

Not-So Fitting Room

By Marin Tao

“Oh my god when is this shift over...?”

Retail. If there was one thing these workers absolutely could not stand, it was whenever that clock seemed to crawl to a stand still. Amber could have sworn it'd been 20 minutes since she checked her phone in the last two. Her ears slumped, shoulders caved in as she collapsed forward onto the counter for just a brief moment. “I need something to take my mind off this garbage...”

It wasn't even so much that she hated her job as much as it was that there were days that just didn't have anything going on. Inventory was complete, the registers were all balanced, and thanks to the wonders of online shopping, foot traffic was at an all-time low. “Seriously, why can't we just close early when shit like this happens...” She groaned. Honestly, at this point she'd take anything over this crushing boredom. Luckily for her, ‘anything’ just happened to come sauntering through the entrance.

Whilst Amber nearly passed out at the register, Avery came shuffling in. Eyes wide, scanning over every product she could set them on, grinning wildly at all the options that laid before her. “When on earth did this town open up a Discreet Beauty? And why did no one tell me sooner?! -*GASP!*- Oh these are **so cute!**” Avery had her finger directly on the pulse on the fashion world. Trends, designer infightings, little known secrets; if there was information to be dug up and used to further her obsession with looking good for every occasion, she was well aware of it. But a surprise like this was bound to happen every now and again, and goodness gracious did she love every bit of it.

“The lace on these are so silky and gorgeous! I can't believe they sell it for such a low pr-! Is that a matching cock sleeve?! Oh I have got to let the girls know about this.” Ball bras

were a niche little product, but for someone that could use all the support they could get their hands on for their tanks? Avery was a connoisseur in every regard. “That’s it, I’ve gotta try these on!” With a bounce in her step she quickly scurried off into one of the changing booths.

“Huh...?” Amber just barely noticed the light flashing in the distance. “When did someone...ah who cares. Least I’ll have something to do in a little bit.” It wasn’t much, but a transaction definitely beats just standing there.

Meanwhile, Avery had just stumbled upon her own dilemma. “I don’t remember them being so full!” One tug after the other, Avery struggled and failed to get her nuts to properly settle inside of that ball-bra. The heavy tanks sloshing back and forth, spilling out over the lacy fabric that getting stretched and strained out with every new attempt. “Damn business trips, I can’t believe I forgot...to...drain...UGH~!” Avery gave it one last go, giving the bra one last tug upwards in a mad dash to secure those straps.

“Okay! That...that’s not going to hold.” Avery winced as she watched that bra do its damndest to put up with the strain. Even with that stretch-to-fit technology built right into the elastic, it showed visible signs of struggle. The buckles were creaking, bending, threatening to snap at any moment! Not wanting to have to go through the whole, “You break it, you buy it” routine...or lose an eye; Avery disrobed and quickly. “Just my luck. I find all these cute pieces and I can’t even model them properly! Note to self; next time give the bellhop more than just the tip.”

“The hell is she doing over there?” With nothing to occupy her thoughts, the sound of Avery’s frustration utterly gripped Amber’s curiosity. The grunts, groans, outburst of frustrations; first time she’d ever heard someone have such a rough go of it, honestly. Grabbing some measuring tape and putting on her best customer service voice, Amber made her move. “Ma’am if you need help figuring out your size I’d be more than willing t-Whoa.” With her jaw nearly resting on the floor of the changing room, Amber quickly found herself with a much *heavier* issue on her hands.

“Oh! I’m sorry was I being too loud...and forgot to lock the door behind me?” Avery chuckled, offering up an apology. The sudden urge to try on all those cute accessories was just too strong, and sometimes a girl just forgets her manners! “You don’t need to mind me sweetheart! Just...lamenting over some missed opportunities. You um...wouldn’t happen to have anything a little bigger in the back, would you? I seem to be carrying a **heavier burden** than I normally do~.”

“Yeah, no I can see that.” Amber wasn’t usually one for staring. Folks of all shapes and sizes came through here plenty of times, but it had been ages since she actually managed to catch someone in the buff. Never mind the obscene weight this woman was just casually jostling around between her thighs! Knowing good and well that she was getting caught ogling, Amber cleared her throat and tried to offer a more...convenient solution. “I uh...don’t think we carry groin support in the “hyper” variety at the moment but uh...”

“Mmm?”

