

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 159-165

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 159

If you had spent a little over half an hour loving on Sabrina's pussy with your mouth and fingers, Sabrina seemed determined to give you the same and more. She had you lay down on the bed with just your shoulders and chest up on the pillows and started undressing you. Your shirt was already open but you hadn't taken off the rest of your clothes and she seemed to enjoy her unwrapping as much as you had with her - not that she was totally unwrapped since she was still actually wearing the dress. While you'd been eating her out it had been pushed up past her waist, but as she moved around and tugged off your clothes it fell back down, concealing her again.

Once you were naked, Sabrina got down on her hands and knees between your legs and crawled up your body to kiss you soft and sweet, then a little more insistently with tongue. And then she stole your move and started kissing down your body, trailing her lips down your neck and across your chest, even going so far as licking and sucking your nipples as she looked up at you with a spark in her eye and a giggle. Then she went lower, kissing down to your pelvis until she reached your erect cock.

She kissed the side of the shaft with just a peck, looking up and grinning as your gazes were locked. "You know you have the best cock, right?" she asked.

"That's all I am to you, aren't I?" You joked. "Just a piece of meat for you to devour."

"Don't," she said, shaking her head. "Don't even make jokes like that, OK?" She crawled back up your body and pressed herself to your side so that you were nose to nose. "I want to make a promise between the two of us."

"Anything," you said, meaning it.

"It's something my Aunt and Uncle did when they got married," Sabrina said. "They promised to never, ever joke about getting a divorce. It just wasn't allowed in their relationship thesaurus. I want to make a similar promise with you. I don't want us to ever joke about breaking up, I don't want us to ever joke about hating each other, and the only time I want you to call me a bitch is in the bedroom."

You listened to her and when she was done you nodded and hugged her to you. "I promise," you said quietly and kissed her on the cheek.

"I promise, too," she whispered. Then she pulled back. "Is there anything you don't want me to say or joke about?"

"I think you covered it for now," you said.

"But you need to tell me if that changes," Sabrina said with a serious expression.

"I will," you said and kissed her on the cheek again. "I do want to point out that the meat joke wasn't the things we just promised though."

"I know," she said. "I'd just already been thinking about my Aunt and Uncle earlier, and you joking about why I loved you made me think of it. Because I do love you for your cock, but not even close to just for your cock, or the sex. You know that right?"

"Of course I do," you said, rubbing her back. "Sabrina, you know I love you for way more than the sex, right?"

She smiled softly and then giggled. "Honestly, sometimes it's hard to tell since we do it so often."

"Do you want to take a break?" you asked. "From sex, not from each other. So we can spend more other-time together."

"Yes," Sabrina said, "But God, no. I don't want to stop any of this, I just want more."

"I do too," you said, holding her.

You held each other for a long moment, then Sabrina snaked her hand down your abdomen to take hold of your cock again, squeezing you lightly. "Now I really am going to worship your cock, baby. But it's not just about your cock. It's about you, OK?"

You kissed her softly, and she smiled and slithered back down your body and started by kissing you at the root.

An hour is a lot of blowjob, but somehow Sabrina made it feel like an instant and an eternity at the same time. She made love to your cock with her mouth and hands, giving and giving. About halfway through your popped for the first time, your toes clenching as Sabrina accepted your load into her mouth and swallowed it down only to quickly deepthroat your cock when you were done, gurgling and sucking and tonguing all at once. There wasn't even a chance for you to start getting soft.

She kept you hard and went right back to loving on you again. By the time she was done her makeup was cloudy around her eyes and her lipstick was practically nonexistent - it was like you'd facefucked her roughly, but instead it had happened slow and methodical.

Sabrina gasped as she finally released your cock from her mouth and sat up, breathing deeply and smiling messily at you. "Love you, baby," she said.

You got up onto your knees and pulled her to you, kissing her hard and then lowering her down onto her back on the bed, kissing her all the way down. "I love you too," you said. You lowered the dress off her shoulders, then slid it down her body and off so that she was as naked as you were, and climbed between her legs.

The two of you did say a word, your eyes doing the talking for you as she spread her legs and lifted one up to your shoulder. You got in position and rubbed the head of your cock across her clit and then down into place and easily slid into her. She gasped a little, you moaned softly. She reached for you, and you lowered yourself to kiss her again as you slid into her fully, feeling her body accepting you.

