

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 391-397

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 391

“Oh, God, that’s good,” Tasha moaned softly as you slowly made love to her. The both of you were still under the warm covers of Sabrina’s bed, your two girlfriends having already gotten up to start on breakfast and get ready for a Friday at the office. You took significantly less time to get ready, so they had encouraged you to have a bit of extra fun with your bed guest.

You kissed the side of Tasha’s neck lightly, tempted to leave a hickey but deciding quickly not to. She likely wouldn’t have minded, with how playful she was about things, but it just didn’t feel right in the moment. Behind you, you could hear one of the girls moving through from the living room or kitchen into Sabrina’s bathroom, quietly passing through the bedroom without comment. Tasha had her legs wrapped around your hips, her ankles crossed behind you and her arms back around your shoulders and neck as she gasped and squirmed while you thrust into her with slow hip movements.

“You’re so damn pretty, Tash,” you moaned softly as you crossed from one side of her neck to the other, nuzzling her hair out of the way to get your lips on her bare skin.

“Thank you,” she breathed out.

You brought your hands up from her sides, rubbing across her outer tits, and she groaned again.

“You’re also so sexy and playful,” you whispered, kissing up to her jawline.

“Thank you,” she breathed out again.

“And have I mentioned that you are very, very funny?” you asked with a little smirk.

“Not directly,” she grinned a little.

“Well, you are very, *very* funny,” you said, and then gave her a deep kiss that teased her lips with your tongue, and then accepted her in a little languid battle.

She pulled her head away with a gasp as she came, another of those short and sweet orgasms that made you think she was missing out on something bigger. It was just her, though.

“I’m going to come soon,” you told her quietly, still thrusting in and out of her slowly. “Where do you want it?”

She smirked a little, closing her eyes as she relaxed. "Wherever you want, John."

You decided to just fuck her to finish and slowly picked up your pace a little as the two of you kept trading little kisses until you groaned and unloaded into the condom. It was kind of weird, fucking with a condom after the last couple of months. Tasha's test had been clean but everyone had decided it was a good idea to play it safe until the more comprehensive one she'd taken came back. You were used to dropping your loads into women now though, and feeling that rush of filling them up. Becks and Mallory had both been open to creampie's, and Sabrina and Gemma had come to prefer them after they'd both decided to try it.

So pulling out of Tasha, feeling less than the perfect sense of skin on skin, and needing to peel off a sloppy condom wasn't exactly the luxurious end of a morning fuck you were used to.

Then again, it was also easier for you to wash your cock than for one of the girls to wash out their pussy before dressing for work.

Once you were finished with the short bout of morning sex, you and Tasha got on the move as well and the four of you cycled through the washroom and into the kitchen. Breakfast was a quick scramble of eggs and cheese paired with toast along with fresh coffee. Sabrina lent Tasha some sweatpants, a shirt and a pair of shoes to wear home since her dress from the night before would look way too much like a walk of shame.

"And there is *nothing* shameful about last night," Sabrina said with a grin at her friend and new lover.

"Thank you," Tasha said, wrapping her arms around the skinny brunette in a big hug. Sabrina squeezed her back. "Seriously. Last night was great sex, but it was more than that."

"A cup of John is good for the soul," Gemma said with a little smirk and wink at you.

Tasha let go of Sabrina and went and hugged Gemma as well, giving her a little peck on the lips to go with it. "I honestly thought you two were playing him up a bit just because he was your boyfriend, but you're so right."

"I don't lie about my boyfriend or girlfriend," Gemma said, hugging the other woman back. "They are amazing, and I'm lucky as hell."

"I thought we all agreed that I was the lucky one?" you chuckled.

"We're all lucky, baby," Sabrina said, coming to stand next to you and hug your arm as she leaned against you.

"You seriously are," Tasha said, going back to pick her coffee mug up off the counter.

Despite the lovey-dovey feelings, you, Gemma and Sabrina had to get to work so there wasn't time to linger. Tasha, for her part, worked a day job in retail at a bookstore in the mall just off downtown so her day started a little later so she wasn't in as much of a rush but still needed to get home to change.

The goodbye kisses at the door were kind of funny since you were all heading for the same elevator anyway, but they were sweet and there was just a touch of flirty grabass.

"I had a really good time," you said to Tasha as you held her close after your kiss. One of your hands was on her butt familiarly.

"Me too," she said with a grin.

"Can we see you again?" you asked.

"Damn it, John," Sabrina said. "You're rushing ahead in the steps."

