

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 377-383

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 377

“Well, this just isn’t fair.”

“What isn’t fair?” Gemma asked.

You were slowly waking up and felt the deliciously warm body you were spooning up against wriggle a little.

“He’s got morning wood and I can feel it pressed up against my ass,” Becca mumbled, and you could hear the smirk on her lips. Your arms were both wrapped around her, holding her around the stomach. “Do you know how long it’s been since I had some good morning sex? This should be against the Geneva Convention.”

“You and Charlotte don’t bang it out in the mornings once in a while?” Gemma asked with a soft chuckle. She was still spooned up in front of Becca and you could feel her back against your arms.

“Char is even less of a morning person than I am,” Becca said.

“That explains why you’re so flirty with him in the morning,” Gemma said.

“Maybe it does,” Becca laughed.

You were smiling and shifted a little tighter against her, hugging her to you as you buried your nose in the back of her short hair. Then you started slowly humping against her, your cock grinding against her meaty ass cheek.

“Oh, fuck off,” Becca sighed in exasperation.

“What?” Gemma asked.

“He’s awake and dry humping me,” Becca said, then turned her head. “You fucking tease!”

You chuckled warmly and kept humping at her. It wasn’t nearly as pleasurable as actually fucking, but it was fun and naughty and she wiggled her ass back against you.

“Here,” Gemma said. “Hold these.”

You felt Becca's arms move slightly.

"Ugh, you too? God, you have great tits, Gemma," Becca sighed.

If tits were on the menu, you weren't going to pass up the chance, so you slid one hand up and grabbed one of Becca's. It was 'medium' sized, or maybe a little smaller than that, though your experience was admittedly skewed considering your base standards were Gemma and Sabrina. But a tit was a tit and Becca's suited her body shape. You found her nipple between your fore and middle finger and squeezed it lightly as you massaged her breast.

"Gemma," Becca groaned. "Your boyfriend is groping me now too."

"Well, you're groping me," Gemma giggled. "John, love, take some pity on her. Get her off with your fingers."

"Really?" Becca asked even as your other hand slid down from her soft stomach to her mound, tracing through her trimmed pubes and then wriggling between her thighs. She was even warmer down there and your fingers quickly started stroking her smooth pussy lips and dipping between them to find her natural lubricants already starting to get her a little wet.

"Mhmm," Gemma nodded. "Of course, you need to put in some work, too." One of Becca's arms shifted again and you knew that Gemma had directed it down to her own pussy.

You continued to dry hump against Becca's ass as you fingered her, and she fingered Gemma. The three of you went quiet for a bit except for little groans and exhales of pleasure. Your humping finally got your cock caught more between Becca's ass cheeks and you used them to hotdog it more firmly, getting more stimulation.

"Fuck, this is hot," Becca moaned. "I'm getting close."

"Don't forget about me," Gemma groaned.

Becca came on your fingers with a long, quiet sigh as she twitched her hips and pressed her ass back at you. You'd ended up with two fingers in her, feeling her squeeze them as her thighs kept your hand trapped and you continued massaging her breast. When she was done you pulled your fingers out and just pressed them against her pubic mound and held her there.

"Stroke him," Gemma ordered her.

Becca reached back and got a hand on your cock, and it didn't take long for both you and Gemma to get close as well. You went first, grunting as Becca squeezed you while you fucked her hand and you erupted across her back as you pressed your face into her hair, and hearing you go off put Gemma over the edge as well.

The three of you caught your breaths as your hearts slowed, and soon you were all grinning and chuckling.

“Jesus, that’s one thing I wasn’t considering,” Becca laughed as she sat up, the sheets finally falling off and revealing her naked form in the dark. “I forgot how fucking *messy* that is.”

All three of you needed to get up for work, so you headed to the shower together. There was some light grabass, and it was decidedly fun to finally have a chance to squeeze and palm Becca’s ass after so many times of her teasing you with it. She didn’t hold back either, getting her hands on your cock and butt just as much as she had fun groping Gemma. Once you were all cleaned up and towelling down, Gemma leaned against the counter. “So, just to be clear Becca, I’m OK with you getting handsy with John a bit, or you letting John get handsy with you, so from now on if you’re going to tease him you better expect him to take advantage,” she said. “But last night and this morning aren’t an open invitation. We’re going to need to double-check that this morning was OK with Sabrina.”

“Totally understood,” Becca agreed, then smirked at Gemma. “Is he the only one I can get handsy with?”

“Snuggles only with me,” Gemma smirked, rolling her eyes at Becca. “No just grabbing my tits willy-nilly. You’ve got Charlotte for that. You can keep sending him nudes though, I know Sabrina loves getting him off while flipping through naked pictures of the hot ladies we know.”