“If it’s just a little bit of backup I could always, you know...lighten your load? Free of charge of course! So long as you don’t go telling my boss about this in one of your customer reviews?” Was it professional? No. Was it kind of awkward? Well, she wasn’t the best at flirting. But with her eyes on the prize and that sack practically *begging* to be relieved of some of its bloat, she couldn’t help but go in for the kill a little early. “Would save you a ton on shipping and handling, the latter being done by yours truly of course.”

“Oh, well if that isn’t the best deal I’ve heard all day. Coming from such a cute and personable staff member...well I think it’d be rather rude for me to turn you down, sugar.” It might have been a little uncouth, but who could blame her? It was a no-brainer, not to mention any potential consequences were far outweighed by the dozen or so bras she had her eyes on!

“Oh trust me ma’am. Here at *Discreet Beauty* we guarantee you’ll leave satisfied with every visit~.” Cheesy? Yes, but it did seem to get a chuckle out of Avery. Shutting the door behind her, Amber dropped to her knees and scooted into position. Her hands slowly pressed

upwards, cradling those massive orbs and immediately felt the dense contents within slosh and spill out over her fingers. “You’ve gotta have an iron will to not just want to stop and rub one out like every 10 seconds with these things! They’re unreal!” It wasn’t just that they were heavy. These things were packed, bloated, lugging around the kind of load that made it seem like Avery hadn’t relieved herself in a month, maybe even two!

“I appreciate the compliment darling! And while you’re not wrong...that doesn’t mean I don’t have my moments so uh...if I’m a little much do let me know?” Avery suggested.

Amber nodded, though her mind was clearly somewhere else. Sinking her fingers into the smooth skin of that sack and pressing inwards just to pull back and watch the indents of her fingers slowly fill back out by the pudding thick mess she was rolling about. It wasn’t until Avery cleared her throat that Amber glanced upwards, her vision obscured by the meaty slab that was pulsating just over the bridge of her nose. “Hmmm? Oh!” Glancing past that pulsating erection she caught Avery’s gaze and that classic gesture she was making. “Didn’t think you’d be into a tuggie...”, Amber mused. “But hey, so long as you aren’t a one and done type of gal...”

“Oh trust me, you’ll get more than you bargained for~” Avery taunted.

Amber scoffed at the idea. Sure Avery was bigger than most, especially when it came down to the twin tankers she was fondling, but in terms of sheer size? This was going to be a cakewalk. But she’d keep that to herself. She had far more important things to attend to.

She couldn’t remember the last time she gave someone an old-fashioned handjob. It almost felt alien, but far be it from her to go against the wishes of the customer. A nice steady pace, keeping her a decent grip while she made sure her thumb stroked along the underbelly of that shaft with every pump. All the while her mind was wandering, making little comments here taking pause to readjust her palm, stopping to slowly caress and circle the ridge of that crown. *“Decent length, okay girth...nothing to gag over, but this thing could definitely tickle my throat real good if she’d let me...”*

She tossed her gaze up at a whim, thinking Avery was going to look as confused and maybe even bored with her slow handy work. But as she caught a glimpse of the woman above her, Amber's ego went soaring through the roof. The gentle nibble along her bottom lip, eyelids fluttering and lidding each time that Amber's hand squeezed along the base of that shaft. Hell she even managed to get a little gasp from the woman as she ground her thumb against the root of that shaft; just before sliding up and massing the bloated tip all the same. "You uh...really like when someone's got their hands on you huh?"

"Sure...I've...oooooh~♥! I've got expensive tastes yes b-but every now and again you just *aaaahnn* have to appreciate the simpler things in life~!" Avery needed several beats just to squeeze that sentence out. A shudder rolled through her spine. Her hips jutting forth in response, cramming herself through Amber's grip and giving the associate all the more reason to double her efforts. "S-such quick service! O-oooh I hope you d-don't mind a l-little bit of a mess sweetheart!" Her head careened back. Fingers twitching outstretched as if looking to hold on to something for dear life!

"*She's really gonna cum from this!*" The deviant in Amber jumped out at the very thought. But if she was going to make Avery pop her cork like this, she was going to need to add a little something extra to push her over the top! That hand on her sack suddenly sank in, kneading and jostling around that bloated tank like she was actually working a massive mound of dough. She leaned forward, her head resting up against Avery's inner thigh and picked up the pace without so much as saying a word. Beating that aching shaft faster and faster, her eyes locked onto this complete stranger, drinking in every ounce of that orgasmic bliss gripping her so tightly! She could see it in her eyes; that dripping, practically oozing that type of lust drunk, degenerate gaze that screamed, "*I'm cumming*" with such raw silence.

