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Robin Wood

13. Rock Bottom

“What did you DO, Lin?” He said from between his knees looking up at the girl he came here to plow into oblivion. The acorn that was the head and essentially the *entirety* of his penis was utterly dwarfed by the nearly foot-long clitoris massaging his butt. She got *stronger* and somehow *stole* his cock.

“You stole from the old lady who runs the corner store. And you’ve terrorized me for more than a year. I am teaching you a lesson.” Lin said, still pinning him down. His sneer told her that she was right. She pulled back until the tip of her clit-dick was poised to enter. “I’ve always wondered why guys were into anal so much. Now I will be finding out for myself.”

“You said I had choices?” He blurted. He tried to push Lin’s hands off his legs, but they were too weak to contend with her newfound strength. Lin smiled and angled her hips to push herself inside of him and grunted.

“Yeah. Leave me and my family alone and get out our lives forever and deny me the chance to fuck you, or leave me and my family alone forever, get fucked, and maybe get some of your dick back in the process.” As Lin was explaining his choices, her clit seemed to be throbbing thicker and longer. He stared at it and gulped.

“How are you going to...” He said with a quiver in his voice, his asshole puckering shut tight in fear.

“The same way I *took* it. For each time I have an orgasm, I will give you back an inch. If you cry out and complain then you get *nothing*.” She let go of his thighs and slid back cautiously. “You can walk right out the door and never bother me again *ever*, if you want.” Her clit-cock was standing almost straight up, head between her low-hanging breasts. She was totally nude and her form was immaculate, and her arms and shoulders were looking more toned as well.

‘*Eleven orgasms to get my cock back?*’ He wondered if he would be able to take it. Lin stared at him and began to stroke herself slowly, smiling.

“I could get *used* to this.” She grinned with malice. Her grin was interrupted by a flinch of weakness as her orgasm approached. ‘*It’s SO sensitive. Every part of it feels good and the*

harder I squeeze it... The harder... She thought and let out a series of squeaky grunts as another batch of squirts soaked a section of the bed sheets. "That one, ahh... Didn't count, haa... For you..." She panted, squirts dying down to a trickle with her tongue almost hanging out of her mouth. '*This whole thing is my freaking clitoris. God, it's so BIG.*'

"A... Alright. Fine. FINE!" He said, defeated. He *knew* something of the pleasure she experienced and wanted it back, even if it meant *that*. Lin's orgasm faded and she held up her hand with the pointer down, spinning it.

He sighed and rolled over burying his face into a pillow and propping his ass up for her. It was still shiny and slick from being squirted and she was ready. She wasn't adept at having sex like this so it was awkward as she moved him up and down and gave him directions. After a few minutes and some coaching on his part she finally thrust the first few inches of her clit cock inside of him. He fought every urge to cry out fearing she'd go back on what she said. If it meant he was going to get his dick back, then he would suffer for it and then leave her alone forever.

As soon as Lin pushed her clit-dick inside of him he made quite a commotion into a pillow which he bit down hard on. His tight virgin ass wasn't ready for the weapon of sex her clit had become and clenched down on her instantly provoking a hard orgasm. He hadn't screamed aloud, but he did yell into the pillow a bit trying to pass it off like he hadn't.

"This *is* good. I can't wait until the whole thing is inside of you." She thrust harder, thankful for the additional glide her juices provided. The more she managed to get in there the more desperate and tight he bit and gripped the pillow. All he could do was count how many times he painted the back of his thighs with hot juice. She was in the moment loving the sensations. She came three times over the course of another ten minutes.

'I might be able to make it through this. She comes so fast!' He hoped. That hope allowed him to relax just enough to ease up the death grip his guts had on Lin's throbbing clock. Her enthusiasm to be having sex from the penetrator's perspective was turning her on immensely and she leaned forward, breasts squished against his back as she pounded harder and harder. She managed a few more inches and would have been almost balls deep inside, if she *had* any balls.

Another hard series of sprays against his legs, the sheets were soaked, but she plowed on. Taking long strokes, almost pulling out, and then sticking it as *deep* as she could felt *amazing* and soon the entire thing was inside of him. It was unpleasant at first for countless reasons, but now that he had been broken, something inside of him started enjoying it. Until she went up to the hilt on him. He knew he was massive, but Lin was bigger than him by a couple inches and had *still* been growing while she was *inside* of him. The pressure of being stretched more and more passed the point of pleasure and he bit down hard on the pillow, already wet with his saliva.

