

# The OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 101-150

By Breakthebar

*The following story compiles chapters of The OnlyFans Girl, originally written for CHYOA and sponsored by Aurelian15. The OnlyFans Girl is a 'metastory' over there created by Aurelian15 and the following story is my spin on his original concept. All versions of the story feature an intern discovering a fellow intern does OnlyFans - this version was unofficially dubbed the 'friendly version' and quickly developed into a complicated, hot romance.*

*This is the story of John, Sabrina, and Gemma.*

## Chapter 101

“Alright, Fresh Cut Gems,” Becca said, flopping down onto the couch next to Gemma. “Are you ready for some heart-to-heart or what?”

It had been half a day since John had left, but Gemma knew she hadn’t dropped her smile all day. Somehow, even knowing that he was off with Sabrina doing God knows what, Gemma couldn’t help but feel lighter than air.

“What’s up?” Gemma sighed, sitting up in her seat and closing her book. All through her time in the US she’d loved going to used bookstores and picking up cheap one and two-dollar paperbacks - the current one she was reading was a super pulpy fantasy from the 1960s.

Becca leaned forward from her seat on the couch. “Look, I know I was pretty casual about it with Charlotte, but you and John- I like the guy, and he passed the cheating test -but you really are falling hard and fast here, girl. And you know you’re leaving in a couple of months. I just don’t want to see you getting hurt right at the end of your stay here.”

“I know,” Gemma sighed. “I know. Seriously, this isn’t what I thought my summer was going to be like. When I first met John at the office, I thought maybe he’d be a fun fling at some point late in the summer. A last hoorah one-nighter or something.”

“So what honestly happened?” Becca asked. “Because what I’m seeing between you two definitely isn’t that. I could tell just that night he came with McDonald’s for us. He booty called you like he was an UberEats driver, not a fuck buddy.”

“Nothing happened,” Gemma waved her off. “We’re just a comfortable fit for each other.”

Becca gave Gemma a levelled gaze that screamed, ‘Yea, OK’ in the most sarcastic non-voice possible.

“Fine, something sort of happened,” Gemma relented. “It’s kind of a romantic triangle situation, but weird, and that was the catalyst. But seriously, before this week, everything was just good vibes with John. He has good banter and can keep up with my teasing, and he’s as ambitious as I am with his career goals. And he’s just - he’s very good at listening when he’s tuned in to me.”

“And?” Becca asked. “Can he back it up with chemistry?”

Gemma laughed. “You mean the sex?”

“Uh, yeah, obviously,” Becca said.

“He blows my fucking world,” Gemma said. “Best I’ve ever had, hands down, no contest.”

“OK, OK,” Becca said. “But there’s a big question that you need to be able to talk about without it ruining everything.”

“Fine, shoot,” Gemma said.

“What’s the downside?” Becca asked. “The thing that’s making you think, ‘Fuck, I don’t know if this is worth it.’ And don’t try to lie and say he’s perfect, no one is perfect. I just don’t want you falling into some blind trap without being realistic.”

Gemma hesitated to answer because she knew what the real one was, and it wasn’t what she ever would have assumed if her in the *now* could tell her two weeks ago what was going on. What her answer should have been was Sabrina. Sharing John with another woman seemed insane on the surface, but for some reason even though she’d been pissed after catching them on Monday, everything had turned on its head.

She was more than OK with sharing John. In fact, it was kind of turning her on knowing that he was over at Sabrina’s place right that minute.

No, the real downside was a lot harder to admit, even to herself.

“Come on, Gemma,” Becca prompted her. “I saw the cock, I heard the moaning. I know what he’s packing. What’s the other side of the coin?”

Gemma swallowed, her mouth feeling dry, but answered anyway. “The other side of the coin is that I leave in a little over two months and I’m in love with him,” she said. “And knowing that there’s a time limit on us is really fucking shitty and I’m trying not to think about it. I really, seriously... I love him. That’s the big problem with this, Becca. I told you how my Ex broke my heart, and now I feel like I might be doing that to myself, but if I just cut it off I feel like I’m doing that anyways and depriving myself of all this *good* that I’m feeling, too.”

“Oh, Gems,” Becca sighed, scooting down the couch to pull her into a hug. “That’s such a bullshit answer but I’ll take it anyways.”

Gemma barked a laugh, hugging Becca back. Their relationship had been weird from the start, with Becca taking a hot second to get comfortable with people she just met, but once she had made her judgements she was super open about things and boundaries started to get grey. “I don’t know what I’m going to do, Becca,” Gemma sighed. “But I know I don’t want this to stop.”

“Enjoy it while you can,” Becca said, giving her another squeeze. “Figure it out as it comes. He seems like a good guy, and if he fucks you good then that’s all you can really ask for. That or turn into a lesbian.”

“Not there yet, sorry,” Gemma said and kissed Becca on the cheek before they pulled away from each other. “Maybe someday.”

“Teasing bitch,” Becca grinned.

## Chapter 102

You woke for the second time that day on Sabrina's bed, though this time she was kissing you instead of fucking you.

"Good afternoon," she smiled, kissing you lightly again. While you were dozing off she had squirmed around so you were no longer spooning her and she was instead laying nose to nose with you.

"Good afternoon, beautiful," you said and kissed her back. "How late is it?"

"Almost five," she said.

"Mmmm," you groaned, stretching and accidentally rubbing against the now cold wet spot where Sabrina had squirted. "If we get cleaned up, do you want to head out for dinner? My treat."

She smiled and nodded. "Yes, please."

Somehow you always ended up in Sabrina's shower after spending time at her place. Then again, considering what you always got up to, it made sense.

You spent a good twenty minutes in the shower, washing each other and teasing. Groping. Making out under the hot spray. Showering with Sabrina was so similar, and yet also different, from showering with Gemma. And you loved both experiences.

Once you were out of the shower, Sabrina insisted on drying you off, and you did the same for her. Then she sat you down on the toilet and styled your hair with a variety of products until she was happy, and shushed you out of the room. You got dressed and started cleaning up the living area until Sabrina came out of her room wearing a red dress that hugged her tight body closely.

"Wow," you said, standing up from the couch. "Sabrina, you look amazing."

"Thank you," she smiled, and walked over to take your hand, her other holding a large purse with its straps over one shoulder. "I figured dolling myself up was the least I could do after you gave me a spiritual experience."

"Well, I'm in awe of you," you said, stooping to kiss her. She'd done up her makeup as well, her lips a bright red that matched her dress. She kissed you back enthusiastically, and when you were done she went to the little hall closet and fished around until she found a pair of red heels that matched her dress, lipstick and - you realized - her bag. You also noticed that she slipped a pair of old flats into her purse as well, but didn't say anything.

You left Sabrina's apartment arm in arm, her looking like a million bucks and you looking clean and put together even if you were wearing your clothes from the night before. Sabrina didn't

have an immediate opinion on dinner, so you decided to show her one of your own discoveries in the city closer to your place than hers. It was an Italian bistro, not so fancy that you were going to break the bank or anything, but classy while maintaining a family atmosphere and a bustling takeout business.

The hostess was a pretty woman in her mid-thirties, but you only had eyes for Sabrina as you were led over to a table. You pulled out the heavy chair for her, and Sabrina smiled shyly as she accepted your invitation to sit.

“You’re going overboard, John,” she said. “Remember, this isn’t a date. By the rules, we aren’t dating.”

“I know,” you said as you took your own seat. “But this *is* a platonic dinner out with someone I care for a lot, and I want you to know how much.”

She blushed and looked away for a moment before turning back to you. “I care about you a lot too, John.”

You reached across the table and took her hand in yours, giving it a squeeze. “I know.”

And then dinner was exactly what you said - a platonic dinner with someone you cared for and just enjoyed being around. Sure, you flirted a little, but it wasn’t like the last two times you’d been in a restaurant with Sabrina. You mostly talked and laughed, just being with each other, and without sexual tension - since you were both utterly drained at the moment - it was just plain fun.

When the waiter brought the bill over, you took it and paid, and Sabrina smiled her thanks. Then you talked for another twenty minutes until Sabrina said, “I think they’re staring at us and want us to leave, John. How about you take me home to your place?”

“Really?” you asked, a little surprised. Sabrina had been there, but hadn’t been there late before.

“Mhmm,” Sabrina nodded. “Netflix and chill? And I do mean chill, not *chill*. Well, not unless... you know.”

The two of you were out the door and walking down the street in under a minute. You walked arm in arm, and again you were struck with the casualness of how close you and Sabrina had gotten with each other, let alone the addition of Gemma.

It was a good fifteen-minute walk back to your place, and you rode the elevator up with Sabrina in your arms, hugging softly and not caring about the side eye you were getting from the scruffy looking woman who rode up and stopped on the floor below yours.

At your door you had the key in the lock when you hesitated for a moment, and then knocked loudly. And then knocked again.

“What are you doing?” Sabrina asked.

You shook your head, then called through the door. “Mosche, you better have pants on. Sabrina is here with me.”

*Then* you opened the door, and found Mosche thankfully with pants on, but that was it as he lounged on the couch and watched TV. “Hey dude,” he said. “Hey, uh, Sabrina? Damn, you’re all dressed up.”

“Yes I am,” Sabrina said as she stepped in after you. “I just wanted to show off a little for John tonight.”

“Uh-huh,” Mosche said, narrowing his eyes a little as you could see him working through the last couple of days. The last he’d seen you, you were heading out with Gemma from the comedy club. Now here you were with Sabrina. You’d told him you were seeing two different women, but you had to assume experiencing it was something else entirely. “Well... OK.”

“We’re probably going to hole up in my room,” you said. “Are there any more of those chips I bought?”

“Oh, yeah, for sure,” Mosche said.

“I’ll be in your room,” Sabrina said, and kissed you lightly before walking down the hall.

You and Mosche both watched her walk away.

## Chapter 103

“Dude,” Mosche said definitively once Sabrina was in your room.

“Yeah, I know,” you said.

“No, dude,” he said. “I don’t know whether to be pissed at you for having *two* girls that look like Gemma and Sabrina, or if I should be paying you for lessons or something. And they both know about each other?”

“Yeah,” you nodded. “They even came up with some rules for us to work by and everything. Gemma is my girlfriend, Sabrina is my friend with benefits.”

“Ugh,” Mosche sighed heavily, running his hands through his hair. “I can’t even get a date and you’re juggling like a master.”

“What about that Tasha girl?” you asked. “She was cute and is in the same scene as you. And she’s Tantric Sex Girl, right?”

“Yeah,” he said, his hands over his face and muffling him as he kept his head back on the couch.

“So have you asked her out?” you asked.

Mosche just shook his head.

“Well, why not?”

Mosche lowered his hands heavily, flopping them to his sides. “Because if I ask her out and she says no, it’ll make things weird. And if I ask her out and she says yes, and the date goes badly, it’ll make things weird and everyone at the club will hear about it. And even if she says yes and it goes well, then everyone at the club will know she’ll date comics and they’ll hit on her even more and she’ll probably find someone better than me.”

“Jesus, Mosche,” you said, then hesitated. “Wait, do Jewish people say something other than ‘Jesus’?”

“No,” Mosche said. “Well, I guess you could say like, ‘Abraham!’ or something, but it doesn’t have the same impact.”

“Alright, well... Jesus, Mosche!” you said again. “You need to build up your confidence and stop giving so many fucks. Which, I’ll admit, is rich coming from me since I stumbled ass first into this situation. But I’ve learned really quickly that being honest as hell and taking risks is just going to lead to better things.”



“That’s not helpful,” Mosche said. “Do you know how often a kid like I was gets told that growing up?”

“Probably the same amount as I was,” you said. “Look. Ask out Tasha. You have plenty in common, and she’s talking to you about sexual stuff. You do realize that’s called *flirting*, right?”

“Is it?” Mosche asked. “I don’t even know anymore. She also asked about you and Gemma a lot, especially after she apparently saw your dick from on stage?”

“That... is not exactly what happened. She asked Gemma how big I was, and Gemma showed her through my pants,” you said. “It’s not like I whipped it out on the table or anything.”

“Well, you might as well have,” Mosche muttered. “Tasha mentioned you and Gemma like five more times during the rest of the night.”

“Well, what was she saying?” you asked.

“She would say shit like how cute you two were together, and how you must have taken Gemma home and were railing her with your... yeah. And she was talking about how much she could use a good fuck from a guy with the balls to get a girl like her,” Mosche said.

“Oh my God, dude,” you said. “She was literally waving you into her bed like an air traffic control guy with the big glowy sticks.”

“What? No,” Mosche said.

“She told you she wanted to get fucked,” you said. “What did you say?”

“Um, I guess I probably said, ‘Yeah, haha,’ ‘cause I felt awkward as fuck.”

“OK. It’s Saturday night. Do you know where she is right now?” you asked.

“No, I’m not like stalking her or something,” Mosche said.

“Yeah, but she’s not performing at another open mic or anything, right?”

“Not that I know of. If there was one I’d be there,” he said.

“OK, here’s what you’re going to do,” you said. “You’re going to call her. And you’re going to say this *exactly*. Are you ready to hear this?”

“Yes, fine. What am I supposed to say?”

“You say, ‘Hey Tasha. I was clueless last night. If you still want to fuck, I’ll bring shawarma for an after-fuck snack.’”

“But I don’t like shawarma,” Mosche said.

“Oh my Lord, dude,” you said, throwing your hands up in the air. “It’s not about the shawarma. Swap it out for whatever other takeout you can get at this hour. Just fucking call her.”

“Fine, I’ll call her,” he said. “But I’ve never been on a booty call before.”

“It’s only a booty call if you only have sex,” you said. “That’s what the food is for. Take it from Booty Call to... I don’t know. Booty Call Plus.”

“Is this really going to work?” Mosche asked.

“Only one way to find out,” you said, turning towards the hallway, and then remembering to grab your bag of chips from the kitchen. “Dude,” you said, coming back into the living room with the bag folded over on itself, only about one-third full.

“Oh, shit,” Mosche said. “I forgot I ate some last night.”

“Whatever,” you said. “Call her.” You started down the hall to your room but stopped, “And by the way, Mosche? You did better last night. And you definitely weren’t the bottom-rung guy anymore.”

“Really?” Mosche said, perking up like a golden retriever.

“Yeah,” you said. “Keep it up. And, honestly, consider what I said about women to be true about comedy. Honesty and confidence.”

It really didn’t matter to you if Mosche actually called Tasha or not. Especially once you opened your bedroom door to find Sabrina’s shoes and bag on the floor, and deeper in her dress, and after that her thong and bra.

Sabrina smiled from your bed, under the covers but holding them open for you. She was wearing one of your shirts and it seemed that was it. “Hey, baby,” she said. “Get your laptop, I want to cuddle and we have more episodes of Castle to watch.”

## Chapter 104

Sabrina directed you to strip down to your boxers, and you slipped under the covers with her and booted up your laptop. Soon you were spooned up behind her with the laptop on the bed, and Netflix up as Sabrina teasingly judged your 'Continue Watching' section. You bickered over silly things, fighting for control of the laptop trackpad as you hugged her to you, and eventually somehow managed to get to the Castle selection.

"You were out there a while," Sabrina said, reaching for the bag of chips.

"Yeah, Mosche has lady troubles," you said.

"And you didn't call me out to help?!" Sabrina said with fake shock. "You have to admit that I was the perfect wingwoman between you and Gemma."

"You absolutely were," you said, kissing the top of her head. "But it's less of a wingwoman situation, more of a 'literally just make any move at all' situation."

"So what lesson did you impart upon him, oh Master of Game," Sabrina teased. "Did you tell him to scour OnlyFans for this mystery woman's page like you did with me?"

"You know I wasn't scouring," you said. "It was a happy coincidence."

"Just happy?"

"Very, very happy," you said.

Sabrina hit play on Episode 2 of the show and then to your horror she went about crumpling up your bag of chips, crushing them all.

You hit pause on the show. "What in the hell are you doing?" you asked.

"What? I don't want greasy fingers, and we don't want crumbs in the bed," Sabrina said.

"So you crush the chips!? What kind of animal are you?"

"Oh, stop being so dramatic. Watch," she said. Then she sat up and straightened out the bag. "Sit up."

You did, and she put the corner of the bag to your lips and tilted it, pouring in a mouthful of chip crumbs.

"See? No mess," she said.

“M’you’ a ‘enious,” you said through your mouthful.

“You finally realize it,” she grinned and kissed you on the cheek. She tilted a mouthful of chip crumbs into her mouth as well, and then set the bag aside and snuggled down under the covers again and pressed play.

You joined her soon after, and Sabrina pulled your arm around her so that she was cuddled into a spooning position again. Watching the show with her was fun - you both had a tendency to make little comments and kept each other grinning as you watched the odd police procedural.

Deep into the episode, you started to let your hands wander a bit and Sabrina let you know she was fine with it big wiggling her bum back against you. You started over the shirt, massaging her small breasts lightly, then ran your hand down her side to her bare hip and down her thigh as far as you could reach without moving the rest of your body. Then you brought your hand back up, slipping under the shirt, and pressed your palm to her bare stomach.

Sabrina was thin like you imagined a catwalk model would be - likely she would have been a good one if she had a bit more height. Her stomach wasn’t muscled so much as just lean, and you had a delicious, warm feeling as you softly stroked her smooth skin. You could feel her responding to you in little ways, feel every breath through her diaphragm. Running the tip of your middle finger softly around her belly button made her stomach flex from the soft tickle of it.

The second episode ended, and she reached over and hit the ‘Play Next.’

This episode you let your hand drift lower, down to her pubic mound and her shock of hair. Blindly, since this was all under the covers, you trailed your fingers through it and softly started to scratch and massage her there as if you were massaging her scalp. The feeling of her pubic hair on your fingers was luxurious and sexy and ultimately intimate. You weren’t fucking, or even fingering. This was an intimate touch in an intimate area with no specific desire for anything more.

Sabrina shifted her head to look at you and pursed her lips, and you responded by leaning down to kiss her. It was short and sweet, and you didn’t stop your fingers, and then you both went back to watching the show. You stayed like that for the entire episode.

After pausing at the start of the next one, Sabrina scooted out of the bed, needing to go to the washroom. She didn’t even bother slipping her panties on, just striding out of your room with your shirt dangling high on her thighs. You decided soon after to grab a couple drinks for you and her, so you followed her out and found that Mosche wasn’t in the living room anymore. You hoped that meant that he’d taken your advice and things had gone well for him.

Sabrina stepped out of the washroom and heard you in the kitchen. “Hey,” you said. “Beer, or just water?”

“Water, please,” she said, entering the kitchen and sitting up on the counter.

“Careful,” you said, fetching a glass down from the cupboard and filling it with the Brita filter you kept in the fridge.

“Why? Afraid I’m going to flash you?” she asked.

“Something like that,” you smiled.

Sabrina chuckled and spread her legs, lifting the hem of your shirt to give you a good look at her pussy. You stepped between her legs and tilted her chin up so you could kiss her. She pressed her chest forward to yours and you could feel her nipples through the shirt.

The kiss ended and you looked into Sabrina eyes as you both smiled happily.

*I love you*, you thought even though you chided yourself for it.

The door to the apartment started to unlock, ending the moment as you stepped back and Sabrina slid down from the counter to her feet, your shirt falling back around her thighs.

## Chapter 105

“Hey,” you said.

“Oh, uh, hey,” Mosche said.

“Um, hi...” Tasha said.

“Hey, I’m Sabrina,” Sabrina said, stepping forward and offering Tasha her hand.

“Hi,” Tasha said, obviously looking at Sabrina’s outfit, or lack of one, as well as your own. “Uh, sorry, are we interrupting something?”

“Just grabbing some drinks. Netflix intermission,” you said.

Tasha looked back and forth between you and Sabrina a couple more times, clearly wanting to say something. She and Mosche had come in before you or Sabrina could have dreamed of escaping back to your room, so you were stuck with a ‘fake it till you make it’ confidence at literally being caught in your underwear.

Apparently, Tasha decided she couldn’t hold it in. “I’m sorry,” she said. “But I’d want to know if it was happening to me. I saw John out on a hot and heavy date just last night with someone else.”

“You did *what!*?” Sabrina said, turning to you with an angry face but winking. “I knew it! That blonde slut is back, isn’t she?”

“It’s not what you think,” you said, hamming it up with some stuttering.

“Don’t you give me that bullshit,” Sabrina said. “God, every time I turn my back, you’re off fucking that bimbo again. It’s not my fault I didn’t grow huge tits like her, why can’t you just be happy with mine?” She grabbed her chest through your shirt she was wearing.

“Look, baby,” you said. “I told you, if you let me put it in your butt I wouldn’t go see her anymore. This is really mostly your fault.”

Tasha’s eyes were starting to bug out of her head as she watched us ‘yell’ at each other, while Mosche was just looking really confused.

“Fine! I guess you’re just going to need to break my ass in then,” Sabrina growled. “I was planning on saving that for our wedding night, but I’d rather you take my last virginity now than put a baby into that whore first.”

“Um, actually, I already did,” you said, ramping up the fake tension even more. “She gave birth last year. It’s actually already my daughter’s birthday in a couple of weeks. I wasn’t sure if I should invite you to the party, or...?”

“Of course I want to come to the party! What the fuck, John. You think I would want to miss my stepdaughter’s first birthday?”

“Well, you always said that if I put a baby in your ex, you weren’t sure if you would want to kill us both or watch us fuck. Does this mean you want that threesome?”

“Hell yes I do,” Sabrina said. She was starting to lose her character, biting her lip hard to try and stop from smiling. “I mean if you can’t beat them, join them, right? Come on, let’s get your cock hard so you can fuck my ass. You’ve got olive oil in the kitchen, right? We’ll need to practice cause I assume you and her are going to-”

“What the actual *fuck* is going on,” Tasha interrupted.

You and Sabrina burst out laughing, Sabrina actually falling to the ground as she heaved from the effort.

“I’m sorry,” you panted, trying to control your laughter. “I’m sorry, we were- Hahah! We were- It’s not-”

“Ugh,” Sabrina grunted, wiping the tears from her eyes. “I know about Gemma,” she wheezed. “It’s- John and I are fuckbuddies. Gemma knows, too. We’re friends.”

“Ooh,” Mosche said, slapping his hand to his forehead. “They were faking.”

“Obviously,” Tasha said. “Jesus fuck. I thought I got sucked into the plot of a soap opera for a second there.”

You helped Sabrina up from the ground, both of you trying to suppress your laughter. “Sorry, Tasha. I swear it was this one’s idea, I just went along with it.”

Sabrina snorted loudly, and then clapping a hand over her mouth in embarrassment. “We got a little carried away.”

Tasha just shook her head. “So he’s not cheating?”

“God, no,” Sabrina said, hugging herself to your side. “Everything is consensual and in the open.”

“Fucking polyamory,” Tasha sighed, then turned to Mosche. “Please tell me you don’t have a girlfriend in your room or something.”

“No, not at all,” Mosche said.

“Good,” Tasha said, then glanced back to you and Sabrina. “Sorry for making assumptions.”

“No, no,” Sabrina said, patting her arm. “It was totally reasonable, and if things between John, Gemma and I weren’t what they were I would definitely want to know. So would she. So thanks for looking out.”

“Plus, I would deserve it if I were cheating,” you said. “No hard feelings here, either. Now I think we’ve interrupted you guys enough, so we’ll leave you two alone.” You picked up Sabrina and threw her over your shoulder, making sure to keep her shirt pulled down over her thighs so you weren’t flashing Tasha and Mosche. You grabbed your beer and the glass of water for Sabrina from the counter and started walking down the hall.

“Have fun, you two!” Sabrina giggled and waved to Mosche and Tasha.

Back in your room you set the drinks down and then lowered Sabrina to the bed and followed her down, kissing her deeply.

“You don’t think we just ruined that for Mosche, do you?” you asked.

“I don’t know,” Sabrina chuckled. “I hope not, he needs to get laid.”

“Yes, he does,” you said. You stood up and handed Sabrina her water, and cracked open your beer and took a drink.

“You know, I’m not sure what part of that whole thing was funniest, other than Tasha’s face, and which part was hottest,” Sabrina said.

“What do you mean?” you asked.

“I dunno. I think I’m just over-sexed today or something, but the idea of you fucking Gemma behind my back was kinda hot, and so was you taking my ass. Even the idea of you breeding Gemma gave me this little thrill.”

“Yeesh, you *are* over-sexed,” you chuckled. “I think the term ‘knocked up’ would be more appropriate.”

“Not in kink-speak,” Sabrina smirked. “What, does *breeding* make you uncomfortable?”

You sighed and rolled your eyes, crawling into bed with her again. “You, my dear, need to focus on the show and not your kink fantasies.”



“Fine,” she laughed.

Soon you were back behind her, spooned up. You watched another two episodes of Castle before you realized Sabrina was dozing off in your arms. You shut your laptop, trying to move around Sabrina without waking her up more, but she caught your arm in her hands and kissed it, and when you laid back down fully she wiggled and pulled your shirt off of herself, tossing it onto the floor.

“Boxers,” she mumbled.

You shifted and kicked them down somewhere under the covers.

Sabrina wiggled her ass back against you, then surprised you as she reached back and took hold of your mostly-soft cock and wedged it between her little ass cheeks.

“There,” she mumbled dreamily.

“Really?” you asked.

“Mhmm,” she hummed and nodded softly.

You definitely fell asleep after she did.

## Chapter 106

Waking up with a warm body in your arms was quickly becoming one of your favourite things. You swam closer to consciousness, feeling the softness of her as you hugged her, feeling her smooth skin on yours. Your cock was hard, pressed against her fleshy ass, and you could smell Gemma's hair as your face buried against the back of her neck. You lifted a hand and brushed your fingers over her breast, feeling it's fullness.

Wait. Gemma?

"Good morning," Gemma murmured to you.

"Huh?" you said dumbly, blinking your eyes open. You were spooned up behind Gemma in your bed. She turned in your arms and came nose-to-nose with you and gave you a soft kiss.

"I said, good morning," she clarified, smiling at you.

"I'm... what?" you stammered. You'd gone to bed with Sabrina, not Gemma... right?

"Something wrong?" Gemma asked.

"I- No? Yes? I'm confused," you said.

Then Sabrina began to giggle, and Gemma broke into her own teasing grin. You rolled to the side and looked over your shoulder as Sabrina was snickering while she lifted the covers and slipped under them, joining you and Gemma. She immediately hugged her naked body to you, and Gemma did the same on your other side.

"Jeez," you sighed. "I thought I was going insane, or I blacked out or something."

"Sorry, baby," Sabrina kept giggling. "I woke up early with your boner poking my ass, and was thinking about last night and Tasha and got this idea. So I called Gemma and she came over."

"I'm not sorry," Gemma grinned. "Getting up this early on a Sunday was totally worth the look on your face."

You rolled your eyes. "Well, other than questioning my sanity, this is probably the best way I've ever woken up."

"I literally woke up yesterday with your cock inside me," Sabrina said.

"Hey, how did you do that?" Gemma asked. "He woke up hard inside of *me* yesterday."

"We had a nap in the afternoon," Sabrina said. "Actually, I think technically we had two naps."

“Lazies,” Gemma scoffed teasingly.

“Hey, we did a lot of work, too,” you said. “But, even though I would gladly wake up to immediate sex with either of you, I meant this.” You had an arm around each of them. “I know it might be selfish, but having you both in bed with me like this makes me feel like a king.”

Gemma rolled her eyes with a smile, and Sabrina scrunched up her nose and kissed your shoulder.

