

The Essential Worker

She exited the back door of the establishment towards the dumpster at the same time you were walking across the parking lot. Her fair skin, lithe frame, and graceful movements drew your eyes from across the lot. Donned in the standard red and yellow uniform of the burger store chain, *Donalds*, she would have stood out regardless of her hyper-sexualized parts.

In each hand she gripped a heavy duty garbage bag filled to the brim with, well, garbage. To keep her balance across the lot she punctually swayed her hips with each step. The exaggerated motions caused her four watermelon-sized testicles (which hung down to her knees) to smoothly jiggle in sync. You stared in awe at the supple butt cheeks peeking over from behind her taut balls, flesh the corporate skirt could only half-cover. A pair of blue panties were visibly stretched over her testicles, the only thing keeping them from drooping lower.

Equally amazing were her breasts. Three pairs of equally large breasts were covered by her red shirt, which you were sure had to be XXXL sized. The shirt did much to keep those large, heavy things in check, as they were clearly braless. Tennis ball-sized nipples made mounds from behind the coarse shirt, and pinned to the “front” of the shirt (her breasts were so large the name tag was forced to the side of the girl) was the name.

Lastly you noticed a heavy duty condom dragging on the ground, full of liquid. You were sure you caught a glimpse of her cock, though it was hard to tell as it was hidden behind a wall of flesh and garbage.

That’s when you noticed she was looking back at you. She wore a kind smile on her face, unfazed at your gawking. It seemed like she had something to say to you.

Perhaps there was something else on the menu today.

