

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 152-158

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 152

“Anything to say for yourself?” Garrison asked you.

You raised an eyebrow and could feel yourself drawing back from him a bit. There was... so much that he could be talking about. The least of which was taking some extra break time, and the largest was being overtly sexual with both of your fellow-intern-girlfriends on company time, in the building. And that didn't even start to cover whatever shit Joy and her mother may have come up with. Why did you just accept that things may have settled yesterday? You'd given them a whole day to scheme something up.

“Sir, I've got no idea what you're asking me about,” you said.

Garrison smirked. “Good. You didn't try to guess.”

“I don't understand?” you asked.

Garrison leaned back in his chair and grinned. “I just wanted to see how you would react. I tried that with my nephew yesterday when I met up with my sister's family and he spilt his guts on a half dozen things his parents didn't know about. Court is a pressure cooker, so if you couldn't handle this I wouldn't bother going forward with the mentorship.”

You opened your mouth for a moment, wanting to say something about how ridiculous that was, but then clicked it shut.

He was going to mentor you.

“Just me?” you asked.

“I'll talk with the Sabrina and Gemma later this morning,” he said, waving at you not to make it an issue. “I checked over some more of the work you three have been doing yesterday to make sure the extra effort I'm about to put in is worth it. I was happy to see it will be.”

“Thank you, sir,” you said.

“Now, there's plenty I could just dump onto you, but I prefer teaching moments to just spoon-feeding. I believe you took your LSATs right before you started with us, correct?”

"I did," you nodded. "I still haven't heard anything back, but I'm planning on applying to schools this fall so I prepped all last year."

"Good. I also saw Sabrina did the same thing. Do you know what Gemma's plans are?"

You frowned. "Not really. She'll be heading back to Australia at the end of the summer. We- It's kind of a soft spot between us. We both know she's leaving, so we're trying to enjoy things before that happens."

He snorted and shook her head lightly. "Making things tomorrow-you's problem isn't a great plan," he said. "Well, let's assume she needed to do something similar if she's planning on school there and not here. I need you to clear up any emergency work this morning, you're going to be busy this afternoon."

"Alright," you said. "What if I get some pushback, though?"

Garrison furrowed his brow. "From who? An associate?"

"No, the Associates haven't been like that. At least not yet," you said. "I mean from Joy."

"What possible pushback could she give you, John? She's an intern, and I'm a Partner. She has no say in this."

"What I mean to say is that she'll likely take this... I don't even know if 'personally' is the right phrasing."

"John," Garrison said. "Just do what I tell you and don't worry about it," he said. "Head back to the conference room and send Sabrina down to see me. Don't tell her about the 'anything to say' trick, or the mentoring. I'll fill her in myself."

"Alright," you nodded and stood. "Thanks, sir."

"Don't thank me yet," he said, and slowly smirked. "Now I've got my eye on you three, kid. It's up to you whether that's a good thing or not."

You nodded and left, but internally you started sweating buckets. Garrison had already been a bit scary in his gruff, no-nonsense place of power, and you'd actually wanted his personal attention like this. But 'I have my eye on you' made you think about all the crap you, Gemma and Sabrina had been pulling in the last week and a half.

The rules really, really needed to start being enforced. No more wild shit at the office.

When you got back to the conference room you were surprised to see that Andy was in the room, though his head was resting on the table and he might have been asleep. Gemma and Sabrina immediately looked up at you, flashing you concerned-but-happy-to-see-you looks.

“Sabrina, he wants to see you now,” you said.

“What’s it about?” she asked.

“He told me not to say anything,” you said. But you couldn’t help yourself, and you gave her a little wink.

“Alright,” Sabrina said, raising an eyebrow as she stood. She turned to Gemma. “Don’t fill him in on the thing. I want to be there.”

“Oh, of course,” Gemma said, her smile sliding into a full grin.

Sabrina left, and Gemma scrunched up her nose a little at you as she silently teased you about having a secret. You got to work, and about ten minutes later you saw Sabrina coming back down the hall from your seat across from the door. She had a big smile on, and as she passed an area in the hallway that didn’t have office doors or windows she skipped and did a silent little happy dance. Obviously she was feeling thrilled at getting some mentorship as well. A few steps from the conference room door she stopped and took a long breath, steeling her expression before coming in.

“Gemma,” she said, and your other girlfriend looked up from her work. “You’re up.”

