

The clap of Ragatha's enormous ass cheeks followed her throughout the vacant office hallway beyond the circus walls. She could have turned back at any time and strangled the life out of Jax, but she couldn't be wasting time now. More of the corrupted had escaped through the center of the stage and idling by would mean death. The ringleader, or more accurately her captor, Caine, was already out of commission with most of Ragatha's friends hiding away the moment she stepped outside her door. Her stuffed heart stilled at the glitchy demon slobbering over the playhouse until the path beyond it shone through the shattered technicolor remains of Ragatha's 'home'. If she wanted to get out at last, now couldn't have been a better time.

Or rather, today *would* have been a good time if her roommate didn't steal the only thing preventing her butt from doubling in size, up to stretching out more than six inches behind her. There were tremors rippling down to Ragatha's thighs as she waved her arms side-to-side in a huff. The black hole in her stomach was stretching the farther her hips swelled every step she took. When she first arrived at the circus, Caine offered her a plug to insert below that would keep her from expanding in times of crisis, though then again every day was a crisis when Ragatha couldn't think straight. She knew about the kind of toys he offered her in the real world she once knew, though she seldom took advantage of them in her thirty years of existence. Or could it be fifty? Every day felt the same despite her body being no less fluffy than the cushion sprouting behind her that Ragatha simply charged ahead when another door glowed before her.

Ragatha thrust her hips towards the exit and threw it wide open then closed her eyes shut as the humid air of the office space turned to an ethereal chill. Few ever ventured outside 'the void' as Caine called it, with his newest victim Pomni being the last to roam there eleven months ago (Ragatha couldn't keep track of time in the real world, but Caine never hesitated to celebrate the anniversaries of when everyone 'joined' the circus). Nevertheless, Ragatha dared not take a glance, lest her mind snap in two again. Her arms drifted out to the empty space around her as she shook her head; crimson yarn tresses floating like noodles beside her. Once she lost any and all sensation, then maybe she would dare to inspect her surroundings at last. For now, however, Ragatha gave in to the sensation and hoped that wherever she drifted off to wouldn't have a crazy god like Caine in cha-

Ragatha's brow squinted tight as the back of her heels touched against the cold linoleum of the office's tile space. Her old friend darkness continued to enshroud her, but it wouldn't be until Ragatha dared to smack her mitt-like hand on the edge of the door frame that she would grit her teeth. Then she slid it down to and behind her back until her hand sunk up to her wrist and she gave a hushed whimper. Now her ass extended out by an entire foot with thighs squishing at the edges. Even by patting herself alone, Ragatha shuddered at vibrations from her body; the image of beach balls fresh on her mind. Clenching her glutes together had Ragatha slipping momentarily only to stall again no less than a second later. As if she should have expected anything less.

Ragatha wiggled her hips as an icy chill overcame her. It would be a matter of time until either the monsters came rummaging through the offices or Caine overpowered them then realized she was missing and ‘rescue’ her. Her massive butt squirmed to the seams along her thighs as she heaved forward to no avail. Even bending one knee backward to kick herself in the ass simply bounced her in place rather than nudge by a measly inch. Maybe if she were allowed to see it would be a different story, but as the chill reached her chest, Ragatha swallowed hard, realizing her options were slimmer than her old body. So, in spite of her nerves and the cards dealt upon her, Ragatha tightened her ass cheeks together once again, then took a long breath.

THHHHBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPBBBBBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPBBBBPPPPBBBTTTTT!!!

A bassy, blubbery ripper echoed throughout the halls followed by a sharp scream from Ragatha now flying far past the door into the gravitational pull of the void itself. Thankfully her farts were much like cocaine powder in that they were odorless and tasteless, though she would hardly call them deadly overall. From the moment Ragatha stepped foot into the circus, pure helium would rush out of her ass in furious bursts whenever her gigantic glutes weren’t being contained by Caine’s plugs, leaving her to hold it in until the doors were closed at the end of the day. Her literal blimp butt wouldn’t be able to make a human fly, but now the rag doll tore towards the growing frost around her with her fluttering ass serving as her jetpack.