Becca fake scoffed, pressing a hand to her chest in ‘shock.’ “Are you telling me I’m not the only one exposing myself to you, you dastardly bastard?” she asked you, affecting a terrible British accent.

“You’re the only one with an open invitation from Gemma to get handsy with me if that counts for anything,” you chuckled.

She grinned, scrunching her nose as she stepped closer to you and grabbed both your half-stiff cock and your balls with both hands lightly. “I guess that’s one way to convince a lady she’s special,” she smirked.

Gemma gave Becca a smack on the ass. “Don’t you go getting him hard and leaving him unsatisfied,” she said.

“So I can play?” Becca asked.

“We have work, you horndog,” Gemma laughed.

“Fine, fine, be all *reasonable* then,” Becca laughed, giving you a wink and your cock a squeeze before letting go. Then she turned away from you and leaned forward a bit, looking back over her shoulder as she wagged her butt in your direction. You chuckled and gave it a smack.

As Becca went to the sink, Gemma came to you and pressed herself against your front, her bare breasts squeezed to your sternum as she pulled you down to kiss her deeply.

“What happened to not getting him hard again?” Becca teased.

“I’ll be the one relieving it later,” Gemma replied, then turned back to you and bit her lower lip as her big eyes looked up at you and she grinned. “And I can’t help it. I love him.”

Chapter 378

“So this is nice,” Eric said, looking around the kitchen table.

Lucy very clearly disagreed based on her expression of discomfort.

The five of you were sitting around the table. It hadn’t been a big ‘make breakfast for everyone’ event like you probably would have done on a weekend. Instead, you all just happened to hit the kitchen at the same time as you scrambled to get ready for work.

“How’s your eye feeling?” you asked Eric.

“Tender, and I can’t figure out if it feels better to keep it open or closed,” he said. “But we’re in court again so maybe I can just fall asleep with it half-open and find the right balance.”

Gemma snorted a chuckle. “I don’t know what’s worse, the idea of today being as boring as it promises, or it being as chaotic as yesterday.”

“Says the girl who got him punched to begin with,” Lucy muttered.

“Lucy!” Becca scolded.

“It wasn’t Gemma’s fault,” Eric said.

“Well, I did aggravate the situation,” Gemma said. “But I’m definitely not the *reason*.”

“How about we all just agree that Eric is awesome?” you suggested. “He took a punch for me and I appreciate that a lot. So thank you again.”

“You’re welcome,” Eric said.

“Have you reached out to the podcasts to let them know and book some appearances?” you asked.

“Wait, what podcasts?” Becca asked.

“Mm,” Eric hummed, pulling his spoon out of his mouth. “I haven’t, Garrison said if I did that right away he wouldn’t represent me if we pursue anything. I have to talk to him first. And when this stuff first started I did a bunch of appearances on podcasts because DeezChains was a popular influencer. Do you know about the Man’o’sphere?”

“No,” Becca said, and you could see a trickster glint in her eye as she leaned forward. “Tell me all about it.”

Lucy ended up pulling Eric from the table in exasperation. Becca had just kept asking questions, stopping herself from refuting the various wild statistics that Eric had been spouting. She shot you and Gemma a look that said *‘I’m not done with this,’* but the three of you also needed to get moving.

Taking the bus to work with Gemma *and* Eric was a bit weird. You were colleagues so it felt like you should sit with each other, but you kind of just wanted time with Gemma. Still, Eric *had* taken a punch for you on top of everything else, so you spent the ride talking with him and Gemma about anything other than his man’o’sphere stuff.

At one point Gemma pivoted the conversation back to Lucy. “So, Eric, I’m just curious - are you and Lucy in a relationship now, or is it still something less firm?”

“I think it’s a situationship now?” Eric hedged. “Like, we aren’t *together*. And definitely not boyfriend/girlfriend.”

“Are you exclusive?” you asked.

“No,” he chuckled.

“OK, good,” Gemma sighed. “Because I’m pretty sure she’s gone out a couple of times and it wasn’t with you.”

“Well, maybe I’ve been going out too,” Eric shrugged.

“Have you?” you asked.

“Maybe,” he replied. You had a feeling he hadn’t.

“As long as you’re happy with where you’re at, that’s all we care about,” Gemma said. “You know Sabrina and I are willing to talk you through more dating stuff.”

“Hey,” you said.

“So if John,” Gemma smirked as she looked at you.

“I think my success rate speaks for itself here,” you pointed out.

“OK, that’s fair,” Gemma grinned, then looked back at Eric. “Sabrina and I can help you try and figure out what’s going on in a woman’s mind and how to attract them, John can help you with keeping them and making them very happy.”

