

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 271-277

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 271

Your bags were packed and ready to go, but you had just *\*one more\** day of work left to go. Sabrina had slept over the night before, having already packed her own bags and brought them over, so you and her went to work together. It was a quiet bus ride in as you both sipped on coffee from your travel mugs and sat together, holding hands and occasionally smiling at each other. Then, entering the building, you both said hello to Becks. Nothing had changed in the friendly banter with her, even after the brief phone sex episode, though that hadn't happened again. She teased the two of you quietly about being a two-wheeled trike without Gemma with you and asked if you guys were ready for your trip.

It wasn't until you were up in the office and entering the conference room that you realized that the day wasn't going to be quite as perfect as you expected.

Red flag number one: Gemma *\*and\** Eric were both in before you and Sabrina, and you guys were fairly early.

Red flag number two: Eric looked like he was a beaten puppy and was shooting glares over at Gemma.

Red flag number three: Gemma had a distinctly frosty quality in the way she was sitting up with perfect posture and working, not looking up from her laptop.

"Morning, guys," you said, and then went to Gemma and leaned down and kissed her cheek. "Morning, love."

Eric didn't say anything and Gemma sighed, closed her eyes for a moment and took a breath, then opened them and turned to you and Sabrina. "Good morning, loves," she said.

That made you hesitate a moment. And then your stomach fell out a little because you realized what must have happened.

Eric knew.

Eric was dating Lucy. Lucy knew because of being Gemma's roommate. She'd told Eric something.

"Good morning, baby," Sabrina said, immediately cluing in as well and coming over to Gemma and giving her a little kiss on the lips.

“So it really is true,” Eric grunted from his side of the table.

“Eric, I’m sorry we didn’t tell you,” you said, going down to your seat nearer to him and sitting. “We just didn’t want the poly thing to affect anything at the office, so we’ve kept it on the down low.”

“That’s not why he’s mad,” Gemma sighed.

“It’s *part* of why I’m mad,” Eric said.

“OK, it’s part of why he’s mad,” Gemma said.

“Well, what’s the big part then?” you asked.

“She,” Eric said, pointing his finger across the table accusingly at Gemma. “Got Lucy to break up with me.”

“That’s not how it happened at all and you know it,” Gemma defended herself.

“Whoa, OK,” you said. “How about you just start from the beginning, Eric.”

“Fine. Last night I went on another date with Lucy, and she invited me back to her place. Everything was going fine and we were sort of making out on the couch in their living room when Gemma came home late, and then Lucy started acting weird and being more aggressive with kissing me, which I mean, cool except that she only does that when she thinks Gemma might be around. So I’m like, ‘What the hell is going on’ and she doesn’t even answer me, and Gemma isn’t paying attention to us. Then Lucy calls to Gemma in the kitchen if she had fun with John and the slut, and I’m like ‘What the fuck does that mean?’ and Gemma comes in and tells Lucy that she was at the gym and did some groceries after. Then Lucy gets pissy and tries to start making out with me, but I’m confused so I ask her again what the fuck that question meant, and she just punches me in the chest and gets off of me. Gemma apologizes for her and says I shouldn’t put up with her hitting me, and Lucy blows up and says she shouldn’t need to put up with Gemma’s shit, and Gemma says she doesn’t do anything to her and even set her up with me. And then Lucy goes off, screaming that Gemma was dating her ex, which by the way you could have told me, and that ‘little brunette slut’ like a whore, and Gemma shouts back at Lucy that if she wasn’t a huge bundle of airheaded personality faults maybe she wouldn’t be so obsessed with Gemma’s relationship, and that sort of devolves into them insulting each other and then out of nowhere Lucy just turns and shoves me off the couch and screams that she’s done with me. Gemma storms off to her room and I’m headed for the door when Lucy grabs me and basically pins me to the wall cause she’s freakishly strong for being so small and she’s like ‘Where the fuck are you going?’ and then she drags me back to her room and wants to have makeup sex or something, but she’s being super loud and overdoing it. I end up passing out afterwards, and she kicks me awake at six in the morning and pushes me out of bed, saying

we're done again and starts screaming at me, which wakes up everyone in the apartment. They all come to see what's wrong, and Lucy screams at Gemma again which gets Becca and Charlotte to shout at Lucy and it's all fucking chaos so Gemma and I get dressed and leave, and it's not like we were going to go for coffee or something so we came here."

You... weren't really sure what to do with all of that.

"OK," Sabrina said. "But was the freaky breakup sex any good?"

## Chapter 272

You didn't figure anything out, really. Eric backed off on blaming Gemma but was still frustrated at the state of his relationship with Luc. They'd been seeing each other for three weeks at that point, and you couldn't blame him for feeling invested and then having the rug pulled out from under him - at three weeks with Sabrina and Gemma you were already attached at the hip. You weren't sure what you would have done if they'd suddenly had a blow-up with you.

