

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 145-151

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 145

You ended up buying Gemma a white Amaryllis while you walked downtown for a bit. Gemma beamed at you as you put it behind her ear again, and you actually made the late-night florist blush as Gemma started making out with you right there in the doorway to the shop.

Eventually, laughing, you and Gemma left and took a quick walk through a nearby park and then called an uber.

“John, I have a weird question,” Gemma said.

“Just ask it, Gem. Everything about this relationship is weird, what’s one more question?”

She smirked and looked away for a moment, which told you she was feeling uncharacteristically self-conscious about this. When she turned back to you, she took both your hands in hers.

“Have you made love to Sabrina yet? I mean like you did with me that first night we were together.”

That question surprised you a bit. “Um, maybe not that... intentionally,” you said. “We’ve had wild sex, and more intimate sex, but not explicitly saying we were going to make love.”

“You should,” Gemma said, which almost surprised you all over again. She was looking up into your eyes and it was like she was willing you to do it. “Tomorrow, after you take her out on your date, make love to her. She deserves to feel the way I feel about you. And I deserve to feel the way she feels.”

“Not that I’m complaining, love, but what’s going on?” you asked.

Gemma blushed a bit. “This weekend - this weekend the three of us are going to be spending a lot of time together, and I want a re-do on that first time the three of us got sexual. I want to play Director again, but this time be more in charge with my role. But before that, I want to feel like Sabrina does. I want *you* to make me feel that way.”

“Gemma, you’re in your own head,” you said, pulling her into a hug. “I’m not a mind reader, love. What do you mean you want to feel like Sabrina does?”

“I want you to get really rough with me tonight,” she said into your chest as she hugged you back. “We’ve already fucked hard, and long. I think you said you wanted to turn me into a puddle, and you definitely did. But tonight I want you to do to me what you Sabrina likes. I want

you to choke me, spank me really hard, and pinch me. I want you to throw me around on the bed in whatever way you want. You can- I'm sure Sabrina told you I borrowed some buttplugs from her, and I tried them. You can even take my ass tonight if you want."

You pulled her out of the hug and looked down at her, your eyebrows furrowed a little. "Gem, I- if this is what you want, I'm happy to do it. And I am *really* excited that you want to do anal, but I'm not doing it the first time with you like that. When we do that, the first time and as many times as necessary until you're comfortable with it, I'm going to make sweet love to that amazing butt."

That got her out of her own nervousness and she snorted a little and chuckled. "OK. But what about the rest? Do you want to be *my* Daddy tonight?"

"On one condition," you said.

"Anything," she said.

"Just don't call me Daddy."

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Gemma had ordered the Uber to her place, which you had originally said might not be the best choice in terms of your planned sexual escapades - your apartment only had Mosche to worry about, while Gemma's had her three roommates including your own Ex. Your blonde, sexpot, bombshell of a girlfriend had just grinned teasingly and told you not to worry about that.

Outside her building, Gemma pulled herself close to you and kissed you hard, palming your cock through your jeans between the two of you.

"I love you, you know," she said.

"I love you too," you said, and put your hand softly on her throat. Her eyes actually dilated a little bit as she took a big breath, her chest pushing into you. You weren't even squeezing, just resting your hand there.

Gemma slowly pushed her neck forward, and you gave her the resistance she wanted.

"How's it feel?" you asked her.

She pulled back and took your hand in hers and kissed your palm. "Safe," she said. "Because it's you."

Gemma pulled you into the building and to the elevator, and once you were inside she dropped to a squat and started unzipping your jeans.

“Gemma-” you started, but she shushed you.

“Tonight is a wild night. And I want your cock right now,” she said. Then she had your dick, about three-quarters hard, out of the hole in your jeans and quickly started to blow you.

“Fuck, Gemma,” you groaned, feeling her mouth and tongue quickly suck you to full hardness.

The elevator ride wasn’t that long, and soon you were arriving at her floor - thankfully without stopping for someone on another floor.

“Now what am I supposed to do?” you said as Gemma stood up. “I can’t walk around your building with my cock out.”

“Just put it away for a second,” she said.

“Gemma,” you deadpanned, illustrating the issue as you had to undo your belt and jeans button and then awkwardly rearrange your hard cock to get it covered.

“Oops,” she giggled. “My bad.”

“It’s a good thing I love you,” you smirked at her. You looked like you had a flashlight in your pocket, but at least you weren’t completely out there as you both quickly headed down to her apartment. With any luck, you could get to her room quickly and without interruption.

Chapter 146

“Fucking again?” Lucy sneered as you and Gemma walked through the apartment, passing by the living room.

