

Chronicles of World City: Traveler Tales, Episode III (*Excerpt*)

“Mhm!”

“Y- yes!”

“Of course... sorry!”

“No! I would never!”

“I’ll try... I **WILL** do better from now on! I promise!”

Exiting the boss' office of the Kwik Fill Gas Station, Tristana Davenport immediately retreated to her cushioned seat behind the sales counter. The black leather upholstery had seen better days, being covered in numerous scratch marks and ordinary wear-and-tear from years of daily use. Sitting down, the young woman wished she had some industrial lubricant oil to stop the loud and constant creak and squeaking of her chair whenever she spun around on it. The noise was so goddamn annoying!

Standing between 4' and 4'5", Trish was a bit shorter than the average woman in World City. If it weren't for a couple of notable aspects about her that made her stand out from her female competition, many would have mistaken her for a preteen. The first was her long, multi-colored hair that caught the attention of everyone near her. And those that were not captivated by her hair were entranced by her impossibly huge, yet completely natural tits, which were oftentimes mistaken to be fake. Each individual flesh orb was three times bigger than her entire head and both of her large nipples sported a pair of golden ring piercings that just begged to be pulled on! Both of these things, the pink hair and enormous breasts, were traits she inherited from her mother. The creamy orange in her two-tone hair, however, came from her father, and it was the only thing from him she was thankful for!

“Uuuuurgh...!! **FUCK!!!**” the well-endowed girl groaned, then kicked the counter with the white sneakers she wore.

“I assume your talk with Mr. Santiago didn't go well?” asked the annoying voice of her equally annoying coworker, Louis Johanson. She was only able to make out the thick bush of his curly red locks above the shelves that separated the work counter and customer floor.

“You think so, smart ass!?” She shot back as she pushed herself off of the chair, “What gave it away?” Tristana, more commonly known by her nickname ‘Trish’, asked while strutting over towards the much taller guy. “The way I shouted ‘Fuck’ or my resigned groan? Or was there some other indication that your nosey ass picked up on?!”

"Hey! I'm sorry, okay? Relax..." Louis raised his hands in a placatory gesture. He put one last can of cola into the freezer to his left before rising to his feet. Even with his slouched back, he still stood a couple heads taller than her. "I just wanted to know. That's all."

"Well, genius, here's a tip for you; instead of sticking your nose where it doesn't belong, why don't you go do some "research" as an aspiring paparazzi or whatever it is you wanted to be!?" Trish pushed her index finger harder against his chest with each word, her pink painted nail digging deep enough into his skin that it would have drawn blood if it weren't for his shirt.

"Knock it off already!" He pushed her hand to the side, "That hurts you know!" He told her as he straightened his shirt again.

"Oh, boohoo!" Trish mocked him and did as if she wiped away tears from both her eyes with the back of her hands, "Did I huwt you, Lou-lou? Ish da big boi gonna cwu now?" She asked, talking with him as if he was a baby.

"**TRISTANA!!!**" a thunderous voice startled both of them and made them jump almost high enough for their heads to hit the ceiling. Both of them turned around to see their boss, Mr. Santiago, standing in the doorway to his office. Like always, he was dressed in a blue jumpsuit that had more oil stains on it than he had hair on his head.

He didn't need to say more. Trish gulped and nodded slowly, "O- okay!" She managed to say before continuing with the work she started before her boss called her into his office.

Trish walked past her perplexed coworker and towards the workshop next to the little gas station where she had already started sorting and cleaning the different wrenches, nuts, bolts, and all other tools their boss used for car repairs. Trish would be lying if she told she knew what each tool was used for and in which box they went. Her knowledge of cars starts and ends with the stuff they taught her in Drivers Ed. Working at a gas station, she knew the difference between diesel and gasoline, and which one to use for her car, but that's about it. For everything else, guys like Mr. Santiago exist!

Nonetheless, she did her job here. It paid rather well, removing her parent's suspicion about where she got all the money to buy her expensive makeup and accessories. And that's without even talking about all the other things she bought online! Things that would make her parents probably lose all hope in humanity and throw her out of the house immediately.

The time until lunch break moved at a snail's pace! With no customers around to screw her, she had nothing to distract her from how dull and boring this job actually was!

'Seriously! Who needs this many differently sized wrenches?! Why can't they all just be one size?' She asked in her mind while going through all the different tools. Aside from opening Spotify to play her type of music, and not the stupid mainstream stuff from the old radio on the workbench nearby, she actively forced herself to not touch her phone. *'This is **SOOOO** boring!'*

She pondered considerably how someone could do this kind of job their entire life. When he arrived for work earlier in the morning, Mr. Santiago appeared as if he didn't bother showering! What is it with sweaty men and not caring about their hygiene?!