Tasha laughed and rolled her eyes a little. "To humour Sabrina, I guess my answer has to be, 'We'll see.'"

"Good," Sabrina smirked. "Now we can spend all day flirting with you via text. How do you feel about sexting at work?"

"We are *not* sexting at work," Gemma said. "You know how that ends up, and we aren't doing anything in the office again."

"Again?" Tasha asked, lifting a curious eyebrow.

"Play your cards right and we'll tell you on Saturday," Gemma said. "For now, we need to leave, guys!"

The four of you finally got out the door and on your way.

Chapter 392

After the smooth way that things had gone yesterday in terms of work, even if there had been a lot of it, part of you expected the next shoe to drop. Whether it would be Joy making some sort of a new appearance, or a new lawsuit from DeezChains, or *something*. Hell, the way things felt like they worked sometimes, you wouldn't have been necessarily surprised if ICE came looking to deport Gemma thinking she was someone else.

But you and Sabrina went and did the Coffee Run for the morning, and nothing happened at the shop. Then you stopped by and dropped Becks off her cup, and she had no new news on Joy or Mrs Bellagamba or anything else that might have been coming down the pipe. She did surreptitiously ask if you were going to 'hang out' that weekend, and Sabrina explained that you were helping out a friend but you definitely wanted to find time soon. To 'hang out.'

"What's that look, baby?" Sabrina asked you in the elevator.

"What look?"

"The one on your face," she laughed.

"I'm just re-comprehending that I have two gorgeous, amazing girlfriends, along with a woman like Becks jumping into our bed, and now Tasha as well," you said.

"You really knocked her socks off last night," Sabrina grinned. "Have you texted her yet?"

"My hands are a little full," you pointed out since you were carrying four trays of drink precariously stacked to Sabrina's two.

"Make sure you do, and make it really flirty. Over the top. We want her grinning and rolling her eyes and feeling the warm-and-fuzzies all day."

"Alright," you sighed a little chuckle of your own.

Once the coffees were delivered, you and Sabrina joined Eric and Gemma in the conference room and got to work. And nothing went wrong. Garrison came by around 9:30 AM, just poking his head in to say good morning, and a couple of associates dropped off more work for you. Eric was leaving right at the end of the day since he was catching a flight down to Florida to do more podcasts so the four of you buckled in to try and get as much work done during the day as possible.

After taking a punch for you, you definitely didn't hold it against Eric to want to cut out right at the end of the day while the three of you would put in a couple of extra hours to get ahead for Monday.

The only distraction that morning was the texting. Sabrina and Gemma set up a rotation of when the three of you should send texts to Tasha so that she would be peppered with them throughout the day. You found it kind of funny how *awkward* you felt trying to come up with ways to cheesily flirt with her - two girlfriends, multiple sexual partners, and you'd had sex with her *that morning* and it still felt silly to randomly send her something like, '*Just thinking about looking into your eyes has me distracted*' or '*What's your lip care routine, because I can't wait to kiss you again?*'

You each got a couple of texts back before she started her shift at the bookstore, and then you got the occasional response as she had a break at work. The biggest response you got, however, was when she sent you a mirror selfie of her flashing her tits with a big grin on her face. They were still fucking perfect in a way it was hard to describe, and you had to quickly double-check that Eric hadn't seen the picture.

The other distraction that happened was small and came at lunch. Eric, expecting to not have time to eat decently before his flight that evening, made the run down to the sub shop which left you, Gemma and Sabrina with a short window of time alone.

"OK, so something has happened," Sabrina said as you all sat down with your lunches from the bodega on the first floor of the building.

"Yeah, we know," Gemma chuckled. "You've been practically vibrating for an hour."

"You can't be *this* excited just for the picture Tasha sent," you said.

"I mean, it was a good picture, but no," Sabrina said. She pulled out her phone and opened up Twitter. "My account got followed by NoraNix."

It became clear pretty quickly that you and Gemma had no idea who that was.

"OK, let me explain why this is a big deal," Sabrina sighed dramatically. "NoraNix is one of the top OF creators. Like, top 0.02% or something. There are the celebrity accounts and the girls who are like, breaking it on YouTube or the streaming space, and then there's the one level down and she's in that tier of creator. She's got literally tens of thousands of Fans, and she's really pretty and has a fun personality and I already followed her because of market research and stuff, but she just *followed me* without me even interacting with her!"

"Wow," you said. "So this is a big business deal."

