

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 187-193

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 187

“So... I feel like we need to come up with some sort of a system,” you said.

Everyone was at least partially dressed at that point. Your cock was away, and Tasha had Mosche’s shirt on while he was wearing his boxers. You were all sitting at the kitchen table.

“We didn’t hear you guys from the washroom,” Mosche said, only now getting hit with the embarrassment. The dude’s emotional reaction time was stunningly slow sometimes. Or maybe it was a defence mechanism.

“And we didn’t think you were here,” you countered.

“Are we talking sock on the doorknob or what?” Tasha asked.

“I feel like that would be too obvious for our neighbours,” you said. “But then, I’m only here for another couple of months. Mosche, what do you and your regular roommates do?”

“Well, usually with Paul and Sammy are here we just hang out and if they bring a girl home they go to their rooms,” Mosche said.

“OK, but I’ve walked in on you alone,” you pointed out.

“That was one time!” Mosche protested.

“OK, here’s an idea,” Gemma said. “Get something to put on your door that you can flip one way or another. So if one of us girls is over and we’re doing something not in a bedroom, you flip it over and let the other roommate know to knock and to head right to their room when they do come in.”

Sabrina started giggling at the absurdity of the situation.

“I mean, I can make that work if you can,” you said to Mosche. “But I feel like this is getting more complicated than necessary. What if we just keep our nakedness behind closed doors?”

“Baby, that’s a little hypocritical,” Gemma said. “You literally just did the same thing at my place with my roommates.”

Sabrina’s snickering turned into a full laugh. “Thank you! I was just thinking that.”

“Well, this sounds like a story,” Tasha smirked.

Now it was your turn to blush. “Well, think of what happened to you, but it’s me in the buff and it’s my ex-girlfriend walking in on me getting the glass of water.”

“Shiiiiit,” Tasha snickered.

“His ex who definitely wants to hate-fuck him,” Sabrina pointed out.

“Shhhhit!” Tasha laughed.

“OK, let’s move on from that,” you said, putting your hands on the table. “Until we figure something else out, let’s just say that all nudity stays behind closed doors, OK?”

“That’s fair,” Mosche said. “What about non-nude stuff?”

“What does that even mean?” you asked.

“Well, like making out. Or heavy petting.”

Gemma turned your face and kissed you hard, using tongue, and laughed a little at your stunned reaction as she pulled away. She turned to the group, “Did that make anyone uncomfortable?”

Everyone but you shook their heads no. You would have as well but you were still blinking to come back from the surprise tonguing your mouth just got.

“How about this?” Tasha asked, grabbing Mosche’s hand and putting it on her boob.

“Nope,” Sabrina said as the rest of us shook our heads, though it was a little ridiculous. “Though I wouldn’t mind a grab myself.”

Tasha snorted and grabbed Sabrina’s hand and put it on her other boob. Sabrina turned to you and Gemma with a shit-eating grin while Mosche stared open-mouthed at her hand groping his... girlfriend?

“OK, I think we’ve found the line,” you said. “So unless we’re planning to turn this into a board game night or something, maybe we... split to separate rooms?”

“Someone’s horny,” Gemma stage whispered to Tasha.

“It’s me, I’m the horny one,” Sabrina grinned, clearly tweaking Tasha’s nipple through her shirt before letting go of her.

“Agh, bitch,” Tasha laughed and grabbed her boob. “Fine with me.” She turned to Mosche. “Babes, can you go warm up the bath water?”

“Sure,” he said with a little grin and got up to go do that.

When he was gone Tasha turned back to you three. “OK, fair is fair. I only got a glimpse and you guys have seen me in the full buff now,” Tasha said. “Whip it out.”

“Really?” you asked. “What about Mosche?”

“I’m not gonna suck it,” Tasha said.

“Fair *is* fair, baby,” Gemma said as she rolled her eyes a little and reached for your shorts.

“Hold on,” Sabrina said. “If you want to see it in full effect, you should show these off.” And she stood behind Tasha and started lifting her shirt.

Tasha’s tits came back into view at about the same time as your cock, and as Gemma stroked you a couple of times to get you to your hardest Tasha tweaked her nipple and licked her bottom lip. Her breasts were perfectly proportioned and, to be frank, looked like they would be a blast to play with. It seemed like she was thinking something similar about your cock.

“OK,” she said, moving Sabrina’s hands and letting her shirt drop. “That’s enough.” Then she winked at Gemma. “Lucky girls.”

“I’m the lucky one,” you said.

“Yeah, that too,” she smirked. “Now I’m gonna go fuck my boytoy, so unless you guys want to hear some girlish squealing you’d better get going.”