“I mean... technically and ironically, yes,” you said.

“Also literally,” Gemma said.

“Ugh,” Lucy grunted. “You two couldn’t go to *his* place?”

“I was there last time,” Gemma said. “This time I brought him here. Lucy, we’ve had like three group meetings about this.”

“That doesn’t mean I can’t let him know how much he sucks, and tell you how big a mistake you’re making,” Lucy sneered.

Usually, this was where Charlotte or Becca usually stepped in, but there was no sign of either of them. “Come on, love,” you said, taking Gemma’s hand and tugging her towards the hallway and her room. “Let’s just-”

“Love?” Lucy barked out a cynical laugh. “What, are you trying to put on a British affectation now or something? Trying to seem more put together and interesting than you really are, John?”

“Actually, he got it from me because I started calling him that as our pet name first,” Gemma countered. “And then he turned it serious, because he’s a wonderful, attractive, caring, considerate man who told me he loves me, and I happen to have quickly fallen in love with him as well.”

“Pffft,” Lucy blew a raspberry. “You two are in love after a week? What a fucking joke. Congratulations, John. You caught Gemma on the rebound. I’ll stop complaining because you two will be done in another week, tops. You *love* each other. *Sure.*”

“Gemma, no,” you said, holding her back as Gemma snarled and curled his hands into fists.

“You fuck knuckle cunt,” Gemma growled. “You have no fucking idea what’s going on between us. And if you couldn’t wrap your dog fuck mind around how good a guy John is when you were in high school, that’s your own cheating slag case of issues. So why don’t you run your snotty little wizard sleeve off to your next tinder cunt fuckboy who will treat you like the shitty tart you are, while we go fuck each other’s brains out all night and fall asleep happy and in the arms of the person we *love.*”

Lucy’s mouth was hanging open at the obsolete torrent of vitriol Gemma had just spilt out. It had honestly been a little hard to follow, as Gemma’s Aussie accent started to ramp up and even some of the more innocuous insults sounded worse the way she said them.

You had two choices. Option A: Give Lucy a chance to respond. See things escalate. Maybe they fight it out. Then you would get to watch Gemma kick the shit out of Lucy most likely - she had some height and weight on her, and Lucy had always been a little bit of a priss while you had no doubt Gemma could probably throw a proper punch. But, that might literally lead to a domestic call to the police from a neighbour.

Despite kind of wanting to see the middle part of Option A, you went with Option B and picked Gemma up in your arms, carrying her towards her room. “Aaaand that’s the line right there,” you said. “You two can hash it out when you’ve cooled down.”

“Fuck you!” Lucy shouted, standing up from the couch and starting to follow us.

“Don’t!” you said, turning back and pointing right at her. You were loud, and you toned it down immediately. “Lucy, just don’t. Cool off.” Then you kept walking, Gemma wriggling for a moment in your arms as she threw the bird at Lucy over your shoulder.

You entered Gemma's room and kicked the door shut, walked her right over to the bed and dropped her there. She was scowling and breathing hard.

"Gemma-" you started, but then you saw the look in her eyes, and you pulled her into a hug.

The rage had gone out of her as soon as you got the door closed, the adrenaline that had flooded her system with the anger dropping in her body and leaving her with the hurt. Gemma clutched to your arms as she sobbed softly into your stomach, holding you tight.

"Shhh," you tried to soothe her. "It's alright, love. It'll work out."

She started to collect herself quickly, maybe only thirty seconds of actual crying. She sniffed hard, pulling away from you a bit. "Oh, God. John, I'm so embarrassed-"

"Stop," you said, sitting down next to her on the bed and pulling her into another hug. "Stop being embarrassed about what you're feeling and what you want. I'm here. It's OK. I'm here."

She hugged you again, not crying but squeezing her eyes tight like she was afraid you were going to walk away. Her breathing slowed, and you slowly lowered the both of you back so you were laying on the bed, and she curled up half on top of you as you held her.

"Gemma," you whispered. "I've never seen you like that, and usually you take on conflict like that head-on and with a grin. You don't have to tell me, but I'd like to know - what happened there?"

She took a deep breath and pressed her cheek to your chest to feel your heart beating as she answered. "I didn't care what she said until she said you were just a rebound," Gemma said quietly. "That- I've worried about that, in the dark when I'm alone. I was engaged a year ago, and even though I'm so fucking happy to be out of that, and to have found you, there's this little piece of me that worries that I'm just using you. And that this feeling is going to go away. And that I'm going to lose you."

