

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 321-334

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 321

You didn't even make it halfway up the stairs before you had to stop the girls.

"Bend over," you ordered them.

"Yes, sir," Mallory chuckled warmly, and Gemma looked back and smirked at you while Sabrina grinned, biting the tip of her tongue. They lined up and bent forward, resting their hands on the higher stairs.

"God, that's beautiful," you murmured, then stepped one more step up and palmed Gemma's ass, burying your face between her thighs and cheeks as you tongued her bare pussy. She moaned happily, pushed back at you a little, and then groaned as you pulled away. Then you went to Sabrina and gave her butt, the smallest of the three by a margin, a little swat that made her humm a happy giggle and arch her back more. You licked up the back of her thigh and planted a soft bite on her ass cheek, then lightly ran your tongue along the centre fold of her pussy as it peaked between cheeks, just teasing her.

Then you moved to the third ass between your two girlfriends. Mallory's butt was about as full as Gemma's, and while you could tell even from the back that she was more mature, she wasn't saggy or gave away how much more mature. She was also still wearing the panties of her lingerie set, along with the thigh-high stockings and garter belt. Leaning in, you took the elastic of the garter belt that crossed over the back of her thigh and pulled it out, letting it snap back softly and then kissing the smooth, warm skin of her bare thigh. Then you crossed over and kissed the other one, lingering with your lips pressed to the sensitive, soft skin, before trailing more kisses up until you reached where her lace panties cupped her mound. You kissed the gusset of the garment softly, feeling the tender folds of her pussy hidden away beneath it, and Mallory moaned softly.

Rather than getting her naked like your cock wanted, you decided to tease her a bit and started kissing her pussy more heavily through the lingerie panties, letting your tongue wet the thin fabric. It started to cling more to her, and Mallory groaned warmly again before it got muffled. You could tell that one of the girls, probably Gemma, had pulled the blonde MILF into a kiss. Soon you started to taste the telltale tang of a pussy as you kissed her thoroughly sodden panties, and you pulled away, stepping one more step up and trailing your fingers along her pussy lips through the clinging fabric. Gemma *had* been kissing Mallory, and had a big grin on her face, but had turned the MILF in the other direction to kiss Sabrina as well.

You gave both the submissives a light smack on the ass, interrupting their kiss. "Come on now, dirty girls," you said. "Let's head to the bedroom before someone walks in and catches these three fine asses lined up like the sluts you are."

It was a quick walk down the upstairs hall to the bedroom, but you caught Mallory's hand just outside and spun her around, pinning her to the wall with your body and pushing your lips to hers in an insistent kiss as you groped one of her heavy breasts through her brassiere and trailed your fingers across the front of her wet panties, feeling the nub of her clit hood standing out as she writhed her hips forward to meet your fingers.

Mallory was an excellent kisser, and you immediately started to catch on to little tricks you fully intended to use on Gemma and Sabrina in the future. The two of you kissed ferociously, wanting each other. She ran her hands down your body and got her fingers around your cock as it was standing out the front of your khakis, but you stopped groping her breast and caught both her hands with yours loosely. You pulled her hands up, breaking away from the kiss to raise them between you, and pushed them up above her head and pinned them to the wall with one hand.

Looking at Mallory, 'vulnerable' before you from this close, was a thrill. She was absolutely sexy, with a teasing smile that still remained submissive, and a look in her eyes like she wanted to ravage you, while also desperate to *be* ravaged. Her wavy blonde hair fell partially over the side of her face and you wanted to pull it back and grab her hard to kiss her again, but you didn't want to let go of her arms or her pussy to do that. Instead, you leaned forward again into another heavy kiss, catching her lower lip between your teeth and pulling away softly. That made her hum in appreciation.

"I'm going to absolutely love fucking you breathless," you said.

"I can't wait, sir," she said with a grin.

You let go of her pussy and spun her around, arms still above her head, and pressed her front to the wall and pushed your hard cock against her panty-clad ass as you bent to kiss the crook of her neck. She ground her butt back at you and moaned low and slow. Finally, you pulled back and gave her ass a spank that made it jiggle. "Into the bedroom, my sexy MILF pet," you ordered.

She panted lightly with her horniness as you let go of her hands and she bit her lip, walking into the bedroom.

Gemma had already gotten impatient and was sitting at the edge of the bed, Sabrina kneeling on the ground between her legs and just starting to eat out your Aussie girlfriend. "That was fucking hot," she said, having watched you through the open bedroom door.

You closed the door, locking it, and then stepped behind Mallory again and hugged her from behind with your arms crossing over her stomach. You kissed her neck again and then

whispered in her ear. "I'll give you a choice, my submissive little MILF. You can either join Sabrina between Gemma's thighs, or you can get behind Sabrina. Whoever you pick is the pussy that you're going to be sucking my first load out of later."

"Mmm, thank you, sir," Mallory crooned, biting her lip again as she looked between the two women. "I think I would like to service Mistress first. It's only proper."

"Good pet," you said, and let her slip from your arms.

Mallory sauntered over to Gemma and Sabrina, with Gemma watching her come on with an eager smirk, and Mallory sank to her knees as Gemma spread her legs a little wider. Sabrina glanced over to see Mallory join her and shifted with a naughty little smile, giving the older woman some room to join her while also hooking her fingers with Mallory's in a sisterly welcome. Then Mallory leaned in and you couldn't see what was going on between Gemma's legs, but you could definitely tell it was good as Gemma let her head hang back as she moaned up at the ceiling.

## **Chapter 322**

You couldn't help taking a moment to yourself, just holding your cock lightly as you stood behind Mallory and Sabrina, watching them feasting on Gemma's cunt. Sabrina was stark naked, her wonderful little ass pointed back at you and she was even wiggling it a little, trying to entice you. Whether she wanted some spanking or something more sweet like a licking or dicking, you weren't sure. Mallory, in her lingerie, was almost as delicious to watch. Part of you wanted to rip that clothing off of her so that you could finally see the MILF in all her glory, but you held yourself back so the anticipation could keep building.

Gemma, leaning back on her elbows, her wonderfully large tits bare and heaving as she enjoyed the other's tongues and lips, looked back up at you with hooded eyes as she smiled sweetly. Some of her blonde hair fell over her face and she looked like an absolute Goddess getting serviced.

You went around the trio, getting up on the bed on your knees and leaned down to kiss Gemma with a long, open-mouthed kiss. She returned it eagerly, lifting one hand to cup your cheek and keep you near her.

"How is it?" you asked with a smile, looking deep into her eyes from a few inches away as you pulled back from the kiss.

"Amazing," she said, blinking slowly as her ass clenched and her hips shifted with the teasing she was getting. "Fuck, John. When you and Sabrina do this to me it's good, but Mallory - ooh, shit - Mallory knows what she's doing."

"I aim to please, Mistress," Mallory said from between Gemma's legs, and you both looked down to see her smiling even as she was kissing Gemma's smooth skin.

"Well, so do I," Gemma said and looked back to you. "Gimme that cock, love. I want to make sure you're good and hard for fucking our little MILF."

You ended up straddling Gemma as she leaned back further, resting her back on the bed, and she slobbered on your cock briefly before wrapping her tits around it and slowly jerking you off with them. It felt good and you groaned happily, slowly thrusting your hips to add to the sensation. Then you reached down and softly tweaked Gemma's nipples, making her eyes roll back a little as she got hit with another point of stimulation and moaned. Once you were as hard as you were likely to get, you swung your leg back over and knelt next to Gemma's head, and she opened her mouth to let you start fucking her lips. You pawed her breasts at the same time, but while you loved your girlfriend's mouth, you had other more interesting things to do so you only stroked between her lips for a couple of minutes.

When you pulled away she smiled at you and blew you a kiss, and you laughed and shook your head, leaning down to kiss Gemma on that sweet little mouth of hers. Then you stood up off of the bed.

"Come, pets," you said. "You can return to your Mistress's honeypot in a bit."

Sabrina and Mallory looked over and saw that you were pointing to the floor in front of you, and they both quickly knee-walked the couple of steps to you and sat on their knees.

"Good girls," you said, reaching a hand to each of them and running it through their hair. Sabrina smiled up at you with a slight smirk, enjoying the play, while Mallory bit her lower lip and leaned into your hand a little, looking up at you with a blazing dedication that almost made you a little scared of how much she got into this game. It was hot as fuck. "Now, I think, you should disrobe your Sir."

"Thank you, sir," Mallory said, and Sabrina got in on the game and said the same a split second after. Then they were slowly undressing you, working together to get your pants off. Once they were gone, they stood and slowly pulled your shirt off as well, and Sabrina immediately kissed your chest. Seeing her do that, Mallory copied your girlfriend and soon they were both layering kisses across your chest, down your stomach, and up to your neck. You bent down to catch Sabrina's mouth with your own first, making out with her a little, and then turned to do the same with Mallory.

"Enough kissing, pets," Gemma called from over on the bed. She'd shifted to the corner and was watching with a grin, slowly rubbing a couple of fingers along the outer lips of her pussy. "I think there's better things to do with your mouths."

"I agree," you chuckled. "Come here, MILF pet." You took Mallory's arms and turned her around, standing her in front of you with your cock pressing against her ass and lower back. She let you move her, and with slight directions she stood leaning forward just slightly, her ass popped back and her back arched softly.

"On your knees in front of your MILF sister-slut, baby," you ordered Sabrina.

"Yes, Sir," she said, shifting down like you'd ordered. You had a mild hope that maybe 'Sir' would catch on with her and put 'Daddy' to rest.

"Now, my stunning MILF," you said, coming back around Mallory and pressing to her back again, sliding your hands up her bare sides to cup her breasts through her bra. "I believe you said that you particularly enjoy a good pussy licking, and since you've been a good MILF slut, I'll reward you." You glanced over at Gemma. "Mistress Gemma, could you come and occupy this sexy mouth of our MILF plaything?"

"Of course, Sir," Gemma said, standing up and coming forward. She had to stand off to the side a bit because Sabrina was kneeling directly in front of Mallory, but she quickly pulled Mallory into a deep kiss, wrapping her fingers into the blonde hair of the MILF and pulling her into it.