“We might be able to make this happen again,” Gemma said. “Once in a while, if you’re a good boy.”

“Oooh, we should teach him some tricks. This could be his reward,” Sabrina laughed.

“I am not a puppy, you two,” you said.

“Of course not, baby,” Sabrina said, patting your chest. “You’re at least moderately housebroken. You’re more like a horny teenage dog.”

You just sighed and shook your head and lay there, revelling in the feeling of both of them in your arms at the same time. Sabrina was telling Gemma about the scenes you had filmed yesterday, and Gemma was listening while running a hand through your hair and massaging your scalp.

“That last one sounds fucking hot,” Gemma said once Sabrina had finished. “I can’t wait to see it, but I wish I’d been there. Watching you two fuck in person was so fucking hot.”

“Actually, I was thinking...” Sabrina said. “Do you think maybe I could watch you two together? I mean, just because fair is fair.”

“I thought you were an exhibitionist, not a voyeur,” Gemma said.

“OK, I’m just fucking horny,” Sabrina said. “Can I watch you fuck or not?”

“What do you think, John?” Gemma asked you.

“I think it would only be fair,” you said. “And I would very much like to fuck you right here, right now.”

“Right here, right now, huh?” Gemma grinned and turned back to Sabrina. “Anything in particular you’d like to see, little miss pornstar?”

Sabrina bit the corner of her lip. You could see the horniness on her face at this point, and under the covers you slid your hand down her side to her ass, slowly sliding a finger down her crack and between her legs to play at the entrance to her pussy. She was already a little wet in excitement.

“God, I mean, everything?” Sabrina said. “But if I have to pick... I want to see you ride him. Or maybe doggy? Or it would be hot to watch him finger you really hard while you’re laying on your back.”

You snorted, and Gemma just shook her head with a grin. “Just all that, huh?”

“OK, OK,” Sabrina said. “I choose doggy.”

“I think we can manage that,” Gemma said. “What do you think, love?”

You opened your mouth to answer, then hesitated because you felt Sabrina suddenly tense against your body, though she didn’t show anything on her face. “I think we can do that and more,” you said. “But first I think the three of us need to have a discussion about something important.”

Gemma raised an eyebrow in confusion, and Sabrina furrowed her brow just a touch.

“What’s the topic?” Gemma asked me.

You sighed and hugged both of them close to you - wanting that last bit of warmth before you knew this could quite possibly be the one and only time you felt like this again.

“Love,” you said.

## Chapter 107

Things got messy before they got better.

First, Sabrina started crying. Not sobbing or anything, but thick tears as you explained that you and Gemma were saying 'I Love You.'

Then Gemma was upset that Sabrina was upset because it was obvious that Sabrina was in love with you as well and that wasn't what this deal between the three of you was supposed to be about.

"I'm sorry," you said to both of them. Gemma had pulled away from you and was sitting with her back against the wall, her knees pulled up to her chest and the sheets keeping her modest as they draped over her legs. Sabrina had also pulled away in the opposite direction, now sitting on your desk chair with your shirt back on her like last night. "Sabrina, I wanted to tell you right away, but you wanted to wait for when the three of us could talk. I- I suggested it to Gemma first, and we decided that we wanted to say it to each other as a code for all the things we were feeling for each other. Gemma is supposed to leave in a couple of months, and neither of us wanted to wait or dance around to tell each other how we were feeling. I said I wanted to tell her I love her because I'm completely attracted to her physically, emotionally and mentally despite the time limit on us. That's what Love means between us."

You turned to Gemma now, "And Gemma, I know this might be the worst thing for me to say, and I am so fucking sorry if this hurts you. What you've already been through - God, I don't want this to hurt you. But I'm in love with Sabrina as well. It's different between the two of you, I feel different things, but it boils down to the same word and it's not fair to you at all but I love her." You looked back to Sabrina. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Sabrina said quietly.

Gemma was silent, her forehead resting against her knees as she looked down and away from the two of you.

You wanted to tell her you were sorry again. That you loved her. That you wanted to find a way to make this work or to make it right. And God, thinking about what Gemma had been through with her fiancée, you were *fucking sorry*.

But... you loved Sabrina, too.

It was better not to say anything at all. If you tried prompting her, it could have the exact opposite effect as what you wanted. You could end up pushing her away instead of bringing her closer.

So you waited quietly. Letting her think.

"I'm going to go," Sabrina said, standing and reaching for her underwear that was still on the floor. "I'm- Gemma, I'm so sorry. I know I promised it wasn't supposed to be like this. I'll go. I'm sorry. I'm so fucked up, I can't even keep a single promise."

"Wait," Gemma said, lifting her head. She was crying as much as Sabrina was, tears flowing down her cheeks.

Sabrina hesitated, her thong panties in her hand.

Gemma looked from you to Sabrina and back, and took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "I thought you wanted to watch us fuck?" she asked Sabrina.

"I-" Sabrina stuttered.

"Gemma," you said.

"Look, I can't say I'm thrilled about this," Gemma said. "But... Well, I know why you would be in love with John, Sabrina. I know how special he makes you feel because he makes *me* feel that way. And I saw you fuck that first time, I know how good the chemistry is between you. And John..." she sighed heavily. "I can't blame you for feeling the way you are because we put you in this situation. God, honestly I'm mostly just upset at myself for not connecting the dots that *of course* a guy like you wouldn't just stay emotionally cold with your friends with benefits. We chose this. I chose this. I chose you," she said, looking at you.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath again, then looked at Sabrina. "As long as you can handle me saying it, I can handle you saying it," Gemma said. "But the rules still stand. I'm his girlfriend, you're his best friend with all the benefits or however you put it."

"Really?" Sabrina asked. "You're OK with this?"

Gemma shifted around, letting the sheet fall away from her as she moved to sit with her legs over your lap and leaning forward to kiss you sweetly. "I love you," she said to you.

"I love you, too," you said.

"Now you," Gemma said to Sabrina.

Sabrina dropped her underwear and crawled back onto the bed, sitting on her knees as she leaned in and kissed you just as sweetly. "I love you," she said.

"I love you, too," you said, meaning it just as deeply.

"What now?" Sabrina asked.

Gemma rolled her legs off of you and slipped back under the covers. "Now I think we should just lie like we were before," she said. "I'm OK with this, but I need to be OK with this, if you know what I mean."

Sabrina nodded and got under the covers as well, hugging as close to you as Gemma was. You shifted a little so you were all lying down again, and you were surrounded by them.

After about five minutes of silence, you cleared your throat. "So, I guess we'll save the fuckshow for another time?"

"Oh my God, John," Gemma groaned, rolling her eyes.

"Not the time, baby," Sabrina said on your other side.

You smiled and chuckled just a little in your chest. "I love you both," you said.

"I'm starting to think we both might just be in it for the dick," Gemma said.

"Definitely," Sabrina agreed. "You know what? Let's just find the closest thing we can with a dildo and learn to use strap-ons really well. It would be like having John around all the time, with none of the hassles."

"Hey, what hassles?" you asked.

## Chapter 108

You didn't, unfortunately, end up fucking. At least not at that moment. Instead, you held each other for a long while until your stomach grumbled.

"Can I make you two breakfast?" you asked them.

"I think you mean 'please let me go eat, evil succubuses who have trapped me in my own bed,'" Gemma mumbled into your shoulder.

"Not sure if I'd go that far," you said. "But I'm pretty sure I can guarantee you two at least some eggs, toast and coffee."

"Yes, please," Sabrina said.

"Just eggs and coffee for me," Gemma said. "I'm trying to tone down the carbs. Dating you is going to make me fat. We're always eating."

"What if I want to get you fat?" you asked.

"Then you need to try harder," Gemma muttered.

Sabrina finally shifted and let you roll over and up, getting to your feet. You quickly dressed in some shorts and a sleeveless shirt. "Do you two want breakfast in bed, or are you coming out in a couple minutes?"

"Bed," Gemma said. She seemed to be dozing off a bit after the warm cuddle pile.

"Mm-mm," Sabrina shook her head. "No crumbs in the bed. We'll come out to eat."

"How dare you," Gemma said.

"Sorry, do you want crumbs stuck to your ass when he's pounding you?" Sabrina asked.

There was a long moment of hesitation. "Fine," Gemma said. "I'll get up again."

You left the two of them in your room and headed to the kitchen. The apartment was quiet and you set to work whipping up a quick breakfast of over-easy eggs fried in the centre of pieces of toast.

You were surprised when Mosche was the first person to come out to join you.

"Hey, you want some breakfast?" you asked.



“Yep,” he nodded, walking with his eyes almost completely closed towards the coffee maker.

“Is, ah, Tasha still here?” you asked.

“Nope,” Mosche shook his head.

“Did you and her...?”

“Yes?”

“You don’t know?”

“I mean, we did stuff,” Mosche said. “Just not... stuff.”

“I see,” you said. “Are you seeing her again?”

“Well, I mean I see her every Open Mic night,” he said.

“Yeah, I meant- You know what, never mind.”

Mosche made the coffee while you were busy at the stovetop, and he went to sit down and yawned loudly a few times. Sabrina was the next person to come out, dressed in that same shirt as earlier and last night, and you had to wonder if she’d put on underwear this time or not.

“Morning,” she muttered to Mosche, immediately gravitating towards the hot coffee.

Then Gemma came down the hallway. You hadn’t seen what she’d worn to your place that morning. She was dressed in dark blue sweatpants with an athletic bra holding in her big tits, with a crop top that looked like a pullover hoodie that had been cropped right at the bust line. It left her wonderfully curvy abdomen bare and you had the urge to just wrap her up and keep your hands on her.

“Morning Mosche,” she yawned as she went to the counter beside Sabrina.

Mosche frowned and blinked several times as if he had to parse what was happening in front of him. “Uh, good morning.”

“Gemma, are you sure you don’t want toast?” you asked. “I’m doing Birds-in-a-Nest.”

She came over to you and looked at what was in the pan. “Oh, those look good,” she said. “Um, yes. Fatten me up, I’ll do toast as well.”

“OK, sounds good,” you said and casually kissed her lips.

“Thanks, love,” she smiled.

“Coffee, baby?” Sabrina offered you a steaming mug.

“Mmm, yes,” you nodded, accepting it from her and taking a sip. “That’s perfect.”

“Oh, I know,” Sabrina smirked.

If you were honest with yourself, you knew what you were doing. The entire breakfast, you and Sabrina and Gemma lightly teased Mosche with what was going on. By now both Gemma and Sabrina had spent at least a few minutes with him and realized what an odd duck he was, so you didn’t feel too bad about it at all.

To his credit, Mosche never asked the obvious question and you didn’t offer the answer up freely.

Still, it was an awkward meal mainly because no one seemed to know what to say to each other, so everything ended up coming out as just a little odd. Gemma asked after Tasha, not realizing she’d been in the apartment the night before. Sabrina asked about Mosche’s stand-up. The three of you talked a little about the office. Eventually, you and the girls had finished with breakfast and you quickly loaded the dishes into the dishwasher before heading back to your room, leaving Mosche to do whatever he was going to do for the day.

“Alright,” you asked. “So what are you two thinking?”

Gemma ran her hands through her hair. “Well, the way I see it, we can either address the elephant in the room or try and ignore it.”

“Is that what we’re calling his dick now?” Sabrina asked. “The Elephant?”

“Harrharr,” Gemma rolled her eyes. “No, if we’re coming up with a name for his dick it’s gotta be better than that.”

“Or, how about we don’t nickname my penis at all?” you asked.

“No, it’s already got a nickname, remember? Daddy’s Dick,” Sabrina said.

“Whatever,” you groaned.

“For real though,” Gemma said, stepping closer to you and wrapping her arms around your neck so she could lean close. “I’m ready if you are.”

Your response was to kiss her, then turn to Sabrina. “Do you still want to watch?”

“Um, yes?” Sabrina said and peeled off the shirt she was wearing, revealing her completely naked body.

You snorted and smirked. “I love you, Sabrina,” you said while still holding Gemma in your arms.

Sabrina bit her lip and smiled. “I love you too, John.”

“And I love you, Gemma,” you said, turning back to her and giving her a kiss. She responded equally.

“Love you too, love,” Gemma whispered to you.

## Chapter 109

“I want to see you suck his dick,” Sabrina said softly. She had sat down on the desk chair, one knee pulled up to her chest with the heel of her foot planted on the seat. She was already teasing herself with a finger slowly stroking her pussy lips as she watched you.

You and Gemma had made out for a long minute, standing in the middle of the room. Gemma grinned and looked over at Sabrina. “Oh you do, huh?”

Sabrina nodded.

“Is that what you want, love?” Gemma asked, turning back to you. “Do you want me to suck your dick? Do you want me to get on my knees and take out your beautiful cock and show you how much I love you with my mouth?”

You kissed her for your response and Gemma laughed happily into your lips. She quickly went down to her knees and pulled down your shorts, releasing your cock to bob in front of her for a moment. “Hello again,” she smirked, looking up at you as she put her face under your cock and let it rest with the head on her forehead.

“You are such a slut for him,” Sabrina giggled.

“Takes one to know one,” Gemma shot back, then stuck out her tongue and slowly slithered it up the underside of your cock. At the tip she kissed you softly, her eyes stuck on yours. She then softly kissed all over the head, and back down the sides of the shaft until her nose was buried into the root.

You groaned, the emotion of the moment more pleasurable than the light kisses necessarily were, and you ran your fingers through Gemma’s thick blonde hair. She hummed happily in response, watching your expressions, and snuck her face a little lower as she kissed your sack.

Sabrina was watching Gemma work, the tip of her tongue between her teeth as she slowly slipped her ring finger up and down against her clit and then lower to the entrance of her cunt.

“Gemma,” you breathed out.

“Yes, love?” she asked, raising up from teasing your balls and back to your cock, kissing it wetly on the side.

“You’re teasing me,” you said.

“Do you want more?” she asked you.

“You know I do,” you told her.

“Take it then,” she challenged you.

“Fuck,” Sabrina whispered, sliding her entire finger into herself as she watched you.

You took Gemma’s hair more firmly in your grip and she leaned forward eagerly, adjusting her stance on her knees and sticking her ass out for balance as she opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue like a panting dog.

“I love you,” you told her. She didn’t answer verbally, keeping her mouth open as you tapped your cock head on her tongue, answering with her eyes instead as she urged you to take her mouth.

So you did. You slid your cock into Gemma’s open mouth and she immediately hummed happily as she closed her lips around your shaft. You started to softly fuck her mouth, and she breathed through her nose as she worked her tongue around your shaft and head while you thrust into her. She wiggled her ass slowly, still teasing you despite giving you what you wanted.

“Fuck, you are so God damn sexy,” you grunted. “Isn’t she a fucking sexual Queen, Sabrina?”

“No,” Sabrina said. “She’s not a queen. She has the body of one for sure, but look at the way she’s looking at you. Gemma is a filthy whore for you, John. And she fucking loves it. I know because I’m the same way, baby.”

“Is that true, Gemma?” you asked her. “Are you just my filthy whore? Can I do anything I want with you?”

“God, yes, love,” Gemma panted, looking up at you from her knees.

You knelt down in front of her and kissed her spittle-covered lips, cupping her face in your hands as you did it.

“Thank you,” you whispered to her.

“God no,” she said back. “Thank you. This is so fucking hot.”

You slid around her, keeping a hand on her back to keep her in place, and then quickly pulled down her sweatpants. She hadn’t put any panties on, so you were facing her bare ass. You quickly spread her cheeks apart, revealing her cunt and asshole, and she arched her back to present them even more to you. Your lick started from her clit and slowly dragged with a broad tongue over her lips, tasting the sweet and salty skin of her pussy as her ass and abdominal muscles flexed. You kept going, taking a moment to dip your tongue firmly against her hole, then dragging it firmly up the other side and further across her perineum and then tonguing her asshole.

“Fuck!” Gemma wheezed, throwing her head back and trying to look at you over her shoulder.

In response you left her asshole and took the thick, meaty curve of her ass cheek between your teeth and bit her playfully. Then you turned that bite into a suck, and the suck turned harder.

“Yes, fuck,” Gemma gasped, squeezing her eyes shut. “Do it.”

You sucked even harder, and came away with a pop as you left a hickey on the inner curve of her ass cheek.

“Holy fuck,” Sabrina moaned. “That’s so fucking hot. I want one.”

You couldn’t help but snort a little, and tried to hide it by smashing your tongue back against Gemma’s asshole and licking your way back down to her pussy. Once there, you tongued her rapidly, making her shudder, and then without warning her you raised up and slotted your cock into position and fucked into her with one hard, insistent thrust.

“Yeeeeeah,” Gemma shouted, her face screwed up as you didn’t let her resist, forcing her pussy to yield and let you in. She dropped her head and let it hang as you palmed her wonderful ass with one hand, your thumb pressed right next to her pretty asshole.

“That’s the best feeling, isn’t it?” Sabrina asked. She had two of her slim fingers inside herself now as she watched you.

“Fu- Yeah,” Gemma nodded.

You reached forward and hooked your fingers into the back of the neckhole of Gemma’s crop top sweater, and your thumb into the bottom elastic of her sports bra. With her top and bra in your fist, you pulled her more upright until her ass was pressed to your hips and you were buried inside of her, while her arched back, thrusting her chest into the air. Her head fell back against your shoulder.

“Tell Sabrina what you’re feeling,” you told Gemma.

Gemma was breathing heavily, her eyes closed as her cunt got used to your cock inside of her again. “I feel wanted,” she said. “I feel full. I feel loved for being my filthy, kinky, naughty self. I love him so fucking much.”

Sabrina got up from her seat and knelt in front of Gemma and kissed her on the cheek. “It’s so damn good, isn’t it?” she asked, taking Gemma’s hands in hers.

Gemma nodded.

Sabrina looked to you. "Now fuck her, John. Fuck her hard so that she can't ever forget."

## Chapter 110

You still had Gemma's shirt and bra pulled back with one hand, her ass pressed to your pelvis as you pulled her shoulder back to your chest. You wrapped your other hand around her waist and spread your fingers out across her stomach, feeling the warmth of her soft skin as you ground your cock deeper inside of her.

"Uuunh," Gemma moaned, her head still falling back on your shoulder.

You used your hips to pull out a bit and shove yourself back in. It was only a couple of inches of movement at best, but Gemma quivered as her cunt grabbed at you, not wanting to let you go.

"Did I mention that I really like this outfit?" you said quietly to her, continuing to slowly fuck her. "The top is very cute on you, and the athletic bra underneath is such a tease. Plus I love your stomach and back. I'd kiss you there over and over if I wasn't a little busy doing other things."

Gemma smiled and rolled her eyes. "You're such a dork sometimes, John."

You nuzzled her hair away from her neck and placed your lips there, kissing her softly. "Got a problem with that?"

"Not in a million years, love," she hummed happily.

Sabrina was still kneeling on the floor in front of you and Gemma, completely naked with her legs spread as she fingered herself with one hand. Her eyes were wide as she took in you and Gemma fucking in front of her, her lips slightly parted as she panted softly.

You started to speed up your thrusting, feeling Gemma's thick butt slapping softly against your hips. You let go of the back of Gemma's top, the elastic of the bra snapping back into place, and brought both your hands around to palm and squeeze her breasts through her athletic bra. She began thrusting her ass back at you, her eyes closed as she focused on the feelings.

"I want to help," Sabrina murmured. "Is there- Gemma, you helped that first time with me and John. Is there anything I can do? Do you want me to try choking you?" Sabrina's kink for choking had developed quickly from fantasy to reality, and you'd gotten more comfortable with it. That first time you'd tried it Gemma had done some of the choking, too. It was the most she'd taken part in that not-quite-threesome.

Gemma shook her head softly. "No, I don't think so," she said softly. "I just- I mean I'll try it, but I don't think so."

"Another time," you grunted. The effort of our fucking was less about the act of fucking and more about the slightly awkward angle you were in.



“What do you like?” Sabrina asked. “I mean, other than watching. Because I know you fucking loved watching me and John this week.”

Gemma breathed out a nearly soundless laugh. “I hadn’t even - God, yes love, get deep like that - I hadn’t even thought of it like that, but I guess you’re right. Mmmm, nipples please. Yes, yesyesyes. I guess I’m a voyeur, at least with you two. But I’m not *that* kinky, either.”

“Says you,” you smiled, whispering into her ear. “What happened to what you said on Friday night?”

“Fuuuuck,” Gemma moaned. “Is that even a kink?”

You glanced at Sabrina and smiled, guessing at what her thoughts would be. “Tell her.”

Gemma was already flushed from the fucking, but now she started to flush more deeply from mild shyness. “I- Um...”

“Tell me, please?” Sabrina said, shuffling forward on her knees. She took Gemma’s hands in hers. They were nearly tit to tit, Sabrina’s much smaller ones just brushing against the backs of your fingers as you continued to hold and squeeze Gemma’s. “You got to see some of my really kinky shit. I just want to know you’re getting what you want, too.”

“I am,” Gemma panted. “God, I am. I want- I want John. That’s what I want. He owns me in the bedroom. He can have anything he wants because I know he loves me. That’s what I fucking want - fuck, love, you just got harder inside me!”

You had, right when she said you owned her in the bedroom. She’d said it before, but her admitting it to Sabrina was hot as hell because it made it more real for someone else to hear it. To know it.

“You know I’m his too, right?” Sabrina said. She closed the distance, pressing her nakedness against Gemma’s front, one hand holding her hip and the other brushing the hair out of Gemma’s face. “Remember? My mouth, my pussy. He claimed them both. Next he’ll claim my ass, and it’ll be his, too. Isn’t it so fucking hot to know he can do that? That John is who he is?”

Gemma laughed, squeezing her eyes shut as you buried inside of her deeply again, holding for a moment.

“Mine first,” Gemma said.

“You what first?” Sabrina asked.

“My asssss,” Gemma sighed. “Seriously. You got to fuck him first, I want him to fuck my ass first. Please? I need a first too for this to be balanced, Sabrina.”

“Of course,” Sabrina said, leaning forward and lightly kissing Gemma’s lips. “But don’t wait too long or I’ll get impatient.”

“OK,” Gemma nodded. “Sooner than later.” Then she turned back to you. “Not today though, love.”

“I wouldn’t think of it,” you chuckled. “Well, I would. You have a pretty butthole.”

“Whatever that means,” Gemma laughed.

“Wait, I have an idea,” Sabrina said, sliding away from us. You went back to fucking Gemma as Sabrina scooted over and picked up Gemma’s phone from your bedside table. She held it up to Gemma and unlocked it with her face recognition, then went to the camera. “Hold still. I want you to see exactly what John owning that Aussie cunt of yours looks like right now.”

## Chapter 111

Sabrina lowered herself down and flipped onto her back, looking up at you and Gemma from below and getting a close-up view of your cock spearing into Gemma's pussy. "Fuck you two are hot," Sabrina muttered. Then she tapped on the phone a couple times. "Damn, you're going to cream yourself when you see this. Spread your pussy for me, show me your clit."

Gemma did, reaching down with one hand and spreading her cunt with her fingers. You weren't hearing the shutter noise of the camera phone, so either Gemma had it turned off or Sabrina was recording video.

"Fuck, you're such a perfect slut for him," Sabrina said. "I can see his cock stretching out your hole, and your clit is practically throbbing."

"You're such a fucking perv, Sabrina," Gemma laughed, then turned and kissed you over her shoulder.

Sabrina was laying on her back, one hand holding the phone to get her recording while she was fingering herself with the other.

"Oh yeah?" Sabrina said. "Well, then you shouldn't be surprised when I do this."

Gemma gasped in your arms, tensing up suddenly as she let out a little girly grunt. "Sabrina!"

"What is it?" you asked. Then you felt something odd on your balls as you thrust deep into Gemma again. You felt hair.

"Ffffucking slut is sucking my clit!" Gemma gasped.

"Is that OK?" you asked, a little concerned. Not enough to stop thrusting, but a little. Sabrina was pushing farther than Gemma had.

Gemma didn't answer, instead screwing up her face as she pushed over into a hard orgasm. "Uuuuugh," she groaned loudly, her lungs exhaling almost entirely. Her cunt tried to clamp down and was mostly successful as you had a hard time thrusting.

"Fuck, Gem," you said. "I'm close- where?"

Then Sabrina reached up and used her fingers, slickened by her own juices, to massage your balls while Gemma continued to squeeze and come on your cock. That took away your options as you pumped deep, pushing against Gemma's vaginal muscles to bury yourself and unleash your load.

“Yeeessss,” you moaned. Your hands hadn’t left her tits and you hugged her almost too hard to yourself. You came, and she came.

“So fucking hot!” Sabrina muttered from between your legs. Once you and Gemma trailed off, your orgasms subsiding, both of you panting, Sabrina patted the outside of your thighs. “OK. Now pull out slowly.”

You weren’t really in a mental state to question her, so you did, Gemma’s swampy cunt let you go and you released your hold on her tits as you stepped back.

“Fuuuck, Gemma. Look at his cum oozing out of you. And you’ve got a hickey on your thigh, and on your ass,” Sabrina crooned.

You went and sat on the edge of the bed, pulling off your shirt and tossing it to the girls to use to wipe off the dripping cum. Sabrina ended the recording and sat up, then bit her lip. “You know, if you want... I’d eat that out of you.”

Gemma flushed all over again. “Um, I don’t know if I’m quite there yet. That was definitely the most I’ve ever done with another woman before.”

“OK,” Sabrina said. “To be clear, I’m also not experienced with girls. Just for the record.”

“Noted,” Gemma said, still not having lost the flush in her cheeks and chest. Then she turned to you. “Thanks, love.”

You snorted, shaking your head. “Gemma. Come here.”

She did, kicking off the sweats from around her ankles as she stood up, and when she came close you pulled her onto the bed with you until you were both up near the headboard and you were laying with her cheek on your chest again like you had this morning. “I love you, and I’m not done with you.”

That made her chuckle. “Really? I thought this morning would be a one-and-done after all the fucking the past couple of days.”

“Just give me a minute,” you laughed.

“I know exactly how to get him hard again,” Sabrina grinned, climbing up on the bed with you and Gemma and laying next to you. It was a mirror to how you had all been that morning, except they’d switched sides. Sabrina had Gemma’s phone still. “Watch this.”

Sabrina snuggled in and rested the phone on your stomach, keeping it propped up as she played the recording she’d just made. The lighting wasn’t particularly good, but Gemma’s pussy was in full frame in a close-up, your cock splitting her lips and sliding in and out of her. Every

detail was in high definition. You could see her lips just slightly contracting as your cock moved in and out, and you could see a slight flexing along your shaft. The little ooze of glistening, natural lubrication on your cock as you pumped her. Then Gemma was spreading her pussy lips lewdly, the view of your cock penetrating her even better, and her clit popping out of its neat little hood. Then the view shifted and rustled and it was vaguely pointed at Gemma's pussy from the front, with Sabrina clearly wrapping her lips around Gemma's clit.

When Gemma came, Sabrina backed off and returned to the previous view, and it was another big close-up watching your cock flex and then begin pumping your cum into Gemma. And then, finally, you withdrew and there was a long shot of pearly white cum oozing out of her.

To be honest, you weren't that into gonzo amateur porn. But you knew this was you and Gemma, so instead of being weirdly personal it was... well, still weirdly personal but personal to you, and in a good way.

"That's so fucking hot," Gemma said.

"And it's all yours," Sabrina grinned. "Now, no matter what, you can remember that feeling."

"I still can't believe we're doing it," Gemma sighed. "Even with my ex, I always demanded condoms. I don't even know what it is, but I just..."

