

The OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 351-400

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 351

The work day started without a hitch. Eric showed up a few minutes after Sabrina, and Andy rolled in 15 minutes before the usual start of the day, which made him late for his mandated early start but early for a regular start. You took that as a win for him.

While the rest of you got to work, and Andy drifted in and out of consciousness, Sabrina started to get to work on the Mock Trial. Garrison had emailed her an entire package of documents she would need to go through, and she gave you the brief rundown. It was a civil suit featuring a multi-car pileup that led to the injury of multiple people - the details of the case contained multiple layers of culpability, several insurance policies, and a ton of backstory and environmental data to parse through. Not to mention the fact that Sabrina would need to be researching the actual legal points as well.

She, or all of you, had been assigned the Defense role for the case, representing the trucking company that was being sued. The opposite side would be representing one of the families that was injured - but, as you, Gemma, Eric and Sabrina all quickly clued in on with your various experiences with Debate and Mock Trial clubs in the past, it was likely to become a class action case involving all of the allegedly injured parties. It was a classic Mock Trial move.

As the morning wore on the Associates started dropping more work than normal on your plate, knowing that you would be out for at least part of the next week. That led to you forcing Andy into wakefulness by insisting he drink a coffee and start helping.

Garrison called you and Gemma into quick mentor meetings that afternoon, not giving you a moment to settle into the extra workflow without assigning his own little bonus research to accomplish.

With everything going on, at the end of the day all five of you ended up staying late. Andy because he had to, but the rest of you were just feeling overwhelmed with the amount of stuff on your plates and not wanting to let it stack up. Sabrina swapped back to prepping for the Mock Trial.

Then, at six, a couple of pizzas arrived. None of you had ordered it, but the security guard who worked in the building after Becks left for the day called for you to come pick it up. You went down to figure out what was going on but discovered it was already paid for so you accepted them.

As you were stepping back off the elevator and rounded the corner to head back to the conference room, you were stopped by Allison Tranch - she was one of the Associates, a reedy-looking blonde who had been with the firm for several years and was supposedly on the Partner-track and would make Junior Partner in another year or two.

“Oh, hey,” you said, not having realized any of the Associates were still around. “Did you order these? Security called up but none of us put in the order.”

“Garrison finally has you guys staying late, huh?” Allison said with a little smirk.

“Uh, well, he didn’t ask us to,” you said.

“If he did he’d need to pay your overtime,” Allison chuckled. She flipped open the top pizza box and took a smell of the steaming pie and groaned before peeling off a gooey slice. “Looks like he’s getting back into his groove though.”

“He bought us the pizzas?”

“No,” Allison said, air-quoting the word around her slice of pizza. “But, I’ll just say that when I went through the internship program back when he was running it before, whenever we had a ton of work and stayed late, dinner would show up. Honestly, I think I ate more dinners here than at home during the week.”

“You were an intern before Garrison had all of his personal stuff?” you asked. “What was it like?”

“Hard work,” Allison said, then bit the tip off of her slice. “*Lots* of hard work. But worth it. If you really engage with it, you’ll learn a lot, but Garrison won’t chase you. Do well and he’ll write you a killer recommendation letter, and he’ll get at least one other partner to do that as well. Sometimes he’ll even get a Partner at another firm to do it.”

“Well, we’re trying,” you said. “Feels like an uphill battle though.”

“Maybe. But look at it this way - you’re the guy who skunked Joy out of here,” Allison said. “*And* you got Garrison back in the game with you interns. Over the last few years, he’s never been a bad lawyer but he *has* been a kind of background figure in the firm. Way different than I remember him when I was in your shoes. You’re doing the firm a big favour, and the other Partners will remember that. Get through law school and you’ll probably have a job offer here if you want it. *If* you don’t fuck up, obviously.”

“I feel like we fuck up constantly,” you chuckled.

“Yeah, well, you get leeway,” Allison said. “Oh, and if he offers you a mock trial case, don’t settle.”

“Isn’t that the cheat code for Mock Trials?” you asked. “If you can convince the other side to settle, you both look like winners?”

“Maybe in a college competition,” Allison said. “And lots of lawyers look at it that way in the real world. But Garrison picks Mock cases that have lots of loopholes for both sides to work with. He doesn’t want to see you settle, he wants to see you win.”

“Ever see a Mock case with a truck and a multi-car pileup?” you asked.

Allison snorted and shook her head. “I wouldn’t tell you if I had,” she said. “And you’ve gotten more than enough out of me. Actually, you owe me another slice.” She pulled a second slice of pizza out of the box and headed back into her office. “Now get back to your cave, intern. You’ve got work to do!”

Chapter 352

You didn't leave the office until almost 8 PM, since dinner had been provided. Andy left right after the pizza got demolished, but Eric stuck around and between you, him and Gemma you got everything caught up in terms of the work the Associates had dropped on you that day. There was always the big backlog of makework that was meant to fill any time you had free, but there was a lot less pressure on that stuff. The three of you started reviewing the general notes from the Mock Trial in the last hour before calling it quits.

As Eric headed off for his place, you, Gemma and Sabrina lingered a bit and then decided to hit a pub for a couple of drinks. That, of course, led to some footsie under the table, and the three of you stumbled into bed at Gemma's place since you all had clean clothes stashed there at the moment.

Then the next day you did it all again. Sabrina worked the Mock Trial docs in the morning, then joined you in shovelling through the fresh batch of work from the Associates in the afternoon. The 'mystery dinner delivery' that night was from a Thai place. At the end of the night you even invited Eric out for a quick drink, since he stuck around for all the extra work again too, and then the girls rendezvoused with you back at your place after picking up clothes for the next day.

Friday was much the same. You were leaving work more tired than you had before, but also feeling strangely more fulfilled. Eric invited the three of you out to the club, but you begged off; you and Gemma had a 'date' and Sabrina had a 'family thing.' You wished him well on his night out.

"Becks wants to know if she should bring anything special other than a hot set of lingerie," Gemma said quietly while the three of you rode the bus. It was well after rush hour, but the city nightlife meant that the bus was still about half-full.

"Just her cute ass," Sabrina smirked. "Unless you want to see her dressed up in a costume, baby?"

"No," you chuckled. "Well, I mean, yeah, but no I don't *need* anything like that."

Both of your girlfriends got quiet after a meaningful glance at each other, and then they were both on their phones.

"What is it?" you asked.

"Nothing," Gemma said.

"A surprise," Sabrina mumbled at the same time.

"A nothing surprise," you sighed. "Great. My favourite."

You arrived at Sabrina's place and within minutes you were balls deep inside of her as you pounded her into her bed. Becks arrived sometime during that first go and you heard Gemma talking to her out in the living room, loudly proclaiming that Sabrina was such a horny little brat that she couldn't wait like a good host.

Afterwards, as you cuddled with your brunette girlfriend under the covers for a hot minute as you both came down, Sabrina turned in your arms and kissed. "You know I love you, right?" she asked.

"Of course I do," you said softly. "What makes you ask that?"

"I just..." she paused, biting her lip as she looked at your face like she was examining your features. "Sometimes I worry that maybe I... I don't know."

"Tell me, baby," you encouraged her.

"Sometimes I worry if I focus too much on sex," she said. "Like, we have sex a lot. It feels like the main thing we do, and even if we *do* have sex as part of our side hustle, I still worry that I'm doing something wrong."

You had to breathe in through your nose and let it out slowly. "I... wonder about that too, sometimes," you said cautiously. "Not that I'm not incredibly addicted to every part of you, Sabrina. But you're right, we have a *lot* of sex. But... honestly? We spend at minimum 9 hours together every day at work not having sex. More, with these extra hours. You need to count that time as well."

"You think?" she asked, hugging herself to you tightly. Your legs were tangled with her as she pressed herself to you. "Is it enough?"

"Enough for what?" you asked.

"I don't know," she whispered. "Love? Us? Longevity? I- I think I'm just worried about messing this up, John. I'm worried that if I do too much, or too little, you'll realize how much better you could probably do than me."

"What?!" you whispered harshly. "Sabrina, that doesn't make any sense. You are one of the two smartest, prettiest, loving, funny, and yes, totally sexy, people I know. And we happen to both be dating the other one. How could I *ever* do better than you? No one can even compete."

"You could find someone who isn't a whore on the internet," she whispered. "You could date my sister. We're the same, pretty much. Except for the OnlyFans."

You had to just hold her for a minute, wrapping your arms around her tightly. “I don’t know how to assure you,” you said. “I just-” You had to take another breath. “If you want to stop doing OnlyFans, you can stop right now. We can stop. We’ll figure out our budgets for the school year. I don’t mind people watching you anonymously, or us. It’s part of who you were when we connected, and who we are now. When you need to stop, we stop. I’ll never ask you to make a change like that for me though.”

She started crying. Quietly, mostly sniffles, as she hugged you as tightly as you had been hugging her. “I love you,” she whispered finally. “Please just... never let me go.”

“I won’t,” you promised.

Chapter 353

“Love,” Gemma said. “I love the sex. And I love our dates. And I love working with you. But I think it’s this that I’m going to miss the most.”

“Oh yeah?” you asked, smirking a little. “Exactly this?”

“Not *exactly* this,” she chuckled, which made her breasts wobble a little. She was laying on her back, her butt pressed against the front of the couch while you were sitting on it, and you had her feet in your hands as you slowly rubbed them. She was naked and you were just wearing a pair of boxers. Sabrina’s condo was otherwise quiet. “But the cuddles, and the quiet moments. With both of you, obviously, but I like our one-on-one time too.”

“So do I,” you smiled, leaning down to kiss the side of her foot.

Sabrina and Becks were cuddled up themselves, but they were asleep under the covers in the bedroom. After fucking Sabrina that first time, you had covered for her as she got herself done back up a little in the washroom while you greeted Becks. The resulting sex in the living room, followed by a movie break and snugglefest, had been bridged into a second big round that had left both women completely worn out. It helped that Gemma had donned a strap-on, having gotten a taste for feeling the power of wielding a cock during your escapades with Mallory. Becks had gotten a taste of being spit-roasted, though hadn’t wanted to try a double penetration yet. Both of the brunettes had gotten a good dicking though, and then Gemma had gotten hers as you made love with her on the floor of the living room.

“Mmm, that feels good,” she groaned softly as you pressed a finger between her toes, wiggling them with light pressure.

“I’ll keep going, but we need to talk about something,” you sighed.

“Earlier?” Gemma guessed.

You nodded. “Sabrina had a moment. She’s worried about... a bunch of stuff, I guess. It’s probably just all the stress of everything happening at once, but she was worried she isn’t enough for me.”

“I know, she told me while you were having that moment with Becks at the kitchen table,” Gemma sighed. “Which was hot, by the way. But as soon as she came out after you I knew something was up and she spilled. I’m not sure *what* to do about it.”

“My gut says we should do a Pamper Sabrina weekend,” you said. “But I don’t know if that would fix it.”

“It wouldn’t hurt,” Gemma said. “You just keep being you, though. Let me work on it a bit.”

“But I need to be part of it,” you said.

“No, I know, I didn’t mean to stay out of it totally. I just meant let me talk to her again.” Gemma pulled her feet from you and got up, her breasts swinging lightly as she rose to her knees and leaned against your legs, looking up at you slightly as she rested her hands, and tits, on your thighs. “You make us both feel special already, love. I don’t think you need to necessarily do anything about this, but you *will* be part of the solution.”

“OK,” you sighed, taking her hands in yours. “How are you feeling about... everything? It’s been a few days since we had a serious check-in.”

“I’m good, love,” Gemma said. “Work is busy, but we’re learning a lot. Next week we get to be at the court proceedings with Garrison even if we’re just in the gallery. I have a boyfriend who I absolutely adore, and who utterly adores me. And a girlfriend I would kill for, which is something I never would have thought I would say. The only thing going wrong is Lucy, and I could almost care less. Becca and Charlotte are great and a wall between us, and I spend half my time with you and Sabrina anyway. Other than that, it’s just my flight home getting closer day by day that makes me sad sometimes.”

“Have you called back home recently?” you asked.

“Not since last week,” Gemma said. “I probably should soon. My parents were all hyped up my first couple of months here and wanted me to call every other day, just like my first year of Uni, but they eased off. I love them but they can be a bit much, so we had a talk and they gave me space. Birdie I text with more often though. I miss her most of all.”

“Well, it’s midnight now,” you said, looking over into the kitchen and squinting a little to read the dull clock on the microwave. “That makes it what, early afternoon there, right? Maybe 2 PM?”

“Aww, love,” Gemma said, rising up from where she’d been sitting and crawling to straddle your lap, kissing your cheeks rapidly before planting one on your lips. “You figured out the timezone math already?”

“Just want to be prepared to call my gorgeous, smart, talented, drop-dead sexy, utterly charming-” she silenced you with another kiss, though you mumbled ‘girlfriend’ into it to finish the thought.

When she pulled away she was smiling and sighed happily as she just stared into your eyes.

“As I was saying,” you chuckled, holding her lightly by her naked hips. “It’s daytime there. Did you want to try FaceTiming Birdie? Or your family? I’d be happy to meet them, or I could give you some space.”

She kissed you again, this time a little more hungry, and you wondered if you were going to be able to get it up again after what had happened all over the apartment not so long ago. For Gemma, you could. It just might take a small amount of effort.

“I want to keep the introduction to my family, like my parents and my siblings, for when you get to meet them,” Gemma said when she finally pulled away from the kiss and just hugged you, your naked chests together. “But maybe Birdie. She’s seen pictures, obviously, but she *does* want to meet you. But then, it’s also fun to keep her waiting.”

“Whatever you want,” you promised her.

She breathed deeply and then squeezed a little. “I guess you did meet Katherine, and I did meet your college friends. I’m still the odd woman out.” She pulled out of the hug and kissed the tip of your nose, then leaned way back, reaching to pick up her phone from the floor. This stretched her body in delightful ways, pushing her tits up and out, as you held her waist steady so she didn’t fall over until she came back up to sitting. “Let me see if she’s somewhere she has wifi. If she does, we’ll throw some clothes on and say hi.”

Chapter 354

“Oh my gawd, Gemma, my baby giiirl,” Birdie answered the call, but her eyes went even larger and her jaw dropped as your end of the call loaded on her phone screen. “Aaah!” she screamed. “Is that him!?”

She was loud, and apparently somewhere in public, because someone almost immediately shushed her *loudly*.

Gemma had sent her text and then one thing had led to another and you’d been making out with her straddling your legs. Making out with Gemma, even with the natural dry humping, was peek comfortable for you simply because of how soft and sensual she approached it. You loved making out with Sabrina as well, but it always felt like it was part of going somewhere. With Gemma, the making out could *be* the somewhere.

You’d only been interrupted by Birdie texting her back, and she’d indicated she was available in a few minutes. The two of you had quickly, and quietly, scrambled into the bedroom to get clothes on before ending up back on the couch. Gemma had shifted a couple of times, sitting beside you, then getting your arm around her shoulders, then sitting on your lap and leaning back against your chest. She’d ended up liking that framing the best, and you were hugging her off-camera around her stomach.

Gemma had sent the FaceTime request, and Birdie had picked it up quickly.

“It is!” Gemma said loudly, then blushed and covered her lips with a hand as she looked over at the closed bedroom door off-camera. “It is,” she said again, grinning broadly. Her accent, which you’d always thought of as relatively strong, got just a little thicker almost immediately when she started talking with her cousin. “Baby Bird, this is my boyfriend John. John, this is Birdie, my favourite cousin, my best friend, and the most important person in my life back home.”

“Ooh, babyyy,” Birdie said, making a silly sad face. “I miss you so much. But God, he looks even better in video, girl!”

“You look pretty cute yourself, Birdie,” you said with a smile. “Not too cold a winter for you over there?”

You could see parts of Gemma in her - they might have passed as sisters if you stood them side by side, but it wasn’t super obvious. Birdie *was* as gorgeous as your girlfriend, just slightly different. She had the same light blonde hair, though it wasn’t quite as thick of a mane. She also looked just a touch younger and was thinner where Gemma was filled out just a little more. They had the same eyes and eyebrows, and the same slightly-large mouth with very communicative lips - she smiled easily, but there were frequent little smirks and other things going on as she talked. She was dressed in a thin knit sweater, as befit the wet background behind her that

looked like the windows of a coffee shop, and she had a little black choker on that accented her slender neck.

“And he knows our weather,” Birdie grinned, pretending to be shocked.

“He knew what time it was, too,” Gemma smiled, turning and kissing you on the cheek.

“If he’s so perfect, why have you been hiding him from me?” Birdie asked.

“Because whenever I’m with him we’ve been too busy with each other,” Gemma said.

“Ooh, bow-chica-wah-wow!” Birdie giggled, making Gemma blush.

“Stop!” Gemma laughed.

“You better be doing *everything* you can to be good to her, John,” Birdie wagged a finger at you on the screen.

“Everything and more,” you promised. “Gemma is... well, let’s just say that I adore her absolutely and utterly.”

“You reckon he’s doing a good job then, Gemma?” Birdie asked.

“Birdie, I’m a damn root rat with him and I’m not even ashamed. Fair dinkum, you can bet he’s defo far and above you know who. He’s a right good Bruce and I have no complaints whatsoever.”

“Strewth, sheila,” Birdie cackled. “It’s real love then?”

“Oh, it is,” Gemma said.

“I... have no idea what she said, but it’s very real,” you chuckled, and this time you kissed Gemma’s cheek. That admission made both of them giggle, since they knew full well they’d been laying on the Australian slang a little thick.

The girls quickly started chatting, names and little tidbits of news flying back and forth. You didn’t really mind that they didn’t try too hard to keep you informed, it was just nice to see them interacting and enjoying each other. They were clearly close but used to living apart. Gemma was going to University in Sydney, while they had both grown up around Adelaide in another province of the country. Before dating Gemma you’d never really absorbed details about Australia beyond kids’ animal TV shows and such. You knew about Sydney, and Melbourne, and Tasmania because of the Tasmanian Devil. That was about it.

You'd been doing a lot of reading, and looking at maps, trying to absorb as much as you could without overloading Gemma with questions.

"Alright," Birdie finally said, her grin never having left her lips. "So it's early arvo here, but that means it's late there, right? What are you two doing up past midnight on a Friday and not out on a date?"

"We stayed in tonight," Gemma said with a little grin. "It was a hard work week."

"Mmm," Birdie grinned, her eyes narrowing a little as her cheeks pulled up with her smile. "Between roots then, Gemma? Maybe handling a stiffy later on then too?"

Gemma snorted and then laughed, but you rolled your eyes and leaned in a little over her shoulder. "I'm not a complete moron, Birdie. I know what a 'root' and a 'stiffy' would be."

Birdie flushed but laughed. "I had to ask."

"Yes, we did, for your information," Gemma said. "And it was fantastic. And it'll be fantastic again later tonight. *And* tomorrow. *And* Sunday."

"Fuckin' hell, yah cunt," Birdie smirked. "Rub it in more, how about?"

"Oh, I'll be rubbing it," Gemma said, scrunching up her nose and biting her tongue between her teeth.

That got another guffaw out of Birdie. Then she had to sign off because she had a class coming up that she needed to get to. Gemma blew kisses at her phone and Birdie did the same, then she told Gemma she loved her, and threatened to cut off your cock and balls if you hurt Gemma. Then she winked and ended the call.

"She's really-" you started, but were interrupted by Gemma spinning around in your lap and kissing you deeply.

This make-out session *wasn't* one of those casual ones that would linger. It was going somewhere.

Chapter 355

It was kind of odd, but you had become accustomed to the feelings associated with waking up to a blowjob or sex. Not that it wasn't still the best feeling in the world, you just weren't really confused by it anymore.

You could even usually tell which of your girlfriends was doing it.

This time you were stumped, however. You were definitely inside someone, but it wasn't Sabrina or Gemma. It took a few more moments to remember that Becks had been curled up in bed with the three of you as well.

"Mmm, good morning," you groaned.

She leaned down, pressing her bare breasts to yours as she kissed you. Her lips were minty, which meant she'd already been up long enough to brush her teeth, and you didn't feel the warm comfort of Gemma or Sabrina beside you so it must have been a little later in the morning.

"Good morning, John," Becks smiled into her kiss.

"This is a nice surprise," you mumbled, sliding your hands up her smooth thighs to her waist, the back to squeeze her ass. She was still slowly rocking on you.

"This was me just getting you ready for the surprise," she hummed pleasantly. Then she slipped off of you and re-straddled your waist facing away, reaching back and stroking your cock before getting it into position and sitting her ass down on it.

It took a strong moment of pushing to pop into her ass, and you grunted at the tight warmth.

"Mmmgh, yeah," Becks groaned, hanging her head low as she looked away from you.

"You could have warned me," you grunted, giving her nice, meaty ass cheek a spank. "Isn't it a little early for butt stuff?"

"We're going to do anal during the scene with Sabrina a little later," Becks said, slowly sitting down further onto your cock. "I figured this would be a more fun way to ensure I was stretched out for a good fucking than using a buttplug."

"Well, you were right," you moaned softly.

Becks slowly worked her ass up and down your cock and you could feel her body start to respond to the invasion, adapting. The human body, especially the female body, was really quite amazing. Part of you wondered if you'd missed your calling as a gynaecologist, you were so enamoured with the wonders of the female form.

“Fuck,” you both groaned at almost the same time, out of nowhere. That made you chuckle, which shifted your cock in her and made her whimper happily. The sound seemed to have summoned more attention to the two of you though.

“Well, good morning,” Gemma said, coming into the bedroom wearing only her silky robe that she kept at Sabrina’s. It was undone and hanging loose, and she had a big mug of coffee in one hand.

“Morning, love,” you said, reaching out to her like you were pinned under a rock. That made her smile and come towards you to take your hand, and then she leaned in and kissed you before glancing to where you were inside Becks.

“Anal this early?” she asked in surprise.

“I asked the same thing,” you chuckled.

“Just doing some stretches,” Becks grinned over her shoulder.

Gemma shook her head and set her mug down on the side table, then let her robe slip off of her shoulders to the floor. She climbed up onto the bed and stepped around Becks so she was standing in front of the other woman. “You, secre-slut, need to pay for services like that.”

“Mmm, and how should I be paying?” Becks asked playfully.

Gemma ran the fingers of both her hands into Becks’ hair and pulled her forward, the brunette’s face pushed into Gemma’s mound. “That’s it,” Gemma smirked after a moment, though it was a somewhat lazy expression that spoke of a slow, comfortable morning. “Just like that, Becks.”

“Where’s Sabrina?” you asked her after a long moment. Becks hadn’t stopped riding your cock, but had slowed as she focused on eating out Gemma.

“Finishing up breakfast,” Gemma said. “There’s lots of protein for you. She’s worried we might have fucked you too much last night for shooting a scene this morning.”

“This might not be helping,” you said, patting Becks’ ass cheeks lightly.

“Probably not,” Gemma smirked.

Eventually, Gemma pushed Becks away and the brunette fell back to rest her bare back on your chest, and Gemma repaid the favour by slipping down between yours and Becks’ legs and tonguing her pussy while you rocked your cock through her asshole.

Becks came first, though you weren't far behind as you grunted softly in Becks' ear and held her tits in your hands as you came in her ass.

When you both came down, Gemma got up and went to the door. "Sabrina," she called in a sing-song voice. "There's a load of cum in Becks' ass if you want it."

"I don't want to spoil my appetite for breakfast," Sabrina called back. "Tell them to clean up and get their asses out here, cummy or not."

There was nothing to do but follow orders, and soon the three of you joined Sabrina around the kitchen table. She'd made bacon wrapped in pancake, which she'd picked up from a TikTok, and it was pretty good; Sabrina said she needed to get thicker bacon to make it work better and you weren't exactly going to fight her if she wanted to feed you more bacon.

Following breakfast you were sent to shower while the girls organized the gear for the shoot, then Becks and Sabrina were getting ready while you helped Gemma finalize things.

Then you had sex.

The three of you had learned from the last time you'd shot content with Becks. *Just have fun with it* was the name of the game, and Gemma acted as camerawoman to catch all the action. And now, even more comfortable with Becks than prior, the sex was better. You could tell that 'Baby' wished she could do anal as easily as Gemma or Becks, and you played with that a bit for the camera. With the looks she was shooting you, you were sure that she'd be getting herself ready and by next weekend you'd be inside her little ass again. Miss Lusty took it easily for the camera though.

And then, when it was over, you had a shower with the two of them and treated them to some scalp massaging, and it was over. Becks needed to head back to her place. A steamy kiss at the door with a little light groping and she was gone.

"That feels weird," you said, shaking your head as you and the girls went back into the living area after seeing Becks off.

"What does?" Gemma asked, taking your hand.

"Just being so... casual about sex with her," you said. "It was *great* sex, but there's a part of me that feels like I'm missing something."

Gemma laughed and hugged you, then pulled Sabrina into the hug as well. "Go and cuddle," she ordered the two of you. "I'll put the equipment away. Then we're going out."

"I need to study the Trial documents," Sabrina said, making a face.

“First, we need to go do something,” Gemma said. “Outside of bed, or one of our places. Actually, you know what? Snuggle, then study. I’m going to plan a date for tonight.”

“Thank you, love,” you said.

“Thank you, baby,” Sabrina said, leaning in and kissing her on the cheek.

It was good to be in love.

Chapter 356

For all that you had worked with Sabrina and Gemma for over two months now, *studying* with them was a different thing entirely. Working, you all had the same methodology because it's how you had been told to do things. Sure, you had little variations, but you always had the same minor checkmarks you had to hit to get to the final.

Studying was different from working because everyone did things differently, and all three of you had very different approaches.

Sabrina liked to be methodical, going step by step, and that was how she'd started with tackling the Mock Trial prep through the week. Her notes were these tiny little post-its on the printed-out documents, with reference numbers for each document and page. She used a legal pad to collate those notes and scribble thoughts in the margin in pencil. This frustrated Gemma because she was almost the opposite of Sabrina - she liked to form tentposts to work from. Gemma knew where you wanted to go, and where you were starting, and built conceptual pillars to form the argument so she could assign data to each pillar as she filled in the details. This was a messier process than Sabrina's, and meant that she was engaging with any page of the various material; some of which Sabrina hadn't gotten to yet.

Then there was you, and when you were studying you tackled things from a Top-Down, big-picture approach. If the goal was winning the mock trial, everything was going to hinge on one or two specific elements that would swing the case hard. Those elements might be small details, but you knew identifying them holistically was the key. That usually meant that you tried to absorb as much of the information as you could, as fast as you could, to get a general picture of things and collect different threads to pull on.

Three people, even if they loved each other, tackling things in three very different ways made a bit of a mess.

You were the first to realize how frustrated Sabrina was getting as you and Gemma sifted through her carefully collated notes, so you made it a priority to get things back in order as soon as you or Gemma were done with a document. You also didn't scribble notes in the margins like you usually would, instead writing bullet points on a legal pad, so the documents were clean. Gemma didn't clue in as fast until she noticed that you were picking up her mess from around her as she kept working. She gave you a look like '*What the fuck are you doing?*' and you raised an eyebrow at her and then glanced silently over at Sabrina.

One look at your brunette girlfriend, who had her head down and working but had a tenseness around her, and Gemma dropped what she was doing and went to her, hugging her from behind and whispering in her ear. Sabrina relaxed as Gemma kept whispering, and then leaned back against the blonde and nodded. Then Sabrina turned in her seat and kissed Gemma on the cheek, which developed into a kiss on the lips.

“Thank you,” Sabrina whispered.

You weren't sure what Gemma had been saying, but the mood shifted to an easier, more pleasant feeling after that.

Several hours later, getting to late afternoon, the three of you had put together a better picture of the case. Sabrina wasn't done working through the stacks of depositions and interviews, but it was a big task as she was writing timelines for the actual accident based on each witness. Gemma had identified the key pillars of what your argument would need to show that your company didn't hold liability for the accident - that included environmental factors, your driver's potential culpability by not following company or legal procedures, and what the actual cause of the accident had been. Throwing a driver under the bus in a real-world case would have been a standard, if shitty, thing to do if the guy did everything right, but you didn't feel bad about doing it in a theoretical case.

You had skimmed through the entire case and had a dozen threads of information you wanted to pull on to see if they unravelled. None of them were the smoking gun that would clear the company - that would have been too easy - but they had the potential to be pivotal. One of the major items was that the family van that had been part of the initial collision had been almost thirty years old and in ill repair; this immediately made you think of an insurance scam gone wrong, or maybe even just an innocent but vital failure of brake lights, power steering or another critical part of the car.

You didn't get to start tugging, however, because Gemma sent you away.

“I need you to head back to your place,” she said.

“I thought we were having a date?” you asked.

“We are, love,” she said. “But you don't have the right clothes here. Sabrina and I will get ready here and then come to your place to pick you up, OK?”

“Alright,” you sighed. “What do I need to wear?”

“Your suit. The really nice one that Sabrina got you.”

“Oooh, we're going fancy?” Sabrina asked from over at the kitchen table.

“We are,” Gemma grinned.

“Does that mean you're going to wear the dress I bought you, too?”

Gemma nodded. “And we're going all out, so wrap up because we need to start doing our hair and makeup.”

And that's how you got kicked out of your girlfriend's apartment as they were half-naked and stripping down to take a shower together. Your bus ride back to your place was rough with spontaneous boners as your mind kept veering off of thinking of the case and onto the two of them, water dripping down their bodies.

It didn't feel fair, but you'd be with them again soon. And the fact that you'd had a bunch of sex already that day made you feel a little silly for pouting. You really needed to get things back in perspective.

Chapter 357

You performed the loud knocking ritual at the door to your apartment before entering and received a 'Come in!' from inside.

Entering, you were a little surprised to find Tasha hanging out in the living area, lounging on the couch. "Hey," she said. "Just getting in? Isn't it a little late for a walk of shame?"

"I feel no shame at all," you said with a little smirk, kicking off your shoes. "And I'm just stopping by to change. We're doing a date night tonight. Where's Mosche?"

"I was going to ask you the same thing, actually," Tasha said, sitting up. She was wearing a zip-up hoodie that was hanging open, a tank top underneath, and sweatpants. Her hair was back in a messy ponytail and she gave off strong 'Netflix and Chill' vibes. "We were supposed to meet up and work on some bits a little and then just have a cuddle day. But I got here and he wasn't home, and he isn't responding to my texts yet."

"That's weird..." you said with a frown, pulling out your own phone. He hadn't texted you anything. Then something else clicked. "Wait, he gave you a key?"

"Yeah," she said. "I thought it might have been a little soon, but he was blushing and all sweet about it so I wasn't going to turn it down. You don't have a problem with that, do you?"

"Hey, I'm just a subletter," you said. "If he feels that way about you, I don't have much of a leg to stand on."

"He does feel that way, right?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" you replied, trying your best not to show anything on your face.

"He's just been acting... weird, this last week," she said. "Like, at the club, he's his usual self. But he's texting less and he actually turned down meeting up for a quickie the other day."

"Hmm," you hummed noncommittally.

"John," Tasha said. "You live with him. He must have said something."

You took a breath and let it out in a sigh. Mosche was supposed to be having this conversation with her, but it sounded like he was running away from it. And even if you weren't a fan of how... free Tasha was with her sexuality, you generally liked her for more than her just being attractive. She was charismatic and charming, and her humour went beyond her act on stage. She was also sweet, and you knew that she'd been making efforts to be friendly with Sabrina and Gemma.

“Please just tell me?” she asked again.

“I can’t tell you a lot,” you said, coming into the living area and sitting in the comfy chair. Tasha leaned forward, obviously intent on what you had to say. “Mosche told me about what you guys got up to last weekend,” you said. “About the... group sex experience. And I’m not trying to shit on you here for that kind of thing - Sabrina, Gemma and I had our own, just different. But Mosche came out of that feeling not super great, and he’s struggling with how to talk to you about it.”

“Wait... he feels bad about *that*?” Tasha asked, her jaw dropping a little in genuine surprise.

You had to blink a couple of times. “Tasha, he really likes you,” you said. “I think it would take a pretty specific kind of guy to *not* feel bad about the girl he’s seeing getting a train run on her, whether you guys are open or unofficial or whatever.”

“But it was his idea,” Tasha said.

Again, you had to stop and blink rapidly. “I’m sorry. What?”

“It was his idea,” Tasha repeated. “I mean, I’ve mentioned wanting to try a two-guy threesome a few times to test the waters. Ultimately I think it would be hot to do a three-guy foursome at some point before I settle down. But I haven’t, like, been pushing it or anything. Then last weekend Mosche just asked me point blank if I wanted to get fucked a bunch, and kind of stammered through explaining that he thought there were probably enough guys around that I could have anyone I wanted. I thought he was *excited* by it, so we kind of set it up quickly and I- well, I got fucked a bunch. I won’t deny that. It was almost too much, but I think that’s the point. Honestly, I kind of figured the only reason you weren’t there was because you were away for the weekend or he would have asked you, too.”

