

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 566-575

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 566

It was almost unfair how fucking hot Amanda looked while she was getting fucked. She might not have liked it rough like Sabrina, or even Gemma, but the way her body reacted to your cock was something out of myth and legend. The addition of the rope corsets only added to the effect.

“Oooh, fuck, Daddy,” she moaned, her eyes glazed from exhaustion, her tired grin showing how fuckdrunk she was.

You’d done a number on her. The first load, as she’d ridden you and Sabrina had continued to whisper naughty shit in her ear about getting bred by you, had been gloriously accompanied by the best view of her tits there was as she rolled her hips and bounced lightly in your lap. You’d urged her to lean forward a bit so you could pull one of her nipples between your lips and that was what had pushed you both over the edge.

The second load had gone into her pretty, tight cunt in doggy as she’d bent over the side of the bed. She and Sabrina had kept you hard from the first one with a double lip lock on your cock, and Sabrina had taken a quick turn riding you before she’d declared it was Amanda’s turn again. Your girlfriend had gotten into position in front of her and Amanda had been face-first in her pussy as you’d pounded the busty woman from behind, played with her ass and raked your fingers down her bare back firmly, making her wriggle and moan.

“Breed me!” she cried as you’d pumped that second load into her, and she’d slammed her ass back towards you. Her orgasm started when she felt the jet of your cum rocketing into her, and she’d practically headbutted Sabrina between the legs - which set Sabrina off, and your petite girlfriend had squirted all over Amanda’s chest as she fingered her clit rapidly.

That had soaked half the bed, which was already clammy with sweat and sex, so Sabrina had sent you out to the couch in the living room while she changed the sheets. And that was where she found you, hard again and fucking Amanda some more.

You had the busty brunette’s ass up on the armrest of the couch as she laid back on the seats. She was up on a hip, her one leg high and raised to your shoulder while she kept

the other spread wide. This gave you a fantastic view of her entire body as you pulled out of her, slapped your cock against her thigh and then her clit, and then thrust back into her.

Her wordless moan was primal and beautiful.

“Having fun, breeding slut?” Sabrina asked with a grin as she came over from the bedroom. She was naked again, having disposed of her rope corset, and was carrying the magic wand massager in one hand and a buttplug in the other.

“Thank you for sharing him,” Amanda said breathlessly. “If he was mine I wouldn’t let anyone get near him.”

Sabrina’s grin didn’t waver as she went to her knees next to the couch and leaned in, kissing Amanda sweetly on the lips. It turned into a brief make-out, and you could see their tongues teasing and battling for a long moment. When they separated Sabrina held up the two toys she’d brought out. “Want to try to squirt, or get plugged up? Or we can do both?”

“Um,” Amanda swallowed, looking between the two. “Squirt? If that plug goes in me, I know what you’ll push for next.”

Sabrina chuckled. “You know me so well, breeding slut,” she said and kissed Amanda again.

You never did end up getting Amanda to squirt - maybe she just wasn’t able to, or maybe she had a different trigger that needed to be pulled. You and Sabrina definitely made a good effort in trying though, and Amanda thoroughly enjoyed the attempt. She would later describe the experience as ‘having every nook and cranny of her pussy explored three times’ as you sought the right angle to fuck her in while Sabrina swapped off with the vibrator and directly licked and sucked on her clit.

Amanda came several more times, all the silent freezing kind she had, before you felt your own orgasm pushing to the fore.

“I’m running on fumes here,” you finally grunted. “I’m going to blow, and then I’ll be done.”

“Here that, ‘Manda?” Sabrina asked. She’d been suckling, and possibly biting, Amanda’s tit before you said it. “One more big, thick, creamy load from Daddy. Think

this is the one that'll knock you up? Or are you gonna need to come over again and again just to make sure? Turning into a complete pet for his cock, craving his potent cum washing around in your womb.”

“OK,” Amanda groaned, grabbing Sabrina’s arm and then chuckled. “Enough. You’ve reached- fuck- you’ve reached the fucking other edge. It’s not doing anything for me anymore.”

“Aww,” Sabrina groaned. “Really?”

“Everything in- ungh- moderation, baby,” you panted.

Amanda reached for you, and you leaned down over her and crushed your chest to her tits as you kissed her heavily. Then she pulled you tighter in, bringing her lips to your ears. “Breed me, Daddy,” she whispered. “Fill me with your spunk.”

You groaned and felt that last bit of your energy roll out of you as your balls tightened and her hot, slick pussy sucked down your third load of the night.

“Yesss,” she hissed. “God, you’re the best. Fucking fiiill meeee.”

You kissed her cheek and grunted as you thrust into her, shooting deep until you felt completely and utterly spent.

Chapter 567

“You wake him up with a blowjob, I’ll finish up out here. Make sure you shower *with* him, OK? I promise you’ll like it.”

The words floated through your mind as you slowly came out of your slumber. There were, oddly, no warm bodies next to you. You weren’t sure when the last time was that you hadn’t woken up with at least one delightfully warm, soft and curvy body next to you. Sabrina was more likely to be the one to wake up early and start getting busy, so usually it was Gemma-

Oh. Right.

The bed shifted, and the sheet pulled down until your cock was revealed. You could feel how hard you were - it was like your body had gotten used to morning sexual activity despite the exhaustive event of the night before and was already primed and ready to go. Amanda’s chesty chuckle under her breath as she crawled further onto the bed and straddled your leg was sexy as hell, but also hurt a little because it reminded you of Gemma again. The gigantic, bare tits dragging along your thigh helped distance the two in your mind.

“Mmmm-mmm-mm,” Amanda hummed as she wrapped her lips around your cock and gave it three long sucks, her tongue slithering around the ridge of your cock head.

“Guh,” you grunted, sucking in a breath through your nose and then opening your eyes.

“Morning,” Amanda grinned at you. She had one hand steadying your flag pole of a cock at its base and used the other to scoop some of her light brunette hair behind her ear. She was grinning and teasingly licked the crown of your cock.

“Good morning... God, I wanted to call you Aphrodite but you’re way sexier and cuter than that slut.”

She laughed and turned her head sideways, rubbing her lips up and down your shaft as she looked into your eyes. “Apparently we’re supposed to shower together,” she said after giving it a proper kiss as well. “Something about me regretting it if I don’t?”

You nodded and groaned a little as you stretched, and that was when you noticed the clock. “Jesus,” you sighed. “Five AM?”

Amanda smirked a little. “Sabrina’s idea, and a good one. I wasn’t thinking I’d crash her last night so I need to head back to my place to get dressed for work. I’ll be doing a Walk of Shame.”