Meanwhile, you knelt behind Mallory and fished your fingers into the elastic waistband of her panties. The lingerie was worn over the garter belt, allowing it to be removed first, and you slowly pulled it down over her ass, revealing her ass cheeks fully. They were bouncy and smooth, with just a slight amount of stretch marks from her maturing body, and you paused with her panties stuck right under her ass as you let go of the waistband and softly clawed the fingers of both hands, running your fingernails down her ass cheeks like she said she liked. Her butt clenched and wiggled under your fingers and she moaned into Gemma's kiss. Then you gave both cheeks and soft spank and watched them jiggle. She had a soft tan line, having worn a bikini skimpier than her panties at some point outside during the hot summer, which acted almost like an arrow pointing down between her thighs.

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You pulled the panties the rest of the way down her legs, baring her completely, just a hint of a glimpse of her pussy poking between her ass cheeks and thighs from her standing position and your angle.

"Widen your stance, MILF pet," you ordered and she immediately complied.

Now you could see her pussy properly, the soft whorl of her entrance and her slick labia begging for more attention. You could also see Sabrina waiting impatiently, biting her lip as she was staring right at Mallory's cunt from the front. Reaching between Mallory's legs you took hold of

Sabrina by the throat, making her loose a little girly grunt of surprise and pleasure, before sliding your hand up higher to take her by the chin and then pull her towards Mallory.

“Eat, baby,” you murmured your order.

Sabrina eagerly tongued Mallory’s pussy, and after watching her do that from the odd angle, and seeing her tongue dig between Mallory’s outer labia, you leaned in as well to join her. Your face, based on the angle, pressed into Mallory’s cushy ass but you didn’t care, and you slid your tongue up and down her inner thighs before stabbing it against her perineum before sliding forward and finding the bottom of her pussy, wiggling to tap at the entrance to her pussy and tasting her.

“Uuuungh!” Mallory groaned, muffled by Gemma’s kissing.

Mallory tasted a little more tart than Sabrina and Gemma, but in a clean way that was just as delightful as any of your other experiences eating pussy so far. Your tongue and Sabrina’s battled playfully a little when they ran into each other, but for the most part you focused on Mallory’s hole and Sabrina focused her efforts towards the MILF’s clit area.

Working her like that had the effect you’d hoped for, and soon you could taste more of her as Mallory got even hornier, her body getting ready to be fucking good and proper. Her juices didn’t exactly leak out of her, but you could tell all the stimulation was opening her up and her pussy flushed slightly and got warm from the increased blood flow. You decided to push further though, remembering what she’d said down at the table - both about her loving a good pussy licking, and about her being able to go multi-orgasmic

You had already been holding her ass cheeks, both to stabilize yourself and her and because you just liked squeezing them, but now you slid your tongue back to her perineum and then spread her cheeks, sliding your tongue back more. Mallory’s asshole was clean and had a distinct little pucker of an anal ring and a shade-darker dimple around it. You kissed and licked around that dimple first, making sure she wasn’t going to call a pause, and then pressed your mouth to her asshole and started to tongue it.

“Oooh, fuck,” Mallory groaned through Gemma’s kissing. “Oh, Sir! Fuck!”

“He’s eating your ass, isn’t he?” Gemma chuckled softly. “You threw down the gauntlet, Mallory, and said some magic words. He’ll get you to go multi-orgasmic just so he can hear you begging for him to ream your tight, sexy ass. But he is a *very* loving Sir who doesn’t like to hurt his toys, so he’ll drill that fantastic tongue of his into it first to make sure you’re ready later.”

Mallory whimpered, and you could feel her ass clenching and smiled to yourself.

You spent a decent couple of minutes eating Mallory’s MILF ass, wedging your tongue deeper and deeper into her, and she just kept moaning and groaning and gasping. Then, deciding you’d

teased her enough for now, you turned your face from directly between her ass cheeks and raked your teeth down the inner curve of Mallory's ass cheek, before planting your lips there and ramping up the suction until you popped away from her and left a hickey.

"Oh, fuck!" Mallory groaned in surprise. "Sir, did you just-?"

"I did," you said, standing up and grabbing both her meaty cheeks firmly, digging your fingers into them as you leaned to speak lowly to her over her shoulder. "I left a mark right on your ass so you and your body know that I intend to make it mine later. Now, how is your slut-sister doing down between your pretty little legs?"

"Very well, sir," Mallory groaned.

"Have you come yet?"

"No, sir," she shook her head. "I need- ungh- your slutty whore MILF needs penetration to come properly, sir."

"Are you ready to be penetrated?"

"Yes, please, sir," Mallory moaned.

"I think a proper MILF pet should be exhibiting *all* she offers if she's going to be taken properly," you said, letting go of her ass and starting to undo the hooks on the back of her bra.

"Absolutely, sir," Mallory groaned.

You finished undoing her bra while you kissed the corner of her jaw, and then down her neck to her shoulders. Once the garment was undone, you helped her out of it, her breasts baring to Gemma who literally licked her lips at the sight of them. You dropped the bra off to the side and gently cupped Mallory's breasts from below, unable to see them properly but feeling their heft and weight. She was almost as busty as Gemma.

"What do you think, Mistress Gemma?" you asked. "Are they worthy of some *penetration*?"

"Absolutely, sir," Gemma smirked. "Though she'll have to make sure to use them properly later. Our little MILF pet definitely needs to let you fuck these big titties of hers."

"Happily, sir," Mallory groaned.

"Good," you said, letting go of one tit and squeezing the other tight. With your now free hand, you scooped your cock under and between her legs, nudging it into position right at her entrance. "Now, my sweet, sexy, whore of a Mom I'd Like to Fuck. My sex pet. My willing fuckhole. Ask me for what you want."

“Please, sir,” Mallory begged, craning her neck back to look at you, her beautiful, mature face a mix between a warm smile and a desperate plea. “Claim my little slave cunt with your cock. Use my fuckhole for your pleasure. Stretch me out like the young stud you are; the stud who has Mistress Gemma and my slut-sister Sabrina in love with his cock. Please, fuck me, Sir. Fuck me like I’ve never been fucked before. Ream me. Pound me. Ruin me. Please, sir! Please?”

## Chapter 324

You slowly, *slowly*, pushed into Mallory, feeling that she was wet and tight and welcoming, the glans of your cock getting swallowed up by her cunt.

“Like that, my pet?” you asked.

“More, please, Sir,” she panted. “More! Slut-sister Sabrina is teasing me *so bad* by licking all around my clit hood without touching it, and all I want is to be full of your cock.”

You ground into her deeper, sliding almost halfway in, feeling her squeeze her cunt around you. She was easily as tight as Gemma, your back-of-the-mind worry that her maturity or experience might have left her a little looser being proven false. She felt amazing, as as you reached back around her to grab her other breast, you grunted and speared the rest of your cock into her in one hard thrust.

“Oh!” Mallory grunted. And then she came, her body freezing up for one heartbeat as her head drifted lower, and then she exhaled heavily and sucked in a breath through her nose. “Oh, sir,” she groaned. “That was- I’m sorry I didn’t ask, sir. A good pet asks if she can come.”

“You’re forgiven,” you said, grinning to yourself as you remained buried inside her. “This time. Next time you’ll be punished.”

“And I would deserve it, sir,” she agreed, looking over her shoulder at you as the words were submissive, but your connection through her eyes confirmed to her that you meant it in a fun way, and she confirmed that she would enjoy that.

“Now, my MILF fucktoy,” you said. “It’s time to put you to use.”

You pulled out, feeling her cunt gripping on as she intentionally squeezed you, and then you slammed back into her as she let out an exhaled grunt and then a moan. You did it again, slowly, and then sped it up. You let go of her tits and grabbed her arms, holding her at the elbows to counter-balance as she leaned forward so she could push her ass back at you, and you pulled back to keep her from falling forward.



Slowing briefly, you looked over Mallory's shoulder to Gemma. "I think you're free to do whatever you'd like to our MILF's tits and mouth now, love," you said.

"Mmm," Gemma hummed with a grin as you started fucking again. "Part of me is tempted to break out the toys already, but I think this first one..." Gemma came forward again and leaned in out of your view, but by the way Mallory gasped and moaned you assumed Gemma had started sucking on her tits.

Mallory's back didn't show her natural build as much as Sabrina's slender form did and was more like Gemma's as you followed the line of the MILFs spine down with your eyes to her tailbone. Her skin wasn't perfect and flawless either, dotted with freckles that had become more prominent as she'd aged. Still smooth and beautiful, but you kept seeing little things that reminded you that this wasn't Gemma, or even Becks, that you were fucking. Mallory was going on twice your age. You were fucking a woman with a daughter around your age.

And, judging by her gasps and the soft squelching that was coming from down below in between the claps of her ass against your hips, you were doing a pretty good job at it.

You let go of one of her arms briefly to clap your hand down on the side of her ass cheek on an outstroke, making Mallory moan, and instead of taking her arm back in your grip you slid that hand up from her neck to wreath your fingers in her blonde hair right at her scalp, holding her tightly and pulling her head back.

"How's it feel to get fucked by a man half your age, Mallory?" you asked. "To get used by someone who would be more appropriate for your daughter? To be on display and tasted by a throuple who want to fuck you, and give you a taste of all our lust, because we think you're a fucking sexy woman and delight that you want to be our whore for the afternoon?"

"So good, sir," Mallory gasped, groaning in her throat. "God, my pussy- fuck, you can fuck, sir! God, it feels so good. And your slut's lips on my clit... and Mistress pulling on my nipples... Mmmm, I haven't felt like this in decades."

"Are you going to come again, my little fuckhole MILF?" you asked.

"I am, sir," she gasped. "Fuck, please may I come?"

"No," you said. "Good MILFs should be able to hold it until their Sir allows it."

She nodded, or tried to except for your hand holding her head back, and gasped again. You redoubled your efforts, pounding into her mercilessly, using your hips to try and change the angle slightly and hit other parts of her cunt. She hiccuped.

Gemma stood up and grabbed her face, kissing Mallory hard, then leaned back and slapped Mallory's tit on the side hard enough for you to hear the distinct clap of it. Mallory jerked and

moaned, and Gemma did it again on the other tit. "Hold it, Mally-MILF," she chided. "Don't you disappoint Sir."

"I won't," Mallory sobbed softly. "I'm- fuck, I'm holding it. Sabrina, please- unnngh- just ease up a little."

"Suck hard, baby," you ordered Sabrina, then looked at Gemma. "Pull those nipples of hers, love."

Mallory almost screamed, the sound gurgling in her throat, and you drove deep into her and pulled her back so her ass was mashed to your hips and her shoulder to your chest. You pressed your lips to her ear and whispered. "You may come."