Ragatha kicked at the air when her monstrous roars simmered to whimpers and she gradually descended down, releasing a subsequent string of small stinkless stinkers to soothe her spirits. She kept her eyes closed as a jolt ran up her back and a fiery burst of pleasure ran across her spine. The colder the world grew meant another crossroad must be in place if her friend Zooble’s notes were any indication. Her ass’ little farts ensured Ragatha that gravity would be taking hold as the mass below her waist anchored her down. Then the heat bellowing within her cross-stitched asshole fizzled away and electric currents tickled her cheeks before spreading to her body.

At last, Ragatha opened her eyes, hoping just maybe, she was home now.

“JESUS H. FUCK!!”

...home was where the heart laid, after all.

A young man’s screeching voice reared Ragatha around to a dark theater room with rows of red velvet chairs extending into the shadows beyond. He stood tall amongst the seats with his arms extended out before he clutched himself for dear life. The fluff inside her body boiled as her gaze met his; hazel eyes widening once they wandered off. It wouldn’t be until he screamed again that

Ragatha's jaw went slack, realizing her bare naked ass was jutting out of the screen and aiming straight at him. The top of his head reached the undersides of her cheeks, yet the simple fact alone that his soft skin reflected warmly from the light kept Ragatha quiet. If nothing else, it meant she finally escaped the circus, even for a little while. When was the last time she saw another person with real, silky hair?

Ragatha wiggled her hips at the man before they stumbled momentarily. Slipping her legs in one after the other would be a no go with such a small border, so she needed to make due however she could.

"Hey, hey! Calm down, okay?" Ragatha gave an awkward chuckle as her butt bounced to the floor of the theater room. "I know this is very sudden, but let's try to put this moment, uh, behind us and just hear me out,"

The young man crossed his legs together and shrank back into the nearest, yet he couldn't escape the darkness. Those bags under his eyes, and especially the little belly poking out from his blue shirt with those anime characters on the front. At least he took care of his hair if nothing else, though he refused to say another word besides cursing under his breath. Ragatha's nerves were sparking alive as she talked faster than ever.

"I've been stuck in this computer place for a while now," she groaned, "and, hnngh, I've kinda given up hope that I would ever escape, but my friend said that if I found a portal that was really cold th-that I could cross over to a-another place somewhere else!"

Ragatha kept talking, yet her stomach continued to tense up. She wanted to shout her first curse in ages then and there. Even without the need to eat, the boon placed upon her refused to cooperate.

"C-can you give me a pull or something?" she asked him. "I promise after this you'll never see me aga- urgh!"

Ragatha bit her lip mid-sentence and scrunched up her face. The bomb wouldn't stop ticking to save her life. She could only hope the human wouldn't mind being blasted with foul helium.

*BBLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRBBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPPPPTTT
TTTTHHHHHHHHHHBBBBBBBBBBBVBVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVTTTT!!!*

The lights in the theater crackled then exploded in flurries of broken glass raining from above. The young man's face twisted to that of a ghoul before he vanished without a trace, thrown back by the amplified monster that forced itself out of Ragatha. If anyone were to have walked into

the booth, they could be forgiven for thinking a million balloons were losing their air just now, but the truth was that Ragatha couldn't stop farting even after the seconds trickled by. It rang well past the industrial walls and seeped into the surrounding booths, drowning over all other movies that were playing. Gunshots, explosions, tears, none of them stood a chance as the gas reached its peak.

And although she couldn't help but feel sorry for the poor human, Ragatha nonetheless moaned at the sweet relief. Rather than fight back, she allowed the heavy smog spewing from her to swamp the theater as the seconds dragged on and the bolted down massage chairs were ripped from the ground, sparking wires and all. Then the color white gradually filled Ragatha's vision and she closed her eyes again as the 'real' world she yearned for vanished and her ass slipped free from the screen, propelling her through the void again.

While she flew past the endlessly expanding pasty pastiche, the colors blue and pink playing underneath her eyelids though she never dared to open them for herself, Ragatha drifted towards the first sign of cool winds that greeted her, not bothering to steer herself. Once her plush skin rippled, she gently swung her hips in a small arc until her massive butt aimed at the nearest chill in the air(?). It was a matter of keeping her raspy breath to a minimum so Caine didn't catch her so much as whimpering despite the vast distance in plains that they shared. Ragatha sucked on her lips and let the hushed screams that filled her head take hold as her body jittered nonstop. The world around her went from cold to hot underneath her thighs.