“Wait, hold on,” you said. “It was his idea?”

“Yes,” she said. “His idea.”

“Oh, fucking hell,” you groaned. “Mooosche.”

“He didn’t tell you that?” she asked, brow furrowing as she got a little angry.

“Tasha, I’m going to say this with all honesty here,” you said. “I don’t think Mosche realizes that it was his idea. I’m not going to sugarcoat it anymore, because he’s being a dumbfuck, but you mentioning the threesome thing has been in his head for a while now. I think he thinks *you* wanted it, and something you said randomly that night made him think about it a bunch, and then he asked you if you wanted it because he’d convinced himself you did and he was trying to fulfil that for you.”

“What... the fuck,” Tasha said, slumping back onto the couch. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

“He’s extremely self-conscious,” you said. “Even though he’s self-deprecating. He knows how weird he is. He knows he doesn’t have money, or physical looks, going for him. Hell, he even knows you’re the better comic.”

Tasha brought her knees up and hugged them, burying her face into her legs. “This is so fucked up.”

“Yeah,” you sighed.

Then you were a little surprised when Tasha looked up at you, tears in her eyes. “How could he?”

“Could he what?” you asked.

“Do that to me!?” she yelled. “He, I- I got a train run on me, John. Guy after guy, fucking me. And yeah, in the moment, it was kinda hot and definitely the wildest sex I’ve ever had. I’m not ashamed of my body, or being a woman who has sex. But I only did that for *him*, because I thought *he* was enjoying it. *He* wanted it. I wasn’t looking for that, but I was fine with it because he kept making these comments that made me wonder if he had a cuck fetish or something. He was always so turned on when he knew you’d seen parts of me naked. Now he has the fucking *gall* to be a mopey little bitch because he’s sad I did the *exact thing* he asked me to do?”

You just shook your head, eyes wide as Tasha broke down on the couch.

“Fucking asshole,” she gasped, burying her face into her legs again.

“Fuck,” you sighed.

“Will you?” she asked, raising her head to look at me. “Fuck me? I like you and Sabrina and Gemma. You guys are sort of open, right? Would they let you fuck me? I feel fucking dirty right now, and I need someone to remind me I’m not... I need someone to ground me right now, I think.”

“Tasha,” you said carefully. “I- We like you a lot. But I don’t think... Look, we’ve talked about it before. Both of the girls like you, and other than being a little weirded out when we heard the Train story from Mosche, I think Sabrina and Gemma would be into it. But we can’t do that if you’re still seeing him - he’s my roommate, and kind of my friend.”

“So if I’m not seeing him, then it’s on the table?” she asked.

“I think you’re hurting right now,” you said. “And you want to get back at him. But you need to remember that a lot of this is being caused by miscommunication. Before I’d agree to something like that, I need to know you two have had a real conversation even if it’s just ending things like adults.”

She gave you a pouty look, but nodded.

You took another breath and then fished out your phone. “I definitely don’t want to leave you alone like this, though,” you said. You made the call. “Gemma? Hey. So, I don’t know what you were planning, but Tasha needs some friends right now.”

Gemma spoke to you for a moment, and then you handed over the phone to Tasha. “She has some instructions for you,” you said. “You’re coming out with us tonight.”

Chapter 358

Tasha left after a quiet, whispered conversation with Gemma on your phone that she walked away from you for. When she returned your phone she hugged you and kissed your cheek. “Thanks,” she said. “I think- this is probably better. You were right.”

“Sorry, could you say that again,” you said, opening up a voice recorder app where she could see to tease her.

She laughed, kissed your cheek again and then left.

You shook your head once she was gone, letting out another long sigh and then heading into the kitchen to grab a drink of water. Mosche was... you cared for the guy enough to not want to hurt him or see him hurting. But he'd really fucking done it to himself. And maybe that wasn't fair if it was all coming from self-deprecation like you suspected, but if that was the case then he needed some fucking therapy or something. You didn't think that Tasha was lying either - this was exactly the kind of thing that you could imagine Mosche getting himself into even if you couldn't see it coming ahead of time.

Your phone started ringing as you were drinking the water and you saw it was Sabrina. “Hey,” you said. “She's gone now.”

“OK,” she said. “What was that about? Gemma is here on speakerphone too.”

You quickly related what you'd learned from Tasha, and after a long moment of silence Sabrina started giggling hard while Gemma let out a long, exasperated sigh.

“Well, you were right,” Gemma said. “She definitely needs a night out without him or anyone else who might know about all of that.”

“I hope I'm not ruining your plans, love,” you said.

“No, you're not,” she assured me. “It actually works out totally fine. Just make sure you dress up as fancy as you can for us.”

“Do your hair like I showed you,” Sabrina chipped in. “And, John?”

“Yes, baby?”

“Thanks for not fucking Tasha,” she said.

“We talked about this,” you said. “Of course I wouldn't do that.”

“No, I know,” Sabrina said. “I didn’t mean behind our backs or anything. I meant not calling and asking if we were OK with it. We probably would have said yes, but it’s just nice to know you think with your heart for people more than with your cock.”

“It really is one of your most attractive qualities, love,” Gemma said.

“Well, it *is* how this whole thing started,” you said. “Wanting to talk to Sabrina instead of using her OnlyFans against her.”

“Love you,” Sabrina said, and you could hear the smile on her lips.

“Me too,” Gemma added.

“Love you too,” you said. “How much time do I have?”

You had about an hour, so you went to work getting yourself tidied up. A shit-shave-shower was in order, followed by doing your hair the way Sabrina had drilled into you along with the product she’d forced into your arms. You headed back to your room from the bathroom with a towel on your waist and Mosche still wasn’t home, so when you got to the room you sent him a text.

‘Hey buddy. Home is safe. Spoke to Tasha and she left.’

Then, since you knew they’d enjoy it, you took a naked mirror selfie for the girls. You still weren’t exactly confident in your own nakedness but after all the casual nudity and sex and being an amateur, anonymous porn star... Well, it didn’t bother you nearly as much as it might have at the start of the summer. Both of the girls loved it, and Gemma got your permission to send it on to Becks and Mallory. By the time you were doing the buttons on the cuffs of your dress shirt, you got back a couple of photos. Becks sent hers to you directly, a picture of her laying on a couch in her apartment, pulling the leg of her shorts aside to flash you her pussy as she bit her lip. Gemma forwarded the one from Mallory - she was at the bar she and her husband owned, and you could tell that she was in one of the booths in the back corner because you could see most of the rest of the place. She had pulled aside her blouse and popped one of her magnificent tits out of the bra, flashing her entire boob as she stuck her tongue out at the camera playfully.

Finding yourself quickly raising to the teasing, you took another picture of your mostly-hard cock and sent that off as well, along with your compliments.

You finished getting dressed, including a tie, with time to spare so you went and primped your hair a little bit in the washroom before coming back out to the living area to wait for the girls since they were going to ‘pick you up.’ You’d just turned on the TV when Mosche came in through the front door.

“Hey,” he said. “Thanks for the heads up. I was out and felt really awkward coming back here knowing Tasha might be here.”

“Dude, you gave her a key,” you said.

“I know, I know,” he sighed. “It felt right at the time...”

Part of you wanted to lay into the guy, but he seemed so out of sorts and upset at things that you didn’t have the heart. You’d also already jumped into her relationship a lot today, and needed some time to just hope he and Tasha could get things sorted themselves before you had to give more feedback.

“Well, she left and she wants to talk to you at some point,” you said. “I think she’ll give you a bit of space first though, so don’t wait too long.”

“OK, OK,” he sighed. Then he finally really looked at me. “What’s with the suit?”

“Big date with the girls,” you said. “I’m actually on my way out in about ten minutes.”

“So no pizza and movies tonight?”

God, he looked like a little puppy. If you hadn’t invited Tasha out, you would likely have felt like you should bring Mosche along. Though, to be fair, you were a lot more interested in seeing Tasha all dressed up than Mosche.

For science...

“Sorry, dude. Not tonight. And I probably won’t be home until tomorrow.”

“OK,” he sighed. He hung his head a bit and headed back to his room.

You had to shake your head again and tried to clear your mind of his problems with some mindless TV before you got the text that the girls were pulling up outside the building. Shouting goodbye to Mosche, which got a muted response, you headed down.

Outside, a van was pulled up at the curb and both Gemma and Sabrina were just outside of it. Your jaw dropped when you saw them.

“Wow,” you said.

Gemma was dressed up in that gorgeous deep red dress that Sabrina had bought her. You’d seen her in it before, but the ballgown was absolutely stunning and left her chest and shoulders completely bare. They’d also done her silvery-blond hair in an intricate braid so her neck was bare and open as well, highlighting her delicious curves. Even her makeup matched her dress,

with bright red lipstick and smokey red eyeshadow. She usually didn't wear a ton of eye makeup, so it changed her look a bit.

Sabrina was just as exquisitely dressed, wearing a gold dress that was almost toga-like in how the shimmery material draped up and around her neck while leaving a broad bare line down the centre of her chest to the thick gold belt that kept everything in place. Her hair was loose and hanging in a silky sheet, and she'd done her makeup with gold eyeshadow and lips.

You didn't notice it at first, but you realized as you walked over to them that they'd also taken a bit of each other in their makeup - Gemma had a gold shimmer of body glitter across her bare shoulders and a gold stripe in the centre of her bottom lip, while Sabrina had a red stripe in the centre of hers and a had done her nails in red as well.

"I'm speechless," you said as you stepped up to them. "Breathless. I might die right here on the sidewalk."

"Well that wouldn't do at all," Gemma said with a smirk, taking your hand and softly giving you a little kiss. Nothing to mess up her makeup or leave it on you. Sabrina did the same, her heels raising her taller than she usually was as she kissed you in the same way.

"So where are we going?" you asked.

"It's still a surprise," Sabrina grinned.

"But you know?"

"Nope!" Sabrina said, then grinned at Gemma. "But I'm excited."

"Well get into the Uber then," Gemma admonished. "We still need to go pick up Tasha."

Chapter 359

“I love the necklace,” you said, reaching forward from the back seat of the Uber van and running your fingers over the back of Gemma’s neck and the clasp of the red and faux gold costume piece. If it had been real, the thing would have probably been worth tens of thousands of dollars. “You were keeping it at Sabrina’s?”

“I bought it to go with the dress when Gemma decided to keep it at my place?” Sabrina chuckled, sitting beside Gemma in the middle seats. She was turned slightly to look at you and your blonde girlfriend. “Just a little surprise. And it looks great with your cleavage, baby.”

Gemma laughed and shook her head, then leaned over and kissed Sabrina with a light touch, both of them still being careful not to mess up their makeup. “Now I need to find something to surprise you with,” she said.

The driver pulled up in front of Tasha’s building, and this time you were the only one to get out so that you could stretch your legs from being cramped in the back seat. Gemma had already texted Tasha you were on your way, so it didn’t take long for her to come out the front door. She had dressed up as well, though you could tell she’d had less time than your girlfriends. Her hair was pulled back into an updo and her dress was a pretty silver number that shimmered like Sabrina’s, but was a more traditional cut and hugged her curves. Her cleavage was doing a shelf act, bulging slightly, and she smiled warmly as you offered her a hand down the steps of her building and led her to the car.

“You look beautiful, Tash,” you said.

“Thanks, handsome,” she grinned. “You clean up pretty well yourself.”

You opened the front door for her to sit there rather than climbing into the back seat with a dress on, then got yourself situated in the back again, suffering a slap on the ass from Gemma as you moved past her.

“So, anyone going to tell me where we’re going?” Tasha asked from up front.

“It’s Gemma’s surprise,” Sabrina said.

“Any more additional stops?” asked the driver, who seemed like he couldn’t care less about what you were doing in his van. It wasn’t late enough for you to be drunk, so he was probably happy to drive around the city all night racking up cash.

“That was the last one,” Gemma said. “Just head to the final destination.”

The girls chatted lightly, Tasha checking out Sabrina and Gemma’s dresses from the front seat. They talked dresses and makeup, and you were left to your own devices so you just smiled and

looked out the windows while you sat behind Gemma and Sabrina and softly caressed their necks with the tips of your fingers. Gemma wasn't bothered by it, but you soon got to Sabrina as you tickled her 'spot' with a feather touch. She glanced back at you with a recriminating glare that couldn't really hide that you'd already gotten her horny.

When the van slowed and then made a hard right into a parking lot, you frowned as you looked out at your destination.

"McDonald's?" you asked.

"Not just any McDonald's," Gemma smirked.

The four of you piled out of the van, you first so that you could offer each of them a hand out. You quickly realized *why* this wasn't just 'any' McDonald's, as through the big windows you could see almost a dozen other people dressed up to the nines already inside.

"What is going on?" Tasha asked, following your gaze and looking as confused as you.

"Welcome to McDonald's Prom," Gemma said. "It's a tradition that my social group back home does every once in a while when we're all bored. We get all dressed up and go to a fast food place. We started doing it after we all ended up at a McDonald's following our high school junior prom."

"But how did you get a bunch of people here?" Sabrina asked.

"Becca and Charlotte," Gemma said. "I called them and told them my idea, and they thought it sounded fun and started contacting their friends. The more people, the better it is. I called into this McDonald's since it was the one with the best reviews in the city - it's in a decent neighbourhood and is supposed to be very clean and was recently renovated. I warned them we'd be coming with a bunch of people, and they said they'd rope off a section for us."

"It's a fantastic idea," you said, hugging Gemma from behind and kissing her cheek.

"Just one heads up," Gemma said. "Becca and Charlotte have a lot of queer friends, so this is probably going to be a pretty flamboyant affair."

"All the better," Sabrina said. "Who wants to dress up and not get a *little* flamboyant?"

Gemma led you in, though you opened the door for the three women, and Tasha stopped momentarily to kiss you on the cheek and whisper her thanks for suggesting she come out. She was already feeling better.

Inside, the McDonald's was a wild array of a few families looking out of place, just there for a quick meal with their kids, a couple of blue-collar guys in their work overalls either finishing up a

late shift or about to start an overnight one, and a little over a dozen adults dressed up like they were going to a gala dinner. The four of you were practically assaulted by the laughing and the greetings as you were swept into the party. Gemma was already being celebrated as the mastermind, but introductions happened in a flurry as Charlotte and Becca took charge. Both of the women pulled each of you into hugs, including Tasha, and Becca kissed you full on the mouth before winking at you. She was wearing the same dress she'd been wearing when she flashed you in the hallway of their building, and you almost expected her to do it here again with the look in her eyes. She didn't though, and soon you had ordered meals for each of the women you'd come with along with one for yourself.

'Party' might have been pushing it - there wasn't music playing, and no alcohol. A 'social' might have been a better word for it. You ended up in a conversation with a couple of gay friends of Charlotte's, one of whom was a cop and the other was a clerk at City Hall. They were together and the clerk was done up in full drag makeup and was wearing what might have been the most colourful suit you'd ever seen with its rainbow patterning. Meanwhile, Tasha and Gemma were in a laugh-filled conversation with Charlotte and two of her friends, while Becca, Sabrina and two other suited men were talking in a far corner booth.

Sabrina caught you glancing at her and smiled, giving you a wink. You could tell she was really happy, and that's exactly what you'd wanted for her.

Chapter 360

McDonald's Prom was a hit, especially for an impromptu Saturday night party. You ended up hanging out for almost three hours in the McDonald's and bought Gemma, Sabrina and Tasha a round of sundaes to round out the night as folks started leaving. Becca and Charlotte were the last of the people outside of your group to call it a night, inviting the four of you dancing, but Sabrina and Gemma were too fancily dressed to feel comfortable at a club. Tasha checked in with your three then took the ladies up on the invitation, leaving the three of you with hugs and kisses on your cheeks.

"She really enjoyed herself," Sabrina said with a big smile as you watched them through the windows piling into an Uber. "You did good, baby."

"I barely did anything," you said. "Gemma, *you* did good."

"Thanks," she grinned, hugging you from the side. You had your arms around the waists of both your girlfriends. "This was really fun. You know who else had a good time?"

"Who's that?" you asked.

"Becca," Gemma smirked, then lowered her voice. "She asked me at one point if she could sneak you into the bathroom and give you a blowjob."

"That little freak," Sabrina said, her jaw dropping.

"You tried to do the exact same thing to me," Gemma laughed.

Sabrina blushed and shrugged. "I didn't say I wasn't a freak too."

"Anyways, love, I told her that the first time she actually gets her hands on you was *not* going to be in a McDonald's washroom."

"Thanks," you chuckled, part of you wondering what that would have actually been like. Then you frowned. "She would have done that with Charlotte here and everything?"

"Mhmm," Gemma nodded. "They still aren't officially dating or a couple, even if they act like it most of the time."

"Maybe she's holding out for that one last perfect dicking before she commits," Sabrina said with a sly smile.

"That's possible, but I think it's more likely that they are too much friends and roommates for Becca to feel completely romantic with her," Gemma sighed. "I worry that sometime in the future that'll finally click for them and they'll have a falling out."

“Well, wherever we are in the world, we’ll support them both,” you promised.

Gemma turned and smiled at you, pursing her lips for a kiss. You obliged, and she hugged you tightly.

A car pulled up in front of the McDonald’s and flashed its lights, and Sabrina checked her phone. “That’s our ride,” she said. “Let’s go, horndogs.”

The three of you piled into the Uber and the driver asked if you’d been at some fancy party that served shitty food. That brought out some laughs and as she drove you explained the party to her.

You ended up back at Gemma’s, since it was the closest, and piled in the door and kicked off your shoes. Sabrina almost immediately pulled you down to kiss her properly now that she could let her makeup get messed up, and she pulled your hand up to slide inside her dress and cup her otherwise naked breasts.

“Mmmf,” she moaned into the kiss. “God, I’ve wanted one of you to touch me like that for hours.”

“You could have just asked, baby,” you chuckled, finding her nipples blindly and tweaking them.

“Uh-” she gasped. “Maybe. But then you’d have ended up in the bathroom with *me*.”

You kissed down from her lips to her neck, heading for her spot.

“Guys,” Gemma whispered harshly, interrupting you.,

“What is it?” you asked, looking up from Sabrina and pulling your hands from her dress.

“Lucy is here,” Gemma whispered. “With someone.”

You groaned softly, and Sabrina raised an eyebrow. “Is it Eric?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” Gemma said. “I can hear them in her room, though. Let’s just be quiet and head to mine.”

You stopped off in the kitchen, preemptively gathering a trio of Gatorades from the fridge along with a couple of water bottles. As you left the kitchen, you almost ran into Sabrina as she was tiptoeing down the hall in the opposite direction as she should have been.

“What are you doing?” you asked.

“I’m curious,” she whispered back. “I want to know if it’s Eric. Don’t you?”

“Not really,” you said, though when you thought about it you kind of did want to know even if it was just so you could let him know.

Sabrina rolled her eyes at you and kept moving, silently crossing by the living room to the short hall at the far end of the apartment. It led to a small bathroom, a hall closet the ladies used for cleaning supplies and other stuff like that, and Lucy’s bedroom. She got to the corner and stopped, leaning closer to the door as she listened. Then she took a few more dainty little steps, getting even closer. She hesitated, waiting and listening, then shook her head. She glanced back at you and smirked, lifting the bottom of her dress up to her waist and flashing you her thong-covered ass, before letting it drop and returning to you.

“Well?” you asked.

“I thought you didn’t want to know,” she teased, moving past you and darting for Gemma’s room with a little giggle as you chased her.

You got the door shut and set down the drink bottles to find that Gemma had already stripped naked and was quickly pulling the belt off of Sabrina’s dress, letting the golden fabric slip to the floor as they made out.

“Hold on,” you said, coming up behind Sabrina and lifting her up and away from Gemma. “She’s keeping secrets.”

Sabrina laughed as you manhandled her until you were sitting on the edge of the bed with her bent over your lap. It wasn’t the first time, and wouldn’t be the last, that you got her into that position. Her cute little butt was pointed up at you.

“Well?” you asked her.

“Mm-mm,” she shook her head, grinning at you.

You sighed dramatically and looked at Gemma, who was smirking at Sabrina’s antics. “What do you think, love? How many spanks does she need?”

“Fifty,” Gemma said.

“Fifty?!” Sabrina repeated in surprise, turning to look at Gemma.

“Ten,” Gemma grinned, letting Sabrina know that she’d been had. “For each cheek.”

You clapped your hand down onto Sabrina’s left cheek, hard and sharp. You didn’t have any reservations about spanking her now - you knew what she liked, and what would work for her. You felt like you knew every square inch of her, and loved each one to death.

“One,” Sabrina gasped with a little grin. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“God damn it,” you sighed. Both of your girlfriends started giggling.

It was going to be one of those nights.

Chapter 361

“Fuck, yes,” Gemma groaned as you slowly fucked her. She was laying on her back, a couple of pillows under her ass at the edge of the bed to raise her up, and you were standing and stroking into her as you looked down at her gorgeous body. You had one of her hands in yours, just holding it, and had your other hand on her thigh as she wrapped that leg around your waist. Her tits - those glorious fucking tits - were slowly jostling with each thrust as she wiggled to meet them. Her eyes were closed at the moment, but you knew she’d look right into your soul again when she opened them.

“God, you two turn me on,” Sabrina mumbled. She’d gotten hers already; you and Gemma had both fucked her with a loving intensity that had her squirming and mewling and coming her brains out. Now it was Gemma’s turn and Sabrina was catching her breath, laying up near the head of the bed as she sipped on her Gatorade with a bendy straw and kept running a couple of fingers through her flushed and well-fucked labia. She had bright new hickeys on her tits and down her stomach, along with a big one on her ass cheek from Gemma.

“Ditto,” you said with a smirk.

“I’m coming,” Gemma burst out a moan, and suddenly her pussy clamped on you. It had come out of nowhere, surprising you as well, and you drove deep into her and held still as she rode it through.

“Guess that’s the same for her,” Sabrina giggled breathily.

“Fuck,” Gemma exhaled, panting as her orgasm flushed out of her. “That was nice.”

“Just nice?” Sabrina asked.

Gemma rolled her eyes and reached over to grab the brunette's ankle and pull her foot over. She took Sabrina’s heel in her mouth and bit her lightly. Sabrina barked a laugh and pulled away, then stuck out her tongue as she lowered her foot to Gemma’s mouth again and Gemma glared at her but started sucking on Sabrina’s toes. That made Sabrina grin naughtily, knowing that sometime later she’d be doing the same thing to Gemma except probably rougher and sloppier.

You went back to thrusting into Gemma, using your hips to change the angle of your cock inside of her, and she groaned around the toes in her mouth.

“So, I was thinking we should change our policy on Tasha,” Sabrina said.

“What do you mean?” you asked. “Or, how, I guess?”

“Well, now that we know she’s freaky but not a complete city bicycle on a regular basis, I think we should be more open to playing with her,” Sabrina said. “If she breaks up with Mosche, of course. Or I guess if he ends up being a cuck for real like she thinks he might be, but I don’t think that’s the case.”

“Neither do I,” Gemma said, pulling Sabrina’s foot away from her face again. “I think that Mosche wasn’t ready for a girlfriend like Tasha. I talked with her a bit during the party and got a bit more of her side. Mosche needs a starter girlfriend and Tasha definitely isn’t that.”

“So you’re on board for fucking her?” Sabrina asked.

“With a clean test,” Gemma nodded. “How about you, love? Anything change after your talk with her?”

You let go of her hand so you could run both your hands through your hair. “Ugh, I don’t know,” you said. “She’s great. I like her a lot, and I like that she’s becoming better friends with you two. If she were single, like Becks, I wouldn’t really question it. She’s an absolute package. But for Mosche’s sake... I don’t know.”

“Bro code?” Sabrina asked.

“I guess,” you said. “But I don’t know how far that flies. Like... after this summer, I don’t know if I’ll ever speak to him again. Not because I don’t like him, we’re just headed in really different directions and I don’t know what would connect us. So do I consider him a friend?”

“I’m friends with Becca and Charlotte,” Gemma pointed out.

“I feel like it’s different though,” Sabrina said. “You, well we all, like spending time with Becca and Charlotte and it feels like an even playing field. Mosche is a sweet guy, but... God, this feels mean, but hanging out with him feels more like working to include him than hanging out with him. It’s not pity, it’s more like... a situation that’s thrown us together.”

“Sort of all that, but not, but more,” you sighed. “All I can say is that if they break up officially, and it’s a for-sure, never getting back together or hooking up or anything breakup, then I think I’d want to. Anything more than that and I need to not.”

“OK, that’s the line,” Sabrina agreed. Then she rolled onto her stomach and turned around, hovering her face over Gemma’s and kissing her softly. She laid down, cradling Gemma’s head as she looked between the blonde and I. “Anything else we want to touch base on?”

“How are you feeling now?” you asked.

“Better,” Sabrina smiled softly. “Thank you both for helping. I was just having a down day after a stressful week.”

“Good,” Gemma said, taking Sabrina’s hand and bringing it to her lips to kiss her palm. “We both love you, baby.”

“I know,” Sabrina smiled.

“Then I have one really important question,” Gemma said.

“What’s that?” Sabrina asked.

“Why the fuck aren’t you sitting on my face?”

Sabrina snorted loudly and shifted to straddle Gemma’s head. “Fuck her hard, baby,” Sabrina said to me. “Make her squirt, I want to suck it off your cock.”

“As you wish,” you said with a grin, grabbing Gemma’s waist and starting to really speed up. Soon you were pounding her, a soft squelching starting as she moaned lewdly against Sabrina’s pussy.

“You never did tell me who it was,” you whispered in the dark. It wasn’t quiet - moans and giggles were leaking through the wall from the room next door. Becca and Charlotte had gotten home late, but the three of you were more than fucked out to get turned on enough to do anything about it.

Sabrina shifted softly, groaning a little. “What?”

You pressed your lips to her ear, spooning her from behind. She was the middle spoon that night, squished between you and Gemma. “You didn’t tell me if it was Eric with Lucy or not.”

“Oh,” Sabrina grumbled. “No, it was someone else. Eric is on the outs again, I guess.”

You sighed and shook your head. First Mosche, now Eric. Or was it really Eric then Mosche? Both of the two closest guys you had in your life this summer were absolute messes when it came to women. You made a mental note to call Corey just to check in - you needed someone who had their shit together in your back pocket just to keep you grounded.

You also needed to decide what to tell Eric.

Chapter 362

Sunday was a slow day, at least in terms of how you and your girlfriends seemed to run through your lives. You had a lazy morning in bed snuggling with the girls, then got yourself up and went to the kitchen. Gemma's apartment was quiet even though the microwave clock was declaring that it was 10 AM. Shaking your head, you opened the fridge and started digging for breakfast materials.

The first person to show up, following the smells coming from the frying pan full of bacon, was Becca. She was dressed in panties and a crop top, her boyishly short hair smeared up in a cowlick on one side and her eyes revealing that she was definitely suffering the effects of a hangover.

"Morning," she muttered, shuffling past you and snagging a piece of bacon from the plate of cooling strips as she headed for the fridge. She also gave you a smack on the ass as she passed, so when she bent over to fish a Gatorade out of the bottom drawer of the fridge you decided to pay her back with a smack of her own. Her ass, upturned as she bent at the waist, provided a perfect target. You couldn't say that it was as nice an ass as any of the other women you'd been intimate with (and given a spank to); Becca was feminine without being curvy or thin. She also wasn't stocky, she was just sort of fit in a squarish way, her hips matching her broad shoulders. When you smacked her ass, her cheek rippled nicely though and she barked a laugh into the fridge, then winced as she stood up. "Careful, John," she said. "Do that again and I might call you Daddy and start asking for another."

You smirked, knowing that she was teasing you with what she'd heard through the walls before. "I'll smack your ass all day if you deserve it," you said. "But for now, how about you go wake up our girls? I should have the eggs done in a few minutes."

"M'kay," she said, peeling the seal off of the inside lip of the Gatorade and then lifting it to take a drink. She sighed heavily as she lowered the bottle, already half empty, and she looked you up and down again. You were dressed in shorts and a T-shirt you had left at Gemma's before. "You looked good last night," she said. "Good thing you're gonna be a lawyer, you can wear suits more often."

"You looked pretty fantastic yourself," you said. "You make that dress look great."

"Thanks," she grinned. Then she set down her Gatorade and quickly pulled off her crop top, her bare tits bouncing a little as she grinned at you. "I just realized we're breaking tradition if one of us doesn't flash the other."

"I think technically we both need to flash each other," you said.

"So get your cock out," Becca said, wiggling her eyebrows.

You sighed and glanced at the hall outside the kitchen, then quickly lowered your shorts. You weren't wearing any underwear and your cock flopped out briefly before you covered it up again.

"Aww, you didn't need to put him away," Becca teased. "I know me and the girls wouldn't mind if he hung around for breakfast."

"Yeah, well, you might want to reconsider," you said. "Lucy is here, and we heard her with a guy in her room last night."

"Ugh," Becca sighed, reaching for her top and pulling it back on. "You know, you're not the only one who's going to miss Gemma when she leaves, right? I'm going to need to find a new roommate to help balance out McBitchface. For some reason I doubt she's going to mellow out once you all leave the city."

"Sorry," you said with a grimace. Lucy had reportedly been an OK, if snobby, roommate before your reunion.

Fully covered again, Becca reached around you to snag another piece of bacon. As she did that you reached up and slid your hand under her shirt, palming her tit. She froze, biting her lip as her eyes got a little big while you found her stubby little nipple and gave it a little pinch.

"What?" you asked with a smile.

"Is that allowed?" she asked.

"That depends on if you're OK with it or not, but I'm pretty sure you are."

"Oh, I am," she said. "You. Sabrina. Gemma. A little grabass or titty is all in good fun, as long as they are OK with it."

"I'll make sure to let them know," you said, giving her boob one last squeeze before letting it go. "I just wanted to let you know that if you keep teasing me, things are going to escalate."

"All I'm waiting for is escalation," she smirked.

She left you in the kitchen, and a few minutes later all four of the girls trudged in and sat down at the table. No one looked particularly chipper, but you'd made a big pot of coffee and lots of eggs, bacon and toast and soon everyone was sitting and chatting, comparing their nights. Becca traded little grins with Sabrina and Gemma, so you assumed she'd already told them about the grabass games you'd played with her and they had approved.

Partway through breakfast, you heard Lucy sending off whatever guy she'd had in her room and then trudging down the hallway into the kitchen. She stopped when she saw you, pulling her robe tighter around herself.

"He made the breakfast, and there's enough for you," Becca said. "So stop acting like a cunt."

Lucy dropped her jaw in shock.

"Mm, like that," Gemma nodded. "That's an appropriate use as per Aussie rules."

"I thought so," Becca smirked. The conversation that had been happening right before Lucy had shown up had actually been about Aussie slang and the appropriate use of the word 'cunt.'

Lucy, for her part, snapped her jaw shut and came and got a plate, sitting at the opposite end of the table from you as she picked away at it, too hungry to deny the food.

You all scattered afterwards, Becca and Charlotte offering to clean up. That left you, Gemma and Sabrina to finish off the morning cleaning up Gemma's room. Then you left, heading out to Sabrina's place to do the same thing. After getting the apartment clean, Sabrina put in some time managing her OnlyFans account while you and Gemma did some more work on the mock trial material before heading out to do groceries for Sabrina and coming back to make dinner.

After dinner was some cuddle time on Sabrina's bed, just talking and making sure you were all still good, and comparing thoughts on the mock trial. None of you could decide what to do about telling Eric about Lucy, and you struggled to decide how much to push or help Mosche. Eventually the three of you needed to split up and head back to your own places, despite having every desire not to.

You had Court in the morning.

Chapter 363

Arriving at the courthouse was a bit more of a production than at work - not because you or the others had any special duties to perform, but just because it was halfway across town from the office so you had to take completely different buses. There was a stressful moment where you thought you'd missed one bus that didn't have another run for an hour, only for it to show up five minutes late.

You met up with Gemma outside the courthouse. She was wearing one of her pantsuit outfits that highlighted her figure without showing it off, and she'd gone for a slightly higher pair of heels than she usually wore in the office.

"Morning, love," you said with a grin as you stepped up and slid your arm around her waist, leaning down to give her a peck.

"Good morning," she said with a smile and a sparkle in her eye. She handed you one of the drinks from the tray she was holding. "I got coffee for us and Eric."

"That was nice of you," you said.

"I figured even half a week out of the office is a reason to celebrate," she smirked. Then she frowned and patted at her cheek. You felt a drop of cool wetness on your neck next, and you both looked up at the thinly overcast sky, then looked at each other and headed into the vestibule area of the courthouse. Two minutes later it was pouring rain.

"I really hope Sabrina has an umbrella," you said as you looked out the door.

"Let me text her," Gemma said, and you held the drink tray and quickly texted, then sighed. "She doesn't."

