

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 194-200

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 194

Garrison and Bellagamba both stepped outside and, after a moment, the lady from HR stepped in. It was the one you and Gemma hadn't reported to, who worked up on the second floor. She'd been there during one of your interviews but you hadn't seen her since you started at the firm.

And you quickly decided that you were happy about that.

This lady just stood there at the doorway, starting out a little startled that Garrison firmly shut the door as she stepped in, and then simply frosty and glaring. The strange thing was that she hadn't seemed to be so... well, bitchy when she'd sat in on your interview. Was that just a front, or had something happened to make her act like that?

She was eyeing all of you, and all of you were watching her.

"Ahem," she coughed, glaring.

All of you got back to work, typing softly and only stealing glances towards her and the door. The typing, however, didn't overpower the muted, stern voices that were happening out in the hallway. You couldn't tell what was being said, but it was clear that Garrison and Bellagamba were having an intense discussion.

'Mom and Dad are fighting' Sabrina sent over the slack channel we all shared. Not the official Intern one, since Joy was in that one.

You knew exactly when Gemma read it because she almost spit out a laugh and coughed to cover it up. Glancing over to her, you met her eyes as she kept coughing into her elbow, her eyes watering a little. You looked over at Sabrina and she was trying not to giggle at the response she'd gotten. The HR lady didn't seem to be catching on.

"Hah!" Eric barked out a quick laugh when he saw the message.

The HR lady turned and glared at him, and he shrunk in his seat a bit as he stared at his laptop screen and mumbled an apology.

The voices outside the door cut off abruptly, and a moment later the door opened. Garrison was holding it open and Joy walked in. The smirk on her lips, and the pleased crinkle of her eyes as she looked around the room, was more than enough to let you know she was feeling totally in control and had a secret she was keeping.

Garrison shut the door again once she was inside, which broke that facade for a moment, but she turned back to the room and gave the HR lady a smarmy, simpering smile. “Good morning, Cheryl,” she said.

“Good morning, Joy,” apparently-Cheryl said, giving her a tight little smile in return.

“So, I guess something is going on...” Joy began saying to the room, clearly leading into gloating, as she made her way around the conference table. But then she saw the napkins. And the crumbs. And the coffee cups. Her face hardened and her smile turned into a sneer. “Um, excuse me? I thought it was made clear that you weren’t allowed to make any purchases for yourself along with the regular coffee orders. This might as well be insubordination. And theft. Cheryl, are you going to do something about this?”

“Actually,” Gemma said. “I bought everything with my own money. Just a Monday morning treat to help us get started.”

Joy narrowed her eyes. “Well, where’s mine then? Are you excluding me? Because that sounds like bullying and workplace harassment. I *am* part of the head of the intern team.”

“Oh, sorry,” Gemma said, putting on an innocent look and tone. “I just got snacks for the crew of us who are here before the start of the day. I figured since you’re always in sometime after 10 that you probably have time for a proper breakfast.”

“Hm,” Cheryl hummed a soft grunt. It was like an auditory ‘Cheryl will remember this’ from a video game. And it was music to your ears.

“Well, I- I have permission from a partner of the firm to work the hours I do,” Joy stuttered, noting the slightly raised eyebrow of Cheryl. Then she steeled herself a little. “But that’s neither here nor there. I still find it disrespectful that you would exclude me on purpose.”

“Sorry, but you can’t force me to buy you things,” Gemma said. “Not with my own money. Can she, Cheryl?”

Cheryl pursed her lips for a moment as she regarded the two women at either end of the room. “No, she can’t,” Cheryl said. “But if this is any sort of ongoing issue we’ll need to put in a new policy of not bringing in food other than for your own consumption. And I don’t want to have to go through that process.”

“I’ll keep that in mind, Cheryl,” Gemma smiled sweetly. “I wouldn’t want to cause you *any* extra work.”

Joy, foiled for the moment, sat down and started to make herself look busy. It was the most you’d ever seen her physically do with her laptop since you’d met her.

The door opened and both Garrison and Bellagamba stepped back inside. Garrison looked annoyed, and a little frustrated. Bellagamba was like ice.

“Mother, I-” Joy started.

“It will need to wait,” Garrison said, holding up a finger.

Joy worked her mouth like a fish out of water. Her eyes looked like she was screaming at her mother psychically or something, but Bellagamba just glanced at her daughter and then scanned the rest of us again with that icy glare.