Ragatha swung her hips in a gradual loop until her ass hovered by the swollen black portal that pulled her closer from her bottom below. Every inch had the yelling rise higher as if she were listening to her parents arguing again. Or wait, did they always argue? Her memories were flickering in small bursts but Ragatha didn't dare to dwell on them. She rattled her flappy hands along her arms before the shouting gave way to laughter and any semblance of frostbite turned...

“Hot! We're really hot! We're smoking hot now!”

Chocolate Bon Bon Cookie hit the ground running, her tight black dress clinging to her curves, muffling what would have otherwise been a triumphant twerk that shook the steel floor beneath. Her black boots squeaked with every step she took. The gossamer curtains strewn across the stony hallways led to her rustic laboratory as she threw open the doors before her. Naturally, she stepped inside first while her assistant, Dr. Wasabi Cookie, trotted behind with her crotch ramming into Bon Bon's big ass nearly every step of the way. Bon Bon couldn't help but offer a

half-way grimace as Wasabi slammed the door behind them, but she didn't dare shout. All her emotions would soon pass and with Wasabi's help, Bon Bon knew she couldn't fail.

Before her and Wasabi laid Vampire Cookie with his face down and his ass high in the air strewn atop an examination desk no different than what a patient might sit on for a check-up at the doctor's office. Each of his four cheeks turned to the color pink as Bon Bon squeezed his thigh before her mitten-like hand extended. His ass hadn't shrunk in the three years since he fed off of her own rump, his bite marks still embedded within her own body to remind her of that night. With nobody to blame but himself, Vampire Cookie spent his time in the confines of the decrepit lab underneath Bon Bon's penthouse for whatever experiments she and Wasabi concocted.

Offering him a free room with fresh syrupy blood to drink straight from Bon Bon's butt was worth it if it meant having her and Wasabi poke and prod him with everything in their possession. Even as Wasabi shoved her hands between his cheeks and spread them apart, sending a draft up his pucker, Vampire Cookie didn't so much as flinch from the gentle breeze that followed suit (Bon Bon would just leave the windows open anyway). The seconds dragged by until a hard nudge pressed against his anus and Vampire Cookie's breath hitched when the push graduated to a cold shove.

He brought his feet together and fidgeted next to one another while the chilly rod inserted within slipped further. He couldn't complain as much, already being well aware of the differences between a sex toy and a thermometer, but this certainly felt much girthier than a plug. Anybody could take the rod invading his sphincter and shove it down someone else's throat to choke them out if need be, but thankfully it stopped once his stomach tightened.

"I'm impressed, Wasabi," bemused Bon Bon, "I don't think Vampire Cookie is struggling anymore. You seemed to be the one left crying last time we tried this,"

Wasabi cackled before the table shuddered and shook Vampire Cookie where he laid. Another push of the metallic conical probe and Wasabi couldn't help but slam the desk to ease the pain. She must have laughed so hard that she slapped Bon Bon again, the crazy git.

"Those were tears of joy, sweetie, and they were only coming out of me because *you* weren't offering any!" Wasabi slapped her hand across Vampire Cookie's ass as he squeaked from the harsh smack. And he didn't even laugh at her that time either.

"Well, let's just see what our new friends might have to say," Bon Bon chimed. "I'm sure they won't mind coming through the back door so they can meet us."

Against his better judgment, Vampire Cookie lifted his head right when Bon Bon and Wasabi disappeared behind him. The thin outline of Bon Bon's thong briefly teased the blood-sucking baked good before both girls pressed their hands into his cheeks, kneading them in perfect unison. With their forces combined, they sent a collective jolt that traveled through his member and had him biting down on the end of the table, stifling the scream in throat. Another push later and Vampire Cookie gripped the edges until his tawny knuckles went white. He held on tight until a surge of yellow light exhumed from his most precious orifice.

"Hoh hoh hoh!" Wasabi writhed her hands as her vision blurred before she snapped her goggles over her eyes at once. "I believe there's gold in that booty chest, now isn't there?"

"There's... definitely something indeed," Bon Bon mumbled. *And I'm grateful it isn't a tentacle this time*, she thought.

"And you're sure this will actually work?" Wasabi asked.

"Wasabi, didn't I say that in the case of an accident, you could have the entire estate?" Bon Bon chuckled.

"Fair enough! Asses to you then!"

