

The Chav Machine

For Glorp
By TheSpiralledEye

Katie is a posh advertising executive known for her natural beauty; but then a jealous woman traps her in a strange machine that warps her body and mind into that of a fat, chav hooker hungry for cock.

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I gave my most charming smile to the security guard as I walked past toward the stairs, enjoying the way his eyes linger over my body. With my pert, pretty breasts and long, natural blonde hair I'm used to this sort of attention and I love it. It was a big part of why I love my job in advertisement, it gives me an excuse to visit so many new offices and people and I never get tired of the way eyes turn the first time I step into a room. Most women would kill to have my natural beauty and the jealous looks other women gave me was just fuel for my own confidence.

I might have to talk to Chase about my assignments though. This new pharmaceutical and tech firm may be big spenders when it comes to their advertising campaigns but their workers left a lot to be desired. Not to mention the environment. I stepped down toward the basement with a grimace; it looked creepy and unused, why on Earth did they want to have a meeting down here rather than up in their nice, airy board room upstairs?

I grabbed my phone to check the email one more time just to be sure I hadn't misread it. I had not, Not only that, but they didn't even get cell service down here, what sort of tech company had dead zones in their own building? Pathetic. I couldn't wait to get this over with so I could go back to working on the Luscious Lipstick account instead, that was a lot more fun and easy to understand than whatever this new wristband or whatever it was this company wanted me to advertise.

I walked through the concrete walls and shivered at the cold, grateful when a familiar face appeared out the door at the end of the hall.

"Good morning Hannah," I greeted, the frumpy brunette simply nodded.

A real social butterfly this one. They had only met a handful of times. Hannah was the lead designer on some secret project they were thinking of releasing in a few years. Every time

I'd tried talking to her she'd been curt and even downright rude. I had no idea why, perhaps she was simply socially awkward like a lot of these nerdy types.

"My name's Katie, I don't know if you remember me-"

"I remember you." Hannah actually rolled her eyes, "Please step into the meeting room so we can start this.

She was pointing at a heavy looking metal door and my nose scrunched up; that looked more like an industrial freezer than the entrance to a meeting room. Oh well, she was right, the sooner we started the sooner we could finish and I was more than eager to be out of here.

I gave Hannah what I hoped read as a polite smile and opened the door, jumping when it slammed closed again the second I was through. Blinking in surprise I found myself in an empty room, no tables, no computers, certainly not a meeting room that was for sure.

I turned to open the door only to find it locked and my heart gave a panicked flutter.

"Hey, Hannah! What the hell is this? Open the ah...open the..."

I was starting to feel dizzy, my vision blurring around the edges. What the hell was going on? I felt my legs crumple beneath me and I collapsed against the door. As my eyes fluttered closed the last thing I heard before losing consciousness was the hissing sound of gas being pumped into the room.

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Consciousness returned slowly and I groaned as my eyes fluttered open. They felt crusty, as if I'd been asleep for a long time but when he I tried to rub them clear I found to my horror, that my arms were suspended above me. All of a sudden, I was wide awake and panicking as I tried to make sense of my surroundings.

For a moment, I thought there was another woman in the room with me but then I realised I was staring at my own reflection. I was laying on a silver table, hung at an angle so that I was halfway between lying down and upright. Metal cuffs held my ankles and wrists in place, spreading me like a starfish and to add insult to injury, I was totally naked! You could see everything from my round double D breasts to my perfectly shaved pussy. The angle of my spread legs meant it was on full display.

“H-hello?” I called, “What’s going on here?”

A moment later my reflection disappeared and I realised that what I had been looking at was a two way mirror. Behind the now clear glass stood Hannah, glasses perched on the end of her nose as she gazed at me with a vindictive smile.

“So nice of you to join me.” She cooed, “I do hope you’re comfortable.”

I struggled against the restraints but it was no good, the metal was solid and unyielding. I was pinned in place. My chest was heaving as I took deep panicked breaths, what the hell was going on?

“What’s happening? Hannah, why are you doing this?” I yell, terrified of the gleam in her eyes.

“Because I’ve seen the way you’ve been acting.” Hannah replied with a grimace, “You think just because you’re pretty you can do whatever you want. You’re nothing more than an attention whore. I’ve seen the way you look down your nose at me and all the other women in this office.”

“That’s not true!” I argued, okay sometimes I can be a little snarky but that’s not the same!

“You think just because you’re some posh bitch from London you can strut around like God’s gift to Earth well, I am here to teach you a lesson!”

