



"Thanks again for the help, Haley. I really apprecia--"

"Stand up for me, would you?" Haley interrupted.

As Lyla got up and off her knees, she counted her blessings that her clothes had grown along with her. "Wow... this is such a weird perspective! I can... I can see what's on top of your desk, and my feet are still touching the ground! I bet I could even hold that cup over there! Twilight's going to have a much harder time bossing me around like this!"

Haley was too busy in her mind to hear Lyla's ecstatic words. She peered down at her acquaintance with a furrowed brow. "There's no doubt about it. It wasn't just my height that increased, my powers did too."

"You're... what? 3, 4 feet tall now?" Haley finally spoke. "Ya, I suppose something like that." Lyla ran her hands along the length of her upper arms as her eyes wandered the room. "Hey, how long did you say this was going to last again?" "I'd surmise somewhere around 6 to 10 hours. Give or take. At least, that's how long it used to last."

"Y-You've done this to other people? No fair! I could've gotten some help so much sooner!" Lyla huffed and puffed. Haley rolled her eyes with a smirk at Lyla's childish demeanor. "Woah... you know, I just realized," Lyla began, patting her hands on one of Haley's lean thigh muscles. "For someone who has just gotten a lot taller, your face is still soooooooooooooooooooooo far away from me. You humans are so tall!"







Haley couldn't help but smile. "No," She placed a hand on Lyla's shoulder as she made her way past her. "Just this particular human."

"W-Where are you going?!" Lyla called out, noticing Haley's departure. "I have somewhere I need to be. Feel free to stay here as long as you like. I trust you're big enough to open the door on your own now?" She winked.

Lyla sprinted up to Haley before she fully made it out the door and hugged one of her huge legs. "You're the best, Haley! Thank you, thank you, THANK YOU!!!"







As thirty minutes ticked by, Haley found herself alone in the VIP Suite, pondering Brian's absence. They had an agreement to meet here everyday at this time, but he was nowhere to be found. And breaking such an agreement meant dire consequences.

"He disobeyed an order, mandated through his contract with the company-- by Azmerelda herself!" Haley thought, trying to make sense of the situation. "Even if he was upset with me, he wouldn't dare go against the blood oath."

Her foot tapping impatiently, Haley began to consider the possibility that Brian had terminated his contract. But, upon further reflection, she knew that wasn't a real option. All contracts made in this world were binding, and terminating it would mean a fate far worse than death.

"Regardless," she said, standing up from the foot of the bed. "There's no point in waiting here any longer. He's not coming. Which means..."

Her thoughts turned to Azmerelda and her private office at the top of Starlight Gaze Lounge. "Either she'll force him to carry out the agreement or I'll find out what really happened. Either way, it's a win-win."

With determination in her step, Haley left the VIP Suite and headed towards Azmerelda's office. She needed to get to the bottom of this and find out what had happened to Brian.



With a smooth motion, Azmerelda reached into one of the many cabinets of her office and retrieved a small ivory box decorated with intricate vines and leaves. The lid came off with a hollow pop, and the familiar scent of Thornswood, her favorite tea, filled her lungs. It was her daily routine to take a moment of peace and quiet after the morning rush of managing and delegating her employees. She couldn't help but smile as the aroma calmed her nerves.

She nestled into her comfortable office chair, admiring her surroundings and tipped the glass towards her mouth.

Just as she was about to take a sip, a hasty knock came from the door. "Who's there--?" Before she could finish her question, Haley barged in, shattering the peaceful ambiance. Azmerelda sighed in contempt. "What in God's name do you want now, Haley?"

"Brian wasn't at the suite today and I'm here to have you order him to fulfill his obligations, as is binding under his blood oath with the company!"





Azmerelda placed her tea on a nearby coaster and leaned forward in her chair, causing it to squeak for a few seconds. "Perhaps you've forgotten," she said slowly. "But you recently came to me, demanding for a new tenant." Haley's eyes opened wide in realization. Though Azmerelda's face was covered, she could see her cheeks rise against the fabric in a wide smile. "As of this morning, Brian has been relieved of his non-janitorial duties. He is off your hands... as requested."