The rays reflected off of Bon Bon's monocle before she yanked it away, no longer forced to have half of her vision go gold. The stacks of papers behind her were blown away by the storming winds blowing from behind Vampire Cookie. Years of having her face directly in the firing zones of every cookie who wanted their hips measured taught Bon Bon when somebody might be farting around her or not, but unfortunately, the demons that emerged from Vampire Cookie's ass were worse than any bowel movement ever imaginable. The probe's spindly arms had spread his asshole and cheeks farther than any normal pair of hands could ever hope to achieve. Wasabi designed it so that once inserted, it wouldn't stop until any hole it entered grew as wide as could be. He kept his face glued to the table as a sharp crackle escaped his ass with an electric burst spewing sparks at the girls.

Wasabi fell back on her bony butt and slid across the floor until she hit her head on the stone wall. Her body sagged while Bon Bon brought her arm to her face and shielded herself. She hissed as her forearm tingled, but she nonetheless marched towards him now that the probe exhumed the portal from her guinea pig's glutes. As Bon Bon kept her hand above her brow, she squinted her eyes as a distant squeaking sound that echoed around her rose higher. It couldn't have been coming out of Wasabi or Vampire Cookie, as the two of them were kissing the floor and table respectively. Rather, it sounded faintly... concerned? Bon Bon swallowed hard then tore the red sash flailing around her waist clean off and dropped to one knee. She tied it around

the nearest leg of the table Vampire Cookie laid on before fashioning the other end to her ankle so that when she arose at last, with her sanity and courage fizzling away, she could hear the voice calling to her much clearer.

“...ello...? Hello?”

Bon Bon leaned her head close to the silver outlined starfish and gasped for air.

“Hello?!” Bon Bon yelled. “Are you there, dear? I could hear you before! Can you hear me? Hello? Hell—?!”

BBBBBBBMMMMMMMMPPPPVVVVVTTTT!!

Vampire Cookie groaned as Bon Bon staggered, her heels grinding against the concrete flooring, her eyes welling with milky tears ready to pour. She would have held her breath but it wouldn't do her any good. The world reeked of vanilla shavings with vintage dust sprinkled about, a far cry from the raspberry scented farts he usually offered. She could have kept huffing Vampire Cookie's musky ass and focused on it rather than spontaneous helium that escaped him rather than his usual gas, but her short cut tresses were fluttering towards the vortex, alongside the front of her unbuttoned dress. Bon Bon skirted backward before her top flaps were pulled forward, as if they got caught in a jet turbine. Her heart froze and a moment later, her entire chest slammed against Vampire Cookie's ass with her back arching inward from the pull.

Already grabbing him by the hips, Bon Bon reared herself away. Gravity twisted around her; weight and mass ignored in favor of an invisible hand squeezing her by the waist. The knot that Bon Bon tied slipped free by the ears before coming undone once her entire stomach had been sucked inside. Her chest, her stomach, her head, and within seconds, her massive butt with each rounded cheek being roughly the size of her head, were sucked through Vampire Cookie like a straw, shrinking and thinning themselves to accompany the almighty hole. Her screams were cut short as her skin rippled from the tension, and soon enough, her body twisted into a spiral, completely vanishing without a single trace.

The red sash attached to her leg flew off as Vampire Cookie's shoulders popped and he lifted his head again. As he arose, the portal from the probe closed in on itself and his spread cheeks and asshole were shut, finally allowed to relax at last. He blinked twice as Wasabi's unconscious body met him from over his shoulder with a mess of papers spread across every corner of the lab.

“Oh great,” he muttered. “Must have been another *sterling* success... wait, where's Bon Bon?”

Before Bon Bon could put another thought together, she was flying through a milky ocean where not a splash of water grazed her doughy skin and only a few stripes of sapphire greeted her during her descent. Her mouth went slack, but she didn't scream. She prepared herself for this since she first learned of the existence of life outside her world. It would simply be a matter of staying alive depending on where she landed and what might happen if death happened to be her only deliverance.

She rocketed down for what must have been an eternity with one minute bleeding into the next. The colors around her never settled, never faded, never brightened. Bon Bon kept her head low until a washed out sky sprouted beneath her feet with puffy tree tops sprouting around her. Could this be her heaven and Vampire Cookie simply killed her? She kept quiet until her ears rang from a familiar scream that persisted above. Then a heavy shadow fell upon her and she jolted mid-air as a naked peach hurtled towards her, with a raggedy face attached to the top.