Fear gave way to fury as indignant rage began to boil in my blood. This lady had drugged and kidnapped me because I was hot?

“I can’t help it if I am pretty! I put in the effort!” I argued “You’re crazy! Completely insane, when my lawyer hears about this-!”

“Your lawyer won’t hear jack shit.” Hannah cursed, clicking away at a keyboard slightly out of the mirror's frame.

“See, maybe if you didn’t use such awful language people might actually want to talk to you.” I hissed, maybe not the smartest thing to do when a madwoman had you strapped to some sort of weird experimentation table but I couldn’t help it.

Hannah just gave me one final smirk as she pressed down on her keyboard and the mirror went shiny and reflective once more. Giving me a perfect view of my naked body as it shivered in the cool room.

For a few tense moments there was nothing but me and the silence, the anticipation of whatever Hannah was going to do to me began to gnaw at my stomach and I felt my short lived confidence drain away along with my anger, replaced once more with a sense of trepidation. Part of which wished she would hurry up and get on with it. Unfortunately, it seemed that wish was about to come true.

The sound of hydraulics whirred above me and slowly strange grey tubes began to descend, moving and coiling like snakes. The movement was so lifelike they almost seemed alive. At the end of each hose like tubes was a shiny metal nozzle, all of which were pointing straight at me. I held my breath, bracing from another gassing but instead the nozzles descended until they sat by my feet.

A second later a cold orange spray started coating my skin. I writhed in shock, giggling nervously as the mist began to tickle my toes and move up my feet. It was hard to look down at my angle thanks to the restraints so instead I looked to the mirror. I watched, more confused than anything as the nozzles began working their way up my body, painting my skin an awful brownish orange hue.

“Did you seriously drug and string me up to give me a bad spray tan?!” I cried, but Hannah did not reply.

The nozzles were thorough, even poking down to spray the skin covered by the manacles around my ankles. Slowly they worked their way up my thighs toward my vagina and I desperately tried to wiggle away. It was no use though; even bracing myself for it the cold spray made me wince as the tanning continued.

They moved up and over my pretty breasts, turning my pink nipples brown and staining my creamy skin that awful orange colour. I closed my eyes as they continued along my arms and face, wincing as I felt the sticky liquid tangle into my hair. The nozzles retreated and I blinked my eyes open, horrified with my own reflection; I looked like one of those awful women who rubbed cheap instant tan from the supermarket all over their skin expecting it to look natural. At least it was over now.

At least that's what I thought. The table shifted, my manacles becoming loose and revealing they were actually attached to thick chains. I was suspended in the air, back and ass now exposed so that the nozzles could paint them as well. I could only watch my own reflection helplessly, shivering as the nozzles parted my ass cheeks to ensure they got every last patch of pale skin.

Humiliation burned through me as I hung there, feeling the tan dry on my skin. I was still hanging there like a prized pig feeling exposed and embarrassed. I vowed that the moment I got out of here I would make Hannah pay, ten times over. Being forced to walk out of this place with my skin looking like a damn oompa loompa was going to be awful.

"This had better not stain my clothes!" I yelled, "You hear me? That skirt is a Chanel! You'd better hope you don't need to replace it for me!"

"Oh, I don't think that'll be a problem." Hannah's voice replied, crackling slightly through foam speakers, "Those clothes won't even fit you soon."

A bolt of fear jolted through me at those words as the chains returned me to my bed, holding me in place with nothing but my own worried reflection to keep me company. A moment later more whirring, but this time from the floor. I expected more snake-like tubes but instead two robotic claws appeared, something black stretched between them.

It took me a moment to realise it was a pair of pants, huge pants; each of the legs were easily thick enough to fit both mine in it without even needing to stretch. There was something strange about the material too; it was hard to tell but as they rose up out of the ground I could have sworn I could see something glimmering on the inside.

The manacles around my ankles unlatched and for a moment I thought this was it; my chance at freedom. I kicked, struggling with all my might only for yet more robotic limbs to appear and take hold of my feet. I struggled but I was no match for their mechanical might as they stretched my legs out and forced them into each of the giant legs of the pants.

On closer inspection, they were not pants at all, more like stockings with enclosed feet and a very high waistline. I wasn't even sure if I could call it that when the elastic snapped it just beneath my breasts.

I looked ridiculous; the top half of my body was normal, the second half looked as though it had been coated with a giant, blubbery balloon. Everything from my torso down looked three times as thick as the rest of me. It felt heavier too, it was almost as if the space between the strange cloth and my skin was filling in with a soft, foamy substance, almost like a fat suit. There was one upside though, my awful tan was hidden.