“Are those noises coming from you or from him?” Sabrina asked.

“I’m not telling,” Tasha smirked, then turned and walked away. You weren’t sure if the fact that the shirt was up and revealing her entire bare ass was by accident or on purpose.

“So...” Sabrina said. “Can I please get fucked now? I promise all of *our* girlish squealing will come from me.”

## Chapter 188

“I think it worked,” Gemma chuckled, laying next to Sabrina and slowly stroking her face, moving the sweaty strands of hair from her forehead and cheek. She turned to look back at you

where you were panting, sitting on the other side of the bed and trying to catch your breath and let your heart rate drop back down. "Nice work, Daddy."

At some point you had given up on not being 'Daddy' again tonight as you and Gemma worked over Sabrina. It looked like half her body was pink from the soft pinches, hard grabbing and the flushing of several new hickies on her small breasts and her stomach. Her pussy was also a bright pink and leaking your cum.

"Mmmm," Sabrina moaned happily as she blinked sleepily and stretched. Then she rolled over and curled up into the fetal position. "M'you guys finish without me," she mumbled softly. "Tired."

Gemma kissed her on the cheek, then rolled away and crawled over to you and sat next to you, throwing her legs over your lap and hugging her upper body to yours as she rested her head on your shoulder. You both just watched Sabrina as she fell asleep.

"I can't believe *this* is a heartwarming moment in our relationship," you chuckled softly.

Gemma chuckled with you. "I know. Who would have thought? If someone told me a month ago that I was going to be part of a threesome I would have thought they were crazy. And here I am in a throuple."

"Is it enough?" you asked her quietly. "Are you getting enough of me? Because you deserve it all."

"I *do* get it all, love," she said, turning and kissing your shoulder where she'd been resting her head. "I just share it all with her."

You turned her lips up to you and kissed her, soft and sweet. "What can I do for you?" you asked.

She smiled and kissed you back. "Well, what I *want* is you in my ass again like earlier, but I think I'm probably too sensitive for that right now. Was I walking funny earlier?"

"Only a little," you smirked.

She rolled her eyes with a happy grin. "How about a sixty-nine?" she asked. "I want to love on you, and I want to feel your tongue."

"Gladly," you said, and kissed her one more time before laying down on the bed. Gemma straddled your head and leisurely laid down on your body, and soon you were both in a little competition of who could distract the other with your hands and mouths. Then that turned into who could edge the other for longer.

Gemma won, sucking a load out of you, but you made it up to her by tonguing her ass while you wiggled your fingers on her g-spot, making her come hard.

“Well, looks like I missed some fun,” Sabrina said, waking you up. She was looking down at you with a silly grin, and as you blinked awake and shifted your head you realized that Gemma was still lying on top of you and your face was currently framed by her thighs, ass and pussy.

“What time is it?” you asked Sabrina.

“Late,” she said. “Or early, depending on how you think of it. I just missed your body next to mine.”

“Let’s go to bed properly,” you said, and slowly rolled Gemma off of you. She groaned and blinked awake. “Bedtime, love,” you said to her quietly.

She grumbled about already being asleep, but happily got under the covers and re-snuggled up to you with Sabrina on your other side. They held hands on your chest.

“How is this my life?” you whispered to the dark room.

“Shhh,” Sabrina whispered. “Stop acting so surprised or I’ll go get Tasha to smother you in another set of tits just to put things in perspective.”

Gemma, half asleep, snorted a laugh.

You just rubbed their backs and kept your thoughts on them joking about sharing you to yourself.

“What time is it?” Gemma groaned, which woke you up.

“Almost ten,” Sabrina sighed. Your side was cold as she’d rolled away and you squinted one eye open to look for her. She was pulling on a pair of your athletic shorts and cinching them tight, her little boobs bouncing with the movement.

“What are you doing?” you asked her.

“I need to pee, and unless you want me to pull a you and flash myself to your roommate, I’m getting dressed.”

“Mmm,” you nodded and let your head fall back down.

“We should get up, love,” Gemma said.

“Sleepy,” you grumbled. “Tired.”

“Yes, even Sex Gods need to rest,” Gemma whispered with a smile. “But we’re going to brunch. Just think of all the pancakes and waffles and hashbrowns and bacon and-”

“Are you trying to get me fat?” you asked her. “Because you’re just listing things that will get me fat.”

“I’m trying to get you to carbo-load,” Gemma said. “You need your energy.”

“For what?” you asked dreamily.

“Well, you’re fucking Sabrina’s ass today,” Gemma said. “And I want more of you for myself, too.”

