

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 370-376

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 370

Mosche was not a fan of getting pinned down into a conversation that was obviously about something that would be uncomfortable for him, but he also didn't have the spine necessary to extricate himself from the situation. You had to wonder how well he would fare if he got put into the classic 'Prisoners Dilemma' where cops separated a group and interviewed them in different rooms.

You had a feeling that Mosche would fold like a wet paper bag.

Sabrina got him sitting at the kitchen table. It was, in fact, the first time you'd actually *seen* the kitchen table get used for anything other than putting stuff down on. Usually, if it was just him, or the two of you, you guys ate over on the couches in the little living area in front of the TV. If you had the girls over you generally went back to your room when you were eating a meal. But it had part of the cleaning and tidying up you and Sabrina had done, and she'd even set the table in preparation for the lasagna.

"Am I in trouble?" Mosche asked nervously as he sat with his hands in his lap, looking like a kid waiting for the principal to call him into the office.

"No," you said at the same time Sabrina said, "Yes." You looked at Sabrina, who raised an eyebrow and looked back at Mosche. "Yes."

"But I didn't do anything," he said, a little whiny.

Sabrina rolled her eyes. "Did you talk to Tasha today?"

Mosche looked to the side, chewing on the inside of his cheek. "We texted a bit. Why?"

Sabrina grunted. "Because she told us *her* side of the story, Mosche."

"Her side of what story?" Mosche asked.

You thought for a moment that Sabrina might actually just kill him. If she had mind powers she probably would have popped his head like a pimple in that split instant. Then she let out a long breath and sat down across from him, folding her hands together in front of her. "Mosche. Whose idea was it for her to have sex with multiple people?"

“Um, hers?” Mosche said. “I didn’t want her to, but I’m a feminist, right? So I can’t tell her what to do with her body, 'cause it’s like... her body.”

“Are you sure?” Sabrina asked.

“I think so?” Mosche said. “Unless being a feminist is bad now?”

You groaned, covering your face with your palm, as Sabrina just closed her eyes for a moment and breathed. “Mosche,” she said. “I meant are you sure it was her idea? Did she say those words and make the suggestion?”

“I... um, yes?” he hedged.

“What exactly did she say?”

“I don’t remember,” he said.

“Do you think maybe that’s a problem?” Sabrina asked.

“Do you think I’m smoking too much weed?” Mosche asked. “Is it affecting my memory?”

“Maybe,” you said.

“No- well, maybe,” Sabrina said. “I mean do you think it’s a problem that you can’t remember how she even suggested it to you?”

“I dunno,” Mosche said.

“God,” Sabrina scoffed, burying her face in her hands in exasperation. “Baby, can you try and talk to him?”

“Mosche, did Tasha say she wanted to have sex with other people, or did you just have that feeling?” you asked.

“I dunno,” he said. “I thought she said it?”

“This is why eyewitness testimony sucks,” you said to Sabrina.

“I know,” she groaned. Then she lowered her hands and looked across the table at Mosche. “Do you want to keep dating Tasha or not?”

“I dunno,” he said. “It’s complicated.”

“If the sex thing hadn’t happened, would you?”

“Maybe,” he said. “But I did meet Bethany.”

“Who is Bethany?” Sabrina asked.

Mosche smiled and looked at you. “She’s that cute Asian girl, remember? The delivery girl?” He looked back at Sabrina. “John helped me get her number, and we’ve been texting. She’s really nice, and I think she wants me to ask her on a date. And I don’t think she’s into the stuff that Tasha is.”

Sabrina had started to turn a little red and you had a flash of a horror movie as her head slowly turned in your direction, her glare levelling on you. “You helped him... get a number?”

You held your hands up defensively. “She was just a delivery driver at our door, and this was in between Mosche’s story and Tasha’s story,” you said quickly.

Sabrina pursed her lips as she eyed you. “We’ll talk about that later,” she said. Then she turned back to Mosche. “You do realise that you’re emotionally cheating on Tasha, right?”

“What? No,” Mosche said. “I’m not a cheater. Tasha and I aren’t exclusive, obviously.”

“She was under the impression that you were heading that way,” Sabrina said. “Fuck, Mosche! You’re being a complete asshole to *both* of them. Does Bethany know about Tasha?”

“Um, no,” he mumbled, looking down.

“Were you planning on telling her?” Sabrina scolded him.

“No,” he grumbled. Then he looked back up. “But I wouldn’t have gone out with her until after I figured things out with Tasha.”

“Really? Because you’re dodging her calls,” Sabrina said. “That’s right, Mosche. Girls talk too. And I know you haven’t talked to her at all today. So unless you’re going to call her right now and have a grown-up conversation, or at least invite her over here, then no lasagna for you. Got it?”

“That’s not fair!” Mosche whined. “She always goes to the Monday Night open mic at the Chuckle Hut. That’s why I’m not there. She probably won’t pick up the phone.”

“You are such a fucking pussy,” Sabrina grunted. “Figure it out, Mosche. Or no food for you. Or you can call Bethany and tell her you’re seeing someone right now and ask if she’s OK with that.”

Mosche made a face.

“That feeling right there, Mosche?” Sabrina said, pointing at him imperiously. “That’s fucking *guilt* because you’re being an *asshole*. So figure it out.”

Mosche stood up and shuffled through the apartment towards his bedroom, his head hung low.