"I'm glad we did it this way," Sabrina said as you slowly started to thrust in and out. "It's like a decadent cake on my birthday."

You chuckled softly. "You know, for most people hard and kinky is the once-in-a-while treat."

She grinned and kissed you again. "That's just because other couples don't listen to each other properly. But you do, and I do. And Gemma does."

You made love to Sabrina. And then you did it again a little while later with her on top. And you fell asleep like that, still inside of her.

## **Chapter 160**

"John, wake up!" Sabrina said, shaking you awake.

"Mmh, wha-?" you groaned, and then you realized you felt kind of cold and as you blinked your eyes awake you saw a naked Sabrina rushing around the room.

"We're going to be late for work," Sabrina said.

"Ah, fuck," you grunted and rolled to the side of the bed. Glancing at the clock, you did the quick math in your head and realized that not only was there no time to rush back to your place to get a change of clothes, but there also wasn't even time to hop in the shower.

The two of you got out the door, you dressed in your date clothes from the night before and Sabrina at least in a fresh set of work clothes, but her makeup looking a little more... trashy wasn't the right word, but she was definitely not her usual clean self. She hadn't had time to completely clean her face, so her eyes still had a bit of that smokiness around them.

The only reason the two of you didn't stink of sex was thanks to a wet washcloth and a spritz of her most gender-neutral perfume.

In the back of the Uber, which was the only way the two of you were going to get to work close to on time, Sabrina glanced over at you and smiled and reached down and took your hand.

"Thanks," she said.

"For what?" you asked.

"Everything," she grinned, resting her head against the window and looking over at you.

"You two make a cute couple," the Uber driver, a lady whose ears were festooned with piercings, said from the front seat.

"Thank you," you said. "I like to think so, too."

"How did you two meet?" she asked, glancing back at us in the rearview mirror. "I love meet-cute stories, so please don't tell me you met on an app."

"Oh, definitely not an app," Sabrina grinned. "See, we're both working at the same internship, but we've been going to college together for three years now..."

Sabrina told most of the story, omitting the OnlyFans connection but not that she had encouraged your other co-worker to also pursue a relationship with me.

"God damn, here I thought I was getting a Hallmark Movie and instead I got Skinimax," the driver laughed. "So, what? Are the three of you in a poly relationship, or is this a two-on-one sister wives kind of thing?"

"Oh, definitely sister-wives," Sabrina laughed, rubbing your leg. "I love her, but I'm not in love with her, if you know what I mean."

"I don't, but I think I get it," the woman said. "What about you, handsome?"

"Oh, I'm definitely in love with them both," you said. "But I can't speak for what they feel for each other. It's still new, and pretty wild, all things considered. Kissing two gorgeous women in front of the other is honestly the weirdest part and not the sex. Like, a threesome is awesome but it's kind of this contained thing, but casually kissing my girlfriends hello? That makes it feel a lot more real."

Sabrina grinned and leaned over, kissing me.

“So what happens at the end of your internship?” the driver asked as she made a hard left on a yellow light, pulling us into downtown. “You said you two go to college together, but I’m guessing this other chick doesn’t.”

“We don’t know yet,” Sabrina said. “It’s something we need to talk about.”

“I plan on being with them both as long as they’ll have me,” you said. “And working to make that a reality.”

“Really?” Sabrina asked. “I mean, I know we’ve talked about Gemma a bit, but...”

“It’s been on my mind a lot,” you admitted. “And it’s a conversation she and I need to have, and then all three of us. It just feels really early to be having a ‘what does the future look like’ talk.”

Sabrina grabbed your hand and squeezed it hard. “You can make it work.”

“Fuck,” the driver laughed. “Do you two want to try and be a *little* less romantic feel-good comedy or what?”

“Sorry,” Sabrina said with a quick laugh. “We’re young and in love.”

“Well, we’re at your destination,” the driver said. “You two can go off and live your Suits life.”

“Thanks for the ride,” Sabrina said, stepping out of her side of the car since she was next to the curb.

You went to follow her, but the driver cleared her throat so you stopped and looked to her. “Try not to fuck it up, Prince Charming,” the woman smirked at you.

“Trying my best every day,” you said.

She winked and laughed, and you exited the car shaking your head with a smile. The woman was driving away practically before you shut the door fully, and Sabrina was busy giving her a rating on her phone.

