

The ARRANGEMENT

A short story by
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The Arrangement

Amidst the cold, smog-choked night air, one lonely office window glowed warm with fluorescent light. Within the otherwise empty complex, two last inhabitants neared the end of their grind. The younger girl of the pair scurried from computer to copier to fax, powering each down completely for their extended rest. And at the far end of the space, behind a frosted glass door that read "Anna Scilla. CEO." the older of the two women swayed uneasily back and forth as she donned her crimson red trench coat. Her hands shook as she clumsily buckled her coat belt, after which she took a much-needed moment to breathe. As she exhaled, she slowly ran her hands back through her black hair, careful to delicately collect her single grey streak back into its place.

The blonde younger woman whipped her attention across the office as her boss' door nervously rattled open. She assumed a demure stance while Ms. Scilla emerged toward her, then held herself in that submissive pose as she watched her superior start to make her way steadily past her and toward the exit, all the while keeping her own eyes glued firmly to the path directly in front of her own feet. As the distinguished businesswoman neared her assistant, the young lady's nose tingled. It came as no surprise to her that the stale office air was now quickly being displaced by the floral bouquet of her employer's Dior J'adore. She had been catching increasingly potent whiffs of it for days, and the scent had now grown so overpowering that she had to stifle a cough as it rolled over her.

"Packing it in for the night?" the girl benignly asked.

Anna stopped and looked up somewhat frustratedly at her assistant, almost as if she'd believed herself to have been invisible until that fantasy was abruptly shattered.

"Y-yes, indeed," she stuttered "Thank you f-for staying late, Emma. I hope this won't interfere with any p-plans you have tonight..."

"Not at all," assured Emma. "Don't have much of anything planned for tonight honestly. Basically saving all the fun for tomorrow. Speaking of which..."

Seeing her boss up-close for the first time all day, Emma was finally able to get a good look at her. She had already noticed Ms. Scilla shaking from across the office, but it wasn't until now that she could make out the heavy beads of sweat pouring down her face. Emma wouldn't have thought much of it a few months earlier in their poorly ventilated building, but it was now the height of Winter, and she was sure she'd just seen Ms. Scilla put on her coat mere moments ago.

"Should we still expect you at the New Year's Eve party tomorrow? I don't want you to feel obligated," Emma gingerly floated. "I'm sure everyone will understand if you're not feeling up to it."

"N-no I'll be there," Anna hastily clarified. "I appreciate your concern, but I'm sure I'll be f-fine by tomorrow."

Emma paused for a moment before nodding, but this reassurance only puzzled her further. She had been watching Ms. Scilla's vitality steadily decline over the past week. The first hint of peculiarity had appeared at the office Christmas Eve party, when Emma spotted her typically dainty boss gorging herself ravenously at the buffet. Each day since then, she appeared progressively more slow and bloated - not to mention anxious - but her sudden, voracious appetite seemed to be holding steady. These observations alone were enough to thoroughly stump Emma, but more perplexing still was the larger pattern she could only recently see emerging. This was now the fourth consecutive year she had witnessed her boss cycling through the same week-long pattern of seemingly self-destructive conduct, yet Emma felt no closer to discerning the motive behind the strange holiday behavior than when it first began. But after a long day, nay, a long year of an exhausting grind, there was nothing left for her to do at that moment but leave the mystery for another time.

"Well, we'll all look forward to seeing you there, then," said Emma. And don't even worry about pre-gaming, 'cause the booze is gonna be flowing. Either to drown our sorrows finally ending a year in the red, or celebrate another miraculously in the black."

Another pause broke out between the two women. For just the briefest moment, Anna stared daggers into Emma's eyes, almost as if her young aide had caught her in the act of murder. But in the span of a sigh, she relaxed her gaze and relinquished her guard, cracking a generous - if forced - smile.

"S-sounds great, Emma. Here's hoping for another miracle," said Anna, as she raised and crossed her fingers.

