

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 257-263

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 257

“Good morning, John,” Becks said with a smile as you walked up to her desk in the lobby of the building.

“Morning, Becks,” you said. “How was your weekend? Do anything wild?”

She smirked and rolled her eyes lightly. “Oh, you know, mostly just a standard weekend. I’m definitely a little more tired than usual on a Monday morning though.”

“Oh yeah?” you asked. “Same, honestly. I did a lot of cardio workouts so I’m a little achey myself.”

“Mmm, I get that. Though, to be honest, I did also have to deal with this pain in the ass yesterday. Handling him was pretty satisfying.”

You couldn’t help it and snorted a little, your mind flashing back to your cock buried in Becks’ butt as you pounded into her while she was tied up.

“Anything special going on for you or the other interns this week?” Becks continued.

“Nothing in particular that I know of,” you said. “I’m just hoping that a certain someone doesn’t end up causing more problems.”

Becks grimaced lightly at that and nodded. “Well, I haven’t heard anything yet. So either Joy didn’t find out, or she’s scheming without confronting me about it.”

You sighed. “Well, if something does come up-”

“I’ll let you know,” Becks nodded.

“I’m glad you had a good time over the weekend,” you said.

She winked and smiled. “Definitely.”

You left her and headed for the elevator. It had felt weird, sleeping by yourself last night. You were getting used to having both Sabrina and/or Gemma in bed with you, and the addition of Becks had been just another wonderfully soft body to enjoy. Being alone in bed without either of your girlfriends had almost been a little depressing.

Your cell pinged just as you were reaching your floor and the elevator doors were opening, and you checked it and quickly closed and lowered it, checking to make sure no one was around to see your shocked expression. Becks had sent you a naked selfie - the last one she'd sent you had been from her neck down during the bet with Sabrina. Sure there was now a couple hours worth of content with her as 'Miss Lusty' saved on Sabrina's hard drive, but this felt like a special little gift from Becks to you. She was in bed, looking up at the camera, her face and breasts in full view as she smiled in a dreamy sort of way.

You cleared your notifications, shaking your head and smiling to yourself as you headed straight for the second conference room. You, Gemma and Sabrina were still on the 'special assignment' for Garrison, and you were the first to arrive as you looked over the piles of boxes and files that the three of you were busy sorting. It had been about ten minutes of just starting to get yourself started for the day when Eric knocked on the conference room door.

"Save me," he said as he walked in and flopped into one of the open chairs.

"Hey," you said. "From what?"

"Working with Andy alone for another week," Erica sighed.

"Let me guess, you're needing to cover for him solo now and it's a lot harder to do without the three of us to help out?" you asked.

"That and he apparently has a new girlfriend," Eric said. "He's been sending me pictures all weekend." Eric took out his phone and tapped on it a few times then turned it for you to take. You looked and saw it was Eric's texts with Andy, and Andy had sent him almost a dozen photos of him and a pretty, if somewhat crunchy-hippy, woman. There were multiple photos of them smoking up, and it looked like they were out on a farm or something.

"She's attractive in a 'lives on a commune and is one with nature' kind of way," you said.

"Dude, she's an actual Pot Grower. Like, she works at a pot farm as a scientist making different strains of pot," Eric said. "I think Andy might be in love."

"So what's wrong with that?" you asked.

"How does **Andy** have a girlfriend, and **you** have a girlfriend, and I don't?" Eric moaned. "Look at me, I'm a catch. I'm well dressed, I look good, I come from a good family with connections, and I have a paid internship at a good law firm. I don't understand!"

"OK, first, ouch," you said, frowning and holding your heart at his unintended low-key disrespect. "Second, have you considered that maybe you're trying too hard to have sex and not really trying to meet people?"

"I don't understand," Eric said. "I'm trying to meet people to have sex."

"That might be the problem, Eric," Sabrina said as she came into the conference room. "Sorry, I didn't actually hear anything, but I assume it's girl trouble for Eric."

"It couldn't be girl trouble for John?" Eric asked. "What if he's having problems with Gemma?"

"I'd already know, first of all," Sabrina said with a sad smile at Eric, stepping over to him and putting a hand on his shoulder comfortingly. "And also, John doesn't have girl problems the way you have girl problems, Eric. And even if he did, he's never bitched about them like you do."

"Yeah, well... phooey," Eric frowned.

"Phooey?" you asked.

"What else am I supposed to say?" Eric asked.

That got you and Sabrina chuckling. "Look, if you want to *actually* meet someone, I can help," Sabrina offered. "But you need to give me access to your dating apps and permission to change things around."

Eric hesitated a long moment, looking a little pained, then sighed and held out his phone to her. "OK," he said. "Do your worst."