You held her as she spilt her inner thoughts, and felt a similar wrenching feeling in your gut. From the start, that first time you told her you loved her and came up with the 'here and now' sort of reasoning, you'd known it was bullshit. But you were in love with Sabrina, too. You could understand all the weird and messed up things that drifted through your mind in the middle of the night, the worries and insecurities.

"I love you," you told her as your answer. "And I'll keep loving you, without reservation. And I think you'll do the same with me, Gem. And those dark little corners of your mind can shrink a little bit further back, because I promise you that even *if* I were a rebound, this thing between us is too good to give up."

“I love you too,” she breathed, almost without sound. Then, just a touch louder. “I’m changing my mind.”

“About what?” you asked.

“I need you to make love to me right now, please,” she whispered. “At least the first round.”

You smiled and squeezed her. “At least,” you whispered and kissed her on the top of her head.

Chapter 147

You and Gemma stripped each other slowly in between kisses, getting your hands full of each other. Then, though it wasn’t really one of your favourite positions, you spooned up behind her and held her in your arms as you entered her, and then you both were kissing over her shoulder as she worked her hips.

Eventually, you transitioned into missionary, with Gemma crooning and holding your face so that she could look at you or pull you down into a kiss. Your bodies were pressed together tightly, and you tried to pour your feelings into her through the sex. Shifting your weight a bit, you hooked one of Gemma’s legs with your elbow and brought it up higher, spreading her wider and letting you get even deeper. She came after a few thrusts like this, sucking in a deep breath through her nose as she tensed up a couple of times.

“Come for me, love,” she whispered, pulling your head down to rest beside her so that she could speak right into your ear. “I want to feel you fill me again. I love that you’re the only man who’s done it. I love the feeling of you releasing inside of me. I love you.”

You did as she asked, pushed over the edge by her words and the feeling of her squeezing you with her kegel muscles, and she sucked on your earlobe as you groaned and released.

You fell sideways off of her, and the two of you ended up holding each other for a little while, quiet. Gemma was smiling happily, if softly, and you had a feeling you had the same expression on your face.

That’s when the music started somewhere else in the apartment. It was wordless EDM, dull and muffled by the walls. Gemma rolled her eyes and scoffed softly. “That’s Lucy,” she said.

“Really?” you asked. “She hated electronic music when we were in high school.”

“She must have grown to love it after going to all those raver festivals,” Gemma said. “Before she got pissed at me over you, she kept trying to get me to make plans and come to a couple of them with her over the summer.”

“Is that something you’d like to do?” you asked. “Not with her. With me, and Sabrina?”

“Not really my scene, love,” she smirked.

“You wouldn’t need to do the Raver Girl thing,” you said.

“John, if I wanted to spend a weekend getting fucked up and listening to EDM, I’d rather do it in a bedroom with you and spend the entire time naked.”

You grinned. “That does sound like a lot more fun.”

Gemma disentangled herself from you and rolled off the bed to her feet. “I have something I want to show you,” she said.

You watched as she crossed her room, delightfully naked and open to your gaze. Gemma fished a small, plain paper bag from behind some of her luggage and lifted it up. “I may have done a little secret shopping yesterday while you were with Sabrina,” she said. She skipped back over to the bed and climbed up, her nervous excitement starting to show. Reaching into the bag, Gemma flashed you a smile as she bit her lower lip, and then she pulled out a long leather strap like an extra big watchband but there was a red ball mounted in it.

“A ball gag?” you asked, raising your eyebrows.

She nodded, still with that lip-biting grin. “At first I thought we should use it when you fuck me hard and rough so that I’m not so... loud when my roommates are around. But I watched some porn last night that had girls wearing one, and read some Reddit posts about them, and now I just want you to put it on me even if I don’t care about Lucy getting mad at hearing us.”

She handed you the ball gag, and you looked it over. The red ball itself was firm and rubbery without being hard, and the leather seemed to be of decent quality and notched like a belt so it could be adjusted to the size of the user. “You’re sure?” you asked her. “You wouldn’t be able to tell me easily if something isn’t doing it for you, or if you don’t like something. Plus I really like your dirty talk.”

Gemma grinned and leaned forward, kissing you quickly. “I like doing dirty talk for you,” she said. “And I’m not worried about telling you I don’t like something. I trust you, John. And if something’s really wrong I can always slap you.”

You chuckled, taking a deep breath and looking back down at the ball gag in your hands. When you looked back up, Gemma had her eyes closed serenely and her mouth hanging open, asking you to put it on her. You took her by the back of the head with one hand and pulled her into a kiss, and told her you loved her, before moving behind her on the bed and gathering her silvery blonde hair together. Carefully, you placed the red ball between her lips and Gemma breathed in through her nose. You fed the leather strap into the buckle and tightened it. “There?” you asked.