Mallory groaned and you almost lost your load into her as her body tensed over and over in rapid succession, then she released a loud exhalation of breath and her knees went weak, forcing you to catch her before she fell down onto Sabrina. You hefted Mallory up completely, Sabrina scrambling out of the way, and you walked her the two steps to the bed and laid her on it face down, her ass still up in the air and her cunt still clinging to your cock. You thrust into her rapidly, leaning over her and hugging her gently, and she moaned and her cunt fluttered as she looked to the side to make eye contact with you, her eyes dreamy. She exhaled another long grunt.

"Ooh, she squirted," Sabrina grinned.

"Gemma, love," you said. "On the bed, on your back."

Gemma jumped onto the bed next to you and Mallory, spreading her legs, and you pulled out of Mallory. Your cock was red and angry, ready to blow, and was slick with Mallory's juices. You positioned yourself and fucked your cock into your girlfriend, only making it about halfway in before you lost control of your own orgasm and groaned heavily, unleashing long waves of cum as she moaned happily and groped her tits. You were holding her thighs tightly, pumping your cock into her with each wave of release, until you were spent and pulled out of her with a moan.

"Fuck, that was a big one," Gemma moaned.

"Pet," you said, giving Mallory a half-hearted spank. Her head lifted as she blinked back to conscious thought. "Time for a snack." You directed her attention to Gemma's pussy, already starting to leak the pearly mixture of your load and her juices.

"Eat me, Mallory," Gemma ordered.

"Yes, sir," Mallory said, blinking once and shaking her head as she started to smile. "Yes, Mistress." She shifted over, her legs having regained their strength, and lowered her mouth to Gemma's pussy.

You, meanwhile, with one hand palming Mallory's ass, turned to Sabrina who was still sitting on the ground, watching impatiently and touching herself. "Come here, baby," you said, motioning to your cock. "Get me clean, and then it's your turn for some attention."

Sabrina grinned and crawled toward you, letting her tongue fall out of her mouth like an eager puppy.

## **Chapter 325**

Sabrina got what she wanted, which was you fucking her hard and fast on the bed while Mallory sat on her face. That was the first chance you had to actually see and play with the MILFs tits properly - just as you'd thought, they were almost as large as Gemma's and she'd had a little work done to keep them up and perky, but even so they were soft and malleable and overall just wonderful.

You were fucking Sabrina hard, standing off the side of the bed for the best leverage. Mallory was sitting low on Sabrina, using her pussy to muffle and suffocate the brunette just a little bit, which Sabrina loved. Reaching out, you hooked a hand around Mallory's neck and pulled her to you so you could kiss her roughly. There was something about kissing her that was so different from kissing your girlfriends, and you wanted more of it.

"Tell me something dirty that you want," you demanded as you ended the kiss but kept her pulled close. "What kinky thing is floating around in your mind, fueled by the tingles in your pussy?"

Mallory licked her lips and considered you for a moment, then closed her eyes a bit the corner of her lower lip as a shock of pleasure rolled through her from whatever Sabrina was doing. When she opened her eyes she looked deep into your gaze. "I want... each of you in one of my holes," she said.

"Really?" you asked with a little smirk. "Gemma already went to put on that strap-on. Would Sabrina with a dildo be enough?"

Mallory laughed and shook her head. "I brought one too," she said. "It's in my bag, though we left that downstairs."

You kissed her again. "We'll make it happen. But that begs the question - who fucks which hole?"

"Well, you'll be in my ass," she said.

"I thought we had to get you multi-orgasmic?" you asked.

“You already did, Sir,” she chuckled. “Didn’t you notice when I leaked all over your floor?”

“I wasn’t sure if that counted,” you said. “But I don’t hear any *begging*.”

“When the time comes,” she grinned.

Gemma came out of the washroom wearing the harness for the strap-on that she and Sabrina had bought at the sex shop. That was one purchase they hadn’t revealed to you yet, and you were sure that it was going to become more of a thing with you three now that they had one.

“Alright,” Gemma giggled as she grabbed onto the bright orange, somewhat floppy dildo hanging from it. “Who wants some cock?”

“Come over here, love,” you chuckled, waving her to you. Gemma came over and you kissed her, then pulled out of Sabrina. Your brunette girlfriend groaned in protest as you pulled out of her, but Mallory sat up to let her see what was happening and Sabrina’s eyes got wide as she saw Gemma standing between her legs.

“Hey, Mistress,” Sabrina said.

“Hello, my little girlfriend-slut,” Gemma grinned. “Ready to take my cock?”

“Um...” Sabrina hesitated but then jerked as Gemma tapped her clit with the end of the cock before putting it into place to enter her.

“What was that?” Gemma asked.

“Yes, Mistress. Please fill me with your cock,” Sabrina gasped.

You watched for a minute as Gemma started to figure out how to fuck Sabrina with the strap-on. Once she found a bit of a rhythm, her tits bouncing pleasantly, she got more into it. Gemma motioned for Mallory to lean down, and Gemma pulled the dildo from Sabrina’s pussy and fed it to the MILF. “Yeah, that’s it,” Gemma said. “Suck her pussy off of it.”

Gemma went back to fucking Sabrina, pulling out to feed Mallory every dozen strokes or so. This position was more of a sixty-nine between Sabrina and Mallory, so you took advantage of that by climbing up on the bed and getting behind the MILF. You got into position and slowly started to fuck into her from behind again, but this time taking a more leisurely pace, grinding and changing your angles frequently so you could get a feel for every nook and cranny of her pussy. At the same time, you slid a finger down to Sabrina and she sucked on it for you, then you brought it back up and played it at Mallory’s asshole.

Soon you had one finger in her ass up to the first knuckle, just teasing it, and she was rocking back to meet your slow thrusts. Gemma, meanwhile, had gotten the hang of fucking with the strap-on and wanted to change positions. Soon you were laying back on the bed and Sabrina was riding you, while Gemma was laying next to you and Mallory was doing the same with her. You decided that Sabrina had been waiting long enough to come and you pulled her down against your chest, fucking up into her as you hugged her tightly. Gemma reached over and got a hand on Sabrina's throat, choking her for you.

"Jesus, she can handle that?" Mallory asked, her riding of Gemma's dildo slowing down to just some rocking as she watched the rough fucking.

"She can take a little more," you grunted.

"Ooooh, Daddy," Sabrina moaned as Gemma let her breathe for a moment. "Fuck, your cock is so fucking good in my pussy, Daddy. Please pound me, please please please." She cut off as Gemma rolled her eyes and started choking her again.

"I guess 'Sir' isn't replacing 'Daddy,'" you sighed.

"Mallory, stick a finger up her ass," Gemma said. "But give her a good, hard spanking first."

Sabrina's ass was red and Mallory was smirking by the time the MILF was working a finger into Sabrina's ass. You were sweating now from fucking Sabrina at speed, and she was clenching her teeth as she tried to hold onto her orgasm until you gave her permission.

"Are you ready, baby?" you asked.

She nodded.

"Are you going to squirt?"

She nodded faster.

"Are you being a good girl and waiting, though?"

She opened her eyes and glared at you even challenging the fact that she was. Gemma was squeezing her neck hard.

"Do you like having Mallory's finger up your ass?"

Another nod.

"Is it as good as my cock up there?"

She shook her head, making you smile a little.

“Do you love me?” you asked.

She nodded once. Definitive.

“Come for me, baby,” you said.

She released, her howl coming out more like a growl as she arched her back and pressed her face down into the crook of your neck, her whole body tensing as she came hard. You added to it by pinching her sides the way she liked, spiking her pain/pleasure feeling right in the middle of her orgasm, and she rocked back and forth hard. Her squirt dribbled and washed out of her around your cock, bathing your groin and torso, until she finally collapsed down to your chest and panted.

“Damn,” Mallory said. “Can I get one of those please, sir?”

## **Chapter 326**

Step one to Mallory getting what she wanted was her needing to lick Sabrina’s squirt off of you, which ended up with her face being covered in Sabrina’s juices as she sucked on your balls. This position left her open for Gemma to get behind her and start fucking her with the strap-on.

“You like Sir’s big, juicy balls, MILFy?” Gemma asked. “Are you wishing you could get the next load out of them?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Mallory moaned, looking up at you from around your rigid cock, her big dark eyes meeting yours.

“And where do you think it should go?” Gemma asked. “Up this pussy, so you can carry his swimmers around with you? Or all over your big mommy tits so Sabrina and I can lick it off of your nipples? Or, what about all over that gorgeous face, masking you with it? You know if that happens you’ll need to take a picture of it for him though.”

“I want it everywhere, Mistress,” Mallory moaned. “In my mouth, on my face. All over my tits. Up my cunt. My ass. On my back.”

“Dirty, dirty MILF,” Sabrina giggled, still a little loopy from her big orgasm as she laid next to you and was softly touching herself as she watched the three of you.

“Let’s start with something easy,” you said, pulling away from Mallory and getting up on your knees, presenting your cock to her. She quickly pulled it into her mouth and you started to fuck her mouth as Gemma fucked her pussy.

“You know,” your blonde girlfriend said. “This is a lot more work than I thought it was.”

“Now you realize,” you laughed.

“Let’s switch,” she offered.

Mallory stayed in place as you and Gemma moved around her, and soon you were buried in the MILF’s pussy again as Gemma had her sucking her own juices off of the dildo.

“How much of what Sabrina got do you want, little MILF pet?” Gemma asked.

“All of it except the pinching, Mistress,” Mallory panted as she was given the chance to speak.

“You want me to choke you?” Gemma asked to confirm.

“You can do it with your cock if you want, Mistress,” Mallory said.

“Flip over,” you ordered her, pulling out.

Mallory quickly flipped over and you spread her legs. This was, strangely, the first time in the whole encounter you were looking at the *front* over her pussy and you found she had a slightly prominent clit hood that looked like something you would want to play with later if you had the chance to eat her out again. For now, though, you ran your cock across her lips, teasing her with it as you took in the sight of her naked body. You and Gemma ended up moving Mallory a bit, pulling her to a corner of the bed so that you could fuck her while standing on the floor, but Mallory’s head hung back off the other side where Gemma could fuck her mouth.

You speared into the MILF again, slow and insistent, and then looked down at her as you leaned forward and took her tits in your hands, squeezing them hard. “You sure you want it as hard as Sabrina?” you asked.