"What are you going to do about it?" Gemma asked.

"I don't know!" Sabrina said, flapping her hands like she was in a nervous panic, making you and Gemma laugh a little. "I need to decide how to respond. Like, do I make a big deal of it, or do I play it cool?"

"Play it cool," Gemma said. "If she's a really big creator then I'm sure she gets weird messages and tweets all the time. Just be normal, and nice."

"Right. Normal and nice," Sabrina mumbled as she was scrolling on her phone.

You looked at Gemma and shook your head. "Maybe we should better define what 'normal' is. We *are* talking about Sabrina."

“Hey!”

Chapter 393

The afternoon felt like it dragged a bit as you watched the various items get ticked off the to-do list, but that wasn't because any more distractions were going on. Sabrina pivoting in the afternoon to working on the Mock Trial case took out a quarter of your workforce, so the hours just felt like they crawled by a little slower. It also didn't help that Garrison swung by and called Gemma out for a brief, 30-minute mentoring session.

Still, quitting time was looming and you could tell Eric was getting antsy to leave. The texting with Tasha had also continued, though there weren't any pictures sent - at least that you knew of. Sabrina or Gemma may have sent her something. Still, once you got comfortable, sending flirty texts with her was fun, and you threw in a few to Sabrina, Gemma and Becks as well for good measure. Becks was the most surprised, responding quickly from down in the lobby with a few cute compliments that had you trying not to blush.

Eric was out the door right at five on the tails of those lawyers who were still in the building. It being a Friday in the middle of summer, it got quiet early and emptied out fast.

“So, I'm just saying, Tasha did send *us* a picture,” Sabrina said with a little smile once Eric had taken off.

“No, love,” Gemma said sternly, giving Sabrina a look. “At least, not unless it's one you have saved on your phone already.”

“Fine, fine,” Sabrina chuckled. “How has the campaign been going for you guys?”

“Good,” you said. “It's fun. And I feel like I'm getting practice for when Gemma is back home.”

“Ugh, don't remind me,” Gemma sighed. “I mean, it will be nice to be home, but being without you two...” She shook her head and frowned sadly. “We only have three and a half weeks left before I go.”

“We should make a list of things to do before you leave,” Sabrina suggested. “Like places to go, special dates, stuff to set up for while you're gone. People to bang.”

The last one got Gemma to snort and roll her eyes. “I think I like that idea for all of them but the last one.”

“What? That's not fair,” Sabrina said. “The People deserve to be on their own list.”

“What people?” Becks asked as she came up to the door of your conference room. You were surprised to see her up on the floor of the firm and not at her desk - you wouldn’t have even guessed she knew what room you worked in up there.

“People Gemma wants to bang before she leaves next month,” Sabrina said.

“Well, I better be on that list,” Becks said as she came in and sat down across the table from you and in between Sabrina on one side and Gemma at the end.

Gemma rolled her eyes again. “Yes, Becks. I promise not to leave without some goodbye sex. But I don’t need a list to keep track of people. It’s not exactly hard to keep track.”

“What’s up, sugar butt?” Sabrina asked, turning to Becks more fully as she set down the files she’d been working on. “What brings a foxy lady like you up to a little hole in the wall like this?”

“This foxy lady just finished her shift for the week and has no plans,” Becks said, kicking off her shoes and putting her stocking-clad feet up on the table. “And I know for a fact that this place is pretty much empty by now, so I figured I’d come up and check if you three were working late or not. I saw Eric rushing out but you guys didn’t come down.”

“We will be, for a few hours at least,” you said with a slight grimace. “Garrison is loading more work onto our plates now, and Sabrina’s spearheading our mock trial prep.”

“The good news is that if you stick around with us, a nice dinner often spontaneously appears for us around seven,” Gemma said.

“Well, in that case, I’m in for free take-out,” Becks chuckled. “And I promise to be quiet and not distract you guys too much.”

Becks settled in on her phone for a bit until Sabrina struck up a conversation to help herself review the Mock Trial case details, telling Becks about it and letting her ask questions. You listened in with one ear, focusing more on your data entry and word searching. About an hour later you vaguely noticed their conversation stopped as Sabrina got up and left, likely headed for the washroom. When she came back she said something to Becks, who got up and went somewhere.

You practically jumped out of your seat when two hands suddenly reached up from under the conference room table and slid up your knees to your lap.

Sabrina and Becks, who was under the table, started cackling at your reaction and even Gemma started chuckling when she realised what had happened.