The blonde frowned. “Alright,” she said, glancing back and forth between you and Sabrina. She stood and left, and once she did Sabrina broke into another smile and sat down.

“What’s all that about?” Eric asked.

You felt... not bad, but not great either that he wasn’t looped in on the mentorship. Before last weekend you wouldn’t have cared either way, but after the way he helped with the rapper guy you felt a little more kinship with him. He was on the team.

“Just a Garrison thing,” you said. “Hey, how did all the podcasty stuff go?”

“Oh, dude!” he exclaimed, immediately forgetting about his questions. “I’m actually taking off next Wednesday night and Thursday morning. One of the biggest podcasts is flying me out to Miami! They always have a bunch of hot chicks in their studio clout chasing - like Instagram influencers and OnlyFans models and shit - so I am going to get fuckin’ laaaaii-” he stopped at the look Sabrina was giving him and stammered to try and cover himself. “-ser eye surgery.”

You could help but bark a little laugh out, and Sabrina just snorted a little and rolled her eyes.

## Chapter 153

Joy, of course, bustled in late. Earlier than the previous two days, but still late. She immediately zeroed in on the fact that Gemma's workspace was occupied, but she wasn't there.

"Where's blondie?" Joy demanded as she shoved her way by Andy, knocking his chair hard to wake him up.

"Gemma got called over to talk with Garrison," you said.

"Hmm," Joy sneered, dropping her purse and taking her seat at the end of the table. "Well, hopefully that old bastard is disciplining her properly. Then again, she'd probably just offer him a favo-"

"Stop," you said tightly. You were holding the mouse for your laptop in a white-knuckled grip and glaring at her. "Joy, do not continue that sentence."

She smirked, leaning back in her seat and fixing the tuck on her blouse into her designer skirt. This pushed her tits out a bit, emphasizing her assets, but you didn't take the bait. "Oh, what's wrong widdle buddy?" she said, putting on the same sort of babying voice people used to talk to their beloved dogs. "Do you have a widdle cwush on her or something?" She turned to Sabrina. "How do *you* feel about that?"

Sabrina sucked in a breath and let it out slowly through her nose. "I think you probably shouldn't sexually harass people, Joy."

"Are you insinuating that I did?" Joy asked, feigning shock. "I don't think I said anything like that. Andy, Eric. Did you hear me sexually harass anyone?"

Andy and Eric both looked uneasy. Andy also looked like he might need to dive for the garbage can sometime this morning if his hangover headache didn't let up.

"If you try and say that again, I'll slap you with a slander complaint so fast you won't even realize you're fired until you're back wherever you go at night and you're crying into a tub of chunky monkey ice cream because you've got nothing," Joy said.

"Whatever," Sabrina deadpanned.

You were about to say something else, and you were somewhat glad that Gemma coming back distracted you. She entered the room, her own happy smile faltering and turning sour as she saw Joy had arrived for the day.

“Where were you?” Joy demanded. “There’s work to do.”

“Just talking with Mr Garrison,” Gemma said. “And I was here working almost an hour ago. Where have you been?”

“I don’t have to answer to you,” Joy said. “But you *do* answer to me. What did Garrison want?”

“None of your business, Joy,” Gemma sighed.

“It’s not an HR issue,” Joy said. “You have to tell me.”

“Actually, we don’t,” you said. “Especially considering Garrison told us not to talk about it.”

Joy narrowed her eyes. “You talked to him as well?”

“So did I,” Sabrina smirked.

Eric just held up his hands. “Yeah. I’m not in whatever this is.”

“We have work to get done,” you said. “Let’s just-”

Joy shot up from her seat and stormed out of the office, down the corridor in the direction of the Partner offices. You had to wonder if she was heading to complain to her Mom or to try and find things out from Garrison himself. Still, while she was gone you were able to make eye contact with Gemma and she grinned happily, and she flashed the same smile to Sabrina as well. The three of you started working hard.

“You gonna tell me what’s going on, or what?” Eric muttered to you out of the side of his mouth.

“She’s not here,” you said at a normal volume. “You don’t need to whisper.”

“Dude, she fucking scares me,” Eric said.

“It’s just a meeting this afternoon,” Sabrina told Eric. “It’s going to be super boring.”

“Eugh,” Eric made a face. “Count me out.”

