

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 46-50

By BreaktheBar

Now releasing 5 chapters ahead!

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 46

"Alright, baby," Sabrina said. "Time for your reward." She smiled and went down on her knees in front of you, and started unbuckling your belt.

"Wait, here?" you asked. "Is this a good idea?"

"Are you saying you *don't* want a blowjob right now?" Sabrina asked, your belt was undone and her hand already reaching into your pants.

"I just want to see it," Gemma said. "You have time, don't worry."

You gulped, and Sabrina was looking up at you with her big eyes, and you nodded for her to continue. She grinned happily and fished your quickly firming cock out of the front hole of your briefs, pulling it out into the open.

"Fuck, you were right," Gemma said. "It does look better in person."

"Hold on, it gets a little bigger," Sabrina said, and licked her palm and fingers before starting to jerk you lightly. "There we go, baby," she crooned softly, that little satisfied smirk on her lips as she flicked her eyes from your to your cock and back. "That's it, get fucking hard for me. Show Gemma how big you get, so that she's fucking salivating for it. Show her what she's going to be getting on Friday, yeah?"

"Fuck," Gemma breathed out, licking her bottom lip just a little as she watch Sabrina give you a handjob right in front of her.

"There," Sabrina said, happy with her work as she let go of your cock at full hardness. "What do you think?"

"We're lucky girls, I guess," Gemma said.

Sabrina chuckled. "Yes, and he's a lucky boy," she said, and then she tilted your cock forward and slid her lips over your head, starting to blow you. Once again, Sabrina did everything she could to keep her eyes on yours, watching you as she worked her magic lips and tongue along your shaft.

"Oh, fuck," you groaned. "Sabrina, you're so- God, that's good."

"Is she a professional cock sucker?" Gemma asked quietly.

You shook your head. "No, because that would imply she sucks anyone's cock but mine. Sabrina's mouth is mine."

Sabrina hummed on your cock, and you could see that little smirk even with her lips spread around you.

"What about the rest of her? That tight little body, those little tits and bum. Her cunt she's shown you and the rest of the internet like a little slut?"

"They'll be mine as well," you grunted. "Other people can look, but they'll never touch while I'm in the picture. Right Sabrina?"

Sabrina licked her way off your cock, then slowly pumped it in her fist as she answered. "Not never. I might eventually want to film a threesome, bring some other sexy OnlyFans girl in to suck and finger me while you fill her cunt like the stud cock you are."

"Fuck, that's hot," Gemma said, and when you looked over at her you realized your buxom blonde not-quite-girlfriend had undone the front of her pants and had a hand down the front, playing with herself.

"You like that idea?" you asked. "The whole internet getting to watch some slut get sandwiched between me and Sabrina?"

Gemma nodded, her tongue stuck out between her firmly pressed lips and as she watched Sabrina take your entire cock into her mouth and throat.

"Fuuuuck," you groaned, closing your eyes for a moment, then opening them. "Gemma, let me have a taste."

"What?" she asked.

"Your fingers. I want to taste you," you said. "Actually, I want to lick you until you cum all over my face, but we can't, so I want a taste."

Gemma stood from her perch on the desk edge and stepped forward, her pants falling down her thighs a bit and revealing the sexy white lace panties she had on underneath with a dark spot on the gusset. She pulled her fingers from her panties and held them out, letting you lean forward and take them into your mouth. "Mmm," you groaned, tasting her. She was that lovely tart, semi-salty, a semi-sweet flavour that was indescribably a turn-on. "I can't wait for more."

She groaned and put her hand down her underwear again. "Fuck, I can't wait for you to get more," she said.

You turned back to Sabrina and reached out, running your fingers through the hair on the side of her head. "I don't want to mess up your hair," you said. "But God do I want to grab you and just fuck your mouth."

"Another time," she said, coming off of your cock for a moment to say it. "Maybe after I've been a little fucking cocktease, so you really go at it?"

"You're a brat," I laughed.

"And proud of it," she said, then dove back down onto your cock.