“She was nice,” Sabrina said. “And helped me get a look into that noggin of yours.”

“How’s that?” you asked.

“That you’re serious about making things work with Gemma,” she said. “I knew you were, but now you’ve really said it.”

“Is that OK with you?” you asked. “Part of me has been worried that you were OK with this because the three of us is temporary. Or that maybe she feels that way.”

“Well, I can’t talk for her, but I don’t think love should be intended to be temporary,” Sabrina said. “And I know what you and her are feeling isn’t temporary. If it was I would’ve been a lot more frustrated that you were using the L-word.”

“Lesbians?” you joked.

Sabrina rolled her eyes. “Yeah. Lesbians.”

You pulled her into a hug and kissed the top of her head. “I love you, Sabrina.”

“Love you too, baby,” she said, hugging you back before stepping away and straightening out her clothes before brushing a hand over your stomach to flatten a wrinkle in your shirt. “OK. Last day of the week. Think we can survive it before we get an entire weekend to the three of us?”

## **Chapter 161**

You were late, but not late enough that anyone noticed other than Gemma who immediately noted that you weren’t wearing one of your usual work outfits. She raised an eyebrow and smirked at the two of you, and a few minutes later she and Sabrina stepped out of the intern conference room and came back fifteen minutes later - Sabrina’s makeup was clean and fresh.

Nothing out of the norm, or at least the new norm, happened that morning. Joy came in late, as usual. Joy was a simmering pot of bitchiness, as usual. And Joy left early for lunch, as usual.

The rest of you ended up all grabbing lunches from the bodega and eating up in the office, so you didn’t get a good chance to chat with Gemma beyond the usual work jokes and teases. That actually made things feel lighter though - most of the morning you’d been thinking about the conversation with the Uber driver, and how you needed to have some heavier conversations with Gemma.

Despite the quiet morning and lunch, things started picking up in the afternoon when Garrison stopped by right at 1 pm and summoned Sabrina to his office.

She wasn’t back by the time Joy did, and after ten minutes of Joy futzing around with her ‘obsolete piece of shit’ laptop she seemed to finally notice that Sabrina was missing. “Where’s Twiggy?” she asked, gesturing at Sabrina’s usual seat.

“In a meeting,” you said without looking up from your work. “And her name is Sabrina.”

“Ugh. What do you mean, in a meeting?” Joy asked. “What possible reason does she have to be in a meeting?”

“We didn’t ask,” Gemma said, staring down the length of the conference table at her.

“Well, she better be able to explain herself,” Joy muttered. She pounded a finger on her laptop keyboard a few times, then closed it. “John, there’s a cleanup job in the basement my mother just emailed me about. We need to go take care of it.”

“I’ll go with him,” Gemma said, standing up.

“No, you won’t,” Joy said. “There are sensitive documents, so I’m supposed to take care of them.”

“Then why is John going?” Eric asked. “And why not me, or Andy? John always gets to do these other jobs. I could use a break from document scanning.”

“Because I said so,” Joy sneered at him. “Come on, John.”

“One second,” you said, typing quickly on your laptop as if you were finishing something off. You weren’t actually on any screen and just used it as a reason to let Joy finish at her seat and grab her purse and start towards the door. That gave you the time to pull out your phone and turn on the recording app without her being able to see it.

You stood and went around the table, Gemma touching her fingers to yours for a split second as you moved past her. Enough to try and reassure you, but not give you away to the others. You followed Joy out of the conference room and towards the elevators.

“So, which room are we cleaning?” you asked her.

“It’s down in the basement,” she said. “One of the storage rooms.”

“Yeah, but which one?” you asked again.

“I’ll show you,” she said, pursing her lips disapprovingly. The problem was that you couldn’t tell if she was doing it because she thought you should have been eager to do what you thought she had planned, or if this really was a job sent to her by her mother and she just didn’t like being questioned.

Once you were in the elevator, you cleared your throat and shuffled your feet and didn’t really want to even get down to the basement alone with her. “So, Joy,” you said. “About the last time we, ah, talked...”

“Not here,” she said.

That... wasn’t what you expected. Wait- You glanced up at the ceiling of the elevator but there wasn’t an obvious security camera. What if there was one, though? Hidden behind a grill or in a

light or something. Fuck, what if people checked it and saw you openly kissing both Gemma and Sabrina? Did a security guard review the footage? Was there one actively watching?

