

The OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 1-50

By Breakthebar

The following story compiles the first 50 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.

Prologue

As originally written by Aurelian15

Its an absolute scorcher today. Summer feels like it has officially begun and it has to be over one hundred degrees outside. Add to that the humidity, and it is definitely a stay inside type of day. You've just finished moving into your first apartment in the city. You managed to snag an internship with a prestigious law firm after only your freshman year in college, one of a small handful of rising sophomore interns. Yes, you're not the hardest worker and may have had a lucky connection that helped you land this highly sought-after internship after only a single year of college education, but that's beside the point.

More importantly, one of your college classmates also happens to be interning at the same firm this summer. Sabrina is beautiful in every sense of the word. Some girls turn heads immediately on the sidewalk whether its because of the revealing outfits they wear, their makeup/hair or the entourage they hang with. Sabrina is one of those girls that passes you by, and then a second later you realize and turn to try and catch another glimpse. Porcelain skin, long and straight dark hair, slender with an hourglass figure and breasts easily large enough to satisfy any man - Sabrina is just beautiful. Her most attractive feature to you is her face: angelic with large green eyes, flawless skin and a few, hard-to-notice freckles that are visible up close to highlight her shining smile.

The first few days of the internship are spent in orientation and training. You find the material interesting but the old woman teaching the material nearly unbearable to listen to. After a long final day of training you head back to your apartment.

You're bored and maybe just a little horny - you haven't found "release" yet in the city. You snag your laptop, open up your internet browser and navigate to Onlyfans.com. You recently signed up for an account, mainly to see what all the hype is all about. The pornstars on generic porn sites have become less interesting to you, especially after your first year of college, during which you lost your virginity and managed to bed enough innocent college girls that the girl-next-door type is just simply more appealing. Besides, you've always had a thing for inexperienced amateurs, and Onlyfans seems to cater more towards that subset.

You spend some time clicking around before stumbling across a new girl's page. It appears to be a relatively new account with few subscribers. "Kat18" is the username, and the short description reads, "I'm a college girl that only just turned 18, so I'm new. Be nice!" The subscription is fairly hefty at \$50/month but your curiosity wins out and you subscribe anyways.

You immediately start browsing through her pictures. The girl's body is delicious. She's thin and young, with smooth, pale skin and a tight ass. You browse through her photos. There's a set of pictures of herself on her bed starting off in a schoolgirl outfit, then stripping out of each article of clothing until she is naked. The last photo of the set shows her bending over on all fours, her insanely tight-looking pussy on display. You can't help but stroke your cock at this girl as you scroll through more of her photos. However, you're annoyed that none of the pictures reveal the girl's face.

You browse through some of Kat18's videos. She doesn't have that many, there's one of her stripping and rubbing some oil over her chest. You barely resist replaying that video and watching her lather her tight body up with oil until its glistening while you jack yourself. There's a couple more posts to look through before you want to relieve yourself.

You click to the next video, which starts with the camera looking up from the floor. The girl is sitting in an office chair, wearing a skirt with her legs crossed. She slowly uncrosses her legs, spreading them. Her hand moves slowly from on top of the desk to below as she grabs the hem of her skirt and slowly pulls it up. You see now that she has no panties on, her tight teenage pussy glistening, clearly wet and turned on. She moves her hand further up until it reaches her lips and she begins to touch herself slowly in light circular motions.

Then you notice something. You can see she is in a small office cubicle by herself with carpet flooring. The flooring is the same diamond pattern that you have in your cubicle. Its rather distinct and one of the first things you noticed last week during intern orientation.

The pieces start to fall into place in your head. Could that be one of your coworkers? Who could it be? From all the pictures Kat18 is young and gorgeous, and that leaves only a few options. Could it be Sabrina?

Chapter 1

You spent all evening wondering about what you should, or could, do. If Kat18 was actually Sabrina - and considering your thorough and in-depth review of every photo and video she had posted, you were about 80% sure it was her - you had a big secret over her. A girl like her, smart and driven, would get hit hard by a secret like this coming out. If anyone in management at the firm found out she would probably lose her internship, especially if they found out she was doing it at work. Even if they kept the reason quiet, she'd be screwed interviewing for next summer as well, and that would make it harder and harder to find a really good job coming out of school.

Every time you thought about how much this side gig would ruin her life, you always came back to one question. *Why would she do it?*

Sabrina, for all that she was highly attractive, was also whip-smart. You'd had several classes with her, not that you'd been friends, and she was the kind of girl who read every scrap of the assigned readings a week ahead and had all the answers when a Prof actually bothered to stop reading off of their slides. There was no way she had anything but excellent grades, which would come with merit scholarships. Was it other money problems? Was it the rush?

By the time you were trudging in to work the next day, plenty of scenarios had built up in your mind. There were so many ways you could hold a secret like this over her - getting her to do your work at the office, or getting her to do your classwork when you were back in school. Cleaning your shitty little apartment. Cleaning your apartment *naked* was an especially fun fantasy.

For a little bit, deep in your second jerk-off session of the night while you had been 'researching' one of her videos, you even imagined leveraging her for filthy, nasty, no-holes-barred sex.

The post-nut guilt after that one had been a little heavy, which you took as a sign that you were still a generally good person.

"Morning," you said to the secretary. She was a pretty woman, probably just a couple of years out of college herself, but she didn't even bother looking up at you. The most she had ever acknowledged you walking into the building was her customary one lifted finger, waving you on.

"Morning, sir," you said as you stepped off the elevator onto the third floor of the office building. The legal firm owned the entire building but occupied the first four of the eight floors. Mr Garrison, one of the Partners, glanced up from where he was digging in a filing cabinet near the elevators. He wore a sharp suit that fit his frame, but you could tell at one point he'd been a much larger man judging by the way his face looked sort of hollow and the skin on his neck hung loosely around his smart collar and tie.

“Hey, kid,” he grunted. “Finally someone shows up. Here, dig around this cabinet and find me everything in the Vernic Company file. I don’t care what else you’ve got waiting for you, this happens *now*, got it?”

Slinging your messenger bag from your shoulder, you stepped forward with a nod. “Absolutely, sir. Any other names I should look under just in case?”

“You can try Piper Co., but that rename happened twenty years ago and everything should have been moved over into the new file,” he said. “Bring it to me ASAP, and maybe I’ll find you something more interesting to do today.”

“No problem,” you said to Garrison’s back as he stormed off deeper into the building.

You checked the drawer that the Senior Partner had been rifling through - he’d made a mess of it, and based on the labels on the front he hadn’t been anywhere near the right spot. You quickly stuffed the moved files back in place and slammed the drawer shut before shifting one column over and looking for the V drawer.

“Hey John,” Eric said, coming off the elevator. He was another of the five interns working for the summer but had come from out of state. His Dad had some sort of connection to the firm and had hooked him up with the position. “What’s up?”

“Just file-digging,” you said, waving him off. “Garrison caught me coming off the elevator. Shouldn’t take more than a couple minutes.”

“Hah, well have fun with that,” Eric laughed. “From what I hear, Garrison has a temper on him.”

“Yeah, yeah,” you muttered as your fellow intern strolled back towards the big conference room that the firm turned into an intern bullpen in the summers. You’d heard some similar things about Garrison as well, but you also had his promise of ‘more interesting work’ on your mind. So far you were a few weeks into your internship and had pretty much just been digitizing old records one page at a time, highlighting keywords in immense legal briefs, and taking coffee and lunch orders. You totally understood that’s what you’d been hired to do, but that little dangled *more interesting...*

“Good morning, John,” Sabrina said, stepping off of the elevator. She was wearing a long black knit skirt that went past her knees and a tight black and purple sweater over a collared blouse and had an iced coffee in one hand as she balanced another four in her other since she’d gotten Morning Coffee duty for the day.

“Hey Sabrina,” you said. “Looking good.” Wait, what? You’d *never* said something like that to her before. Commenting on her looks in the office, in this day and age? Fuck, if she took it the wrong way...

“Thanks,” she grinned. “I love this outfit, but I was already getting a little hot on the walk over from Starbucks. I’m worried I’ll be sweating by noon if that AC doesn’t kick on.”

Phew. She took it well.

“What are you up to?” she asked.

“Oh, Garrison’s got me pulling some files. He caught me coming off the elevator and seemed in a rush.”

“Oh, really? Do you need any help?” Sabrina asked.

Chapter 2

“Honestly, no, but Garrison seemed pretty amped and offered something better to do if I could get it done quickly,” you answered Sabrina. “Gimme a hand and we can deliver his coffee at the same time.”

“Sounds like a plan,” she said. “Thanks!”

You were able to quickly locate the Vernic file, which was easily six inches wide and bursting with loose papers. Meanwhile, you got Sabrina to start looking in the Ps for the possible Piper Co. file. You dug around in the vicinity of Vernic, and found a secondary file labelled ‘Vernic TM’ and another one labelled ‘Vernic Ltd’, so you grabbed those files as well.

“Nothing on Piper,” Sabrina said, but she lifted up a file anyways. “I did find Pipar Co. though. Think it’s mislabeled or something?”

“Can’t hurt to check,” you said. You leaned in next to her as she opened up the file so you could both scan the contents. Her shoulder pressed into your side but she didn’t react, just quickly scanning down the page with a finger faster than you could read. She flipped the papers fast and you realized she was either amazing at looking for keywords, or she was speedreading.

“Mmm, doesn’t look like anything Piper. It’s all Pipar,” she said, turning to look up at you.

God, she’s pretty, you thought. You felt like you could fall into those green eyes. You also couldn’t help but think about all the gorgeous, nasty pictures you’d seen of her. *Well, probably her.*

“Let’s bring it anyway just in case,” you said.

“Sounds good,” Sabrina nodded. You took the folder from her and added it to your stack while she picked up the tray of iced coffees she’d set down.

“Thanks for the help,” you said as you both started walking down the hall, across that same diamond-pattern carpet you’d first recognized in her photos.

“Hey, if this gets us out of digitizing for the morning, I think I owe you,” she said.

“Careful, I might hold you to that,” you laughed.

“Do it! Favours are just about the only currency we’ve got as interns,” she grinned. “Of course, that means I’d be able to call on *you* for a favour, too. And I’m a bit of a princess if what my sisters say is true.”

You snorted and smirked. “No, really? I would never have guessed.”

“Oh!” she scoffed and nudged you with an elbow. “I guess chivalry really is dead.”

She said it at the perfect time for you to shuffle the files to one arm and open the door for her. “After you, Princess.”

“Alright, maybe not *dead*,” she laughed.

You got to Mr Garrison’s office, which had the big oak door currently thrown open. He was staring intently at his computer screen, which was turned away, and pounding at his keyboard as he quickly typed something.

Knocking first, you entered and Sabrina followed you in. “Got the files, sir.”

“And I’ve got your coffee order,” Sabrina said.

Garrison grunted and looked at you from around his computer screen. “Great, good. Could have been faster, but good enough.” He reached out a hand and you passed over the files.

“That’s the main Vernic file, a Vernic TM file, and a Vernic Limited file. Sabrina also helped out and found a Pipar Co file, which we weren’t sure was related or not.”

“Hmm,” Garrison grunted again, then flipped through the Pipar file. “Huh, fucking interns. Not you two, this is good work finding this. I mean interns from twenty years ago, and every year since then.”

Sabrina reached forward and set Garrison’s coffee on his desk as the Partner mumbled to himself as he read a few pages quickly.

“Anything else, sir?” you asked him after a minute.

“Yes, actually,” he said. He slammed the files down on an empty part of his desk and turned, yanking some papers out of another file. “Darrel is out sick again today, and he was supposed to go do employee surveys down at Chambers all day today. You two take these, make about a hundred copies of them, and then head over to the Benthouse building on Fifth. Chambers is an architecture and speciality construction firm; we’ve been contracted to consult with them on best practices. They’ll set you up in a private room and you’ll be running employee surveys. Just read them the paragraph at the top of the sheet, make sure they answer all the questions, and sign it on the last page. Pretty boring, but at least it’s a change of scenery for you.”

It was *definitely* a change of scenery and a huge responsibility if it was something that was usually trusted to an associate. They were already lawyers, for fuck’s sake.

“You got it, sir,” you said.

“Absolutely. We won’t let you down,” Sabrina said.

“Great, fine. Just don’t embarrass us over there. They should be expecting you,” Garrison grunted.

You and Sabrina left with the papers and immediately headed for the copy room.

“Oh. My god,” Sabrina said quietly as you walked. “John, this is huge. Thank you so much for letting me tag in.”

“My pleasure,” you said. “But, like you said, you owe me one.”

“Definitely,” she nodded.

The copy room was a crowded closet filled with a line of four photocopiers on one side and a wall of various types and colours of papers on the other. Sabrina immediately set one of the machines working as she fed the survey papers into it. You glanced her over, taking in her tight little body and the way her ass jutted out as she leaned over the machine.

She was in a good mood and felt like she owed you one. There was trust between you, at least a little. You were about to spend all day together, and you could either sit on your questions all day and inevitably start to make things awkward by staring at her too much, or you could just ask her.

Fuck it, you thought. Now or never.

“Hey Sabrina,” you said, clearing your throat. “Ah, this is kind of inappropriate, but we’re about to spend a lot of hours together and asking you this now gives you an out if you want to stay here, instead of asking you at the end of the day. Did you start an OnlyFans account and take pictures in the office?”

Sabrina slowly turned from the photocopier to you, her face stony and her eyes wide.

Oh, shit. Maybe this was a mistake.

Chapter 3

To be fair, the question was *definitely* out of order. Your reasoning, at least in your head, was that springing it on her after hours of being around each other would make the eventual question even more awkward and taint whatever positive interactions happened.

You definitely weren't thinking that same way as Sabrina stared you down.

The expression on her face was cold, her eyes wide and focused on you. Had it been a minute? Or a second? The two of you were locked in on each other and the lump in your throat matched the lump that had been in your pants before this conversation.

Sabrina opened her mouth, then snapped it shut again without making a sound.

"Look, I *know* how inappropriate a question that was, and I'm sorry I had to ask it, but it was either that or sit on it and make things worse later on," you said. The reasoning sounded like an HR complaint, firing and maybe even a lawsuit waiting to happen.

"How did you find out?" she whispered.

Oh. Oh, shit. That look on her face wasn't anger, it was fear.

"Please, John, just don't tell anyone," she sobbed softly. Her stoney facade had broken and she was desperate. "If anyone finds out I could lose everything. Just- please? I'll do anything. Please?"

"Sabrina, I-"

"I'll blow you," she said, and got down on her knees. "Every day for the rest of the summer. Just please promise not to tell anyone?" She was already reaching for your belt and zipper. It was like a dream, her on her knees in front of you, begging to suck your dick.

But the look on her face wasn't sexy, or sultry, or seducing. It was panic, and fear. Her big eyes weren't because she was aroused, it was guilt and sadness.

"Jesus Christ, Sabrina," you said, taking her hands in yours before she could start unbuckling your belt. You pulled her back up to her feet. "Just hold on a second. All I did was ask a question."

"What?" she asked. The look on her face screamed relief and confusion in equal measure. "You don't-?"

“Hey, don’t get me wrong,” you said. “You’re making a *really* compelling case to just go along with what you were saying, but do you seriously think I’m the kind of guy to just... blackmail you like that?”

“I- well-” she stuttered. She took a step back and hugged herself, her face having gone from deep terror to flushed embarrassment in moments. “I just- Fuck.” Sabrina leaned back against the counter across from the photocopiers. “Ever since I started, I’ve been worried about someone finding out. I guess I just sort of jumped to the worst-case scenario. I don’t *think* you’d do that, John, but to be honest we don’t really know each other that well.”

“Well, I’m not an evil blackmailing asshole,” you said. “The only reason I was asking was because if it was you, I wasn’t sure you knew someone could find you.”

OK, so you weren’t being entirely truthful. That still didn’t make you evil or an asshole. Maybe a bit dickish at worst.

“Wait, how *did* you find me?” Sabrina asked. “I only started a few weeks ago, and I never show my face.”

Now it was your turn to start stuttering. “I, uh, well-” you said. “Alright, so my, ah, ‘proclivities’ lean towards amateur content. I honestly just stumbled across you while browsing the OnlyFans site, and I recognized the pattern on the carpet.”

She raised an eyebrow and blinked in surprise. “That’s it? The- the fucking *carpet* gave me away?”

“Well, I mean you also fit the body type as best I could tell,” you said. “And it is a distinctive pattern.”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Sabrina sighed, releasing the tension she’d been holding in her shoulders as she leaned forward and breathed deeply for a moment.

The photocopier finished its job, and you moved forward and grabbed the survey sheets, sliding them into a folder to keep them from getting messed up. When you turned back around, Sabrina was up and standing straight again. Her mouth was open slightly and she was chewing on the corner of her lip, staring at you, deep in thought.

“Look, it’s not a big deal,” you said. “You’re doing it for whatever reason you’re doing it. From what I could tell, you’re pretty damn good at it too. No judgment from me, I just didn’t want something hanging between us and making it awkward.”

“That’s... very mature of you,” she said. “Honestly, John, when I think about it I sort of would have expected you to be giggling like a horny fourteen-year-old boy about this.”

“Oh, that horny little bastard is buried deep inside for sure,” you laughed. “He’s there, I’m just better at letting him have controlled breaks than other college guys.”

Sabrina snorted softly and gave you the first smile she’d cracked since you’d breached the subject. “Well, good to know,” she said. She hesitated a moment. “So we’re OK, then? No... weirdness? You’re not going to come on to me for being an amateur-” she glanced at the door and dropped her voice to a whisper, “-an amateur pornstar?”

“We’re good, Sabrina,” you said. “I mean, don’t get me wrong, I might still flirt with you, but that’s because I’ve thought you were the hottest girl in any of my classes for the past two years, not because of your side gig.”

“You really think I was the hottest?” she asked. “What about that blonde girl with the swoopy hair and the ass?”

You knew who she was talking about immediately, even if neither of you seemed to know the girl's name. “Nah, she always had that resting bitch face going. I also think she was banging the TA, she’d always adjust her bra and push up her cleavage when he was looking.”

“You noticed that too!?” Sabrina said. “Oh my God, I thought I was imagining that.”

She started heading for the door. “Come on. We better get going,” she said. Then she turned around and pressed herself close to you, wrapping her arms around your neck as she pulled you into a hug. “Thanks for not being a creep,” she whispered. “You’re actually a pretty good guy, John.”

“You're welcome,” you said, wrapping your arms around her and hugging her back for a long moment before letting her go.

Chapter 4

“You get to *what!?*” Eric said from his seat in the conference room.

“We’re doing surveys at another company,” you grinned. You had stopped off in the Intern’s shared conference room/bullpen to pick up some extra pens and the phone charger you kept at work.

“This is so unfair. Why the hell do you get to do stuff and we don’t?” Eric demanded.

“Because he got here first,” Gemma said, waving Eric off like the annoying drone he was. “My question is why you and Sabrina get to go together.”

Gemma was equal parts beautiful and smart. She’d just completed a semester abroad at the local State university and had decided to do a summer internship here as well before heading back to Australia. Gemma was the kind of girl you expected to be on a beach taking pictures for Instagram - fit-but-curved body, apple cheeks with a perfect tan, brilliant teeth, and platinum blonde hair that she folded into a neat braid for work. She often wore business slacks or pencil skirts that went halfway down her shins, and simple blouses that were just tight enough to show off her form without being considered scandalous.

To be honest, Gemma would have been the walking Wet Dream of the office intern pool if it wasn’t for Sabrina’s natural charm and charisma. Sabrina just had a way about her that ingratiated her to people, and while she wasn’t as aggressively *beautiful* as Gemma, she had that all-American attitude and confidence without being overbearing.

“Sabrina came in right after Eric and helped me out finding files for Garrison, so we delivered them together,” you said.

“What the hell, dude. Why didn’t you get me to help you?” Eric asked.

“You didn’t ask or offer. Besides, even if I *had* asked you, you would have just laughed it off,” you said.

“Not if I knew there was a reward like this,” he scoffed.

“I think that’s the point of a reward,” Gemma said. “You earn them by being a good worker and a good person, Eric. Not just because you want them.”

“Whatever,” Eric said. “Fine. Leave me and Gemma and Andy to do all the *real* work. We’ll make sure to leave your shares waiting for you.”

“You do that,” you sighed. “Later.”

Eric grunted. Gemma smiled, just a touch of jealousy in her expression, but she waved and gave a little wink.

That wink would have carried you on cloud nine all day on any other day. Instead, you barely registered it as you left the intern bullpen with your messenger bag slung over your shoulder and headed towards the elevator.

“Got everything?” Sabrina asked as you met her there.

“Yup,” you said. “Eric is super jealous.”

“Hah, good,” Sabrina laughed. “Maybe he’ll put in a little more work instead of checking his phone all the time. He is *obsessed* with Hinge.”

The elevator dinged and opened, and Andy came stumbling out. Andy was the kind of tall, shaggy-haired kid who you assumed was either going to drop out of school to go become a tech mogul, or drop out of school to become a burnout in whatever bumfuck suburb he’d rolled out of. Unfortunately for him it was looking more and more like it was the latter.

“Hey guys,” Andy said, then put a hand to his mouth and stifled a burp. He looked like shit, with dark rings under his eyes and slightly pale. “Am I late?”

“Five minutes,” you said, checking the time on your phone. “Not as bad as yesterday.”

“Anyone been looking for me? I had a rough morning.”

“Not yet,” Sabrina said. “Try not to throw up on your way back there.”

“Nice,” he said, and offered a raised hand for a high five.

You winced, but couldn’t leave him hanging with that expectant, idiot look on his face. You slapped his hand, which was unfortunately weak-fingered for a guy offering the high five, and you and Sabrina moved past him into the elevator.

Andy was halfway around the corner, and the elevator doors were closing, when he stopped and blinked, then looked back at you. “Hey, where are y-”

The doors shut, cutting him off.

“That guy really needs to get his shit together,” Sabrina said.

“How many times do you think Gemma is going to have to wake him up today?” you asked.

She made a show of pondering for a moment, pursing her lips to the side and tapping her cheek.

God, she's cute, you thought.

"Hmm, I'm thinking three times this morning, then five this afternoon unless they move him somewhere else in the office. That room gets so warm in the afternoon."

"I was thinking four total, but only because he leaves work sick by lunch," you said.

"Ooh, good point."

The elevator reached the ground floor quickly and the two of you walked out.

"Hey, Becks," Sabrina said to the secretary. "Guess what? John and I get to go do some work *outside the office!*"

The secretary, who until now you weren't even sure *had* a name since she was so unengaged from you every day, looked up and her usually stony expression flickered into a smile. "Hey, that's great, Sabrina. Congratulations. You too, John."

Sabrina waved as you left the building and stepped out onto the downtown street. It was only 9:30, but the sidewalks were busy and the summer sun was already well on its way to turning things hellishly hot.

"That might be the first time she's ever even looked at me," you said.

"Who? Becks? Aw, she's so sweet though," Sabrina said.

"Yeah, maybe to you," you said. "I say hello to her *every morning* and she never even looks at me."

"Well, come on," John said. "Maybe we just need to work on your Secretary-whispering."

You headed off, winding your way through downtown towards the Benthouse building.

Chapter 5

It was a ten-minute walk through downtown before you got to the Benthouse building. The immense structure was one of the old style of skyscrapers, with lots of fancy stonework around the modernized revolving glass doors, and way far up you could see the same stonework on the upper corners of the building. They'd even shot a scene of that latest Batman movie on top of it, featuring one of the gargoyles while Bats himself looked out over the city.

Benthouse was a 32-story edifice, and as you and Sabrina walked through the doors you were greeted by a big, two-story entry hall with vaulted ceilings that looked like they would have been more at home in a museum than an office building.

"The registry is over here," Sabrina said, and you followed her over to the big plaque on one of the walls near the elevators. There were easily fifty businesses listed, etched into little black metal plates. You searched for a moment and found Chambers Architecture up on the 24th floor.

You and Sabrina went over to the elevators and you pushed the call button.

"Things aren't weird between us now, right?" Sabrina asked you quietly.

"Hmm?" you hummed. "Oh, um, no, I don't think so. Are they weird for you?"

"Well, I was just thinking... you've, like, well you looked at my content, right?" she asked.

"Yeah," you said. "I, uh, yeah I did."

"So you've seen... yeah..." Sabrina said.

"Yeah," you agreed. You'd seen her naked. You'd seen her giving blowjobs to a dildo. You'd seen her secretly flashing in public. You'd seen her come on her fingers, and using her dildo. You'd seen her trying out a buttplug.

The elevator opened and you moved inside.

"So-

"Hold the elevator, please!" someone called.

You hit the Open Door button, and a trio of younger businessmen trampled into the elevator. They were maybe in their mid-twenties, all dressed up in suits but looking a little worse for wear like they'd been running.

"Thanks," said one, as the other two were panting.

You hit the 24th Floor button, then the 18th at the request of the least-winded Suit.

“So, did you like watching the... movies?” Sabrina asked once the elevator doors were closing.

She wants to have this conversation here? What was she thinking?

“I did, yeah,” you said, carefully choosing your words. “They were a lot of fun. And the endings were, ah, satisfying.”

“Oh,” she said, and blushed. “Well, that’s good to know.”

“Are you two movie people?” asked one of the Suits. “What movies?”

“Um,” Sabrina said, lost for words.

“Oh, I’d never seen the Harry Potter movies before,” you covered. “I’m only part way through them though. I’m kind of looking forward to seeing more of them, but my friend here has been lending them to me.”

Sabrina blushed a little deeper, but her pouty smirk was pleased.

“What!?” The Suit practically exploded. “How has a guy your age not seen *Harry Potter*? Did you grow up living under a rock or something?”

“I, uh, just never got into them as a kid,” you said.

“Look, my dude. I’ve got a little side project, it’s a podcast. I know, I know, everyone has a podcast these days,” the guy said. His two associates were rolling their eyes to each other. “But it’s about movies. You should look us up, we give all sorts of reviews and suggested watch lists.”

“Uh, *sure*,” you said. “What’s it called?”

“You can find us on like, iTunes and Spotify. It’s called Big City Blockbusters.”

“Cool,” you said, nodding. “I’ll check it out...”

“Awesome, you’ll love it,” the guy said, grinning.