“Fuck. It feels like you are getting *tighter*.” She teased. “You feel it behind your belly button? That freaked me out, too.” She went all the way inside of him and felt another orgasm building up. She moved her hips from side to side trying to provoke a reaction from him and her windshield wiper motion stirred him up from the inside. She could *feel* each sob he let out and when her leaking lips slapped his taint like sloppy wet kisses.

“I’m sorry Lin. I’m so sorry.” He cried into the pillow, but she just shook her head as another squirt splashed and frothed between his legs, dribbling down to his little sack. Lin’s drive to *fuck* was becoming insatiable and her clit was still fully engorged. It was like the first time you try a new food and realize that it may very well have been your favorite food all along and you binge and binge. She thrust and laughed feeling a strange sensation of power.

“Sorry? Haha. I told you not to cry out. Not a single peep. Oh well. Guess I will just have to keep fucking you until I go soft. Then you can go. How’s that sound?” She said thrusting all the while. Countless months of handjobs, teasing, disrespect, cleaning up stinking cum, nightmares, stress, and so much more. She had a lot to get out of her system and she decided that now was the time. *She* had the power and wielded it with utter domination. And *he* just lay there and took it.

“Lin. Please. I beg of you.” He cried between sopping wet plaps, but she didn’t care. For the next fifteen or twenty minutes she ground him into total submission. She had been trying to shove her half-engorged clit into his ass still like threading a length of flaccid rope into the mouth of a balloon.

“Looks like I’m finally spent.” She pulled her click out of him completely and it fell limp sending a shiver up her spine. He also fell limp onto his side now that it was finally over. She stood up, put her hands on her back and stretched out. “What are you still doing here?” She said with disdain.

“But I... Why aren’t you...?” He whimpered, looking down to the button where his cock used to be.

“Leave. And *never* EVER bother me or my family or friends again.” She stood before him pointing down with accusation. His stare went to the limp eight inch beast between her legs and back to her eyes. For a moment his anger looked like it would flare up again. She held up a single palm towards him. “Be thankful that I don’t take *everything*.” She did him the service and grabbed his clothes and jacket and threw them at it. They landed in a pile of wetness which encompassed the lower central part of the bed. “Now get dressed and fuck off forever.”

He went to protest one more time, but she shut him down and kicked him out of the hotel without a second thought. He took one last look back and she slammed the door shut locking it. She watched through the spyhole for a few minutes and realized the power she had over people. What that meant. It all came clear in that instant seeing him look back and seeing hope blow away into sadness. When he finally went to the elevator and the gate closed behind him, Lin put her back to the door and slid down slowly feeling sobs coming on.

'What have I done? What am I becoming?' She pulled her knees up as far as they could go and tried to reach around breast meat squishing out to grab her legs. Her tears fell into her cleavage as she cried, shaking with a gamut of emotions. She could *feel* her clit laying atop the cold flooring as she let years of stress, emotions, and pent up anger and frustration flow forth.

A hot shower in that fancy tub felt good at first, but then she could feel how raw her asshole felt and how sensitive her clitoris was as the hot water came down. She could feel it starting to swell up again and horniness was intruding on her personal lamentation. She could *take* people's weight, their muscles, even their *dicks* if she wanted. She *could* give them back too. But not for *him*. And it was the first time in a *long* time that she felt so bad. *'But he deserved it. He deserved it.'* She told herself as she scrubbed her body and tried to coax her ass back to normal. She kept getting distracted by the foot-long clit-dick which *demande*d she give it attention. After a handful of orgasms, a long soak, and time to talk herself back from a proverbial ledge, she left the hotel.

It was quite late into the night by now and she was nervous about leaving, but her home wasn't far down the street. She had her coat zipped up as high as it could go and was still showing off plenty of cleavage, but it was the long thick clit she had the most trouble with. Her pants were too tight to put it in and she ended up holding it against her stomach. It rubbed less when she walked that way. The parlor was going to be closed and she would just go up and fall asleep. Lock the door and not even worry about the next day. She was over everything.

As she unlocked the door, she heard the sound of the TV on. It was dark, but the room was lit up by the flashing of the tv. Bruce was passed out on the love seat with a bowl of popcorn half knocked over. *'Kernels are falling between the cushions'* She thought, slipping right into her motherly pattern.

"You worked late tonight." Bruce said in a sleep voice giving a big stretch that over reclined the chair sending the remaining popcorn onto the floor. "Oop. I'll get that, don't worry." Lin's eye twitched, then she took a deep breath and smiled.