"Alright, hold on," you said, handing Gemma back the drink tray.

"Where are you going?"

"To get her one. And us, if this lasts all day." You gave Gemma another little kiss and then pushed back out the door and into the rain. You'd seen a convenience store across the street and a little way down from the courthouse, so you jogged there and your hair was dripping wet once you stepped inside, even if your own suit jacket wasn't completely soaked. The black man behind the counter looked up from his morning paper and snorted a chuckle at the sight of you, then pointed without a word at a wooden box of collapsible umbrellas. You picked one up, decided that red might be a little too eye-catching, swapped it out for a black one, and paid up. Your walk back to the bus stop was a lot drier, and you noticed multiple people giving you some annoyed side eye as they rushed past with newspapers held over their heads and doing a poor job of blocking the rain.

When Sabrina stepped off the next bus, she broke into a big grin and walked right into your arms to kiss you fully. “Thank you, baby,” she said. “But why are you all wet if you had an umbrella?”

“I had to fight off a wild bear,” you said, keeping your face straight. “It was just walking down the sidewalk, attacking people, so I went at it with the umbrella and drove it off. It’s probably somewhere in midtown by now.”

She rolled her eyes and shook her head.

“I ran to get it so you wouldn’t get soaked,” you admitted.

“God, you’re too good a guy,” Sabrina said with a grin, going up on her toes to kiss you again. “I can’t believe you don’t have a girlfriend.”

“Me neither,” you grinned at her emphasis on the ‘a’. “It’s a good thing I’ve got two.”

“Very,” she agreed. You walked her up to the courthouse, her arm looped through yours as your far shoulder got a little wetter while you favoured her with the umbrella instead of yourself.

Once you were inside, Sabrina said hello to Gemma with a hug and kisses on their cheeks while you shook out the umbrella and closed it. Not two minutes later Eric came rushing in, completely soaked. He took one look at the dry ladies, and the umbrella in your hand, and sighed. “Come on, man.”

“Sorry,” you said, helping him get his wet suit jacket off. “I should have texted to see when you were getting here. Where did your bus drop you off?”

“I took a Lyft,” Eric groaned. “And it dropped me off around the back of the building so I had to run all the way around to get here.”

“That sucks,” Sabrina said, making a face.

“Here, this should warm you up,” Gemma said, handing him his coffee. That brightened Eric’s mood considerably, and soon you were all waiting for Garrison and whoever else he was bringing. The four of you had decided you definitely needed to arrive *early* compared to the 9 AM time he’d told you, so you ended up waiting about twenty-five minutes before your boss showed up. He came in like rolling thunder, already with his game face on, and a pair of the Associates trailing behind. All three of them had their own umbrellas and would have been driven to the courthouse from the office via a hired town car.

Garrison nodded to the four of you, then led you all through the security about twenty yards into the lobby. There weren't any problems, and soon you were beyond the barricade and Garrison rallied you and the Associates up and off to the side.

"Alright," he said gruffly. "We're scheduled in Court Six for the week. It's up on the third floor. Pamela, Francis, you know the drill. John, Gemma, Sabrina, and Eric - under no circumstances are you to speak up or cause any sort of disturbance in the courtroom. You are not here as part of Council, you have no standing in the Court. You are here to observe as a reward for good work. That is *all*. If you are disruptive in court, I will fire you on the spot. No second chances. No excuses. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," you and the other interns all nodded.

"Good," he grunted. "Then let's go."

Chapter 364

The courthouse was a fairly expansive building and was centred around a large, circular atrium area that had big ramps ringing around it leading to the upper floors. Your group, led by Garrison, headed up to the second floor and down to a set of heavy oak doors with a brass plaque above them declaring 'Court Six.' The hallways were bustling, a Monday morning kicking in with lawyers and paralegals and court staff, not to mention the reporters and other public servants and the general public, all picking up where they left off the previous week.

Garrison gave you, Gemma, Sabrina and Eric one last look, somewhere between a glare and a warning, and then entered.

The inside of the courtroom wasn't the majestic space that was often depicted in movies. There weren't any windows to let in natural light, so the whole place was lit by harsh fluorescents, and the gallery was just ten rows of old, stackable chairs with negligible upholstery on them. There was a wooden partition, a little under waist-high, between the gallery and the court proper and the wood looked thin enough that you wondered if it was actually particle board. The other side of the partition was where the action happened, but even that side was somewhat poorly furnished. The tables for the two sides seemed sturdier than the partition, but the chairs were all the same rough, stackable ones except they had wooden armrests. There was a raised sitting area along one side of the court where a jury could sit, but there wasn't going to be one for this trial, and the bench, the raised area where the judge would sit, looked like it was made of the same cheap wood.

Even the paint in the room looked washed out like it had maybe once been a light olive green but had faded to something like baby puke.

All in all, it was a dreary little shitbox of a court. You had already known that there would be plenty of 'non-traditional' courts in the building, but part of you had been hoping that you might end up in one of the big ones just for the pomp and circumstance that it added. The reality was that the US legal system was backed up like crazy so there wasn't much pressure to disrupt court availability with renovations even if there was a budget for it.

The opposing counsel was already there, a trio of lawyers who were busily unpacking files from the heavy legal cases that almost every lawyer you'd seen in the halls travelled with. They were closer to luggage than a briefcase, with wheels and pull handles, and were stuffed with files. Both of the Associates that had come in with Garrison were wheeling their own.

You led the others in splitting off, filing into the centre of the court gallery and grabbing seats. The oldest person on the opposing counsel frowned when she looked up and noticed the four of you, and crossed over to shake hands with Garrison. They traded some words quietly, and Garrison waved her off, likely assuring her you were just interns there to observe.

There was a bailiff already in the courtroom, standing over by the big door on the opposite side of the room that likely led to the Judge's chambers, or a hallway that would lead to them. He was a big guy, maybe in his mid-forties, and had the bushiest moustache you'd ever seen. The bailiff also did the most impressive statue imitation you'd ever seen. You weren't even sure if he was breathing or not.

The wait, as the two sides got themselves together, dragged on. A couple more people filed into the courtroom, taking seats near the back. The four of you traded off guesses quietly of whether they were reporters, people from the companies here to observe what the lawyers were doing, or just people looking for a place to sit.

Finally, just as Eric was surreptitiously taking out his phone to start scrolling, the bailiff stiffened and took in a deep breath through his nose. "All Rise!"

The kickoff to the proceedings was fairly simple. The Judge was a man who looked like he was in his mid-Sixties, and was already as bored as he could possibly get. The court recorder wasn't much younger, and was a woman with frazzled blonde hair. Garrison was representing the Vernic Company as the plaintiff, while the opposing counsel was representing Shout Management.

Ten minutes in, Eric had his phone back out and looked like he was scrolling Reddit. You'd known going in that this was a convoluted corporate case, and you'd been through enough mock trials in high school and college that you had the general procedure down in your mind already. What you hadn't been prepared for was how... low-energy everyone seemed. Mock Trial competitions were always jazzed up, both sides full of adrenaline to perform well. Even the judges for those competitions gave off the same sort of energy. Everyone wanted to be there.

It felt like no one in the courtroom wanted to be there that morning.

Thirty minutes in, the Judge finally got things moving on to Opening Statements after everyone had been acknowledged and introduced and the Judge had confirmed there hadn't been any movement on a settlement.

Garrison, as the plaintiff, had to go first as the burden of proof fell on him. You'd expected him to be fiery, or at least dramatic, but he started off calmly describing the nature of the business deal that had led to the litigation. Shout Management had approached Vernic Co. to see if Vernic was interested in acquiring them - Vernic had heard them out and initiated proceedings as they began doing their due diligence. As the acquisition loomed, it became clear that Shout was obfuscating their data and was outright lying about certain elements of their business. Vernic, with a large payment held in escrow with the deal still moving along the track, was bringing suit due to breach of contract and fraud.

By the time Garrison sat down the trial had already been going for an hour. You glanced at Sabrina, who was sitting on your left, and put a hand on her thigh as she was bouncing her leg.

She stilled it and looked at you, rolling her lips in as she smiled with just a touch of embarrassment. You leaned to her and whispered, "This is going to be a long day."

She smirked and nodded.

Chapter 365

“Oh, my *fucking* God,” Eric groaned.

The four of you were standing in the corridor outside of Court Six, the moderately cooler air and walking around a little helping to wake you back up after the two hours in the stuffy courtroom.

“Alright, so it’s not exactly a thrilling ride,” Gemma said, stretching her back a bit as she winced. The chairs were already starting to get to all of your asses with their shitty ‘padding.’ “But Garrison seems to be in control of things, at least.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” Sabrina sighed. “His opening statement was clearer than the opposing counsel, but he didn’t exactly fire up the judge.”

“Maybe it’s a strategy,” you pointed out. “If he’s dealt with the judge before, maybe he knows that righteous indignation or dramatics would hurt him more than help.”

“Yeah, well I could use some righteous indignation right about now,” Eric grunted. “I’m gonna look for a snack machine, do you guys want anything?”

You, Gemma and Sabrina indicated you were alright for now, and Eric wandered off down the corridor. There were still about ten minutes left in the brief recess the judge had called to break up the morning. You wondered if he needed to wake himself up some as well, or if the old guy just needed to hit the toilets.

“So, what do we really think?” Sabrina asked.

“Of what?” you asked back.

“Of court. None of us have decided on what sort of law we want to specialise in. Is this tickling either of your nerd boners and making you think, ‘Gee, I’d love to manage corporate mergers?’”

You snorted softly, and Gemma chuckled. “I don’t think this one is going to be inspirational, love,” Gemma said, pulling Sabrina to her by wrapping an arm around the brunette’s shoulder.

“Agreed,” you said.

“Well, then what if we talk about something... else?” Sabrina suggested. “Or maybe do something-”

“No,” Gemma said, squeezing Sabrina a little tighter in the side hug. “Not going to happen.”

Sabrina frowned and pouted a little. “But I’m horny,” she whined quietly. “All I’ve got to do is sit there next to you two and think about stuff. And you know when I’m just daydreaming my brain goes naughty.”

“Sabrina, I love you, but get a grip,” you chuckled, smiling at your girlfriend to show you were only half-serious. “We are *not* doing something in the courtroom.”

“I wasn’t thinking the courtroom,” she defended herself. “Not that I think anyone would actually notice. I was thinking a bathroom, or maybe if we could find-”

Gemma silenced her with another squeeze. “Not in the building.”

“Fine,” she sighed, but her little smirk told you that even if she couldn’t convince either of you to *do* something naughty, she wasn’t about to stop thinking about it when her mind wandered.

Eric returned with a bag of chips, and you had to remind him he should eat it fast since it would be loud in the courtroom. He groaned and then quickly shovelled the potato chips into his mouth and brushed the crumbs from his lips as the four of you re-entered the courtroom.

The second half of the morning started out as slow as the first as Garrison began to slowly work the judge through the timeline of events, outlining his case. About fifteen minutes after the trial had started back up you noticed that Sabrina checked her phone and then quickly lowered the screen to press against her skirt as she looked around, her eyes a little wider. She saw you looking and flushed, and when she saw no one else was paying attention she made a little ‘over here’ gesture with a nod of her head and you followed her quietly down the row of chairs and to the end, away from the others and the two people who seemed to actually be watching the trial and taking notes.

You glanced back at Gemma, who was frowning curiously at you, and you shrugged in an ‘I don’t know yet’ gesture. Her brow furrowed but she nodded softly.

Sabrina grabbed a seat, and you sat beside her, and she leaned in close so she could whisper under her breath. “One of our fans is at it again.”

“What does that mean?” you asked.

She held up her phone, carefully tilted so you could see it but no one else in the room was likely to catch a glance at it. She doodled in the password code and the screen cleared, showing off the picture of a nude woman. It took you a moment, since you hadn’t exactly stared at them as they were on Sabrina’s Twitter account, but you realised they were from the woman who allegedly ran the ‘DaddysDick’ fan account.

“She said she really liked the latest teasers and is excited to see more,” Sabrina whispered. “We’ve been chatting on and off. I think she’s a lonely housewife somewhere in the middle of the country.”

“If she’s really a she,” you pointed out.

Sabrina smirked and swiped on the screen to the next picture. It was a closeup picture of the woman’s tits, medium-sized and capped with soft pink areolas. She’d written ‘Daddy’s Dick + Kat18’ inside of a heart on her chest and had that morning’s New York Times just underneath them. “She wasn’t thrilled that I was worried about that before, so she sent this too.”

You groaned quietly and shook your head. “Ridiculous,” you said.

“Face it, baby,” Sabrina said with a little smirk. “We’re pornstars now. We have fans who want us to appreciate them. And who would jump at a chance to have sex with us.”

“That’s definitely-”

“I know,” she interrupted. “I know. And I’m not leading her on or anything. I just think that it’s important we keep things in perspective. Good *and* bad. And even though the whole ‘Daddy’s Dick’ account is funny as hell, it’s also gotten pretty big; almost as big as my main one. They are blowing up, and that means the page gets more traffic, and we make more money. So, my dear boyfriend, what I’m saying is that we should be thanking the person who is giving us free advertising.”

“Sabrina, baby, I can see that look in your eyes.”

“What?” she asked. “What look? I don’t have a look.”

“Yes, you do,” you whispered. “It’s that ‘I have a dirty plan’ look.”

She smirked and shrugged. “Maybe I do. But it’s a little one. Promise.”

Chapter 366

“Hmmhmmhmm,” Sabrina chuckled in her throat.

“Oh, fuck,” you grunted softly, trying to stay as quiet as you could.

The bathroom was thankfully a single-person room and not just a stall in a larger washroom facility, but even with the thick door separating you from the outside you were still worried about being heard.

Sabrina popped off of your cock, grinning, and then stuck out her tongue and slithered it against the bottom of your cock. She glanced sideways, adjusted how she was holding her phone so that only her lips and below would be seen, and took the picture.

“Good enough?” you asked.

Her answer was to put the phone down and quickly slide her lips down your cock, continuing the blowjob.

“Baby,” you grunted.

She pulled away, wrapping her fingers around your cock instead of her lips. “Shush,” she said quietly, smirking at you. “Just fill my mouth, then go get Gemma and send her in here.”

“This is such a bad idea,” you sighed, but inhaled sharply as she started blowing you again.

The lunch recess for the trial was an hour long, and Garrison had sent the four of you off while he grabbed a working lunch with his associates. The rain had reduced itself to a light misting for now, so you and the others had braved leaving the Courthouse and headed down the street. The diner you ended up in wasn't exactly a greasy spoon, but it definitely pretended to be one. You didn't recognize the brand, but judging by the commercial-feeling 'memorabilia' plastered across the walls you assumed it was.

Sabrina hadn't waited long to spring her plan into action and had texted you from under the table that you should follow her to the washroom. It hadn't seemed like a great idea at the time, but the place was only about a third full, so you let yourself think with your cock instead of your brain.

“Baby, I'm getting close,” you warned her. The feeling of her lips and tongue was exquisite, but the situation definitely heightened things. You knew that Gemma and Sabrina had done things in washroom stalls together before, but that was a lot easier to play off since they were both women. You and Sabrina getting caught was a whole different matter, and a lot less explainable.

Sabrina, for her part, at least wasn't looking to draw out the process by teasing you. She quickened her pace, smiling up at you around your cock in her mouth, and sucked hard. It didn't take much more to get you there, and you had to grab the sink to keep yourself steady as your toes flexed against your dress shoes and your ass clenched. Your orgasm pumped out of you in four long releases, and Sabrina hummed another happy chortle around your cock as she pulled her lips from the head slowly, cleaning you as she went.

When you dropped from her mouth, she smirked and carefully tucked your cock away and zipped you back up, then gave you a look that was supposed to be 'innocent' but immediately followed that up with opening her mouth and showing you the pearly white cum she was holding there. Your cum.

"Jesus, Sabrina," you whispered.

Her smirk just got bigger as she closed her mouth again, and she stood up and gestured you to the door.

"Really?" you asked.

She nodded, wiggling her eyebrows.

You sighed, glancing in the mirror to make sure you didn't look like you'd just been sucked dry by your girlfriend in a public washroom and then opened the bathroom door. Just the unlocking felt like it was way too loud, and you tried to make sure you didn't peek out suspiciously before leaving. Thankfully no one was waiting to use the restroom. You went back to the table where Gemma and Eric were still sitting, their menus set down.

Gemma, facing towards you, saw you coming and raised an eyebrow questioningly. You widened your eyes in response then looked back and nodded towards the restrooms. Gemma's other eyebrow went up, showing her surprise, and then she rolled her eyes.

You grabbed your seat again.

"So I still don't know where we're actually at," Eric said, barely acknowledging that you'd sat down. "I don't even really know how to figure it out, either. Lucy is just so... ugh."

"Maybe John has some insights," Gemma said, redirecting Eric to you.

"Do you think?" Eric asked, looking at you with a sincere desire for your help in his eyes. "I mean, I know things weren't great between you two, but you might be able to figure *something* out of this mess.

You took in a deep breath and sighed it out, and as you started to parse through the latest of Eric's Lucy troubles, Gemma silently took her leave from the table and headed towards the

restrooms. There was a big part of you that wished you could follow as well. Based on Sabrina's teasing, she was planning on sharing her mouthful with Gemma, and then likely intended for one of them to go down on the other. After the morning you had, and with the 'entertainment' you were being provided in the form of Eric's love life, you would definitely rather watch your two girlfriends getting it on than just about anything else at the moment.

It turned out the only piece of help you could really provide Eric was that Lucy was all about appearances, as far as you could tell. She wanted to feel like she was valued, which meant she liked gifts, fancy dates, and reasons to dress up and parade herself around. You *didn't* mention that that might have also been why she had such weird patterns of wanting loud, active sex but only when Gemma was at home in the apartment. That one you were still trying to wrap your head around a bit still, even if you had your guesses.

Sabrina came out next, a Cheshire cat smile on her face as she strutted between the tables. As she approached she mouthed '*Your turn,*' to you, then slid into the seat next to Eric at the table.

"I ordered for you," you said by way of pivoting the conversation.

"OK," she said happily. "What am I having?"

"I figured you might want something not too heavy, so I went with the soup and salad combo. I know you like creamed soups on a cold day."

She scrunched up her nose, knowing full well what you meant by 'creamed soup,' and she nodded. "Sounds perfect, baby," she said.

"I still can't get over that you two are dating each other as well," Eric sighed.

"He's having Lucy trouble again," you pointed out. "Actually, Eric, why don't you tell Sabrina that thing about the hiking date you did this weekend?"

Setting him on that story again, which really wasn't much of a story other than Lucy being mildly bitchy, gave you the opportunity to slip away and head back to the washrooms again. You knocked softly. "It's me," you said.

The door opened and Gemma's hand pulled you in quickly.

Chapter 367

Gemma shot you another little smirk as the four of you walked back down the street to the courthouse. Even with the extra-curricular activities in the restroom at the restaurant, you were still easily going to be on time from the afternoon start of the trial. Sabrina had ended up getting more engaged in the conversation with Eric about Lucy than any of you had expected - she, as an outside perspective, could do a lot more guesswork than you or Gemma. She was walking a few paces ahead alongside him now, coaching him on how he needed to have a sit-down, heart-to-heart conversation with her if he wanted to actually try to make it work with her.

The alternative was to just ride the crazy train until the end of the summer.

That left you and Gemma to walk hand in hand, however, and was still a little giggly from getting you to eat her out in a public restroom. You hadn't fucked - that wouldn't have been fast enough - but all three of you had gotten off in the space of fifteen minutes. Sabrina had also sent the 'private' picture of her sucking your cock to the Daddy's Dick lady as a reward for sending nudes.

"I still think it's a dangerous game," you said under your breath to Gemma.

"It is," she agreed. "But Sabrina is right, that woman *is* doing a lot of free work managing a fan account. It's borderline on our boundaries though."

"I hadn't even thought of that," you said with a grimace.

"I'll talk to her," Gemma said, squeezing your hand. "Remind her that actual flirting with strangers, even anonymously, isn't what we agreed to. Professional flirting should stay professional."

That made you snort and shake your head with a little smile. "We are so weird."

Gemma grinned and rolled her eyes. "Maybe, but it's mostly you two."

You arrived at the courthouse with plenty of time to spare and headed back through security and into the big atrium area. There was no way you wanted to head back into the stuffy courtroom yet, so you found a bench and the four of you chatted about nothing for a bit before you noticed Sabrina frown, looking across the big open space.

"What is it?" you asked.

"I think that's Alita," she said, then started walking across the room.

Frowning, you glanced at Gemma and then followed after Sabrina when she nodded.

You didn't recognize the name, but you did recognize the woman that Sabrina approached. She was Latina, around thirty, and was currently dressed up for court and looked good but her stress was clearly high. Alita was Sabrina's neighbour, whom you'd only met once and Sabrina had teased about getting to film with the two of you - it had been before the decision that you were dating, and not just 'best friends with extreme benefits,' and it hadn't come up again.

"Alita? What are you doing here?" Sabrina asked as you approached her.

"What?" Alita said, and then her eyes softened a little as she recognized Sabrina. "Oh, hey. Um, I have court today."

"Are you OK?" Sabrina asked, stepping up and hugging the woman lightly. They were of a similar size and build, with Alita sporting only a slightly larger bust and her hair dyed with blonde streaks and cut just past her jawline. "You look stressed as hell, girl."

"That's because I am," Alita said with a frown. Then she noticed you. "Oh, hey. John, right?"

"Hi, Alita," you said. "We met once."

"Oh, I know," she said with a smirk, accepting your offer to shake hands. "I'm reminded frequently. I appreciate that you two at least *try* to keep it down sometimes."

That got you blushing a little, but Sabrina kept the conversation on point as she took Alita's hands in her own. "What's going on?" she asked. "You're not in trouble, are you?"

"It's not criminal stuff," Alita shook her head.

"Is it your boyfriend?" Sabrina asked.

"Ex-boyfriend," Alita clarified. "Now. I broke up with him a few weeks ago - I got tired of his shit. Somehow he was still a demanding asshole even from prison. But now he's trying to sue me and says I owe him a shit load of money that I *don't have*. It's all bullshit, but the legal fees alone are going to eat through my little bit of savings even if he doesn't have a fucking leg to stand on."

"Oh, girl, I'm so sorry," Sabrina said and pulled her in for another hug.

"That really sucks," you sighed, patting Alita on the shoulder as they hugged. "You do have a lawyer, right?"

"I do," she nodded. "It's my cousin's friend, so he's at least trustworthy even if it's going to cost me. The whole thing is just a real mindfuck though."

Sabrina and Alita traded a few more platitudes, and you both tried to encourage Alita that things would be OK, before she needed to go find her lawyer and you needed to head back up to Court Six. You filled in Gemma quietly on the walk up to the second floor, and Gemma went and grabbed Sabrina's hand and squeezed it, comforting your girlfriend. It was hard, knowing someone was going through something and not being able to offer any direct help - life wasn't like a TV show though. The three of you couldn't just pick up her case and represent her for free. You weren't even law students yet.

As you settled into your seats in the courtroom, you only considered bringing it to Garrison for a split second. After everything he was already handling for the four of you, and with the fact that he was a corporate lawyer and not a family lawyer, there was no way you could ask him for help on behalf of a woman you barely knew.

Sabrina, sitting between you and Gemma, took your hand and smiled a little at your glance. She knew you were trying to think of something, and she appreciated it.

Chapter 368

The afternoon session of the trial plodded along at the same pace as the morning. Garrison was thorough in establishing the facts of the case, and without a jury to pander to it behoved him to take his time.

That didn't make it any less dry.

When the afternoon recess was finally called, all four of you interns needed to stand and stretch. "Eric," Sabrina said once you all filed out of the courtroom. "I need to talk to Gemma and John about something personal - could you give us a few minutes?"

"Sure," Eric agreed. "I'll hit the vending machine on the third floor again."

He left you, and Sabrina led you and Gemma down to the first floor of the atrium so there wasn't a chance of Garrison or one of the associates overhearing as they walked past you. Once you'd found a bench, Sabrina gestured for you and Gemma to sit while she remained standing.

"So, I have a request," she said.

"Baby, I have a feeling-"

"Wait!" you hissed, your eyes going a little wide as you spotted someone through the crowd, currently walking up the ramp from the first to the second floor. You got up and grabbed a hand of each of them, practically dragging your girlfriends with you as you ducked out of the atrium and into one of the corridors leading deeper into the first floor of the building.

"John, what is going on?" Gemma asked once you stopped about fifteen yards in, now out of sight.

You blew out a breath and shook your head. What were the fucking chances?

"I saw a friend of ours," you said. "I guess we aren't his only legal situation. That idiot DeezChains guy was out there."

"No fucking way," Gemma said, turning and looking back out at the atrium.

"You've got to be shitting me," Sabrina sighed, shaking her head. "What are the chances?"

"That's what I was thinking," you said. "Look, sorry for just moving like that. The last thing we need is some sort of a confrontation with him, right?"

"No, it's fine," Gemma said. "Not that I wouldn't mind putting him in his place again, but Garrison would be pissed."

You turned to Sabrina. "I'm sorry, baby. What did you want to ask us?"

Sabrina took a breath and let it out, nodding to herself for a moment. "So, Alita could use a hand to get through her shitty lawsuit problem, and we can't exactly offer her any help on the legal front. But, what I can do is help her with some cash - not charity, I don't think she'd be comfortable with that. But, do you remember what we joked about that time you met her, John?"

"I do," you said and blew out a breath.

"You want to see if she would film with you, so you can pay her," Gemma guessed.

Sabrina nodded. "I'm asking permission to tell her my, um, 'Of' secret and offer to film with her. And I know this isn't exactly what we'd talked about in terms of how we handle things, and maybe she's too close to home literally right now, but she won't be in just over a month, and Becks feels closer than she is."

"Well, the first question is, do you think you can trust her?" Gemma asked.

"I think so," Sabrina said. "Like, I don't think she'd have a bad reaction or anything, and I don't think she'd be all high and mighty and try to out me. But I also have no clue if she would actually do it or not. She makes some sexual jokes, but that might just be her humour."

Gemma glanced at you. "Are you interested in doing that with her?"

You shrugged slightly, raising your hands but not sure what to do with them. "I... think she's attractive, sure. And I think it's a way to help her that won't screw anything up for her or us if she's into it. The real question is whether she *is* into it or not, and I guess we can't figure that out until she's asked."

"Sorry for making this weird," Sabrina said.

"No, baby, you're not," you assured her.

"Definitely not," Gemma nodded. "This is exactly the kind of conversation we need to have about this stuff. Your *timing* could use some work though."

Sabrina glanced around at the various people streaming in both directions through the busy corridor. "Yeah, OK, I can see that," she chuckled. "So, I can at least open the door a little?"

"I say yes," Gemma nodded. "Just be careful, baby."

"Agreed," you said.

“Thank you, guys,” Sabrina said and quickly hugged you both.

The three of you headed back up, cautiously to make sure you didn't run into DeezChains, and you stopped to quickly text Eric as you realised he should probably be warned. He sent back a thumbs up, so nothing had gone wrong yet.

Back in the courtroom, you briefly considered warning Garrison that the man behind the Cease and Desist letters was in the building, but decided not to since he was prepping for the last stretch of the day. As things got started again, you had time to consider what Sabrina had asked for a little more.

Alita was attractive in a svelte sort of way, similar to Sabrina. She was thin, with a tanned complexion and a pretty face. From the two times you'd briefly talked to her she'd seemed to have a good sense of humour, and Sabrina was right that she didn't shy away from some sexual innuendo or banter when it was appropriate. You thought that she'd probably be fun to fool around with, and now that she wasn't in a relationship you didn't need to stress about her 'boyfriend in prison.'

You did worry about something else though - how would she feel about Sabrina offering her money for sex? That was what it basically was, at the end of the day. The thing with Becks had been more of Becks wanting to try out making a porno for the exhibitionist kink of it, not for the cash. She'd tried to *turn down* the cash at one point. But for Alita, it was being offered because it was a way to give her money. Technically it wasn't prostitution, but it was close enough that you could see someone taking it that way.

But it wasn't a conversation you needed to have, and you trusted Sabrina to be able to thread the needle. For all that she was your horny little slut of a girlfriend, she was also still the bright, charming, intelligent woman you'd been crushing on and working with at the start of the summer. When she had the conversation, she would do it right.

The real problem you had now, however, was that you were sitting in the courtroom and had another couple of hours to go, and you'd gone and started thinking about sex.

You sighed, and both of your girlfriends glanced at you, then glanced at each other, and then smiled knowingly. That made you grin a little and roll your eyes. Sometimes it was like they could read your mind.

Chapter 369

Garrison hadn't spoken with the three of you throughout the day, which was understandable considering he was focused on his case. Once the day was over, he rallied the four of you in the corridor and only did the most cursory of check-ins before telling you to be back at the courthouse for 9 AM again the next day. You'd sort of been expecting more from your mentor but kept that to yourself. For now, at least.

The first day of the trial had proven to be mostly a snoozefest. Garrison hadn't finished presenting his case that afternoon, so he would pick up again the next morning. His witnesses were all pretty much as dry as the facts and were being used almost entirely just to enter documents into evidence by substantiating that they were real.

The boredom certainly had you thinking - did you really want to be a lawyer? But then you would remind yourself that days like this were just one small facet of what it meant to actually *be* a lawyer, and you could always pick a different stream of law. Hell, you could pick a speciality that wouldn't ever bring you into a courtroom. Or one that would bring you there frequently, and on much more interesting cases. Prosecution and criminal defence were up there. Even family law, where you could really impact the lives of people in a good way.

Eric took his leave quickly as soon as Garrison dismissed you all, leaving you, Gemma and Sabrina together outside the courthouse.

"I need to go back to my place," Gemma sighed, taking a moment to fiddle with the collar of your suit jacket. "I need to put in some more roommate time."

"Oh, please," you said, slipping your hands around her waist and pulling her to you. "You love spending time with Becca and Charlotte. Go have fun."

"I do," she smirked and gave you a peck on the lips. Then she turned and pecked Sabrina on the lips as well. "But I'd rather spend time with you two. Especially because I know what you're going to get up to."

"So it *wasn't* just me getting horny because we were bored," Sabrina giggled lightly, then tilted her chin up and kissed Gemma again, a little longer.

"No, it wasn't," Gemma smirked. "Treat him right tonight, baby."

"Always," Sabrina promised.

Gemma gave you one last goodbye kiss, and the three of you separated. Sabrina was coming with you to your place, and she really was feeling frisky so she ordered up an Uber and the two of you did your best to keep your hands to yourselves as you took the ride back out of downtown to your building.

It didn't take long to head up, and after the ritual knocking procedure at the door, you entered the apartment and looked around. "Mosche?" you called out.

No answer.

"Mosche!" Sabrina yelled a little louder.

Still nothing.

You went and checked his room, poking your head in and finding it a mess but unoccupied. The washroom was also empty. You came back out towards the kitchen and living area and stutter-stepped as you found Sabrina, already stripped down to her bra and thong, darting towards you and jumping into your arms. She wrapped her arms and legs around you, kissing you fervently.

"Fuck me," she ordered you. "God, I'm so fucking wet after daydreaming all Goddamn day, John. I don't think it's fucking healthy for me to have so little to do for so long."

You laughed and carried her across the apartment towards your room, stopping to hook her shirt and skirt with your foot and flick them up to catch them. You didn't bother with her purse, leaving it where she'd dropped it with her shoes.

Sabrina, went she wasn't mashing her lips to yours, kissed down your neck as you carried her into your room and kicked the door shut behind you. Bringing her over to the bed, you collapsed down on top of her and began kissing your way down from her lips to her chest. She moaned happily as you did that, wriggling to get her arms behind her and undo her little bra. It was a cute piece of lingerie but did little to support her tits since there wasn't much to support anyways. Still, when her nipples came into view, you growled and got your lips around one, teasing and sucking and tonguing it until it was nice and firm.

You lavished her with kisses and licks, tasting every part of her chest and then down her stomach. She laughed, running her hands through your hair, when you tongue-fucked her cute little belly button for a moment, and then you got down to the waistband of her thong and pulled it off of her.

"There," you said. "All is right in the world."

"What, me naked and you clothed?" she asked.

"Just you naked," you smirked. "I think you'd make a pretty good nudist."

"I think all three of us would," Sabrina chuckled. "But only in our home. No matter how many pictures and videos we put out, I don't think I could actually walk around a nude beach, let alone be at a nude resort or something."

You shucked off your suit jacket as she was speaking, and started to undo your shirt buttons next. She sat up, undoing your belt and slacks. "I don't think I'd want to do that either," you said. "You and Gemma are mine."

"Absolutely, totally yours," Sabrina agreed with a grin as your slacks dropped to your ankles.

It didn't take long for you to be as naked as your girlfriend, and only moments longer for you to be working your way inside of her.