“Walk of Pride!” Sabrina called from all the way out in the kitchen. “Cause you got the best dick in the city!”

You both chuckled.

“Come on,” you said, sitting up and cupping her cheeks with both hands so you could give her a kiss on the forehead, and then on the tip of her nose. “Let’s hit the shower.”

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Being with Amanda was always having an overflowing hand. It wasn’t like when you were with Gemma or Sabrina your hands weren’t busy, but *everything* on Amanda felt abundant. Her tits, obviously, and her juicy ass. But also her hips, and her thighs, and even her shoulders and thick hair.

She’s *loved* the shower treatment that you’d slowly perfected on your girlfriends and fuckbuddies. And, to be fair, you’d loved giving it to the buxom babe. It had taken a hot minute for the two of you to *get* in the shower since she’d needed to take off her makeup first, but once you had your hands had been overflowing with beautiful, soft woman that got wet and soapy. Her giggles and moans as you washed her from head to toe, ending with a scalp massage as you washed her hair with Sabrina’s shampoo, had been twenty minutes of sexual joy.

Then, as you’d been standing behind her and rinsing the shampoo out of her hair, she’d reached back and grabbed your cock, stroking it a couple of times blindly before going on her toes and slipping you into position so she could lean back and take you into her. Her moans, once she was filled, had summoned Sabrina, and your butt-naked girlfriend had hopped up onto the counter by the bathroom sink, spread her legs and started playing with herself as she watched the two of you fuck.

“God fucking *damnit*,” Amanda moaned. She had one hand pressed to the wall under the spraying shower head and the other scooped to hold onto the back of your neck. With her two feet - or ten toes - planted on the shower mat for balance this meant she was turned halfway at the waist as she looked back at you with utter sex in her pretty brown eyes. The water was beating down on her chest, adding to her stimulation, and

you could feel that her nipples were little rock-hard pebbles as your one hand overflowed with a jiggling tit and your other held her steady on a hip.

“That’s it, ‘Manda,” Sabrina moaned, watching through the clear shower curtain - a change that had been made after the shower floor had gotten too wet too many times. “Take that dick. Tell him how much you love it.”

“I *fucking* love it,” Amanda groaned. “I love this goddamn cock. I’m an utter *slut* for this cock. I-” She’d pulled a little too far away, intending to slam back against you firmly to meet your thrust, but instead, she ended up pulling all the way off by accident and your cock wedged between her cheeks, sliding over her slick flesh as you continued to hump at her. “Fuck!” she grunted, reaching back with a hand to still your movement and then grabbing your cock and pulling it back down. “I just want to try...”

Four months ago, it was entirely possible that your relatively small amount of sexual experience wouldn’t have let you notice what was happening. Now you could feel the difference immediately.

“You sure?” you asked.

“Just let me-” she grunted, and pushed back a little, and your cock pressed against the dimple of her asshole. You could *feel* her tight little anal ring resisting, along with the press of her booty cheeks. She bounced a couple of times, minutely, testing her asshole’s resistance to your cock. You grunted hard.

“Too tight,” she sighed, adjusting your cock again and sliding it back into her cunt. She looked back up at you with puppy dog eyes. “Next time, OK?” she promised.

“Whenever you’re ready,” you agreed, scooping your hands around her stomach and pulling her back against you until you were deep inside and hugging her. You kissed her ear. “If it’s never, that’s fine. But I’m sure I’ll *fucking* love it if we get there.”

She turned more and kissed you, your tongues battling as she started to rock on your cock again.

“Breed her again, baby,” Sabrina called from outside the shower. She’d pulled a vibrator out of... well, somewhere, you didn’t keep track of all the places she kept sex toys in the apartment. The buzzing toy was pressed to her pussy as she leaned back and watched you and Amanda with a lascivious grin and zero shame.

“No,” Amanda said. “This time I want it all over my face and chest. Gimme a facial, John. Then we can take a couple pictures before I wash it off.”

You groaned and kissed her again, and she chuckled against your lips and clenched her pussy around your cock.

Chapter 568

“So you’re really done with the breeding stuff?” Sabrina asked, almost a whine. She’d clearly been having fun with the kink.

Amanda chuckled and rolled her eyes, taking another bite of the pancakes that Sabrina had made before the whole shower episode. You were all dressed - Amanda in her outfit from the night before, and you and Sabrina in shorts and t-shirts since you didn’t need to go anywhere before getting ready for work. “For now, at least. Seriously, it wasn’t exactly a thing in my sexual repertoire that I knew about *before* fucking you guys. After getting... What, five loads? Six, between the two times? After getting stuffed like a cream-filled doughnut enough times and hearing all the nasty sexual banter I think I need a break from it. I’m not *actually* looking to be a pregnant hoebag for you guys.”

“That’s totally fair,” you said before taking a bite of your own pancakes. “And Sabrina is happy to respect that.”

Your girlfriend gave a silly, dramatic sigh and then snorted. “Yeah, for sure,” she said. “I just like to see a girl get what she really wants. I think I mentioned this before, but our one friend had a secret thing for feet - I couldn’t care less about ‘em, but seeing the look on her face when I make her suck my toes while John is pounding her, or *God* the look on her face when he came on her feet? Totally hot.”

Amanda chuckled and shook her head, obviously a little overwhelmed by the content of the conversation despite everything that had happened lately. You had to wonder what conversations between her and Maeve had been like.

“I’m also not going to hold you to those anal promises,” you said. “That was heat-of-the-moment stuff.”

The busty brunette flushed a little and shook her head. “No, I definitely meant them. I mean, Gemma and Maeve could both take it so I want to at least try. I’ve only let one ex try before and it didn’t go very far. Maeve got me... let’s say ‘more used’ to my butt being played with. So I’m down to try again with a guy who I can trust to do it right.”

“Oh, he can do it right even if you’ve got a bank vault for an asshole,” Sabrina said. “I *love* it when he does mine, but I have to prep like crazy beforehand. Then there’s Gemma, the surprise Anal Queen. And holy *fuck* how have we not talked about Maeve taking three dicks in two holes?!”

“I know!” Amanda blurted. “That was-”

“-So much dick!” Sabrina finished for her. “That’s what Gemma and I said!”

The two of them agreed that two dicks in one hole sounded like way too much, and that Maeve was a little crazy for doing it. Then the conversation shifted a little to content - the first thing being the plan that you and Sabrina would put together for Amanda in regards to helping get her content back under control online. Sabrina had a list of links she’d saved over time to various guides on how to do DMCA takedowns, flag content to the larger sites where things got hosted, and tackle Social Media. Unfortunately, there wasn’t much that could be done about the geo-blocker on OnlyFans not being able to handle VPNs, so Amanda was kind of stuck since she’d already put out a bunch of content with her face in it.