"I am... I..." She wanted to gush, but knew it would mean staying up all night.

"Let it out, girl." Bruce said, rubbing an eye and yawning.

"Tomorrow. I need to go to sleep. I've been... I've been through a lot tonight. The past few months. Years. I don't even know anymore." She said and brushed her teeth *again*, stripped totally naked, and fell back on the sheets. The heater had just gone through its 'too hot' cycle and she was ready to sleep for a month, utterly drained.

It was a fitful sleep at first, but calmed as the night went on lending her somewhat pleasant if not confusing dreams. Dreams filled with endless massages, bodies beneath her hands going

from lumpy masses into shapely beautiful bodies. And of strong muscled adonises withering into frail weaklings. She could feel their heat, smell their dripping sweat.

Swelling breasts and butts and thighs alongside tight muscled arms and legs with small waists. She looked down at all the people around her, perfect. They were ecstatic. She was showered with adoration and praised endlessly. Satisfaction filled her, but within their praise were mixed feelings and questionable looks. Was it something with her own body? She looked down at herself expecting the same beauty she gave and found herself turned into a mountainous lump of flesh, fat legs and arms barely escaping from her girth wiggling desperately, unable to move.

“What’s happening?”

Sweat poured from her body as she surveyed and *felt* breasts bigger than her whole *normal* body if she curled up into a ball. Hanging down, they held her fast to the ground. The need to run, to escape, to *move at all* overwhelmed her as she struggled against her own weight, unable to budge an inch. She moaned, feeling something inside of her push aside flesh and fat.

From between her giant macromasticated breasts and impossible fatness stretched out a cock which grew and grew to proportions rivaling her grotesque hutt-like body. Her giant tits parted as the huge cock continued to harden and lengthen. Somewhere under her folds of fat her pussy began to spill wetness and as she shifted, trapped and unmoving, she felt bloated flabby lips slipping and sliding against themselves. Amidst the fear and terror of becoming this shapeless mass was something that scared her more than anything else. *It felt good.*

“No! No! NO! LET ME GO!” She screamed at the top of her lungs in the dream and woke up with the words on her lips. She was covered in sweat and the clunking gurgle of the heater kicking off its heat cycle told her it was just a dream.

“Don’t worry baby I’m coming!” Bruce called from outside of her room and the door burst open, him standing there in a too-tight pair of golden panties huffing and puffing. *“Lin, girl. What’s going on? I heard you screaming and came running and...”* Bruce’s expression of panic and concern turned into surprise and disbelief. He even took a step back holding onto the door frame feigning losing his footing.

“I’m ok I think. It was a bad dream.” Lin said burying her head into her palms not seeing what he was looking at. Her clit-dick was fully erect and throbbing. How she hadn’t noticed it was beyond him, but that was the *biggest* penis he had *ever* seen in his entire life, internet or not.

“L...Lin. You got yourself a bit of a mega donger down there. I’m not here to press or anything, but, what the hell?” He walked over and sat down at the foot of the bed. He wanted to get closer to her and to *it*.

“I, uh... Yeah, last night... I ended up...” Tears welled up in her eyes and her lip quivered as it all came rushing back in the wake of that terrifying dream. She opened her eyes and her head

was repelled to see how close the tip of her clock was to her own face as she pulled it from her hands... "It's bigger than I remembered. Why is it hard?" She shook her head.

"Morning wood, Lin. Looks like girls with *foot long cocks* get it too." He shook his head and reached forward to grab it. He could barely wrap his fingers around the shaft. It was so girthy. "There must be a gang of men out there finding guns right now." Lin let out a sleepy whimper feeling his hands on it. Automatically he slowly stroked continuing the conversation. "It's so *freaking big*, Lin. Why so greedy?"

"It wasn't a gang of, ahn, guys. What are you doing?" Lin said.

"It's the only way it will go down. Wasn't a *gang*? Who the hell has a dick *this*... Oh... No you *didn't!*" His mouth hung open and she regaled him with the story after spraying down her sheets and most of his side. She couldn't believe the difference the *size* of her clit made to how much she squirted and how intense her orgasms were. They had talked over a late breakfast which was quickly becoming brunch.

"And that was what happened." She said over another cup of coffee.