“Mo” she mumbled around the ball, signalling it was too loose. You tightened it more, and she flashed you a thumbs up after checking to see if she could push it out from her lips or not. You made sure her hair wasn’t caught in the strap, then turned her around and looked at her.

Gemma was grinning around the ballgag, her eyes bright as she leaned forward to press her forehead to yours since she could kiss you. Her nipples were hard, and she ran her fingers down your chest and to your cock.

“Do you want to make love again with this first?” you asked her. “Or do you want to go hard like we planned?”

She thought about it for a split second, then smiled with her apple cheeks and eyes, tugged on your cock a little with one hand and held up her other with two fingers.

Chapter 148

You started with her breasts. Gemma’s chest was amazing. Full and bouncy, big enough that you could smother your face in them. She laughed through the ball gag as you put her on her back on the bed and began to lick, suck, kiss and generally worship them for a long moment. Then you escalated and began to maul them with your hands as you slurped at her nipples, your spit getting all over them. Then you started softly pinching and pulling on one as you sucked the other, and Gemma’s muffled giggles and laughs turned to moans.

Biting one, softly, and then a little harder, raised the pitch of her wordless moans.

Then you moved down her body, keeping your hands on her tits as you licked and kissed down her stomach. The differences between Sabrina and Gemma were something you loved - Sabrina had that naturally skinny build that made it easy to throw her around in the bed if you wanted, but it also meant there was less of her. With Gemma, she was fit but had wider hips and that soft stomach that you loved to run your hands, or tongue, across. You got to her belly button and kissed it, still squeezing her tits above that, and then you raised your head so she could see you over her own chest.

“I love you, Gem, and now I’m going to mark you again,” you said.

Gemma nodded, the heat in her eyes and the wordless moans coming from around the ball gag telling you just how much she wanted it. You lowered your lips back to the soft skin right next to her belly button and began to suckle, harder and harder, until you popped off and left the blossom of a new hickey. Gemma moaned sexily, rubbing her legs together to try and get some friction, and she took your head in her hands and moved you to the other side of her stomach, asking you to do it again.

You did, leaving a matching hickey on the other side of her stomach.

Then you surprised her by changing things up, leaving her tits alone to spread her legs with your hands and you slid two, then three, fingers inside of her. She moaned lewdly into the ballgag and her eyes rolled up for a moment, and you used your other hand to spank the top of her pubic mound. Her hips jerked and her eyes went wide as she looked at you. You softly rubbed the spot you had smacked, smirking at her a little, and then slowly lifted your hand again as the fingers of your other hand began to pump into her, fingerfucking her firmly.

“Love you,” you said to her, then brought your stiffened fingers back down in a little spank on her mound again.

“Mmmmmfffggh,” she moaned, rotating her hips hornily.

You left off the smacking and shifted your position, keeping your fingerfucking going but placing your other hand on her chest, flat and firm, and sliding it towards her neck. “You know the rules, right love?” you asked her. “You know good bad girls who need it rough don’t get to come whenever they want, right? You have to wait for me to give you permission. You have to beg for it, and that’s going to be hard with your slutty little ball gag in your mouth. God, I can’t believe you went out and bought it yourself. You’re such a horny little cunt, and I love you for it. I love that you’re *my* horny little cunt.”

Gemma was breathing deeply, her chest rising and falling as your hand reached her neck and a soft sloshing, slurping sound was starting between her legs as your fingerfucked her. She moaned, even louder, through the gag and bucked her hips up at your hand.

You bent down and sucked one of her nipples hard as you applied light pressure to her throat and kept fingerfucking her.

“Hmmmmg!” Gemma grunted.

Then you did something you hadn’t thought of, and she wasn’t expecting. It just felt... right, in the moment. You moved your face up to hers and you slowly licked her face, claiming her, ending near her ear. “You’re mine, beautiful,” you whispered to her through her increasing moans. “And I never want to let you go.”

She made several loud whimpers, clutching your arm as she turned to look you right in the eye, begging you to let her come.

You didn’t give her permission. Instead, you pulled your fingers from her all at once, making her body heave at the surprise of feeling empty. You smeared your juiced-up hand over her tits, spreading the taste and smell of her, then manhandled her like she’d asked you to. Flipping her over, you mounted her from behind, sliding your cock between those wonderfully full ass cheeks of hers and shifting the head of your cock across her asshole and down lower to the entrance of

her cunt. You speared into her, making her loose a long, loud moan, and once you were fully rooted you wreathed your fingers in her hair, gathering it into a ponytail and gripping her with one hand.