"Fuuuuck, yes you bratty blowjob queen," you groaned.

She hummed happily.

"Gemma," you said, turning back to the blonde. "If you step closer and pull those aside, I'd be happy to-"

"Mmm-mm," she shook her head. "You'd get me all over your face, and we won't have time for you to wash it off. Fuck I want to feel your tongue, though."

"Fine," you said. "Then at least kiss me."

"While you're getting a blowjob from another girl, and I'm fingering myself to it?" Gemma asked.

You reached over and pulled her by her waist, and she bent and kissed you. That was when Sabrina used her teeth - not hard or painful, just grazing you for a moment, changing up the sensations, and you sniffed in a big breath as Gemma's tongue slid between your lips.

All at once, you felt the rush of your orgasm go from Building to Max Pressure, and you imagined some dial in your head pushing into the red zone.

"Fuck, I'm going to come," you groaned into Gemma's lips.

She stood up, working her pussy harder behind her underwear, looking down at you. "Yes," she hissed softly. "Do it. Come right in her mouth, make her drink it all down. God, I want to- Friday. Friday we'll do exactly this." She was almost telling herself that rather than you.

"Unless you want to come all over my face," Sabrina offered, jerking you quickly, your cock head pointed right under her chin. "It'll take me forever to get cleaned up to go back upstairs, but you can if you want. I'll even take a picture and send it to you, and post a little tease on my page with your cum all over my lips, letting my followers know that you've marked them as yours."

"Fuck," you grunted. "Fuuuck."

Chapter 47

"Mouth," you groaned. "In your mouth."

"Your mouth," Sabrina whispered with a naughty smirk. "That's what you said, right? My mouth belongs to you, my lips? That's fffffucking hot." She extended the F, maximizing the sensuality.

"Now," you grunted and shifted your hips forward.

Sabrina took you between her lips again and started jerking you at the base of your cock, milking you as you erupted inside her mouth.

"Uuuungh," you groaned, feeling the waves of pleasure zap through you.

"Mmmmm," Sabrina moaned as her mouth filled, like she was taking the first bite of a delicious meal at the more expensive dining experience.

"Huh," Gemma gasped. "Huh. Huh." She was frigging herself hard now, her lace underwear not revealing anything other than the movement of her hand at her pussy, but that was enough.

"Fucking take it all," you said, and Sabrina did. She slid her full mouth down farther, slurping and swallowing your dick, sucking the last remnant of cum out of you, then slid off leaving your cock shiny and clean.

"Aaah," she said, opening her mouth and showing you and Gemma her mouth was absolutely full of cum.

"You fucking slut," Gemma sighed, half-giggling as her own orgasm slowly tickled to a stop.

Sabrina fumbled for her phone and opened it up, handing it to you. "Pic'ure," she said around her mouthful.

You quickly scanned through a couple of filters, but were taking too long and Gemma took the phone from you. "This one," she said, showing you, and then took a picture of Sabrina on her knees, looking up into the camera with a mouth full of your cum.

"That's fucking hot, but not on brand," you said. "Hold on, let me." You lined up a new shot, this time only including Sabrina's mouth, chin and a shot down at her clothed chest. Then, for shits, you stood up and rested the top of your softening cock on her bottom lip and took another. "There, that's her brand."

"MMmmah," Sabrina said after she gulped down the mouthful of cum. "Sorry, Gemma. Wasn't sure if you wanted some of that or not."

"I'm finding out I'm *this* level of kinky, I don't know if I'm *snowball a load* kinky yet," Gemma said.

You went to move away and tuck your cock away, but Sabrina stopped you. "I got it," she said, and carefully took you back in her slim fingers and tucked your dick back into your briefs, then zipped you up and started buckling your belt.

"Full service package, huh?" you asked.

"For a load like that? Absolutely," she said. "Least I can do considering that picture will probably be downloaded a couple thousand times by the end of the day."

"That's weird to think about," Gemma said. She'd leaned back against the desk again, but hadn't fixed her own pants.

"Alright," you said, handing back Sabrina's phone. "I've got about half an hour still, but we should get upstairs."