“Jesus Christ,” you panted, putting a hand to your chest. “Fuck, Becks. I think I just choked on my heart for a second.”

“Sorry,” she giggled, looking up at you from under the table. “I didn’t think you were *that* focused.”

“I went and checked and no one is here or upstairs,” Sabrina said. “We’ve got the office to ourselves.”

“And I’ve been fantasising about that time I called you guys and you were banging,” Becks said. “So I was thinking, since we’re all here...”

“We do still have work to get done,” Gemma said. “One blowjob. And you don’t want to get caught if the security guy brings dinner up instead of calling one of us down.”

“Fine, one blowjob,” Becks said, then smirked a little as she started to undo the zipper of your slacks. “To start.”

“I, for one, wouldn’t mind a little servicing from Becks’ After Hour Eatery,” Sabrina laughed.

“Awful,” Gemma said to the pun. “Just awful. But I’ll take some too.”

“Mmm, guess I’m playing Miss Lusty tonight then,” Becks grinned, fishing your cock out of the front of your pants and quickly massaging it as it got hard in her grip. “Your *Secre-slut* was what you called me, right?”

You groaned as she took your cock head in her mouth. You weren’t going to get *any* work done.

Chapter 394

Becks knew exactly what she was doing. Even though you were only really getting little flashes of her, and most of that was just her lips stretched around your cock, she still teased the hell out of you. The little hums and chuckles that sent vibrations through your cock were particularly distracting and thrilling.

After a full day of work and fun flirty texts, you may not have been on a hair-trigger (you *did* have morning sex), but it wasn’t too hard for her to get you grunting softly and thrusting a little into her mouth as you remained seated.

You reached under the table, running your fingers through her silky hair, and she responded by lashing her tongue along your shaft.

“Fuck, Becks,” you groaned softly.

“Yes, Daddy?” she asked, pulling her lips from your cock.

“OK, don’t start,” you said.

That got a laugh from all three of the girls in the room.

“Keep teasing him for a bit, hon,” Gemma said.

“Yes, ma’am,” Becks said quickly and then started licking and nibbling on your shaft.

“I thought the point of this was to be *quick*,” you said.

“I don’t think anyone said that,” Sabrina smirked.

You groaned as the teasing continued. Five minutes stretched into ten as Becks readjusted her position under the table, getting more comfortable. She was swapping between taking your head between her lips and suckling on it as she worked her lips over the ridges, and then kissing her way down your shaft before slowly licking her way back up.

Eventually, it became too much, and you groaned in frustration as she left the head again to travel downwards.

“I’m close,” you groaned.

“Swallow it, slut,” Sabrina called from across the table.

Becks immediately clamped her lips on your cock again and started sucking in earnest. It took maybe thirty seconds for you to spill over the top and grunt as you unleashed pulse after pulse of cum into her mouth. She was humming and gulping quickly, and just as your orgasm was finishing she jammed her mouth down farther, sucking hard as she teased the head at the back of her throat before slowly pulling off you all the way.

“Fuck,” you exhaled heavily.

“Delicious,” Becks said from under the table and gave your cock a little friendly kiss.

“You want to go, baby, or me?” Sabrina asked Gemma.

“You go first,” Gemma said, shaking her head and chuckling. “I know you’re probably soaking through whatever panties you’re wearing.”

“Who said I’m wearing panties?” Sabrina grinned.

“I do,” Gemma said. “Cause I told you that you had to for work. So are you?”

Sabrina sighed and nodded. "Yes. Spoilsport. I'm wearing a thong."

"Slut," Gemma teased her.

"Yours," Sabrina teased back. "Now, Becks, come take care of me."

"Needy, needy," Becks said as she slipped your cock back into your pants and zipped you up. She scooted away under the table, and soon Sabrina was shifting a little in her seat. She'd worn a knee-length skirt that day along with a blouse, and you wondered if Becks could get between her legs without lifting the entire thing up to Sabrina's waist.

They figured something out, and soon Sabrina was slouching in her seat as her eyes went a little glazed and she held up some papers. Anyone who looked at her for more than a second would know she wasn't reading them.

Still, you were able to get back to work and sort of ignore the giggles from under and across the table, along with the soft kissing sounds.

Sabrina eventually came with a series of soft, girly grunts as she sensuously bit the corner of her lower lip and held onto the edge of the table. You had to stop working to watch her, and when she was done she was flushed pink and breathing heavily.