"Don't you mean do your best?" you asked.

"That too."

Sabrina took the phone and went and sat in another chair down the table, starting to look through Eric's apps, then glanced back up. "You can go to work, I'll be a little bit," she said.

"Fine. But I want it back for lunch," Eric said.

"Eric, you're not a complete basket case, it won't take me *that* long to fix things," Sabrina said.

Eric left, and you looked over to Sabrina. "You're really going to help him meet someone?"

Sabrina shrugged. "He deserves something for everything he's back us up on," she said. "Plus, I think I know someone who might actually fit with him."

"Whose that?" you asked.

Sabrina broke into a smirk. "Lucy," she said.

“Oh, God,” you groaned. “Really?”

“Good morning, baby,” Sabrina smiled at you and pursed her lips in an air kiss.

“Morning, babe,” you sighed and laughed.

Chapter 258

Gemma had come in with the Monday coffee orders and joined us in the conference room afterwards, though you were left working solo for a little bit as Eric’s dating app profiles got a makeover from both women for about a half hour until they joined you in working. You had gotten a good morning kiss from Gemma, little more than a peck, but it was still more than you could do with Sabrina so you made do with squeezing Sabrina’s hand when you were positioned behind some boxes on the conference table. That made her smile and squeeze back.

It was mid-morning and Sabrina had just come back from dropping off Eric’s phone to him when Garrison came into the conference room with a bemused smirk on his face. “How goes it in here?”

“It’s going fine, sir,” Gemma said. “Sorting it all is taking some time, but we’ll get it done.”

“Good, good,” Mr Garrison nodded. “Look, you two. I’ve received another cease and desist letter directed to you. Are you certain you’re not doing anything to antagonize this internet troll?”

“Sir, neither of us are doing anything like that,” you said.

“No social media quips, no making the meme things?” Garrison asked.

“Sir, I was with them most of the weekend,” Sabrina piped in. “Neither of them even mentioned the internet guy while we were hanging out. We watched movies, we went out for lunch, and we even went to a little party and to a pub. We were too busy, y’know, being alive for them to be spreading rumours online about someone.”

“Well, he seems to think you are,” Garrison sighed, wiping his face for a moment and shaking his head. “What about Eric?”

“That... we can’t say either way,” you said. “I can go talk to him.”

“Just got get him and bring him in here,” Garrison said.

You glanced at the girls and then went out to fetch Eric. After the first cease and desist letter you'd hinted that you might have known who it was doing it, but couldn't remember if you'd named Eric or not. Or if you were supposed to talk to him before now. Everything that had been going on had shifted that whole situation with the online rapper/commentator idiot from the club out of your mind.

Back in the usual intern conference room, the space felt sort of empty with just Eric and Andy in the room. Andy was currently typing with just two fingers, while Eric had his sport coat hanging on the back of his chair and looked like he was about ready to sweat through his golf polo he was working so hard. You knocked on the doorsill as you entered. "Hey, Eric; Garrison wants to talk to us in the other conference room."

Eric looked up and blinked, stretching his fingers. "Right now?" he asked.

"Yeah," you nodded. "You good?"

"Just trying to make do," Eric said with a vapid, fake smile.

"Well, let's not keep the man waiting," Andy said as he started to stand up.

"No, Andy - it's just Eric," you said.

"What? How come?" Andy asked, looking hurt.

You suppressed the urge to tease him or give him a little barb. As he looked over at you, you could tell Andy was either still high from last night or had smoked a bit before coming in that morning. He was just as rugged as usual but had a sort of dreamy haze in his eyes to go with his tiredness. "It's not about intern work," you told Andy. "He's actually in heaps of trouble."

"Oh, shit," Andy said, turning to Eric. "It's been nice knowing you, man."

Eric gulped and followed you out of the room. "Am I really in deep shit?" he asked.

"No," you chuckled, then thought for a moment. "Well, not heaps of it anyways. I just said that to distract Andy."

"Well, what's this about then?" Eric asked.

"I'll just let Garrison explain," you said.

Garrison had Eric sit down in one of the conference chairs while he perched up on a clear spot on the table. This began a soft, almost insidious grilling of Eric that led to your fellow intern spilling his guts about how he'd gotten invited on a half dozen different podcasts in the 'Manosphere' and how he'd gotten a ton of new social media followers. That had all been

around the time of the first cease and desist letter though, and while you and Gemma sat and listened, and Sabrina listened in while working on the other side of the room, Garrison talked Eric around to spilling about the last week.