More of that foam was spreading inside the suit now, squeezing my legs and ass tightly as it expanded to fill every nook and crevice.

“Oh God, n-not there,” I beg as it surrounds my ass crack and pressed against my folds, “What is happenin-oooooooooh!”

All at once my skin began to tingle, it felt warm and gooey against the foam and I couldn't help but moan at the sensation. Then I realised there was something else happening, my skin felt as though it were stretching? The muscles in my legs began to bulge, not with strength but fat as they pushed back against the strange foamy substance. My limbs swelled inside the foam, slowly replacing it as my skin struggled to stretch fast enough to keep up with the incredible growth.

“Oh gods, n-not, why? Why are you making me fat?” I begged, “Why does it feel so...ah! AHHH!”

It felt like every part of my lower body was relaxing as it grew, like a sore muscle being massaged out. My skin legs turned thick; my ankles all but disappeared as my calves swelled and my ass; Oh Gods my add. It felt as though it were being blown up like a balloon! I could feel every inch of it as it swelled, I'd spent so many nights at the gym doing squats and now the fruits of my labour were vanishing right in front of my eyes.

“Ooooh Gods, my ass! Fuck s-stop! Please!”

It didn't though, going from taut and pretty to a full of bubble but and beyond. As it swelled I was pushed further and further off the table by its sheer size. The foam inside the strange black stockings was completely gone now, my body having swelled to fill them entirely. I watched as the fabric turned sheer, letting that orange tan show through.

I looked like a fat hooker, my huge pussy still well on display thanks to the machine continuing to spread my legs. I could see the rolls of fat on my belly and whimpered in shame. It would take me forever to lose this much weight! Not to mention how bottom heavy I was now, with my arms and breasts still their regular size. I looked like a freak!

I was so distraught and distracted by my fattening body I didn't even notice the buzzing around my skull until I felt something press against my head. I watched in the mirror as the shavers slowly removed my beautiful natural blonde locks, they fell away with ease and all I could do was watch.

“Not my hair!”

“Don’t worry, I won’t let you go around being bald.” Hannah's voice taunted, “I’ll give you something to suit your new...aesthetic. But first, we have a few more little touches to do.”

More robotic arms began to descend around me, the first of which looked like some sort of strange mix between a pen and a gun of all things. My chains tanked me forward so I was suspended in the air once more, my now flabby stomach hanging toward the ground. The movement was sudden, but I could feel my ass still jiggling seconds later, my fat ass still working through the movement as that strange buzzing gun lowered itself behind me. I watched in the mirror until it disappeared behind my back and then a second later a sharp pain hit my upper back.

“Hey! Ouch!! Ow, ow ow! What are you doing?” I cried, “Is that... a tattoo gun?! What are you writing on me?”

Hannah didn't reply, I could only hang there, feeling the gun slowly work its way across my shoulder blade. I didn't dare try to wriggle free, the last thing I wanted was for that ink to stab further into me. Or for whatever it was drawing to look smudged. Tattoos were trashy enough on their own but badly done ones were the worst.

After what seemed like an age the gun moved away and I sighed in relief only to be tilted again. I caught a quick glance of my shoulder as the machinery turned me; a badly drawn rose was now permanently stained to my shoulder in tattoo ink. I was almost glad the chains were pulling back onto the table again so I didn't have to look at it more.

The mechanical arm whirred, coming round to my front before slowly descending to my breasts.

“N-no! Not there! Ah! Ahhh!!”

I watched, trying my best not to writhe as the tattoo gun began drawing on my sensitive breast. It became obvious quickly that it was writing something though it was hard to make out, reflected in the mirror.

“B-A...D?” I sounded out, “Then another B...wait, hang on, Bad Bitch?! Why would anybody want that written on their tits!?”

Yet there it was, in that awful, barely legible cursive that so many people thought looked classy. The words were stretched across my tits, one word on each. I'd never been so humiliated in all my life! Finally I realised what was happening, Hannah was turning me into a fat, trashy bimbo!

"Hannah! You've made your point!" I cried, "Please stop this! I don't want to look any worse."

"Don't worry." Hannah's voice said with a fake smoothness to it, "You'll be a lot happier in a minute."

Yet another tube, thicker than the last, descended from the ceiling. This one had a nozzle made of soft rubber, almost like a baby's bottle and I shivered, wondering what on Earth it could be used for. I got my answer a moment later as it began to move forwards, pressing against my lips.