"That was a good one," she laughed breathlessly. Then she pushed her chair back and went to her knees, and you could hear her kissing Becks sloppily. When Sabrina came back up her makeup was just slightly mussed.

"Fix yourself up, love," Gemma said to her. "Just in case someone comes in."

"Yes, baby," Sabrina said, shooting an air kiss at Gemma.

"Switch seats with me, John?" Gemma asked you. "If I'm getting mine I'll need to drop my pants." She'd worn trousers that looked great with her figure that day, so it made sense and your spot would be that much more hidden below the waist than hers. You quickly stood to swap seats with her, meeting her in a kiss as you hooked an arm around her waist for a moment.

"Love you, love," you said.

She shook her head and smiled. "You still say it wrong."

"I know," you grinned, then let her go.

She quickly undid her pants and let them drop, flashing a look at her panties which were probably one step below lingerie and a soft pink colour. She sat and quickly pulled them down

as well, eyeing the conference room door. Then she slouched a little, getting her butt to the edge of the chair. "Alright, Becks," she said. "I'm- Oooh, fuck."

"Juicy?" Becks asked from under the table. "Horny? Wet for me?"

"All of the above," Gemma grunted softly.

After the first minute she did a better job of looking like she was busy, but she slowly got more flushed and her nipples even started to make little bumps in her blouse. Becks was going at her with gusto, and you kept an eye on the hallway out of the conference room door. You couldn't see all the way down to the elevator area, but you had a decent angle that would give a few moments warning. Thankfully, no one came down the hall.

Less thankfully, Gemma fell out of her chair in fright when the conference room phone started ringing. She started laughing almost immediately, joined by Becks. You had another moment of needing to swallow your heart down out of your throat again. Sabrina, for her part, was giggling but stood up and went to the phone.

"Shhh!" she shushed loudly, and both Beck and Gemma managed to get their giggles under control. Sabrina picked up. "Hello? Yes. Yes, that's great. One of us will be right down." She hung up and then looked at you with a smile. "Dinner is here, we can go get it."

"Guess you two can continue," you said, looking down at Gemma sprawled on the floor. She was on her back, her legs spread wide and showing off her bare pussy, and Becks was leaning over her after making sure she was OK from the fall.

"Mmm, yummy," Becks said with a grin, lowering her mouth to Gemma's cunt again.

"Ungh," Gemma groaned, one hand pressing Becks down more firmly as it grabbed the back of her head. "Just- Go get dinner, love. I'll be a minute."

Chapter 395

You and Sabrina headed down via the elevators, coming out to the familiar site of the security guard sitting at Becks' usual spot at the front desk and brown food delivery bags on the counter.

"Everything good?" you asked the guy.

"Yep," he nodded. "Signed for it, and tip was paid with the order."

"Great," Sabrina said. "Thanks so much!"

There were two large bags so you and Sabrina each grabbed one and headed back for the elevator. As soon as the doors closed Sabrina set hers down and then pulled you down into a kiss with both hands on your cheeks.

“What was that for?” you laughed softly as she let you go.

“Nothing, I just wanted to kiss you,” she said with a grin, then knelt down and opened her bag. “Ooh, Garrison ordered us sushi!”

As you headed back through the empty law firm hallway you didn’t hear anything until you were about ten steps from the conference room, then you heard a soft grunting. At the doorway, you and Sabrina stopped and looked at each other with grins. Gemma was only partially visible and, from the other side of the table, looked like she was sitting on her knees as she struggled with something.

Of course, that ‘struggle’ was her riding Becks’ face.

“Damn, baby,” Sabrina said. “If you were that horny I would have done something for you earlier.”

“Oh, hush,” Gemma groaned.

“Have you come yet, love?” you asked, setting down your bag of food and rounding the table.

“Close,” she grunted.

She was sitting on Becks’ face, and Becks was partially still under the table on her back. You leaned down from behind Gemma and grabbed her tit with one hand firmly as you lifted her chin with a finger of the other. You kissed her deeply, massaging her boob through her blouse, and Gemma came softly and a long moan.

“That’s the stuff,” Sabrina grinned, already pulling containers out of her bag.

“God,” Gemma panted as you helped her dismount from Becks. Gemma immediately leaned down and kissed the woman. “Thanks for that.”

“My pleasure,” Becks said, grinning lopsidedly. “But you know I’m going to want some dick after that.”

“I actually have an idea about that,” Sabrina said.

