

“How ya doing?” Kara asked, staring at him from over the rim of a mug.

“Hanging in there!” Sweat on his forehead from standing near the industrial washer for so long. “I didn’t think there would be so many dishes to take care of!”

“Don’t worry, around ten o’clock or so it slows down until the lunch rush. That’s when you’ll *really* need to--”

Amber poked her head through the food window over the grill. “Kara, table four is ready to order!!”

“*Finally! They were taking forever!*” Her break cut short, Kara left her coffee on a table in the kitchen while she left to take an order.

Casey thought nothing of it until Ryan brushed past him with a devious snicker. Reaching under the dishwasher, he pulled out a bottle of industrial soap. Casey was dumbstruck when he held the bottle over the waitress’s coffee and let several drops fall into the dark liquid.

“What are you doing??” Casey asked.

*CLANK!*

A plate slipped from his distracted grip. “*Dammit.*”

Ryan replaced the soap bottle and glanced at his cooking partner. “Butch, you didn’t tell him?”

“I forgot! What do you want me to do about it?? I’m flippin’ cakes over here!”

Rolling his eyes, Ryan returned to his spot on the grill. He addressed Casey’s concerned expression. “Don’t worry about it; just watch...”

Kara returned a few minutes later with a breakfast order. Unsuspecting, she sighed in exhaustion and drank what remained of her coffee. She caught Casey staring at her, mostly due to the dish soap she just drank in her coffee.

“Everything all right?” she asked.

Casey wondered if he should tell her. Would it be the right thing to do? Ryan had acted as though this was completely normal. Glancing at the cooks, he saw them subtly shaking their heads tell him to keep quiet.

“Uhh, so far!” Casey assured, laughing nervously.

“You’re just thinking about this morning, aren’t you?” Kara teased and turned to leave. “Don’t worry about it! At least you did it on accident. Unlike *Butch.*”

The cook raised a greasy spatula in defense. “Eeey, what am I supposed to do?? Walk on by and ignore the sights??”

Kara gave them a playful smirk on her way out.

“I don’t get it,” Casey admitted when she’d gone.

“I was talkin’ about gettin’ to see them in their bras and underwear,” Butch elaborated.

“Not that! *The soap!* What was the point??”

Ryan chuckled. “Just wait a little longer.”

Only a few minutes passed before Kara was heard laughing through the kitchen pass. She slammed her hands onto the surface, leaning forward with giddy excitement. Casey nearly broke a plate when he followed the cooks' gaze.

Kara was sporting an unbelievable rack compared to what Casey remembered. Between her arms were two breasts like melon halves. Enough cleavage was crammed into her uniform to force the top button open. The amount of flesh was far more than what was there in the locker room.

"Ok, which one of you got me??" Kara jeered.

Ryan raised his hand in triumph. "Guilty!"

Bounding on her heels, Kara set her chest on the window's surface as if to show it off. "Nice one, Ryan! I had to loosen my top button right in front of my table before it blew itself open!"

He shrugged in response, donning an innocent expression. "Sorry! You know you can't trust the coffee around here!"

She winked. "Hey I'm not complaining! Those businessmen gave a great tip!" Busy with other tables, she left with her blonde hair bouncing as much as her breasts.

Casey was stunned. Catching his confused gaze, Butch pointed out, "I think he noticed!"

"*Noticed??* She was popping out of her uniform! What did you do to her??"

Ryan turned around and leaned against the sink to cross his arms. "Couple years back someone decided to prank a waitress by putting some of the dishwasher soap in her coffee. Turns out, once it's in their system, any movement causes the soap to bubble and *fill them up*, if you get what I mean."

Casey stared in sheer confusion.

"The soap makes their tits blow up!" Butch yelled far too loudly. "Like titty balloons!"