“Alright. Here’s the deal, folks,” Garrison said. “First, there is no ‘senior intern’ or ‘head intern’ or whatever position. You’re all interns, all of equal position. Joy, just because you’ve spent the last four summers doing the same job here, it doesn’t give you the right to act as anyone’s supervisor. You are *not* to be giving other interns direction, let alone performance reviews. If someone needs something from you all, literally anyone else from the office will come down here and tell you, or ask for it by email. Next, Joy, from what I understand you’ve been arriving and leaving with your mother throughout the day. If you are going to keep your internship at this firm, you’re not a Partner’s daughter. You are to arrive here *on time* to work, you will take the half-hour lunch break with the others, and you will leave at end of business. And you will participate in the Coffee rotation, just like everyone else.”

You thought Joy might actually just die, the way she was slowly turning pink and red. “Mother-” she squeaked.

Bellagamba just turned and walked out.

“Cheryl, please make a note of this verbal warning in Joy’s file,” Garrison said.

Cheryl nodded.

“John, Gemma and Sabrina, come with me please,” Garrison said. He waved Cheryl out and then stepped out of the office.

There was a part of you that wanted to see what Joy would do or say once there weren’t any ‘adults’ in the room. The larger part of you wanted to be outside the blast radius. You stood, and Gemma and Sabrina were quickly doing the same.

Chapter 195

The three of you followed Garrison out of the conference room and down the hall, though not in the direction of his office. Instead, he led you toward the elevators. He thumbed the Up button and then waited.

You wanted to say something. 'Thank you' was at the top of your mind, followed by several dozen other things. But you also didn't want to sound... you weren't even sure how to describe it. 'Weak' wasn't right, but it felt close. So you kept your mouth shut and decided to let Garrison take the lead, and Gemma and Sabrina seemed to be doing the same.

After an agonizing half-minute the elevator finally opened and all four of you piled in, and Garrison hit the button for the next floor up. It probably would have ended up being faster to take the stairs.

"If I might, sir," Gemma said, breaking the silence. "Where are we headed?"

Garrison, for the first time since you'd entered his office that morning, broke a soft half-smile. "Couldn't hold it in anymore, Gemma?"

"I was about to crack if she didn't," Sabrina said with a smile.

"John?" Garrison asked.

"I am zen. I am centred," you said. "I am curious as hell."

He snorted a little and shook his head. "We're heading to IT," he said as the elevator opened again one floor up. You'd only been to IT once since starting, to collect your company laptop and get your credentials sorted. Gemma and Sabrina had been up here more. There were some Partners who had offices up on this floor, making use of the corner rooms, and some First Year associates in a bullpen who didn't rate high enough to be on the Coffee Run lists. Most of the floor was dominated by a big conference room that doubled as a legal library for the firm, along with the IT office and a small gym tucked away from senior associates and Partners to use.

You followed Garrison through the winding hallways, past the First Year bullpen which seemed to be a flurry of activity while one of the other partners seemed to be dictating something to them. Then you reached the glassed-in IT area with its bank of servers. Garrison walked right in, knocking offhandedly on the glass door as he entered. "Jacobs," he said.

"Sir," Jacobs turned from where he seemed to have been working on a computer that looked like it had been torn apart at the seams. He had been standing with his back to the door at a standing desk, and when he saw Garrison and the rest of you he looked... you weren't sure. It was a weird mash of emotions.

"We need to do a quick search of the internal databases," Garrison said.

“Sure,” Jacobs nodded, moving over to the other standing desk where his main rig seemed to be set up. “Legal records, or-?”

“Emails. Internal emails,” Garrison said.

Jacobs hesitated, then slowly turned with a raised eyebrow. “Sir? Isn’t that…”

“I’m a Senior Partner of the firm, Jacobs,” Garrison said. “I own those servers. I own everything on those servers. I own the four very expensive standing desks I see in here, as well. So if I want you to look in the database for emails, you’ll look in the damn database.”

“Sir,” he nodded, eyes going wide as he turned back to his computer and brought up some sort of program.

Garrison turned to you, Sabrina and Gemma. “Let’s try a key phrase first,” he said. “Something relatively unique.”

“Um, how about ‘We find her activity extremely suspect and out of the norm,’?” you hedged.

“Or, ‘We do not accept the so-called results of her fabricated performance reviews,’” Gemma offered.

Jacobs quickly typed into the program and hit enter, and a loading bar quickly scanned across the screen as, you assumed, the database was scanned. It came up with 0 results.

“Nothing,” Jacobs said.

“I can see that,” Garrison grunted. “Is this searching all emails?”

“Everything in the every account archive,” Jacobs said.