"Wait," Gemma said. "There's one last thing. Rule Six."

"I thought you said there were five rules?" you asked.

"That's because we agreed on this whole encounter happening before Rule Six went into effect," Sabrina said. "From now on, no more sexual stuff in the office. No sitting in laps, no groping, not even kissing, or pecks on the cheek. We shouldn't have done that when we left for lunch, I'm sure that spurred on Andy and Eric."

"You're not wrong," you agreed. "Alright. As soon as we leave this room, nothing that we wouldn't do in front of the Partners happens in this building."

"Good," Gemma nodded.

"Agreed," Sabrina said.

For some reason, you doubted their sincerity.

“OK,” you said. “Gemma?”

“You two go ahead. I’m going to, ah, take a moment and change my panties,” she said. “I don’t feel like sitting in that conference room reeking of horny pussy.”

“Too fair,” Sabrina said. “I’d probably need to do that too, if I were wearing any.”

“You skank,” Gemma laughed.

“Says the girl with her pants around her knees,” Sabrina giggled back.

“Alright you two,” you said. Then you stepped forward and kissed Gemma, pulling her softer, fuller body to yours and feeling her bust press against your chest. Then you left her and went to Sabrina, cupping her face in both of yours and kissing her firmly, but with no tongue. “Thank you for making my fucking day, by the way.”

“Your pleasure,” Sabrina laughed and winked. “And hers.”

“You can’t tell me you didn’t get anything out of it,” Gemma said.

“I did,” Sabrina said. “Dessert!”

You and Sabrina left Gemma in the room, quickly closing the door in case anyone was walking by, and headed back towards the lobby.

“Everything copacetic?” Becks asked you as you passed by her desk.

Sabrina stopped, turning and leaning against the desk front. “Very,” she said, and then flashed a grin at you. “We got some much needed arranging done between the three of us *functional* interns. I think we’ll all be very satisfied with the new plan going forward.”

“Definitely,” you agreed, standing next to Sabrina and putting your hand on the small of her back, out of sight of Becks. “Honestly, I can’t wait to put the plan into action. I think it’s going to make the rest of the summer very satisfying.”

Becks just pursed her lips and raised an eyebrow at the two of you. “I’m not hearing the innuendo, but my Innuendo Senses are tingling,” she said. “Just don’t get fired, you two. I need your coffee.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Sabrina laughed, leaning forward just a little more, moving your hand from the small of her back to the top of her ass.

The main doors to the building, behind and across the lobby from you, opened and you slid your hand off of Sabrina after realizing you probably shouldn't be seen doing that.

"There's really nothing to worry about though," Sabrina continued. "John and I-

"Sabrina?" A man said, somewhere behind you.

You both turned. "Uncle Bill?" Sabrina asked, surprised as she saw the man.

Oh, shit. Did he see you with your hand on her?

"Hey, kiddo," the man, dressed sharply in a business suit, said as he opened his arms to summon her into a hug. "It's great to see you. I didn't put two and two together, you must be working here?"

Oh. *Oh no*, you thought. *This could get way worse.*

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Sabrina and her uncle quickly closed the distance between them and hugged. And during that hug, he looked at you over her shoulder. He didn't smirk, or frown, or glare. He just sort of... observed you. It was eerie.

"What are you doing here?" Sabrina asked.

"My company is being bought out, but there's some conflict going on about assets that's escalated," he said. "I'm here for a deposition to try and clear it up."

Fuckity-fuck! He was the guy you were supposed to distract for Garrison.

"Oh," Sabrina said, and she glanced back at you and you knew that she'd made the same connection. "Well, I'm sure it will go great."

"I have no doubt it will," Uncle Bill said and started working towards you and the front desk. "Who's your friend?"

"This is John, we're interning together, and he's in the same program as me back at university," Sabrina said.

"Ah, another lawyer-in-waiting," Uncle Bill said, offering you his hand. "Bill Sodemeyer."

"Nice to meet you, sir," you said, feeling him apply pressure in his grip and hoping you were matching it evenly. "Sabrina is a wonderful friend."

