

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 546-555

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 546

It turned out that Eric's latest match on the dating apps was deemed an absolute psycho by Sabrina.

You weren't convinced at first - she seemed like a pretty brunette who was local to the city and had pictures with a bunch of different people and different locations. In fact, you were shocked that Eric had swiped right on a profile where the girl wasn't showing off a swimsuit or 'workout gear' shot showing off her ass or cleavage.

Then Sabrina started poking holes in it. First off, the girl changed her hairstyle and colour frequently - it was different in each photo. That in itself wasn't a major red flag, but it hinted that she was either indecisive or made life changes too quickly. Same with the smattering of tattoos that, without looking closely, seemed like just a collection on her arms of a girl who leaned a little alternative. On closer inspection, they were all cartoon or anime characters in... compromising poses. Or getting murdered.

In one photo the girl was at the same axe-throwing place that you and Gemma had gone to on a date; what you and Eric thought was a cute, funny photo of her posing as she licked the blade of an axe Sabrina pointed out her crazy eyes.

Then there was the answer to one of her prompts. 'Best and worst thing about dating me: I'm the best you'll ever have, but I'll also be the last ;)'

"I'm telling you," Sabrina said. "She is battshit. Like, if you want one night of wild, dangerous, potentially dangerous sex - go for it. If you want to look for someone to *date* then you need to move on, 'cause she'll cut off your scrotum and sew it into a wallet."

"I..." Eric hesitated, looking down at the pictures again. She *was* a very pretty girl.

"You want the sex," Sabrina deadpanned.

'Yeah,' he gave her a chagrined smirk.

"Then, before I tell you how to make that happen, you need to promise me something," Sabrina said, and Eric nodded for her to continue. "Do not bring her back to your place,

and do not let her find out where you live. Don't even give her your number if you can help it. Be a fucking ghost. Fuck, don't let her look in your wallet, and pay cash wherever you take her. And don't use any condoms she gives you, bring your own and make sure she can't poke holes in it."

"OK, now you're being a little ridiculous," you said.

"I promise you, that bitch is *hangry* for a husband to keep under her thumb," Sabrina said. "And she'll go full Lucy in public if you give her the space to do it."

"Alright, I promise to do or not do all those things," Eric said. "If she's hunting for a husband to lock in her basement or whatever, how exactly am I supposed to get a one-night stand out of her?"

"Easy," Sabrina said. "Type in 'I want to spend an hour with my mouth between your legs. Offer is only good for tonight.'"

"Deadline pressure and up-front promise of oral sex?" you asked. "How is that going to work?"

"Well, it's not a *guaranteed* success, but you're basically letting her crazy do the decision-making for her - she *wants* sex. She just wants to feel like she's in control of it. Offering oral sex makes her the one with the power, at least to start, but putting a time limit on it fucks with her decision-making because it's telling her she can't have what she wants when she wants it, which just makes her want it more."

"Sabrina, I can't-"

Ding.

"Hey, it worked!" Eric laughed, holding up his phone. "She says she's off work at five."

"Go somewhere public," Sabrina grinned. "And go back to her place. And you *do* need to spend a good amount of time eating her out - not a whole hour, but do it."

Eric grimaced a little but sighed and nodded. You were well aware that he'd get a better return on investment for his relationships if he focused more on foreplay and not just scoring.

The three of you got to work, and about half an hour later Gemma returned from her meeting.

"How'd it go?" you asked, meeting her smile with your own as she came in.

“Good,” Gemma said. “You were right, it was ‘end of summer’ stuff. He said really nice stuff and thanked me for being part of our squad that woke him up to educating interns again. He sent me digital copies, but also gave me letters of recommendation signed by him and the other Senior partners, plus one from the Judge.”

“That’s not all,” Sabrina guessed, looking at her with an eyebrow raised.

“We talked about my plans,” Gemma sighed. “Which was... not awkward, but weird. Ish. He danced around asking if John and I were going to keep being an item, focusing on school and where I want to set up a career. I was honest that I hadn’t decided yet, but the States was tied with back home. He said to let him know when I’ve decided on a final list of schools to apply to, and if he knows anyone there he’ll reach out.”

“Fuck,” you said, both eyebrows up. “Gemma, love, that’s an amazing offer.”

“I know,” she grinned. “And I assume you guys are getting it too, I just got it first because my Visa is running out. I feel like I need to get him something, though. Like a thank-you gift for what he’s done for us as a mentor, and also all the shit he’s helped us out with this summer.”

“That’s a good idea,” Sabrina nodded. “Maybe something small, if we can think of it for tomorrow, and then we’ll give him a group gift with your name on it too?”

“That *is* a good idea,” you nodded.

“Count me in,” Eric agreed.

“Alright, it’s a plan,” Gemma nodded, then grinned again as she opened her laptop. “Now come on, all this work isn’t going to finish itself, interns. And I’ve been carrying you this *whole summer*.”

“You’ve been carrying *us*?” you chuckled. “I think if we checked the scoreboard I would be *way* ahead.”

“No way,” Sabrina said. “*I’m* definitely in the lead.”

“Nah, John is definitely the winner this summer,” Eric said. “He ended up with you two. There’s no beating that.”

Gemma and Sabrina both gave Eric surprised looks and then their expressions broke. “Awww, Eric,” they both said.

You scribbled quickly on a scrap piece of paper and folded it, draping it over the top of your laptop. It said ‘Winner’ on it, and got laughs out of all three of them.

Chapter 547

The workday felt like it was crawling by, but you were still surprised when you looked up and saw it was lunch. You put it down to the fact that the *work* was as boring as ever, but you were under 36 hours from when you would lose Gemma.

Eric wanted a sub again and headed down the street, but you, Sabrina and Gemma decided to take one last spin through the bodega together and came back up with the pre-packaged sandwiches and salads that had been your staple lunches all summer. You sat, eating and laughing, and were rejoined by Eric. And then lunch was over and you were back to work again.

It felt almost... anticlimactic when the end of the regular business day came about. Other than the regular drop-ins from Associates and Junior partners dropping off paperwork or checking on jobs, nothing interesting happened. No more meetings called. No Joy storming the office, or Bellagamba. Not even an issue with HR.

The work day came to a quiet close.

"Alright," Gemma said, having packed up her spot and ready to go. "I'll go pack all my shit, and see you guys soon?"

"Absolutely," you promised and kissed her on the cheek as you hugged her.

"See you soon, love," Sabrina said, squeezing her as well.

Gemma left, waving behind her as she headed out.

"Doesn't she leave late tomorrow?" Eric asked.

"Yeah, but she's staying at my place tonight," Sabrina said. "And we'll bring her to the airport for her late flight."