Joy came back looking even more sour than she had before, and she stayed quiet for the next hour as she sat in front of her computer and... worked? You really weren’t sure *what* she actually did, since she didn’t seem to do any physical work with the files that Associates would bring in, and her digital work didn’t seem to progress any of our progress markers.

And then, of course, Joy was up and out again by 11:30am for her early, long lunch.

"I wonder if her mother is ever going to have a meeting she *doesn't* get to go to," you pondered.

"Whatever," Gemma said, closing her own laptop. "It doesn't matter. If she's in charge and is taking lunch now, I think we can all consider ourselves on lunch as well."

"Really?" Eric asked, perking up from his spot.

"Yeah. Why don't you take Andy downstairs? It looks like he could use some Gatorade or something," Gemma said. "If we're taking a bit longer of a lunch, there's a Greek place a block over I want to try and go to."

"I'm in," you said. "Sabrina?"

"Definitely," she nodded.

You all closed down your laptops and left the building. Becks gave the five of you a look as you headed from the elevators to the front doors, and Gemma gave her a wave while Sabrina sent her a quick wink. Eric and Andy split off, deciding to go to the sub place, and once you were out of sight you were quickly arm-in-arm with Sabrina and holding Gemma's hand.

"A new Greek place, huh?" you asked her.

"Well, there is actually a Greek place," she grinned. "But they have some booth seating, and we need a touch of privacy when Sabrina tells you the secret."

"Speaking of secrets," Sabrina said, turning to you. "Did you know about Garrison and the mentorship program?"

You grinned. "I talked with him a couple of days ago," you said. "And I told him that the two of you were the top interns and deserved it the most."

Both of your girlfriends rolled their eyes and gave you little shoves, assuring you that you were their equal. Then Gemma added a 'Probably' with a smirk, and Sabrina said 'Kind of' and stuck out her tongue.

## **Chapter 154**

"OK," Sabrina said. "So there's this Twitter account."

"Because all really good stories start like that," you said.

The three of you were ensconced in a small booth at the front end of the Greek place, each of you eating your own order of Shawarma. Well, that was true until Gemma tried hers, and then

eyed yours, and without saying anything you swapped baskets with her. She grinned and leaned over the table to kiss you, and Sabrina rolled her eyes. "Could you two stop being cute for one second so we can get through this story?"

"Sorry," Gemma grinned.

"You know, it would be easier if you would just let me order for you," you said.

"That would actually be kinda hot," Sabrina said.

"But then I wouldn't get to try things. What if I miss out on something new?" Gemma asked.

"Just- What's the Twitter account, Sabrina?" you asked.

Sabrina swallowed her mouthful of shawarma and then pulled out her phone. "It's probably easier if I just show you." She manipulated her phone for a couple of seconds, then put it face-up on the table and slid it over to you.

You looked down, then immediately covered it with your hands as you looked around to make sure no one was peering over at it. "What the fuck?"

"Look closer," Gemma prompted you.

You narrowed your eyes and moved your hands away, looking down at the profile. It was called @DaddyDick and had an erect penis as its profile picture with a cartoon face drawn on the head.

And you realized quickly that it was *your* dick.

"I'll repeat. What the fuck?"

"It's a fan account," Sabrina explained. "I told you I have guy and girl fans, right? Well, I don't know who it is, but someone has decided to start this account and is roleplaying as... well, as you? But it's actually more from the perspective of your penis. Look at the first few posts."

You scrolled down the timeline and saw more pictures of your penis - well, they were screengrabs, not pictures. The account only had about ten posts so far, and each one was written in first person and was detailing 'adventures' of 'Daddy's Dick' and your encounters with Sabrina's OnlyFans persona. It started with the restaurant, and a couple of photos Sabrina had posted mentioning her having fun with you, and the last three were from the video she'd released. As you were watching a 'new tweets' notification came up and you refreshed, seeing that the newest tweet was talking about the next video in Sabrina's releases that she'd started teasing.

“I don’t even know what to say,” you said, sliding the phone back to her.

“Just be flattered,” Gemma suggested.

“My penis has a Twitter account with more followers than my own, and I don’t even control it,” you said.

“Do you *use* your Twitter account?” Sabrina asked.

“Well, no,” you said.

“Then that doesn’t matter,” Sabrina continued. “Look, you have fans. I have fans. Nothing else here, between us, or in the content is changing. I just thought it was funny and showed Gemma, and we knew we needed to tell you. It’s like... it’s like free advertising. And it’s not like anyone is going to recognize it’s you.”