“Do it,” Mallory nodded. “I begged for you to ruin me earlier, Sir. I want it.”

You thrust into her hard once, her body rocking with yours. Then you did what Gemma had done earlier and gave one of her boobs a hard spank.

Then you fucked Mallory hard and fast. Her body rocked and tried to fuck back at you, but while her effort was commendable and the way it made her tits bounce was fucking sexy, she couldn’t keep up. You were pounding her too relentlessly, relying on the *ton* of sex that you’d been having with Sabrina and Gemma to keep you going. At the same time, Gemma was slowly feeding the bright orange dildo into Mallory’s mouth, and you could even see her occasionally swallow it into her throat. Gemma was murmuring sexy, filthy nothings to Mallory, looking down

most of the time and watching the older woman's face or body, though occasionally looking up at you with a beaming pride.

"I have an idea," Sabrina suddenly said, scrambling from the bed and heading into the washroom before coming back out. She leaned over Mallory and caught one of her tits without you even slowing your fucking, and quickly fastened the nipple clamps onto Mallory's tits. That sharp sensation made Mallory howl and choke on the dildo, but once she had a chance to catch her breath she just shook her head and grinned at Sabrina.

"You brat," she laughed. Then she opened her mouth and took Gemma's dildo back in her mouth.

"What should I do now, Sir?" Sabrina asked, looking to you for an order. Positioned as she was, getting Sabrina to stick a finger in Mallory's ass as fair play wasn't going to work.

"Suck in her underboob," you said. "Leave a nice little hickey on each one."

Sabrina seemed to love that idea and went about it quickly, tonguing and kissing the soft flesh like she was priming it, before leaving a quickly developing bruise on the first one. She was just starting on the next one when Mallory shuddered.

"Hold on," you said, and Sabrina made space so that you could lean down over Mallory. "Are you holding it, my MILF whore, or did you slip?"

"Mmmfgh," Mallory groaned around the dildo in her mouth, so Gemma pulled it out. "Close, sir," she panted. "Please may I come?"

"Not yet," you growled. "You need to make a decision now, Mallory. Are you ready?"

"Uh?" she half-indicated in the positive.

"When you come the first time, do you want me to keep fucking you in this position, or change positions?"

"This one," she panted, squeezing her eyes shut.

"OK. On your second orgasm, do you want Sabrina to sit on your face, or Gemma?"

"Mistress Gemma has the right, but I haven't tasted my slut-sister properly yet," she groaned. "So... Sabrina?"

"Alright," you said. "Last question before you can come, Mallory. On your third orgasm, when I come too, should I come inside you, or all over that sexy chest and face of yours?"



“Inside,” she gasped and groaned immediately. “Please, inside me, Sir. I want to feel it. God, please, let me come. I’m so close. I’m so fucking close, Sir. Please?”

You grinned, pushing her chin up and back, and Gemma inserted the dildo into Mallory’s mouth again, fucking it into her throat.

“Come now, my MILF pet,” you said. “Come hard, because you aren’t getting a break.”

She released, gurgling around the dildo, and you grunted as her cunt tightened but you refused to stop thrusting.

## **Chapter 327**

“Holy. Fuck,” Mallory panted. She was still lying where you had ravaged her, her legs spread and her head hanging off the side of the bed. Your cum was slowly dripping out of her pussy, which was looking a little swollen.

“I think that’s what Sabrina said the first time we did that to her,” Gemma chuckled, lying next to the MILF and softly stroking her fingers over the older woman’s stomach.

“If I didn’t, I was thinking it,” Sabrina giggled from the floor. She’d ended the session paying Mallory back by straddling her head, holding her by the hair to pull her up to eat the brunette’s pussy as you deep-dicked her and Gemma mauled her tit and fingered her clit. Sabrina had squirted all over Mallory’s face, causing her eyeliner and mascara to run.

“I haven’t been fucked like that...” Mallory exhaled. “I don’t know. In decades for sure. I had a threesome with three guys once, but I think you girls knew I could take more than they did.”

“We know you won’t break,” Gemma grinned, then got up on her knees and leaned down to kiss Mallory sweetly. “And we know that you wanted it.”

“Mmm, I did,” Mallory hummed. “And do again, but I need a break.”

“Hydration!” Sabrina declared, slowly standing up. She went over into the bathroom and came back with the housecoats that the three of you had brought.

“You’ll be leaking all over if someone doesn’t clean that up for you,” Gemma smirked at Mallory, eyeing down towards the MILFs pussy.

Mallory rolled her eyes and spread one leg wider. “Yes, Mistress,” she chuckled.

It took another ten minutes before the four of you staggered downstairs towards the kitchen, and it took most of that time for you to finally stop feeling lightheaded after the ridiculous pace of

fucking you'd been maintaining. Your whole body felt a little sore from the strain and the hard orgasm you'd had at the end of it. The girls, beyond needing to clean up Mallory's pussy, had also all stepped into the washroom to clean their faces.

Downstairs, you went about filling up big glasses from the sink with water while the ladies sat at the table. When you turned around you found them all grinning a little sloppily, obviously highly pleased with the way the afternoon was turning out so far.

"Alright," you said as you sat the waters down in front of them, kissing each of them on the cheek as you did it. "We're out of the bedroom, so I feel like we can safely say the Sub game is on pause?"

"For the moment," Mallory agreed. "But before we talk, I brought a little something extra for just this sort of occasion..." She reached over and grabbed that large purse of hers that she'd left down near the table earlier, and she dug around inside and pulled out a Tupperware container. She popped the top to reveal a couple of large brownies, the smell of them wafting out and filling the kitchen.

"Ooh, shit those smell good," Sabrina groaned.

"Baked fresh this morning," Mallory grinned.

"I'll get some milk," Gemma said, standing.

"You guys should know, they *are* pot brownies," Mallory said. "Not the strongest, but if we each have half of one we'll get a nice little buzz going."

"Just in time for Round Two?" Sabrina asked with a grin. The three of you had already exchanged your histories with drugs - none of you had tried anything harder than pot. You and Sabrina had only done that less than a handful of times between smoking and edibles. Gemma's ex had led her to having more experience than that, but she wasn't a regular user.

"If I got my regular recipe right, it should kick in in about thirty minutes," Mallory smiled.

Soon Gemma had plates for you all and cups of milk, and Mallory broke the brownies in halves and doled them out. They were absolutely delicious, any taste from the pot hidden by the rich chocolate that Mallory had used. There were moans and groans almost as loud as in the bedroom from all three of you as you praised Mallory's work.

Once the brownies were gone, and the milk with it, the four of you were absolutely relaxed.

"Alright," Mallory said. "Now we can properly debrief."

“Then the first thing I want to say is that I’m sorry you didn’t get more attention from me, Gemma,” you said.

“You creampie me, love,” Gemma chuckled.

“Well, that was pretty fast,” you said. “When we go back up there, I’m not leaving until I’ve fucked you properly along with everything else.”

Your girlfriend beamed a cute smile at you, then turned to Mallory and reached across the table to take her hand. “How was everything for you so far? We have sex like this regularly and know each other, so you’re the important voice here.”

Mallory smiled and shook her head as she looked at you. “Honestly? The communication between you three is stellar. I knew what was happening, and what people wanted, the whole time. John, being denied that first load of yours and then eating it out of Gemma was hot as hell and really set the tone, especially after you gave me three fast orgasms.”

“I thought it was two?” you asked.

“Definitely three,” she said.

“So you *did* go multi-orgasmic?” Sabrina grinned and raised her eyebrows.

“I did,” Mallory chuckled. “And I plan on getting my ass fucked, and all my holes filled, when we go back up there.” She quirked her lips in a smirk and slowly pulled the front of your robe that she was wearing aside, revealing one of her breasts. Her areolas were a wonderful ruddy colour and while her nipples weren’t large, they suited her perfectly and she slowly tweaked this one between her fingers. “How do you feel about wearing my strap-on and helping out with that, Sabrina?”

Sabrina’s grin turned into a smirk of her own. “Happy to,” she said. “The only question is, which of those pretty little MILF holes do I get to fuck?”

“I was thinking maybe you each get a turn with each of them?” Mallory said with an eyebrow twitch.

You were already getting hard from the implications of this. “Other than triple-penetration, anything else you want to happen up there?”

“Just treat me like your whore,” Mallory said. “Like you have been. Honestly, you three are killing it.”

“If that’s the case,” you said. “I think maybe our MILF whore should come over here and get to work because this cock is ready for round three but I think we should take our time.”

“Mmhmmhmm,” Mallory hummed, biting her lip and slipping from her chair to her knees, starting to come around the table. You were only wearing a pair of athletic shorts, and she licked her lips. “Yes, sir. I’m-”

“Mom!?”

## Chapter 328

“Chelsea?” Mallory said, her eyes going wide as you all looked over at the door that had just burst open.

“Oh, shiiiiit,” you mumbled.

The door to the basement had opened and the girl that Mallory had pointed out at the bar had come out of it followed by Edgar. You were pretty sure that your face matched his - wide-eyed, mouth agape.

“Mom, what the *fuck!*?” Chelsea screeched.

“Language,” Mallory chided her, standing up and straightening your robe that she was wearing.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Chelsea raged, looking around wildly at you, Gemma and Sabrina all *a/so* barely dressed. “You’re cheating on Dad and you’re telling me not to *swear?*”

Mallory sighed and glanced back at you. “Sorry,” she said, then turned back to her daughter. “Well, I guess this conversation is happening now,” she sighed.

“What conversation? This isn’t a fucking conversation!” Chelsea yelled.

“Sit down, Chelsea,” Mallory said, using a tone that immediately made you straighten your spine a bit more because it was *Mom Voice*. “You too, young man,” she added, staring ice at Edgar.

Chelsea looked like she wanted to argue, but the power of Mom Voice won at least for the moment and she ended up sitting down next to Sabrina at the table. Edgar had to go around and sit in the chair next to Mallory’s, looking very uncomfortable. His eyes were also darting around, clearly putting the pieces together.

Mallory sat and put her hands flat on the table, taking a deep breath as she levelled her gaze across the table at her daughter. “First,” she said. “I understand that this is certainly coming as a shock to you so I’m sorry for correcting you when you’re obviously upset.”