“Shit, baby,” you said softly. “Remind me not to get on your bad side.”

“Too late,” she said, and when you looked back at her you were facing her glare all over again. “You fucked up, baby. Not nearly as bad as him, but now *you* have some explaining to do.”

Chapter 371

“OK, first of all, remember that the timeline here was that we’d gotten Mosche’s side of the story, and I’d spent a couple of days consoling him already, but we hadn’t had our outing with Tasha,” you said.

“Understood,” Sabrina said, eyeing you.

“So I only had Mosche’s side of things,” you said.

“Yeah, I got that, baby,” Sabrina said. “Move it along here.”

“Right. Well, I was pretty heavily leaning towards Mosche needing to break up with Tasha,” you said. “Then we ordered Chinese food and the delivery girl was kinda cute, but Mosche was totally struck dumb. Like, couldn’t move his mouth or hand over the money petrified. So I stepped in and paid the girl and took the food, and she was about to leave and Mosche finally found his words and told her she looked like a video game character. That got her talking, and honestly, it was some of *the* most awkward flirting I’ve ever heard. I made sure she was of age, cause she looked kinda young, and when she was I just let it happen. She gave him her number to maybe play some online games together. I figured if he saw he had even a slight chance with someone else, Mosche would man up and end things with Tasha, so I helped him with his first message to actually get her name, and I made it clear he needed to talk with Tasha.”

Sabrina was looking at you extremely intently.

“That’s all I did,” you said.

“Except you didn’t tell me or Gemma,” Sabrina said. “Or Tasha when we were out with her.”

“I wasn’t thinking of it with your girls,” you said. “And I wasn’t about to make things *worse* for Tasha when she’s just processing all the shit she was wading through. Like, how would that go?”

'Oh, by the way, the guy who convinced you he liked the idea of you fucking a bunch of people is also now flirting with someone else.' That wouldn't exactly have made things *better*."

Sabrina grimaced. "That's fair, but you still didn't tell me or Gemma."

You sighed and groaned a little. "Would a defence citing the Bro Code be satisfactory to the court?"

"Only if the witness understands that reference to the Bro Code opens the door for use of the Girl Code and the Treaty of Intimate Relations in rebuttal," Sabrina said.

"Is this conversation protected by the Geneva Convention?" you asked.

"Don't try to deflect with comedy, John. I'm being serious here," Sabrina said.

"I don't have a reason," you said. "I wasn't intentionally keeping it from you. We've just had a lot going on and I wasn't thinking of it."

"So you're just throwing yourself on the court's mercy?" Sabrina asked.

"Well, if I had it to do over again and I knew what I know now, then I wouldn't have done it," you said. "With Tasha's side of things, the whole thing is way different than we thought it was. Now I know Mosche was acting delusional, and he probably needs therapy before he dates anyone. And he and Tasha *need* to talk about it."

Sabrina pressed her lips together firmly, but then the buzzer went off on the oven and she had to get up to get the lasagna out. After she'd turned off the oven and had it cooling, she walked past you to your room and came out with your laptop. She quickly had an episode of Castle loaded up, but she didn't start it. Instead, she grabbed one of the three place settings she'd put out and went to the lasagna, putting a big piece on the plate and then walking it down to Mosche's room. You couldn't see her, but you could hear everything clearly.

Sabrina knocked loudly, and you heard Mosche up the door. "Did you call her?"

"She texted that she can't talk right now," Mosche said.

"Fine," Sabrina said. "Here. Even assholes need to eat."

She walked back into view before you heard the door close. Sabrina grabbed both your plate and hers and quickly scooped out some lasagna for both of you and put it on the table before sitting. You stopped her before she started the show and went and got a bottle of the cheap wine she liked and had started stocking in the kitchen, pouring a glass for each of you, before coming back and handing her one. "I'm sorry I hurt you," you said.

She shook her head and started the show, and the two of you ate in silence as you watched the show other than when you told her the lasagna was really good.

Then, when you were done eating, you took the dishes to the sink and she followed, and as you washed she dried. After that she took your hand and led you into the living room, bringing the laptop with you, and she had you sit at the end of the couch facing down the length. She climbed up and sat between your legs, leaning back against your chest, with the laptop in front of her. She started another episode as you hugged her from behind.

Five episodes later, you were both yawning and went and got ready for bed. Still, there was little talking other than small comments asking to pass something, or what time to set the alarm for.

Sabrina stripped down to just her panties, and you wore your boxers, and you got into bed with the lights out. And for the first couple of minutes, you just lay there. Then you turned over and pulled Sabrina to you, holding her from behind. She hugged your arms to her for a long time, neither of you saying anything.

"I need to get up," Sabrina finally said, and your heart dropped. She was going to leave.

"OK," you said softly, letting go of her. You moved so she could get by without crawling over you, and she got out from under the covers, but didn't head for the light. Instead, she went and stood in the middle of the room.

"I don't ever want our bed to be a place of frustration, John," she said quietly in the dark.

"I don't either," you said, sitting on the edge. "But I apologised already."

"You apologised for hurting me," she said. "But that's not what I'm upset about. I'm not hurt. I'm frustrated that you didn't communicate something about someone we know and that you had information that Gemma and I would want to know. *And* I'm frustrated that you pretty much encouraged Mosche to cheat on Tasha."