In the short time it took to reach the basement, you had started to sweat bullets. Not only were you in a rough position now, but you'd accidentally done that to yourself and the girls before, too.

Why couldn't you just follow the rules? No PDA at work!

"Come on," Joy said, motioning for you to follow her into the winding corridors of the basement. She seemed to wander for a moment, but then stopped us at a door and pulled out a key, opening it up. Inside was a storage room not unlike the one that you had helped clean up before, down to the tables and chairs and racks of bankers' boxes full of old files.

And, surprisingly, it was a mess.

"You start in the stacks and make sure you grab any garbage, and bring me any boxes that look like they are out of place," Joy said. "I need to start on the documents. Just try not to read anything, OK?"

"Uh, yeah," you said, a little surprised she wasn't trying to succubus you. The job was real. "Sure."

You went into the stacks of files and ended up coming out with an armload of garbage. Someone had spent a significant amount of time down in the room working. Then you came out again with a trio of filing boxes that had been displaced. "Are these of use to you?" you asked her.

"Let me see," she said, and quickly read the labels as you held them up. "Yeah, put that one here on the desk and that bottom one on the couch, then try to find where that last one is supposed to go back. Please."

"Sure," you said.

Joy said 'please.'

She was being... pleasant?

You did as she asked, and it took you a couple of minutes to find the right spot for the box since she'd already had four more around her at the work tables. Once you did and slid it home you returned to her. "What's next?" you asked.



“Do another quick check for garbage and then empty it out and bring it to one of the drops in the hall,” she said, not looking up from the page she was reading to try and re-file it properly. “I should be able to give you some files to alphabetize after that.”

You nodded and went to it, finding a last couple of wrappers in the stacks and behind the couch before tying up the garbage bag and replacing it with a new one, then walking it out to one of the big grey rolling bins in the corridor. You weren’t really sure what to expect at this point, and before going back in you took out your phone and checked that it was still recording before putting it back in your pocket.

*Alright, you thought to yourself. Let’s see if anything happens.*

You went back into the room and Joy pointed to a stack of files. “Start alphabetizing those,” she said. “Just don’t look inside them, alright?”

“OK,” you said. “Uh... what about that... conversation?”

She glanced up at you with a raised eyebrow. “We have work to do, John. We can talk some other time.”

“OK,” you said, and started working.

*What the fuck?*

## **Chapter 162**

“I don’t know,” you whispered. “She didn’t do anything. Didn’t even want to talk about it.”

“Maybe she knows,” Gemma muttered. “I mean, recording her isn’t the most original plan, right?”

“Maybe,” you agreed. “But then, if just the threat of it keeps her at bay, we’re in a stalemate. We can’t get evidence, but she can’t do anything.”

“Anything to you,” Gemma said. “That doesn’t help the rest of us.”

You and Gemma were down the hall from the conference room in the little staff kitchen for the floor. She was slowly making a new pot of coffee and you were filling up your water bottle.

“We’ve got Garrison on our side for real now,” you said. “So she’s got a short leash on whatever crap she can pull on you two.”

“That doesn’t help Eric,” Gemma said.

You frowned. "I know."

You and the girls had come to a collective decision that while Andy was a nice enough kid, he was already shit at this job anyways. Whatever connection he had that had gotten him his internship to begin with, that was going to have to be enough. Eric, on the other hand, wasn't as connected. And while douchey, he'd also helped you and Gemma out without asking questions when you needed it.

Loyalty had to go both ways.

"OK," you said. "So maybe we need to dig harder if she can't come at me directly right now."

"We could see if we can find something out about her mother," Gemma pointed out. "That's her entire power base."

"You want to take on a full-on Partner for the firm?" you asked.

"I mean, if there's a vulnerability to leverage," Gemma shrugged.

"Gem, I love you, but this isn't our home," you said. "We're done here in two months no matter what. Waging a war on a Partner sounds like something out of a legal drama."

"Maybe it's a little overboard," she smirked. "But if we *do* find something..."

"OK, yeah. If it falls in our lap, we'll obviously use it," you said. "But can we at least consider that the nuclear option?"

Gemma nodded, finished loading the grinds into the coffee maker and turned it on. "You know," she said, turning and leaning back against the counter. "It's less than two hours to the end of the day. Are you ready for our big night?"

"How big are we talking?" you asked. "You two are in charge."