The elevator came to a stop and Sabrina rocked with the motion, bumping into you from the side. All three of the suits started to exit. None of you said anything, and soon you and Sabrina were alone in the elevator again.

Sabrina started snickering first, but you followed soon after.

“What the fuck?” she laughed, then slapped your arm. “You thought they were *satisfying*?”

“Well I didn’t want to lie,” you chuckled. “But what did you want me to say, asking me that with those guys in here?”

“I don’t know. I wanted to see what you’d do,” she said.

“Well, now you know,” you said.

Sabrina took a moment to fix her hair, looking into the mirror mounted to the side of the elevator. You watched her, and she saw you looking and smiled at you.

“So. Satisfying, huh?” she asked, meeting your eye.

Now it was your turn to blush a little. “Yeah. Yes. You’re a very beautiful woman, Sabrina. But I think you also put a lot of your personality into it, which is even more attractive.”

“Thanks,” she said, smiling and turning away from the mirror to look at you directly. “I don’t know why, but I try really hard to like... connect with people, even if I’m not showing my face.”

“It worked for me. Maybe too well,” you said. “You do a pretty good job of disguising your voice with those whispers, but between the carpet and just being you, I figured it out.”

The elevator dinged again as it reached your destination.

“Well,” Sabrina said, turning to the doors. “At least I know my fans appreciate more than just my body.”

“I never said I was a *fan*,” you said, following her out of the elevator.

“You’re not?” she asked.

We’d stepped out into a little elevator lobby area with a hallway splitting and leading out into the building. Signs mounted to the wall pointed toward Chambers Architecture in one direction, and an Importing business in the other.

“Well, I mean I’m not *not* a fan,” you said. “But I dunno, wouldn’t it be weird to be friends with a fan?”

Sabrina smirked and shook her head, but didn’t answer you. “Come on, John. Let’s work on your Secretary skills.”

She headed down the hall, and you followed. Ahead of you was a full panel glass door, beyond which was a nicer lobby room that was separated from a large open-space office area dotted

with work desk pods by a half-wall and a secretary desk. The woman behind the desk was cute but older than you two, maybe in her early thirties.

Sabrina went to open the door and glanced back at you. "Just friends, huh?" she smirked at you, then was in and through the door. "Hi, good morning," she said to the secretary.

Chapter 6

“Well hey there,” the secretary said, turning and beaming you and Sabrina with a big smile and splash of Southern drawl. She was blonde, with a bob haircut that was just starting to get too long, and when she smiled she showed a real set of bright white chompers.

Sabrina, who had started the conversation, abruptly turned to you with a smile instead of answering.

“Oh, hi,” you said, stepping forward. “We’re interns with Blake, Meyer and Associates. We’re supposed to have an appointment to perform employee surveys?”

“Ah,” the secretary said, her smile dropping a bit. She gestured over to the chairs in the waiting area. “Alright. Well, why don’t you two grab a seat and we’ll see about figuring things out for you.”

“Thanks,” you said, and she nodded in reply and began typing on her computer.

You and Sabrina moved over to the bench seating off to the side of the waiting area. “That wasn’t so bad,” you said quietly to her.

Sabrina rolled her eyes as she took a seat. “Ugh, really?” she asked. “That was terrible. No wonder Becks doesn’t give you the time of day.”

“What? I was polite,” you said.

“Typical guy,” Sabrina sighed. “John, that woman spends her entire day stuck behind that desk doing menial work for people who get paid more than her. She’s an eternal intern. The only time she gets to feel important is when that monotony is broken by people coming in that door. She wants to talk! She doesn’t want to just usher you on to whoever is waiting for you.”

“I guess that makes sense,” you whispered. “But we’re at work. Aren’t we supposed to be... business-like? Professional?”

“That’s not how you get ahead,” Sabrina said. “Take us right now. Did we get this day out by just keeping our heads down and being professional, or did we take some risks and stick our heads up?”

“I don’t feel like we took many risks to get here, Sabrina.”

“Fine, OK. Bad example. But just- Do you agree it couldn’t hurt to get to know this lady more?”

“I guess not,” you said.

“Good, OK. Now just watch and listen,” she said, then stood up and smoothed her skirt before walking up to the secretary. “I’m so sorry to bother you, but I just had to ask where you got that necklace. It is just *fab*.”

Fab? You’d never heard Sabrina talk like that before, in school or at work, or online. The thing was, somehow it worked. The secretary lit up like a kid on Christmas morning as she turned on that megawatt smile again.

“Oh, you noticed it? O. M. G. It’s so beautiful, right? It was a gift from my boyfriend,” she said.

The conversation was inane and, honestly, some of it went over your head. But the lady was fully engaged with Sabrina and grinning like a fiend as they talked. Sabrina, for her part, was leaning over the front of the desk. Your mind quickly drifted from the conversation to Sabrina’s ass, pointed back at you. Her skirt was hugging her hips but fell loosely in swoopy black drapes down to the tops of her calves. As she leaned over, she shifted her weight from one foot to the other - she was wearing simple but elegant two-inch pumps, and as she shifted favouring one foot then the other, her ass slowly rocked back and forth.

Clothed, Sabrina had a relatively petite body with just enough curve to make her stand out as womanly in her slenderness. From your online ‘research,’ Sabrina had a booty that wouldn’t quit even if it was carried by her small frame - her two cheeks were tight and plump at the same time, and she had that delightful diamond gap at the top of her thighs. Not that you could see it now, but you could definitely daydream.

Your reverie was broken when Sabrina glanced back over her shoulder, flashing you a smile as she caught you staring. No, you weren’t staring, you were watching, right? She’d told you to pay attention, so that’s what you were doing. But she smiled at you, and when she turned back to her conversation she lightly kicked her leg up, bouncing it in an almost playful way for a few moments.

She was flirting with you, right? Was she?

Yeah, she had to be.

Holy shit, Sabrina was flirting with you!

“Ah, yes, you two must be our guests from BMA?” a woman said, stepping into the lobby area from the open office beyond.

“Yes, we are,” Sabrina said, as you stood and joined her. “Terry sent us over to gather the employee survey data.”

Terry? You wondered, then remembered that was Garrison’s first name. Usually you just called him Sir, or Mr Garrison. The way Sabrina said his first name felt weird, like she knew him as a

colleague instead of as a boss. It made her sound- *Oooh, right*. She was making a good impression.

And you had gone and introduced yourself as an intern. Lowest of the low in an office - even the nightly cleaning staff were more important and more trusted than you.

For the first time, you thought maybe you were starting to understand 'Fake it till you Make it.'

"Great. Glad we're finally getting rolling on this," the woman said. She was dressed in a smart, bright red pantsuit and looked like she was in her fifties, with dark wavy hair that was starting to show heavy silvering under the lights. "Follow me, we'll get you set up in the back conference room."

You and Sabrina followed the woman into the main part of the office. You gave the secretary a smile on the way by, and she responded with one that didn't hit half the wattage as what she'd had plastered on her face while talking to Sabrina.

The office looked like it was about two-thirds that open space - desk pods were crammed into the area, while architectural drawing desks were lined up along the bank of windows looking out at the open air between the downtown skyscrapers. You weren't high enough up to really see skyline, and not low enough to see the street, so while it was a view, it wasn't much of one. The back third of the office looked to be private rooms, headed by a large, fancy conference room with a heavy oak table and all sorts of projector and television equipment.

You were not led to that room. You and Sabrina followed the woman to a short hallway, led past a staff kitchen area, a janitor closet and a pair of staff washrooms, before arriving at an oak door. Inside was a squat room crammed into some forgotten corner of the building. It had several windows looking out at the side of a different adjacent skyscraper, but was otherwise bland in every way. There were a few old office chairs, a flimsy square table and a cheap, white mug holding a half dozen pens.

"It's not fancy, but it's what we've got for you. We're a little short on space right now," the lady said.

"It's fine," you said. "We've got everything we need."

"Good," the woman nodded. "I'll give you a few minutes to set up, then start sending folks back."

She didn't wait for a reply, turning and leaving you and Sabrina in the cramped little conference room.

"Well," Sabrina said, "At least it's not in the same building, right?"

"Yeah," you said.

It was actually a little worse than the regular shitty room you had escaped working in back at the office. But it was still new to you.

Chapter 7

The woman - who you would later find out was the Officer Administrator - was a little off in her offer of a few minutes to get set up. You and Sabrina had barely arranged the chairs and pulled the survey sheets out and there was already a knock on the door.

"Uh, hey?" asked the man at the door. "This is the survey thing, right?" He was dressed business-casual, which seemed to be the norm out on the office floor. He was also utterly forgettable in almost every way.

"Yes, it is. Please come in and sit down," Sabrina said, taking charge.

"Sure, sure," the guy said. "Is this going to take long?"

"Not unless you have a lot to say," you said, trying to take Sabrina's suggestion to be more friendly.

"Oh, uh, OK I guess," the guy said. He settled in and the surveys started up.

What then occurred was the biggest waste of time you could think of. You and Sabrina took turns taking notes and reading out the questions, and crossing out employee names on the master list as they came in. Doing the survey probably would have taken each person five minutes if it had been sent out by email - but classic BMA, they went the extra mile and wanted to make sure all of the employees of Chambers (aka. the owners) knew the firm was taking things seriously.

"I bet they're still going to bill hours as if Darrel was doing this," you muttered to Sabrina during one of your infrequent breaks.

"You're probably right," she sighed, looking over the short stack of responses you'd already gathered. It was all fairly simple stuff; questions about current practices, questions about where each employee thought the company could better their practices, or where the company was lacking. Questions about bosses, which no one ever answered truthfully.

Each interview took about ten minutes, and by 11:30 you had gotten through eleven of the suckers when the Office Admin lady poked her head back in.

"That's all for now. We've got a big staff meeting at 12:30, so everyone's out for an early lunch. We should be good to pick back up at 1:30, maybe 2pm at the latest. Does that work for you?"

You and Sabrina looked to each other, and then both turned and said, "Yes."

"That works great," Sabrina followed.

“Alright,” the lady said before leaving. “See you at two.”

“Holy crap. We’ve got a two and a half hour lunch?” Sabrina said under her breath.

“This day just got so much better,” you said, standing up and offering her a high five.

Sabrina accepted, clapping your hand softly as if in a daze. “What do we do for that long?”

“Let’s go eat somewhere and actually, like, sit down,” you said. Usually you and the other interns got a half hour for lunch, which meant grabbing something from the crappy little bodega next to the firm building, or if you wanted to risk it running down the street to the sub place.

“Yeah,” Sabrina nodded, then got a look on her face. “Actually, that’s a *really* good idea. Come on, I saw a place on the walk over that we should try.”

“Sure,” you agreed, quickly packing up your papers.

You two hit the street, backtracking a block, and Sabrina led you to a pub-like place that was probably a trendy bar at night. You entered, and since you were there before noon the place was still fairly empty.

“Good morning,” the hostess said as she met you at the little podium near the front door.

“Hey there,” you said, putting on a grin and trying to show Sabrina that you’d been paying attention to her silly scolding over your business-relation skills. “Beautiful day out there, isn’t it?”

“It is,” the hostess agreed. “It’s supposed to be a hot one, though.”

You’re a hot one, you thought, then immediately afterwards, *Nope, that’s too much*. Thankfully your internal filter caught that one before your mouth blurted it out.

“I can’t wait,” Sabrina said. “Maybe I’ll get some tanning in after work.”

“Ooh, that sounds good,” the hostess said, then winced. “Too bad for me, I’m working a double.”

“Aw, that is too bad,” Sabrina commiserated.

“Well, come on back, let’s get you a table. Are you expecting anyone else?” the hostess asked, waving you to follow her as she led you into the pub.

“No, just us today,” you said.

“Actually, can we grab one of those booths back there?” Sabrina asked, pointing towards the back of the pub, away from the front window.

“Sure,” the hostess said, practically chirping. She led you to a back booth, tucked into the corner, and you noticed Sabrina manoeuvring so that she grabbed the closer bench seat, leaving you in the corner and looking out at the rest of the room. “I hope you don’t mind me asking,” the hostess added, as you and Sabrina slid into the seats, “But just the two of you, and wanting some privacy... is this a lunch date?”

“N-” you started, but Sabrina cut you off.

“Something like that,” she smiled, crinkling her nose and then giggling for a brief moment along with the giddy hostess.

“Oh, that’s so cute,” the girl said. “Well, have fun, and let me know if you need anything. Theresa will be your waitress, she’ll be around in a sec to grab your drink orders.”

“Thanks,” you said, giving her another smile.

The waitress returned your smile, and then backed away and, out of sight of Sabrina, mimed pointing at Sabrina and then gave me a thumbs up, a wink and a mouthed ‘Nice job!’

I snorted and shook my head.

“What?” Sabrina asked.

“Nothing, nothing,” you said. “So how was that, am I doing any better with being friendly?”

“A little,” she said. “Careful not to make a girl jealous though, flirting with cute waitresses.”

“Well, I mean there’s still a little mystery with her,” I teased, testing the waters back towards the elephant in the room between us.

“Oh-ho,” Sabrina said, eyes widening at my dig. “Woooow. Well, at least you know exactly what you would be getting under the packaging.”

“True,” you laughed with her. “Though, the packaging *is* very nice today. Is that OK, me complimenting you? I’ve wanted to more than once so far this summer but it’s always felt weird in the office.”

“Thank you, and yes. But you’re right, until today it probably would have come across as a bit creepy, and I would have lumped you in with Eric,” she said.

“And today?”

“Today, you’re acting very cool for a guy that’s watched me-”

“Well, hey there folks,” a waitress interrupted.

You and Sabrina quickly made your drink orders - you splurged and both ordered a draft beer for lunch, planning to cut off at one even if it would be a couple hours before you needed to work again.

“So about that,” you said once the waitress had gone to pour your beers.

“About what?” Sabrina asked.

“About you know,” you said. “I just - and believe me, I’m not judging or complaining - but you were so worried as soon as I brought it up this morning. So why do it?”

Chapter 8

Sabrina twisted her lips into a half-pout, half-consider expression as she sat back into her booth bench. “I- Well, it’s hard to say,” she said. “I guess it kinda came down to just... I want more, faster? Like, I could go through school while working some minimum wage job and hating it, and all that effort would take away from my classes. And then at the end when I have a degree I would still be broke with a mountain of student debt going into law school, piling up more debt. Doing this, after the first couple of weeks I made enough to cover my rent for the month and books for the next semester. I’m a month in now and I’ve already paid off my rent for the summer.”

“So it’s all about the money?” you asked.

She smirked. “Well, no,” she said. “There are some perks that I wasn’t expecting. I get a little thrill every time I post something dirty. It’s like posting something cute on Instagram and seeing a lot of people like it, but way, way more. And sure, some of the comments I get are weird and gross, but a lot of the people who message me are super complementary and... I don’t know, they just really want to make a connection with someone, and when I give them just a little bit of attention I can tell it’s made their week. And that makes me feel good, knowing I’m doing that.”

You nodded slowly, trying to absorb everything she was saying. Your assumptions about OnlyFans girls had always been rudimentary - they were slutty girls who wanted to make an easy buck off of their looks. Yeah, sure, Sabrina was in it for the money, but the way she talked about it, it was like she’d made a calculated business decision instead of just doing it on a whim. And she *wasn’t* a slut, at least not openly. She dressed relatively conservatively compared to most college girls you knew, she was friendly but not overly flirty with people. As far as you knew she didn’t sleep around, or you probably would have heard something from your social circles back at college.

“Thanks,” you said.

She quirked an eyebrow with a little smile. “Really?”

“Yeah,” you said. “I mean, you didn’t need to give me a real answer like that. You could have just brushed it off. I appreciate you being candid.”

“Well, you’re welcome,” she said.

Your beers were soon delivered to the table and you both gave your orders, giving you a chance to tease her about ordering a salad while you ordered a chicken burger and fries. Sabrina excused herself after going to the washroom, and you took the opportunity to adjust your dick in

your pants. The conversation hadn't even been that sexual, but just being with her, knowing what you knew, was getting to you.

Pulling out your phone, you glanced towards the little washroom hallway quickly before loading up your web browser and opening Sabrina's page. You scrolled a moment, then selected one of the photo sets she'd posted. It was a classic schoolgirl outfit tease, and in the first couple of photos she played the part - she wasn't even being a slutty schoolgirl, her kilt was down almost to her knees, and her shirt was tucked in with a little bowtie matching the pattern of the kilt. Then she was playing with the kilt, then she started undoing blouse buttons.

You had just scrolled down to the moment Sabrina was flipping up her skirt, showing off her lacy panties and ass as she smirked over her shoulder, when Sabrina came back out of the washrooms. She'd taken off her sweater, leaving her in her button-down blouse and long, black knit skirt. You quickly slipped your phone back into your pocket.

"Getting comfortable?" you asked.

"Sort of," she said, giving you a soft, playful smile. She sat down and you started talking about work, of all things. Sabrina found the work as boring as you did, and had formed a lot of the same opinions about your fellow interns other than Gemma. Sabrina thought Gemma was a bit sneakier than she came off, a bit more like Eric and his entitled background. You hadn't seen that out of her, but then you also had to admit you might have had some blinders on because of her looks.

Eventually, Sabrina drained the last of her beer and she reached into her little purse and pulled out her phone, putting it on the table in between the two of you. "So, I had an idea," she said.

It was your turn to give her the raised eyebrow. "Alright. Are we talking 'take a picture to make Eric jealous about lunch' idea, or something else?"

"Something else," she said. Sabrina leaned forward, dropping her voice a little bit. "I need something to post tonight or tomorrow, so I was thinking since you've already, y'know, seen everything... do you want to be my cameraman really quick?"

You blinked, and then looked around the restaurant. It was coming up on noon and more people had entered, but they were all getting seated near the front. The hostess seemed to be trying to do you two a favour with some privacy.

"Really?" you asked.

"Sure," Sabrina said. "Usually I have to try and figure out how to do it all by myself and it takes a million tries to get things in frame the way I want. You already know how I frame things, and you've been really, weirdly good and supportive about it, so why not? I mean, if you're into it."

“Uhm, yeah, sure,” you said.

“Cool,” she said. “Let’s just wait for our food, then we can make it look like you’re taking photos of me for Instagram or something. You can use my phone - I upgraded to the Pixel when I was thinking about doing all this.”

“Yeah, OK,” you said.

Holy shit. Holy shit!

For the next couple of minutes, Sabrina leaned over the table and showed you the various features on her phone she wanted you to use. She tested a couple of soft filters for the lighting, passing the phone back and forth with you.

Then the food arrived, dropped off by your waitress, and you sat back as Sabrina gave you a smile.

“Well? Are you ready to give this a try?” she asked.

Chapter 9

“Alright,” you said. “I’m ready.”

“Just remember to keep the framing right,” she reminded you.

You lifted her phone and pointed it at her, adjusting slightly so that the upper limit caught just the bottom of her nose, and her smooth, expressive lips. She was smiling a hint lop-sided, giving her a touch of playful personality even before she’d started doing anything, and the camera position both hid her identity and managed to put her entire torso in frame, along with her food.

“Got it,” you said. “Whenever you’re ready.”

She nodded, and you started the recording.

“Hey baby,” Sabrina whispered lowly, using the voice she put on in all of her videos. It was soft and sultry, but didn’t hide her usual earnest pep. “Thank you so much for coming to meet me on this lunch date. It was so nice of you to come all this way just for little old me.”

Sabrina played with the buttons of her blouse as she did this, running her fingers over them softly, then down her sides, subtly accenting her form under the tight shirt. It was opaque enough that you couldn’t see what sort of bra she had on, but it hugged her form as tightly as the sweater she had been wearing before.

“Look at this delicious salad they made me,” she continued. “I know, I know, you’re not big on salad. You’re a manly guy, and I think that’s kind of hot. And look, I’m already done my first drink! I swear I’m not trying to get tipsy in the middle of the day. I’m just building up my courage to thank you properly even though we’re in this busy restaurant.”

She started unbuttoning her shirt from the top button, one at a time. She wasn’t going slow, since you weren’t trying to get caught by doing this for too long, but she didn’t speed through it either.

“Do you like my outfit? I was ready for a long day in the office before you called. I promise I wasn’t trying to flirt with anyone else, baby. I just like to look cute, especially if you might call for drinks after work. Of course, I know your favourite way for me to wear my outfits is not at all. I can’t really do that here, baby, but maybe I can just tease you a bit? Is that alright?”

Sabrina had unbuttoned her shirt down past her bustline, revealing her small set of cleavage and the centre point of the little black bra she was wearing. You couldn’t see much yet, but she started leaning forward, letting her shirt gape open a bit, and subtly pulling each part to the side as she talked.

“You like that, right? When I’m willing to take some risks to make you happy? When I show myself off to you, and only you? When I give you peeks at things no one is supposed to peek at?”

Her bra was entirely visible now. It was a thin lace, partially see-through, and you could see the dark, ruddy pink of her nipples. Your mouth had gone a little dry - this surreal experience was like watching live porn. *No, it is live porn.*

“I know I’m being naughty,” Sabrina continued. “But I know you like that, too. I can’t go much further than this, baby, but maybe? Just a little peek?”

She pulled one of her bra cups aside, letting one perfect little tit peek over the edge, revealing her nipple to open air. At the same time she bit her lower lip, framing a beautiful shot of her being equal parts naughty and naively innocent.

That, unfortunately, was when you saw the waitress heading over to check on you two.

You gave the signal, wiggling your finger above the camera, and Sabrina sat up straighter, pulling her shirt closed as she turned and smiled as the waitress came down to the side of the booth.

“Oh, is everything alright? You folks haven’t even started yet.”

You held the camera down, but didn’t stop recording. The shot was more of the table now, both your food and Sabrina’s, but there was still some of her torso in the shot.

“Yeah,” Sabrina said. “I’m just a bit of a foodie. Taking pictures for Instagram before we eat.”

“That’s cute!” the waitress said. “Just make sure you start that burger sooner than later, alright? Don’t want it to get cold.”

“Will do,” you said. “Just gotta keep my girl here happy.”

“That is too cute. Hey, make sure y’all tag us in the photos, alright?”

“Of course,” Sabrina smiled, and the waitress sauntered away.

You raised the camera again and circled your finger, telling Sabrina that you were still filming.

“Oh my god,” Sabrina whispered, going back to her performing voice. “We almost got caught. I’ve got goosebumps on my arms, and my chest. We should stop, but you called me *your girl* to that waitress for the first time ever, and that got me hot. Am I your girl now, baby? Mmm, maybe I should reward you for that .”

Sabrina pulled her shirt aside again, flashing her tit one more time before fixing her bra and buttoning up a couple of buttons. Then she gestured with a finger pointing down and mouthed, *'Under the table.'*

You tried, as best you could, to make it look like you were casually lowering the phone while also keeping her face mostly out of frame, before it dropped below the line of the table and the camera auto-adjusted for the dark lighting. On the screen you could see that Sabrina was sitting with her legs spread about a foot and a half apart, and her long skirt was pulled up over her knees, but drooping between her thighs. Slowly, she started pulling the skirt back more, shifting her butt forward on the seat and spreading her legs wider, revealing inch after inch of her perfect, smooth thighs.

Chapter 10

You glanced up from the phone screen, but Sabrina was looking away and watching to make sure no one was watching what was happening. Her face in profile had the same striking simple beauty, slim with a defined jawline and curious eyes. She was biting the corner of her lower lip.

Below, recorded on her phone in high def, her skirt came up and revealed that Sabrina had removed her panties along with her sweater in the bathroom. *Or maybe she wasn't wearing panties all along*, you wondered mindlessly for a moment as you watched the public flashing on the phone. You had seen her pussy before, seen a lot more of it really, in the videos on her OnlyFans page. But this was different. You were *here*, the camera in your hand. It was practically across the table, eating lunch with you.

Her pale skin carried down to her pussy, which was smooth and bald except for a small dot of trimmed pubic hair sitting a couple of inches above her clit like an exclamation point. Her outer lips were smooth and slightly puffy, and her inner lips were a soft, pale pastel pink that led up to her button of a clit hood. The whole thing was simple and attractive, and even her ass cheeks made a delicious cleavage hinting at even more forbidden zones.

Sabrina giggled softly, and slowly closed her legs, then opened them again. She did it a few times, hiding and uncovering herself playfully, as one of her hands slipped under the table and trailed her fingers lower and lower, over her skirt and down until they were playing at her lips. Fingertips sliding along those quickly flushing folds, touching lightly into the cleft, spreading them apart ever so slightly until the camera caught the dark centre of her hole.

You wanted her to slide a finger in. Fuck, *you* wanted to slide a finger in her, or more. But instead Sabrina giggled again and closed her legs.

“Was that too much, baby? I know you like to be teased so bad, but we can't do anything to relieve you for hours yet. Or maybe I want you like that, building and building pressure until you just ravage me after work today. Does that sound hot to you, if I push you all the way to the edge?”

You glanced up again and Sabrina was chewing on her bottom lip now, watching you. She let her lip slide free and flashed you a pouty smirk and a wink, then motioned and mouthed, *'Follow my lead, pull back a bit.'*

Back under the table, one of her fingers was still resting on her clit hood, lightly tapping it while her legs remained mostly closed, hiding anything lower. Slowly she lifted one of her feet, running it up and down your leg. You almost jumped at the feeling, surprised that this had gone from visual performance to *real life*.

“Maybe I can push you a little further, baby. Maybe a bit more teasing, to really get you humming.”

She slipped out of her shoe, and now you could feel her bare foot playing up the inside calf of your slacks. Her bare foot was on the camera screen, her pussy now an out-of-focus background, and as she rubbed back and forth her foot inched further and further up your leg, passed your knee and up your thigh.

“Mmm, can I make you feel good, baby? Can *your girl* just get a little feel?”

You pulled the phone back out from beneath the table but kept it pointed down as her foot firmly slid into your crotch, her bare toes passing up one of your thighs, across your groin and finally curving around the hard rod of your cock running down your other thigh.

“Ooh, I think all my teasing is working, baby. You feel *really* hard. Is that all from me, or have you been thinking about our pretty waitress, too? Or maybe that blonde little hostess who sat us here? I bet if they knew what was going on, and what you had waiting in your pants, they’d be interested too. Who knows, maybe I’ll ask them for their numbers and invite them over as a surprise sometime, baby. You know I’m bi-curious.”

She was rubbing her foot up and down your dick now, and the camera was easily picking up the shape of your dick in your pants.