You had to take a long breath, and then stalled further by taking a big bite of shawarma and slowly chewing.

“I guess there’s nothing I could even do about it,” you sighed.

“Nope,” Gemma said. “Plus, I think it’s kinda funny. Daddy.”

You rolled your eyes.

Finishing up your lunches, you took your time walking back, arriving just before one o’clock and getting sat down. The three of you had put on the rush that Garrison had asked for that morning, and even when leaving early for lunch the three of you had cleared out all the ‘high priority’ tasks for the day.

Right at one o’clock, Garrison was knocking on the conference room door. You saw his eyes scan the table, lingering for a long moment on the trash of Andy’s lunch still sitting on the table in front of him, and at the empty seat where Joy wasn’t currently sitting. Then he pointed at you, Gemma and Sabrina. “Follow,” he grunted.

You did, the three of you following Garrison down to the elevators. He brought you down to the first floor, and Becks shot the three of you another concerned glance as Garrison led you through the lobby and into the hallways. He brought you to a small, bare office that had been set up with three dividers on the desk, and three chairs. Each spot had a small stack of papers face down, and three sharpened pencils.

“Pick a seat,” he directed you. Once the three of you were sitting, he checked his watch. “Alright. You’re writing a practice LSAT,” he said. “You have three hours. Go.” Then he left.



You, Gemma and Sabrina blinked and looked at each other in surprise. The door shut with a loud clunk.

The three of you flipped over your papers and it was, in fact, a practice LSAT. It looked like the sort of one you would purchase through a service that people used to help study, and a high-grade one at that. You took another glance at Gemma, who was frowning as she was reading the instructions, and then at Sabrina who was already looking stressed as she was tying her hair back as her eyes darted, wide and panicked, up and down the page.

For the next twenty minutes, the three of you worked feverishly, trying to remember everything from when you'd written the actual test a month ago.

Then you stopped. A thought had occurred to you. A risky one... but was it?

"Hold on," you said.

Sabrina frowned and glanced up at you. "Shh," she hushed.

"No, hold on," you said again. "This is a test."

"No shit," Gemma said, looking up at you quickly.

"No," you shook your head. "I mean this, all of this, is a test."

## **Chapter 155**

"John, are you OK?" Sabrina asked you, looking at you like you had three heads.

"No, seriously. Think about it," you said. "Sure, we're writing LSATs. But this isn't accredited. Garrison didn't tell us any rules. For the last month he hasn't cared one bit about how we divided work, as long as the work got done, because this isn't school. We're working in the real world. So we can just... work together."

Gemma opened her mouth and then closed it, looking thoughtful and cocking her head a bit. Sabrina blinked rapidly, then shrugged. "Fuck it," she said and lowered the cardboard divider that Garrison had set up. "I fucking hate tests anyways."

"Alright, I'm in," Gemma nodded.

So you wrote your practice LSATs together.

And it was actually... fun?

Studying and preparing for the LSAT had been a stressful addition to your third year of university. You'd had a full course load, and all that extra studying on top of things. Writing the test was even more stressful than applying to University to begin with. But writing it *with* Gemma and Sabrina made it fly by. One of you generally had the answer on the tip of your tongue, and for the more complicated questions you were able to quickly work it out between the three of you.

You not only finished the test, but you finished it early.

When the door opened and Garrison stuck his head in after three hours, he found the three of you sitting around the desk, chatting and laughing. Your tests were stacked neatly, along with the pencils and the dividers. Gemma, wearing a pair of nice slacks instead of a skirt, even had her feet up on the desk though she lowered them when the door opened.

"Things went well then?" Garrison asked.

"Absolutely," you said. The three of you had agreed that since you had come up with the reasoning for working together, you were going to be the one to explain it. "We finished the whole thing. Even checked it twice."

"We?" he asked pointedly.

This was the moment you had to own your shit. You were maybe 85% sure that this was 'a Test' and not just writing a test. Everything you knew about Garrison told you he shouldn't care about trying to enforce school rules or anything like that.

"Of course," you said. "You gave us a task, and we completed it. Together. To the best of our abilities."

"Hmm," he nodded. "Alright. Give me whoever's copy is neatest, and head back upstairs. Work as usual for the rest of the day."

"Yes, sir," we all said and gave him Sabrina's copy since she had the nicest handwriting.