“What was that you said about waffles?” you asked, and both laughed.

Sabrina came back into your room wearing just your shorts and her bra, which you guessed was as much covering as she’d wanted to bother with. “Well, you missed out,” she said.

“On what?” Gemma asked.

“I walked in on Tasha fingering herself in the washroom,” Sabrina smirked. “Apparently she’s horny in the mornings and Mosche sleeps like the dead.”

“Let me guess, she offered for you to join her?” you asked.

“Hah, no. She isn’t as wild as Becca. She was totally embarrassed. But she did ask me about this art display you two left on me,” Sabrina said, gesturing to her torso covered in hickey marks. “So I told her all about it while I pee’d, and she looked about ready to hump the faucet when I left.”

You snorted and shook your head. “How the hell did my life go from normal to being surrounded by sexual deviants in less than two weeks?” you asked.

“Oh, love,” Gemma said while running her fingers through your hair. “You say that like you aren’t the reason we love being deviant to begin with.”

## **Chapter 189**

Brunch was, of course, delicious. You weren’t sure if you’d ever had a *bad* brunch, to be fair. Sabrina ended up wearing your shorts, joking that she liked getting into your pants, and had

pulled a spaghetti strap tank top out of her purse that clung to her upper body tightly. It would have been lewd if she hadn't worn a bra, and you still asked her to wear your flannel button-down to cover up a bit more. She'd sighed and stroked your cheek and agreed, tying the end up in a bow just beneath her small bust. Gemma, on the other hand, had packed one of her summer dresses in her larger purse and slipped that on. Then Sabrina had lifted up and pulled down the panties she'd on, sticking her tongue at you as she did it.

Gemma just rolled her eyes at that and let it happen, the dress coming down to her knees and not at risk of wildly exposing her at any moment.

Of course, you hadn't been expecting the flirting and touching to go along with the delicious brunch. It was Sabrina to start it, but soon all three of you were surreptitiously doing things to each other in the back corner of the restaurant. The biggest moment was when Gemma's eyes went wide and she looked from you to Sabrina and back in a panic as she sat up tall and sucked in a breath through her nose. Sabrina had a smarmy smile on, and you pretended to drop your fork and took a peak under the white tablecloth covering the table.

Sabrina's bare foot was wedged between Gemma's thighs, her big toe wedged into the cleft of Gemma's pussy and wiggling around.

Gemma made her stop after a minute, and Sabrina fake pouted a little until you slid your hand up her inside thigh and under the baggy legs of the athletic shorts and brushed against her clit because of course she wasn't wearing any underwear herself.

You went dutch on the bill as you'd all agreed, and then the girls wanted to go for a walk through the park since it was a beautiful day. You ended up in the same one as you and Gemma had gone to the food trucks on your first date and enjoyed the easy walk as the three of you laughed and chatted. Then you bought the three of you ice cream cones from a vendor and sat on a bench, talking and just being with each other some more.

Things couldn't just be sweet, though. With the three of you, and especially Sabrina, someone was bound to do something. You were sitting in the middle of the two, as usual, and Gemma had kicked off her sandals and was sitting with her legs curled up on your lap while Sabrina was sitting sideways on the other end of the bench, her back against the armrest and her knees high. Slowly, seeing when you would notice, she spread her legs and bit and manoeuvred the leg of the shorts to give you a straight look down at her pussy.

You ignored it for a bit, teasing her by playing ignorant, until you could tell she was getting frustrated and then you leaned over towards her. "Baby, if we were alone I would drip the ice cream all over your pussy and lick it off, but we're in public."

Sabrina snorted and ended up with ice cream all over her mouth and nose since you'd timed it perfectly to when she was licking her cone. Gemma burst out laughing at that, and you ended up needing to kiss Sabrina's face clean at her insistence.

Sure, the three of you got looks. You weren't just a young couple who were overly touchy and unafraid of PDA in public, you were a *trio*. And, you had to admit, you egged each other on a bit. But who cared? You were in a city that all three of you weren't planning on living in, let alone knew enough people to worry about getting seen.

And you were in love.

Once the cones had been devoured, Sabrina spun on her butt and rested her head in your lap, closing and lowering her legs so she wasn't flashing the world. She looked up at you with a smile.

"So, I was thinking," she said.

"That's dangerous," Gemma said.

"Yes, it is," Sabrina smirked. "But anyways, I was thinking. Obviously I'm horny as hell for you to spear my little butt, John. And I want it to be special like with Gemma. *But* I also feel like it's a wasted opportunity for a cash grab? I mean, imagine if I could truthfully advertise it was my first time getting buttfucked, and by DD non less?"

