



AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

With the midday sun burning strong high up in the clear blue skies above, the palpable feeling of lethargy would only be amplified in the minds of the many office workers moving to and fro between the many towering structures that made up the bulk of the city's business center. A corporate machine run and maintained by the innumerable cogs that were the men and women toiling away within sterilized cubicles and other such mundane environments that would eat, chew and spit them out. Fueled by an endless lineup of new hires who had no idea of the monotonous grind they were about to be thrown into. A mindset shared by a certain man who had the honor of being the latest to join up with a certain establishment that had been making waves as of late, expecting to be faced with a massive workload not even a full week into the job considering how prolific this gig was. After all, it only made sense for him to assume that the more money one made meant that there had to be an equivalent amount of work to be done.

And while he wasn't totally off the mark. Surprise would be an understatement to describe the complicated feelings *Anthony* was consumed by as he strolls back into the office with the awkward air of a newcomer. Settling back into his cubicle within a relatively empty office space not even halfway into lunch hour. Collecting all he had learned during his first week here at *The Fabula*. A fashion brand whose talents and products had already become a staple in certain high society circles. And his part to play in all that was a relatively simple yet critical one to the unknowing eye; financing.

As thankful as he was for the position, a part of himself had been embroiled in doubt ever since a certain tidbit of information had been made known to him. One his fellow colleague and senior wasn't too shy to let Anthony be privy to over a casual lunch break conversation that had quickly cast a dour cloud over the newbie's head. Tussling with it a day later as he sits by himself in his little cubicle, nibbling away on buttered toast while his brows remain furrowed, buried so deep in thought and concentration that the taste of salty butter and tangy tuna were lost to his taste buds. Still not able to believe what his co-worker had shown him previously with a certain image lingering at the forefront of Anthony's mind. A blurry vestige he needed to see again just to be sure, shaky hands trembling as they ran over the keyboard after setting down the whittled remnants of his meager lunch on the table.

"No way...that can't be who I think it is...can it?"

With his thumb depressing a key, the undeniable sight from yesterday would be plastered before his very eyes once more across the wide-screen display of the company desktop monitor. In crisp, high definition quality that allowed the bewildered man to get a good look at the snapshot of a gorgeous gravure model. Her buxom form clad in a golden bikini top that hides scant little. Contrasting nicely with warm, tortilla tanned skin that glistens with a moist sheen. Encasing the bourgeoisie flesh of a mature vixen who seemed far more mature and outgoing than the one other girl this poster woman shared names with. An old, gentle flame from bygone days in a timespan ranging from middle to highschool whom he could only hold close in memory alone...at least, that was what he had thought before joining up with *The Fabula*.

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

The girl he remembered was a bashful maiden. Kind to a fault and naive to the true, harsh nature of the world lying in wait for them. Anthony had felt himself drawn to protect her like a big brother would care for his less capable siblings. A fitting analogy for the light which many of their schoolmates and even the faculty viewed them in. Simple days where all they had to worry about was tests and friends. Old, cherished memories the grown Anthony of today would reminisce on as his vision blurs while a tender ache fills his chest. Finding himself fondly wishing to return to those days...and a chance to undo what he had done to shatter what could've been a long and lasting relationship between himself and *Amelia*. A torn bridge he could only look back on with mild disappointment in himself while his eyes half heartedly lingered on the image of the other Amelia shooting him a knowing smile atop the impeccable mask of a goddess framed by glossy tendrils formed from rustic platinum threads. Drawing the eye toward a not so subtle hand gesture whose varied meanings might well imply something inappropriate if her general appearance wasn't enough.



According to what his mentor had said about the picture, this shot had been meant for a more risqué lineup of accessories and clothing that were still in the middle of the design phase back at the artistic side of the company; the sector where the figurative brains of The Fabula worked tirelessly to gift the world with the fruits of their efforts that had seen the company's meteoric rise to the top of the fashion industry. And if this news really was true then it meant that this Amelia character who seemed so

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

divorced from the one ingrained in his memory...*was also his boss...*a powerhouse vixen with the brains to back up her looks and a straightforward attitude that just couldn't be put down.