"Don't care?" Sabrina offered. "I know. It's the same with me. When he fucks me, it's just... I just want him to fuck me, and use me, and fill me up, and then do it all over again."

"Exactly," Gemma agreed, sitting up as she spoke over your chest to Sabrina.

"I am *right* here, you know," you chuckled.

"Shush, baby," Sabrina grinned, putting a finger to your lips. "Your cumsluts are talking."

## Chapter 112

The term 'cumsluts' made Gemma flush all over again. "That's a little far," she said.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Sabrina said. "Where's his cum *right now*?"

"OK, fine. I just don't like the term," Gemma said.

"We can come up with something else. Jizz Whore? Baby Batter Baby? Load Lover?"

"OK, that's enough of that," you said, moving your hand up to cover Sabrina's mouth. She kept talking through the muffling, hamming it up, while you turned to Gemma. "I love you, by the way."

Gemma rolled her eyes at Sabrina's antics and then raised up, kissing you softly on the lips. "I love you, too. Even if I am still trying to get comfortable with figuring out my, uh, proclivities."

You gave her a peck on the nose and a smile, before looking back at Sabrina and removing your hand from her mouth. "Are you done, or do I need to gag you?"

"Depends what you're going to gag me with," Sabrina smirked.

"Well, we don't have any soaked panties at the moment," you said. "So we'll need to get creative."

"Sabrina, he's half hard. Get down there and suck him so we can get him hard again," Gemma said.

"Really?" Sabrina beamed happily. "I thought since the last time we did this it was all about me, this one was all about you."

"Oh, it still is," Gemma said. "But I want to watch this video with him again."

Sabrina handed Gemma's phone back to her, then scooted down the bed to where she was laying between your legs, propped up on her elbows as she began licking the slime of cum and Gemma's juices from your cock.

You groaned happily, adjusting for a moment, and Gemma sat up a bit more to get level with you and restarted the video. As it played she hummed hornily, watching as your cock split her open. As she lewdly spread her lips. As Sabrina sucked her clit, and then as she came.

"I love this feeling right here the most," she said, pausing the video just moments before you were cumming on the recording. "You get just a little extra hard and hot, and your cock swells, and I get this thrill knowing that in a split second you're going to be coming inside of me. It was

the moment I always panicked about with my ex, but right at this moment, with you and with Sabrina? It's almost better than the actual orgasm."

"Almost," Sabrina smirked, popping off your cock to tease Gemma.

"Shut up," Gemma smirked back. "Keep sucking him."

"Yes, ma'am," Sabrina grinned and saluted.

"Just to be clear," you said. "I very much love that you trust me to do it. It's such a turn-on to know that I'm the one, and that I can leave my mark on you like that. That I can fill you up and you want it, that you're laying here with us with my cum inside you right now."

Gemma leaned in and kissed you again, long and firm, showing you that she wanted to reinforce those desires. Right up until Sabrina popped off your cock again. "I've got it. Creampie Queen."

"Bitch, do I need to take the big, hard cock back from you?" Gemma asked.

Sabrina rolled her eyes and took you between her lips again, staring her challenge at Gemma as if to say 'I dare you.' She slowly slid lower, taking half of you in, rolling her tongue along your shaft inside her mouth.

"Good girl," Gemma said, reaching down and patting Sabrina's head. This just made Sabrina narrow her eyes suspiciously and start slowly bobbing on you. Gemma turned back to you. "I had one other idea. Where's your phone."

It took you a moment to find it, and once you did she had you unlock it for her. First she took a quick picture for you - it was Sabrina sucking your cock, but Gemma's torso, hips and legs were clearly in the photo laying up next to you as well. Then she went to your text messages and opened the one from Becks.

"Have you jerked off to this yet?" Gemma asked you.

"No," you laughed. "You think I've had time to jerk off?"

"Good point," Gemma chuckled. "Sabrina, keep sucking him, but you better not let him come."

Sabrina flashed a thumbs up.

Gemma quickly stripped off her crop top sweater and athletic bra, getting completely naked with you, and sat up so that her lips were pressed right up to your ear and she kissed it for a moment. Then she brought the phone close to your faces, maximizing the naked photo of Becks.

“Look at this,” she whispered into your ear. “You’ve got your girlfriend naked in your arms, and your Best Friend With Major Benefits sucking your cock. And the sexy secretary at work was willing to send you a nude picture. Look at Becks’ tits; aren’t they hot? And she’s got that toned stomach. I bet you’d like to run your tongue across her tummy and tease her.”

“M’so kinky,” Sabrina mumbled around your cock.

You were breathing deeply, switching from staring at the naked photo of Becks to Gemma’s tits pressed against your side, then down to Sabrina as she slowly sucked your dick and watched your facial expressions.

“I wonder if we can get her to send more pictures,” Gemma mused, still whispering in your ear. “Maybe of her ass. She works hard on it. She invited me to the gym with her once and I’m not even into girls and I was staring at her butt in those tights she was wearing. Or maybe we can get her to send a proper picture of her pussy for you. I know you love eating me and Sabrina out. Would you like that, love? A personal picture of her perfect pussy.” She popped the P’s and you could hear the smile on her lips as she did it.

“That would be hot, but I don’t need it,” you said. “Plus, Becks is into black guys.”

“That’s just because she hasn’t seen this dick,” Sabrina said from between your legs. “But she does have a boyfriend, so I don’t think we should try to make anything happen.”

“Fine, that’s fair,” Gemma whispered. “Maybe we should talk about a different Rebecca we know then. You saw Becca naked already in person, but it was in the dark. And then she was prancing around in that thong. She doesn’t do that often - I bet she was showing off for you.”

“Fuuuck,” you breathed out. Becca wasn’t your type, but she was definitely your type. In other words, she was so outside of your norm that it was like she was in her own little niche of sexy.

“I bet she’d love it if you pulled her hair while you fucked her,” Gemma continued. “Bending her over and just taking her. She’s dominant in her Benefits situation with Charlotte, but I have a feeling she’d be a switch for you. Slobbering all over your cock. Gagging on it. And then bending over like a bitch in heat.” She quickly navigated back to the close-up video Sabrina had recorded. “You could pump her full just like this, and she’d moan your name. John. John!”

“He’s getting close,” Sabrina interrupted. She was slowly giving you a handjob now, having pulled her lips off of you to stave off the avalanche of your release.

“I love you,” Gemma whispered, turned your face to her and kissed you softly. Then she started crawling down the bed. “I need you back inside me.”



## Chapter 113

Gemma mounted you in a cowgirl position, leaning forward so her big tits were hanging between you as she settled onto your cock and began grinding her pelvis. She placed her hands on your chest, which squished her tits closer together, and you immediately brought your hands up from her waist to her bust, running your thumbs along her nipples before finding the two hickey marks you'd left on her inner cleavage.

"Yours," she grinned at you, knowing where you were touching.

"And yours," you smiled in return.

Then Sabrina was pressed up behind Gemma, reaching around the blonde to cup her curvier girl's tits with both hands. She rested her chin on Gemma's shoulder, a sly grin on her face. "You take him so well already, Gemma," she said. "It's like his cock was made for your cunt."

"I know," Gemma moaned. She was using her torso to roll her body, sawing your cock inside of her.

Sabrina started massaging Gemma's tits while you were still holding onto them as well, four hands working her. "You know I like it when he marks me, too? Yesterday, the first time we fucked, I was so fucking horny because I knew he'd just come from a night with you and he looked so happy. I wanted to belong to him too, so I asked him to pinch me. I thought it would leave a mark, and he did it just right, but it faded too quickly. I should have asked him for more hickies like you."

"So hot," Gemma panted. "Fuck, and so big."

"I think the hottest one you have is back here though," Sabrina said, sliding one hand from Gemma's tits back around to her ass. Gemma sniffed in a big inhale as Sabrina hands played at her butt crack. "Watching him put this one on you? God, so hot. And you promised him your ass, too. I love that you love him like that."

Gemma had closed her eyes, concentrating on her fucking, soft whimpers of exertion panting out of her. You weren't adding much at all, just trying to hold on to your building orgasm as you took in the sexual scene happening to and in front of you, listening to Sabrina egg Gemma on.

"I can help you prep for it. I've got a set of butt plugs for content, but you can borrow them. We can wear them at the office and no one will know we're stretching our assholes so that John can fuck them deep and hard, for as long as he wants."

Gemma's eyes flashed open and she pulled forward, leaning towards you and crushing her tits to your chest as she reached up to kiss you. Her tongue pressed between your lips as she

started a keening whine somewhere in her throat. Her ass was now pumping hard, and you grabbed her cheeks with both hands and helped her go even harder.

“God, John was right,” Sabrina continued her teasing monologue. She was stroking Gemma’s back with one hand, and the other was still teasing between her ass cheeks as they bounced. “You really do have a pretty asshole. I wonder if...?”

Gemma froze mid-pump as she tensed up. Her eyes were wide in surprise, her lips in a silent ‘o’.

“Wow, up to the second knuckle on the first try,” Sabrina smirked. “Maybe your ass is like your pussy, babe. Built to take John’s cock.”

“Stop,” Gemma gasped, sitting up and sinking your cock as deep into her as it could go.

“Stop pull out, or stop moving?” Sabrina asked teasingly.

“Stop... moving,” Gemma groaned.

Sabrina played her tongue across her lip as she met your eyes over Gemma’s shoulder. “Can I try something else, too?”

Gemma slowly nodded, her eyes closed as she tried to adjust to what she was feeling.

Sabrina reached her other hand, the one that didn’t have a finger in Gemma’s ass, around to her front and cupped the blonde’s mound. She slowly started rubbing Gemma’s clit.

“He’s as deep in you as he can go like this,” Sabrina whispered to Gemma. “Is it perfect?”

“Yesss,” Gemma hissed. “So perfect.”

“He loves you,” Sabrina said.

“I know,” Gemma gasped.

“Do you?” Sabrina asked. “Look at him. Open your eyes and look at him while he’s buried inside you to the fucking root, deep in your cummy cunt.”

Gemma opened her eyes and met your gaze. Your hands were on her thighs, and you locked eyes with her.

“He *loves* you, Gemma,” Sabrina whispered.

Gemma came. She came with her lover's cock inside of her, and his other lover's fingers in her ass and diddling her clit.

It wasn't some huge exhalation of an orgasm, a crashing wave that hit her with a boom. It was a breeze, steady and soft, rising up through her and sending chills down her spine and making most of her body break out in goose pimples as she arched her back and her nipples got even harder and her vaginal muscles started to squeeze and clench. She came slow and steady, quivering and quiet.

It lasted a full minute, then almost two, before she fell forward again and you wrapped your arms around her.

"I love you," she sobbed through her quivering. "I love you so much. You love me. I- You-"

"I do," you grunted, holding her tight.

The orgasm, or orgasms? - lasted another minute or so until she stilled, breathing hard.

"You didn't come?" she asked quietly, resting on top of you.

"Not yet," you panted. "Not far off, though."

Gemma dismounted from you and rolled off, your cock slipping from her cunt so that she could lay next to you. "Come here," she motioned to Sabrina, and she sat up a bit on the pillows as Sabrina crawled towards her. Gemma motioned her closer, until Sabrina was practically kneeling over her, almost face to face. "Do you want to be creampie queens together today?" Gemma asked her.

"Fuck. Yes," Sabrina grinned. "If you're sure you want to share."

Gemma carefully ran her fingers through Sabrina's hair, gathering it up into a loose ponytail. Gemma's own hair was plastered to her forehead with sweat, her blonde locks messy and framing her features with an 'I just had sex' aura. "I am," she said. "And to say thank you for hitting my kink so well..." She moved her hands from Sabrina's hair to her throat. "I want to do the same for you. Now, beg Daddy to stretch out your cunt and fuck a big, creamy load into you as well."

Sabrina opened her mouth and took a deep breath, then looked over at you. "Please, Daddy. Come stretch my filthy fuck hole the way only you can. I really, really want your big, juicy cock to pummel my needy cunt and fill me all the way up."

You took a deep breath and got up onto your knees. Before you went around to her ass, you leaned down and kissed her while Gemma lightly squeezed her throat. Then you palmed her

smaller ass cheek with one hand and reached under her to tweak a nipple. "You know," you said. "At some point we need to come up with the proper rules for you being bratty."

"Love?" Gemma said. "Another time. Fuck her."

## Chapter 114

You fucked Sabrina hard and fast. Her cunt was almost as lubed as Gemma's even without your help, and you felt her pussy immediately adapting to your entry. She moaned filthily, sticking out her tongue as she faced forward towards Gemma, leaning over the curvier woman.

As you thrust Sabrina got shifted closer and closer, Gemma adjusting her grip on Sabrina's neck, until you were pounding Sabrina with her face cushioned by Gemma's cleavage. This seemed to just add to Sabrina's horniness, and you grabbed her arms and pulled back on them, keeping her upper abdomen counterbalanced and hanging with her face in line with Gemma's nipples.

It didn't take long like this - Gemma had gotten you close as hell, and Sabrina had been getting teased like mad all morning.

You went off first, driving deep into her and starting to unload just like they both seemed to want you to do. Sabrina went off right after you started and you felt the dripping of her orgasm seeping around your cock and running down her legs and yours. She tensed as it happened, and Gemma squeezed just that touch harder, denying her air, then letting it loose and Sabrina sucked in a heavy breath with loud gasps.

And you were left panting, still buried in her as she started to recollect her faculties.

Without pulling out, you scooped her up in your arms and rolled sideways, placing you both on your sides as you hugged her to you.

"I love you, Sabrina," you murmured to her as she was recovering.

It was kind of funny seeing her try and tackle that. It was new, but it wasn't. You'd both been feeling it. She'd slipped once, or was it twice?

Now you could say it.

"I love you," you whispered to her again.

She pulled your arm around her tighter, snuggling back against you like you had when you'd been going to sleep the night before. Gemma slid lower on the bed and surprised you by not moving to cuddle up next to you, but instead Sabrina from the other side.

The three of you held each other quietly until the wet spots on the sheets started to get cold.

"God, that feels good," Sabrina said as the three of you started moving and getting up.

“Which feeling?” Gemma asked. “The cum, or your pussy knowing it went another round with John?”

“Yes,” Sabrina laughed. “Both.”

The three of you got half-dressed as you tried to figure out what the rest of the day looked like. Gemma didn't want to go back to her apartment, and Sabrina said she needed to do some work later but could take the back end of the morning and the early afternoon to hang out. In the end you all got half-dressed and scampered down the hallway to the washroom, taking turns showering in the small shower of the apartment while the other two tried to get themselves together.

Both Gemma and Sabrina laughed as they used your body wash and shampoo, deciding that they might as well go in together on some shower supplies of their own to leave in your room. They both also used a spritz of your cologne, deciding to go all-in on smelling like you for the day.

Since Gemma had only come over that morning in her casual wear, she was happy to find out that Sabrina had brought a second outfit with her in that big purse of hers. It was sweatpants as well, along with a white tee shirt that wasn't quite a crop top, but with the way she wore her sweats low on the waist it might as well have been with the gap of skin. The girls decided to match your outfit to theirs, and dressed you in sweats of your own, matching them with your nicest pair of sneakers and a thin, loose sweater that you would usually wear in the fall.

“Believe us,” Gemma said. “You look good. It's streetwear.”

“I feel like I'm spending a rainy Sunday at home,” you said, looking down at yourself.

“Well, we *could* do that,” Sabrina said. “But frequent breaks make for better work habits. I think that probably applies to sex as much as it does to studying and office work.”

You snorted. “OK. Not what I meant.”

“I know,” she smiled.

The three of you decided that you wanted to do something that wasn't drinking or eating - well, you would probably end up eating lunch out, but that wasn't what you were going out to do. A quick google search for 'things to do' suggested the local museum, and you were a little surprised to realize that you were... excited? You hadn't been to a museum maybe since a middle school field trip, but the idea of walking around with Sabrina and Gemma sounded like fun.

*Yeesh, you thought to yourself. What am I becoming?*

You could practically hear your mother in your ear telling you that once you found a girl you would gladly start doing all sorts of crazy things to get her to like you.

*Jokes on you, Mom, you thought. They already like me.*

You left the apartment together, locking up after yourself as Mosche didn't seem to be home. Part of you hoped he'd gone out to see Tasha again - you had no idea if they would actually be good together, but Mosche needed someone to try and round off his rough edges and you had a feeling Tasha would be able to do that at least a bit.

The three of you decided to take public transit instead of Ubering, so you hopped a bus and ended up standing next to the two of them as they got a pair of forward-facing seats. The bus wasn't packed, but it was busy, and you were happy that they weren't being forced to stand and deal with the constant movement and back and forth of people hopping on and getting off.

One quick bus transition and another two-minute ride dropped you off at the Museum of Art, and as you started down the street towards the entrance Gemma fell in on your right, taking your hand in both of hers, and Sabrina fell in on your left hooping her arm through yours.

The sun was out, it was a beautiful day. You'd gotten laid that morning, and your girlfriend and best friend with major benefits were with you.

What could possibly go wrong?

## Chapter 115

Nothing went wrong.

This wasn't a date, so you acquiesced to the girls when they said they wouldn't let you buy them their tickets - from now on, all outings as the three of you, you were going dutch. That was the new rule.

Inside the museum, it became obvious quickly that Gemma was enjoying herself the most, but Sabrina had the most art knowledge. It turned out that Sabrina's twin sister was an Art History major who wanted to be a Gallery Director, or at least work to become one when she graduated school. All that time in high school with her twin had led to an osmosis of information between the two of them, so even though Sabrina didn't have a fascination with art, she could at least give you and Gemma a half-decent, Coles Notes version on styles and mediums, and the bullshit art-splanations of why an empty, half open can of beans on a white pedestal was 'art.'

Gemma, it turned out, loved to be a tourist. Watching her beam at every new room you entered, her eyes alight with the possibility of being surprised, was like walking through the museum with a kid. Her excitement was catching, and you found yourself not needing to be pulled along, but rather keeping up with her eagerly. Sure, you didn't 'Ooh' and 'Aah' as much as she did, but you enjoyed watching her enjoy herself.

The three of you cycled through about half of the museum by the time you were all getting hungry, so you stepped outside and checked your apps to find nearby food trucks - it turned out the Taco Truck that you and Gemma had eaten at in the park for your first date was nearby. Teasing about eating Vegan tacos again sprung up, and then pivoted into dirtier jokes about how much you seemed to like eating tacos.

You ate outside, enjoying the Sunday afternoon as you found a little green space area next to the museum to have your mini taco picnic. Sabrina looked like she couldn't wipe the smile off her face if she tried, and Gemma was getting into a teasing match with you that ended up with her trying to tickle you, failing, and you tickling her back. You ended up on top of her, and she threw her arms around your neck and started kissing you.

"Hey, no fair," Sabrina said.

"What, you want some too?" Gemma asked.

"Um, duh," Sabrina giggled.

You made sure to give Sabrina as many kisses as you did Gemma.



Another hour and a half in the museum had the three of you starting to burn out on energy. Even Gemma had lost most of that spark, and the three of you agreed to abandon the last area. Back outside again, on the steps of the Museum, Sabrina sighed and checked her phone.

"I think I need to call it a day here," she said. "I should really get back to my place and do some editing of the stuff we filmed yesterday."

"Alright," you said, slipping your arm from hers and hugging her to you. "There probably isn't anything I can do to help with that, is there?"

"Nope," Sabrina said, shaking her head. "That's definitely a one-woman job. Plus you already helped more than enough making the content."

"Well, I just want to say I had a lot of fun today. *All* of today," Gemma said. "I don't get this whole thing between us, but after this morning and then this afternoon I feel like- This sounds weird in my head, but fuck it. I feel like you two are as close to me as family. We're sharing these weird, super intimate experiences and then doing regular stuff and it's all just so easy. John, I love you. Sabrina, I still can't quite believe I'm saying this, but I'm happy to be in love with the same person as you."

Sabrina blushed. "I feel the same way." She reached over and took Gemma's hand in hers, squeezing it for a moment.

"Well, I don't know how I got so fucking lucky," you said. "I love you both."

A group hug ensued, and it felt good holding the two of them in your arms.

Eventually you had to split up, and you and Gemma waited for Sabrina's uber to show up. Gemma was still holding your hand when you pulled Sabrina close and kissed her goodbye.

"See you tomorrow, and love you to bits," you said.

She was smiling, her eyes big as she gave you another little peck. "Can't wait," she said, and you helped her into the car and shut the door. The driver hadn't even looked up, and you had to wonder what he would have thought about the scene that played out just outside his car.

You stepped back and the car pulled away from the curb, leaving you and Gemma on the sidewalk. Turning to her, you pulled her in close to you again by the hips and kissed her as well. "Do you have a curfew as well?" you asked.

"No," she smiled. "Well, sort of. I should probably spend the night at my place. What is it you Americans say - I can play until the streetlights come on?"

You snorted and gave her a peck on the lips. "That's for kids in the suburbs," you said.

“OK, maybe a little later than that,” Gemma smiled.

You were both dealing with sore feet after a long set of hours walking through the museum, so you decided to find a cafe to sit and chat. A quick GoogleMaps search found one a block and a half away, so you walked there hand in hand and a weary-looking waitress directed you to pick a table. The place wasn't exactly dead, but it was late on a Sunday afternoon so the two of you were able to pick a little table in a far corner away from most people.

Once you were sat down and the waitress had brought you both coffee, Gemma leaned forward and smelled the brew, then opened her eyes and smiled at you. “Thanks for today,” she said.

“What do you mean?” you asked. “I should be thanking you - we're dating, and you're accepting this whole weird thing we're doing. I'm-”

“Love,” she interrupted you, reaching across the table and taking your hand. “You're thinking too much. I had a lot of fun. Thank you.”

You sighed and smiled. “You're welcome, love.”

She snickered and shook her head. “You're still not saying it right.”

“I know,” you grinned.

You talked for hours in that little cafe, at one point feeling a light deja vu about your dinner with Sabrina the night before. The conversation was easy, there wasn't an ounce of tension - sexual or otherwise - between you because you both just knew.

As evening set in fully, and the street lamps came on, you decided to escort Gemma home and the two of you paid up for your coffees and light snacks. Your conversation continued in the uber, and you walked her to her apartment building door and gave her a soft, sweet kiss good night. She hesitated, and you knew she was thinking about asking you up. And you wanted to, but this one felt right.

“I love you, Gemma,” you said. She was up one step from you, the height difference between you putting her eye to eye with you. “I can't wait to see you tomorrow.”

“Me too,” she smiled and kissed you again. “Goodbye for now, love.”

Amazingly, the uber driver hadn't driven away yet, so you were able to order up another ride quickly. Alone in the back of the car, you just shook your head in amazement.

This summer was turning out to be fucking awesome.

## Chapter 116

“I think I might literally kill that bitch,” Gemma said. “Seriously, John. You need to stay the fuck away from her because if she touches you again, I’m going to get deported for what I do to her.”

“Gemma, I hear you. But that’s not realistic,” you said. “We work in the same office, I can’t just avoid her.” You checked yourself in the mirror again, the red hand of the slap still burning on your cheek. Gemma had barged into the office washroom after you, not caring what it looked like. “We’re going to need to figure something out.”

Your phone binged, Sabrina’s smiling face flashing on the screen as you received a text from her. You grabbed it and checked her message.

**Sabrina:** *I might literally kill her. Fuck! Tell me you have a plan.*

**Sabrina:** *I’m not letting her do this. There is no fucking way.*

“Is that Sabrina?” Gemma growled. She snatched your phone from you and read the messages, then started furiously typing back.

“Fuck,” you sighed, and then kicked the garbage can. It clattered against the wall.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **Six Hours Earlier**

“Any particular reason you are whistling like the guy on the Cialis commercials, John?” Becks asked you with a smirk.

You’d woken up early, filled with energy even for a Monday morning. Despite missing the feeling of waking up with Gemma or Sabrina next to you in bed, you were going to spend the day with both of them in the office. Even the tedious intern work seemed like more of a spark, knowing that.

One week ago that morning, you had taken the risk of asking Sabrina if she was secretly filming content for OnlyFans, and things had spiralled in the best, most unexpected ways.

You were early, and you couldn’t hide your happy grin as you walked into the building and approached the secretary. “It’s just a beautiful day, Becks. How was your weekend?”

“Oh, you know,” Becks said. “My new guy brought me out to the country on Saturday and we went all bougie on a mini wine-tasting tour. He knows absolutely nothing about wine, but he put in the effort.”

“That sounds like fun,” you said, making a mental note for that as a date idea. But was it good for Gemma, or Sabrina? Or maybe both? The trip to the museum all together had been fun. It would likely be a balancing act to figure out the right amount, but doing dates together and separately would be good for all three of you.

“What about you? The last thing I heard was you had a date with Gemma on Friday, right?” Becks asked.

“Yep,” you nodded. “It was really good. We went out to a comedy club for an open mic night, then went dancing for a bit.”

“Dragged you out to a club, huh?” Becks smirked. “I knew Gemma was a party girl at heart.”

“Well, I offered,” you said. “I like dancing.”

“You do?” Becks asked in surprise. “Don’t get me wrong, John, but you don’t exactly look like the club-going type. More like drinking with your buddies at a pub.”

“I’ll have you know I’m an excellent date for weddings, bar mitzvahs, New Year’s parties and all other social functions,” you said. “If you want my services you have to book pretty far in advance though, I’m a hot commodity.”

She snorted and rolled her eyes. “Alright, Rico Suave. You do anything else interesting this weekend?”

Two days of pleasure flitted through your mind, and you had a feeling that Becks caught your look. “Well, Gemma, Sabrina and I all went to the Museum on Sunday afternoon, too. It was fun, and Gemma seemed to really like it.”

“Oh, that’s cute,” Becks said. “Gosh, the last time I went to a Museum must have been... High School?”

“I had the same thought, but it was middle school,” you chuckled.

“Alright, well, you should probably get up there,” Becks gestured towards the elevators. “Both of your girls got in even earlier than you.”

You grinned and took a step towards the elevator, then hesitated and pivoted on your heel.

“What do you-”

“I’m not an idiot, John. You’re kissing both of them. Hell, you did it in front of me. Whatever you three are doing, you’re obviously involved. Just don’t flash it around in front of the lawyers and you should be fine.”

“Thanks, Becks,” you grinned.

“Yeah, yeah. You owe me one,” she said, and then as you went to the elevators called after you, “And I want more pastries tomorrow!”

Upstairs, you quickly walked back to the Intern conference room. You saw Sabrina first as she was coming around from the other direction of the hallway - she'd likely just finished delivering the coffee orders for the morning, leaving them on the Partner and Associate desks for them to walk in to and start their morning. She was wearing a nice little pencil skirt that ended at her knees and a white button-up blouse. She'd pulled her hair back and up in a neat bun and was giving off sexy librarian vibes.

“Good morning, baby,” she said with a grin, stepping into your arms and giving you a quick hug.

“Good morning, gorgeous,” you said. “How was editing last night?”

“Good. It took longer than I expected, but I posted some teasers late last night and people are practically rioting for more,” Sabrina smiled. Then she bit her lip and leaned closer, whispering. “How's it feel having your cock be a minor porn celebrity already?”

You snorted. “You know I don't care about that at all,” you said. “I'm just happy to do it with you.”

“I know,” she grinned, wrapped her arm around yours and pulled you towards the conference room.

Inside, Gemma was already at work and glanced up before quickly finishing what she was typing and then standing up. “Morning, love,” she said.