You helped the ladies stand, Gemma fetching her panties and pants and quickly putting them back on while Becca used a serviette from the food delivery to wipe her face - after you got a kiss from her and tasted Gemma on her lips.

“Alright, what’s the idea?” Gemma asked as she started cracking open the food containers to reveal the variety of sushi. Garrison must have thought Eric was with you with the amount he’d ordered.

“Well,” Sabrina said. “You know those kinky, fancy party scenes where food like, say, sushi is served on a naked woman?” She turned her gaze on Becks.

“You want me to be a serving dish?” Becks asked with a laugh.

“A sexy, living serving dish,” Sabrina said. “And we get to tease you while we all eat and feed you. And then John will fuck you.”

“This sounds risky as hell,” you said.

“We’ll keep an ear out,” Sabrina said. “Right, Gemma?”

“I don’t know...” Gemma said, obviously unsure.

“Fuck it, I’ll do it,” Becks said. “You’re *sure* this place is empty, right?”

“I’ll do another check,” Sabrina said.

Things moved quickly. Sabrina did another quick tour of both floors of the firm, then even went down into the basement to make sure no one was working down there either. Once she was back, Becks took one last quick breath to steady her nerves and then quickly stripped out of her ‘hot and aloof’ secretary clothes. Her warmly hued skin was smooth and you took a moment to stop her once she was down to just her thong to grab her and kiss her.

“You’re sure?” you asked her.

“Even more now,” she said with a grin. “This is hot, and not something I’ll *ever* do again.” She stripped off her thong and, completely naked, laid herself out on the conference table at Eric’s end so that if anyone *did* come up via the stairs or elevator she wouldn’t be immediately visible and could hide if you heard the doors.

You leaned over her and kissed her again, and then gave her dark nipple a playful lick before moving aside and letting the girls have fun arranging various sushi and sashimi rolls on Becks’ gorgeous body. When they were done she had food arranged artfully along her collarbone and down the centre of her chest, down her stomach in a diamond pattern that had its tip right on top of her bare pubic mound. Her thighs each got a dotted line of rolls too.

“Take a picture,” Becks said. “I want to see.”

Sabrina did, taking a few from different angles, and then showed them to Becks.

“Fuck, that’s weirdly hot,” Becks chuckled. “Now, I believe I was promised food and teasing?”

The three of you slowly went to work. The eating and feeding part was easy - wherever he’d ordered it from, Garrison had ordered quality sushi. The teasing part was harder, mainly because you didn’t want to tease her too much and make her jerk or move and spill the food. Her nipples and breasts got teased with chopsticks frequently along with little kisses and licks, and her vulnerable, erogenous points of bare skin got soft kisses and caresses of their own. You even nuzzled her mound once the piece of sushi was removed from it, licking the salty taste from her skin and teasing your tongue down along the very front of her labia and making her moan.

Becks, for her part, tried to play a ‘sexy serving dish’ and be silent as best she could. She wasn’t exactly a professional, though, and it became a game to try and see what could pull little moans from her.

Sabrina, after eating the last piece of sashimi from Becks’ thigh and then rinsing her mouth with some water, was just climbing up on the table with the obvious intent of eating your friend’s pussy when you all froze.

The very familiar bingle of the elevator had sounded.

Chapter 396

The panic as Becks tried to get off the table was only tempered by the very real need to be quiet about it. One last California roll that had been on her collarbone almost went flying except for the quick hands of Gemma.

“I’ll go see who it is and stall,” you whispered, heading for the door.

Moments later Sabrina was with you as you headed out into the hallway, the rustling of Becks and Gemma getting Becks’ clothes in order behind you along with some very quiet cursing.

With the positioning of the conference room down at one end of the building, the corridor with the stairs and elevator on it was offset from the door so you and Sabrina quickly moved to the wall on the opposite side. Sliding along it, the closest offices that belonged to the associates and paralegals were all still dark. At the corner, you glanced around the corner. The lights in the hallway were on but dimmer, and on your first glance you didn’t see anyone.

Your second glance, and Sabrina’s first, revealed who had just come up the elevator.

“What the *fuck* is she doing here?” Sabrina whispered.

Joy Bellagamba strutted out of the alcove where the elevators were located and made a right, heading towards the far end of the floor where the Senior Partner offices were.

You suppressed your urge to groan by gritting your teeth in a grimace. "I don't know," you whispered back. "But it doesn't look like her mom is with her. Bellagamba definitely wasn't here?"

"No, I checked every office," Sabrina said. "What should we do?"