You opened your mouth to respond, but closed it again, torn in your answer.

"I think that's a choice you need to make," Gemma said. "I mean, it's special between you and John, but you're right it would be a good business decision. It's your virginity though."

"I know," she sighed. "But I want to know what John thinks."

"I think we can make it special no matter what," you said. "I think the more important question is whether you want to share that, or keep it private just for us."

"Ugh, when you put it like that I feel like I should keep it private," Sabrina said. "But then, does it super matter? I mean, it'll be our moment no matter what. And Gemma can film it for us."

"I can?" Gemma asked.

"Well, if you're willing," Sabrina said.

Gemma made a face as she thought about it, then shrugged. "If it's what you want, I can try."

You leaned down and kissed Sabrina softly, then stroked her hair slowly. "Your decision, beautiful."

"Let me think about it a little more," she said. "But not too long. Just on the ride to my place."



“You want to go now?” you asked.

Sabrina smirked and lifted up her phone. “I already called the Uber, baby. I can feel your dick getting a little firm under my head and *gawd* I can’t wait to get it in my ass.”

## Chapter 190

“OK, you’re in frame,” Gemma said. “Now what?”

“Just make sure that you don’t show mine or John’s face above our lips,” Sabrina said. “I could blur them out, but it’s not the style my fans are used to. And even with the stabilizer try and move slow and smooth.”

We were on the bed in Sabrina’s apartment, and Sabrina was lying back with her upper back and head on the pillow. She’d taken off her shirts to leave herself in her bra, and had decided it was cute to leave on your shorts as well. Gemma was also stripped down to her underwear - which since she’d left her panties at your place was just her bra - for the sake of not feeling awkward being the only one dressed.

Gemma was kneeling slightly away from Sabrina, with one of the phones Sabrina used for recording set up on a handheld stabilizer grip. It was technically called a ‘gimbal’ but we just kept calling it a ‘stabilizer’ since that was what it did. You were just off the bed, down to your boxers.

“Got it,” Gemma nodded. “Ready?”

“Ready,” Sabrina said, reaching over and reassuring herself that the lube was just off to the side.

“Ready,” you nodded.

“OK, and... Action!”

“Mmm, Daddy, I can’t believe it’s finally the day,” Sabrina crooned, putting on her ‘sexy pornstar’ husky voice. “After last night I thought things couldn’t get any better. Look at all these hickeys you and Mommy left on me.”

“Hold up,” Gemma said. “Cut! Um, Mommy, really?”

Sabrina giggled a little. “Sorry, I didn’t know how to refer to you and it just sort of was the natural thing after calling John Daddy. I think my fans will find it super hot that ‘Daddy’ has a wife or something, and I’m the plaything.”

“Well, I’m definitely not Mommy,” Gemma said, making a face. “And I’m never getting on camera.”

“Oh, I know I know,” Sabrina assured her. “It’s just trying to make the roleplay of the character match us enough that I can be myself without *being* myself, if that makes sense. What should I call you?”

Gemma thought about it. “I... don’t know?”

“What about Mistress?” Sabrina offered. “Daddy and Mistress.”

“That sounds like I’m more in control though,” Gemma pointed out. “And I think the kinky hotness of the Daddy thing is that John is in control.”

“True,” Sabrina nodded.

“What about Darling?” you suggested. “This is the first time Gemma’s being mentioned, so you could say something like ‘I can’t believe you and your girlfriend did this to me. Your *Darling* is so generous to let me be your little toy.’”

“I like that,” Sabrina said. “Gemma?”

“Darling works,” she said, then turned to you. “But that means you can’t ever call me Darling other than in bed with Sabrina, OK?”

“Oh, do you have a thing about not being called certain nicknames in certain places?” you asked with a raised eyebrow.

Gemma had the dignity to blush, knowing you’d trapped her on the Daddy thing. “Whatever,” she said. “Alright, I’m Darling, let’s start over.”

You all got back in place.

“And... Action!”

“Ooh, Daddy, I can’t believe it’s happening already. You and your girlfriend Darling just ravaged me last night-”

“Cut!” Gemma called.

“You know, you’re just supposed to be the camera woman,” Sabrina smirked.

“Sorry, sorry,” Gemma said. “That just didn’t sound natural at all. Be more natural.”

“Be more natural,’ she says,” Sabrina teased. “OK, I’ll try.”

“Alright, third times that charm,” Gemma said. “And... Action!”