Eric nodded and frowned for a moment before leaning in. “Do you have, uh, any tricks and tips for... y’know?”

You clenched your jaw for a moment without breaking your mild smile, glancing at Gemma as she shot you a *‘you asked for it!’* look with a laugh stuck behind her eyes. “I don’t know, Eric,” you said. “Tips and tricks for what?”

“Getting Lucy to have some, like, normal sex that doesn’t include her being weirdly loud like she wants everyone to hear?” Eric asked.

Gemma couldn’t control her laugh and covered it with a cough into her elbow.

“Well, you could talk to her about it,” you said. Eric made a face. “Or you could try a ball gag.”

Eric liked that idea a lot more and you had to dodge several questions about gags - ball and otherwise - for the rest of the ride to the courthouse. When you got there you split off from the others to go grab coffees for everyone, and when you got back Sabrina met you with a happy kiss good morning.

Garrison and the Associates showed up right on time thanks to their town car driver, and the four of you followed them into the court without any issues though Eric did get some looks from the security guards with his eye. You were sure it wasn’t the first or the last time they’d see someone coming to court looking less than presentable, but you had to admit Eric looked particularly rough if only because of the black and blue swelling due to its freshness.

The four of you sat in the back of the gallery this time as you waited for the Judge to make his entrance, and Sabrina grabbed your hand and squeezed it as she leaned in to whisper to you.

“How was this morning?” she asked.

“Fun,” you said. “Did Gemma tell you everything?”

Sabrina nodded with a little smile. “I’m good with it. Becca is on the approved list from my end, it’s just Gemma holding back.”

"I know," you said and resisted the urge to lean in and kiss her. The three of you still hadn't figured out whether it was worth reporting the relationship to HR, and with only a bit over a month left to go, it felt like it might cause more problems than not opening up the Polyamory can at work.

Sabrina gave you a smile that said she knew what you were thinking and wanted and agreed. "We'll talk at the break," she said, squeezing your hand since she could hold it well out of view of Garrison and the associates.

"OK," you said and winked. She winked back.

When you looked to your right, Gemma was smiling a little at you and she gestured with her eyes to her other side at Eric.

He was sitting up straight, just slightly leaning back in his chair, and his eyes were mostly closed while his breathing was shallow and steady.

"Is he?" you asked quietly.

"I think so," Gemma snickered.

Sabrina noticed what was going on and snorted. "Poor Eric," she said. "Worn out by your crazy ex."

That made you flush and need to cover your mouth to stop from laughing and drawing attention.

Chapter 379

By the time the morning break came around, you and your fellow interns were all fighting the urge to take a nap. The courtroom was particularly warm and stuffy that morning and the case the defence was mounting was still as slow and plodding as Garrison had made his. Apparently, both teams of lawyers were working from the same playbook.

As the judge set out the morning recess break and you were all able to stand, Garrison motioned to you from the plaintiff bench and you held the others back from leaving the courtroom as he came over after speaking briefly with his associates. "Alright, you four," he said as he came over. "I'll want to speak with you at lunch, alright? Don't slip away or make any plans. And try not to get into any more fistfights out there in the corridors."

You all smirked as little as you nodded and acknowledged with a chorus of 'Yes, sir's.

"Eric, how's your face feeling?" Garrison asked.

“Like I got punched, sir,” he said. “But I’ll live.”

“Good. We’ll talk more at lunch,” Garrison nodded and dismissed you.

Outside, the four of you split off to go to the washroom, and then you, Gemma and Sabrina met back up near the mouth of the third-floor corridor, overlooking the big atrium. It was a bright, summer day and the glass walls overlooking downtown made it difficult to find a place where one of you wasn’t wincing from some glare.

“OK,” Sabrina said. “I guess I need to tell you guys everything now instead of at lunch.”

“You already know everything from us,” Gemma said with a smile, glancing to check that you knew that too, and you nodded.

“I just don’t know why you guys didn’t go further,” Sabrina said. “You were all into it.”

“I’m trying to not make things *too* complicated,” Gemma sighed. “Not that I’m doing a good job at it. I’m worried that Charlotte might freak out if Becca hooks up with us even if they explicitly are not together.”

“That’s their mess to figure out,” Sabrina said. “And it’s different from the Tasha situation because they *have* communicated their boundaries and we know that.”

“Sabrina’s right,” you said. “Becca and Charlotte are big girls, we have to trust they mean what they say.”

“I know,” Gemma said. “And that’s why I’m good with last night and this morning. But I’m still a little worried, OK?”

“Of course that’s OK, baby,” Sabrina said, taking her hand for a moment and squeezing it. “But I think you’re also enjoying teasing it out with Becca.”