Eric was also clearly a little flustered about the throuple situation. You could tell he wasn't sure whether to give you a high-five and ask questions, or to feel hurt that it had been hidden from him since you all worked together.

Things settled a little once Andy arrived in the office and the work day started properly. Most of the morning went by in quiet, though you, Gemma and Sabrina quietly messaged back and forth a bit to touch base. Sabrina wanted to know why Gemma hadn't told you and Sabrina about the whole thing right away, and Gemma explained she didn't want to ruin your date night and figured she would just tell you in the morning, but then everything had happened that morning and she'd been trying to figure out how *\*she\** felt about it all before she told you guys.

That led to Sabrina offering to let Gemma move in with her, but Gemma liked living with Becca and Charlotte and didn't want to leave them in a lurch for two months of rent. Sabrina just grinned to herself for a moment after that message, and she messaged back teasing Gemma for not wanting to leave the horny lesbians without having a shot at them herself. Gemma flushed in person and denied that over text vehemently.

By the time lunch was coming around Garrison hadn't poked his head into the office once, which had become his regular routine to check on the five of you, so you took a water break and went wandering down towards his office and saw that it was closed and the light was off. It looked like he was taking a longer weekend too.

The only problem was that meant you were left in the building without Garrison but with Bellagamba around. You let the others know what you got back to the conference room, and you all decided to keep to the strict lunchtime rules so as not to tempt fate and get caught leaving a little early or arriving a little late. Just in case.

Things got interesting again after lunch when Eric came back from the sub place with a confused but smiling expression.

“OK, what happened?” Gemma asked.

“Well, you know that cute girl who works behind the counter?” Eric said. “She was kind of bantering with me a bit, and so after I paid I asked her for her number to hang out this weekend, and she said yes. Which was awesome. But then on my way back here I got a text from Lucy and she was apologising... and she sent me a picture.”

“What kind of picture?” you asked, guessing at the answer already.

“A, uh, naked one,” Eric said. “Want to see?”

“Yes,” Sabrina said at the same time you said, “No.” The two of you glanced at each other and you shook your head and turned back to Eric. “Whatever she sent, that’s personal between you two. You shouldn’t even offer to share it.”

“Well, you’ve already seen her naked,” Eric said. “What’s the big deal?”

“When did he see Lucy naked?” Gemma asked with a raised eyebrow.

“They’re exes,” Eric said.

“We dated in high school,” you said. “We never got past kissing a little.”

“Wait, really?” Eric was shocked. “I thought... Well, why the fuck is she acting like she is, then?”

“We don’t know,” Gemma said emphatically. “Seriously, Eric. I’m glad that you two were getting along, but after the way she’s been acting with you I’m sorry I suggested setting you two up.”

“You should definitely call the sub place girl,” Sabrina nodded. “You’re right, she *is* cute. And might not be crazy.”

Eric screwed up his lips in thought, looking down at his phone in his hands, and like magic it pinged that he had a text. He opened it and his eyebrows rose.

“She sent another nude, didn’t she?” Sabrina asked.

Eric just nodded his head, still looking at the phone.

“Eric,” you said, snapping towards him, and he blinked and looked up. “She’s baiting you.”

“Are you two exclusive?” Gemma asked.

“Um, we never really talked about it,” Eric said.

“So just have fun with her, but call the sub girl,” Gemma said.

“I disagree,” you said. “And not because I’m jealous or something. Lucy is showing you her true colours - don’t stick your dick in crazy.”

Gemma snorted and you glanced over at her, and she looked between you and Sabrina a couple of times in a silent implication that you were doing just that. Andy still didn’t know about the three of you, so she couldn’t just say it out loud.

“Hey,” Sabrina said when she caught the innuendo, but then she just laughed and shrugged. She definitely was the wildest, and maybe craziest, of the three of you.

“I dunno,” Eric said, looking down at his phone again.

“I say avoid her,” you reiterated. “Delete the photos so you aren’t tempted.”

“I say you’re here for two more months of internship. Don’t get serious with anyone unless they deserve it,” Gemma said.

Eric turned to Sabrina. “What do you think?”

“I think...” Sabrina pondered out loud. “I think you should do what makes you happy, Eric. So if you want to ride the crazy train, that’s OK. But it’s also more than OK if you don’t.”

Eric sighed, clearly left with a lot to think about.

“I think you should take them both out at the same time and see if you can get a threesome out of it,” Andy said.

That made you, Sabrina and Gemma all snort and cough, and start laughing. Eric joined in a moment later.

## **Chapter 273**

Thankfully you made it to the end of the day without Bellagamba making problems for anyone, but Eric still hadn’t made a decision about what he was going to do. You really weren’t sure *\*what\** Lucy was thinking - there was a point in your life where you thought you knew her pretty well, but then she’d dumped you and everything felt like it shifted with her.