Chelsea just grit her teeth and didn't say anything. She really did look like a younger version of her mother, though you were a little biased in thinking that you actually thought Mallory looked hotter considering everything that had been going on. You made surreptitious eye contact with both Gemma and Sabrina, confirming that all three of you were feeling way out of your depth at the moment.

"The most important thing for you to know is that I am *not* cheating on your father," Mallory said. "He is fully aware that I'm here and having an afternoon of fun with my new friends."

"There is no way that Dad would be OK with this," Chelsea said. "And... you're gay!?"

"Please, dear," Mallory shook her head. "Bisexual. And yes, I've been sleeping with men *and* women since I was younger than you are now. Not that that should come as a shock to you considering that I know all about you and the girls from your cheerleading squad." Chelsea's eyes got wide at that. "But yes, your father is aware and approves. This isn't how I thought I would end up having this conversation with you, Chels, but your father and I were... promiscuous when we were your age. Multiple partners, group sex, that sort of thing. We stopped most of it when we got pregnant with you, but over the years we've both had approved little flings."

"Dad sleeps with other people too?"

"Well," Mallory said with a little smirk. "We aren't *sleeping*."

Chelsea looked a little queasy at that joke.

"Oh, come off it," Mallory rolled her eyes. "You've been on a tear since last year, going through one boy after another. You can't tell me you haven't had two at once by now."

"You weren't a virgin?" Edgar asked, interrupting the Mother-Daughter conversation. You almost choked on your own spit, trying not to guffaw.

Now it was Chelsea's turn to roll her eyes. "You think if I was a virgin I'd give it up to some guy passing through town for a holiday weekend?" Edgar looked almost hurt at that, but Chelsea focused back on her mother. "So what, you just met these three and decided to jump into bed with them? Is that how this works?"

"No," Mallory said. "God, no. Your father and I are much more picky than that. I met John, Gemma and Sabrina yesterday at the shop and saw how cute and healthy a polyamorous relationship they have. Then they happened to be at the bar last night and I got to know them better, and they let me know they found me attractive, so your Father and I discussed it like adults. Which, I daresay, seems to be more thought than you've been putting into your hookups, though you don't have a partner to run things by."

“So you guys had sex, then,” Chelsea said, looking around the table.

“Fantastic sex,” Mallory corrected. “Dear, sex with the right partners should be mind-blowing experiences. I easily came a half dozen times.”

Chelsea opened her mouth but clearly didn’t know how to reply to that.

“Now, I’m sure you’ll want to confirm this with your Father, but he’s managing the bar at the moment so you should probably wait until he’s at least off of work,” Mallory said. “You can have that conversation alone or I can be there, whatever your choice is. But for now, unless you’d like to take my place and find out how good these three are, I’m going to take my lovers here and head back up for our next round and I can get my ass fucked with John’s fantastic cock. I do need to get home in time to make dinner, after all.”

Now Chelsea’s jaw *really* dropped, as did Edgar’s.

“That wasn’t actually a question, Chels,” Mallory said as she stood up from her chair. “You should probably take your friend here back downstairs and at least polish his knob. Right now he’s picturing fucking my ass instead of doing dirty things with you, which just isn’t right.” She came around the table again, standing behind you with her hands on your shoulders and leaned down to kiss you on the cheek. “Coming, Sir?”

You managed to stand up without stumbling and decided that if Mallory was going for shock value that you’d help her out. You turned and picked Mallory up, hefting her over your shoulder and giving her robe-covered ass a smack. “Let’s get to it, you goddamn sexy MILF,” you said.

Mallory laughed as you carried her towards the stairs, Gemma and Sabrina following. “Go have fun, Chels,” she called to her daughter. “Just don’t do anything I wouldn’t do. Which isn’t much!”

## **Chapter 329**

You put Mallory down at the top of the stairs, but she grabbed your hand and led you back to the bedroom without a word. Once you were all inside she shut the door and went to the bed, sitting down on the corner of it and letting out a long breath.

“Are you OK?” Sabrina asked, the first of you to reach her. Sabrina climbed up on the bed and hugged Mallory from behind, resting her chin on the older woman’s shoulder. Gemma sat beside her and hugged her as well, leaving you to get down on your knees in front of her and take her hands in yours.

“It’ll be fine,” Mallory said, clearly having had a very brief moment but letting it go quickly. “It was awkward, that’s for sure.”

“We had no idea Edgar was bringing her here,” you said.

“At all,” Gemma reinforced.

“No, it’s fine, you guys,” Mallory shook her head. “I definitely don’t blame you. Sorry if that killed the mood.”

“We can get the mood back if that’s what you want,” Sabrina grinned. “We’re more worried about you than getting more sex.”

Mallory smiled softly and turned, kissing Sabrina lightly. “And that, my dear, is why the sex is so great.”

“Do you really want to continue?” Gemma asked.

“You guys leave tomorrow?” Mallory asked.

“Probably around noon,” you sighed. The vacation was almost over.

“Then there isn’t another time I can come see you again for another round of fun,” Mallory said. “So yes, even if I know my daughter is riding cock a couple of floors away, I very much want to get fucked myself.” She snorted and smirked. “It wouldn’t be the first time I was fucking in the master bedroom knowing full well she was doing the same thing in our basement with a boy she ‘snuck’ in. First time for her knowing that though.”

That got a chuckle out of each of you, and you stood up and cradled Mallory’s jaw with both your hands and leaned into a slow, luxurious kiss with her. “Is there anything we can do to help smooth things over with your husband?” you asked. “He agreed to us fucking, not your lifestyle getting outed to his daughter.”

“Well...” Mallory said, biting her lip. “There is one thing we could do...”

Your warm-up ended up being a bit of a photoshoot. Mallory didn’t want to expose the three of you in any way, so none of the half-dozen photos included your faces but it did include Mallory’s. There were a couple of her sucking your cock, playing it up for the camera as she grinned and had wide eyes - she also got to do her ‘favourite thing’ of sucking you from soft-ish to hard again. Then there were pictures of her sucking on Sabrina’s and Gemma’s tits, and tonguing their pussies. The last photo was taken by you, looking down at her on her knees. She had your cock in her mouth, while Gemma and Sabrina were standing on either side of you wearing the strap-ons, Mallory with a hand on each one as she stroked lube onto them. It was a hot picture.

“That’s perfect,” Mallory said. “Just enough to tease him into being an absolute horny bastard tonight.”

“So what now, then?” Gemma asked, stepping behind Mallory and hugging the MILF from behind, cupping her tits as she pressed her own to Mallory’s back.

“Mmm, I think John said something about you needing to get fucked, Mistress,” Mallory groaned.

“I think that’s exactly what’s going to happen,” you grinned. The pot brownies had kicked in and you were all feeling buzzed, but Mallory had gotten her dosage right and none of you were feeling droopy or dozy. You turned to Sabrina and pulled her into a kiss. “And while that’s happening, I think you, baby, need to get my little MILF pet’s ass ready to receive my cock.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Sabrina grinned.

Soon Gemma’s strap-on was off and you were spooned up behind her, slow-fucking your girlfriend as you watched Mallory bent over on her hands and knees on the bed while Sabrina ate her ass and started getting lubed up fingers inside of her. After a bit you sped up your fucking motions a little and Gemma moaned happily, partially turning and starting to make out with you. Then you had a great idea and had Mallory pivot on the bed so that *she* could make out with both you and Gemma while Sabrina continued preparing her ass.

Gemma came, slow and sweet. It wasn’t the same kind of powerful, body-numbing orgasm that Sabrina and Mallory had gotten earlier, but she revelled in it, moaning heavily into Mallory’s lips.

“God, I love you,” she groaned as she pulled from Mallory and looked back at you.

“I love you too, love,” you said with a smile.

“Fuck, you two are so cute and sexy together,” Mallory murmured.

“You should see him when we manage to fuck Sabrina out,” Gemma laughed. “He’s so sweet with her even if she’s an absolute ragdoll. He tucks her in and cuddles her so nicely even though she’s a sweaty, spitty, cummy mess.”

“Gee, thanks,” Sabrina chuckled. “Next time I’ll remember to swim back to consciousness so I can shower before he tucks me in.”

Mallory declared herself ready, and you pulled out of Gemma and ordered the MILF to clean off your slick cock. She did it with a smile of course, slurping Gemma’s taste from you.

“Now, my little pet,” you said. “Where do you want this cock?”

“In my ass, Sir,” Mallory said, looking up at you with wide eyes, giving you that ‘puppy dog’ look.



"You don't sound very convincing, MILF," Gemma said with a smirk, already starting to put her strap-on back on.

"I'm sorry, Mistress," Mallory said. "Please, Sir. I really want you to take my ass."

"No, Daddy," Sabrina said, getting on her knees next to Mallory and giving you the same look. "I want you in *my* ass. I want you to stretch it out and I want to feel you pounding me so hard like the good little girl I am. I deserve it more."

Mallory got into the little challenge right away. "No, Sir. *I* deserve your big, masterful cock in my ass more. Please, Sir, please fuck my ass. My hole has wanted it since you stuck your finger up there earlier, sir. It's *aching* for you."

"Mine's tighter, Daddy," Sabrina said. "It must be. She's your sexy MILF pet, but I'm your perfect little bratty princess."

"Mine is definitely tighter than your regular slut's, sir," Mallory begged. "Please fuck my ass? I want to feel you deep inside me, claiming parts of me that have been alone for so long. I promise you can do anything you want - fuck me slow and sweet, or absolutely destroy it. Please, Sir? Please destroy my ass and put your load deep inside me."

You had to laugh at the escalating absurdities of the begging, and you leaned down and kissed Sabrina and then Mallory. "I will gladly take your ass, my little Mallory-MILF. First by myself, and then we're going to fill each of these needy little holes of yours at the same time."

"Thank you, Sir," Mallory grinned. Sabrina fake pouted, then broke into a laugh that she couldn't hold back as she leaned in to kiss Mallory on the cheek.

## Chapter 330

"Oooh, yes yes yes," Mallory sighed, her neck a little strained as she closed her eyes and focused on relaxing. She was on her back at the edge of the bed, her legs pulled back and wide so that she was fully open to you. You were holding both of her hands with yours and she was pulling slightly.

And your cock was about a quarter of the way into her ass.

"Mmm, I love the way it clings onto your cock when you're pulling away," Sabrina hummed, peeking around you to watch.

"You good, pet?" Gemma asked. She was cradling Mallory's head, smiling down at the MILF.