“I just needed another push, right? I mean, I was hoping to try and connect with some of the YouTube lawyer guys who do commentary in the Manosphere but I lost momentum so I did a supercut with my own commentary on the original video, along with commentary from some of the podcasts and other red pill guys that covered the story. And I sort of ended it with commentary on DeezChains rebuttal streams, where I went a little hard but it was all just opinion stuff and I made sure not to cross the line into defamation or anything. And it worked! It’s spinning in the content cycle again and I might have some more podcast guest spots coming up next week.”

Garrison took in a deep breath and then blew it out slowly, closing his eyes until his lungs were empty. Then he resumed normal breathing and opened his eyes. “Alright, Eric,” he said. “You are going to come to my office, I’m going to need to see everything you’ve said publicly about this. Every tweet or post, every podcast appearance, and this ‘supercut’ you made. You three-” you pointed and you, Gemma and Sabrina who had blatantly stopped working to listen in at the end. “Back to work.”

Eric followed Garrison out of the room, looking nervous as hell.

“Well, at least he’s getting famous out of it,” Sabrina said when you were alone.

“Yeah, but famous with who?” Gemma pointed out. “A group of people who think ‘DeezChains’ is a legitimate name to go by.”

You coughed to try and hide your laugh, but both of your girlfriends looked over to you with a raised eyebrow.

“Sorry, I just- Kat18,” you said.

Sabrina blushed cutely, and Gemma tried and failed to suppress a little smile.

Chapter 259

“Well, while *that* is going on,” Sabrina said, taking the files that were in front of her and moving over to set them on one of the stacks. “I would like to make a proposal.”

“What’s that?” Gemma asked as you and her stood up to get back to work as well. You’d made it through roughly a little over a third of the total boxes of files over last week, so there was still a lot to go.

"I think we should try setting up Eric on a date with Lucy," Sabrina said.

You groaned. "I thought you were kind of joking."

"I kind of was, and kind of wasn't," Sabrina said. "I mean, think about it. Eric desperately wants a summer girlfriend, right? And Lucy desperately wants a summer boyfriend or longer. She's going on dates all the time that don't pan out. So what if we kill three birds with one stone here - we hook up Eric with a girl, we help Lucy find something stable with a guy who isn't awful and who we can help train to not be a complete ass, **and** we can try to get in better with Lucy in case she's made connections with Joy at Tasha's party."

"She's... not wrong," Gemma said, turning to look at you.

You weren't sure **what** you were feeling. You didn't particularly like Lucy anymore, and you hadn't even really thought about her for a couple of years until that night at Gemma's when she'd sort of fallen into your life ass backwards. But... Eric?

"I mean, the other option I see is that we get John and Lucy to fuck," Sabrina said, and then laughed at the expressions on your and Gemma's faces. "Look, Lucy is unhappy and horny. We've caught her listening in on our sexy times before. Not only that but when she caught you naked in the kitchen, John, she didn't exactly run away. She's wondering how you got and are keeping the both of us happy. She's wondering what she missed out on with you - which, by the way, I'm very happy she did. At some point she's either going to try to make a move on you or she's going to blow up, and if she blows up it'll either fuck up Gemma's living situation, one of our lives, or something else bad. And it'll probably also have a fallout radius that will screw with Charlotte and Becca as well."

"God, I can't believe we're considering this," Gemma sighed, sitting down in one of the chairs and leaning back to look at the ceiling as she held a stack of papers in both hands.

"So what do you think, baby?" Sabrina asked you. "If you're not comfortable with your ex getting with Eric, do you want to just do the deed and taste the forbidden fruit? It doesn't need to be all lovey-dovey, it could just be a really satisfying hate-fuck. I mean, that's probably how she'd want it anyways."

"OK, first, how about we tone down the volume and the vulgarity?" you asked, looking at the wall of windows facing out into the hallway. Thankfully no one was walking by at the moment. "And I don't want to sleep with Lucy."

"Well **that's** a lie," Gemma said.

You rolled your eyes. "OK, on a carnal level, yeah. Lucy is the one that... well, she didn't get away so much as burned down the house, the bridge and salted the earth," you said. "But I can't even think of what it would take for me to actually, y'know, with her."

“But you also don’t like the idea of her and Eric,” Sabrina said.

“Not really?” you said. “It’s weird.”

“What if I told you that we’ll find another Asian girl to have over?” Sabrina asked. “One who is prettier, sexier, and isn’t a complete bitch.”

“Hey now,” Gemma said.

“If we do another content weekend,” Sabrina assured Gemma. “Talked about beforehand, and with your input obviously.”

“It’s not about wanting to have sex with her like that,” you said levelly.

“Of course it’s not,” Sabrina said. “It was just a thought experiment.”