“Part of me wishes I’d done it like you,” she groaned a little. “But then, you’re doing more stuff than I am... but maybe I *would* if my face wasn’t in it.” She sighed. “I don’t know.”

“Well, I guess what’s the goal of you doing it?” Sabrina asked. “Like, for me, it was a double-thing of exploring my sexuality because I’d always been a ‘good girl’ stereotype - at least to the outside world. But it was also trying to get a headstart, or not get super into debt, while being in college.”

“Mostly the second one for me?” Amanda hesitated a little. “And also a bit of a self-confidence boost, I guess. Like, I started growing the girls back in the sixth grade - thankfully it was never one big growth spurt, but I’ve been dealing with the good and the bad that comes with them for ages and sometimes I feel like people can’t see *me* because of them. So making them the feature of a monetization thing, and getting unfiltered compliments on other stuff like my face, but also my sense of humour or even my thoughts and opinions, was a big boost. If you don’t mind me asking - what’s your, like, OF percentage? Because I don’t want to pry but when I’m thinking about what content to do... Yeah.”

Sabrina glanced at you quickly. You both knew she meant what your ‘Top OF Earner’ percentage was. The sheer number of people on the site made the numbers feel a little wild.

“Well,” Sabrina said. “At the start of the summer, I was hovering just above the Top 1%, like 1.2 to 1.3. With more time and privacy and getting a little more creative with toys

and editing and stuff, before John started helping out, I ended up breaking the 1% barrier.”

“That’s where I hover right now,” Amanda nodded.

“Well, you’re doing less than I was at the time in terms of crazy stuff,” Sabrina said with an encouraging smile. “Your assets, and your personality in people getting to see your eyes, are great.”

Amanda shrugged, grinning shyly. “What about now?”

Sabrina glanced at you again, double-checking you were OK with sharing details. You gestured back with raised eyebrows that it was her information to share. A Top 10% model on OnlyFans made something like \$1000/month. The top 1% brought in about \$6,000/month if the published stats were to be believed, and Sabrina had been earning slightly more than that at the start of the summer.

“We just passed 0.35%,” Sabrina said, looking back at Amanda.

“Holy shit,” Amanda said. “So you guys…”

“By the end of the year, we’ll have most of Law School covered for us and Gemma,” Sabrina said.

“Fuck,” Amanda said, looking between you and Sabrina. “Maybe I *should* start taking dick on camera.”

Chapter 569

"I'm just saying, content-wise it would be a hot seller," Sabrina said.

The conversation had turned from money back to content, and what Amanda felt comfortable putting online or not.

"OK, here's how I think of it," Amanda said and then took a breath to ensure she knew what she wanted to say. "You have John. And Gemma. They know what you're doing, and you guys do it *together*. But I don't *have* my John, not unless you're trying to recruit me into your relationship and I don't *think* that's happening? Not that I'd immediately say no, I'd have to think about it because you guys are seriously amazing but I don't know if I could share *my* guy like you do."

"We're not trying to recruit you," you said. "And this isn't a cult, I swear."

That got you a wry grin from both of them.

"So everything I put online, I have to feel like I can show my future husband one day. Or wife, I guess; I'm bisexual as hell, obviously, but I kind of picture myself with a guy in the end. Anyways - Anything I put out online, I need to be able to show him because he could be affected by it at some point, right? If someone recognizes me or something. So even if I use your tips and tricks to do a shower fuck scene that only shows from the waist up and doesn't show John's face, it's still something I would need my future husband to be OK with. And I feel like that's asking a lot."

Sabrina sighed, glancing over at you.

"Are you arguing for this so much just because you want to watch us have shower sex again?" you asked her.

"No!" Sabrina said. "Well, I mean... I don't *not* want to watch it happen again, I just thought it was stupidly hot. But, OK, I get that, and it's sweet that you're thinking that way. But what about the pics we just took with your face and tits covered in cum? What are you gonna do, show 'future hubby' and then lie and say it was lotion."

Amanda snorted and covered her mouth, and you laughed. "No," Amanda said. "That one *was* hot in the moment, and I know my fans would love it, but that stays between us, OK?"

“And Gemma,” you reminded her.

“Yeah, for sure, you can show Gemma,” Amanda agreed.

“So then what about the idea of you doing a premium blowjob-titjob video?” Sabrina asked.

“That one... is more of a maybe still,” Amanda said. “I dunno, I need to think about it some more. I haven’t done any pay-per-view kinda stuff before.”

“It would do well,” Sabrina said.

“As a man who is your fan, if not a subscribing one at the moment, I would agree that your fans would definitely enjoy it,” you said.

They both smirked at you. “Now who’s angling for more sex?” Amanda chuckled.

You leaned over the table to her and kissed her, sliding your hand up to cup one of her tits through her shirt and bra. She groaned a little, raising two fingers to your jawline to keep you still as you kissed. When you finally pulled away you said, “I don’t think I need to *angle* for more sex, do I?”

“No,” she grinned. “No, you don’t.” Then she sighed as you sat back down in your seat at the kitchen table. “Honestly, the toss-up is what I feel like I could reasonably explain to a future serious relationship. ‘This is the one real blowjob video I did, with another professional, and was a premium content thing that didn’t get released widely’ feels a lot easier to sell than ‘And here’s my face covered in professional cum’ for some reason.”

“Well, whatever you decide, you need to do it quickly,” Sabrina said with a slight frown. “And if you *do* want to film with John, I think we could do a trade instead of paying each other or something. What if we shoot a couple of short clips of you fucking him, but never with your face or even frontal boobs, so no one can recognize you at all? And I mean like 10 to 15 seconds, doggy style and filmed from behind - just stuff we can use as a teaser that we’re hooking up with other people.”

Amanda was clearly conflicted and blew out a long breath. “Maybe?” she hedged again.

“You don’t have to give us an answer now,” you said, reaching over to take her hand. “Just remember that we leave the city *next* weekend back to college, so doing stuff with us after that will require a road trip.”

“I’ll think quickly,” Amanda nodded. Then she looked at the clock and grunted. “Fuck, OK. I need to get going if I’m going to have time to get to my place, do up my face, get dressed and make it to the office in time.”

It didn’t take long for the three of you to end up at the front door, Amanda double-checking she had everything she’d come with.

“Sorry we had to spring the content stuff on you,” Sabrina said. “John and I tried to figure out how to do it in the least weird way and I think I did better than he did when he first told me, but not *that* much better.”