Once we were all in the elevator, with Garrison having stayed behind on the first floor, we all let out nervous exhalations and laughs.

"I can't believe we just did that," Gemma said. "It feels like we got away with cheating, but it wasn't."

"God, we may have just ruined my view on every test and assignment going forward in Uni," Sabrina said. "Why *shouldn't* we be able to use the resources we would in the real world? Now I wonder how many of the Partners start off something new just by Googling something."

That got the three of you laughing, and you were still grinning as you got back to the intern conference room.

“Well?” Joy demanded, standing from her seat at the far end of the table as the three of you filed in and headed for your seats around the conference table. “Where were you?”

“Downstairs,” you said.

“Doing what?” she scoffed. “I went and checked the basement and none of you were there.”

“Garrison had us working on something,” Gemma said. “It’s private.”

Joy took in a deep breath, and you thought you could almost see the gears grinding in her head as her peevish rage grated through her. But she held her tongue and didn’t say anything to Gemma. Instead, she turned to you and the syrupy sweet, completely false smile that oozed onto her face put you on more of a defensive than anything else. “Well, John. It’s good your back finally because while you were busy with *whatever*, we got another cleaning assignment down in the basement. You need to come with me.”

“What?” Eric asked. “I don’t remember anyone telling us that. I could have-”

“My mother sent it to me,” Joy snapped and then turned back to you again. “Come on. We need to get the job done before the end of the day.”

You glanced at Gemma and Sabrina. Was this it? Was this really her move?

“Sure,” you said. You pulled out your phone and fiddled with it, turning on the camera app and then slipping it into your front shirt pocket recording video. “Let’s go.”

“Mm,” she pouted, narrowing her eyes. “Leave your phone here. You shouldn’t even have it at work, and we need to stay focused.”

You furrowed your brow. “I’m not leaving my phone here.”

“Are you refusing to do your *job*, John?” Joy demanded. “Because if you don’t want to do it, I can make sure that’s a permanent thing.”

Either Joy was suspicious of you wanting your phone and that you could try and record her, or she was just that much of a control freak that she wanted to flex it every way she could. Either way, you had to think quickly.

“Well, first I’d like to see the direction from your Mother,” you said. “I just want to know what room we’re cleaning down there.”

"I don't have to explain myself to you," Joy sneered.

"I'm not asking you to explain," you said. "I just want you to show me the directive so I know what I'm doing."

"She told me. There's nothing to show," she countered.

"Didn't you just say she 'sent' it to you?" Gemma asked.

Was now the time to push? You had your phone recording, but was this the best you could get?

"Why are you trying to get me alone in a room with you, Joy?" you asked her. "Is there some reason you want to do that?"

## **Chapter 156**

"I'm not even going to dignify that with a response," Joy said. Her face had gone still as a rock, her eyes glaring daggers at you. And your phone. "If you don't want to do the work, then you'll face the consequences."

Fuck. *Fuck.*

She knew. Or she suspected.

"Now, if you are refusing to do the task Mrs Bellagamba relayed to me, then I'll just need to make a report of it and you can go back to your drudgery work for now. We'll see how long that lasts."

Joy left the room. You sat down heavily in your chair, pulled out your phone and stopped the recording.

"Uh, what the fuck was that about?" Eric asked.

"Remember the club?" Gemma asked him. "Kinda like that."

"Oooh," Eric said. "Well, shit. What now?"

"I don't know," you said, shaking your head.

The four of you got back to work. You only noticed Andy wasn't there after a few more minutes, and Eric told you he'd gone home sick. Weirdly, Joy just... didn't come back before the end of the day. She'd left her purse and other things in the conference room, and you had all been expecting her to show back up, but soon enough you were filing out of the conference room at

the end of the day and turning off the light. None of you had any idea where she'd disappeared to.

Outside the office, Gemma walked with you around the corner and then planted a goodbye kiss on you. "Have fun tonight," she said as you both hugged each other, her chest to yours and her arms up and resting on your shoulders. "And remember what I said."

"I will," you smiled. Since you were meeting up with Sabrina later this was almost the reverse situation from yesterday.

"I'm being serious, John. Make sure you make love to her at least once," Gemma said.

Now it was your turn to kiss her. "I hear you, love. I will make sure to be as sweet and giving as I can be."

"Good," she said, then bit her lower lip and grinned. "I'm starting to get really excited about this time tomorrow."

"Why is that?" you asked teasingly.