Gemma broke into a grin and flushed. “Maybe I am a little.”

“Tease,” you chuckled.

“Fine, I’m being a tease,” Gemma said. “But it’s fun. And we’re not supposed to be rehashing Becca right now. What happened with Alita last night?”

“Right, so I got a couple of bottles of wine on my way home and when I got in I changed and then went and knocked on her door. All it took was showing her the wine and she laughed and let me in. She told me more about her relationship, which is definitely over and I don’t know why the hell she would have stayed in it as long as she did. He’s a piece of work and a little weasel. Anyway, we were through the whole first bottle of wine and we ordered in some dinner, and she

started asking me about our relationship and I told her. Apparently we've been quieter but not super quiet, cause she's heard us a bunch. Not super clear conversations or anything, but she can tell when we're, y'know. She said it's fine, and admitted it's kind of hot sometimes, and she couldn't believe your stamina, baby."

You flushed, both at knowing Alita had been hearing you having sex and also at the compliment. Before that summer you'd never considered yourself to have great sexual stamina, but with all the sex you were having you definitely were doing way better than you had on the few brief hookups you'd had at college. It turned out practice really did make perfect.

"So I kinda used that whole thing to pivot into telling her about the, uh, 'content stuff,' and she was curious. Maybe even more than Becks was, and more about the business side of things. I told her about the choices I made early on, and how things took off more when you started helping me, John. Then I made the offer that, if she wanted to try it out, I could pay her a fair rate to film a scene or two. This is kind of where things get complicated though, because she was *really* interested in that, and even said if she could test the waters like that she might get into it herself. But then when she realised I meant with me and you, John, she said that she wasn't into girls at all, she thought I meant just filming with you. I told her that wasn't super in our relationship boundaries, but I would talk to your guys about it."

"So she wants to film a couple of scenes with just John?" Gemma clarified. "For your account?"

"Yeah," Sabrina nodded. "Same camera angles and everything, still anonymous. She said she'd call you 'papi' and everything."

"I don't know," Gemma sighed.

"Me neither," you said. "It really is outside of what we agreed on for hookups."

"I agree," Sabrina said. "But I feel like there are mitigating circumstances. And I'm not arguing for it, I'm just outlining my thinking. First, it's less of a hookup and more of a business arrangement. Second, she needs the money and I know she won't just accept some help. And third, she said Gemma and I could both be there for the filming, just not involved in the action."

You chewed on the inside of your cheek for a moment, then checked your phone. "We need to get back," you said. "Are we good to think about this through the day and come back to it?"

"We're not on a timeline," Sabrina assured you both. "We can take all the time we need."

"OK," Gemma nodded. "We think about it and talk more tonight."

With that agreed on, you headed back to the courtroom.

"Shit," you said.

“What?” Sabrina asked.

“I should have bought a Coke, I could really use the sugar and caffeine.”

Both of your girlfriends chuckled at that and promised not to let you fall asleep.

Chapter 380

The good news was that the Defense wrapped up their case just a few minutes after the judge usually called for the lunch break. They'd done their best to refute Garrison's claims and discredit his witnesses, but it had all been done at such a slow pace that it felt hard to even listen for when the really important points were being made.

The bad news was that there were still Closing Statements to be made, which meant once lunch came back it would be Garrison's turn again to run through all the evidence presented for the judge one last time.

As he'd asked you earlier, you, Sabrina, Gemma and Eric waited for Garrison until he was done giving directives to the associates who had sat second and third seat with him. Then he crossed over to speak with the lawyers of the defence. They spoke for almost twenty minutes, leaving the three of you waiting longer than morning recess had lasted, and then he finally shook hands with the lead attorney and wandered back towards you.

“Did you just make a settlement, sir?” Sabrina asked.

“No, no,” Garrison said with a little self-satisfied smirk. “It's way too late for that for them. We'll talk about it at lunch, come on.”

The judge had ordered an extra-long lunch, so you had plenty of time to head out of the courthouse. Garrison led you a couple of blocks over and into a dingy little pub that looked more like it was closed than open on the outside and had some sort of an Irish name that was illegible since it probably needed to be repainted in the 90s. The waitress seemed to recognize your boss and waved from where she was working at the bar, and Garrison nodded and led the four of you into the back sitting area. The place was cleaner on the inside than it looked on the outside, and as you were settling around a circular table the waitress came back with single-panel menus. “How you doin', hon?” she asked Garrison.

“Just fine, Fran,” Garrison said.

You all ordered drinks, Garrison ordering a beer first and winking at the rest of you, so you followed suit. Soon you all had a beer in front of you and your food orders put in.