“Mmmm, hey Daddy. God, I can’t believe you and your girlfriend did this to me last night. Look at how much you marked me! It made me shiver every fucking time. I’m so *fucking* lucky that your Darling is willing to let me be your little plaything.” Sabrina shifted on the bed, brushing her fingers over the hickey bruises on her torso and slowly shifting her hips sexually. “But did you know, Daddy, that Darling gave me permission to be a bad girl today? A filthy girl, just for you?” She pulled off her bra slowly, revealing three more hickey marks on her breasts. “Well, even more dirty than last night?”

She slowly lifted her bum from the bed and pushed down the shorts until the waistband was just hiding her pussy. You came forward and leaned into the shot, kissing her while standing next to the bed as you palm one of her tits and found her nipple with your fingers, tugging on it lightly and making her croon a moan against your lips. “And what exactly did my Darling give you permission to do, my bratty little pet?” you asked.

She bit her lip sexily and slipped her fingers under the waistband of the shorts, clearly stroking her pussy without showing it yet. “Darling said that you’d been the best boyfriend, and you’re always the best Daddy for me, so if I wanted to I could give you something.”

“And what’s that, baby?” you asked.

Sabrina rolled over on the bed, arcing her back and pressing out her ass, sliding the shorts down to reveal it was bare and had a little golden buttplug in it. “Darling says I can get ask you to fuck my ass, Daddy. I know you’ve been saving it because I’m an anal virgin, but I’ve wanted it for so long. Will you fuck my tight little asshole, Daddy? Will you be the man to show me how much my last fuckhole wants your cock?”

You slowly brought your hand back and then softly spanked one of her cheeks, making it jiggle, then you spread her cheeks apart to show the camera the buttplug more clearly. “This little fuckhole right here?” you asked.

“Yesss, Daddy,” Sabrina moaned as you poked the end of the buttplug and wiggled it around a bit.

“You’re sure you want me to do this?” you asked. “You know once you’re my little three-hole slut that you’ll be mine forever.”

“I already am, Daddy,” she gasped. “Oh, God, I want to be with you and Darling forever and ever. Please fuck my ass, Daddy. Just go slow, we’ve played with fingers and plugs but I don’t know what your big delicious Daddy Dick will be like in there.”

You leaned down and tilted her neck back, bringing her chin up so you could kiss her again. "OK, baby. I'm going to take your ass and make it mine. Do you need any more stretching first, or have you been a good girl and prepped yourself properly?"

"I've been good, I promise," she gasped as you tugged on the buttplug. "I'm ready for you, Daddy. Just let me get you hard first, and maybe feel you in my pussy for a minute to really make me the horniest bitch I can be for you."

Sabrina spun on her knees and licked her lips as she faced you lowering your boxers to reveal your cock. Then, without using her hands, she bent low to hook the head between her lips and and bring it up to horizontal and she slowly took you into her mouth in a slow, loving start to the blowjob.

## **Chapter 191**

The blowjob was, well, it was as great as usual. Sabrina and Gemma were both great in slightly different ways, but the biggest thing between them both is that they both made you feel like they really did love your cock because it was yours.

As Sabrina slowly bobbed her mouth, keeping her hands away and behind her back, Gemma shifted on the bed and began to get other angles. She got a closeup from the side, catching Sabrina's tongue as she slithered out from her lips along the bottom of your shaft. She got an angle that hid Sabrina's face when she worked her lips down your cock and began to lap and suck at your balls. Then, when the proper blowjob continued again, she got behind Sabrina and got a shot of Sabrina's pussy and plugged ass with her bobbing head and your torso in the background. When Sabrina realized that was the view she wiggled her bum and shifted her stance to show more of herself to the camera, then reached between her legs and slid a finger through her pussy lips and diddled her clit for a moment.

Then, with a look up at you, Sabrina jammed her face down low on your cock and gagged and bit. You knew she wanted you to fuck her face and make her deepthroat you, so you wove your fingers into her hand and started to do just that. Gemma came back around the bed, slowly moving the camera around, showing off Sabrina's ass as she pressed her pelvis to the bed, then up her back, then to your fingers in her hair. Finally Gemma zoomed back in on your cock fucking Sabrina's lips and pushing deep into her throat.

And then, and you weren't sure if it was a subconscious thing or intentional, Gemma reached into frame and ran her hand along Sabrina's throat, accentuating the little bit of bulge that happened when she deepthroated you.

Sabrina came. She hadn't been playing with herself, hadn't had her nipples teased and tested. She came, just a small one, from being treated like a fleshlight and Gemma making that one little move to emotionally set her over the edge.