After a polite smile back from her assistant and a mutual nod, Anna resumed her way past her and out the front door. Just before she disappeared into the night, with the glass door slowly inching to a close behind her, Emma could have sworn she heard an all-too-familiar sound emit from her boss's backside... but no, the young woman thought, Ms. Scilla would never...

Almost before the door could click shut, Anna's black BMW jerked abruptly out of her reserved space and peeled out of the parking lot. The vibrant blue light from the "MERENTIX" sign glowing atop the building quickly melted off of the car's waxy finish as she raced out. As Anna drove away from the business park and into the endless night, her thoughts vacillated between past, future, and present. There was no space for even a moment's peace between the nagging spectres of what she'd done to build her empire, what would become of it if she lost her nerve now, and most of all, how heavily her burden was weighing on her. Literally.

In an instant, Anna's divided attention was violently directed onto her present circumstances when a sudden painful cramp racked her gut. It took an abundance of both discipline and instinct for her not to swerve off the road as her insides angrily knotted themselves around one another. Anna gritted her teeth while the cramp slowly subsided, but she knew she was not out of the woods yet.

As Anna drove out of the woods, she felt her surroundings grow ever-taller, as what sparse foliage the outskirts of town had to offer gave way to the true giants clustered in the heart of the city -- the skyscrapers. Her proud Merentix building, which easily dwarfed all of its own neighbors, would never withstand comparison to even the oldest historic towers in the city proper. The sheer grandeur of the concrete jungle might have been enough to steal Anna's attention, had that not already been taken hostage by her own rear.

What had been Emma's suspicion was now Anna's reality as the privacy of her car allowed her to wholly dispense with modesty. The single note tooted on her way out of the office was merely a humble opening to the brass symphony of farts that accompanied Anna's entire journey. The black, leather driver's seat distorted and amplified the braps and croaks of her rear as she continually infused it with a smell that would never come out. Yet despite the raucous outpouring of her gas, Anna only felt the weight in her gut grow heavier as she drove on.

The buildings surrounding Anna were all now too tall to tell apart from one another. From her point on the ground, each one seemed to keep on going forever upward. This thought occupied her mind for only a moment before her attention was again stolen away, this time not by the pain in her tush, but by the growing assault on her nose. As her farts continued to rumble out of her bottom and over her seat, Anna finally became unignorablely distracted by the effect her musical performance was having on the air in the car. Normally she wouldn't have batted an eye at her own personal brand, but the sour, earthy intensity of her last half hour of emissions had grown so overwhelmingly pungent that it was now stinging her nostrils. With her eyes beginning to water, Anna was forced to quickly roll down a window. First her own. Then, in quick succession, the passenger side window. And finally, just as quickly, both of the rear windows. Anna sucked in a deep breath, shivering a bit as the icy, cold night air poured into her lungs, but all that concerned her at that moment was the relief she felt as the heavy stench finally relented. Now emboldened, Anna softly grunted as she cautiously resumed the concerto of farts she had been playing into her seat all evening.

As her BMW rounded the final corner, Anna looked up to see a red, glowing sign hanging over her amidst the clouds. The words "MODINI GROUP" towered above the entire city below, as if proclaiming a commandment from God. Anna's eyes first stood transfixed as the immense gleaming letters reflected off of them, and then suddenly grew wide as she felt something happening that she did not intend. With her destination now in direct view, Anna's body had instinctively begun to relax her sphincter, and was now threatening to release all that she had painstakingly struggled to hold in. For the second time that night, Anna again nearly swerved off the road as she sweated and strained to retract the brown bead of waste poking curiously out of her rectum. Over the course of a few seconds of willful grunting, the glossy brown bead slowly disappeared back inside of her as her overworked hole closed itself back up.