Amanda shook her head and pulled Sabrina into a hug. “I don’t think there would have been one,” she said. “And, other than the initial shock and panic, you guys... Well, I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again. You guys are awesome. In bed, as friends, all of it.” She shifted from hugging Sabrina to summoning you down to do the same, and you kissed her on the cheek and both grunted as you squeezed each other tightly.

“OK,” Amanda said once the hugging was over, fixing her hair momentarily. It was a little slick still from the leave-in conditioner Sabrina liked. “Last thing - maybe a weird question. John, my face with no makeup. Postable?”

You were shocked by the question for a second, blinked and frowned, then took her by the shoulders and kissed her again briefly. “Amanda,” you said. “I’ve got bad news and good news, OK? The bad news is, when you’ve got no makeup on, you lose a little of the ‘stone-cold fox’ look that you rock. The good news is that you just look even more cute than usual. Yes, absolutely postable. Your smile is delightful, I could fall into your eyes, and *God* your dimples.”

“*Fuck* your dimples,” Sabrina chuckled. “So fucking cute.”

“Thank you,” Amanda nodded and breathed out. “I just- I’m a curvy girl, OK? Confidence issues are part of the blessing and curse.”

“Well, all we see are blessings except for your back pain,” Sabrina said. “Now get outta here, and text me when you get home safe, OK?”

You kissed Amanda one last time, a firm peck, and then Sabrina did the same and Amanda was out the door.

Chapter 570

“Ssssoooo,” Sabrina said in an ‘I’ve been wanting to say this for a while’ sort of tone. The two of you were getting ready for work, her in the bathroom doing her makeup while you were getting dressed.

“Yes?” you asked back. You already had your pants and socks on, all you were missing was a shirt but you’d distracted yourself by texting Gemma. 7 AM on the East Coast was 8:30 PM in Adelaide - once she was back at school it would be an even number, but for now, you had to account for the half-hour difference of Australian Central Standard Time. You’d wished her a good evening (the three of you had already gotten into the habit of referring to what time it was for the other side of the world) and updated her on the Amanda situation quickly. She already knew the basics when you’d respond to her Good Night texts before going to sleep, wishing her a good morning... It was getting a little complicated, keeping up with the time difference.

Sabrina leaned out of the bathroom to make eye contact with you - she was naked again, one nipple poking out around the door frame. “How are you feeling about all of *that?*” she asked.

“You mean Amanda?”

“And her content stuff.”

“You mean how she is doing less on camera on purpose out of respect for her future partner,” you guessed.

Sabrina nodded, then ducked back into the bathroom, a clear sign she was nervous about your answer.

“I think you both had similar thoughts and accomplished them in different ways,” you said. “You protected your identity by not showing your face and changing your voice so it was harder to recognize you. She’s limited what she does on camera even if she’s willing to be wild in her personal life. Neither way is *better*, just different.”

“OK, then can I ask a potentially inflammatory question?”

You sighed softly. “Baby, would you *not* ask it if I said no?”

She stuck her head back out of the bathroom, her lips now bearing a soft pink lipstick. "Is it kind of hypocritical that she doesn't want to do stuff on camera, but gets wild with us? Like - that was some great, kinky sex and she totally wants more from you. Do you think she'll tell a future boyfriend about *that* if she tells them about her OnlyFans?"

"I think..." you hesitated for a moment before shaking your head. "I think that's not really any of our business. And something she has to decide for herself."

"I'm just saying..." Sabrina sighed.

"I get it, baby," you said, standing up and pulling on your shirt without buttoning it up yet. Instead, you went to her and leaned down and kissed her forehead. "But you can be stubborn about your ideas, yeah? And you think it would either be a good idea, or a hot one, for her to put content out with me or us, and it bugs you she's holding back. Am I close?"

Sabrina screwed up her face for a moment. "You need to take fewer psych classes this year, I don't need you getting any better at reading me."

You snorted and kissed her forehead again. "I only ever took Intro to Psych, Sabrina. I just love you so much I can read your mind."

She grinned a little and pursed her lips, asking for a proper kiss, which you gave readily even though it meant you were likely going to need to wash your lips when it was your turn in the bathroom.

"OK," Sabrina said, dipping back inside to continue her makeup routine. "So we're still good with Amanda, and if she decides to film we're down, and if she doesn't we still want to fuck her one more time before we leave?"

"You didn't get so much action last night," you said. "I think it's up to you if we pursue more with her."

"Oh, I had fun," Sabrina said. "Even if I didn't get the long, hard, powerful fucking I could have used. And no, that's not an invitation right now no matter how much I want it; we need to get to work."

"I love you," you chuckled, buttoning your shirt.

“I love you too, baby,” she said, and you could hear the grin on her face. “But, if we carve out another day for Amanda, that keeps us on a tight schedule. And I’m just saying *if* it happens...”

“I know, I know,” you said. “Keep my mind open about Emma.”

“Exactly,” Sabrina said. “I won’t know for sure what to do about everything until I can talk to her properly. Katherine was talking like Emma was a zombie about it or something. I dunno, I might need some alone time with her first just for some basic sister time and to feel out how she is, like, emotionally right now and stuff. Cause part of me is worried she’s been posting those nudes as a reaction to something.”

Your phone dinged over on the bed, and you went to it. “Sabrina, she’s your sister. I’d give you all weekend alone with her if you think that’s what she needs, OK? I’d miss you, but you can put her needs first.”

Sabrina looked around the doorframe again, smirking as she delayed her progress for the third time. “Are you saying that because you love me and care deeply for my interpersonal relationships including the ones with my sisters, or because you know you could ring up four different hot chicks and they’d be *taking care* of you within the hour?”

You wanted to deny it outright, but you sighed and snorted. “One does not preclude the other,” you said.

She laughed and stuck out her tongue at you playfully. “OK, stop distracting me,” she said. “I need to finish here.”

“Gemma wishes us a good morning,” you read out your other girlfriend’s reply. “She’s hanging out with Birdie tonight, they’re going to the movies.”

“Tell her to send us selfies,” Sabrina said, already having disappeared back into the bathroom. “And that we miss her face already. Also, Birdie is fucking hot, so pics of her are welcome.”

“Maybe not that last part?” you asked as you rolled your eyes.

“...Yeah, OK, maybe not that last part,” Sabrina laughed.

Chapter 571

“Tell us what happened,” Sabrina said. “And spare *no* details.”

“You can spare *some* details,” you said.

Eric grunted as he circled the conference table to his usual seat in the Intern office, plopping down in his seat with a heavy sigh. He looked tired, which either meant he'd had a long night or an early morning. The silence extended as he stared off at the opposite wall.