“What about deleted emails? We keep those, correct?” Garrison asked.

Jacobs hesitated, but it extended.

And then Jacobs looked like he physically cracked. He didn’t just deflate emotionally, the guy straight up had a physical reaction as he curled forward and let loose a sob as he grabbed at his hair and just started bawling.

You had no fucking clue what to do with that. And judging by the look on his face, neither did Garrison. Gemma looked a lot like the two of you.

Sabrina looked like she wanted to offer some sort of support to the guy, but stopped after a step like she was afraid if she finished putting a hand on his shoulder it might burn her.

"I'm so sorry," Jacobs heaved. "I'm- Oh, God, you're going to fire me. I'm going to get fired. I can't lose this job, I just can't."

"Jesus," Garrison muttered. "Jacobs, get a hold of yourself. What do you need, a shake or a slap or a damn hankie?"

"I'm- I'm sorry," Jacobs said, trying to wipe his eyes and catch his breath at the same time. "Please don't fire me. I just- I can't lose this job! But I had to do it."

"Had to do what?" you asked, though you definitely were starting to piece things together.

"I deleted the emails. All of them," he admitted. "I used the backdoor into the system and erased every trace of them. You can't find them in any inbox or folder. Just like I did with the others."

"Others?" Garrison asked darkly.

Jacobs nodded silently.

"How many others?" Garrison asked.

"A few every year," Jacobs said.

"For how many years?"

"The last three."

"Why?" Gemma asked.

Jacobs blinked and took a long, sad breath. "Because she blackmailed me."

Chapter 196

"It started four years ago," Jacobs explained. He'd gotten control of himself now and he looked more exhausted than anything else. Garrison had pulled him out of the IT office and down the hall to an open meeting room and you, Sabrina and Gemma had just sort of followed along since you hadn't been sent away. "At first I thought it was just innocent stuff. I had a girlfriend. Joy was just kind of flirty whenever she had to come by the IT office. I thought it wasn't anything, and just sort of took it as a compliment. Then the next year, when she was back, she went right back to it and this time she went harder. And I- God, I was such an idiot, but it felt good to be wanted. I've been with my wife for seven years now, four by that second summer."

"You slept with an intern?" Garrison asked bluntly.

“No!” Jacobs said. “God, no. But I flirted back, and Joy got my number from my email signature and started texting me. At first, I thought it was just friendly stuff, but then I realized I was hiding it from Jenny and knew it was wrong so I tried to stop it. Then Joy sent me a nude picture, and... I was weak and didn’t tell her to stop. When I finally did she got pissed at me and threatened to tell my girlfriend and get me fired, and I panicked. I could erase everything from my phone, but I couldn’t do anything about hers since she was using a personal phone and not a company one.

“Then she came to me about halfway through that summer and said I had to pay up. She made me search for an email and delete it. She’d been the one to send it so I assumed it was something embarrassing and this would be the end of it, but then she came back twice more for me to do it again. Then another few times last year.”

Garrison sighed loudly through his nose, a long sound that spoke of irritation and annoyance. “And there’s no way to get those emails back?”

Jacobs shook his head. “I scraped every trace of them from the servers, accounts and devices. Unless someone saw them right when they got sent, it was like they were never there.”

“Alright,” Garrison sighed and stood. “Go back to work. Obviously this is a major problem, but I’m not going to just lash out and fire you. If you want any shot at keeping your job you’re going to stay silent about this until I say otherwise, got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Jacobs nodded.

“Then don’t screw it up,” he said. Then he turned to you and the girls as if he’d forgotten you were even there. “You three go back down to the conference room. Don’t say anything to anyone about this. I’m going to need to call in a Partners meeting and it might take some time to get that together. Breathe a word of it and everything else goes away.”

“Understood, sir,” you nodded.

“Yes, sir,” Gemma and Sabrina both answered.

He dismissed you, and the three of you wound your way back through the halls towards the elevators, but you tugged the girls over to the heavy door to the stairs. Despite the nice furnishings of the legal offices, the stairs to the building were hard concrete and steel girders and little else, so as the door shut behind you with a massive clang and echo you were going to have to keep your voices down.

“Holy shit,” Gemma hissed quietly. “Holy fucking shit!”

“She is so fucked,” Sabrina nodded.

“Probably,” you agreed. “But maybe not. We need to be careful.”

Gemma took a breath and nodded. “She’s a snake. She might have planned for this or something. And we don’t know if her Mom is in on it.”