"That's not how I was thinking of it," you said. "I explained that already."

"That's an Ends justify the Means argument," Sabrina said.

"Fuck," you sighed. "You're right. Fuck me." You flopped back on the bed. It didn't matter why you had helped Mosche with starting to flirt with the girl, it was still flirting. And whether or not you approved of the relationship with Tasha it was still a bad look for Mosche, and reflected on you.

"Come here," Sabrina said. You got up and went to her, barely able to see each other in the dark. She took your arms and slid her hands down to yours, gasping them softly. "You get why I'm frustrated, right?"

“I do,” you said. “And you’re right. I should have thought to tell you and Gemma, and I shouldn’t have encouraged even emotional cheating. I should have just been more firm that Mosche needed to talk to Tasha.”

“Now kiss me,” Sabrina whispered in the dark. “Because I never want to get into bed with you angry, John. So we’re having makeup sex on the fucking floor.”

You kissed her, and kissing her felt like heaven as you felt the reassurance that even if this was your first fight, you were OK. Everything would be OK.

Chapter 372

“Mmm,” Sabrina groaned, and you could hear the uncomfortable smile on her face as she stretched her body next to yours.

“Good morning,” you said softly, rolling a bit to scoop your arm around her and hug her to you.

“Morning, baby,” she mumbled, hugging you back as best she could. “You know, I didn’t like last night, but the makeup sex was pretty good. We probably could have gotten back into bed though.”

“True,” you sighed and kissed the side of her head. The two of you were tangled up in the blanket that you had pulled down from the bed, and you had fallen asleep on the floor. The sex between the two of you hadn’t been one of your big, zealous fuckings with lots of kinky moments. Considering how the two of you usually were, it had been almost vanilla by comparison. But it had been good, and important, and you’d felt reconnected by the end as well as exhausted. “Can I say something that might be contentious?”

“How contentious are we talking?” Sabrina asked.

“...Medium?”

“If you’re willing to risk a hot take getting a hot response.”

“I like the way we fight,” you said.

“That’s definitely not where I thought you were going,” Sabrina said. “What do you mean?”

“I mean that even when we were fighting, we got our sides out and didn’t shout or scream or make a huge scene. And we were still able to be together while we were stewing on things. Sure, it wasn’t fun, but sitting with you for the night and knowing that we were both in a not-good place but that we weren’t trying to punish each other or escape each other... It makes me think

of what the future will be like. And if that's how we fight, then I think we're going to be more than OK."

She sighed, snuggling a little deeper into your chest. "You say that now," she said. "But just wait until you have a fight with Gemma."

"I'm more worried about when you and her have a fight," you smirked a little.

"Won't happen," Sabrina said. "We're on the same girlfriend wavelength."

"You know it will," you said.

"Yeah, I know," she sighed. Then she raised her face to look at you. "I'll cross that bridge when I get to it." She puckered her lips, asking for a kiss, and you gave it to her. "Now we need to get moving. Take me to the shower, baby. I think I want to pamper and be pampered."

"Yes, ma'am," you said with a smile.

The two of you ended up needing to take an Uber instead of the bus because of your time in the shower, but by the end of it, you were both feeling invigorated for the day. You hadn't seen hide nor hair of Mosche, but that wasn't unusual in the morning. Part of you hoped that he would take Sabrina's grilling to heart and actually do something about his crash-and-burning relationship with Tasha, but another part of you expected that this might go on longer than was healthy and Tasha would need to be the one to end things. Based on how Mosche would be acting, you had a feeling he would end up being heartbroken and maybe blame her rather than accepting his own issues.

You entered the court building and found Gemma and Eric already there, and Eric had bought the coffees that morning for the four of you. Gemma gave you and Sabrina a knowing look when she saw your hair was still a little wet, and you gave her a little smirk and a chuckle as you pulled her in for a good morning peck on the lips.

Garrison and his associate team arrived shortly after, and you all headed in together and up to Court Six. The judge started things promptly on time, got the session started, and Garrison called his next witness.

Eric was bobbing his head, trying to stay awake, two hours in. Sabrina was tapping her foot in an uneven rhythm, trying to do the same, while you had cracked your knuckles a half dozen times and were sitting on the edge of your chair. You felt like all that energy you'd had was getting sucked out of you by the stuffy room and the slow, methodical way that Garrison was outlining his case.

Gemma was the only one of you not struggling with energy, and you had a feeling she'd had a good night's sleep compared to the rest of you.

At 11:00 AM the judge called a brief recess, just ten minutes, and the four of you quickly left the courtroom and stretched as you were trying to wake your bodies up again. Garrison and one of his associates came out as well, heading for the washrooms.

Eric decided to hit the snack machines again, which left you with your girlfriends.

“OK,” Gemma said. “You both sounded really cryptic in your goodnight texts. What happened last night?”

Sabrina shot you a ‘*Told you so*’ sort of look, then took Gemma’s hand and led her a little deeper into the building until you found a niche inset from the wall with a ‘Staff Only’ door within it. Using that to shelter yourselves a little from the passersby, Sabrina gave Gemma a quick rundown of what had happened at your apartment.

Gemma, for her part, gave you a series of unimpressed and frustrated looks but wasn’t as peeved at you.