"Big enough," she teased you. "Go home at the end of the day and pack an overnight bag, OK? But not a lot of clothes, remember we're going shopping for you tomorrow."

"OK," you said. "Where am I meeting you two?"

"I'll text you," she said with a grin. "Gotta keep you in suspense.:"

You rolled your eyes. "Did Sabrina tell you what she was doing with Garrison?"

“Mentor meeting,” Gemma said. “Just an informal get-to-know-you interview kind of thing. She said he wants to meet with me on Monday. Didn’t mention about you.”

“I think we already did that,” you said. “Sort of.”

“Well, we both need to thank you again,” Gemma said, peeking out the kitchen down the hall and then coming back and pressing close to you, giving you a kiss on the tip of your nose. “I’m excited to do that.”

“I’m excited too,” you grinned.

Two hours, unfortunately, is a long time.

It started with Joy getting summoned out of the conference room. Not totally weird, but the look on her face wasn’t exactly the usual aggressive snide expression of haughtiness she usually carried. She came back five minutes later with a smirk on her lips and a glint in her eye.

“Listen up,” she said, strutting back over to her spot at one end of the table. “As the lead intern, I’ve been tasked with giving you all performance reviews. So for the rest of the day you all need to stay in here and I’ll be calling you over to an office to conduct your reviews. That means no extra meetings, no mini water breaks to go bullshit in the kitchen, and no going home sick.” Joy glared over at Andy on the last one. “Eric, you’re up first. Come find me in the empty office three doors down in five minutes.”

She grabbed her laptop and left, that smirk still on her face.

“She’s joking, right?” Eric asked.

“I don’t think so,” you said.

“I don’t know whether to laugh, or be mad,” Gemma said. “I mean, seriously. There’s no way she can actually be doing performance reviews for us. Especially alone.”

“I’ll just go talk to Garrison,” you sighed and started to stand.

“Actually, I think we should let her do them,” Sabrina said. You all looked at her like she’d grown a second head. “No, wait. Hear me out,” she continued. “There’s no way that any review she does will be seen as legitimate as long as we don’t just accept them, right? So let’s let her dig her own grave. Find out what kind of crap she’s going to throw at us, and *then* we go talk to Garrison. It’s not like she can make the reviews formal and put them into our files or anything by herself.”

“That’s actually a great idea,” Gemma said, starting to grin. “Sabrina’s right. Try and remember everything she accuses you of, don’t agree with anything she says, and don’t sign anything.”

You all agreed, and at five minutes after Joy left Eric went to meet her.

Ten minutes after that the shouting started.

## Chapter 163

You looked at Gemma. Gemma looked at Sabrina. Sabrina looked at Andy, then looked back at you since Andy was currently nodding off and didn't even hear the shouting.

"Should we...?" Gemma asked.

"What is going *on!*?" you all heard coming from the hallway. It was Jack Baskin, one of the firm Associates who had an office near the conference rooms. "I'm on a call!"

The three of you didn't hear a reply, but you did hear Jack muttering to himself as he went back to his office. A minute later Eric walked back into the conference room looking a little red in the face and taking deep breaths.

"You OK, bud?" you asked him.

"She got *really* angry that I wouldn't sign her review sheet," he said.

"What did she try and say?" Sabrina asked.

"Other than accusing me of sexual harassment?" Eric started. "She said I do shit work, spend half my time on my phone which is wage theft, and based on the quality of my work she thinks I won't even graduate from my undergrad."

"I mean, most of that is pure bullshit," Gemma said. "Though you do spend a lot of time on your phone."

Eric started to reply, then stopped as his phone binged and he looked down at it and then blushed. "Look, juggling dating apps looking for The One takes a lot of effort, OK?"

You smirked a little. "It's fine, Eric. You get your work done."

"You could try looking for someone not on an App or at a bar or club, though," Sabrina offered.

"Shit," Gemma sighed. "I've been summoned."

"Good luck," you said with a soft smile.

“Don’t need it,” she replied confidently. “But thanks.”

Gemma left, and Eric continued to conversation. “Where the hell am I supposed to meet hot chicks other than on apps or at bars?”

“Well, you screwed up with me and Gemma right here at work,” Sabrina said. “Try joining a social club or something for the next couple of months. Like a hiking club or something. Or volunteer somewhere.”