"So your auntie did *nothing*. She definitely *knew* what was going on. That's ridiculous. Almost more ridiculous than that gigantic schlonger hanging between your knees. Makes me feel like my little clitty cock down here is worthless." He pulled the waistband of his panties and smirky frown of disappointment clouded his face. Then he cracked up laughing. "But you have to tell me again what *he* ended up with. You said something like a bag a peanuts and acorns? Why all the nutty comparisons?" He laughed and Lin joined in.

"I don't know why exactly, but seriously his sack was shrunken to the size of a walnut or something and he only had like, *this much* sticking out. It might have been hard." She held up her pointer finger and wrapped her other hand around the first knuckle to illustrate the pathetic smallness of what little cock he had left.

"That's fucking sinister, Lin. But fuck that guy, for *real*. But no joking, you need to skip town. He will *definitely* be getting his hands on a gun or something and killing you. The only thing more dangerous than a cock as big as yours is now, is a guy with a gun who *used to* have that cock." He nodded his head indicating that this was sagely advice. Lin wondered if that was actually the case.

"I might have gone too far..." She lamented and stood up from the table. She was wearing a loose tank top and her nipples bumped through it obviously even though they weren't hard. She wore a long comfy cotton dress that also bulged out. Bruce's eyes were locked onto it anytime it came into his view.

"Nah. That was what he deserved. And speaking of things *deserved*..." He blinked his eyelashes and gave a sheepish grin to his friend. "You manage to work out the kinks of *giving*

back dick yet? I'm feeling inadequate over here." Lin laughed and nodded.

"I am pretty sure I can do it without much trouble. You can have *all* of it if you want it." She said, looking down at her own bulge. "I can't take a step without getting the chills and this thing becoming huge." She raised an eyebrow and looked up to her roomie.

"*All* of it? Really?" The thought of having a foot-long cock ran through Bruce's mind. The answer was obvious. "Hell yeah!" He stood up from the table knocking the chair back. "When? After work?" She shook her head.

"I think you were right about one thing. I need to get out of here. I don't think I am going to go back to the parlor or work for my auntie anymore." She said looking down, sullen. Bruce's excitement was quickly spoiled.

"I guess I never thought about that. I gotta move, too, then. I ain't living here if you ain't." Hands on hips he stood in solidarity with her mega-clitted bestie. He walked over and gave her a big hug. Her click brushed against his thigh and started to get firmer like it was pushing against him.

"Sorry about that." She mumbled into his shoulder.

"I like it. Don't worry. What are we going to do? Let's make moves. I will drop everything. They got gay bars and balloons everywhere. I will get work." She pulled her from him and stared her in the eyes. "I ain't going nowhere, Lin. Let's 'Laverne and Shirley' this thing." Lin felt tears stream down her cheeks and she nodded, wiping them away. She allowed herself one more pout and got herself under control.

"Thanks Brucie. You're the best." And she gave him another big hug and looked around the apartment. She *had* tried to make it a bit more livable and nice in the time she had been there, but didn't really have a lot of *stuff*. "We don't even have a car. Do you have a license?"

"I got a license. We can just rent a van or something. Chuck all our crap in it and then skip town." Bruce said. "I will go grab that, you start packing your things. Most of my stuff is in plastic bags and boxes already." Lin couldn't help but adore her friend. She took his friendship too lightly, she thought seeing his determination and action.

"Where will we go?" Lin said, talking herself out of it.

"Doesn't matter. We'll just hit the road and figure it out on the way. Can I borrow fifty bucks?" He said zipping up a wind breaker. Lin grabbed her bag and leafed through it pulling out some bills.

"Thanks Brucie." His fluffy hair looked too cute for a face so determined and strong at that moment. She pressed the paper into his hands. "I will pack quickly. Be careful out there." He nodded resolutely, grabbed the piece of rebar near the doorway, pulled his hood up, and headed out. That guy in the pink and light green windbreaker with a pair of golden hot pants and flip

flops wielding a section of rebar inspired hope into Lin. The door clicked shut and she got to packing.

It wasn't going to be everything, but she didn't really have a lot of things and most of her clothes barely fit her anymore. Besides everything she got on the shopping spree, she kept a few jackets and other things and it barely filled a suitcase. She sat down staring at a picture of her family when she was really young. Her aunt hadn't even moved here yet. Memories of those times flooded back. Running in tall grass and outdoor cooking and picnics and the whole family all together. As the first teardrop splashed on the glass there was a pounding on the door.