"Because," she said, pulling you close and whispering in your ear so that none of the busy crowd walking by you on the sidewalk would hear. "I want your cock, love. I want it so bad, and in every way."

"Every way, huh?" you asked, raising your eyebrows.

She slowly nodded. "Every. Way."

"Well, I was already excited too, but now I'm going to have a hard time getting home," you said and pressed your hips forward a little so that she could feel your quickly developing boner press against her.

She laughed. "Sorry, love."

"No you're not," you said.

"No, I'm not," she agreed with another smile and kiss.

It was almost a relief walking into your apartment and not interrupting something between Mosche and Tasha. In fact, neither of them were there, which left you wondering if they had swapped locations and they were busy terrorizing whoever Tasha's roommate was instead.

You spent the next hour getting ready for your 'platonic date' with Sabrina, and decided to really treat it like you had your date with Gemma. So once you'd narrowed down your outfit choices, you took a picture of them and sent them to Gemma for approval, and just like with Sabrina, Gemma immediately suggested swapping on top for another pair of pants.

She was right, that did look better.

One thing you weren't sure about was what you could bring for Sabrina. Your go-to instinct was to go get her a flower like you did for Gemma, but that felt a little... devaluing of the tradition you'd started with Gemma. This whole three-person, dating-not-dating relationship thing was only working because you weren't trying to force things and you all knew you were different people headed in the same direction. You didn't want to treat Sabrina like she was the same as Gemma because that wasn't fair to either of them.

You ended up racking your brain for a bit, trying to figure out what you could do. What sort of gesture you could make.

Knocking on Sabrina's door, you were only 50% sure you'd made the right choice. When she opened the door she was already beaming and dressed in a slinky black dress that had a shimmery quality to it. It hung from two slim straps on her shoulders and she clearly couldn't wear a bra with it from how bare the back was. It was the sort of dress suited to her small-chested frame and that could never have worked for Gemma because her boobs would have been all over the place. On Sabrina it looked perfect.

"I don't think 'Wow' does you justice," you said, openly eye-fucking her hungrily.

"You like?" she asked with that smile of hers, doing a little turn in place.

"You are absolutely breathtaking," you said, stepping forward and pulling her into a kiss. She melted against your chest there in the doorway to her apartment. Once it ended, you held up your gift. "I brought you something."

"A book?" she asked, raising one eyebrow. "A... used one?"

"A romantic mystery," you said, showing her the front. "It's from the seventies, and is about a female detective who gets involved with the man who hires her to investigate his wife's murder. I'm hoping it's got Castle vibes."

She broke into a smile, taking the book from you and turning it over in her hands. Then she kissed you again, on her tiptoes. "Has anyone told you that you're the sweetest?" she asked.

"Not today," you smiled.

“Well, you are,” she said and grabbed your hand, pulling you into the apartment. “How much time do we have before we need to be out the door?”

“No specific time,” you said.

“Good,” she said, and then slipped her dress from her shoulders and let it slither off of her body to pool at her feet. She hadn’t been wearing panties under it either. “Because I don’t want to mess up our record. Come fuck me, baby.”

## Chapter 157

“I still can’t believe we did that,” Sabrina said, laughing lightly as she sat on the barstool next to yours.

“Neither can I,” you said, grinning as widely as she was. Your hand was on her leg, your fingers dipping under the hem of her slinky black dress familiarly.

The bar was a moderately popular one, busy for a Thursday night, and you were glad you’d been able to spot the two open seats. You’d noticed almost a dozen guys checking out Sabrina, a few even while they were talking with other women, and it was a little warm source of pride in your chest that you knew she was not only with you, but she was *with you*.

“We should do that again with Gemma,” Sabrina said after taking a sip of her espresso martini.

“Do you mean going to the karaoke bar, or what we did in the private room?” you asked with a teasing raise of your eyebrow.

Sabrina flushed just a little and grinned. “Both.”

You leaned over and kissed her lightly on the lips. “God, I feel like such an idiot.”

“Why?” she asked, cocking her head to the side a little at your statement.

“Because we’ve been going to the same university for three years, and I’ve seen you around campus and in my classes that whole time and I never talked to you. Let alone asked you out,” you said. “I feel like I wasted time.”

She smiled warmly, putting your hand on yours on her leg. “I know what you mean. But if you had, maybe I wouldn’t have been ready. I didn’t know you, and I’ve changed a lot since our first year. I’m glad you’re getting this version of me and not that one. I was kind of stuck up back then.”