Amber just barely caught that final throb, that cock nearly bucking itself right out of her grip! A little awkward, but she managed to wrap her fingers around that pillar firmly and gave that woman one last pump! The sudden bloat, and stuffing of that cum vein forced Amber's to

cut away from Avery's face just to watch and stare in complete and utter awe at the eruptive mess.

The cumslit stretched, yawned, as the thickest rope of cum Amber had ever seen came gushing forth like someone was trying to squeeze cheesecake batter through a straw! The very sound of it shooting free, gushing from that trembling shaft lit her body ablaze. In mere seconds her crotch was soaked. Watching those cable thick ivory strands streak across the changing room floor just fed her libido with each new splatter. Viscous, weighted, each one retaining its shape, taking a second or two to slowly ooze out into the viscous puddle that was forcing off to her side.

"H-holy shit I knew it'd be thick bu-MMMM!" She barely had time to react before she noticed Avery's body twist above her. By the time she turned to look at the woman she was already getting pelted one shot after another. Avery could only sit there, on her knees, with her tail up and her legs trembling as she caught each and every one of those ropes straight to the face. It was only a few, several at most but the sheer viscosity of it all just left her feeling like she'd been staring down a trio of barrels, rather than just the one.

"Aaaahn...pew~! Sorry about the sudden facial dear, I just hate leaving a mess on private property." Avery apologized as she wiped her brow. A bit of a grin tugging at the corner of her lips as she looked down at the canid-girl who seemed to be a bit stunned by her recent discovery. "So what do you think? A little too much for you to handle deary or are you g-!"

"You better have got at least several more of those in you..."

Avery watched as Amber cleared the ivory slop from her face. Behind it? A pair of eyes that just screamed "cum slut" in a way that made the squirrel-woman's heart flutter with excitement. " "You did see just how *snug* that bra was on me earlier, didn't you dear? I'm going to need a little more than just a handy, if you wanna make that sale~." It was a playful tease if anything, but Avery had no idea the kind of monster she was encouraging down between her legs.

“Damn right you will.” Amber could barely even finish her little taunt before she pressed the tip of that canon right up against her lips. She cleaned the thick, heavy pearl that hung off the edge of that shaft and felt her libido practically skyrocket. That taste, that almost buttery texture from such a thick and heavy load. Just a drop of it was enough to make her eyes glaze over and of course, set the pit in her stomach on fire.

There were no words. With a single deep breath she shut her eyes and throated herself down on that rock solid slab. Smoothly gliding all 13 inches right down the back of her throat and didn't stop until her nose was flattered into Avery's crotch. Amber shook like a leaf. Her hands immediately dipping down between her thighs. Fingers digging right through her slacks to stroke at her absolutely sodden cunt, squeezing her own juices through the fabric, forcing them to flow right down her fingers.

“Ho-! Down girl! No need to r-rush...mmmmph on s-second thought -*aahaaan*- be my guest darling~!” Avery couldn't say no to such an eager girl, especially one that was able to work her entire shaft without so much as a bit of guidance from a helping hand or her hips for that matter! “Good lord...you know, I could use someone as eager as you to accompany me on those long, lonesome business trips~!”

Amber didn't know what had gotten into her. She usually wasn't this wild before she'd taken a load proper and yet it felt like there wasn't a force on earth that could stop her now. Her gulps were vicious, loud, ravenous and sloppy throatings that could probably be heard all the way from the food court! Again and again Amber found herself face deep Avery's crotch, breathing down the gentle waft of a building sweat all whilst that dick was starting to pulsate feverishly between the folds of her gullet.

“Ooooh I can't deny you any longer~! You want me that bad do you? Here, let me help.” Avery slipped her fingers between Amber's locks, giving one of those ears a gentle stroke before fully palming the back of her head and forcing herself in hilt-deep! She saw no need to

take it slow and took off, immediately sawing her hips back and forth while that wrecking ball of a sack swung and battered up against Amber's chest!