“I’m sorry for not telling you too, baby,” you said, taking her hand and squeezing it. “And I hope you know I wouldn’t actively think to encourage someone to cheat. I’m sorry for setting myself up in that position.”

“Oh, John,” she sighed. Then she pulled you into a hug and kissed your cheek. “I get where you were coming from, and I don’t blame you. I was pretty shocked about Tasha too until we heard her side of things.”

Sabrina tutted.

“What?” Gemma asked, pulling back from me.

“I was just thinking that if you’d been more mad at him, you would have gotten some makeup sex too,” Sabrina smirked.

That had Gemma rolling her eyes and snorting, and you couldn’t help but chuckle a little and pull your brunette girlfriend into your arms for a hug as well.

“Still, just to be clear,” Gemma said once the three of you were standing close together again. “If either of you were to actually cheat, or be OK with someone cheating, I won’t stand for it. I’ll be done. Understand?”

“Understood,” you said. “And it will never happen.”

“I understand absolutely,” Sabrina nodded. “But, and this is just a hypothetical, what if one of us becomes a divorce lawyer? Does that count as ‘being OK with it’ if we represent a cheater?”

Gemma smirked a little. “Only if you sing their praises and make excuses for them,” she said. “We’re going to be lawyers, baby. We aren’t who we represent.”

“In that case, are we still super excited to be in court for the week?” you asked.

They both gave you looks that said they were seriously reconsidering their position on thinking this whole week was a reward.

“Great, we’re all in alignment,” you said. “Let’s head back.”

Chapter 373

The last stint for the morning saw Garrison wrapping up his case. This was a little more interesting because it featured the memo that you and the girls had found during your week of sorting documents in the conference room. You had to stifle your smile and chuckle a little as you remembered just what the three of you had been doing a half hour before you found it.

That seemed to be the only highlight though, and even that Garrison somehow managed to introduce into evidence without any fanfare or big shocks from the lawyers for the defence. Some of the time you wondered if the judge was even awake.

Garrison wrapped up his case around 12:30, and the Judge was awake enough to call an hour and a half lunch. When you all came back, it would be the defence's turn to start their rebuttal.

The four of you interns were gathered up with Garrison and the associates outside in the hall. “Let’s meet downstairs in about ten minutes,” he said. “I’ll call in a reservation for us all. Lunch will be on the firm today and we’ll go over the case with you four.”

The associates didn’t seem particularly happy to be sharing lunch with you lowly interns but didn’t seem particularly put out by it either. You all broke up to go to the washrooms before meeting downstairs. After hitting the head and washing up, you headed down the corridor towards the main atrium area and started down the ramp. Looking out over the main floor at the big mosaic pattern in the circular, brightly lit area you spotted Eric already waiting, doing something on his phone as he stood alone.

Then you saw trouble like a stormcloud rolling in.

You wanted to call out to Eric, give him some sort of warning, but that would just draw attention. Quickly pulling out your phone, you called him. You watched Eric react as his phone started buzzing in his hand, then frown as he saw it was you calling him. He answered the phone. “John?”

“Eric, turn left. Do not look right,” you said.

“What?” he said loudly and looked right.

You could tell the moment they made eye contact. Eric locked gazes with DeezChains about fifteen paces away from each other.

“Fuck,” you said.

“Fuck,” Eric replied through the phone.

“Fucker!” DeezChains said loudly, almost in a surprised shout. Then he pointed right at Eric and broke away from the small group of people he was with. One of them was the smarmy friend you remembered sitting with him at the club, and another one looked a hell of a lot like a bouncer or bodyguard. The last one, suited up, was probably his agent or lawyer. All three of them were confused for a moment as their man stormed off seemingly at random.

“Eric I’m coming, just don’t engage,” you said and hung up.

You didn’t exactly sprint, but you walked *really, really quickly* down the ramp from the second floor, circling around the whole atrium to try and get there. You quickly called Gemma, who was higher on the speed dial simply due to alphabetical listing. She didn’t pick up, so you called Sabrina.

“Hey, what’s-”

“Stay up there,” you said quickly. “The DeezChains guy is here and confronting Eric. Don’t let Gemma come down here.” You hung up without waiting for an answer as you hit the bottom of the ramp and rushed through the busy area towards the sound of loud voices.

“I’ll fucking sue you into the ground right here, you little prick,” DeezChains was growling loudly. “You fuckin’ wanna be. You’ve got nothing, you are nothing. Just some hatchet job waiting to fuckin’ happen.” He was acting about as gangsta as you expected, his friend and his bodyguard ‘holding him back’ from Eric. The lawyer had gotten between them.

“What the hell is your problem, you fake-ass beta,” Eric was saying, pointing over the lawyer’s shoulder. He wasn’t quite as loud as DeezChains, but he wasn’t quiet and the growing crowd could definitely hear him. And record him. “You got a problem with me, you scumbag? You dodge every interview and bullshit your excuses for being a pussy who can’t even rizz a girl on your own. You’re so fake and the entire goddamn internet knows it now.”

You made it through the clustering crowd and stepped between Eric and the lawyer, pressing Eric back and away from the confrontation. “We gotta go, dude,” you said. “Eric, just let him look like the crazy person. We need to go.”