You wrapped her up in a hug as well, and took a chance to bend the rules and gave her a peck on the cheek. “Morning, love,” you said.

And then things got back to normal until Eric showed up *just* on time, sporting a black eye and a massive grin.

“Dude, please tell me that didn't happen on Friday night,” you said, immediately feeling bad you hadn't gone to find him or check in on him over the weekend.

“What? Oh, right,” Erica said. “Yeah, it did. But you guys aren't gonna believe this - we went viral!”

## Chapter 117

“What do you mean we went viral?” you asked.

Eric was still grinning ear to ear. “I mean when I live-streamed that argument and put #DeezChainsLive in the title, I had like five thousand people watching you two confront him and show what a pussy he is. Then I got them chasing me, including DeezChains screaming like a girl as he punched me. The video’s been picked up by like four different podcasts and commentators already.”

“Oh, fuck,” you groaned. This definitely wasn’t your intended goal.

“Honestly, that night might be the best thing that ever happened to me,” Eric laughed. “I’m already invited to a couple of live podcast recordings to talk about how much of a bitch DeezChains actually is in real life. Plus people really want to know who you two are.”

“Don’t,” Gemma sighed and shook her head. “Eric, do whatever you want with your new internet fame, just don’t name-drop us. Please.”

“Why not?” Eric asked. “I mean, seriously you guys. I guarantee you would easily pick up ten thousand followers on whatever social media you promoted by just doing *one* of the major pods. John, if you played your cards right I bet you could even get on a call with Top G. And Gemma, well-”

“Eric?” Sabrina cut in. “Remember you are in a legal office talking to coworkers.”

“Um,” Eric said.

Gemma just shook her head again. “Don’t bother, Eric. I’m not interested in internet clout.”

Eric turned to you as if he thought you might try and change her mind. You already had one of your girls posting herself online, even if it was anonymous. Sure, you were... participating... but you weren’t exactly thrilled at the idea of Gemma becoming an influencer or something. So when he looked at you, you frowned at him. “Keep our names out of it.”

“Alright, well I guess that will hopefully fix the, um, other situation going on,” Eric said.

You closed your eyes and took in a deep breath. “What other situation, Eric?”

“Oh, DeezChains has been going off on his channel and socials saying he’s suing you guys for defamation and libel. I mean, obviously that would be ridiculous legally speaking but he’s got Fuck You money to throw around,” Eric said.

“You gotta be fucking kidding me,” you said.

"It's fine. As long as he doesn't figure out who you guys are he can't file, and if I'm not saying anything then what are the chances he figures it out?"

"Hold on, how viral are we talking?" Sabrina asked. "How many views?"

Eric shrugged. "Between the original and the podcasts? A couple million. But that'll go up through the week. He can't do anything to me since I've got him committing assault and I could press charges."

"Oh, God," you groaned. What were the chances that someone you or Gemma knew wouldn't see it?

Gemma sat down heavily, obviously thinking the same thing you were. "It's the internet, Eric. Where there's a will, there's a way and our faces are out there."

"Ah, you two will be fine," Eric waved away your concerns.

"We should get ahead of this," you said.

"How?" Gemma asked. "File DMCA's?"

"No, if it's spread that much already we'll never keep up, and technically I think Eric owns the copyright anyways since we were in public," you said. "But we do work for a bunch of lawyers."

Gemma sighed and Sabrina nodded. "Garrison," they both said.

"Yup," you said. "All we need to do is explain to our boss how his interns might be in a legal battle with a guy named DeezChains."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Let me get this straight," Garrison said, leaning back in his chair and pinching the bridge of his nose. "You two were out drinking and somehow managed to not only get into a dispute with an internet meme of a man but do it on camera. And now he's threatening legal action?"

"Ah, yes sir," you said. You and Gemma were sitting in his office. It was just after 9 AM and the two of you had gone to him as soon as he arrived.

"What exactly did you say?" He asked.

"We accused him of sexual harassment, demanding he stop attempting to contact me through proxies," Gemma said. "After that, I think I inferred he was a coward?"

"I also might have inferred he was gay because of how he was wording things. He called me a 'bitchboy' and immediately after he loudly declared he 'fucks bitches.'"

Garrison snorted and shook his head. "Alright, let's see the video," he said.

You quickly searched for it on your phone based on Eric's title and handed it over. He watched the whole confrontation twice then gave your phone back.

"Well, the good news is that none of what happened was a clear and obvious statement to the public," he said. "Any self-respecting lawyer could get this case thrown out on merit. Just don't make any further statements to antagonize this idiot."

"Um, that's part of the problem, sir," Gemma said. "The internet is sort of doing that for us."

The good news was that after skipping through a few video commentaries Garrison decided there wasn't any additional threat caused by the clip getting picked up and covered. The bad news was that he agreed it was likely antagonizing the guy even more.

"Same order stands," he finally said. "Don't make any statements. With some luck, he never finds out who you are."

"What if he does, though?" you asked.

"Then I guess I'm finding out what kind of lawyer takes on an idiot client with a name like DeezChains," he said.

You and Gemma glanced at each other. "Thank you, sir," you both said.

"Yeah, yeah," he grunted, waving you out of his office. "Just go get back to work and don't make me regret this."

You both stood up to leave, but he stopped you in the doorway. "And go see HR to report your relationship," he called after you.

"What do you mean?" you asked, hesitating just outside his office.

"You two were just out drinking at a club, the two of you?" Garrison asked. "Don't try and pull one over on me."

"Ah, yes, sir," you said.

"Well, shit," Gemma muttered as you left the office, then turned to you quickly. "Not that I'm ashamed of dating you or anything, but keeping it quiet would have been nice."



"It's fine, Gemma. I know what you mean," you said. "The less questions about our... situation, the better."

## Chapter 118

“Well, at least you guys are covered if something does happen,” Sabrina said. You had re-joined her and Eric in the intern office. Andy was pushing thirty minutes late at this point, but it was a Monday so it was entirely possible he’d call in sick.

“As long as you keep your promise to not release our names we should be fine, Eric,” you said.

“Yeah, sure. I’ll just revel in the spotlight myself. I got invited to a podcast down in Miami at the end of the week already,” he said. “Not sure if I can go, but they always have at least like eight hot chicks on the show so I might ask if I can take Friday off or something.”

You just shook your head and didn’t say anything. He was going to ask for a day off to fly down to Miami... for a podcast. What kind of world were you living in that that was a *thing*?

Getting back to work, you quickly sent an email over to Gemma asking if she wanted to schedule the HR meeting or if you should. She replied that you could, so then you spent the next few minutes composing an email to Carol, the sweet older woman who had done the Intern HR stuff when you had first gotten picked for the spot. There were two HR people for the firm and you’d never met the other guy - you thought his name was Paul. Or maybe Patrick.

Carol got back to you quickly that you could come in just before lunch, and that she would have the forms ready. You hadn’t told her what the reason for the meeting request was, so either Garrison had given her a heads up or she was assuming something. You didn’t bother to correct her since you would be seeing her in a couple of hours anyways.

All of that probably should have been the end of the wild and out crap for a regular Monday.

But it wasn’t.

Andy showed up at 9:45 AM, which was later than usual, but that wasn’t it. Neither was him immediately heading to the washroom looking a little green.

No, it was the loud talking in the hallway outside the office door at 10:02 AM that alerted you things weren’t going to be as-usual today.

It started as loud talking and laughing; two women making a commotion as they got closer towards your conference room. Now, usually when this happened in the office over the last month it was a particularly friendly, or angry, client of a Partner who felt free to ‘be themselves’ in the office and you were supposed to ignore it. But then the noise walked right up to the conference room door.

“Hello, children,” said a woman who strode into the office. She was pretty in a three-decades-older-than-you sort of way, though to be fair she had a high and proud set of tits

that had to be an aftermarket addition. She was wearing a cream coloured dress that probably rode the line between business appropriate and flirty, and her makeup left her looking fierce without being overdone.

Coming in behind her was what had to be a younger version of her, but where the older woman had dyed blonde hair, the daughter had thick brunette hair in a severe bob haircut. She also looked over-tanned, and you weren't sure if it was way too much time in the sun, or too heavy of a spray job. She was wearing a red dress that landed a touch over that same line of business and flirty, with a deep amount of cleavage and a hemline that was a little higher on her thighs than Gemma or Sabrina had ever worn to the office.

"Can we help you, ma'am?" Gemma asked. She was closest to the door, sitting at the head of the table.

"Oh, you can in a moment, dear," the woman said. "We haven't had a chance to meet yet, kids. My name is Tanya Bellagamba, and I am the Senior Partner whom you all must have been wondering about since you started."

She wasn't wrong entirely, though we all knew about her. Ms Bellagamba had been on vacation since we'd started our internships.

"It's nice to meet you, Miss Bellagamba," you said, standing up and walking around the table to offer her your hand. "My name is John, and this is Gemma, Sabrina, and Eric." Sabrina gave you an encouraging look, and you knew she was happy you were taking initiative to be more forward with your engagement of people. 'Secretary-whispering' skills activate!

"Yes, that's nice," she said, giving you a half-hearted, weak wristed shake as if it was an afterthought. "Anyways, I'm sure you've all been running around like chickens with your heads come off without your Head Intern. This is Joy, my daughter, and she'll be taking charge of you as she has the experience necessary to whip you all into shape."

"I sure do," Joy smiled, and you got the feeling that you were going to dislike this person. There was just something about the way she looked sycophantically at her mother that made something stick in your throat.

"Alright, well I've got cases to catch up on. Caio, dear," Miss Bellagamba said, and air kissed with her daughter. Then she turned back to Gemma. "And I'll take my coffee in my office, dear. Black, one sugar." And she strode away on her high heels.

Gemma, trying to hide her grimace, glanced at you and Sabrina as she stood up to follow. You knew she didn't have a problem doing coffee duty in the mornings, but usually you interns weren't expected to fetch coffees for the rest of the day. Hopefully that wasn't changing.

Joy stood in the doorway with a smirk, her hands on her hips as she looked you all over. "Where's the other one?" she asked. "I thought there were supposed to be five of your newbies this year?"

You glanced over at Andy's seat. "He's in the washroom," you said. "He wasn't feeling well."

"Mhmm," Joy said, frowning and pursing her lips. She strutted around the table a little, eyeing up Sabrina as she crossed behind her, then Eric.

"Hey, Joy," Eric grinned.

*Oh, God, you internally groaned. Here it comes.*

## Chapter 119

“I’ve kind of been the ringleader for us interns so far this year,” Eric continued talking to the new (old?) girl. “I’d be happy to run you through everything we’ve been doing personally. Maybe over lunch?”

*That actually wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be, you thought.*

“I’m sorry, were you just hitting on me?” Joy asked. “Because this,” she pointed at Eric and circled her finger to take in his whole being. “Isn’t up to snuff to even fantasize about me. Got it?”

Eric, for what it was worth, rolled with the savage jab. “Hey, no problem. You’ve got certain expectations, that’s fine.”

Maybe that ‘Red Pill’ stuff was actually helping Eric be a little less desperate.

“Good,” Joy said. “Now move, this is my spot.”

“Really?” Sabrina asked.

“What?” Joy scoffed. “Have something to say?”

“Um, yeah, I do,” Sabrina said. “We’ve been working here for a month. Wouldn’t it be more efficient for you to find a way to slide into our workflow, rather than trying to throw your weight around?”

“What’s your name?” Joy asked.

“Sabrina.”

“Well, Sabrina. You might have been here for a month, but I’ve been an intern here for the last *three* summers. I’ve also finished my first year of Law School and if I’m right, you’re all still undergrads. So why don’t you zip those thin little lips of yours and listen when your boss is talking, or I’ll need to go let HR know that you aren’t working out.”

Sabrina’s face went hard. You’d never seen her do that before. For the last month in the office, and every time you saw her in classes back at school, Sabrina had a soft, expressive face. Even when she’d been her most upset last Monday in the copy room, she hadn’t gone hard.

It was kind of scary.

“Now,” Joy continued, turning back to Eric. “Are you going to move or what?”

It was a turning point. If Eric refused, you could all be on the same page. If she went and complained, you would all be able to show a united front. Gemma would obviously support you and Sabrina. All Eric had to do was not let this prissy woman play school yard bully, and she would get shut down.

“Sure,” Eric said. “A change of scenery is fine with me.”

*Coward*, you thought, then regretted it. Eric had helped you out on Friday, it wasn't fair to label him like that.

Eric started shifting his work laptop over a couple of seats. Usually, or at least the old normal, was Gemma and Eric sitting at the two heads of the table, while you sat alone on the long side away from the door and kind of in the middle, while Sabrina and Andy split the other side. Now Eric was moving into 'your zone,' which forced you to shift over as well. It was closer to Gemma, which was fine, but him moving was making you capitulate to Joy's demands as well.

“Hey, what's going on?” Andy asked as he walked slowly back into the room. He'd been in the washroom a good twenty minutes, and you weren't sure if he'd puked himself sober, or if he'd gone for a Hair of the Dog route and had a flask on him or something. He at least wasn't looking sick any more. His eyes zeroed in on Joy, and you could practically see the gears turning in his head.

“Andy, this is Joy,” you said. “She's a returning intern.”

“Oh, cool,” Andy grinned, then walked towards her. “Welcome back to the team.” Then he swept her up into a hug.

Now, in most other situations, you would have said something. Andy was clearly a little drunk still, and it was wildly inappropriate. The thing was, you had a front row seat to the look on Joy's face as she went through shock, revulsion, disgust, and then grudging anger.

Andy ended the hug, obviously smiling. “It's nice to meet you.”

“Get the fuck away from me,” Joy hissed.

Andy frowned, but stepped back. “OK,” he said. “No need to be nasty.”

“If you ever fucking touch me again, you *will* regret it,” she said.

“Fine,” Andy said, putting up his hands. “I was just trying to be friendly.”

“I don't think Joy appreciates friendly,” you said to him.

"I'm not here to be friends. I have plenty of friends. I just spent a month with my friends in the Virgin Islands. I don't need to make friends with *interns*."

That was rich, considering she was an intern as well.

Gemma returned from her coffee run shortly after Eric was finished shifting over.

"Good, you're back," Joy said. "I need you to go up and talk with Brad. Tell him I'm here and I need my laptop."

"I have work to do," Gemma said, blinking several times.

"And I'm telling you that *this* is the work you need to do," Joy said.

"I'll go," you offered, both wanting to give Gemma an out from needing to follow Joy's order, and wanting a breath away from the witch.

"No, you stay where you are," Joy said, pointing at you. "You're the only one who hasn't said something stupid so far, so you're going to show me what you've all been spinning your wheels on while you haven't been supervised."

*Fuuuuuck*, you internally groaned.

"I'll go with you, Gemma," Sabrina said, standing.

"It's a one person job," Joy said. "Stop slacking off."

"I had to work with Brad for a couple of days early on because the laptop he gave me was fritzing out," Sabrina said. "Better that we make one trip together than if we have to do multiple trips over a couple of days, right?"

"Whatever," Joy said, narrowing her eyes. "Just don't take too long."

Sabrina stood, and you could see her roll her eyes when Joy couldn't see her face. She and Gemma quickly left the conference room, turning back to look through the door at you. Both of them made angry, fist-gripping gestures towards the room.

You had to suppress your smile as Joy came around the table to stand beside you. "Alright. John, right? Let's see what you nerds have been working on."

She leaned down, and you were immediately aware of the cleavage of her dress being somewhere off to the right of your face, right at eye level.

You also knew it was a trap.

*Don't look. Don't look. Don't look!*



## Chapter 120

Running Joy through the work only took about five minutes. She was fairly dismissive throughout, and seemed to just want to see if you and the others hadn't been doing something you were supposed to. When she didn't find that was the case, she seemed to grudgingly accept it and went and sat in 'her' seat.

You got a text shortly afterwards, and felt thankful you had your phone on vibrate. You weren't sure what Joy's reaction to you using your phone during work hours would be - likely she was of the opinion she was free to, and you and the others weren't. That would be right in line with her attitude.

You checked the text quickly under the lip of the table.

**Gemma:** *Don't do anything. We'll talk to Carol about it when we go for a meeting.*

You sent back a thumbs up emoji. It was a good plan - Ms Bellagamba's announcement that Joy was your 'leader' hadn't been mentioned before, and you'd all been working fine. Well, as a team at least. Andy was skating by on the fact that you, Gemma and Sabrina were overachievers and Eric did the bare minimum to keep up.

Still, though. It seemed weird that a woman coming off of vacation who didn't have any knowledge of how things had been going would just come in and disrupt the workflow.

Then again, you'd read reddit. There was hundreds of stories of stupid management fucking up a good thing. Maybe this was one of those things.

Either way, you kept your mouth shut other than answering Joy's questions and tried to remain as professionally cordial-but-distant as you could. And you *really* made sure not to glance at that cleavage. Her chest looked as bolted on as her mothers, so either the two women shared underwear brand preference and wore bras with massive lift and support, or likely Joy had been treated to a similar procedure as her mother.

*Gemma's are way nicer*, you thought errantly. Gemma's breasts were about the same size, and you knew they had some sag from the weight when she was naked, but that was natural. And she didn't dress to accentuate them - at least not in the office. Her dresses for your dates had been a lot more flattering in that regard, but they also had a casual innocence about them whereas Joy's choice of dress in the office felt... predatory? Like a challenge, asking you to look even though you knew it could be deadly to do so.

Gemma and Sabrina eventually returned, and Joy started getting herself set up. The banter in the office was gone. Eric spent less time on his phone, which you guessed was a good change for now, but you, Gemma and Sabrina were all quiet except for trading occasional glances.

One thing you did notice quickly was that, for someone who had worked as a summer intern for multiple years, it was taking Joy a while to get herself logged on to the system and to start working.

Eventually lunch started to approach and you glanced at the clock on your screen.

“Hey Gemma, it’s 11:25,” you said.

“Oh, crap,” she nodded and closed her laptop. “Yeah, we should get going.”

“Where are you going? Lunch doesn’t start until noon,” Joy said.

“We have a meeting scheduled,” you said.

“I didn’t approve any meetings,” Joy said, closing her laptop as well and standing. “I should be made aware of any meetings you have with any of the Partners or Associates.”

“This isn’t a meeting with one of the lawyers,” Gemma said. “We have a meeting with Carol in HR.”

“Well, I need to get caught up on things so I’ll still come sit in,” Joy said.

“No, you won’t,” you said. There was no fucking way you were letting that happen. “This is an HR issue, so by policy it needs to be handled in a specific order. If you need to be made aware of the issue, I believe Carol will set a meeting time with you.”

Joy pursed her lips. “What’s the issue?” she demanded.

“This is an HR issue, so by policy it needs to be handled in a specific order,” Gemma repeated you verbatim. “If you need to be made aware of the issue, Carol will set a meeting time with you.”

“Yes, but I should at least know the topic of the issue in case I should be doing something to mitigate it,” Joy countered.

“Sorry, Joy,” you said. “This is an HR issue, so by policy-”

“Oh, whatever,” Joy scoffed. “Don’t be too long.”

On your way out you caught a look from Sabrina and sent her a little wink and a smile.

Once you were in the hallway, you felt yourself physically relax and realized you’d been tense for at least an hour.

“What a nightmare,” you murmured to Gemma, who also looked like she’d been holding back.

“You can say that again,” Gemma muttered back.

“I assume you told Sabrina about the meeting while you were out getting the laptop?” you asked.

“Of course,” Gemma said. “How was getting her royal highness up to date?”

“Nice, and it was nothing,” you said. “She definitely did work here before, so that wasn’t some weird lie. I swear she was trying to catch me looking at her tits though. She was practically throwing them in my face.”

“I wouldn’t blame you for looking,” Gemma said. “But don’t you fucking dare think you can swing a third person into this thing we have going on. Especially not her.”

“Really, Gemma?” you asked. “You really think I’d even consider that?”

Gemma smirked. “No, but I also don’t want all the *hmmhmmm* you’re getting to go to your head and inflate your ego.”

You smirked and leaned a little closer to her as you were walking down the hallway, speaking even softer. “God, I want to kiss you right now.”

“Me, too,” she said. “But that might not be the best idea standing right outside of HR.”

## Chapter 121

Carol's office was almost like stepping onto the set of a television show where the HR person was the classic stereotype. Or maybe those stereotypes were based on Carol.

Her desk was covered in stress relief knick knacks and racks of paperwork were scattered around. She had three different calendars going with different quotes of the day. Several posters of various employment law statutes were prominent, but displayed more broadly than all of them was the piece de resistance - a big poster on the back wall of a kitten hanging from a branch with 'Hang In There!' in comically bold writing.

Carol was a soft woman with blonde hair pulled back in a braid and even in the middle of summer she was wearing a knit sweater over her blouse. She smiled sweetly as you and Gemma knocked on her door. "Come on in, guys."

You and Gemma sat down in the chairs across from her desk and she shuffled some papers around before setting both hands on the desk in front of her. "So. You two want a relationship disclosure process, right?"

"How did you know?" Gemma asked.

Carol just shrugged. "I've been in the game long enough to know it's right around this time the Interns start getting frisky. To be fair, it's a little early in the season for the official forms, but good on you two for not drawing out the process and getting caught doing anything inappropriate on work time."

"Thanks?" you said. Multiple instances of doing inappropriate things on work time flashed through your mind, starting with you and Sabrina in the restaurant last Monday and culminating with the threesome blowjob that had happened downstairs.

"So, here are the forms," she said, handing over a single sheet to each of you. "I'm the only person who sees the disclosures unless something inappropriate does occur. Usually we would discourage relationships between the Associates or Partners since it can cause ongoing issues, especially if the relationships end, but you two are fine since you're temp interns. Do me a favour and just answer exactly what's on the forms, I don't need extra details - one couple five years ago thought they would get extra marks for going above and beyond on the disclosure. If I want to read erotica I'll go find it online. Which, by the way, is not appropriate to do at work."

"Yes, ma'am," you and Gemma both said.

"Alright," Carol nodded. "Here are some pens, you two get started on those and everything should be good before lunch."

"Actually," you said. "There was something else that we wanted to talk to you about."

Carol held up a hand. “Just... OK. Before you ask the question, I’m going to remind you that I am a Human Resources manager, not your personal or couples therapist. Is this business related?”

“Yes, definitely,” Gemma said.

“Absolutely,” you agreed.

“Alright,” Carol nodded. “Let’s hear it.”

“So, we interns have been working well for the most part,” you said. “But today we just had Joy dropped in our laps and we’re not sure of the, ah, change in dynamics that are going on.”

“Ah, yes. Tanya is back from her vacation today,” Carol said. “Do you have any specific questions? Did something happen?”

“Well, to cut to the chase, is Joy our supervisor?” Gemma asked. “Because Ms Bellagamba told us she was in charge of us, but we’ve always just answered to the Partners or Associates who come and drop off work.”

Carol chewed on the inside of her lip for a moment. “Technically no, though she is a returning Intern so unofficially she has the experience to help guide your workflow as necessary.”

You and Gemma glanced at each other. “That wasn’t exactly a clear answer,” you said.

“Well, it’s a nuanced situation,” Carol said. “I wish I could give you a better one, but there are... complications. If something happens and you feel like you are being made uncomfortable, or your ability to work is being negatively impacted, you can always come and file a complaint with me.”

“So what are we supposed to do here?” Gemma asked. “Do we have to listen to her, or not?”

“I suggest you lean on the breadth of experience that Joy brings to your team, and ensure that you are meeting the same work goals you had before she rejoined the team,” Carol said.

“Right,” you said.

Gemma sighed.

Carol just looked at the two of you with a bland smile. “Anything else?”

“Nope,” you said. “That’s all.”

You and Gemma took the next few minutes to fill out the disclosure forms, which were basically glorified promises to not fuck each other on company time, and that you wouldn't make other people feel uncomfortable through personal displays of affection or cause workplace incidents due to the state of your relationship.

Once you had both signed off on the forms, Carol collected them from you and gave you another of those smiles that you'd originally thought of as warm and sweet, but now sort of came across as a little vapid. "Alrighty. Anything else I can do for you two today?"

"No, that's all Carol," you said.

"Thanks so much for the help," Gemma said, and it was hard not to feel the intense sarcasm hidden under the thin layer of professionalism.

Escaping from Carol's office, you split off from Gemma and ducked into the washroom quickly. You washed your face and looked at yourself in the mirror. This job had just gotten a hell of a lot more annoying in the space of a couple of hours. You wondered if maybe you should go ask Garrison about what to do, but so far nothing had actually *happened* to make it feel worth bothering him for the second time in one morning.

"It can't be that bad," you muttered to yourself. You had Gemma and Sabrina. Anything this place could throw at you, you could get over with them.... Right?

## Chapter 122

“By the look on your face, I think you’ve met Joy,” Becks said.

You had texted Gemma and Sabrina that you would meet them down in the lobby since there was only a couple of minutes left before lunch, and then headed down. “You’ve got that right,” you said to the secretary. There wasn’t anyone else in the lobby at the moment, so she was free to talk. “Please tell me if you know anything useful? She’s already becoming a pain in our collective asses and HR isn’t going to do anything.”

Becks nodded and sighed. “Well, I started here a couple of months before she did her second year interning, so I may not know all of the useful dirt but I know enough to warn you.”

“We already know her Mom is a Partner,” you said. “That was made abundantly clear by Ms Bellagamba stopping by to drop Joy off and calling us all ‘children’ and insisting Joy was in charge of us.”

“Ugh,” Becks rolled her eyes. “Well, Joy has worked here every summer after her second year of university. She is smart but petty, and I would say you should look forward to her getting her month-long vacation she and her mother always take, but they kicked off the summer with it this time. Totally unfair, obviously, but those are the perks of nepotism.”

You blew out a long breath. “So we’re definitely stuck with her.”

“You are,” Becks nodded. “And my method of dealing with her won’t work for you guys. She tried to throw her weight around with me my first summer with her, but I just played it sweet and smooth down the middle because I’m an employee of the building and not your office. She couldn’t push me around to do shit for her, and when she figured that out she got pissy for a while. Then the next year she came in all sweet and wanted to be friends and bitch about the other interns to me. I indulged listening to her because that was easier than dealing with her being pissy.”

“Well, she’s already had a go at Sabrina a bit. Eric tried hitting on her and she rebuffed him pretty fast, and Andy... well, Andy never had a chance,” you said.

“Wait, what happened to Eric, by the way?” Becks asked you. “He came in with a black eye but was grinning like an idiot.”

You quickly filled Becks in, who smirked and rolled her eyes appropriately during the story, then nodded along at your worries and about going to Garrison. “So we should be in the clear unless something drastic happens,” you finished. “At least in regards to that shit.”

“Well, if I think of anything else with Joy or she reveals something important, I’ll let one of you guys know,” Becks said. She checked the clock behind her desk and frowned. “Actually, you

should probably make yourself scarce. Every day they are both here, Tanya takes Joy out to lunch and they leave right at noon.”

“Shit,” you said, glancing at your phone and seeing it was noon already. “Thanks.” You made for the hallway leading into the building instead of the elevators, heading towards the rooms that you, Gemma and Sabrina had used for your rendezvous last week.

“No problem,” Becks called after you. Then you heard the elevator doors ping as they opened and you ducked around the corner of the first doorway in the hallway. You could hear the loud clacking of heels on the tile floor echo through the lobby. “Good morning, Tanya. Hello Joy,” Becks said with a syrupy sweetness she reserved for customer service and, apparently, the Bellagamba women.

“I’ll be outside in just a moment, mother,” Joy said, her voice reaching you easily.