"So good," Mallory panted, then opened her eyes. "Maybe a little more lube, though?"

Sabrina provided it, dribbling the lube onto Mallory's pussy and then using her fingers to swipe it down onto your cock as you continued to slowly inch your cock in and out of Mallory's ass.

"Good, Sir, that's good," Mallory groaned.

It took almost ten minutes to work most of the way into Mallory's ass, and you felt like you'd reached her maximum before you were fully buried inside her. To be fair, you had a feeling based on the fact that she usually wanted anal immediately after being multi-orgasmic, that the last time she'd done her body had been a lot more physically tired and hadn't shown this sort of resistance. She swore she was loving it though, and after adding a bit more lube you were stroking into her at a slow pace.

"God, Sir," Mallory moaned, looking up at you as you continued to hold her hands. "Good God! Fuck, you're easing my ass into it so well."

"Your ass feels amazing, pet," you said, using your hips to hook your cock just a little bit into a different angle and making her groan.

"Come here, slut," Gemma said with a grin, shifting so she wasn't cradling Mallory's head anymore and instead was pressing her strap-on to Mallory's mouth. The MILF quickly sucked in the head and started grunting as you picked up the pace of your thrusting.

"Mallory, can I take a picture of this for us?" Sabrina asked.

Mallory let go of your hand to give Sabrina a thumbs up, and your kinky girlfriend quickly got a picture of the double-teaming.

Gemma fed Mallory a bit more cock, then pulled it away and tapped the head of her dildo on Mallory's lips. "God, I want to just take you home with us and keep you naked and leashed," she said warmly. "Our little live-in MILF pet."

"Not just a pet," you grunted. "She's gotta make more of those brownies, too."

That made the others laugh, Mallory's ass squeezing you as you hesitated in your stroking due to the tightness.

"Maybe in another life," Mallory sighed as she smiled and her laughter died off. "I don't think I'd be opposed to becoming a kept woman for three sexy young things like you. Just spending my days fucking and cooking for you three, getting loved on and my brains fucked out. What a life that would be! You should definitely find someone to do that, you'd treat them so good."

That made Gemma humm a new chuckle. "What do you think, guys? Should we find a live-in MILF for Mallory to come over and play with?"

“Hah!” Mallory barked a laugh. “Not a MILF. Some young thing that can keep up with you three and who won’t be seventy when you’re forty.”

“I’ll put out an ad in the paper,” Sabrina said. “Sex pet wanted for Poly family. Must be beautiful, sexually open, good in the kitchen and willing to work for amazing dick. Serious requests only.”

That brought on another bout of laughter, and then Gemma pulled her dildo from Mallory’s lips altogether. “I think it’s time,” she said.

“Mmm, yes please, Mistress,” Mallory hummed.

It took a little bit of manoeuvring but Gemma ended up straddling Mallory, including her bent-back thighs, and you helped fish the dildo into place.

“Ooooooh, motherfucker,” Mallory groaned as Gemma slowly thrust the dildo into Mallory’s cunt.

“That’s the idea,” Gemma said, and you could hear the smirk in her voice even though she was looking away from you.

For your part, Mallory’s ass had just gotten tighter and you could feel the pressure of the dildo inside of the MILF. Your view had also changed - Gemma’s ass and back dominated it now, and you palmed her cheeks and massaged them with stiff fingers. “Having fun, love?”

“Yep,” Gemma chuckled, then leaned down and kissed Mallory as she shifted from being braced on her feet to her knees, shoving the dildo in deeper as Mallory moaned.

“Sabrina,” you said, gesturing towards Mallory’s other end.

Of course, Sabrina found it funny that she would be the one stuffing Mallory’s mouth considering she was the one who loved getting choked. Sabrina ended up straddling Mallory’s, the borrowed strap-on basically tightened as much as it could be so it was sturdy on her thin frame, and Sabrina leaned forward onto her hands and knees as she fed the dildo into Mallory’s mouth. This put Sabrina’s little butt up in the air and pointed right at Gemma’s face, so of course your Aussie girlfriend started kissing and licking your brunette girlfriend. Since you were now otherwise unoccupied other than slow-stroking Mallory’s ass, you reached over and grabbed the lube, dropping a dollop between Gemma’s ass cheeks, and started to tease her with a couple of fingers since it was available.

The moaning in the bedroom was mostly muffled, but the chorus of the three of your voices and your occasional groans was music that you would probably never forget.

Mallory came twice like that, the second one right on the tail of the first when you drove as deep into her as you could get. She needed a break after that, and after a quick wipe-down of your

cock Sabrina was mounted in reverse cowgirl, while you fucked Mallory's pussy at speed and Gemma fucked her face. Another quick wipe-down and break after another large orgasm and Mallory straddled Sabrina again, this time in cowgirl, and Gemma got behind her to take her ass while you knelt straddling Sabrina's head and Mallory sucked your cock. Sabrina, of course, managed to get her mouth up high enough to suck on your balls as well.

"Fuck, you're amazing," you groaned as Mallory dropped her jaw and let you fuck her face a little rougher. You were holding her head, her hair pulled back with your fingers softly scratching against her scalp, as you did it and Gemma was giving her spanks while fucking her ass. Mallory mumbled something and you pulled out. "What was that, little three-hole MILF slut?"

"I want your cum please, sir," Mallory panted. "I'm, ungh, I'm almost... worn out... Please can you come all over my face? I want to be your little cumslut whore."

You shoved your cock back in her mouth and she sucked it hard, then you pulled back out and she opened her mouth wide, sticking her tongue out. Mallory, for all that she was somehow still gorgeous, was an absolute mess. Sabrina surprised you by reaching up from below and pumping your cock with both hands, pointing you at Mallory's face.

"That's it, Mal," Sabrina cooed. "Get marked by your Sir. Get his load all over that slutty, whore cumdump face. He's had every one of your holes, and now his girlfriends have too. How does it feel knowing that you're a complete fucktoy for three people who are young enough to be your children, but who think you're an absolute fucking snack of a MILF slut?"

You moaned. Mallory groaned. Gemma reached forward and ran her fingernails down Mallory's back as she smirked at you, knowing what she was doing. Mallory came, her happy groan turning into an uncontrolled one as her orgasm stiffened her, and your own unleashed, spurting rope after rope of cum onto her face, lips and tongue.

When you were finished you fell back, making sure not to sit on Sabrina's face (even if she might have liked that), as you panted for breath. Mallory was covered in cum.

And, of course, Sabrina pulled Mallory down and started making out with her, getting covered in your cum as well.

## **Chapter 331**

"Don't forget your Tupperware," Gemma said, darting into the kitchen from near the front door.

"Oh, thanks babe," Mallory said.

Cleanup had been fun, with a lot of grab-ass going on as the four of you crammed into the tiny shower. You'd even managed to get hard again, but the girls had taken it easy on you and other than a quick, soapy titty-fuck from Mallory you'd mostly just been getting clean.

Then, dressed again, you all headed downstairs. Sabrina bit the bullet and snuck halfway down the stairs to find out if Edgar and Chelsea were still down there, and she came back up shaking her head. It was impossible to know if they actually *had* gone back down there to fuck or if Chelsea had been too weirded out and left after the surprise encounter in the kitchen.

"That was a hell of a lot of fun, Mallory," you said, taking her in your arms.

"It was," she agreed and leaned in to kiss you sweetly on the mouth. You grabbed her ass lightly and she smiled into the kiss before pulling away. "Honestly, I didn't even realize how much I might have needed that." She turned to Sabrina and hugged her tightly.

"Well, if you ever feel like a repeat, just give us a call," Sabrina said. "You've got mine and Gemma's numbers."

"We'll see what my husband thinks," Mallory chuckled. "I know I'm going to get absolutely railed tonight after the bar closes, but longer-term this might just be a one-time thing."

"That's totally understandable," Gemma said, coming back with the brownie container and handing it over. Mallory put it in her purse and then hugged Gemma tightly, too. "We wouldn't ever want to get in the way of your home life."

"You kids are- ugh!" Mallory sighed. "Perfect. If you lived closer, I'd honestly be considering finding my hubby a more full-time girlfriend and opening up our marriage some more so this could keep happening. I loved turning you into motherfuckers."

"And we loved fucking a mother," you chuckled. The four of you all hugged, and Mallory kissed each of you on the forehead. "Have a safe walk home," you said as she pulled away and stepped out the door and onto the porch.

"Thanks, babes," Mallory said, waving lightly before starting down the driveway.

Sabrina started closing the door, but Gemma said, "One sec," and slipped out, following Mallory down the driveway. The two blondes stopped, and you and Sabrina closed the front door most of the way and watched through the crack, trying not to look like you were spying. Gemma and Mallory spoke for about a minute and then they hugged again, and Mallory kissed Gemma on the cheek before Gemma came back to the house and Mallory left.

"What was that about?" Sabrina asked.

“Oh, I was just thanking her for putting up with your bratty ass,” Gemma joked, making Sabrina smirk and roll her eyes.

“Don’t pry, baby,” you said, hugging Sabrina from behind.

“Fine,” Sabrina sighed.

“Thanks, love,” Gemma said, smiling serenely at you.

“You’re welcome,” you said, then let go of Sabrina and stood between them, taking both their hands. “OK. I thought that went really... fucking amazing? Even better? Other than the Chelsea surprise. Do we need to do any debriefing?”

“I’m good,” Gemma said.

“Me too,” Sabrina said. “I mean, I’m fucking horny already and might rub one out to the pictures we took, but I’m good with everything.”

“Actually, we do need to talk about one thing,” Gemma said, tugging the two of you into the living room. “Edgar knows we hooked up with Mallory, which probably means all of your friends are going to know. What’s our response to that?”

You had to take a breath, and then shrug. “What’s it matter?” you asked. “It’s not like we’re ashamed of it, right? She was open and willing, none of us were cheating. We had a really good time, and so did she.”

“Do you think the guys can handle it?” Sabrina asked. “I mean, Corey and Victoria might be a little embarrassed to know but should be fine, and Ollie will want details and be jealous. But what about Brent and Paul?”

That made you stop to think for a moment - how would they react? In the past, your rare hookups had always been met with high-fives. The revelation of you dating Sabrina and Gemma had also generally been accepted the same way. Was this whole thing one break too much, though? Neither of them had found a weekend fling, while you showed up with two girlfriends and hooked up with what might have been the hottest MILF you’d ever seen.