“Are you ready to get fucked like a horny bitch, love?” you asked her.

“Mmhhmmm,” she groaned.

You spanked her hard, one solid slap on an ass cheek which made her jump, jamming her ass back and forcing your cock just that little bit deeper. Then you started to fuck down into her shifting your balance so you were driving right down at her and she spread her legs, her toes digging into the sheets as she tilted her hips to take you as deep as she could.

But deep wasn't your goal. Her g-spot was. You fucked down in long, hard strokes, trying your best to punch that little spot with the head of your cock.

You spanked her again, on the other cheek, and Gemma's legs started to shudder. She howled into the ballgag, trying to turn and look at you but you had her hair held tight. She reached back with one hand, twisting her body to put one hand on your chest, begging you. This brought one of her bouncing, rocking tits into your vision and with the hand not in her hair you grabbed it, squeezing it around the areola and nipped.

She tried to say something. To beg. It was clear in the tone and the whine, in the way her body was tensing. She wanted to come. She wanted your permission to come.

“Hold it,” you told her, and started fucking her faster.

She was losing the battle quickly.

“Hold it!” you ordered her again, and let go of her tit and slapped it, making her growl and whine.

Then you did another thing she asked, something you'd only done with Sabrina once and which the girls must have talked about.

“Now. Come for me,” you told her, and you pinched the soft skin of her side in a wide bunch between your thumb and forefinger.

Gemma came, her orgasm screaming out of her as she squirted out a flood of juices onto her sheets, her ass tensing under your hips as you buried deep into her, pinning her to the bed by them even as you tugged back on her hair and kept pinching her side. You rode her like a bucking bronco for a long moment.

You let go of the pinch first, then her hair, as she started to come down. She was panting deeply, trying to catch her breath through her nose. She collapsed under you, going mellow for a

moment, her head resting sideways on the bed. You lowered down onto her, keeping your weight on your knees and elbows on the bed but letting her feel your naked chest on her back as you kissed her cheek softly.

Then you slowly, so slowly, began to thrust into her again, and she moaned around the ballgag and closed her eyes, relishing the feeling.

Chapter 149

The next few minutes you spent humping into Gemma wasn't the hardcore, rough sex she'd asked for. It was more sweet and normal than anything, but if you had learned anything from your experiences in the last week and a half it was that pacing yourself, and finding the natural rises and falls in the activity, could help extend things out.

Gemma loved it. You'd just put her through a physical toll, and she breathed deeply and moaned happily as you slowly fucked her, feeling every twitch and quiver in her pussy. You wrenched your fingers in hers with both hands from behind, and she began to hump her ass back at you, matching your easy rhythm.

You were both sweaty at this point, and her hair was clinging to her forehead. You moved it out of the way and kissed her there, then down to her neck. "How are you feeling?" you checked in with her.

"Ungh," she grunted through the ball gag, nodding and smiling at you as best she could.

You kissed her cheek. "Are you ready for more?"

"Eeh ooo," she 'said,' and you thought it might have been 'Yes, love.'"

"OK," you said, squeezing her fingers with yours for a moment before releasing her hands and dismounting from her. You rolled her over and got off the bed, pulling her by her legs to the edge of the mattress. She naturally spread her legs for you, and you were able to look down at her naked body completely displayed to you. Her legs spread wide, her pussy wet and flush, still gaping just a little between her lips and wanting more of your cock. Her stomach, rising and falling with her breaths, marked with those hickeys. Her breasts. The curve of her neck. The line of her jaw as it was kept open by the ball gag. The need in her eyes.

"What do you think, love?" you asked her rhetorically. "You've been an excellent bad, naughty girl so far. You didn't orgasm without permission, you aren't whining. You aren't being a brat like Sabrina can be. You don't actually deserve any punishment." You leaned down over her, getting closer. "So I have to ask you, Gemma. Do you want a bit of punishment anyways? Do you want me to spank you some more? To slap your big, amazing tits? Or drum on that needy little pussy?"

“Mhmmm,” she nodded eagerly.

“Like this?” you asked, and brought your hand down in a soft slap on her left breast. It was a soft crack, and she moaned and nodded.

“Mo’,” she managed to say fairly clearly.

“More?” you asked. “More what?”

“Mo’ ees,” she mumbled around the gag.

“Good girl,” you said, and rewarded her with another slap, this time harder and to her right tit.