“Fuick, you’re right,” Sabrina whispered. “Shit. OK. What do we do next?”

“Nothing,” you said. “We do what Garrison said. That’s the only way we don’t risk screwing everything up. He knows, he believes us. That should be enough for now.”

“OK,” Sabrina said. “OK. So we wait.”

“Well,” Gemma said quietly as the three of you started walking down the stairs. “There is one other thing we could do.”

“What’s that?” you asked as you reached the mid-floor flight.

“Celebrate just a little,” Gemma grinned, and then she pushed you up against the wall of the stairwell and kissed you with full tongue. When she finally pulled away she was grinning ear to ear. “Good morning, baby.”

“Morning, Gem,” you said. She laughed and wiped her thumb over your lip to scrub away a tiny mark of her lipstick.

“Freedom,” Sabrina faux-yelled, doing a Braveheart impression quietly, then gave you a sweet kiss of her own.

The three of you went down the next flight of stairs together holding hands, then split apart as you entered the office floor. You split up, Gemma heading to the washroom and Sabrina going with you to the conference room. When you entered she quickly slipped to Gemma’s seat and grabbed her purse, then headed out again to meet her. Kissing like that had left Gemma’s lipstick smudged a little and fixing it was safer than raising questions.

Joy wasn’t in the conference room when the two of you returned, and once Sabrina had left again and you were sitting down Eric turned to you. “So? What the fuck is going on?”

“Not entirely sure,” you fudged the truth. “Garrison is on the warpath though. Where did Joy go?”

“She was all pissy for a few minutes after you guys left with Garrison and then she stormed out,” Eric said.

“Probably went to tell off her Mom,” Andy said. “Some people just don’t respect their elders.”

You and Eric just sort of looked at the dopey stoner for a long moment.

Gemma and Sabrina came back to the conference room a few minutes later, and Eric asked them the same thing but they gave him even less.

Then Joy came back about 30 minutes later.

You weren't sure what made you more wary, the fact that she looked like she'd been crying her eyes out, or that she had a big shit-eating grin on her face.

Chapter 197

Joy didn't say anything, which made the whole thing with her even more unnerving. She went to her seat with that frustrating, slightly-crazed grin and sat down, pulling out a tissue from her back to wipe under her eyes. She didn't even bother heading out to the washroom or anything, she just sat there grinning.

Gemma broke the silence, looking down the table at her. 'Are you OK?'

"Oh, fine," Joy said. Then she laughed. Or cackled. Much more of a cackle.

You made eye contact with Sabrina across the table and did a little mind-reading where both of you were definitely in agreement that Joy might be going crazy.

It was right around 11:30, when Joy usually - or used - to leave for lunch when Mr Vega showed up at the conference room door with a knock. He was another of the Partners, though you'd only seen him a couple of times when he dropped off work for all of you.

"John," he said gravely. "Come with me."

"Yes, sir," you said, standing and shutting your laptop again.

Gemma gave you a concerned look as you passed her, and glanced down at Joy, guessing this had something to do with her. You just tried to give Gemma a reassuring nod since Vega was waiting right at the door.

He didn't say anything as he started escorting you down the hall, but you could tell he was tense from the way he was flexing his hands down by his side. Vega led you down to the same conference room you had played 'dumb intern' in against Sabrina's uncle for Garrison. You followed Vega inside and stopped in your tracks as you came face to face with the entire group of the Senior Partners. There were seven of them in all, each of them looking at you with tense

expressions. Cheryl from earlier, and Carol, were both in attendance as well with their laptops open.

Despite the very intense vibe in the room, your brain made the weird connection that the two HR ladies for the firm were named Cheryl and Carol, and that seemed a little silly for some reason.

“John, you should sit,” Garrison said, directing you to the open chair at the head of the conference table. You weren’t sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing, but you did it. Just like in the elevator you felt like you had a thousand things you could say or ask to try and fill the silence, or cut it. But silence felt like the right choice at this point.

The reason for that was that, even though most of the partners were giving you something of a stonewall of poker faces, three people weren’t. Carol and Cheryl looked downright disgusted whenever they looked down the table at you, and Bellagamba looked like she was barely managing to keep in some sort of remark.

“John, allegations of sexual harassment within the intern pool have come forward,” Vega said once he was sitting and situated. “We take these allegations extremely seriously, which is why we are all here at the moment along with Human Resources. I need you to know that nothing but the absolute truth will be beneficial to you here as we investigate the allegations. Do you understand?”