In other words, Anthony's unseen boss was one hell of a woman. An impossibility that only left him more undecided on his initial suspicions about the two Amelias being one and the same as per the irrefutable facts. The girl in highschool could barely speak her mind in front of a classroom full of her classmates without fumbling over a word or just falling into irregular periods of crippling silence wrought about by stage fright. On the other end of the totem pole however, was a woman with a frightening capability of switching between the persona of a managerial businesswoman with a tact for picking out the best deals to forge mutually beneficial contracts out of while ensuring those under her wing were well cared for despite the immense workloads they, head included, were expected to handle. Making it all the more remarkable that she could maintain her drop dead gorgeous appearance in tandem with everything else she had to juggle around. Experiencing a level of stress that would've left anyone else severely in need of psychiatric help, sending a shiver down Anthony's spine at the thought of being faced with such a predicament.

"There's no way she could be the same then...the differences are just too much...and Amelia...she'd never-huh?"

Before his thoughts could continue driving him up the wall, a notification from his phone snaps Anthony out of his stupor. Picking up the sleek device to read the newly received message sent by the same fellow who had brought all this to his attention in the first place. Summing up the contents as a simple heads up to make his way to the manager's office as soon as he was done with his lunch after skimming all over the overly friendly buddy talk. Piquing Anthony's and wonderment about the coincidental timing of it all. The reminder of an old acquaintance in a new place years later, the internal argument over the true identity of his boss...and to top it all off, an invitation to meet this mysterious superwoman face to face...and if the words 'as soon as u can XD' was enough of an indicator, that could only mean one of two things; an early lunch...or a fierce adherence to the preconceived notion that her new hire would be dutiful enough to heed her call and head down to her private office without wasting a breath. Presumably for a much needed ice breaking session with the newest member of the flock days after his initiation.

'Or I could just be overthinking all this...whatever. I've got time to kill anyways, might as well go see what the boss lady wants...'

Amelia had probably wanted to meet with him after lunch, but with over thirty minutes left before the hour was up. Anthony had thought it prudent to give it a try anyway, walking off a light lunch after tearing his eyes away from the screen as they hovered over the digital image's oddly familiar eyes, turning off the screen before rising to his feet and beelining it toward the manager's office. A side room tucked

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

away down the corridor that connects the pantry to the main space everyone else was quartered in. Taking the time to gather himself in front of the unassuming door, an outstretched hand ready to rap against the polymer slab to announce his presence like any courteous guest would know to do. It would've made for a terrible first impression if he were to just turn the knob and barge in as if he owned the place after all. So once he was ready, affirming himself of that belief as his knuckles made contact.

"Hello Ma'am? It's Anthony, Kimbler said you wanted to see me?"

"Ooh! The new hire yeah? Come on in! Door's open!"



A quizzical look passes over Anthony's face as a brow raises in confusion upon hearing the sing-song voice leaking out from beyond. Sounding far more down to earth and lackadaisical than he was expecting from someone with a formidable repute. It was like an unthinkable mix between the vapid tones of a farm bred valley girl laced with hints of an accent not known to man. Producing the sultry voice of a woman that was pleasant to the ears, soothing to the mind...and as much as Anthony didn't want to admit, *arousing* to hear...swallowing the ball of saliva that had caught in his throat as he pushes all that noise to the back of his mind before twisting the cold metal knob in his hand, pushing the door open to enter into the mystery woman's domain...only to be met with an alarming sight that would've landed him square on his bum back out in the hallway if the door hadn't automatically slid shut with a subtle click and a beep from the digital lock pad. Leaving Anthony trapped

with his back pinned against the door while bulging eyes traced the curvaceous form of the fine babe presenting herself to him with unabashed glee burning bright in half lidded eyes that seemed to taunt Anthony. Beckoning like crooked fingers in an open invitation to something salacious as hinted at by the popped buttons of the woefully small business suit hanging like a scarecrow's jacket off her sensual frame. Leaving the majority of her body on show for the world to see, with only the neon green bands of a micro bikini hugging her plump, fertile body. Biting into layers of blubbery fat that lines superb hips while ochre nipples, stimulated by the pressure applied by the lewd underwear, swell to solid erection. Tenting the rubbery triangles concealing her decency until they could no longer bear to handle the added mass, snapping away with a sharp slap and a mischievous giggle, leaving ginormous teats that must've been E cups at best tipped with glossy nips exposed in all their glory to a flabbergasted Anthony. Stunned to

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

silence by the audacity of the events playing out before jittery eyes as they zip between Amelia's stunning face framed by the same flamboyant head of platinum that looked even more unbelievable in the flesh, the not so subtle outline of a naughty vagina pressed up tight against the base of her underwear like puckered lips begging to be fed and her bountiful bosom, firm and ripe with milk as they sloshed around to the tune of their shameless owner's graceful movements. Showcasing more of herself as she shifts slightly to the side, offering a glimpse of her cushioned tummy squeezed tight by a lather belt while diamond studded rings slotted neatly around petite fingers curl around a silky tuft draped over her shoulders, stroking in sensual fashion while a lax hand settles over the side of her hips. A display of unrelenting confidence in her looks that ends with moist lips curling into a grin.