"Call security," you said. "Unless she's just here to pick something up for her mother. Maybe call Garrison."

"Well, that means we need to know where she goes, so let's follow her," Sabrina whispered.

Following Joy wasn't exactly an easy task - the main corridors were long and relatively straight. You ended up darting a dozen paces at a time, slipping into the open doorways of offices. At one point you were sure Joy must have seen you because she stopped walking, but she didn't call out or come back in your direction, and she started walking again.

You tailed her all the way to the other end of the building, Sabrina practically stuck to your side as you moved in unison. She was barefoot, having kicked off her shoes before you were about to have fun with Becks.

At the end of the corridor, Joy went into an office and flicked on the light.

"Whose office is that?" Sabrina asked.

"I can't tell from here," you said. "It might be her Moms, or it might be Mr Fletcher's." You hadn't had much interaction with Fletcher beyond fetching him coffee during the morning run.

Sabrina motioned for you to stay where you were and she darted closer down the hallway and then came back. "It's Fletcher's," she whispered, her eyes wide.

"Fuck this," you grunted quietly, pulling out your phone. You quickly texted Garrison on his cell, *'Joy Bellagamba just showed up and is entering SrPrtnr offices. Calling security.'* Then you went to the desk of whoever's office you were in and picked up their landline phone, thumbing the button programmed to reach the front reception desk.

"Security," the guy downstairs said when he picked up after the first ring.

"There is a woman up here on the fourth floor who shouldn't be here," you said quietly. "Did you let her up here?"

“You mean Joy? She’s worked for the firm every summer for years,” the guy said.

“She was fired for cause almost a month ago,” you said.

“... oh, fuck,” the security guard said.

“Yeah, well, she’s wandering around going into people’s offices,” you said.

“Fuck, I’ll be right there,” the security guard said.

Just as you were hanging up your phone started ringing. Loudly.

“Shit,” you hissed, answering it. Sabrina was at the door and looked at you with big eyes.

“Hello?” you asked quietly.

“John, where is she exactly?” Garrison said. There was noise in the background that you couldn’t distinguish, but you thought maybe he was at a restaurant.

“Fletcher’s office right now,” you said. “Security is on the way.”

“Who the hell is here?” Joy asked from out in the hall.

“Shit, she heard my phone ring,” you said quietly.

There was a rustling on Garrison’s end, and then he said, “Put me on speaker so I can hear and keep her busy until security arrives.”

You thumbed the speaker button and then went to the door with Sabrina, putting a hand on her shoulder before slipping past her and into the hall. “I am, Joy,” you said. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

“John?” Joy asked, making a sort of disgusted face like she’d smelled something rotten. “What are *you* doing here?”

“I work here,” you said. “After you got fired we started doing extra hours. But I’m *allowed* to be here, you aren’t.”

“I didn’t get fired, I resigned,” Joy said. “And this is my Mother’s firm, I have every right to be here.”

“That’s just plain not true,” you said. “Maybe, *maybe* you could have a reason to be in your mother’s office. But definitely not Fletcher’s.”

“So what are you going to do about it?” Joy asked.

“Call security,” you said flatly. “Get you thrown out.”

“Security let me up here. Ben is an idiot and thinks I still work for the firm.”

“Not after I tell him differently,” you said. “And report this to the other Partners. You think your Mom can stop you from getting charged with fraud for entering under false pretences, and probably corporate espionage for trying to look at or steal privileged files?”

That finally seemed to click with Joy, and her expression went from annoyed and disgusted to stoic. “You have no proof I was doing that,” she said.

“Don’t I?” you said, raising your phone and showing her the back of it, implying you’d taken pictures and not revealing Garrison was listening in.

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“Fuck you, John,” Joy said.

“No thanks,” you smirked.

“What do I need to do to get you to delete whatever photos you took and let me walk out of here?”

“Seriously? After all the shit you pulled, you think I would let you off the hook?” you asked. “You sexually assaulted me, slapped me, tried to blackmail me into sex by threatening my friends, and were just generally rude and insulting.”

“So what?” Joy spat. “That’s the corporate world, John. Take the advantages you can make for yourself. You could have had it easy - just be my little fuckboy for the summer and you’d be doing barely any work and come out to the Hamptons with me and my friends. Now you’re here at eight on a Friday night working like a dweeb instead.”

“I’ll take honest work over a lazy silver spoon any day of the week,” you said.