After work Gemma split from you and Sabrina as she needed to head back to her apartment quickly, while you and Sabrina took an Uber over to the car rental company. The beach was a good several hours' drive away and was closer to your school than it was the city, so getting there was more of a problem for you three than anyone else on the trip. Since everyone was splitting the cost of the Air B&B based on their rooms, and you three were sharing one, the car was actually going to be the most expensive part of the trip other than maybe food and alcohol costs all put together.

Since you were managing the Air B&B part of the trip for the three of you, Sabrina had offered to manage the car rental and you had to go over to the airport to pick it up. You got dropped off by your Uber at the terminal and took a quick walk down to where the car rental places were and queued up behind a few folks.

"Looks like we came in at the wrong time," Sabrina grinned a little as she leaned into you, her arm looped through yours as she rested her head on your shoulder. "A big flight must have just come in."

"No way we could have known," you said. "But I'm seeing a lot of tired faces. Must have been a long flight."

Sabrina glanced around. "Where would you want to go? For a vacation, I mean. And assuming Gemma was coming with us so don't answer Australia."

"Um," you thought. "I dunno. Spain, maybe? Or Italy?"

"What if we did the whole Riviera?" Sabrina suggested. "Just the three of us travelling the coast of the Mediterranean. Spain, France, and end in Italy."

"That would be pretty amazing," you said. "Are we backpacking on this trip, or are we ridiculously wealthy and doing it in style?"

"Oh, ridiculously wealthy, obviously," Sabrina said with a grin. "Three lawyers, all at the top of their game. Actually, scratch that, we'll do it once backpacking and experience it like that, and *then* we'll do it later on when we're all high-paid lawyers and get to be nostalgic about it."

"And when are we taking this amazing trip?" you asked.

"We could do it next summer," Sabrina suggested. "Once we've all graduated, and before law school. Just think - we take like three months to travel, one month per country. Then we move into whatever law school we're going to."

"What about internships?" you asked. "The connections are important. Not to mention us needing to pay for things."

“We’ll pay for things with our side hustle, baby,” Sabrina said. “If we can keep things rolling through the school year, we’ll be making more than enough.”

“For all three of us?” you asked.

“Maybe not all three of us completely,” Sabrina said. “But enough that we can pick and choose what part-time jobs we might want.”

“You’re crazy, you know that?” you asked with a smile. “And I love you for it.”

Sabrina grinned and went up on her toes to kiss your cheek, then pulled you down to whisper in your ear. “Aren’t you glad you’re sticking your dick in crazy?”

That made you laugh.

The two of you got to the front of the line and Sabrina and the woman behind the counter quickly went through her reservation while you quickly darted off to the washroom. By the time you go back Sabrina had signed and paid as planned, and had the keys in her hand with directions to the proper lot. She looped her arm in yours again and smiled up at you, and the two of you took the walk over to the parking structure. An attendant there took a look at the keys and papers that Sabrina had and nodded, leading you over to their rows of rentals. There was a whole mix of cars and SUVs, but he led you to the very end of the row and you blinked as he stood at the back of a silver Mercedes-Benz with the soft top of a convertible.

The attendant did a quick walk around with Sabrina to ensure there was no damage and then gave her a quick rundown of how to work the convertible roof, and you just sort of stood there in mild shock. You’d been expecting a car, or maybe an SUV if she wanted to splurge, but this was a bit much.

Then you remembered that you’d been mildly surprised at the size of Sabrina’s bag back at your place. She’d had one duffel bag, like an oversized gym bag, and while it had been stuffed full it had still seemed small for a four-day weekend even paired with her purse and a small backpack. Now you understood why she’d packed like that - the trunk of the convertible wasn’t exactly spacious.

“Sabrina, really?” you asked once the attendant had left the two of you.

Sabrina grinned coming over to you, taking your hands in hers as she looked up at you with her impish smile and big eyes. “Surprise,” she said.

“You really didn’t need to do this,” you said.

“I know. But I wanted to - think of it as my one-month thank you gift for helping me with the OnlyFans content as my official cameraman and on-screen talent along with being my

boyfriend,” she said. “This will make the drive down more fun once we’re out of the city, and we can show off to your friends a little.”

There was a part of you that wanted to argue that the likely cost was still too much, but even though she liked to spoil you and Gemma a bit you knew Sabrina was careful about tracking her money. So instead of arguing you sighed and looped your arms around her. “Thanks, sugar momma,” you said with a little smile.

“You’re welcome, Daddy,” Sabrina said, hugging you back.

That made you give her ass a little swat, and she barked a laugh into your chest as you held each other.

