as you all laughed and smiled, enjoying the loud music and sweaty press of the dance floor.

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Of course it was Sabrina that pushed things. You were dancing with her, while Gemma was dancing close with Ollie but in a fun way, when Sabrina put her hands on yours on her hips and pulled them up her torso. At first, you thought she just wanted to feel your hands on her bare skin between her low-riding jeans and the crop top, but your brunette girlfriend never took things slow. It didn't take long for her to lead your hands up under the hem of her crop top.

Gemma saw it happening, pursing her lips and rolling her eyes a little at you and Sabrina. For your part, Sabrina was rotating her ass and hips back against you so it was kind of hard to formulate a strong argument against what was happening. Soon she had your hands over her tits and she craned her neck back and to the side to ask you for a kiss. Soon you were making out on the dance floor as you felt her up.

Then she bit your lip, harder than just a tease, and when you pulled away she gave you a hungry look.

“Switch!” Gemma declared, pulling Sabrina away by her hands and taking her place. Sabrina almost looked stunned for a moment and then burst out a loud laugh, shook her head and turned to Ollie, taking her hands and dancing with her.

Gemma leaned into you, pulling you close as she wrapped her arms around your neck to pull you down a little so she could speak into your ear. “Little much there for the *middle* of the dance floor, baby?”

“Probably,” you replied, using your hands on her hips to pull her a little close so she could feel your hard cock pressing against her front through your clothes. “I don’t think I was thinking with the right head.”

“Uurrrgh, you’re supposed to be not tempting me like that,” Gemma growled a little. “God, I want to get my mouth on that right now.”

“Want to head out?” you asked. “Sabrina probably wouldn’t complain.”

Gemma hesitated, then shook her head. “Not yet,” she said. “We’re still having fun. Have you really never fucked Ollie?”

The sharp turn in the conversation surprised you and you pulled back slightly to look at Gemma. “Definitely not,” you said. “Full lesbian, remember?”

“Yeah, I know,” she said. “You guys just have this comfortable vibe. It’s OK we’re dancing with her, right?”

At that moment Sabrina was bent over in front of Ollie, grinding her ass back at the thicker girl as she made a face with her tongue stuck out.

You smirked and gave a little snort at Sabrina’s antics. “As long as it stays just dancing fun,” you said. “I don’t think any of you would betray me like that, but you’re all looking extra hot tonight and ‘one thing led to another’ is a bad reason that gets used too often.”

“Just fun,” Gemma nodded. “*She’s* fun. Honestly, I’m jealous that you and Sabrina get to be friends with her next year. I’m going to miss you so much.”

“I know,” you said, hoping this wasn’t an alcohol-fueled turn in her emotions. You pulled her into a proper hug and buried your face against the side of her head and took a deep breath, the smell of her shampoo filling your nose. “I’m going to miss you too, love.”

She kissed your exposed neck, and then higher as she pulled you forward a little so she could reach your lips until you were kissing deeply. She was clinging to you, neither of you dancing.

Then Gemma was being pulled away lightly, and you both stopped kissing to see it was Sabrina looking at you with a little concerned frown. “Bathroom?” she asked Gemma after she saw a soft sheen of tears starting to build in her eyes. Gemma nodded, and Sabrina took her hand while grabbing yours with her other, giving you a squeeze and a reassuring look before pulling her away.

“What was that about?” Ollie asked.

"I think it was just worrying about the end of the summer," you said. "She likes you too, you know."

"Oh, I know," Ollie said with a grin. "You really are a lucky fuck, you know that?"

"I do! God, I do," you laughed. "Drink?"

Ollie agreed, and the two of you headed off the dance floor and you bought the both of you a beer before looking around for your friends. You spotted the other guys from the beach first, but then you noticed Paul and Edgar talking over at another table. Nodding towards them, you and Ollie headed over.

"What's up?" you asked as you got closer and saw that the brothers were arguing.

"Nothing," Edgar said.

"He thinks some chick might hook up with him," Paul said. "He wants to bring her back to our place, but he's sleeping on the couch in the basement and wants me and Paul to give up our bed. And that's definitely not happening."

"Fuck, talk about being an asshole," Edgar growled. "What about you, Ollie? Mind taking the couch for a night?"

"Dude, all the power to you to hook up, but there's no fucking way you're fucking in my bed," Ollie said. "What's wrong with the basement couch?"

"Are you kidding me?" Edgar asked.

"Fair," Ollie shrugged.

Edgar's gaze turned to you.

"Don't even ask, dude. There's three of us in our room," you said.

"Gah!" Edgar threw up his hands in frustration.