“Would that be something you want to see? My first time with another woman? Maybe I’ll make that a reality for you, baby.”

By now, after all this, you were worried you were going to be leaking enough precum that you’d start showing through the leg of your slacks. God *damn* she was pushing your buttons. Sabrina seemed to know that though, and she slowly pulled her foot away, back into the darkness underneath the table, and you raised the camera from your crotch to look across at her again, framing her from her salad on the table, up her torso and her barely-buttoned shirt, until her pursed, pleased smile was in the top part of the frame.

“I think that’s probably enough for now. I hope you enjoyed that, baby. Just a little tease so that you’re really ready for me later. God, I can’t wait for you to make me pay for all of that.”

She made an air kiss at the camera, and you let it sit for a moment before you turned off the recording.

“God damn, dude,” you said, letting out a heavy breath. “That was-”

“That was super fucking hot,” Sabrina said. “Here, let me see it. I can’t believe we did that in one take. Did you get everything in frame?”

You two actually, finally started eating your lunch as Sabrina watched back what you had recorded. She mostly liked it, and after her first watch she got up and sat in the same side of the

booth as you so that you could both watch it back again and she gave you a couple notes on your framing, and how you could make use of her phone's top of the line camera.

By the time the two of you had finished lunch, your cock had managed to stop doing a steel bar impersonation in your pants, and you were both laughing over entirely unrelated gossip about people from back in your college classes. Theresa the waitress came around and collected your dishes, but Sabrina asked to delay the bill and ordered coffees for you both, along with a fudge sundae for you to share.

As the waitress turned, offering you both a grin and a wink, Sabrina turned back to you. "So, I was wondering..."

Chapter 11

“You handled all of that really well. But I also sort of... pushed it pretty far. Was that OK? I figured calling you ‘baby’ wasn’t so bad, but once we were into it I got a little carried away,” Sabrina said. You two were still sitting next to each other in the booth, and she leaned one elbow on the table, shifting forward and turning fully to talk to you. Her shirt, still partially unbuttoned, gaped open a little and you could see her cleavage and the top line of her bra.

“Yeah, I was fine with it,” you said. “I wasn’t really sure what to expect there, and you were definitely pushing some of my buttons.”

“I think I was pulling on a lever, too,” she smirked.

“That you were,” you nodded with your own smile. “I guess I just need to know how much of all that was performance for the camera, and how much might have been for me.”

Her smirk softened into a bit more of a shy smile, and she looked away for a moment as colour rose to her cheeks. “I’m not sure, really,” she said. “I think maybe some of it was definitely for you. There was a part of me that wanted to see what you would do. If you’d crack. Once you were filming you went all professional on me - I couldn’t tell if you were just focused, or into it.”

The waitress came back with your coffee, interrupting the conversation again for a moment. It gave you a chance to recollect your thoughts and figure out what they hell you were doing. Sabrina was dancing between coming on to you constantly, or acting like you were her gay best friend. You felt like she was right at the cusp of making a decision about you, and god *damn* you wanted to make sure she made the right one.

As Theresa the waitress walked back towards the bar to make the sundae Sabrina had ordered, you still hadn’t decided how to do what you wanted to do.

“John, I just- can I just do one thing?” Sabrina asked you after taking a sip of her black coffee.

“What’s that?” you asked.

Instead of answering, she slipped her hand under the table and onto your thigh, and ran it up to your crotch. Your dick reacted quickly, having only gone down to a half-chub through lunch, and soon she was cupping your hard length through your slacks.

“God, I thought so,” Sabrina said. “I just couldn’t really tell with my foot. I’ve never done something like that before.”

“Sabrina, if you’re going to keep doing that, I’m going to do the same,” you warned her.

She bit her lip, meeting your eye, but pulled her hand away. "Sorry. I know I'm being such a bitch right now."

"You're not," you assured her. "I can't blame you for being curious about me. You've given me more than an eyeful, and I'm still curious about you."

"Are you?" she asked.

"Don't be like that," you laughed. "Don't play like you don't know what you're doing."

"What am I doing?" Sabrina asked.

You didn't answer her, turning and opening a sweetener packet, then dumping it into your coffee before giving it a stir with the little spoon they provided. You took a sip and set the mug back down and looked back at her. You didn't say a word, just met her eyes with your own.

This was it. This was the moment. You were going to force her to choose - admit what direction this was headed, or back off.

Sabrina pouted her mouth to the side, furrowing her brow as she met your resistance with consternation. Then she chewed the inside of her cheek for a moment, thinking.

"I'm not looking for a relationship right now," she said. "Not with school, and work, and OnlyFans."

"And?" you asked.

"Is that alright with you?"

"Is what alright with me?" you asked.

"Now you're doing it," she said.

"Is what alright with me, Sabrina?"

She swallowed and glanced around, making sure the waitress wasn't coming back yet. Then she picked up the spoon you had mixed the sugar into your coffee with, and slowly slid it into her mouth and sucked on the lingering flavour for a moment before pulling it back out. "Do you want to maybe do more of what we just did?" she asked. "No strings attached?"

"I would," you said. "Is that something you want?"

“I think I do,” she said. “I hadn’t really thought about it before, I thought I was going to keep this whole thing a secret to my grave. Or at least as long as I could. But having someone to help, and talk to, would be... a lot of good, I think.”

“And?”

“And maybe I really liked teasing you,” she admitted. “And maybe most of what I said was some fantasy about you, and not just words.”

“OK, Sabrina,” you said. “I’ll be the *friend* you need, and whatever else we decide at the moment. But no strings.”

“OK,” she agreed.

“Aaaand here’s your fudge sundae, and two spoons,” the waitress said, presenting the overflowing glass bowl to us. It was piled with several scoops of vanilla ice cream and drizzled heavily with warm, gooey chocolate. “Anything else I can do for you two right now?”

“We’re good,” you said. “Thanks.”

She grinned and walked away to her other tables, leaving you and Sabrina alone again.

You picked up a spoon and dipped it into the dessert, then held it out to Sabrina. She took it, and you loaded up the second spoon. “Cheers to new friends,” you said, lifting your spoon towards her.

“And maybe more,” she responded, clinking her spoon against yours.

You both took your bites, the cold of the ice cream deliciously paired with the warm of the hot fudge.

“Mmm,” Sabrina hummed around her mouthful.

“Mhmmm,” you agreed with her.

She slid her hand back into your lap and gave you another squeeze.

You swallowed and looked at her, setting down your spoon. “I told you what would happen if you did that again,” you said.

“You did,” she agreed, giving you a cheeky, pursed lip grin.

Chapter 12

Now it was on you.

Transferring your spoon to your other hand, you casually scooped up some more fudge and ice cream. At the same time, you lowered the hand closer to her down beneath the table and set it on her thigh, maybe halfway up her leg. You gave her slim leg a squeeze, and she slowly rocked it back and forth.

You both took another bite of ice cream, eyes flicking to watch each other as you rubbed your hand along her skirt, feeling the knit fabric slide across her skin. Your fingers were wrapped down her inner thigh, and as they moved back and forth you let them move further and further up her leg. Soon her skirt was bunching as you moved, and you let it create a barrier as you pressed higher, pushing her skirt between her legs and against her bare pussy, the only thing separating you from her the folds of fabric.

This had the extra effect of slowly moving the skirt higher up her knees, and as you stared into her eyes you moved your hand lower, down to her bare knee. Skin to skin.

“So,” you said. “Honestly, Sabrina. We’ve been working at BMA for almost three weeks now. Is this how you expected to be spending your summer?”

“Mm,” she hummed around her spoon as she took another bite. Her pupils flared slightly as she tried not to react to your hand slowly sliding from her knee, back up her thigh. You could feel her skin goosebumping. “Not really, though I wasn’t really sure what to expect. I just knew that if I wanted to be a lawyer, it was the sort of place I was supposed to start. What about you?”

“I definitely wasn’t expecting some of it,” you said. “And I guess you could say I’ve had some positive and negative surprises. A real grab bag.” You squeezed, halfway up her thigh, when you said grab.

“Yeah? How positive?” she asked, smirking.

“Oh, very,” you said. You didn’t move your hand higher, just left it on her. “I mean, how could I have expected to work with two beautiful girls like you and Gemma all summer? You two more than make up for Eric and Andy.

“Is that the only reason you like working with us? Because we’re beautiful?”

“No, of course not. I really like Gemma’s quick wit, even if I get hit with it every once in a while. She also gives off a great competitive vibe that I think keeps us all working. If we don’t keep up, we’ll fall behind. That’s good.”

Sabrina pouted, but slowly breathed large breaths in and out through her nose as she did it, her chest rising and falling as she tried not to react to your hand. "So Gemma has other qualities, but I don't? You just like me for my looks? For my- for my body?" You had inched your hand higher, your pinky finger the furthest up her thigh, buried under the skirt and pointed towards her pussy. You were maybe three inches away from it.

"God, no," you said, using your spoon to gesture. "Sabrina, you are probably the sweetest coworker I've ever had. You can tease - verbally - just as well as Gemma, but you do it in a way that everyone knows you mean the opposite. And your smile can light up a room."

"That's my looks still, John," she said, then sucked in a breath as you moved your fingers up another inch.

"You're right. So I won't tell you about your amazing smile," you said, then took another bite of ice cream. "How about your generosity? You set the tone for how all of us interns were going to treat each other - taking turns, doing things fairly. Not taking advantage of each other. You're the kind of woman who could probably run over the rest of us, but you don't because you're just... you."

"Thanks," she whispered, then bit her lower lip.

You slid your fingers another inch. You weren't sure if you were imagining it or not, but you felt like you could honestly feel the heat coming off of her lips, you were so close to touching her pussy.

"And have I mentioned your smile?" you asked.

She smirked. "You did," she said.

"Good. I never want to forget that," you grinned.

You squeezed her leg, then leaned in closer to her and she closed her eyes, mouth parting slightly, expecting you to kiss her. Instead, you slid past her lips, going cheek to cheek and whispering into her ear. "Fair is fair, Sabrina. Now we're both going back to work hot and bothered."

You pulled your hand away from her and tugged down her skirt, smoothing it on her leg.

Sabrina leaned forward as you pulled away, eyes still closed for a moment before she laughed and leaned back. "You bastard," she giggled. "God, how did you do that to me?"

You laughed with her. "I don't know. How did you do what you did?"

She shook her head and took a long breath, letting it out through her pursed lips, before taking another bite of sundae. "Alright, you got me good," she admitted. "Game respects game."

The two of you finished up the ice cream and you signaled for the check.

"We're going dutch," Sabrina said, before the waitress could even ask or offer.

Theresa frowned slightly, glancing at me, but nodded. "Sure, sounds good. I'll go get the machine."

Sabrina turned back to you. "Friends, right? So this isn't a date. You don't need to try and impress me or anything."

"Absolutely," you said. It felt... weird to need to say that. But then, any other day you two would have been fishing in your wallets for cash to cover the lunch order along with the other interns, so this was as close to normal as possible.

You just also happened to have a raging hardon under the table, and wanted to slide your hand back onto her thigh and you were pretty sure she wouldn't have minded one bit. If only for propriety, with the waitress coming back, you held yourself back.

Once you were both paid up, you left the pub and began the short walk back to the Bentley building. Sabrina slipped her hand into yours, and you glanced over to her as your fingers entwined.

"Too much?" she asked.

"I'm not sure," you said. "Let's see."

You walked for half a block before Sabrina let go of your hand and looped her arm through yours instead. It brought her closer to you, but was somehow less intimate at the same time.

"Better," she said.

"I like it," you agreed.

Chapter 13

You both made your way back to Benthouse building, and up to the Chambers offices. Your lunch had taken an hour and a half, but you were still coming in with plenty of time to spare. The secretary at the front smiled warmly as she saw Sabrina, though to her credit she didn't drop it when you followed Sabrina in.

"Hey guys, welcome back," she said. "Everyone is in our staff meeting right now. Just head on back to the secondary conference room and we'll get you two started again when we have the chance, alright?"

"Sounds good," you said, taking the lead. "Anything interesting happen while we were gone?"

"No," the secretary said, with a questioning look. "Why? Should we be expecting something?"

"Oh, um, no?" you said, surprised at the response you got.

"We'll just head back, thanks," Sabrina said, bumping you to start moving past the secretary desk.

The main office area was empty of people, and you could see they were all packed into the large conference room with the lights dimmed and some sort of presentation going on inside. No one even turned to glance at you and Sabrina as you made your way down to the side hallway and back to your shitty little "office space."

"OK, I thought you said talking with her would make things better?" you asked. "Why the hell did she give me *that* look?"

Sabrina rolled her eyes with a sigh. Part way back on your walk from the restaurant she had redonned her sweater, and now she smoothed it out again as she sat back into her seat at the table. "It's not just talking, John. It's what you talk about, and what sort of impression you made at first. She thinks you're weird, so when you asked a random question like that it came across as *more weird*."

You blew out a breath and sat down beside her, slumping in your seat. "I'm hopeless, aren't I?" you asked.

"Pretty much," Sabrina smirked. "At least you've got me to cover for you."

"Secretary-whisperer," you chuckled. "Going to put that on your resume?"

"Sure, right next to nu-"

“Knock knock,” said the Office Administrator lady. The older woman leaned around the corner of the door, just poking her head in. “I saw you two headed back here. We finished our staff meeting earlier than expected, are you ready to start on the rest of the surveys?”

“Absolutely,” Sabrina said, recovering from the slight moment of panic she had when she got cut off about to say something naughty.

“Great,” the woman said. “Just two minutes.

“Maybe no jokes in the office,” you suggested.

“Yeah,” she nodded. “At least not during business hours. Or without a lookout.”

Soon you two were back at it, going through the mind numbing paperwork and questions with each employee of Chambers Architecture. The thing was, you were having a good time doing it. Even if the faces and names started to blend together, the minute or two between questionnaires with Sabrina were fun. After particularly strange answers, Sabrina had a tendency to tap the toe of her heels a few times, and you made it a game to place your own toe over hers before she could start tapping.

There were also the looks. Soft smiles through pursed lips, playful and meaningless at the same time. Little winks when she knew you two were on the same page about something unsaid. She even started touching you more, though not in an unprofessional way. Just a brush of her fingers on your arm as she asked you for something mundane, or her fingers trailing across your shoulder as she went out to the staff kitchen for some water.

As the afternoon wore on, something else happened though. Just like your shitty office area back at BMA, the conference room you had been shuffled off into faced east. And as the sun moved across the sky, it cut in through the window and you found the temperature rising.

In between two surveys, you uncomfortably undid a couple of buttons on your shirt and fanned yourself.

“I can’t stand this much longer,” Sabrina said. She sucked down the last of her current glass of water, then reached down and untucked her sweater from her skirt and started pulling it off again. It was light, and the way it hugged her petite body was both professional but also nerdy hot, but even that extra layer was causing her to sweat.

She caught you watching her, and instead of looking away you gave her a wink back. She let her eyes dart to the door, then back to you as she bit the corner of her lip with a naughty smile. Sabrina ran her hands down her sides, smoothing out her blouse, then back up and cupped her small chest. You watched her fingers close over where her nipples likely were and lightly pinch. You knew from the restaurant that she was wearing a bra with just a soft, lacy front so she was

likely able to really, actually tweak them. The bridge of her nose crinkled a little as her grin widened, then she stopped and sat back down next to you.

“You’re bad,” I said. “Didn’t we just agree not during office hours?”

“Couldn’t help it,” she said. “The way you were looking at me was hot.”

Footsteps and humming in the corridor, your next employee coming for the questionnaire, stopped you from replying. Another boring 10 minutes later, you stood up and followed the guy out and headed for the kitchen.

“Thank God,” you said, standing in front of the fridge with the freezer door open. Someone had made ice cubes in a tray. You grabbed one of the generic glasses from the cupboard, filled it with ice and went back to the room. “Here,” you said to Sabrina. “Hold out your arm.”

Sabrina’s blouse was short sleeved, and as she held out her arm to you, you took one of the ice cubes out of the glass and touched it to her wrist. Her skin immediately goose pimped, and she sighed happily as you dragged the corner of the ice cube up and down her arm lightly, spreading the cold.

“Mmmm,” she groaned softly. “Hold on, that’s not enough.” She reached back and pulled her hair forward and over her shoulder, leaning forward to bare the back of her neck to you.

You smiled and, one hand on her shoulder to keep her still, you touched the flat bottom of the ice cube to her neck and slowly moved it around.

“Oh yeah, that’s good,” she muttered. “God, I can think of a couple ways to really have fun with those.”

Chapter 14

You glanced at the door - and thankfully no one came in.

“You’re lucky third time’s the charm went your way,” you said.

“Fuck, you’re right,” she said, lowering her voice. She still had her hair pulled over her shoulder, looking down so that you could keep rubbing the ice on the back of her neck. “I don’t know what it is, but I can’t seem to keep all the little filthy things my mind thinks of in today.”

“Have you checked your filter?” you asked. “Sometimes they just need to be replaced.”

“Sure, I’ll get right on that,” she said, turning and smirking up at you over her shoulder. “And how exactly does one replace their internal filter?”

“Well, if I’ve learned anything about IT, you need to unplug it, then plug it back in. But for good measure you should do that a few times.”

“Oh, yeah?” she asked. “Just over and over, right? Plug, unplug. Plug, unplug.”

You snorted a laugh and shook your head at the ridiculous innuendo.

Footsteps outside, coming up the hallway, were enough warning for you to take the ice from her neck. By the time the next Chambers employee was coming in, you were sitting with the cup of ice off to the side of the table, and Sabrina had her hair straightened out as she sat with a straight back and her soft, charming smile.

It took another two hours to get through to the last employee, who happened to be the Office Administrator lady. By the end of her questionnaire, you had the feeling she realized how much time had been wasted today with all the meetings instead of just a quick email. Her smile was faltering a little, and she made it clear that it was nearing end-of-business and ‘everyone is ready to call it quits for the day.’

Soon you and Sabrina were being escorted out and thanked for your work. You’d stowed the papers into your messenger bag, and when you and Sabrina stepped out of the Benthouse building the heat of the day had worn off a bit. Sabrina winced a bit at the sharp light, the sun beating down at an angle, so you took your sunglasses out of your bag and set them on her face for her.

“Thanks,” she said, grinning.

“No problem,” you said. They were a little too big for her, and the mirrored lenses reflected your back at yourself, but her smile was bright and innocent and she looked cute as hell.

“What?” she asked. “Do I look silly?”

“No, no,” you said. “I just want them back. You look good though.”

“Do I?” she asked. “Hold on, let’s take a selfie.”

Sabrina took out her phone and thumbed on the camera, then turned and nestled in under your arm, pressing her body to yours. She was carrying her sweater in her other hand, which she hid with her purse behind your back, and you could feel her small tits pressed into your side as she tilted her face up and smiled at the camera. She clicked the shutter button, and then again, before stopping.

“Hold on. Could you just tilt your head this way?” she asked.

“Like this?” you said, trying to mimic her motion.

“No, more like- no, yeah, like *that*,” she said, nudging your face around. “OK, better. Now smile with just a little more teeth. No, too much. Little less. Now smile with your eyes.”

“What does that mean?” you asked.

“Ugh, boys,” Sabrina said. Then she went up on her tiptoes and kissed you on the cheek. “There, that look. *That’s* smiling with your eyes.”

You tried to hold your face still as your heart gave a few heavy thumps in your chest. Despite your conversations today, and all the heavy flirting, and the ‘show’ in the restaurant, it all felt kind of distant. Like you were living outside your body. But that kiss, her lips pressed to your cheek? It was like an airplane coming in for a landing, that first bump of wheels to pavement.

“Perfect,” she said, then took another two pictures, then leaned her head on your chest more and took another two, then went up on tiptoes and took another one as she planted her lips on your cheek again. “That one’s just for me,” she said. “I do *not* need my sisters asking me questions about you.”

“I didn’t know you had sisters,” you said. “How many?”

“Two. Katherine is my twin sister - we’re identical, so if you ever meet me and I’m acting weird, it’s probably here and not a doppelganger. Then there’s Emma, the baby of the family. Well, that’s not fair any more, she graduated high school this spring.”

“Oh, that’s fun,” you said. “Is she excited for Uni?”

“She is! Actually, she’s coming to State. She wants to spend a year in the dorms like I got to, otherwise I’m sure she’d have ended up living with me,” she said. “God, wouldn’t that have been awkward? Hey sis, don’t worry about all the weird noises coming from my bedroom.”

You laughed and nodded, “Yeah, maybe not something you’d want to have a family discussion about.”

“Well, I might need to tell Katherine eventually. I think she’d understand, but it’s also like - it’s my body, but she’s so similar that I’m kinda showing her off too, y’know? It’s weird.”

“I really don’t know,” you said. You had both started walking back to the office, and Sabrina had wrapped her arm through yours again as you walked. “I think that’s very much a twin-thing. I don’t know what it would be like looking at someone else who looks exactly like me.”

“True,” she said, and sighed. “I don’t know. It’s like - it’s a completely different worry than some stranger finding out. Even if they do turn out to be pretty cool about it.” She nudged you in the side.

“Yeah, yeah,” you said. “Well, all you can do is hope they don’t change the way they think about or treat you. And I’m sure if your sister is anything like you at all, she’ll want to make sure you’re good.”

Sabrina hugged your arm tightly for a moment and smiled up at you through your sunglasses. “Thanks,” she said. “Come on, let’s get back to the office.”

Chapter 15

By the time you got back to the BMA offices, through rush hour traffic which *did* in fact slow down pedestrians, it was already going on twenty minutes after end of day. Becks the secretary was gone from the front desk, replaced by a grim-faced security guard with jowls like a bulldog who didn't even look up when you walked through to the elevators.

"Should we just drop them off at his desk, or hold on to them to give to Garrison tomorrow?" Sabrina asked you as you were stepping off onto the third floor. She hadn't given you back your sunglasses, but had them pushed up and perched on her forehead, looking part punky biker chick and part nerdy office girl with her clothes.

"Let's drop them off at his desk, but we should make copies first," you said. "You know he'll want copies, and if we do them now it means he won't make us do them tomorrow."

"Good point," she said, then looked around as you both stepped out of the elevator area and into the dark hallways of the firm. "Jesus, there's no one here."

"Yeah, looks like everyone got out of here pretty quick today," you agreed.

Sabrina looked around, peeking down the next hallway over, before coming back. "Alright, well... copy room, right?"

"I can handle it if you want to get out of here," you said. "I think you mentioned something about trying to do some tanning to our hostess at lunch."

"I did, and that would be nice," she agreed. "But I'm not going to just abandon you to do the last of the work. That wouldn't really show how much I appreciate you letting me ride your coattails on this assignment."

You laughed, and both headed for the copy room.

As you entered the closet space you fished the file folder with all of the survey answers out of your messenger bag, taking it off and setting it down on the counter opposite the copy machines. Sabrina followed you in, and as you were sorting some of the pages you couldn't help but wonder at the difference one work day could make.

That morning you had just come out and hard-asked if Sabrina was posting on OnlyFans, and she'd almost dove into a panic spiral. Now you two were better friends than, well, ever since you'd only really been acquaintances even as fellow interns, let alone back in college. More than that even, if what you'd discussed at lunch was still on the table. Way more.

"I think three copies probably, right?" you asked, turning back to Sabrina as she was programming the copier.

“Yeah, triplicate should be fine,” she said. “Not that we probably need more than one, but it is Garrison.”

You handed her the sheets and she straightened the stack one last time before feeding it into the auto-loader of the machine. Sabrina was standing in front of you, turned away, and you took the opportunity to look her up and down. Unless she had done it during her quick bathroom break at Chambers, you knew that Sabrina was still going commando under her long skirt, and you couldn't help but look at her tight little butt imagining what you knew it looked like from her posts.

“There,” she said, turning back to you as the copier hummed to life loudly. “Now we wait. Oh, I wonder what we should do?” She had a mischievous look on her face, and Sabrina didn't bother to wait for your response before she closed the single step between you two, ran her hands across your stomach and sides to your back, and pressed her body against yours as she leaned up and kissed you on the mouth.

You'd been hoping for this, and even expecting it at some point, but her abruptness still surprised you even if it shouldn't have. You hesitated one shocked moment before kissing her back, letting your lips open and tongues started probing, playing against each other.

“Mmm, mmm,” you hummed, and she chuckled lightly at the back of her throat as she took your hands in hers and slid them around her body until they were circling her small waist.

You kissed for a while - you weren't really sure how long - and focused on the little things to keep yourself from getting overwhelmed by the situation. Her smell, even after a long day of work, still had the hint of a vanilla shampoo. The way her fingers trailed along your shoulders and upper arms as she leaned into you, pressing her entire front to yours. Your hands fell from her waist to her hips, squeezing her, which she groaned in delight at.

Eventually she broke the kiss, keeping her body pressed to yours but leaning her lips away until you were able to look at each other without being entirely cross-eyed. Her eyes were big, pupils dilated, as she smacked her lips and smirked at you. “God, I was right. You *are* a really good kisser.”

You snorted and shook your head, “Yeah, well I take no responsibility for that kiss. You were driving that train, and I just had a great time along for the ride.”

She stuck her tongue out at you, cute and innocent, then pecked you on the lips again.

“Well that's not all that I'm going to drive right now,” she said. “I wasn't lying when I said I appreciated you helping me out today. And not just for the internship. Honestly, John, today has been a lot, but it's turned out to be in the best way. So I want to give you something, right here and right now.”

Chapter 16

Sabrina reached down and her fingers found the zipper of your pants.

“You sure?” you asked, glancing to the door of the Copier room.

“Are you saying no?” she asked, giving you another one of those pouty little smirks as she pulled the zipper down.

“No, no,” you said. “I just- earlier today...”

“Earlier today I was offering it to you out of fear,” she said. “It was the only thing I could think of to try and get you on my side. But then you turned out to be on my side no matter what. So now, John, I’m offering it to you freely because I want to.”

“Say it,” you said. She hadn’t actually said the words yet, and you wanted to hear them.

“Say what?” she asked coquettishly.

“Say what you’re offering.”

“You want me to say it?” she asked, teasing. “They’re filthy words though. Maybe I shouldn’t.” She leaned in close to you as her fingers snaked into the front of your pants. Her lips pressed to your ear and she whispered very quietly, “I want to wrap my lips around your cock, John. Then I want to run my tongue up and down your shaft, and take it in my mouth and feel it all the way to the back of my throat. Is that OK? Can I do that for you?”