## **Chapter 274**

You picked up your bags from your place, then headed over to Gemma’s and Sabrina went up while you stayed with the car. First, to make sure no one tried to steal your shit or key it or something - Gemma didn’t live in a particularly bad area at all, but with such a nice car people could go out of their way to be dicks. You and Sabrina had both been in a pre-Law class that had been all about small claims court cases - it had been really funny at times, but also pretty depressing at how dickish random people could be to each other.

The other obvious reason to stay downstairs was so that you wouldn’t run into Lucy.

Gemma came down with a similar duffle bag to Sabrina’s and while she did brighten at the sight of the car, she wasn’t as shocked as you had been, which told you that Sabrina had told her about it. Or maybe they had planned it together.

You took Gemma’s bag from her and put it in the trunk, and then she wrapped her arms around your neck and pulled you into a deep kiss as she stood up on the curb for that little bit of extra height to bring you almost eye to eye.

Sabrina was driving, since she had the insurance filled out in her name, and Gemma insisted that you sat in the front seat while she took the back. You kept the soft top up until you were on the freeway out of the city, then pulled over and got it lowered before continuing on. The drive was fun, and the three of you took turns picking music to blast into the wind and sing along to. You’d planned the drive ahead of time and took a short detour to hit up a Barbecue place that had been featured on one of those Food Network ‘Gotta Eat Here’ kind of shows, and afterwards you took your chance to insist that Gemma sit in the front seat for a bit. The back was a little cramped for your legs, but seeing Gemma’s blonde hair in the wind and the way she was smiling and would occasionally grab Sabrina’s hand was worth it.



You ended up reaching the beachfront town late - it was a town of maybe 15,000 people, so not very big at all, and was almost entirely made up of the tourist industry serving the beach from Spring through early Fall. Sabrina did a little detour down the main entertainment street across the beachfront and it was nicely lit up with hanging lights and while the shops and restaurants were closed, there were almost half a dozen bars that were open and bustling with business. In the dark of the evening, you could only really see the closest reflection of the lights on the waves, but you could definitely smell the fresh salt of the ocean and hear the soft crash of the waves.

Sabrina backtracked a bit and you pulled up into the driveway of the Air B&B just before midnight, and you quickly texted the owner that you had arrived. They texted back the unlock code for the front door and wished you a good stay, and you sent the girls inside to check the place out while you loaded up your shoulders with their duffle bags and your own before following them.

The plan was for all of your friends to drive up the following morning, so you, Gemma and Sabrina had the run of the place for the evening. When you walked in you frowned when you kicked off your shoes and saw a shirt lying on the floor. But right past that was another one, and past that was a bra that you distinctly recognized as belonging to Gemma.

Carrying the bags, you followed the trail of clothes up the stairs and down to the master bedroom where the door was standing partially open with a pair of Sabrina's skimpy panties hanging from the handle. As you walked in and dropped the bags to the floor, you shook your head and smiled at the sight before you.

Sabrina was face down in Gemma's pussy, wagging her naked butt back at you.

"I think you're a little overdressed, love," Gemma said with a grin as she cupped her breasts and softly tweaked her nipples.

"I dunno," you said. "I was kind of thinking of checking out the amenities. Maybe take a walk, stretch my legs after that long ride."

"Stretch something else," Sabrina said, taking her lips from Gemma momentarily and shifting her position so she could get back to her licking while also reaching back and spreading her butt cheeks.

"I think she wants you to fuck her," Gemma laughed.

"And here I thought she wanted me to stretch her hamstrings," you teased as you started pulling off your shirt. Once you were naked you knelt on the floor behind Sabrina and quickly dove into her cunt, pressing your lips against her and snaking your tongue up and down her inner labia as you held her at the knees to keep her from moving.

“Oooh, fuck, John,” Sabrina moaned. “I said stretch me out, not eat me.”

“Sorry, baby, but you taste way too good not to,” you said. You loved everything about Sabrina, including her smell and taste. You devoured her pussy, which slowly flowered open a little as you drove her into her own arousal, and you teased around her clit and opening before finally dipping your tongue deeper.

While you were doing that, Gemma had taken Sabrina’s head in her hands and wrapped her fingers in her hair, holding her tight. “That’s it, Sabrina,” Gemma grunted. “Be a good little- fuck- be our good little cunt licker. God, you love teasing me, don’t you?”

“I so fucking do,” Sabrina laughed in between groans of pleasure.

“You’re such a little slut, love,” Gemma groaned. “Fuck. I love the way your fucking fingers feel inside of me, and how you look at me while you’re tasting my clit.”

“I love the way your pussy gets so warm when I play with it,” Sabrina hummed back. “And it’s so fucking *\*pretty\**, Gemma. God, you’re just perfect. I can’t believe we got here. I can’t believe I love you so much.”

“Me neither, love,” Gemma groaned. “God, I want you to eat me forever, and the only interruption is when John fucks me.”