Amber's eyes started to flutter, rolling towards the back of her head as she could feel her orgasm growing all the nearer! She couldn't bear to pull her fingers away from her crotch, and each hilt she was forced to take managed to make her squirt right through her slacks! Her throat buzzed, tightened up and squeezed down on that twitching shaft as it drove itself down into her gullet.

"Yes...so eager! I...don't think I'm going to be able to hold onto this one...either~!" Avery's back arched, her tail curling inwards and she tugged Amber down into her crotch and delivered a swift pounding to her throat. Short, swift strokes just before she came one last heavy swing forward!

Amber's eyes shot back into focus for just a brief second as that first shot rang out inside her stomach. Her fingers absolutely crammed up against her cloth bound folds as she painted the floor underneath her with violent streaks of those juices that gushed around her fingers as though she'd punctured a water balloon between her legs! But she couldn't think about that in the slightest, her own orgasm just paled in comparison to the sheer bliss she felt as Avery pumped her full of the thickest load to ever grace her body!

She could feel it surging out underneath her tongue. Rolling up through that fattened cum-vein before splattering down into her stomach with such force and viscosity there was an immediate bulge, a sag, a punch to her lower gut that made her toes curl tight! Her eyes rolled, became so glazed over and unfocused. The constant undulating forced her throat to roll in tandem. Each new gulp served only to milk that shaft and ruin her figure, one stomach-tightening rope after the other. Stomach bouncing, wobbling, her top forced over the demanding swell that surged forth with a weight slosh each time she was forced to harbor another sticky blast.

“Ahhhn~! Oooh...sorry about that honey. Didn't mean to one up you, just couldn't help myself ♥” There was no denying it. The rush she felt whenever she got to cut loose like this and go to town on someone was intoxicating, plain and simple. Of course, with that kind of high, it was rather easy for one to lose themselves in the heat of the moment. And really, what was one more load anyhow?

There was no time to think, no time to grasp what was truly going on before she was crammed up against Avery's crotch. She couldn't see past that wall of tanned flesh, but the world was shifting around her. Adjusted, dragged around like some sort of stubborn fleshlight. Before she knew it she was forced back, propped up on her elbows and completely at the mercy of the woman who was *still* balls deep down her throat! In a feeble attempt to “soothe” the raging beast above her, Amber offered a light tap on the thigh, hoping to get some attention thrown her way. That was about as effective as spanking a bull, hoping it would just gently step aside.

“You *did* say that I'd better have more than one load for you, didn't you darling~?” A taunt so loaded it was practically a threat. Avery wasted no time, took no pause and reeled her hips back before delivering plunge after deep, saliva- sputtering plunge. “You're okay right dear~? J-just...*haaaahn~!* Let me know if you n-need to come up for air!” She did her best to remain as “collected” as she could. But when the universe gives you a size queen that can take you at your worst with no strings attached? Well Avery just **had** to get her money's worth.

Amber could feel her brain crumbling with every second that passed. She was wearing down faster, with every deep hilt she was forced to take! Nothing made that more evident than her collar. The once smooth and fairly well-kept leather was stretched ragged. Stressed again and again by bulge, buckling trembling...**snapping**. The weathered material just couldn't stand up to the weight and ravaging behind each of Avery's bucks. Busting at the next hilt only to clatter across the floor as Amber's continued to bob away.

Amber tried to hold onto some semblance of a proper, functioning brain...but how on earth could anyone value a proper thought over having their throat stuffed stupid like this?! Every time she had her face slammed back in, packed and ground up against Avery's crotch, it reset her back to that blissed out, orgasm-riddled, cum-guzzling stupor. Who knew if she was going to walk out of there with enough brain power to man the register...let alone her own name!

Were it not for that classic retail playlist drumming away in the background, the entire store would have been at the mercy of these two wild animals mating up a storm! Avery's heavy panting, Amber's muffled and gurgling moans and of course the rhythmic pounding of those hips swinging around that bloated sack! How no one was peaking in to see what all the excitement about was beyond reasoning but hey, they certainly didn't mind the privacy~!