“I... think they should be fine,” you said. “I might get a little ribbing about it, but I can give it back as good as I get, especially because I can just warn them that their Moms might be next.”

That brought a snort from Gemma as she covered her mouth, and Sabrina grinned in a way that made you worried she might *actually* try to seduce someone’s Mom.

“What about Edgar?” Gemma asked. “We’ve already had some issues this weekend.”

“Edgar can eat a bag of dicks if he has a problem with it,” you said. “He was hooking up with her daughter. He can’t say anything.”

“Then it’s decided that we take a little ribbing, but shut down anything else,” Sabrina said definitively. Then she leaned back on the couch and spread her arms, letting out a long breath. “You know? That wasn’t the *best* sex we’ve had, but it was definitely up there. Top 3 for sure.”

“Satisfied with yourself?” Gemma chuckled.

“Very,” Sabrina grinned. Then she glanced over at you. “But don’t think that now that we’ve fucked a MILF, and just because you’ve fucked my twin sister, you can go after my Mom.”

“What?” you asked sarcastically. “I thought that was the whole point of this!”

Gemma snorted again and started laughing, and Sabrina rolled her eyes in an extra-exaggerated way and then leaned over and kissed you. “Not unless she’s a widow, and fifty years from now,” Sabrina said.

“Alright, deal,” you chuckled, kissing her back.

“Alright, you two,” Gemma sighed, standing up. “Based on the time, there’s about forty minutes until we’re supposed to be meeting for dinner. Let’s start getting things together, yeah?”

“I think you mean, ‘Come on, kitchen bitches. Get cooking,’” Sabrina said, and instead of standing up she swung her leg over you and straddled you, hugging you tightly.

“That’s exactly what I meant,” Gemma said, coming over and swatting Sabrina on the ass over her dress. Then she frowned and felt Sabrina’s ass some more. “Babe. Underwear. Now.”

“Mmm!” Sabrina whined like a little kid, pouting at you, making you laugh. Then she laughed and stood up, spinning and kissing Gemma. “Yes, Mistress.”

“That’s more like it,” Gemma giggled, sending her back towards the stairs with another swat to the butt. Once Sabrina was heading up the stairs Gemma turned back to you and stuck her tongue out, lifting the front of her own dress and flashing you her bare pussy.

“Naughty, Mistress,” you snorted, standing up and taking Gemma in your arms, kissing her gently. She responded, feeding you a little tongue, and then pulled away to look at you with half-closed eyes.

“I’m so fucking happy, John,” she said.

“Me too, love,” you replied, squeezing her tighter. “Me too.”

## Chapter 332

Ollie, Corey and Victoria were the first of your friends to come back to the Air B&B, which was on brand for the division of labour going on all weekend. None of them said anything about Mallory, and Corey and Victoria immediately jumped in to help you and Sabrina with the food prep while Ollie went upstairs to start packing. Everyone other than you, Gemma and Sabrina needed to head back that night, and if she was going to wrangle the boys into doing dishes after dinner she wanted to get things done for herself early.

Corey and Victoria filled you and Sabrina in on how the afternoon had gone down at the beach, which sounded like it had been a chill day in the sand and surf. A quick look, and a slight flush to Sabrina's cheeks, was enough for them to understand what *you* had generally been getting up to all afternoon. When Ollie came back down she started moving food over to the table - other than the requisite salad, it was mostly a whole ton of kebabs with chopped vegetables, along with hunks of pork and chicken. You were running back and forth from the BBQ outside to a couple of pans inside to try and make sure everything was cooked through but not dried out.

The guys showed up a little after six, which was actually pretty good considering Ollie had been worried they would show up *way* late. And again, when they came in, there were no immediate questions. Edgar definitely shot you a look at one point, but other than that the boys piled into their seats at the table after grabbing their drinks, and everyone tucked in.

"So," Brent said after he'd finished his first kebab, looking down the table at you with a bit of a smirk starting. "Edgar says that you guys had a pretty busy afternoon."

"You mean when him and his local girl crashed our hookup?" you asked.

Paul almost choked on the piece of pepper he'd been biting into as he laughed and tried to cover it.

"Wait, you guys hooked up with someone?" Ollie asked, raising her eyebrow. "Like, all three of you?"

"It was the lady from the hippy store yesterday," Sabrina said offhandedly.

"That super hot MILF?" Ollie asked.

"Mhmm," Sabrina hummed and nodded with a self-satisfied smile.

"Dude," Ollie said, then turned to look at you. "Dude!"

"Was that the lady you were talking with last night?" Corey asked.



“At the bar,” Gemma confirmed. “She’s pretty awesome. And great in the sack.”

Paul was coughing and trying to get himself together, and Brent was snickering.

“I don’t think us picking up a super hot older woman is the real headline of the story though,” you said. “Is it, Edgar?”

“Wait, what does *that* mean?” Brent asked.

Edgar squirmed a little in his seat, then sighed. “She was the mom of the girl I was hooking up with,” he admitted.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Ollie said. “You guys fucked the Mom of the virgin chick Edgar was getting with?”

“Technically we fucked her several times,” Sabrina said with a little smirk.

“And Chelsea definitely wasn’t a virgin,” Gemma said.

“Well obviously,” Brent said. “She was a MILF.”

“Oh, no,” you said. “Mallory was the name of the woman we were with. Chelsea was her daughter.”

Paul fell out of his chair, crying he was laughing so hard.

“She *said* she was a virgin,” Edgar exclaimed.

“Dude, I could tell she wasn’t,” Ollie chortled. “I mean, you seriously but that?”

“Well, why wouldn’t I?!” Edgar asked.

“I’m getting big ‘Wedding Crashers’ vibes off of this,” Corey chuckled. For some reason *that* was what set Victoria off into nervous, embarrassed giggles. Gemma, who was sitting beside her, started giggling too and took her hand, squeezing it as she leaned into her.

“OK, OK,” Paul panted, getting up into his chair. “So... you guys had sex with Edgar’s non-virgin local hookup’s Mom. Did the whole run-in thing happen too?”

“Oh, it was awkward as shit,” Sabrina said. “Basically, like, ‘Surprise, your Dad and I are sexual beings and somehow you missed that even though you’re a bit slut.’”

“This. Is. Amazing,” Ollie said.

“Was the Dad OK with it?” Corey asked.

“Yes, though we’re not giving details,” Gemma said. “Not our story to tell.”

“Alright, alright,” you finally said. “Now you guys know, so how about we change the subject? Even Edgar’s thing isn’t actually embarrassing.”

“No, but it’s still hilarious,” Paul said, grinning over the table at his brother.

“Careful,” Brent said. “Piss off John and he might just seduce *your* Mom next.”

“Bah!” Paul barked a laugh. “You three couldn’t handle our Mom even if you tried.”

“You haven’t seen how big my strap-on is,” Gemma said with a smirk, which got Ollie giggling hard, which set Victoria off again.

Finally, you managed to change the subject and everyone started talking about what they were doing for the rest of the summer. There wasn’t likely going to be another meetup before the school year, so it was nice to just know what was going on with your friends. But then you remembered you needed to have a more serious conversation, and you were very much running out of time to have it in person.

*Now or never*, you sighed internally.

“So, guys,” you said. “I think maybe you can see this coming, but I should put it out there. I’m... going to be moving in with Sabrina for the year.”

“God damn it,” Paul groaned.

“Hah, I win,” Brent said.

Paul fished in his pocket and took out his wallet, pulling a twenty out and handing it to Brent.

“You guys bet on that?” Sabrina asked.

“Oh, we figured as soon as we saw you two together that you’d be moving in together,” Paul admitted. “I just thought that you would move in with John instead of him moving in with you.”

“Why the hell would she want to move in with you guys?” Ollie asked.

“It was wishful thinking!” Paul defended himself. “Our place could use a woman’s touch, and you two together are halfway decent in the kitchen.”

“Gee, thanks,” you rolled your eyes.

“So you guys aren’t mad at John?” Gemma asked.

“No, of course not,” Brent said. “We’ll get someone to take his room. And this way we won’t have to hear you two banging all the time - our walls are thin as hell.”

“Shit, we won’t need to hear you two banging other girls and making us jealous, too,” Paul laughed.

That, you realized, wasn’t something that had been covered in discussions between you, Gemma and Sabrina yet.

### **Chapter 333**

“See you, big guy,” Ollie said, pulling you into a hug. The house was cleaned, the cars were getting packed, and your friend had pulled you back into the living room as the boys were figuring out how they had crammed everything into the two vehicles on the way out.

“Big guy?” you asked.

“Well, all of the names I used to call you don’t fit anymore,” she said, squeezing you tighter until you hugged her back properly. She pulled back, keeping her hands on your arms. “Seriously, John. You’ve changed since the end of last year. I don’t know if it was happening anyway, or if Sabrina and Gemma brought it on, but you’re more... mature. It looks good on you.”

“Thanks, Ollie,” you said.

“Now don’t fuck it up,” she smirked.

“Not on my life,” you promised her.

“So you guys hook up with other people, huh?” she asked.

“Didn’t get in enough digs at the dinner table?”

“I didn’t get *any* digs in then,” she said. “I was just surprised that if you guys were open to that, neither of the girls asked me. I got a hint of flirtiness for a while there until today.”

“You’re too close to home, Ollie,” you said. “And don’t get me wrong, I think Sabrina in particular would have been into it, but we’ve got rules. Another one is that we’ll only hook up with people who are interested in *all* of us.”

“You think I would take your dick to get at Gemma and Sabrina?” she asked sarcastically.

"I *know* you wouldn't," you said, pulling her into another hug. "Plus, my dick would turn you bi, and what would *that* do to your reputation?"

She snorted and hugged you back again. "Get back to the city safe," she mumbled.

"You too. Don't let the guys do anything stupid."

"When do I ever?" she asked.

"All the time," you said.

"Not when *my* ass is on the line," she chuckled. The hug ended and you two headed back outside. Ollie went and hugged Gemma and Sabrina goodbye, the girls talking quickly. Sabrina would be in your circle from now on back at school, but Ollie wouldn't see Gemma again any time soon.

Corey and Victoria came over and gave you hugs goodbye as well, followed by the guys though that was more of a bunch of shoving and teasing. Then, it felt like all at once, they were in the cars and driving away. Sabrina came over and stood on one side of you, looping her arm with yours, and Gemma came up on the other and took your hand in both of hers, leaning her head against your shoulder.