Eric nodded, looking thoughtful for a moment before turning back to his work. Then he sighed. "Fuck. I keep trying to come up with something for the Garrison gift and I feel like I'm trying to buy something for my grade school teacher Teacher Appreciation Day. A mug isn't enough, is it?"

You snorted and chuckled. "No, probably not. He *did* handle two lawsuits for you. And two for us."

"Technically I *made* him money on that second one," Eric said, reaching up and rubbing his face where he'd taken the punch from Two Chains. "He got his percentage."

"I was thinking something he'll use when working with future interns," Sabrina said.

“Like what?” you asked.

Sabrina sighed. “That’s as far as I got.”

Eric abandoned his search for the moment and rejoined ticking off tasks on the queue - you had until the end of the next week to acquire whatever you were going to give Garrison.

Soon enough another hour had passed, and the three of you headed out early. Gemma had mentioned that it was her going-away dinner to Garrison, so you assumed he wasn’t going to order a mystery dinner that night to an empty office - you still weren’t entirely sure how he knew the number of people every night. *That* led to you worrying that maybe he *did* have cameras in the office that you didn’t know about - but then, you, Gemma, Sabrina and Becks still had your jobs, so that wasn’t likely.

That or sex in the office was a lot more common than you thought.

You and Sabrina took an Uber instead of a bus to Gemma’s and found her *almost* ready to go. Three heavy pieces of luggage, a backpack and a purse were piled by the front door. You called hello’s to Becca and Charlotte, who had made it home from her work trip to be able to come to the dinner, and then you helped Gemma get her stuff down to the street.

“You’re going to be paying out the ass on overweight charges,” you grimaced as you lined the last piece of luggage up, waiting for your next Uber that would bring you to Sabrina’s.

“I know,” Gemma frowned. “But it can’t be helped. I *did* have less stuff to bring back with me a couple of months ago. Then *someone* decided to sweep me off my feet and I needed to jam a couple of stolen hoodies and t-shirts into my luggage too. Not to mention three new gorgeous dresses *someone* bought me, *and* all the new lingerie.”

“I apologise for nothing,” Sabrina grinned. “I’ll never hear it said I don’t treat my girlfriend like the absolute princess she is, whether she’s fierce or not.”

“I could take back my hoodies though,” you said, looking wistfully at the bags. You really didn’t have that many, and despite the fact that your girlfriends had metaphorically torn through your old wardrobe they’d both somehow managed to lay claim to all but one of them, plus multiple T-shirts they had originally deemed too nerdy or ugly to be worn outside.

“Not a fucking chance, love,” Gemma smirked, grabbing you by the front of your shirt and pulling you into a kiss. “They smell like you,” she murmured once the liplock eased off. “And *God* am I going to need that in the next few months.”

You were hugging her and squeezed her even tighter. “That doesn’t help me wanting *your* smell though,” you said. “And I don’t think your hoodies would fit me.”

She snorted and chuckled as she pulled away. "I dunno," she said. "I have this crop top one that I think you'd look pretty cute in."

"No," you said, seeing the look in Sabrina's eye as well. "No," you repeated. "I am *not* wearing a crop top."

The rest of the wait for the ride was you fending off their arguments for why you should wear a crop top - and they were future lawyers, so they could make a flimsy case sound *almost* reasonable at times. You were pretty sure they mostly just wanted to be able to take a picture of you *in* the crop top though, and would never let you forget it.

Unfortunately, due to traffic, you were running late by the time you made it to Sabrina's, unloaded Gemma's stuff into her apartment and then headed back out again for the restaurant. The others would get there first, and you had to wonder what sort of conversation would happen at a table between Becca, Charlotte, Becks and Tasha.

For a moment you had a flash of being completely overwhelmed in a reverse-gangbang situation. That definitely *wasn't* going to happen, but the fact that there was any sort of statistical possibility that it could?

Wild.

Chapter 548

Arriving at the restaurant was a flurry of female forms. You and Sabrina were still in your work outfits, but everyone else was dressed down even though it was a nicer franchise steakhouse. That's the way Gemma had wanted it.

Your party was a problem for a few minutes after the hostess led the three of you to your table. All four of the ladies you were meeting were up on their feet as soon as they spotted you, babbling happily and hugging fiercely.

Tasha was the first one to get to you, and you wrapped her up in your arms, feeling her tits crush against your chest. She was wearing a cropped T-shirt under a thin jean jacket that was hanging open, as she hugged you tightly with one hand she reached back and guided your hand down to her ass.

"Really?" you chuckled, squeezing it. It may not have been as nice as Becks' or Becca's, but an ass was an ass.

"Any time except funerals or in front of my parents," she smirked at you, then went on her toes and you met her with a peck of your lips as you gave her another squeeze. When you released each other she grinned and shook her head. "Don't bother holding back with the others either, we're all two drinks deep already."

She went to hug Sabrina, and you were getting hugged by Charlotte.

"Welcome home," you said as you embraced quickly. "Good trip?"

"Good is relative. It was... productive," she said. "Becca mentioned you guys finally got the *thing* out of your system."

You nodded, not quite sure what to say. The one worry you'd always had about the stuff with Becca was how Charlotte would react - Becca had made it clear that they *weren't* in a relationship and she could do what she wanted, but seeing them together you'd always felt like Charlotte acted like they were. She was smiling lopsidedly though and looking at you without accusation or malice. "You're OK with it, yeah?" you ended up asking.

"Yes, for sure," Charlotte assured you, her hands patting your upper arms for a moment. "Honestly, I expected it sooner but I guess Gemma liked keeping her horny. I know I've been getting the benefits of that game in the lead-up."

You laughed. "Well, glad I could be of service."

She winked and headed towards Gemma.

Becks was next to greet you. She was the most dressed up out of the four, wearing a little black shoulderless dress but pairing it with a pair of white wet-look tights. Her black hair was tied back in a thick braid and she was on heels tall enough that she was almost the same height as you. Her arms came up to circle around the back of your neck as you hugged her low around her waist.

“Hey, Daddy,” she said quietly as she pressed her body to yours and kissed your cheek.

“Not tonight,” you sighed, making her chuckle. Then she playfully licked your lips right in the middle with the tip of her tongue.

“Don’t mind me,” she said with a grin. “Just making sure you’re wound up for taking care of our girl tonight even if I won’t be there.”

“I’m sorry we can’t invite you all,” you said.

“I’m sure you are,” she snorted.

“Not like that,” you sighed.

“I know,” she grinned.

You slid your hands down a little, grabbing her butt since Tasha had said the girls were sort of expecting some attention. And you found you didn’t really care at that moment if people were watching or not. “How come you dressed up? Because you look gorgeous, but this was supposed to be casual.”