“Love, you don’t need to choose either option,” Gemma pointed out. “We don’t need to hook these parts of our lives together. They can stay separated.”

You hung your head, your hands braced on the edge of the conference table and took a long breath. “OK, rationally, you two are right. Three birds, one stone makes sense. My hangup is just pettiness, really. A kid not wanting to share his toys, except Lucy isn’t a toy and isn’t mine to share to begin with.”

“I’m your toy,” Sabrina said quietly, lowering her voice into her OnlyFans husky one. Gemma gave her a swat on the hip and Sabrina laughed.

“So what do you think then, love?” Gemma asked.

“You might as well float the idea past Lucy,” you said to Gemma. “See if she’s even interested. We don’t even know for sure what kind of guys she’s been seeing other than that one from Tasha’s party. He was a little older, so maybe she’s just into older guys and it wouldn’t work with Eric anyways.”

“Mmm, good point,” Gemma said. “OK, I’ll put out some feelers. Maybe I’ll get Charlotte to help with some recon, she puts up with Lucy the most.”

“And what about the Asian threesome?” Sabrina asked with a teasing smirk.

Gemma gave her a full-on spank this time, which made Sabrina yelp, and set the three of you to laughing.

Eric came back through just before lunch, letting the three of you know Garrison had all the info and wasn't going to punish him or anything. Sabrina went out of her way to offer Eric a high five, and Gemma congratulated him on getting more traction online.

"He did mutter one thing though," Eric said, giving a little chagrined smile as he rubbed the back of his neck.

"What was that?" you asked.

"That he should have made you pay him more," Eric said. "I distinctly thought I heard him say 'I'm getting too old for this shit.'"

That made the four of you chuckle, and you all wished Erick luck on getting back to work and covering things with Andy. Once he was gone, you nodded again to yourself. Eric wasn't such a bad guy. If anything, setting him up with Lucy might have been more of a punishment for him unless he could get her impressed enough that she wouldn't feel she could be her bitchy, demanding self.

That, of course, would be a job for Gemma and Sabrina, because fuck if you knew how to help out with that.

Chapter 260

You went out to dinner with Gemma that night for a little one-on-one time, but after your long weekend the two of you limited yourselves to a quick make-out session and a snuggle at your palace before she left to go back to her place and start in on her plan to recon about Lucy's dates. It was kind of weird - you didn't feel desperate to have sex with her. Not to say you were any less attracted to Gemma, and didn't want to be close with her or have sex. You just didn't **need** it because you knew it was entirely on the table. It was weird, but also kind of nice.

The next day you, Gemma and Sabrina were back at it again in the conference room, sorting the files. You had it down to a mechanical science at that point, driving through the boxes at a good pace. The problem was that the companies involved had deliberately messed everything up - it was like they had taken all the files needed for discovery and dumped them out on the ground before re-filing them.

You had a feeling that somewhere out there, there was another intern team remembering de-sorting the files just for you three to re-sort them.

You were just about halfway through, though the state of the conference room was in an 'it gets worse before it gets better' kind of moment. The entirety of the conference table, along with eight of the ten chairs, were currently sporting boxes and piles, and there were still dozens of

boxes more that you hadn't even cracked open yet. It was getting on in the day when Garrison came by again.

"Sir, please for the love of God, don't tell me there's another letter," you said. "Or do. I could use the distraction."

Garrison snorted a little and shook his head. "No, nothing like that," he said. "Look, guys. I know I said I needed this done, but I've had a couple of curveballs thrown my way on this and now I *really* need it done. So here's the surprise twist - if you can get this done by Thursday night, I'll give you three a paid day off. Do whatever overtime hours you need to and report it over to HR, just get it done."

"Can we choose the day?" Gemma asked.

"Yes, that's fine," Garrison nodded. "Of course, don't put it on a day you'll be in court with us, obviously. Or do, what do I care if you fritter away your other reward."

"We'll take it, sir," Sabrina said. "Happily."

"Good, good," Garrison nodded. "If you're pulling late shifts, you can also order dinner on the company account. Don't go overboard, you'll have a limit."

He left the three of you, heading back to his office.

"Paid. Day. Off," Sabrina said quietly, striking a little dance pose with each word.

"We should use it carefully," Gemma said. "Add it on to a weekend."

"Actually, I have an idea on that," you said. "I've got some friends heading out to the beach on the July 4th weekend. It's already a long weekend, maybe we stack it on so we can get an *extra* long weekend. Or, that is, if you two want to hit the beach and meet my friends?"

"I would absolutely love to, love," Gemma said, coming over to you and taking your hand in hers as she beamed a smile at you. She clearly wanted to kiss you but held back since you were in the office.