You played with her that way for a bit, both of you exploring the places she liked getting slapped. Anywhere on her tits was fair game, and made her shudder with excitement. Her upper chest was the same, but her stomach wasn’t - she didn’t hate it, but it did nothing for her. Her sides were out of bounds - she’d liked the pinch, but even little slaps made her jump for ticklishness. Her upper arms did nothing for her, but her inner thighs were a pleasure zone and soon she was weeping her natural lubricants from her puffy pussy and her thighs were a warm pink.

Then you slapped her pussy, just lightly, and Gemma came. You could see the surprise flash over her face as her body betrayed her and she lost control, her toes curling and her fingers stretching wide as the orgasm rolled through her.

“You naughty slut,” you scolded her, reaching down and taking her throat lightly in your hand again as she blinked her way out of the orgasm. “You lost control, didn’t you?”

“Mmmf ooey,” she mumbled her apology, giving you big puppy dog eyes.

“Apology accepted, love,” you said. “Forgiven, but not forgotten. Now I really do need to punish you.”

And you set about teasing her mercilessly. First you told her she wasn’t allowed to move unless you moved her, and then you set about tickling, lightly pinching and occasionally spanking her. She liked anything but tickling on her feet. She hated pinching on her thighs, but wanted more spansks - wanted it to the point she let out a whine when you moved on, making you laugh and her blush hard. Pinching her boobs, anywhere but the nipples, was too painful. It was interesting seeing the difference in how she liked the slaps but not the pinches in some places, and liked pinches but not slaps in others.

Then you got up to her face and gave her a little tap on the cheek. “What about here?” you asked her.

She hesitated, and you saw something in her eyes. She didn't want to deny you at least trying, but she was hesitating for a reason.

"OK," you said without her needing to say anything. You leaned down and kissed her cheek, then the other. "No need to say it, love. And you've definitely been a good girl again, so..." And you slipped your cock back into her, and she moaned happily and gratefully.

You raised back up and began to fuck her. She wrapped her legs around your hips and fucked back at you, making her tits bounce wonderfully. You started putting the things you'd learned, exploring her, to work. You slapped her breasts and chest. You pinched her sides. Then you took a break from it and manipulated her legs, pulling them from around your waist and manhandling her into new positions without pulling your cock from her. You slapped her thighs, you strummed her clit, you kissed her toes. You played with her like a jungle gym, flipping her legs to one side or the other, rotating her cunt on your cock.

And then, with her leg spread wide and one of her tits grasped in your hand, you tapped her clit hard with the other and she froze, clenching her entire body as her eyes went into a wide panic.

"Mmmmmmm mm mmmm!" she groaned painfully. She was trying to hold off the orgasm, trying her damndest to do it for you.

You pulled out of her and straddled her chest, stroking your cock quickly as you pointed it at her face. "Come for me while I come all over your face," you told her. "Do it, love. Fucking do it!" You reached back and gave her pussy another little tap, and Gemma screamed into the gag as she released, her body heaving up as her back arched, and you grabbed her tits and stroked yourself with them, fucking her tits and releasing your own orgasm in a messy spray across her face and neck.

You were both panting heavily as you came down, and you got off of her and stroked her hair from her forehead again.

Gemma was panting through her nose, but blinked open her eyes and slowly slithered from the bed. You watched her walk over to the mirror in her room and look at herself in it, the ball gag splitting her lips and your cum all over her. "Hmmmhmmhmm," she laughed into the gag. Then she grabbed her phone and took a picture of herself, and your phone binged soon after. You glanced at it and saw she'd sent it to the group chat with Sabrina.

Then Gemma reached back and undid the ballgag, spitting it out of her mouth and working her jaw for a moment. "I love you, baby," she said, looking at you with this innocent little grin.

"God, I love you too," you said.

"I'll be right back," she said, moving to the door. "Let me wash my face, and then I want to make out a bit before you fuck my mouth. I want to deepthroat you today."

She opened the door and stopped cold. "What the fuck are you doing?" she asked someone on the other side.

Chapter 150

"What? Nothing," Lucy said from the hallway. You couldn't actually see her from where you were, though you could still see Gemma's naked ass and back (and those you were happily watching, even while you were curious about what else was going on.) "What the hell are you doing coming out here like that?"

"I'm going to the washroom quickly," Gemma said. "But don't dodge the question. What the fuck are you doing outside my room?"

"Nothing!" Lucy said more forcefully. "I was just grabbing something from Becca and Charlotte's room."

"Well, what was it? Your hands are empty."

"I- I couldn't find it," Lucy said. "Just fuck off and leave me alone, perv." Then it sounded like she stomped off.