“Alright,” Garrison said, clasping his hands on the table. “Before we get into the case, we have something else we need to discuss. Eric, John, do you both give your consent to talk about yesterday in front of Gemma and Sabrina?” You both agreed immediately and he nodded. “Good. Here’s an update, then - Devin Zachery, aka. the artist known as ‘DeezChains,’ has been charged with assault in the second degree against John, battery against Eric, and several other charges that may or may not stick. Disturbing the peace, public drunkenness, etc. Those will likely get pleaded down, but the battery is key here. Now, obviously, that is handled by the DA and a prosecutor will be assigned so the firm and I won’t be touching any of it. We can, however, represent you if you’re called in to give a deposition - it’s unlikely to get anywhere beyond that unless Devin Zachery doesn’t listen to any legal advice whatsoever and decides to not cut a plea deal. With all the witnesses and everything being caught on camera, it’s a cut-and-dry case that will likely mean he’ll be on probation for a while, maybe some house arrest.”

“What about civil action?” Eric asked. “I’m clearly injured, and he spouted a lot of disparaging stuff about all of us along with the phoney cease and desists. Can I sue him?”

Garrison sighed and raised an eyebrow at Eric. “Honestly, Eric, you could do that if you wanted but there are some mitigating factors such as you going on and shooting your mouth off on widely accessible podcasts. He doesn’t have a case for slander or defamation on you, but it’s close enough that it would cost you more than you would get in awards. Unless the verdict is worth more to you than your money, I’d suggest just letting it go on the criminal side.”

Eric grimaced a little and sighed. “I have plenty of time to think about it, right?”

“You do,” Garrison said.

“I’m just thinking that the verdict could lead to more opportunities to build my platform,” Eric explained.

Garrison rolled his eyes but nodded. “That’s a decision that is on you. Though... that idiot who represents Zachery is an ass and makes lawyers everywhere look bad. I wouldn’t mind pissing in his cheerios a little more. Let me do some strategizing, we might be able to bait a settlement offer with just a filing and a couple of threats.”

“Isn’t that asking for trouble, though?” you asked. “Like, are we sure this guy is actually as wealthy as he says? What if there’s no money there?”

“That’s something I’ll look into,” Garrison nodded. “Remember, folks, always do your due diligence no matter what area of law you go into. If you’re going to go after someone civilly, make sure the money is there. If you’re a criminal prosecutor, make sure your ducks are in a row and keep an eye out for bad police procedures on everything. Or, like our case, if you’re going to do corporate law make sure to follow every penny and check every memo. Which is a great segway into our other- Ah, here’s lunch.”

The food got delivered, and all five of you took a couple of minutes to dig in. It was basic pub fare, not quite as nice as the place you'd gone to yesterday, but a little more homey in its feel. There were only a dozen people in the place, mostly up near the front or at the bar. The place, you realised, was perfect for a private meeting and with Garrison obviously knowing the waitress you wondered what other clandestine talks he'd had right there at that table before.

Chapter 381

"Alright, so let's talk about the case this week," Garrison said. He'd ordered a burger wrapped in lettuce instead of a bun, which he clearly wasn't a major fan of but ate anyway. "Corporate law isn't as flashy as criminal law, or contract negotiations for high-paid actors or athletes, or all sorts of things you could do. But it's a solid path, and this week has been a good example of the chess match that you need to put together. Who's got questions off the top?"

"Sir, and I mean no offence by this," Gemma said. "But is it always this *boring*?"

Garrison laughed and shook his head. "Sometimes no, but often yes. In this instance, we aren't dealing with any death, health risks, wrongful terminations or the like so the personal injury element isn't there to lean into. It's fraud at a corporate reporting level, but not involving the government. Here's something to remember though - unlike most TV shows and movies, many judges prefer a slow-and-steady approach. Drama in the courtroom is a great way to get yourself on a judge's shit list, and judges gossip just as much as lawyers so getting on a shitlist means you're just a step or two from being on all their judge friend's lists as well."

"Wouldn't things being more exciting make their jobs more enjoyable?" Sabrina asked.

"You'd think so, but it's also a sign that they don't have control of their court," Garrison pointed out. "And when they don't have control, most judges get real antsy and see it as disrespect, not showmanship. It might not be stunning or flashy, but most cases don't actually hinge on one piece of evidence or testimony. Even criminal cases require a lot of building blocks when things aren't on video."

"So which of us do you think would cut it in corporate law, sir?" Eric asked.