“It’s an experiment,” she said.

“Want to tell me the theory you’re working on?”

“If I can catch Tasha checking me out or not, and how I feel when she does,” Becks said quietly, bringing her lips to your ear. Then she sucked your earlobe for a second before pulling away. “Don’t say anything?”

“I won’t,” you promised and sealed it with a kiss.

Becca was the last to greet you, but certainly not the least. She was wearing a button-down plaid shirt and jeans, looking about as butch as she could get with no makeup - if not for the swell of her breasts and knowing her, she probably could have passed for a dude in dim lighting with that tomboy outfit. It didn’t dissuade you in the least, though, and you hooked your fingers through her jeans belt loops and pulled her to you with a grin.

“Hey there, sailor,” she chuckled, hugging you.

“Hey, Becca,” you said, wrapping your arms around her. “Feeling OK after the late night?”

“I *might* still be sitting tenderly,” she said. “Did you really need to do that big a number on my ass?”

“Hey, I didn’t hear any complaints at the time,” you said, pulling away a little to meet her eye.

“That’s fair,” she smirked and shook her head. “It *was* really good.” She sighed and shrugged. “Just don’t expect it to be like that if we hook up again, alright? That’s a Big Special Occasion kind of experience, I’m usually the one who likes to be in control. Lots more riding, maybe a little pegging?”

“If it happens again, way more riding is OK with me,” you said, then waggled a finger at her an inch from her nose. “But if you think you’re getting anything near *my* butt then I’ll need to punish you again. Worse than last night.”

She barked a laugh and then caught your finger between her teeth, giving you a silly growl like a dog with a toy before wrapping her lips around your finger and sucking as she pulled away. The look in her eyes was teasing, playful sex. Becca didn’t say anything though, and turned and looked at the others. “Alright, you gaggle of clucking hens. Sit, already. We need another round, and I’m getting hungry!”

Chapter 549

Dinner was a delightful, chaotic event. Gemma was sitting in the middle of the table, everyone wanting to be able to talk with her, and you and Sabrina allowed the others to crowd around with her so they could get more time since you'd have her to yourselves later in the evening. It wasn't like either of you were getting ignored, though. Sabrina was at the far end from you, chatting with Becca and Charlotte when they weren't engaged with Gemma, and that left you with Tasha and Becks at your end of the table.

You got caught up on news from Tasha first - she was almost fit to bursting, excited to let you know she'd been awarded a 'Regular' spot at the Comedy Club since she was starting to be a crowd draw. It didn't mean she was really making any more money, so she wasn't quitting her job at the bookstore any time soon, but it did mean she got set spots outside of the Open Mic nights and could work on a full thirty-minute set instead of the five or ten-minute ones that she'd been restricted to before.

You congratulated her and made sure that her news made it down to the other end of the table, and she absolutely beamed that you made the effort. Then, after letting the good vibes linger, you lowered your voice and gave her the super-brief version of what you knew about what was going on with Mosche and Iris. Tasha admitted that his ostracization at the club had come to an end already, or at least the level of poking fun at him had returned to normal levels, but that she was still holding a grudge and felt honestly worried for Iris. You agreed on that last point.

Becks jumped in then.

"All you need to do is some cyber-sleuthing," she said. "Figure out a social media account we can message her on, and then I could send her an 'anonymous' warning about what he did - what *did* he do?"

Tasha made a face, glancing down the table where the conversation was more upbeat and energetic. "I'll tell you another time. It's not exactly party talk."

"OK," Becks nodded and reached across the table and took Tasha's hand. "If it's that bad, then I'm already sorry and super on your side."

"Thanks," Tasha said with a little smile.

Were you witnessing a platonic moment or a romantic one?

The conversation pivoted, both of the ladies not wanting to drag down the vibes of the table, and Becks started telling Tasha stories about working with you and the other interns and regaling the whole table with how Sabrina had busted the face of Joy. They knew bits and pieces already but hadn't gotten it all at once, and Becks was a good storyteller and had you laughing and groaning even when she was poking fun at you.

Appetisers got devoured, and then the mains got delivered and devoured as the conversation went on. During the meal you ended up catching some of the flirtatious attention that you were becoming used to as well. Tasha spent some time with her hand on your knee and thigh, rubbing you slowly until she found the head of your cock under your slacks and just pressed down on it lightly, cupping it as she grinned at you, knowing exactly what she was doing. Becks seemed to know something was going on and she contrived to gesture frequently towards her bust, drawing your eyes to her cleavage. At one point after their fourth round of drinks had been delivered late in the meal she even sat up and stretched, and her dress just *happened* to slip and you and half the table got a look at her warm, brown nipples for a moment before she quickly pulled it back up.

“Whoops!” she laughed. “Wardrobe malfunction.”

Thankfully, with the way the others were dressed and sat where you were surrounded on most sides by other diners, it was the only one that happened.

Sabrina slipped away at one point late in the meal and came back smiling like a Cheshire cat. About ten minutes later, just after your plates had been cleared, a trio of servers came out bearing pieces of mocha-flavoured ice cream cake for everyone that definitely hadn't been ordered at the table. The ladies were thrilled, but Sabrina stood up and everyone hesitated in digging in briefly.

“I just want to say a couple of things,” Sabrina said. “First, thank you, ladies. For being our friends. Me, John and Gemma are all strangers in this city and I can honestly say, other than them, you guys have quickly become some of the best friends in my life. I am so damn thankful that we've met gorgeous, sexy ladies like you with giant hearts. Second, and I promise it's the last thing because this cake is already getting soft, Gemma - when you walked into my life that first day at the office, I thought you were so pretty you were a little scary. Then you opened your mouth and I was like ‘Fuck, and she has a gorgeous accent.’ Then I found out how funny you are, and how loyal. How fierce you care about people, and how smart you are. And, the Me that's standing here can still hardly believe it, but I can definitely say the Me of four months ago would have her mind blown, I am totally and completely shocked some days to be able to say that you're my girlfriend. I love you, baby, and while I wish you safe travels and good reunions at home, I also need you to get your fine ass back to us as *fast* as possible, OK?”

Tears were spilling over onto her cheeks as Sabrina finished her little speech, and Gemma was crying as well as she smiled sweetly at her girlfriend. You weren't ashamed at the fact that you were tearing up as well, especially considering the rest of the table gave Sabrina a light applause and murmurs of agreement while they wiped their own eyes.

“OK, dig in already,” Sabrina said, waving at you all. “And I swear if any of you complain about the calories or something tonight I'll smash your face into it. Enjoy!”