Gemma turned back to you and shot a 'What the fuck?' look, then slipped out of the room and closed the door behind her. She was back in a minute, coming back in with a washcloth and still wiping her chest, her face already clean. She tossed the washcloth onto the bedside table and then climbed on the bed, but immediately got off of it. "Fuck, we did a number on the sheets again," she chuckled ruefully.

"We?" you asked, smirking a little and rolling further along the bed and out of the way for her to get on away from the wet spot.

"Yeah, we," Gemma said, skirting around and then climbing up to lay next to you. "I never get *that* wet when I'm taking care of things alone. And it was never like that with my ex."

"Fine. We," you agreed and hugged her to you.

"That was weird with Lucy though," Gemma mused, resting her chin on your chest as she looked up at you.

"What was she doing?" you asked.

"Well, she said she was just walking by, but I think she might have been listening to us," Gemma said.

"Really?" you asked, a little sceptical. "Her music was playing the whole time. Why would she try and listen to us?"

"Maybe she's jealous," Gemma smiled. "I mean, I do have you after all. Something she didn't realize she had until it was gone."

"I dunno, that doesn't seem like Lucy," you said.

"Maybe she was just feeling horny," Gemma suggested. "What if she'd been standing out there, listening to you fuck the ever-loving shit out of me, fingering herself as she tried to remember what your cock was like?"

You couldn't help it, you started to get hard again. Gemma laughed as she felt your cock starting to swell and stiffen. "It's not my fault," you said, running your fingers through her hair to pull it away from her face. "You just say the naughtiest things."

"I know I do," Gemma said. "I think Sabrina and I might be bad influences on each other. She's kind of like my cousin Birdie in that way - whenever we get together, we act more like 14-year-old boys than twenty-something ladies."

"I'd like to see that," you smiled.

"Me too," she smiled back.

Neither of you brought up the fact that Gemma was leaving in two months.

You talked for a little bit, decompressing from the harder sex you'd just had. Gemma said she'd *liked* it all, and even the things she hadn't liked she'd appreciated that you'd been paying such close attention to her that you stopped almost before it started.

She started slowly stroking your cock as you talked, playing with the hardness in her hand, and you returned the favour by stroking her back from her shoulders down to her ass, giving her squeezes and slowly scratching your fingernails along her smooth skin. You kissed a couple of times, then a few more, and slowly the conversation stuttered to a halt as she climbed up your body a bit more and swung her leg over you as you began to make out.

That lasted for a while, Gemma grinding her pelvis down against yours as your cock pressed against her ass cheeks and crack from below. Her tits were mashed to your chest, so your hands were limited to hugging her to you or grabbing her ass while she chose to hold your head in both hands, her fingers slowly massaging your scalp.

Gemma was an excellent kisser, melding to you and making you feel like a king. Eventually she broke apart, panting. "I want you in me again, love," she said. "Is it OK if we try the deepthroating ad face fuck on the weekend?"

You started laughing. "Gemma, think about what you just said."

"Fair," she giggled softly. "I just didn't want to disappoint you."

"You could never," you said.

She wanted you to pick the position, and soon you were laying back on her pillows with your leg spread, and Gemma was kneeling in a wide stance between them, backing her ass up to your cock. The position spread her meaty cheeks enough that you could see her asshole and pussy, and you helped direct your cock into the entrance of her cunt as she sat back.

"Ooh, baby, that's such a big dick," Gemma moaned happily as she popped on and off your cock a few times.

"You look so fucking hot, love," you told her.

Gemma looked back over her shoulder at you with a smirk. "You like watching my ass while I fuck myself on you, love?"

"I do," you admitted. "You have such a great ass. I love the way it wobbles every time you slide down, and the way you pop it right at the top."

She bit her lip. "Do you want to finger my butt a bit while I do it? Start getting me used to having you inside me like that?"

You exhaled and single chuckle and reached forward, palming both her ass cheeks. "How could a guy turn down such a generous, sexy offer from a goddess like you?"

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Gemma fucking back at you was awesome. Getting to play with her butthole a bit was also awesome. Doing both at the same time was surprisingly *not* the duplication of awesome you thought it would be because both couldn't happen well at the same time. Either your hand was in the way, or she was tentative about the backwards movement. It just didn't work well.

At the end of the day, you fingered her butt a little bit while the head of your cock was inside her pussy, and then the two of you went back to fucking. Watching Gemma's ass as she took charge was as great as you'd told her. Seeing her pussy stretching around your cock was - well, the only thing better was the idea of both her and Sabrina doing it back and forth.

You finished off with Gemma sitting up high and bouncing on your cock instead of backing up onto it, and you reached around and grabbed one of her bouncing tits and grabbed her hair near the scalp again.