You blew out a long breath and nodded. Very quickly the puzzle pieces were falling into place. The crazed look that Joy had been holding. Her missing from the conference room. Her likely having backup plans after getting shut down earlier.

There were a few ways you could play this, but going as close to straight as possible seemed like the best bet.

“Really?” you asked. “Damn, that’s actually a huge relief. I haven’t been able to get any actual evidence so I wasn’t sure how to handle it.”

Several of the partners looked at each other in mild confusion, though they all had good enough poker faces to give away much more than morbid curiosity.

Vega glanced at Garrison, then down the table to Bellagamba, before turning back to you. “Why don’t we start from the beginning, then. What was the first incident?”

“Well, all of us Interns had been working pretty smoothly so far this summer. At least, I like to think we were. Then Mrs Bellagamba returned to the office and Joy arrived. As soon as she came into our conference room she started belittling everyone, guys and girls both. I’ll be honest, Eric tested the water a bit to see if she might be interested in a date but wasn’t rude about it, but Joy was pretty cruel in how she answered him, and then she started domineering everyone in the room. Later that first day she sent me and Sabrina down to clean one of the

records rooms, but then showed up herself a little while later and sent Sabrina up to a meeting she said Sabrina had been asked for. Then Joy made some, ah, well I'd say romantic advances but it sounded like she was just looking for sex. I told her I wasn't interested, and then had to physically fend her off a bit, but she wouldn't take no for an answer. Carol should have the records of Gemma and I reporting our relationship to HR, which was one of plenty of reasons I didn't want to engage in any sort of relationship with Joy, but she ended up slapping me when I continued to reject her advances. I left, and Gemma and Sabrina both met me up on this floor."

"Why didn't you report this alleged incident?" Cheryl asked stiffly.

"I mean, I didn't have any evidence," you said. "Well, we didn't. Gemma and Sabrina were pretty pissed off, but they didn't actually see or hear anything, so anything I brought forward was just going to be hearsay. And, to be honest, anything I brought forward was also going to be against a five-year intern who also happens to be a Senior Partner's daughter. The most evidence I had was the slap mark on my cheek, and Gemma can back me up about that because she saw it, but she didn't see it happen."

"This is-" Bellagamba started to say, but Garrison looked down the table at her and there was a short battle of wills. Bellagamba didn't back down, but she also didn't continue the comment.

Garrison turned to you. "Were there any other instances you think we should be made aware of?"

"Well, I kept expecting something," you said. "I started recording on my phone whenever I was going to be alone with Joy, but she didn't bring it up again until the sham performance reviews when she made some veiled threats that I should agree to what she wanted or else she would file a whole series of negative reviews for all of us interns that could get us fired. But she wasn't direct about it, and I got the impression she either thought I was recording her or she was recording the meeting herself for some reason. I believe that's all."

The Partners were silent for a long time, looking around at each other, and down the table at Carol and Cheryl. Vega had written something on a notepad and slid it to Garrison, who glanced at it and nodded.

"John, you can head back down to the conference room," he said. "We're done with you for now, but we may circle back around to you. This is a private meeting at the moment, so do not speak about it with anyone else. Including your girlfriend."

"Yes, sir," you nodded, and quickly stood and nodded again to them all before leaving the room and speed-walking yourself down the hall.

"Holy fuck," you muttered to yourself once you made it to the washroom, looking at yourself in the mirror. You'd been sweating bullets down your back.

But maybe, just maybe, this would work.

Chapter 198

Returning to the conference room with the others, when you walked in Joy looked up and seemed confused as you went and took your seat. She still had a smarmy little grin on as she tried to get a read on you, but when you told the others that what you'd been called away for wasn't a big deal she got even more confused.

It honestly kind of felt good to be mind-fucking her like this, even if nothing was confirmed or solid at the moment. With Bellagamba in that room it felt just as likely that you were going to get turfed as that something would happen with Joy. And thinking like that brought you down a bit of a mental rabbit hole as you considered what would happen if you *did* end up getting fired.

The good news was that it wouldn't actually affect your final year at college - well, unless the firm (or Bellagamba) contacted them to tell them you'd been fired for sexual harassment. But that was the absolute worst-case scenario. Outside of that, you weren't counting on the internship to actually afford your final year. That's what your student loans were for.

But you *were* counting on the internship to help pay for your summer expenses. Subletting a place wasn't cheap, let alone other living expenses. Without the internship paychecks you would need to leave the city unless you found another job, and there was no fucking way you were leaving the city this summer because that would mean leaving Gemma.