“Got it,” you said from the other end of Sabrina. “Never eat you out again, leave it to Sabrina.”

“That’s not what I meant and you know it!” Gemma laughed. “Now get your cock in her, love. Sabrina looks like she’s close and just needs to feel you deep inside her as I suffocate her on my cunt.”

“Yes, ma’am,” you said, standing up and rubbing the head of your cock through Sabrina’s slippery lips before sliding it into her and you both grunted appreciatively. Then you took Sabrina’s waist in both hands and pinched her hard the way she liked as you fucked deep into her, and Gemma pulled her down against her pussy with her fingers in the brunette’s hair.

Sabrina came, her toes clenching and her eyes rolling, for the first time that night, with a wordless and muffled howl.

## **Chapter 275**

“Good morning, baby,” Sabrina hummed happily as she felt you slowly waking up.

“Morning, baby,” you grunted in reply, slowly waking up.

“Good morning, love,” Gemma said from next to you.

“Morning, love,” you said, peeling your eyes open. Sabrina was laying sort of perpendicular to you, her head pillowed on your stomach, while Gemma was cuddled against you but laying a little higher so her head was above yours and her boobs were an inch from the side of your face and her arm was lying down your shoulder to your chest. After the long session together the night before, the three of you had collapsed into sleep without even pulling the sheets down the bed.

“What time is it?” Sabrina asked.

Gemma shifted, looking over at the clock on the bedside table, and you couldn’t be sure if she did it on purpose but it pushed her boob right into your face. “Almost nine,” she said, then grunted a little. “Careful, love. My nipples are still feeling a little tender.”

That made you smile and you gently massaged her nipple with your lips. After the two of you had put Sabrina through her paces, you and Sabrina had turned your attention on Gemma and Sabrina had gotten a little rough with the bustier woman’s tits. Gemma had loved it in the moment, but just like every time the morning after she tended to feel it a bit.

“We need to go hit a grocery store,” Sabrina sighed. “If everyone gets here on time we want brunch on the table a little before noon.”

“OK,” you groaned, letting Gemma’s boob fall from your lips.

None of you moved.

“Well, this is going well,” Gemma chuckled.

“I know what will work,” you said.

“What’s that?” Sabrina asked.

“First one in the shower gets to blow me,” you said.

Neither of them moved after a long moment.

“You really thought that would work, huh?” Gemma asked with a grin and a shake of her head.

“We love your cock and cum, we’re not addicted to it,” Sabrina said.

Gemma tutted. “Who would have thought our boyfriend would be such a misogynist.”

“I know, right?” Sabrina said as she sat up and started moving to the edge of the bed.

“You bitch,” Gemma laughed, lurching up and trying to get off the bed faster than Sabrina did, but the smaller girl had a head start and made it across the room and into the bathroom first. “Damn it!” Gemma laughed.

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Finding a grocery store wasn't a big deal, but deciding what to make was because once you got there you realized that you hadn't actually checked out what was available to use in the kitchen of the Air B&B. Was there a waffle iron? What about a juicer for fresh juice? A blender?

You had at least remembered to pick up the trail of clothes from the night before.

In the end, you had to assume there were at least basic cooking necessities like frying pans, tongues and a spatula, so you decided on a spread of bacon and sausage, eggs, and pancakes. You also picked up a pack of 'Can't believe it's not Meat!' fake sausage patties for Corey and Victoria, who were vegetarian but thankfully not vegan.

Back at the house you and Sabrina took charge of the cooking while Gemma cleaned up your room and got all of your bags unpacked, then cracked the windows in the place to let in a nice breeze and set the table. She wasn't a bad cook, but the three of you had discovered that between the three of you, Gemma was a little more chaotic in the kitchen and tended to both leave a big mess behind her and also stress out when trying to decide if something was 'done enough' or not, so cooking duties had been assumed by you and Sabrina.

Once her list of things to get done was complete, Gemma came and sat up on the counter as she watched you working and took every opportunity to tease and flash you and Sabrina and talk dirty as she and Sabrina recounted their favourite parts of the night before.

They were doing it on purpose, knowing that they were making you hard and you were expecting your friends over. Eventually, once you had all the bacon and sausages fried up nicely and were wiping the frying pan out so you could 'fry up' the fake sausage patties, you threatened that if they couldn't keep their dirty minds to themselves you would have to bend them over your knee. That, of course, just encouraged them.

And that was how you ended up with Gemma bent over your lap as she giggled, her shorts and panties pulled down to her knees as you massaged her pinkened cheeks, when the sound of a couple of vehicles pulling into the driveway came through the windows.

It was an unnecessary scramble for Gemma to right herself, and Sabrina pouted with a little groan that she didn't get her turn, which just made you laugh and grab her by her ass and kiss her. Then you went to the door and opened it, getting calls of greetings from your friends as they were piling out of their two SUVs and eyeballing the Mercedes. You went and quickly bumped

fists with Brent and Paul, and then a little more reluctantly with Edgar, before saying hello to Corey and Victoria and getting a shove from Ollie.