“Look at this little bitch, running away to mommy,” DeezChains called. “Wait a fucking second, that’s the fucking guy! That’s the guy! Hey, you ghetto-ass punk, I’m talking to you now. I’m gonna tear you a new fucking asshole and you’ll shit out money with how big the lawsuit is going to be. You fucking weak-ass, cock-breathed little nothing! Let me at him, he can’t do *shit*.”

You knew he was talking to, or at, or at least about you now, but you didn’t particularly care as Eric let you push him towards the edge of the crowd. The last fucking thing you needed was to escalate the situation.

Then, like magic, Gemma appeared at the edge of the crowd right where you were directing Eric. She took one look at you, and at DeezChains, and she rolled her eyes and shot a double middle finger in his direction.

There was a squeak of shoes on the tile and you looked over your shoulder to see that DeezChains and pressed between his friend and bodyguard and was rushing in your direction. “That’s the fuckin’ bitch!” he shouted. “That’s her! Kongo, fuckin’ do a citizens arrest on the blonde cunt right fucking there! She’s the fuckin’ ringleader in the whole fuckin’ thing. I’m gonna fucking own you like a fuckin’ pimped-out whore when I’m done with you.”

You could suffer insults to yourself just fine. You could even get over the insults to Eric as your friend, or even Gemma as your girlfriend since she could handle herself just fine in a shit-talk-off.

There was no way in hell you were letting either of those guys put a hand on Gemma.

You gave Eric one final little shove and pivoted. “Hey, dickweed,” you said loudly. “Go fuck yourself, your shitty music, your failed internet career, and your harassing-ass inability to talk to a woman with any respect. Get the fuck out of here and leave us alone.”

DeezChains had made it halfway to Gemma and you stepped right in his way as you were talking. He lunged for you, cocking his fist back. Behind him, trying to shove through the crowd, you could see uniformed bailiffs trying to get to the confrontation.

You didn’t try to block the incoming punch. You stuck your chin out and grit your teeth, preparing to take the punch. It would hurt, but it would seal the deal in whatever came after this.

His first came forward. His lawyer was shouting, trying to get him to stop. His bodyguard was trying to grab him and pull him back, but wasn’t going to be successful.

You lurched sideways as you got shoved, out of the way of the punch.

But the punch did hit something.

Or someone.

Chapter 374

You and Eric were sitting next to each other on a bench. You were fine. Eric had an icepack from an EMS first responder over his cheek and eye.

Two bailiffs were talking with Garrison and DeezChains' lawyer. Garrison was red in the face and stabbing his finger in the air at the other lawyer, more animated than you'd seen him over the last two days of the trial. Behind them, at the edge of the slowly diminishing crowd, you could see Gemma and Sabrina along with the two associates, waiting for the chance to come to you. Several more bailiffs were keeping the crowd back.

DeezChains' bodyguard was on his ass in handcuffs. The friend had disappeared. DeezChains had already been hauled off, shouting and cursing, and then screaming for help because of 'police brutality.' He was probably somewhere in a holding cell in the back of the building.

"So how many interviews and podcast appearances do you think you're going to get off of this?" you asked Eric quietly.

He chuckled and then groaned. "A lot," he said.

"Thanks for the save," you said.

"Well, you were trying to save me first," he said. "And it's not like you would have put a black eye to better use than I will."

"Still, thanks," you said.

"No problem," he said and offered you his knuckles. You tapped them with your own, and you waited.

Eventually, DeezChains' lawyer stormed off, and Garrison calmed down as he exchanged a few more words with the bailiffs. Then the bailiffs left, and Garrison came to you.

"Well," he said. "I should probably fire you two, but at least you managed to cause problems outside of the view of the judge." He'd already gotten your side of the story.

"I think we'd both appreciate keeping our jobs, sir," you said.

Garrison shook his head and sighed.

"Did you happen to find out why he was even here?" you asked.

“A different lawsuit, probably as frivolous as the one that pondscum lawyer of his was trying to drum up against you two,” Garrison said. “There won’t be one coming from them on this, I made damn sure that asshat knew what would happen if he tried it. His client is getting charges pressed on him anyway, and he isn’t a criminal defence lawyer so he’ll probably fade away into the mists to leech off of some other person with more cash than good sense.”

“Are either of us going to need to testify?” Eric asked.

“Probably not,” Garrison said and gestured around. “This whole place is wired with security cameras. It’s likely caught in five different angles, and you two were de-escalating as much as reasonably possible. You’ll probably have a chance to do a victim statement if you want though, Eric.”

Eric snorted and smirked. “Yes, please.” You could tell that would just be more fodder for his burgeoning internet personality career.

“What’s the next step then, sir?” you asked.

“If you’re good to walk, Eric, we head for lunch. We’ll be pressed for time now so we’ll need to make it quick. You can head home if you’d like instead though Eric, and the firm will cover the ride.”

“I’ll stay,” Eric said after a moment, and you nodded thinking he’d made the right choice. He pulled the ice pack from his face. His eyes weren’t too badly swollen, but the bruising was already starting to come in.

“Alright, good man,” Garrison said and patted him on the shoulder. “We’ll get moving in five minutes. I’ll let the ladies come talk to you in private.”