Her fingers had wriggled around and found the hole to your briefs, and she carefully pulled your hard dick out and into the air between you. Her slender fingers were smooth and just a touch colder than your swollen, raging cock, and they played lightly over the shaft as she giggled in your ear.

“Yes,” you said. “Do it.”

“Mmmm,” she moaned, biting her bottom lip as she slipped down, lowering to her knees. Soon she was kneeling in front of you on the copy room floor, holding your dick at the base with one hand while she looked up at you with those big eyes you’d imagined in this exact position before.

You were blessed with a bigger than average dick for sure, but in her small hands you looked huge - *Maybe that’s how porn does it. Girls with small hands.* Sabrina licked her lips, her gaze slipping to examine your cock before coming back to meeting your own.

“Can I?” she asked you for permission. A shiver ran up your body, from your legs to your neck.

“God yes, Sabrina,” you said. “Just- it’s been a bit, and you’ve been teasing me all fucking day.”

“That’s OK, baby,” she said, her breath hot on the side of your dick as she hovered around it. “I understand.”

Then Sabrina stuck out her cute little tongue and touched it to the underside base of your dick, and like she was licking a big popsicle she ran her tongue all the way from the base to the very top.

“Fuuuuuck,” you groaned.

She swirled her tongue around the head, popping it just inside her mouth a couple of times like she was slurping an ice cream cone, then smacked her lips and kissed your head.

“Is that good, baby? Do you like that?”

You nodded, words stuck in your throat.

“Here, hold my hair back for me,” she said, letting go of your cock for a moment to pull her long, black hair back into a ponytail. She didn’t have an elastic, so you let her pass it to you and now you were holding her head right at cock level. “Perfect,” she said, smirking at you from the tip of your dick. Then she slurped your head in, her tongue darting back and forth, and slowly began to blow you.

She was sensuous about it, using every part of her mouth to tease and release you. Some of the time she stared down at your dick, practically cross eyed as she focused, then she would look back up at you and your heart and dick would both clench at the look in her eyes.

“Oh, fuck, Sabrina,” you grunted, struggling to hold your orgasm back. It had been more than a few months since your last female encounter, and jerking off to Sabrina last night felt more like foreplay for this moment than preparation to hold your stamina. And she’d shown you her pussy today.

That was the wrong thing to think of.

“Where?” you babbled. “Soon.”

“MmmMMMmm,” she hummed, still slowly sliding your cock in and out of her lips. She didn’t intend to release you. ‘Give me your cum,’ her eyes said. She took you deep, your cock nudging at the back of her throat, and she coughed for a moment but recovered quickly, her eyes brimming slightly. She didn’t, maybe couldn’t, take you in like that.

Not yet at least. Another dangerous thought to hold back.

It was too much. You squeezed Sabrina's hair like a handle, and released. She was ready, and she began swallowing immediately as your first hot blast felt like it pulled from every corner of your body, straight through your nuts and out your dick. Then Sabrina was using every part of her mouth to milk you - lips and tongue, sure. That was normal. But she also used the inside of her cheeks to vary the sensations. Even her teeth, extremely lightly applied, sent shivers and tingles through you, causing you to jerk in place as you spurt your load into her mouth.

Sabrina's mouth.

Your body rolled with the last big wave of your orgasm, and all she did was keep swallowing as you kept her head still, her mouth fastened around you.

"Fuck," you said, the emphasis entirely on the F you had been holding tightly between your teeth and your lips through the whole orgasm.

Sabrina didn't give up immediately, instead she went back to bobbing slowly, and you couldn't tell if maybe she was trying to keep you hard, or even go for an immediate round two. The way she was tender about her work, delicate and pleasing, was out of this world. Eventually she was too much, and you pulled her off by your hair-handle at the back of her head.

"Auuugh," she moaned, mouth open wide, spittle dripping from her lip as she took a deep breath. "Well," she smirked, mouth still agape even as she smirked at you again, standing open almost like a well-fucked pussy. "How was that?"

Chapter 17

You swallowed the drool that had been accumulating in your mouth, looking down at Sabrina as she smirked up at you.

“Fucking amazing,” you said, still panting a little to catch your breath after your orgasm had rolled through you. “Come here.” You pulled her up and hugged her to you, kissing her cheek and then down the crook of her jaw, and then lower to her slender neck.

“Oh, oh fuck,” Sabrina gasped. “How did you know that was my spot?”

“I didn’t,” you admitted. “But that’s definitely good to know.”

“Oh shit,” she laughed, then gasped again as you nuzzled into her neck and let your lips and tongue make love to her soft, warm skin for a long moment. She melted in your arms, moaning and whimpering as you slowly let your hands rove over her clothes. You grabbed her ass, small and pert, through her skit, feeling each cheek as your fingers curled around it. You held her waist, small and thin. You palmed her small tits over her shirt, knowing that her thin, lace bra did little to protect her nipples from the sensation.

When you swapped sides of her neck, starting fresh kisses on the other side, the needy whine she let out was like a dog begging for attention. You shuffled and spun the two of you so that she was backed to the counter now. As you kept kissing her, wondering whether you should push things and actually give her a hickey, you lifted her by the waist so that she was sitting on the edge of the counter.

Your hands found her knee, and just like in the restaurant you started slowly rubbing up and down, moving your fingers, then your entire hand, up and under her skirt. You grabbed her bare thigh, then smacked it lightly. She squeezed her thighs together, pinning your hand there, then opened them again. Asking you to go further.

Fingers moving higher, kisses moving lower. Sabrina undid the top buttons of her shirt, letting you start kissing down to her shoulders and collarbone.

“Oooh, baby,” she crooned in your ear, pulling your head to her. “What are you doing to me?”

“What do you want me to do to you?” you asked, fingers creeping back to that point where they had stopped before.

Inches from her lips. Close enough to feel the wet texture that had been building between her thighs. To feel the flushed heat building in her.

“I don’t know,” she whispered. “I wasn’t expecting...”

“What, you didn’t think I’d reciprocate?” you asked.

She shook her head, biting her lower lip. You replied by kissing her, and taking her bottom lip between your teeth and pulling slightly, before melting back into the kiss.

“This is so fucking hot,” she gasped when the kiss ended. “Fuck, can you imagine what this would look like on film?”

“Is that really what you’re thinking about?” you chuckled lightly.

“Sorry, sorry baby,” she said quickly, cupping your face and pulling you back in for another kiss. This one was sweeter, less primal, than the last, but just as intense. “I just can’t help it. For the past couple of months literally everything sexual I do, I’ve been doing thinking about cameras.”

“Well this time no one’s watching,” you whispered in her ear, leaning over her. Your fingers trailed up her thigh, skipping over her lips and rubbing higher on her pubic mound, fingertips in the thin little landing strip that you knew was above her clit. “This time it’s all about you and me. Do you want me to make you feel good? Just you, all the way?”

She nodded silently and quickly. Your fingers tugged on her pubes lightly. She sniffed in a breath.

“You teased the everloving crap out of me today, Sabrina. Should I do the same to you?” you asked her.

She shook her head no, but she also quivered and you felt her subtly flex the muscles around in cunt under your palm and fingers. The idea of you teasing her was definitely appealing to some parts of her.

“No? Then why is your little pussy practically drooling at the idea, Sabrina?” you asked quietly. You leaned down and kissed her neck again, and at the same time you slid your fingers lower, over her warm and flushed vulva, avoiding her clit or inner labia. Just as quickly as you started, you kissed back up and your fingers left her lower lips.

“John,” she whimpered.

“Yes?” you asked, smiling against her ear.

“Please?” she begged. You pulled away and looked her in the eye. Hers were big and round and desperate for release. Her mouth was hanging just slightly open, and she was breathing shallowly. “Please, baby? I’m sorry for being such a tease. I’m sorry I teased you with my tits in public. I’m sorry I flashed you my needy little pussy at the restaurant,” she said. “I’m sorry I... um- I’m sorry I was...”

She couldn't think for a moment as you kissed back down her jaw and neck, fingers sliding lower over her outermost lips again, then back up.

"God, John," she said, her voice having changed to a lower tone. "Just please, get your fingers in me."

You pulled your hand completely out from under her skirt and lifted your fingers to her lips. "You want them in you? Lube them up."

She opened her mouth, sticking out her tongue obscenely, and soon she was sucking on your ring and middle finger. Sabrina slurped and bobbed her head, getting your fingers wet, and you pulled them free after a moment of watching.

You lifted her skirt up, and Sabrina spread her legs wide, her ass right at the edge of the counter. Placing your hand down between her thighs, palm on her landing strip and two fingers on either of her lips, you leaned in again and kissed her neck, right under her jaw.

"Tell me what you want, what you really, really want," you whispered, slowly applying pressure as you pushed down on her.

"Huh?" she moaned.

"I said tell me what you want. What you really, really want," you said again, with a soft smirk.

"Spice girls?" she questioned, half-laughing and almost crying at the distraction.

And that's when you slid your fingers inside of her, and kissed her right on her 'spot' again, and she grabbed your now hardened dick with her hand as it was still hanging out of your pants.

The heel of your palm pressed against her clit as your fingers slid deep. She quivered and jerked at the shock of pleasure. Your breath hitched at the feeling of her fingers on your cock again.

And the door to the copy room opened.

Chapter 18

“Oh, fuck!” Sabrina gasped, and you weren’t entirely sure if it was from your fingers penetrating her soaked pussy for the first time, or the shock and panic of the door opening.

“What the fu-?” Gemma said, stopping short in the open doorway looking like she was about to fall over forwards as she gaped at you both. She looked at you, your fingers inside Sabrina, as you pulled back from kissing Sabrina’s neck. She looked at Sabrina’s legs parted wide, pale inner thighs on display leading right to her centre.

“Oh, fuck,” Sabrina said, and this time it was obviously in some sort of panic and not sexual pleasure. “Fuck, fuck. Gemma, just-!”

“What the *fuck*, Sabrina?” Gemma half-shouted. “This is so *fucked*.” Then she turned and practically ran away down the hallway.

“Fuckfuckfuckfuck,” Sabrina said, sliding around you as your fingers pulled from her. She didn’t even bother fixing her clothes, she just let her skirt fall back down and she was off after Gemma. “Just wait here, John,” she said over her shoulder, then called after Gemma as she chased your fellow intern.

“God, fucking, what?” you said, trying to figure out what the hell had just happened. The office had looked entirely empty! What the hell was Gemma doing here, all alone in the office?

Oh, fuck. Fuck! Gemma had seen everything. If she told anyone - if she complained about it to HR... Right now, Gemma could probably not only royally fuck your summer internship, but possibly your entire future. You felt like a fucking *idiot*. Sabrina wasn’t just going to cut bait and run, you could have strung each other along another half hour and ended up at one of your places.

But no, instead you had to get freaky in the fucking office.

You got your semi-hard dick back into your pants and zipped up, and followed the girls out of the copy room. The first place you checked was the Intern conference room, but neither of them were there. You hadn’t heard the signal from the elevator, and you felt like you would have heard the heavy fire doors slamming if they’d headed into the stairwell, so they had to be *somewhere* on the floor still.

Fuck, Gemma had looked pissed. Well, first she looked shocked as all hell. She had also been looking really hot - her pantsuit pants had been the same, and she wore heels every day that were a bit taller than Sabrina did, but her blouse had been unbuttoned further than usual, showing off an amount of cleavage that hinted that she had a really great chest. Usually she was almost entirely buttoned up, and her curves were something you knew were there, but were

generally guessing about. You had to assume that between the heat in the Intern conference room, and her being all alone, she'd unbuttoned a bit just to keep cool.

But that cleavage, and the wide-eyed look of shock had been surprisingly hot. Then she got angry.

Why did she get so angry? You had to wonder. Gemma wasn't a prude by any means, and while she probably wasn't someone who would get caught doing the same thing, she'd never shied away from an innuendo joke.

Finally, walking along the back hall, you heard muffled voices coming from the women's washroom. You walked up but hesitated, your knuckle already up to knock.

"Gemma, I am *so* sorry," Sabrina said inside the washroom.

"I mean what the *fuck*, Sabrina? I thought we'd talked about this. I thought we weren't going to snipe at each other," Gemma said.

"We're not- I'm not. I just, look, today was weird, OK? I never planned for any of that to happen, but John and I just sort of really hit it off and one thing-

"I swear to God, Sabrina," Gemma said. "If you say 'one thing led to another' I will not forgive you. Ever."

You could practically feel Sabrina hesitating.

"Look, Gemma. I *am* sorry. I didn't just ignore what you said," she said. "You told me you were interested in John. I should have respected that, OK? But things *happen*."

Wait, what? Holy shit, Gemma was into you?

"You couldn't just keep your hands off him, Sabrina? You told me you weren't going to date any of the guys this summer. You *told* me it was your summer of self care. *That wasn't self care, Sabrina.*"

"Gemma, come on," Sabrina said. "You know this isn't that simple. John and I connected on some stuff, and then we went and worked off site, and during lunch things got flirty. And I *liked* it, OK? I went with it, and he was really good at it. And he helped me figure some things out, some personal things, and I got fucking horny."

"So go home and take a cold shower," Gemma said.

You could almost feel the look that Sabrina shot Gemma in there. “Gem, does it help if I tell you it’s nothing serious? John and I agreed what we were doing was no strings attached. None at all. So if you want, you can still date him.”

“Errrgh,” Gemma groaned, even more muffled, making you think she’d buried her face in her hands. “Yes, and no. And I don’t know? I didn’t think John was a ‘no strings attached’ kind of guy.”

“He isn’t,” Sabrina said. “Not... Well, not usually, I don’t think. But I wanted that, and he agreed to it.”

“But what the hell am I supposed to do with that now, Sabrina?” Gemma asked. “I’ve seen him finger blasting you in the copy room. What’s it look like if I’m all flirty with him now - he’ll just think *I* want to ride the Palm Olive Express.”

“What?” Sabrina asked.

“He’ll think I’m interested in the same thing,” Gemma deadpanned. “You poisoned the well. He’s going to just see us for sex.”

“I don’t- I don’t know,” Sabrina hesitated. “I don’t think he would. Not after today.”

“What are you talking about? What did you two do today that’s got you literally throwing yourself at him?” Gemma demanded.

Chapter 19

“Nothing,” Sabrina said. “It’s not- It was just a personal thing.”

OK, so Sabrina wasn’t going to out herself to Gemma. You could only imagine how *that* would go at the moment. *Oh, well he found my secret amateur porn on the internet, and we bonded over my pussy, and he was really understanding about me expressing my inner sexuality. And so I sucked his dick and then you interrupted him being sweet and reciprocating.*

Alright, maybe it wouldn’t have gone quite like that.

“What does that even mean? How did you two get to ‘personal things’ between here and another office building?” Gemma demanded.

“Just leave it, Gemma. Fuck,” Sabrina sighed. “Look, you have every right to feel betrayed by me, OK? I just- Hold on.”

You heard footsteps across the tile floor inside the bathroom, heading towards you.

Your panic led you to a split second decision, and you took five fast steps and were around the corner of an open, empty office doorway before you heard the washroom door open. You gulped down your nerves. *Why am I hiding?* you couldn’t help but wonder to yourself - well, beyond not wanting to get caught eavesdropping. It was too late to change your mind now; stepping out and revealing yourself would make you look even more guilty.

You waited until you heard the washroom door close again, and Sabrina to start talking inside again, before you left the office and crept away. That was too close for comfort, and while you *really* wanted to know what the fuck those two were talking about, you knew it was a bad idea to risk getting caught.

Swinging by the copy room to grab your bag and the extra copies of the surveys, you decided to wait in the Intern conference room. Neither girl was there when you arrived, so you assumed they were still talking and you took a seat down at your end of the big conference table. You opened up your laptop, a cheap piece of shit the firm was supplying each of you, and quickly started to scan through your emails for the day. Most of it was inane updates you were being CC’d on, or document retrieval requests sent to the general Intern mailing list. Gemma, Eric and Andy would have handled all of those during the day.

There was an email from Andy asking you for the wifi password again - how he sent it without being logged in to that same wifi, you weren’t sure. You also had an email from Gemma asking if you and Sabrina were having fun, and if you would be back into the office before the end of the day. *Guess that ship has sailed.* Seeing the email got you thinking about her again though - not that she’d exactly slipped your mind.

Fuck! Gemma was *into* you. Or had been, at least. Still was, maybe?

Other than Sabrina, she was probably one of the hottest girls you'd met in college. And now that you'd finally seen her in a bit more of a casual look, well... she still wasn't Sabrina in terms of sheer attraction right now, but she was a close fucking second place. It really came down to personality - both Sabrina and Gemma were attractive physically in different ways that were kind of hard to compare. Sabrina had just been more open in the last few weeks, more willing to be more than a hard-working intern in the office.

"Oh-" Gemma said from the doorway of the intern office, stopping short as she was surprised by you sitting there. Her eyes wide in that 'fight or flight' reaction again.

"Hey," you said, sitting up straight. "Look, Gemma..." you trailed off, realizing that even though you wanted to apologize, you actually *didn't*. You weren't sorry at all. And you weren't supposed to know about that conversation.

Instead of continuing, you let out a big sigh and leaned back, rubbing at your face. "Gemma, Sabrina and I shouldn't have been getting intimate like that in the office." True. "It wasn't fair to you or anyone else that we would do that, and you walking in on us like that is pretty embarrassing." True. "I'm sorry if our actions have made you feel uncomfortable working with us, but I hope it's something we can laugh about in the future. Between you and Sabrina, this has probably been the best summer I've had since I started working summer jobs. You two make this place worthwhile, and I would hate to make you feel isolated by a poorly timed decision on our part."

All of it true, none of it an apology. Maybe you were going to be a decent lawyer after all.

"It's... fine," Gemma said, slowly stepping into the room. Her eyes had narrowed to normal, but she was still a lot more tentative than usual as she circled around the far side of the big conference table to her usual seat. "I just wasn't expecting it. I've seen crazier stuff back in Sydney at school. It's fine."

"You're sure?" You asked, leaning forward again. "I wouldn't-"

"Hey, I thought you were going to stay in the copy room," Sabrina said, abruptly appearing at the office door.

"The awkwardness got to me, and I wanted to make sure you two were OK but I couldn't find you," you said. Not true. At least not entirely.

Sabrina glanced at Gemma, then at you again. "Well, I guess that's it then," she said. "We should all probably head home, it's another long day tomorrow."

“Yeah,” Gemma agreed, already picking up her things from where she’d had them under the conference table. As she bent over, half-sitting in her chair, the unbuttoned top of her blouse shifted and gave you a longer, wider peek at her cleavage.

“OK,” you said, really not sure where you had landed with all of this.

Sabrina answered that question for you, striding over and putting a hand on your shoulder and giving you a kiss on the cheek. She pulled back, blocking your view of Gemma, and gave you a wink, then one brief, firm kiss on the lips.

“Have a good night, you two,” she said, turning out the door. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

“And where exactly *is* that line, Sabrina?” Gemma asked, but more teasing than snarky.

Sabrina laughed and shrugged. “These days, I’m not really sure. I guess we’ll need to find out.”

Gemma stood, looking back over toward me as she bit the corner of her lip and chuckled softly. “Bye, John,” she said. “See you tomorrow.”

“Night, Gem,” you said, unintentionally shortening her name.

“Only my Ex calls me that,” she said, heading towards the door. She peeked out, checking how far away Sabrina was, then looked back at you. Her smirk, usually a firm fixture on her face, had returned. “You wouldn’t want to be my next Ex, would you? Because I’m sure we’d have a bunch of fun, but I’m a real bitch during a breakup.”

I laughed and shrugged. “I don’t know, Gemma. No risk, no reward, and you’re definitely the kind of woman who is worth risking it for.”

“You think?” she asked. “What would Sabrina think about that?”

“I think I still have a lot to learn about both of you,” you said. “It’s been a surprising day.”

“Same,” Gemma said. “Definitely same.”

And she left.

Chapter 20

Home, or as much as you could think of it like that. You had managed to find a room to let for the summer, and two of the other three roommates were out on their own internships, leaving you with Mosche. He was nice enough, just very 'New Yorker' - curly brown poof of an afro, a nasaly way of talking about himself deprecatingly, and a social awkwardness that reminded you of some of the kids you'd grown up with.

Suffice to say, you did *not* want to attend Mosche's latest Open Mic night. Because of course he had a dream of becoming a standup comic.

"Alright, well man, I'm gonna head out of here in a few," he said, slowly pulling on his coat near the front door of the apartment. "You sure you don't want to come out? There's supposed to be a bachelorette party in the club tonight, and I could definitely use a wingman to make me look good."

"Man, I'm totally wiped out," you said from the couch. You were already in your loose sweatpants and an old high school athletics t-shirt. "But hey, you're the comic. Shouldn't you be wingmanning me at the comedy club?"

"Hah, yeah," he said. "I guess. But you know me, man. All thumbs."

What does he even mean by that? you wondered, but let it go.

"Well, break a leg tonight, dude," you said. "You'll get 'em this time."

"Let's hope so," he said, opening the front door.

It took another three minutes for Mosche to step out the door, and then actually close it. There was a part of you that felt bad - he was like a little puppy that just wanted a friend. There was another, much larger part of you that was screaming at him from inside your head *Dear god, just leave already!*

Any other night in the last four weeks since you moved in, you would have been game to tag along with him. You'd done so several times already, and had been pleasantly surprised to find out Mosche didn't entirely suck at stand-up, and there were definitely much worse comics out there.

No, the reason you were screaming at him internally was because you wanted the freedom to jerk off without anyone else in the apartment.

Five minutes after Moshe was gone, and likely not to come back, you were set up in front of the TV, your phone ready to cast to it and show Sabrina in all her fullscreen glory, when a text came in.

Sabrina: *So are you already satisfied tonight?*

You snorted, shaking your head at the reference to your earlier conversation.

You: *Was just about to decide what I should watch, if I'm being honest. How was tanning?*

The text bubbles showing that she was replying popped up, so you waited, but then they disappeared. You were about to go back to your search when your phone started ringing - Sabrina calling you on FaceTime.

You accepted the call, and after a quick buffering you saw that she was holding her phone as she lay on her side. From the lighting she was clearly outside, and you realized that she was wearing your sunglasses that you hadn't gotten back from her.

"Hey John," she grinned. "I figured this was easier than typing."

"Hey yourself, beautiful," you said. "You look good in those sunglasses, but I think I've seen them somewhere else before."

Sabrina's grin turned into a smirk as she touched them, the bridge of her nose wrinkling as she got playful. "They really are Daddy-hot, aren't they? I don't know if I can give them back."

"Eugh, really?" you asked. "'Daddy' hot?"

"It's an internet thing, John. Not a fan?"

"It's just a very different impression than what I want to see you as," you said.

She pursed her lips. "Oh, so maybe you want me to call *you* daddy?"

You chuckled and shrugged. "Yeah, I think there's better things you can call me."

"Well, *Mister Bossy*," she said, emphasizing it so extremely that it was silly. "Maybe this will help." Sabrina pulled back the camera and showed you her body. She was laying out on a deck chair, which was crammed into a small apartment balcony, and the sun was just peeking through to bathe her in golden light. Sabrina was wearing a small black bikini, the cups of the bra firmly hugging her small breasts while leaving a nice cleavage and the bottoms riding low on her hips, rolled down so that you could actually see the top of her pubic hair peeking out. "I don't really tan all that well, so I need to be careful. You think this will work?"

"God damn, Sabrina," you said. "You look- wow."

She giggled and shifted, laying down more on her stomach and rotating the camera to show you a shot of her ass. The back of the bikini was a string, her two small but pronounced cheeks wiggling and bouncing as she jostled her legs. "How about this view?"

"You are too fucking much," you said.

"You know you left me hanging, right?" Sabrina said, bring the camera back around to her face. Then she shifted a bit more, rolling on to her back and lifting it higher so her lovely face and her chest were in view. "Your fingers felt great, by the way. But damn you got me humming with those lips of yours."

"Did I?" you asked. You were hard now, watching her tease you all over again. The brief thought of how many other guys were out there, who would kill for this sort of situation with Sabrina, rattled in your mind.

"Yes. You really found my button and pushed it," she said. "I had to check if you gave me a hickey when I got home. Part of me wanted you to, but it would be a pain to cover up."

You grinned. "Alright, good to know. No hickies in places that show at work."

"Mmm, you tease," she hummed. "Where would you put them?"

This was escalating to a place you were happy to go. Sabrina seemed like she was even bolder than usual when she was in front of a camera. First at the restaurant and now on the call, she seemed to let her kink out just a bit more.

"Well, the inside of your breasts," you said. "Or maybe the undersides so that if you wear a really short crop top you might still show it off. And the inside of your thighs. And maybe one right next to your little exclamation point."

"Did you like that?" she asked. "I just did it a couple of days ago. Nothing I've posted has shown it yet."

"It's very cute," you said. "And shows off your sparky personality."

She preened on the screen for a moment, playing up revelling in my compliments, before rolling back onto her side and looking at her phone on a more even plain.

"So, John, tomorrow I'm going to need you to ask Gemma for drinks after work."

You blinked, surprised at the sharp turn in the conversation. "Ah, what? Why?" you asked, trying to cover that you had a big hint as to why already after eavesdropping earlier.

"Because I think she would be good for you, and you'd be good for her," Sabrina said. "And because if we're going to be fucking around I don't want to deprive her of a good dick like yours. She could really use it."

Chapter 21

You were getting a heavy dose of conversational whiplash and it was starting to fuck with you. At the top of your mind was the fact that you knew things that you weren't supposed to know.

"OK, OK," you said. "Hold on a sec, I think I need to do some catching up here. What does Gemma have to do with you and me?"

Sabrina blew an errant strand of hair away from her face and then took my sunglasses off so she was looking at me through the camera. "First, there's only five of us interns. Of the three guys, you're the only one worth dating. I wasn't planning on dating anyone this summer because of, well, y'know. But now we've fucked up the dynamic, and I pissed off Gemma because she's been flirting with you for weeks."

"Wait, what?" you stopped her. "No she hasn't."

Sabrina raised one her thin eyebrows. "Dude, what was all that teasing between you two? And being helpful to each other all the time?"

"Gemma's been teasing everyone," you said. "And we've all been helping each other."