“What the fuck is with the car?” Ollie demanded.

“My girlfriend decided to splurge and rent it,” you explained. “She surprised me with it.”

“What, did you meet some uber-wealthy elite girl? Gonna become a Kennedy or something, John?” she laughed.

“Not quite,” you smirked, thinking of how things might have weirdly been something like that for the summer if you’d never hooked up with Gemma and Sabrina. You might have gotten swept into Joy’s orbit and ended up miserable with her and *if* you had gone on this trip, probably have been isolated from your friends as she looked down at them. “They’re just inside.”

“They?” Ollie asked. “Holy shit. John, are you dating a non-binary person? Are you queer now, you bastard?”

“Not quite,” you laughed, knowing what was coming. You’d told your friends that you’d be bringing your girlfriends, and no one in that chat had questioned the ‘s’ at the end of the word since it probably looked like an autocorrect or something. “Come on, let me grab some bags and I’ll introduce you.”

## Chapter 276

“Dude,” Brent said.

“Bro,” Paul said right after him.

“What?” you asked with a little grin.

“How the fuck?” Edgar asked.

The introductions had been a bit of a whirlwind, and Gemma and Sabrina had both put on a full-court press to both be as welcoming and friendly as possible, and also to build you up as much as possible by being as attractive as they knew how to be. It really wasn’t fair for the guys.

After everyone had gone up to claim their rooms in the house, with Edgar taking the couch in the basement since he was solo and paying the least into the rental, you had all sat down for brunch. Now that everyone had eaten - with absolutely zero leftovers, considering you were all hungry college students - Corey and Victoria were in the kitchen with Gemma doing the dishes and Sabrina was chatting with Ollie and comparing notes since you all went to the same school. That left you and the guys still at the table.

“You know what,” Paul said, leaning over. “And for once, Edgar is damn right - how the fuck?” Paul was a tall, lanky guy of Nigerian descent, but had grown up in the US his entire life. He was the true nerd of our group, though that was a variable statement since you all enjoyed some nerdy shit now and then. He loved board games and ran the occasional D&D session for those of you who were interested, though you were all too busy for anything needing more commitment than ‘Come over this Saturday afternoon.’

“OK, OK,” you chuckled. “I know what. The three of us are interns at the same law office, and we hit it off on friendly terms for the first few weeks. Then Sabrina and I started flirting, but she knew Gemma was interested in me, so Gemma and I went out, then Sabrina and I went out, and they decided they were OK with both of them dating me, and then they started dating each other too.”

“So you guys have sex,” Edgar said. “Like, threesomes. All the time.”

You snorted. “Yeah, that happens. It’s not a big deal.”

“It’s not a big deal,” Brent mimicked me. “Yeah, OK, John. First, you’re dating the hot chick from our Pre-Law classes that none of us have talked to. You’re also dating a ridiculously attractive Australian girl. And you’re doing that *\*at the same time\**, and they both *\*know about it\**. And, to top it all off, they are also dating each other.” Brent was the most athletic guy in the group and, if he had about a foot more height, he would have likely been able to make it onto the University basketball team at least as a benchwarmer or practice team. But while he was good, he wasn’t the kind of great that made up for his short stature for University ball, so his time on the court was limited to his rec leagues. He was also the most competitive of our group and was far and away the most ‘experienced’ with dating outside of Corey’s long-term relationship. Until now.

“Fine, make it a big deal,” you said. “Sabrina and Gemma are hot, I obviously know that. But I’m not in love with them because they’re hot.”

“Waitwaitwait,” Paul said. “Love? You’re in *\*love\** with them? You guys said that already?”

“Well, yeah,” you said.

“Holy shit, you absolute soft unit,” Brent laughed. “You’ve been dating them for like... a bit over a month and you’re already saying the big L word?”

That reminded you of when you’d joked about being in Lesbians with the girls and made you smirk. “It’s really not-”

“Oh, shut up,” Paul scoffed. “It’s fine for you to be dating them, but don’t rub it in how fucking easy it was for it to happen.”

“Hey, I’m not the one who brought it up,” you defended yourself.

“OK, but seriously - are there other hot, polyamorous interns at your work?” Edgar asked.  
“Cause I will come to your city for the rest of the summer if that’s the case. I’ll work at a fucking Mcdonald’s if I have to.”

“No, there aren’t,” you said. “Unless you want to meet my new buddy Eric.”

“What about sisters, do they have sisters?” Paul smirked.

That made you snort a laugh again. “Well, Gemma’s family are all in Australia so it wouldn’t matter. Sabrina does have a twin sister though, and a younger one. I met the twin Katherine already and they are dead ringers.”