“You OK, buddy?” you asked.

“Give us the headline at least,” Sabrina prompted.

“That,” Eric said slowly. “Was the best and worst sex I've ever had in my entire life.”

You and Sabrina looked at each other, and then back to Eric.

“Do you... need a minute?” you asked.

He shook his head and blinked rapidly like he was waking up from a dream. “No, no,” he said. “I'll tell you guys what happened.”

“Wait,” Sabrina said. “Did you do the coffee run?”

“What?”

“It's your day to do the coffee run, did you do it?”

“Fuuuck,” Eric groaned.

“I'll go,” you said. “Just hold off on the story, collect yourself. We can talk about it once I'm back.”

“Thanks,” he grunted, nodding, and then leaned forward and pressed his forehead to the lid of his laptop.

You left the conference room after another glance at Sabrina, who shot you an air kiss and a wink - she definitely wanted to keep prying, but would wait for you to get back.

When you made it down to the lobby you couldn't help yourself and went to Becks. There were maybe a dozen people in the lobby now, with business hours about to start properly, either heading through or waiting to meet someone so you leaned over the counter and dropped your voice low. "Eric had sex with Joy and another girl last night," you whispered.

Becks looked up, eyes wide and her mouth dropping open in shock. "What?" she hissed.

"There's a whole backstory, but he slept with Joy last night and she didn't remember who he was?"

'*Holy fuck,*' she mouthed.

"Yeah," you grinned.

"I'm gonna want to hear that story."

"So do Sabrina and I, but he's so out of it he forgot the coffee order. Want anything special today?"

Becks asked for the coconut shortbread the coffee shop had on Fridays, and you headed out of the office and down the street. You'd been in the shop for almost ten minutes, waiting in the long and slow line and trying not to guess at the details of Eric's story, when you felt a hand on your shoulder.

"John?"

"Becca?" you asked, turning and smiling. Becca was grinning as well and was all done up in a smart pantsuit that highlighted her curves while making her look a little more slender, along with heels and big, thin hoop earrings that highlighted her short hair. "Hey."

"Hi," she grinned, sliding her hand down from your shoulder to your waist, pulling herself in to give you a quick kiss on the lips. "I thought that was you, but you were facing away so it took me a minute to be sure. Look around more so people can recognize you."

You chuckled and shook your head. "I didn't realise there was anyone around to be recognized *by*. Usually when we do coffee runs it's a little earlier than this, but Eric had a big night and forgot he was supposed to do it today. Is this your regular shop?"

“Only on Fridays,” Becca said. “For the coconut shortbread. My office building is a couple blocks away so it isn’t usually *that* worth it... Why is that barista glaring at us?”

“What?” you said and started to turn.

“Don’t look,” she said quietly. “The brunette one with the nose ring.”

“I don’t know?” you said, then grunted. “Or maybe I do. Sabrina, Gemma and I have been in here together before. And we probably act like a couple when there are two of us. If she recognizes me and saw us kiss...”

Becca snorted and smirked a little. “So she either thinks you’re a cheater, or she’s had a secret crush on you and was hoping for her Hallmark Movie Moment by the end of the summer and doesn’t like seeing *another* woman hanging around you.”

You rolled your eyes and sighed. “I’m thinking it would be the first one.”

“Hey now, don’t sell yourself short,” Becca said. “You’re swoon-worthy in that ‘you’ll grow into your looks’ kind of way.”

“Wow, thanks,” you chuckled at her teasing. Then, on a whim, you leaned in and gave her another kiss on the lips. She pushed back with hers a little, accepting it warmly.

“So, how are you and Sabrina handling Gemma being gone?” Becca asked once the kiss ended, the little smile she had telling you that you’d chosen right.

“First night was tough,” you said. “But Sabrina being Sabrina, we had a friend come over as a distraction last night.”

Becca laughed and shook her head. “It’s still hard to believe that petite little thing is the crazy one in your relationship.”

“You have no idea,” you sighed. “But, speaking of crazy - the reason Eric was late. Gemma told you about Joy, right?”

“I think I have that whole story... so far?”

Becca was as invested in finding out more about Eric’s Big Night Out as you, Sabrina and Becks by the time you reached the front counter. As you stepped up to it, Becca

leaned forward and dropped her voice as she spoke to the cute barista. “I have sex with him and his girlfriends, and it’s fantastic. If you’d just nudded up and asked, they probably would have shared him with you for a wild night that would be a highlight of your year, but it’s the end of summer so you left it too long. Sorry.”

The barista blushed, her eyes going wide. “Uh- Um- Can I take your order?”

Chapter 572

One quick peck with Becca before you headed in directions, along with a promise to update her on the Eric story, and you headed back to the office. You delivered Becks' drink and snack to her, waiting an extra moment for a lady asking her a question to leave.

"I'm guessing you can't sneak away and come hear it from the horse's mouth?" you asked.

Becks sighed and shook her head. "Not during work hours," she said. Then she narrowed her eyes. "Why are your lips looking... redder? Or pinker?"

"Fuck," you said but resisted the urge to wipe your mouth. You'd learned that lesson the hard way after kissing Gemma or Sabrina too soon after they applied something to their lips and gave you a quick kiss. "I ran into a *friend* of Gemma, Sabrina and I at the coffee shop."

"A *friend*, huh?" Becks smirked.

"Shut up," you chuckled.

"Too bad you can't greet all your *friends* like that when you run into them day-to-day," she grinned.

"Way too bad," you agreed and winked at her.

She let you leave the drinks, and box of pastries, under her care as you went to the first-floor washroom and cleaned your face. Before doing that you took a picture in the mirror and sent it to the group chat with Sabrina and Gemma - you weren't exactly looking clown-like but it was noticeable enough that you were exasperated that Becca hadn't said anything to you. Gemma sent back several crying laughing emojis and admitted that Becca had already told her she'd left you a little 'present' after running into you. Sabrina sent a line of the same emojis two seconds later.

Once you were cleaned up - your lips looking red from rubbing now instead of the pink lipstick Becca had gotten on you - you headed back out and collected the drinks from Becks as she gave you another smirk and then bit the corner of her lip teasingly while shooting you 'I want your dick' vibes through her eye contact.

That left you feeling a little chubbed up and you had to take some deep breaths during the elevator ride. How was she able to do that to you after the night and morning you'd had?

You delivered the coffees, needing to mutter apologies to almost every lawyer you were delivering the drink to instead of leaving it on their desks minutes before they arrived - most were fine with it, a few didn't even look up from what they were doing, and a couple gave you accusatory glares like you'd stepped in dog shit and were trailing the smell around the office. Thankfully the last ones were low in the office hierarchy and didn't interact with you or the others much.