Amber's face was completely and utterly ruined. Saliva cascading down her chin, bubbling, frothing , oozing from the corner of her lips. All of it whipped up, smeared, stretched out in heavy strands that splattered against the smooth taut surface of Avery's sack. Only to be reapplied with the next brain melting **PLAP~!** All the while, thick black streaks of her mascara rolled down her cheeks thanks to fucked silly tears that were coaxed freely through Avery's hip work. But hey, if a few tears and some ruined makeup meant she got to choke herself silly on top of this choker-busting cock for as long as Avery could blow her loads? She'd do it every single time and **gladly.**

"Ooooh t-this one feels like it's gonna be a big one sugar~!" That was as good as a warning as Avery could give. Her hips rolled back, dragged every last saliva splattered inch of her shaft freely from that poor girl's thoroughly fucked throat, and came rushing back in with a punishing hilt. The kind of deep, desperate plunge that was going to rattle a few screws loose for sure. But it couldn't have been more critically timed as Avery's sack jumped, tensing and drawing upwards as it squeezed it on itself and that load started pumping away. Avery's grip trembled against the back of Amber's head, her gaze skyward as her mind just went blank.

Every last one of those fat, smothering ribbons of pure white bliss sapped every last possible thought from her brain and forced her into her own orgasm-induced stupor.

Amber could sit there all day and let Avery bloat her like a condom...but even those are prone to breaking and she was absolutely no exception! As big as her libido was, her stomach had its limits and Amber could already feel that second load pushing her to the brink! Sure, she was in a fuck silly haze, but a girl knows her limits! And she held out for as long as she could, but she could feel that load starting to creep its way up her throat and decided it was about time she pulled back.

Her hands were trembling, arms weaker than she'd like them to be, but Amber did what she could and tried to put some distance between the two of them. Her stretched lips managed to pull away, a few inches right off the root. But before she could make any real headway...

S M A C K ~ ♥ !

Amber completely forgot those hands were still plastered up against the back of her skull. A swift, forceful buck of those hips sent her reeling as Avery simply refused to let her go until every last drop of that viscous ivory slime was drained from her overburdened sack. Regret never hit her so quickly...or tasted so good. The plunge immediately forced a backsplash, sending a wave of that heavy cream rushing over the back of her tongue with an almost embarrassing gag. Amber's body betrayed her. The need to pull off that hose was tossed aside, overridden by the body tingling, crotch soaking, virile flavor that was packing her cheeks full and quick!

Eyes rolling back, legs writhing against the floor as the first of many weighty ribbons came bursting out from the corners of her lips! "GggLRRrrbBiblllEee..." She just couldn't hold it in! Every attempt to gulp any of that double thick slime was in vain as another throat bulging shot would just displace it, forcing it right back up and into her bloated cheeks...and out her nose. Her eyes rolled back, she never thought she'd ever see the day that someone could cum so much it'd actually come spewing from his nostrils like that! Bubbling, spewing, only adding to

the mess that was soaked into Avery's crotch and building up by the second! Amber's hair, her face, her top, all soaked in the hot, steamy, bubbling overflow...and to be honest? She loved every damn second of it.

Avery was just...lost in it. It'd been too long since she got to just let it all come gushing out like this. Every little twitch, every clench and kneading from that trembling throat just made her want to keep going. Bucking away, thrusting right through those sloppy gags and quivering full-bodied wretches. Did that stop her from driving her cock down into that cum soaked sleeve? From coaxing out heavy streaks of cum that gushed forth and painted her crotch, only to be smeared and ground right back into Amber's face? Not at all, hell she didn't stop until it looked like Amber dunked her head in a vat of glue. Hot, heavy, completely and utterly soaked, leaving no part of her face untarnished by the load she so dutifully earned.

What could Amber do but gurgle? She was stuffed to the brink and beyond. Her every thought felt like it was drenched in layer after layer of Avery's smothering nut! She was beginning to wonder if Avery was ever going to let her up for air! Hell, the lights nearly went out before she felt that slathered slab get dragged out of her throat and finally free her up for a sticky, sputtering cough and gasp. Thick, bubbly, frothy strands of white stretched and strung out between Amber's face and Avery's crotch, thighs, and thoroughly depleted sack. A cocktail of juices and slime strewn about the two; the mark of a draining done right.

Amber collapsed forward with a heavy, cum soaked groan. Without Avery clogging up her throat there was nothing to stop that load from spilling out between her lips. Not like Amber could really think about not making too much of a mess at that point though. There wasn't a thought that could rise up out of the sea of white that was practically pumped into her very brain at that point. Less empty-headed and simply too full to even think. All she could focus on was her stomach. Bloated, stretched, stuffed to the absolute brim with something that could only come close to the sensation of hot tar. Slow and heavy sloshing plaguing her gravid gut that simply wasn't going anywhere, anytime soon.