"I assume these are college friends and not high school friends?" Sabrina asked.

"Yeah," you nodded. "Is that OK?"

"Absolutely," she said with a grin. "We need to break the ice about us anyways."

"Oh," you nodded. "Um, that actually sounds like a conversation the three of us should have. Is that a *here* conversation, though?"

“Tonight,” Gemma said. “Over dinner.”

The three of you agreed and got back to work.

It was kind of strange - the firm wasn't huge, and it wasn't like a lot of Legal Drama shows where people worked there at all hours to find the secret to success on some major case or another. Almost everyone worked their 9-to-5 hours (or less, if you counted the Partners skipping out early or going golfing with clients). At around 6pm you did a quick walk through the halls and saw that there were only a couple of the Associates left in their offices, and by 7pm you brought around the second box of pizza the three of you had ordered and found even they had gone home.

“OK,” you said as you re-entered the conference room. “We're alone.”

“Like, alone-alone?” Sabrina asked.

“As far as I can tell,” you said.

“Well, in that case...” Sabrina said with a smile as she started unbuttoning her blouse.

“No, stop,” Gemma said, putting a hand out to physically stop Sabrina from undressing. “We have work to do, and we don't know any routines like cleaners. We can do that on the **last** day, after we're done.”

Sabrina pouted, but then cracked a smile. “You want John to bend you over this conference table just as much as I do,” she said.

“Of course I do,” Gemma grinned. “But I'm not the horny bitch who only thinks with her nipples and clit.”

“OK, OK,” you said. “We should actually talk, and then get back to work.”

“Right,” Sabrina nodded, re-doing her buttons. “So...”

“So,” you nodded. “The last time we really, explicitly talked about it in depth we had decided I was dating Gemma and Sabrina was the secret sex friend, but we've obviously pivoted from that and Katrina and Becks know that the three of us are dating. So we need to decide what we're actually telling people like our family and friends.”

“I'm fine with being completely open, or anything else,” Sabrina said. “I'm not super weirded out by people thinking we're weird for being in a throuple, or a poly pod, or whatever we decide to call it. You're my boyfriend, and you're my girlfriend.” She reached out and took yours and

Gemma's hands in hers and squeezed. "But if either of you want to keep it quieter, I'm OK with that."

"What do you think, love?" Gemma asked you.

"I..." you took a breath. What *did* you think?

Chapter 261

You wanted it all.

Well, maybe that was a bit hyperbolic.

You wanted to graduate from university, go to law school, and start off your career strong. Maybe eventually become a judge, even though there wasn't as much money in a Judgeship as there was in corporate law. And, once you were settled, you wanted to start a family.

Before a few weeks ago, you would have said that family would be the nuclear one with a wife, a couple of kids, and a dog living in an upscale neighbourhood with the ability to travel and eat out at nice restaurants and all that kind of stuff. That was the end goal.

Now you wanted it... twice. You didn't want a nuclear family anymore; you weren't even sure what a family would look like with the three of you. But you definitely wanted the three of you. You wanted to go to law school with Gemma and Sabrina. You wanted to settle down with them and start your careers together. You wanted a family with them.

"I want you to be happy," you said, suppressing the urge to just vomit all of that out. You were a month into this relationship, and sure a lot had happened and you'd rushed pretty much every aspect of it, but what you wanted would probably be overwhelming.

"OK, but what about your family?" Gemma prodded you. "Or your friends? Would there be any blowback?"

"I... don't know," you sighed. "My Dad would probably need a bit to absorb it, but would overall be accepting in a hint-hint, nudge-nudge kind of way. My Mom would think we're weird, and possibly ask inappropriate questions down the line, but wouldn't freak out or anything. I wouldn't really care about my extended family that much. Same for high school friends - some sort of cross between my Dad and my extended family. As for my college friends... I mean, I'd get ribbed for it, but I don't think there'd be any bigotry or anything."

"So you'd be OK with us being open?" Sabrina asked.

“Honestly, probably,” you said but turned to Gemma. “I’m not the one I’m most worried about though.”

Gemma sighed and nodded, looking down at your hand holding hers

“Do you want to talk it out, or just give us a flat answer?” Sabrina asked quietly. “Either one is OK.”

“I don’t know what my extended family would think,” Gemma said. “I’d care about my Grandma, mostly, but she got tipsy once a few years ago at a barbeque and let slip that she’d experimented with girls back when she was our age, so she sort of let the cat out of the bag on being OK if we were gay. Poly might be different, but I doubt it. My Dad is going to be super critical of anyone I get into a relationship with after all the shit with my ex. My Mom... well, my Mom couldn’t hate someone if they spit in her eye.”

“Friends?” you asked.