Lin skulked from her room towards the edge of the window near the door and peeked behind the curtain to see who it was. Her *auntie*. Lin's eyes went to a clock and went wide. She was quite late for work by quite a bit. The realization of how much fear and shame that pumped through her system sickened her and she answered the door. Her auntie layed on the disapproving stare, looked her down and up, and then shook her head in disappointment.

"Did you forget how clocks work, *whore*?" She sneered. "I expect you downstairs in five minutes. We already have a client. That fat woman who keeps fattening you up with cakes and cookies." The frown on her auntie's face had more than anger behind it, but her words stung. Lin opened her mouth to speak and Auntie Ti's pointer finger stopped her flat. "I don't want to hear it." And she clonked down the steps in her sandals.

Tears welled back up in her eyes and rage flared in her heart. She had words, she wanted to scream, she had to keep packing, but she also had to *obey*. She locked the door behind her and mechanically went through the front door. '*It's Mrs. Mables.*' Relief went through her and she told her to come to the back pointedly ignoring her aunt. Mables was talkative and jovial as ever and Miss Ti's method of describing the faithful client was quite inappropriate. Not because of its unfathomable rudeness, but because Mrs. Mables didn't even look very overweight anymore. She was a larger woman, but massages had inspired exercise and diet which had her looking much healthier than she had been six months before.

"Lin, honey. It's all thanks to you. I say it every time and you always tell me I'm crazy or whatever, but you are my muse! You and them golden hands of yours." Mables cracked up getting onto the table and stopping flat in her tracks when she actually saw Lin. "Honey, what's wrong? Are you alright?" She sat up abruptly.

"I'm... I'm sorry, but this might be the last massage I can give you. Don't tell my aunt, but I plan on quitting and leaving. Running away. Maybe forever. I don't even know." Lin spilled her guts and the tears came pouring. Mables had her wrapped up in her arms giving her as tight a hug as she could.

"Don't be sorry, Lin. We could all see it. How hard your auntie is on you. The fact you've held out this long is beyond all of us." She said into Lin's unkempt black hair.

“Please lay down. This will be quick. As thanks.” She sniffed and wiped a tear. Lin’s voice was quiet and shaky, but Mrs. Mables did as asked. “You said you wanted a figure more like mine is, right?”

“Well, who wouldn’t? You have the curves and hourglass of a goddess, Lin. I *have* to know your secret. *All* the girls can’t stop talking about your magic fingers.” Mables’ voice lowered to a whisper after a conspiratorial glance towards the door. “Hearing you are leaving is tearing my heart apart. Where will you go? What will you do?” Lin gently pushed her client down on the table and sighed, shaking her head.

“I don’t know, yet. I am in the middle of packing and my auntie banged on my door to come to work. She said it was you and I felt I *had* to say goodbye to you. You are one of the only nice people who comes here.” Lin’s hands were already oiled and ready and she was warming up Mrs. Mables’ body getting ready to offer a parting gift.

Mables could feel it *instantly*, and let out a groan of soothing relaxation as Lin channeled her ability and easily sculpted what would have been weeks of slow progress in a few powerful swipes. Like getting gas, or having cramps, Mables felt her belly weight shift upwards and slide towards her chest. Lin quickly and seemingly effortlessly tightened her stomach and bumped her up a few cups in the process. After a few more artful flourishes in no less than ten minutes since she began, Lin stepped back rubbing her hands together.

“Do you want more? I can stay for another few minutes, but I have to keep packing.” Lin said, putting on as genuine a smile as she could looking at Mables. Her client looked down at herself and her jaw dropped while she pushed a large bosom aside to see her waist had shrunk more than an inch.

“M...More? How did you...? My breasts... My... My waist!” She couldn’t even comprehend it. But she realized that Lin *did* have magic hands. Lin tilted her head and saw an opportunity to drop a few pounds herself. She didn’t mind having big breasts, but while packing she found having tits almost as big as beach balls made *everything* more difficult. The horrific ending of her dream flashed through her mind. Giving the massage *right then* had been more difficult.

“Yes. Let’s give you a bit more. Lie back, please.” Lin instructed while Mables mumbled, still trying to figure out what was happening. She couldn’t fight back and Lin just grabbed handfuls of the woman’s breasts, found the points of light and let the energy flow. The whole experience *always* turned her on and she felt her clit cock swelling. The feeling of her top getting looser and relief of weight lifting from her back and shoulders was heavenly. Her hands plunged deeper into more and more oiled flesh as it swelled between her fingers.