That led to all three of them asking you for Katherine’s number, and you had to break it to them that she went to school across state lines from you. You didn’t mention that you’d had sex with her.

Edgar, Paul’s younger brother, was the one who kept trying to push the conversation back towards your relationship. He was shorter and a little stockier than Paul and had gotten into school on a Music Program scholarship playing the saxophone in the marching band. He was apparently good enough to get recruited and half his tuition covered, and yet for some reason he never used that to his advantage and played in front of anyone. He also didn’t like hanging out with other Music students, which was how he’d gravitated into our group.

Paul ended up curbing Edgar’s questions when he went too far, and when the dishes were finished Gemma came out of the kitchen and into the open-concept lounge and eating area. “Alright,” she said. “Everything’s cleaned up. What are you guys thinking? We’ll need more groceries for tomorrow, and dinner tonight if we don’t cook, or we can head to the beach.”

“Beach,” multiple voices crowed.

“Alright, beach it is,” Gemma grinned. “Let’s all go get changed, but make sure you guys wear some decent runners ‘cause it’s a five-minute walk down to the beach.”

Everyone got up and started to move, but you were intercepted by Corey as he was coming out of the kitchen. He was a bit of a hippy kid - not super hippy, but his hair had grown out down to his shoulders over his years at school and he had a sort of soft, happy expression on his face that just put you at ease.

“Hey, John,” he said quietly. “I just wanted to say, Gemma seems like a really great girl. You made a great catch with her. She’s sweet and funny, and she’s really making Victoria feel comfortable.”

“Thanks, Cor,” you said, offering him a fist bump. “That actually means a lot to hear. I hope we can be as good together as you and Victoria.”

He grinned and slapped your back. “Don’t compare, my man. Every relationship is different.”

“You know what I mean,” you said.

“I do,” he laughed. “And thanks. Hopefully, Gemma can keep getting Vic out of her shell a bit more, she wasn’t sure she wanted to come on the trip.”

“Well, we’ll go easy on her,” you promised. Then the two of you bumped fists again and headed for the stairs to get ready for the beach.

## **Chapter 277**

“Don’t come in here!” Gemma called from the ensuite washroom.

“Why?” you asked. “What are you two doing in there, you literally pee in front of me and don’t care and you’re not both on the toilet.”

“Just hold your horses,” Sabrina said, sticking her head out of the door. “Change into your swimsuit. Actually, if you really want to make us happy, wear the Speedo I bought you.” She ended that with a scrunch of her nose and a smirk.

“Jokes on you, I didn’t pack it,” you said, heading over to the dresser where Gemma had put all of your clothes.

“Jokes on *\*you\**, I did,” Sabrina laughed, dipping back into the washroom.

“Well, what did you think of the group?” you asked as you dropped your shorts and briefs and started putting on your swim trunks.

“They were nice,” Gemma said. “Corey and Victoria are sweet.”

“I really like Ollie,” Sabrina said. “I can’t believe we haven’t met at school before. I feel like I missed out on her almost as much as you.”

“Yeah, well, just wait for when you two disagree on something and you might rethink that,” you joked. “She doesn’t like to be wrong.”

“Well neither do we,” Gemma said. “But it helps when you’re never wrong.”



You chuckled and decided to change your shirt to something more beachy, tossing on a thin, short-sleeved button-down. "For some reason, that's what all the most important women in my life say."

"Maybe that's because you attract smart, capable women, baby," Sabrina said, coming out of the washroom followed by Gemma. They both were grinning and struck a casual pose.

"What's wrong, John? Don't you like our swimsuits?" Gemma teased you.

As soon as they came out you had frozen in place with your jaw dropped low.

On Sabrina, the bikini was lewd. Calling it a microkini would have suggested there was more fabric involved. It was pretty much just strings. Her little boobs were completely open except for a strand of fabric less than an inch in diameter that covered her nipples, and even while she was walking one of them popped out. The bottoms were just floss and left pretty much her entire pussy exposed except for a similar little strip of fabric covering her clit hood and that was about it.

On Gemma, who was wearing the same suit, it should have been illegal.

"Um," you said loudly.

"I think it makes my ass look great," Gemma said, turning around and showing you her entirely bare butt except for the string of floss wedged between her cheeks. "What do you think, love?"

"I dunno, it kinda rides up," Sabrina said, turning as well to show off her smaller booty. "I feel like I'll be picking wedgies all day." And then she did just that, peeling the string out from her buttcrack and then letting it fall right back into place.

"I think we might have broken him," Gemma said. "It must be perfect."

Sabrina looked over her shoulder at you and burst into laughter.

"Love, we're just kidding," Gemma giggled, stepping over to you and reaching up to caress your cheeks. "These suits aren't leaving this room."