Garrison stepped away, and with a silent nod gave permission for Sabrina and Gemma to come over. They didn’t exactly rush, holding their dignity, but they were quickly sitting on either side of you and Eric. Each of them was speaking in a rush, Gemma quietly scolding you for getting involved and apologising for making it worse and thinking you were a hero for helping Eric. Sabrina, meanwhile, was thanking Eric for saving you, scolding him for getting in trouble, telling him to keep the ice pack on his face, and suggesting he should take a picture and tell Lucy if he wants to impress her. Then they switched sides, seemingly without communicating it, and you had Sabrina fussing over you while Gemma fussed over Eric.

Eventually, you cleared your throat loud enough that they both went quiet, and you chuckled softly. “I love you both, but you’re being a *little* overwhelming right now.”

“I dunno, I kinda like it,” Eric smirked.

“Come on,” you said. “Garrison still wants to try and get to lunch.”

The four of you stood, which was a signal for Garrison and the associates, and you followed them out of the courthouse.

Lunch ended up being at a local pub-like place that seemed to be a hotspot for lawyers and other workers at the courthouse, but they had a pair of tables pushed together and reserved for you even though you came in late. A bunch of people in the crowd were staring at you and Eric as you walked in and had clearly been witnesses to the confrontation.

Once you were all sitting down, Sabrina and Gemma manoeuvring to sit on either side of you at the end of the table, Garrison declared that since you needed to eat quickly he'd hold off on the trial recap talk. "Besides, I'm not sure Eric could hear me over the ringing in his ears."

"What?" Eric said, playing along.

Garrison smirked and shook his head. "We'll do the recap at the end of the week. I expect the defence will take up the afternoon and into tomorrow, and then the Judge will dismiss us to consider the case and make a ruling. That may not come out for a couple of weeks, so you guys should expect to be back in the office on Thursday. We'll do the recap then."

Further discussion was interrupted by the waitress coming by, and you noticed Garrison talking with her quietly and slipping her some cash. You had a feeling you'd be getting rush service from the kitchen. There wasn't exactly a ton of privacy even at the end of the table, so you, Gemma and Sabrina tried to just make it a normal lunch and make small talk with everyone. Your food was delivered quickly and you all dug in, Eric a little less zealously since his black eye was coming in strong now. Gemma ended up offering him an Ibuprofen from her purse, which he readily accepted.

Lunch finished quickly and you all rushed back to the courthouse and up to Court Six just in time for the judge to call the trial back to order and the defence to start their case.

If you'd held out any hopes that the Defense would be a little more enthusiastic or dramatic, you were wrong. Other than a fifteen-minute recess where you treated Eric to the snack machine in thanks for his taking the hit for you, the afternoon dragged on, and on, and on. By the end, when the judge called a halt for the day and the lawyers packed up and prepared to head out, you were seriously questioning whether you would ever consider corporate law as a speciality no matter how well it might pay.

Chapter 375

Sabrina needed to head home for new clothes and to talk with her neighbour Alita. She planned to do that over a bottle of wine for the night, so that left you and Gemma alone and you quickly agreed to head to her place. Neither of you particularly wanted to spend time with Mosche at the

moment considering the tension going on, so you texted him that he could have the leftover lasagna that was in the fridge. He just sent back a thumbs-up emoji, and you held off from asking if he'd talked to Tasha yet.

You and Gemma rode the bus to her place, which took longer than Uber would but was definitely less expensive. It also gave you time to decompress a little, sitting next to each other and holding hands as you talked about little things. Every once in a while Gemma would look at you and you would lean in and give her a little kiss, making her smile.

Once you made it to her place you found it empty. No Lucy, no Becca, no Charlotte.

"Love," Gemma said, taking your hand. "Can we talk for a minute?"

"Of course," you said. She headed for the living room and you followed her, sitting down next to your girlfriend on the couch.

Gemma smiled softly, then took your hands in hers. "I'm sorry," she said.

"For what?"

"I... made things worse today," she said. "I saw you tried calling me, and Sabrina told me you warned her not to let me come down there. I missed your call because my phone was in my purse and I was walking and didn't hear it. But when I saw what was going on I should have just trusted you were handling it. So I'm sorry."

"Oh, Gemma," you groaned, leaning into her and softly tackling her down so you were both lying on the couch. "Thank you, but it's OK. That freak deserved a couple of middle fingers, and you deserved to shoot them at him."

"Still, I shouldn't have done it," she said, hugging you back and running her fingers through your hair. Your cheek was pressed against her upper chest and you kissed her through her blouse.

"I forgive you," you said.

"Thank you," she said.

The two of you held each other for a bit, just breathing and being together, until you grinned a little.

"You're thinking of the time we had sex out here, aren't you," Gemma chuckled.

"Maybe," you said.

"We're not doing that again," Gemma said. "We don't know when Lucy will get here, and it's not fair to her to do that."

"So we don't care about Becca or Charlotte?"

"Not really," Gemma said. "If it was both of them they'd probably just start getting frisky themselves."

"Mmm, a lesbian show would be pretty hot," you mumbled.

"You get to see me and Sabrina together all the time, it can't be that big a deal to you now."

"Well, it would be two different ladies, wouldn't it?"

"Fair," Gemma laughed. "OK. Let's get up. I want to get changed, and before I put on new clothes I want you to kiss every inch of my body."

"Gladly," you grinned, and you were quickly up and rushing for her room.