Garrison laughed and shook his head. "None of you," he said, making you all raise your eyebrows. "Not that you couldn't, but you wouldn't be happy with it. But that doesn't mean it isn't valuable for you to get a taste, and get some training. Eric, you have too much ambition and like the spotlight. I have a feeling that if you have the patience to finish your degree, you'll end up working for a talent agency of some kind and could one day negotiate for entertainment or athletics clients. Sabrina and Gemma, I have a feeling, will take some time to decide. At least one of you will become a prosecutor - or whatever the equivalent is in Australia. I also wouldn't

be surprised if one or both of you ended up as in-house counsel for a worthy NGO or activist organisation.”

Gemma was grinning. “And what about John?”

“I think John is going to have a strange career,” Garrison said. “And that likely means some time in criminal defence. But in the end, John, I think you have the sort of mind and sense of justice - and careful desire to control your surroundings - that you could end up on a bench.”

“A judge?” you asked, raising an eyebrow as you thought about sitting through day after day of boring cases.

Garrison laughed. “It’s just a thought,” he said. “Don’t look so panicked.”

Pivoting away from the future, Garrison gave the four of you a very brief outline of what his closing statement would look like. The entire case, as he said, didn’t hinge on any one piece of information. It was a building made up of some foundational pieces, sure, but the way he was going to win was through sheer mass of information. Missing or incorrect numbers on spreadsheets, in official emails, and in memos. The one that Gemma had found as you’d been sorting all the boxes was in there, definitely a strong push in the client’s favour but not the only one, and not outlining the full scope of the fraud.

Then he spun it around and explained what it was like from the Defence’s side. Their duty was to protect the web that their client had woven, to reinforce the anchoring strands and hope that they could protect enough of the support that the judge believed that the case Garrison had mounted was just some honest mistakes, misunderstandings or irrelevant information. If they did their job well, their web would catch his accusations. If they didn’t, his case would smash through because he’d removed enough of the anchoring lines to make it collapse.

It was an interesting way of looking at what he’d been doing for the last two and a half days. You’d never heard it explained that way before and made you consider the methodical way Garrison had been going about things in a new light.

By the time you were leaving the restaurant, you not only had a new perspective on the last few days but also in how you could have engaged the thought process on the mock trials and debates that you’d participated in through high school and University. And, you could tell, Gemma and Sabrina were both thinking about how it could apply to your current Mock Trial case coming up in a couple of weeks.

The walk back to the courthouse took only a couple of minutes and heading in you arrived with a few minutes to spare for the scheduled start of the afternoon session. Garrison’s associates were already waiting for him, and as soon as he stepped into the room the counsel for the Defense approached him.

“They’re panicking now,” Gemma murmured to you, Sabrina and Eric as you took your seats.

“Did you notice Garrison’s phone kept vibrating during lunch and he ignored it every time?” Sabrina pointed out.

You hadn’t, but you’d been across the circular table from him.

“I bet they were trying to call him that whole time to make a deal,” Eric said. “I wonder if he’ll take it.”

Garrison stood there speaking with the opposing counsel until the bailiff called “All Rise!” as the judge entered. The Defense went back to their table without an answer.

And Garrison turned back to look at the four of you and winked.

Chapter 382

Garrison’s closing statement was convincing and damning. He was eloquent without being flowery, and you realised that running through the case with you and the other interns had been a practice, bullet-point run of what he said to the judge. Still, it lasted almost two hours and by the time he was finishing up everyone in the courtroom needed a bit of a break. The judge called it for the day rather than pushing through with the Defense’s closing, who would get to pick up in the morning.

Almost as soon as the judge was out of the room, the Defense lead went to Garrison again and started talking. Garrison held up his hand to stop the man, then left his associates and came back to speak with you.

“Head home,” he said. “We’ll have a long night tonight and you can’t be around for it.”

“You’re going to settle?” you asked. “After it’s all pretty much over?”

“We have the most leverage now,” Garrison said. “That’s when it’s best to settle. In this case, the defence knows we have them over a barrel, and a judge’s verdict would just open them up to potential criminal charges that some ADA could file for an easy slam dunk. If they offer our client a good enough deal, none of that needs to happen.”

“So we should head to the office tomorrow?” Gemma guessed.

“Correct. You’ll be back to regular work and hours as of tomorrow,” Garrison said. “And I hope you’ve been putting in the hours on the Mock Trial; after giving you a reward like three paid days sitting around in court there aren’t many excuses I’d accept for poor performance.”

"I'm on top of it, sir," Sabrina said. "We'll be ready."

"Good," Garrison nodded in dismissal and turned to head back to the waiting lawyers, but hesitated. "Oh, and don't be surprised when Andy doesn't show up. He was fired yesterday. I appreciate that you all felt like a team, but don't let yourselves be dragged down by an anchor in your career."