Arriving at long last at her destination, Anna now needed only to find a space - no small task as parking was always scarce in this bustling district, even so late in the evening. However, on this particular occasion Anna had come primed with specific intent. Without hesitation she rolled straight up to the front of the tower and screeched to a stop in the unloading zone. She knew she would not be there long enough for it to matter. And besides, she thought as she peered up toward the top floor, she had a feeling someone was watching right now. And that certain someone would undoubtedly vouch that she had every right to park there.

Clicking her car door locked, Anna stopped and stood for a moment, boldly staring down the glass doors at the front of the building. Trying to compose herself, she drew in the deepest breath she could muster. By this time her farting had escalated to the point that she was letting them loose at an impressively constant pace. But now, for at least what she prayed would only be a few, brief moments, the farts would have to stop. Anna slowly exhaled through her nostrils as the raucous performance from her backside once again fell silent for a second intermission.

As a final measure of preparation, she reached into her coat pocket and pulled out her small glass bottle of Dior J'adore, keen on masking any odors that may have accumulated around her. She pointed the nozzle in the general direction of her bottom and spritzed. Silence. She depressed the nozzle several more times, but still nothing emerged. "Perfect," she thought, squeezing her eyes frustratedly shut. "Why wouldn't it run out right now?" Eyes still shut tight, she grunt-sighed through her nose as she slid the empty perfume bottle back into her coat pocket.

With her boisterous rear now quieted, Anna proceeded authoritatively through the automatic glass doors and into the lobby ahead. As she proceeded through the space, the rhythmic clacking of her high heels on the tile floor echoed through the palatial, marble-walled foyer. Exotic, potted trees flanked her on both sides, interrupted at odd intervals by small water features. In the center of the room stood a small, semicircular desk, at which sat a young woman diligently typing away at a computer.

As Anna drew nearer to the center desk, the acoustics of the lobby grew increasingly pronounced. The repetitive, echoing tapping of her high heels was now almost unnervingly loud, but far more unnerving than that to Anna was that the amplified echoes also carried a faint but unmistakable crinkling sound that kept in perfect time with her footsteps. The twitching of her eyelids, as she tried in vain to adjust her gait and quiet the crinkling, gave perfect company to the quivering of her lips as pressure mounted inside of her bowels.

The young brunette at the desk continued typing with dutiful focus, only breaking her concentration when a shadow fell over her workspace, accompanied by a faint, musty aroma that made her nose twitch. Finally pausing, she looked up while one-handedly adjusting her glasses, and her gaze met with Anna's.

"Ah. Pleasure to see you again, Ms. Scilla," said the young woman. "Mr. Modini expected you might join him this evening."

She reached casually to her right and tapped down on a button inlaid in her desk's surface.

"Mr. Modini, Ms. Scilla is here at the front desk."

With barely a moment's delay, a speaker inlaid adjacent to the button in the desk crackled to life.

"Fantastic," said a voice from the other end. "Thank you, Penelope. Please send her straight up."

As the speaker once more fell silent, Penelope gestured graciously toward an elevator to Anna's righthand side, and picked herself up from her swivel chair to escort her over to it. For the duration of their short stroll, Anna continued to fixate not only on the increasing pain bubbling up within her gut from denied relief, but also on the ceaselessly persistent sound of crinkling. She began to wonder if her mind was playing tricks on her, for the infernal sound now seemed to be twice as loud as it had been only moments ago. Perhaps if Anna had been less singularly self-conscious at that moment she might have noticed the crinkling noise that taunted her was no longer in sync with solely her own footsteps.

Arriving at the elevator door, Penelope produced a key ring from her pocket, and promptly slid a golden key into an unassuming slot just below the elevator call button. Immediately the whirring clatter of machinery could be heard through the wall facing the two women, and after a moment, the door rolled graciously open. With a silent nod and shaky smile toward Penelope, Anna proceeded alone over the threshold. After a beat, the door slid shut again, and the elevator began its ascent.