You both came, first Gemma and then you, as you unloaded a second time inside of her. She collapsed back onto your chest, sitting on your lap with your cock still inside of her, and you hugged her around the stomach as you both caught your breath.

“Can I ask you a question?” she asked.

“Isn’t that the sort of thing that got us into this tonight in the first place?”

She chuckled. “Maybe so. But seriously, John. Is sex always this good for you? Cause it wasn’t for me. You’re honestly the best I’ve had, and I can’t see anyone being better than this.”

That made your chest swell with some pride. “Honestly, no. It’s never been like this. I don’t know what it is, Gem. Maybe it’s you and Sabrina, or the confidence you both give me. Or maybe it’s something else.”

“I won’t try and get you to say I’m the best you’ve ever had,” Gemma said, turning back and kissing your cheek. “I know Sabrina and I together have to be at least half again as good as one of us.”

Gemma ended up leading you to the washroom for a shower, where you kissed and fondled but didn’t go for another round. You were back in her room, dressed and helping her strip her bed, when there was a knock on her open bedroom door.

“Hey, kids,” Becca said. “Mom and Mom are home. You guys better not have gotten into any trouble.”

“Hey,” Gemma smiled. “Did you have a good date?”

“Definitely,” Charlotte said, passing by the room behind Becca and smacking her fuck-buddy-roommate on the ass.

Becca laughed. “Charlotte got jealous of your Dance Club story, so we went out dancing tonight,” she told you. “We had guys buying us drinks all night, danced up on each other, and now I’m about to go strap in and go to town on her in the privacy of our room. Unless you two want to come watch? I’ve never done it with a proper audience before.”

The wiggle of her eyebrows and teasing grin had you and Gemma both laughing. “That’s a hot offer,” you said. “But Gemma and I just went three rounds and I need to get back to my place. Work is stressful as hell this week.”

“Ah, maybe next time,” Becca said, scrunching up her nose as she made a face.

“Beeeecca,” Charlotte called from the room next door. “I’m naaaaaaked.”

“Duty calls,” Becca said, giving you both a mock salute and heading to their room.

You helped Gemma re-make her bed with fresh sheets she’d bought just to tackle this problem, and then sat on the edge of the bed as she crawled up and straddled your lap, kissing you as she hugged you close.

“I wish you didn’t have to go,” she said. “I want to wake up next to you.”

“I know, me too,” you said. “I’ll get a couple of bags together for the weekend to leave here and at Sabrina’s.”

“OK,” she nodded, and kissed you again. “Do we need to talk at all about Joy, or work, before you go?”

“I don’t think so. Nothing happened today,” you told her.

“I was thinking and... on Monday we had a lot going on,” Gemma said. “Sabrina and I were both pissed off, and we needed to talk about some other things too. Even though I came to see you that night, I still feel like I let you down. *We* let you down. We should have been with you after you went through that - it was mostly you taking the hits, not us.”

You squeezed her a little tighter in your hug. “It’s OK,” you said. “I wasn’t even thinking of that when you told me the plan you two had. I’ll be totally open, I was a little sad and lonely when I was at my place alone that afternoon, but you brightened up my evening significantly.”

“I’m still sorry,” she said quietly.

“Then I forgive you,” you replied, and kissed her lightly.

“You should probably go before I start taking these clothes back off of you,” she grinned.

“Alright, love,” you said, and kissed her again.

“Unless you want to go take Becca up on that offer,” Gemma teased.

You snorted a soft laugh. “You are more than enough to keep me occupied, I don’t need a live lesbian show.”

“So you’re saying you *don’t* want to see me be a Top to Sabrina this weekend?”

“Now, now,” you said. “I wouldn’t go *that* far.”

* * * * *

“John, with me,” Garrison said, sticking his head into the Intern conference room and motioning to you.

Gemma and Sabrina both raised their eyebrows at you questioningly.

Eric was less subtle. “What does he want with you?” he asked. “You’re not getting *another* special assignment, are you? That’s totally unfair.”

“I don’t know, dude,” you said, getting up and heading out the door and jogging down the hall to catch up with Garrison. It was five minutes before the start of the day, so Joy and Andy hadn’t shown up yet but Associates, the paralegals for the firm and a couple of the Partners were all wishing each other good mornings as they went to their own offices. “What can I do for you, sir?”

Garrison didn’t say anything, just motioning you on, leading you back to his office. He ushered you in and shut the door, sitting at his desk with a frown as he looked at you through narrowed eyes.

“Sir?” you asked again, starting to feel more than a little nervous.