Chapter 550

“What’s going on, John?” Gemma asked. As dessert had been getting polished off up and down the table, you’d stood up and moved around, whispering in Gemma’s ear asking her to follow you. You’d led her out of the restaurant and into the pretty little gardened ‘entry path’ area at the front where it was nice and quiet.

You turned to her and took her hands in yours. “I thought about making this a big speech, but Sabrina covered everything we wanted to tell you in front of the others. Especially with random people around.”

“OK?” Gemma said hesitantly. “So what do you need to say out here then that you couldn’t say back at Sabrina’s?”

“That I love you, Gemma,” you said. “Every single way we’ve ever said it, I love you.” You reached into your pocket and pulled out the jewellery box that you’d had sitting there all night after your quick stop at Sabrina’s where you’d picked it up.

Gemma saw it in your hand and her eyes went wide. “John, I’m not- This isn’t-”

“It’s not an engagement ring,” you assured her. “Or a promise ring, or anything like that.”

She let out a breath and her shoulders immediately lost the tension that had spiked in them. “OK,” she said. “Not that- I just…”

“It’s too soon, even if the idea is attractive,” you said. “And you’ve been burned before.”

She looked up at you with big eyes and then pulled you into a tight hug. “Thanks,” she said.

You hugged her back for a long moment that seemed to keep lingering. Finally, you said, “So do you want to know what *is* in the box?”

“*It’s a dick in a box,*” Gemma murmured musically, and you both snorted at the now-somewhat-dated reference. You were children of YouTube though, so even if The Lonely Island had seemingly died, its meme potential lived on in memory. Gemma pulled back from you, cradling your hands in hers. “OK,” she said. “I’m mentally prepared for a gift now.”

“This is to help keep us on your mind,” you said, opening up the little felt box. “And to know that Sabrina and I will always, *always* be ready to listen to you, and love you. No matter the day or time.

It was a small chain, dainty and silver, with three small silver charms on it. The first two were hearts, one with a J and another with an S engraved. The last one was a small clock face with no hands. Both ends of the chain had silver stud earrings, making it ready to fit the new piercing she’d gotten while you’d all been on your beach trip.

Gemma looked at it carefully, her lower lip firmly clamped between her teeth. The back of the J heart was studded with a tiny emerald and the back of the S with a tiny amethyst. “John,” she breathed out. “It’s gorgeous. And it’s too much!”

“Sabrina paid for the gems,” you told her. “I paid for the chain and the charms.”

She shook her head, her brow furrowing as she looked up into your eyes. “You were already going to be stuck *between* my ears all the time, now you want to hang onto one too?”

You chuckled and leaned down, kissing her sweetly. “I want to cling to you like a... I was going to say wombat, because that feels right, but I don’t actually know if they’re clingy or not.”

Gemma snorted and rolled her eyes. “Making Australia jokes right now is not winning you points.”

“I know,” you grinned, and kissed her again. Her lips were so sweet, a lingering sugar from the ice cream cake, but mostly because they were hers. You ran your hand along her neck, pouring what you were feeling into her. Your love, your sorrow she had to leave, your desperation for her. Your hope for when you’d be able to be together again.

“It’s still too much,” she said when your lips finally came apart.

“And yet, not as much as you deserve,” you said. “I’d crown you in rubies and gold if I could, Gemma. You’re an absolute Queen, and I feel so completely blessed to have you in my life.”

She sucked in a breath and let it out slowly, then quickly reached up and took off the small chain she was already wearing. “Put it on me?” she asked.

It took a little fiddling but you figured it out, and then you took a picture for her to see it after you stashed the older chain in the jewellery box.

“Perfect,” she said, touching it as she looked at the picture on your phone. Her finger traced over the two heart charms. Then she looked up at you and in a moment she was crying. “I’m going to miss you so fucking much, John,” she sobbed softly, crashing into you as she buried her face in your chest and you hugged her again. “I’m so sorry I have to go.”

“It’s not something to apologise for, love,” you said, rubbing her back. “It’s just life. And sometimes life kicks us in the teeth a bit before it lets us get our happily ever after.”

“Yeah, well life can suck a dick,” she said, then sniffed hard and pulled away. “Shit,” she said. “I got my mascara on you.”

Your shirt was now a mess, and you didn’t give one fuck about it. You took Gemma’s hands and held them tightly. “I love you, Gemma.”

“I love you too, John,” she said quietly. She took another breath, calmer this time, and then nodded. “Let’s head in, I’ll tidy myself in the bathroom, and then meet you at the table.”

“OK,” you agreed. “They’ll be wondering where we are anyways.”

Gemma smirked. “Let’s be real, they probably think we’re fucking in a bathroom stall.”

“I... can’t even deny that,” you chuckled. “But we have a bed waiting for us, so I think we can do better than a toilet stall.”

“Good point,” Gemma said. “Come on, let’s go.”

Chapter 551

Ending the goodbye dinner turned out to be just about as messy a scene as starting it was, there were just fewer people around to witness it since it happened outside.

Tears were shed. Hugs were repeated six or more times. You ended up holding more Tasha in your arms for a while as she got a little overwhelmed, everyone's emotions feeding back on themselves. Finally, Charlotte and Becca headed one way and Becks and Tasha headed another when the Uber Sabrina had ordered got tired of waiting for you and honked his horn.

Both of your girlfriends were half-depressed, half-chuckling after the long goodbye and at seeing the state of their makeup in the compact mirror Gemma had brought in her purse. They cleaned themselves up a little, but the conversation remained quiet - you had a lot to say, but it was private. There was no need to spill your personal shit in front of the Uber driver.

You got dropped off at the top of Sabrina's street, and Gemma immediately grabbed your hand while Sabrina looped her arm with yours, assuming their traditional positions before you started to walk.

"Tonight was really good," Gemma sighed. "God, I'm gonna miss those girls. I'm excited to get back with Birdie and see my other friends at home, but it's a different kind of close."

"You know, John *is* OK with you fooling around with other girls," Sabrina said, grinning as she looked past you. "So am I. Especially if he gets to fuck 'em too when he comes to visit."

Gemma chuckled and rolled her eyes. "It wouldn't be the same as this," she said, shaking her head. "My friends... My friends are great people, but not like that. Then again, I haven't seen them other than in quick video calls so maybe I'll feel different about being attracted to them or not when I get home and actually have them in front of me."

"Gemma, love, considering what we're going to be doing, you deserve to have someone to be intimate with while we can't be with you," you said. "So, just in case you do find yourself presented with an opportunity with a female friend you trust..."

"Permission granted," Sabrina said.