“Or,” Eric countered. “After my podcast appearances next week I could be swimming in DMs. I think I should just take my chances for now.”

“Whatever works for you,” you chuckled.

Gemma was gone for about fifteen minutes before coming back. She had a frustrated look on her face, but there hadn’t been any shouting. “Apparently,” she said as she dropped into her chair. “I dress like a frumpy cow, I need to learn not to talk back to my superiors, and my productivity suffers because I’m too busy flirting with my co-workers even though it isn’t working. She said, ‘This is a place of business, not a dating app.’”

“Now that’s funny and a little ironic,” you smirked.

“I think you dress perfectly, by the way,” Sabrina added.

“Thanks,” Gemma said.

You wanted to reach over and give her hand a squeeze. Or, really, you wanted to kiss her and tell her how absolutely gorgeous she was, and how her business attire made her look professional and confident. Instead you settled with quickly texting her a heart emoji, and when she saw it she looked over at you and beamed a smile your way.

“Looks like I’m next,” Sabrina said, standing up after receiving her own summons over the Slack chat. “If I’m not back in twenty minutes, come help me hide the body.”

That got the three of us that weren’t asleep laughing lightly to relieve the stress.

Sabrina was out for about seventeen minutes, enough that you were starting to check the clock and wonder if you would actually need to go check on things and possibly help Sabrina get away with murder. She came back clenching her jaw and walking with her posture ramrod straight, and she sat down in her chair softly perched on the edge.

“Sabrina?” you asked her.

She held up a finger and took a long, deep breath. She licked her lips lightly, breathed again, and then nodded to herself. “Apparently Joy thinks that I need to learn what work-appropriate attire is because everything I wear is too tight and revealing even though I have a boyish figure, and I need to smile more often because I give off an unpleasant air that makes people uncomfortable. I also need to figure out how to speed up my workflow because apparently this is a real business that can’t act like colleges and give special considerations for people who are falling behind.”

You stood up, intending to stop this now, but Sabrina shook her head as she looked over to you. “Just go with the plan, John,” she said.

It took you a moment to nod, sitting down by sighing angrily.

Joy strutted into the room five minutes later, glaring as she saw Andy with his chin to his chest sitting perfectly still in his seat. It was late in the afternoon and the conference room was warm as hell - even with the stress, you were feeling your own eyes drooping a little. You didn’t even feel any sort of way about Andy being asleep instead of working it had become so commonplace.

“Hey,” Joy said, snapping loudly as she stalked up to him. He blinked awake and looked around with a confused expression. “Jerkoff, come on. It’s your review time.”

Andy got up, still looking like he wasn’t sure where he was, and followed her out. We all hoped he remembered not to sign her bullshit review.

He came back not three minutes later, frowning.

“What happened?” Eric asked.

“She said I failed in every category,” Andy said. “And I asked her what that meant and she just told me to get out of her sight so I did.”

My Slack chat pinged on your laptop and you took a deep breath. “Alright,” you said. “I’m up.”

## **Chapter 164**

Walking to the office that Joy was in only took about fifteen steps, and you shouldn’t have been worried. It was all bullshit at the end of the day. The problem was, there was this little ‘But’ in the back of your mind. Those little nuggets of doubt that wanted you to consider that things might be going sideways. That she might be a step or two ahead of you and the others.

You squashed the ‘But’ and went to the open door of the office, knocking lightly.

Joy looked up and smiled. Sweetly.

She was attractive when she wasn't acting like a raging bitch, and you could tell that between her family connections and her Pretty Privilege she probably got her way about 98% of the time in her life. You still weren't sure what might have happened if she had started at the same time as the rest of you for the internship and had set her sight on you - if she'd aggressively pursued you sexually, you likely would have appreciated the attention and fallen in with her.

What a shit decision that would have been considering what you had now.

You moved into the office, mostly just a box of a room with a standard desk and chairs inside and an empty filing cabinet. The window was looking out at the neighbouring building so it wasn't much of a view, but it did let in more natural light than the conference room had.

"John, hi," Joy said, still maintaining that 'sweet girl' persona. "Please sit. As you know, this is your performance review."

"If you say so," you said, taking a seat and doing your best not to fidget or give off any sign of being nervous.

"Could you do me a favour and take out your phone and turn it off?" Joy asked. "This is an important meeting and I would rather make sure we aren't going to be interrupted."

