

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 41-45

By BreaktheBar

As always, please remember that these chapters are written as warm-ups for my larger writing, so don't expect the same level of story planning and quality - these are off the cuff and meant to be fun exercises!

Chapter 41

You set Gemma's foot down, preparing to lean in and start kissing her as you lounged on her bed, only to get interrupted.

Knock Knock Knock.

You sighed, and Gemma sighed. "Who is it?" she called, clearly annoyed.

The door opened and the extremely pretty-but-boyish person who you hadn't gotten a name for stuck their head into the room. "Hey, everyone decent?"

"Decently annoyed," Gemma said.

The person smirked and entered. "Hey, sorry, we didn't get introduced," they said to you. "I'm Becca, the other roommate."

"Hi Becca," you said.

"Look, both of you, I just wanted to say I'm sorry about Lucy. No excuses, she was being a bitch. Gemma, I hope you know this but Charlotte and I wouldn't go back on your sublease or anything like that."

Gemma sighed again and shifted to sit on the edge of her bed. "I know, but that doesn't mean living with her is getting any easier."

"Yeah. Charlotte is trying to talk her around - I gave up," Becca said. "Usually it takes her about two or three days to finally admit that she did something wrong."

"Really?" you asked. "Because I don't think I've ever heard her admit to being wrong about anything."

Becca smirked again. "Well, she doesn't exactly admit it. She just stops complaining about everyone else's response and acts like it never happened. We got used to it over the last school term, but Char and I are starting to reconsider the arrangement."

Gemma turned to you, taking your hand. "Did you seriously date her in high school?"

You nodded, frowning, and shrugged. "A little over a month. I took her out on a few dates, we made out once in the back of my parent's car. She always swore she was the kind of girl who didn't go farther than light petting and kisses, but then the whole cheating blowjob thing happened. She thought I should just get over it and let it go."

"Classic Lucy," Becca nodded.

"Yeah, well Classic Lucy decided to try and make my life miserable for a couple of months after that. She spread a couple of rumours, and things started escalating but she got caught by the teachers and I don't know what the Vice Principal said to her, but she stopped after that."

"Good to know she can turn on you," Becca sighed. "But enough about her - how did the date go?"

You looked at Gemma, who looked around the room. "Well, we ended up here..."

"Oh my God, I'm actually interrupting," Becca said, backing towards the door. "I thought- never mind. Nevermind! It went well. John, treat our girl well. She's a queen. Gemma, this guy sounds like he puts up with a lot so try not to scare him off with some crazy Aussie reverse sex position thing from down under."

"Oh, I save that for third dates," Gemma laughed.

"Just saying," you said. "And you didn't hear it from me, but if you ever want to make Lucy just pop her top, call her Lucy Looky-Liu. She hated that nickname in high school."

"Noted," Becca said. "Have fun you two. Don't get pregnant."

"Wasn't planning on it!" Gemma said, eyes wide.

Becca left, closing the door behind her.

"You sure you don't want to get pregnant?" you asked, teasing Gemma. "I think you'd look hot with a baby bump."

"Oh my God, you dirty boy," Gemma said, shoving you lightly. "That's too far."

"Alright, we draw the line at baby jokes," you laughed.

Gemma flopped back on the bed, her tits looking great as she reached over and took your hand. "I wasn't actually teasing you about the only-anal thing in the park," she said. "I'm literally terrified of getting pregnant. I feel like as soon as it happens, I'll end up with five kids and a house in the same neighbourhood as half my family back home."

You raised a hand in a mock Boy Scout salute. "I do so solemnly swear not to impregnate you, or any other woman for that matter, without it first being requested formally in writing."

She giggled softly and rolled her eyes. "Thanks."

"No problem," you said, and leaned over and kissed her lightly before laying next to her on your back. "I do have a question that might *not* bring back the mood though."

"Oh no," Gemma deadpanned. "The pregnancy jokes were really doing it for me."

"I just- the Sabrina situation," you said. "It's not... normal. And her and I being friends with benefits or whatever isn't that strange, but us dating while that's going on sort of is."

"And you want to know why I'm considering all this," Gemma filled in for you.

"Or however you want to put it," you nodded.