Gemma sighed. “I don’t care,” she shrugged. “If they do have a problem with it, why would I want to be friends with them?”

“What about Birdie?” you asked.

She smiled and squeezed your fingers, obviously happy that you’d remembered the name. “I think she’d ask way too many questions, and be happy for me.”

“So it’s mostly just your Dad you’re worried about?” Sabrina asked.

Gemma nodded. “I think- I think maybe we can be open about it while we’re here,” Gemma said. “Maybe we don’t blast it out with a big announcement on social media so that I can control some of the release of information back home, though. But telling your friends and families is fine. I just need to be home and have a plan to explain it to my Dad.”

“OK,” you said. “So we’re official.”

“We were already official,” Sabrina smirked. “We’re just making it Facebook Official, without the Facebook.”

That made you and Gemma chuckle a little.

“OK, so let’s book the beach trip,” Gemma said. “And, um, I wasn’t sure how to ask this before, but now that we’re talking about making it official and telling people and stuff... So, one of my cousins is getting married in December. John, would you want to fly out for a few days and be my plus-one? Sabrina, I’d ask you to come too but it might be awkward to ask for a plus-two, and it’ll give me a chance to ease my Dad into getting used to me being in a relationship again.”

"I-" You felt something weird in your chest. Not a pain or anything, but an emotion that was hard to understand. "Gemma, I would love to if we can make it work with exams and everything," you said. "But I don't know if-"

"Oh, shut up and say yes," Sabrina laughed, leaning over and hugging you and Gemma. "Yes, I'm fine with it. Obviously it would be weird to need to ask your cousin to accommodate your two American lovers, especially for her wedding. I'll miss you extra, but that's more than OK."

The three of you hugged for a long time and, since you were 99.5% sure you were alone on the floor, you kissed them both as well and they kissed each other.

Then you had to scarf down your cooling pizza before getting back to work racking up the overtime hours.

- - - - -

"What the fuck is she doing here?" Sabrina hissed. She was looking up between you and Gemma, out the windows into the hallway. The three of you had worked until almost 11 PM the night before and had come in and started work immediately the next morning. Now it was almost 11:30 AM.

"Who?" you asked, while Gemma turned and looked over her shoulder.

"Fucking cunt," Gemma swore, turning back to her work.

"Oh," you said. It could only be one person.

"OK, she's gone," Sabrina said.

You dropped the files you were sorting and looked back, but didn't see her. Eric, however, was coming down the hall and he stuck his head in the conference room door.

"911," he said. "KillJoy is in the building."

Chapter 262

There was only one real answer as to why Joy would be back in the building - she had to just be visiting her mother, or coming to meet her for lunch or something.

Right?

“Way to give us a heads up, Becks,” Gemma muttered grabbing her phone and opening it and quickly typing.

“It’s fine,” you said. “We’re fine. It’s already Wednesday, would she really wait this long to try and pull something?”

“Or it’s **only** Wednesday,” Sabrina pointed out. “And she’s been scheming since Saturday to get us caught in a horrible net of lies and half-truths.”

That did sound like Joy.

Gemma’s phone pinged and she looked at it. “Becks didn’t know she was here,” Gemma said. “She must have used a back exit or something.”

“Great,” you mumbled. “The conniving bitch also knows about multiple ways to get in here.”

“So what are we going to do?” Sabrina asked.

“Nothing,” Gemma said. “We don’t draw any attention to ourselves. We just work like nothing is the matter. That’s what Garrison would want anyways, right? If anything goes down, we have to make sure it was her fault.”

You and Sabrina agreed, and the three of you went back to work.

It only took Joy five minutes to come back around and show her evil hag face.

She knocked but didn’t wait at the door to the conference room, breezing her way in with a snide smile. “Well, well, well, look who it is,” she said. “Tweedle Dee, Tweedle Dumb, and Tweedle Dick.” She was dressed in an outfit that never would have flown when she was interning in the law office - it was a flowy, silky summer dress that barely covered her ass and showed off her legs, and had a decent amount of cleavage up top. You could only assume it was seen as more appropriate to wear something like that at the fashion magazine offices her mother had gotten her a job at.

“Funny,” you said. “How long did it take you to come up with that one?”

“Hmm,” she hummed with a snotty pout of a grin. “So what, did you three get downgraded from digitization and keyword searches to just sorting old boxes of crap?”

“That’s literally none of your business,” Sabrina said.

“Whatever,” Joy said, stepping forward and starting to look at the papers on top of one of the sorted stacks.

“Stop,” Gemma said, stepping forward and wedging herself partially between Joy and the table. “You don’t work here, you can’t just start pawing through legal documents.”