"What's wrong with her place?" you asked.

"She doesn't want to go to her place," Edgar said. "I think she might be a local and live with her parents or something."

"Puh-lease tell me you aren't hooking up with a high school girl with a fake ID right now," Paul said.

"I-" Edgar started, but hesitated. "No, she talks about going to State. She can't be in high school."

"I dunno, dude," Ollie said. "I might try and get a look at her license or something. Last thing you need is Daddy Dearest coming looking for you."

"Oh, fuck you guys," Edgar said. "I'll just take her down to the beach or something."

"That actually sounds pretty romantic," Ollie said. "Just watch out for the sand."

Edgar shot the three of you a pair of middle fingers as he gave you all a deadpan look and backed away to go find his girl.

"That is trouble waiting to happen," you said.

"Whatever," Paul sighed. "He can make his own mistakes."

"How about you, buddy?" Ollie asked. "Any chica's looking for a tall, dark Nigerian roast tonight?"

"No," Paul sighed with a shake of his head.

"Let's see if we can fix that," Ollie said. "Come on."

You didn't want to ask where Paul would take a girl considering he was sharing a bed with Brent.

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"Sorry about that, love," Gemma said as she and Sabrina returned to you, finding you at the table Ollie and Paul had left you at. "I just got in my head a bit there."

"It's OK," you said, pulling her into a hug with one arm and kissing her on top of her head.

"Where's everyone else?" Sabrina asked.

"Haven't seen Brent, Corey or Victoria for a while," you said. "Ollie is wing-womaning for Paul. And Edgar may or may not be bringing a girl down to the beach to have sex."

"That's an *option!*?" Sabrina asked you, clear excitement in her eyes.

"Oh, God," you groaned.

“I so want to do that this weekend,” Sabrina said.

“I might as well,” Gemma said, giving you a little smirk.

You just shook your head and took a swig of your beer.

“It would make a hot scene too,” Sabrina said. “I’m just saying.”

“One step at a time, baby,” Gemma said. “Give him a second to wrap his head around it.”

“Not tonight,” you said.

“Oh, definitely not tonight,” Sabrina assured you. “We have *plans* for you tonight.”

“Plans that I think we both want to get started on,” Gemma said, still hugged under your arm and using that position to grab your butt as she bit her lip looking up at you.

You were ready to head out as well, and the three of you split up to do a quick search to tell the others you were leaving. You found Brent, who just nodded and said he’d catch up at some point. Ollie was still helping Paul and said she’d either Uber back or just walk with him if he struck out. None of you found Edgar, but Gemma found out that Victoria had been feeling a little overwhelmed and Corey had taken her for a drive down the coast. She was fine now, but they were enjoying sitting near some beach with the windows down.

That meant that you and the girls were walking, and *that* meant that you ended up piggybacking one or the other for most of the way because neither of them had brought shoes in their little clutch purses.

“You OK, love?” Gemma asked you as you turned onto the street where your B&B was. “I can just barefoot it from here.”

“Just getting my cardio in,” you wheezed softly. She wasn’t super heavy, but ten minutes of piggybacking added up quickly.

“Part of me feels like we should fuck outside tonight,” Sabrina giggled as she walked ahead of you. She’d taken to doing that when you were piggybacking Gemma so that she could drop the back of her jeans to moon you, or turn around and flash you. She claimed it was just motivation.

“I can fire up the hot tub if you want, but we aren’t fucking in it,” you said.

“Aww, why not?” Sabrina pouted.

“Because I don’t feel like getting caught doing it,” Gemma said.

“Well *you* don’t need to do it,” Sabrina said.

“I don’t want you getting caught either, baby,” Gemma said.

“You know, I get this warm fuzzy feeling every time you call me that,” Sabrina said with a smile, stopping and turning back so that she could kiss Gemma over your shoulder. “I also kinda like that you’re a jealous girlfriend.”

“Jealous is right,” Gemma grunted and shifted, making it clear she wanted you to let her down so you did. She grabbed Sabrina by the waist and pulled her into a steaming kiss. “You’re ours, Sabrina.”

“I know, baby,” Sabrina said, smiling sweetly as they held each other. “*But*... fucking in the hot tub *would* be hot.”

Gemma leaned closer and whispered something to Sabrina.

“Fuck, I forgot,” Sabrina laughed, then turned and grabbed your hand. “John, what are you waiting for?! Come on, we need to get back!”

“Sure, blame it on me,” you laughed and rolled your eyes.

“Oh, I will, Daddy,” Sabrina said, sticking her tongue out at you.