“Don’t dawdle, dear,” Ms Bellagamba said, the sound of her heels continuing to beat towards the door.

“Yes, mother,” Joy said, and then there was a moment where no one talked, and the heels faded as Ms Bellagamba must have gone outside. “Alright, Becks,” Joy said. “What’s the deal with these brats upstairs? I can already tell the brunette is going to be a bitch, and the blonde bimbo is either some kind of idiot or is a diversity hire for disabilities.”

That... didn’t even make any sense. Unless something more had happened during your HR meeting or in the last few minutes, she had no reason to think that. Part of you wanted to go out and challenge her on her cuntiness, but it was actually a rather small part because of how ridiculous the insults were.

“Honestly, Joy? I don’t know much. It’s only a month in and I’ve barely interacted with them. You know me, I only talk to people who take the time to talk to me,” Becks said vaguely.

“Well, they’re lazy bitches. And that short guy? Ugh, he tried hitting on me. As if a twerp like him would have any chance. He’d have to be a fucking millionaire to even have a shot. And what’s wrong with that tall one? He seems to legitimately be a dunce or something - I might need to get him fired first just for trying to fucking hug me.”

“I don’t know anything about the short one,” Becks said. “But I do know that the tall one is Andy, and he has some sort of family connection to the office so it might be hard for you to get him. No connections like you, obviously, but enough to make it difficult.”

“Hmm,” Joy pondered out loud. “Well, it can be my little side project.”

“What about the middle one?” Becks asked, and you knew she was doing it because you were listening in.



“That one is... I don’t know yet,” Joy said. “He’s a mystery right now. I think the two girls each have a thing for him. Little girl crushes. I might need to play with that a bit just to show them who’s boss.”

“Careful, girl,” Becks said. “Playing with people’s feelings is how the incident started last year.”

“And I ended that, didn’t I?” Joy said. “Alright, I need to go. Mother is waiting. Thanks for the gab. If you find out anything juicy make sure to tell me, yeah?”

“Of course, girl,” Becks said. “Have a good lunch.”

More clicking of heels, and then silence.

“She’s gone,” Becks called.

“Fuck me,” you sighed, coming back from around the hallway corner.

“You’ve got two other women to do that,” Becks smirked.

“That’s not what I-”

“I know, Romeo,” Becks laughed. “I’m just fucking with you. Metaphorically.”

## Chapter 123

Gemma and Sabrina were down and out of the elevators soon after Joy left, but other people from around the building were also starting to move in and out for lunch so there wasn't an opportunity to talk with Becks some more. You suggested the sub place, and Sabrina said it was her treat today. You and Gemma tried to argue about going dutch, but then Sabrina showed you both the preorder numbers for the first video she was going to release from your Saturday filming session and you both agreed to let her pay.

Sabrina was going to make... a significant amount.

Once you were out of the building, both women immediately fell in beside you. Gemma took your hand, and Sabrina wrapped her arm through yours. It had become the comfortable sequence for the three of you, and you had to wonder what other people walking by thought when they saw you. Did they think one of them was your sister? Or that you were the gay best friend?

Inside the sub place, you saw that there weren't any other employees of the Firm inside and you could talk freely - well, as freely as being in public could be.

"I think we should go to Garrison," Sabrina said. "He knows us, he likes us... well, I think he does. He trusted you with a special job with my Uncle last week, John."

"Yeah, but Gemma and I just had to bring him the stupid Viral thing this morning," you countered. "We're probably pretty low on favour capital right now."

"He's right," Gemma nodded. "If anyone is going to bring it to Garrison it'll need to be you, Sabrina. You haven't made an ask for anything."

"I don't know if that's even the right move though," you said. "I mean, think about it. She's a bitch, and based on what Becks told me she always has been. We can't be the first people who thought to try and handle her by talking to our superiors, but she's still here."

"Mmm, if we're going to say anything we need hard proof," Sabrina nodded.

"Beyond a reasonable doubt proof," you said.

"OK, Mr Pre-Law," Gemma rolled her eyes. "All three of us knew what you meant by proof."

"So then we do nothing?" Sabrina asked.

"I guess so," you frowned.

“Look, it’s the first day,” Gemma said. “It might suck for a bit, but we’re going to need her to settle into a routine so that we can catch her unawares. That doesn’t mean we don’t protect each other, but we can’t set an ambush unless we know where she’s going to be and what she’s going to do.”

“It’s kinda hot when you go all Predator,” you smirked.

Gemma rolled her eyes, but the smile she tried to suppress told you she appreciated the comment.

“I guess we really do need to follow the rules now,” Sabrina sighed. “No more kissing at work, or anything else.”

“Yeah,” you agreed. “I for one am going to miss it.”

Sabrina snorted. “If you think you’re any more horny than I am, you’re kidding yourself.”

“OK, you two,” Gemma said, taking you both by the arms and moving you ahead in line. “Do I need to put you in horny jail or something?”

The three of you ordered your subs and the conversation stalled as you directed what you wanted on them, then Sabrina paid for them and drinks for you all. Knowing that Joy might be her vigilant, cuntly self and be counting the minutes for you to get back, the three of you rushed back to the office and arrived just five minutes before your actual lunch break ended. You waved to Becks on the way by, and got up into the conference room with a couple of minutes to spare and began shovelling down your sandwiches.

You kept an eye on the clock, and when 12:30 came around you expected Joy to storm in and demand everyone throw out their food. Andy and Eric had gone down to the bodega as usual and were still eating as well.

But Joy didn’t come back at 12:30. Or 12:45.

You all finished your meals and were back to working at that point, and things started to feel normal again. Your banter with Gemma and Sabrina, and even Eric, was light.

Then Joy arrived, smirking to herself as she sashayed into the conference room with a takeout container in one hand and some sort of a small shopping bag clutched in the other. At 1:30, a full hour later than the rest of you.

The perks of nepotism.

She made a big deal of arranging her things, disrupting what Eric and Andy were doing by making them both shuffle a little further down the table towards you and Sabrina to make more

room for her to set her little bag and takeout on the table. Then she loudly sighed and booted up her computer, and started to 'work.' Which mostly consisted of her asking what you'd gotten done since 'your lunch breaks' ended.

Then she tried asking what you and Gemma had a meeting at HR about again, and you stone walled her by saying it was an ongoing item and you were uncomfortable talking to her about it. She didn't like hearing that, pursing her lips irritably, but let it drop - you had to wonder if she was formulating a plan to figure it out. Could she get access to HR records using the office laptop if her mother logged into it? Or maybe she'd have the gall to break into Carol's office?

It was almost two when Garrison stepped in the conference room door and knocked loudly on the doorsill. "Alright, I need two of you to come down to the basement storage. There's a room that needs putting back together after Torez and Miller spent the weekend researching for a big merger. John, you're volunteer number one since there's big boxes to move."

"I'll go too, sir," Sabrina said quickly.

"Sure," Garrison nodded. "Meet me down there in five."

You couldn't help but notice Joy narrow her eyes just slightly, watching Sabrina with a calculating glare.

## Chapter 124

Garrison met you at the elevators and the three of you rode down to the basement levels together. You'd only been down there a couple of times so far during your internship and the little warren network of storage rooms and cold concrete corridors was a bit of a maze.

Your boss led you in what felt like a circle but ended up leading to a simple steel door. He fished out a keyring from his pockets and opened the deadbolt, then flicked it back closed once he had the door open so the deadbolt would act as a doorstop. "Alright. You two know the filing system. Get all this mess cleaned up and organized, and get the boxes back in order. Looks like they had to take some meals down here too, so make sure you empty the garbage."

"Sounds good, sir," you said.

"Good," he nodded. "Don't get yourselves locked out. If you slam this door and it's unlocked, the lock has a tendency to slip just enough to jam it and you'll need to come all the way back up to get me. And I won't be happy coming back down here. Got it?"

"Absolutely, Mr Garrison," Sabrina said. "Don't get ourselves locked out."

"Good. I'll leave you to it," he nodded and strode off confidently back towards the elevators.

The interior of the storage room was carpeted but had bare concrete walls. It looked like about two-thirds of it was sturdy steel shelving units filled with banker's boxes of files, while the nearer third of the room had a couple of big working tables, an old photocopier and a beat-up old couch in one corner. The lights overhead were horrible halogen affairs that you knew would give you a headache if you spent too long down there.

"You think Torez and Miller fucked on the couch?" Sabrina asked, shooting you a smirk as she stepped further into the room.

"I think Torez has an 80% chance of being gay, but Miller is definitely a Chad who used to say 'no homo' unironically," you said, following her in. You couldn't help but check her out from behind, the way her slim waist and cute bum looked in her professional skirt.

"Oh boy," Sabrina sighed, turning and catching you looking but just shooting you a naughty look. "First you can't talk with secretaries, and now your Gaydar is way off. Miller is guaranteed gay. Just because he was a frat boy during his undergrad doesn't mean he's straight. Torez is the one who would be in the closet."

"I had no idea," you laughed. You went to the first work table, which had at least a dozen files scattered across it, along with some Legal volumes that the two associates must have been using to try and find precedents or something. There were also crusty boxes of takeout that had to have covered more than one meal.

“You know, we’re all alone down here,” Sabrina said, stepping up next to you and beginning to shuffle papers away from the dirtier mess you were dealing with.

“Sabrina,” you said, “We’re following the rules. Not when we’re at work.”

“I know. And with the new bitch upstairs, we’re going to need to be even more cautious,” Sabrina sighed. “But, and I’m just pitching this, was the rule not fooling around at work, or in the office? Because technically we’re not in the office, we’re in the basement.”

You grinned and chuckled, turning to her and wrapping your hand around her waist to pull her close. “You’re incorrigible, you know that?”

“I’m persistent,” she smiled back. “Stubborn. Dogged. My mother used to say I was the unstoppable force just waiting to find my immovable object.”

“Oh, she did, huh?” you asked. “Does that make me-”

“The immovable object?” She finished for you. “Maybe. I hope so.”

You kissed her, just a little one. “We probably have an hour down here before anyone comes looking,” you said, letting her go. “Let’s see how fast we can get this done and then...”

“Now who’s the incorrigible one?” Sabrina laughed, and gave your ass a little slap.

The two of you worked as quickly as you could, but it was slow going. It was like the two associates had emptied out the files they’d found onto the table and shuffled them at random, then split the papers between the two tables.

You and Sabrina decided the easiest way to tackle the obstacles was to tag-team it. You ended up sorting the file folders on one table, while Sabrina started organizing the papers on the other by company titles and dates. The process was grunt work, which you had to accept was what you were so it made sense that you were stuck doing it. The nice thing was that every time you would cross over to Sabrina’s table to pick up another stack to start sorting into the folders, she would purposefully tease you.

It started with her bumping your hip with hers, then brushing her hand along your arm. It was the most wholesome of physical flirtation, but it was like you two were starting to flirt for the first time all over again. Little looks between the two of you, little grins. Sabrina undid a couple of buttons on her blouse just to tease you even though it made no effect on what you could see since it wasn’t like her tiny amount of cleavage was trying to bust out. Then she took a risk and grabbed your hand, pulling it down onto her ass for a moment. You paused, smiling at her as she bit her lip with a little smirk, and gave her a squeeze.

Before you got back to her again, Sabrina suddenly swore. “Oh, you’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” she sighed. She went over to the photocopier and pulled out a stack of papers under the lip of the top. “This is ridiculous. I need a break.”

“What kind of break are you thinking of?” you asked innocently. “You want me to go run upstairs for some coffee?”

“Mm-mmm,” she shook her head as she eyefucked you, leaning back against the photocopier and striking a sexy pose. “I need a different stimulant. I’m thinking something with protein, like a power bar. Think you could lend me yours?”

## Chapter 125

“I think that’s a very bad idea that I really want to go ahead with anyways,” you said, setting down the folder you’d been sorting and walking over to Sabrina.

Sabrina was shorter than you by almost a foot, though today she’d worn business heels with a short heel on it so she was a little taller than in her flats. She bit her lower lip and grinned as you approached her. “Well, ‘Bad Idea’ might as well be my middle name. The key is knowing when to make them.”

“Is that so?” you asked as you stepped right up and loomed over her. She looked up at you with her big eyes, grinning like a fiend. You leaned down and kissed her, letting your hand run up her side and over her chest, but instead of moving to palm her tits you went up higher, over her collarbone to her neck. You took it in your hand and she exhaled heavily.

“Daddy,” she whispered into your lips.

“You really need to get a hold of that,” you chuckled. “Or is this you being a brat again? Because no matter what, I don’t think we can punish you appropriately even down here.”

“Sorry, it really is just blurring out of nowhere,” Sabrina said. “You don’t actually mind me calling you that on camera, right?”

“It’s fine to play it up like that,” you said. “But when it’s just us I’d prefer something else.”

“John,” she hummed.

“Better,” you smiled, and kissed her again.

She pressed her body forward, her torso against yours and her neck against your hand. She moaned happily in her chest. Then she broke the kiss and turned around in your arms, putting her hands on the photocopier and pressing her ass back against your growing bulge. “I think we need to do some hard negotiating, Mr Lawyer,” she said, looking back over her shoulder at you with a grin.

You shook your head but kept your smile. “Sabrina, we can’t go that far.”

She pouted, turning back around and sliding both of her hands down your front to your groin, running her fingers along the crotch of your pants. “Are you sure?”

“No,” you said. “But also yes.”

“Well, what can we do? In your judgement,” she asked.



You took her hand in yours and led her over towards the couch. "I think we can at least indulge in a little-"

You let go of her hand and practically leapt away from her as the door to the storage room burst open. "Well, isn't this interesting," Joy said. She wasn't actually that much taller than Sabrina, maybe even with Gemma, but somehow she seemed to loom in the doorway. "You know, when you're given a special assignment like this, the Partners usually expect you to work diligently and quickly."

"We're over half done," you said, gesturing to the tables and stacked piles. "I'd say we're moving pretty quickly."

Joy narrowed her eyes, looking between you and Sabrina for a long moment. "Well, I'm here to take over. Sabrina, right? You need to go talk to Ms Bellagamba, she sent me down to fetch you."

"Oh, really?" Sabrina asked, obviously surprised. You could only thank God that you hadn't started running your fingers through her hair - other than her nervous look, Sabrina still looked put together and not at all dishevelled. "Did she say what for?"

"I don't question the partners," Joy sneered. "And you should really think about that if you want to stick around. Now, off you go." She made a shooing gesture.

Sabrina shot you a quick, nervous look before stepping around Joy and heading out into the corridor.

You had to have been thinking the same thing she was - how much had Joy seen? How much had she *heard*? The last thing you needed was some sort of blackmail situation. What had you even been saying? You hadn't brought up OnlyFans by name, but had said something about being on camera. That had been super quiet and whispered though, right? Or had you been talking loudly?

"Well, now that she's gone, we can get to know each other properly," Joy said, her hands on her hips as she made sure to check the hallways before closing the door.

"Alright, so Sabrina and I were sorting the papers over there, and I was working up a filing system to-"

"John, right?" Joy interrupted me, walking over.

"Yeah," you acknowledged.

“Well, John, you don’t seem like an idiot. That’s what I like about you - that and you aren’t ugly or short or creepy so far. I’ve interned here for several summers now, and as you know my mother is a Senior Partner. That affords me certain benefits.”

“Like... what?” you asked, not really wanting to know the answer.

“Well,” she said, circling around the table between you. You hadn’t even noticed that you’d moved like that. “For one thing, I get to take whatever lunch breaks I want. And of course, I can extend that to my friends. Any special assignments that I want are mine as well.”

“That sounds like special treatment,” you said. “I never saw anything in our contracts about seniority perks.”

“Well, it’s an unwritten rule,” she grinned wolfishly. “There is another unwritten perk that I’ve gotten to indulge in, too. You see, my boyfriend is off in the Caymans with his family *again* this year, which means I’m left to my own devices. Again. And when I’m left alone to my own devices, I get... needy. Do you see where I’m going with this?”

*Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.* You’d been unreasonably worried about Garrison last week for no reason, and now you’d just let yourself get into a situation alone with a raging bitch in a basement. “No, sorry, I don’t,” you said, trying to play dumb. “Do you need some private time to FaceTime him or something?”

“No, John,” Joy shook her head slowly, closing the distance between you two. “It means that I’m looking for a boy toy to relieve all my stress. And I’ve decided that you are going to be that toy this year.”

## Chapter 126

Joy came right up and grabbed the front of your shirt, pulling you into a kiss.

A kiss you very much did not want.

You had several options floating through your head in that split moment.

Option 1: Go in fast and headbutt her with your face to her face.

Option 2: Kiss her, but use way too much tongue so she gets weirded out.

Option 3: Wax On, Wax Off to break her grip on your shirt, then do the Karate Kid heron kick to escape.

Option 4: Jerk away in the opposite direction violently and see what happens.

You went with Option 5, though afterwards you would dream about doing one of the others.

Grabbing her by the shoulders firmly, but not roughly, you braced against her so that she couldn't pull you any closer and she was left several inches from your face, puckered up. "Joy, I'm sorry but I can't do that."

Joy's puckered kissing face immediately turned sour. "Why, because you're fucking that little twig? I don't fucking care what you've been doing with her, that's done now and you're mine. Look at me, I'm every guy's wet dream. You can't say no."

"I'm saying no," you said, carefully putting one hand on hers to unfurl her fingers from where she was gripping your collar. "And I'm not doing anything with Sabrina. I'm telling you no because I'm not going to get into any sort of relationship that could jeopardize either of us." You were playing fast and loose with the truth, but you didn't really care.

"I don't think you heard me," Joy said, her face turning pissed. "You're not *allowed* to say no to me. If I tell you to get your dick out, you do it. If I tell you to crawl under the conference table upstairs, you ask for how long. *I* am in charge." Suddenly her face turned all sweet, the change almost giving you whiplash. She carefully smoothed out your collar as she spoke in a syrupy tone. "And you have nothing to worry about, my little boy toy. As long as you do what I want, you'll get everything *you* want. All the perks you can think of. It's a win-win for both of us. Those other girls you've been working with can't offer you half of what I can."

You could see why this act might have worked on someone. She was offering what amounted to a free ride through your internship summer, plus sex with her. Joy wasn't a bad looking woman - she had all of Mommy's money to help with that - and if Gemma and Sabrina hadn't been

around and you got this proposition at the start of the summer you probably would have fallen into the trap and ridden the rollercoaster.

But they were around, and you were in love with them.

“Yeah, sorry Joy, but I’m still going to pass,” you said. “No offence, but it just sounds like a bad idea for me.”

That sweet, syrupy personality dropped almost immediately. “We’re going to fuck, John. Just once, so you know what I’m offering. You can’t turn down a completely no strings attached fuck, can you?”

*Yeah, OK, you thought ruefully. ‘No strings attached.’ So believable.*

“It’s a no, Joy. I’m just not attracted to you, and you’re starting to sound desperate,” you said.

The crack echoed through your ears before the pain registered. You blinked, eyes wide as you realized that she’d slapped you. Full on, right across your cheek.

You had one split second of reactive desire to lash back out at her, a primal violent reaction that immediately shut down somewhere in your gut before you even clenched a fist. Instead, you worked your jaw and took a step back. “Huh,” you said. “Now what do you think happens?”

“Anything I want,” Joy smirked. “You have no proof I did that, and everything you say would be considered hearsay at best. But if I say you got inappropriate with me? You touched me, you got sexual, and kept going even when I said no? Who the fuck do you think they’re going to believe? Who do you think my *mother* is going to believe?”

You were still working your jaw as you shook your head slowly. “You’re a real bitch, you know that?”

She smirked, full in her self-assured power over you. “You have no idea. And now this, between you and me? It’s not going to be equal. I’m going to be in charge. Ever heard of Femdom? You should go home tonight and do some homework because I have a friend who has given me plenty of ideas.”

You just turned and walked to the door, throwing it open and storming out.

“You don’t get to walk away from me, John. I’m going to punish you for that,” Joy shouted, rushing to the door and yelling after you as you kept stalking down the corridor. “You’re going to give in or I’ll make sure your cut little brunette twig gets fired. Then I’ll come for the ditsy blonde.”

You made it to the elevator without getting lost in the maze of corridors and punched the floor for the office. Your face stung like a bitch now, and in the reflection of the shiny metal you could see the red on your cheek.

“What the fuck?” you sighed to yourself, leaning over and blowing out a long breath as you braced your palms on your knees.

This was a fucking mess. A fucking gigantic steaming pile of shit.

## Chapter 127

You burst out of the elevator. Now that you were on the right floor, you weren't even sure where you wanted to go. Your cheek was stinging like a motherfucker, but if you just went to the conference room or to Garrison, or even to HR, you had no *proof*. Even if everyone believed that Joy had slapped you, the next obvious question is *why* she slapped you, and she was right. No one was going to believe you over her - no one but Sabrina and Gemma, at least. And maybe Becks.

Gemma made up your mind as you spotted her walking down the hallway towards you. She was in work mode and had several files under one arm, walking them either to the filing cabinets or to an office. When she spotted you, Gemma's face broke into a smile that immediately slipped as she saw the look on your face. Or maybe it was the bright red handprint on your cheek.

You didn't want to talk to her about it. You wanted to hide it, or make it go away. She didn't need to know, except she definitely needed to know. Your emotions were all over the place as the adrenaline of getting into the conflict was still bubbling under the surface.

She was coming from your left, so you headed right and ducked into the men's washroom. It was blessedly empty and you went to the sink, setting your phone down on the counter and staring at yourself in the mirror. The outline of Joy's hand was still clear, but slowly fading. Soon there wouldn't be any evidence whatsoever that it had happened.

Gemma didn't care that it was the men's room. The door had barely shut properly when it opened again as she followed you in. She took another long look at you as your eyes met in the mirror.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Joy decided that she wanted me to be her toy for the summer. She got Sabrina out of the storage room and cornered me, and told me she would reward me for playing along and being her boy toy. She didn't appreciate being told no," you said.

Gemma stepped towards you and turned your face to her, taking a closer look at the handprint. Her eyes were hard and she was frowning heavily. She took out her phone and took a picture of it.

"It doesn't prove anything," you said. "He said-she said at best, and she's a Senior Partner's daughter."

"Still better to have it than not," Gemma said. Then she closed her eyes and let out a long, slow breath. This was a side of Gemma that you hadn't seen before. You'd seen her flirty, and professional, and vulnerable. You'd seen her sexual and passionate and frustrated. You hadn't ever seen her pissed off. "I think I might literally kill that bitch," Gemma said. "Seriously, John.

You need to stay the fuck away from her because if she touches you again, I'm going to get deported for what I do to her."

"Gemma, I hear you. But that's not realistic," you said. "We work in the same office, I can't just avoid her." You checked yourself in the mirror again, the red hand of the slap still burning on your cheek. "We're going to need to figure something out."

Your phone binged, Sabrina's smiling face flashing on the screen as you received a text from her. You grabbed it and checked her message.

**Sabrina:** *I might literally kill her. Fuck! Tell me you have a plan.*

**Sabrina:** *I'm not letting her do this. There is no fucking way.*

"Is that Sabrina?" Gemma growled. She snatched your phone from you and read the messages, then started furiously typing back.

"Fuck," you sighed, and then kicked the garbage can. It clattered against the wall. "How does she know already?"

Sabrina hadn't been in the room. Hadn't even been on the right floor. The only way she could know about what had happened was if Joy had said something.

"She says Joy just threatened her," Gemma said. "Told her not to expect 'her' boy toy to be open for business any longer."

Now it was your turn to close your eyes and take a deep breath. The whole situation was quickly spiralling out of control. "Where is she now?" you asked.

The washroom door opened and Sabrina stepped in. "I swear to God I- Holy shit, John!" She rushed over to you and took your face in her hands as she started examining your cheek. "She did this?" Sabrina asked.

"Well it obviously wasn't me," Gemma said.

"That fucking-" Sabrina growled, turning back towards the door with her fists clenched.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," you said, grabbing her by the shoulders and stopping her from going on a Joy hunt. "Sabrina, we need to plan this out."

Sabrina let out a frustrated, angry sigh and took in a breath, releasing her fists. Then you had to pull her into you and hug her as she started to cry.

“Shhh,” you hushed her softly, trying to soothe her as you held her and looked over her head to meet Gemma’s gaze.

Sabrina shook it off quickly, pushing away from you so that she could wipe at her eyes. “I’m fine, I’m fine,” she assured you. “I just- I’ve never been so fucking pissed at someone before. I just got a little overwhelmed.”

“Hey, I’d be right there with you,” Gemma said.

“We can’t just attack her,” you said. “Believe me, when she hit me... I don’t think I’ve ever contemplated hitting a girl before. But she has all the leverage here.”

The three of you were silent for a long time, looking at the floor and trying to figure out what you were going to do.

“We want to be lawyers,” you finally said. “So let’s look at this like we’re lawyers. If someone has leverage, what do all the TV shows and movies say we should do? All of our fictional heroes?”

“Take it away, or get some of our own,” Gemma said.

“Point it at someone else,” Sabrina suggested.

“OK,” you nodded along. “Those are some starting places. So let’s start brainstorming, but we can’t do that here.”

Gemma smirked. “You know, I always thought the Men’s Room would be dirtier than this.”

Sabrina snorted, but she broke a little smile as well.

It was something.



## Chapter 128

You all went back to work. There wasn't really any other choice - you couldn't stay in the men's washroom, after all.

You left first, waiting to signal it was safe for the girls to come out as well as a couple of Associates were chatting down the hallway. Gemma went and picked up the files she had stashed on top of a filing cabinet when she saw your face, while you and Sabrina headed back to the elevator to go back to the basement.

Your face had soothed and cleared up, and Sabrina had only needed to do minimal wiping under her eyes to clear up the small amount of makeup smudging from her mini breakdown. You'd all agreed on one major rule of thumb at this point - you couldn't be left alone where Joy could get at you. It was going to be the buddy system all the way, and if that ended up causing problems then the three of you would be honest about it - Joy had made inappropriate physical advances, but since it was he said-she said you hadn't come forward.

Unfortunately, that meant that one of the girls was always going to be flying solo, and while you could try and make sure Eric and Andy were around there were no guarantees. Especially if Eric was maintaining his horny stance of wanting to try and hook up with Joy.

So you and Sabrina made it to the basement, and you were left worrying about Gemma being alone upstairs.

"It's going to be fine," Sabrina said, taking your arm and slipping hers around it. It was a bit too familiar for walking around the basement of an office building to look entirely natural, but it wasn't crossing any lines either.

"I hope so," you said.

Thankfully the door to the storage room still had its lock projecting out and was propped open. You and Sabrina went back to work, all thoughts of fooling around well and truly out of your minds. Sure, you'd been more than a little wary of Joy going into things, but you hadn't expected her to follow you all the way down here.

It took another twenty minutes to sort the files and gather up the garbage bags. You and Sabrina couldn't find a garbage drop-off in the basement, so you decided to head up to the main floor which would give you a chance to check in with Becks.

Unfortunately, when you stepped out of the elevator, you realized you weren't going to be getting any advice from your 'inside woman' any time soon - Joy was leaning against the welcome desk, laughing and chatting with Becks as if there was nothing wrong with the world.

It was awkward, you and Sabrina approaching and pretending to be less familiar than you were with your slightly older friend. You purposed not to look at Joy, and just walked up and asked for directions to where there was a trash area on the main floor. Becks had to have noticed your odd behaviour and gave you a look with just a slightly raised eyebrow, but didn't say anything other than to direct you to leave them just inside the custodial closet around the corner. You thanked her, and you and Sabrina went together.