“And now?” you asked.

“Now I like it when you get stuck in,” she said quietly.

“Naughty, naughty girl,” you said.

“Just for you, Daddy,” she chuckled.

You opened your eyes wide, giving her a look that made her chuckle turn into a full-blown laugh that drew some eyes.

Karaoke. Drinks. Dancing.

This time you had planned the dancing, unlike last week with Gemma. Sabrina had made it clear she wanted to go dancing with you when you told her the story of that date, so there was no way you were going to deny her that.

It being a Thursday, it wasn't nearly as long a wait to get into a club that was only a few blocks from her place. Inside it was still busy, but people weren't crammed in.

And best of all, there weren't any internet personalities trying to flex on you and your date.

Sabrina, to be honest, wasn't quite as good a dancer as Gemma was. That wasn't to say she lacked enthusiasm, but she just didn't have the natural grace in her hips. But that wasn't going to stop either of you from having fun. Things started slowly as she enjoyed you twirling her and dancing front to front to the Top 40 dance songs that the DJ seemed to be stuck on. You wondered if a little more variety would help liven up the crowd, maybe a rock song or something just to break up the repetitiveness.

As the night went on, you and Sabrina started dancing closer and closer. You were grinding on each other on the dance floor. Making out every once in a while when you weren't staring into each other's eyes. Then Sabrina grabbed your hand and pulled you into one of the darker corners of the club, and soon you were leaning against the wall as Sabrina backed up into you, grinding her petite ass against your stiff cock in your pants as she raised her arms back to run her fingers through your hair. You had been holding her hips, but you let your hands roam up her sides.

She surprised you by taking your hands and sliding them under the fabric of her slinky dress from the arm holes, and now you were palming her naked breasts as she danced back against you. Her nipples were hard, little rubbery nubs between your fingers as you both dry-humped at each other. You glanced around and no one seemed to be watching you, so you took one hand from her tits and reached down between you, lighting up the back of her dress. Sabrina got a look in her eye and bounced her ass away from you, letting you pull the fabric up until you had



free access to her naked butt - she never did put on any underwear. You slid your fingers down her crack and slowly began to rub at her pussy as she leaned back against your chest.

"Fuck, John," she moaned. "This is so hot."

"I wish I could fuck you right now," you whispered to her, leaning down to speak into her ear and then kissing her neck the way she liked. She'd already been wet, but you could feel her start to almost drip and you slid a finger inside of her.

"You can, if you want," she panted in reply. "Right here on the dance floor."

"You would, wouldn't you?" you asked. "For me."

"Anything," she nodded.

"But you're all mine," you said. "And I don't want anyone else to think you're just some easy slut, because you're not. You're only *my* slut."

"Fuck, yes I am," she panted.

"Are you going to come?" you asked her.

She nodded.

"How soon?"

"Almost-"

"I love you, Sabrina," you whispered to her, fingering her at the back of the dance floor as the beat of the music pounded through your bodies.

She tensed, her hips jerking a couple of times, and you felt her release some of her juices onto your hand. Not a full squirt, but definitely a release. You pulled your fingers from her and let her dress fall back down over her ass, and you brought your hand up and slid it back under her dress to palm her tit with your girlcum-soaked hand, smearing it across her breast and nipples.

"John, I love you too," she said, turning in your arms and taking your face between her hands to bring your face down to hers to kiss you hard. It meant your hands had slipped from her chest, but you just held her as she kissed you. It wasn't the filthy making out you had been doing before. It was kissing.

She ended it, pulling away a bit and looking up at you with big eyes. "Take me home?" she asked.

“On one condition,” you told her.

“Anything,” she promised.

“Tonight, I’m making love to you,” you said.

She kissed you again.

## **Chapter 158**

For once, you and Sabrina didn’t have sex on her couch while you were at her place. Of course, that didn’t occur to you until much later.

Once you were back at her apartment, as soon as she kicked off her heels at the front door you scooped her up into your arms. She laughed and kissed you.

“I love holding you in my arms,” you told her.

“I love being held,” she told you and rested her head on your shoulder. “God, you make me feel safe.”

You carried her into her room and set her down slowly on her bed. She went to start wiggling out of her dress, but you stopped her with a hand. “Hold on,” you told her. “You look so fucking beautiful like this, I want to enjoy unwrapping you.”