Sabrina shook her head. "No, you've been helping everyone. Gemma only pays it back to me because I'm the only other girl, and you because she's interested. And you two tease *each other*, Gemma only pokes fun at Andy and Eric. It's a laughing *with* you, laughing *at* them distinction."

You rested your head back on the couch, looking up at the ceiling. Was all of this true? Were you that blind, or was Sabrina playing it up to try and fix her relationship with Gemma?

"OK, I just-" you said, then sighed. "Look, I'm new to this whole no-strings thing we agreed to. Just bear with me for a second while I check the facts, OK?"

"Mhmm," Sabrina nodded.

"OK. So you and I are not dating. We are friends, and co-workers, and we're going to have sex. But we're not going to date. And you are telling me that I should date Gemma, our co-worker, and presumably have intimate relations with her at some point. While I'm still having sex with you. And you are totally OK with this."

Sabrina nodded again. "Plus you're maybe going to help me with my OnlyFans stuff. You did say you would."

"Sure, yes," you agreed. "Happy to help. But I just... me actively dating someone else, and maybe flirting or some office PDA in front of you, that's not going to make you jealous or anything?"

"No," Sabrina shook her head. "I mean, it might make me horny because I think you and Gemma are both hot. But we aren't dating."

"OK," you said. When you were honest with yourself after the conversation, you weren't sure if you believed that totally, but what were you going to do? Challenge the hot girl telling you to fuck the other hot girl? "So, last thing. Is this something Gemma is going to be OK with? Like, are you and I supposed to be a secret from her, or is she going to be aware? And like, if she does know how much is she supposed to know?"

Sabrina sighed and gave me a look through the camera. "Baby," then she smirked, "*Mist Boss*. You are jumping way further ahead than necessary. Just take her for drinks and see if you two even want to actually date, or if it's just summer flirting. If things are good and go further, I'll handle it."

You stared at Sabrina through the phone, and she stared back. Finally you sighed and shrugged. "Yeah, OK. What am I going to do, fight you on this or something?"

"Good," Sabrina smiled, which slid towards a smirk. "Thank you, Mister Boss."

"Oh my god, Sabrina," you snorted. "Please, that's so utterly ridiculous. Call me anything else."

"Too late, I already like it," she said. "You didn't like Daddy, and we work together so *Boss* is kinda hot, but the look on your face when I say *Mister Boss* is totally worth it after you left me a horny little intern who you blue-balled today."

"Hey, that was not my fault," you said.

"Oh yeah?" She asked. "Then why haven't I been able to get these under control?" Sabrina scanned the phone down, showing off her small chest again, and used her free hand to slowly pull the cups of her bikini top aside until she was showing you her nipples, each one capping a perfect little pale titty and budded up firm with her arousal.

You cleared your throat and grinned as you shifted lower on the couch. "Well those just look like they need some seeing to," you said.

Sabrina pouted her lips and then teased one of her nipples, brushing it with her fingertips before slowly pulling on it and then letting it pop back, making her small breast jiggle for a moment. "Mmm, they really do. But there's other parts of me that need some attention as well."

She lowered the camera down her body, showing off her softly thin stomach and cute little belly button, then lower until that string bikini bottom was showing, the top of her pubic hair visible. "What do you think?"

"I think you are a professional, grade A, no competition, top notch tease if I've ever known one. God, you know how to push my buttons, Sabrina."

She hummed her delight at this, and then slowly tugged the bikini bottoms lower until her entire mound and the little exclamation point of her pubic hair was visible, but not her lips. "Ugh, you say the nicest things, John," Sabrina laughed. "I'm so fucking turned on right now, I feel like I might be leaking. Is there a wet spot?"

"Hard to tell," you said. "Black fabric isn't showing well on camera."

"Are you hard?" She asked you.

You'd been holding your shaft since you'd moved on from the Gemma conversation. "Yes, Sabrina. You've got me hard as a rock."

Sabrina moved the camera away and up to her face again. My sunglasses were back down over her eyes, and she bit her lip in that cute/sexy way that made you want to growl. "Show me?" She asked.

"Um, ah, yeah," you said, a little surprised. You'd never had someone ask to see your cock before like this. You fumbled with the phone in your hand until you managed to reverse the camera, and then adjusted the angle so that you were showing your hard dick to Sabrina with your hand wrapped around the base.

"Fuck, that's hot," Sabrina moaned. You were still able to watch her with the camera reversed, and you saw her bite her bottom lip fully now and her shoulder moved in a way that made you think she was rubbing herself. "John, I ah, I had a thought..."

Chapter 22

“I was wondering how you would feel about us having a little phone sex,” Sabrina said. “But maybe I also record it for content?”

You hesitated, but nodded.

“John?” she asked, and you remembered she was looking at your hard cock on the screen instead of your face. “Sorry, sorry,” you said, tapping the screen and reversing the camera again so she could see you. “I was nodding. Yeah, I think I’d be OK with that.”

Now it was her turn to hesitate for a moment. “And is it OK if your dick is in the recording? I’m not sure how to just record my side of the call.”

“Oh,” you said. “Uh, yeah, I guess.”

“Sweet,” Sabrina said. “I guess we don’t want your voice recorded, so this is going to be sort of one-sided in the talking.”

“That’s not really phone sex, is it?” you asked.

She smirked. “I guess not, but I’ll still put that in the title. OK, so flip your camera back around so I can see that tasty cock of yours, and I’ll start recording.”

You did so, holding your dick in one hand and keeping your phone propped up with the other, and Sabrina was tapping on her own phone busily for a few moments.

“Alright, it’s recording,” she said. “Ready?”

“For a while now,” you chuckled.

Sabrina smirked, and then bit her lip. She had the camera pointed at her face, cutting off at her nose so that only her lips were showing, and was laying on her side. Her chest and little bit of cleavage was visible, framed in her bikini top. “Hey baby. I just wanted to call and say how much I appreciated our lunch yesterday. I’m sorry we didn’t end up getting to see each other, my boss was really riding me hard at work.”

You wagged your cock back and forth like you were shaking your head, and she giggled.

“I know, I know, phrasing,” she laughed. Sabrina was using her OnlyFans voice, a little lower and more sultry than her own. “But I am sorry. I’m glad you’re willing to let me make it up to you while I’m sitting out here on my balcony catching some sun. Do you maybe want to watch?”

Now you wagged your cock forward and back like a nod.

“Hmm, great. I love the way your cock looks on my phone, just dominating the entire screen. It makes me want to lick my phone just to try and get a taste. If I show you my titties do you think you could stroke it for me a bit?”

You gave yourself a half stroke.

“Mmm, you know I don’t think I’ve gotten my nipples under control since the restaurant?” she said, and with one hand she teased her fingers over the bumps in her bikini top and playing with the outside hem. “They’ve been hard little knots just begging for some attention. I wish these were your fingers, you could feel how hard they are thinking about you and your big cock. And then you could pull my naughty little bikini aside just like this.” Sabrina did so, revealing one of her tits to you again. The nipple was hard and a ruddy pink, completely suckable. “You could play with it with your thumb first, then give it some little pinches. Gosh! I can feel that tingle all the way down to my pussy. You know my nipples like it a little rough, right? So after pinching a bit, you can really give them a nice twissst.”

Sabrina hissed as she rolled her nipple firmly between her thumb and finger, her skin twisting and then snapping back into place with a jiggle as she let go. In response you started stroking your cock slowly.

“Mmm, that’s nice baby, start working that cock. But you’re not happy yet, are you?” she said, lips twisted into a smiling bow at the top of the screen. “You’re not happy with just a bit of me. You want both of my needy little titties.” She then shifted, laying on her back with the camera looking down at her, and she pulled the other side of the bikini top aside and gave the other nipple the same treatment as she moaned softly.

You gripped your cock and nodded it again, then stroked a little faster.

“You want more, baby? Do you need more of me?” she asked.

You nodded your cock again.

“Well, I bet I know what you want,” she said, then started panning the camera lower, following her hand as it skimmed over her trim stomach, brushing past the dimple of her belly button down to show her bikini bottoms. “I know, baby. I’m being so naughty wearing this bikini where people might see me. I’m a filthy little girl though, I don’t care if men or women are watching from any other apartments and can see my pubic hair. I know you think it’s sexy, so it makes me feel extra naughty to walk around with it showing. And it’s also fun to tease myself with.” She ran her fingers through the upper, visible portion of the little exclamation point her pubic hair was shorn into, and then pinched it between her fingers and gave it a tug. Her legs twitched and spread a bit when she did it, and then again.

You started stroking faster.

“Oh, you like that baby?” she asked. “You like when I get a little spark of pain with the pleasure? I bet you’d like to spank me right now, wouldn’t you?”

You let go of your cock and made a motion like you were slapping your inner thighs, then returned to your cock.

Sabrina gasped. “You’d spank my thighs? That would sting so bad, baby, but just thinking about it has got me dripping wet. Hold on.” Sabrina trailed her hand from her pubic hair to her thigh, then rubbed the pale skin and gave it a little slap. “Ooh, I don’t know if I can do it to myself,” she said. “Your hand is just so much bigger than mine, and you can be more forceful. I bet you’d turn both of my thighs red.”

You jacked off a little faster again.

“And then what would you do, baby? If you’re already giving me spankings for being a naughty tease, would you spank my pussy, too? My naughty, horny little pussy that you got all wet, and all it wants is your cock?”

Sabrina ran her fingers through her pubic hair again, then under the waistband of her tiny bikini bottoms so her fingers were obviously cupping her pussy. “What do you think, baby? Is my pussy too naughty to even come out to play?”

Chapter 23

You stroked your cock, and Sabrina hummed on the other end of the video call.

“Mmm,” she moaned. “Is that precum I see?”

It was, beading from your tip. You swiped your fingers through it and slowly rubbed it down your shaft.

“Fuck, that’s so hot, baby,” Sabrina crooned. “I feel like I can taste it on my tongue just thinking about it. MMmmmm.” As she hummed her desire, her fingers shifted under the bikini bottoms and slowly inserted into her pussy. “Fuuuuck, you make me so wet, baby,” she said.

This whole note being able to talk back to her thing was getting frustrating.

“Look,” Sabrina said. She pulled her fingers out from under the bikini bottoms and held them up to the camera. You could clearly see the slimy clear juices on her fingers. “This is what you do to me, baby. This is how I’ve been feeling aaall day thinking about you. Can you imagine that? Me, sitting at work surrounded by my coworkers, with a hot... horny... juicy pussy just screaming to get fucked raw?”

Now you ramped up your jerking pace again.

“And my pussy is sitting there, wanting any old cock. It’d bend over and take it from my boss or the worst intern in the whole company, it’s so fucking juicy and needy and slutty, but I make it wait because only you get to play with me, baby. Just you, and that big, fat dick of yours. Oh baby, just watching you is making me so fucking hot I can’t stand it.”

Sabrina pulled the bikini bottoms aside, revealing her cooch. It wasn’t quite shimmering, but it was obvious she was fully aroused. Her labia were swollen, her inner lips were flowered open and she slid two fingers inside as if it were nothing. “That’s it, baby,” Sabrina whispered. “That’s it, stroke that fucking cock for me, baby. That big fucking cock that belongs right here in my pretty little pussy. My needy, slutty, whore pussy, but just for you, baby. Just for you, no one else. Fuuuck.” She added a third finger.

You were pumping hard now, your cock feeling swollen, your balls tightening up.

“Oh! Oh, fuck, baby are you going to cum? Are you going to spew that thick load all over for me?” Sabrina asked. “God, I wish we could be together. I’d want that load all over my face. The first load on my face for sure - ungh - and then the next one? I think I want the next one all over my ass after you’ve - umhmm - after you’ve fucked me doggy style. And then I’d feel you using that cum to test me, to start prodding at my little back door. My virgin little ass that’s never had a man in it before, and I’d know I should stop you, but I can’t say no to you baby. I- I- Fuuuuuuuuck!”

She went over the top. Sabrina had started ramming her three fingers into herself, the juicy sounds squishing as she fingered herself into an orgasm. And the thing is, you were right there with her, imagining all those slutty things she was saying were coming to life. Unloading on her face, leaving her plastered in your cum. Fucking her from behind, driving her face into the pillows of her bed, or better yet into the grass outside as you railed her over and over. Prodding your cock at the entrance to her asshole, taking what you wanted from her as she let you do it.

You came hard, the first volley shooting up into the air and falling back onto your hand. The next two catching less height, but doing the same.

“Oooh, oh, baby,” Sabrina hummed happily. “That looked so good, baby. So tasty. God, you came so hard for me. Mmm, I wish I could just lick that up.”

She raised the camera back up, passing by her bare tits again until her lips were back in frame. “OK, baby,” she said. “I think we both need to clean ourselves up. That was so much fun, I can’t wait to play with you again.”

She smiled, holding it for a long moment, and then she broke character. Sabrina rolled onto her side, raising the camera back to show her whole face again. “Oh my god, you came like a fucking horse, John.” she laughed. “I almost broke character. I can’t even imagine getting hit with a load like that.”

“Fuck, that was hot, Sabrina,” you said. “You really know how to use your words to get me going.”

“Hmm, I’m glad you appreciated it. Mister Boss.”

“Alright, enough of that,” you laughed. “I think I really do need to clean up though.”

“Same. OK, remember, you are asking out Gemma tomorrow for drinks,” Sabrina said. “Maybe it’s best if you don’t jerk off again tonight or tomorrow morning. Save it all up in case things go really well.” She grinned naughtily and then stuck out her tongue.

“I can’t see things going that well,” I sighed. “I mean, maybe me and Gemma work well, but she really doesn’t strike me as a First Date Fuck kind of girl.”

“True, but maybe I’ll talk her into it for you,” Sabrina grinned. “Anyways, tomorrow drinks with Gemma. Make it happen. Then the next day you’re coming to my place after work, OK?”

“I am?” I asked.

“Yeah, you are,” she said. “And you’re bringing that cock of yours with you. This was definitely not enough to keep *me* satisfied.”

“Well the good news is you’ve got it recorded,” you said. “You can watch it over and over.”

Sabrina let her mouth drop open in mock surprise. “By jeeves, you’re right!”

“Hey, Sabrina,” you said.

“Yes?”

“Today was a lot of fun,” you said. “Thanks for being a good - well, whatever we are at this point.”

“Co-worker fuck buddies with side business benefits?”

“Yeah, that one’s going to need some workshopping,” I laughed.

“Good night, John,” Sabrina said.

“Good night,” you replied, and had to stop the last words from slipping off your tongue.

The call ended, and you could still feel them hanging there, wanting to be said.

“Fuck me,” you finally said instead. It was too early in *<|>any</|>* world to say what you’d wanted to say. “Come on, man. Get your head in the game.”

Chapter 24

It was your turn for the coffee run that morning, so you weren't in quite as bright and early as you had the day before. Just the difference in the last twenty-four hours had you staring off into space while you were in line at the coffee shop down the street from the office.

"Excuse me? Sir?"

You shook your head, waking yourself up. "Sorry, sorry," you mumbled, stepping up to the counter and thumbing open your phone to read off the orders. "I need three black coffees extra large, plus an almond macchiato large, a french vanilla large, two cold brews medium aaaand can I get one of those chocolate pastry things?" You asked.

"Sure," the girl behind the counter said. She was a pretty girl who took care of herself, but she'd applied more makeup than she needed - probably wanting to distract from the fact that she was a little overweight. That didn't stop her from showing off a significant amount of cleavage crammed into her uniform shirt, and just noticing that made you think of Gemma and the first time you'd ever seen her not buttoned up, prim and proper, yesterday after hours.

"Actually, can I get three of those?" you asked.

"Yeah, of course," she chirped, but you could immediately tell you'd annoyed her since she'd almost finished packing the first one up in a little box that wouldn't fit the others.

Oops, you thought. Is this the same thing as the secretary whispering?

And now that you'd thought of that...

"And could you add one more black coffee, medium to that please?" you asked.

She sighed and started adding it to your order.

"Thanks," you tried to smile politely, and got nothing back.

Giving up on making this interaction any better, you paid and tucked the receipt away so that you could submit it as an expense. Rather than issuing out a bunch of company cards for the interns, the firm did expense reports - hopefully whoever processed them wouldn't look twice at the three pastries, but you'd seen Garrison order three dozen donuts for a six person deposition before so you weren't exactly worried.

For the next fifteen minutes you set aside all your daydreaming and mild panic at what the day was going to bring, and focused on balancing eight drinks and a box of pastries in your arms while managing your messenger bag as well.

You made it, barely. A biker had hopped the curb to avoid an uber driver suddenly pulling over in front of him to drop his fare, and you'd almost been the feature of a bicycle-meets-pedestrian YouTube clip. Thankfully, you only dropped the pastry box and it hadn't opened, and a kind woman had picked it up and set it back on your tower of drinks for you.

Inside the building, you walked up to the counter and for the only time since your very first time in the building, instead of walking by the reception desk you stopped. "Good morning, Becks," you said.

Becks - you had to assume her full name was Rebecca - looked up from her computer screen. "Oh, hey. You're um, Sabrina's coworker, right? John?"

"Yes," you said. "I'm on coffee duty today, but I didn't know your order so I grabbed you a medium black."

"Finally, one of you boys thinks to ask me," Becks said with a smirk, reaching out and taking the coffee you ordered.

"Finally?" you asked.

"Yeah. Sabrina and Gemma both asked me their first day here. They've been bringing me coffees all month."

"Fuu-OK," you cut yourself off from swearing. "Well, I'm sorry I wasn't thinking of you."

"Honestly, this is my second year here and you're the first guy intern to ask, so better late than never," she smiled. "Here, I'll call the elevator for you so you don't have to struggle." Becks came around from the desk and walked you to the elevator.

"Thanks, I appreciate it," you said.

"Who's the pastries for?" she asked as she pushed the button.

"Oh, um," you stammered.

"It's alright," she grinned. "I won't say anything."

"Thanks," you said.

"I mean, next time you're on duty, I wouldn't say no to one either," she teased you.

The elevator binged and opened, and you stepped in. "Got it. Oh, how do you take it?"

Becks smirked. "Black, and as big as I can get it," she laughed, and gave you a wink, before reaching into the elevator and hitting your floor button for you. "Have a good day, John."

"You too, Becks," you said, and the doors closed.

"Jesus," you sighed. *It's gonna be a day.*

Up in the office, you stopped off at the intern conference room first to shed your messenger bag and deliver Sabrina's cold brew. She wasn't in the office yet, but when you walked in Gemma was already sitting at her spot at the head of the table, a Starbucks frappuccino sat next to her - she'd declared early on she hated the taste of the coffee from the place we went to down the street, and got her own on the way in.

"Morning," you said, quickly sliding the tower of drinks onto the table and walking around to drop your bag off at your spot.

"Oh, hey you," Gemma said. "Good morning."

"Hey, Gemma," you said, picking up the pastry box and walking over to her. "I'm glad I caught you before the others are here. I wanted to say sorry again about yesterday." You opened the box and showed her the chocolate pastries.

"So you're bribing me with chocolate?" Gemma asked with a raised eyebrow, then grinned. "You know me too well." She picked one of the pastries out and set it on the lid of her frappuccino. "Thanks, John."

"You're welcome," you said, then went and stowed the box on your chair, out of sightline from the door if Eric came in before you got back from drink deliveries. "Why so early today?"

"Well, after you and Sabrina got the special assignment yesterday, I guess I was hoping for some special treatment myself, but no such luck," she said.

"Sorry, not my fault I'm Garrison's favourite," you shrugged and teased her. "He just doesn't like attractive blondes, I guess."

"Yeah, he really strikes me as the tall, dark and handsome type," she said sarcastically, a little smile on her lips.

You considered asking Gemma out right then and there, but felt weird about it considering you'd just brought up the 'You caught me fingering Sabrina in the copy room yesterday' thing. So instead, you made a couple more small talk comments, and then went to deliver the drinks.

Chapter 25

By the time you came back around from dropping off the coffees in the Lawyer's offices, Eric and Andy were both in the intern conference room. Eating your pastries.

"Hey dude," Eric said, just popping the last bite into his mouth. "Thanks for bringing in snacks."

The empty box was sitting in the middle of the table. All you could do was sort of raise your hands as you watched Andy peeling the chocolate filling out of the pastry he had in front of him and eating just that part.

"Yeah, yeah," you finally said, shaking your head in mourning for your lost breakfast. "You're up next time though."

"Sure," Eric nodded, and you knew there wasn't a chance in hell he'd think to reciprocate.

"Can I have another?" Andy asked.

"That was the last one," you sighed.

You grabbed your seat and opened up your laptop, getting started again on the pile of emails and digital files that needed sorting before you could all get to the real task for the day - keyword searches on thirty-year-old hardcopy files.

Sabrina arrived right on time, and she flashed you a smile as you looked up and saw her wearing your sunglasses again.

"Morning," she chirped. "Andy, you're here early!"

"I am?" the dopey guy said. "Oh, yeah. Garrison told me yesterday I have to start a half hour earlier now."

"So you were late, then?" you asked him.

"What?" he asked back.

"You got here five minutes ago. So you're late for your early start," I said.

"What?" Andy asked again.

"Can we maybe get to work instead of debating the time-space continuum of Andy's life?" Gemma asked.

“I don’t know, I have to wonder if the fluctuations are being caused by strange gravitational forces,” you said. “Like, is Andy a black hole, and time dilates around him?”

Gemma snickered. “Maybe the dilation matches his pupils. Andy, did you smoke up last night again?”

“Yeah, I mean- Wait, is this a trick question?” The interns had signed an employee policy that you were not using recreational drugs, but had been assured that since marijuana had been legalized in the state that didn’t count. Andy had been a little paranoid about talking about his habit anyways.

Eventually you all fell into your regular work patterns. You only had to kick Andy awake once, and a couple of the associate lawyers dropped off stacks of files for you all to sort through ASAP. That actually meant ‘before the other stuff, but after anything a Partner gives you to do.’

Around eleven you stood up and stretched, then headed for the washroom. As you were coming back out, Sabrina was walking down the hall. She grabbed your arm and pulled you further into the office, towards the staff kitchen.

“Did you ask her yet?” Sabrina asked you immediately after starting to fill her water bottle.

“No, I didn’t want to. I apologized again this morning for yesterday, I thought it might be bad form to ask her out right after that,” you said.

“Oh,” Sabrina said. “That actually makes sense.”

“Also, I spoke with Becks this morning. It went well,” you said.

Sabrina grinned. “I know, she told me. Nice job finally figuring out you could buy her a coffee.”

“No one said anything about that,” you said. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I can’t give away all my secrets,” she said, and smirked. “Speaking of which, what’s with not buying enough pastries for me?”

You rolled your eyes. “I got one each for me, you and Gemma, but Andy and Eric got to the box while I wasn’t in the room. So we both missed out.”

“Well, I guess you’re just going to figure out another way to fix my chocolate addiction,” Sabrina said. She glanced around, making sure no one was nearby listening, then leaned in and whispered, “I hear sex is a pretty good serotonin replacement.”

“Here? Today?” you asked, surprised.

She pursed her lips and shook her head. “No. But it’s fun to tease you.” She finished filling her water bottle, and you both started walking back. “By the way, the video from the restaurant? It’s doing some killer numbers.”

“That’s great,” you said. Considering you’d watched it about three times last night yourself, you could understand why.

“So when are you going to ask her?” Sabrina asked.

“At lunch, I think,” you said. “I’ll see if she wants to grab something from the bodega downstairs, and ask her while we aren’t in the office.”

“Good idea, I approve,” Sabrina nodded. “But, um, could you actually get me some reese cups while you’re down there? I’m craving chocolate now.”

You laughed, and you both entered the intern conference room to get back to work. The thing was, you didn’t miss Gemma giving you a sidelong glance, lingering as you sat down and then glancing away when you tried to meet her eyes.

Now what did that mean?

Chapter 26

Just before lunch, you messaged Gemma over the official Slack channel that the office used for messaging. *'Hey, Bodega?'*

Gemma, sitting just down the table from you, raised her eyebrow a moment later and glanced up at you, then back down to her computer screen and typed quickly. *'Sure. Why this?'*

You knew the law office had keyloggers on your work laptops, and the Slack could be checked by any of the Partners, so you, Gemma, Sabrina, and Eric had all taken to being as brief as you could on it. Andy, of course, said whatever came to mind. Sometimes he messaged on it late at night, asking if anyone wanted to come over for drunk pizza.

'Want to ask your advice on something without You Know Who tagging along.' You sent it, then realized she might think you meant Sabrina. Shit, was she going to think you wanted to gossip about Sabrina - or worse, that you wanted to talk to her about Sabrina?

Gemma just replied with a Thumbs Up emoji, and you all worked for another five minutes until the clock hit twelve.

"It's a sub day for me," Eric said, standing and stretching. "Anyone else want to make the run?"

"You buying?" Andy asked.

"No," Eric said. "Dude, you can buy your own sub."

"Fine, I'll still come," Andy sighed. They left quickly; the trip down to the sub shop, the wait and the trip back would take most of our break.

"You want me to grab you anything from the Bodega, Sabrina?" you asked.

"Um, sure. I'll get one of those pre packaged salads, please," she said. "The one with the chicken if it's there."

"I'll come with," Gemma said, standing. She was wearing a dark blouse with a floral print over a tan skirt that seemed tight and came down to her knees, and her usual dark 1" heels. Dressy enough to look good, but not to over do it.

"Cool, let's go," you said, and left together. You glanced back at Sabrina on your way out the door and she gave you a bright smile and a thumbs up.

You'd made it to the elevator before Gemma turned to you. "Alright, spill. Why do you want to talk to me without Sabrina around? Because we're cool, but I don't know if I'm ready to give advice on where you can hook up again or something."

“No, ugh, I knew you were going to think that right after I sent it,” you sighed. “I meant Andy and Eric. Well, also Sabrina, but not Sabrina specifically.”

“Oh,” Gemma said, a little surprised. The elevator arrived and you got in, and you hit the button for the ground floor. “So, you actually have some advice on something?”

“Sort of,” you said. “You’re a confident person, right? Well, I met this really confident woman recently and I’ve decided that I’m interested in getting to know her better. I’m just wondering how you think I should approach someone who seems to have life by the balls and everything going for them.”

“Oh, alright,” Gemma frowned. You could see the gears turning in her head. “What about Sabrina, though?”