You fucked hard and fast, Sabrina spreading one leg wide and hooking the other around your waist so that her heel was bouncing against your ass. She clung to you with her arms around your neck, and your lips brushed against each other with feather-light kisses as your breath mingled and you stared into each other's eyes.

This wasn't making love. This was carnal passion. Hard, fast fucking to sate the urges you'd both been building up over the day.

Your orgasm came on first, and you didn't break eye contact with her as you continued to slam into her with your pelvis thrusts and unloaded three, four, five long spurts of cum and growled deep in your chest. She moaned, clinging to you still, her chest heaving at the feelings rolling up from her pussy. You didn't stop thrusting though, your cock still mostly-hard, and you drove into her again and again as the squishing of your mixed juices joined the soft slapping sounds of your skin.

"Come for me, baby," you grunted.

"I love you," she gasped and came as her eyelids fluttered and her jaw slackened.

You were both left panting, sweaty from the fast exertion, and you ended up grabbing some robes and carrying her back across the apartment - both of you completely naked - to the bathroom. You showered, teasing each other lightly, and made out under the hot water before exiting both wrapped up in the robes. Then things got downright domestic. You did some cleaning, and Sabrina started on dinner.

Puttering around, taking moments to just enjoy each other with small kisses and touches, or just looks across the room, felt glorious. It made you think of what was to come when you moved back to university and into whatever place that Sabrina found for you. She'd taken point on that, insisting that she wanted to handle it, and you'd agreed readily since it was her money that would be paying the lion's share of the rent.

Once you'd cleaned up around the kitchen and living room, you went to your room and fetched out the sweatpants that she'd started keeping at your place, along with one of your sweaters for her. She let you dress her, laughing as you pulled the sweats up her legs under the robe, and then raising her arms to let you put the sweater on her. Once she was dressed she kissed you warmly.

"This is perfect," she said with a smile.

"Ditto," you smirked happily.

The front door to the apartment opened and Mosche walked in, blinking in surprise when he looked around and saw the apartment had been cleaned again and sniffing at the air as the smells of Sabrina's lasagna baking in the oven reached him.

"Hey guys," he said.

"Mosche," Sabrina said, giving him a look and pointing a wooden spoon at him. "You've got some 'splaining to do."

Chapter 370

Mosche was not a fan of getting pinned down into a conversation that was obviously about something that would be uncomfortable for him, but he also didn't have the spine necessary to extricate himself from the situation. You had to wonder how well he would fare if he got put into the classic 'Prisoners Dilemma' where cops separated a group and interviewed them in different rooms.

You had a feeling that Mosche would fold like a wet paper bag.

Sabrina got him sitting at the kitchen table. It was, in fact, the first time you'd actually *seen* the kitchen table get used for anything other than putting stuff down on. Usually, if it was just him, or the two of you, you guys ate over on the couches in the little living area in front of the TV. If you had the girls over you generally went back to your room when you were eating a meal. But it had part of the cleaning and tidying up you and Sabrina had done, and she'd even set the table in preparation for the lasagna.

"Am I in trouble?" Mosche asked nervously as he sat with his hands in his lap, looking like a kid waiting for the principal to call him into the office.

"No," you said at the same time Sabrina said, "Yes." You looked at Sabrina, who raised an eyebrow and looked back at Mosche. "Yes."

"But I didn't do anything," he said, a little whiny.

Sabrina rolled her eyes. "Did you talk to Tasha today?"

Mosche looked to the side, chewing on the inside of his cheek. "We texted a bit. Why?"

Sabrina grunted. "Because she told us *her* side of the story, Mosche."

"Her side of what story?" Mosche asked.

You thought for a moment that Sabrina might actually just kill him. If she had mind powers she probably would have popped his head like a pimple in that split instant. Then she let out a long breath and sat down across from him, folding her hands together in front of her. "Mosche. Whose idea was it for her to have sex with multiple people?"

"Um, hers?" Mosche said. "I didn't want her to, but I'm a feminist, right? So I can't tell her what to do with her body, 'cause it's like... her body."

"Are you sure?" Sabrina asked.

"I think so?" Mosche said. "Unless being a feminist is bad now?"

You groaned, covering your face with your palm, as Sabrina just closed her eyes for a moment and breathed. "Mosche," she said. "I meant are you sure it was her idea? Did she say those words and make the suggestion?"

"I... um, yes?" he hedged.

"What exactly did she say?"

"I don't remember," he said.

"Do you think maybe that's a problem?" Sabrina asked.

"Do you think I'm smoking too much weed?" Mosche asked. "Is it affecting my memory?"

"Maybe," you said.

"No- well, maybe," Sabrina said. "I mean do you think it's a problem that you can't remember how she even suggested it to you?"

"I dunno," Mosche said.

"God," Sabrina scoffed, burying her face in her hands in exasperation. "Baby, can you try and talk to him?"

"Mosche, did Tasha say she wanted to have sex with other people, or did you just have that feeling?" you asked.

"I dunno," he said. "I thought she said it?"

"This is why eyewitness testimony sucks," you said to Sabrina.

"I know," she groaned. Then she lowered her hands and looked across the table at Mosche. "Do you want to keep dating Tasha or not?"

"I dunno," he said. "It's complicated."

"If the sex thing hadn't happened, would you?"

"Maybe," he said. "But I did meet Bethany."

"Who is Bethany?" Sabrina asked.

Mosche smiled and looked at you. "She's that cute Asian girl, remember? The delivery girl?" He looked back at Sabrina. "John helped me get her number, and we've been texting. She's really nice, and I think she wants me to ask her on a date. And I don't think she's into the stuff that Tasha is."

Sabrina had started to turn a little red and you had a flash of a horror movie as her head slowly turned in your direction, her glare levelling on you. "You helped him... get a number?"

You held your hands up defensively. "She was just a delivery driver at our door, and this was in between Mosche's story and Tasha's story," you said quickly.

Sabrina pursed her lips as she eyed you. "We'll talk about that later," she said. Then she turned back to Mosche. "You do realise that you're emotionally cheating on Tasha, right?"

"What? No," Mosche said. "I'm not a cheater. Tasha and I aren't exclusive, obviously."

"She was under the impression that you were heading that way," Sabrina said. "Fuck, Mosche! You're being a complete asshole to *both* of them. Does Bethany know about Tasha?"

"Um, no," he mumbled, looking down.

"Were you planning on telling her?" Sabrina scolded him.

"No," he grumbled. Then he looked back up. "But I wouldn't have gone out with her until after I figured things out with Tasha."

"Really? Because you're dodging her calls," Sabrina said. "That's right, Mosche. Girls talk too. And I know you haven't talked to her at all today. So unless you're going to call her right now and have a grown-up conversation, or at least invite her over here, then no lasagna for you. Got it?"

"That's not fair!" Mosche whined. "She always goes to the Monday Night open mic at the Chuckle Hut. That's why I'm not there. She probably won't pick up the phone."

"You are such a fucking pussy," Sabrina grunted. "Figure it out, Mosche. Or no food for you. Or you can call Bethany and tell her you're seeing someone right now and ask if she's OK with that."

Mosche made a face.

"That feeling right there, Mosche?" Sabrina said, pointing at him imperiously. "That's fucking *guilt* because you're being an *asshole*. So figure it out."

Mosche stood up and shuffled through the apartment towards his bedroom, his head hung low.

“Shit, baby,” you said softly. “Remind me not to get on your bad side.”

“Too late,” she said, and when you looked back at her you were facing her glare all over again.
“You fucked up, baby. Not nearly as bad as him, but now *you* have some explaining to do.”

Chapter 371

“OK, first of all, remember that the timeline here was that we’d gotten Mosche’s side of the story, and I’d spent a couple of days consoling him already, but we hadn’t had our outing with Tasha,” you said.

“Understood,” Sabrina said, eyeing you.

“So I only had Mosche’s side of things,” you said.

“Yeah, I got that, baby,” Sabrina said. “Move it along here.”

“Right. Well, I was pretty heavily leaning towards Mosche needing to break up with Tasha,” you said. “Then we ordered Chinese food and the delivery girl was kinda cute, but Mosche was totally struck dumb. Like, couldn’t move his mouth or hand over the money petrified. So I stepped in and paid the girl and took the food, and she was about to leave and Mosche finally found his words and told her she looked like a video game character. That got her talking, and honestly, it was some of *the* most awkward flirting I’ve ever heard. I made sure she was of age, cause she looked kinda young, and when she was I just let it happen. She gave him her number to maybe play some online games together. I figured if he saw he had even a slight chance with someone else, Mosche would man up and end things with Tasha, so I helped him with his first message to actually get her name, and I made it clear he needed to talk with Tasha.”

Sabrina was looking at you extremely intently.

“That’s all I did,” you said.

“Except you didn’t tell me or Gemma,” Sabrina said. “Or Tasha when we were out with her.”

“I wasn’t thinking of it with your girls,” you said. “And I wasn’t about to make things *worse* for Tasha when she’s just processing all the shit she was wading through. Like, how would that go? ‘Oh, by the way, the guy who convinced you he liked the idea of you fucking a bunch of people is also now flirting with someone else.’ That wouldn’t exactly have made things *better*.”

Sabrina grimaced. “That’s fair, but you still didn’t tell me or Gemma.”

You sighed and groaned a little. “Would a defence citing the Bro Code be satisfactory to the court?”

“Only if the witness understands that reference to the Bro Code opens the door for use of the Girl Code and the Treaty of Intimate Relations in rebuttal,” Sabrina said.

“Is this conversation protected by the Geneva Convention?” you asked.

“Don’t try to deflect with comedy, John. I’m being serious here,” Sabrina said.

“I don’t have a reason,” you said. “I wasn’t intentionally keeping it from you. We’ve just had a lot going on and I wasn’t thinking of it.”

“So you’re just throwing yourself on the court’s mercy?” Sabrina asked.

“Well, if I had it to do over again and I knew what I know now, then I wouldn’t have done it,” you said. “With Tasha’s side of things, the whole thing is way different than we thought it was. Now I know Mosche was acting delusional, and he probably needs therapy before he dates anyone. And he and Tasha *need* to talk about it.”

Sabrina pressed her lips together firmly, but then the buzzer went off on the oven and she had to get up to get the lasagna out. After she’d turned off the oven and had it cooling, she walked past you to your room and came out with your laptop. She quickly had an episode of Castle loaded up, but she didn’t start it. Instead, she grabbed one of the three place settings she’d put out and went to the lasagna, putting a big piece on the plate and then walking it down to Mosche’s room. You couldn’t see her, but you could hear everything clearly.

Sabrina knocked loudly, and you heard Mosche up the door. “Did you call her?”

“She texted that she can’t talk right now,” Mosche said.

“Fine,” Sabrina said. “Here. Even assholes need to eat.”

She walked back into view before you heard the door close. Sabrina grabbed both your plate and hers and quickly scooped out some lasagna for both of you and put it on the table before sitting. You stopped her before she started the show and went and got a bottle of the cheap wine she liked and had started stocking in the kitchen, pouring a glass for each of you, before coming back and handing her one. “I’m sorry I hurt you,” you said.

She shook her head and started the show, and the two of you ate in silence as you watched the show other than when you told her the lasagna was really good.

Then, when you were done eating, you took the dishes to the sink and she followed, and as you washed she dried. After that she took your hand and led you into the living room, bringing the laptop with you, and she had you sit at the end of the couch facing down the length. She climbed up and sat between your legs, leaning back against your chest, with the laptop in front of her. She started another episode as you hugged her from behind.

Five episodes later, you were both yawning and went and got ready for bed. Still, there was little talking other than small comments asking to pass something, or what time to set the alarm for.

Sabrina stripped down to just her panties, and you wore your boxers, and you got into bed with the lights out. And for the first couple of minutes, you just lay there. Then you turned over and pulled Sabrina to you, holding her from behind. She hugged your arms to her for a long time, neither of you saying anything.

"I need to get up," Sabrina finally said, and your heart dropped. She was going to leave.

"OK," you said softly, letting go of her. You moved so she could get by without crawling over you, and she got out from under the covers, but didn't head for the light. Instead, she went and stood in the middle of the room.

"I don't ever want our bed to be a place of frustration, John," she said quietly in the dark.

"I don't either," you said, sitting on the edge. "But I apologised already."

"You apologised for hurting me," she said. "But that's not what I'm upset about. I'm not hurt. I'm frustrated that you didn't communicate something about someone we know and that you had information that Gemma and I would want to know. *And* I'm frustrated that you pretty much encouraged Mosche to cheat on Tasha."

"That's not how I was thinking of it," you said. "I explained that already."

"That's an Ends justify the Means argument," Sabrina said.

"Fuck," you sighed. "You're right. Fuck me." You flopped back on the bed. It didn't matter why you had helped Mosche with starting to flirt with the girl, it was still flirting. And whether or not you approved of the relationship with Tasha it was still a bad look for Mosche, and reflected on you.

"Come here," Sabrina said. You got up and went to her, barely able to see each other in the dark. She took your arms and slid her hands down to yours, gasping them softly. "You get why I'm frustrated, right?"

"I do," you said. "And you're right. I should have thought to tell you and Gemma, and I shouldn't have encouraged even emotional cheating. I should have just been more firm that Mosche needed to talk to Tasha."

"Now kiss me," Sabrina whispered in the dark. "Because I never want to get into bed with you angry, John. So we're having makeup sex on the fucking floor."

You kissed her, and kissing her felt like heaven as you felt the reassurance that even if this was your first fight, you were OK. Everything would be OK.

Chapter 372

“Mmm,” Sabrina groaned, and you could hear the uncomfortable smile on her face as she stretched her body next to yours.

“Good morning,” you said softly, rolling a bit to scoop your arm around her and hug her to you.

“Morning, baby,” she mumbled, hugging you back as best she could. “You know, I didn’t like last night, but the makeup sex was pretty good. We probably could have gotten back into bed though.”

“True,” you sighed and kissed the side of her head. The two of you were tangled up in the blanket that you had pulled down from the bed, and you had fallen asleep on the floor. The sex between the two of you hadn’t been one of your big, zealous fuckings with lots of kinky moments. Considering how the two of you usually were, it had been almost vanilla by comparison. But it had been good, and important, and you’d felt reconnected by the end as well as exhausted. “Can I say something that might be contentious?”

“How contentious are we talking?” Sabrina asked.

“...Medium?”

“If you’re willing to risk a hot take getting a hot response.”

“I like the way we fight,” you said.

“That’s definitely not where I thought you were going,” Sabrina said. “What do you mean?”

“I mean that even when we were fighting, we got our sides out and didn’t shout or scream or make a huge scene. And we were still able to be together while we were stewing on things. Sure, it wasn’t fun, but sitting with you for the night and knowing that we were both in a not-good place but that we weren’t trying to punish each other or escape each other... It makes me think of what the future will be like. And if that’s how we fight, then I think we’re going to be more than OK.”

She sighed, snuggling a little deeper into your chest. “You say that now,” she said. “But just wait until you have a fight with Gemma.”

“I’m more worried about when you and her have a fight,” you smirked a little.

“Won’t happen,” Sabrina said. “We’re on the same girlfriend wavelength.”

“You know it will,” you said.

“Yeah, I know,” she sighed. Then she raised her face to look at you. “I’ll cross that bridge when I get to it.” She puckered her lips, asking for a kiss, and you gave it to her. “Now we need to get moving. Take me to the shower, baby. I think I want to pamper and be pampered.”

“Yes, ma’am,” you said with a smile.

The two of you ended up needing to take an Uber instead of the bus because of your time in the shower, but by the end of it, you were both feeling invigorated for the day. You hadn’t seen hide nor hair of Mosche, but that wasn’t unusual in the morning. Part of you hoped that he would take Sabrina’s grilling to heart and actually do something about his crash-and-burning relationship with Tasha, but another part of you expected that this might go on longer than was healthy and Tasha would need to be the one to end things. Based on how Mosche would be acting, you had a feeling he would end up being heartbroken and maybe blame her rather than accepting his own issues.

You entered the court building and found Gemma and Eric already there, and Eric had bought the coffees that morning for the four of you. Gemma gave you and Sabrina a knowing look when she saw your hair was still a little wet, and you gave her a little smirk and a chuckle as you pulled her in for a good morning peck on the lips.

Garrison and his associate team arrived shortly after, and you all headed in together and up to Court Six. The judge started things promptly on time, got the session started, and Garrison called his next witness.

Eric was bobbing his head, trying to stay awake, two hours in. Sabrina was tapping her foot in an uneven rhythm, trying to do the same, while you had cracked your knuckles a half dozen times and were sitting on the edge of your chair. You felt like all that energy you’d had was getting sucked out of you by the stuffy room and the slow, methodical way that Garrison was outlining his case.

Gemma was the only one of you not struggling with energy, and you had a feeling she’d had a good night’s sleep compared to the rest of you.

At 11:00 AM the judge called a brief recess, just ten minutes, and the four of you quickly left the courtroom and stretched as you were trying to wake your bodies up again. Garrison and one of his associates came out as well, heading for the washrooms.

Eric decided to hit the snack machines again, which left you with your girlfriends.

“OK,” Gemma said. “You both sounded really cryptic in your goodnight texts. What happened last night?”

Sabrina shot you a ‘*Told you so*’ sort of look, then took Gemma’s hand and led her a little deeper into the building until you found a niche inset from the wall with a ‘Staff Only’ door within

it. Using that to shelter yourselves a little from the passersby, Sabrina gave Gemma a quick rundown of what had happened at your apartment.

Gemma, for her part, gave you a series of unimpressed and frustrated looks but wasn't as peeved at you.

"I'm sorry for not telling you too, baby," you said, taking her hand and squeezing it. "And I hope you know I wouldn't actively think to encourage someone to cheat. I'm sorry for setting myself up in that position."

"Oh, John," she sighed. Then she pulled you into a hug and kissed your cheek. "I get where you were coming from, and I don't blame you. I was pretty shocked about Tasha too until we heard her side of things."

Sabrina tutted.

"What?" Gemma asked, pulling back from me.

"I was just thinking that if you'd been more mad at him, you would have gotten some makeup sex too," Sabrina smirked.

That had Gemma rolling her eyes and snorting, and you couldn't help but chuckle a little and pull your brunette girlfriend into your arms for a hug as well.

"Still, just to be clear," Gemma said once the three of you were standing close together again. "If either of you were to actually cheat, or be OK with someone cheating, I won't stand for it. I'll be done. Understand?"

"Understood," you said. "And it will never happen."

"I understand absolutely," Sabrina nodded. "But, and this is just a hypothetical, what if one of us becomes a divorce lawyer? Does that count as 'being OK with it' if we represent a cheater?"

Gemma smirked a little. "Only if you sing their praises and make excuses for them," she said. "We're going to be lawyers, baby. We aren't who we represent."

"In that case, are we still super excited to be in court for the week?" you asked.

They both gave you looks that said they were seriously reconsidering their position on thinking this whole week was a reward.

"Great, we're all in alignment," you said. "Let's head back."

Chapter 373

The last stint for the morning saw Garrison wrapping up his case. This was a little more interesting because it featured the memo that you and the girls had found during your week of sorting documents in the conference room. You had to stifle your smile and chuckle a little as you remembered just what the three of you had been doing a half hour before you found it.

That seemed to be the only highlight though, and even that Garrison somehow managed to introduce into evidence without any fanfare or big shocks from the lawyers for the defence. Some of the time you wondered if the judge was even awake.

Garrison wrapped up his case around 12:30, and the Judge was awake enough to call an hour and a half lunch. When you all came back, it would be the defence's turn to start their rebuttal.

The four of you interns were gathered up with Garrison and the associates outside in the hall. "Let's meet downstairs in about ten minutes," he said. "I'll call in a reservation for us all. Lunch will be on the firm today and we'll go over the case with you four."

The associates didn't seem particularly happy to be sharing lunch with you lowly interns but didn't seem particularly put out by it either. You all broke up to go to the washrooms before meeting downstairs. After hitting the head and washing up, you headed down the corridor towards the main atrium area and started down the ramp. Looking out over the main floor at the big mosaic pattern in the circular, brightly lit area you spotted Eric already waiting, doing something on his phone as he stood alone.

Then you saw trouble like a stormcloud rolling in.

You wanted to call out to Eric, give him some sort of warning, but that would just draw attention. Quickly pulling out your phone, you called him. You watched Eric react as his phone started buzzing in his hand, then frown as he saw it was you calling him. He answered the phone. "John?"

"Eric, turn left. Do not look right," you said.

"What?" he said loudly and looked right.

You could tell the moment they made eye contact. Eric locked gazes with DeezChains about fifteen paces away from each other.

"Fuck," you said.

"Fuck," Eric replied through the phone.

“Fucker!” DeezChains said loudly, almost in a surprised shout. Then he pointed right at Eric and broke away from the small group of people he was with. One of them was the smarmy friend you remembered sitting with him at the club, and another one looked a hell of a lot like a bouncer or bodyguard. The last one, suited up, was probably his agent or lawyer. All three of them were confused for a moment as their man stormed off seemingly at random.

“Eric I’m coming, just don’t engage,” you said and hung up.

You didn’t exactly sprint, but you walked *really, really quickly* down the ramp from the second floor, circling around the whole atrium to try and get there. You quickly called Gemma, who was higher on the speed dial simply due to alphabetical listing. She didn’t pick up, so you called Sabrina.

“Hey, what’s-”

“Stay up there,” you said quickly. “The DeezChains guy is here and confronting Eric. Don’t let Gemma come down here.” You hung up without waiting for an answer as you hit the bottom of the ramp and rushed through the busy area towards the sound of loud voices.

“I’ll fucking sue you into the ground right here, you little prick,” DeezChains was growling loudly. “You fuckin’ wanna be. You’ve got nothing, you are nothing. Just some hatchet job waiting to fuckin’ happen.” He was acting about as gangsta as you expected, his friend and his bodyguard ‘holding him back’ from Eric. The lawyer had gotten between them.

“What the hell is your problem, you fake-ass beta,” Eric was saying, pointing over the lawyer’s shoulder. He wasn’t quite as loud as DeezChains, but he wasn’t quiet and the growing crowd could definitely hear him. And record him. “You got a problem with me, you scumbag? You dodge every interview and bullshit your excuses for being a pussy who can’t even rizz a girl on your own. You’re so fake and the entire goddamn internet knows it now.”

You made it through the clustering crowd and stepped between Eric and the lawyer, pressing Eric back and away from the confrontation. “We gotta go, dude,” you said. “Eric, just let him look like the crazy person. We need to go.”

“Look at this little bitch, running away to mommy,” DeezChains called. “Wait a fucking second, that’s the fucking guy! That’s the guy! Hey, you ghetto-ass punk, I’m talking to you now. I’m gonna tear you a new fucking asshole and you’ll shit out money with how big the lawsuit is going to be. You fucking weak-ass, cock-breathed little nothing! Let me at him, he can’t do *shit*.”

You knew he was talking to, or at, or at least about you now, but you didn’t particularly care as Eric let you push him towards the edge of the crowd. The last fucking thing you needed was to escalate the situation.

Then, like magic, Gemma appeared at the edge of the crowd right where you were directing Eric. She took one look at you, and at DeezChains, and she rolled her eyes and shot a double middle finger in his direction.

There was a squeak of shoes on the tile and you looked over your shoulder to see that DeezChains and pressed between his friend and bodyguard and was rushing in your direction. "That's the fuckin' bitch!" he shouted. "That's her! Kongo, fuckin' do a citizens arrest on the blonde cunt right fucking there! She's the fuckin' ringleader in the whole fuckin' thing. I'm gonna fucking own you like a fuckin' pimped-out whore when I'm done with you."

You could suffer insults to yourself just fine. You could even get over the insults to Eric as your friend, or even Gemma as your girlfriend since she could handle herself just fine in a shit-talk-off.

There was no way in hell you were letting either of those guys put a hand on Gemma.

You gave Eric one final little shove and pivoted. "Hey, dickweed," you said loudly. "Go fuck yourself, your shitty music, your failed internet career, and your harassing-ass inability to talk to a woman with any respect. Get the fuck out of here and leave us alone."

DeezChains had made it halfway to Gemma and you stepped right in his way as you were talking. He lunged for you, cocking his fist back. Behind him, trying to shove through the crowd, you could see uniformed bailiffs trying to get to the confrontation.

You didn't try to block the incoming punch. You stuck your chin out and grit your teeth, preparing to take the punch. It would hurt, but it would seal the deal in whatever came after this.

His first came forward. His lawyer was shouting, trying to get him to stop. His bodyguard was trying to grab him and pull him back, but wasn't going to be successful.

You lurched sideways as you got shoved, out of the way of the punch.

But the punch did hit something.

Or someone.

Chapter 374

You and Eric were sitting next to each other on a bench. You were fine. Eric had an icepack from an EMS first responder over his cheek and eye.

Two bailiffs were talking with Garrison and DeezChains' lawyer. Garrison was red in the face and stabbing his finger in the air at the other lawyer, more animated than you'd seen him over the last two days of the trial. Behind them, at the edge of the slowly diminishing crowd, you could see Gemma and Sabrina along with the two associates, waiting for the chance to come to you. Several more bailiffs were keeping the crowd back.

DeezChains' bodyguard was on his ass in handcuffs. The friend had disappeared. DeezChains had already been hauled off, shouting and cursing, and then screaming for help because of 'police brutality.' He was probably somewhere in a holding cell in the back of the building.

"So how many interviews and podcast appearances do you think you're going to get off of this?" you asked Eric quietly.

He chuckled and then groaned. "A lot," he said.

"Thanks for the save," you said.

"Well, you were trying to save me first," he said. "And it's not like you would have put a black eye to better use than I will."

"Still, thanks," you said.

"No problem," he said and offered you his knuckles. You tapped them with your own, and you waited.

Eventually, DeezChains' lawyer stormed off, and Garrison calmed down as he exchanged a few more words with the bailiffs. Then the bailiffs left, and Garrison came to you.

"Well," he said. "I should probably fire you two, but at least you managed to cause problems outside of the view of the judge." He'd already gotten your side of the story.

"I think we'd both appreciate keeping our jobs, sir," you said.

Garrison shook his head and sighed.

"Did you happen to find out why he was even here?" you asked.

"A different lawsuit, probably as frivolous as the one that pondscum lawyer of his was trying to drum up against you two," Garrison said. "There won't be one coming from them on this, I made

damn sure that asshat knew what would happen if he tried it. His client is getting charges pressed on him anyway, and he isn't a criminal defence lawyer so he'll probably fade away into the mists to leech off of some other person with more cash than good sense."

"Are either of us going to need to testify?" Eric asked.

"Probably not," Garrison said and gestured around. "This whole place is wired with security cameras. It's likely caught in five different angles, and you two were de-escalating as much as reasonably possible. You'll probably have a chance to do a victim statement if you want though, Eric."

Eric snorted and smirked. "Yes, please." You could tell that would just be more fodder for his burgeoning internet personality career.

"What's the next step then, sir?" you asked.

"If you're good to walk, Eric, we head for lunch. We'll be pressed for time now so we'll need to make it quick. You can head home if you'd like instead though Eric, and the firm will cover the ride."

"I'll stay," Eric said after a moment, and you nodded thinking he'd made the right choice. He pulled the ice pack from his face. His eyes weren't too badly swollen, but the bruising was already starting to come in.

"Alright, good man," Garrison said and patted him on the shoulder. "We'll get moving in five minutes. I'll let the ladies come talk to you in private."

Garrison stepped away, and with a silent nod gave permission for Sabrina and Gemma to come over. They didn't exactly rush, holding their dignity, but they were quickly sitting on either side of you and Eric. Each of them was speaking in a rush, Gemma quietly scolding you for getting involved and apologising for making it worse and thinking you were a hero for helping Eric. Sabrina, meanwhile, was thanking Eric for saving you, scolding him for getting in trouble, telling him to keep the ice pack on his face, and suggesting he should take a picture and tell Lucy if he wants to impress her. Then they switched sides, seemingly without communicating it, and you had Sabrina fussing over you while Gemma fussed over Eric.

Eventually, you cleared your throat loud enough that they both went quiet, and you chuckled softly. "I love you both, but you're being a *little* overwhelming right now."

"I dunno, I kinda like it," Eric smirked.

"Come on," you said. "Garrison still wants to try and get to lunch."

The four of you stood, which was a signal for Garrison and the associates, and you followed them out of the courthouse.

Lunch ended up being at a local pub-like place that seemed to be a hotspot for lawyers and other workers at the courthouse, but they had a pair of tables pushed together and reserved for you even though you came in late. A bunch of people in the crowd were staring at you and Eric as you walked in and had clearly been witnesses to the confrontation.

Once you were all sitting down, Sabrina and Gemma manoeuvring to sit on either side of you at the end of the table, Garrison declared that since you needed to eat quickly he'd hold off on the trial recap talk. "Besides, I'm not sure Eric could hear me over the ringing in his ears."

"What?" Eric said, playing along.

Garrison smirked and shook his head. "We'll do the recap at the end of the week. I expect the defence will take up the afternoon and into tomorrow, and then the Judge will dismiss us to consider the case and make a ruling. That may not come out for a couple of weeks, so you guys should expect to be back in the office on Thursday. We'll do the recap then."

Further discussion was interrupted by the waitress coming by, and you noticed Garrison talking with her quietly and slipping her some cash. You had a feeling you'd be getting rush service from the kitchen. There wasn't exactly a ton of privacy even at the end of the table, so you, Gemma and Sabrina tried to just make it a normal lunch and make small talk with everyone. Your food was delivered quickly and you all dug in, Eric a little less zealously since his black eye was coming in strong now. Gemma ended up offering him an Ibuprofen from her purse, which he readily accepted.

Lunch finished quickly and you all rushed back to the courthouse and up to Court Six just in time for the judge to call the trial back to order and the defence to start their case.

If you'd held out any hopes that the Defense would be a little more enthusiastic or dramatic, you were wrong. Other than a fifteen-minute recess where you treated Eric to the snack machine in thanks for his taking the hit for you, the afternoon dragged on, and on, and on. By the end, when the judge called a halt for the day and the lawyers packed up and prepared to head out, you were seriously questioning whether you would ever consider corporate law as a speciality no matter how well it might pay.

Chapter 375

Sabrina needed to head home for new clothes and to talk with her neighbour Alita. She planned to do that over a bottle of wine for the night, so that left you and Gemma alone and you quickly agreed to head to her place. Neither of you particularly wanted to spend time with Mosche at the moment considering the tension going on, so you texted him that he could have the leftover lasagna that was in the fridge. He just sent back a thumbs-up emoji, and you held off from asking if he'd talked to Tasha yet.

You and Gemma rode the bus to her place, which took longer than Uber would but was definitely less expensive. It also gave you time to decompress a little, sitting next to each other and holding hands as you talked about little things. Every once in a while Gemma would look at you and you would lean in and give her a little kiss, making her smile.

Once you made it to her place you found it empty. No Lucy, no Becca, no Charlotte.

"Love," Gemma said, taking your hand. "Can we talk for a minute?"

"Of course," you said. She headed for the living room and you followed her, sitting down next to your girlfriend on the couch.

Gemma smiled softly, then took your hands in hers. "I'm sorry," she said.

"For what?"

"I... made things worse today," she said. "I saw you tried calling me, and Sabrina told me you warned her not to let me come down there. I missed your call because my phone was in my purse and I was walking and didn't hear it. But when I saw what was going on I should have just trusted you were handling it. So I'm sorry."

"Oh, Gemma," you groaned, leaning into her and softly tackling her down so you were both lying on the couch. "Thank you, but it's OK. That freak deserved a couple of middle fingers, and you deserved to shoot them at him."

"Still, I shouldn't have done it," she said, hugging you back and running her fingers through your hair. Your cheek was pressed against her upper chest and you kissed her through her blouse.

"I forgive you," you said.

"Thank you," she said.

The two of you held each other for a bit, just breathing and being together, until you grinned a little.

"You're thinking of the time we had sex out here, aren't you," Gemma chuckled.

"Maybe," you said.

"We're not doing that again," Gemma said. "We don't know when Lucy will get here, and it's not fair to her to do that."

"So we don't care about Becca or Charlotte?"

"Not really," Gemma said. "If it was both of them they'd probably just start getting frisky themselves."

"Mmm, a lesbian show would be pretty hot," you mumbled.

"You get to see me and Sabrina together all the time, it can't be that big a deal to you now."

"Well, it would be two different ladies, wouldn't it?"

"Fair," Gemma laughed. "OK. Let's get up. I want to get changed, and before I put on new clothes I want you to kiss every inch of my body."

"Gladly," you grinned, and you were quickly up and rushing for her room.