You felt a little bad thinking of it like that, or really of excluding Sabrina from that equation, but the reality was that you and Sabrina could reunite back at school if one of you had to leave the internship and city. But Gemma was going back to Australia - leave now, and you would likely lose her forever.

Another wild option was that you could move in with one of the girls if whatever job you found couldn't cover you having your own place, but despite wanting to spend every minute with both of them that felt too early and sort of cheap. Forcing a step like that made the idea of it less special. The scary part was that at this point Sabrina could basically just be your Sugar Mommy for real and would probably be happy to do so.

Just before noon, Gemma got called out of the office by Vega. You had no doubt they wanted to get her side of things before you both had the chance to talk privately.

Lunch was a subdued affair. You and Sabrina went down to the bodega and made sure to pick up one of Gemma's usuals before going back to eat in the conference room. Eric took the run down to the sub place, wanting to stay away from Joy as much as possible. On your way in and out Becks had been busy at her desk both times, but had taken a moment to wave as you and Sabrina came back in and flashing you a thumbs up as if to say, 'Hey, you're not fired yet!'

Sabrina got summoned by Vega right at 12:30, and Gemma returned after a minute and was thankful for the lunch you'd gotten her. She also openly came over and gave you a little peck on the lips, and pulled her chair over to eat next to you as you started back to work. That left Eric and Andy wide-eyed and open-mouthed, which made Gemma laugh and explain that your relationship was HR Certified.

Eric, of course, was a little putout but you reminded him he was travelling down to Miami later in the week for his podcasts. Andy was surprisingly enthusiastic for you two.

Joy, somewhat surprisingly, took almost an hour-long lunch break and was lucky to return when she did. Right at one o'clock, minutes after she had returned, Vega showed up escorting Sabrina back and asked to see Joy again.

She left, shooting a smirky glare over her shoulder as she went.

And she never came back that afternoon.

It was weird. Her place at the end of the table was like a hole, sitting there waiting for someone to fall into it. Joy was a horrible, irritating presence but her not being there when we expected her to be was weird. Joy being free to work her evil little fingers into fucking your lives up however she could without you knowing what she was doing was something else entirely.

But she just... didn't come back. Her laptop sat open, and her purse hung from her chair. The afternoon passed and none of the partners came to the conference room. Things started, slowly, to feel like... normal? Andy was the first one to crack a joke, the lovable dope. Gemma asked you a question, and Sabrina had the answer quicker than you, which led to some teasing. Eric showed off one of the girls he'd been chatting up on a dating app, and Sabrina pointed out to him that the pretty woman had a kid listed on her profile, which Eric had missed and immediately decided excluded the woman from being a potential partner. That spawned a whole, lingering debate as you worked about whether any of us would date a single parent.

And then the day was over, and Joy still hadn't come back. You shut her laptop and left her stuff there, turning off the light as you left.

You kissed Gemma goodbye outside the building, in sight of Andy and Eric since they knew. And then you kissed Sabrina goodbye just around the corner.

And then you went home. And you weren't fired.

Or you weren't fired yet.

It was weird, not knowing.

Chapter 199

“Hey, Daddy,” Sabrina grinned as she looked up into the camera of her phone.

“Ugh,” you groaned and rolled your eyes, but you couldn’t help the little smile as you heard the annoying play name again.

“Oh, hush,” Gemma laughed. “You love it.”

The three of you had decided not to get together for once, mostly for the sake of your and Gemma’s wallets but also so that you could all have some non-couple time. So, of course, you ended up on a three-way video call at the end of the night. You’d spent the evening with Mosche and finally ordered that pizza he’d been wanting and had watched Die Hard 3, which was definitely not the Die Hard you would have preferred because it was, quite frankly, pretty bad.

Now you were in your room laying on your bed, and the girls had turned from texting to the group call.

“I put up with it,” you countered Gemma. “There’s a difference.”

“That’s OK,” Sabrina said. “I like that you kinda don’t like it because it means you fuck me harder when you hear it because you’re annoyed with me.”

“Filthy bitch,” Gemma snickered.

“Says the butt queen,” Sabrina teased her back.

“I am not a butt queen,” Gemma said. “God, I do want to do it again though, love.”

“See you in twenty,” you said, pretending to get up from the bed and making both girls chuckle a little.

“How are you doing though, Sabrina?” Gemma asked. “Better than last night?”

“Yeah,” Sabrina nodded. “Thank you for giving me some alone time with John, though. It helped a ton.”

“No need to thank me,” Gemma said. “You needed it. I know you’d do the same for me.”