That left all four of you stunned as Garrison went back to his burgeoning negotiations.

"Well, shit," Eric said.

"Oh, Andy," Gemma sighed.

"Did he text anyone?" you asked.

"Not a word," Sabrina shook his head.

"He texted me but didn't mention it at all," Eric said. "He just asked if I had a weed guy in the city, which I don't, and which was weird because I mean..."

"Yeah, that's weird," you said, shaking your head. "What do we- I mean, do we reach out to him?"

"This is a little cut-throat but... do we care that he's gone?" Gemma asked. "Garrison was right, we were constantly covering for him. If we hadn't he'd have been fired a couple of months ago."

The four of you all clearly felt uncomfortable with that question.

"I'll text him, see if he says anything," Eric said. "I mean, I like the guy but..."

The weird news settled on you as you left the courtroom and headed out of the building. Thankfully there were no interruptions, ambushes or other shocking events, but that made you feel like the whole thing with the courthouse had kind of ended in a whimper. Maybe that wasn't true for the case, as Garrison was embroiled in a multi-million dollar negotiation, but for you and the others, you stepped out to no fanfare and no victory or defeat. Just... another day done.

Eric split off to head home, and you, Gemma and Sabrina stepped away from the foot of the courthouse steps and reconvened quickly before deciding you would head to your place. You had some talking to do, but the girls also wanted to check in on Mosche to see why he hadn't talked to Tasha yet - they were both texting a bit with Tasha and knew that he'd still been radio silent with her except for a couple of lame attempts at sending memes.

The bus ride across town felt a little like decompression as you and the girls talked about applying what you'd learned to the Mock Trial case. You definitely had work to do.

Back at the apartment you performed the knocking ritual, though you doubted that you would be walking in on Mosche with a woman. More likely you'd walk in on him doing something weird by himself, so it made the ritual worth it. The place was empty though, and the three of you changed into more comfortable clothes in your room. That led to some light kissing and teasing, but no sex, since you knew there was a conversation to be had.

Once you were all settled into the living area with drinks and a bowl of pretzels to share, you took a deep breath. "So," you said. "Updates?"

"Updates," Gemma nodded. "I think we should just go through the list of people we're maybe thinking of being sexual with, make sure we're all still on the same page still?"

"Sure," Sabrina nodded. "That makes sense."

"Becks," Gemma said.

"Big yes," Sabrina said. "Not free access, obviously, but I'm totally happy to have her over on weekends whether it's for filming or not."

"Same, I just want to make sure we're not messing with her head or stopping her from finding someone herself," you said.

"She's clear. I don't think she'll try to meet anyone for real until we're gone though - if anything, she's treating us like friends-with-benefits. She is comfortable getting her needs fulfilled by us. Sexual and emotional support."

"So Becks is no change," Sabrina said. "Mallory?"

"Do we need to talk about her?" you asked. "We can't go down to see her again, so unless she comes up to see us...?"

"But we can sext," Sabrina pointed out. "Are we OK with that?"

"I'm actually texting with her sometimes," Gemma said. "Not sexting. I'm- She's helping me out in a sort of lady-mentor role."

"Oh, baby, that's great," Sabrina said with a smile.

"Is something going on?" you asked.

"No, love," Gemma said. "It's just nice to have someone more mature to talk about stuff with who isn't my own family. There's nothing wrong, so you can turn off your problem-solving brain."

“OK,” you said, reaching over and squeezing her hand.

“So, would you want me to not sext her then, or John?” Sabrina asked. “Since she’s more than a hookup for you?”

“No, that’s fine,” Gemma shook her head. “She’s a beautiful, lovely woman who we had amazing sex with. I’m not *against* sexting her, it just won’t be me driving it.”

“Good with me,” you nodded in agreement.

“OK,” Sabrina said. “Then I think the next-least contentious person we need to talk about is Becca.”

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“Well, we already talked about Becca,” Gemma said. She’d been lying down on the couch with her feet in your lap but now she sat up. “Unless you’ve changed your mind about last night?”

“No,” Sabrina said quickly, shaking her head. “I’m still OK with everything you guys described about last night and this morning. Honestly, I just wish I’d been there. I just want to make sure *you* are OK with it since we’re running through everyone.”

“I am,” Gemma said. “I like Becca a lot, and Charlotte too, but Becca’s made it clear she’s interested in us.”

“This morning you said you were worried about messing things up between them,” you said. “Is that a serious worry?”

“I don’t know,” Gemma sighed. “You guys were right that I need to just trust them to be adults and know their own boundaries. They are both explicitly not in a relationship, they just happen to live together in the same room and bed and bang it out on a regular basis. It’s... weird, but most people would think *we’re* weird so I can’t exactly judge.”