An hour later, Gemma was dressed in a simple t-shirt and cotton shorts, and you were wearing a t-shirt of your own and some athletic shorts. Gemma had a couple of fresh hickies hidden under her shirt on the underside of her breasts, and she'd paid you back with one just under your own nipple as she'd giggled. The sex had been more playful than anything, and now you'd migrated back out of the room and fixed up a basic snack of nacho chips with melted cheese on them as you snuggled up on the couch and surfed through Netflix looking for something to watch.

"What's up, bitches," Becca said as she came in the front door. She kicked off her boots and came towards the living room. "Oh, sorry. I thought it was you and Charlotte. I guess I mean to say, 'What's up, bitch and bastard!'"

You snorted softly and shook your head. "Hey, Becca."

Gemma lifted the plate of half-finished nachos towards her and Becca came in and pulled a couple of chips off of it. "Mmmf, cheeeese," she groaned. Once she swallowed she sighed. "You two are bad for my diet."

"You're not *on* a diet," Gemma said. "In fact, you gave me shit about considering one so that I'd be bikini-ready when I go back home."

“OK, well, you’d be bad for my diet if I was on one,” Becca clarified. “And bitch, you are already bikini-ready so don’t give me that crap. Anyways, did I miss the sex show already or am I just in time?”

“Ha, ha, ha,” you laughed dryly.

“We aren’t putting on another show out here,” Gemma smirked.

“So you’re saying there *will* be a show,” Becca laughed. “M’kay. What’s the dinner plan, children? Is Mama Becca in charge, or are you planning on snacking yourself into sustenance?”

You and Gemma ended up getting up and helping to throw together dinner, then ate with Becca and hung out for a couple of hours. Becca, when you weren’t running into her in sexual situations, was just a fun person to be around. It turned out that Charlotte had gone on an overnight trip for work at the last minute, and only remembered to text Becca about it around 9:30 PM. Becca finished the call just in time for the door to the apartment to open.

“Come on,” Lucy said. “No one should be around.”

“OK, OK,” Eric said. “Let’s just keep it down, OK? Your roommates always give me looks when we- Oh.”

Eric had kicked off his shoes and came out of the little entryway to see you, Gemma and Becca sitting in the living room. He was wearing what you could only guess were some of his ‘date clothes’, a flamboyant patterned shirt and nice slacks.

“Hey, Eric,” you said. “The black eye is coming in nicely.”

He smirked a little, reaching up and touching it gently. “Yeah. Stings like a bitch still but it should be fine.”

“Ugh,” Lucy said as she came around Eric and saw us. She immediately grabbed Eric’s hand and pulled him towards her room. “Come on, baby. You need a Hero’s reward.”

Becca groaned lightly as Eric smiled and followed Lucy. “Great,” she said. “Another night of *that*.”

“We should go to bed,” Gemma said, looking at you pointedly.

“Um, OK,” you said.

“Wait, I want to know what the black eye thing was about,” Becca said.

“*Oh, baby. You’re so hot,*” Lucy’s voice came loudly through the wall.

“We’ll tell you in my room,” Gemma sighed.

“*Yes baby, take it off!*”

“Alright, I get it now,” you said as the three of you stood to move out of the living room. The walls were *not* thick enough to handle that.

Chapter 376

“Jesus H. Christo,” Becca said extravagantly once you and Gemma had gotten her up to date on the DeezChains saga. “Alright, so you had one full fucking day.”

“More like a very climactic lunch,” you said. “The rest of the day was pretty boring.”

“Fall-asleep-sitting-up boring,” Gemma said.

“Well, I can’t help you with that,” Becca chuckled. She was sitting on Gemma’s desk chair while you and Gemma were on the bed. “You two chose your punishment with this internship.”

“And it’s paying dividends,” Gemma said. “Mentorship, even if the cases are boring, is invaluable at this stage of the game for us.”

Becca waved dismissively in a way that was more about her not getting it than that she didn’t care. “Well, I’m happy for you. And I’ll miss the hell out of you in a month. And you too, John.”

“We’ll miss you too,” Gemma smiled, getting up and going to Becca to hug her. “Seriously, Becca. You are an easy third place for the best person I’ve met in America. I’m going to miss having you around so much.”

“Great, third place,” Becca said deadpan, shooting you a silly look over Gemma’s shoulder.

“Hey, it’s not my fault I fell in love with numbers one and two,” Gemma grinned as she let go of the slightly older woman.

“That’s fair, I guess,” Becca chuckled, then sat back down as Gemma returned to sit by your side. “So... are you two gonna fuck now? Cause I think I was promised dinner and a show.”

You and Gemma chuckled. Becca chuckled but raised her eyebrows.

“No, seriously,” Becca said. “Charlotte isn’t here, and I don’t want to spend time hearing the echoes of you two making love and Lucy doing her succubus act to Eric. I wouldn’t mind getting kinda kinky with you guys again if you’re down. I could watch, or maybe if it’s cool I could... you know...”

Gemma turned and looked into your eyes for a long moment before turning back to Becca. “Not a threesome,” she said. “That’s not a definite forever no, though. We just need to talk about it with Sabrina. But you can stay and watch if you want.”

Becca broke into a grin. “Really? I mean, I know I’m kinda asking for it, but I wasn’t anywhere near sure you’d say yes.”

“Go get whatever toy you want to use on yourself,” Gemma said. “Then get your naked ass back in here.”

Becca barked a laugh. “Yes, Mistress Gemma. Anything you say, Mistress Gemma.” She got up and left the room, her hips swaying a little more than usual.

Gemma turned to you immediately. “I read that right, right?” she asked. “You’re OK with it?”

“Of course,” you said, leaning in to kiss her softly. “We’ve done it before, Becca is hot and the situation is hot. Plus, I can’t subject her to listening to the Echoes of Eric.”

Gemma snorted and grinned, then kissed you more firmly. “I plan on making it worth the price of her admission,” she said. “But we aren’t touching her, OK?”

“I’m on board,” you agreed.

Becca came back a minute later, striding in confidently even though she was completely naked. Her short hair with the boyish cut gave her a certain sort of androgynous look even though she was pretty, but her body just didn’t play that out. Her breasts were nice and plump with a bit of jiggle as she walked, and while her hips weren’t as curvacious as Gemma they were still there. She’d grown out a bit of a bush since the last time you’d seen her naked, though it was neatly trimmed. She came in wielding a dildo in one hand, a pink and purple thing that wobbled in her fist.

“You can take the chair if you want,” Gemma said. “Or you can join us on the bed. But seriously, no touching either of us for tonight, OK?”

Becca pursed her lips and blew out a breath. “Shit, you’re tempting me,” she chuckled. Then she hopped up on the end of the bed.

“Good,” Gemma said with a smirk. “All the better to tease you.” Then she turned and kissed you firmly, and soon your blonde girlfriend had you pushed onto your back as she straddled your waist and made out with you.

For a long time, you didn’t have much of a view other than Gemma’s face and hair as she slowly dry-humped on you. Kissing Gemma was always going to be a favourite pastime of yours, but you knew she was extending it out just to tease Becca.

Finally, she sat back up and smiled down at you, tugging at your shirt lightly.

Things progressed from there as you both slowly shed clothes, and Becca watched silently from the end of the bed. Then Gemma had you sit on the edge and she got down on her knees on the floor and started blowing you. Becca was playing with her dildo as she watched, teasing it between her tits and then starting to suck on the head.

“You are such a little cuckquean,” Gemma giggled when she noticed what Becca was doing.

“Am not,” Becca said. “I’m a voyeur, if anything. I’d be a cuckquean if he was *my* boyfriend.”

“Fine. You’re a pervy voyeur,” Gemma said. She climbed back up on the bed and straddled your waist, groaning as she sat down on your cock. Then she looked over at Becca. “Well? Are you going to copy me or not?”

Becca guffawed a little, but bit the tip of her tongue and then adjusted how she was sitting. She set the base of the dildo on the bed and blew out a long breath as she gave you and Gemma a clear look at her pussy as she teased the dildo between her lips before sitting down on it as well.

“Good,” Gemma said. “Now keep up and do as I do.” She started to grind on me.

Gemma put Becca through her paces and seemed to do it with the express goal of giving you a show of the other woman. Doggy style had you looking at Becca’s ass as she pumped the dildo into herself and watched you in the mirror. Missionary had Becca spreading her legs wide, letting you see how slick she was as she pumped her cunt with the dildo at the same fast, steady speed you were fucking your girlfriend.

Gemma came first, but Becca came soon after. Then Gemma mounted you in cowgirl but leaned back away from you. This was one of her favourite positions because your cock could glance up across her g-spot, and it gave you an open view of her pussy stuffed with your cock and her tits bouncing as she used her hips. Becca copied the pose, and you were seeing double as you groaned and panted.

“Come all over my stomach, love,” Gemma groaned. “You know I love it inside, but let Becca see.”

“Fuuuck,” you grunted, and she pulled up a little higher and you popped out. You quickly stroked your cock, pointing it at her, and Becca watched as you erupted thick strands of cum across Gemma’s torso.

“Holy fuck,” Becca groaned as she lost her balance and fell back on her ass. She quickly grabbed the dildo that was still half in her. “I’m gonna cooome,” she moaned softly, pumping herself hard, and then she grunted softly and her body tensed as she came with a hard exhale, and then a looser one as she rode it out.

Gemma was grinning at you and shaking her head at the wildness of everything. You got up and fetched her some paper towel so she could wipe up her stomach. Then she grabbed her phone and you wondered if she was going to take a photo of Becca. She was lying on her back, her

legs spread wide as she breathed deeply, the dildo still not having fallen out of her. It was pretty as lewd a scene as you could get without it just being fucking.

Instead, though, she made a call.

“Hey, baby,” she said, obviously talking to Sabrina. “We ended up giving Becca a show, but no physical touching. Do you mind if she sleeps with us tonight? Like, just sleep-sleep. OK, great. Love you. John does too.” She hung up and looked at me. “Sabrina says we should snuggle her good and proper.”

“Come on, Becca,” you said, patting her foot and then pulling on it.

“What?” she asked.

“Come here,” you said. She let you pull her up the bed by her knees, and then you got her turned around and lifted the covers. Soon she was in between you and Gemma as the middle spoon, your softening cock pressed against her meaty ass cheek and her tits pressed to Gemma’s back.

“Fuck,” she sighed. “You guys do this every night?”

“Every one we can,” you smiled, thankful that you’d remembered to turn off the lights before slipping under the covers.

“I could get used to this,” she mumbled softly.

“Just gotta find the right guy for you and Char,” Gemma said, tugging Becca’s arm around to hug her more. “Now just lay back and enjoy.”

“This might be the best sleep I get in a while,” Becca laughed softly.

Chapter 377

“Well, this just isn’t fair.”

“What isn’t fair?” Gemma asked.

You were slowly waking up and felt the deliciously warm body you were spooning up against wriggle a little.

“He’s got morning wood and I can feel it pressed up against my ass,” Becca mumbled, and you could hear the smirk on her lips. Your arms were both wrapped around her, holding her around the stomach. “Do you know how long it’s been since I had some good morning sex? This should be against the Geneva Convention.”

“You and Charlotte don’t bang it out in the mornings once in a while?” Gemma asked with a soft chuckle. She was still spooned up in front of Becca and you could feel her back against your arms.

“Char is even less of a morning person than I am,” Becca said.

“That explains why you’re so flirty with him in the morning,” Gemma said.

“Maybe it does,” Becca laughed.

You were smiling and shifted a little tighter against her, hugging her to you as you buried your nose in the back of her short hair. Then you started slowly humping against her, your cock grinding against her meaty ass cheek.

“Oh, fuck off,” Becca sighed in exasperation.

“What?” Gemma asked.

“He’s awake and dry humping me,” Becca said, then turned her head. “You fucking tease!”

You chuckled warmly and kept humping at her. It wasn’t nearly as pleasurable as actually fucking, but it was fun and naughty and she wiggled her ass back against you.

“Here,” Gemma said. “Hold these.”

You felt Becca’s arms move slightly.

“Ugh, you too? God, you have great tits, Gemma,” Becca sighed.

If tits were on the menu, you weren't going to pass up the chance, so you slid one hand up and grabbed one of Becca's. It was 'medium' sized, or maybe a little smaller than that, though your experience was admittedly skewed considering your base standards were Gemma and Sabrina. But a tit was a tit and Becca's suited her body shape. You found her nipple between your fore and middle finger and squeezed it lightly as you massaged her breast.

"Gemma," Becca groaned. "Your boyfriend is groping me now too."

"Well, you're groping me," Gemma giggled. "John, love, take some pity on her. Get her off with your fingers."

"Really?" Becca asked even as your other hand slid down from her soft stomach to her mound, tracing through her trimmed pubes and then wriggling between her thighs. She was even warmer down there and your fingers quickly started stroking her smooth pussy lips and dipping between them to find her natural lubricants already starting to get her a little wet.

"Mhmm," Gemma nodded. "Of course, you need to put in some work, too." One of Becca's arms shifted again and you knew that Gemma had directed it down to her own pussy.

You continued to dry hump against Becca's ass as you fingered her, and she fingered Gemma. The three of you went quiet for a bit except for little groans and exhales of pleasure. Your humping finally got your cock caught more between Becca's ass cheeks and you used them to hotdog it more firmly, getting more stimulation.

"Fuck, this is hot," Becca moaned. "I'm getting close."

"Don't forget about me," Gemma groaned.

Becca came on your fingers with a long, quiet sigh as she twitched her hips and pressed her ass back at you. You'd ended up with two fingers in her, feeling her squeeze them as her thighs kept your hand trapped and you continued massaging her breast. When she was done you pulled your fingers out and just pressed them against her pubic mound and held her there.

"Stroke him," Gemma ordered her.

Becca reached back and got a hand on your cock, and it didn't take long for both you and Gemma to get close as well. You went first, grunting as Becca squeezed you while you fucked her hand and you erupted across her back as you pressed your face into her hair, and hearing you go off put Gemma over the edge as well.

The three of you caught your breaths as your hearts slowed, and soon you were all grinning and chuckling.

“Jesus, that’s one thing I wasn’t considering,” Becca laughed as she sat up, the sheets finally falling off and revealing her naked form in the dark. “I forgot how fucking *messy* that is.”

All three of you needed to get up for work, so you headed to the shower together. There was some light grabass, and it was decidedly fun to finally have a chance to squeeze and palm Becca’s ass after so many times of her teasing you with it. She didn’t hold back either, getting her hands on your cock and butt just as much as she had fun groping Gemma. Once you were all cleaned up and towelling down, Gemma leaned against the counter. “So, just to be clear Becca, I’m OK with you getting handsy with John a bit, or you letting John get handsy with you, so from now on if you’re going to tease him you better expect him to take advantage,” she said. “But last night and this morning aren’t an open invitation. We’re going to need to double-check that this morning was OK with Sabrina.”

“Totally understood,” Becca agreed, then smirked at Gemma. “Is he the only one I can get handsy with?”

“Snuggles only with me,” Gemma smirked, rolling her eyes at Becca. “No just grabbing my tits willy-nilly. You’ve got Charlotte for that. You can keep sending him nudes though, I know Sabrina loves getting him off while flipping through naked pictures of the hot ladies we know.”

Becca fake scoffed, pressing a hand to her chest in ‘shock.’ “Are you telling me I’m not the only one exposing myself to you, you dastardly bastard?” she asked you, affecting a terrible British accent.

“You’re the only one with an open invitation from Gemma to get handsy with me if that counts for anything,” you chuckled.

She grinned, scrunching her nose as she stepped closer to you and grabbed both your half-stiff cock and your balls with both hands lightly. “I guess that’s one way to convince a lady she’s special,” she smirked.

Gemma gave Becca a smack on the ass. “Don’t you go getting him hard and leaving him unsatisfied,” she said.

“So I can play?” Becca asked.

“We have work, you horndog,” Gemma laughed.

“Fine, fine, be all *reasonable* then,” Becca laughed, giving you a wink and your cock a squeeze before letting go. Then she turned away from you and leaned forward a bit, looking back over her shoulder as she wagged her butt in your direction. You chuckled and gave it a smack.

As Becca went to the sink, Gemma came to you and pressed herself against your front, her bare breasts squeezed to your sternum as she pulled you down to kiss her deeply.

“What happened to not getting him hard again?” Becca teased.

“I’ll be the one relieving it later,” Gemma replied, then turned back to you and bit her lower lip as her big eyes looked up at you and she grinned. “And I can’t help it. I love him.”

Chapter 378

“So this is nice,” Eric said, looking around the kitchen table.

Lucy very clearly disagreed based on her expression of discomfort.

The five of you were sitting around the table. It hadn't been a big 'make breakfast for everyone' event like you probably would have done on a weekend. Instead, you all just happened to hit the kitchen at the same time as you scrambled to get ready for work.

“How's your eye feeling?” you asked Eric.

“Tender, and I can't figure out if it feels better to keep it open or closed,” he said. “But we're in court again so maybe I can just fall asleep with it half-open and find the right balance.”

Gemma snorted a chuckle. “I don't know what's worse, the idea of today being as boring as it promises, or it being as chaotic as yesterday.”

“Says the girl who got him punched to begin with,” Lucy muttered.

“Lucy!” Becca scolded.

“It wasn't Gemma's fault,” Eric said.

“Well, I did aggravate the situation,” Gemma said. “But I'm definitely not the *reason*.”

“How about we all just agree that Eric is awesome?” you suggested. “He took a punch for me and I appreciate that a lot. So thank you again.”

“You're welcome,” Eric said.

“Have you reached out to the podcasts to let them know and book some appearances?” you asked.

“Wait, what podcasts?” Becca asked.

“Mm,” Eric hummed, pulling his spoon out of his mouth. “I haven't, Garrison said if I did that right away he wouldn't represent me if we pursue anything. I have to talk to him first. And when this stuff first started I did a bunch of appearances on podcasts because DeezChains was a popular influencer. Do you know about the Man'o'sphere?”

“No,” Becca said, and you could see a trickster glint in her eye as she leaned forward. “Tell me all about it.”

Lucy ended up pulling Eric from the table in exasperation. Becca had just kept asking questions, stopping herself from refuting the various wild statistics that Eric had been spouting. She shot you and Gemma a look that said '*I'm not done with this,*' but the three of you also needed to get moving.

Taking the bus to work with Gemma *and* Eric was a bit weird. You were colleagues so it felt like you should sit with each other, but you kind of just wanted time with Gemma. Still, Eric *had* taken a punch for you on top of everything else, so you spent the ride talking with him and Gemma about anything other than his man'o'sphere stuff.

At one point Gemma pivoted the conversation back to Lucy. "So, Eric, I'm just curious - are you and Lucy in a relationship now, or is it still something less firm?"

"I think it's a situationship now?" Eric hedged. "Like, we aren't *together*. And definitely not boyfriend/girlfriend."

"Are you exclusive?" you asked.

"No," he chuckled.

"OK, good," Gemma sighed. "Because I'm pretty sure she's gone out a couple of times and it wasn't with you."

"Well, maybe I've been going out too," Eric shrugged.

"Have you?" you asked.

"Maybe," he replied. You had a feeling he hadn't.

"As long as you're happy with where you're at, that's all we care about," Gemma said. "You know Sabrina and I are willing to talk you through more dating stuff."

"Hey," you said.

"So if John," Gemma smirked as she looked at you.

"I think my success rate speaks for itself here," you pointed out.

"OK, that's fair," Gemma grinned, then looked back at Eric. "Sabrina and I can help you try and figure out what's going on in a woman's mind and how to attract them, John can help you with keeping them and making them very happy."

Eric nodded and frowned for a moment before leaning in. "Do you have, uh, any tricks and tips for... y'know?"

You clenched your jaw for a moment without breaking your mild smile, glancing at Gemma as she shot you a *'you asked for it!'* look with a laugh stuck behind her eyes. "I don't know, Eric," you said. "Tips and tricks for what?"

"Getting Lucy to have some, like, normal sex that doesn't include her being weirdly loud like she wants everyone to hear?" Eric asked.

Gemma couldn't control her laugh and covered it with a cough into her elbow.

"Well, you could talk to her about it," you said. Eric made a face. "Or you could try a ball gag."

Eric liked that idea a lot more and you had to dodge several questions about gags - ball and otherwise - for the rest of the ride to the courthouse. When you got there you split off from the others to go grab coffees for everyone, and when you got back Sabrina met you with a happy kiss good morning.

Garrison and the Associates showed up right on time thanks to their town car driver, and the four of you followed them into the court without any issues though Eric did get some looks from the security guards with his eye. You were sure it wasn't the first or the last time they'd see someone coming to court looking less than presentable, but you had to admit Eric looked particularly rough if only because of the black and blue swelling due to its freshness.

The four of you sat in the back of the gallery this time as you waited for the Judge to make his entrance, and Sabrina grabbed your hand and squeezed it as she leaned in to whisper to you.

"How was this morning?" she asked.

"Fun," you said. "Did Gemma tell you everything?"

Sabrina nodded with a little smile. "I'm good with it. Becca is on the approved list from my end, it's just Gemma holding back."

"I know," you said and resisted the urge to lean in and kiss her. The three of you still hadn't figured out whether it was worth reporting the relationship to HR, and with only a bit over a month left to go, it felt like it might cause more problems than not opening up the Polyamory can at work.

Sabrina gave you a smile that said she knew what you were thinking and wanted and agreed. "We'll talk at the break," she said, squeezing your hand since she could hold it well out of view of Garrison and the associates.

"OK," you said and winked. She winked back.

When you looked to your right, Gemma was smiling a little at you and she gestured with her eyes to her other side at Eric.

He was sitting up straight, just slightly leaning back in his chair, and his eyes were mostly closed while his breathing was shallow and steady.

“Is he?” you asked quietly.

“I think so,” Gemma snickered.

Sabrina noticed what was going on and snorted. “Poor Eric,” she said. “Worn out by your crazy ex.”

That made you flush and need to cover your mouth to stop from laughing and drawing attention.

Chapter 379

By the time the morning break came around, you and your fellow interns were all fighting the urge to take a nap. The courtroom was particularly warm and stuffy that morning and the case the defence was mounting was still as slow and plodding as Garrison had made his. Apparently, both teams of lawyers were working from the same playbook.

As the judge set out the morning recess break and you were all able to stand, Garrison motioned to you from the plaintiff bench and you held the others back from leaving the courtroom as he came over after speaking briefly with his associates. "Alright, you four," he said as he came over. "I'll want to speak with you at lunch, alright? Don't slip away or make any plans. And try not to get into any more fistfights out there in the corridors."

You all smirked as little as you nodded and acknowledged with a chorus of 'Yes, sir's.

"Eric, how's your face feeling?" Garrison asked.

"Like I got punched, sir," he said. "But I'll live."

"Good. We'll talk more at lunch," Garrison nodded and dismissed you.

Outside, the four of you split off to go to the washroom, and then you, Gemma and Sabrina met back up near the mouth of the third-floor corridor, overlooking the big atrium. It was a bright, summer day and the glass walls overlooking downtown made it difficult to find a place where one of you wasn't wincing from some glare.

"OK," Sabrina said. "I guess I need to tell you guys everything now instead of at lunch."

"You already know everything from us," Gemma said with a smile, glancing to check that you knew that too, and you nodded.

"I just don't know why you guys didn't go further," Sabrina said. "You were all into it."

"I'm trying to not make things *too* complicated," Gemma sighed. "Not that I'm doing a good job at it. I'm worried that Charlotte might freak out if Becca hooks up with us even if they explicitly are not together."

"That's their mess to figure out," Sabrina said. "And it's different from the Tasha situation because they *have* communicated their boundaries and we know that."

"Sabrina's right," you said. "Becca and Charlotte are big girls, we have to trust they mean what they say."

"I know," Gemms said. "And that's why I'm good with last night and this morning. But I'm still a little worried, OK?"

"Of course that's OK, baby," Sabrina said, taking her hand for a moment and squeezing it. "But I think you're also enjoying teasing it out with Becca."

Gemma broke into a grin and flushed. "Maybe I am a little."

"Tease," you chuckled.

"Fine, I'm being a tease," Gemma said. "But it's fun. And we're not supposed to be rehashing Becca right now. What happened with Alita last night?"

"Right, so I got a couple of bottles of wine on my way home and when I got in I changed and then went and knocked on her door. All it took was showing her the wine and she laughed and let me in. She told me more about her relationship, which is definitely over and I don't know why the hell she would have stayed in it as long as she did. He's a piece of work and a little weasel. Anyway, we were through the whole first bottle of wine and we ordered in some dinner, and she started asking me about our relationship and I told her. Apparently we've been quieter but not super quiet, cause she's heard us a bunch. Not super clear conversations or anything, but she can tell when we're, y'know. She said it's fine, and admitted it's kind of hot sometimes, and she couldn't believe your stamina, baby."

You flushed, both at knowing Alita had been hearing you having sex and also at the compliment. Before that summer you'd never considered yourself to have great sexual stamina, but with all the sex you were having you definitely were doing way better than you had on the few brief hookups you'd had at college. It turned out practice really did make perfect.

"So I kinda used that whole thing to pivot into telling her about the, uh, 'content stuff,' and she was curious. Maybe even more than Becks was, and more about the business side of things. I told her about the choices I made early on, and how things took off more when you started helping me, John. Then I made the offer that, if she wanted to try it out, I could pay her a fair rate to film a scene or two. This is kind of where things get complicated though, because she was *really* interested in that, and even said if she could test the waters like that she might get into it herself. But then when she realised I meant with me and you, John, she said that she wasn't into girls at all, she thought I meant just filming with you. I told her that wasn't super in our relationship boundaries, but I would talk to your guys about it."

"So she wants to film a couple of scenes with just John?" Gemma clarified. "For your account?"

"Yeah," Sabrina nodded. "Same camera angles and everything, still anonymous. She said she'd call you 'papi' and everything."

"I don't know," Gemma sighed.

“Me neither,” you said. “It really is outside of what we agreed on for hookups.”

“I agree,” Sabrina said. “But I feel like there are mitigating circumstances. And I’m not arguing for it, I’m just outlining my thinking. First, it’s less of a hookup and more of a business arrangement. Second, she needs the money and I know she won’t just accept some help. And third, she said Gemma and I could both be there for the filming, just not involved in the action.”

You chewed on the inside of your cheek for a moment, then checked your phone. “We need to get back,” you said. “Are we good to think about this through the day and come back to it?”

“We’re not on a timeline,” Sabrina assured you both. “We can take all the time we need.”

“OK,” Gemma nodded. “We think about it and talk more tonight.”

With that agreed on, you headed back to the courtroom.

“Shit,” you said.

“What?” Sabrina asked.

“I should have bought a Coke, I could really use the sugar and caffeine.”

Both of your girlfriends chuckled at that and promised not to let you fall asleep.

Chapter 380

The good news was that the Defense wrapped up their case just a few minutes after the judge usually called for the lunch break. They'd done their best to refute Garrison's claims and discredit his witnesses, but it had all been done at such a slow pace that it felt hard to even listen for when the really important points were being made.

The bad news was that there were still Closing Statements to be made, which meant once lunch came back it would be Garrison's turn again to run through all the evidence presented for the judge one last time.

As he'd asked you earlier, you, Sabrina, Gemma and Eric waited for Garrison until he was done giving directives to the associates who had sat second and third seat with him. Then he crossed over to speak with the lawyers of the defence. They spoke for almost twenty minutes, leaving the three of you waiting longer than morning recess had lasted, and then he finally shook hands with the lead attorney and wandered back towards you.

"Did you just make a settlement, sir?" Sabrina asked.

"No, no," Garrison said with a little self-satisfied smirk. "It's way too late for that for them. We'll talk about it at lunch, come on."

The judge had ordered an extra-long lunch, so you had plenty of time to head out of the courthouse. Garrison led you a couple of blocks over and into a dingy little pub that looked more like it was closed than open on the outside and had some sort of an Irish name that was illegible since it probably needed to be repainted in the 90s. The waitress seemed to recognize your boss and waved from where she was working at the bar, and Garrison nodded and led the four of you into the back sitting area. The place was cleaner on the inside than it looked on the outside, and as you were settling around a circular table the waitress came back with single-panel menus. "How you doin', hon?" she asked Garrison.

"Just fine, Fran," Garrison said.

You all ordered drinks, Garrison ordering a beer first and winking at the rest of you, so you followed suit. Soon you all had a beer in front of you and your food orders put in.

"Alright," Garrison said, clasping his hands on the table. "Before we get into the case, we have something else we need to discuss. Eric, John, do you both give your consent to talk about yesterday in front of Gemma and Sabrina?" You both agreed immediately and he nodded. "Good. Here's an update, then - Devin Zachery, aka. the artist known as 'DeezChains,' has been charged with assault in the second degree against John, battery against Eric, and several other charges that may or may not stick. Disturbing the peace, public drunkenness, etc. Those will likely get pleaded down, but the battery is key here. Now, obviously, that is handled by the DA and a prosecutor will be assigned so the firm and I won't be touching any of it. We can,

however, represent you if you're called in to give a deposition - it's unlikely to get anywhere beyond that unless Devin Zachery doesn't listen to any legal advice whatsoever and decides to not cut a plea deal. With all the witnesses and everything being caught on camera, it's a cut-and-dry case that will likely mean he'll be on probation for a while, maybe some house arrest."

"What about civil action?" Eric asked. "I'm clearly injured, and he spouted a lot of disparaging stuff about all of us along with the phoney cease and desists. Can I sue him?"

Garrison sighed and raised an eyebrow at Eric. "Honestly, Eric, you could do that if you wanted but there are some mitigating factors such as you going on and shooting your mouth off on widely accessible podcasts. He doesn't have a case for slander or defamation on you, but it's close enough that it would cost you more than you would get in awards. Unless the verdict is worth more to you than your money, I'd suggest just letting it go on the criminal side."

Eric grimaced a little and sighed. "I have plenty of time to think about it, right?"

"You do," Garrison said.

"I'm just thinking that the verdict could lead to more opportunities to build my platform," Eric explained.

Garrison rolled his eyes but nodded. "That's a decision that is on you. Though... that idiot who represents Zachery is an ass and makes lawyers everywhere look bad. I wouldn't mind pissing in his cheerios a little more. Let me do some strategizing, we might be able to bait a settlement offer with just a filing and a couple of threats."

"Isn't that asking for trouble, though?" you asked. "Like, are we sure this guy is actually as wealthy as he says? What if there's no money there?"

"That's something I'll look into," Garrison nodded. "Remember, folks, always do your due diligence no matter what area of law you go into. If you're going to go after someone civilly, make sure the money is there. If you're a criminal prosecutor, make sure your ducks are in a row and keep an eye out for bad police procedures on everything. Or, like our case, if you're going to do corporate law make sure to follow every penny and check every memo. Which is a great segway into our other- Ah, here's lunch."

The food got delivered, and all five of you took a couple of minutes to dig in. It was basic pub fare, not quite as nice as the place you'd gone to yesterday, but a little more homey in its feel. There were only a dozen people in the place, mostly up near the front or at the bar. The place, you realised, was perfect for a private meeting and with Garrison obviously knowing the waitress you wondered what other clandestine talks he'd had right there at that table before.

Chapter 381

“Alright, so let’s talk about the case this week,” Garrison said. He’d ordered a burger wrapped in lettuce instead of a bun, which he clearly wasn’t a major fan of but ate anyway. “Corporate law isn’t as flashy as criminal law, or contract negotiations for high-paid actors or athletes, or all sorts of things you could do. But it’s a solid path, and this week has been a good example of the chess match that you need to put together. Who’s got questions off the top?”

“Sir, and I mean no offence by this,” Gemma said. “But is it always this *boring*?”

Garrison laughed and shook his head. “Sometimes no, but often yes. In this instance, we aren’t dealing with any death, health risks, wrongful terminations or the like so the personal injury element isn’t there to lean into. It’s fraud at a corporate reporting level, but not involving the government. Here’s something to remember though - unlike most TV shows and movies, many judges prefer a slow-and-steady approach. Drama in the courtroom is a great way to get yourself on a judge’s shit list, and judges gossip just as much as lawyers so getting on a shitlist means you’re just a step or two from being on all their judge friend’s lists as well.”

“Wouldn’t things being more exciting make their jobs more enjoyable?” Sabrina asked.

“You’d think so, but it’s also a sign that they don’t have control of their court,” Garrison pointed out. “And when they don’t have control, most judges get real antsy and see it as disrespect, not showmanship. It might not be stunning or flashy, but most cases don’t actually hinge on one piece of evidence or testimony. Even criminal cases require a lot of building blocks when things aren’t on video.”

“So which of us do you think would cut it in corporate law, sir?” Eric asked.

Garrison laughed and shook his head. “None of you,” he said, making you all raise your eyebrows. “Not that you couldn’t, but you wouldn’t be happy with it. But that doesn’t mean it isn’t valuable for you to get a taste, and get some training. Eric, you have too much ambition and like the spotlight. I have a feeling that if you have the patience to finish your degree, you’ll end up working for a talent agency of some kind and could one day negotiate for entertainment or athletics clients. Sabrina and Gemma, I have a feeling, will take some time to decide. At least one of you will become a prosecutor - or whatever the equivalent is in Australia. I also wouldn’t be surprised if one or both of you ended up as in-house counsel for a worthy NGO or activist organisation.”