That made Sabrina smile broadly and nod. “Absolutely, babe.”

The conversation shifted a bit, and the three of you made some guesses about the Joy situation but you didn't have enough information to make a guess at where things would land. Then you purposefully pivoted the conversation to where you and Gemma should go on a date later that week, and what Sabrina wanted to do when her sister came to visit.

It was right around when Sabrina was saying how, when her sister left Sunday night, that she wanted you to give her a good fucking to round out the weekend that she stopped. "Gemma, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," your Australian girlfriend said, flushing a little.

"Where's your other hand?" Sabrina asked.

"Holding the phone," Gemma said cheekily.

"Your *other* other hand then," Sabrina said.

Gemma bit the corner of her lip in a grin and then panned the camera of her phone down her body. She was wearing a simple bra and was laying in bed, and her panties were pulled down her thighs and her other hand was currently rubbing between her pussy lips.

"Were you masturbating to my plans for introducing my sister to John?" Sabrina asked.

"It just sounded really cute, OK!?" Gemma said, bringing the camera back up to her face. "I was fantasizing about introducing him to *my* family, and then that went to having sex in my old room at home. And I got horny."

"Love you, love," you said warmly.

"Love you too," she said back, just as warm as she smiled at you. Then she squinted a little. "Sabrina, where's *your* other hand?"

"Oh, I'm two knuckles deep already," Sabrina said, panning down her own completely naked body to show herself softly finger fucking herself. "As soon as I knew you were, I started working. Now, John, are you gonna show us our boyfriend's cock or not?"

And that's how you ended up in a three-way mutual masturbation video call with your two girlfriends when there was a loud knock on your door.

"One second!" you shouted, quickly yanking your boxers back up as the tinkling laughter of both Gemma and Sabrina echoed out of the speaker. You flipped over the phone and went to the door.

“Hey, what’s-” you stopped halfway because where you had expected Mosche you found a half-naked Tasha. And the half that was naked was her lower half as she had a tank top on without any pants or panties.

“Hey, sorry,” she said. “Just wondering if you had any lube?”

“Uh... I don’t think so, no,” you said.

“Oh, damn. OK,” she said. She kind of peeked around you into the room. “Did I hear you talking to someone?”

“Yeah, I’m on a call with Sabrina and Gemma,” you said.

Tasha glanced down to the tent in your boxers and broke into a grin. “Nice.”

“Thanks,” you said, still a little weirded out. “So...”

“Right,” she nodded. “Um... since you don’t have lube, you might need to get new cooking oil next time one of you does groceries.”

You had questions, but you just let them go. “Thanks for the heads up,” you said. “No pants, huh?”

“Oh, yeah,” Tasha said, completely comfortable as she stepped away and started back down the hallway, talking to you over her shoulder as her full, naked ass bobbed in front of you. “Just felt like Porky Pigging it this time. You’ve already seen the girl so I figured I’d give you a new show. G’night!”

When you got back to your phone and turned it over you had a lot of questions to answer for the girls. And then they had you put in headphones and jerk off as they whispered sexy, ridiculous things to you and fingered themselves to the view of your hand stroking your cock.

And the orgasm was damn good, even if it was just your own hand and not either of your girlfriends with you.

Going to sleep alone was another matter entirely, and you texted them both a picture of the empty space next to you. Gemma sent you a heart emoji back. Sabrina, in what had to be record time, sent you a spliced picture of her laying next to you overlaid on top of the one you’d just sent so it was like she was there.

It wasn’t the same as having them with you, but it was nice.

Chapter 200

Going back to work on Tuesday, you expected things were going to get hectic. But after stopping by Becks to do your coffee run drop off and hinting with her that something had happened yesterday but you couldn't talk about it yet, and her openly telling you she didn't have any other info, you went up to work and... nothing weird happened.

In fact, nothing seemed to happen at all. Including no Joy. You were the first one in and as you flipped on the conference room light you saw that all of her stuff was gone. Eric was surprisingly the next in, but he didn't have the balls to take his old seat back and sat next to you. Then Sabrina came in, then Gemma, who circled the table and gave you a quick peck good morning in the smallest possible office PDA to try to keep things simple.

Andy showed up late, as usual. The five of you got to work. Still no Joy.

At 11:45, just as you all were starting to think strongly about lunch, something tickled your nose. You sat up, still not sure exactly what you were smelling, but it was like you had heard the magical tinkling song of an Ice Cream truck. Something nearby had set off your stomach in a visceral reaction.

"Hey, folks," Garrison said moments later, stepping into the conference room with a pair of pizza boxes in his hands.