She expected me to open my mouth and let that thing inside me? Hell no. I pressed my lips into a thin line, desperately trying to make sure that rubber teat didn't get past my lips.

"Come on now, don't be cheeky." Hannah teased, "This will make things so much more enjoyable for you, trust me."

Perhaps it was the panic, perhaps it was my temper flaring. I couldn't be sure. But in that moment I had yet another moment of stupidity. I opened my mouth, wanting to tell Hannah to shut the fuck up but a second later that teeth pushed past my lips and settled itself on my tongue.

Pressed against the table as I was, I couldn't move my head back any further. The nuzzle was in my mouth and I couldn't do anything about it, not even turn my head. A moment later a sweet, thick liquid began to drip from it. Moving slowly like syrup to fill my mouth. It tasted of honey and something floral, after so much unpleasantness, the delicious taste was a welcome surprise no matter how dire the situation was.

"That's a good girl, swallow it down." Hannah encouraged, "You'll have to get used to swallowing soon enough."

I didn't know what she meant by that, I didn't care. I was just focusing on keeping that liquid in my mouth. I pushed with my tongue, trying to push it out my lips but there was too much.

Slowly it began to dribble down my throat and my body reacted naturally, swallowing down the sweetness.

Almost immediately a strange light-headedness descended upon me, my thoughts becoming as slow moving as the syrup flowing down my throat. Without thinking my lips pursed and I began to suck, pulling more of the tasty liquid into my mouth and swallowing it down. It was soooooo tasty.

“Mmmhhhhfff...”

“That’s it, good girl.”

As I drank, I noticed something else, a swelling in my arms. Lazily my eyes fixed on the mirror and I watched as they too began to turn flabby and fat. Catching up with my belly and legs now.

“The expansion pants were such a treat to design,” Hannah’s voice explained, “But damn expensive let me tell you. I decided to go the more traditional route for fattening your top half, plus it’s got the added benefit of being a little soporific.”

“Mmmgh?”

“Ah, those words are probably a bit beyond you right now, huh?” She giggled, “Just think of it as being a little tipsy, a little drunk if you will.”

I certainly felt a little drunk but even so, I didn’t want to get fatter! I stopped sucking, pressing the tip of my tongue to the nozzle to stop any more of that tasty sweet syrup from entering my mouth. The lovely, sugary taste pressed against the tip of my tongue; so yummy...so good...

It was only a few moments later, as my heavy lidded eyes slid back into focus on my reflection that I realised I had started to suckle again. I stopped myself, but once more that sleepy, heavy feeling took over my mind and I began to day dream, sucking and swallowing once more. I entered a strange routine, trying hard to resist, falling back into that dreamlike state for a moment before snapping back out of it and repeating. Each time I slipped back under I was in that state for longer and longer. It took so much effort to stop drinking down that lovely syrup after a while I was struggling to remember why I was fighting in the first place.

The nozzle was removed from my mouth with a wet pop and I blinked in surprise. That light-headedness was still there but now that I wasn't actively drinking, I could better focus on what all that syrup had done to my body.

“M-my tits, oh g-god of fuck...”

How had I not felt them stretching? Now that I had no other distractions it's all I could think about. I could feel them getting heavy and fat, swelling, almost as though they were filling with milk like a mother. Hannah had not been lying though, it felt...strangely good. It was almost like sculptures hands were pulling on my nipples, stretching them out and bringing the rest of my boobs with them.

“Ahhh, ah! Oooh that's s-so...”

I bit down hard on my lip to stop the words from escaping; the last thing I wanted to admit was that it felt good. I watched as the top half of my body slowly caught up with my fattened torso. My huge boobs now hanging in heavy teardrops off my chest. I had been a double D before this even began, I wasn't sure they even made bras big enough to hold these giant wobbling tits.

Those tattooed words were now stretched and half faded, looking even trashier and I could only imagine what the rose on my shoulder had become. A warped nightmare no doubt.

Robotic arms appeared one more, this one possessed a needle. I closed my eyes and felt a tiny pinch on my lip, a moment later I felt something warm pumping beneath my skin. My lips plumping as they were botoxed. When I opened my eyes I could scarcely recognise the woman in front of me. Her lips were so fat they seemed set in a permanent pout and even more tiny robotic arms were working around her face, attaching fake eyelashes and painting on awful pink blush. Two piercing guns even appeared, attaching large, fake gold hoops to my heads that were far too heavy and made the lobes stretch as they hung.

“Ssssstop.” I mumbled, struggling to get used to my new swollen lips.