"Oh dear, I haven't seen a man run *away* from my boobies before...but I guess some things just don't change...how are you, *An?*"

Upon hearing the use of that strange shortening of his name, a cold chill shoots through Anthony from head to toe while amber eyes magnetize themselves to the lustrous blue pearls peering out from between those foxy slits of hers. Blue eyes that were steadily beginning to grow familiar to him upon the triggering of a series of flashbacks bringing the stunned man back to his last year in highschool and what he had assumed then to be the last time he would ever hear 'An' being used in reference to him by the only girl who'd stuck by his side since for so many years. Clingier than the vapid queen bees and their jock boyfriends, far loyal than most others and a soft heart to contrast with a far more brusque and cold one than the apathetic one tucked away within his chest. Thumping rapidly as the mental image of his Amelia bleeds into reality, temporarily appearing in front of him as a weeping vision; the state she had been in when he broke the news to her on graduation night that they couldn't be together anymore when his parents had decided to travel abroad for matters of business. Too scared to try and argue against it or do something at the very least to keep in touch with her, thinking himself an inadequate oaf and one Amelia would do better without. Leaving Anthony struggling to get a grip on himself as the vision of the last fades away, leaving just the audacious woman staring him down in a cold office, not allowing her eyes to mellow with concern despite an awkward stretch of silence had come to pass with no verbal response to be heard from the paralyzed man until the shock from the revelation wears off. Releasing his throat from an invisible stranglehold as a hoarse voice floats free from dried lips.

Her voice was drastically different. And so were her appearance and mannerisms. But the tone and pitch in which she had mouthed the simplistic syllables that made up the nickname were undeniably those of his old sweetheart. The Amelia in memory...and the one standing before him...were one and the same. A swift gut punch that made it a struggle for Anthony to remain standing, wondering if this was all just some fever dream he was having after eating tainted bread. Pushing the words out but by bit while conflicting emotions of uncontrollable joy and decrepit sadness leaves him a pit in his stomach.

"That name...no one's called me that in years..."

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

"Over ten years now to be exact...and what's with that look anyway? I thought you'd be happy to see me again after so long! I know *I* am~"

"So you're really...Amelia? B-But...just *how*? You look..."

"*Sexy as all hell*? I know, right? I totally wasn't expecting to end up looking like this when I started working here a year ago, but it's...*ooh*...ahah! Right, sorry! It's been *such* a long time since I talked to anyone about my old look."

"O-Old look? Forget appearances...it's like you're a completely different person altogether! Don't tell me...did The Fabula do something to you?"

"Oh my gawd! Don't be such a drama king alright? It's nothing like that...at least...as far as I know. Look, I'll tell you about it alright? Just take a seat and I'll be right with ya...I've just got a *teensy lil* wardrobe malfunction to take care of~"

"Ahh...r-right...yeah, you should probably take care of that...before anyone else comes in."

"I'll just be *right* there behind you alright? Oh, and thanks a bunch for coming so early by the way! It'll *really* give us the time to catch up with each other..."

Stunned to silence once again and left with a lingering ache that felt like a hundred pound weight had been slammed into his side. Anthony could only seat himself before the opulent desk that now laid empty while Amelia sashays towards the far left corner of the room where a bundle of neatly folded clothes were laid out alongside an opened paper bag with the company's brand plastered over it.

'Holy shit...it really is Amelia...but what the heck's happened to her ever since we last met? She's like a complete stranger now...'

With so much to unpack mentally, it would've been easy for one to imagine the rush of emotions roiling away within Anthony's thumping heart as he sits deadly still in the embrace of a cozy swivel chair. Unsure as to whether or not he should be excited about the prospect of getting to meet with Amelia again after over a decade had passed them by. And while his family's ventures had ended in failure after struggling to make it through university and a handful of miscellaneous jobs before landing this one, Fate had dealt his former friend the kinder hand, an extremely generous one that had all but annihilated the pure hearted girl who was so afraid of being noticed by others that she always kept her bangs long like a veil. Concealing most of her facial features from all others besides her best friend An...it was why those eyes seemed so familiar. Even before her drastic overhaul, he found them to be beautiful pearls that didn't

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

deserve to be hidden away. So seeing Amelia show them off with such enthusiasm beneath that wild haircut of hers should've filled him with a happiness of sorts. Not awkward disgust at both himself and whatever had befallen his old friend...unable to help but linger on dark possibilities and brooding thoughts as he shifts uncomfortably in place. Barely holding back the growing urge to turn around as the sound of discarded heels, unbuckled straps and soft fabrics falling to the floor in a crumpled heap fills the room. She really was doing it. Changing out of her clothes in the presence of another...of a man! Had she really lost all sense of shame?