The rest of the day went about the same - you and Sabrina returned upstairs and reported to Garrison that you'd finished the job, and then went back to your regular work. You were able to relax a bit and fall into your regular patterns until about a half hour before the end of the day, when Joy returned to the intern office and made a show of looking over all of your work for the day. It was mostly grumbles and growls about needing to do more or staying focused. You had to wonder if Joy's career path goals were to become the most frustrating middle manager she could be. She was particularly harsh on - well, actually she seemed to be harsh on everyone but you. You thought she was singling out Sabrina at first, then Gemma, but when she went on to bitch at Andy and Eric as well you realized she was playing up an example for you of how things could be.

Ugh.

She disappeared five minutes before the end of the day, and you all started to breathe easier again as you heard Joy and her mother talking loudly at the elevators, and then silence.

Eric was the first one to sigh heavily. "Don't get me wrong, she's hot as hell," he said. "But if you're looking at the Crazy-Hot scale, I think she might actually be *too* crazy."

"You don't say," you deadpanned.

Eric and Andy left right on the dot, leaving you, Gemma, and Sabrina alone in the conference room.

"I don't want to be here anymore," Gemma said. "Not today."

"Do you want him tonight, or me? Or together?" Sabrina asked.

Gemma hesitated and looked over at me. "We, um, haven't picked our next date," she said.

"Um," you said, blinking. "I think it's your turn to plan a date if I'm remembering correctly."

"Right, right. Wednesday? I'll come up with something," Gemma said.

"Sure," you smiled. "Looking forward to it."

"What about tonight then?" Sabrina asked.

“Actually,” Gemma said, and looked guiltily over at me. “John, would you mind if Sabrina and I had some girl time tonight? Not to exclude you, but I think we need to figure some things out and it’ll be easier to do without you.”

“Yeah, no problem,” you said, though you couldn’t help feeling a little defeated at losing out on another threesome with them. You stood up and glanced around outside the conference room doors, then quickly went and kissed both Gemma and Sabrina. “I’ll see you both tomorrow. Love you.”

“Love you too,” they both said in unison, then chuckled and smirked at each other. It was weird, but it was sweet.

You went home. Alone. When was the last time you’d done that right after work without plans to meet one or both of them?

One thing was for sure, your penis wasn’t happy with you.

## Chapter 129

“Oh, hey dude,” Mosche said as you entered the apartment and kicked off your shoes.

“Hey,” you said. “What’s up?”

“Well, I did what you said and texted Tasha,” he said.

“And? Are you guys meeting up again?” you asked as you walked over and flopped onto the couch.

“Sort of?” Mosche said. “She asked me if I wanted to go on a ‘triple date.’”

“Is that like a double date but with three couples? That sounds like it could be fun if you do something cool.”

“See, that’s what I thought at first too,” Mosche said. “But it’s not what she meant. She wants me to go on a date with her and another guy. Three people, one date.”

I blinked, looking up at the ceiling. Mosche had been watching TV, as usual, when I’d come in but had paused the PVR, so all you were hearing was the hum of the ceiling fan in the kitchen.

“Wait, what?” you asked. “Like a two-on-one date?”

“I guess? Like, she knows I’m not gay or bi,” he said.

You rubbed your hands over your face, trying to grapple with what he’d just told you. Your immediate reaction was to be weirded out - you would never agree to go on a date with a girl you liked with *another guy*. The thing was, you had no place to talk. Not only were you seeing two women, but had been on outings that looked an awful lot like a date with both of them at the same time. Not to mention the sex.

“So what are you going to do?” you asked.

“I don’t know!” Mosche said, shooting to his feet and starting to pace around the room. “On the one hand, she gave me the best blowjob of my life the other night. On the other hand, what if she wants to turn me out or something? What if she’s going to try and convince me to do stuff?”

“I mean, I didn’t get that vibe from her, but I don’t even know what that vibe would look like,” you said.

“What would you do?” Mosche asked. “You’re dating Gemma and Sabrina at the same time, right?”

“Sort of, not technically?” you hedged. “I’m dating Gemma, and Sabrina is my friends-with-benefits that Gemma knows about.”

“What about Sunday? I could hear you guys pretty clearly not just hanging out,” Mosche said.

“Sorry,” you said, but grinned a little. “When it comes to your thing, dude... I don’t know. You should just ask her what she’s expecting.”

“Uuugh,” Mosche groaned, flopping back onto the couch next to me. “But I don’t want to.”

“Well, let’s think of what the best-case scenarios are,” you said. “If the worst case is her trying to get you to try gay stuff, the best case is...?”

“She wants me to show I’m better than this other guy?” Mosche asked.

“That could be it,” you nodded. “Or maybe she wants a threesome?”

Mosche screwed up his face, then got thoughtful, then suspicious. “I dunno if I’m ready for that.”

“Hey, I don’t know if I would be either. A Devil’s Threesome is way different than the kind I was having.”

“Wait, a what?” he asked.

“Devil’s Threesome?” you clarified. “A devil has two horns, two guys mean two dicks...”

“Right, right,” Mosche shook his head. “I need to think about this some more.”

“Well, good luck, buddy,” you said, patting his leg and standing up. “I still say you just ask her what she’s hoping for. When’s the date supposed to be?”

“Wednesday,” he said.

“Then you’ve got some time,” you said. “Just work up the courage and call her.”

“Yeah...” he sulked.

“Look, I haven’t been around much in the last week. How about I make us dinner?” you offered.

That perked Mosche up, and soon you were out down at the local grocery store bodega picking up some supplies, and you made up a batch of fajitas with kosher chicken. You’d never actually asked Mosche if he kept kosher, but you figured better safe than sorry.

The two of you hung out for the first time in a while and - well, it was as awkward as usual. He was a well-meaning guy, but he was fuckin' weird at times. Not weird enough to make you feel a sort of way, but weird enough that it left you shaking your head at him.

You ended up watching Die Hard, getting into the age-old argument of whether it was a Christmas movie or not, before you both split off to head to bed. Well, "bed." More than likely you both just wanted some alone time.

You'd just started changing when there was a knock on the apartment door. You frowned, glancing at the time and seeing it was passed 11pm. "Who the hell?"

Mosche was coming out of his room at the same time you were across the apartment, but you were closer to the front door and got there first. You opened it up and couldn't help but grin.

"Anyone order some crispy chicken with a side of girlfriend?" Gemma asked, grinning as she held up a paper bag from Popeye's.

"Hey, you," you said, waving her in and shutting the door.

"Hi," she grinned, stepping into your arms and kissing you. Then she turned to your roommate. "Hey, Mosche. I brought you some, too."

Mosche was like a gremlin with the chicken, taking the 3-piece box Gemma offered him and scampering away back to his room with a mumbled thanks.

"Jesus, you'd think I hadn't fed him dinner," you chuckled, shaking your head. You turned back to Gemma, taking her in your arms. "What's with the surprise?" you asked. "You didn't need to do this."

"And you didn't need to make a splash with my roommates either," Gemma said. "But Sabrina and I abandoned you this afternoon after a weird day, and I wanted to see you."

You kissed her again, lightly and happily. "Well, how did your planning go with Sabrina?" you asked.

"We'll tell you tomorrow," Gemma said. "For now, how about you take me to your room so that we can get naked and eat fried chicken while we watch some YouTube?"

You snorted. "You know what? Anything my girlfriend wants," you said.

"Then you know what the next twenty minutes are going to look like," Gemma grinned, taking your hand and pulling her towards your room.

"What about the twenty minutes after that?" you asked.

Gemma bit her lip, her eyes sparkling mischievously. Then she whooped as you picked her up and carried her to your room in a rush.

## Chapter 130

“Sabrina would flip if she saw us doing this,” you said.

Gemma snorted. “Yeah, probably. But she doesn’t know what she’s missing out on.”

“True,” you laughed.

You were naked, and Gemma was lounging up against you naked as well, one leg thrown over yours as she rested her naked back against your shoulder and chest. You were both eating the still-warm chicken that she’d brought, your laptop open and randomly working your way through the YouTube algorithm.

“Mmmph,” Gemma slurped, cleaning off the last chicken bone and dropping it into the box. “So good.”

You laughed again and watched as she picked up your old t-shirt and wiped her fingers and mouth. It was the substitute for a napkin you’d both been using since you didn’t have any paper towels in your room, and didn’t want to get dressed to go get some.

Gemma tossed the shirt away and turned sideways, cuddling up on you more as her breasts pressed into your chest now. “Have I told you that I love you today?” she asked.

“A few times, but I could be told again,” you said.

“Well,” she said, sitting up a little higher to bring her lips next to yours. “I love you.”

“I love you too, love,” you said, and kissed her. Despite wiping your mouths she still tasted a little like the chicken, which was weird.

Slowly the kissing turned into making out, and the laptop was forgotten as Gemma straddled you more properly as she pressed her chest to yours. You were groping her ass and running your hands up and down her sides, while your cock was now hard and trapped between you.

Gemma broke the kiss and looked down at you. “You’re mine,” she said, but turned it into a question. “Right?”

“Of course I am,” you said, stopping your groping and focusing more on her face.

She was frowning, her eyes trying to bore into yours as if she wanted to read something in you. You decided the best thing to do was wait.

Her eyes softened, and she took a breath. “Sorry,” she said. “I just-” she hesitated.



“You don’t need to tell me if you don’t want to,” you offered.

“No, you already know,” Gemma shook her head. “I was just thinking that the easiest way to solve this whole issue would be for you to fuck Joy to keep her happy. But I don’t want that. You having sex with Sabrina is part of whatever we have. But her? I couldn’t handle that.”

“Was Sabrina pushing for that?” you asked, not sure if you wanted the answer or not.

“No. God, no,” Gemma said. “She was even more against it than I was, I think.”

You hugged Gemma to you. “I would have done it if you both wanted me to,” you said. “But I wouldn’t have enjoyed a second of it. That woman is…”

“Awful,” Gemma said. You held her for a little bit, and then she sighed. “I killed the mood, didn’t I?”

“A little,” you smirked. “You know what would get it back?”

“What’s that? A blowjob?” Gemma asked.

“Nope,” you said. “Well, probably, but not what I was thinking. How about you sit on my face? Because I want to taste you again, and we haven’t tried it that way yet.”

Gemma rolled her eyes. “Oh, pull my leg already. What a pain that my boyfriend wants to eat me out.”

You laughed and scooted down the bed to get into a better position for her.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I’m taking these with me,” Gemma said. She was half-dressed, your cum leaking down her leg since she hadn’t put on her panties yet. She was holding up a pair of your work pants.

“Why do you want a pair of my pants?” you asked from the bed. You’d been watching her get dressed.

“Well, I’m taking this too,” she said, fetching a shirt from your suitcase as well.

“OK, but why?” you asked.

She came back over to you, the clothes in her hand, and leaned down to kiss you. “Because, love, the next time you come over on a weeknight I want you to be able to sleep over.”

“That’s an excellent idea, love,” you said with a smile. “I just wish you could stay with me now.”

“So do I,” she said. “So we need to figure out when I can drop off at least one outfit here, too. Sabrina is probably going to want to do the same thing.”

“I’ll make space for you...” you looked around your cluttered room. It was a sublease, and half of the stuff in there belonged to the guy you were subleasing from for the summer. “I don’t know, somewhere.”

Gemma pulled her panties up finally, sopping up the leak of cum on her inner thigh with it and wincing. “Egh, that’s moist and cold.”

“You could have wiped it up,” you chuckled.

“What, and miss out on the feeling of your cum all over my pussy?” Gemma asked, wiggling her eyebrows goofily.

“You might be the most perverted of the three of us, deep down,” you said.

“And you love me for it,” Gemma said.

“I do. I really do,” you laughed.

You threw on a pair of track pants and walked her to the door once she was fully dressed and had your pair of pants and your shirt folded in a bag.

“Have I told you how much I love you today?” you asked her at the door.

Gemma checked her phone and saw it was past midnight. “Not today,” she grinned.

You kissed her, deep and long, crushing her body to yours as you breathed in her smell. “I love you, Gemma,” you said finally.

“If I don’t leave now, I won’t leave at all,” Gemma sighed. “I love you too, John.”

You leaned in the doorway of the apartment as she walked down the hallway and waited for the elevator, and grinned when she caught you watching her and she actually blushed.

## Chapter 131

You almost slept through your alarm, snoozing it twice without remembering, so the third time it went off you thought it was the first time and hit snooze. By the time you were actually awake enough to realize what time it was, you went into panic mode because it was Tuesday, which meant it was your Coffee Run day.

You were a whirlwind, skipping any kind of breakfast and just barely managing to get yourself wet in the shower before hopping out. By the time you made it downtown the coffee shop was busy as hell, and you had to wait impatiently in line and try and coach yourself not to get irritated with the barista. You went through the Coffee Order group message, making sure you got everything the associates and partners wanted - several had standing orders, but many of the lawyers started their days with meetings out of the office or worked from home sometimes, so they messaged in their orders.

It was a particularly drink-heavy day and since the shop was running low on pastries you ordered a half dozen doughnuts for the interns. You ended up needing to balance four and a half trays of drinks stacked on top of each other, plus the box.

“Good morning- Holy shit, John,” Becks said, standing up and coming from around her desk as you almost lost control of your tower of hot drinks coming through the door.

“Morning,” you grunted. “Thanks.”

Becks had taken the top two trays from you and helped you set them down on her long welcome desk counter. “So how did yesterday end up?” she asked.

“Well, let’s just say you undersold the problem,” you said.

“Shit,” Becks sighed. She found her drink in the trays, labelled with her name, and returned to her chair. “That bad, huh?”

“Becks, she tried to force me to have sex with her down in the basement storage rooms,” you said.

Becks blinked and then set down her drink. “You’re kidding me.”

“I’m not,” you said. You opened the box of doughnuts and offered her one. “She lied to get Sabrina out of the room and then basically told me I was going to be her fuckboy sex slave, or she’d go cry sexual harassment to the Partners. And who is going to believe me over her?”

“Fuck,” Becks said. She hesitated, frowning at the doughnuts, before sighing to herself and taking one. “I don’t know what to tell you,” she mumbled around her first mouthful. “Usually I’d say report her, but you’re right.” She swallowed. “What did the girls say about it?”

“They were pissed as hell,” you said. “For a second I thought Gemma might try and hunt her down and fistfight her. They got together last night and said they were going to come up with a plan.”

“We did come up with a plan,” Gemma said, coming into the building behind you. You turned and she walked right into your arms, kissing you firmly but without tongue or any extra hugging or anything. “Morning, love.”

“What about the rules?” you asked.

“I think we can swing a good morning kiss for my HR-official boyfriend,” Gemma said.

“Sure, rub it in,” Sabrina said, having come into the building right after Gemma. She reached out and took your hand in a squeeze, though you could tell she wanted more.

“You guys want to share your scheme?” Becks asked. “Anything I can do to help?”

“We’ll let you know if we need you,” Sabrina said. “For now, this needs to be our fight. Or, really, it’s John’s fight and we’re his backup.”

“Alright,” Becks said. “Seriously, anything you guys need. Joy’s gone overboard before but this is the first time I’ve heard of her doing something like this.”

Gemma and Sabrina both took a drink tray, and you took the others and the box of doughnuts and headed to the elevator. Once you were inside, Sabrina put down her tray and pulled your face down to kiss you, with tongue and all. “Sorry we left you last night,” she said. “If Gemma hadn’t gone over to see you, I would have. I figured all three of us wouldn’t have been a good idea late on a work night.”

You grinned. “Thanks, babe.” Then you turned to Gemma and kissed her again, with a slip of tongue this time. “And thank you, love.”

You lost your chance to talk as the elevator arrived on the right floor, and the three of you went back to the conference room. You were hoping for a few minutes of privacy to figure out their plan, but Eric was already inside, the earliest he’d ever been.

“Eric?” you asked in surprise. “What are you doing here an entire fifteen minutes early?”

“Are you kidding?” he asked. “We’ve got Joy supervising us now or whatever, and she’s already acting like a total b— hardass,” he changed his words at the last moment. “There’s no way I’m going to give her a reason to get more pissed at me.”

“All it took for you to get here a little early was being a bitch?” Gemma smirked. “Wow, I should have started bitching you out weeks ago.”

“Ha. Ha. Ha,” Eric deadpanned.

You dropped off your bag and went to deliver the coffee, leaving the doughnuts behind. By the time you got back when you went to grab one, you were faced with the basic bitch honey dip as the only doughnut left in the box.

“Eric ate two,” Gemma said.

“It was going to be three but we made him leave one for you,” Sabrina said.

“Gee, thanks Eric,” you said, lifting the plain doughnut.

“What?” he asked. “I gotta take my perks where I can.”

## Chapter 132

Since Joy wasn't in yet, you made a couple of head motions and over the next couple of minutes you, Sabrina and Gemma all left the conference room and met back up down the hall in one of the paralegal offices that was rarely used since they worked from home. Once you were all there, you shut the door and turned to the girls. "Alright, what did you guys come up with? Because the two main things I could think of was either getting some sort of leverage on her and making her sign an admission of guilt, or trying to record her in the act."

"We landed on a Honey Trap," Gemma said. "But I kind of like the sound of finding out her dirty secrets and using them against her."

"The only problem is we don't even know where to start with that, and if we get caught we could be in huge trouble," Sabrina said with a frown. "Don't get me wrong, I'd love to bend her over and fuck her in the ass, but it's too dangerous."

"Um," you said slowly. "Do you mean that literally or metaphorically?"

Sabrina snorted and smirked. "I mean, I meant it metaphorically but I wouldn't turn up the chance."

You and Gemma both smiled as well, but moved on. Joy was that sort of plastic barbie attractive that you could see yourself fawning over if you didn't have the real deal between Gemma and Sabrina, and you were fucking thankful as hell that you did.

"Alright," you said. "So when you say honey trap, what are you thinking? That's the spy thing, right?"

"Right," Sabrina nodded.

"Basically, we need to pick our timing carefully and leave you open for her to make another advance on you," Gemma said. "Then we do the same thing as we did with Eric and that night club guy - we record it to the cloud so she can't refute the evidence, then bring it to Garrison."

"There's one problem with that," you said.

"We'll be close by," Sabrina assured me. "There's no way we're letting her get anything from you. That's *our* DD."

"I appreciate that," you said, letting your fingers hook into hers for a moment as she grabbed your hand. "But that's not the problem I'm thinking of. We're in a two-party consent state - for a recording to be legal we would need to inform her she's being recorded."

“What does that matter?” Gemma asked. “We aren’t taking her to court or filing charges, we’re bringing it to our boss.”

“Our boss, who is a lawyer,” you said. “And Joy is a law student, and her mother is a lawyer. If we do this, it could turn into a lawsuit against the firm. Or even us, if she tries to call libel or slander, and the recording wouldn’t count for shit.”

“Fuck,” Sabrina said. “He isn’t wrong.”

“Well, what are we doing then?” Gemma asked. “Either we need to convince her to do her thing even while she is aware she’s being filmed, or we need to try and dig into her to find her secrets.”

Sabrina frowned deeply again. “I can think of one way to get a recording, but I don’t like it.”

“No bad ideas right now,” you said. “Maybe it can help spark another idea.”

“Sex tape,” Sabrina said. “We let her go farther with you than we want, but make her think it’s a sex tape instead of us collecting evidence. It can stop as soon as we have enough evidence.”

“I don’t know about that,” you frowned with her.

“Neither am I,” Gemma said. “But unless we come up with something else, that’s our only plan right now. Let’s just see what we can start digging up on her in the meantime while we think about it.”

“Agreed,” Sabrina nodded. “And we still don’t let John out of our sight.”

“Obviously,” Gemma agreed.

“I’m still right here,” you said.

“We know, baby,” Sabrina said with a soft smile. “But this bitch is coming for you, and you’re our man.”

You took a deep breath and nodded. “I’ll try and think if I can come up with anything else in the meantime.”

“Good,” Gemma nodded, then smirked a little. “I want to kiss you right now.”

“I want to blow him,” Sabrina teased.

You and Gemma both rolled your eyes. “Of course you do,” Gemma laughed.

“Speaking of blowjobs,” Sabrina said, pivoting the conversation. “John, can you come over to my place after work? I have a scene I want to shoot, and I’m releasing the first scene I’ve been teasing from Saturday.”

“Sure,” you nodded. “But, uh, I forgot to bring a spare outfit with me.”

Sabrina pouted a little. “Then I guess I’ll go to bed all alone at the end of the night. And you won’t wake up to a morning blowjob.”

“Hey now,” Gemma said. “Tomorrow is a Date Night for us, so there shouldn’t be any morning blowjobs anyways.”

“That’s true, sorry,” Sabrina apologised. “You’re right.”

“I was just kidding,” Gemma said, rubbing Sabrina’s shoulder. “I wouldn’t expect anything less from a fellow DD Enthusiast.”

That made Sabrina laugh.

“Alright, that’s my cue to leave,” you said, shaking your head with a rueful grin. “We need to get back to work before Joy gets in.”

“Oh, fuck her,” Sabrina sneered.

“The point is for me to *not* fuck her, Sabrina,” you pointed out.

She slapped your ass as you turned to open the office door. “You know what I meant.”

“I did,” you said as you gestured for her to leave before you, and when she did you grabbed her small butt through her clingy but business-appropriate dress. She shot you a naughty look but was already out in the hall so she kept walking.

Gemma was leaving right after her and seeing what you did, she slowed down and pushed her butt out a bit, looking at you and biting her bottom lip teasingly.

“What am I going to do with you,” you shook your head but grinned. You palmed her ass and squeezed it for a long moment. “Love you,” you said quietly.

“Love you too, love,” Gemma grinned, then walked out. She was in a pantsuit today and you were perfectly happy to walk after her, watching her ass in the tight pants.



## Chapter 133

You got to work, and the start of the day rolled by, and you had two open spots at the table in the conference room. It became a bit of a betting situation between the four of you whether Andy would make it in before Joy or not. You hadn't mentioned to the others that Joy looked down the most on Andy since he was already the butt of enough jokes, but it did make you worry for him. He wasn't a very good worker, and you doubted he would ever make it through law school (if he even made it in), but you didn't have any ill will towards him.

Joy arrived 30 minutes late, sweeping into the room like she owned it and not offering any explanations as to why she was late. Instead, she immediately went in on her 'supervisor' schtick, grilling you on what you'd been doing for the morning. She stacked additional work onto each of your plates - not that you hadn't known that the things she was saying needed doing. She was just micromanaging who would do what and clearly leaving herself with only some token tasks to work on.

That was when she noticed the doughnut box sitting in the middle of the table. "Oh, don't mind if I do," she said to no one, not even bothering to ask who brought them.

The rest of you all glanced at each other because you all knew that the box was empty.

When Joy flipped open the lid her face immediately fell from her self-satisfied smirk. She clicked her tongue loudly and started to sneer. "Who did this?"

"What do you mean?" you asked. "I was on the coffee run this morning, so I brought them."

"No, I mean who ate mine?" she demanded.

"They weren't labelled or anything, Joy," Sabrina said.

Joy immediately turned her glare on Sabrina. "Well, clearly there was enough here that one should be left for me, and if you brats had any respect you would have made sure to save your *direct superior* something. Now I'm going to have to do something about this."

"Joy, they got eaten before you got here. And you came in late," Gemma said.

"I'm *allowed* to come in whenever I want," Joy said. "That doesn't mean you can take things from me!"

"Joy, you weren't here," you said. "How could someone take something from you that wasn't yours, and you weren't here to accept?"

She narrowed her eyes at you, and you could practically see the steam coming out of her ears as her self-entitled attitude boiled over. “No one leave this room,” she growled, and grabbed the empty box and stormed out of the office.

The four of you were silent for a minute before Eric piped up, “So, she’s acting crazy, right? It’s not just me?”

“Just be happy we didn’t point out you ate two,” Sabrina smirked across the table at him.

“Yeah. Uh, thanks,” Eric said.

A few minutes later Ms Bellagamba strode up to the conference room door and stood with her hands on her hips, frowning at you all, while Joy smirked at you over her mother’s shoulder. “Well, I’m quite disappointed in you kids,” Bellagamba said. “Apparently things were a bit of a mess while I was away and certain important notes didn’t get passed on to you all. When you are doing the morning coffee orders, it is entirely inappropriate for you interns to purchase food or drink for yourselves on the Firm’s dime. Have I made myself clear?”

You all nodded, which seemed to make her angrier. “I said, do I make myself clear!?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” you all muttered, passing looks between you.

“Good,” she said. “In that case, who did the coffee order this morning?”

“I did,” you said, immediately owning it.

“Well, you will not be reimbursed for the purchases this morning as a corrective measure for this overstep. And you will go out and purchase a drink and snack for Joy immediately to replace the ones that she didn’t receive this morning. Now, why didn’t you bring me *my* coffee this morning?”

You were thrown off by the rollercoaster of ridiculous that just hit you. “Um,” you said. “Uh, you didn’t send in an order on the Slack chat for coffee this morning and you haven’t told us you want a standing order. And you can’t just force me to buy things for your daughter.”

Ms Bellagamba’s face went completely neutral, which wasn’t all that different from the pleasantly aloof look she’d had before, but was subtly less positive. “You’re excused.”

“Pardon?” you asked.

“You’re excused,” she said again, more forcefully. “Your services are no longer needed.”

You could see Gemma and Sabrina immediately begin to speak, but you spoke louder and first. “We should probably go talk to HR then,” you said.

“Yes, let’s get your exit interview underway,” she smiled with a false syrupiness.

“Great. I’m electing to bring a witness for my own protection,” you said.

This made that fake little smile drop a bit. “That’s certainly not necessary, but you can certainly choose any of your little friends. I’m sure they’ll be happy to accompany us to your termination meeting.”

“Oh, no,” you said. “My witness isn’t here. I’ll go get them.”

“I’ll accompany you,” Ms Bellagamba said through pursed, disapproving lips. “Joy, you get the rest of the kids back to work, please.”

“Of course, Mother,” Joy said, walking in past her and sneering at all of you.

You resisted the urge to wink at, or even look at, Sabrina or Gemma - you didn’t want to bring any more attention to them. Stiff backed, and ass clenched in an adrenaline-fueled panic, you walked out of the conference room. “He’s just down this way,” you said, walking down one of the halls.

“And which Associate in particular do you think is going to want to take the time to sit in on this?” Ms Bellagamba asked. “They all have better things to be doing, and you may think you’ve made some friends but I assure you, you mean very little to them.”

“I’m not asking an Associate,” you said, glancing over your shoulder at her. “I’m asking Mr Garrison.”

## Chapter 134

Mr Garrison made this growly sighing noise as he sat in his chair with the bridge of his nose pinched between the forefinger of either hand. His eyes were closed as he absorbed everything he'd just heard.

You were sitting in the same chair in front of his desk that you'd been in the morning before, but instead of Gemma sitting next to you, Ms Bellagamba was standing with one hand on her hip. As soon as you'd knocked on Garrison's door and asked him to be a witness for you he had gotten this look on his face that was somewhere between 'Oh good God why?' and 'I'm too old for this shit.' When he'd asked what for, and you mentioned it was for an HR meeting because you were getting fired, the 'Oh good God why' disappeared and settled into the Too Old look. Bellagamba had pushed past you and entered the office, talking about how you were stealing funds from the firm and were petulant and disrespectful.

Garrison then asked you what happened, and you told him everything that had happened in the Conference room. There was a part of you that wondered if now was the time to leverage the Joy issue entirely - the problem was, a Partner of the firm was already trying to fire you, and trying to blurt out a sexual harassment claim to counter it without evidence would make it look less reliable.