"Oh, thank God," you sighed and laughed. "I mean, God *\*dayum\** you two look fucking hot, but I don't think the world could handle the two of you like that, let alone my ego."

"I knew it would work," Sabrina chuckled as she also came over to you, taking one of your hands from Gemma and placing it on her breast. "What do you think, want to fuck me while I'm wearing this, Daddy?"

"You, little miss, are asking for trouble," you said and fished a finger under the elastic string and pulled it out an inch before letting it snap back against her shoulder.

"Promises, promises," Sabrina grinned.

"What about me, love?" Gemma asked. "It's a little more ridiculous on me, but maybe tonight?"

"It looks perfect on you, Gem," you said. "For my eyes only, but perfect."

"Thanks, love," she smiled, revelling a little bit in your compliments. Then she turned to Sabrina. "Alright, let's get our *\*actual\** suits on."

They went and changed quickly, Gemma in a one-piece that had a halter top that showed off her curves and a cutout of her cleavage while Sabrina came back out dressed in a normal bikini with a colourful turquoise flower pattern. It was still a little on the slim side, but with her tight little body it wasn't so suggestive. Gemma did her thick hair back in a ponytail and then helped Sabrina with a quick braid that would keep her hair manageable in the ocean.

The three of you grabbed your towels and headed downstairs where the rest of the group were already waiting. Brent, Paul and Edgar would likely have finished first and were looking impatient - all three were in swimsuits, and Brent was shirtless. Corey was wearing athletic shorts and a t-shirt, while Victoria, his petite girlfriend, was wearing a tie-dye beach cover-up and had her brunette hair loose. Ollie, for her part, was wearing shorts and just her bikini top, showing off a bit of a swathe of her mocha-dark cleavage.

The nine of you set off, Gemma taking the lead since she had looked up the directions to the beach. You ended up walking with Sabrina, her arm looped in yours, while Ollie sidled up to Gemma to get to know your other girlfriend. Halfway through the walk, Edgar started complaining about the rocky path you were on, and Gemma reminded him that she'd warned him to wear runners and not flip-flops. That shut him up for the most part, though he still hissed little complaints to himself occasionally.

When you reached the beach you found that the place was already busy as hell - the Friday of the July 4th weekend was clearly a boom time for the town. The beach itself was plastered with people, and the shops, restaurants and bars up and down the main street were bustling and loud, while street vendors were out in force. The nine of you decided to find a spot on the beach before venturing out and exploring, so you ended up walking single file through the crowded sands for another five minutes until you found a spot big enough for all of you. Once you had the spot staked out, and towels down, Brent, Edgar and Paul all took off for the water. You had the urge to rush with them and feel the cool water of the Atlantic splash over you.

"I think you're domesticating me," you laughed as instead of running off you waited to make sure everything was good with the rest of the group.

“Gentlemen in the streets, barbarian in the sheets, love,” Gemma grinned and gave you a little kiss.

“Oh, God,” Ollie laughed. “I did not need to hear that.”

“Hey, we gotta reward him for good behaviour,” Sabrina teased. “I’d say it’s like training a dog, but he’s more manly than that. It’s like trying to train a lion - you can get him to stay up on the pillar and open his mouth, but at some point, he’s going to let you know who’s boss.”

“Stop, I’m blushing,” you smirked.

“Holy shit,” Gemma muttered way under her breath. You glanced where she was looking and saw that Victoria was pulling off her colourful cover-up. You’d always thought of her as the skinny, quiet girlfriend of Corey and you’d missed that she must have worn a lot of bulky clothing because as her bikini came into view you were sort of stunned. She had the body of Sabrina, but the tits of Gemma. You were almost worried she would be too top-heavy and fall over, they were so big.

“God damn, girl,” Sabrina said, going over to her. “Jesus, you are packing *\*heat\**.”

“Thanks?” Victoria laughed nervously as she set down her cover-up.

“Come on,” Sabrina said. “Let’s go be hot bitches together. Boys, watch our stuff. Gemma, Ollie?”

“Let’s do it,” Ollie laughed, shucking off her shorts to reveal her black bikini bottoms that seemed like they might have been having a hard time keeping up with her curvy hips and butt.

“Don’t worry, Vic,” Gemma said, stepping to her other side and taking her hand comfortingly. “Sabrina is going to suck up all the attention she can.”

“Thanks,” Victoria chuckled.

“Let’s go, bitches!” Sabrina crowed as she led them off across the beach.

“Oh, no, that’s cool,” you said, standing beside Corey. “We’ll just stay here. In the hot sun. Watching everyone’s stuff.”

“Sunscreen?” Corey offered me, pulling it out of Victoria’s beach bag.

“Yes, please,” you nodded. Gemma and Sabrina had already covered you, but with the bright day and hot sun, you felt like another layer wasn’t out of the question. It was going to be a steamer.