Gemma smirked a little and shook her head. "I don't think it'll happen, but I appreciate it. And I'll definitely keep you updated if it does - I gotta keep up the sexy teasing somehow when

competing from across the world.” You and Sabrina both started to protest but she held up her free hand. “I’m joking, I’m joking. It’s not a competition.”

You blew out a breath, stopping since you had reached Sabrina’s building but not heading for the door yet. It was a beautiful night, the soft breeze adding just enough coolness to the hot August evening that you might have even called it perfect. “So, there’s one other Relationship Rule thing I think we need to talk about,” you said. “Becks brought it up with me earlier today and this is the first chance we really have to talk about it alone, out of the office. She pointed out to me that, if she and Tasha *do* get together-”

“She’s talking about it happening?” Sabrina interrupted excitedly. “That means she’s basically jumping into bed with her. Maybe they’re doing it *right now*.”

“Love,” Gemma said, quirking an eyebrow.

“Sorry,” Sabrina laughed, smiling up at me. “Continue please, baby.”

“*If* they were to get together, or even just start coming down to visit us together, it’s going to get awkward if Tasha doesn’t know about the OF and Becks does. Especially if we want to film with Becks and she’s taking extra trips down to us without Tash.”

Both of your girlfriends frowned, and both of them seemed to try to respond but weren’t sure what to say. It was kind of cute, watching them mirror each other, and you wondered what mannerisms you’d picked up from them in such a short time.

“Use your words,” you chuckled.

“They aren’t wrong,” Gemma said, looking at Sabrina.

“No, he’s not,” she agreed. Then she bit her lip. “Like, let’s be real, adding Tasha to the potential film-buddy list would be a big hit with the Fans. Her tits alone could have their own account. But even if she doesn’t want to film...”

“The reason we originally didn’t want to tell her was trust,” you said. “We were worried that, especially if she did participate, she would want to use it as fodder for her comedy. But now we know her better, *and* there’s the Becks’ side of things.”

“I know you’re going to say my opinion matters,” Gemma said. “But I’m not voting on this one. I’m OK with you telling her if you’re comfortable, Sabrina, but it’s a big thing to tell so I would understand if you didn’t want to. Hell, telling Becks wasn’t supposed to end up with us having her as a super intense friend that we’ll probably have for the rest of our lives - she was *supposed* to be a safe person to do stuff with, and then we’d drift apart. I can’t see that happening now.”

Sabrina was chewing on the inside of her lip, thinking hard. You raised a hand and swept some loose strands of hair back from her face. "I think it's your choice too," you said. "Tasha's great, I think we can trust her, but of the two of us you're the one that would be hurt more by any information leaks."

"OK, what about Amanda?" Sabrina asked. "Like, there's a couple of differences but they kind of even out. She's a sweet girl, but we know her way less than Tasha, and she could use the OF thing against us if something wild happened. But we also know about *her* OF. Should we tell her?"

"Good question," Gemma sighed.

You took a beat, breathing slowly and nodded. "I'm OK with telling Amanda as well," you said.

"You fall in love too easily," Sabrina smirked.

"I'm not in love with Amanda. Or Tasha," you said.

"She means you trust girls you sleep with too easily, love," Gemma said. "And the way you trust looks a lot like love."

You frowned, trying to parse that one out.

"It's OK," Sabrina said, hugging you. "It's part of the reason why *we* love you. And why everyone we've fucked this summer is *adickted* to you."

"Nice *emphasis*," Gemma snickered. "I think I'm OK with telling Amanda too. Hell, we revealed names and faces to Nelli."

"OK," Sabrina nodded. "I'll decide about Tasha and Amanda. Now can we go upstairs so I can make love to my stunning, gorgeous, sexy, arousing, smokin' hot girlfriend that's leaving the country in 24 hours *puhlease?*"

Chapter 552

“That... was really good,” Gemma sighed happily. She leaned back against you a little, her slick bare skin pressing against your chest. Your hands were up in her hair, soupy and softly massaging her scalp as the steam of the shower surrounded the three of you.

“What was your favourite part?” Sabrina asked with a little grin before kissing Gemma’s palm. She was gently washing your mutual girlfriend’s arms with a soapy loofah and a spot of the suds got on the tip of her nose.

Gemma smiled warmly and swiped the spot away. “Honestly?”

“No, lie to us,” you chuckled.

“My favourite part was right at the start, when I was sucking your cock, John, and you were eating me from behind, baby,” Gemma said. “It felt like I was giving and receiving so much love in that moment, and worshipping and being worshipped. I just... the sex was amazing, but the oral was really special.”

“And tasty,” Sabrina said.

“What was your favourite part, my darling love?” Gemma asked Sabrina.

“When you were on top of me and I was sucking on your boobs while John swapped back and forth between our pussies all slow,” Sabrina said. “And don’t get me wrong, the boobs and the dick and everything were great, but the thing that really got me was how you were *looking* at me.”

“Awe, baby,” Gemma crooned, pulling Sabrina closer and hugging her cheek to her chest.

“She’s not wrong, love,” you said. “My favourite part was right near the end there, in missionary. You always look hot as hell when we’re having sex, but the way you were looking at me so... I don’t even know what the right word would be for it. I felt like you were giving me everything, no exceptions. I had your whole heart, your whole body, your whole being, and you were trusting me with all of that explicitly.”

“Well, you have all those things now, too,” Gemma said, turning at the waist a little so she could snake an arm around your back and pull you into a kiss. When your lips parted she bit her lip softly and looked guilty. “I’m gonna be honest, though, I don’t even *remember* that happening. I think I went into a fuck-fog or something. Like, I remember bits of it, but at some point I was just so in the moment I stopped processing it. I don’t think I’ve ever had that happen before, even during the most overwhelming DP situations with you guys.”

“You got love drunk, and I love it,” Sabrina grinned. She puckered her lips and received a peck from Gemma.

The two of you continued to pamper Gemma as much as humanly possible. Every inch of her got scrubbed and massaged, and then you tag-teamed drying her off with the fluffiest towel in the apartment. You were then shooed out of the bathroom, and fifteen minutes later you had changed the bedding when they came out with their hair blow-dried and braided into single French braids.

“Her hair is gonna be so sexy and wavy tomorrow,” Sabrina grinned as she toyed with Gemma’s braid.

“You’ll look *just* as sexy, love,” Gemma said.

It was already late, and the three of you climbed into bed under the covers with Gemma in the middle. After a long, quiet moment of you holding the two of them in your arms, Gemma sighed and wriggled a little, lying on her stomach instead of her back.

“John?” she asked quietly. “Could you?”

“Could I?”

“Prone bone,” Sabrina smiled sweetly at you.