“Lin, ahn. It’s so hot.” Mables said. The massages had felt good before, always enjoyable, but this was *arousing*. “Lin, how are you? Ahn.” Her legs squirmed unable to be still on the table and her nipples hardened, breasts filled with warmth that burned and tingled. “I’m going... to...” Lin ended the transfer and massaged up to the tip of both breasts simultaneously and pulled on

both nipples between twisted thumbs and pointers as if she were milking them. Mables' attempt at communication was twisted and wrung into a guttural squeal as she came hard, legs shaking on the end of the table. They both exhaled in unison.

"That... Haa. Should be good." Lin stood back again, surveying her work. She reached up and grabbed her own breasts at the same time. They were still bigger than her own head, but she didn't need two hands to shift them out of the way anymore. A breath of relief. Mables had to struggle a bit to sit up, like she had done thirty crunches and her muscles weren't playing nice. Once she leaned up enough she was pulled the rest of the way and her tits fell in her lap. They were bigger than Lin's by quite a bit. She grabbed them and squeezed tight, hugging herself.

"My... Lin you..." Mables' lip quivered and she smiled. "My husband is going to go through the roof!" She cried as quietly as she could manage. "My *pool boy* is going to go through the roof." She grinned salaciously, licking her lips. Lin raised an eyebrow but wasn't planning on prying.

"Just consider it thanks for your kindness. I have to get off now. I mean, go now. English is so hard." Lin with a forced giggle taking a nervous glance down at the tent she was hiding under the far edge of the table.

"Lin. I won't stop you, but I have an idea." Mables said quickly scooting off the table and almost falling down. She needed to brace against the wall to stop herself from crashing down while she rifled through her bag. She produced business cards, a pen and her hands were shaking. "I can barely see into my own bag you blew my boobs up so big, Lin." She was on the border of being hysterical with joy about that fact judging by the occasional giggle and stupid smile on her face.

"I'm sorry, if it was too much-"

"Don't be silly. Don't you *dare* apologize for your gifts, darling. Take this card." Mables handed it to Lin who took it wondering what was going on. The pen clicked in the woman's hand. "Now tell us your mobile number. I don't care where you are going. I am going to *follow*. And I will make sure you are *rich* for it. Lin provided the digits. Mables tucked the card between her cleavage giving a playful look of surprise at *how much* and *how deep* the cleavage went.

"What? Mrs. Mables, I don't know if-" It was Lin's turn to be tongue-tied.

"You call me if you need anything. *Anything*. You've got a *new auntie* now, baby. One that will treat you like the *princess* you are. I will give you your space, and call you in a week or two. You get settled in somewhere or do what you need to and I will have a line of women who will pay you in *diamonds* for the same thing you did to me. What's that?" Mrs. Mables locked onto the cloth of Lin's dress draped off the end of the unmistakable *shape* it clung to.

Lin had stepped aside to make space for Mables to grab her bag and was so caught up in the commotion she didn't realize her lady boner was revealed from concealment. Mables' jaw

dropped cartoonishly while Lin made a futile attempt to hold it down with one hand and brush her dress off with the other like it was stuck on the table or something.

“Oh, this? My dress is just stuck on the table. Hah hah.” She giggled, waving a hand at her like she was crazy. Without two hands to suppress it, her clock escaped springing up with enough force to toss the hem of the dress up into the air. The pair of them both yelped in surprise and when they opened their eyes more than eight inches of her clock were throbbing out in the open.

“Lin... Do you have a...” Mables swallowed as her eyes glazed over spying something her pool boy *wishes* he had.

“Thank you for the offer. I hope I can meet you again! Good bye!” Lin said, yanking down her dress and running out of the massage room. She called to her auntie on the way, throbbing pole swinging cloth around like a flag at a parade. “I have to go. I will be back! Sorry, auntie!” Her aunt watched the silly girl speed off through the door and tried to protest, but she was already gone.

“Stupid girl.” She said reflexively, shaking her head. She did a double take and shook her head again pounding a fist against her own thigh. ‘*Why did I say that?*’ She asked herself, lost in a turmoil of emotions. She looked out the window and caught one final glimpse of her niece. ‘*I will give her the day off. She will come around.*’ The clomping of Lin going up the steps on the side of the building reassured her she was going *home*. She smiled to herself content knowing that she actually *spoiled* her niece. Mrs. Mables came out from the beaded curtain and auntie Ti put on her persona and had no idea.