“Sabrina has made it completely clear that we aren’t going to be a couple,” you said. “And don’t get me wrong, I think she and I could be good together, but I’m going to respect what she wants. Plus, this woman I’m interested in... well, let’s just say she is very much a First Pick kind of woman. She’s absolutely gorgeous, has great style and poise. She’s very smart and driven, I wouldn’t be surprised if she ended up a corporate lawyer, or some sort of prosecutor. And when she smiles it sort of lights up the room and makes me forget what I’m doing.”

“Wow, John,” Gemma said. “You kind of sound smitten. Who is she? She’s not, like, some forty year old MILF or something, is she?”

The elevator stopped and opened, and you stepped out. “Hey Becks,” you both said at the same time as you passed the secretary’s desk.

“Hey Gemma, John,” Becks said, giving a wave from her desk. It looked like she was managing some sort of scheduling binder so we didn’t say any more.

Once we’d exited the office building, you turned to walk down the street towards the bodega. “So, first off no, I’m not interested in a forty-year-old MILF,” you said. “But you do know her.”

Gemma frowned again, pressing her lips together and eyeing me sideways. “If you just tell me, this will be a lot easier to help you,” she said.

“Just try,” you said.

“Alright, well, if she’s as amazing as you say, and she’s confident and she knows who you are - wait, are you trying to get a date with Becks?”

“What? No,” you said. “Well, I mean Becks is pretty, but- No, no, it’s not her.”

“Alright, well, like I was saying, if she’s everything you say she is, and she knows who you are and you’re not being creepy or whatever, then you should just walk up to her and say, ‘Hey, whoever you are. I’d like to take you out tonight if you’re free.’ And then outline a plan for the date.”

“Alright, that makes sense,” you said. “So you think she’d want me to just be direct?”

“Yes, John,” Gemma said. “Surprisingly, women only like games when they’re fun and they already know you decently well.”

“Huh, alright, good to know,” you nodded.

You entered the bodega and quickly grabbed your usual lunch items, and you remembered at the last minute to grab some Reese’s cups for Sabrina at the counter. After finishing at the cash, you both headed out again.

“So you’re really not going to tell me who it is?” Gemma asked. “I’m going to have to find out through the rumour mill or something?”

“Oh, you’ll know pretty much as soon as I ask, I promise,” you said. “Believe me, I wouldn’t hide it from you, that would be weird.”

She gave you a look. “OK. You realize this has been kind of a weird conversation, right?”

“Well, yeah, but it was fun,” you smiled. “Oh, by the way, Gemma, I’d like to take you out tonight. I was thinking we could meet up at seven at that arcade bar down on Fifth, then we could take a walk down Main street and hit the food trucks in Beaumont Park for a snack.”

Gemma opened her mouth, and then closed it again. “Wow,” she finally said. “I walked right into that one, didn’t I?”

“You did,” you grinned. “So seven?”

“Make it eight,” she said. “My roommates called a meeting for six and I have no idea how long they’ll take.”

“Eight it is,” you said.

You both walked quietly for a moment, and then Gemma grinned. “So, First Pick kind of woman, huh? Style and poise? Laying it on pretty thick there, Romeo.”

“Was I lying?” you asked.

She chuckled and then preened a little bit as she tucked some of her platinum blonde hair behind her ear. "No, I guess you weren't."

Chapter 27

The three of you, Sabrina, Gemma and yourself, ate lunch together in the office and none of you brought up the relationship stuff that had been going on between you. Things, it felt like, were back to normal. By the time you all were back to work, Andy and Eric returned from lunch fifteen minutes late and in a rush.

Thankfully, for them at least, none of the Partners or associates noticed. Still, the afternoon felt like it dragged on as files came into the conference room and were sent back out with sticky notes and highlighter. It was around four o'clock when you went to grab some water from the kitchen. As you were sipping it you got a text from Sabrina. *'Check OF!!!'*

You frowned and looked up and down the hallway. Trent, one of the associates, had just left the kitchen as you were coming in so you were now alone. You switched off your wifi and then brought up Sabrina's OnlyFans page. The first thing you noticed was that she must have timed the upload release of the video you'd helped her with last night - it had released about an hour ago and had a surprising number of views. Her last video had a lot of views as well.

Holy shit, Sabrina's subscriber count had shot up by over 1000 since last night. You weren't completely sure of the backend split that OnlyFans gave the models, but that had to be well over \$5000 extra dollars in Sabrina's pocket just this month alone.

'Holy shit. That's awesome!' you texted back. 'I think you owe me dinner, tho.'

'I owe u appetizers, dinner, dessert, and then a late night coffee.' she texted, along with a series of emojis that you were pretty sure were meant to be sexual.

Then Sabrina came down the hall, and seeing you were alone she skipped into the kitchen, right up to you, raised on her tiptoes and kissed you on the mouth. No tongue, unfortunately, and it was sweet and cute and made your heart flutter a little.

"OK," she said. "Don't talk about that here, obvi. But tell me, did you ask her?"

"I did," you said. "We're going out tonight. The arcade bar on fifth, then the Beaumont food trucks."

"Oh, that's a good date. Nice thinking," Sabrina said. "I'm actually kinda jealous."

"Really?" you asked. "I thought-"

"Not of the date, of the food," Sabrina assured you.

"Well, we can still go do the food trucks as friends. It doesn't have to be a date," you said.

“And that, John, is yet another reason why I want to-” she stuck her tongue into her cheek and made the universal hand sign for blowjob.

“Good to know. Bring food, get fun,” you laughed.

“Definitely,” Sabrina nodded. “Well, good food, anyways. McDonalds might get you a quick flash at best.”

“Hey, better than nothing,” you said.

She snorted and shook her head. “OK, so what time is your date?”

“Eight,” you told her.

“Ooh, OK,” Sabrina said. “Text me your address. I’ll be at your place at six.”

“Wait, you what?” you asked.

“I’ll be at your place at six,” she said. “I’ll help you pick out the right outfit.”

“Sabrina, just because I’m not a natural secretary whisperer doesn’t mean I can’t dress myself.”

“Pick out your outfit was code for blowing you so you’re not constantly thinking of sex during the date,” Sabrina said.

“Oh...” you said. “Uh, OK. Um. Thanks?”

“Looking forward to it,” Sabrina laughed. You both started walking back to the conference room again.

“Hey, um, any chance you... would actually help me pick out my outfit?”

Sabrina snorted. “Yeah, I can do that too.”

Back in the office you were all settled into your work again when Eric messaged you over the Slack. ‘Yo.’

You looked over and he was staring hard at his laptop screen. Frowning, you messaged back. ‘*What’s up?*’

‘*Do you think I should ask Gemma out?*’

Oh, god. How were you supposed to answer this? You could tell him yes to watch him crash and burn, or you could tell him no and then, if things went well between you and Gemma, he could

get mad. You decided that today was a good day, and you didn't want to risk karma taking it out on you later. *'Probably not. I have a date with her tonight.'*

"What?" Eric blurted out.

"Something wrong?" Sabrina asked. We were all staring at him.

"Oh, uh, nothing," Eric said. "I just... lost some work I didn't get to save."

"Bummer," Gemma said, and went back to her highlighting.

'When did this happen??!? Why didn't you tell me???!'

You sighed and shook your head. *'Literally 4 hours ago. We've been in this room since then.'*

'Dude. Nice. Get a pic of them titties for me.'

'Eric, this is the Slack chat.'

'O, fuk.'

You were fairly certain Eric spent the rest of the day trying to google ways to delete Slack chat comments.

Chapter 28

The last hour of the day absolutely dragged by. You weren't sure what you were more excited for, your date with Gemma or your... not-a-date? What did you even call your plans with Sabrina? Just 'plans?'

Suffice it to say, you got very little done. And then the day ended pretty much like any other - you all packed up your things and started filing out of the office at the same time. Waiting at the elevator, Gemma snuck you a little smile and a wink, but that was all you could do without tipping off Eric and Andy.

"Well, see you all tomorrow," Sabrina said at the door. We all mumbled back our agreements, and went our separate ways to various nearby public transit - except for Andy, whose parents had gotten him a one-bedroom apartment for the summer right in downtown, just two blocks from the office. Which was yet another appalling detail of his constant lateness.

The bus ride was packed, but you managed to get a seat and immediately started annoying the people around you with your nervous leg bouncing.

It took about thirty minutes of transit and walking to get to your apartment, and when you walked in you found your roommate Mosche was sitting in front of the TV in nothing but his boxers, an open jar of peanut butter balanced on his stomach, a spoon hanging from his mouth, and porn on the big screen set to some trap beat.

"Oh, shit!" he said, scrambling to cover the fact that he'd been clearly tenting his boxers while also trying to stop his airplay from his phone. The jar of peanut butter went tumbling away from him and rolled to a stop at your feet.

"Dude, what the fuck!?" you said.

"Why are you home so early? You're not usually home this early," Mosche shouted. He'd gotten a pillow over his crotch but was fumbling with his phone, turning up the music by accident before finally getting it stopped.

"Dude, it's after 5:30, I'm always home at this time. What the fuck? Why are you doing this out here?" At the moment you weren't feeling inclined to mention that you'd jerked off in that same seat last night, but you'd known Mosche wouldn't be back.

Maybe I should stop making assumptions like that, you thought to yourself.

"Oh, fuck, I lost track of time. I was- This chick was talking to me last night about tantric sex stuff, and said I should try it, and I was like 'If I figure it out we should do it together' and she was like 'If you figure it out we can fuck all weekend, literally' and so... that's what I've been doing today?"

You really didn't know what to say to all of that. "Mosche, I- just... I've got someone coming over in thirty minutes, OK? Just get yourself cleaned up. We'll probably be in my room for a bit, but dear god just put some fucking clothes on?"

"Yeah, sure, yeah," Mosche nodded. "Wait, is it a girl?"

You closed your eyes and took in a breath. "Yes, it's a girl."

"Do you think she knows anything about tantric sex? I'm really not figuring this out."

"Watch a fucking YouTube video or something, Mosche! I swear, if you bring up tantric sex to Sabrina I will heckle the shit out of you every comedy night you do for the rest of the summer."

Mosche held up his hands in surrender. "Fine, fine! It was just a question."

"Fuck, dude," you said, shaking your head and heading to your room.

You quickly changed out of your work clothes and into some baggy athletic shorts and a t-shirt, then re-thought things and grabbed a fast shower. By the time you were back out and dressed again, it was almost 6pm. You grabbed your phone and realized you'd missed texts from Sabrina.

'OMW. I'm bringing dinner, what do you want?'

'John what do u want to eat?'

'A girl coming to give you blowjob is offering to bring you food as well, and you ignore her?'

'KK, chicken nuggies from McD's it is.'

"Shit," you sighed, and quickly typed. *'Sorry, was in shower. Nuggets are more than fine if you already have them.'*

She replied by sending you back a photo, her face scrunched up looking silly next to a bag of McDonald's. In the background it looked like she was in a car.

You took what time you had left to quickly clean your room - aka shoving your dirty laundry into the hamper instead of the floor of your closet, emptying your garbage can (mostly to hide the amount of dirty kleenex in there), and spraying Febreze liberally over... well, over everything. You were just making your bed when there was a knock out at the door to the apartment.

"I got it," Mosche yelled to you.

“No, I got it!” you said, rushing out.

Mosche was already opening the door, thankfully wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt now, to reveal a big, burly guy stuffed into a delivery driver uniform from a local pizza place. Sabrina leaned from behind him and waved. “Hey, we got here at the same time,” she said. “You should have told me you ordered pizza.”

“Oh, that’s mine,” Mosche said. He stepped out into the hall to deal with the delivery guy, and you invited Sabrina in.

“I didn’t even know he ordered it,” you said. “And believe me, there’s probably enough garlic and anchovies on there you don’t want to be around when he opens the box. Come on.”

You led Sabrina around to your room, and she handed you the bag of McDonald’s and you sat it on the bed. “Hey,” you said, finally breaking into a smile.

“Hey,” she said, and came in for a hug. She was wearing a pair of preppy jean booty shorts that hugged her tight body, and a summery tank top that showed the outline of her bra, along with flip flops, and your sunglasses perched on top of her head.

When you separated from the hug, she held your arms and looked you up and down. “Well, at least you smell good, but please tell me this isn’t your date outfit?”

“No, God no,” you said. “I figured you’d want to start from scratch.”

“Very, very true,” Sabrina grinned. “How about you break out the nuggies and sauce, and I’ll start browsing what we have to work with?” She turned to your closet and immediately began flipping through your shirts.

“Sure, yeah,” you said, sitting on the bed.

You’d kind of been expecting the blowjob to come first, but food was good, too.

Chapter 29

Five minutes later and half of your closet was out and scattered across your room. Sabrina had connected your wireless speaker and was playing a song that had a kind of dark, electronic edge and a crooning voice singing about a sort of vaguely sexual encounter. Or maybe it was a breakup? It was hard to keep track as you were also trying to follow what Sabrina was saying.

“This one has potential,” she said. She’d had you stand and was holding shirts up to you, then tossing them in a Maybe pile and a No pile. “This one, definitely not.”

“Oh, it’s not that bad,” you said. She’d held up a black t-shirt with a big, old-school Marvel print on it. “I mean, it’s not a date shirt, but you just scoffed like it’s garbage.”

“John, look at me,” she said, putting a hand on your shoulder and looking up into your eyes. “Listen to me carefully. If you want to fuck, you need Gemma to see you as the catch you can be. A superhero shirt doesn’t exactly scream ‘I’m the guy your pussy wants.’”

You thought about arguing with her for a second, then just decided it wasn’t worth it. “Alright,” you said.

“Good,” she nodded. “Now nugget me,” and she opened her mouth, her hands still full of your clothes. You held up another chicken nugget and she took a bite of it, scrunching up her nose and growling like she was an animal tearing into its prey. “Grrrr.”

“Nice,” you snorted.

She pursed her lips as she chewed, making a face. “I am woman, hear me roar.”

The fashion teardown finally came to an end once Sabrina had narrowed your entire wardrobe down to two shirts and two different pants. “You said it was an arcade bar, right? Like with pinball machines and stuff?”

“Yeah, exactly,” you said. You’d finished stuffing your own face with the nuggets as well, and were wiping your mouth with the McDonald’s napkin. “She seemed interested.”

“Mmm, maybe,” Sabrina said, “Or Gemma was just humouring you. Hard to know, I don’t actually know all that much about what she does in her off time. Maybe she’s a secret nerd or something. Anyways, these pants for sure. I’m still not sure about the shirt.”

“Anything I can do to help?” you asked.

“Actually, there is,” Sabrina said, and then she picked up all of the clothes she’d thrown on your bed and tossed them into one big pile up near the head. She got up on the now-cleared space and sat on her knees. “Come here.”

You did, standing in front of her. Sabrina looked up at you and cocked her head, then reached up and ran her fingers through your hair. "We're going to need to do something with this, too," she said.

"As you wish," you said. This whole thing felt sort of surreal, one hot chick helping you get ready to go on a date with another.

"See, that's part of what I like about you, John," Sabrina said. "Sometimes you stand up for yourself or take the initiative, and you know when to get out of your own way and let a woman teach you a thing or two."

"Oh, I'm allowed to take what I want sometimes?" you said with a smirk.

"Well yeah," Sabrina said, and licked her lips. "That's how you ended up with two fingers stretching my pussy in the copy room."

You took her chin in your hand, your finger and thumb split and running up either side of her jaw, and leaned down and kissed her. Now, you'd kissed Sabrina before. This was the first time you were really taking the kiss though, and she eagerly came up to meet you. She sucked in a breath through her nose as your lips met, and you pushed your tongue into her mouth and she hummed in appreciation.

Sabrina reached for your waist, her hand quickly pushing past your shorts and down to your cock, while you used the hand not on her jaw to palm her small tit through her shirt and bra. Inside your shorts she wrapped her small fingers around your quickly hardening cock and gave you a couple of tugs.

Your kiss ended, but as you started to pull away she licked your lips again. Her eyes, big and mesmerizing, looked at you with want.

"No sex tonight," Sabrina said.

"Not even if I take it?" you asked.

She shook her head. "I know you won't, because I'm saying no," she said.

"Why?" you asked, breathing deeply through your nose as she thrust your shorts down to your ankles and took your cock in both hands, slowly jerking you.

"Because, Mister Boss," Sabrina said, smirking as she used the nickname. "Tonight you're going to go out with Gemma, and it wouldn't be fair to her. Your night with her should be special for both of you."

“Sabrina, I really doubt even if the date goes super well that Gemma is going to just have sex with me this fast. Not even *you* went that fast.”

“Fair,” Sabrina said. “But she still can’t smell pussy on you if she gives you a blowjob or something. So that means you just get my pretty little mouth tonight.”

She leaned forward and kissed the head of your now raging hard cock with the lightest feather of a kiss, and looked up to you again. “Got it, Boss?”

Chapter 30

“As you wish,” you said, once again quoting the Princess Bride to her without Sabrina seeming to realize it.

“Good Mister Boss,” she smirked, then leaned forward again and took the head of your cock into her mouth as she looked up at you with her big eyes.

“You know, if you keep calling me that, I’m seriously going to give you a spanking until your ass is red,” you said.

“Mmm, pwomitheth,” she grinned around your cock.

Sabrina went to work on you. Back in the copy room, there had been that thrill of the entire day, and doing it at work, that had been buzzing in your mind. Now you were here, comfortable in your shitty sublease of a room, Mosche somewhere out there in the apartment eating his stinky pizza, and you had all the time in the world to just enjoy it.

The first thing you realized was that Sabrina loved to use her tongue. She rubbed it on the bottom of your head, she trailed it up and down the side of your shaft. She would take little licks, and then she would take a long lick like she was eating an ice cream cone. You also noticed that she tried her damndest to keep eye contact with you, which was fucking hot at any time of day, but for some reason when she would fumble for just that moment, missing her mouth with your dick and needing to readjust, it was the cutest and sexiest thing.

“You are just a special girl, Sabrina,” you moaned.

“Mmm, thank you, baby,” she said. “You’re pretty special yourself. Have I mentioned I love the taste of your cock?”

“Not today you haven’t,” you said, though you couldn’t remember if she’d said it to you yesterday or not.

“Well, maybe I’ll have to remind you every day,” she said, before taking you halfway into her mouth again and sucking you like a straw. “Mmmm, your precum is perfect,” she hummed once she released you again.

“You really like it that much?” you asked.

“Mhmm,” she nodded, holding your dick with one hand and giving you this innocent, earnest look.

“Do you have a cum fetish?” you asked.

“Not really,” she said. “I mean, I’ve had sex and all, but I’ve never really explored stuff like that.”

“Where have you had cum on you before, then?” you asked. “I want to cum somewhere you haven’t had it before. We can see how it makes you feel.”

“Um, well in my mouth obviously. And once on my face, but my boyfriend shot small loads so it wasn’t much,” she said. “And on my ass a bunch when he’d pull out after doggy. Any time we fucked doggy style he’d cum really quick.”

“That it?” you asked.

“Mhmm,” she hummed again. She hadn’t stopped playing with and teasing you while you talked.

“Take off your shirt and bra,” you told her.

She did it without question. Sabrina pulled her shirt up from the waist, pulling it right over her head, and then undid her bra and set both garments aside.

“Fuck, Sabrina,” you groaned, and leaned down and immediately took one of her small tits in your mouth, mauling the other one in your hand as you held her still at her bare waist. Her nipple was already firmed up and you played your tongue over it, sucking hard.

“Oh, John. Fuck, yes, do it like that,” she moaned. “Fuck, no one’s been that hard on my tits before and it feels so fucking... huuuh, that’s good.”

You switched tits, sucking on the other, and pinched the nipple you had just left in between your fingers. You took your time, enjoying her small tits and smooth skin and just the smell of her as she ran her fingers through your hair and crooned wordlessly.

Eventually, you pulled away and stood back up, looking down at her as she cupped her tits, feeling her roughly treated nipples. “Back in your mouth now,” you told her, and she leaned forward and took your direction. “Fuck yes, Sabrina. I’m going to come on your tits. I’m going to spray my hot cum all over them.”

“Mmm,” she hummed, and reached up and started hacking you off as she sucked hard on your head. Always with her eyes up to watch you.

“Is that what you want? You want me to drain my balls all over you?” you asked. “You’re such a slut for my cock, Sabrina. Yesterday you showed me everything in a public restaurant. Your little tits, your puffy, needy little cunt. Anyone could have seen you, but you did it just to tease me. And then we risked everything because you couldn’t wait another second for my cock. At work? Really? Is that how hungry you are for it?”

“Yes,” she hissed, jerking you faster and faster as she aimed you down at her chest. “Yes, I want it, John. Fuck, this is so fucking wrong, fucking you. You’re not my boyfriend. We’ve barely even been friends for a month. Before then you were just a boy I saw in my classes. Fuck, my nipples are so fucking hard right now, I’m such a fucking whore thinking about your cock.”

“How many people saw you orgasm just to the view of my cock on the video from yesterday, Sabrina?” you asked.

Sabrina bit her lip, looking like you might as well have been fingering her and driving her towards her own orgasm. “Almost fifteen hundred last I checked,” she moaned. “Fifteen hundred men and women, who know I’m an absolute slut for your cock, John.”

You came, your balls pulling up hard into you and your cock throbbing in her grip. You pulsed half a dozen times, your cum hitting her chest in thick splorts and leaving her looking like a splatter painting.

“Fuck, fuck,” you panted, backing away from her a bit when she leaned forward and sucked your cockhead again, pulling the last bit of cum from you.

Sabrina looked up at you, that last string of semen on her tongue as she stuck it out at you, then she swallowed it with this look on her face like she was right on the edge of her own delicious orgasm.

“Shorts and panties off,” you ordered her, and just like before Sabrina started to follow your orders, leaning back to sit on her ass and pushing down her jean shorts and thong.

Chapter 31

Sabrina didn't even get her shorts and thong past her knees before you were kneeling in front of her. You grabbed her legs and tilted her back, and then yanked her ass to the edge of the bed. She spread her legs the little bit she could, but you didn't need it. Her cunt, flushed with arousal and wet enough to have left a spot on her thong, was pushed out between her thighs.

You devoured her. That was the only way you could describe it. You buried your face between those smooth little lips, driving your tongue into her, tasting as much of her as you could.

"Oooooohh, John! Fuck, I'm going to come so fast. Fuck, fuck!" Sabrina moaned. Her leg was already twitching. "Fuck, you weren't supposed to- Fuck!"

You slid your middle finger into her, palm up so you could make that 'come hither' motion that porn talks about so much, and wrapped your lips around her clit hood and danced your tongue in light flicks.

That pushed Sabrina over the edge, and she grabbed her legs, still trapped in her shorts, and pulled them back to her chest as she started bouncing while she came.

You kept fingering her, but she was tight and you didn't want to force a second finger in her while she was coming, so instead you did something else that you'd been dreaming about while you watched her OnlyFans. You lowed down and you probed your tongue against her ass. Immediately she clenched, another spasm of orgasm, and then she rolled away, panting hard.

"N- no, no," she hummed, shaking her head. "Too much, too much."

She panted, and you fell back on your butt on the floor of your bedroom, just staring at her bare ass above you.

Eventually, she sat up, a hazy grin on her face. "I was just supposed to be relieving the pressure for you, mister."

"Well I wasn't going to just leave you hanging again," you said.

"Yeah, but now you've got my pussy all over your face," Sabrina said. "We're going to need to teach you some technique, cause that was a Wow out of 10 for enthusiasm, but we don't need you getting quite so messy every time."

"I'm sorry, but you're one to talk about getting messy," you laughed.

Sabrina looked down at herself and started to laugh as well. Her chest was covered in smeared cum, along with her thighs and knees from her pulling her legs back against it. "Oh my god, I'm going to need a shower," she laughed. "What time is it?"

You glanced at the clock. "6:30," you said.

"How long does it take to get to the arcade bar?" she asked.

"Um, forty-five minutes by transit," you said.

"OK, we have plenty of time," she said. She stood up and kicked off her shorts, then picked up her thong and stuffed it under my pillow. "That's for you."

"Really?" you asked.

"Mhmm," she hummed, with a playful smile. "Now when you jerk off to my videos, you can pull that out and give it a sniff to remind yourself how wet I get for you."

"Fuck," I laughed.

"Alright, take me to the shower," Sabrina said. "I need to wash off, and you need to wash your face. Then I'll style your hair."

We ended up both dressed in pairs of my athletics shorts and t-shirts, Sabrina cinching the waist of my shorts as far as she could to keep them on her slender hips. I opened the door to my room and peeked out, then looked back at Sabrina. "Alright, I don't hear anything, my roommate must have gone out or is in his room. The shower is across the apartment."

I lead Sabrina out, down the little hall, and then started crossing the living area when a loud clapping started.

Mosche stood from his seat in front of the TV, which was muted, giving us a one-man standing ovation. "Bravo. Bravo! Bravissimo!" he called.

I didn't know what to say, blushing hard, but Sabrina just laughed and bowed. "Why thank you. It was quite a performance, I know."

"I'm Mosche by the way, since my heathen roommate didn't introduce me earlier," he said.

"I'm Sabrina," she replied. "And we're going to go take a shower."

"Niiice," Mosche nodded, sitting back down. "Hey, John. She's pretty hot. Sabrina what do you think of standup? You a fan?"

"Um, sort of I guess?" Sabrina said.

I groaned internally.

“Really? That’s awesome!” Mosche looked abso-fucking-lutely delighted. “Get John to bring you to one of my open night mics, yeah? I need all the support I can get.”

“Oh, cool, yeah,” Sabrina nodded. “I’ll do that.”

“Sweet,” Mosche said, grinning. “OK, you two kids go have fun fucking in the shower. Careful though, I hear water hurts the lubrication. You don’t want to get chaffed.”

“Mosche, you’re a fucking animal,” you laughed.

We started heading for the washroom again, and Mosche called after us. “Oh, but if you pop, don’t shoot it down the drain, yeah? Last year we got in trouble because the drain kept backing up, and the super yelled at us cause apparently we’d all been masturbating in the shower and we clogged it. Pipes aren’t built for that, man!”

You just gave him a thumbs up and got to the washroom, closing the door, as Sabrina laughed her ass off.

“So now you’ve met Mosche,” you said with a sad, helpless grin.

“Yes, I definitely have,” Sabrina nodded.