“Still, if you’re worried we can pull it back,” you said. “Or at least talk with Becca more specifically before we do anything else.”

“Maybe,” Gemma said. “How do you feel about it?”

“I feel... I feel like Becca is a pragmatist,” you said. “When she first flirted with me hard, it was a test because she wanted to make sure I was good for you and not going to hurt you. Then when I passed her test, she just flirted with me a lot because she liked getting a reaction out of me and she’s really comfortable with her own body and sexuality. I think if we *were* to do something, it would be a lot like our stuff with Becks except maybe even more casual.”

“But do you want to bang her?” Sabrina asked with a teasing little smile.

You chuckled and nodded. “Becca is hot. Maybe not traditionally hot, but she’s fun and sexy. I’d love a Mallory-style night with her and you two.”

“Well, let’s just leave it where we did with her this morning for now,” Gemma said. “So flashing and groping is on the table, but no actual sex. Is that OK?”

“Of course,” you said. “Is this about teasing her more though?”

“Yes,” Gemma smirked. “Honestly, she needs a taste of her own medicine after the way she went at you.”

“I love it,” Sabrina giggled.

“OK, then we’re set on Becca,” you said.

“Tasha next?” Gemma suggested, and you and Sabrina agreed. “I think, if Mosche hasn’t talked to her today, we need to tell her she should break up with him.”

“Are we telling her about the new girl?” Sabrina asked.

“I would want to know,” Gemma said.

They both looked at you.

“I... am conflicted,” you sighed. “It’s a loyalty thing. Mosche is my roommate, but I agree he’s acting badly and Tasha deserves to know. And I like Tasha and don’t want to see her get more hurt than she already is.”

“Are you OK if we tell her?” Sabrina asked. “Then it’s not you betraying him, but Tasha still knows.”

“I...” you had to stop and swallow. It was *uncomfortable* not feeling a hard loyalty in either direction. Mosche was the one fucking up big time, but he was also the one you’d known longer. Tasha, on the other hand, was the aggrieved party and just a lot more... She felt like someone you could be friends with longer term, or outside of the roommate relationship you had with Mosche. You doubted that after the summer you would be reaching out to him, but you *could* see the girls remaining friends with Tasha. “You guys should tell her if he hasn’t had a proper conversation with her,” you nodded.

“And what about after?” Sabrina asked the both of you. “She’s already made a pass at you, John, and I don’t blame her for going around us because she was really upset and not thinking straight.”

“I agree,” Gemma said. “She wasn’t thinking straight at all. She’s feeling used and dirty, and finding out that Mosche is trying to just move on from her and apparently ghost her isn’t going to help at all. And I don’t think a rebound fuck with some random is going to make her feel any different. If anything it might make her feel worse.”

You had to close your eyes and think for a moment. Tasha had a cute-pretty face and a great body, and her personality was just as fun as Becca's. In a vacuum, you would be very happy to sleep with her. Hell, with 0 context, she might have even been someone you would want to date now that you understood the sexual dynamic that had started between her and Mosche. At first you’d thought she was a bit much - controlling, demanding, etc. But that had been what Mosche seemed to want, or at least messaged to her that he did.

A beautiful, sexually aggressive woman who wanted to fulfil your desires sounded a hell of a lot like Sabrina. And wasn’t far off from Gemma, either.

“My holdup is based on two things,” you said. “First, would hooking up with *us* be any better for her than with a random?”

“You might be surprised to find out, baby, but every time you fuck someone you tend to treat them like they are the only person in the world,” Sabrina said. “And that makes them feel really fucking special.”

“And you know what she’s been through recently, and showing her that she’s still desirable after that will help her a lot emotionally,” Gemma said.

“OK, then the other part is safety. We mentioned it before, but she had sex with a bunch of people she didn’t *really* know. Even with a condom, it’s a bit of a risk. Do we ask her to get tested?”

“I’m actually going to just suggest she should no matter what,” Sabrina said. “I’ll fold that into the conversation of telling her about Mosche.”

“We will,” Gemma said.

“OK,” Sabrina smiled softly.

“Let me think about it a bit more,” you said. “Is that OK? I’m not opposed, I’m just still not sure.”

Gemma and Sabrina both nodded. “OK, love,” Gemma said, leaning against your shoulder and wrapping your hand in both of hers.

“No fair,” Sabrina said. “I’m stuck over her on the chair.”

“So get your little butt over here,” Gemma laughed. Soon Sabrina was lying on her back across your and Gemma’s laps and you were stroking your fingers through her hair.

“Alright,” you said. “Alita?”

Sabrina nodded. “Alita. I want to hear what you guys are thinking.”