"I'm sure she is," Bill said. He spoke flat, with such little inflexion it was hard to tell if he was being honest, or threatening, or happy or anything at all.

"John has great instincts," Sabrina said, slipping in to stand next to you as if she wanted to show that she was on your team. "If he wasn't heading into law, I'm sure he'd be an entrepreneur like you."

"Well, that or poetry," you joked. "I've always thought I could turn a phrase."

Sabrina rolled her eyes at the lame joke, and you were saved momentarily by Gemma coming around the corner. "Well, hello there," she said, sweeping up on your right side opposite Sabrina on your left. "Gemma Anderson, I also work with Sabrina and John." As she was offering her right hand for a shake, you felt Gemma slip something into your back pants pocket with her left and pat it.

Gemma, as usual, was able to direct the conversation as well as Sabrina and soon you were all in the elevator, heard up to the office. Garrison met you at the elevator, saying something about Bill being early as usual, and giving you a side-eye. Garrison led Bill one way, and you, Sabrina and Gemma went the other.

"Shit," you said. "Shit-fuck-balls."

"It's fine, it'll be fine," Sabrina tried to calm you.

"No, it isn't," you said. "Either I'm going to go in there and disappoint Garrison, or I go in there and succeed at distracting your Uncle and maybe make him lose a bunch of money. And that's how he'll remember me, as the annoying intern in the office who hits on his niece."

"John," Sabrina said, putting a hand on your chest to stop you from rambling. "Don't worry about my Uncle's opinion. He's not actually that close to the rest of the family - you saw how he talks. That's how he is *all the time*. He probably doesn't even realize he was off-putting."

"Plus, remember rule number one," Gemma said. "Sabrina is your *friend*, not your girlfriend. You don't need to worry about the long-term view of her extended family. You should be worrying about Garrison writing you a good reference and if he'll give you some leverage for law school."

"OK," you nodded, trying to get your mind back on track. "OK. It's fine. I'd just prefer not to be taking shots at your family is all," you said to Sabrina.

Sabrina looked to Gemma and said, under her breath, "It would be a lot easier to make him calm down if we could just kiss him."

“Yeah, that would probably shut him up,” Gemma agreed. “But not in the office.”

Eventually, you all ended up back in the intern conference room and you zoned out on Andy and Eric complaining about the girls being gone so long, or making poop jokes in your general direction since you’d disappeared from work for a bit as well.

The problem wasn’t nerves or anxiety over your special assignment, it was the comment Gemma made about not needing to care about longevity. Sabrina was supposed to just be your friend with benefits, which would last for however long it would last. It wasn’t a commitment, it was an agreement. And it wasn’t a promise. But in the same mind where you were already starting to try and figure out what to do about Gemma moving back to Australia, you were also actually very concerned about the impression you were making on Sabrina’s family.

At three minutes after 2pm, you stood from the conference table, extra-clicky pen in one hand and notepad in the other, and you went to crash a deposition. All the while knowing that you’d just be thinking about your girls the entire time.

Chapter 49

You stopped just outside of the glass wall of the main conference room, out of sight, and took a breath. Then, rushing like you knew you were late, you ran into the pull-door with a clang, trying to push it open.

“Sorry, sorry,” you mumbled, letting the coffee you’d picked up from the staff kitchen splash a little bit out of the mug onto your hand and shirt. “Shit, uh, sorry.”

Inside the room Sabrina’s Uncle Bill was sitting with his back to the bank of windows looking over the street below. Mr Garrison and Vera, an associate lawyer at the firm, were sitting with a few neat stacks of documents in front of them and a small camcorder on a tripod.

Bill just looked at you with that passive not-quite-glare, while Garrison and Vera glanced over and then turned back to Bill.

You bumbled around them, making sure to knock a couple of chairs and muttering to yourself, before flopping into a seat off to the side and behind Garrison. Then you took your time, hesitating over where to put your coffee cup (eventually deciding on the edge of the conference room table), and opening your notebook and flipping loudly through the pages before ‘searching’ for your pen and giving it a few loud clicks. “Right, thanks for waiting,” you said.