Wasting not even a second after the compartment closed, Anna let out a deep sigh of relief, as she simultaneously released a long, bellowing fart. Somewhere, in the far back of her mind, she realized that Penelope could almost certainly hear the thundering blast she had unleashed before even climbing past the ground floor. But that distant thought was utterly eclipsed by the overwhelming satisfaction that was engulfing her. What did, however, manage to break Anna's ecstatic trance was the sudden and unceremonious return of the turd once again poking out of her anus. Now polished to a shine by its repeated brushes against her sphincter, it protruded more insistently from her bottom than ever before, threatening credibly to proceed undeterred into the vulnerable seat of her pants.

Anna was forced once more to tap into a well of resolve within herself to hold back the avalanche that threatened to tumble out of her. She gritted her teeth so furiously that they felt as if they might crack at any moment, and her weary, abused back door quivered as she fought heroically to pull her overeager log back in. After an endless moment of battle, the duel drew to a standstill with the turd still defiantly peeking out from her exhausted hole, but no longer advancing for the time being.

With the immediate crisis handled, Anna's focus meandered to the digital display above the elevator door. In the time it had taken her to fight to a draw against her poop, she had already ascended to the 69th floor. Realizing the moment of truth was upon her, Anna closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and launched a Herculean effort to compose herself. She straightened her body as best she could, but was powerless to calm her violent trembling. By that point, even after farting to her heart's content, Anna could no longer find any reprieve from the bubbling discomfort that relentlessly plagued her. Still, she maintained her posture with military focus, and wrung every ounce of distress that she could from the expression on her face. She was determined to forfeit her dignity... with dignity.

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Having reached its summit, the elevator drew to a halt, and a chime rang out as the doors once more slid open. Through the doorway was a large, dimly lit office that, to her deep regret, Anna felt intimately familiar with. The room had no illumination of its own, save for a humble desk lamp. Nearly all of the light in the suite was instead provided by the soft, golden glow of the surrounding city. At the far end of the office, almost wholly engulfed in shadow, was a figure seated behind the desk on which the lone lamp stood. Through a squint, Anna could just make out the silhouette of a face in profile, peering down through one of the tall windows that enclosed the entire office suite, as if to inspect the smaller skyscrapers just below. As Anna took a single, crinkling step through the elevator doorway, the silhouette turned toward her.

"Anna!" mused the shadowy figure. "What an absolute treat! You know, I had a hunch I'd be seeing you tonight. Seems my instincts were correct, eh?"

The expression on Anna's face remained blank as she silently absorbed the greeting. She knew the faux pas would be immaterial in the context of this meeting.

"You can go ahead and leave your coat over there," said the man as he gestured toward a wooden coat rack to Anna's right.

Preserving her unbroken muteness, Anna wordlessly unbuckled the belt keeping her trench coat closed and slipped it off, revealing a dark grey pant suit underneath. She hung the heavy coat on the rack and turned back to face the silhouetted figure, as it became clear that the coat had been concealing an undeniably conspicuous bulge at the crotch of her pants.

"Ahhh there's that diaper bulge I love to see," the man said. "It seems like every year they're makin' em thicker, doesn't it?"

With a wave of his hand the shadowy man beckoned her closer, and Anna began to walk toward him. She tried her best to proceed across the room without trembling or passing gas, but in the dead silence of the penthouse office she was powerless to conceal the unmistakable crinkling that continued to stalk her.

The silhouetted man remained casually seated as Anna came to a stop in front of his desk, where she once more stood gravely still, a look of absolute stone adorning her face. Now standing mere feet apart from him, she could finally make out some of the fine details in Rex Modini's face. She was also close enough to clearly smell his Clive Christian No. 1 wafting toward her, though she knew the scent's sandalwood reign over the room was quickly approaching its end. Her eyes subtly wandered down to the desk, distracted by how it diverged from her memories of the rest of the room, all of which had so far been a perfect match for her present experience.

"Like the new desk?" asked Modini, giving it several firm knocks with his knuckle.

"It's walnut," he said.