“Oh sugar that was s-OH! Oh my. I think I might have uh...overdid it just a tad there.”

Avery could finally see through the fog of that orgasm. Only to lay her eyes on the ravaged, cum stuffed and soaked attendant doing whatever she could just to get her bearings.

“What...uuugh...w-what makes you say t-that? *Gluurph...*” Getting up wasn’t an option. Even without getting any action down south, other than a dangerously sopping wet crotch, her legs were about as stable as a jell-o mold. The best she could do was prop herself up against the wall and try to catch her breath.

“Well asides from the mess? I think I might have lightened the girls a little *too* much.” With a sheepish grin, Avery hoisted up the ball bra she’d snagged earlier. What was just a tad too snug, was now almost comically oversized. “I don’t suppose these come in a...smaller size?” She couldn’t help it, she **really** liked this pair.

Amber smirked, cleaning some of the mess from her lips as she watched the woman lament about their overindulgence. Despite everything that's happened, and the fact that she was still rocking a gut that made her look like she was due any second now, Amber couldn’t exactly put out that hungry ember still flickering behind those tired eyes.

As they attempted to clean up, as best they could at least, the two couldn’t help but make note of just how...quiet it all seemed to be. How not a single soul came looking for assistance, or attempted to snag a peak of the two going at it wild feral beasts out in the fields.

While Avery was able to just slip back into her day clothes, Amber couldn’t help but feel like she might have gotten a slightly shorter end of the stick. Makeup? Ruined. Gut? Busted. Pants? Soaked and undeniably inappropriate for work attire. Luckily for her, Avery was more than willing to lend a helping hand and offered to get her something off the rack. Something that could at least pass for work attire, and support her added burden, for the time being anyways.

As Avery stepped out of the changing booth and headed back into the main shopping area, she caught a familiar face from across the room. “Abigail?”

“Hmmm? Oh Avery!” The sisters eagerly embraced. “What are you doing here? I thought you were still out of town on a business trip?!”

“Oh that? The deal wasn’t nearly as hard to seal as my team made it out to be! We got those negotiations done in no time. The real question is what are you doing *here*? I didn’t think this place had your particular tastes in mind? It’s a little “*much*” compared to your usual style isn’t it?” Avery teased, playfully nudging Abigail’s ribs.

“Oh tell me about it! It’s all so cute, but the prices are just obscene! But I’m really just browsing! I was actually looking for a friend of mine! Oh if you’re shopping here maybe you’ve seen her! Hyena-girl? About this tall? Petite? Usually behind the counter?” Abigail gestured.

“Wears a spiked choker?”

“That sounds like her! Why, have you seen her?”

“Yes...er...well. I have. She might be a little indisposed with a service request I’d made.” Avery muttered a bit, trying her best to pass off that white lie as quickly as possible. “But if you don’t normally shop here, how did *you* come to know her?”

“Oh uh...we’ve just run into each other a few times...in a more private setting...” Abigail’s face ran a little hot. It didn’t take them too long to put two and two together. The sisters smirking only to bust out giggling as they quickly realized they both had far similar tastes than they thought!

Meanwhile, Amber sighed as she waited for Avery’s return. Propped up against the wall, gently stroking her distended stomach, praying that the woman would make her return sooner rather than later. “I reeeally hope she didn’t just nut and run...”

“Oh Ambeeeeer~” Avery sang out as she approached the changing room stall.

“Thank god...I thought you’d just upped and left me here to...uh...oh. Hi Abi what are you doing here?” Amber’s ears drooped as she watched that familiar face slip into view. The two women stared back at her, grins as wide as could be.

“I see you’ve met my sister here, did you two have fun~?” Abigail wondered.

“Sister...?” Avery looked between the two of them, quickly noticing all those similar features the two shared. That and knowing good and well how these two got down to business...the family resemblance was stronger than ever. “Huh you uh, would have thought the whole squirrel thing would have tipped me off at some point huh?” Amber said with a nervous chuckle. “W-what do you say I go and get washed up and we can all have a nice fun chat about this? How’s that sound ladies? L-Ladies...?”

Amber could not have felt smaller as those two bodacious and suddenly larger than life women stepped into the stall. Eyes glittering with an almost demonic presence as they shut the door behind them. It’s a good thing there was still 3 hours left in Amber’s shift...it looks like she’s about to need them.