When you finally made it back to the conference room you only had three small coffees left and the box of pastries was significantly lighter. The pasty-bribes seemed to have been a hit.

"Alright," you said as you handed Eric and Sabrina their drinks and shortbread cookies. Sabrina was smirking as she looked at your lips, which you really fucking hoped had returned to normal colouration. "Let's hear the story."

Eric took a moment to sip his coffee, taking a breath and letting it slowly. "OK. So, you guys saw everything at the park, right?"

"Yeah. It looked like Killjoy was pretty weirdly aggressive," Sabrina said.

"She was," Eric nodded. "It was like she was trying to judge if I was worthy of getting into bed with them, which I guess is fair or whatever, but the way she did it was *wildly* aggressive. They were both tipsy already but not drunk, just warmed up, and I guess that had Beth feeling good because she was all over me."

"Beth, the roommate of the crazy chick you hooked up with?" you confirmed.

"Yeah. And... fuck, she's a *problem* because she's like... awesome," Eric said. "But I'll get to that. So Joy gets all in my face, interrogates me a bit demanding to know if I have herpes, acting like she's a cop and trying to read my responses. Then she grabs my dick through my pants, muttering about not wanting to waste time with 'a shrimp dick.' Well, that's not what she found so that worked out. Then Beth says she needs to get over herself, and Joy owes her one and this is the one she wants. I never did figure out what that meant. But basically the entire time I'm just there thinking, '*Holy fuck, how is she not recognizing me?*' Like, Joy sat right here next to me for weeks. We had that stupid fucking 'evaluation meeting' or whatever. But she's looking right at me and absolutely nothing. Then I wonder if her cracking her face on the doorframe gave her some major concussion or something and she lost her memory, but there are no other signs of something being off - and her nose is totally fine, by the way. She might have broken it but it's completely back in place and looked healed to me. Not crooked or anything."

"Lucky bitch," Sabrina grunted.

"You *want* her nose to be fucked up?" you asked. "That would make things worse for the lawsuit."

“I mean, no,” Sabrina said, then shrugged. “But also yes?”

You snorted and Eric chuckled. Then he continued. “So Beth makes Joy back off on her interrogation, and Joy says something like ‘Well, if I’m going to fuck him, I need another drink first.’ And Beth says she wants to get to know me a little better before she shoves her tongue down my throat and my dick up her butt - which, spoiler-warning, turns out she *loves* anal. So I got a threesome *and* anal last night.”

“Hey, you did even better than John,” Sabrina smirked.

“What?” Eric asked.

“Moving on,” you said quickly.

“We hooked up with someone last night too,” Sabrina said.

“Who?” Eric asked.

“A friend,” you said, shooting Sabrina a look.

Sabrina had the decency to blush, realising she was revealing too much again. Eric was your mutual friend, but he wasn’t *that* kind of friend to reveal Amanda’s secrets to.

“Dude,” Eric said, offering you a high five. That you couldn’t turn down, and you rolled your office chair down the table to accept it.

“So what happened next?” Sabrina asked.

“Next,” Eric said, “Was drinks.”

Chapter 573

“We hit up this fancy bar called *Ottomato* or something like that,” Eric said. “Beth ordered a beer with me, and Killjoy ordered a cocktail that must have been made of God’s piss or something cause it cost almost \$40 by itself. Beth asked more about me, so I told them... mostly the truth.”

“How did you avoid Joy putting two and two together?” you asked.

“I said I was interning for a firm of Stock Traders, and bullshit my way through changing a couple of stories from her,” Eric said. “Fuck, by the time we were finishing our drinks, I even told a story about how one of ‘my fellow interns’ got fired for going through the senior Trader’s tip sheets. Not even a flinch from Killjoy.”

“That bitch,” Sabrina said, shaking her head.

“Then Beth said it was time to head out,” Eric said. “I offered my place since Beth and I didn’t want her roommate catching wind of things, but Killjoy demanded we go to hers.”

“You went to her *apartment*?” you asked incredulously.

“Nah, man,” Eric smirked. “I went to the Bellagamba family house. And Bellagamba definitely heard me fucking her daughter.”

You and Sabrina were both stunned.

“Holy shit,” Sabrina finally said.

“Yeah,” Eric said. “I know.”

You rubbed your face with both hands, trying to process what you’d just been told.

“So, we finish our drinks and Joy makes me order an Uber, and when it gets there we head to ‘her place.’ Beth is still all over me, and it’s fucking awesome. She even starts rubbing me through my pants in the car. Joy is still being Killjoy, though I do notice she grabs Beth’s ass a couple of times - honestly, like I said I never got the story behind the whole ‘you owe me one’ thing, but I think Beth had a threesome with Joy and her boyfriend and now Joy was supposed to do the same thing for her, but she might have been more interested in just getting into bed with Beth again.”

“And Joy is still *with* that boyfriend, as far as we know,” you pointed out. “He’s just in Europe or something for the summer.”

“Well, wherever he is, I hope he’s getting laid because- well, we’ll get to that,” Eric said. “So the driver pulls into the neighbourhood with the big houses over on the east side just out of

downtown, right? And I'm like, 'What the fuck?' but Joy gets out and me and Beth follow, and Beth doesn't seem weirded out so I assume it's normal. Killjoy leads us down the driveway but away from the front door and down to a side entrance. Now, this place is *big*. Like it could eat two or three regular houses, probably. I don't know how Garrison or the other Senior Partners live, but I think Bellagamba or her husband come from money."

"That would explain a lot," Sabrina grimaced.

"True," you nodded.

"So she brings us in, but she's not trying to be quiet or anything. Beth starts kissing on me, and I'm feeling her up a bit, and then right there like four feet from the door she turns from me to Joy and tells her to kiss me. So then Joy grabs my head and it was like I was in the talons of some giant bird 'cause of her stupid extra long nails, but she plants one on me and it was *not* a good kiss. Then she pulls away and turns and kisses Beth, and I can tell she puts more effort in there. But like - I'm there, right? It's happening. So I put one hand on Beth's ass and another on Joy's and I give them both a squeeze. Beth moaned, and Joy growled. Like seriously, she growled. Then Joy grabbed my wrist, took Beth's hand, and led us through a couple halls and doors, then to a set of stairs. I didn't see anyone else, but I could hear a TV somewhere else in the house playing a Real Housewives show, and Killjoy kinda scowled in that direction before leading us to her room."

"Please tell me it was still done up like a bratty teenage girl," Sabrina smirked.