“I just want to feel you on top of me, love,” Gemma said. “I never want to forget the feeling.”

“Hold on,” Sabrina said, ducking under the covers. “I’ll make sure he’s good and ready.”

It really didn’t take much to ‘get you ready’ - you were already half-hard again after the shower and just lying naked with the two of them. A few quick sucks, a couple of strokes, and Sabrina had you rock hard again. As you shifted over Gemma, Sabrina guided your cock until you were pressed to the blonde’s entrance, and then you were sinking into her as you both sighed happily.

“What if I just wear you like a backpack all the way home?” Gemma mused teasingly. “Think I can get through security like that?”

“Is he considered a carry-on if he’s partially *inside* you?” Sabrina chuckled.

“You two are incorrigible,” you said and kissed Gemma’s cheek as you wove the fingers of both your hands with hers.

“Just to be clear, is this a soaking situation like a couple of Mormon teens, or is there going to be some actual fucking?” Sabrina asked.

You snorted and Gemma laughed but shook her head. "Just love me, please."

"I can do that," Sabrina said, snuggling in. You and Gemma got your arms around her, letting her squeeze close, and the brunette started softly making out with Gemma, occasionally tilting her chin up to trade some kisses with you as well.

"I'm gonna miss all of this," Gemma murmured sadly.

"I'm going to miss kissing you every day," Sabrina frowned. "I'm gonna miss your face, Gemma."

"I'm going to miss *your* face, Sabrina," Gemma sighed.

Then they both turned a little and looked at you. "I'll... also miss your face?" you hedged.

Gemma rolled her eyes as she smiled. "Words aren't enough," she said.

"No, they aren't." You kissed her.

Eventually, some hip action started, your cock grinding in her pussy as her ass pressed up against your pelvis.

"Come for me, love," Gemma crooned. "I want to fall asleep with it in me. Come for me."

"Do it, John," Sabrina said. "Give her what she needs."

You groaned, dipping your head and kissing Gemma between her shoulder blades.

"Actually - put the tip in my ass, I want some there," Gemma begged you. "Then the rest in my pussy. I want to feel you everywhere. I want your warm, sticky love in every place I can take it."

"Fuck, that's so hot, Gemma," Sabrina breathed out. She was clearly teasing herself with her fingers as she sat with her nose inches from the blonde's.

You grunted as you let go of Gemma's hands and leveraged yourself up from how you'd been pressing down on her. Your cock left her tunnel, and she reached down and spread her cheeks under the covers so you could put your cock into position. It took a soft push and little pressure, and the head of your cock pried her anal ring open.

"Fuuuck," Gemma moaned in unison with you as your orgasm peaked. To pulses of cum splattered into her ass. Then, as requested, you pulled out and scooped down to push back into her pussy, sliding deep into the slick, warm crevice. Your third spurt of cum was probably more On than In her, but the fourth and the fifth ended up well and truly in.

“That’s it, love,” Gemma sighed happily. “That’s it. Fill my holes. You’re the one. You’re my one. Fuuuuuck.”

“I think she might love you, John,” Sabrina said with a little grin.

“I think that might be the case,” you chuckled. She had a hand down under and working her clit as she squeezed her cunt around your cock still inside her, yet to have gone soft.

“I do,” Gemma panted as she came. “I really, really do.”

Chapter 553

Getting out of bed that morning was *hard*.

At the end of the night, you had ended up snuggling between your two girlfriends. You were pretty sure the intent was that Gemma would be in the middle so you and Sabrina could both love on her, but the three of you were generally more comfortable with you in the middle and it just happened.

The problem with knowing the day was going to end with sadness was that you could fool yourself for a bit that it never needed to start.

“OK,” Sabrina said about ten minutes after the alarm was snoozed for the second time. “I’m going to order breakfast and get it delivered to the office. Cinnamon rolls with bacon sprinkled on top from that fancy place downtown. That way we *have* to get up or else someone else will eat our stuff. Like Eric. Eric will eat all our cinnamon rolls.”

That, finally, got the three of you moving. Not fast, but moving. There was even more touching than usual - not playful grabass, but gentle caresses and wistful hugs.

The efforts the previous night with their hair *did* leave Gemma with extra wavy hair that morning and she dressed up a little more in a dress that was *almost* too nice for the office setting. Sabrina’s hair was a lot straighter and didn’t hold the waves as well, but Gemma took time to help her style it nicely just so she could run her fingers through Sabrina’s hair some more.

The bus ride consisted of a lot of quiet holding hands, except for when Gemma started getting texts from your friends wishing her a good final day at work. That almost broke her and you and Sabrina had to distract her by talking about anything other than the fact that she was leaving.

It was Sabrina’s morning for the coffee run but you were running later than usual so she headed down the street to the coffee shop while you and Gemma went in - it would look a lot better for two interns to be there than none, and you had no guarantee Eric would be ‘early on time’

Becks came out from around her desk to give Gemma a hug, and since no one was paying too close attention you got a quick one as well along with her giving your ass a pinch. The cinnamon rolls had been delivered and were waiting at Becks’ desk and, following Sabrina’s planning, you pulled one out and presented it to your dusky-skinned fuckbuddy with a smile.

Upstairs you and Gemma found that Eric was not, in fact, early so the two of you set up your spots and doled out the containers from the takeout bag but waited for Sabrina to eat them.

When Sabrina showed up, a minute after Eric, she looked somewhere between having seen a ghost and being ready to have the next hurricane named after her.

“What happened?” you asked immediately.

“Nothing,” she snapped, then shook her head once. “Sorry, nothing happened.”

“Sabrina-” Gemma said, her concern matching yours.

“Just... let me handle something,” Sabrina requested, clearly not wanting to talk about it yet. “Later, OK?”

You both agreed, but traded glances. Gemma was clearly perturbed, and you were still feeling the spike of adrenaline that said you should be *doing* something about that look on Sabrina’s face.

The cinnamon rolls got eaten quickly, Eric carefully thanking Sabrina for his, but your brunette girlfriend only picked at hers and completely ignored work as she typed furiously on her phone. Whoever she was texting with was replying just as fast as she was, because there was barely ever a pause.

‘*What do you think it is?*’ Gemma asked you, scribbling it on a scrap piece of paper.

You replied with a question mark and a frowny face.

Gemma was only working a half-day, and she spent the first couple of hours wrapping up regular tasks, putting off the Last Day items as long as she could for the sake of wanting to feel like all of it wasn’t coming to an end. Then, finally, she was hitting her time limit and she sighed. “I need to grab a drink,” she said. “Sabrina, come with me.”

“Mm,” Sabrina grunted with her lips firmly closed, her eyes not leaving her phone.