Gemma was grinning. “And what about John?”

“I think John is going to have a strange career,” Garrison said. “And that likely means some time in criminal defence. But in the end, John, I think you have the sort of mind and sense of justice - and careful desire to control your surroundings - that you could end up on a bench.”

“A judge?” you asked, raising an eyebrow as you thought about sitting through day after day of boring cases.

Garrison laughed. “It’s just a thought,” he said. “Don’t look so panicked.”

Pivoting away from the future, Garrison gave the four of you a very brief outline of what his closing statement would look like. The entire case, as he said, didn’t hinge on any one piece of information. It was a building made up of some foundational pieces, sure, but the way he was going to win was through sheer mass of information. Missing or incorrect numbers on spreadsheets, in official emails, and in memos. The one that Gemma had found as you’d been sorting all the boxes was in there, definitely a strong push in the client’s favour but not the only one, and not outlining the full scope of the fraud.

Then he spun it around and explained what it was like from the Defence’s side. Their duty was to protect the web that their client had woven, to reinforce the anchoring strands and hope that they could protect enough of the support that the judge believed that the case Garrison had mounted was just some honest mistakes, misunderstandings or irrelevant information. If they did their job well, their web would catch his accusations. If they didn’t, his case would smash through because he’d removed enough of the anchoring lines to make it collapse.

It was an interesting way of looking at what he’d been doing for the last two and a half days. You’d never heard it explained that way before and made you consider the methodical way Garrison had been going about things in a new light.

By the time you were leaving the restaurant, you not only had a new perspective on the last few days but also in how you could have engaged the thought process on the mock trials and debates that you’d participated in through high school and University. And, you could tell, Gemma and Sabrina were both thinking about how it could apply to your current Mock Trial case coming up in a couple of weeks.

The walk back to the courthouse took only a couple of minutes and heading in you arrived with a few minutes to spare for the scheduled start of the afternoon session. Garrison’s associates were already waiting for him, and as soon as he stepped into the room the counsel for the Defense approached him.

“They’re panicking now,” Gemma murmured to you, Sabrina and Eric as you took your seats.

“Did you notice Garrison’s phone kept vibrating during lunch and he ignored it every time?” Sabrina pointed out.

You hadn’t, but you’d been across the circular table from him.

“I bet they were trying to call him that whole time to make a deal,” Eric said. “I wonder if he’ll take it.”

Garrison stood there speaking with the opposing counsel until the bailiff called "All Rise!" as the judge entered. The Defense went back to their table without an answer.

And Garrison turned back to look at the four of you and winked.

Chapter 382

Garrison's closing statement was convincing and damning. He was eloquent without being flowery, and you realised that running through the case with you and the other interns had been a practice, bullet-point run of what he said to the judge. Still, it lasted almost two hours and by the time he was finishing up everyone in the courtroom needed a bit of a break. The judge called it for the day rather than pushing through with the Defense's closing, who would get to pick up in the morning.

Almost as soon as the judge was out of the room, the Defense lead went to Garrison again and started talking. Garrison held up his hand to stop the man, then left his associates and came back to speak with you.

"Head home," he said. "We'll have a long night tonight and you can't be around for it."

"You're going to settle?" you asked. "After it's all pretty much over?"

"We have the most leverage now," Garrison said. "That's when it's best to settle. In this case, the defence knows we have them over a barrel, and a judge's verdict would just open them up to potential criminal charges that some ADA could file for an easy slam dunk. If they offer our client a good enough deal, none of that needs to happen."

"So we should head to the office tomorrow?" Gemma guessed.

"Correct. You'll be back to regular work and hours as of tomorrow," Garrison said. "And I hope you've been putting in the hours on the Mock Trial; after giving you a reward like three paid days sitting around in court there aren't many excuses I'd accept for poor performance."

"I'm on top of it, sir," Sabrina said. "We'll be ready."

"Good," Garrison nodded in dismissal and turned to head back to the waiting lawyers, but hesitated. "Oh, and don't be surprised when Andy doesn't show up. He was fired yesterday. I appreciate that you all felt like a team, but don't let yourselves be dragged down by an anchor in your career."

That left all four of you stunned as Garrison went back to his burgeoning negotiations.

"Well, shit," Eric said.

"Oh, Andy," Gemma sighed.

"Did he text anyone?" you asked.

"Not a word," Sabrina shook her head.

“He texted me but didn’t mention it at all,” Eric said. “He just asked if I had a weed guy in the city, which I don’t, and which was weird because I mean...”

“Yeah, that’s weird,” you said, shaking your head. “What do we- I mean, do we reach out to him?”

“This is a little cut-throat but... do we care that he’s gone?” Gemma asked. “Garrison was right, we were constantly covering for him. If we hadn’t he’d have been fired a couple of months ago.”

The four of you all clearly felt uncomfortable with that question.

“I’ll text him, see if he says anything,” Eric said. “I mean, I like the guy but...”

The weird news settled on you as you left the courtroom and headed out of the building. Thankfully there were no interruptions, ambushes or other shocking events, but that made you feel like the whole thing with the courthouse had kind of ended in a whimper. Maybe that wasn’t true for the case, as Garrison was embroiled in a multi-million dollar negotiation, but for you and the others, you stepped out to no fanfare and no victory or defeat. Just... another day done.

Eric split off to head home, and you, Gemma and Sabrina stepped away from the foot of the courthouse steps and reconvened quickly before deciding you would head to your place. You had some talking to do, but the girls also wanted to check in on Mosche to see why he hadn’t talked to Tasha yet - they were both texting a bit with Tasha and knew that he’d still been radio silent with her except for a couple of lame attempts at sending memes.

The bus ride across town felt a little like decompression as you and the girls talked about applying what you’d learned to the Mock Trial case. You definitely had work to do.

Back at the apartment you performed the knocking ritual, though you doubted that you would be walking in on Mosche with a woman. More likely you’d walk in on him doing something weird by himself, so it made the ritual worth it. The place was empty though, and the three of you changed into more comfortable clothes in your room. That led to some light kissing and teasing, but no sex, since you knew there was a conversation to be had.

Once you were all settled into the living area with drinks and a bowl of pretzels to share, you took a deep breath. “So,” you said. “Updates?”

“Updates,” Gemma nodded. “I think we should just go through the list of people we’re maybe thinking of being sexual with, make sure we’re all still on the same page still?”

“Sure,” Sabrina nodded. “That makes sense.”

“Becks,” Gemma said.

“Big yes,” Sabrina said. “Not free access, obviously, but I’m totally happy to have her over on weekends whether it’s for filming or not.”

“Same, I just want to make sure we’re not messing with her head or stopping her from finding someone herself,” you said.

“She’s clear. I don’t think she’ll try to meet anyone for real until we’re gone though - if anything, she’s treating us like friends-with-benefits. She is comfortable getting her needs fulfilled by us. Sexual and emotional support.”

“So Becks is no change,” Sabrina said. “Mallory?”

“Do we need to talk about her?” you asked. “We can’t go down to see her again, so unless she comes up to see us...?”

“But we can sext,” Sabrina pointed out. “Are we OK with that?”

“I’m actually texting with her sometimes,” Gemma said. “Not sexting. I’m- She’s helping me out in a sort of lady-mentor role.”

“Oh, baby, that’s great,” Sabrina said with a smile.

“Is something going on?” you asked.

“No, love,” Gemma said. “It’s just nice to have someone more mature to talk about stuff with who isn’t my own family. There’s nothing wrong, so you can turn off your problem-solving brain.”

“OK,” you said, reaching over and squeezing her hand.

“So, would you want me to not sext her then, or John?” Sabrina asked. “Since she’s more than a hookup for you?”

“No, that’s fine,” Gemma shook her head. “She’s a beautiful, lovely woman who we had amazing sex with. I’m not *against* sexting her, it just won’t be me driving it.”

“Good with me,” you nodded in agreement.

“OK,” Sabrina said. “Then I think the next-least contentious person we need to talk about is Becca.”

Chapter 383

“Well, we already talked about Becca,” Gemma said. She’d been lying down on the couch with her feet in your lap but now she sat up. “Unless you’ve changed your mind about last night?”

“No,” Sabrina said quickly, shaking her head. “I’m still OK with everything you guys described about last night and this morning. Honestly, I wish I’d been there. I just want to make sure *you* are OK with it since we’re running through everyone.”

“I am,” Gemma said. “I like Becca a lot, and Charlotte too, but Becca’s made it clear she’s interested in us.”

“This morning you said you were worried about messing things up between them,” you said. “Is that a serious worry?”

“I don’t know,” Gemma sighed. “You guys were right that I need to just trust them to be adults and know their own boundaries. They are both explicitly not in a relationship, they just happen to live together in the same room and bed and bang it out on a regular basis. It’s... weird, but most people would think *we’re* weird so I can’t exactly judge.”

“Still, if you’re worried we can pull it back,” you said. “Or at least talk with Becca more specifically before we do anything else.”

“Maybe,” Gemma said. “How do you feel about it?”

“I feel... I feel like Becca is a pragmatist,” you said. “When she first flirted with me hard, it was a test because she wanted to make sure I was good for you and not going to hurt you. Then when I passed her test, she just flirted with me a lot because she liked getting a reaction out of me and she’s really comfortable with her own body and sexuality. I think if we *were* to do something, it would be a lot like our stuff with Becks except maybe even more casual.”

“But do you want to bang her?” Sabrina asked with a teasing little smile.

You chuckled and nodded. “Becca is hot. Maybe not traditionally hot, but she’s fun and sexy. I’d love a Mallory-style night with her and you two.”

“Well, let’s just leave it where we did with her this morning for now,” Gemma said. “So flashing and groping is on the table, but no actual sex. Is that OK?”

“Of course,” you said. “Is this about teasing her more though?”

“Yes,” Gemma smirked. “Honestly, she needs a taste of her own medicine after the way she went at you.”

"I love it," Sabrina giggled.

"OK, then we're set on Becca," you said.

"Tasha next?" Gemma suggested, and you and Sabrina agreed. "I think, if Mosche hasn't talked to her today, we need to tell her she should break up with him."

"Are we telling her about the new girl?" Sabrina asked.

"I would want to know," Gemma said.

They both looked at you.

"I... am conflicted," you sighed. "It's a loyalty thing. Mosche is my roommate, but I agree he's acting badly and Tasha deserves to know. And I like Tasha and don't want to see her get more hurt than she already is."

"Are you OK if we tell her?" Sabrina asked. "Then it's not you betraying him, but Tasha still knows."

"I..." you had to stop and swallow. It was *uncomfortable* not feeling a hard loyalty in either direction. Mosche was the one fucking up big time, but he was also the one you'd known longer. Tasha, on the other hand, was the aggrieved party and just a lot more... She felt like someone you could be friends with longer term, or outside of the roommate relationship you had with Mosche. You doubted that after the summer you would be reaching out to him, but you *could* see the girls remaining friends with Tasha. "You guys should tell her if he hasn't had a proper conversation with her," you nodded.

"And what about after?" Sabrina asked the both of you. "She's already made a pass at you, John, and I don't blame her for going around us because she was really upset and not thinking straight."

"I agree," Gemma said. "She wasn't thinking straight at all. She's feeling used and dirty, and finding out that Mosche is trying to just move on from her and apparently ghost her isn't going to help at all. And I don't think a rebound fuck with some random is going to make her feel any different. If anything it might make her feel worse."

You had to close your eyes and think for a moment. Tasha had a cute-pretty face and a great body, and her personality was just as fun as Becca's. In a vacuum, you would be very happy to sleep with her. Hell, with 0 context, she might have even been someone you would want to date now that you understood the sexual dynamic that had started between her and Mosche. At first you'd thought she was a bit much - controlling, demanding, etc. But that had been what Mosche seemed to want, or at least messaged to her that he did.

A beautiful, sexually aggressive woman who wanted to fulfil your desires sounded a hell of a lot like Sabrina. And wasn't far off from Gemma, either.

"My holdup is based on two things," you said. "First, would hooking up with *us* be any better for her than with a random?"

"You might be surprised to find out, baby, but every time you fuck someone you tend to treat them like they are the only person in the world," Sabrina said. "And that makes them feel really fucking special."

"And you know what she's been through recently, and showing her that she's still desirable after that will help her a lot emotionally," Gemma said.

"OK, then the other part is safety. We mentioned it before, but she had sex with a bunch of people she didn't *really* know. Even with a condom, it's a bit of a risk. Do we ask her to get tested?"

"I'm actually going to just suggest she should no matter what," Sabrina said. "I'll fold that into the conversation of telling her about Mosche."

"We will," Gemma said.

"OK," Sabrina smiled softly.

"Let me think about it a bit more," you said. "Is that OK? I'm not opposed, I'm just still not sure."

Gemma and Sabrina both nodded. "OK, love," Gemma said, leaning against your shoulder and wrapping your hand in both of hers.

"No fair," Sabrina said. "I'm stuck over here on the chair."

"So get your little butt over here," Gemma laughed. Soon Sabrina was lying on her back across your and Gemma's laps and you were stroking your fingers through her hair.

"Alright," you said. "Alita?"

Sabrina nodded. "Alita. I want to hear what you guys are thinking."

Chapter 384

“I want to know what John thinks first,” Gemma said. “You’re the one that would be having sex with her, love.”

“I…” you started, but stopped and sighed. “Alita is an attractive woman, so on a purely physical level I would go for it. And I guess there are some ways we could technically make it workable for the OnlyFans, with ‘Baby’ doing an intro from off-screen or not getting directly involved, and it would be extra content. From a relationship perspective though?” You had to stop again and shake your head. “I really don’t know. We set the boundary that anyone we film with should want all of us, but is that too broad? Like, what if someone wants to film with just Sabrina and me, but not have casual sex with Gemma. Or what if it’s a big opportunity and a girl wants to film with just Sabrina? I feel like those are both situations that could easily come up and we didn’t really account for it.”

Sabrina pressed her lips together but didn’t say anything. You could tell she was doing the math in her head as well - setting the boundary that you all wouldn’t fool around with anyone who didn’t want all of you was one thing, but business decisions were different. And the money you were talking about was very real - a collab with a big name, under the right circumstances, could potentially bring tens of thousands of dollars for a weekend of work. Or more. Law school was going to be expensive, especially if one or two of you were going to be international students. And that didn’t account for student loans from your undergrads.

“Speak your mind, love,” Gemma said, patting Sabrina’s thighs as she was lying across us.

“I think playing it by ear is going to be important,” Sabrina said carefully, thinking through what she was saying. “I mean, you leave in… three weeks? We can’t exactly hold to ‘all of us or none of us’ in terms of filming with people when you aren’t here. So I guess the first question is if you want us to not film with anyone else when you’re back home?”

Gemma worked her mouth for a moment, obviously unsure. “OK, yeah, that’s a good point,” she finally said. “Obviously when I’m not here I can’t expect your potential on-screen fucks to be interested in me.”

“Well, let’s break it down more granular,” you said. “The most basic situation is if someone wants to film one-on-one with Sabrina.”

“No guys, obviously,” Sabrina said.

“Thank you,” you said, running your fingers through her hair, and Sabrina smiled up at you warmly in an almost contented-cat-like way.

“Just girl-girl?” Gemma said. “I mean... if it’s business, and they sign an NDA and you guys make sure the deal is solid, then I think I’d be OK with it as long as you were the one filming it, John, and you two were in charge of editing the footage just in case.”

“That’s fair,” Sabrina said. “And probably workable. Would you want veto power on who it was?”

“I want to say yes, but in the circumstances we’re talking about... it doesn’t make sense,” Gemma said. “I just don’t know the reputations of anyone so my feedback would be based on nothing. As long as you found them attractive, I’d be fine with it.”

“OK, then the next clear situation is with Alita. Does it make sense for me to film with someone as ‘Daddy’ with Sabrina not involved?”

Both girls had to think about it for another moment. “I think...” Sabrina finally said. “I think maybe just because we could make it work, doesn’t mean we need to. And I feel bad because I know Alita could use the cash, and this is sort of our family business now, but I feel like if we open that door then we might get more requests for John to film with other girls and I don’t think I’d want you, like, flying out to film for a weekend with a bunch of women we don’t know or something. Is that hypocritical?”

“God, no,” you said. “Baby, you are entirely removing the possibility of filming with other guys because I’m not comfortable with it. You’re totally in your right to want that.”

“Agreed,” Gemma said. “And when we remove Alita from the situation, I agree it would be weird even if you were playing the ‘Daddy’ character, love.”

“Well, I guess I need to talk with Alita again and let her know we aren’t in. I’ll offer to help her test the waters herself if she wants,” Sabrina said.

“I’m totally fine with you doing some filming for her,” Gemma said. “Show her the technical side of things and stuff.”

“Same,” you said. “And if there’s some *other* way we can help her out, let us know.”

“I will,” Sabrina agreed. “Alright, it’s a No to filming with Alita.”

“Let’s finish the game theory though,” Gemma said. “Yes to potential Girl-Girl filming, no to farming out John as a stud cock. And when I’m not here, you guys are free to film with other girls as you see fit if it makes sense for the business. Are we missing anything? Or anyone?”

“On the filming side, I don’t think so unless you want to quibble over multiple other girls in one scene, like Boy-Girl-Girl-Girl or something,” Sabrina said, and Gemma shook her head. “Then the last person to talk about is Katherine.”

“Ah,” Gemma said.

“Oh,” you agreed.

“I think that’s a you decision, love,” Gemma said, rubbing Sabrina’s thigh through her sweatpants.

“Any thoughts, John?” Sabrina asked.

“Um... She was fun, I liked fooling around with her a lot and that’s mostly because she’s so much like you, but there’s that bit of weirdness too,” you said.

“Here’s how I see it,” Sabrina said. “Thanksgiving comes around, or Christmas holidays, you’re going to end up coming to meet my parents and stuff. Katherine will be there, and if she wants to fuck then I’m totally fine with your fucking her unless you or Gemma feel too weird about it.”

“She made it pretty clear she wasn’t looking to try and date him,” Gemma said. “So I’m OK with it.”

“Then I’m OK with it, I guess,” you said. It was still weird to have an open pass to have sex with Sabrina’s twin.

“But like I said,” Sabrina said with a smirk. “No trying to fuck my Mom, OK? My parents are happily together, I don’t need you seducing her.”

That made you and Gemma laugh. “I promise not to seduce your Mom,” you said.

“Don’t you have a younger sister?” Gemma asked.

“Oh, I do,” Sabrina said with an even bigger smirk. “Emma is going to be a first year at our University this year though, so if something is going to happen there it would be *well* before Thanksgiving or Christmas.”

That one left you coughing on your own spit.

Chapter 385

With your big conversation out of the way, the three of you started thinking about what you were going to do for dinner. After three long days at the courthouse, you didn't necessarily want to order in, but you were also keenly aware that the supplies in the apartment were starting to run low. In the end, the three of you decided to head out and do some groceries. The girls both went and changed into something slightly more presentable and then you headed out and walked a couple of blocks over to a grocery store that would still be open.

Doing something so much more *normal* than what a lot of your life had been even in the last few days was a major boon to your own morale. Not that you'd been down, but you hadn't realised how much pressure you were carrying in your shoulders. Getting to just walk the aisles with both Sabrina and Gemma was wonderfully relaxing as you talked and joked. You ended up buying a little more than planned since you found a few things that Gemma hadn't tried but had been part of your or Sabrina's childhoods. Multiple cereal boxes were included in that list.

Sabrina paid, not letting you even utter a whisper of a complaint with her look, and then the three of you walked back to the apartment each carrying a big brown bag of food. When you arrived back home you went to open the door and it stopped about six inches open, wedged on a shoe.

"God damn it," you grunted, setting down your bag and reaching in to move the shoe. It was Mosche's, so he was obviously home. You tossed the shoe aside and got the door open fully. "Hey," you called. "I'm home, the girls are here."

You were half-finished unpacking the food when Mosche wandered out from his room. "Hey," he said. "Are you guys interested in coming to my open mic night tonight?"

"Um, I'm not sure," you said, glancing at the girls. "We were planning on making dinner and then probably crashing. We've had a long week already."

"Oh, alright," Mosche said with a sigh.

"Something wrong?" Sabrina asked.

"Kind of," Mosche said. "Things are awkward down at the club now."

"You mean because you're avoiding Tasha, or because some of the guys there had sex with her?" Gemma asked bluntly.

Mosche flushed with embarrassment. "Um, yeah," he mumbled. "Both I guess."

"How come you haven't talked to her, Mosche?" Sabrina asked. "Are you breaking up with her? Or going to tell her the truth about talking to someone else?"

"I don't know," Mosche said, retreating back a bit towards his room. "I haven't decided yet."

"You do realise that the longer you wait, the worse it gets, right?" you suggested gently. Based on both Gemma and Sabrina's personalities, you knew there was no way they weren't going to go at him a bit here and you didn't want to pile on too much even if he deserved it. Giving him an out was the best you could do under the circumstances.

Mosche screwed up his face a little like a kid who was caught in his own lies... or just a logical puzzle. Either way, he was stuck.

"Have you seen that other girl?" Gemma asked.

"No," Mosche said, but his tone was telling.

"But you've been texting with her," Sabrina guessed, and Mosche nodded. "And playing video games?" Mosche hesitated but nodded again.

"Have you talked to her about Tasha?" Gemma asked bluntly.

"No," Mosche said. "Even I know that's a bad idea."

"Cool," Gemma said. "So you're a Cheater. I really hoped that wasn't the kind of person you were, Mosche, but I guess I was wrong."

"I'm not a cheater," Mosche said, getting defensive. "I haven't kissed her or slept with her or anything. We haven't even gone on a date."

"How many hours have you spent talking or playing games with her this week, and how many hours with Tasha?" Sabrina asked. "Or, better yet, how many texts have you sent her and Tasha?"

"I need to go," Mosche mumbled, turning and heading for his room.

"You're being a dirtbag, Mosche," Gemma called after him. "I know what it's like to be cheated one. Tasha deserves better, and you deserve to feel guilty until you make it right."

Mosche's door shut loudly.

"I know why you said it, love, but that last one might have been a little hard even if it was right," you said.

"He's being a coward," Gemma grunted.

The three of you got the food put away, and sometime while you were cooking dinner Mosche slunk his way past and out the door. You only realised he was leaving when the front door of the apartment shut heavily.

The three of you sat down to eat, but the conversation revolved around Tasha and Mosche and mostly went in circles until you were finally done eating and you took the plates to the kitchen. When you came back, your girlfriends were still talking about when would be best to talk to Tasha.

“Why don’t you just go see her now?” you suggested. “Not that I wouldn’t rather spend the evening with both of you in an empty apartment, but you’re clearly set on this happening and she’s been through more than enough.”

“You’d be OK with us abandoning you, baby?” Sabrina asked.

You chuckled. “You’re not abandoning me, you’re going to help someone else.” Then you grinned. “Plus, I can always just spend the night jerking off to porn.”

Both Gemma and Sabrina were offended at the implication that they wouldn’t be the source of your orgasms, and you had to fend them off as you were all laughing. “OK, OK,” you said. “I’ll spend the night working on the mock trial? I promise not to jerk off.”

“Good,” Gemma grinned. “Because those loads belong to us, love.”

“They also belong on us. And in us,” Sabrina said, scrunching up her nose playfully.

The girls ended up texting Tasha to make sure she was home and not out, and then left together after some goodnight kisses with you, promising to text you when they got home safe. Then you were alone in the apartment, and all you had to occupy your time with was either porn or work.

For some reason, you had a feeling they would know if you jerked off, so you got to work on the Mock Trial documents.

Chapter 386

You kissed Gemma as she leaned into you. “Good morning, love,” you said softly with a little smile.

“Morning, love,” she said back with a grin, then backed off to head to her seat in the conference room. “We had to ride in with Eric again; he went to do the coffee run. Sabrina is just downstairs talking with Becks.”

“Ah, shit,” you said. “Today was supposed to be Andy’s day.”

“Mhmm,” Gemma nodded. “And he didn’t hear anything back from Andy yet, before you ask.”

“How did last night go?” you asked.

Gemma gave a rueful, half-smirk and shrugged. “About how you’d expect. Tasha was already super frustrated with Mosche and considering dumping him for the ghosting situation. Once we told her what we knew, she’s set on it.”

“So did she call him?”

“Nope,” Gemma said. “She’s going to confront him the next time they see each other at the comedy club.”

You groaned and shook your head. “That feels cruel, but it’s not like I can blame her. God, what a fucked up situation.”

Gemma had set her purse down and gotten herself situated, and she pushed back from the table and sighed. “At the heart of it, it was a communication issue. Tasha *liked* that Mosche was a little weird, but he didn’t pick up on social cues and read into things poorly. If they’d just had a straight-up conversation a lot of stuff could have been avoided.”

“Have I mentioned that I love you today?” you asked with a smile.

“Only once by text,” Gemma smiled back. “And I love you too. So fucking much. And we missed you last night.”

“Not that much,” you said.

“What?” Gemma asked.

Now it was your turn to smirk. “Becca sent me a video late last night. You and Sabrina were a *little* loud and kept up her and Charlotte.”

“Oh my *gawd*,” Gemma said, flushing with embarrassment and covering her face with her hands.

“I dunno, I think they found it kind of hot,” you chuckled.

“We just don’t take as much alone time together, OK?” Gemma said. “And we were both feeling thankful for each other, and you, after everything with Tasha.”

“OK,” you said, still laughing a little at the look on her face.

Sabrina arrived a couple of minutes later, followed by Eric about ten minutes after that as he balanced a particularly large coffee order. You ended up helping him with the deliveries, and then returned to the intern conference room and got to work.

There was a massive pile of shit to get done; all of the progress that the four of you had made in previous weeks felt like it had been erased. That was when you realised that Andy must have outed himself by getting almost nothing done - you wouldn’t have been surprised if the Associates caught him sleeping on more than one occasion. It was kind of sad not having him with you, but it wasn’t a loss to your group productivity at all.

Garrison stopped by in the mid-morning, looking tired but happy, and he told the four of you that negotiations had gone through the afternoon and evening on the case until the final settlement was signed just after 1 AM that morning. Vernic, the client, was making the acquisition at just under half of the original price. It was a big win for their client and therefore for the firm.

The celebratory pizza arrived for lunch, and with the amount of work looming over you, the four of you decided to work through your break. Then Sabrina pivoted in the afternoon to working on the Mock Trial, integrating the notes you’d been making last night into her current outline and plans and continuing to dive into her own research. That left you, Eric and Gemma to keep plugging away and by the end of the work day you’d made a decent dent in the pile of work but it was still way larger than you’d left it last Friday.

“So...” Eric said as he looked at the time on his phone and sighed. “I’ve got a flight to catch tomorrow after work. Are we working late tonight?”

“Yeah, we probably should,” you said. “Especially if we want to get stuff done on the mock trial as well.”

“Alright,” Eric said. “I just need to cancel on Lucy then.”

“Oh, she is *not* going to like that,” Sabrina said.

“Yeah, well, she can deal with it,” Eric muttered. “Business before pleasure. And she was kind of a bitch again this morning so maybe she needs some alone time.”

You glanced at Gemma, who gave you a look and rolled her eyes briefly. Same old, same old.

The four of you pushed on through the late afternoon, Eric pivoting to work with Sabrina while you and Gemma continued on the regular work. Dinner 'mysteriously' showed up in the form of Indian takeout, and a couple of the associates wandered by and snagged a bite while they were working late as well. Sabrina and Eric tried to pump them for information on who you would be facing in the mock trial, or any tips on the case if they knew it, but apparently they were all on strict orders not to help.

"Alright, we need to call it here," Sabrina finally declared, closing her laptop.

"It's only... Jesus, seven," you said. "But we could go another couple of hours."

"We have somewhere to be, actually," Gemma said. "A friend needs our support?"

You frowned and cocked your head to the side.

"Tasha," Gemma said. "She's performing tonight."

"You guys know a stripper?" Eric asked in surprise.

"What?" Gemma asked. "Who said she was a stripper?"

"Well- uh-" Eric stammered. "I just assumed because you said she's 'performing' and it's a Thursday..."

"She's a comic, Eric," Sabrina sighed. "She's performing at an Open Mic night."

"Ooooh," he said. "So not a stripper."

"No," you said. "Not a stripper."

"Well, I guess I'll head home then."

You didn't bother asking if he would have asked to come along if it *had* been to a strip club.

Chapter 387

The cheers as Tasha took the stage were polite, but you, Gemma and Sabrina made up for that to the point that other people were turning in their seats to look at you.

You had gotten to the Comedy Club just as the Open Mic was starting, the trip over from the office not taking too long but the wait outside to get in slowing you down. That meant you didn't really have a chance to find Tasha ahead of time, but it turned out she was going on early that night.

She broke into a grin as she mounted the stage, glancing in your general direction at the back of the main stage room, then took the mic and started into her bit. You'd heard it before, but it was still good and the three of you were there to support her so you upped your reactions a bit and soon the crowd was laughing with you.

Sabrina leaned towards you during one brief pause for laughter and applause and whispered in your ear as she squeezed your fingers. "By the way," she said. "Tasha had all the guys use condoms during the gangbang thing, and she'd already gotten herself tested just in case before Gemma and I brought it up. She's clean."

"OK?" you whispered back. "Isn't it a little soon?"

Sabrina gave you a look in the dark.

"So, is anyone here going through a breakup?" Tasha asked on stage. A few people gave a couple of cheers in the crowd. "Wow, OK, no need to get excited about it. What did he do, why are you breaking up?"

You got a bit of a lump in your throat, having a feeling you knew what was coming. The problem that Mosche had ridden himself into was that he wasn't just dating an outspoken woman who could rip him a new one on social media or something - he had been dating a woman with a sharp wit and access to a microphone and a live audience. You were fairly sure he wouldn't be there that night if he was still avoiding Tasha, but lots of people who knew him would be and his dirty laundry was about to get aired out.

Tasha did some crowd work, going back and forth with a trio of ladies. One of them was in the middle of a breakup and they were fighting over their shared dog. Tasha did a good job of keeping it light and turned it into a bit about keeping the boyfriend or the dog and which was better for a lady. Which one could protect her, which one was more willing to cuddle at night or take care of you when you were sick. That sort of stuff. After she'd milked it a bit she transitioned, crossing the stage a bit to signal she wasn't bantering with the trio anymore.

"So, I'm also going through a breakup," she said. "Well, I think I am. It's hard to tell when you're being ghosted. Has anyone been ghosted before?" There was a chorus of groans and cheers.

"It's the worst, right? Floating in a void of your own insecurities, without closure. But here's what I've realised - if you're getting ghosted, you have a simple question to ask yourself. Am I the crazy asshole? Now, for some of us that might be a hard truth - maybe I *am* the crazy one and I just don't like the idea. So we go to our friends, we go to acquaintances, and we explain what's going on and of course, no one is going to tell us we're crazy. Well, at least to our faces, 'cause if we *are* crazy who wants to be the one to say that?" She got some laughs out of that. "The flip side is obviously that we're not crazy, so the person who is doing the ghosting has to be the one doing something wrong.

"Here's where I've decided to flip the script though, right?" Tasha continued. "I figure, if there's a 50% chance that I'm the crazy one, why not just own it? If I'm the crazy asshole, then it's just my nature, right? And if he's a *crazy* asshole, then he deserves to get it right back!" A bunch of women in the crowd cheered in response. Tasha pulled out her phone from her back pocket and lifted it up. "Who's interested in making some bad decisions tonight?"

That got an even bigger cheer.

"Oh, God," you muttered.

Tasha unlocked her phone and made a call, putting it on speaker and holding it up to the mic so that the ringing sound filled the room.

"Hey-ho, this is Mosche. I can't pick up the phone right now, so if this is a business inquiry please leave your name and number and I'll hit you back. If you're anyone else, just text me."

"Oh, Mosche," you groaned.

"Heeyyy Mosche," Tasha said, both into her phone and the mic. "It's me, Tasha, the girl you've been seeing. It's been almost two weeks since you answered a text or a call, and I know you're not dead or in the hospital, so I'm just making this official and breaking up with you. We're done." There were some cheers from the audience. "Now, the problem is that I've got some of your stuff at my place still. What do you want me to do with your tighty-whities? I mean, I'd donate them but I don't think anywhere would accept them with how stained they are. And you also left that 'Comedy for Dummies' book on my coffee table with all the highlighted passages and sticky notes. Should I just mail it, or give it to your roommate? I know you were working really hard on that and I wouldn't want to deprive you of your only source of jokes. Anyways, that's all, asshole. Enjoy chatting with the new girl who's too young for you until she realises how fucking weird you are. Byeeeee."