Gemma rolled onto her side so she was facing you, pillowing her head under her hands. "I told you about my Ex. This isn't a rebound thing - I've seen a couple of guys since the breakup. The semester here in the States has done wonders for me emotionally, too. But other than a quick fling when I first got here, I haven't... pursued anyone. And now I'm leaving for back home in three months and I like you. Well, I liked working with you at least, now I know that my Jim and Pam work crush extends outside of the conference room."

"I really hope I'm Jim in this situation," you said.

"Nope. I'm definitely Jim, you're Pam," she smirked.

"We're going to need to discuss this," you said.

"Sorry, already decided," Gemma shook her head. "And Andy is Kevin, and Eric is Andy, and Sabrina is Karen."

"Wait, Karen was...?" you tried to remember.

"The pretty chick from the other office who Jim flirts with a lot before he gets together with Pam finally," Gemma said.

“Well now I need to be on the lookout for you and Sabrina flirting I guess,” you said.

“Oh, you missed that phase entirely. You didn’t catch us making out in the back corners of the office?”

You didn’t know what to say to that, and Gemma laughed and rubbed your arm.

“Typical guy,” she said. “You’re picturing it, aren’t you?”

“No, never,” you said, clearly lying.

“Anyways,” Gemma segued. “We have a drop-dead date if we’re doing this. I leave on August 10th. That’s less than three months away. So I’m willing to try this weirdness, and share you with Sabrina, for that long.”

“I think that’s all a very logical way of thinking about things,” you said. “And I’m definitely not going to complain.”

“Good,” she smirked. “Now, are you going to kiss me and see if we can get the mood back, or what?”

You leaned in to kiss her, thankful that you’d hidden the surprising amount of disappointment you’d been struck with. You and Gemma were entirely new, and it was way too early to be thinking about next week let alone next month, but when she said there was a drop-dead date on this... it had hurt.

So. What were you going to do about it?

Chapter 42

You leaned over and kissed Gemma, and followed her and she rolled onto her back so that you were now on your stomach, propped up on your arms as you lay almost side by side. Her chest was pressed to the side of yours, her bust soft and firm all at once, and she brought her hand up and trailed her fingers through the hair around your ear as she worked her lips.

“Has anyone ever told you that you’re heartstopping?” you asked her between kisses.

“Mmm-mmm,” she hummed in the negative.

“That’s a problem,” you murmured. “You should probably need to have a license to be as utterly attractive as you are. I can only imagine the number of people who have keeled over with heart murmurs just from seeing you.”

“John?” she mumbled into your lips.

“Yes?”

“I like the flattery, but you’re laying it on a little thick,” she smirked against your kiss.

“You hot, me horny,” you grunted, giving her a Caveman voice.

“Little more modern, please,” she snickered.

“Forsooth-”

“Nope, further,” she said.

“I could listen to your laugh for forever,” you said. “And the only thing that would sound better would be you moaning my name as I make your toes curl.”

“John,” she moaned pornographically, then laughed. “Like that?”

“Almost,” you smiled.

Knock Knock Knock

“Fucking hell,” Gemma growled, then shouted. “Busy!”

The door opened and Charlotte stuck her head in. “Hey, so I’m really sorry, but it’s like 1am and I need to be up early for work. Any shot you’re into gags or muffling yourself in a pillow, Gemma?”

“I didn’t say come in,” Gemma said. You’d pulled back and she’d sat up again. “What if we’d been naked?”

“Then I’d have gotten an eyeful I guess, sorry,” Charlotte said. “But for real, we share a wall and usually I’d be all for a bit of a soundtrack but I’m already pushing it too late here.”

“We need to be at work tomorrow, too,” you grumbled. “Maybe we should just take the sign and pick this up Friday?”

“Great,” Charlotte said. “Sorry and thank you! And nice to meet you, John.”

Gemma groaned as her roommate shut the door, putting her head in her hands. “I don’t want you to be right, but you probably are.”

You both slowly straightened yourself out, Gemma watching wistfully as you adjusted your hardon in your pants, and she walked you to the door.

“Goodnight again,” you said, wrapping her up in a light hug and leaning down to peck her on the lips.

“Goodnight again,” she nodded. “Sorry that this part didn’t work out, but you aced the rest of the date.”

“I’d give you a solid eight out of ten,” you said.

Her jaw dropped and she slapped your chest lightly.

“Eleven,” you corrected yourself with a smile. “Eleven out of ten.”