"You can go back to work as usual, John," Garrison finally said.

"Terry-" Bellagamba started.

Garrison held up a finger. "Tanya." She clicked her mouth shut and glared at him, and he turned back to you. "As usual."

"Thank you, sir," you said, and got out of the chair and slipped out of the office. One of them shut the office door behind you, and you walked to the next office over which was Jimmy Garfield's, one of the associates who worked from home more often than not. And he wasn't in at the moment. You closed the door and sat down at the desk, pretending to work and trying to listen to the muffled sounds of conversation.

Unfortunately, the office building was well designed and you couldn't make much more out than both of them raising their voices, first Bellagamba, and then Garrison. Deciding to abandon the idea, you slipped back out of the office and considered stopping by HR anyways to make a complaint, but that could undo whatever Garrison was doing if you made an official report.

That left you with one real option, so you headed back to the conference room.

"John, we'll all quit in protest," Gemma said as soon as you stepped in.

Joy scoffed at the idea, but you didn't care. "It's a big nothing-burger," you said. "As soon as Garrison got the story, he told me to get back to work and he's talking with Bellagamba."

"That's *Miss* Bellagamba to you," Joy scowled at you.

"Sure," you said, then turned back to the girls. "Though I appreciate the sentiment."

As you moved past her to get around to your chair, Gemma brushed you with her arm - the best she could do to try and comfort you with Joy in the room. Eric offered you a low-five underneath the edge of the table when you sat down, and you gave it to him gladly. You sat down and opened your laptop, starting to try and figure out where you'd left off in your work before you'd been interrupted. Over the next few minutes you realized you were getting looks from both Gemma and Sabrina over the tops of their laptops, and met them both, trying to reassure them.

Bellagamba didn't come back, though Joy spent a good deal of time on her phone angrily typing to... someone. To be fair, she was such a bitch that it was hard to know if the whole thing was just another blip on her radar or if something else had gone wrong. Maybe her boyfriend was cheating on her or something.

Joy got up and left in a huff at 11:30.

"Well, is that lunch for us too, or should we keep working?" Eric asked.

"Keep working," you said. "Garrison looked pretty annoyed when I went in there, and he specifically told me to work 'as usual.' So no matter what Joy says, we should do things the way we were before."

Eric sighed and threw his head back in exaggerated exhaustion.

"Actually," Sabrina said, "I have something I need to go do." She got up and started to leave in a hurry, but paused to wink at you on her way out.

"What was that about?" Gemma asked.

"I don't know," you said. "She didn't tell me anything was going on."

"Probably a dentist appointment or something," Eric grumbled.

It wasn't much longer before it was actually lunchtime, and you, Gemma and Eric all headed for the elevator. With all the eating out you were doing, you and Gemma agreed it was probably best to do some bodega lunches for a bit since they were cheaper than the sub place. Once you were in the elevator you reached over and took her hand, grinning at her.

Eric rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah. Rub it in," he said.

"It's not like that," you said.

"I know," he sighed. "I just- I can get hookups in the city relatively easily enough, right? But finding someone to date for longer than a random hookup or a night out is hard."

"Well, what are you looking for?" Gemma asked.

"I dunno. Beautiful. Humble. Respectful. Definitely not a slut," Eric said. "I don't care how much she makes, as long as she puts me first."

"Have you considered church?" you asked. "Cause it sounds like you're looking for a sheltered church girl."

"What?" Eric said. "No, then I'm never gonna have sex."

"But I thought you said you didn't want a slut?" Gemma asked.

"Well, I don't," Eric said. "Look, it's complicated."

"Well, if you do find someone, we'll double date with you," Gemma offered.

"You will?" Erica asked, at the same time you asked, "We will?"

"We will," Gemma grinned, and gave Eric a friendly punch on the arm. "I need to vet the girl to make sure she's good enough for you, don't I?"

Eric grinned and looked down at his shoes for a moment. "Thanks, guys."

The three of you were done in the bodega and back up in the conference room to eat your cheap lunches in ten minutes flat. That meant you got almost no time alone with Gemma to ask if she knew where Sabrina had gone, but it did give you every chance to hear about the 'amazing opportunities' Eric was getting to guest on his 'man-o-sphere' podcasts and YouTube shows.

To be frank, you couldn't give a shit.

## Chapter 135

Andy showed up just as lunch was ending, a cellophane-wrapped sandwich in his hands from down in the bodega. "Hey guys," he sighed, lumping down into his seat.

"Where were you, bud?" you asked.

"Called in sick," Andy scowled, unwrapping his sandwich. "What's her name from HR called me back and said I had to come in for the afternoon."

"Oh," you said noncommittally.

"Bummer," Eric said.

"You missed some fireworks earlier," Gemma offered.

"Hmm?"

"John got fired," Gemma said. "And Joy threw a mini tantrum."

"She got that upset about John leaving?" Andy asked.

"No. They were separate events," Eric said.

"Well, they were connected," you countered.

"I guess, yeah," Eric said.

"OK, that's enough of the Who's On First routine," Gemma said.

"Who's on first?" Andy asked.

"I'm on second," you said.

"Oh my God," Gemma said, burying her head in her hands as you chuckled.

"Wait, so why are you still here if you're fired?" Andy asked you.

"Because I got un-fired," you said.

"Hmm," he thought about it, then nodded. "Nice."

You all got back to work as Andy began eating, and then eventually joined you. The minutes crept by, and you and Gemma started frowning at each other more as Sabrina didn't reappear.

You'd texted her, and the group chat, between the three of you, asking if she was alright and got nothing back.

Then, just before 1:30 PM, Sabrina bustled in and grabbed her seat. "Don't say anything," she said to all of you, and flung open her laptop and started typing.

Less than a minute later Joy strode in. "Well, it seems like our laziest intern is back," she said, sneering at Andy.

"Wait, who?" he asked, earnestly clueless.

Joy rolled her eyes and sat down at her chair at the head of the table. "I just had the *loveliest* lunch with my Mother and one of her biggest clients," she said. "Let's just say that I'm getting the recognition I obviously deserve after my years of hard work. It's too bad none of you are stepping up so far to learn at my feet, or else I might be able to include you in my rewards."

You just kept working, trying your best to ignore her passive-aggressive gloating aimed at you. It wasn't proof of anything. Yet.

The afternoon started to turn into a slog of work. A couple of associates came in and dumped some big stacks of documents on you all to do word checks on, and Joy wasn't any help in tackling it since she 'only worked for the Partners.'

Then you felt a little guilty because just as the rest of you were splitting up the stack, Garrison stuck his head into the conference room, pointed at you and made a 'follow me' gesture. You frowned your sorry, and a bit of your worry, to Gemma and Sabrina and followed. He led you back to his office. "Shut the door and sit," he said.

You did, perching on the edge of the chair with your nervousness.

Garrison sat heavily in his own chair and stared at you across his messy desk. It easily lasted more than a minute, and you felt all sorts of pressure to just fill the silence but you kept your mouth shut, not wanting to say the wrong thing. Finally, Garrison sighed and shook his head. "What the fuck am I going to do with you?"

"Sorry, sir?" you asked.

"Last week you were knocking it out of the park. You finished those pointless Staff Surveys, you played the Merger meeting perfectly for me. You even covered for your team, which I did take notice of by the way, instead of throwing them under the bus like that little shit Eric would," Garrison said. "Do you know what percentage of our summer Interns we used to write recommendations for, or even make offers to after their law school for an Associate position?"

"No sir," you said. "I haven't seen any stats like that."



“Twenty-five per cent. One in four of the interns we put through our summer program. Three in four got into law school. You know how many recommendations we’ve written in the last five years?”

“I wouldn’t-”

“Two. In five years of summer interns, we’ve written two law school recommendation letters. Now, most of the partners don’t really care. You’re all undergrad summer interns, and it has no impact on our ability to hire Associates. But it matters to me.”

“What happened five years ago?” you asked.

“See,” Garrison said, pointing at you. “That right there. That’s the kind of question I want to hear. Five years ago I was a fat, happy man, John. And then one day I went home and found out my wife had been cheating on me for most of our marriage, and two of my three kids weren’t even genetically mine. I still love them like hell, but I had to throw that woman out of my life and the divorce was bloody as hell. And in the midst of that, I had to roll back on some of my firm responsibilities.”

“Like the summer interns,” you guessed.

“Like the summer interns,” he nodded. “And honestly, for the last five years, I haven’t cared one iota about the program. Had too much shit going on. Then you opened your mouth last Monday and you’ve been more helpful, and more of a pain in my ass, than any kid who came through here in the last decade. So, I’m going to ask you again, what the hell am I supposed to do with you?”

You blew out a short breath. “Mentor me,” you said. “And Gemma, and Sabrina. I was the lucky one to catch your attention, sir, but Gemma is aggressively smart and could probably be the leader of our whole group, and Sabrina is diligent and dedicated. She’s detail-oriented, but with a charismatic heart that makes you want to listen to her.”

“And what about the other three?” Garrison asked.

“Eric... has potential,” you told him. “He’s distracted. I think he has a bit of growing up to do still, which he’s running out of time for. But when he gets focused on something he can do good work. Andy is- honestly, he’s a sweet guy but he’s kind of a dope and from what I understand he got hired based on connections, so I wouldn’t put a focus on him and just let the connection think it’s a positive overall.”

“And Joy?” he asked.

“Joy...” you trailed off.

What did you want to say about Joy?

## Chapter 136

"I think Joy is a problem time bomb waiting to happen," you said. "I could say more, but I don't have any evidence to back it up so I don't know how far I would want to go."

Garrison put a finger to his temple, frowning. "That's some ominous wording," he said. "And begs some questions."

"Questions I don't think you want the answers to until I can show some proof," you said. "Believe me, I'd like to say you could do something on my word, but I think the world doesn't work perfectly like that."

Garrison nodded. "Well, you're not an idiot. What if I told you that I could only spare the time to mentor one of you, kid?"

You hesitated, options running through your mind. You wanted this, but... it didn't feel right. You'd gotten Garrison's attention mostly by luck. Not only that, but you were feeling like you'd pushed that luck to the limit in the past week with the Gemma and Sabrina situation. If it was a limited resource, your luck tank had to be running on empty.

"I'd say split the time between the three of us," you said. "We all deserve it, and I wouldn't want to deny the opportunity to the others. And if you really don't want to do that, I'd say focus on Sabrina since Gemma is planning to go back home and I assume go to school and work there. Sabrina is going to make an amazing lawyer someday if another industry doesn't swoop in and pick her up to make oodles of money."

"Not you, though," Garrison said. "Why put them over you? You know lawyers are supposed to be cocky, egotistical sons of bitches, right? Every single great lawyer worth their salt thinks they are top shit and deserve the best of the best."

"Oh, I am and I do, sir," you said. "And I can get there. But I still think Sabrina deserves it more, and getting it will help her stick to her ultimate goal instead of veering off into other things. We don't need more investment bankers or hedge fund gurus."

"You're a weird kid, John," Garrison said. "Alright, I'm going to have a special project for some interns soon. I'll keep this conversation in mind. Get back to work."

"Yes, sir. And thank you again, sir," you said.

He was already reading one of the papers on his desk, so you let yourself out.

Holy shit. *Holy shit!* Garrison was taking a bigger interest in you and the summer interns. You were torn about what you'd suggested. Gemma deserved the mentoring as much as you or

Sabrina, but right now she was going to go back home to a different legal system on a different continent. It just made more sense for Garrison to mentor you or Sabrina.

And to be frank, you wanted to give Sabrina a reason to quit OnlyFans in the future. She was raking in cash now, but how long was she going to do it? How long until she had to get riskier for her content to keep up with growth?

How long until she showed her face, or wanted to work with another guy?

You hated that feeling. Maybe, if she could get some mentoring from Garrison, she'd keep her eye on the ball and law school.

And, you had to admit, on you.

Gemma was leaving, and you didn't want that at *all*. But if Gemma did leave, and you did have to end things...

You sighed heavily trudging down the hall and back to the conference room. There were too many If's going on in your life. If you could survive Bellagamba. If you could catch out Joy. If Gemma. If Sabrina.

Back in the conference room, you gave some reassuring smiles to the girls, moving over to take your seat.

"What was that about?" Joy asked you.

"Um, just a sort of check-in," you said.

"You shouldn't be needing to check in with a Partner," Joy frowned. "You should be checking in with me, and then I'll bring them whatever is going on."

"Whatever you say, Joy," you said, trying to say it as neutrally as possible.

Back at your work spot, you started kicking yourself a bit. You had your chance to throw down the accusations on Joy and get Garrison on your side. You'd seen him take command with her mother, and she hadn't come back to re-fire you. But in your gut you had a feeling that fight would be way different than a fight over Joy.

Especially if it was regarding sexual harassment accusations.

Time proceeded to continue rolling out slowly. It was a painful last couple of hours, split between your mind-numbing work scrolling through sheet after sheet of data and memos and the twisting knots of your own thoughts.

Nothing was clear to you anymore, other than that you were excited to get out of there and go to Sabrina's.

Joy packed up a half hour early and was out of there without so much as a word goodbye. There was so much work going on that even Andy didn't have time to make a comment. You all worked an extra half hour later than usual, but you got the documents done and you and Eric brought them back to the Associate's offices while Gemma, Sabrina, and Andy all started packing up.

The office was quiet as you left, and Becks was already gone for the day downstairs.

You kissed Gemma good night outside the office, while Sabrina held your hand and smiled as she watched. Then she pulled you into an Uber, wanting to get home quickly.

"I've got a schedule to keep," she said with a grin. "And I'm not going to let a little smooching throw it off today."

## Chapter 137

The Uber ride was a mess of teasing. Sabrina wouldn't tell you what her plans were, just laying on some thin innuendos, and in return you were cagey about your meeting with Garrison. Both Sabrina and Gemma had wanted to know more, but you'd stuck to your story that it was just a check-in after that morning, at least for now. The main reason was that you didn't want them to feel like you'd let them down or boosted them up before you knew what Garrison was going to do. Maybe he'd decide mentoring at all wasn't worth picking up again, or maybe he'd pick you over them.

If something good came from it, you would tell them. If not, then it wasn't like you were keeping some big secret from them.

Once you were up at Sabrinas apartment, she led you by the hand back to her bedroom, the both of you losing clothes along the way. By the time you were standing next to her bed, Sabrina was down to her panties and you just had on your socks.

"I think I kind of like this look on you," she giggled, taking your cock in her hand and squeezing as she went up on her tiptoes to kiss you.

"I like this look on you, too," you said with a grin.

It was the same as last time, and you wondered if it was going to become a tradition. The first one was fast, not because either of you wanted to rush it, but because you both wanted each other. Wanted to feel, and touch. Wanted to come.

You fucked her in missionary, her knees up near her ears as she practically folded herself in half, until you slammed yourself in deep and unleashed your first load of the evening into her. And she pulled her panties back on - they never had made it past the final ankle and had been dangling through the fuck, and then shifted up on her bed and patted the space next to her.

That was the tradition now. A quick fuck, to get the edge off, and a nap holding each other.

This time you stirred first, and regretted letting Sabrina go to sleep with your cum in her since by now it would be leaking out and you weren't exactly thrilled at the idea of waking her up by eating her out like that. You were sure she'd probably enjoy you forcing your cock between her lips just as much, but *you* weren't there yet. Instead, you pulled her closer to you and squeezed her softly in your arms, and she woke with a slow yawn.

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

"I know," she smiled softly, resting her chin on your chest and looking up at you.

"I wanted to say it last week," you said.

"I know that too. So did I," she admitted. "I'm glad we waited though. It was respectful for Gemma, and it turned out right."

You craned your neck down to kiss her forehead.

"So what's the scene you want to shoot?" you asked her.

"Well, the toy scene from Saturday is fucking hot as hell," she said. "And I think it might actually be too hot. We can fit another, more tame, video in before it in the schedule. I was thinking something like you fingering me while I'm in some sexy lingerie, and I'll use a vibrating wand at the same time."

"OK," you said, nodding along. "I think I get that. Where do you want to shoot it?"

"I kind of want to do it out on the balcony, but the lighting will be shit," she pouted. And she was right - you weren't a master at lighting, but the glare and weird shadows were likely to make any attempt at recording a mess. "But we've already done the couch and the bed, so I was thinking maybe the kitchen counter or the kitchen table."

"Both work, but let's do the table," you said. "Let's save the counter for food right now. I'm going to have my work cut out for me to cook for you again."

"Nuh-uh," she grinned. "Today I'm cooking for you, buster."

She eventually led you out into the main living space and the two of you got to work setting up the lighting and camera stands, and getting everything in order. You were busy tightening a loose and wobbly leg on one of the tripods when Sabrina went back to her room and came back in a white set of lingerie that was covered in sheer lace accents.

"Wow," you said, feeling your jaw drop a little.

"Too much?" she asked.

"No," you shook your head. "You look like the most gorgeous bride on her wedding night, though."

She laughed. "Well, this was supposed to be bridal lingerie, but I bought it on sale and it fits perfectly." She made a couple of poses for you, accenting her cute bum in the half-thong and her silly side as she grabbed her small chest.

Sabrina ended up climbing up onto the table to get into position, and you got the three cameras running and nodded to her. Sabrina turned on the little buzzing wand and slowly slid it across her lingerie-covered mound, licking her lips lightly as she began to tease herself for the camera.

Things progressed quickly, as planned, as you reached in and pulled the gusset of her panties aside, and she began to tease her bare pussy instead. Then you began feeling up her bare thighs, and then slowly inserted two fingers into her hole while she buzzed the wand over her clit. The whole time she was grinning and crooning through her pursed lips for the camera.

And she spent her time taking teasing shots at you.

“Ooooh, Daddy,” she moaned. “Please, Daddy, add another of your thick fingers. I need practice for your big Daddy Dick.”

You followed her directions, but gave her naked thigh a little slap with the other hand to show her you knew what she was doing. She just grinned and moaned some more. “Yes, Daddy! You know how to work me so good. So *fucking* good.”



## Chapter 138

The recording was good, you had to tell yourselves, even though it felt tame compared to the big toy scene you had recorded on Saturday. Well, it was good *enough*. It would serve its purpose by sliding into the schedule to provide a better gradual escalation. Sabrina was going to release two videos that week, the first later that night and the second one on Friday.

She hadn't squirted during the scene, but she had leaked a lot down your hand and wrist, and you were almost more turned on once the cameras were off as Sabrina slowly licked it off of your arm, wrist and fingers while keeping eye contact with you.

"Were you always this kinky?" you asked her.

"God, no," Sabrina laughed, then sucked your thumb into her mouth and popped off of it. "It probably started once I started taking the pictures for OnlyFans and checking out the content of other girls. Then my solo videos pushed me further, but this?" She sucked your pointer finger into her mouth. "This is all inspired by you, John."

"Well you inspire me," you said, moving to pick her up so you could take her over to the couch and fuck her again.

"No, no," she said, fending you off with her hands and a laugh. "We need to clean up the gear, and I need to make dinner. That was tiring work, you know."

"Are you saying you need to build your energy up for later?" you asked.

"That's exactly what I'm saying, baby," Sabrina smiled and kissed you lightly.

You took on the job of cleaning up the equipment, having learned it all fairly easily, while Sabrina got started on dinner by throwing on an apron - and only an apron. Once the equipment was away she told you to get her laptop out and load up Netflix so you could watch the next episode of Castle. You got the laptop out and managed to get to Netflix on the browser, but were distracted watching her in the kitchen.

Sabrina had always been graceful to you. She had a lithe body, and she moved with purpose. There was something about watching her, all but naked, moving around the kitchen that just made you smile. And it wasn't just her naked butt bopping around.

"Do you have it ready?" she asked over her shoulder.

You stood up, leaving the laptop on the table, and went behind her and slid your hands across her sides and to her front, hugging her back to you lightly without pulling her from her work at the counter. You had one hand on her stomach and the other higher, grabbing one of her little tits. You also happened to be naked as well, and your chubbed up cock pressed against the

small of her back and the cleft of her ass. "I did, but you are a lot more fun to watch than Castle," you said. You released her boob and brought your hand out from under the apron to pull her silky hair away from her neck so you could kiss her there. "What are you making?"

"Stir fry," she groaned happily. "Fuck, John, you know what you're doing to me."

"I do," you smiled into the crook of her neck, kissing her again.

She reached back and took your cock in one hand behind her, squeezing softly. "Dinner then play, Mister."

"You sure?" you asked, sliding your hands down from her stomach to her mound and tickling her pubic hair.

"Yyyyyes," she drew out slowly, and then gripped your cock a little harder. "And I'm not sure if I'm happy you like watching my ass more than Castle. You're besmirching my beloved Nathan Fillion!"

That got you chuckling, and you left Sabrina to her cooking as you loaded up the next episode and let it play with the sound on high so she could listen along. The stirfry didn't take too long, and instead of dividing it up onto two plates Sabrina brought it over to you in one bowl and brought you and the laptop back over to the couch.

"Is this how we're going to eat all the time?" you asked as she gave you a quick suck to get you fully hard.

"Any time we're at home," she smirked and took off the apron.

"Might get awkward for Gemma," you said.

"She can take her turn too," Sabrina said. "Though, to be fair, her boobs might get more in the way. But then we can just lick the food off of her."

"We?" you asked with raised eyebrows.

"I told you already," Sabrina said. "It isn't going to be long until she and I are doing everything as intimate as you and the two of us. It's inevitable."

"Whatever you say, dear," you said, putting on a beleaguered husband voice.

"Happy wife, happy life," Sabrina chuckled.

"Wife, huh?" you pointed out.

That got her blushing, but didn't stop her from straddling your lap and lowering herself onto your cock. "You know what I meant," she said.

"Right," you said. "Wives. Plural."

She rolled her eyes. "Fine. We'll go with that."

"Guess I need to get some rings," you joked. "The rule is three months' salary, right? Am I supposed to split that between both of you, or three months each? And am I waiting until we're lawyers, or should I just do it now and base it on our intern pay?"

"Baby," Sabrina said. "That's not even funny. Eat your food." She'd only brought one fork over with the bowl of stir fry, and she practically jammed your mouth full of food.

"M'yes, dea'," you mumbled through the mouthful. Sabrina kissed your stuffed lips lightly, still shaking her head at you, and pressed play on the laptop so you could watch while she fed the two of you.

## Chapter 139

The two of you made it through an entire episode before you finished dinner. To be fair, it was slow going since Sabrina had decided to feed both of you, and she took the occasional break to grind herself slowly on your cock.

“You know, and please don’t take this as me suggesting this is a bad thing,” you said. “But we should probably spend a bit of time together doing something that doesn’t involve sex.”

“Are you saying I should get off of you right now?” Sabrina asked.

“Let’s not be hasty,” you smirked, putting your hands on her hips to keep her in place. “I just mean if you’re my Best Friend With Major Benefits, we should probably do some more best-friending.”

“But not dates,” Sabrina pointed out.

You gave her a look. All three of you knew that the ‘dating Gemma not Sabrina’ thing was more for the outside world than the three of you at this point.

“Fine, maybe date-like outings between best friends,” she acquiesced with a smile. Then she gave you a little peck on the lips. “But totally platonic.”

“Of course,” you said.

“And then you rail me at the end when you come to drop me off. Platonically.”

“Totally just between friends,” you agreed with a grin.

“And then maybe you sleep over. As friends.”

“And it’s not a big deal when friends share a bed, obviously,” you said.

“Obviously,” she agreed, grinning back.

“Good,” you said. “Then I would like to take you out - as total friends - on Thursday,” you said. “And then I want you, me and Gemma to hang out together on Friday.”

“Now who’s pushing the threesome?” she smirked, poking you in the chest.

“That would be a happy coincidence,” you chuckled. “But my real goal is to make sure we, all three of us, are together at least once a week to make sure we’re all good with each other and what’s going on.”

She kissed you in response, a firm peck slowly developing into a makeout session as she slid her tongue between your lips. It lasted a long time, the ongoing Castle episode forgotten on the laptop and the empty bowl from the stir fry set aside on the side table.

"I love you, John," she said once the kiss ended. Sabrina stayed close, looking into your eyes earnestly as she said it.

"I love you too, Sabrina," you said, trying to tell her how much you meant it too.

"I want you to meet my sister," Sabrina said, the pivot surprising you.

"Um, OK," you said. "I don't know your relationship with her, but I don't think FaceTiming her when we're like this is the best timing, buuuuut-"

"Not now, obviously," she said. "She's planning on coming up next weekend - not this coming, the one after - and she's already been asking me about you from that photo we took that first day we started this. I'm going to have to talk to Gemma about you being my beard boyfriend that weekend too."

"Well, I'd be happy to meet her," you said. "And play tourist with you all weekend if you want, too."

"Not *all* weekend," she said. "We'll want some sister time, obviously. Which does mean that she'll ask me a ton of super personal questions. But anyways, that will give you time to go meetup with Gemma and give her time too. I don't want to take you for a whole weekend from her."

"OK," you said and kissed the tip of her nose. "Sounds good to me."

"Really?" she asked. "Just like that?"

"Just like that," you said, raising an eyebrow. "It's not like you're asking me to meet your parents and explain our relationship."

"True," she giggled. "That would be... yikes. Now, to change the subject back to what's at hand..." She stood up, your cock sliding out of her slowly as you both groaned a little at the feeling. She slammed the spacebar on the laptop and moved it to the floor. "Lay out. I want to try and sixty-nine with you."

You did as asked, sliding sideways on the couch to get in position, but before she climbed on top of you she gave a little 'Oh!' like a lightbulb had gone off in her head, and she rushed to her room and came back holding a little purple object.

She handed you the buttplug, which already had some lube smeared on it. "You can use that, too," she said. "I want to be ready as soon as Gemma takes you in her ass."

"That might not be for a while," you said.

"Considering she borrowed like three sizes of plugs from my weird little collection yesterday, I think it might happen sooner than later, stud," Sabrina grinned at you. She crawled up onto the couch, and the two of you figured out the slightly-cramped positioning you would need, and soon Sabrina's pussy and tight little ass were hanging above your lips.

"Have I ever told you I love how you smell?" you asked her.

"Thanks for being weird about it," Sabrina laughed. She took your cock in her mouth and slowly started to blow you, so you reciprocated and started to tease her labia and her entrance with your tongue.

You both wordlessly decided to take a slow-burn approach, teasing more than anything. By the time you got to her ass, you must have been building each other up for a good ten or fifteen minutes. You kissed your way between her butt cheeks, pulling her hips down a bit to give you a better angle, then kissed right on her neat little butthole.

"Are you ready for me to be extra naughty with you?" you asked her. "Ready for me to tongue this cute little ass?"

"Mmmm, yes please Daddy," Sabrina moaned around your cock, rubbing her lips across it.

You couldn't help but shake your head and smirk at the name. She probably didn't even realize she'd used it again.

## Chapter 140

Eating ass was similar but different to eating pussy. At the heart of it, you were using your lips and tongue to tease a part of the body of a woman you were in lust, and love, with. She was clean, and you wanted to do it for her.

On the other hand, there weren't any labia, or a clit, for you to focus on. Sure you could play with her little cheeks too, and you did. You left a hickey on the inside of her ass cheek like you had to Gemma, which Sabrina seemed to love as she moaned your name around your cock in her mouth. But there was only one place to *really* go, so that's where you went.

You started with your lips, kissing around her little tight hole and feeling the taught ring. Then you stiffened your lip, prodding with your kisses, getting a proper feel of what you were dealing with.