You pulled out of her throat and mouth, thick strands of spittle connecting your cock to her lips, as she panted to catch her breath.

“Good girl,” you said. “God, when you’re not being a brat you are *the best* girl.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” she beamed up at you, her eye makeup smudged now from her eyes watering during the facefucking. “Are you ready to take my ass now?”

“I am, baby,” you said. “Do you want to be on top, or do you want me to be in control?”

“Oh, you Daddy,” she panted. She spun on her knees again, planting her messy face against the pillows and practically hiding her eyes and forehead between them so that only her lips and chin were visible. She raised her ass up and spread her knees wide. “Please, take me like this, Daddy. Make me your anal whore, just like I know Darling is for you.”

You got beside her, Gemma getting a just-off-centre shot to show Sabrina’s hanging nipples between her legs and her face in the background. “Darling is my girlfriend though, baby,” you said, putting two fingers on the buttplug and wiggling it to make her squirm. “Does that mean you want to be my girlfriend?”

“Mmm-mm,” she shook her head. “I want more. I want to be yours. I want to be your pet, and your mistress. Your official side piece. Can I be your official mistress, Daddy? I promise to be the best sex pet ever.”

“Yes, baby,” you said, leaning down and kissing the top of one of her ass cheeks as you began to pull out the buttplug. “But didn’t you realize that’s what you were already? You’re mine.”

“Yeeesss, Daddy,” Sabrina moaned lewdly, and you weren’t sure if she was playing it up for you, or the camera, or just really felt that way.

Gemma got a good closeup of her ass releasing the golden buttplug, gaping for just a moment and then shrinking to close *almost* all the way.

You grabbed the lube and dripped a bit onto Sabrina’s asshole and slowly rubbed it in, awkwardly getting a bit more on your cock off-camera and stroking it as well.

“Are you ready, baby?” you asked.

“God, yes Daddy,” she nodded. “Make me yours.”

You got into position behind her, and Gemma shifted on the bed to get an above and slightly to the side view as you placed your cock to Sabrina’s asshole as she spread her cheeks for you.

“On three, OK?” you asked. “Make sure you relax.”

“OK, Daddy,” she gasped. “I trust you.”

“One,” you counted. “Two.”

You pushed in, popping the head of your cock through her anal ring before she could tense of at three.

“Oooh, Daddy, fuck!” Sabrina squealed, and you held her hips in place and didn’t move your cock anymore as her upper body rocked from the surprise.

You weren’t thinking about the camera anymore, or the show. Or even Gemma, really. Because when you’d thrust into Sabrina and she’d squealed it hadn’t been like with Gemma. There had been pain in her voice. And the last fucking thing you would ever want to do was cause either of your girls real pain, even if they wanted it or Sabrina wanted to push through for the sake of a video.

So you had a decision to make. Stop, or try and push on. Trust your gut, or trust in Sabrina’s sexy acting abilities. If you called cut it would, at best, make the video seem choppy. But more importantly it might ruin Sabrina’s first time doing anal. If you didn’t and she was in pain, it could be way more disastrous.

“Cut,” you said, holding still. “Sabrina, I need to know that you’re OK.”

Sabrina stayed with her face buried in the pillows for a long moment, then raised them and looked back at you with tears in her eyes and her lip quivering.

## **Chapter 192**

Sabrina was sitting on the floor of her shower with her knees curled up and her forehead pressed between them as you sat next to her rubbing her back as she whimpered.

“Honey, it’s OK,” Gemma said. She was sitting on the toilet just outside the shower, reaching in and holding one of Sabrina’s hands. “It’s OK.”

“I- I just wanted it so bad,” Sabrina sobbed a little, lifting her face to look at you and Gemma. “You loved it so much and were nervous, but I *wanted* it and it felt-”

She started crying again, burying her head between her knees.

“Shhh,” you shushed her soothingly. “It’s OK. It’s OK.”

Sabrina had done all the prepping she could think of. She'd been secretly wearing buttplugs around at work. She'd fingered her butt. She'd even gone up one last butt plug size right before we did it. But for some reason when you had popped into her it hadn't felt good at all. In fact, it had downright stung and she'd thought maybe she'd ripped open or something.

It was the strangest thing, when you thought about it. Compared to Gemma, Sabrina practically got off of little shocks of pain and you would have almost called her a masochist. Well, maybe not that far, but still. But for some reason it just didn't do anything good for her to take your cock in the one place she'd been building up in her mind.

"I love you," you whispered to her.

She cried.