“Good,” she said. “You-”

“Fuck off out of here already!” Lucy said, storming by from the living room towards the hallway with the bedrooms.

Gemma took a deep breath and rested her forehead against your chest. “Next time, we go to your place.”

“Great, you can meet Mosche. Today I came home to him watching porn on the big screen with a jar of peanut butter,” you said.

“Wait, was he...? Or...?”

“Honestly, I didn’t ask questions and still got more details than I wanted,” you said.

Gemma snickered. “Does he knock on your door at inconvenient times?”

“Yes, but I think he’d be scared to if I had a woman in there.”

“Then next time, we end at your place,” Gemma said.

After one last kiss, you left it here, deciding not to extend the goodbye any further. You waited until you were out on the street to do a little happy dance, and stopped to take a deep breath. That went exceptionally well, everything considered. In all reality, Gemma shouldn’t have been interested in anything more than maybe a quick hookup but instead, you were... Well, that wasn’t defined. But it had promise, despite her ‘drop-dead date.’ You would work on figuring out what to do there.

You’d been having such a good time that when you took out your phone to order an uber home you realized you had texts from both Mosche and Sabrina, asking how the date was and when you would be home.

You quickly texted Mosche that you were on your way, telling him you'd be there at least ten minutes faster than you possibly could if an Uber pulled up immediately, and then went to Sabrina texts.

Sorry if this wakes you up, you texted. Date went well. Just ended. Will tell you tomorrow.

You were surprised to see the bubbles pop up almost right away.

Kk. I'll get juicy details from Gem. Missed "Satisfaction" with you tonight ;)

You shook your head, checked on the progress of your Uber, and then texted back. *Twice wasn't enough this afternoon?*

She responded by sending you a picture. It was a super close-up of her clit with a bullet vibrator pressed right up next to it, teasing her without touching. From the few background clues you had, you thought she might be laying in bed.

You took a risk, which later you would blame on being horny as hell and getting cockblocked by Gemma's roommates, and you pointed your camera down and took a picture of your hard cock bulging in your jeans and sent it to her.

You didn't get a response until you were in the uber, and it was another picture. Sabrina, with a satisfied smirk, the bullet vibrator still smeared with her juices and pressed to her cheek happily.

Tease, you texted.

A satisfied tease. Thanks for the inspiration, she replied.

Good night, Sabrina, you texted.

Good night, Daddy :P.

"This girl is gonna be the death of me," you muttered.

"What's that, sir?" your uber driver asked.

"Nothing, nothing," you said. "Don't worry about it."

Chapter 43

You made it into work early, the first to arrive. It was Wednesday, which meant Andy was supposed to do the coffee run, but you didn't have high hopes that he'd be in on time or remember to get the coffee, so you stopped to pick up some for yourself.

“Morning, Becks,” you said, dropping off her drink of choice on the counter.

“Good morning, John,” she looked up, smiling. “No pastries today, huh?”

“Not on an intern’s budget,” I said. “Not my day for the coffee run.”

“Oh, here,” she said, pulling out her oversized wallet from behind the desk. “Let me pay you for this, then.”

“No, no,” you said, holding up a hand. “It’s my pleasure. I owe you a few.”

“Well, that’s sweet of you,” Becks said, putting her wallet away and taking a sip of the drink. “So, how did the date go last night?”

“How do you know about that? Wait, don’t tell me. Sabrina.”

Becks grinned into her coffee. “Mhmm. And she had a *lot* to say, but I want to know about last night.”

“It was a lot of fun,” you said. “And we’re going out again on Friday.”

“That’s it? That’s all I get?” she asked.

“You’re going to need to pump your source for info,” I said. “Before I say any more I need to talk with Gemma about what we are or aren’t saying to people.”

“Oh, workplace romance,” Becks said. “I remember interning in college. Try not to break too many hearts, John. Especially not my girls - Gemma and Sabrina both deserve better than that.”

“Doing my best,” you said and headed for the elevators.

Upstairs in the office, you did a quick circuit, finding out you really were the first person in and headed to the intern conference room. You were barely sitting down when Gemma burst in, her own coffee in her hand. “Hey,” she said.

“Hey to you too,” you said.

“Anyone else here?” she asked.

“Not unless they came up with you,” you said.