An hour later, Gemma was dressed in a simple t-shirt and cotton shorts, and you were wearing a t-shirt of your own and some athletic shorts. Gemma had a couple of fresh hickies hidden under her shirt on the underside of her breasts, and she'd paid you back with one just under your own nipple as she'd giggled. The sex had been more playful than anything, and now you'd migrated back out of the room and fixed up a basic snack of nacho chips with melted cheese on them as you snuggled up on the couch and surfed through Netflix looking for something to watch.

"What's up, bitches," Becca said as she came in the front door. She kicked off her boots and came towards the living room. "Oh, sorry. I thought it was you and Charlotte. I guess I mean to say, 'What's up, bitch and bastard!'"

You snorted softly and shook your head. "Hey, Becca."

Gemma lifted the plate of half-finished nachos towards her and Becca came in and pulled a couple of chips off of it. "Mmmf, cheeeese," she groaned. Once she swallowed she sighed. "You two are bad for my diet."

"You're not *on* a diet," Gemma said. "In fact, you gave me shit about considering one so that I'd be bikini-ready when I go back home."

"OK, well, you'd be bad for my diet if I was on one," Becca clarified. "And bitch, you are already bikini-ready so don't give me that crap. Anyways, did I miss the sex show already or am I just in time?"

“Ha, ha, ha,” you laughed dryly.

“We aren’t putting on another show out here,” Gemma smirked.

“So you’re saying there *will* be a show,” Becca laughed. “M’kay. What’s the dinner plan, children? Is Mama Becca in charge, or are you planning on snacking yourself into sustenance?”

You and Gemma ended up getting up and helping to throw together dinner, then ate with Becca and hung out for a couple of hours. Becca, when you weren’t running into her in sexual situations, was just a fun person to be around. It turned out that Charlotte had gone on an overnight trip for work at the last minute, and only remembered to text Becca about it around 9:30 PM. Becca finished the call just in time for the door to the apartment to open.

“Come on,” Lucy said. “No one should be around.”

“OK, OK,” Eric said. “Let’s just keep it down, OK? Your roommates always give me looks when we- Oh.”

Eric had kicked off his shoes and came out of the little entryway to see you, Gemma and Becca sitting in the living room. He was wearing what you could only guess were some of his ‘date clothes’, and flamboyant patterned shirt and nice slacks.

“Hey, Eric,” you said. “The black eye is coming in nicely.”

He smirked a little, reaching up and touching it gently. “Yeah. Stings like a bitch still but it should be fine.”

“Ugh,” Lucy said as she came around Eric and saw us. She immediately grabbed Eric’s hand and pulled him towards her room. “Come on, baby. You need a Hero’s reward.”

Becca groaned lightly as Eric smiled and followed Lucy. “Great,” she said. “Another night of *that*.”

“We should go to bed,” Gemma said, looking at you pointedly.

“Um, OK,” you said.

“Wait, I want to know what the black eye thing was about,” Becca said.

“*Oh, baby. You’re so hot,*” Lucy’s voice came loudly through the wall.

“We’ll tell you in my room,” Gemma sighed.

“*Yes baby, take it off!*”

“Alright, I get it now,” you said as the three of you stood to move out of the living room. The walls were *not* thick enough to handle that.

Chapter 376

“Jesus H. Christo,” Becca said extravagantly once you and Gemma had gotten her up to date on the DeezChains saga. “Alright, so you had on full fucking day.”

“More like a very climactic lunch,” you said. “The rest of the day was pretty boring.”

“Fall-asleep-sitting-up boring,” Gemma said.

“Well, I can’t help you with that,” Becca chuckled. She was sitting on Gemma’s desk chair while you and Gemma were on the bed. “You two chose your punishment with this internship.”

“And it’s paying dividends,” Gemma said. “Mentorship, even if the cases are boring, is invaluable at this stage of the game for us.”

Becca waved dismissively in a way that was more about her not getting it than that she didn’t care. “Well, I’m happy for you. And I’ll miss the hell out of you in a month. And you too, John.”

“We’ll miss you too,” Gemma smiled, getting up and going to Becca to hug her. “Seriously, Becca. You are an easy third place for the best person I’ve met in America. I’m going to miss having you around so much.”

“Great, third place,” Becca said deadpan, shooting you a silly look over Gemma’s shoulder.

“Hey, it’s not my fault I fell in love with numbers one and two,” Gemma grinned as she let go of the slightly older woman.

“That’s fair, I guess,” Becca chuckled, then sat back down as Gemma returned to sit by your side. “So... are you two gonna fuck now? Cause I think I was promised dinner and a show.”

You and Gemma chuckled. Becca chuckled but raised her eyebrows.

“No, seriously,” Becca said. “Charlotte isn’t here, and I don’t want to spend time hearing the echoes of you two making love and Lucy doing her succubus act to Eric. I wouldn’t mind getting kinda kinky with you guys again if you’re down. I could watch, or maybe if it’s cool I could... you know...”

Gemma turned and looked into your eyes for a long moment before turning back to Becca. "Not a threesome," she said. "That's not a definite forever no, though. We just need to talk about it with Sabrina. But you can stay and watch if you want."

Becca broke into a grin. "Really? I mean, I know I'm kinda asking for it, but I wasn't anywhere near sure you'd say yes."

"Go get whatever toy you want to use on yourself," Gemma said. "Then get your naked ass back in here."

Becca barked a laugh. "Yes, Mistress Gemma. Anything you say, Mistress Gemma." She got up and left the room, her hips swaying a little more than usual.