“Sabrina,” Gemma said, more sternly. That got your mutual girlfriend to look up. Her eyes didn’t hold the anger or fear from before and she looked at the two of you questioningly before blushing. “Come with me to get a drink,” Gemma said again.

Sabrina hesitated and then nodded, setting her phone down on the table and blowing out a breath as she stood up. She glanced at you quickly and said, "I'm OK. Really." She waited until you nodded in acceptance before she joined Gemma at the door and they headed towards the break room.

"Well that was awkward," Eric said. "What do you think happened?"

"Your guess is as good as mine," you said.

It took a moment but you put together that the time between her going to the coffee shop and arriving at your shared office included one person who might know, so you quickly texted Becks. At first she was confused, and then concerned, because when Sabrina had come into the building and dropped off a coffee for her she'd seemed fine.

That meant whatever had happened had occurred while Sabrina was in the elevator, or on a floor of the firm.

"What the fuck?" you murmured. Gemma would be getting it out of Sabrina any minute now, but if it was something personal they might not tell you in front of Eric. And then there was the fact that it had thrown an issue up on Gemma's last day.

"You can say that again," Eric sighed.

"What?"

"The email. That's what you're 'what the fuck'ing, right?"

"What?" you repeated, and then checked your email. There was one from HR wishing Gamma Anderson well wishes on her last day. Gamma.

You closed your eyes and shook your head. "Sure," you said. "That's what I'm 'what the fuck'ing." Definitely not your girlfriend having an obvious problem.

Chapter 554

Gemma and Sabrina came back to the conference room and looked... fine?

"Later," Gemms said.

"It's fine, I promise," Sabrina agreed.

You blew out a breath, looking back and forth between them for a long moment before shrugging slightly. It's not like you could make a big deal out of it in front of Eric. And if it was something that wasn't office-appropriate they may want to wait even longer to tell you.

"So... looking forward to seeing home, Gamma?" Eric asked once they were sitting back down.

"What?" Gemma asked.

"Check your email," you sighed.

Gemma did and rolled her eyes when she saw the HR email. "Whatever," she said. "I don't need to deal with shitty HR again until my next internship while I'm in law school, and that'll still be too soon."

She started running through her Last Day checklist while you, Eric and Sabrina kept working, then a half hour before noon she packed up her laptop and brought it up to the IT area to hand it back in. By the time she got back it was closing on lunch, and she sat down with a sigh.

"Well, I think that's it," she said.

You stood up, going to her and gesturing for her to join you, and you wrapped her up in a hug. "You did awesome, this summer," you murmured. "And from one intern to another, you're a great coworker."

She chuckled, hugging you back, and said, "I'll try not to be as good a coworker to my future ones, or else I'd be cheating on you."

You snorted softly and chuckled. "OK, so maybe hold back a *little* of your awesomeness."

There wasn't a ceremony or a party. No going-away cake in the break room. You were interns, after all. Garrison did show up just before noon, however.

"Folks," he said, nodding in greeting. He wasn't the first person from the firm to come by that morning, but most were either on regular errands or poking their head in for a quick 'It's been great to have you here' on the move.

"Sir," Gemma said. You were all standing already, about to head out to grab lunch, and she approached Garrison and offered him her hand. "It's been a great experience working for you."

"It's been a pleasure to have you here, Gemma," Garrison said, clasping her hand firmly and giving it several pumps. "Like I said yesterday, if you do end up coming back to the States, reach out. I'd be happy to help with connecting you with other internship opportunities. And that goes for you three as well; you might have been the most... adventurously problematic group of interns we've ever had, but all four of you were excellent workers."

"Thank you, sir," you, Sabrina and Eric said.

"So, you're all headed to lunch?" he asked.

"That was the plan," Gemma said.

"Take an extra half hour," Garrison said and pulled out his wallet. He handed you a credit card. "And the meal is on the firm. No alcohol though, alright?"

"Thank you, sir," you nodded, pocketing the card.

"Gemma, it's been great," Garrison said, nodding and shaking her hand one more time. "Have a safe trip home."

He left, and the four of you waited a moment before heading towards the elevators.

"Lunch on the company dime?" Eric chuckled. "I feel like we're moving up in the world."

"He's been paying for our dinners for a while," Sabrina pointed out.

“Yeah, but that’s like a reward for working late,” Eric said. “This is a pure bonus. Now, where are we going? Steakhouse?”

“We did steak last night,” Gemma said. “Can we do Mexican? I’m going to miss good Mexican food back home.”

The four of you found a decent Mexican place and stretched your lunch break to the limit before needing to call it and head back to the office. You, Eric and Sabrina still had to work for another week and a half, after all. Gemma, with her afternoon off, was going to do a little bit of last-minute souvenir shopping for her family before crashing back at Sabrina’s to wait for you to get home.

A couple of quick kisses that made Eric cough and blush a little and then you were headed back to the office. On your way in, Becks signalled for Sabrina to come talk to her, and you and Eric headed up. When Sabrina joined you in the conference room, now down two people from your original five, it felt... empty.

“Really, baby?” Sabrina murmured to you across the table, raising an eyebrow.

It took you a second to clue in - “Um, oh,” you said. “I just- I was worried and wanted to know if it happened here or outside.”

She pursed her lips in mild annoyance, then shook her head. “Nothing happened to me, so you can stop worrying, OK? We’ll talk about it tonight, I promise.”

“Alright,” you agreed.

“OK, but can I know what happened?” Eric asked. “Inquiring minds want to know.”

Sabrina rolled her eyes. “Great, I’m officially the only girl left on the team. This is gonna be *awesome*.”

“Would it cheer you up if I let you comment on my App messages?” Eric asked.

“Because you were totally right about that chick yesterday. She was nuts. But I also smashed.”

Sabrina snorted loudly and shook her head. “Please tell me she didn’t get your personal info. And yes, it would, but I burned a ton of time this morning dealing with my thing so I should probably actually get work done.”

“She didn’t unless she’s psychic. We banged at her place,” Eric said. “Her roommate was pretty cute, though. Slipped me her number on my way out.”

“That is *such* a bad idea,” you sighed.

“Oh, come on,” Eric said. “How bad could it *really* be?”

“Lucy,” you said. “It could be Lucy-level of bad.”

He grimaced and hesitated, but then shrugged. “To be fair, that actually didn’t turn out that bad.”

Your palm firmly met your forehead.

Chapter 555

The day felt like it was burning away under you. In no time it was the end of business, and you and Sabrina were headed out while Eric would catch up on some of the overtime that you, Gemma and Sabrina had been putting in.