Gemma set her coffee and purse down and walked around the table to you. She was back to wearing her professional outfits - today was a soft beige pantsuit with a blouse done up to her

neck and a suit jacket that disguised her bust. She turned and slid right onto your lap, wrapping her arm around your shoulders and leaning in to kiss you, slipping you some tongue. You responded by putting a hand on her back and another on her thigh.

"Mmm, good morning," she said again, this time softer and with a huskier voice.

"Good morning to you too," you said and kissed her once more. "I'm already excited for Friday."

"I am, too," she said. Then the elevator dinged down the hall, and Gemma quickly stood up and fixed her jacket.

"It's going to be a lot *harder* sitting here and working across from you today," you said.

"You're telling me," Gemma said. "I'm going to be just *stewing* on this paperwork all day."

Maybe you hadn't needed to separate so quickly though, as the next person in the room was Sabrina.

"Good morning, lovestruck teenagers," Sabrina said, smirking knowingly. She set down her bag and purse and hugged Gemma, who sat closer to the door, then walked around to you. You started to stand to meet her, but Sabrina sped up and pushed you back with a hand, leaning in and kissing you on the mouth.

"Mm!" you hummed, not expecting her to do that.

She pulled away, a teasing look in her eyes. "What? We did way more than that yesterday afternoon."

"I, uh- well, I wasn't expecting that in the office. In front of Gemma," you said.

"Oh, we already talked this morning," Gemma said. "Had a long gab, honestly. Sabrina knows everything that happened last night."

"I was especially interested to find out Gemma lives with your ex," Sabrina said. "We should definitely figure out a way to get some revenge on her for you. She sounds like a total bitch."

"I hadn't thought about her in years," you said. "I don't think that's necessary."

"We'll figure something out," Gemma assured Sabrina.

Oh boy, you thought.

The elevator binged again, and Sabrina quickly pecked you on the lips and winked at you before heading back over to her seat. The office started to fill up with the partners and associates, and Eric swept in just under the wire, talking a mile a minute about how traffic had fucked him.

Andy, of course, was fifteen minutes late and had to be sent back out for the coffees.

Throughout the morning, you felt like you were always on edge. Glancing down at one end of the table or the other. Sabrina on one end, her silky black hair hanging loose today as she twiddled her pen over in her seat. Sabrina had expressive eyes, and you could tell when she was interested, or excited, or amused pretty easily. Then, at the other end of the table, was Gemma. She had her hair up in a bun, giving her a bit of a 'sexy librarian kind of vibe.

By 9:30 you had fantasized yourself into a hardon, and you only managed to get it under control by the time lunch was coming around.

"Gemma and I are going out for lunch today," Sabrina told you, as all five of you interns were getting ready to head out. "We might be late coming back. Cover for us?"

"How come you two get to ask for cover?" Eric butt in. "When I came back late, Garrison was waiting for me at the elevator."

"You didn't ask?" Gemma said. "And we're asking John to cover for us, not you."

"Well, can you cover for me too?" Eric asked you.

You rolled your eyes. "I'll cover for the girls today, and you tomorrow, Eric."

"Fine," he sighed, shrugging.

"Thanks," Sabrina said and kissed you chastely on the cheek before heading out the door.

Gemma winked and leaned in as well, kissing you on the other cheek. "Thanks, John!"

"Well that's just not fair," Eric grumbled.

"What's not fair?" Andy asked.

"John is getting all the attention from the girls!" Eric said. He peeked out the door of the office, checking that they were out of earshot, before turning back. "Alright, dude. Spill. Did you fuck Gemma last night?"

"Wait, whaaat?" Andy asked.

Chapter 44

Thus began a full 30 minutes of dodging questions from Andy and Eric. You walked together down to the bodega and grabbed your lunches, then back up to the conference room, and then finished eating, and still they were pestering you.

“Alright, enough,” you said, not for the first time.

“Dude,” Eric said. “Just tell us. We won’t say anything.”

“First, that’s not true, you would say something pretty much as soon as the girls got back. Second, I’m not telling you anything, at all, ever about my personal life since this is how you reacted to just knowing I was going on a date,” you said.

“But did you see the titties, though?” Andy asked.

You stood up and moved next to Andy, put your hands on both his shoulders and looked him right in his eyes. “Andy. If you ask me that again, I’m going to punch you right in the dick. OK?”

“That wasn’t a no,” he said.

You slowly clenched a fist and then let it go, knowing it wasn’t worth it.