Chapter 32

The thing about watching Sabrina in the shower, live and in person, was it was just way better than watching a video of her doing it. In-person, first off, you could see her full face. She always kept her face out of frame on her OnlyFans videos, and now you could not only watch her facial expressions, but she would look right back at you, making eye contact as she smirked or giggled.

Then there was the fact that you could interact.

“You know, the whole idea here was that I would take the edge off for you,” Sabrina said. She had her long, dark brown hair pulled up and back with a hair tie to keep it out of the water and she was currently soaping up her chest with your body wash. “I can see you getting hard in your shorts again, John. Maybe you should stop watching me wash your cum off.”

“Do you really think I could tear my eyes away from you if I tried?” you asked.

“Probably not, you are a horny pervert,” she laughed. She shifted, moving her soapy tits under the spray of the water, and you stopped brushing your teeth to watch. It was Goddamn mesmerizing, the water and soap pouring over her lithe body, battering her fair skin and hard, pokey nipples.

“John! Keep getting ready,” she laughed, turning her back to you. “No more show for you.”

“If you think your ass is any less gorgeous, I’ve got some bad news for you,” you chuckled, and reached into the shower and gave her butt cheek a pinch.

“Ah!” she gasped, hopping away from you and then turning and glaring. “I think that would be considered sexual harassment, Mister.”

“Maybe if I did it in the office,” you replied. “But you’d probably like it.”

“I would. As long as no one caught us,” Sabrina grinned slyly.

She continued washing, moving on to her thighs where she’d accidentally smeared more of your cum.

You busied yourself - you had already washed your face to get her juices off of you, and you finished brushing your teeth and rinsed. When you turned back to Sabrina she was shutting off the shower.

“Towel, please?” she asked.

You grabbed your towel from the rack - only two hanging there, and you really hoped Mosche just used his own but suspected he might use yours indiscriminately - and opened it up for Sabrina to step into.

She did, with a sweet and warm smile, and you bundled her up and hugged her to you.

“Mmm, what’s with the royal treatment?” she asked.

You held her for a long moment, putting your chin on her dry head as you both looked at yourselves in the mirror. “What are you saying,” you asked. “You’ve never had a boy toy want to wash you, dry you and let you give him a makeover before?”

Sabrina blushed, and you felt her push her ass back against your hard cock in your shorts. “No, actually. I mean, I had a couple of showers with my ex that had some hanky panky, but we always dried ourselves off.”

“Well, let me have my fun,” you said, and started to rub my towel all over her, starting from the top and working down.

She let you, watching you in the mirror or looking down as you knelt and rubbed down her waist, and her little booty, and carefully between her legs, then further down her thin thighs and calves, all the way to picking up her feet and drying them as well.

“I need to come shower over here more often,” she sighed.

“Whenever you want,” you said.

“Alright, well now it’s my turn to pamper you,” she said. “Show me what hair products you have, and sit on the toilet so I can reach you without killing myself.”

You laughed and showed her your meagre collection of hair products, then sat. She took a couple of minutes to read each product, something you might have actually never done, and then she picked two and your comb and stood in front of you. She hadn’t bothered getting dressed, so as she lifted her hands and slid them through your hair you were staring at her from her naked chest with her perky little boobs, down her slim waist to the exclamation point of her pubic hair and her warmly pink outer lips.

She talked to you sometimes about your hair, sometimes humming to herself. You made small talk, the same kind of little banter that used to be part of your lunches in the Intern conference room at work. The feeling of Sabrina’s fingers in your hair was wonderful, and the pure sexuality of having her naked with you started to diminish just a little into a warmer comfortability as she turned your head this way and then that.

Then things got a little more painful as she found your tweezers and went to work, cleaning up your eyebrows. Your eyes watered as she ruthlessly plucked on the inside and outside, feeling every little hair, but then she was done and she laughed at the expression on your face and pulled it forward into a hug that put you right between her little tits.

"I think that's it," Sabrina said, standing back and looking over your head. "We've done as much as we can. We'll just have to hope that it's enough."

"Wow, ouch," you said, making her giggle.

"Just one last thing, I think," Sabrina said.

"I thought you said we were done?" you asked.

"With the makeover," she said. "Not with this." She groped the front of your shorts, running her hand along your hard cock again. "Stand up."

You did, and she got on her knees on the bath mat and lowered your shorts before looking up at you as she grasped your cock in her hand. "No funny stuff this time," she said. "Just come in my mouth, we need to get you out of here for your date."

"Yes, Bosslady," you joked.

"Mmm, Bosslady thinks Mister Big Boss needs some relief," Sabrina smirked, rolling with your ridiculous counter-nickname without blinking.

But she certainly did what she said and gave you that relief..

Chapter 33

Sabrina left the apartment, having re-dressed in your room in her own clothes.

“Dude. Duuuude,” Mosche said. “That girl was so fuckin’ hot, and she was totally into coming to a show. Does she have hot friends? Do you think you could, like, bring her and a whole bunch of them?”

You were both standing in the kitchen of the apartment now as you were taking a quick drink of water before heading out, and Mosche was just sort of there.

“I mean, if she wants to I’ll bring her to one,” you said. “But Sabrina and I go to the same college, man. I don’t think she knows many people here in the city.”

“Oh, well that’s kind of a bummer,” Mosche said, deflating a bit as his shoulders slumped. “I mean, one more fan would be great, but...”

“But you were hoping she might set you up with a ‘hot friend.’” you finished for him.

“Yeah, pretty much,” he sighed. “I mean - and I’m not trying to be rude or anything, dude - but when she walked across the apartment in just your towel? That was really hot.”

You smirked and shook your head. “That was all her idea, my dude.” It had been kind of cute, Sabrina playing with the idea first. Your shirt and shorts she’d worn from your room to the washroom had gotten cum on the inside, so she hadn’t wanted to put them back on after showering. Considering Sabrina got naked and toyed with herself semi-professionally on the internet, watching her get nervous over being naked under a towel in front of one guy had put a smile on your face.

“Anyways,” you continued, “I gotta get out of here. I’ve got a date.”

Mosche got a confused look. “Wait, what? You two were just fucking. Well, I assume you were, but like, come on that’s a pretty good assumption. Is this like a breakfast-for-dinner kind of thing? Fuck first, date after?”

Fuck, you thought. Now you were going to have to try and explain this. “No, I’m- the date is with someone else. Sabrina coming over was her idea - she picked out my outfit and, ah, relieved some tension so I’d be relaxed.”

Mosche stood there with his mouth agape, his eyes blinking behind his big glasses as he tried to comprehend what I was saying.

“I know, dude. I know,” you said. “It’s-”

“Do you think she’d do that for me sometime?” Mosche asked.

“Fuck no,” you said, then hesitated as you realized how mean that sounded, and also that you weren’t saying it because you were sure Sabrina wouldn’t. You were saying it because you were jealous of the thought. “I mean, dude, I’m sorry that came out like that,” you quickly followed up. “Sabrina and I, we’ve kind of got this... connection thing going on. She’s made it pretty clear that we’re friends with benefits, and that she’s not looking for anything more - from me, or in terms of numbers.”

“Oh, uh, alright,” Mosche shrugged. “But if you’re so, like, into her, what’s with the date with another chick? Tinder date or something?”

“We, ah, we all sort of work together?” you said.

Mosche took that one in and processed it while nodding. “So what I’m hearing is that you might not be able to make rent next month because you’ll be looking for a new job. Dude! You are playing with fucking fire.”

You really were. But the fire was so hot. *Wait, the metaphor is actually so good it doesn’t work.*

“I promise I’ll have rent,” you said, fairly certain. “And it’s complicated but... I think it can work.”

Mosche just threw his hands up in the air and walked out of the kitchen. “You work as an intern and I’m a standup comic, and somehow you’ve got multiple hot babes and I’ve got none. What even is this life?” Then he stuck his head back in the room. “Hey, how late do you think you’ll be? I was gonna try that tantric thing again...”

* * * * *

You’d been standing outside the License to Liquor for about ten minutes when the uber pulled up front. The arcade bar’s logo was a spinoff of an old James Bond photo - you were pretty sure it was Sean Connery - with the ‘o’ of Liquor as the barrel of his classic pistol.

Gemma stepped out of the uber, and you stepped forward and took her hand to help her stand up. She was stunning. Her platinum blonde hair was loose and flowing in waves down past her shoulders, and she smiled broadly as you helped her. She was wearing a summer dress, yellow with floral print all over it, that showed off her chest and cleavage like you’d never seen before. Gemma was fucking stacked! The spaghetti straps left most of her shoulders bare, showing off her bra straps, and the dress itself came down to just above her knees in a flowy skirt. Then you noticed her vibrant blue heels, the same colour as a lot of the flowers on the dress. They had to have been at least three-inch heels, and she was standing almost the same height as you.

“Wow,” you said, and pulled her into a hug that she accepted with a smile. “Gemma, you look so beautiful.”

“Thanks. You’re not looking too bad yourself, handsome.”

“This is for you,” you said, holding out a single yellow African daisy that you’d had the time to stop for at a shop two blocks over.

“Oh, John,” she said. “You shouldn’t have gone to the trouble.” She took the flower and immediately raised it to her nose, taking a deep smell as she closed her eyes. “Mmm, nice choice though.”

“And I got lucky, it matches your dress,” I grinned.

“I was going to say, were you stalking me?” she asked playfully.

“Definitely not. Complete luck. Next time you can text me your dress colour and I’ll do it on purpose,” you said.

“Next time already, huh?” Gemma said. “How about we see how this time goes first before we book a second date?”

I offered her my arm and she took it. “Don’t mind me,” you said. “Just trying to Jedi mind trick you into looking forward to a lot more time with me.”

She smirked, and we started heading into the bar. “Well, at least it’s a wholesome goal. Most guys would be trying to Jedi mind tricking their way into my panties.”

Chapter 34

Inside the License to Liquor, the front half of the long building was dedicated to an oval bar down the centre of the room lit by a cascade of fluorescent neon lights. The stools around the bar and the standing tables packed against the wall were all beaten to crap and mismatching, clearly scavenged or salvaged from other bars that had failed in the city over time. The walls were plastered with posters from video games and old movies from the 80s and 90s. The bar itself was already busy, and you and Gemma had to release your arms to get between a couple of groups of people.

Usually, you would have some sort of nerves about doing it, but tonight? After the two days you'd had? You took Gemma's hand confidently to lead her through, and when you broke through the other side she was just smiling that broad grin of hers and didn't pull her hand away. You both sidled up to the bar, facing each other.

"What would you like to drink?" you asked. The office interns hadn't actually gone out to drink together - something you realized someone probably should have organized in the last month, especially since it might have sped up the process of finding out Gemma had a little thing for you. Now, there wasn't much of you that was interested in grabbing a drink with Eric and Andy.

"I'll start with a Bramble," she said. "Then it's probably best I move on to beer. I can get a little messy on too many mixed drinks."

"I wouldn't mind seeing Messy Gemma," you laughed. "But we do have work tomorrow, so it sounds like a plan."

You signalled to the closest bartender, who completely ignored you. There were only three of them working behind the bar, each wearing black shirts with the old Golden Eye 007 death screen on the front and 'License To Liquor' in bold on the backs. You knew the guy you waved down saw you, but he turned to some other customer down the bar, chatting and talking with them.

"Wow, guess they prefer their regulars," you laughed, waving it off.

"Oh, I've got this," Gemma said, then put two fingers in her mouth and whistled. It wasn't super loud, but it cut through the noise and classic video game music the bar was playing over the speakers. Another bartender, this one a woman with a fairly large septum nose ring and tattoos along both arms and up the sides of her neck, looked over and Gemma waved her over.

"Damn. So you're a bartender whisperer and Sabrina is a secretary whisperer. I've been missing out on learning some new skills," you laughed.

Gemma rolled her eyes with a smile. "It's not a big secret. Girls get served first at bars since they're more likely to get mad and make a scene about it."

The bartender came over and you leaned toward her so you didn't need to shout. "Two Brambles to start."

She raised an eyebrow. "Never heard of it."

Gemma was ready and put her phone on the bartop, a recipe already pulled up. "Crushed ice, dry gin, lemon juice and syrup, then blackberry liquor. We'll take raspberry if you don't have it."

The woman scanned the less-than-common cocktail recipe, nodding along, then set to work.

"I'm surprised you wanted to try it," Gemma said, settling onto one of the bar stools. "All my guy friends back home think it's kind of a girly drink. That doesn't stop them from drinking since it's fucking delicious, but not on a first date."

You shrugged. "Why would I care if you thought I drank girly drinks? If you like it, I have to assume it's tasty."

The bartender came back over with the two drinks. "Twenty," she shouted over the noise.

Fuck me, you thought. There was no way that was a \$10 drink. Still, you fished a twenty and a five out of your wallet and passed it to her.

Gemma had already picked up her drink and was smelling it, but you saw her watching you pay, and she had a little smile of satisfaction on her face. You picked up your drink as well and held it up to her. "To a fun night of getting to know each other," you said. "And me beating your ass at skeeball."

She laughed and clinked glasses with you and you both took a sip of your drinks around the crushed ice. It was bright, a little sour and the drizzled blackberry flavour gave a burst of tartness.

"Alright," you asked. "So what was that look?"

"What look?" she asked innocently.

"The one you gave when I paid. Did you want to go dutch here or something? Because I'm totally not against that if it's important to you."

"No, no," she said. We'd both set our drinks down, and she put her hand on my arm as she leaned in. It was loud in the bar, which made our conversation feel more intimate. "It's just one of those red flags I look for on a first date. You tipped the bartender well, but not too well. Too little or no tip, and you're cheap. Too much and you care too much about what they think, which means you probably spend way too much time here and want to fuck them."

You glanced over at the bartender, who was down the bar from us now, and made a considering face. “Well, I mean I’m not huge into the tattoos thing buuut…”

“Stop,” Gemma said, drawing out the word with her wonderful accent.

“What other red flags should I be making sure I don’t send?” you asked.

“Well that would be telling, wouldn’t it?” Gemma said with a little smirk.

“Touche,” you admitted and raised your drink to her in a salute before taking a sip. “Alright. I assume everyone you’ve met for the last year you’ve spent here has asked the same things over and over about Australia. So I want to know about the best place you’ve travelled to outside of Australia.”

“Oh, that is a good play,” Gemma nodded. “And you’re right, every single date or conversation I got into would ask about home. My best trip though? That has to be Japan. Tokyo was so fucking cool, but I really liked the day trip we took out into the north to this city called Aomori. It was a lot smaller and was beautiful on the coast. We went to this gorgeous art museum there. Hold on, I have got to show you this picture.” She started thumbing through her phone, hiding the screen from you as she went through her pictures. That got you wondering about what she might be hiding - something sexy?

She eventually turned the phone around and showed you these pretty pictures of some more traditional Japanese architecture used for modern buildings, along with pictures of her and one of her friends. She talked at length about the museum and several of the other stops they made. Then she stopped on one last picture, in front of a pink flowering cherry blossom tree. She and a guy were standing there, arms around each other’s waist, while the friend and another guy were standing next to them in the same pose.

“Oh, shit,” Gemma said, quickly turning off her phone. “Sorry.”

“What?” you asked.

“That was just my ex. I always do this, accidentally bringing him up. I swear, John, it’s not a big deal.”

“Hey,” you said, taking her hand. “If it’s not a big deal, then it’s not a big deal. As long as you’re not using me to cheat, I don’t care that you have an Ex, alright?”

She sighed. “Definitely not cheating,” she said. “But now that it’s out there, I might as well get it out of the way. I was actually engaged to him, coming out of high school. We were young and dumb and I thought I loved him even though my parents thought it wouldn’t work out. I almost eloped with him on that Japan trip, honestly. But I didn’t, and thank God. I found out two weeks

later he'd been cheating on me with another girl we knew from back in high school, and was hiring escorts while I was saving up for a down payment on an apartment while we were both in our first year at Uni. You know he actually went to a brothel while we were on that trip? I found out during our breakup fight and he said it was just for 'the experience.'"

You blew out a breath, slowly nodding. Sabrina blowing you today, twice, at the front of your mind. Right before this date. "Gemma, I'm-"

She leaned forward and planted a kiss on you.

Chapter 35

You were so surprised that you didn't have a chance to kiss her back before it was over.

"Sorry," she said, with a blush as she pulled away. "I just realized I was dumping my baggage all over the place and I wanted to do that before you found a reason we should call it an early night."

"Gemma, I- That's not what I was thinking at all," you said. "I mean, I'm sorry?"

"What are you sorry for?" she asked.

A lot of things, you thought.

"Well, let's start with your hard break-up," you said, and offered her a hug. She accepted, and you felt those big tits of hers pressed into your chest as you squeezed each other. Once she sat back on her stool you took a breath and continued. "I'm also feeling guilty about... well, the way we're doing this?"

"You mean because of the Sabrina thing," Gemma said, and I nodded. Now it was Gemma's turn to take a breath, and she took a sip of her drink as well. "Look, John. I can't rightfully think of that as cheating or whatever because we hadn't even been out yet, let alone had a conversation about being exclusive or anything. So don't worry about yesterday, OK? I'm here."

You didn't know how Sabrina was going to feel about this, but you decided you had to deviate from her plan. She wanted to talk to Gemma tomorrow about the whole thing, but after hearing Gemma's story... you couldn't let it sit.

"Gemma, I need to tell you something," you said.

Gemma exhaled heavily in a sigh. "Please tell me there isn't a girlfriend back home as well or something," she said. "I can't be the girl who you cheat with."

"No, there's no one else," you said. "But Sabrina... look, full disclosure, alright? Sabrina and I want to see each other more, same rules as we had before. It's no strings, not dating. Just friends with benefits. And she wants to talk to you about continuing to do that even if we're dating."

Gemma pursed her lips and her brow creased as she listened to you. "Anything else I should know?" she asked.

"I-" you hesitated, but you were all in now. Either Gemma would consider it, or she wouldn't. Just the sneaking around today was a little much, you couldn't imagine moving forward without talking about it, spending hours with each girl and avoiding whole topics with just one of them.

“Sabrina came over to help me get ready for this date. And she, ah, wanted to make sure I was completely at ease.”

“You guys had sex?” Gemma asked.

“Oral. She, uh, blew me and then I ate her out, then she blew me again.”

Gemma pursed her lips again, then bit the inside of her cheek as she was thinking, then she tapped something on her phone and raised it to her ear. You could tell it was ringing, and then someone picked up.

“Yeah, hey. Yeah. Yeah, he told me. Well, you didn’t tell me he was going to go down on you as well. Uh-huh. Yeah. I guess that’s good to hear. Yeah. You, too.” Then she held the phone out to you, “She wants to talk to you.”

“Sabrina?” you asked as you brought the phone up to your ear.

“Hey, John,” she said. It was Sabrina. “So, I’m honestly a little mad that you didn’t do what I said and wait for me to talk to her, but also when Gemma said she wanted to run this one test to make sure you were who we thought you were, I knew I wanted you to pass.”

“So you two planned this?” you asked.

“Well, Gemma came to me after work,” Sabrina said. “And I figured I might as well tell her then. But she doesn’t know about the OnlyFans, OK? That has nothing to do with us fooling around and you dating her, so please keep that between us.”

“I understand,” you said. “Are we good?”

“Very good. Have fun on your date, OK? I’m excited to hear about it tomorrow.”

“OK, thanks Sabrina,” you said.

“OK, love you, bye,” she said.

And you just sort of stopped breathing.

“Wait, Freudian slip. Freudian slip!” Sabrina said in a panic. “I’m just used to saying that when I hang up with my girlfriends and my family, and with my ex. John, I’m so sorry, don’t freak out. Please don’t freak out?”

“I- Uh- I get it,” you said, your tongue trying to catch up to your brain and your heart and your gut all doing somersaults. “It’s fine, really.”

“OK, good,” she said, and you could hear her exhale out a sigh through the phone. “I just- Don’t think about it. Just forget about it, OK, Boss? You know I’m just horny for you, and I’ll say anything to get more of your dick.”

Well, now you knew she was really flustered if she was trying to distract you with the Boss talk again. “Sabrina? It’s fine, really. Have a good night.”

“OK, OK,” she said. “I’m hanging up now.”

There was a part of you that really wanted to say, ‘Love you too’ just to see what she did... or to test her reaction... but instead, you just said, “Goodbye.”

You handed the phone back to Gemma. “So how much of that was true?” I asked.

Gemma frowned but nodded. “I’m sorry, John. I just had to know for sure if you would tell me the truth or not,” Gemma said. “It was all real. I dated Freddie for five years, three of those during my undergrad while we were engaged. It turned out he was cheating on me as soon as we went to different Uni’s, including the escorts and the brothel. I went to Sabrina after you asked me out because I wanted to hear from her where you guys were at.” She drained her drink and signalled to the bartender to come over, but turned back to you. “Honestly, I still don’t know how I feel about the whole thing still, but it’s out in the open, and you didn’t lie about it, which helps a lot. The way I figure it, we see how tonight goes?”

“That’s all I was expecting,” you said. “And I’m sorry I didn’t tell you even sooner.”

She smiled. “When would you have done that?”

“I don’t know, but I still feel that way.”

Our tattooed bartender showed up, and Gemma turned to her. “Four of your cheapest beers that come in bottles, please,” she said.

The bartender raised an eyebrow, glancing at the fancy cocktails you’d just been drinking, but shrugged and produced four bottles of Pabst Blue Ribbon from under the bar. “Ten dollars,” she said, and Gemma handed her a Ten and three Ones. The bartender winked at Gemma and then was off to other customers.

“Finish that drink,” Gemma said to you, nodding to your half-drunk Bramble cocktail. “I think we need to play some games.”

“Yes, ma’am,” you said, and downed the cold drink.

Chapter 36

Gemma's laugh - the real one, louder and more boisterous than the one she used in the office - was electric to you. She was always a little playful in the office, teasing and smirking, matching wits. But as you both slowly made your way through your beers and roamed the arcade part of the bar, popping a coin in here or there to play the different games, it was like Gemma came to life.

First, she was weirdly good at games she'd never played before, but terrible at ones that she knew. This obviously frustrated her, but she took it in stride and laughed her ass off as she fumbled classic Pacman, or went 0 and 10 against you in air hockey despite actually trying. Then she crushed you in Street Fighter 2, just mashing buttons, and she was scary good at the games where you aimed a fake gun and shot whatever was flying at the screen. She was even better at the fake hunting ones.

Eventually, you ended up at the bank of skeeball machines. You both fed a coin into side-by-side machines, and Gemma gave you one of her patented teasing smirks as the music started playing and the lights started flashing. "So, I've got to admit something," she said.

"Oh, yeah? Are you about to shark me?" you asked.

"Well, yes. My Uni student centre had a few of these, and I've been in a beer league for a couple of years," she said. "I'm... well, I'm gonna crush you."

"Then let's make a bet," you said. "What do you want if you 'crush' me?"

"No, no, no," she said, shaking her head. "You're suggesting it, you say what you want first."

"OK," you said. "If I win, I need a redemption kiss. You surprised me with that last one, and I want to leave a better impression."

She rolled her eyes at that. "Well if that's the case, I guess I shouldn't bet a kiss as well, huh?" You chuckled as she thought for a moment, and then her eyes lit up with an idea. "I know!" She leaned in a bit, whispering over the sound of the games around you, "If I win, I get to take a sneaky feel of your bulge. Just to check if what I caught a glimpse of was what I thought it was. But then no matter what happens on this date, it doesn't make an appearance on this date."

Your eyebrows had gone up as she spoke, and she had a teasing smile as she pulled back to watch you think. "I think to keep things balanced when I win, my kiss is guaranteed with tongue, and light groping."

"Define light groping," she smirked.

You pursed your lips as if thinking, and pretended to push up imaginary glasses before miming writing out a contract. "I believe in this instance, we'll define Light Groping as the touching of sides, the sides of breasts, hips, and ass, but lacking in significant squeezing, honking or otherwise firm pressure."

"I think we can agree in principle," Gemma said, also stepping into a mimicry of formal legalese. "But for clarity, it should also include the male chest, and light over-the-pants nudges to the penal region."

"You want to nudge the prison in my pants?" you asked her.

"You know what I mean," she chuckled. "Penile."

"Alright, it's a bet," you said, holding out your hand, and she shook it smartly with one firm pump.

You both turned, hit the blinking 'Start' buttons on our skeeball machines, and started rolling balls.

Gemma began strong, hitting some early high points, but the thing was that while you may not have been a Secretary or Bartender Whisperer, you had some excellent hand-eye coordination. You quickly caught up to her, and she may have been out of practice considering she'd just spent an entire semester not competing in her beer league.

You were both down to your final balls, and were neck in neck when you rolled. Gemma nailed a 9000-point ball, spiking ahead, but you hit an 8000-point one with a lucky bounce bringing the scores to... dead even.

Gemma burst out laughing, and took the last swig of her beer and set it down. "OK, I admit, you were a lot better than I expected. Now what?"

"I think we're both winners here, how about that?"

"Mmm, I like that idea," Gemma grinned, then slid forward and wrapped her hands around your waist. First, you leaned over and picked up the yellow flower she had been carrying around with her purse through the bar. You broke the stem in half and you placed the flower over her ear, tucking her hair around it, making her smile brightly. Then you leaned forward, bringing your lips to within an inch of hers and breathing in the smell of her - a soft fruity smell from her shampoo, a light note from perfume, and the warm undercurrent of alcohol. You placed one hand on her hip, taking one of her hands from your swith the other and holding it like you were about to dance salsa.

Gemma broke the anticipation, leaning in and up into the kiss, and you tested her lips with your tongue as you pulled her just a little closer, chest to chest, and eased your right hand down to cup her ass lightly. She kissed you back, eagerly testing your tongue with hers. Her hand on

your hip rose up to your side, and then your chest, and then higher to hold the side of your neck. Your other hands entwined fingers.

“Hey, get a room!” someone in the arcade yelled, and you broke apart giggling and flushed.

“You ready to go grab some food?” you asked.

“Just one more game,” Gemma said, your hand still in hers, and she pulled you towards the coin machine. “I need to beat your ass in Dance Dance Revolution before we leave.”

“Oh, God,” you groaned. You had hand-eye coordination and decent rhythm, but hand-foot?

Chapter 37

You played two rounds of DDR with Gemma and got absolutely stomped. It wasn't even because you were bad at it - it was because she was really fucking good, and you were distracted. Even with a bra on, the quick-stepping movements of the game had Gemma's sizely natural tits jiggling and bouncing, her cleavage surging in the summer dress as she laughed and had her hands out for balance as she played on expert.