You and Gemma, once Sabrina was cried out, got her dried off and tucked her into bed, promising to make her some dinner. The two of you worked together to make a simple sandwich combo for her, bouncing thoughts off of each other as to what she would like on it. You'd even found a bag of chips rolled and clipped in one cupboard to go with it.

"I'm going to go," Gemma said once you had the plate all made up.

"What? No," you said, taking her hand. "She needs us both right now."

"No," Gemma smiled sadly. "She needs you, love. Right now I'm the girl who can do something she can't. She needs you to show her that that doesn't matter, and that you love her. So stay, and I'll go."

You frowned, not liking the idea of ending the weekend early. Or going to sleep without her next to you.

"Seriously, love," she said, seeing the look on your face. "I'll see you tomorrow, OK?"

"Alright," you sighed, and let her kiss you for a long minute.

You walked Gemma to the door and kissed her again on her way out, making her promise to text when she got back to her place.

Then you looked around the apartment and shook your head with a little sigh. Sabrina was a lot of things, but she wasn't tidy. So you went to work, quickly cleaning the living room and kitchen, and then you laid out the light dinner on the coffee table, and set up her laptop, and got a blanket from where it was stashed under a side table and got it ready.

Inside her room, Sabrina hadn't fallen asleep. She was just laying there on her side under the covers, frowning to herself. You went to her and knelt down next to the bed, brushing the hair out of her face and leaning in to kiss her forehead.

"Gemma's gone," you said quietly.

"Did you fuck her ass again before she left?" Sabrina asked petulantly.

"Sabrina," you said, surprised and stern.

She softened immediately, looking guilty. "Sorry. That bitchy of me."

"Come here," you said and pulled the covers off of her. She had panties on but that was it. You picked her up in a cradle carry and brought her out into the living room area, sitting down on the couch with her in your lap and pulling the blanket over you both.

"Castle and Sandwiches?" she asked.

You nodded and kissed her.

"I can't eat with me bundled up like this," she pointed out.

"That's what this arm is for," you said, wiggling your hand that wasn't under the blanket. Then you picked up a chip and lifted it to her lips.

She looked at and pursed her lips, then opened her mouth and let her feed it to her. She chewed quickly and then rested her head on your shoulder. "I'm sorry," she said.

"For what?" you asked.

"Not being able to do it," she sighed.

"Well, I'm sorry," you said.

She frowned, her brow crinkling. "For what?"

"For making you ever think you needed to," you said.

"You didn't," she said, raising her face to look at you fully and pouting her lips.

"Then why do you think it matters to me?" you asked. "I mean, sure it would be nice. But so would a lot of things. I don't *need* to fuck your cute little butt, Sabrina. I do *need* you."



She rolled her lips in and smiled, looking a lot younger than she was for a moment, before resting her head on your shoulder. "I love you," she whispered.

"I know," you said. "I love you too."

And you reached over and pressed play on the show, and Nathan Fillion filled the screen. Eventually you both figured out that feeding her the sandwich would be more mess than it was worth and you lost the blanket, and then your clothes joined it, as did her panties.

You were eating an early dinner, and six episodes of Castle later you were both sprawled on the couch, naked and slowly massaging each other's feet.

"Did I mention that I love you?" she asked, smiling happily and then taking your big toe and putting it between her teeth playfully.

"You did. Did I mention that I love you?"

"You did," she smiled.

## **Chapter 193**

"Well, well," Becks said as you walked into the office right behind Sabrina, having opened the door for her. "Someone is looking spiffy."

"She always looks spiffy," you smirked.

"She's talking about you, dummy," Sabrina smirked, giving you a nudge with her elbow.

"I know, dummy," you chuckled, nudging her back.

"So I'm guessing you guys had a good weekend?" Becks asked.

"Mhmm," Sabrina nodded. "Almost perfect."

"Almost?" Becks raised an eyebrow.

Sabrina hesitated and then shrugged. "Almost."

"Well, I hope your week starts just as well," she said. "Gemma isn't in yet. She hasn't forgotten my coffee, has she?"

"Haven't seen her yet, but I'm sure she's on her way," you said. "As for the start of the week... well, let's just say I probably have an email in my inbox that will determine that."

Becks levelled a 'what did you do?' look at you and Sabrina, so you put off going up into the office for another couple of minutes to tell her about the 'performance reviews' that Joy had played at on Friday.

"Well, shit," she sighed once you'd finished the story. "I dunno what to tell you guys on this one, she never pulled this kind of crap before that I can remember. Or at least that she told me about. What are you going to do?"

"Well, hopefully Garrison believes us," you said.

"And if not, we're not really sure," Sabrina said. "We're going to need to figure it out as we go. If we come back down here before lunch, we've probably been fired."