She hung up, and the crowd started cheering some more. You applauded, a little slowly since you still felt bad for Mosche getting aired out like that.

"That's all I've got," Tasha said into the mic as she put her phone away. "I'm Tasha, and I'm newly single!"

The crowd got even louder as she got down from the stage and the host went up to introduce the next act. Tasha got a lot of high fives from the audience as she made her way towards the back, and Gemma and Sabrina both stood to slip around to the entry bar area so you followed.

“Tash!” Gemma called, leading the way, and Tasha turned a few steps out of the darkened theatre area and grinned as she saw the three of you. Gemma walked straight into her and wrapped her up in a hug, and then made space for Sabrina to do the same.

You were last and Tasha hesitated a moment, smirking a little as she looked up at you. “Sorry if I made things weird,” she said. “At your place, I mean. Throwing myself at you.”

“It’s alright, it’s forgotten,” you said, pulling her into a hug. “You were going through some shit.”

“Thanks,” she mumbled into your chest as the next comic took the stage and started their bit.

“Come on,” Sabrina said once the hug ended, taking you both by the hand and tugging you towards the bar. “We need drinks.”

Chapter 388

The four of you sequestered yourselves down at the end of the bar nearest the door, taking up the little corner area next to the wall, and the girls ordered some sort of a mixed drink that had a nice tartness without making you pucker up. Sabrina sat right in the corner, with Gemma standing next to her, while Tasha sat on the barstool next to her and you ended up standing at her side comfortably.

“So that was a show,” Gemma said with a little smirk once you’d all gotten sips of your drinks.

“Yeah, well, maybe it didn’t go as well as I imagined, and maybe it was a little crazy. But I felt like I had to do it that way after what he did and is doing,” Tasha sighed. “I mean, I’m all for sexual liberation and everything, but... that night I got involved with guys I wouldn’t have otherwise because Mosche made me think he was into it. And then he has the fucking gall to ghost me? If he wants to leave me with the wreck of this place feeling awkward as hell, then I’m going to do the same thing to him.”

“Sounds fair to me,” Sabrina said.

“John, I know he’s just your temp roommate, but I’m sorry for whatever blowback this has on you through him,” Tasha said, looking up at you slightly from her seat.

“It’s fine, Tash,” you said, rubbing her back lightly.

“Can I just say you look fucking hot though?” Sabrina asked. “Like, wow.”

“Thanks,” Tasha said. She was wearing a classic little black dress, with a bit of an emphasis on little, paired with knee-high black boots. “I figured if I’m going to act like an unhinged bad bitch then I should at least dress the part.”

That got chuckles out of all of you.

“Alright, so it’s a good thing you went on early,” Sabrina said.

“Why’s that?” Tasha asked, and you raised an eyebrow and glanced at Gemma, who just smiled at you but didn’t give you any hints.

“Because tonight is the start of the ‘Tasha Rehabilitation Campaign’ that I’m running,” Sabrina said. “Do you have any other friends here you need to talk to or anything?”

“No, my roomie and usual group came out on Tuesday to support me, and since you said you guys were coming tonight I told them they could take a night off from ‘Tasha Watch.’”

That one made you snort and smile a little, and Tasha shot you a quick smirk.

“Good,” Sabrina said. “Then finish your drink, because we’re leaving.”

“OK, hold on,” Tasha said, and looked to Gemma since she apparently realised that the blonde was the more reasonable of your two girlfriends. “What’s involved in this campaign?”

“It’s a five-step program,” Sabrina said, keeping the attention on her. “And step one has already started.”

“Here we go,” Gemma chuckled.

“OK, I’ll bite,” Tasha said. “What are the steps?”

“Step one, cutie, is that we are here to seduce you at a bar. Oh, look, we’re here!” Sabrina said and acted surprised for a moment, then turned back to Tasha. “Hey there, cutie,” she said, putting on the slightly huskier voice she usually used for your OnlyFans shoots. “You are looking absolutely fucking yummy tonight, and you are ridiculously funny and entertaining. My boyfriend and girlfriend and I think you’re so fucking attractive. How would you feel about coming home with us tonight?”

Tasha had started to flush and laughed nervously. “OK, what happens after the seduction? What’s step two?”

“Oh, step one doesn’t end at the bar,” Sabrina said, sitting forward in her seat and reaching out to tuck some of Tasha’s darker golden hair behind her ear in a classic flirty move. “Step one includes us taking you back to my place and making you feel like an absolute queen since that’s what you are. The hook-up will be very thorough. And then John is going to do his Special Thing with you, and you’ll sleep over in our bed with us because you are *not* some throwaway floozy. And tomorrow morning we’ll make you breakfast before we have to go to work.”

Tasha blew out a long breath, glancing at Gemma and then up at you. All you could give her was a little shrug; you hadn’t been filled in on this plan, but it sounded pretty great.

“Step two starts tomorrow,” Sabrina said. “When all three of us will be texting you flirty things all day because we’re infatuated with you. And I mean who *wouldn’t* be, right? And we’ll make sure you know that we definitely want to see you again because you are so worth it. Then step three is that you’ll come over to my place again on Saturday and we’ll fuck all afternoon, then go out and get some delicious food so that John can recharge and we can treat you to dinner, and then back to my place again for some more fun before bed. Step four is on Sunday, when we wake up with some morning sex, then go out for Brunch.”

“And then Step five,” Gemma filled in, “If you’re as happy with the weekend as I’m sure we’ll be, is that you have us as fuckbuddies if you want, or just friends who shared an intimate weekend together if you want to keep things more simple and platonic. We’ll be happy either way.”

“God damn,” Tasha said, breathing out again heavily. “You guys really take picking a girl up seriously.”

“We do,” Sabrina said, then leaned forward and softly planted a little peck of a kiss right on Tasha’s lips. “You’re single. We’ve thought you were attractive and sexy and fun in all the right ways since we met you.”

Tasha looked up at you again. “You’re awfully quiet,” she said.

“I wasn’t aware of this plan,” you admitted, “But I think my devious girlfriends thought it would be fun to surprise me with it. I’m wholeheartedly in, though, Tash.” You leaned down and gave her a similar, soft peck as Sabrina had to seal that thought.

“Shit,” Tasha said, then looked at Gemma.

“Just because it’s Sabrina’s idea doesn’t mean I didn’t help,” Gemma said with a smirk. “I added the meal breaks.”

Tasha barked a laugh, then bit her lip as she glanced between the three of you again. “So this is happening?”

“Only if you want it to,” you told her. “You know best what will help you get back to normal, and if it’s a weekend of getting loved on properly then I think we’re happy to help.”

Tasha shook her head, looking at Sabrina with a ‘you naughty minx’ look, then sighed. “Fuck it- Or, rather, fuck me. Let’s go.”

Chapter 389

“Oh, fucking *hell*,” Tasha moaned.

You had all jumped into an Uber for the ride to Sabrina’s, and the girls had sat in the back together while you sat up front. It was a quick ride, only a few minutes, and you all piled back out onto the sidewalk into Sabrina’s building and into the elevator. That led the Gemma pulling Tasha into a kiss after shooting you a little smirk, and she took the other blonde by the back of her head and planted it on her.

Gemma hadn’t stopped there though - no, she went further and slid her hand up under Tasha’s little dress and had her fingers in the other girl’s thong and was openly fingering her. *That* was what had Tasha moaning.

Gemma pulled away, smirking again as she made a show of licking her fingers and then breaking into a laugh at the look on Tasha’s face.

“You guys don’t fuck around,” Tasha exhaled as the elevator reached Sabrina’s floor.

“Oh, we fuck around,” you said. “We’re just very discerning who we do it with.”

“That’s not what I m- *woah!*”

You scooped up Tasha in your arms and she had to throw her arms around your shoulder to stay steady as you started walking her down the corridor to Sabrina’s apartment. “I know,” you said with a grin as you carried her.

She rolled her eyes and just laughed.

Sabrina got the door to the apartment open and you walked Tasha in all the way to the couch, setting her down and immediately going to your knees in front of her.

“Tash, I’m going to eat you out now,” you said. “You only get to say four things, OK? Those things are Faster, Slower, Harder or Softer. Got it?”

“Um,” she said, her eyes going a little wide. “Um, OK?”

“Good girl,” you said and leaned in and kissed her as thoroughly as Gemma had in the elevator. She kissed a little like Becks did, and you realised that they had similar lips even if most of the rest of them were different. You teased her lips with your tongue, and she let you in and soon you were swapping spit as you lifted her up by her hips and pulled her dress up to her waist blindly. Then you pulled down her thong and awkwardly got it off around her boots until you finally positioned her butt on the edge of the couch.

It only took you the length of a breath and a deep look into her eyes before you lowered yourself down to her pussy, spreading her legs with your hands so she was nice and open to you, and you gave her lips and big lick. Her mound and lips were covered in a little peach fuzz of pubic hair, but it was so soft that you didn't mind at all and it just made her stand out a little as different.

"Fuuuck," Tasha moaned.

You dove in, satisfied there wasn't some funky surprise waiting for you, driving your tongue into her. She quickly had her thighs up on your shoulders, squeezing your head lightly as she groaned.

The couch shifted, and you glanced up to see that Sabrina had climbed up onto the couch next to Tasha. She was grinning and used a finger to turn Tasha's face to the side and she started making out with her. Seeing your gorgeous girlfriend deeply kissing a cutie like Tasha would always be a turn-on, and the tenderness you could tell Sabrina was putting into her kiss and little touches on Tasha's cheek and neck told you she was still on her mission to reassure her that she was valuable and wanted.

Gemma, from behind you, unzipped and peeled Tasha's boots off of her before she got on the couch on the other side of her. Your girlfriend had already stripped off the skirt and blouse she'd been wearing all day, leaving her in a cute pair of underwear that lived somewhere on the border of lingerie but didn't quite tip over. It was a cute black set that you liked on her, and it framed her cleavage wonderfully while showing off just a bit of ass cheek on the bottom. "My turn," she said, and Sabrina separated from Tasha and nodded in Gemma's direction.

You used the moment of transition to introduce your fingers to your own work, teasing her with the tip of your middle finger, and she groaned as her lips met Gemma's.

Sabrina stripped out of her clothes as the blondes were kissing and she ended up in just her panties, her pretty little pink nipples hard little nubs as she took back control of Tasha and started kissing her again. This led Gemma to urge Tasha to let the shoulder straps over her dress come down and soon Tasha's tits were out, her tight dress just a belt around her stomach.

You'd seen her tits before. Hell, you had a picture of them on your phone. Memory and photography didn't do them justice. They were large without looking strange on her moderate frame, and they had perfect little circular areolas capped with perfect nipples. They hung just a touch wide on her as she laid back, and Gemma immediately started groping her and kissing on her neck as Sabrina made out with her.

It didn't take too long for Tasha's thighs to squeeze tighter around your ears and for her to moan her wants in between kisses. As you drove her towards her first orgasm for the night, both of your girlfriends traded off licking and sucking on Tasha's tits while the other rained kisses across her lips, neck and cheeks.

“Oh, fucking hell,” Tasha moaned, her hips thrusting up at you as you tongued her clit and worked two fingers in her. That made you think of her saying the same thing in the elevator and you chuckled, the hum of it passing through your lips to the sensitive skin of her labia, and that was what really set her off.

Tasha came, though her orgasm wasn't as satisfyingly responsive as Gemma or Sabrina. She came hard and fast, clenching and then releasing, and sighed heavily after maybe fifteen seconds as she relaxed back onto the couch.

“Good girl, Tasha,” Sabrina cooed as she leaned in and kissed her cheek. “Now I think it's my turn between those pretty legs of yours. Do you want to maybe suck John's cock? Share it with Gemma.”

“That sounds good,” Tasha panted lightly.

“Out of the way, and out of those pants, baby,” Sabrina said to you eagerly as she slid to the floor next to you. She kissed you as you got Tasha's legs off of your shoulders, tasting the other woman on your lips, and moaned lightly. “Delicious,” she said with a grin. “Now, properly introduce her to what she's been missing.”

“Whatever you say, baby,” you said, giving her one last peck on the nose before standing and starting to undo your belt while both of the blondes watched you with pleased little smiles on their lips and glimmers in their eyes.

Chapter 390

“Ummmmuuuhh,” Tasha hummed from her chest, the sound echoing in the shower and mingling with the falling water as she leaned into you. You had to grin as you swapped from slowly washing her to just holding her.

Based on how the apartment looked, the sex was wild and maybe even a little freaky. There were clothes and shoes scattered from the living room to the bedroom, the bed only had the bottom sheet on it, and there were three different sex toys scattered across it. In reality, the entire sexual encounter had been slow, passionate and loving. The focus had been Tasha, and you and the girls had touched, kissed and licked every possible erogenous zone on her body. You’d fucked her twice, both times slow and smooth. Once on her back as you either made out or she had both her tits sucked and kissed by the girls. The other time was on her stomach in a prone position while she tasted Gemma and Sabrina worked a vibrator between her legs and watched.

You hadn’t *just* fucked Tasha. You’d had some time with both Gemma and Sabrina as well but had maintained the same tone throughout. Tasha had made out with Sabrina while she rode you, and Gemma had spooned up behind Tasha while you entered your girlfriend from behind.

It had been some really great, heartwarming sex. Then, when everyone was totally mellow and the orgasms had faded, Sabrina ordered you into the shower to ‘do your thing.’ The fact that taking a shower and washing your partners was ‘your thing’ was kind of funny, but after the way Becks had reacted to it you figured maybe the girls had a point.

So now you were cradling Tasha in your arms, holding her under the hot water as her tits pressed into your sternum and you kissed the top of her wet head. Your hand slid up and down her slick back, just feeling her skin.

“How are you feeling?” you asked her quietly.

“Like I can barely stand,” Tasha chuckled. She looked up at you. “I figured you had to be decent at sex, keeping those two happy at the same time, but God damn you guys can fuck.”

“So can you,” you said with a little smile and leaned down to kiss her tenderly. “God, you’re cute.”

She grinned a bit at the and pursed her lips again, asking for another kiss. You gave it to her, letting it linger as you brought your hand down from her shoulder to her breasts, teasing her nipples a little by just rubbing your thumb over them. She moaned softly against your lips.

“Remember that joke I made when you and Gemma and Sabrina came to the club together the last time?” Tasha asked.

“Which one?” you raised an eyebrow.

“The one about this guy,” she took your semi-hard cock in one hand and gently started to stroke you. “Being a ‘universal cock.’”

You snickered softly and nodded. “I remember. You got the entire club to cheer for my dick.”

“Yeah, well, I was right,” Tasha said. “It’s pretty goddamn perfect. Long enough to get deep without being too long, thick enough to stretch me nicely without actually hurting. I feel like Goldilocks.”

“Well, you’re pretty perfect too,” you said. “Your breasts are so damn nice, Tash. Perfectly sized for you, with that delicious jiggle when you laugh, or when you work your hips back at me. And these cute nipples that deserve to be loved on.” You slid your hand lower from her tits, down her stomach to her fuzzy pubic mound. “And your pussy is a delicious, tight little peach. You felt so fucking good, even through a condom. I know Sabrina has her whole ‘Steps’ thing going on, but just so you know I really do hope you will come back on Saturday.”

“I will,” she said, then laughed and her tits jiggled just the way you’d said they did. “God, I will. Fuck.” She was still stroking you, and you didn’t stop playing with her pussy, and soon you fell into making out under the water as she gave you a handjob and you fingered her. She came first, groaning into your lips. You still found it strange, after fucking her, how fast her orgasms washed through her and then were gone. It almost felt like she was missing out or something. Then she continued stroking you, a little faster, and took a moment to squirt some body wash onto your cock to make it even more slick. She went back to kissing you as she did it, and you ended up grunting through your orgasm as she softly bit your bottom lip and you came all over her stomach.

Then you washed her properly, including her hair, which she legitimately almost fell over during because her legs got weak. That led to more laughter and holding her up with your hands on her ass as you kissed some more before rinsing her off.

Back out of the shower you took your time drying her, and she did the same for you, and you both stepped out of the bathroom to find the apartment had been cleaned up, the bed remade, and the sex toys put away. Sabrina and Gemma were dressed in a couple of your shirts and that was all, and they presented Tasha with one as well before urging you into the bed and tucking you in. They headed into the washroom together, leaving you and Tasha to snuggle.

“How are you feeling now?” you asked quietly as you spooned up behind her. You *hadn’t* been provided with a shirt, so you were naked under the covers and could feel your cock pressed to one of her ass cheeks.

“Warm and fuzzy,” Tasha said, then took a deep breath and let it out. “Which is a lot different from how I felt after the gangbang. Maybe it’s bad form to talk about that with a guy I just had... whatever this experience was, but-”

“Shh,” you shushed her, squeezing her a little more tightly in a hug. “Tonight is all about you, and if you think talking about it will help, you can tell me anything and it’ll go into the vault. OK?”

Tasha nodded, pressed her back against you a little firmer as if to assure herself that you were there, and then broke into a sob as she pressed her face down against the pillow. You held her as she cried, and then let go only to grab a tissue from the bedside table so she could wipe her nose and eyes. Then she started talking and told you how the gangbang had been. How she’d felt empowered and sexual, thinking that her guy wanted to see her that way. Thinking she was doing something for him. And how the sex hadn’t been good, just overwhelming. And how after that feeling of empowerment had disappeared quickly, and how feeling sexy turned to feeling dirty. And how she’d felt dirty ever since, and it had only gotten worse when Mosche had acted so weirdly and then started ghosting her.

“I finally feel clean,” she said quietly. “Thank you, John.”

You exhaled a deep breath and squeezed her tightly again. “You’re welcome, Tash,” you said. “We’re here for you.”

Chapter 391

“Oh, God, that’s good,” Tasha moaned softly as you slowly made love to her. The both of you were still under the warm covers of Sabrina’s bed, your two girlfriends having already gotten up to start on breakfast and get ready for a Friday at the office. You took significantly less time to get ready, so they had encouraged you to have a bit of extra fun with your bed guest.

You kissed the side of Tasha’s neck lightly, tempted to leave a hickey but deciding quickly not to. She likely wouldn’t have minded, with how playful she was about things, but it just didn’t feel right in the moment. Behind you, you could hear one of the girls moving through from the living room or kitchen into Sabrina’s bathroom, quietly passing through the bedroom without comment. Tasha had her legs wrapped around your hips, her ankles crossed behind you and her arms back around your shoulders and neck as she gasped and squirmed while you thrust into her with slow hip movements.

“You’re so damn pretty, Tash,” you moaned softly as you crossed from one side of her neck to the other, nuzzling her hair out of the way to get your lips on her bare skin.

“Thank you,” she breathed out.

You brought your hands up from her sides, rubbing across her outer tits, and she groaned again.

“You’re also so sexy and playful,” you whispered, kissing up to her jawline.

“Thank you,” she breathed out again.

“And have I mentioned that you are very, very funny?” you asked with a little smirk.

“Not directly,” she grinned a little.

“Well, you are very, *very* funny,” you said, and then gave her a deep kiss that teased her lips with your tongue, and then accepted her in a little languid battle.

She pulled her head away with a gasp as she came, another of those short and sweet orgasms that made you think she was missing out on something bigger. It was just her, though.

“I’m going to come soon,” you told her quietly, still thrusting in and out of her slowly. “Where do you want it?”

She smirked a little, closing her eyes as she relaxed. “Wherever you want, John.”

You decided to just fuck her to finish and slowly picked up your pace a little as the two of you kept trading little kisses until you groaned and unloaded into the condom. It was kind of weird,

fucking with a condom after the last couple of months. Tasha's test had been clean but everyone had decided it was a good idea to play it safe until the more comprehensive one she'd taken came back. You were used to dropping your loads into women now though, and feeling that rush of filling them up. Becks and Mallory had both been open to creampie, and Sabrina and Gemma had come to prefer them after they'd both decided to try it.

So pulling out of Tasha, feeling less than the perfect sense of skin on skin, and needing to peel off a sloppy condom wasn't exactly the luxurious end of a morning fuck you were used to.

Then again, it was also easier for you to wash your cock than for one of the girls to wash out their pussy before dressing for work.

Once you were finished with the short bout of morning sex, you and Tasha got on the move as well and the four of you cycled through the washroom and into the kitchen. Breakfast was a quick scramble of eggs and cheese paired with toast along with fresh coffee. Sabrina lent Tasha some sweatpants, a shirt and a pair of shoes to wear home since her dress from the night before would look way too much like a walk of shame.

"And there is *nothing* shameful about last night," Sabrina said with a grin at her friend and new lover.

"Thank you," Tasha said, wrapping her arms around the skinny brunette in a big hug. Sabrina squeezed her back. "Seriously. Last night was great sex, but it was more than that."

"A cup of John is good for the soul," Gemma said with a little smirk and wink at you.

Tasha let go of Sabrina and went and hugged Gemma as well, giving her a little peck on the lips to go with it. "I honestly thought you two were playing him up a bit just because he was your boyfriend, but you're so right."

"I don't lie about my boyfriend or girlfriend," Gemma said, hugging the other woman back. "They are amazing, and I'm lucky as hell."

"I thought we all agreed that I was the lucky one?" you chuckled.

"We're all lucky, baby," Sabrina said, coming to stand next to you and hug your arm as she leaned against you.

"You seriously are," Tasha said, going back to pick her coffee mug up off the counter.

Despite the lovey-dovey feelings, you, Gemma and Sabrina had to get to work so there wasn't time to linger. Tasha, for her part, worked a day job in retail at a bookstore in the mall just off downtown so her day started a little later so she wasn't in as much of a rush but still needed to get home to change.

The goodbye kisses at the door were kind of funny since you were all heading for the same elevator anyway, but they were sweet and there was just a touch of flirty grabass.

"I had a really good time," you said to Tasha as you held her close after your kiss. One of your hands was on her butt familiarly.

"Me too," she said with a grin.

"Can we see you again?" you asked.

"Damn it, John," Sabrina said. "You're rushing ahead in the steps."

Tasha laughed and rolled her eyes a little. "To humour Sabrina, I guess my answer has to be, 'We'll see.'"

"Good," Sabrina smirked. "Now we can spend all day flirting with you via text. How do you feel about sexting at work?"

"We are *not* sexting at work," Gemma said. "You know how that ends up, and we aren't doing anything in the office again."

"Again?" Tasha asked, lifting a curious eyebrow.

"Play your cards right and we'll tell you on Saturday," Gemma said. "For now, we need to leave, guys!"

The four of you finally got out the door and on your way.

Chapter 392

After the smooth way that things had gone yesterday in terms of work, even if there had been a lot of it, part of you expected the next shoe to drop. Whether it would be Joy making some sort of a new appearance, or a new lawsuit from DeezChains, or *something*. Hell, the way things felt like they worked sometimes, you wouldn't have been necessarily surprised if ICE came looking to deport Gemma thinking she was someone else.

But you and Sabrina went and did the Coffee Run for the morning, and nothing happened at the shop. Then you stopped by and dropped Becks off her cup, and she had no new news on Joy or Mrs Bellagamba or anything else that might have been coming down the pipe. She did surreptitiously ask if you were going to 'hang out' that weekend, and Sabrina explained that you were helping out a friend but you definitely wanted to find time soon. To 'hang out.'

"What's that look, baby?" Sabrina asked you in the elevator.

"What look?"

"The one on your face," she laughed.

"I'm just re-comprehending that I have two gorgeous, amazing girlfriends, along with a woman like Becks jumping into our bed, and now Tasha as well," you said.

"You really knocked her socks off last night," Sabrina grinned. "Have you texted her yet?"

"My hands are a little full," you pointed out since you were carrying four trays of drink precariously stacked to Sabrina's two.

"Make sure you do, and make it really flirty. Over the top. We want her grinning and rolling her eyes and feeling the warm-and-fuzzies all day."

"Alright," you sighed a little chuckle of your own.

Once the coffees were delivered, you and Sabrina joined Eric and Gemma in the conference room and got to work. And nothing went wrong. Garrison came by around 9:30 AM, just poking his head in to say good morning, and a couple of associates dropped off more work for you. Eric was leaving right at the end of the day since he was catching a flight down to Florida to do more podcasts so the four of you buckled in to try and get as much work done during the day as possible.

After taking a punch for you, you definitely didn't hold it against Eric to want to cut out right at the end of the day while the three of you would put in a couple of extra hours to get ahead for Monday.

The only distraction that morning was the texting. Sabrina and Gemma set up a rotation of when the three of you should send texts to Tasha so that she would be peppered with them throughout the day. You found it kind of funny how *awkward* you felt trying to come up with ways to cheesily flirt with her - two girlfriends, multiple sexual partners, and you'd had sex with her *that morning* and it still felt silly to randomly send her something like, '*Just thinking about looking into your eyes has me distracted*' or '*What's your lip care routine, because I can't wait to kiss you again?*'

You each got a couple of texts back before she started her shift at the bookstore, and then you got the occasional response as she had a break at work. The biggest response you got, however, was when she sent you a mirror selfie of her flashing her tits with a big grin on her face. They were still fucking perfect in a way it was hard to describe, and you had to quickly double-check that Eric hadn't seen the picture.

The other distraction that happened was small and came at lunch. Eric, expecting to not have time to eat decently before his flight that evening, made the run down to the sub shop which left you, Gemma and Sabrina with a short window of time alone.

"OK, so something has happened," Sabrina said as you all sat down with your lunches from the bodega on the first floor of the building.

"Yeah, we know," Gemma chuckled. "You've been practically vibrating for an hour."

"You can't be *this* excited just for the picture Tasha sent," you said.

"I mean, it was a good picture, but no," Sabrina said. She pulled out her phone and opened up Twitter. "My account got followed by NoraNix."

It became clear pretty quickly that you and Gemma had no idea who that was.

"OK, let me explain why this is a big deal," Sabrina sighed dramatically. "NoraNix is one of the top OF creators. Like, top 0.02% or something. There are the celebrity accounts and the girls who are like, breaking it on YouTube or the streaming space, and then there's the one level down and she's in that tier of creator. She's got literally tens of thousands of Fans, and she's really pretty and has a fun personality and I already followed her because of market research and stuff, but she just *followed me* without me even interacting with her!"

"Wow," you said. "So this is a big business deal."

"What are you going to do about it?" Gemma asked.

"I don't know!" Sabrina said, flapping her hands like she was in a nervous panic, making you and Gemma laugh a little. "I need to decide how to respond. Like, do I make a big deal of it, or do I play it cool?"

“Play it cool,” Gemma said. “If she’s a really big creator then I’m sure she gets weird messages and tweets all the time. Just be normal, and nice.”

“Right. Normal and nice,” Sabrina mumbled as she was scrolling on her phone.

You looked at Gemma and shook your head. “Maybe we should better define what ‘normal’ is. We *are* talking about Sabrina.”

“Hey!”

Chapter 393

The afternoon felt like it dragged a bit as you watched the various items get ticked off the to-do list, but that wasn't because any more distractions were going on. Sabrina pivoting in the afternoon to working on the Mock Trial case took out a quarter of your workforce, so the hours just felt like they crawled by a little slower. It also didn't help that Garrison swung by and called Gemma out for a brief, 30-minute mentoring session.

Still, quitting time was looming and you could tell Eric was getting antsy to leave. The texting with Tasha had also continued, though there weren't any pictures sent - at least that you knew of. Sabrina or Gemma may have sent her something. Still, once you got comfortable, sending flirty texts with her was fun, and you threw in a few to Sabrina, Gemma and Becks as well for good measure. Becks was the most surprised, responding quickly from down in the lobby with a few cute compliments that had you trying not to blush.

Eric was out the door right at five on the tails of those lawyers who were still in the building. It being a Friday in the middle of summer, it got quiet early and emptied out fast.

"So, I'm just saying, Tasha did send *us* a picture," Sabrina said with a little smile once Eric had taken off.

"No, love," Gemma said sternly, giving Sabrina a look. "At least, not unless it's one you have saved on your phone already."

"Fine, fine," Sabrina chuckled. "How has the campaign been going for you guys?"

"Good," you said. "It's fun. And I feel like I'm getting practice for when Gemma is back home."

"Ugh, don't remind me," Gemma sighed. "I mean, it will be nice to be home, but being without you two..." She shook her head and frowned sadly. "We only have three and a half weeks left before I go."

"We should make a list of things to do before you leave," Sabrina suggested. "Like places to go, special dates, stuff to set up for while you're gone. People to bang."

The last one got Gemma to snort and roll her eyes. "I think I like that idea for all of them but the last one."

"What? That's not fair," Sabrina said. "The People deserve to be on their own list."

"What people?" Becks asked as she came up to the door of your conference room. You were surprised to see her up on the floor of the firm and not at her desk - you wouldn't have even guessed she knew what room you worked in up there.

“People Gemma wants to bang before she leaves next month,” Sabrina said.

“Well, I better be on that list,” Becks said as she came in and sat down across the table from you and in between Sabrina on one side and Gemma at the end.

Gemma rolled her eyes again. “Yes, Becks. I promise not to leave without some goodbye sex. But I don’t need a list to keep track of people. It’s not exactly hard to keep track.”

“What’s up, sugar butt?” Sabrina asked, turning to Becks more fully as she set down the files she’d been working on. “What brings a foxy lady like you up to a little hole in the wall like this?”

“This foxy lady just finished her shift for the week and has no plans,” Becks said, kicking off her shoes and putting her stocking-clad feet up on the table. “And I know for a fact that this place is pretty much empty by now, so I figured I’d come up and check if you three were working late or not. I saw Eric rushing out but you guys didn’t come down.”

“We will be, for a few hours at least,” you said with a slight grimace. “Garrison is loading more work onto our plates now, and Sabrina’s spearheading our mock trial prep.”

“The good news is that if you stick around with us, a nice dinner often spontaneously appears for us around seven,” Gemma said.

“Well, in that case, I’m in for free take-out,” Becks chuckled. “And I promise to be quiet and not distract you guys too much.”

Becks settled in on her phone for a bit until Sabrina struck up a conversation to help herself review the Mock Trial case details, telling Becks about it and letting her ask questions. You listened in with one ear, focusing more on your data entry and word searching. About an hour later you vaguely noticed their conversation stopped as Sabrina got up and left, likely headed for the washroom. When she came back she said something to Becks, who got up and went somewhere.

You practically jumped out of your seat when two hands suddenly reached up from under the conference room table and slid up your knees to your lap.

Sabrina and Becks, who was under the table, started cackling at your reaction and even Gemma started chuckling when she realised what had happened.

“Jesus Christ,” you panted, putting a hand to your chest. “Fuck, Becks. I think I just choked on my heart for a second.”

“Sorry,” she giggled, looking up at you from under the table. “I didn’t think you were *that* focused.”

"I went and checked and no one is here or upstairs," Sabrina said. "We've got the office to ourselves."

"And I've been fantasising about that time I called you guys and you were banging," Becks said. "So I was thinking, since we're all here..."

"We do still have work to get done," Gemma said. "One blowjob. And you don't want to get caught if the security guy brings dinner up instead of calling one of us down."

"Fine, one blowjob," Becks said, then smirked a little as she started to undo the zipper of your slacks. "To start."

"I, for one, wouldn't mind a little servicing from Becks' After Hour Eatery," Sabrina laughed.

"Awful," Gemma said to the pun. "Just awful. But I'll take some too."

"Mmm, guess I'm playing Miss Lusty tonight then," Becks grinned, fishing your cock out of the front of your pants and quickly massaging it as it got hard in her grip. "Your Secre-slut was what you called me, right?"

You groaned as she took your cock head in her mouth. You weren't going to get *any* work done.

Chapter 394

Becks knew exactly what she was doing. Even though you were only really getting little flashes of her, and most of that was just her lips stretched around your cock, she still teased the hell out of you. The little hums and chuckles that sent vibrations through your cock were particularly distracting and thrilling.

After a full day of work and fun flirty texts, you may not have been on a hair-trigger (you *did* have morning sex), but it wasn't too hard for her to get you grunting softly and thrusting a little into her mouth as you remained seated.

You reached under the table, running your fingers through her silky hair, and she responded by lashing her tongue along your shaft.

"Fuck, Becks," you groaned softly.

"Yes, Daddy?" she asked, pulling her lips from your cock.

"OK, don't start," you said.

That got a laugh from all three of the girls in the room.

"Keep teasing him for a bit, hon," Gemma said.

"Yes, ma'am," Becks said quickly and then started licking and nibbling on your shaft.

"I thought the point of this was to be *quick*," you said.

"I don't think anyone said that," Sabrina smirked.

You groaned as the teasing continued. Five minutes stretched into ten as Becks readjusted her position under the table, getting more comfortable. She was swapping between taking your head between her lips and suckling on it as she worked her lips over the ridges, and then kissing her way down your shaft before slowly licking her way back up.