"Sir," you said, nodding and trying to control your salivating mouth. Those weren't just pizzas. They might have been the best-smelling pizza's you'd ever sniffed.

"Are those for us?" Andy asked bluntly.

"They are," Garrison nodded, setting them down in the middle of the table and flipping open the lids to reveal two deep-dish, gloriously greasy pizzas. "Just a little going away party."

"A going away party?" Gemma asked while you, Eric and Andy were already grabbing for slices of the perfect pizzas.

"Yes," Garrison said with a soft, satisfied smirk. "Unfortunately it's my job to let you folks know that your fellow intern Joy has decided to leave the firm to pursue other opportunities or something to that effect."

"That's... all?" you asked, pizza slice in hand but not eating yet.

Garrison huffed one soft, frustrated chuckle. "Joy was called into a meeting yesterday, but before we could start it she decided to resign her position. I think it had something to do with her mother arranging a new opportunity for her." He was clearly unamused by this move, but you couldn't blame Bellagamba for trying to get her daughter out of the shit she'd dug herself a hole into. It was rank nepotism, but you could at least understand the motivation. Getting Joy to quit

before the firm could fire her would sell better to the outside world. “In other news,” Garrison continued, reaching over to grab a slice for himself. “You folks should know that there’s been some official shifts in responsibility following our impromptu Partners meeting yesterday. I’ll officially be your point person for contact from now on, and you won’t be having any contact with Mrs Bellagamba. Understood?”

“Absolutely,” Eric said through his mouthful of pizza.

“Right,” Garrison nodded, taking a bite of his slice. “Well, I’ll leave you folks to it. If I don’t get out of here I’ll take another slice, and I can’t afford that in my diet.”

He left, and once the delicious - and expensive, which you realized after looking up the restaurant because you wanted more - pizza was finished you all went back to work. And it was great. Eric slid back over to his old seat. The banter picked up between the four of you, and Andy only took a fifteen-minute food coma nap.

And the next day was great, too. By the third day that ‘great’ feeling was ebbing away because, to be real, you were still doing mostly mindless grunt work. But you were doing it with two girlfriends and two friendly acquaintances.

On Tuesday after work you went to Sabrina’s and filmed a couple more scenes, along with going through the agonizing process of trying to film a photo set without showing either of your faces. Then on Thursday, as Eric was flying out to Miami for a long weekend of podcasts, you had another date with Gemma and went rock climbing at an indoor place in the city. She had a blast, and you realized that it was a sport you actually enjoyed, and committed that you’d go with her again the weekend after next and the two of you would get Sabrina to go as well.

You ended the night at your place, and Gemma slept over, and waking up next to her was wonderful.

By lunch on Friday your life was feeling almost perfect, and you and Gemma walked Sabrina down to the bodega.

“See you tonight, right?” Sabrina said as the three of you stood outside on the sidewalk.

“Absolutely,” you said and gave her a little kiss. “Have fun picking up your sister from the train station. I can’t wait to meet her.”

Sabrina grinned. “I can’t wait for her to meet you,” she said. “She’s going to be jealous as hell.” Then she turned to Gemma. “Thanks again for giving me the weekend. I promise you’ll have him for at least a few hours tomorrow afternoon.”

“Don’t worry if the plans change, babe,” Gemma said, pulling her into a hug. “I’ll understand.”

“OK, well if they do then I promise to let you know,” Sabrina said. “And I promise I’ll eat you out for like an hour next time we’re all together.”

That made Gemma blush and look around at the people walking past you on the sidewalk, but no one apparently heard the bold promise.

You said your goodbyes and Sabrina was off, while you and Gemma grabbed lunch and went back up to the office. The conference room was quiet without Sabrina and Eric.

Sabrina sent you both a text a couple of hours later, a picture of her and, well, her duplicate standing with their cheeks pressed together and smiling. One of them, and you couldn’t tell whether it was Sabrina or her sister, was throwing up a peace sign.

“Katherine is super excited to meet you!!!” she texted.

“Oh, God,” Gemma said when she saw the picture. “She really is an exact twin. If she’s twin in personality too, you’re in for a weekend and a half.”

“Jeez, I didn’t even think of that,” you laughed.

The day ended and you headed home to change, and Gemma ended up coming with you so she could repay Sabrina for those pre-date prep blowjobs and help you decide on what to wear. Once that was figured out and you were all dressed up, she gave you a soft kiss and left at the same time you did, sending you off to meet your other girlfriend’s sister.