"And who's going to get me my morning coffee if that happens?" Becks asked with a commiserating smile.

"Joy," you guessed. "She'd be the only intern left."

"Fat chance of that," Becks sighed. "She never did the coffee run even in her first year."

You and Sabrina left Becks to her work and piled into the elevator, and this time you didn't flirt or kiss or anything. You'd discussed your realization last week that there might be cameras in there, so it was all business.

Up on the floor you stepped out and weren't immediately met with security, so that was a good sign. You were both also the first ones in the conference room, so you opened your laptops and checked your emails.

"I've got nothing," you said.

"Me neither," Sabrina frowned. "Maybe he didn't check his emails over the weekend?"

"Maybe," you said. "But, I mean, he's a partnered lawyer at a good firm, he'd have to at least check his emails, right?"

The two of you settled in, waiting to see what would happen. Eric was the next person to arrive, and he didn't have an email either. Then Gemma showed up with a cardboard box. You immediately got up to help her with it.

"Thanks," she smiled and touched your fingers as you both moved the box onto the table.

"No problem," you smiled. "Good morning." You tried your best to add a silent 'beautiful' to the end of that with your eyes.

“Good morning,” she replied, smiling wide. Maybe she’d gotten the message. Then she turned to the box and unfolded the top, pulling out five extra large takeout cups. “Drinks for everyone, and doughnuts and croissants.”

“Pushing some buttons?” Sabrina asked.

“I don’t know what you mean,” Gemma said, putting on an obviously innocent voice. “I just wanted to treat my fellow lowly interns to a treat at the start of the week.”

There were more drinks in the box which she took out and went to deliver to the various offices. Associates were already in, but you had no idea about the partners since their offices were at the other end of the floor and on the floor up.

Gemma was back well before Andy, let alone Joy, so she checked her emails and had nothing either. “He wasn’t in yet, though,” she said.

“Well, I guess we just work and wait,” you said.

And that’s what you did. You left a doughnut, croissant and Andy’s drink neatly on a napkin at his spot and then disposed of the box Gemma had carried everything in, but each of you made a point of leaving your own crum-covered napkins and drinks out in full view.

At 9:30am you went to check if Garrison was in and you saw his light on from down the hall, so you steeled yourself and went down to see him. You knocked on his door and it looked like he’d been in for at least a couple of minutes and was already sipping on his coffee.

“John, please don’t tell me you got into another brawl this weekend with some internet rapper or whatever,” he said, looking up from his computer with a pleasant, teasing look.

“Uh, no, sir. Nothing like that,” you said. “How was your weekend?”

“Shitty!” he laughed. “But that’s what happens when you end up working all weekend. I’ll be honest, kid. It’s easy to slip into bad habits when there’s always more work to do. Don’t let that be you, huh?”

“Oh, well, I’m sorry to hear that, sir,” you said. “But then, did you see our email?”

“What do you mean?” Garrison asked.

“We sent you an email on Friday afternoon,” you said. “All of us interns - well, most of us. It was about the ‘performance reviews’ that Joy tried to put us through.”

He blinked, and then frowned. "I didn't get an email like that," he said. "I don't like the sound of that either. Are you sure you sent it?"

"98%? I sent it to you, and CC'd the others. They all read it and signed on," you said.

He clicked on his own laptop for a few minutes, his frown deepening. "I'm not seeing it here."

"Sir, I know I sent that email. Everyone watched me do it," you said.

Garrison actually cracked his knuckles and then stood. "Let's head down there and take a look, make sure it's not sitting in your drafts folder or something, hmm?"

You felt like you were being walked to the principal's office as he escorted you back down to the conference room. The others, including Andy thank God, looked up as you entered followed by Garrison.

"Morning folks," he said, but didn't continue.

You went around to your spot and opened your laptop, and he hovered over you as you clicked through to your Sent folder and saw that the email wasn't there. And then you clicked your drafts and it wasn't there. You even clicked your Deleted folder and it wasn't there.

"Hey, guys," you said. "Do any of you have the CC copies of the email?"

All of them quickly checked and started shaking their heads.

"What the frick?" Gemma muttered, her frown deepening. Then she looked up to Garrison. "Sir, I swear that John is telling you the truth. I know I got the CC'd copy when he sent it on Friday afternoon."

Garrison had just started to speak when Mrs Bellagamba showed up at the door followed by one of the HR workers. "Oh, Terry," she said in surprise. "Well, I guess it's good you're here. Interns, we have a serious issue we need to discuss."

"Actually," Garrison said. "I think you and I have something to discuss first."