“Mr Sodemeyer, thanks for coming in today,” Garrison said, not acknowledging you. Vera turned on the camcorder, and the deposition began. It started off dry enough, with Garrison running through the current situation, and Bill acknowledging the facts that weren’t in question. Then Vera began passing documents over for Bill to review, and when he did, you clicked your pen. *Clickclick. Clickclick.* It was loud in the silence of the conference room.

Bill didn't react.

He answered a couple of questions from Garrison, then had to review the document again. Right when he was opening his mouth to answer, you clicked the pen again while looking down at your notebook. *Clickclick. Clickclick.*

Bill hesitated, then answered.

And so the games had started. For about thirty minutes, you would click the pen at the most inopportune times you could think of. You even did it once when Garrison was rattling off a list of property locations, disrupting the flow of his monotonous list.

Bill never glanced over at you, and he didn't break out in a sweat or anything. There wasn't any big tension in the room, like Garrison was trying to get him to admit to something. To be honest, the content was dull as shit - just confirming certain expenditures and profit portfolios, the acquisition of various assets, even down to the warranty terms left on certain machinery.

But Bill wasn't a complete poker face. As the meeting, and your little game, went on he started to have this little vein bulge just above his ear, and he started to flex the back of his jaw whenever you clicked the pen.

Around forty minutes into the meeting, Vera had shifted an entire stack of documents over to Bill, and a minute in Garrison shifted and knocked his own pen off the table. As he bent to retrieve it, he made a two fingered gesture where only you could see it. About thirty seconds after he did that, you made a production of setting your notepad aside and standing up, leaning over the edge of the table to the as-of-yet untouched jug of water and glasses.

You poured for yourself, knocking another glass lightly to make a pinging noise, then noisily gulped down the glass you'd poured and leaned forward to pour more for yourself. This time, about halfway through the pour, you shifted and knocked the half-full coffee cup you'd set down at the beginning of the meeting, spilling it forward across the table. "Ah, crap," you yelped, hopping away and just so happening to spill the water jug as well, covering the conference table.

"Oh, crap, I'm so sorry," you said quickly as the water spread and soaked a lot of the paper on the table. Garrison and Bill both quickly moved away from the table, while Vera - who was out of the splash range - adjusted the camera tripod but didn't turn it off.

Garrison began scolding you while apologizing to Bill, and sent you to fetch paper towels. You jogged to the kitchen and spent a good three minutes just waiting in the before reaming off a bunch of the paper towels from a roll and heading back to the conference room in a 'rush.' Would it have been easier to just pick up the roll? Sure. But now you looked ridiculous carrying this loose paper towel, and as you entered you just tossed it all on the table, stammering

apologies as you began to just sort of push around the liquid with the giant wad. Once it was sort-of clean, you grabbed the garbage can from the corner of the room and just slid the soaked paper towels into it, leaving streaked beads of liquid all over the table. Garrison had sent Vera to reprint a ream of documents that you'd soaked, and sent you to help her.

"Jesus Christ, kid," Vera said as you entered the copy room. "Talk about going above and beyond."

"Hey, no pain, no gain, right?" you asked.

She smirked and chuckled, starting another file printing. Vera was a pretty woman somewhere in her thirties, with tan skin and dark hair that made you assume she was latina to some percentage, though she could just as easily have been a darker skinned Italian woman. With both copiers running, she stood back and leaned against the counter almost right where you and Sabrina had been intimate not two days earlier.

"Well, if you're willing to sacrifice for the team, I might have to start pulling you out for more special duties," Vera said. "I've sat in about a hundred hours of meetings with Bill, and I think that's the most I've ever seen him even flinch."

"Anything you need," you said, trying not to make it sound sexual. Your mind was definitely trying to veer that way, imagining what Vera would feel like in the same compromising position you and Sabrina had been in. She was older, and softer in places. Still stylish and attractive, just not as... you weren't even sure how to describe it. She was experienced, instead of youthful.