“Ugh, get out of my face, you hairy bitch,” Joy scoffed. “I can do whatever I damn well want, and none of you can stop me.”

“She’s right, Joy,” you said. “Get out of the room. We don’t want you here, and these documents aren’t something you can just start reading.”

“Fuck off, you limp dick snake,” Joy hissed. “Make me.”

“I will if I have to,” Gemma said, pushing herself forward a bit more until she was chest-to-chest with Joy. Joy’s heels gave her more height than Gemma, but your girlfriend wasn’t a skinny twig with tits like Joy. Gemma’s curves were natural she was athletic underneath them, so the brief brush sent Joy stumbling backwards slightly.

“What the fuck, you bitch!” Joy shouted loudly. Too loudly. “You just assaulted me.”

You rolled your eyes, then turned to glance at Sabrina but she was already heading out of the conference room by the other set of doors at the far end, heading out into the hallway. That left you to back up Gemma, and you stepped forward as Joy continued to crow about having been assaulted. Some of the Associates and Jr Partners were starting to peek out of their offices at the raucous she was causing.

“I’ll sue your ass off!” Joy shouted. “You can’t put your hands on me like that. And you spit on me too. That’s aggravated assault. I’ll get you deported!”

You probably shouldn’t have, but you snorted. And once you snorted, you started giggling. You couldn’t stop it.

It was all just so... ridiculous.

Gemma looked over at you confused for a moment, then cracked a grin and started trying not to giggle herself.

“Stop laughing at me! I’ll make sure you’re charged with everything under the sun. You’ll be calling the Australian consulate **begging** them to get you out of this.”

“What the hell is going on in here?” one of the Jr Partners said loudly as he stepped into the room. You vaguely knew his name was something that started with an O. O’Malley, O’Brien... something like that. He didn’t order for the coffee run so you never interacted with him.

“This bully just put her hands on me,” Joy cried, pointing accusingly at Gemma.

You literally had to go down to one knee, you were wheezing so hard from trying to stop yourself from laughing.

"It's- She's faking," Gemma got out in between her own suppressed giggles.

"I am not!" Joy shouted.

"What the hell is going on in here?" raged a new voice. It was Bellagamba. Joy's mother's face looked like a stormcloud had met a tsunami.

"Mother, I told you she was horrible," Joy cried, her big crocodile tears finally kicking in. "She pushed me hard, I almost cracked my head on the window. For no reason!"

"Stop laughing!" Bellagamba shouted at you, and then she turned on Gemma. "And how **dare** you put your hands on my daughter. You are f-"

"What the hell is going on in here?" Garrison's voice beat the Jr Partner and Bellagamba in thick base and pure volume.

Joy opened her mouth to make her accusation again.

"Why are you in this room? You don't work here and it's full of proprietary documents," Garrison said, pointing a thick finger at Joy. "Get out."

Joy snapped her mouth shut. The tone of Garrison's voice was clear that her waterworks, banshee routine wouldn't move him. That and Sabrina was standing right behind him in the doorway.

"This isn't-" Bellagamba started, but Garrison levelled a glare at her that would have made you shit your pants if it had been turned on you. As it was your laughter had died when he first walked in and bellowed.

"We'll talk about this after lunch," Garrison said coolly to Bellagamba.

Joy's mother grabbed her hand and hauled her out of the room. Sabrina did a pretty good job of not sneering at them both as they had to walk past her. They went in the quickest direction of the elevators.

"Sir, I-" Gemma started.

Garrison held up a hand, interrupting her. "Wait a few minutes, then take a long lunch," he sighed. "You'll be here late with the overtime anyways."

"Thank you, sir," Gemma said.

He just sort of gave a grunt and stalked out of the conference room, and many of the looky-loos in the hallway filtered away.

“What the hell was that?” the Jr Partner asked you, Gemma and Sabrina as the only other person left in the room.

“Honestly, you don’t want to know,” you told him.

It looked like he did, in fact, want to know. Just not enough to actually get involved, so he left.

Chapter 263

“OK, Eric,” Gemma said. “Sabrina and I have asked you here today because we have a proposition for you.”

Eric was clearly suspicious, and you couldn’t blame him.

Nothing else had happened yesterday, other than a whole lot of work, after the latest Joy incident. Bellagamba hadn’t come back into the conference room, but neither had Garrison. The three of you had decided to end up taking your usual lunch and getting back to work since you were on a deadline, and dinner had been order-in Chinese food.

Now it was lunchtime on Thursday and Gemma had summoned Eric to come eat lunch with you three in the conference room without Andy.

“Why do I feel like I’m being led into a trap?” Eric asked.