Gemma turned to you immediately. "I read that right, right?" she asked. "You're OK with it?"

"Of course," you said, leaning in to kiss her softly. "We've done it before, Becca is hot and the situation is hot. Plus, I can't subject her to listening to the Echoes of Eric."

Gemma snorted and grinned, then kissed you more firmly. "I plan on making it worth the price of her admission," she said. "But we aren't touching her, OK?"

"I'm on board," you agreed.

Becca came back a minute later, striding in confidently even though she was completely naked. Her short hair with the boyish cut gave her a certain sort of androgynous look even though she was pretty, but her body just didn't play that out. Her breasts were nice and plump with a bit of jiggle as she walked, and while her hips weren't as curvacious as Gemma they were still there. She'd grown out a bit of a bush since the last time you'd seen her naked, though it was neatly trimmed. She came in wielding a dildo in one hand, a pink and purple thing that wobbled in her fist.

"You can take the chair if you want," Gemma said. "Or you can join us on the bed. But seriously, no touching either of us for tonight, OK?"

Becca pursed her lips and blew out a breath. "Shit, you're tempting me," she chuckled. Then she hopped up on the end of the bed.

"Good," Gemma said with a smirk. "All the better to tease you with." Then she turned and kissed you firmly, and soon your blonde girlfriend had you pushed onto your back as she straddled your waist and made out with you.

For a long time, you didn't have much of a view other than Gemma's face and hair as she slowly dry-humped on you. Kissing Gemma was always going to be a favourite pastime of yours, but you knew she was extending it out just to tease Becca.

Finally, she sat back up and smiled down at you, tugging at your shirt lightly.

Things progressed from there as you both slowly shed clothes, and Becca watched silently from the end of the bed. Then Gemma had you sit on the edge and she got down on her knees on the floor and started blowing you. Becca was playing with her dildo as she watched, teasing it between her tits and then starting to suck on the head.

“You are such a little cuckquean,” Gemma giggled when she noticed what Becca was doing.

“Am not,” Becca said. “I’m a voyeur, if anything. I’d be a cuckquean if he was *my* boyfriend.”

“Fine. You’re a pervy voyeur,” Gemma said. She climbed back up on the bed and straddled your waist, groaning as she sat down on your cock. Then she looked over at Becca. “Well? Are you going to copy me or not?”

Becca guffawed a little, but bit the tip of her tongue and then adjusted how she was sitting. She set the base of the dildo on the bed and blew out a long breath as she gave you and Gemma a clear look at her pussy as she teased the dildo between her lips before sitting down on it as well.

“Good,” Gemma said. “Now keep up and do as I do.” She started to grind on me.

Gemma put Becca through her paces and seemed to do it with the express goal of giving you a show of the other woman. Doggy style had you looking at Becca’s ass as she pumped the dildo into herself and watched you in the mirror. Missionary had Becca spreading her legs wide, letting you see how slick she was as she pumped her cunt with the dildo at the same fast, steady speed you were fucking your girlfriend.

Gemma came first, but Becca came soon after. Then Gemma mounted you in cowgirl but leaned back away from you. This was one of her favourite positions because your cock could glance up across her g-spot, and it gave you an open view of her pussy stuffed with your cock and her tits bouncing as she used her hips. Becca copied the pose, and you were seeing double as you groaned and panted.

“Come all over my stomach, love,” Gemma groaned. “You know I love it inside, but let Becca see.”

“Fuuuck,” you grunted, and she pulled up a little higher and you popped out. You quickly stroked your cock, pointing it at her, and Becca watched as you erupted thick strands of cum across Gemma’s torso.

“Holy fuck,” Becca groaned as she lost her balance and fell back on her ass. She quickly grabbed the dildo that was still half in her. “I’m gonna cooome,” she moaned softly, pumping

herself hard, and then she grunted softly and her body tensed as she came with a hard exhale, and then a looser one as she rode it out.

Gemma was grinning at you and shaking her head at the wildness of everything. You got up and fetched her some paper towel so she could wipe up her stomach. Then she grabbed her phone and you wondered if she was going to take a photo of Becca. She was lying on her back, her legs spread wide as she breathed deeply, the dildo still not having fallen out of her. It was pretty as lewd a scene as you could get without it just being fucking.

Instead, though, she made a call.

“Hey, baby,” she said, obviously talking to Sabrina. “We ended up giving Becca a show, but no physical touching. Do you mind if she sleeps with us tonight? Like, just sleep-sleep. OK, great. Love you. John does too.” She hung up and looked at me. “Sabrina says we should snuggle her good and proper.”

“Come on, Becca,” you said, patting her foot and then pulling on it.

“What?” she asked.

“Come here,” you said. She let you pull her up the bed by her knees, and then you got her turned around and lifted the covers. Soon she was in between you and Gemma as the middle spoon, your softening cock pressed against her meaty ass cheek and her tits pressed to Gemma’s back.

“Fuck,” she sighed. “You guys do this every night?”

“Every one we can,” you smiled, thankful that you’d remembered to turn off the lights before slipping under the covers.

“I could get used to this,” she mumbled softly.

“Just gotta find the right guy for you and Char,” Gemma said, tugging Becca’s arm around to hug her more. “Now just lay back and enjoy.”

“This might be the best sleep I get in a while,” Becca laughed softly.