Vera got the documents printed, and she carried one set while you carried another. Back in the conference room, you helped distribute the documents while making sure to slide several through the still wet streaks on the table - enough to get them damp, but not wet. Then you sat back in your seat, opened your notebook, and double-clicked your pen.

The vein on Bill's temple had gone pink and you thought you could see the beating pump of his heart.

The meeting ended after a full hour and a half. You didn't notice anything weird - no 'ah ha!' gotcha moments from Garrison or Vera, no smirks or distraught looks from Bill. Everyone stood up, Bill shook Garrison and Vera's hand, and Vera escorted him out towards the elevators.

Once they were gone, Garrison closed the conference room door and turned to you. "Well, that was quite the production, kid," he said.

"I may have gone a bit overboard with the water, sorry," you said.

“No, no. Actually, that was what really put the nail in the coffin,” Garrison said. “Turns out, Bill hates the smell of coffee. I had no idea until he was sniffing before you cleaned it all up. Really threw him off.”

“Did you get what you wanted?” you asked.

“Sure did. He didn’t even notice he contradicted himself on asset disclosures, and then confirmed the new numbers later on.” Garrison offered you his hand, and you took it. He shook you hard enough, and with a strong enough grip, that you thought he could probably put you through a wall if he wanted to. “Good work today. Head back to the intern bullpen and make sure everything gets caught up by end of day.”

“Yes, sir,” you nodded.

“Oh, here,” he said, pulling out his wallet and thumbing five twenties out. “Buy yourself a new shirt, you got coffee on that one.”

“Thank you, sir,” you said, and left the conference room, pocketing the cash.

Once you were out of sight, you let yourself indulge in a little fist pump.

Chapter 50

Before heading back to the intern conference room, you stopped in the washroom to just look at yourself in the mirror. You rubbed your face with some water and decided that it had been worth looking like a bumbling fool in front of Bill if Garrison was happy with the results. His reference, plus any you could get from the other partners, would be a great boost to your law school applications.

Just as you were leaving you caught sight of yourself from behind in the mirror and realized your back pocket was bulging and remembered Gemma had put something in there back in the lobby. With everything else going on, you’d even sat on it without realizing it.

Plucking it out, you realized it was white fabric. White, lacey, still just a little damp fabric.

Gemma had slipped you her panties! The ones she’d been wearing while frigging herself watching Sabrina give you a blowjob.

“Fuck,” you muttered, holding them for a long moment. There was a part of you, that nasty part that first caught Sabrina on OnlyFans to begin with and dreamed about abusing the information, that wanted to just bury your nose in it and smell Gemma. But you knew if you did, you were likely to get rock hard. Just the fact that she had slipped you such a personal thing in secret, in public, already had you at half-chub.

You breathed out and ended up folding them carefully and sliding them into your front pocket so they weren't an obvious bulge. Then you straightened yourself out one more time, looked yourself in the eye in the mirror, and went back to the intern office.

All of the other interns wanted the story of the meeting out of you, so half of the rest of the day was you trying to tell it while also fielding questions interrupting you. Sabrina was giggling as you talked about how her Uncle looked and had plenty of commentaries to give on how you could have annoyed him even more. Gemma giggled as well, but you could tell it was more in a shared-embarrassment sort of way as she flushed. She definitely wasn't the kind of person who would take on a job like that, embarrassing herself even for show to get ahead.

Maybe that was a commentary on the difference between your two girls - Sabrina got a thrill out of her OnlyFans experiment, exposing herself to people. Gemma was still outgoing, but more reserved. Wanted to be sure of things.

By the end of the day, Eric and Andy were mollified, especially when the other three of you were able to catch up on the regular work for the day and still get everything searched and sorted in time.

You slipped into the washroom again before leaving, while Gemma and Sabrina loitered in the intern conference room talking about some show you'd never heard of, allowing Eric and Andy to exit without you.