“So what do you want, then?” Joy demanded. “Want to bend me over my mother’s desk and fuck me? We can have some hate sex, and then both go our separate ways. I guarantee you that it would be better than whatever you’ve got going on with blondie.”

The sound of the elevator back down the corridor opening was dim in the back of your mind.

“I wouldn’t have sex with you if I was being offered something I *wanted*,” you said. “You think I’m going to do it to let you get away?”

“Fuck you,” she said. And then she did something you really hadn’t expected despite everything that had happened. She charged at you.

She had to be trying to get your phone. That was the only thing that really made sense. But in that split second of decision-making time you weren’t really thinking about what she was trying to do, you were just reacting. You backpedaled about three steps as she lunged forward, and you started to pivot. Somewhere behind you Ben the Security Guard should be coming down the hall towards your voices.

Joy snarled, arms reaching forward, long nails looking a hell of a lot like claws.

And then Sabrina burst out of the doorway to the office you’d initially been hiding in. She hit Joy in the side, shoving her hard with both hands and sending the taller woman off balance. Joy careened into the door jam of the office opposite Sabrina’s, the smack ringing just slightly with a hollow metal sound and a loud *pop* that was definitely not good.

Joy’s wails started almost immediately after she hit the ground, splayed out awkwardly.

“You’re never putting your hands on him again, bitch,” Sabrina growled loudly, standing over Joy like a conquering Amazon. Her hands were balled up into fists and you got the distinct impression that she wanted to kick Joy while she was down. “You try to fucking rush him? Are you fucking serious!?”

“You brobe by nobel!” Joy wailed, rolling to her side as she clutched at her face. Blood was already streaming down her chin and dripping onto the carpet.

The heavy sound of the security guard’s footsteps as he jogged down the hall was accompanied by the jangle of his keys. He came to a stop next to you, looking down in concern at Joy on the ground starting to get covered in drops of blood, then up at Sabrina. “What the fuck?”

“Joy rushed me after trying to bribe me with sex not to tell anyone what she was doing,” you said. “Sabrina cut her off and she hit the door jam.”

“She abbaulted me!” Joy sobbed. “Arrest her!”

Your phone suddenly burst with sound as Garrison unmuted himself from his end. “Ben, is that you?” he asked.

The security guard blinked and reeled back for a moment before looking at your phone as you held it up. “Uh, Mr Garrison? Yes, sir, it is.”

“Good. That woman needs to be detained and the police called. She was in the act of committing theft, and also admitted to sexual assault, physical assault and blackmail for John there,” Garrison said. “I’ll be down there in twenty minutes.”

“Um, yes, sir,” the security guard said. “She’s, ah, covered in blood. Her nose seems to be broken.”

“Give her some paper towel to wipe herself up, but *do not* let her leave,” Garrison said. “John?”

“Yes, sir?”

“You and Sabrina should separate yourselves into different offices so that the police can interview you. Are Gemma and Eric there as well?”

“No, sir,” you said. “Gemma is back down in the conference room. And, ah, Becks the receptionist was hanging out with us for the evening. She hasn’t seen any work product or anything, she was just keeping us company.”

“Alright. Gemma and Becks should stay where they are. I’ll check in with you when I can.”

“Yes, sir,” you said, and you ended the call.

Joy tried to shove Ben the security guard away, but he was a big guy and was easily able to get Joy standing and lead her to the elevators. You offered to go down with him, but he waved you off and said you should do what Garrison told you to. Gemma and Becks came down the hall and got a look at Joy, both of them with big eyes, just as the elevator was closing.

“Did you punch her in the face?” Gemma asked Sabrina.

“I wish,” Sabrina sighed. “I just pushed her and she hit the wall.”

“Jesus fuck,” Becks groaned. “Hanging out with you three is a fucking pain in my ass.”

“So you’re saying you want John to fuck you up the butt while you’re here?” Sabrina smirked.

Becks clearly did not find that funny after the risk of almost being caught.

You pulled Sabrina into your arms and kissed her as you held her tightly. “Nice save, hero,” you said to her with a little smile.

“Thanks, baby,” she said. “You can be my damsel in distress any time.”

Gemma and Becks obviously wanted the full story, but you relayed Garrison’s instructions and you split into your three groups. Sabrina took one of the empty offices on the west side of the

building near the conference room and you took one on the east, while Gemma and Becks returned to the conference room and made sure that all the food was cleaned up and taken away.

You saw when the flashing red and blues of the police pulled up out front of the building from the window in your office, but didn't have a good angle down to see anything.

Then you waited.