"No, sorry," Eric laughed. "It was mostly, like, modern I guess? Zero 'chill vibes' at all; I wouldn't want to sleep in there. Super clean, some black and white prints on the wall in silver frames. Well, most of it was super clean but there was a desk with a mirror where I guess she does her makeup and *that* looked like a bomb had gone off. Shit everywhere."

"I bet they have a maid, and she's not allowed to touch the makeup because they think she'll steal it," you grimaced.

"Total catty rich bitch move," Sabrina agreed. "So what happened next?"

"Well, Beth drops to her-" he glanced at you. "How much detail am I giving?"

You wanted to say 'broad strokes only' but you knew Sabrina wanted to hear more, especially after having been kept waiting while you handled the coffee run. And *she* would want more details to be able to give to Gemma, Becks and Becca, too. "Whatever you're comfortable with," you sighed.

"So Beth drops to her knees," Sabrina prompted him to continue, grinning like a fiend.

“Yeah,” Eric nodded. “And she, y’know, starts taking my dick out and then starts blowing me right there. And, guys, seriously - she’s *really* good at it. She’s looking up at me and I feel like the fucking *man*, right? And while that’s happening Killjoy just kind of sits on the edge of her bed and watches like she’s a judge on ‘Next Top Blowjob Artist.’ That ends up getting weird to me, so I grab Beth’s hands and pull her back up to standing, and she kicks off her heels and we start undressing each other as we make out. By the time I’m down to my boxers, and she’s in her bra and panties, she looks over to Killjoy and rolls her eyes, and Killjoy starts stripping too. Now, Beth is seriously hot. Great tits, sexy hips and lips, and she even had this cute little blonde bush and I never thought I’d like the look of pubic hair on a woman but it did something to me, y’know? Then, when we stop making out, I see Joy naked and... Guys, she looks like a second, maybe third-rate pornstar? Like, she’s clearly had a boob job - there aren’t any big scars anywhere, but they kinda stick out like this.” He gestured out straight from his chest. “And I’m pretty sure she’s had a BBL because she kinda has that ‘diaper look’ where her thighs and butt look kind of out of proportion to her stomach and waist. Not that she looked *bad*, I guess, but she just looked like an angry and aggressive Miami thot with lots of work done and seeing her next to Beth with her natural sexiness put it into stark contrast.”

“Aw, Eric,” Sabrina said. “Is that personal growth and realisation I’m hearing?”

“Shut up,” he chuckled.

“So what happened next?”

“Well... then they *both* sucked my dick.”

Chapter 574

Hearing Eric tell *another* sexual story in the office, with more detail than could ever be deemed appropriate, felt weird. There was no other way for you to think of it. And yet, it was *Joy*, so you wanted to know.

“Beth backs me up to the bed and gives me this playful shove to get me lying down,” Eric said. “And then she climbs up on the bed and kind of gestures for Killjoy to follow. Then - God, I don’t even know how to describe it - She starts, like, making love to my dick with her mouth. It was totally insane. Best I’ve ever had. *Way* better than Lucy for sure.”

“What about that OnlyFans model you hooked up with down in Florida?” Sabrina asked with a bit of a smirk.

“Better than her too,” Eric said. “Seriously. I already said it, but Beth is a *problem* for me because I think I’m, like, sexually locked on with her and needing to leave in a week feels insane.”

“That sucks that it’s happening now, but you were willing to be long-distance with Casey,” you pointed out. “Have you talked with Beth at all?”

“A tiny bit, right at the end of the night,” Eric said.

“Don’t skip ahead. What was Joy doing while Beth was loving on you?” Sabrina asked.

Eric chuckled. He was blushing a little as he told his story. “Well, it was like Beth was dragging her along a little, and she was going through the motions. She sucked my dick, and licked it, but it wasn’t anywhere close to Beth. Then they kissed around it and stuff, and that was really hot. Finally, Beth got fed up I guess and said something like, ‘If you’re going to be a little priss about it, just leave this big, hard, glorious dick-’”

“Really?” you snorted. “Glorious?”

“Ok, I might be exaggerating,” Eric laughed. “Basically, she told Joy to leave the blowjob to her and to eat her ass. I thought she was joking at first, but Joy actually did it. So there I am, lying there with Beth slurping on my pole and Joy face-first in Beth’s butt. It was fucking surreal. It doesn’t last forever though cause Beth has her fun and then she sort of moans and grunts and decides she wants to ride me, so she climbs up and just sits on my dick and it was so good, and she leans forwards and kisses me, and as she does it she reaches back and spreads her cheeks and I ended up kind of fucking up into her while she grinds on me, and Joy is right in there licking her ass and where I’m inside her and stuff.”

“Sounds hot, except for the fact that it was Joy,” Sabrina chuckled.

“Wildest- Well, not *the* wildest experience I’ve had now, but close. So I’m getting pretty damn overwhelmed, and I warn Beth I’m gonna pop because, like, how am I supposed to hold on during my first threesome through all of that? So she hops off and tells me to chill for a minute, and her and Killjoy get into a 69 and it’s *stupid* hot because I’ve never seen that in real life before. I watch for a bit, and Beth keeps flashing me these looks and smiles, and eventually calls me down the bed and pulls my dick right to Joy’s vagina and puts me in position. Now, I’m gonna be honest, part of me was worried at that point that it was all a trap or something. Or that Joy had sharp piranha teeth in her pussy or something. But I slid right in and - Look, I know this is bad to say, OK? So I’d never repeat it to anyone but you guys and I’d never say it *to* a woman, but... she was like, really loose. I dunno what was going on, but I probably could have fucked her all night and never gotten close to coming.”

“Maybe Beth knew and that’s why she wanted Joy there,” Sabrina snorted.

“Sabrina,” you scoffed, trying not to chuckle as well.

“So there I am, fucking Joy while Beth is sitting on her face, and Joy is moaning like she’s trying to wake up the neighbourhood or something,” Eric says through his grinning. “And then Beth sits up more and we’re making out, and she’s holding me and getting my hands on her tits and - I mean, seriously guys. She was all over me and wanted me all over her and it was awesome, even if I did have my dick stuck in pure evil. Eventually, I just want more of her though, and I pull out of Joy and go to push Beth back away from her, and Beth stops me and just leans back, shoving her ass right in Joy’s face and says, ‘Put it in while she tongues my asshole.’ And I’m like ‘Yes, ma’am’ because what else was I going to say? So now I’m fucking Beth again, and every time I do it it shoving her ass onto Joy’s face, and I can hear Joy grunting and I didn’t really give a flying fuck because... I mean it’s Joy and she’s such a bitch.”

“And she just put up with that?” you asked incredulously.