"It's lower," she thought.

"Y'know, funnily enough I was just looking back at Merentix's Q3 figures this morning," said Modini. "I've gotta tell you, it was such a shame to see them sliding like that, especially after you all had such a strong first quarter this year. I would ask how Q4 went, but, heh, I guess just seeing you here right now answers that."

Anna averted her eyes at the remark. She knew that the limits of etiquette, even in that unique circumstance, were being stretched by her continued silence. But she could feel that any verbalization in that moment was more likely than not to come out stuttered and mangled, so it was all she could do to remain standing upright and try to hold onto her composure.

"Well, Anna, I just want to make sure you know," said Modini. "With this bear market still on... the impending recession... all these supply chain troubles... I know it's a tough world out there right now. But I hope you feel fortunate, and secure, to know you've got someone lookin' out for you."

The sea of subtext roiling beneath Modini's schmaltz was vast enough to drown Anna in disgust. But, realizing her grace had been fully exhausted, and not wanting to jeopardize her sole objective, she recognize that a response was finally in order.

"Thank you," she said, expending the minimum degree of effort required to deliver the sentiment.

"Honestly, it's a shame we don't get to see more of each other," Modini mused. "Even these little annual reunions are always so brief. And of course they're always all business, always right down to brass tacks. There's so much unexplored potential here, don't you think?"

Modini's words were increasingly melting into mush as they seeped into Anna's ears, straining through her divided attention like a sieve. And they weren't the only thing she could feel turning to mush. The pressure laying siege to her anus had grown so overwhelming that she began to fear lasting muscle injury if she resisted any longer.

"Do you like seafood?" Modini continued to ramble. "There's this little hole in the wall near my Summer house in the Hamptons. The oysters there are--"

****BLRRRT****

Both Modini's sentence and the general tone were abruptly cut through by a sudden, involuntary ejection of gas from Anna's rear. A potent, awkward silence momentarily hung in the air, before said air was quickly invaded by a distinct, sour odor.

"E-excuse me...," muttered Anna, finally unable to restrain the notes of shame and humiliation that began to creep into her facial expression. "I...I'm sorry, but... can we please just get on with it?"

Modini stared at her with a look that began as bemusement, but quickly transitioned to contented resignation. "Brass tacks it is," he said.

Turning toward the edge of his desk nearest the window, Modini gestured casually for Anna to relocate herself there. "So the light will be just right," he said, giving a playful wink.

With a small, silent nod, Anna trudged to the edge of the desk as instructed. Once there, she stopped and stood facing directly toward her would-be benefactor, who smiled blissfully as he watched the city's golden glow elegantly wrap around her.

"I presume you don't need reminding of what will be required for your performance tonight to be considered satisfactory," Modini said. Anna again nodded silently. For a moment she simply stood there and continued to stare him down, just barely able to see the whites of his eyes glinting from what faint light could reach him. As the moment passed, she slowly and silently turned herself around to face away from Modini, and instead out of the same window through which he had been peering moments ago. A final adjustment of her feet placed Anna as close as possible to Modini's desk, with her diapered bottom hanging directly over its surface.

In spite of her overwhelming desperation in that moment, Anna was still left with a lifetime of mental obstacles to clear away. Not only had she been accustomed for decades to restraining nature's call outside of the confines of a bathroom, but she had just spent the last week making a constant effort to evade that call. Trying to suddenly reverse all of that momentum felt as futile as trying to suddenly reverse an ocean liner. Still, she knew from past experience that the psychological stalemate would be short-lived. With her conscious force of will no longer providing support, her subconscious hangups were now hopelessly outmatched against the oncoming storm. With a grunt and a single gentle push from Anna, the phalanx was broken.

Pfft...