But before Anthony could torture himself with having to make the choice himself, a soft giggle floating in from behind alerts him to the reflective glimmer of light bouncing off the angular surface of an expensive mug filled with water. Reflecting multiple scenes depicting random portions of the office interior. And there, within a triangular prism, laid Amelia's smug visage staring right at him. Clearly aware of his little 'predicament' and reveling in it for a second or two before moving out of frame, exposing the more sensitive parts of her body in the unreliable mirror that had Anthony's head spinning on a swivel, turning to avoid staring at her anymore than he already had.

"An~ There's no need to be shy y'know? Aren't you at least a lil interested in me? Oh dear...don't tell me you're a vir-"

"*That's...*private. And what do you even...wait, are you saying you're not?"

A soft chuckle floating through the air from behind Anthony's back would draw his attention back toward the makeshift mirror lying by his side, coming up short when the only thing he could see was an indecipherable mass of shifting gray leaping through the conjoined mirrors, suggesting movement when taken in tandem with the steady thump of stilettos impaling themselves into the carpeted floor growing louder as Amelia makes her way back toward the desk, crossing the minute distance between them until she was close enough for the nervous wreck of a man to pick up on the strong scent of fragrant rosemary.

Expecting the newly dressed woman to take a seat on the empty throne in front of him. Only to have the filtered rays of afternoon sun peering in from between blinder flaps be blotted out by the overbearing girth of his manager's blessed form as a single, deftly executed maneuver ends with Amelia's pillowy ass hovering inches away from Anthony's face as she swoops into a low squat. Its impressive girth allowing



AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

for him to make out the curvy peaches hanging low beneath clean shaven folds pinched tight by a raven black thong of an even more revealing design than the one he'd been given a brief showing of during their initial encounter. Made up of nothing more than rubbery straps and a triangular flap that bends to the immense squeeze of the wearer's flexible vagina as aching muscles and wanton folds flex and contort in a hypnotic motion that leaves Anthony stupefied. Oblivious to the careless showing of his own arousal until a manicured tip strokes across its tip before the warmth of a cushioned palm wraps around the strained flag pole that had risen to full mast after his resistance had broken down. Unable to stop himself from growing hard at the sight of the tanned beauty he still couldn't bring himself to trust was the very same one that would've literally went into shock if her imagination even dared to conjure such lewd imagery within her head...and the last he remembered, she excelled in academics and not the salacious art of giving a man a teasing handjob with enough skill and finesse to push him to the verge of climax. Something Amelia was quick to pick up on as that seemingly permanent smile of hers curls ever wider. Relishing in the sheepish look plastered over Anthony as labored breaths escaped flaring nostrils. Proving himself the inexperienced virgin he had tried and failed to hide, struggling to halt Amelia's unrelenting advance as she shifts her weight around to intercept his outstretched hand. Using it as a stabilizer to clamber down from the desk and straddle the incapacitated man just as fast as she had mounted it in the first place like a nimble monkey who couldn't decide how it wanted to present itself.

With the chance to try and turn things around in his favor come and gone, all Anthony could do was struggle against Amelia's weight. Hesitant to do anything drastic considering their precarious position on an unwieldy chair he had no interest in testing the limits of. And with the lethargic haze from a freshly eaten lunch doing its part, Amelia's dominance over him was unshakable. Amused by the way Anthony's neck cranes backward in an effort to distance himself away from her bare teats. Foregoing a bra this time in favor of letting the twin melons hang loud and proud out the front of a better fitting top that, unsurprisingly, still seemed inadequate at containing the roiling waves of cushy blubber and nurtured meat that made up the bulk of Amelia's unrecognizable body...in Anthony's eyes that is.

"What happened after all these years, An? I don't remember you ever wearing that look on your face before~"

"N-Neither do I...w-what's gotten into you Amelia? Is this some sort of revenge plan? Because of...what I did..."