Trish herself wore working gloves practically every opportunity. She once had to carry a leaky drum of oil over towards the corner of the gas station where all their trash was stationed. Some of the oil had gotten onto her arms and shirt and she could have sworn that she reeked of that stuff for a week! Didn't matter how often she showered, or how many kinds of bathing oils she used, her arms still felt sticky and yucky afterwards!

'Pull yourself together, Trish!' She chided herself, 'Only a few more months! Then it's off to college and you don't have to come to this shithole again! You'll become the best harlot this city has ever seen!' She attempted to cheer herself up. Swinging her hips to the beat of the music, the short girl finally finished sorting all the tools and went on to clean the floor of the garage. 'I just need to bide my time and get Mr. Santiago off my back until then! But how?'

A soft knocking against the rusty door to the workshop startled her, taking her out of thoughts, "Erm... not sure if you've noticed, but we have lunch break now...!" Louis informed her after sticking his head into the room. He then left the room as swiftly as he had shown up.

"Great... spending another lunch break with the dork!" she muttered out loud. Usually, she'd simply eat her lunch outside to stay as far away from Louis as possible, but given the heat wave lately, she'd much rather stay inside, where it's cooler, than being fried to a crisp outside.

She put the broom she had used to the side and went to follow Louis into the break room of the gas station building. By now, the room no longer smelled as stale as it did back when she first started working here. After the many times she brought a well hung customer back here to fuck, she made sure the room smelled decently!

'Lou-lou!' a thought crossed her mind as she looked at him from the other side of the cheap plastic table, "Hey! I... um... just wanted to apologize for earlier! I didn't mean to come off as rude and hurt your feelings!" She told him. Years of performing in the theater in her old school paid off as she managed to make her words sound sincere, even to herself.

"**PFFFWR!!!!**" much to her disgust, Louis choked on the bite he took from his sandwich when she started talking with him. He coughed loudly several times, nearly spitting out the food he swallowed. "What... what's gotten into you? Are you alright?"

"Of course I am, silly!" she told him with her sweetest voice and an even sweeter smile on her plump, red painted bimbo-lips. "Why wouldn't I be?!"

"Well, you just never struck me as particularly caring- wait a minute! Is this about your discussion with the boss earlier?!" Louis asked, "You want me to talk with Mr. Santiago about

what made him so angry with you, don't you?!" before she even had the chance to reply, he answered his own question.

Pushing herself up from her chair, Trish let out a low hissing sound, "Fine! Yes, you're right! She admitted as she walked around the table. His eyes followed her every step as she began to mimic her boss. "He snapped and told me that I'm that close to getting fired due to my inappropriate behavior!" The aspiring harlot then draped her arms around Louis' stiff shoulders. "So I just need you to talk with him and say that it wouldn't hurt to have me around for a while longer, 'kay?"

"A- and why should I do that?" The ginger haired man's voice became several octaves higher as he grew all too aware of her **MASSIVE** boobs pressing against his spine. "Heck! Why do you even wanna continue working here? You hate this job!"

"C'mon! You're a nice guy, aren't you?!" She tried to butter him up, making sure that he felt the full weight of her tits against his back, "You wouldn't leave me hanging, would ya? And it'll only be for a few months more, then you won't ever see me again!"

Trish could practically feel his temperature rising as his face turned as red as his hair, "Y- you still haven't answered my second qu- question!" He stammered.

Behind him, Trish rolled her eyes and groaned, "Because this is one of the only places far enough away from my home to get my parents off my back! It's not on any of their regular routes and too far away to quickly drive by to check in on me!" She told him honestly.

Betting everything on a last ditch effort, she then swiftly sat down on his lap. Louis' eyes went wide as he found himself face to face with her boobs! Through the skin tight fabric of her shirt, he got a good look at her golden nipple ring piercings. The stacked vixen then batted her eyelashes at him and puckered her lips.

"Plea~se~??" Trish asked in her most cutesy voice possible, her sky blue eyes glowing with desire and hope. "I'll even make it up to you!"

Leaving him no chance to ask what she meant, she fished her phone out of the back pocket of her tight pants. Before he could say anything, she then took a quick selfie of herself on his lap. She made sure that her tits against his chest were clearly visible, as well as his face, before writing, "Big thanks to this hung lad who helped me out and made sure that I can keep my job~❤️❤️❤️" as a caption underneath it.

After putting a face filter on that managed to make Louis look remotely attractive, the pic was ready to be uploaded, "And... sent!" She informed her coworker. She showed him the uploaded pic. "With how many female followers I have, you'll be drowning in pussy in no time!"

“Eh... erm, thanks. I guess.” Louis sheepishly ran his hand through his tousled red hair when the first likes already began to appear under the pic she just took.

“You’re welcome!” Trish let her head rest on Louis’ shoulder. “So... about you helping me deal with our boss now...”