“Almost done darling.”

This time the mechanical arms returned with clothing; it would have been a relief, after all the needs and tattoo guns; but instead I cringed. The clothes were...awful. Purple, fluffy fabric

boots, a black boob tube that looked far too small for my giant tits and a pile of pink fluff passing for a faux fur jacket. Surely she wouldn't expect me to wear those!

The ugly boots were pushed onto my fat feet, the boobtube forced around my boobs and pressed tight until the hooks at the back were just touching.

"It's too tight!" I wailed, feeling my huge breasts crushed against my chest. The cleavage was huge, lose your hand in it. Not that anybody could fit their hand between my breasts anymore, they were squeezed together so tight they almost felt like rocks. By some miracle, the robotic arms forced the hooks at the back of the boob tube together and moved away. The fabric was so tight I was sure it was just a matter of time before it ripped or my breasts simply fell out for all to see.

One final touch; I watched in the mirror as a wig descended from the ceiling and placed itself atop my head. The tiny robotic arms worked quickly to adhere it to my bald skull. It felt stretchy and cheap, like hair that had been dyed and straightened till it was barely even alive anymore. It was a faded bleached blonde and I mounted my lovely natural cornflower yellow hair all the more.

The manacles finally released only for the mechanical arms to catch me; something I was actually grateful for as I wasn't sure I'd have been able to stand on my own after gaining all this weight so quickly. My gratitude disappeared swiftly however as I was carried across to a part of the room hidden from my view until now.

There was a sleek, silver chair made of hard metals, above it sat what looked like a helmet coated in wires and blinking lights. The sweet syrup still had me feeling dizzy, so even as the arms gently placed me within the chair I didn't have the stretch or dexterity to fight back in time before yet more manacles held me in place.

The helmet was lowered onto my head, crushing more of the itchy, bleached hair into my skull. Unlike most hats though, it didn't stop at my brow and soon my vision was cut off as the helmet secured itself snugly over half my face.

I heard a mechanical whirr and suddenly a strange display seemed to click on before my eyes. It was nothing but whirling colours, pulsating circles of light that made the dizziness I was suffering much worse. I wanted to close my eyes but there was something hypnotic about the way those lights moved, even as my eyelids drooped I couldn't seem to force myself to close them entirely.

"So pretty..." I mumbled.

They were pretty, so nice, so fun to watch. I felt my mind going blank as the circles pulsed and moved. I was so mesmerised watching the pretty lights dance I didn't notice the voice in

my ears for several minutes, or was it hours? It was getting hard to tell exactly how much time was passing.

The voice was harsh, abrasive, and though I could tell it was speaking English I was having a hard time following the words. They floated in one ear and swirled around in my brain without comprehension. The voice was female and strangely familiar in a way I just couldn't place. A moment later though I had a new distraction and with my mind so foggy I could not concentrate on two things at once; so the voice faded, becoming background noise even as the words kept coming.

The screen kept its pulsing, swirling lights yet there were other things laid over it. It was like watching a movie but from a first person perspective.

I was sitting at a desk looking down at an English test with a big red D on it. That wasn't right...I always got good grades in school didn't I? Yes, I was sure, I was a straight A student, I got a full ride to Oxford. That was how I landed my job in...in...what was my job again? I was having trouble remembering all of a sudden. How strange. Perhaps it was just this strange series of memories playing out over and over again. I watched as I shovelled cake into my mouth as a teenager, then again as I headed to college.

There were no prestigious plaques or icy coated walls though, this was a community college. The walls were faded and the teachers rejected from other, better institutions. That wasn't right either! I was smart, I went to...community college. Yes that was right, Oxford was nothing more than a fantasy, I failed most of my high school classes, there was no way I could go there.

I watched as yet another test slid across a desk at me, this time with a large letter F. It had been my midterm, I would have gotten kicked out of school. The memory was becoming clearer now, imprinted in my brain rather than just an image on the screen and my pussy began to grow warm.

I saw it all playing out before me just as I remembered it, like live, first person porn. I was not considered pretty even though I'd done everything the magazines at the check out told me; I tanned, I bleached my hair, I bought the brighter, prettiest pink lipsticks. Still my professor didn't seem keen on my offer until I slid down to my knees. It had been the first time I'd sucked off an older man and even now the memory was making my mouth water.

I had a high sex drive, nothing had ever really been able to satisfy me save multiple men in a single night. When I realised I could suck my professors off for a good grade I'd become addicted. My fat lips had slurped along the length, swirling my tongue and licking at the professor's slit until he came. He was the first in a long line of better grades.