"No silly...and what's with the tone? Don't lie~ I know you find this 'new' me...*exciting*...but honestly, it's got nothing to do with what happened when we were kids alright? What happened to me...well, would you believe me if I said magic was a thing? Cuz that's the only thing I can think of whenever I go back to that day; when I was still the little girl floating around inside that head of yours."

"*Magic?* C'mon, you can't seriously be-"

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

"No one remembers y'know? I'm guessing you still have like...*maybe* a few of our old classmates in contact? Ask any of them what they remember of lil ol' me...then you'll understand. I tried to look into it but with work and so many business opportunities to take advantage of..."

'Remember'? As in...hold on...t-this is just too much to handle right now...you're saying no one even thinks this is weird? That you just...*turned out* like this one day?"

"Yeah! Even mommy and daddy think I've always been their peppy gal. It was all starting to get to me, cuz...like, it's sort of hard to tell what's real and what's not when everyone else around you says otherwise. Even all my pictures and documents were changed. I was scared when this all started, but when it was over...when my body became *this* and I took a second to think. Well, what's *not* to like? My boobies are all big, I've got front page material looks..."

"...and you're not...well, the quiet girl anymore, are you? Daring enough to do that sort of stuff in front of others huh?"

"Hmmm...an understandable view...but I'm not some stupid bimbo y'know? How'd you think I got this cozy lil spot bouncing between two jobs? Sucking someone off at the top? This body has its urges, but I'm not some slut who'll bend over at any man's whim..."

A sheepish look falling over Anthony's sour face would be all Amelia needed to know that she had struck close to home. Sighing with an emotional weight as a similar look of disappointment crosses her face. Ashamed at Anthony for thinking she was as depraved as her looks made her out to be while the uncertain man continued to writhe in silent agony. Tussling with the unbelievable tale he'd been told about his friend's spontaneous metamorphosis from meek maiden to busty fertility idol. Drawing his gaze to the side in an effort to avoid the reality before him, only to notice a photo frame displayed on the side of Amelia's desk. A snapshot from over ten years ago with the familiar sight of mahogany brick that made up their school's outer walls serving as the backdrop for two figures dressed in plain uniforms.

On the left, Anthony saw a younger version of himself. Clutching his graduation certificate in hand while on his flank, arms wrapped around his shoulder, stood Amelia, just the way he remembered her...right before he had set whatever vision she had for the future aflame...

"You kept our graduation picture?"

"Hm? Oh...Y-Yeah...it was the only one I had that wasn't affected by what happened to me...I kept it framed because...*Sigh*...I never thought I'd see you again..."

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

"I just...never thought things would ever turn out like this. Are you...mad at me?"

"Hmph...you left me for years with some bullshit excuse. Didn't even bother to drop in with a call or a message even...and now you show back up in my life more than ten years later with a pathetic resume and a bundle of assumptions...how do you think I feel?"

The wording had been cheeky and full of snark, but beneath it all, Anthony could tell without a doubt that Amelia must've been boiling with anger for his sudden departure from her side before popping up a decade later as if nothing had happened. Betrayed, bitter, spiteful maybe...and yet, she held those complicated emotions back as if it were as simple as breathing. All in an effort to ensure their reconciliation would go as smooth as possible...minus those new compulsions of hers that had probably kicked things off on the wrong foot...*probably*...

The preserved photo kept behind polished glass and an expensive, ornately decorated birch frame. An undeniable recitation of all he had done to wrong her...he didn't need someone to tell him that the beauty nestled atop his waist was Amelia to the core despite her appearance. No one remembered who she truly was besides him. Not to mention the preceding years before landing a job at The Fabula...and he could only imagine just how harrowing it was for Amelia, braving it all on her lonesome self until, for some inexplicable reason, the unknowable powers that governed the world had decided to grace her with their transformative touch...and what a job it had done to leave Amelia wholly divorced from the raven haired youth in the photo.

Karma was something Anthony didn't really place his trust in. But after being confronted with the truth, he couldn't deny that, in some way, it was like a punishment of sorts for doing the unthinkable; for leaving Amelia by the roadside despite the bond they had built with each other. With his parents' business in the gutter and years of hardship following soon after in a foreign country, only now could he see things for the way they were; that he had a hand in all this, one way or another...and that it wasn't too late to pick up the pieces and take responsibility despite how daunting a task it was. Exhaling to quench the gut wrenching ball that had been building up in his chest.

"Not too great I imagine...I was an asshole huh?*

"A big, stupid jerk who jumps to conclusions all the time...but I think asshole sums it up just fine. Good to see my newest lackey knows himself just as well as I do~"

"So you really were the one who picked me out for hire?"