"Mm, that feels weird but nice," Sabrina said, coming off of your cock to whisper it to you.

"How does this feel?" you asked, taking a broad-tongued lick across the entire whole.

She giggled a little and snorted. "It tickles, but isn't like... super pleasurable? It's like if you licked the sole of my foot - naughty and dirty and kinky, but it doesn't send tingles through me like if you play with my nipples or clit. It's more a warm, passive heat."

"Well, I'm about to stick my tongue up this 'warm but passive' asshole of yours so how about you let me know if it's not worth it?" you asked. "Because if you're just not an anal girl, that is totally fine and I'll switch back to your tasty little pussy."

"I will," she assured you.

You kissed her buttohole again, then slowly began prodding it with your tongue, which made her tense up.

"Wow, that feels weird," she laughed. "Hold on, let me try and relax."

She flexed her buttohole, which only seemed to tighten it.

"Not that," you laughed into her cheeks.

"OK, OK, umm... what about if I do this?"

Whatever she did, it seemed to work as your prodding tongue felt just enough softening to slowly be able to work the tip into her tight little anal ring.

“Oh, fuck, John,” she groaned. “I don’t even know if that feels good or not, but I can’t believe you’re doing it. Your tongue is in my ass, baby.”

Unable to talk intelligibly at the moment, you decided to start trying to push your tongue deeper, rimming her butthole and stabbing it in a bit at a time. Slowly you were going deeper and deeper, your face pressed tight to her cheeks as you drove your tongue into the weird, warm space. It tasted sort of salty more than anything, like sweat without the sharp sting, which was something you could live with as you listened to the nasally moaning that Sabrina was making.

“Oh, fucking hell, Daddy,” she gasped. “I can feel your tongue all the way up inside my ass. You’re tongue-fucking my ass. You’re so fucking good to me, Daddy. Gawd, I can’t believe-fuuuuck.”

You slid the thumb of the hand that you weren’t holding the buttplug with into her pussy as you continued to push your tongue into her, and her whole body quivered with a mini-orgasm.

Without anything new to do with your tongue, you decided to transition to the buttplug. You withdrew your tongue, stabbing it at her anal ring a few times before sliding your face to the side and getting the buttplug in position. Then you softly bit her ass cheek as you pushed the properly lubed-up plug into her spit-lubed asshole. It wasn’t an overly large plug, the purple plastic sliding into her asshole about halfway fairly easily, then you had to apply a little more pressure to get to the widest point, and then her asshole swallowed it up and tightened around the neck bit.

“Fuck, that feels big in my ass even after your tongue,” she groaned.

“Didn’t you try a bigger one on that one solo video?” you asked her.

“Yeah, and it felt huge,” she sighed.

“Huge like this?” you asked her, tugging on the plug and pulling it back out to the wide part, watching her anal ring stretch to accommodate it before you slid it back in.

“Fuu-hhuuuck, John,” she grunted, leaving your cock to look back at you. “If you’re going to play with it like that, at least eat me out while you do it.”

“Gladly,” you laughed, pulling your thumb from the entrance of her pussy as you began to eat her out again while tapping and tugging on the buttplug every once in a while. Every time you did it Sabrina would moan somewhere in her chest, and you could see her little clit poking out of its hood as she got hornier and hornier.

But you kept her there, slowly boiling over. And she did the same to you.



So together you edged each other until you were thrusting your cock up at her mouth struggling for release, and she was humping her cunt back at your face for the same.

You popped first, and as she slurped down your cum while it filled her mouth you managed to tug on the buttplug again while suctioning onto her clit, and she came hard as well, rewarding you with your own mouthful of liquidy girlcum.

She collapsed on top of you when you were both done, her nose pressed to the root of your cock as her pussy and ass sat just below your chin.

“I love you, Daddy,” she groaned happily.

“We really need to figure out something else you can call me,” you sighed, content and a little sleepy.

She giggled, her body rocking on mine as she did it. “Sorry, baby.”

“I know,” you said, patting her ass cheek. “I know.”

## Chapter 141

A shower, with some gratuitous fondling of each other, ended the evening. Launching the first video felt a little anticlimactic. There wasn't any real fanfare, it was more just a click of the button and Sabrina giving you a kiss as the video uploaded and went live.

"Give it an hour or two," she said, wreathing her fingers together behind your neck as she looked up into your eyes with a soft smile. "The exhilaration comes from the numbers more than putting it live. Once the numbers start getting bigger it starts to feel like a real thing you did, and the comments that come with them make it personal."

"I'll follow your lead," you said, pulling her in for a hug and kissing her forehead.

Part of you wanted to fuck again, but for better or worse you needed to get home and be ready for work properly - not only was Joy gunning for you, but so was her mother now. And Garrison was going to be paying closer attention too if his thoughts on mentorship were real. You and the girls couldn't risk being late... which reminded you that Sabrina had disappeared at lunch.

You were already at the front door to the apartment, shoes on and kissing Sabrina goodbye when you remembered that.

"Hey, where did you go at lunch?" you asked.

Sabrina was thrown for a moment by the pivot, but broke into a grin. "Oh, that. I followed Joy and her mother to try and get some information. They went to this fancy restaurant and had lunch together. And would you be surprised to find out they are both cunts to the service staff?"

You snorted. "No I would not. Did you find out anything useful?"

"Ehn, not sure," she shrugged. "Nothing explosive happened and I couldn't actually hear their conversation, so we may need to do it a few more times to see if there's a pattern or something. Maybe we can discover the secret network of bitches they belong to or something."

"You know, it's kind of hot when you pretend to be a spy," You grinned.

"Who says I'm not a spy?" Sabrina chuckled. Then she held up her hands in a gun pose and put on a terrible Russian accent. "From Russia with love, mothafucka."

"Was that Russian, or Samuel L Jackson?" you laughed.

"Hey, Sammy J would make a great bond girl," Sabrina giggled with you, dropping her hands.

You left her after another long kiss, and she slapped your ass on the way out of her apartment.

The Uber home was quick and quiet - you had considered repaying the drop-in on Gemma, but your nearly-late arrival at work that morning stopped you. Also the fact that your Uber bill had gone up significantly since you started seeing both women.

You were yawning to yourself as you stepped into your apartment, not taking the precaution of knocking before keying the door open, and you paid for it.

“Eek!” someone squealed in protest.

Your eyes shot open as your yawn cut off, and you were looking at Tasha in profile on the couch, naked and on top of Mosche. Your first thought, which probably should have told you something about your current mind state, was that she had pretty nice, mid-sized tits. Not as small as Sabrina, not as big as Gemma, but right down the middle.

Tasha, weirdly enough, wasn't the one who had made the Eek sound.

“John, what the fuck!?” Mosche yelled as he scrambled to try to preserve his modesty, then realized he should be trying to preserve Tasha's modesty more than his own, but that just ended up with him scrambling to try and reach a pillow or anything and coming up empty, so he just planted his hands over her tits to cover them.

“What the fuck yourself!” you said, slapping a hand over your eyes.

Tasha just started laughing.

“Get out!” Mosche yelled.

“I live here!” you said back.

“It's not a big deal, Moschey,” Tasha said.

“What do you mean I'm not a big deal?” Mosche asked. “You said I was big.”

“Not *you*. It,” Tasha said. “John, it's fine. Really. We should have moved to the bedroom.”

“I *said* that earlier,” Mosche complained.

“Moschey, shut the fuck up,” Tasha sighed.

“Look, I'll just head to my room,” you said, still covering your eyes. “You guys do... whatever, but I'm going to need to head to the washroom in like thirty minutes so there's your fair warning.”

“Thanks, John,” Tasha said.

“What are you thanking him for?” Mosche asked.

“For not being pissed off or a creep?” Tasha said more than asked.

They were still bickering, though you thought Tasha may have started riding him again, by the time you got to your room and closed the door. You pressed your back to it and let out a long breath, shaking your head.

Well, at least things seemed to be working out for Mosche.

You took out your phone, starting to chuckle a little, and texted the group chat.

**You:** *I just walked in on Mosche and Tasha fucking on the living room couch.*

**Sabrina:** *Bahahaha!*

**Gemma:** *She’s cute. Who was on top?*

**Sabrina:** *Do you really need to ask? It was obviously her.*

**Gemma:** *True.*

**Sabrina:** *Did you get any pics? Tasha is hot.*

You sighed again and rolled your eyes.

**You:** *No I didn’t get any pictures. That would be weird.*

**Sabrina:** *Says you. I bet if I asked she’d let me take a pic of her tits in his face. No harm in asking.*

**You:** *Sabrina, I love you, but I’m not doing that.*

**Gemma:** *Sabrina you can be so weird sometimes.*

The three of you bantered a bit more over the group texts, and then both of them sent you, and each other, Good Night pics of their boobs.

Life, you decided despite all the chaos at your internship, was pretty fucking great.

## Chapter 142

Somehow, some way, you had a quiet and near-normal day. You didn't realize it until the workday was almost over. Sure, Joy had been bitchy and lorded over the rest of you interns in an annoying way, but she didn't make any passes at you. Didn't try and squeeze more information, or get you alone. Her mother didn't show up.

Garrison also didn't call you to his office, or Sabrina or Gemma, so there wasn't any Up to the rollercoaster that your work life had started to feel like either.

Joy showed up late at the start of the day, left for lunch early and came back late. Then she left early at the end of the day as well. All told, when you did the math, she was really only there for about half the work day - that in itself could have been ammunition to use against her if she wasn't always with her mother.

It was nearing the end of the day, and you were over in the copy room working at the photocopiers, when Gemma came in and shut the door behind her.

"Hey," you said. "I'm almost done with these if-"

She cut you off by hugging you tightly from behind and kissing your neck.

"Gemma..." you sighed. This was breaking the rules.

"Be quiet, love," she whispered. One of her hands slid down your front to your crotch. "I just needed to hold you for a minute."

"Is something wrong?" you asked.

She shook her head, which you felt instead of saw since she was behind you. You turned in her arms and hugged her back.

"I don't believe you," you said. "We have a date tonight, and you don't get emotional at the office other than getting pissed off at Joy."

Gemma sighed and squeezed you tighter, so you squeezed her as well and held her. If she didn't want to talk about it, you couldn't make her. Especially not here where she'd probably feel even more embarrassed if the emotions got too big.

"Thanks, John," she finally said, slowly letting go of you. "I love you."

"I love you too, Gemma," you said, and softly kissed her for a moment. "Is this something I should ask you about later, or do you want me to not bring it up?"

"I was just feeling overwhelmed by something," she said, wiping under her eyes to make sure she hadn't gotten teary and smudged her makeup badly. "That was what I needed."

"OK," you said, and hopped up to sit on the work counter while you held her hands in yours. "What are we doing for our date?"

Gemma smiled, which reassured you that she was coming out of whatever flash she'd had. "It's a secret," she said. "Dress casual though. But not too casual or extra nerdy, I still want to look like the hottest couple where we're going."

"See, you say things like that and I feel self-conscious about my clothing options," you said.

"Should I send Sabrina home with you to help dress you again?" Gemma smirked.

"That would break the rule, I think," you pointed out.

"You don't think you can spend an hour or two with her without getting sexual?" Gemma teased.

"*That* actually reminds me, you're OK with me and her spending time out tomorrow, right?" you asked. Gemma had been informed of the plan for the week via the group text last night.

"As long as you understand that she and I are planning our weekend," she said.

"Our weekend?"

"You caught that, huh?" Gemma chuckled. Then she got closer, pressing herself against your knees. "Yes, love. Our weekend. Friday, Saturday and Sunday. All three of us."

You were hard, and she noticed.

"I trust you to dress yourself today," she said with a grin. "But I'm letting you know now that some of this weekend is going out shopping, and you're not allowed to complain."

"Why would I complain?" you asked. "I'll be spending time with two gorgeous women that I love."

She kissed you quickly, then stepped away. "Good."

"I want to fuck you right here, right now," you said quietly.

"Maybe someday," she smiled naughtily. "I kind of fantasize about doing it in the office, on the conference table."

"Are people watching us?"

She shook her head. "No, well, sort of. Since we started being... open about things, Sabrina is there sometimes masturbating as she watches us. I've even imagined Becks joining in like that."

"I'm going to be stuck in here for a while," you said, looking down at your tented pants.

"Sorry," she giggled. "Though I'm just as bad. I can feel the wet spot in my panties."

You bit the tip of your tongue for a second, trying to decide whether to push things or not. This sort of talk wasn't supposed to happen in the office; it was against the rules you'd set for yourselves.

But Joy was gone for the day already, and you were horny.

"Take them off," you said. "I want them."

"Here?" Gemma asked, surprised.

That was probably a bad idea - anyone could walk in and Gemma was wearing a stylish pair of pants today that made her ass look fantastic. "No, too risky," you said. "Go take them off in the washroom and bring them back to me."

"You're being very naughty, you know," Gemma said, biting her lower lip as she looked at you.

"I know," you said. "Do you want to join me, or are you chicken?"

You'd never called Gemma a chicken before, but apparently it was some sort of a trigger for her because she didn't even leave the copy room. Right there, in between the two big photocopiers, she stripped off her pants and then the lacey purple thong she'd been wearing and tossed it to you. And then, still without pants on, she stepped up to you, took the thong back, kissed you and then pushed them into your mouth - damp part first. The fabric tasted like a dulled version of her.

Then she went and quickly put her pants back on, and you let the fabric fall out of your mouth and into your hand.

"Guess I'm not a chicken, huh?" she asked with a grin.

"Nope," you said. "And that is definitely not something I'm going to forget."

"Good," she said, then took her thong from your hand and slipped it into your pocket. "You know, at some point I'm going to need to reclaim at least some of my panties from you if we keep doing this."

## Chapter 143

Sabrina met you at the elevator after work. You were going to see Gemma that night, so the three of you organized that you and Sabrina would stay just a little later so you could have a private moment in the day.

“Long day, huh?” Sabrina commented as you waited for the elevator to reach your floor.

“Very,” you said.

“Long and hard,” Sabrina said, getting a sly smile on her lips.

You snorted softly at the innuendo. “I think my days are only long and hard when I’m doing something that’s worth doing.”

“Is that so?” she asked. “And what’s worth doing?”

The elevator arrived and you both stepped inside, and you thumbed the lobby button. As soon as the door closed you turned and picked her up, pinning her to the mirrored wall of the elevator with her ass resting on the metal handhold bar that ran around it at waist height. “You are,” you said, and kissed her.

She returned it with fervour, your tongues duelling for a long moment.

“God, I want you inside me,” Sabrina moaned as your kiss broke apart.

“How bad?” you asked.

“So bad,” she laughed. “You need to fuck Gemma good enough that I feel it at home tonight.”

“I’ll try my very best,” you grinned, and kissed her quickly again.

“There’s something else I need to talk to you about though,” she said, between kisses.

“What’s that?” you asked.

The elevator reached the lobby, and you quickly helped her lower to the floor and separated from her. There were a few people, including a couple of the associates from the firm, in the lobby still and you didn’t want to give anyone suspicions. On your way out you both waved to Becks, who was talking with a couple of people you didn’t recognize.

Outside, Sabrina hooked her arm in yours and pulled you down the street. Once you were around a corner, she pushed you up against the concrete wall of another building and put your



hands on her ass and pulled you down into another kiss that lasted longer than the one in the elevator.

“This isn’t talking,” you breathed heavily once it ended.

“Sorry,” she chuckled. “I just wanted to let you know that the first video is going really well. Like.... Really fucking well. The subscribers fucking love it.”

“That’s good,” you said. “And I think they love you in it. You played that scene so well, and were super hot.”

“Well, I mean yes,” Sabrina said. “But there are a lot of comments about you as well.”

You frowned. “Really? They barely see anything except my dick and hear my voice with a modulator on it.”

“Well, that doesn’t seem to matter because half of the comments want me to record more with ‘Daddy,’” she said. “So I just wanted you to know that not only do you have me and Gemma as your little dedicated sluts, but you’re also secretly a pornstar.”

You actually got a little light headed at what she was saying. You had... fans... of your dick. And not just someone you’d slept with, but people who had seen it on video.

“This is so weird,” you said.

“Yeah, but it’s also kinda hot,” Sabrina giggled, and kissed you again. “Anyways, I just wanted you to know that. Do you want me to come back to your place and help you pick out another outfit for tonight?”

“Yes, but no,” you said. “Gemma and I talked about the date and she’s keeping it a secret, but told me to dress casual but not too casual. If you come over we’re going to break a promise to her not to have sex the day of a date.”

“Yeah, fair,” Sabrina pouted. “OK, baby. I guess this is where we split, then.”

“Love you,” you said, kissing her again.

“Love you too,” she replied with a flash of a grin, and then she turned and was walking down to catch her bus. You had to go in the opposite direction, and you found yourself humming the entire way home.

You were a pornstar. You had Sabrina, and you had Gemma. And today hadn’t been total shit at work. It was a good day, and hopefully was about to be great.

Once you got home, you decided to knock at the door this time even though you were alone. You gave a good twenty seconds before keying into the apartment, but there was no naked Tasha, or Mosche for that matter. You quickly went about your business, giving yourself a fresh shave and a shower, and then sauntered back to your room in a towel - or you would have, if you hadn't been stopped by the vision of Mosche's bare ass pumping away, his pants and undies down around his knees as he thrust into Tasha from behind with her bent over the counter of the kitchen.

"Oh, come on," you said, putting up a hand to block your vision of them as you walked past. "There's no way you didn't know I was here."

"Shit! Sorry, dude," Mosche said. "Thought you would be in there longer."

"Hey, John," Tasha grunted. "Mosche, don't you fucking stop now."

"But John-"

"John has two girlfriends, he knows what fucking is like. Make me come and maybe we'll stop edging you later tonight."

*Jesus, I didn't need to know about this*, you thought, quickly walking past the pair and back to your room, shutting the door. You stood there trying not to think about what you'd just seen and heard for a long minute before you felt like you could function again.

But you had things to do. You were supposed to meet Gemma downtown at 6:30pm, so you didn't have that much time before you needed to catch your bus back. Your room once again became a whirlwind of clothes as you stressed yourself out over what 'casual, but not too casual' meant.

In the end, you took a picture of two outfits and sent them to Sabrina for approval, and she had you mix and match the two before she declared you fit for a date. Then she sent you a picture of her ass with a buttplug in it and told you to have fun.

## Chapter 144

“Hey, love,” Gemma said, grinning from ear to ear as you walked down the street to meet her.

You swept her up in your arms and spun her around right there on the sidewalk as you kissed her. Gemma had worn a pair of tight jeans that were more hole than fabric - you weren't sure when or how that trend started, but you appreciated all the skin it showed. She was also wearing a t-shirt for a band you didn't know, but tied in the back to make it more like a crop top, and cute converse shoes.

“Hello, gorgeous,” you said, setting her down but still hugging her to you.

“No flower this time?” she asked.

“I wasn't sure what we were doing, so I held off,” you said. “But I memorized a half dozen places in the area, so depending on where we're going I want to stop and get you one.”

“You don't have to do that,” she said, but you knew the look in her eye was that she'd be happy if you did. It was a thing you'd started, and keeping it going was a gesture you wanted to pursue.

Instead of answering, you kissed her again on the lips and took her hand in yours. “So what are we up to?” you asked.

“Have you ever done ax throwing?” she asked.

“I haven't, but I've seen pictures,” you said.

“Well, that's what we're doing. I want to see you go full barbarian for me while we drink. Then, since we've made it our thing, there's a food truck that's supposed to be set up a block over that we should try out.”

“Then let's throw some axes,” you said, giving her hand a squeeze.

\* \* \* \* \*

“But then I come out of the shower and they are *right there* in the kitchen, and his ass is pointed right at me,” you said, gesturing with the pint you were holding as Gemma laughed along with your story. “And Mosche is freaking out again, but Tasha is just like ‘Hey’ and then goes right back to telling him to fuck her. And then, here's the kicker, she says if he gets her off she *might* stop edging him later.”

“Oh nooo,” Gemma giggled, closing her eyes as she laughed. “She's got poor Mosche wrapped around her finger.”

"I don't know whether to congratulate him, or be worried for him," you said. "He finally found a woman who knows what she wants with him, but if he hasn't gotten off this whole time I don't know what to think."

"Oh, boy," Gemma sighed, wiping her tears of laughter from her eyes and then standing up. "Alright, my turn."

She stepped up to the line and hefted one of the handaxes, feeling its weight in her hands. Then she wound up, using both hands to bring it over her head, and let it loose. The ax spun end over end and impacted with the wooden board with a satisfying *thunk*, sticking into the target about half a foot from centre.

"Nice!" you called, standing up and high fiving Gemma.

The bar was loud with the sounds of not only the ax throwing, but other weird bar games as well. You would never have guessed that the old, warehouse looking building held this gem of a bar inside it.

"Fear me, for I am Xena, warrior princess," Gemma laughed, flexing and giving you a tough expression.

"Did Xena have a romantic interest in the show?" you asked.

"No idea," she said, and pressed up against you as she tilted her chin up for a kiss, which you provided. "But this Xena is very happy to have met her Conan."

"So I'm Conan, huh?" you asked. "Doesn't Conan have a new woman in every story he's in?"

"Love, it's a joke about the axes, stop trying to take the metaphor any further," Gemma said with a roll of her eyes.

You gave her ass a squeeze and winked, then stepped over to the line and picked up an ax to throw. Her's was still stuck in the target. You'd quickly decided that throwing one-handed was more comfortable than two-handed for you, so you rotated the haft of the ax in your hand and then focused on the target. Then you pulled the ax back and let it fly. It spun just like Gemma's had, but hit the target with the flat metal top of the hatchet head instead of with the blade with a *clonk* and then clattered to the floor.

With a sigh, you turned around and gave Gemma a shrug. "Conan is a sword guy anyways."

"Yes he is," Gemma said as you walked back to her, and she reached over and put a hand on your crotch for a moment, feeling up your package. "Yes, he certainly is."

\* \* \* \* \*

Three pints of beer each had hit you both, and after a quick trip to the restroom at the bar you were ready for some food. Your arms ached from throwing the axes so much, not used to the weird activity but knowing that you wanted to come back.

You and Gemma had laughed and talked through the whole thing without a moment of silence between the two of you. She talked about her extended family, which was pretty large, and about some of her wild animal encounters back home in Australia - you hadn't asked for them, so she was more than happy to wow you when they came to her mind naturally. In return you talked about your smaller extended family, and the rift on your father's side with his two toxic siblings, and you told her some stories about growing up playing house league sports and the stupid rivalries between kids in school.

Gemma had paid at the bar, so when she led you to a food cart that proclaimed itself 'The King of Waffles' you wouldn't hear about her paying. The waffle cart served these thin, crunchy waffles shaped into a cone, with a variety of toppings that could go inside them. The inside of the waffles were still fluffy, and you ordered the 'Breakfast Special' that was filled with tater tots, bacon, scrambled eggs and maple syrup, while Gemma tried the 'All-American' that had hamburger, french fries, onion rings, and cheeseburger toppings.

You ended up eating the All-American.

"Is this going to happen every time, or just some of the time?" you asked, teasing her as you both sat on a city bench outside of a park, carefully trying to eat your stuffed waffles out of the cardboard cones they were served in.

"What do you mean?" Gemma asked.

"Have I told you today how much I love you?" you pivoted.

"You have, but tell me again," she grinned.

"Gemma, I love you so much that I'll let you switch food with me every day of the week," you said.

She smiled and rested her head on your shoulder. "Thanks, love."

## Chapter 145

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I want you to get really rough with me tonight,” she said into your chest as she hugged you back. “We’ve already fucked hard, and long. I think you said you wanted to turn me into a puddle, and you definitely did. But tonight I want you to do to me what Sabrina likes. I want you to choke me, spank me really hard, and pinch me. I want you to throw me around on the bed in whatever way you want. You can- I’m sure Sabrina told you I borrowed some buttplugs from her, and I tried them. You can even take my ass tonight if you want.”

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

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

“On one condition,” you said.

“Anything,” she said.

“Just don’t call me Daddy.”

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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

“I love you, you know,” she said.

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

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

“How’s it feel?” you asked her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oops,” she giggled. “My bad.”

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



## Chapter 146

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

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

“Also literally,” Gemma said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"About what?" you asked.

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

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

## Chapter 147

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

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

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

You did as she asked, pushed over the edge by her words and the feeling of her squeezing you with her kegel muscles, and she sucked on your earlobe as you groaned and released. You fell sideways off of her, and the two of you ended up holding each other for a little while, quiet. Gemma was smiling happily, if softly, and you had a feeling you had the same expression on your face.

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

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

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

"Is that something you'd like to do?" you asked. "Not with her. With me, and Sabrina?"

"Not really my scene, love," she smirked.

"You wouldn't need to do the Raver Girl thing," you said.

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

You grinned. "That does sound like a lot more fun."

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

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

"A ball gag?" you asked, raising your eyebrows.

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

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

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

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

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

Gemma was grinning around the ballgag, her eyes bright as she leaned forward to press her forehead to yours since she couldn't kiss you. Her nipples were hard, and she ran her fingers down your chest and to your cock.

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

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

## Chapter 148

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

Biting one, softly, and then a little harder, raised the pitch of her gagged voice.

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

"I love you, Gem, and now I'm going to mark you again," you said.

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

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

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

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

"Mmmffggh," she moaned, rotating her hips hornily.

You left off the smacking and shifted your position, keeping your fingerfucking going but placing your other hand on her chest, flat and firm, and sliding it towards her neck. "You know the rules,

right love?" you asked her. "You know good bad girls who need it rough don't get to come whenever they want, right? You have to wait for me to give you permission. You have to beg for it, and that's going to be hard with your slutty little ball gag in your mouth. God, I can't believe you went out and bought it yourself. You're such a horny little cunt, and I love you for it. I love that you're *my* horny little cunt."

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

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

"Hmmmmg!" Gemma grunted.

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

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

You didn't give her permission. Instead, you pulled your fingers from her all at once, making her body heave at the surprise of feeling empty. You smeared your juiced-up hand over her tits, spreading the taste and smell of her, then manhandled her like she'd asked you to. Flipping her over, you mounted her from behind, sliding your cock between those wonderfully full ass cheeks of hers and shifting the head of your cock across her asshole and down lower to the entrance of her cunt. You speared into her, making her loose a long, loud moan, and once you were fully rooted you wreathed your fingers in her hair, gathering it into a ponytail and gripping her with one hand.

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

"Mmhhmmm," she groaned.

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

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



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

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

"Hold it," you told her, and started fucking her faster.

She was losing the battle quickly.

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

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

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

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

You let go of the pinch first, then her hair, as she started to come down. She was panting deeply, trying to catch her breath through her nose. She collapsed under you, going mellow for a moment, her head resting sideways on the bed. You lowered down onto her, keeping your weight on your knees and elbows on the bed but letting her feel your naked chest on her back as you kissed her cheek softly.

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

## Chapter 149

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mhmmm," she nodded eagerly.

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

"Mo'," she managed to say fairly clearly.

“More?” you asked. “More what?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 150

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

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

“Nothing!” Lucy said more forcefully. “I was just grabbing something from Becca and Charlotte’s room.”

“Well, what was it? Your hands are empty.”

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

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

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

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

“Fine. We,” you agreed and hugged her to you.

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

“What was she doing?” you asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Me too," she smiled back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fair,” she giggled softly. “I just didn’t want to disappoint you.”

“You could never,” you said.

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

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

“You look so fucking hot, love,” you told her.

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

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

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

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