“Is it really that kind of night?” you asked, turning to look at Gemma.

“It’s that kind of night,” Gemma smirked and nodded.

“Alright,” you sighed. “Let’s get back.”

* * * * *

You had the house to yourself, but the first thing that happened once you were all up in your bedroom was Gemma made Sabrina strip down to her thong and bikini top.

“Tease her a little, love,” she said, running her fingers through your hair before she pushed Sabrina back onto the bed. “I need to go get a couple of things ready in the bathroom.”

“What sort of things?” you asked.

“Fun things,” Gemma assured you. “Things we got at the shop today. Just make sure our little Brat is nice and turned on.”

Gemma went to the washroom, and when you looked down at Sabrina she was grinning widely as she bit her bottom lip.

“You aren’t going to tell me either, are you?”

Sabrina shook her head. “Sorry, Daddy. Gemma’s orders.”

You pounced on her and soon she was sighing and mewling happily as you slowly worked your fingers around her body, softly pinching her without any real force, while also licking her through her thong. It was a thin little black thing, but it still provided enough of a barrier that Sabrina was groaning in complaint, humping her hips at you as she tried to get your tongue or lips on her bare skin. She was already horny - though through the last month you’d found she rarely wasn’t - and you had to pace yourself because even licking her over the thong seemed to be pushing her closer to an orgasm than ‘just teasing’ should.

Gemma came back out of the bathroom having abandoned her dress and fishnet shrug on the way, now only clad in her lingerie bra and thong and carrying a brown paper bag. “Is she soaking wet?” she asked you.

“When is she not?” you asked with a little smirk.

“I’m not *that* bad,” Sabrina said, a little irritated as you left her pussy. She reached out with a bare foot, hooking it around your waist and trying to pull you closer to her, but you grabbed the foot and brought it higher, kissing the side of it and then kneading her sole with your thumbs. She liked that, but clearly wanted more sexual contact by the expression on her face.

“Well, baby,” Gemma said, getting up on the bed on her knees. “The three of us all know you are *pretty much* that bad. And horny little brats get what they need, not what they want. Right?”

Sabrina bit her lip as she glanced down at the bag. “Yes, baby.”

Gemma turned to you. “John, could you take off her thong and bundle it up in a nice little ball?”

You did, sliding it off of Sabrina’s hips as she helpfully lifted her ass a little from the bed. It was wet enough that it clung to her pussy for a moment. Then, as requested, you bundled the fabric and string into a neat little wet ball. You had a feeling where this was going.

“You, baby, are *not* going to embarrass us tonight with all your screaming and moaning as we give you what you need,” Gemma said in a playful sternness down to Sabrina. She was running one hand through Sabrina’s hair, slowly bundling it up behind her head. “So since you can’t be trusted to stay quiet yourself, you should give Daddy a kiss and then ask him to put your wet, skanky panties into your mouth to gag you.”

Sabrina made a whining sound and a face, but she quickly got up on her knees in front of you and you leaned down to kiss her. It was the kind of kiss that the two of you usually shared in the middle of an intense fucking, and you hadn't even started yet. It was hungry and desperate and demanding and pleading all at once, and she mashed her face to yours and pulled your hands to her chest so you would massage and grab her tits. Then, when it was over, she sat back on her haunches and looked up at you, taking a deep breath. "I love you, John. But I really want you to be Daddy tonight, please, even if I can't egg you on with my mouth stuffed with my wet panties. Can you do that for me, please?"

"Of course I can," you sighed, leaning down to kiss her softly this time.

"Thank you," she said with a little smile, and then opened her mouth daintily and tilted her chin up, asking for her gag.

You placed the panties in her mouth and gently pushed them in.

Then Gemma made a weird sound. Not her physically, but what she pulled out of the bag. She had duct tape, and she lifted Sabrina's hair and quickly taped it around Sabrina's mouth and jaw to the back of her neck under her hair, and around again three times.

"Gemma," you said, a little surprised. "That's going to fucking hurt coming off."

"It's fine, love," Gemma said. "It's sex tape, it's less sticky. Now, how does our little fucktoy look?"

You looked back to Sabrina, who had her mouth completely taped shut, but her nose clear for breathing. She was looking at you with big eyes and clenching her fingers and fidgeting.

With a smile, you softly stroked her cheek and she pressed it into your palm. With your other hand you rolled one of her nipples between your fingers. "She looks absolutely perfect for a night of making her squirm and squirt," you said.

"Good," Gemma smirked, taking out a pair of fuzzy pink handcuffs from the bag. "Because we have more toys to play with later."