Eventually, it became too much, and you groaned in frustration as she left the head again to travel downwards.

"I'm close," you groaned.

"Swallow it, slut," Sabrina called from across the table.

Becks immediately clamped her lips on your cock again and started sucking in earnest. It took maybe thirty seconds for you to spill over the top and grunt as you unleashed pulse after pulse

of cum into her mouth. She was humming and gulping quickly, and just as your orgasm was finishing she jammed her mouth down farther, sucking hard as she teased the head at the back of her throat before slowly pulling off you all the way.

“Fuck,” you exhaled heavily.

“Delicious,” Becks said from under the table and gave your cock a little friendly kiss.

“You want to go, baby, or me?” Sabrina asked Gemma.

“You go first,” Gemma said, shaking her head and chuckling. “I know you’re probably soaking through whatever panties you’re wearing.”

“Who said I’m wearing panties?” Sabrina grinned.

“I do,” Gemma said. “Cause I told you that you had to for work. So are you?”

Sabrina sighed and nodded. “Yes. Spoilsport. I’m wearing a thong.”

“Slut,” Gemma teased her.

“Yours,” Sabrina teased back. “Now, Becks, come take care of me.”

“Needy, needy,” Becks said as she slipped your cock back into your pants and zipped you up. She scooted away under the table, and soon Sabrina was shifting a little in her seat. She’d worn a knee-length skirt that day along with a blouse, and you wondered if Becks could get between her legs without lifting the entire thing up to Sabrina’s waist.

They figured something out, and soon Sabrina was slouching in her seat as her eyes went a little glazed and she held up some papers. Anyone who looked at her for more than a second would know she wasn’t reading them.

Still, you were able to get back to work and sort of ignore the giggles from under and across the table, along with the soft kissing sounds.

Sabrina eventually came with a series of soft, girly grunts as she sensuously bit the corner of her lower lip and held onto the edge of the table. You had to stop working to watch her, and when she was done she was flushed pink and breathing heavily.

“That was a good one,” she laughed breathlessly. Then she pushed her chair back and went to her knees, and you could hear her kissing Becks sloppily. When Sabrina came back up her makeup was just slightly mussed.

“Fix yourself up, love,” Gemma said to her. “Just in case someone comes in.”

“Yes, baby,” Sabrina said, shooting an air kiss at Gemma.

“Switch seats with me, John?” Gemma asked you. “If I’m getting mine I’ll need to drop my pants.” She’d worn trousers that looked great with her figure that day, so it made sense and your spot would be that much more hidden below the waist than hers. You quickly stood to swap seats with her, meeting her in a kiss as you hooked an arm around her waist for a moment.

“Love you, love,” you said.

She shook her head and smiled. “You still say it wrong.”

“I know,” you grinned, then let her go.

She quickly undid her pants and let them drop, flashing a look at her panties which were probably one step below lingerie and a soft pink colour. She sat and quickly pulled them down as well, eyeing the conference room door. Then she slouched a little, getting her butt to the edge of the chair. “Alright, Becks,” she said. “I’m- Oooh, fuck.”

“Juicy?” Becks asked from under the table. “Horny? Wet for me?”

“All of the above,” Gemma grunted softly.

After the first minute she did a better job of looking like she was busy, but she slowly got more flushed and her nipples even started to make little bumps in her blouse. Becks was going at her with gusto, and you kept an eye on the hallway out of the conference room door. You couldn’t see all the way down to the elevator area, but you had a decent angle that would give a few moments warning. Thankfully, no one came down the hall.

Less thankfully, Gemma fell out of her chair in fright when the conference room phone started ringing. She started laughing almost immediately, joined by Becks. You had another moment of needing to swallow your heart down out of your throat again. Sabrina, for her part, was giggling but stood up and went to the phone.

“Shhh!” she shushed loudly, and both Beck and Gemma managed to get their giggles under control. Sabrina picked up. “Hello? Yes. Yes, that’s great. One of us will be right down.” She hung up and then looked at you with a smile. “Dinner is here, we can go get it.”

“Guess you two can continue,” you said, looking down at Gemma sprawled on the floor. She was on her back, her legs spread wide and showing off her bare pussy, and Becks was leaning over her after making sure she was OK from the fall.

“Mmm, yummy,” Becks said with a grin, lowering her mouth to Gemma’s cunt again.

“Ungh,” Gemma groaned, one hand pressing Becks down more firmly as it grabbed the back of her head. “Just- Go get dinner, love. I’ll be a minute.”

Chapter 395

You and Sabrina headed down via the elevators, coming out to the familiar site of the security guard sitting at Becks' usual spot at the front desk and brown food delivery bags on the counter.

"Everything good?" you asked the guy.

"Yep," he nodded. "Signed for it, and tip was paid with the order."

"Great," Sabrina said. "Thanks so much!"

There were two large bags so you and Sabrina each grabbed one and headed back for the elevator. As soon as the doors closed Sabrina set hers down and then pulled you down into a kiss with both hands on your cheeks.

"What was that for?" you laughed softly as she let you go.

"Nothing, I just wanted to kiss you," she said with a grin, then knelt down and opened her bag. "Ooh, Garrison ordered us sushi!"

As you headed back through the empty law firm hallway you didn't hear anything until you were about ten steps from the conference room, then you heard a soft grunting. At the doorway, you and Sabrina stopped and looked at each other with grins. Gemma was only partially visible and, from the other side of the table, looked like she was sitting on her knees as she struggled with something.

Of course, that 'struggle' was her riding Becks' face.

"Damn, baby," Sabrina said. "If you were that horny I would have done something for you earlier."

"Oh, hush," Gemma groaned.

"Have you come yet, love?" you asked, setting down your bag of food and rounding the table.

"Close," she grunted.

She was sitting on Becks' face, and Becks was partially still under the table on her back. You leaned down from behind Gemma and grabbed her tit with one hand firmly as you lifted her chin with a finger of the other. You kissed her deeply, massaging her boob through her blouse, and Gemma came softly and a long moan.

"That's the stuff," Sabrina grinned, already pulling containers out of her bag.

“God,” Gemma panted as you helped her dismount from Becks. Gemma immediately leaned down and kissed the woman. “Thanks for that.”

“My pleasure,” Becks said, grinning lopsidedly. “But you know I’m going to want some dick after that.”

“I actually have an idea about that,” Sabrina said.

You helped the ladies stand, Gemma fetching her panties and pants and quickly putting them back on while Becca used a serviette from the food delivery to wipe her face - after you got a kiss from her and tasted Gemma on her lips.

“Alright, what’s the idea?” Gemma asked as she started cracking open the food containers to reveal the variety of sushi. Garrison must have thought Eric was with you with the amount he’d ordered.

“Well,” Sabrina said. “You know those kinky, fancy party scenes where food like, say, sushi is served on a naked woman?” She turned her gaze on Becks.

“You want me to be a serving dish?” Becks asked with a laugh.

“A sexy, living serving dish,” Sabrina said. “And we get to tease you while we all eat and feed you. And then John will fuck you.”

“This sounds risky as hell,” you said.

“We’ll keep an ear out,” Sabrina said. “Right, Gemma?”

“I don’t know...” Gemma said, obviously unsure.

“Fuck it, I’ll do it,” Becks said. “You’re *sure* this place is empty, right?”

“I’ll do another check,” Sabrina said.

Things moved quickly. Sabrina did another quick tour of both floors of the firm, then even went down into the basement to make sure no one was working down there either. Once she was back, Becks took one last quick breath to steady her nerves and then quickly stripped out of her ‘hot and aloof’ secretary clothes. Her warmly hued skin was smooth and you took a moment to stop her once she was down to just her thong to grab her and kiss her.

“You’re sure?” you asked her.

“Even more now,” she said with a grin. “This is hot, and not something I’ll *ever* do again.” She stripped off her thong and, completely naked, laid herself out on the conference table at Eric’s

end so that if anyone *did* come up via the stairs or elevator she wouldn't be immediately visible and could hide if you heard the doors.

You leaned over her and kissed her again, and then gave her dark nipple a playful lick before moving aside and letting the girls have fun arranging various sushi and sashimi rolls on Becks' gorgeous body. When they were done she had food arranged artfully along her collarbone and down the centre of her chest, down her stomach in a diamond pattern that had its tip right on top of her bare pubic mound. Her thighs each got a dotted line of rolls too.

"Take a picture," Becks said. "I want to see."

Sabrina did, taking a few from different angles, and then showed them to Becks.

"Fuck, that's weirdly hot," Becks chuckled. "Now, I believe I was promised food and teasing?"

The three of you slowly went to work. The eating and feeding part was easy - wherever he'd ordered it from, Garrison had ordered quality sushi. The teasing part was harder, mainly because you didn't want to tease her too much and make her jerk or move and spill the food. Her nipples and breasts got teased with chopsticks frequently along with little kisses and licks, and her vulnerable, erogenous points of bare skin got soft kisses and caresses of their own. You even nuzzled her mound once the piece of sushi was removed from it, licking the salty taste from her skin and teasing your tongue down along the very front of her labia and making her moan.

Becks, for her part, tried to play a 'sexy serving dish' and be silent as best she could. She wasn't exactly a professional, though, and it became a game to try and see what could pull little moans from her.

Sabrina, after eating the last piece of sashimi from Becks' thigh and then rinsing her mouth with some water, was just climbing up on the table with the obvious intent of eating your friend's pussy when you all froze.

The very familiar bingle of the elevator had sounded.

Chapter 396

The panic as Becks tried to get off the table was only tempered by the very real need to be quiet about it. One last California roll that had been on her collarbone almost went flying except for the quick hands of Gemma.

"I'll go see who it is and stall," you whispered, heading for the door.

Moments later Sabrina was with you as you headed out into the hallway, the rustling of Becks and Gemma getting Becks' clothes in order behind you along with some very quiet cursing.

With the positioning of the conference room down at one end of the building, the corridor with the stairs and elevator on it was offset from the door so you and Sabrina quickly moved to the wall on the opposite side. Sliding along it, the closest offices that belonged to the associates and paralegals were all still dark. At the corner, you glanced around the corner. The lights in the hallway were on but dimmer, and on your first glance you didn't see anyone.

Your second glance, and Sabrina's first, revealed who had just come up the elevator.

"What the *fuck* is she doing here?" Sabrina whispered.

Joy Bellagamba strutted out of the alcove where the elevators were located and made a right, heading towards the far end of the floor where the Senior Partner offices were.

You suppressed your urge to groan by gritting your teeth in a grimace. "I don't know," you whispered back. "But it doesn't look like her mom is with her. Bellagamba definitely wasn't here?"

"No, I checked every office," Sabrina said. "What should we do?"

"Call security," you said. "Unless she's just here to pick something up for her mother. Maybe call Garrison."

"Well, that means we need to know where she goes, so let's follow her," Sabrina whispered.

Following Joy wasn't exactly an easy task - the main corridors were long and relatively straight. You ended up darting a dozen paces at a time, slipping into the open doorways of offices. At one point you were sure Joy must have seen you because she stopped walking, but she didn't call out or come back in your direction, and she started walking again.

You tailed her all the way to the other end of the building, Sabrina practically stuck to your side as you moved in unison. She was barefoot, having kicked off her shoes before you were about to have fun with Becks.

At the end of the corridor, Joy went into an office and flicked on the light.

"Whose office is that?" Sabrina asked.

"I can't tell from here," you said. "It might be her Moms, or it might be Mr Fletcher's." You hadn't had much interaction with Fletcher beyond fetching him coffee during the morning run.

Sabrina motioned for you to stay where you were and she darted closer down the hallway and then came back. "It's Fletcher's," she whispered, her eyes wide.

"Fuck this," you grunted quietly, pulling out your phone. You quickly texted Garrison on his cell, *'Joy Bellagamba just showed up and is entering SrPrtnr offices. Calling security.'* Then you went to the desk of whoever's office you were in and picked up their landline phone, thumbing the button programmed to reach the front reception desk.

"Security," the guy downstairs said when he picked up after the first ring.

"There is a woman up here on the fourth floor who shouldn't be here," you said quietly. "Did you let her up here?"

"You mean Joy? She's worked for the firm every summer for years," the guy said.

"She was fired for cause almost a month ago," you said.

"... oh, fuck," the security guard said.

"Yeah, well, she's wandering around going into people's offices," you said.

"Fuck, I'll be right there," the security guard said.

Just as you were hanging up your phone started ringing. Loudly.

"Shit," you hissed, answering it. Sabrina was at the door and looked at you with big eyes.

"Hello?" you asked quietly.

"John, where is she exactly?" Garrison said. There was noise in the background that you couldn't distinguish, but you thought maybe he was at a restaurant.

"Fletcher's office right now," you said. "Security is on the way."

"Who the hell is here?" Joy asked from out in the hall.

"Shit, she heard my phone ring," you said quietly.

There was a rustling on Garrison's end, and then he said, "Put me on speaker so I can hear and keep her busy until security arrives."

You thumbed the speaker button and then went to the door with Sabrina, putting a hand on her shoulder before slipping past her and into the hall. "I am, Joy," you said. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"John?" Joy asked, making a sort of disgusted face like she'd smelled something rotten. "What are *you* doing here?"

"I work here," you said. "After you got fired we started doing extra hours. But I'm *allowed* to be here, you aren't."

"I didn't get fired, I resigned," Joy said. "And this is my Mother's firm, I have every right to be here."

"That's just plain not true," you said. "Maybe, *maybe* you could have a reason to be in your mother's office. But definitely not Fletcher's."

"So what are you going to do about it?" Joy asked.

"Call security," you said flatly. "Get you thrown out."

"Security let me up here. Ben is an idiot and thinks I still work for the firm."

"Not after I tell him differently," you said. "And report this to the other Partners. You think your Mom can stop you from getting charged with fraud for entering under false pretences, and probably corporate espionage for trying to look at or steal privileged files?"

That finally seemed to click with Joy, and her expression went from annoyed and disgusted to stoic. "You have no proof I was doing that," she said.

"Don't I?" you said, raising your phone and showing her the back of it, implying you'd taken pictures and not revealing Garrison was listening in.

Chapter 397

“Fuck you, John,” Joy said.

“No thanks,” you smirked.

“What do I need to do to get you to delete whatever photos you took and let me walk out of here?”

“Seriously? After all the shit you pulled, you think I would let you off the hook?” you asked. “You sexually assaulted me, slapped me, tried to blackmail me into sex by threatening my friends, and were just generally rude and insulting.”

“So what?” Joy spat. “That’s the corporate world, John. Take the advantages you can make for yourself. You could have had it easy - just be my little fuckboy for the summer and you’d be doing barely any work and come out to the Hamptons with me and my friends. Now you’re here at eight on a Friday night working like a dweeb instead.”

“I’ll take honest work over a lazy silver spoon any day of the week,” you said.

“So what do you want, then?” Joy demanded. “Want to bend me over my mother’s desk and fuck me? We can have some hate sex, and then both go our separate ways. I guarantee you that it would be better than whatever you’ve got going on with blondie.”

The sound of the elevator back down the corridor opening was dim in the back of your mind.

“I wouldn’t have sex with you if I was being offered something I *wanted*,” you said. “You think I’m going to do it to let you get away?”

“Fuck you,” she said. And then she did something you really hadn’t expected despite everything that had happened. She charged at you.

She had to be trying to get your phone. That was the only thing that really made sense. But in that split second of decision-making time you weren’t really thinking about what she was trying to do, you were just reacting. You backpedalled about three steps as she lunged forward, and you started to pivot. Somewhere behind you Ben the Security Guard should be coming down the hall towards your voices.

Joy snarled, arms reaching forward, long nails looking a hell of a lot like claws.

And then Sabrina burst out of the doorway to the office you’d initially been hiding in. She hit Joy in the side, shoving her hard with both hands and sending the taller woman off balance. Joy careened into the door jam of the office opposite Sabrina’s, the smack ringing just slightly with a hollow metal sound and a loud *pop* that was definitely not good.

Joy's wails started almost immediately after she hit the ground, splayed out awkwardly.

"You're never putting your hands on him again, bitch," Sabrina growled loudly, standing over Joy like a conquering Amazon. Her hands were balled up into fists and you got the distinct impression that she wanted to kick Joy while she was down. "You try to fucking rush him? Are you fucking serious!?"

"You broke my nose!" Joy wailed, rolling to her side as she clutched at her face. Blood was already streaming down her chin and dripping onto the carpet.

The heavy sound of the security guard's footsteps as he jogged down the hall was accompanied by the jangle of his keys. He came to a stop next to you, looking down in concern at Joy on the ground starting to get covered in drops of blood, then up at Sabrina. "What the fuck?"

"Joy rushed me after trying to bribe me with sex not to tell anyone what she was doing," you said. "Sabrina cut her off and she hit the door jam."

"She ambushed me!" Joy sobbed. "Arrest her!"

Your phone suddenly burst with sound as Garrison unmuted himself from his end. "Ben, is that you?" he asked.

The security guard blinked and reeled back for a moment before looking at your phone as you held it up. "Uh, Mr Garrison? Yes, sir, it is."

"Good. That woman needs to be detained and the police called. She was in the act of committing theft, and also admitted to sexual assault, physical assault and blackmail for John there," Garrison said. "I'll be down there in twenty minutes."

"Um, yes, sir," the security guard said. "She's, ah, covered in blood. Her nose seems to be broken."

"Give her some paper towel to wipe herself up, but *do not* let her leave," Garrison said. "John?"

"Yes, sir?"

"You and Sabrina should separate yourselves into different offices so that the police can interview you. Are Gemma and Eric there as well?"

"No, sir," you said. "Gemma is back down in the conference room. And, ah, Becks the receptionist was hanging out with us for the evening. She hasn't seen any work product or anything, she was just keeping us company."

“Alright. Gemma and Becks should stay where they are. I’ll check in with you when I can.”

“Yes, sir,” you said, and you ended the call.

Joy tried to shove Ben the security guard away, but he was a big guy and was easily able to get Joy standing and lead her to the elevators. You offered to go down with him, but he waved you off and said you should do what Garrison told you to. Gemma and Becks came down the hall and got a look at Joy, both of them with big eyes, just as the elevator was closing.

“Did you punch her in the face?” Gemma asked Sabrina.

“I wish,” Sabrina sighed. “I just pushed her and she hit the wall.”

“Jesus fuck,” Becks groaned. “Hanging out with you three is a fucking pain in my ass.”

“So you’re saying you want John to fuck you up the butt while you’re here?” Sabrina smirked.

Becks clearly did not find that funny after the risk of almost being caught.

You pulled Sabrina into your arms and kissed her as you held her tightly. “Nice save, hero,” you said to her with a little smile.

“Thanks, baby,” she said. “You can be my damsel in distress any time.”

Gemma and Becks obviously wanted the full story, but you relayed Garrison’s instructions and you split into your three groups. Sabrina took one of the empty offices on the west side of the building near the conference room and you took one on the east, while Gemma and Becks returned to the conference room and made sure that all the food was cleaned up and taken away.

You saw when the flashing red and blues of the police pulled up out front of the building from the window in your office, but didn’t have a good angle down to see anything.

Then you waited.

Chapter 398

The wait for the police was frustratingly boring, stuck in an empty office by myself. You could vaguely hear Gemma and Becks over in the conference room making sure everything was cleaned up, but felt like it would be bad form to call over to them even to make a joke. For yours and Sabrina's stories to be taken credibly you would need to be as clean as possible on not collaborating or conspiring - really, you should have recorded the whole confrontation, but you'd been busy with the phone call with Garrison.

It took almost twenty-five minutes for a pair of cops, already wearing 'So done with this' expressions, to come up looking for you along with Garrison. He stuck his head in your office briefly, making eye contact with you and nodding silently, before he and the cops went and spoke with Gemma and Becks for a minute before going to interview Sabrina.

Curious, you stood up and paced in the office near the door, and saw that Garrison wasn't actually in the interview but rather hovering in the doorway to the intern conference room talking with Gemma and Becks and having a couple bites of the leftover sushi. You almost choked on your own spit when you thought about if any of it had been lying on Becks' naked body a half hour before, but that had all been eaten or cleaned up so it wasn't possible. Garrison not being in the interview with Sabrina was concerning to you for a brief moment, but you realised that he'd probably given a statement downstairs when he arrived and, as a witness through the phone call, he couldn't 'represent' you for the interviews.

Eventually, you went and sat back down when you could see that the two cops were starting to stand up in Sabrina's office, and you heard them talking briefly out in the hall before they got to yours.

"John?" asked the first one through the door. He was older, maybe in his late fifties, and other than the tired expression on his face he had big bushy eyebrows and a pair of mutton chops that made you think he would have fit onto the set of Gangs of New York. The second cop was a heavysset woman, though it was hard to tell if she was overweight or just built bulky through her uniform, vest and light jacket.

"That's me," you said, taking a breath and leaving your hands flat on the empty desk between you.

"Great," he said. "I'm Officer Collins, this is Officer Tantallino. We just need to take your version of the events of tonight. I understand from the other witnesses that there's something of a history going on, but we'll be leaving that to a detective to follow up on - we just need to know what happened earlier this evening."

"Sure," you nodded.

They both sat in the chairs opposite you and Tantallino took out a phone. "We'll be taking notes, but mind if we record this? Easier to refer back to."

You hesitated, knowing you would probably be within your rights not to want to be recorded unless they brought you back to the station, but you noticed they both had body cams on their chests. "Those aren't working?" you asked, nodding to the cams.

"We were asked to turn them off since this is a law office with privileged information around," Collins said. "We'll only record audio."

"Alright, that's fine with me," you agreed, Tantallino pressed record on an app and a green light came on as it started recording.

The interview itself was fairly casual. They announced who they were, and the time, for the recording and then had you say who you were, and then they asked you to tell them what happened in your own words. They seemed willing to let you ramble, but you tried to keep it tight and to the facts of what had happened as you remembered it. While you were talking Collins was scribbling notes while Tarantillo watched you.

You told the truth, mostly. The only things you didn't include were the more... personal details of what you and the girls had been doing in the conference room; you didn't lie or perjure yourself, and told them that Becks had come up to hang out after her shift ended since the four of you had become friends and knew you were working late and would be getting dinner in. No mention of the sushi presentation, the blowjobs, or what might have happened next if the whole thing hadn't kicked off with Joy arriving on the floor.

When you finished, they had you start again but this time Collins would interrupt you to ask questions, sometimes clarifying, something challenging and making you wonder if Garrison or Sabrina had said something different. You pushed through though, sure in your accounting of the details, and by the time you were finished you were feeling a little parched from talking so much.

"Alright, that's all we need tonight," Collins said, closing his notebook while his partner stopped the recording. "We'll present the statements to whichever detective takes on the case, if they have any follow-ups they'll reach out through your firm. Do you have any questions for us?"

"Um, is Joy getting charged with anything tonight?" you asked.

"That, I can't tell you," Collins said. "Our Lieutenant was down there dealing with her lawyer when we came up here. There's some complexities and I don't know what an ADA will make of it."

"What about the attempted battery?" you asked. "She tried to rush me. And is Sabrina alright? There are no charges on her end, right?"

The two cops glanced at each other. “Again, there are some complexities. All I can say is that we won’t be bringing either of them in for booking tonight on any charges. I can say that there were a lot of threats of lawsuits getting thrown around down there, though.”

You felt a lump in your throat, knowing that unless Bellagamba suddenly decided to hold Joy accountable for her actions, she would definitely be gunning for at least you and Sabrina again. And if Sabrina got sued, it was entirely possible that your relationship would get uncovered... or, worse, her OnlyFans account might come up somehow.

“OK,” you said, trying not to panic and give the two cops any reason to start asking more questions. “Is that all then?”

“That’s all,” Tantallino said, the first to stand up, followed by Collins. You stood up with them and shook their hands, and then they left the office and you sat back down, breathing out heavily.

Joy had, hopefully, fucked herself into real trouble. But that didn’t mean she couldn’t drag you and Sabrina down with her.

Chapter 399

“Come on into the conference room,” Garrison said once the cops talked with him for another minute and then headed for the elevators.

You’d watched from the door to the office you’d been in, and you shut off the light and followed him in. Sabrina was already sitting with Gemma and Becks, and you went around to your usual seat while Garrison took the chair on the opposite side next to Sabrina. As you came in Gemma gave you a reassuring look, and was running her fingers through her hair, obviously a little stressed. Becks looked like she felt out of place, and considering she didn’t work directly for the firm you could understand why. Other than saying hello in the mornings or directing calls or visitors up to his office you weren’t sure if she really interacted with Garrison at all.

“Well,” Garrison said as he settled himself and then sighed as he shook his head. “Somehow you three continue to be at the centre of absolute fucking chaos.”

“Sir-” Gemma started, but cut off when Garrison held up a hand.

“No, no,” he said. “I know this wasn’t your fault. Joy is... She’s a problem that I should have recognized years ago. The fact that she felt confident enough to waltz up here and begin rifling through people’s offices is a *major* issue. Outside of dealing with her, we’re going to need to do a full security audit now for the building. The fact that our security guards weren’t informed that she’d been fired is a mitigating factor that our own HR will need to step up on, too.” He blew out another heavy sigh. “Honestly, for all that it’s going to cause some big discussions and issues for us in the near future, you three also headed off what might have been much larger issues for us.”

“Did you find out what she was actually doing?” you asked.

“No,” Garrison said. “She might not have even known herself, but it’s fairly obvious she knew she shouldn’t have been here, or going into offices to look through files. Maybe she’d been looking to sabotage us, or maybe she was going to try and sell privileged information - it’s really immaterial now because either way the other Partners and I will be pushing the police hard to press the heaviest charges possible. Especially after getting what in my mind amounts to a verbal confession of all the accusations you had built up prior against her, John.”

“The cops mentioned that she had lawyered up,” Sabrina said. “Was it her Mom? What’s going to happen with her?”

Garrison grimaced and shook his head. “The rest of the Partners are on their way in,” he said. “We’re going to be having an emergency meeting. I wouldn’t be surprised if we’ll have some space opening up for one of the Juniors to move into shortly.”

That was a major deal. For Bellagamba to get tossed out on her ass the Partners would need to be invoking some pretty stiff articles in Bellagamba's contract or Partner agreement. It would also soil whatever reputation she had in the legal community, most likely, and she'd need to fight that for years to come.

That did, however, leave her plenty of time to fuel her vengeance with lawsuits.

"Are Sabrina and John safe if that happens?" Gemma asked, clearly making the same connection as you had. "I mean, everything you've already done for us on a legal front we've been really grateful for, but it didn't seem to be too onerous. If they bring a civil suit against them, though, that might be a lot bigger of a deal."

Garrison nodded, still looking grim. "It's possible that things could get even messier than they are now. Obviously, this needs to be confirmed at the meeting, but I'm certain that considering the circumstances the firm will be covering any civil matters that stem from what occurred here in the office. As for the unlikely chance that they can convince the police to press charges on Sabrina, we'll make sure to get you set up with the strongest criminal defence lawyer we can bring in."

"Thank you," Sabrina said quietly. She was chewing on her lip, still nervous, and you wanted to reach across the table to at least offer her your hand in comfort but couldn't.

Garrison sighed again, and you had a feeling he'd be doing that a lot that night. "Alright," he said. "You four should head home now. The police should be cleared out downstairs, and either took Joy into custody or would have at least trespassed her from the property. I'm impressed that you three were putting in extra hours on a Friday night, so thank you for taking this seriously."

"Thank you for the dinners," you said. "It helps a lot."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Garrison smirked a little, then looked to Becks. "And I don't mind an *appropriate* visitor every once in a while."

Becks blushed a little. "Thanks, sir."

"You're as much a part of our firm as these three," Garrison assured her. "Hell, more so. I'm just glad the leftovers didn't go to waste - and that Eric wasn't here to get into *another* physical altercation with a litigious assailant."

That got snorts and little chuckles out of you, Gemma and Sabrina.

"Alright," Garrison said, standing up. "Head home. Have a good weekend. I'm sure there will be more than enough work waiting for you on Monday."

Chapter 400

“Fuck,” Becks sighed as you all piled into the elevator.

“What is it?” Gemma asked.

You had immediately taken Sabrina’s hand and squeezed it as the elevator doors started to close, and she went a step further and hugged your arm and leaned her head against you.

“You three got me all tuned up and ready for office sex, and now I’m going to be fantasising about it for ages,” Becks said with a frustrated smirk. “I’m going to have to build up the nerves and take another run at it when the time is right.”

“Garrison is single,” Sabrina said, a little smirk of her own growing. “He might be interested.”

Becks snorted and brought a hand up, pressing the back of it to her mouth. “I don’t think I’m in the market for *really* playing into the stereotype of Miss Lusty.”

The elevator reached the ground floor and the four of you stepped out to find a cleaner mopping the main entryway and the security guard looking a little haggard. As soon as you came into view he stood up, saw that you weren’t Garrison or another ‘big boss’ type, and then relaxed his shoulders. “Heading out?” he asked.

He went and unlocked the front doors for you, which had never needed to be done before since he was sitting at the front desk anyway, and then locked it behind you. The three of you walked a little way down the street before stopping.

“This is so fucked,” Gemma finally said.

“It’s only a little fucked,” you said. “Joy is getting hers, and the chances of blowback on us are small.”

“Are you OK, Sabrina?” Becks asked.

Your girlfriend nodded but was still holding your arm and hadn’t stopped since the elevator. “It’s fine,” she said, then cracked a little grin. “And I gotta be honest, shoving Joy and having her run face-first into a doorway felt *really* fucking good.”

“God, I wish I’d seen that,” Gemma said. “I wish I’d *done* it!” She opened her arms and Sabrina stepped from you to her, and they hugged tightly as Gemma pulled her close. “It’ll be OK, love,” she said more quietly.

“Not to break the mood,” Becks said. “But, ah, since we got interrupted up there...?”

Sabrina chuckled, and Gemma rolled her eyes with a grin as they separated. "Sorry, Becks," Gemma said. "We've got a big day tomorrow helping out a friend."

"Shit!" Sabrina said and went into her purse for her phone. "We need to get back on the texting campaign."

"Texting campaign?" Becks asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"Do you remember Tasha, the girl whose apartment we went to for that party?" you asked her. "She went through the wringer with her relationship, and Sabrina came up with a plan to pick her back up and make her feel empowered and loved and sexy again."

"That sounds *exactly* like something you'd do," Becks' smirked, looking at the brunette.

Sabrina finished a text and sent it, then looked up. "Sexual healing is the best healing," she said with a grin. "But Gemma is right, babe. Unfortunately, we have some preparation to do for tomorrow. Aaaaand I was kind of planning on John saving his loads so that the first one he gives her tomorrow is really big, but was willing to make an exception for Office Sex cause, y'know."

"Wait, you were?" you asked, suddenly realising that you weren't just not having sex with Becks that night, but potentially not with Gemma or Sabrina either.

"Does she know about the scenes and stuff?" Becks asked.

Sabrina shot you an apologetic look while Gemma shook her head. "No, Tash isn't... Well, once she's back on her feet emotionally she'd probably be down for it, honestly, but she's a comedian and might want to talk about her experience on stage or something and it all gets complicated. We trust her a lot, but not with that, I think is the way to put it."

"Exactly," Sabrina said. "She's our girl, she's just not... *our girl*."

"Alright, well, if you three aren't taking me home and ravishing me, I think I should head out," Becks said and let out a breath. "Though you might get a call later, John."

"I'll pick up," you said with a little smile, knowing what she meant. Phone sex with her wasn't a regular occurrence, but was definitely a fun little addition to your odd friends-with-benefits relationship.

Becks ordered an Uber for herself and Sabrina ordered one for the three of you, none of you wanting to spend the time navigating the bus system that late at night. Becks' ride got there first and she kissed you goodbye, and you decided to really make the driver question himself and grabbed her ass as you did it. She groaned a little into your lips and gave you a '*Fuck you, you know what you just did*' look before getting into the car. You wrapped your arms around Gemma

and Sabrina's waist after closing the door for her and you could have sworn the driver did a triple take as he pulled away from the curb.

"Naughty," Gemma said with a smirk, nudging you in the side with her elbow. "She's probably stewing in that backseat now."

"Shit," Sabrina sighed. "I got sidetracked by sexting Tasha. I meant to ask her if the 'food platter' thing turned her on or not."

"We could always try that with you sometime, love," Gemma said with a grin.

"Look, I know I'm sexy, but I don't think I have enough of the fun curves to make it *sexy*," Sabrina said, eyeing up Gemma. "Of course, *you* have all the sexy curves, baby."

Somehow, without you interfering in the conversation, they ended up planning to have *you* be the one serving as the next food platter. And they wanted to do it with dessert items. Thankfully they got cut off by the Uber ride arriving, and you really hoped that they'd forget about that particular plan. Not because you wouldn't do it for them, but because you didn't want to deal with the stickiness after the fact. Squirt and sweat were one thing, but that much sugar? Yuck!