"Sad to see them go?" Gemma asked.

"A little," you said. "But then again, we've got the whole place to ourselves for one last night."

"Naked hot tub?" Sabrina asked.

"There are still neighbours, Sabrina," Gemma chuckled. "Plus, I thought you wanted to fuck on the beach tonight."

"... good point," Sabrina grinned.

"Are we really doing that?" you asked.

"I think we are, love," Gemma said, turning to hug you and kiss your cheek. "But first, I think we should give you a *little* more time to recover from your three-woman fuckfest this afternoon. I'm thinking movie night?"

The three of you headed back inside, and soon Gemma had hooked her laptop up to the TV in the living room and the three of you were all sprawled on the same couch, limbs crisscrossing as you watched *Cruel Intentions*, which neither you nor Sabrina had watched. After the scene

where Sarah Michelle Geller's character taught Selma Blair's character how to kiss, Sabrina turned over and reached for Gemma's foot, pulling it to her mouth and biting her.

"Ow!" Gemma said, pulling it away and laughing. "What the fuck was that for?"

"You knew this movie would turn me to fuck on, you bitch," Sabrina giggled.

"Isn't that the point?" Gemma pointed out.

Not all of the movie was horny like that scene, but definitely enough of it that you felt the effects of it too. By the time the credits were rolling, the sun was setting outside.

"Alright," you said. "What do we need to bring with us down to the beach?"

"Well, first off, no underwear beneath our dresses," Gemma said. Sabrina immediately reached under hers and pulled down her thong, dropping it on your face with a grin. You bit the string and growled playfully, shaking it back and forth like a dog with a toy.

"Done," Sabrina said.

"We'll also want a towel or two, plus lube," Gemma said. "Sand is our enemy if we're doing this. I'd also say a big umbrella to hide ourselves some more, but walking down there with an umbrella at this time of day would look sketchy as hell."

"We'll just find a dark corner," Sabrina said. "Anything else?"

"A flashlight and some tissues to clean up after," Gemma said. "Unless you plan on walking back here with cum on your face or running down your leg."

"You know, I do swallow too," Sabrina smirked. "But that makes sense."

"Can I just ask, what's the goal here?" you asked. "Like, are we just trying for the experience with a quickie, or are you both expecting me to get you a load?"

"Baby," Sabrina said. "Are you suggesting that you *can't* give us both a load on the beach?"

"Quickly?" you asked. "After the day we've had?"

"He's not wrong, Sabrina," Gemma said. "Buuut I think we can do it."

"OK," you sighed, shooting a silent prayer up to the heavens that you weren't going to end up in county lockup or something for indecent exposure.

The three of you untangled yourselves from each other and the girls went upstairs to grab Gemma's beach bag and the things they would need, then came back downstairs. Both of them had done their hair up with ponytails to try and minimize the sand issue there, and you got mooned by both of them as they proved to you that they weren't, in fact, wearing underwear.

"You know, you two are absolutely crazy, right?" you asked.

"I feel like you've told us that before," Sabrina smirked.

"And I feel like you love it," Gemma said.

"I really do," you sighed. "Now please, my loving girlfriends, at least promise me you aren't going to be loud when we're down there?"

Gemma reached into the beach bag and lifted out the ball gag with a grin. "Not a problem, love. We've got it covered."

"Jesus Christ," you muttered, shaking your head. And, with a towel over your shoulder, you locked up the house and headed for the beach.

## **Chapter 334**

You'd already done the walk down to the beach several times, but there was a difference this time - everything was just so much more calm. It seemed like a lot of the tourists had done the same thing that your friends had and headed out sometimes in the afternoon or early evening. The quiet of the town was lovely, and you could see why folks would want to live here any time *other* than the holiday weekends.

The three of you chatted as you walked. Sabrina liked Ollie a lot, while Gemma had bonded with Victoria more, but they both liked the other girl as well. Paul and Brent hadn't exactly made big, fantastic impressions on your girlfriends, but they agreed that the boys seemed OK. Corey, on the other hand, got lots of praise. Edgar was, well, Edgar.

Mallory was another topic of conversation, though the three of you avoided talking about the sex elements of your interactions with her. Instead, the three of you discussed the little bits and pieces of lessons you'd gotten from talking with her. Mallory had really pushed the communication thing, which you'd already been taking as important, but now you wanted to push that even more. The last thing you wanted was a rift forming, especially while Gemma was back home in Australia and felt disconnected from you and Sabrina.

It really didn't take that long to get down to the beachfront street, so you didn't delve into any deeper conversation topics. The street itself, lined and bustling with shops earlier that day, was quiet now with a few cars driving down it. All of the shops were closed, leaving only the few

restaurants with their lights on. Even the festive lights that had been up were off, and you could imagine town workers coming through to clean them up in the next day or so.

The three of you crossed the street and headed down onto the beach. The temperature had already dropped a little and by the time you were spreading out the big towel the sun was almost set back over the town and the three of you were looking out over the Atlantic ocean as the dark blues and blacks of night crept up into the sky.

You ended up sitting next to Gemma and leaning back with your arm around her, having mounded the sand a bit under the two of you to give a light shoulder rest. Sabrina sat between your legs, leaning back and resting her head on your chest.

It was quiet, and the three of you let it be that way, just holding each other and watching the night come on.

“Can I start yet?” Sabrina finally asked.

“No,” Gemma said. “We’re still easily visible from the street, baby.”

“Gah. Fine,” Sabrina said, then smiled slyly. “Mistress.”

“Don’t you start,” Gemma chuckled.

More quiet. Sabrina was getting impatient though and was rubbing her hands up and down your legs. Gemma rolled her eyes and leaned in to kiss you softly.

“No fair,” Sabrina said when she glanced back and noticed the soft kissing.

“You picked that spot so you could feel her cock getting hard against you,” Gemma said. “I picked this spot so I could kiss him.”

“.... fine,” Sabrina said through narrowed eyes, knowing she’d been read like a book.

Finally, you were in the dark, the sparse lights from the street behind you put a soft, barely-there light on the edges of you.

“OK, baby,” Gemma said quietly to Sabrina. “You can start.”

“Finally,” Sabrina sighed, sitting up and then rolling over so she was crawling up your torso to kiss you, her hands quickly finding the strings for your shorts and loosening them. She quickly got your shorts down, your cock popping out already mostly hard, and she kissed you fiercely as her fingers traced the head. Then she turned and caught Gemma in a kiss as well. “Thanks for doing this,” she whispered.

“Get it out of your system now,” Gemma whispered back, running her fingers through Sabrina’s hair. “Because we’re not doing it *more* public than this. There are still people walking up and down the street twenty yards away.”

“We’ll see if that works,” Sabrina giggled softly, then moved back down your torso and got her mouth on your cock.

You groaned softly, and Gemma shushed you with a kiss. “Don’t tell me you’re the one we need to gag,” she teased you.

“I’m not,” you assured her. “It’s just different knowing we’re out in the middle of a beach. Anyone could look out into the dark and see us.”

“Which is why we need to go *fast*,” Gemma said, finding Sabrina’s head with one hand and pushing her down on your cock. Sabrina hadn’t exactly been ready for that and gagged once before she swallowed your cock into her throat, making the both of you groan. “That’s it, my loves,” Gemma whispered.

You didn’t want her to just have her way, so you took some initiative yourself and reached down, pulling Gemma’s dress up over her hips, and then even higher until it was bundled under her arms and both her pussy and her breasts were bare to you. You immediately leaned down and caught her nipple between your lips as your fingers teased over her mound and started tickling her outer labia.

“Dirty bastard,” Gemma chuckled.

“Says the completely naked girl,” Sabrina said, coming off of your cock and shifting over. She opened Gemma’s legs and got between them, burying her tongue inside of your shared girlfriend.

“Oooh, fuck,” Gemma groaned.

“Now who needs the ball gag?” you joked.

“Shut up, love,” Gemma crooned.

Sabrina swapped back and forth a couple of times between you and Gemma, sucking you and eating her. You spent your time with Gemma’s breasts mostly, sucking and licking those delightful nipples while your hands explored every inch of her soft skin. Finally, Sabrina came up from tonguing Gemma and said, “OK, now ride him.”

“I thought you were going first,” Gemma whispered.

“Bitch, are you complaining?”



“No, just surprised,” Gemma said. Then, as Sabrina slipped out of the way, Gemma rolled over and straddled you. It only took a moment in the dark for her to grasp your cock in her fingers and get it lined up, and she sat down on it with a delighted moan.

“Congrats,” Sabrina said. “You’re fucking him in public.”

“It doesn’t feel very public,” Gemma hummed softly as she started to grind herself on your cock.

“Should I turn on the flashlight?” Sabrina asked.

“No!” Gemma whispered sharply.

“I thought you wanted this to be fast?” Sabrina teased. “And here you are just rocking on it. John, baby, you clearly need to take charge of her. Gemma’s gotten lazy.”

“I’m not-” Gemma started, but you agreed with Sabrina and you hefted Gemma by her hips, keeping her still and stable as you rolled the both of you over. You took Gemma’s legs in hand and pushed them back, and immediately started fucking into her with more power. YOU were hungry for them both - the foursome with Mallory had been amazing, but the MILF had understandably been the focal point of it. Now you needed to feel like they were the focus. Gemma and Sabrina. They were your world.

“Oooh, fuck,” Gemma groaned as you were thrusting faster, your skin starting to clap together softly.

“Need the gag?” Sabrina asked.

Gemma answered by shaking her head, barely visible in the low light.

“How about lube?”

“No sand yet,” Gemma grunted.

You slipped your hands down Gemma’s legs from her knees to her thighs until you were cupping her ass as she lifted it off the ground slightly for you to fuck her hard at an angle she liked. While there were small, individual grains, it wasn’t as bad as you’d worried it would be.

“God, I wish I could lick on that clit while he was fucking you,” Sabrina whispered.

“I can change positions,” you pointed out.

“Don’t,” Sabrina said. “She’s close.”

Gemma groaned in agreement. How Sabrina knew that you couldn't figure out.

"Gemma, love," you said. "How close?"

"Close enough. Are you?" she asked.

You shook your head, and could almost feel her frowning. She wanted you to come with her, but you just weren't close enough yet.

"I won't leave you until I pop," you promised her.

Gemma flung her arms around your neck and pulled you into a deep kiss as you fucked into her deep and insistently. That was all she wanted to hear.