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

"Not really...all I did was put in a good word or two with the recruitment office and...well, a frown wouldn't look good on their best model now would it? And who could say no to me besides an old jerkwad from highschool?"

Sharing a laugh that shifts the mood in the room to a more positive light, the pair takes a moment to look each other in the eye. Affirmed in shared beliefs and hope for a fresh start despite everything that had happened.

"Amelia...I know it might seem out of the blue but-"

"Ah ah ah! Not so fast cowboy...remember~ I'm your boss...and we're still in the office. Lunch break's just about over and your little meet and greet with Miss Amelia's come to a close! Is there anything else you want to know before I send you back out there with a batch of paperwork that needs checking?"

"Heh...alright then, nothing to clarify here ma'am but...are you free tonight? There's quite a few things I wanted to catch up on and...well...doing it over dinner sounds good, yeah?"

"Oh my gosh, you really need to work on those lines An! But...a dinner date *does* sound good...and I might have something for you to take care of afterwards...but I'll leave that as a surprise for you to enjoy. *Chu*"

Shifting herself off a stunned Anthony after landing a swift peck to his lips before he could react, a giddy Amelia strolls over towards a cabinet with cheerful pomp and a healthy jiggle to her frame with every step, withdrawing a stack of documents in a jiffy before scurrying back over to deposit them in Anthony's lap. Steaming with the sweltering heat left by the embrace of her cushioned derriere and a subtle wet spot where a certain something had been pressed up tightly against the fabric of his pants. Going unnoticed to the pair as Anthony's blasted consciousness returns with a confused shake of the head, rising off the creaking chair with the air of an abashed youth who couldn't believe he had his first kiss taken by a certified babe and his highschool sweetheart to boot.

"Well? Go on, I *was* playing with you earlier but I *really* have to get dressed now. I've got a shoot coming up in like...ten minutes...so shoo! Make sure the door's closed on your way out~"

"You got it ma'am...I won't disappoint you. And uhh...it's good...to finally see you again Amelia."

A final nod and an exchange of warm smiles would mark the end of their conversation as Anthony slips back out the door with the paperwork tucked under his armpit. Making sure the coast was clear before

AT THE TOP OF HER GAME

opening and closing the door in one swift motion. Returning to a busier office and a familiar face as Kimbler turns to greet him with a warm smile and a not so subtle look of mischief in his eyes.

"So~? How'd it go with the boss? Judging from that look of yours...must've gone well if her dropping quite the bomb on you makes you smile more than I ever can!"

"Well...things got off to a shaky start but...yeah, I think it went well...*really* well!"

"Seriously? Come on dude, give me deets! What happened? No one's usually stuck inside there for more than half an hour...don't tell me you-"

"It's a secret...but it's definitely not what you think...let's just say I found something in there I've been neglecting for...way too long now."

While the pair continued to bicker amongst themselves within their shared cubicle, the boss would be beside herself with joy, consumed by exuberant glee while changing out of her ill-fitting garbs into something more work appropriate alongside the scandalous bikini she was to promote. But not before she had cleaned herself up as careful hands swabbed the aching folds between her legs with a tissue. Wiping up the oozing trail of juices from the unrelenting arousal she had felt upon seeing Anthony in the flesh after so long. A lecherous attribute of hers she had gained shortly after her spontaneous growth spurt and one she had done well in concealing to this very day. Wondering how Anthony would react once he found out she was still a virgin despite her suggesting otherwise. Keeping her flower intact in the hopes that she would one day be reunited with her one true love, a dream that was about to come true after so long, biting back a guttural moan followed shortly after by an elated giggle as the hand cleaning her pussy finds itself drenched once more as quivering lips picked and stiffen before releasing a swift jet of translucent liquid that soaks the tissue through, splattering the carpet with a liberal dribble of grool. Feeling herself boil in the heat of estrus once more while idle hands trace the bloated girth of her tits, caressing the sore nipples beneath, her vapid mind filling with surreal visions of Anthony in the nude, whispering dirty words into her ears while those big hands of his ravished her body...

A perverse vision that comes to a swift end as Amelka shakes her head in vehement denial, chuckling in amusement before slapping herself on the cheek. Taking a moment to gather herself before getting right back to it, ensuring her dressing was appropriate while suppressing the carnal desire to feel Anthony's touch once more as her business savvy self comes to the forefront once again, eager for the evening hour to approach where she would finally be free to catch up with her man after all these years.

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Images by 辰波 : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/661074>