Sabrina made it clear, once you left the building, that she'd talk about her thing *after* Gemma had left. You weren't sure why she couldn't tell you on the bus ride back to her place, but she just changed the subject when you brought it up. It was a little frustrating, but with her reassurances that it wasn't a danger thing and putting a time on when she *would* talk about it, you felt like you didn't have much place to push it.

Gemma was waiting for you at the apartment, with dinner in the oven, and it didn't take long for you to have inhaled the lasagna she'd made and then end up on the couch, naked, cuddling under a blanket.

You and Sabrina just held her in the silence, and eventually Gemma started quietly talking about what she was excited to do when she was home, and the things she would want to show you in December when you came for the wedding, and Sabrina on the next trip - there was no question that there would *be* a trip, the question was just when. And then the three of you talked about next summer - once Law School applications were done, the 'correct' choice for your careers was to pick up new internships, but there was still that idea of the three of you going on vacation together.

The French Riviera was the original idea, and while other locations were suggested, none seemed so magically surreal. So you decided that was what you were going to do - which was insane, considering the three of you had only been together for two and a half months and you were making plans 8 months in advance for a trip that would last three months or more.

"We really don't hold back, do we?" you chuckled.

"And I wouldn't have it any other way," Gemma said, leaning in and kissing you.

There was no sex - all the sexual goodbyes had happened already. The three of you just *were* together for the last two hours of peace.

Then it was time to go, and you had to get dressed.

“John,” Gemma said as she pulled on one of your T-shirts that she was stealing from you. “Move in with Sabrina here.”

“What?” you asked, the change in topic taking you a second to parse.

“Part of the reason we didn’t all just start living together was because I didn’t want to abandon my friendship with Becca and Charlotte, and we felt like we needed our alone time,” Gemma said. “Neither of those counts anymore. Just move in with Sabrina here for the last week, it’ll be easier for both of you.”

“I-” you said, then looked at Sabrina. “If that’s what you want?”

“Are you kidding?” Sabrina asked. “I’ve wanted that since we started boning and we weren’t even in a relationship.”

“Why didn’t you say anything?” you asked.

“Because we were in a routine, and if you moved in then Gemma would feel like the odd one out,” Sabrina said. She turned to Gemma and hugged her. “Thank you, baby.”

“You’re welcome, love,” Gemma said, hugging her back.

All set to go, passport ready, bags packed and devices fully charged for her long-as-fuck flight around the globe, Gemma stood at the door to Sabrina’s apartment and took one last look around. “You know,” she said. “This *feels* like home. And my life changed in so many different ways here.”

“Want me to see if the landlord will let me buy the couch?” Sabrina asked with a smirk.

That got snorts and laughs out of you and Gemma, and you were out the door. The Uber driver almost brought her to the wrong terminal and had to circle around the airport once before unloading, and you and Sabrina went in with Gemma and waited as she checked her baggage. The airport was busy and bustling, and you wondered where all these people were headed on a Wednesday evening.

“Well, that’s everything,” Gemma said as she came back to you and Sabrina and you started walking, slowly, towards the TSA lines. “I-” She shut her mouth and you could see the tears starting to brim in her eyes.

“Do the other thing first,” Sabrina said, rubbing her arm.

“Other thing?” you asked, trying not to tear up yourself.

Gemma cleared her throat and grinned wryly at you. Then she dug into her side satchel and pulled something out. She took your hand and put a piece of fabric into your hand. “This, love of my life, is to pay you back for the sweaters,” she said. “Because you need something that smells like me just as much as I need something that smells like you.”

You were smiling and frowning at the same time, and looked down at what she’d handed you and quickly clutched it tight and shoved it into your pocket as they both laughed. It was a pair of sheer lingerie panties. “Thanks,” you chuckled, shaking your head.

Gemma was grinning as she looked deep into your eyes. “We’ll call every day,” she said. “And you’ll come visit in December, and we’ll be together again permanently by the end of April. I’m going to miss every inch of you, and every minute we’re apart is going to feel awful. I love you, John Watkins, with all my heart.” She turned to Sabrina, pulling her a little closer with an arm around the slender girl’s shoulders. “And I’m going to feel like half my heart and brain are still here in the US without you, Sabrina. John is the best compliment to my puzzle piece, but you’re the other half of it. You complete me in ways I didn’t know I needed.” Tears were running freely down her cheeks now. “I love you with all my heart too, Sabrina Sodemeyer. I belong to you both, and you belong to me.”

The hug between the three of you was crushing and felt like it might have gone on for twenty minutes. The crowds swirled around you, and you didn’t care if people were looking or staring. Gemma kissed Sabrina, and then she kissed you, as you held each other.

“I know you’ve got the whole *thing* about it,” Sabrina finally murmured. “But if you didn’t, I’d probably have asked you to marry us - however that would work.”

Gemma sniffed hard and pulled away a little, the earnest smile on her lips as she wiped at her eyes with one hand saying she wasn’t upset. “Thank you for not,” she said. “Yet.” She swallowed and shook her head. “I probably would have said yes, though. I’m just not ready for that title again yet, I need more distance from last time.”

The feeling of knowing she would have said yes was an explosion in your heart, shitting a brick in your pants, and floating off the ground all at once. You knew the love was real, but that just made it feel... more so.

“Be safe, Gemma,” you said, pulling her back into a solo hug for a moment and kissing the side of her head. “I love you to the ends of the Earth - even Australia.”

“I love you too, love,” she murmured.

“You said it wrong that time,” you smiled softly.

“You’ve been saying it right the whole time,” she replied. Then she stepped away and hugged Sabrina, and they murmured to each other quietly enough you couldn’t hear until they finally separated. “Alright,” Gemma said, adjusting her backpack and her side satchel. “Here I go, leaving the two best things in my life. Keep him safe and *ours*, Sabrina. John, make sure you tell her No every once in a while, it’ll only turn her on more. And when the thing this weekend comes up, just say yes, OK?”

“The thing this weekend?” you asked.

“Eight months,” Gemma said, and kissed Sabrina, and then kissed you, and turned to get into the security line.

“Hold me, baby,” Sabrina said, sliding under your arm as you watched her go. You hugged Sabrina to you, rubbing her back.

“What did she mean by ‘thing this weekend?’” you asked once Gemma had left your view.

“It’s a secret,” Sabrina said. “Now take me home. I need a pint of ice cream, my boyfriend holding me while I cry, and Nathan Fillion. Stat.”

“Doctor’s orders?” you asked with a soft chuckle.

“Yeah, Doctor Lovesick,” she said. “Now let’s go, or I’ll turn into a sobbing mess in the taxi. I’m barely keeping myself together right now.”