“I dunno man, she did. Beth must have something on her or something,” Eric shrugged.

“Anyways, eventually Beth pushes me away and rolls onto her stomach on the bed and asks me to fuck her butt, and Joy goes and sits in front of her and Beth dives into eating her out. I’m like, in a panic cause I’ve never actually done butt stuff before, but I put my dick in position and start to push in and it really wasn’t that hard, or she just really likes it and Joy did a good job, ‘cause it goes right in and then I’m having anal sex for the first time while in a threesome for the first time, and at that point I think I might have blacked out from sheer pleasure because I kinda forget what happened for a little bit. The next thing I remember I was sitting up on the bed with my back to the headboard, and Beth was straddling and riding me with my dick in her butt again, and Joy was kneeling next to us and making out with Beth while I was fingering her. Then Beth turned to me and asked me to, y’know, finish in her butt again. And I’m like ‘Again?’ ‘cause I don’t remember doing it the first time and she giggles and nods like I was making a joke, so I just... Finish. Again. In her butt. And it was awesome.”

“So I’m told,” Sabrina said, smirking as she glanced at me.

“Well, after that, we’re kind of done, and there was no way that I was gonna crash in Killjoy’s bed, so I offered to get an Uber and ride back with Beth to her place, and she agreed. Joy just heads into her bathroom and starts taking a shower, so Beth and I get dressed and I guess Beth’s been there before because she leads me back out the way we came in. I order up the ride and we wait at the end of the driveway, and that’s when we kind of chat a bit, and it’s weird because it feels so natural but also she’s giving me butterflies, and I end up telling her she’s damn pretty, and she laughs and we start making out until the ride shows up. Then we can’t *really* talk anymore because of the driver, but we hold hands in the back seat all the way to her place, and before she gets out she kisses me again and shoves her panties into my front pocket and tells me to call her.”

“That’s a good move, wish I’d thought of it,” Sabrina said, shooting you another grin. She and Gemma had both done that kind of thing to you before and you knew just how good it felt to get a gift like that.

“So that’s the story of how I fucked Joy,” Eric said.

“Now all you need to do is make sure you haven’t caught some sort of Evil STD, and you can call Beth to tell her you had a great time with her,” Sabrina grinned.

“And before you say it’s too soon,” you said. “Remember that I say this as a man with two girlfriends - it’s not too soon to call her.”

Eric looked like he wanted to argue for a moment, then sighed and nodded.

Chapter 575

For how wild your work day started, within a half hour of Eric finishing his story about Joy the fun came to a stop and it was just the regular bog-standard interning work you'd been doing all summer. Sabrina was going to tell Gemma about it on a call, and before noon Gemma sent your group chat texts about heading to bed, and you wished her a good night. She sent you both a selfie of her in bed, looking tired and smiling, and another one blowing a kiss at the camera.

You, Eric and Sabrina grabbed a fast lunch, though Sabrina ate downstairs with Becks while you and Eric headed back upstairs to the office. You got several texts from Becks through that lunch break as she was reacting to Sabrina retelling the story - mostly in the form of 'OMG!'s.

The afternoon went pretty much the same as the morning, other than Garrison doing a quick check-in. That sparked Sabrina to put together the package of stuff you'd gathered and she sent it off to her lawyer and CC'd Garrison. The photos and text records from Eric's phone weren't damning evidence, but they were definitely contextual to any lasting injury or lack thereof on Joy's part. By the time the end of the work day was coming around, you'd gotten a couple of texts from Becca asking for an update, so you typed out a super-short version and promised to give her the longer one another time. You'd also traded a few flirty texts with Tasha, who'd worked the morning shift at the bookstore and had the afternoon off before she was going to do a spot at the Comedy Club. Her texts included a sexy bikini pic under the guise of asking if the colour was OK, and the gleam in her eye in the photo told you she knew what she was doing, especially with her nipples hard and bumping out the thin swimsuit fabric.

The three of you called it quits at the end of the day, though. It was a Friday, after all, and you weren't expected to put in overtime *all* the time.

"Call her, Eric," Sabrina encouraged your fellow intern. "This afternoon. If she's as amazing as you think she is, she'll like that you followed up with her. Take her somewhere fun tonight."

"A last-minute date?" Eric hesitated.

"Take her here," you said, pulling up the Google page for the axe-throwing place you and Gemma had gone to. "It's fun and casual, and you'll get a feel for if she leans more Joy-ish than you thought last night."

Eric noted the place and agreed it was a good idea before heading off for the weekend. That left you and Sabrina on the sidewalk together, and she turned and went on her toes to kiss you as she held both your hands. "I gotta go pick up Emma from the train station," she said.

"And I need to go pack my stuff," you nodded. "Do you want me to give you and her that extra time you thought you might need? Maybe stay at Mosche's for a bit longer than I need?"

Sabrina sighed and shook her head. "No, just come right away and then we can go to dinner together. I'm not going to say anything about the posting stuff until after dinner and we're back at my- *our*- place anyway."

"That felt good, didn't it?" you grinned.

Your girlfriend grinned and nodded. "It really did. *Our* place."

You pulled her to you by the hips and kissed her again, and she groaned happily into it before you let each other go.

"Don't take too long," Sabrina said as she headed towards her bus stop. "I miss you already. I'll only be able to fill the hole in my heart once Gemma is awake and I can call her."

"Not if I get her on the phone first," you chuckled, making her laugh.

You grabbed the next bus heading towards the apartment, wondering (hoping) it would be the last time you'd need to do that from the office. You had a feeling you could manage to get everything back and forth in three trips by bus or just one if you ordered an Uber with a decent-sized trunk. The real question, however, was if showing up with *all* your stuff would be too weird for Emma.

Taking out the problem that Katherine had sent her to Sabrina about, you *were* meeting your girlfriend's little sister for the first time. The second person in her family you were meeting. You wanted to make a good impression, and 'Hey, I'm John, I'm moving in' didn't strike you as particularly... impressive.

You'd made the decision to just do one trip with one larger piece of luggage and all your more important stuff as you rode the elevator up to the right floor, and you made a fatal mistake.

You forgot to knock first.

Really, it shouldn't have mattered if you knocked or not. You were subletting the place, you had every right to come home at the end of the work week and expect to walk into an apartment that was welcoming and peaceful.

That's not what you walked into.

"Aw, come on," you groaned, turning and looking away. "It was the *first rule*."

Iris shrieked, trying to cover herself up. You'd gotten a flash of perky little boobs capped with dark areolas as she'd been bouncing on Mosche on the couch.

"Shit, dude," Mosche said. "Sorry."