"No, sorry," you said. "I can't do that."

"And why is that?" Joy asked.

"Because that isn't a necessary step for this sort of meeting," you said. Which was true, but you were also currently kicking yourself because you hadn't just forgotten to turn on your recording app before stepping into the room but your phone was currently sitting next to your laptop in the conference room. You'd sent Gemma that little heart emoji, set it down, and hadn't put it back in your pocket.

You didn't have any protection. You couldn't gather any evidence.

*Fuck.*

Joy's smile broke into a small frown. "I really must insist," she said.

"I promise it won't be a distraction," you said.

Joy pursed her lips slightly and narrowed her eyes, looking you up and down. She reached over to the side of the desk and picked up two small stacks of paper, setting them side by side in front of her. "You know," she said, speaking slowly and carefully picking her words. "Employee

reviews are very important tools of bosses and HR departments to track progress and decide whether an employee is worth keeping around. Or if an Intern is worth making an offer to.”

“I’m aware of this, yeah,” you said.

“Well, some reviews,” she said, patting one of the stacks of paper. “They go fairly well. Nothing to note, maybe even a decent word or two about the employee. Things are taken in a kinder light, you could say. But sometimes reviews go poorly.” She patted the other stack of papers lightly. “Other reviews, well, sometimes things can’t just get overlooked. Sometimes they go poorly, and an entire group can see repercussions coming down because of it. They are the only way to know if correction is needed or not, after all.”

The implication she was making was clear. Joy had made up two different sets of reviews, and judging by the size of the paper stacks they must have been for everyone on the team and not just for you. She was offering a trade. What she wanted for you and the whole team to get good reviews.

You already knew what she wanted. And, to be honest, it wasn’t like it would be hard to do. Give her what she wanted, get what you and Gemma and Sabrina wanted. Save Eric to boot.

Except she was a snake, and you and your girlfriends had already decided the cost wasn’t worth it.

“I just want to have an open and frank discussion with you, John.” Joy said.

You shrugged in your seat. “I can turn off my phone,” you said. “But to be more comfortable with that circumstance I’ll need to go get a witness for this meeting.”

“You don’t get a witness for a review,” Joy said, her demeanour dropping more.

“No, I’m pretty sure I can if I want,” you said. “For any sort of disciplinary or HR meeting I can elect to bring a witness.”

She fully scowled at that point and then pulled a garbage can out from under the desk. It had a contraption on top of it, and you quickly realized it was a bolted-on paper shredder as Joy picked up the stack of ‘good’ reviews and fed the top page into the shredder.

“If you want to enforce a rule like that I can’t stop you,” she said over the noise of the machine. “But I think it would be in *most* of our best interest if we just have our frank talk one-on-one.”

“I’m good,” you said with another shrug.



She fed another couple of sheets into the shredder. "Are you sure, John? Because the way I see things, either you've decided you're in trouble or you're being personally insulting to me on purpose. And I definitely *do not* enjoy being insulted."

"You can take it any way you want," you said and stood up as she started feeding the rest of the 'good' reviews into the shredder. "But I think this meeting is over."

"Well, in that case, unfortunately I can't say your review is going to be very positive if we can't even start the meeting positively," Joy said. She was talking loud enough that you assumed she was trying to put on a show for the non-existent recording you were supposed to be making. "Anything that happens from here on out is going to be on you."

You wanted to snap at her. Wanted to level an accusation, but then you realized - she could be purposefully pushing *your* buttons. Or those of the others.

Joy could be recording *you* to try and get her own evidence for blackmail.

"I guess we'll see, Joy," you said.

## **Chapter 165**

You probably owed it to the others to head right back to the conference room and let them know what happened, but you decided with the last 'review meeting' done you needed to strike while the iron was hot. Instead of turning right towards the conference room you turned left down the hallway.

Garrison's office was at the far end of the building - which wasn't actually that far, but with every step you wondered if Joy was watching you. Maybe she was a step ahead if she was recording as well. Or two, or three. She'd been running rampant for years with the internships according to Becks. Maybe she'd dealt with this sort of resistance before.

You had to tell Garrison now before she, and possibly her mother, manufactured something that you couldn't get out of.

But your luck, it would seem, was absolute garbage because Garrison's office door was shut and the light was off. He'd already gone home for the weekend.

"Fuuuuck," you groaned softly.