Ragatha had brought her legs to her stomach before she escaped that last portal. In the time which she stuck her head inside, she saw her mother and father for the first time with buttons for eyes and knew she needed to leave, so her ass brought upon them a foul end before she went rocketing back. The next thing she knew, gravity disappeared, and she fell through the void. Frankly, Ragatha would have been content to keep tumbling forever, but to her luck, the pale whiteness that surrounded her gradually gained color as if she already crossed into another world. It would just be a matter of landing on the softest part of her body then finding a place to call her own assuming Caine wouldn't be coming for her so soon.

She hugged her thighs as if they were her children while the void gave way to a lush forest where the trees stretched on like skyscrapers. The blurry visage of a river grew; blues and greens broken up by dirt patches below, allowing Ragatha to genuinely smile for the first time in forever. But before she could have landed at last, a woman's scream snapped Ragatha back to reality and she released her hold as a small woman yelled at her from between Ragatha's legs. Chocolate Bon Bon Cookie had only a second to think before Ragatha instinctively caught her in a hug mid-air before impact. Her stuffed cheeks squashed beneath the ground before the girls launched back into the air, with each of them holding the other for dear life.

Ragatha's curly hair fluttered wildly before her entire body jolted to a halt. She couldn't stop gasping, couldn't stop the trembling of her patchwork heart. If she weren't dead, she wished she was for sure. She couldn't imagine crushing that midget with her ass knowing how dangerous she could be, so when the smell of chocolate wafted in her face, Ragatha's wire-framed muscles

bunched, and she gazed before the sweet lady clutching the tree branch above them with trembling fingers.

“I wouldn’t recommend losing your grip if you want to live, dear,” Bon Bon warned Ragatha.

“L-live?!”

Ragatha turned her head back to the ground and went stone cold. The drop might have been at least fifteen feet, but with her bouncy prowess, it would mean her getting sent up three times as high if she weren’t careful. Her legs dangled below while Bon Bon shook her head.

“Oh, uh, I mean, I can let us down if you want,” Ragatha offered. “It’s not like we’re in a lot of danger or anything,”

Bon Bon scoffed and squinted at the dirt path below. “I wouldn’t be so sure about that. Do you know where we are, exactly?”

“No, but it can’t be any worse than where I used to be,” said Ragatha.

“I wouldn’t be so sure if I were you. The world can be a cruel place if you aren’t careful. And many people could be out to girls like you if you give them a chance,”

“Okay, so why don’t you come get me then if you think everything can be rotten?”

“Because you’ve already gotten me.”

Ragatha shook her head as she leaned her ass to the ground, bending the branch to her will. “Aw, you gotta look at these things more optimistically hon. Up until now, this has been the first time I’ve met anyone who’s not in a computer. But you’re definitely not the first cookie person I’ve met either,”

“Oh? Who did you meet first exactly?” Bon Bon asked. “Onion Cookie?”

“Uh, no?”

“Pity. Because it looks like you’ll have to use that big behind of yours to make someone cry…”

“Hey look, I don’t even like having all of, uh, this down here?” Ragatha retorted, gesturing one arm to her ass before resuming hugging Bon Bon. “I’m not just going to attack people for no reason,”

“I didn’t say you wouldn’t have a reason, dear.”

“Then what are you talking abo—”

BRRPPPT-PLLPT-FRRPPT-PPT-PLLRRPPT!!

Ragatha cocked her head to the side when the tree Bon Bon held onto shuddered and a young girl wearing a dress made from leaves skipped behind her. Her short golden hair remained curled back with a black hairband that waitresses wore. Her skin was soft and pink with hardly any bruises whatsoever, or even any girthy muscle for that matter. At most, she had a little belly that jiggled in tandem with her massive butt jutting out beneath the skirt. Unsurprisingly for both Ragatha and Bon Bon, that was where their problems awaited them.

Of course, Sasha Vegas couldn’t help it as her bowels had a mind of their very own. The constant string of little farts that tickled their ears nonstop continued as Ragatha lifted her legs before her feet ever met Sasha’s face. She kept her eyes closed and her hands swinging as her whistling rump sang a little tune. She must have not even noticed the pair hanging above, making an escape all the better.

PPFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFPPPPPPVVVVVVVVVVVTTTTTT!!!