“Oh yeah?” she asked. “Am I your present?”

“Absolutely,” you said, and leaned down over her to start kissing again. She began undoing the buttons on your shirt while you rubbed your hands up and down the outside of her thighs. Sabrina was laying on her back near the end of her bed, her heels propped on the bottom corner as you leaned down between her legs. Once she had your shirt completely open she ran her fingers across your torso, humming happily into your lips.

You broke away from her, kissing down to her neck and lavishing some attention on her erogenous spot there until she was squirming happily under you, and then you kissed lower. Down her collarbone, to her chest. She’d been teasing you passively all night with the way her dress scooped low between her little tits, and you kissed and licked your way in little circles around that bare area between her breasts until you were nuzzling the fabric of her dress aside.

“Mmmm, John baby,” Sabrina moaned softly. She was running one hand through your hair and the other through her own. “That feels good.”

You slowly, carefully, took one of the sides of her dress and lifted it over her nipple, baring it as you moved the fabric aside. It was hard and flushed from her arousal and you softly kissed it, then tongued it, then sucked it. Sabrina was breathing deeply, trying not to get distracted and enjoy the moment.

“I love your nipples,” you whispered to her. “And you cute little areolas. And your perfect little tits. God, you’re so fucking gorgeous, Sabrina.”

She cooed a little and sighed happily as you gave the other side of her chest the same treatment, softly revealing her tit and loving on it. Then you started to move lower, but you didn’t take off her dress. Instead, you kissed down the silky, shimmery fabric. Her torso looked sexy as hell with the fabric laying across it, thin enough that it outlined every curve and dimple. You pressed your cheek to her stomach, right near her belly button, and breathed with her for a long moment to get in sync with her as you could, then moved on.

Slowly, you raised the skirt of her dress up her thighs until you revealed her pussy. It was pink and glistening, and you could tell she was absolutely turned on by this as much as she was when the two of you were rough and demanding. You gave her thigh a soft kiss, then looked up her body to meet her gaze. “I love you, Sabrina. I need you to know I mean that.”

“I know,” she said, sitting up so she could cup your face with her hands. “I love you too. And I know you love Gemma the same way.”

“This isn’t-”

“John, stop,” she said and kissed you softly. “I’m not trying to derail this. I just- You need to say that to her. You need to tell her you *love* her, like for real. Not your ‘love you for now’ bullshit.”

“She knows,” you said.

“She knows because you’ve talked about it, or she knows because you both have these feelings?” she asked you.

You couldn’t answer her. Everything with Gemma was jumbled up.

“I’m sorry,” she said, looking at the expression on your face. “I just don’t want you to get hurt if you hide from it.”

You didn’t know what to say, so you kissed her. Once you pulled away, you sighed. “You know, you’re making it pretty hard to make love to you,” you said. “Now are you going to let me have my dessert and eat at least three orgasms out of you, or what?”

“Yes please, baby,” she smiled softly.

You lowered her onto her back and leaned low between her legs. Now wasn't the time to think about Gemma, and to distract yourself you brought your lips to Sabrina's wonderful pussy and began a long, slow game of teasing.

Over the next half hour, you edged Sabrina hard. Not in the sense that usually took, demanding that she hold her orgasm or using little bits of pain and pleasure together the way she liked. Instead you were entirely sweet, and entirely giving. You just rode the waves of her pleasure and never tipped her over the edge.

Until she begged, at least.

"Please, baby," she gasped. Her ankles were drumming softly on your back, her legs thrown over your shoulders as her fingers wreathed in your hair, trying to hold you in place between her legs. "Please, let me come. I want to come for you."

"Tell me you love me," you said.

"I do. I love you so much, John. You're the best. The best lover. The best partner. The best boyfriend."

You tapped her clit with her tongue and wiggled the fingers that were in her pussy, brushing against her G spot, and she came with a massive exhalation of breath. She leaked juices but didn't squirt, and you happily licked at her around your fingers as she oozed.

Then you pushed right back to that edge, and as she came a second time she moaned, "I loooove you." She was wordless the third time, just panting and groaning as she came even harder. You had three fingers inside her at that point, and two from your other hand one knuckle deep in her bum.

As she came down from the orgasm she sat up, pulling your face to hers so she could kiss you again.

"Get your fingers out of me, please. It's my turn to worship you, baby," she said between kisses. "I'm going to make love to that magnificent cock."