“It’s not a trap,” Sabrina said. “Seriously, it’s a good thing.”

“Then why are you two acting so weird?” Eric asked, then looked over at you. “Why are they acting so weird?”

“Just listen to them,” you sighed and gestured back to Gemma and Sabrina.

“How have your matches been going on the apps?” Gemma asked.

“I dunno, fine,” Eric said.

“Any more than usual after we helped you out?” Sabrina asked.

“Maybe a few, but they haven’t gone anywhere,” he said.

“OK, that’s fine,” Gemma said. “Actually, that’s probably good. How would you like to go on a blind date?”

“Um...” Eric said. “I dunno. I’ve never been on a blind date. Is she hot?”

“She’s pretty,” Gemma nodded. “And she dolls herself up like a princess when she’s meeting a guy for the first time.”

Eric narrowed his eyes. “So she wears a lot of makeup?”

“Oh my God,” Sabrina scoffed. “Please tell me you aren’t an ‘I like a natural look’ guy.”

“Well, what if I do?” Eric frowned.

“Eric, would you say Gemma or I are ‘natural look?’” Sabrina asked.

“I mean, other than eyeshadow...” Eric said.

Gemma sighed and shook her head. “That’s why, Eric,” she said. “You think we’re mostly makeup-less, and you’re just wrong. I’m wearing foundation, concealer, blush, eyeshadow, eyeliner, and lipgloss. I just apply it well and don’t cake it on.”

“Pretty much the same, except add fake lashes,” Sabrina said.

“I thought fake eyelashes give you big lashes though,” Eric said.

“Yeah, they can,” Sabrina said. “But I’ve got thin natural lashes, so I get small fake ones to not look like I’m going out slutting it up for work.”

None of this was a surprise to you - you’d spent more than enough time with both of them to have seen them taking off their makeup at the end of the day, or putting it on in the morning. To be fair, your favourite version of them both was when they were naked-faced (and naked in general) and in bed after a long bout of sex, but you also appreciated both their day-to-day makeup and when they really went all out for a fancy date night. Well, maybe the ‘naked face’ being your favourite was more about the warm afterglow of sex, with their hair wild and plastered to the sweat on their foreheads and shoulders and not actually the makeup.

“Seriously, Eric,” Gemma continued. “There’s almost no modern woman who you would look at and think ‘Damn, she’s at least a seven’ and she isn’t wearing makeup.”

“Fine, fine,” he sighed. “I get it.”

“OK. So her name is Lucy, and she’s my roommate,” Gemma said. “She likes when a guy treats her sweetly and pays attention to her, but isn’t overbearing. You’ll meet her tonight at 7 PM at

the Cat and Fiddle. It's an upscale pub, the prices aren't wild, but it's nice enough to dress up for a little to impress each other. She'll be wearing a blue and red dress, and you need to bring a yellow flower with you."

"Why a yellow flower?" Eric asked.

"So she knows it's you, and because bringing one flower is a sweet gesture without being too much," Sabrina said.

"Do I really need to bring a flower?" he asked, looking over at you.

"He did it and got me," Gemma said.

Eric sighed. "Fine, a yellow flower."

"And her name is Lucy," Sabrina repeated.

"I got it, I got it," Eric said.

Eric still got an earful over the rest of lunch about all the things Gemma and Sabrina thought he needed to hear about how to have a successful first date. In the end, you surreptitiously took a couple of notes on your phone since you weren't sure if you were meeting everything on their rambling list of expectations yourself.

After lunch, Eric went back to work and the three of you got back to the last push on organizing all of the files. You were close, and the finish line was in site to hit the deadline, but there was still a lot to do.

Garrison checked in at four, and you promised him it would be done and ready for him and his Associates in the morning. Gemma went and found Eric at five to make sure Eric remembered the pub name and time he was supposed to meet Lucy.

Then the floor emptied out, and it was just you three and four associates. Then two associates.

You ordered dinner, sushi this time to celebrate the work almost being done.

Then it was just you three in the office, and the light was dimming outside as the sun dipped below the nearby buildings but hadn't set yet. It cast an orange glow across the glass windows of the building opposite.

The sushi was good but not great. The office was quiet. You had, at best guess, an hour left of work to do.

Sabrina dropped her chopsticks on the floor. "Oops," she said, then disappeared behind the lip of the table.

"Well, I guess we're not waiting," Gemma said to you with a smirk.

"Guess not," you said, and you felt Sabrina's slender hand slink up from your knee to your crotch as a happy giggle filtered out from under the conference table.

Gemma grunted, and you looked over and saw Sabrina was sliding a hand up Gemma's pantyhose-covered thigh as well, reaching under her business-appropriate skirt.