Should you try one of the other Partners? Obviously Bellagamba wasn't an option, but there were four more of them. As you turned back to look at the other offices around you, you saw down at the far end of the hallway Joy was leaning against the doorway of the office she'd used, her arms crossed and smirking.

You took in a deep breath and then took another short hall to the other side of the offices and then walked the long way back to the conference room past the kitchen and the elevators. You were tempted to stop at the HR office but the lack of help you and Gemma had gotten earlier told you it was likely a dead end. Any report there was just as likely to go to Bellagamba as it was to reach Garrisson, and if Joy's mother had actually told her to do employee reviews then you'd be fucked.

So you went back to the conference room and the others looked up at you expectantly. Joy hadn't returned, so you just shook your head. "We didn't even start," you said.

"You got failed too?" Andy asked.

"I didn't even get that far," you clarified, and looked to Gemma and Sabrina. "She asked me to turn off my phone for the meeting and I told her I could go get a witness, and we deadlocked."

Sabrina's eyes went wide at the implication of that, and Gemma sniffed hard and you could see her mind spinning to try and come up with a new solution to things.

You opened your laptop back up, but you didn't go back to work. Instead, you started an email and worked to try and get it perfect. You still didn't have any real evidence, so you couldn't make any accusations about Joy's sexual demands and advances. You outlined the events of the afternoon, though, and made it clear that you and the others hadn't agreed to be reviewed by a fellow intern (because *fuck* the idea of calling her 'lead intern') and that none of you had signed off on her reviews as you all found them to be absurd.

Joy never returned to the conference room, so for the last ten minutes of the day you gathered the others - even Andy - around your laptop and showed them the email. Gemma and Sabrina offered a few wordsmithing ideas, and Eric made a good point about noting that Joy had openly insulted Andy in front of the rest of us. Andy literally hugged him for that.

You wrote out each of your names at the bottom of the email, CC'd each of them, and then sent the email to Garrisson's email.

It was the best you were going to be able to do in the short term. None of you had Garrisson's personal number to try and call or test him, and you weren't even sure if that would be appropriate.

With the email sent, you all packed up for the day and walked out together.

"We'll be fine," Gemma assured you all in the elevator.

"I hope so," Andy sighed. "My Grandma will be pissed if I get fired from another internship."

“Another?” Sabrina asked.

“Yeah, last year I was at this investment banking place. It was really boring and everyone was an asshole,” Andy said. “No chill at all.”

You had so many questions, but Andy didn’t offer anything else and you could only assume he’d been turfed for any number of the egregiously lazy things he did on a daily basis.

Outside the building you all split up, but you, Sabrina and Gemma circled back around and met up at the corner.

“See you soon,” Gemma said, slipping into your arms and kissing you lightly.

“You know you’re an absolute goddess, right?” you asked her. “Nothing Joy said to you today was real. You look amazing every single day in your work outfits. Stylish and confident and just the right amount of sexy without becoming unprofessional.”

“Thanks, baby,” she smiled softly and kissed you again. Then she pulled away with a little smirk and a twinkle in her eye. “Or maybe it’s Daddy for the rest of the night?”

“More like rest of the weekend,” Sabrina laughed as she took Gemma’s spot in your arms, pulling you down into a kiss with both her hands on your cheeks.

“Look,” you said once it was over. “I’ll be ‘Daddy’ one time this weekend, OK? Can we limit it to that?”

Both of them started giggling.

“OK, hon,” Gemma said, slipping her hand into yours. “One time this weekend, you are going to be our Daddy Dom. For both of us. And the rest of the time you’ll just be our John.”

“Our sexy, lovable, amazing John,” Sabrina grinned, still hugging you with one arm around your waist. “Now, you need to rush home and pack your bag, OK?”

“Can you *please* tell me what we’re doing tonight?” you asked.

“Dress semi-casual,” Gemma said. “We’re going out for a bit, OK? But not too long, at least tonight.”

“OK,” you nodded. “You know, I love you both so fucking much, right?”

“We know,” Gemma grinned.

You kissed her again, then Sabrina, then Gemma again. Sabrina laughed and pushed you away. "Go! People are starting to stare, and we have preparations to make."

"Alright, alright," you grinned. "I miss you both already."

Somehow you managed to catch your bus, and the entire ride home you had a big grin on your face. The workday had been weird, things had been left in chaos, but none of that fucking mattered.