With the humblest toot of the evening, the long-delayed bowel movement had begun. Though her myriad mental blocks prevented Anna from fully unleashing the torrent, the point-of-no-return was nevertheless passed, and the dam was breached. Still clutching fiercely to her facade of dignity, Anna diverted what energies she had been using to hold in her load, to instead reinforce the chiseled glare on her face. With her cold expression held firmly affixed, she allotted the remainder of her stamina to pushing.

At long last, after two false starts preceding the official event that evening, Anna's longest-held turd finally began to inch its way out between her soft butt cheeks. Her eyelids twitched sporadically as the rocky surface of the week-old log scraped against her already raw anus. She couldn't help but emit multiple breathy grunts while her weary rosebud steadily dilated to fit the jagged behemoth through. On a typical day, the 6 inches of excrement she had already extruded would have likely signaled the completion of a movement, but on this occasion the 6-inch mark coincided only with her sphincter finally expanding to the full girth of her first log. Still, with the torturous stretching finished at last, Anna did manage to find a small measure of relief as the remaining 5 inches of the bulbous BM crackled smoothly out of her.

With the full 11 inches of Anna's first dropping now outside of her body, the monster had already touched fabric before it had even split off from her busy hole. As Anna felt the beast make contact with her clothing, she found a small ration of relief in the fact that she was depositing it into the cheap cotton of a disposable diaper, and not the non-machine washable fabric of her usual satin panties. Showing neither sympathy nor loyalty to the vulgar, plastic monstrosity clinging to her waist, she tightened her sphincter around the tail end of her inaugural poop, causing it to finally break off and drop into her diaper. The heavy waste landed violently in its new home, creating a sizeable bulge that protruded easily through both Anna's diaper and slacks. The load from which her pants now drooped was large enough to be deservedly called a "huge accident" by nearly anyone's standards, but Anna had barely even begun.

Since the immense first log had already pried open Anna's sphincter to its full width, hardly any resistance remained against the onslaught to follow. Anna's eyelids began to flutter, and her body to uncontrollably shiver as a bellowing blast of gas ushered in the next snake, eager to ram its way through her hole. Despite being nearly as old as the first log, she was pleasantly surprised to find it noticeably smoother and softer than its predecessor as it mooshily glided into her pants. Even more noticeable, however, was how much longer it was. Inch by inch the endless poop poured out of Anna's quivering bottom, 'til the sensual ecstasy finally became too much to conceal. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth to compensate for the involuntary parting of her lips, and a powerful sigh of pleasurable relief surged through her nostrils as the full 17 inches of her second turd finished crackling into her diaper.

By this point, the seat of Anna's pants bore vanishingly little resemblance to her usual curvaceous rump, and far more to an ineptly smuggled sack of potatoes. Though she could not see the bulging load growing within her pants, she could feel that said pants had miraculously not yet torn. The choice of polyester and spandex blend didn't quite jibe with her usual taste in suits - accordingly it was the only one in her wardrobe - but in the moment she was endlessly grateful to have it.

Unfortunately for Anna, her fleeting respite was abruptly halted by the arrival of a feeling she'd ironically been craving for the past week -- emptiness.

Having already pushed two enormous logs into her pants, Anna could hardly pretend to be surprised at the sudden lack of weight she now felt inside. In truth she could not even claim that the feeling was unpleasant.

What disturbed her so penetratingly about the sudden sensation lied entirely in its implication. Despite now being packed with a staggering volume of her excrement, Anna's pants - though they drooped astoundingly low from the load they held - still hung several inches above the surface of the desk. And if Anna, standing sturdily there at her post with knees locked, was to fulfill the terms of the arrangement, there was no question -- she had to reach the desk.

Anna issued a firm grunt. Silence ensued.

She grunted again, louder. Still nothing.

Despair quickly began to envelope her, like a python seizing its prey at the sight of an opening. All that she had put herself through for the sake of her business empire -- not only for the past week, but for the consecutive years past that she had stood over a desk in that room. All of it about to be undone if this year's funds did not come. The thought of it crushed her. It destroyed her. It infuriated her.