Once you and the girls reunited at the elevator, Gemma explained the appointments at the clinic uptown. You ordered an Uber, despite the rush hour pricing, and it was waiting for you on your way out after all saying goodbye to Becks

Inside the Uber, all three of you piled into the back seat of the white sedan, saying hello to your driver Wesley. "Where is this we're headed?" he asked you, pulling into traffic.

"A clinic," Gemma said.

"You aren't all sick or something, are you?" Wesley asked.

"No, no, nothing like that," Sabrina said.

"Wait, this ain't for an abortion, is it? Cause I don't want to be no abortion-taxi," Wesley said.

"Dude, first," you said. "That's pretty fucked up. Whether you agree with abortions or not. Two, we're going to make our monthly blood drive donations."

"Oh," Wesley said. "Well... uh.... Y'all want some bottled water? I've got a cooler up here."

None of you wanted water. Sabrina, who was sitting directly behind Wesley and was the person he could see the least, winked at you and mouthed, *'Nice one.'*

You just shrugged, but Sabrina casually put her hand on your thigh and squeezed, then turned and looked out the window. Then Gemma, on your other side, did the same thing and you looked over at her. She smiled a little and gave you an equally small shrug of her own, and rubbed just a little higher on your thigh.

All you could do was exhale slowly as both of them teased you in an almost completely innocent way.

Then you remembered what was in your pocket, and you bit the inside of your cheek for a moment. Watching to check if Wesley was watching you three, you took Sabrina's hand from your thigh and slid it into your pocket.

Sabrina raised her eyebrow questioningly, but slowly slid her fingers in deeper until she came in contact with the fabric there. Then she slowly pulled it out and looked down, and you watched her put two and two together. Her jaw dropped just a little and she pulled Gemma's panties out of your pocket a little more to confirm her suspicion, then she leaned forward to look at the Australian girl.

'What happened to Rule Six?' Sabrina mouthed silently.

Gemma flushed a little and shrugged guiltily, though her eyes kept that little spark. *'I was bad,'* she mouthed. *'No touching though.'*

Sabrina pursed her lips and shook her head, and pushed the panties back into your pocket.

You arrived at the clinic about ten minutes before your appointment, Gemma having booked you in first. All three of you quickly filled out the paperwork, you and Sabrina both currently covered under the health insurance provided by your University Student Union, while Gemma was covered by the Traveller's Insurance she had purchased before coming to the States.

You three sat together in the waiting room, making awkward small talk as other people were scattered around the sterile and yet cramped room. Then you got called into the back and were grilled about your sexual history by a nurse that had clearly seen and heard too much bullshit over the years to even care if you were lying or not. Then you had to pee in a cup, and she drew blood.

"And that's it," she said. "We'll call you in one to two weeks with your results."

"Wait," you said. "I thought I got the results by like... tomorrow?"

“Yeah, that’s not how it works,” the nurse sighed and just shook her head. “If we don’t call you in ten business days, you can assume your tests came back negative. We’ll email you the results if requested.”

Fuck, you thought.

Two weeks.

You could wait two weeks, right? That wouldn’t be so hard. You’d basically been celibate since last October, and now both Sabrina and Gemma were at least OK with oral.

It was a long think back in the waiting room, contemplating the teasing you were sure you were about to go through for the next two weeks by the girls.

Sabrina was the next to come out. As she sat down she pulled something out of her purse and slid her hand into your pocket, depositing it there. You raised an eyebrow and she whispered to you, “We are *not* waiting two weeks.”

You got hard. Reaching into your pocket, you felt the soft, small piece of fabric and strings that could only be Sabrina’s panties.

You looked at her, meeting her smouldering gaze with your own. *Fuck, yes*.

Gemma was the last out, and you and Sabrina stood to meet here. “You guys want to grab dinner?” Gemma asked.

“Sure,” Sabrina nodded, and you agreed.

Once you were outside of the clinic, Gemma turned to both of you. “We’re not waiting two fucking weeks.”

You and Sabrina both burst out laughing.

OnlyFans Girl is an ongoing story being posted on CHYOA on a daily basis. Chapters are now releasing 5 chapters ahead for Patrons only.