After the second round, while a good ten people around the big DDR machine were clapping having watched the show, Gemma grabbed your hand with both of hers, leaning forward as she bit her lip and grinned playfully. "I told you," she said.

"You did, that was pretty amazing," you said, and leaned down and pecked her lips.

"Want to see me really compete?"

"Uh, sure," you said. "That wasn't at your best?"

She shook her head. "This was my favourite way to exercise back in high school. I had my own mats at home and everything. Watch this."

You stepped down off of the Player 2 platform, and as Gemma put in another token and started pressing the pads with her feet to cycle the song choices another woman stepped up onto the platform you had vacated. She was a slight girl of Asian descent - Chinese, you thought, but you really weren't sure - and was dressed in shiny black hotpants that showed off just a little of her lower butt cheeks beneath fishnet stockings. Up top she was wearing what looked like a men's t-shirt with the arms ripped off, the hems still frayed, with the waist tied up to show off her abdomen like a crop top.

Gemma and this woman started talking to each other, quickly devolving into some sort of jargon for the game as they both were apparently very good at it. The Asian woman kicked off her black pumps like Gemma had when she first took to the game, both of them playing in their bare feet.

Then they both selected the hardest difficulty on their song choice, and the show started.

The Asian woman was a little better than Gemma, though you couldn't really tell by how much. What was the difference between a chain of 30 'perfects' and 32 'perfects'? You weren't really watching the screens much anyways.

Gemma 'danced' with wild abandon, grinning like mad as she twisted her hips and touched her toes or heels to the arrow pads under her. The Asian woman was the same, and she looked over at Gemma and they made eye contact, laughing as neither of them watched the screen and the prompts, playing the song by memory.

The crowd of watchers started growing and cheering. And then they cheered even louder when the Asian woman spun around and started playing the game backwards.

You had no idea how she did it, but it was that weird mixture of extreme skill in an extremely niche thing that probably would have made a great TikTok. Gemma couldn't keep up, but she started to take the lead on points as the other woman was fumbling a few steps with her disadvantage.

The round ended and everyone including yourself clapped and cheered, and as Gemma turned to you with that mad grin you held open your arms and she jumped into them. She wrapped her arms around your neck and gave you a firm, closed-mouth kiss as you held her up and she kicked her feet behind her. You set her down and she turned, going to the Asian woman and shaking her hand and talking to her for a bit. You waited, unable to stop grinning at how happy she seemed, and you picked up her shoes and purse for her from the machine before they disappeared.

Eventually, Gemma said goodbye to the woman and skipped around the machine to you. Others had now taken to it, not as proficient as the previous competition, and the crowd was quickly dispersing.

"Thanks," she grinned, taking her heels and slipping them back on.

"I take back what I said before. You were holding back on me, *that* was amazing," you said.

"Maybe I was," she winked. Then she kissed you again, another one of those firm, extended pecks, and she pressed her body close. Then you were surprised as you felt her hand firmly on your cock through your pants. You were only slightly chubbed but immediately responded as she traced the outline from root to tip.

She stepped back, smirking and shrugged. "I was still owed for the bet."

"I guess now you have your payment," you said. "Happy with the result?"

"I am hopefully optimistic," Gemma said, using the phrase that one of the firm Partners liked to throw around when something good had happened in a case.

"So, I'm guessing you're definitely hungry now," you said.

"God, yes," Gemma agreed, and this time she took your hand and led you out of the bar and onto the street. "Which way?"

"This," you said, nodding down the street towards where the park with the food trucks should be.

“Hold on,” Gemma said, stopping you for a moment and opening her purse, pulling out the flower you’d given her and handing it to you. “I took it off to play DDR. Put it back for me?”

“Gladly,” you smiled, and did so as she smiled at you. You couldn’t help it and kissed her again, cupping her cheek. No tongue, just sweet and clean.

“Now, food,” she said, again taking your hand in hers.

“Whatever the lady wants,” you laughed.

“Damn straight,” she said, and you started to walk hand-in-hand.

Chapter 38

You only needed to backtrack once, realizing you'd made a wrong turn, and the night remained warm even though the sun was nearly gone - though it had disappeared behind the buildings of the city before then. You and Gemma laughed and bantered, and you managed to only mention Sabrina once while talking about the silly things from the office.

Gemma was enjoying being an intern in a US law firm. She'd wanted to be a lawyer since she was a kid and watched *A Few Good Men*.

"So it was 'I want the truth!'" you asked as you walked down the street, doing your best Tom Cruise impersonation.

"You can't handle the truth!" Gemma responded, doing her Jack Nicholson and then chuckling. "Yes, definitely. Then I watched every Lawyer movie I could. *Rainmaker*, *My Cousin Vinny*, *Philadelphia* - pretty much anything from the '90s."

"Not *Legally Blonde*?" you asked.

She actually turned and punched you in the arm, hard.

"Ow!" you said.

"That movie actually made me cry, I hated it so much," she said and sighed roughly. "Seriously. Everyone in high school called me 'Legally Blonde' when they found out I wanted to be a lawyer, and I fucking hated it. I almost went to school for journalism instead."

"OK, but would you rather they called you Vinny?" you asked.

"Yes," Gemma chuckled. "At least then it would be a good story for a nickname."

You could see the park ahead, the lights bright in the evening air as a festival-like atmosphere was lit up by the dozen or so food trucks. "Well, Vinny, I'm sure you've heard this while you've been here, but-

"If you're about to say you love my accent, I'm going to punch you again," Gemma smirked. "It's a line every guy uses when he's trying to pick me up."

"-but I think you would have made an excellent journalist," you finished, quickly pivoting what you were going to say.

Gemma narrowed her eyes at you. "Well played."

In the park, you browsed the various food trucks, arm in arm, until Gemma settled on an artisanal taco truck. You chatted in line, and ordered a 6-pack bundle of various tacos to try together, and once you'd gotten your food you went and found a bench to sit on. You snagged it as another couple were just leaving, and you noticed the guy eyeing Gemma. His date wasn't bad looking either, but Gemma was- well, she was Gemma.

The tacos were made with hard shells made of purple tortillas but had white soft-shell tortillas around them, and each one had either a different meat or vegan protein and accompanying toppings.

"Mmm, I'm starting with this one," Gemma said, immediately taking the standard ground beef taco and crunching into it, trying to catch the spillage in her other hand. "Mmmmm- fuh dis i' goo'!" she groaned.

You picked up the next one in a line, a chicken taco with a spicy kick coming off of it, but Gemma put her hand on yours to stop you. "Mm-mm, I wan' tha' one 'oo," she said, still chewing.

"Wait, wait," you said. "Are you trying to claim the meat ones and make me eat the vegan ones?"

Gemma swallowed and got a mischievous look on her face. "Maybe," she said.

"Why didn't I just order more meat ones then?" you asked.

"Because I want you to tell me what the vegan ones taste like?" Gemma said, giving you a wincing smile.

"Well, I want the second half of that beef one," you said. "And then you have to eat the second half of a vegan one I think is best."

"Deal," she nodded, and she took another bite of the beef taco before holding it out for you to bite. You did, letting her feed you as you both giggled, and as you were enjoying the warm rush of the food in your mouth she popped the last of it in her mouth.

"Hey!" you said, and she giggled into her hand, trying not to spit out taco.

You both ate, playfully bantering, and you ended up getting her to try the 'Jamaican jackfruit' taco, which had a sort of jerk chicken taste. She tried it gamely but didn't like it. To be fair, you didn't much either. It turned out you were both very much carnivores.

As you were polishing off your last taco (black beans and avocado) and she was hers (shrimp), Gemma put her hand on your thigh and leaned back against you, resting her head on your shoulder comfortably. "This has been a good date, John," she said.

"I couldn't agree more," you said.

"But that means I need to tell you something," she said, "And I don't know what you'll think."

"Are you currently pregnant with Andy's baby?" you asked.

She barked a laugh. "God, no."

"Eric's?"

"Eww, definitely not. I'd rather Andy over Eric."

You laughed and felt her laughing with you. "So just say it," you said. "I doubt it's as big a deal as you think."

Gemma reached back and pulled your arms around her so you were hugging her from behind. "Well, to be clear, we're not having sex tonight," she said.

"That's it? I already figured that, it's-

"That's not it," she said. "See, I'm... excited to do things with you. But I grew up in a pretty religious family, and even though I'm not like a virgin or anything, I kind of developed a coping mechanism with my Ex, and even after we broke up I've stuck to it."

You stayed quiet, letting her take a breath. Gemma was clearly hedging on whether she wanted to tell you this or not. You just leaned down and kissed the top of her head lightly, letting her know to take her time.

She took in a breath and sighed. "OK, so my family might as well be a rabbit colony - I have sixteen aunts and uncles across both sides, and over fifty cousins, and twenty-four nieces and nephews at this point and I'm in like, the older half of my generation. And I am fucking terrified of ruining my chances at a career by getting pregnant, and because my family doesn't agree with abortion and I agree with them. So I've only ever done actual penetration with my Ex, and all my other... escapades we just did oral and anal. So if we do get to sex, it's gonna be anal. And I know that's fucking weird and you might not be into it or whatever, and I wouldn't blame you cause I mean it kinda makes me a freak and-

You squeezed her. "Stop," you said, and she stopped rambling.

Then you took her hand and put it on your thigh, where your cock was rock hard and straining against your pants.

“When we’re ready,” you said. “I would be very happy to fuck you any way you want. Especially that delectable booty.”

She turned her head back and kissed you, her hand still on your thigh and tenting dick. “Good answer,” she said.

“Tell me this, though,” you said. “And I feel like it’s a fair question considering earlier. Was that a test?”

Gemma quirked her mouth into a playful smirk. “I guess you’ll need to find out.”

Chapter 39

The date was coming to a close, and you found that you didn't want it to.

Gemma in the office was fun - witty, sometimes a little snarky, and focused without being a hardass about it. Gemma out of the office? She laughed more, and you could see her smile in her eyes when she would look at you in the middle of a conversation. She was also more touchy in general, touching your hands and arms, hugging you, giving you those delightful firm pecks on the lips.

"This is me," she said. You hadn't wanted the date to end so much that you'd ridden the bus uptown with her instead of offering to get her an uber. You'd sat together, and she'd held your hand in her lap with both of hers as you both laughed through her trying to explain the plot of an Australian soap opera that you'd never heard of before.

You were now standing outside of an apartment building, no nicer or worse off than your own, and Gemma had taken one step up towards the door and turned, now standing even with your height.

"I had a really great time," you said.

"I did, too," said, and looked down at your lips and back up to your eyes. The streetlights were reflecting in them.

"You never really told me if I'd kissed you any better after skeeball," you said. "Any notes?"

"Don't hesitate," she said.

So you kissed her. She raised both hands, holding the sides of your head and running her fingers into your hair, while you pulled her to you by her waist. You teased your tongue against her lips, and she reciprocated, and your bodies pressed close as you breathed each other in.

"I want you so bad," Gemma finally breathed out when you stopped for a breath. "In all the worst ways."

"Any speed you want," you said, and she kissed you again.

"Ahem," you were interrupted. Breaking apart, you and Gemma realized an elderly woman was trying to get past you and into the doorway of the apartment - without realizing it you and Gemma had stepped up and she was leaning back against the door.

"Sorry," Gemma blushed, taking your hand and pulling you out of the way.

"Horny teenagers," the lady muttered, keying into the building and scowling at the two of you.

“Well, she got one thing right,” you laughed.

Gemma chewed on the corner of her lip for a moment, then reached forward and put her hand on your hard, tenting cock. “I know,” she said. “But not... tonight?”

“Alright,” you nodded. “When can I see you again?”

She smirked. “Pretty sure we’ll see each other in the office tomorrow.”

“You know what I mean,” you said, and kissed her on the nose.

“Friday?” Gemma asked.

“Friday works,” you said.

“Then Friday,” she nodded. “Now kiss me goodnight.”

You did, and she pulled your hips towards her by your belt loops, and you made out on the stoop of the building for another five minutes while you both ground your pelvises together. The kiss finally ended with both of you breathless, and you stepped down back to the sidewalk.

“Night, Gemma,” you said.

“Goodnight, John,” she replied, and opened the building door but didn’t go in.

You grinned and walked backwards, looking her up and down in her cute summer dress, her cleavage so tantalizing as her chest rose and fell with her deep breaths.

Finally, you turned and walked back to the end of the street, going to wait at the bus stop for the next one to come by.

“John!” Gemma called, trotting down the street after you. You turned and she was in your arms, kissing you again. Then she stood on her tiptoes and whispered in your ear. “Oral only. I want what Sabrina had and more.”

She leaned back, looking you in the eyes for your response. What else could you do but nod?

Gemma broke into a grin and led you back to her apartment.

* * * * *

You both managed to control yourselves on the elevator, but Gemma fumbled her keys several times at her apartment door as you hugged her from behind, pressing your hard cock through your clothes against her ass as you kissed her neck.

“Stop,” she giggled and whispered. “For real, stop. We need to be quiet for my roommates.”

You stopped kissing her but still held her by the waist as she finally got the door open and you both stumbled inside.

“Well, well, well,” said a woman leaning in the doorway of the apartment kitchen. “Look what the cat dragged in.”

“Oh, shit,” Gemma said. “Hey, Charlotte. This is John. We’ll just be...”

“Oh, no,” Charlotte said, stepping forward and grabbing Gemma’s hand. Charlotte was maybe a year or two older than you and was a tall woman with broad shoulders and a decent-sized bust currently barely trapped in a black tank top. Her hair was short on the sides and dyed a vibrant, almost highlighter green. She pulled Gemma deeper into the apartment. “You’re not getting out of this that easily,” she continued. “Ladies, tribunal time! Gemma is home from her date and brought him up.”

Gemma threw her head back and sighed, then turned and motioned for you to follow. “Hey, guys,” Gemma said, ahead of you as she stepped into the living room. “This is-”

“John?”

Oh, shit. “Lucy... hey...” you said. “I didn’t know you were in the city.”

“I didn’t know *you* were in the city,” your ex-girlfriend from high school said. “And dating my roommate.”

Fuuuuuck.

Chapter 40

Charlotte, Lucy, and another roommate were all sitting on a couch facing the TV, whatever movie they were watching paused. The room itself was nicely decorated if a little overproduced in your opinion. There were a half dozen plants, ferns and the like, hanging from the ceiling or positioned on rustic-looking stands. Someone had covered the walls with the sort of girly 'inspirational quote' stuff that didn't make all that much sense when you really bored down on them, but at least they seemed to be painted nicely.

The third roommate was almost as confusing as seeing your ex all of a sudden - she... she? You had to guess they were non-binary since they were dressed like a guy, and had a guy's haircut and biceps and forearms that looked like a guy's. Overall they were just trying really hard to be a guy, even though they might have had one of the prettiest, most striking feminine faces you'd ever seen.

You didn't even have time to consider any of this, however, since Lucy was in the room and looking at you as surprised as you were at seeing her.

"You two know each other?" Gemma asked, as surprised as the rest of us.

"John and I dated in high school," Lucy said. "We broke up, obviously."

"Well, I broke up with you," you said. "You didn't have the decency to do that before you slept with Brent Wolverton at that party."

"Hey," Lucy snapped. "I didn't sleep with Brent at that party. I told you it was just a blowjob, and it only happened because I was drunk for the first time."

"I mean, with hindsight, that still doesn't make it any better," you said.

"Oh, fuck off," Lucy said.

"Hey, don't talk to my guest like that," Gemma said.

"Alright, children, alright," Charlotte said. She held up her hands between Gemma and Lucy, warning them both. "I thought we were going to have fun doing a little grilling of John, but apparently that might get a little too heated."

"Gemma, why would you waste your time with a guy like John?" Lucy asked.

You opened your mouth to say something snarky back at her, but closed your trap instead. You noticed Charlotte and the third roommate both see you do that. Lucy, however, was busy with Gemma.

“Seriously, Lucy. You need to shut your mouth before I actually get mad,” Gemma said. “You’re being a right cunt.”

Lucy seemed shocked that Gemma had used the C-word, though you couldn’t imagine Gemma hadn’t used it around her before - you’d even heard her mutter it at work under her breath. You knew ‘cunt’ was a pretty standard swear word in Australia. “Don’t you fucking talking to me like that, you bitch,” Lucy scoffed. “I live here, you’re just subleasing. I’ll get you kicked out so fucking fast-”

“No you won’t, Luse,” Charlotte said.

“Whatever,” Gemma scowled. “We’ll be in my room.” She grabbed your hand and started towards the door.

“You’re dating a loser,” Lucy called after her. “Have fun *not* getting off.”

“You *literally* dated a guy who told you, to your face, he had ‘yellow fever,’ Lucy,” you said. “Am I seriously the ex that you regret the most?”

That one shut her up, as she gawked at you. Lucy was a pretty girl, half Japanese and half Chinese, though it looked like she’d gotten a boob job since you’d last seen her at high school grad. The problem was that on the ‘Crazy/Hot Scale,’ her crazy definitely outweighed the hot.

Gemma pulled you down a hallway and into a room, shutting the door behind you. It was sparsely furnished and decorated, without even a closet. Her clothes were hung up on free-standing metal cross beams on wheels, or piled in luggage stacked as neat as they could be against one wall.

“Fuck,” she said and punched the pillow on her bed. “God, that girl is such a cunt sometimes.”

“You don’t need to tell me,” you said.

“I can’t believe you knew her and dated her,” Gemma said. “I had no idea.”

“Neither did I,” you said. “If I had, I wouldn’t- well, actually, no. I still would have come up here with you.”

Gemma sat on her bed and sighed, flopping back onto it. “The mood is killed, isn’t it?”

“Kinda,” you agreed and sat down next to her. “Do you want to try and get it back, or just hang out, or should I go?”

“I don’t know,” Gemma groaned, putting her hands over her face. She kicked off her shoes and stretched.

“How about you pick a movie, and I’ll massage your feet?” I offered. “You were walking a lot in those heels.”

Gemma sat up, looking at you through slightly mussed hair. “Are you for real offering that?” she asked. Her cleavage looked particularly inviting in that position, but you tried not to glance at it.

“I don’t remember you mentioning being grossed out by your own feet, but if that’s too far…”

“No. God, no, not at all. It sounds amazing,” Gemma said. “Hold on, let me get my laptop.”

Soon she was sitting up near the head of her bed, and you were sitting across from her with her feet in your lap. She’d started up Netflix and settled on the first episode of an anime she’d been telling you about in the park.

“Mmmm,” she groaned. “That feels good.”

You smirked, pushing your thumb along the sole of her foot, slow and deliberate. “I’m not a professional or anything, but I learned a thing or two from a friend back in college.”

“He or she?” Gemma asked.

“She,” you said. “But nothing ever happened between us. She liked basketball players, I wanted someone emotionally available, and we both needed a study buddy for the first-year English 101 prerequisite.”

“If she taught you this, she must be a good friend,” Gemma sighed.

“She is when she isn’t chasing athletes,” you nodded. “What about you? Any secret attractions I should know about?”

“Other than being good with your hands?” Gemma grinned. “Tall, dark hair, mostly polite but a little naughty, too.”

“How naughty?” you asked, plying your fingers between her toes.

“Hard to define,” Gemma said.

You lowered her foot and pressed it against your resurrected hardon in your pants.

“You might be getting somewhere,” Gemma chuckled.

Chapter 41

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

Knock Knock Knock.

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

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

"Decently annoyed," Gemma said.

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

"Hi Becca," you said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Classic Lucy," Becca nodded.

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

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

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

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

“Oh, I save that for third dates,” Gemma laughed.

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

“Noted,” Becca said. “Have fun you two. Don’t get pregnant.”

“Wasn’t planning on it!” Gemma said, eyes wide.

Becca left, closing the door behind her.

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

“Oh my God, you dirty boy,” Gemma said, shoving you lightly. “That’s too far.”

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

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

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

She giggled softly and rolled her eyes. “Thanks.”

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

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

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

“And you want to know why I’m considering all this,” Gemma filled in for you.

“Or however you want to put it,” you nodded.

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

“I really hope I’m Jim in this situation,” you said.

“Nope. I’m definitely Jim, you’re Pam,” she smirked.

“We’re going to need to discuss this,” you said.

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

“Wait, Karen was...?” you tried to remember.

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

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

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

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

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

“No, never,” you said, clearly lying.

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

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

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

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

So. What were you going to do about it?

Chapter 42

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

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

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

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

“John?” she mumbled into your lips.

“Yes?”

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

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

“Little more modern, please,” she snickered.

“Forsooth-”

“Nope, further,” she said.

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

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

“Almost,” you smiled.

Knock Knock Knock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'd give you a solid eight out of ten," you said.

Her jaw dropped and she slapped your chest lightly.

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

"Good," she said. "You-"

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

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

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

"Wait, was he...? Or...?"

"Honestly, I didn't ask questions and still got more details than I wanted," you said.

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

"Yes, but I think he'd be scared to if I had a woman in there."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tease, you texted.

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

Good night, Sabrina, you texted.

Good night, Mister Boss, Sir :P.

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

“What’s that, sir?” your uber driver asked.

“Nothing, nothing,” you said. “Don’t worry about it.”

Chapter 43

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

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

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

"Not on an intern's budget," I said. "Not my day for the coffee run."

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

"No, no," you said, holding up a hand. "It's my pleasure. I owe you a few."

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

"How do you know about that? Wait, don't tell me. Sabrina."

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

"It was a lot of fun," you said. "And we're going out again on Friday."

"That's it? That's all I get?" she asked.

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

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

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

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

"Hey to you too," you said.

"Anyone else here?" she asked.

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

Gemma set her coffee and purse down and walked around the table to you. She was back to wearing her professional outfits - today was a soft beige pantsuit with a blouse done up to her neck and a suit jacket that disguised her bust. She turned and slid right onto your lap, wrapping her arm around your shoulders and leaning in to kiss you, slipping you some tongue. You responded by putting a hand on her back and another on her thigh.

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

“Good morning to you too,” you said and kissed her once more. “I’m already excited for Friday.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I, uh- well, I wasn’t expecting that in the office. In front of Gemma,” you said.

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

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

“I hadn’t thought about her in years,” you said. “I don’t think that’s necessary.”

“We’ll figure something out,” Gemma assured Sabrina.

Oh boy, you thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fine," he sighed, shrugging.

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

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

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

"What's not fair?" Andy asked.

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

“Wait, whaaat?” Andy asked.

Chapter 44

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

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

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

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

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

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

“That wasn’t a no,” he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Garrison led you into his office and shut the door.

You gulped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Alright, that'll work. Come to the main conference room three minutes after 2:00 pm. Exactly three minutes. Bring a notepad and that pen. When you come in, mumble an apology. Just something weak. Then you're going to sit behind me and Barbara and pretend to take notes, but you're going to click that pen a lot. Not constantly, or rhythmically. Just randomly and frequently. At some point, I'll signal you and you can interrupt to get a drink of water from the table. That's it, that's all you have to do. Got it?"

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

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

"Yes, sir," you nodded and left.

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

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

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

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

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

“Really?” Andy asked.

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

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

You were saved from answering by your phone pinging.

Sabrina: *Come down to the lobby.*

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

“I’m hitting the head,” you said.

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

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

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

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

Chapter 45

The lobby was empty when you exited the elevator.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You nodded.

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

“Done,” you said, nodding again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Already did it,” Sabrina nodded.

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

“Absolutely,” you agreed.

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

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

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

Chapter 46

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“We're lucky girls, I guess,” Gemma said.

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

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

“Is she a professional cock sucker?” Gemma asked quietly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What?” she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re a brat,” I laughed.

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

“Fuuuuck, yes you bratty blowjob queen,” you groaned.

She hummed happily.

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

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

“Fine,” you said. “Then at least kiss me.”

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

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

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

“Fuck, I’m going to come,” you groaned against Gemma’s lips.

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

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

“Fuck,” you grunted. “Fuuuuck.”

Chapter 47

“Mouth,” you groaned. “In your mouth.”

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

“Now,” you grunted and shifted your hips forward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“There, that’s her brand.”

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

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

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

"Full service package, huh?" you asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Good," Gemma nodded.

"Agreed," Sabrina said.

For some reason, you doubted their sincerity.

"OK," you said. "Gemma?"

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

"Too fair," Sabrina said. "I'd probably need to do that too, if I were wearing any."

"You skank," Gemma laughed.

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

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

"Your pleasure," Sabrina laughed and winked. "And hers."

"You can't tell me you didn't get anything out of it," Gemma said.

"I did," Sabrina said. "Dessert!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 48

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

"What are you doing here?" Sabrina asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gemma, as usual, was able to direct the conversation as well as Sabrina and soon you were all in the elevator, headed up to the office. Garrison met you at the elevator, saying something

about Bill being early as usual, and giving you a side-eye. Garrison led Bill one way, and you, Sabrina and Gemma went the other.

“Shit,” you said. “Shit-fuck-balls.”

“It’s fine, it’ll be fine,” Sabrina tried to calm you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 49

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bill didn’t react.

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

Bill hesitated, then answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Garrison began scolding you while apologizing to Bill, and sent you to fetch paper towels. You jogged to the kitchen and spent a good three minutes just waiting in there before reaming off a bunch of the paper towels from a roll and heading back to the conference room in a 'rush.' Would it have been easier to just pick up the roll? Sure. But now you looked ridiculous carrying the loose paper towel, and as you entered you just tossed it all on the table, stammering apologies as you began to just sort of push around the liquid with the giant wad. Once it was sort-of clean, you grabbed the garbage can from the corner of the room and just slid the soaked paper towels into it, leaving streaked beads of liquid all over the table. Garrison had sent Barbara to reprint a ream of documents that you'd soaked, and sent you to help her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, sir,” you nodded.

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

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

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

Chapter 50

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A clinic," Gemma said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fuck, you thought.

Two weeks.

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

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

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

You got hard. Reaching into your pocket, you felt the soft, small piece of fabric and strings that could only be Sabrina's thong. When had she put those on? Or was she lying back at the office when she had said she was going commando?

You looked at her, meeting her smouldering gaze with your own. It didn't matter. You agreed.
Fuck, yes.

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

"Sure," Sabrina nodded, and you agreed.

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

You and Sabrina both burst out laughing.