It had been so good, until one prude of a teacher decided to report me and get me kicked out of college. At the time I'd been so sad but then I realised it was actually a blessing in disguise. It is true what they say, you do find yourself in college and I had. I had

discovered my talent and passion and like so many, followed it to a lucrative career as a hooker.

“Ah fookn’ love cock.”

That voice in my ear, the words were becoming clearer and without thinking I found myself repeating them. Over and over again I whispered them, my quiet voice rising with every repetition. Now I know why the voice seemed so familiar, it was mine!

That strong chavvy accent was like music to my ears, how could I have ever thought it sounded harsh? My life continued to play back for me; my first night working corners, the delicious feeling of men ploughing into me one after the other, the discovery of new kinks to try every night. Some guys want some really messed up stuff, but my need for cash and cock was great and I was up for anything these days.

Even now I could feel my lips moistening, not just the ones on my face but the ones between my legs as well. Sounds were being added to the video, hot moans and primal growls as I relived each and every one of my clients.

“Ah! Fuck oh, ya! Jus’ like tha’!”

I couldn't even tell if the words were coming from my mouth now or the recording, we were speaking over each other and I felt myself falling into my memories more. It was strange, if I thought really hard I could almost remember a different life; one where I was some posh, stuck up bitch. I tried hard to focus on it but like sand through my fingers it kept slipping away as my arousal got stronger and stronger.

I watched as I lowered myself onto a man in my memories and I swore I could feel it now. The way my inner walls stretched and burned as they were entered was down right intoxicating. As much as I loved being pounded into the mattress, that first penetration was always hard to top. It was when my pussy was tightest and I felt my eyes threatening to roll up into my skull at the memory.

I watched as the fancy businessmen turned me around, putting me on my hands and knees and he thrust into me while standing at the side of the bed. The mattress at the cheap hotel squeaked and groaned under my weight and I felt my huge nipples grow hard. It almost hurt, thanks to the tightness of my tube top but unlike before I found myself shivering in delight. I loved wearing clothes that were too tight, it showed off all my curves so well. God I am so sexy.

“Ahhhh mmmmhhh....mmmmhfff.” I bit down on my fat lips, groaning as the memory switched to another nan, then another, my position always the same, ass up, pussy out.

Speaking of my vagina it was pulsing now, throbbing in time with the thrusts in my memories. I could see my hands begin to shake as orgasm came over me and now in the chair I felt wetness dripping out my hole to soak those thin stockings.

Oh God, I was going to cum, without even being touched. I could feel my great breasts heaving with every breath I took, my top struggling to keep together even as the hooks bent and strained under my weight.

“Uhhhh...Uhhhhh Oh! Oh fook’n-! AAAAGH!”

A gush of juices hit my thin stockings, instantly soaking through them to dribble down my leg and onto the metal chair which was rapidly being warmed by my body heat. The pulsing lights in my vision faded and for a moment I felt my eyes flutter shut before the helmet was removed and my manacles unlocked.

I felt strange; the memories in my head didn't seem to match up and slowly I felt more and more of them being replaced; my fancy, high class life disappearing like a dream in the morning after you wake up.

“Wha the fuck?” I mumbled, heaving myself to my feet and stumbling in my furry boots. “How did ah get here again?”

“You came to volunteer.” Came a voice, I turned to see a large metal door opening and a woman with brown hair and glasses standing in the doorway. “Thank you miss...I’m sorry, I seem to have forgotten your name.”

“Oh tha’s a bit fook’n rude innit?” I put my hands on my hips, “s’Kayteei.”

“Kayteei, of course, my apologies. I shan't forget it again.”

“What’cha using old words like shant for?” I snickered, “Ya sound like my granny, now do ah get aid for this or...?”

“It was volunteer work,” Hannah said, her smile as oddly malicious. “You’re free to go now though.”

“Whatevs.”

Something, some strange voice in the back of my mind was telling me something was off. I didn't remember offering to do volunteer work and what had I even done, exactly? As I walked up the stairs to leave though that voice seemed to get smaller and smaller with each step I took. I would worry about it later, right now I was wet and horny, not to mention my purse was empty. If I was going to afford those new lipsticks I was going to have to find myself a corner and meet some fellas. As I walked through the foyer I felt people's eyes turn to stare at me, who could blame them; I may have been on the heavy side but people knew hot stuff when they saw it. I shivered with anticipation, ready for my next man and stepped out into the street.