“Whatever, dude,” Eric sighed. “One fucking exciting thing happens in this place, and you won’t share. This is such a dud of a summer.”

“Oh, is that right?” Mr Garrison asked from the doorway.

“Uh, sir! I was just- I meant- Ah-” Eric stammered.

“It’s almost work time, where are the other two?” Garrison asked, levelling a stare at the three of you.

“Sabrina, Gemma and I were in extra early this morning, so I told them I’d cover a bit of a longer lunch, sir,” you said. “They shouldn’t be much longer. Was there something you needed?”

Garrison grimaced, eyeing the three of you. “Fine. John, come with me. You other two, keep working. We need those Anderson files fully documented by end of day.”

“Yes, sir,” you all said, and you quickly stood to follow the senior lawyer.

“What can I help you with, sir?” you asked.

“I need a distraction,” Garrison said. “One of the girls would have worked a lot better, but you’ll have to do.”

For more than a moment you had a stray, disturbing thought that Garrison was about to try and get sexual favours out of you. *There's no way... right?* If you were him, you wouldn't do it, but you could understand the desire to get a little something from the pretty female interns. But... surely not anyone....

Garrison led you into his office and shut the door.

You gulped.

"Sit," he ordered, pointing at the chair in front of his desk. You followed his direction and he stood right next to you, his crotch just under your sightline.

Oh, God, it's happening, you panicked internally. What do I do? What do I do?

"We've got a big deposition happening in about an hour, John," he said. "And we know we've got this guy dead to rights, but he's a fucking brick wall. Fucking anal retentive prick." Garrison moved around to the back of his desk and opened a drawer, rummaging around.

Oh, thank God this isn't happening, you thought, breathing in and out quickly.

"We need to put him on the back foot. Get him distracted. Annoyed. Here," he handed you a heavy, metal pen. "Click it."

You held it up and clicked the end. *Click-click.*

"Alright, that'll work. Come to the main conference room three minutes after 1:30 pm. Exactly three minutes. Bring a notepad and that pen. When you come in, mumble an apology. Just something weak. Then you're going to sit behind me and Barbara and pretend to take notes, but you're going to click that pen a lot. Not constantly, or rhythmically. Just randomly and frequently. At some point, I'll signal you and you can interrupt to get a drink of water from the table. That's it, that's all you have to do. Got it?"

"Yes, sir," you nodded. The assignment was definitely weird, but you followed the logic. If this guy was as exacting and straight-laced as Garrison said, everything you did was going to annoy the shit out of him.

"Good," he nodded. "Now get out of here."

"Yes, sir," you nodded and left.

Back in the intern conference room Eric and Andy immediately wanted to know what was going on, and you told them Garrison wanted you to annoy someone in a deposition.

“Are you kidding me?” Eric said. “I can be annoying. Why do you get all the special assignments? Did you blow Garrison or something?”

“No, I didn’t blow Garrison,” you said. “Have you considered maybe I’m just lucky?”

“Yeah, lucky as fuck,” he grumbled. “Special assignments, special treatment from the girls. You got a horseshoe stuck up your ass or something?”

“Naw, I jerked off with a rabbit’s foot in my hand,” you said. “Makes all the difference.”

“Really?” Andy asked.

“No,” you said. “Dude, you really need to lay off the weed.”

“Well, at least I don’t jerk off with rabbits,” he said.

You were saved from answering by your phone pinging.

Sabrina: *Come down to the lobby.*

You checked the time - it was still only 12:40, so you had time.

“I’m hitting the head,” you said.

“We just had lunch,” Eric said. “Do you do *any* actual work around here?”

“Boss makes a dollar, I make a dime. That’s why I poop on company time,” you said.

Andy, of course, laughed at the ancient meme. Eric just rolled his eyes and grumbled.

You headed out to the elevators, wondering what Sabrina and Gemma had in store.

Chapter 45

The lobby was empty when you exited the elevator.

“Hey, Becks,” you said. “I got called down by-”

“Sabrina and Gemma,” Becks finished for you. She was looking at you with a concerned expression and leaned forward resting her chin on her fists. “Look, I don’t know what’s going on with you three, but I’m only going to put up with so much of this - coffees or not. Got it?”

“I don’t know what’s going on yet,” you said. “But I understand.”

“Alright, good,” she nodded. “They are around the corner and down the hall on the right. Third door, it’s unmarked. Don’t-” she sighed. “I don’t want to assume anything. Just try and stay quiet.”