Assuming Ragatha didn’t rat on herself and Bon Bon.

An airy blast blew Sasha’s skirt to her knees as she froze in the middle of her stride, her eyes wide open at last. She turned her head to find Ragatha gritting her teeth while Bon Bon scowled at her. There was so much playful animosity in their eyes that vanished once they felt Sasha’s gaze with Ragatha being the first to fan the fart to no success.

“Ah! Oh my gosh, that slipped out! I’m so sorry!” she cried.

“Sorry for what? For blowing air down on me?” Sasha brought her hand to her full lips and giggled before tugging once on Ragatha’s leg. Without hesitation, the girls in the tree lowered themselves below and shook their feet on solid land.

“You two look a little too fancy to be forest fairies,” Sasha noted, her smile never fading, “where are you from? London?”

“It’s a rather long story and we wouldn’t want to bore you with the details seeing as you’re clearly busy,” Bon Bon confessed.

“Yeah, and honestly, I don’t even know where she’s from,” Ragatha gestured to Bon Bon before putting her hands together. “But hey! If you’re lost too, maybe we can try and stick around? Better than just wandering off by ourselves,”

Bon Bon briefly glared at Ragatha before approaching Sasha first, her eyes meeting Sasha’s crotch once she went still. A quick gaze at both her and Ragatha turned Bon Bon’s syrupy blood to ice as both girls easily towered over her. With that in mind and a forest full of danger ahead, perhaps an alliance might not be so bad after all.

“I suppose if we’re stuck like peas in a pod, we might as well get introductions out of the way,” Bon Bon forcibly shook Sasha’s hand and by extension her entire body with a firm jolt, unaware of the warm, reaffirming smile Ragatha flashed behind her. “You can call me Bon Bon, and this young lady over here is... oh goodness, I don’t believe you told me your name, did you?”

“Ragatha!” Ragatha covered her mouth though neither Bon Bon or Sasha flinched from her blurting. She lowered her guard before she too shook their hands at the same time with a soft smile. “Uh, you can just... call me Ragatha, haha! I’m not one for fancy titles or anything,”

“That’s okay, neither am I!” Sasha exclaimed before curtsying to the girls with a chuckle. “I’m Sasha by the way! Sorry for all that farting you probably heard earlier. I get a little windy when I meet new people, and basically in general. My butt hears someone coming and it just never stops,”

“Don’t fret dear, we could hardly tell.”

Bon Bon pulled her vest’s collar to her face and nodded. The bubblyness in Sasha’s voice was downright infectious. Still, as Sasha gave them a happy nod, Bon Bon couldn’t help but think of the few leaves that fell to her feet. True to her word, Sasha never stopped farting even with the girls knowingly in her presence. It left her doughy skin rippling as the temperature rose, so if she wanted to survive, she needed to keep the trip going as best she could. Nevermind how Sasha was a stranger to her until now. Not when she could be proof that people existed who weren’t made from brown sugar, eggs, and butter.

Which was why Bon Bon playfully smacked Ragatha on the rump before pointing to the dirt path ahead. She waltzed forward while Ragatha and Sasha turned to one another and trudged behind her, blown back by nature’s own broken wind rather than any gusts either of them could summon.

“Sasha, would you happen to know where you’ve already been?” Ragatha asked her.

Sasha rubbed her chin before her ass gave a definite *BLORRPPTT!!* in her stead. “Only that everything back there is just kind of a big dump!” she explained, pointing behind herself. “But hey, if this is like that one movie I saw as a kid, I’m sure if we keep following the road, we’ll be fine,”

“We certainly won’t make it there by singing,” Bon Bon remarked with a soft tinge in her voice, “why don’t you tell us how you got here so we’re caught up?”

Sasha gasped and gave a skip. “Oh gosh! Could I?!”

Well, now with that attitude, I’m not so sure, Bon Bon thought with a groan. “I don’t see why not!”

“Yeah, we can tell you what happened with us when you’re done!” Ragatha promised. “I’m sure you’ve got a really exciting story to tell,”

“Do I!” Sasha gave another skip before taking the lead from Bon Bon, though not before graciously positioning her ass away from them, walking backwards at a steady pace.

“Oh, and don’t worry, I won’t take up much of your time,” Sasha promised, “This will only be a second, trust me!”