Haley was at a loss for words. "I-- But--" "Oh? Did you have a change of heart again? Well, I'm sorry Haley but your indecisiveness is not something I need be concerned with." Haley fought to hold onto what remained of her pride. "T-Then you're obligated to provide me with a new tenant, RIGHT NOW!" She shouted in desperation.

"I completely agree." Azmerelda rose her hand in the air and snapped her fingers.



A tall and striking woman of Indian descent gracefully entered the room, her fluid motions and bare feet revealing her extensive experience as an erotic dancer. Her presence immediately caught the attention of all in the room. She moved with poise and confidence, exuding a sensual energy that was hard to ignore.

In tow with her was a mysterious and muscular man. His attire seemed plain, but it helped accentuate his toned physique. He carried himself like a man who had led a rough life of physical labor, his calloused hands and worn boots hinting at his past experiences. Azmerelda nodded gratefully to the dancer and said "Thank you, Jasmine." Then turned to Haley with a sly grin and said, "Meet your new tenant. Paul."

Haley was taken aback as she realized Azmerelda had already prepared someone for her, despite her doubts. She couldn't help but feel foolish for questioning the CEO's ability to provide her with what she needed in such a timely manner.

Paul's gaze met Haley's for a moment, before scanning her entire figure. He seemed to take in the sight of her long legs, deep cleavage and sculpted face, with a look of lustful appreciation. Haley felt uncomfortable as his eyes remained glued onto her chest for a little too long.

"Paul's former assignment was managing burners for the Starlight Gaze Lounge. He is an excellent employee and a valuable asset to this company. Do not make me regret putting him in your hands," Azmerelda warned. "Fortunately for you, Paul has already been briefed on his new task, and he is eager to be of service. Isn't that right, Paul?"



He had a coarse yet enthusiastic tone to his voice. "Yes, Ma'am! I am more than willing to make the difficult sacrifice of shifting my current duties over to something that... needs me more." His eyes never once left Haley's breasts. He paused before he continued. "Whatever it takes to better assist the Starlight Gaze Lounge."

"Wonderful," Azmerelda announced, finally leaning back in her chair. A sign of relief. "From this day forward, Paul will be responsible for providing you with our agreement," She concluded, choosing to leave out the embarrassing details with a wave of her hand.

"Slow down, tiger. You're making it too obvious." A pinch and a whisper came from his behind. "Don't make me punish you later." A teasing smirk outlined behind Jasmine's face veil.

"I'll be making my leave." Jasmine announced, directing her statement toward Azmerelda with a nod.





The door closed with a soft click, and the room was filled with tension. The only sound that could be heard was Azmerelda taking a sip of her Thornswood tea, the aroma filling the room. She watched with a hint of amusement as Paul and Haley interacted for the first time.

Finally, Azmerelda had her moment of peace.

"It was...Haley, right?" Paul asked tentatively. Haley's eyes scanned his face as she tried to decide if she could accept him as her new tenant. She remembered that there was no point in using him, as Brian already held the key to solving her problems permanently.

But Paul's next words brought her back to reality. "Wow, you're a tall bitch, aren't you? I gotta admit though, I'm pretty big myself, and we're practically eye to eye. That's kinda hot," he said with a smirk.



Haley had had enough. "This man isn't Brian!" she shouted in anger. "Get him out of my face! I want Brian!" Her finger pointed towards the door.

Azmerelda sighed, her moment of peace already cut short. "I figured you would say that. Unfortunately for you, Brian doesn't feel the same connection as you do. As outlined in Section 5E, Paragraph 42 of our contracts, as the owner and manager of the Starlight Gaze Lounge, I cannot reassign an employee to a preexisting job within the company without their verbal or written consent," she explained.



Haley's anger only grew as she listened to Azmerelda's words. "Looks like you're stuck with me!" Paul interjected, trying to lighten the mood. He raised his hand in a peace offering. "Let's try to work together and make the boss happy. What do you say?" he said, his eyes darting between Haley's chest and her face.

Haley stared at Paul's outstretched hand. "Wait a minute... you said the only reason you can't reassign Brian to me is because you don't have his consent?" she thought out loud. "That I can work with!" With a new sense of determination, Haley turned on her heel and marched out the door. "Paul, come with me! It looks like you can be of some use!"