Now even more confused than before, you thanked Becks and followed her directions. You hadn’t ever actually explored the ground level of the office building - you’d been in the basement to fetch files from the big storage room the Firm had down there, but it turned out several other smaller businesses had offices, or remote offices, on the first floor. You’d already known that Becks wasn’t actually an employee of the firm, but rather the building - the firm just supplemented her salary for some higher quality service and more duties than simple directions for visitors and organizing maintenance.

The third door on the right was beige, inset from the faux-marble decor of the hallway. Unsure of what you were walking in on, you hesitated and then knocked.

Sabrina opened the door quickly, and looked startled at the expression on your face. “What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know?” you said. “You tell me.”

“What? No, there’s nothing wrong,” she said and took your hand, pulling you into the room.

It was a small space, maybe only as large as one of the Associate offices upstairs, and had a simple office desk with a laptop stand and desktop screen, but no laptop plugged into it, along with a standard office landline phone. There weren’t any decorations on the desk or walls, and you realized this must be some sort of private meeting room for the other businesses down here.

Gemma was sitting on the edge of the desk, and she smiled when you walked in. “John, take a seat.”

“Alright,” you said, raising an eyebrow as you sat down in one of the two chairs in front of the desk. “What’s going on?”

“Gemma and I had a good talk,” Sabrina said. “Did everything go alright upstairs?”

“Yeah, I covered for you with Garrison,” you said. “He came looking for either of you to do a special assignment, so he ended up giving it to me.”

“What?” Gemma asked, surprised. “Shit!”

That led to you explaining the weird assignment, and Gemma and Sabrina both frustrated with themselves that they’d missed out on helping Garrison and making a better impression with him.

“Can we get back on to why I’m down here?” you finally asked.

“Yes, right,” Sabrina said. “So, as I said, we had a good talk.”

“We clarified some things between us, and decided on some rules,” Gemma said.

You nodded. “Alright, that makes sense. Are you planning on filling me in on these rules?”

Gemma smirked. “Rule number one - Sabrina is a friend with benefits, I am *maybe* a girlfriend *if* things keep working out well.”

You nodded.

“Rule number two,” Sabrina continued. “If you and Gemma have a date planned, one of you tells me. And we don’t have any sexual contact that day. Gemma wants all of you on those days.”

“Done,” you said, nodding again.

“Rule number three,” Gemma said. “We’re all getting STD tested just in case, and none of us are going to be with anyone else unless we have a group discussion and come to an agreement first.”

“Wasn’t planning on it, and OK,” you agreed.

Sabrina smirked, her eyes gleaming. “Rule number four - you, John, can’t talk about what you and I do to anyone. No posting on social media, not even a mention to Eric or Andy upstairs, or your friends in college.”

“They grilled me all lunch about our date,” you said. “I managed not to crack then, so I’m sure I can follow that.”

“Good. Rule number five, and it’s the last one for now,” Gemma said. “Whenever you’re helping Sabrina with her OnlyFans, you need to figure out a way to disguise yourself. Maybe a mask, or blurring your face, and distorting your voice. I’m surprisingly fine with you getting sexual with her on camera, but not with people being able to find out I’m sharing you.”

That one you hesitated on, though not because you didn’t agree. “I... hadn’t actually thought that far ahead,” you admitted. Then you looked at Sabrina. “We’ll need to go back and distort my voice on that restaurant video.”

“Already did it,” Sabrina nodded.

“OK, so you’re good with all of that?” Gemma asked.

“Absolutely,” you agreed.

“Good. Then, I know you two had plans after work today, so I’m sorry but you’re going to delay whatever else you were going to do. I booked us all appointments at a local clinic for the STD tests. Results are supposed to come back within 24 hours, so you’ll need to wait until then for anything more,” Gemma said. “But, Sabrina gave me some more details about yesterday, and she let me watch the videos you’ve already recorded. So I think you deserve a reward for being a good... Daddy.” She grinned.

“Oh, God,” you groaned. “Please don’t start with that, too.”

They both laughed, and Sabrina looked to Gemma for some sort of a signal, and Gemma nodded.

OnlyFans Girl is an ongoing story being posted on CHYOA on a daily basis. More chapters will be updated here once we’ve reached another 5 chapter milestone.