In a wave of fortitude propelled by a surge of adrenaline, Anna sucked in a formidable breath and dug her nails into her thighs with force that began to pierce the fabric. Through teeth gritted so tightly her ears rang, Anna squeezed her eyes shut and let loose a mighty grunt that vibrated through her entire being.

****BRRROORRP****

From her shuddering bottom erupted a blast of flatulence that rippled through the steaming pile in her diaper and echoed through the room. And then, from deep within Anna's bowels, in an explosion that felt to her like she had summoned it into being through pure willpower, came her salvation. Anna's whole body shook violently as a storm of pops and farts welcomed a third and final marbled log into her diaper. Her breathing collapsed into an erratic seizure of gasps and grunts as inch upon inch of the desperately needed poop was pumped into her pamper. The visceral erotic ecstasy of her anal experience proved so overwhelming to her adrenaline-addled brain that she failed to even register the sound of the wooden "THUNK" that interrupted her closing performance less than halfway through.

Finally reaching the end of what had briefly felt like an endless supply of poop, Anna released a last deep sigh, bookending her show with a small toot to match the first. For a moment she simply stood there, allowing the endorphines to wash out of her head as her own stench simultaneously billowed into it through her nose. Anna found herself beginning to sink into an almost sleep-like trance as she quietly basked in the air she had just polluted. And she could have remained in that trance for quite some time had she not been suddenly jolted back to attention by a quick, bright flash from behind.

Anna whipped around toward the source of the light - her loaded diaper squelching as it slid off of the desk and slapped against her thighs. She completed her turn just quickly enough to observe the silhouetted Modini sliding a cell phone back into his coat pocket.

"Had to get at least one for the memories," he said. "I mean, how often do you see something like that?"

With a quiet chuckle he stood up and extended his open hand toward Anna. Despite what she had just experienced, Anna still felt a froth of contempt welling up inside her from the sight of it, but she knew well enough not to indulge it. With silent resignation she extended her own hand to begrudgingly accept the gesture. As the two of them shook hands, Modini beamed at her with a patronizingly contended smile.

"That was a hell of a show, Anna. You should be proud," chirped Modini. "And you can expect Merentix's finances to be comfortably back in the black for the next year."

The news of her secured lifeline should have brought a smile to Anna's face, but the whirlwind of hormones she had just endured left her tapped almost as empty of emotion as she currently was of feces.

"Thank you," she mumbled with as much volume as she could muster, in lieu of expressing any visual warmth. Modini stared contemplatively into her eyes.

"Well, suffice it to say, the mandatory portion of our arrangement has now concluded for this evening," declared Modini. "That being said, if you're at all interested, you're more than welcome to stay and enjoy a longer evening here."

Anna reflexively stared away as the toned deaf offer struck her with a note more sour than any she had just hit during her performance. "No thank you," she flatly stated. Modini gave a resigned smile.

"I expected as much," he admitted. "But ya can't blame a guy for trying."

Just as Anna turned to leave, she felt a sudden, but cushioned jolt. The feeling of a hand slapping her ass. Or at least, it would be slapping her ass, were it not blocked by what felt like 12 pounds of poop. She jolted back around to look at Modini, who simply offered a wink and a smile as he stared unflinchingly back into her eyes. For a moment she continued to stare defiantly back, but the effort immediately felt like trying to tunnel through concrete with a spoon.

After a final beat of silence, Anna turned back and carried on her way. She crinkled and squelched as she awkwardly waddled her way back to the awaiting elevator. Wordlessly she plucked her trenchcoat from the rack and tucked it under her arm before proceeding straight into the lift.

Once inside, in a final defiance of etiquette, she declined to turn back toward the door, leaving her host to stare at her backside as she departed. She realized the view was a treat of its own for him, but the concession was worth it for the option not to see his face again. Just as the door began to close, one last sentiment flew across the suite toward her.

"Happy new year."





PFFT...

CRACKLE



