

Ms. Randwick is an infamous name in your company. A prim and proper woman would be a generous description of the mid-thirties boss of your section. Sharp, efficient and dedicated to maximization of productivity and professionalism. A less flattering description would be that she's an infamous hardass who loves to belittle her employees and bully them whenever she gets the chance. Such a woman might bring some old, tight-lipped prude to mind, someone for whom their physical appearance is every bit as proper as their reputation.

But Emma Randwick is nothing like what you'd expected. Your boss is in her mid-thirties, yes, but she's matured in a way that's rendered her incredibly attractive. Black hair tied up in a tight bun, blue eyes and full rosy lips. A tight white business shirt that leaves her shoulders exposed, and does nothing to hide the fact that her chest is *enormous*. Her tight black pants hug the curve of her waist, revealing an hourglass figure. A woman of your boss's beauty could be a model who would outshine women *half* her age.

"Are you paying attention?!" Ms. Randwick snaps at you, making you flinch in alarm. "I'm *talking* to you, newbie!"

"Y-yes! Sorry ma'am!" Your eyes had been drawn to her shapely body, and naturally your mind had begun to wander...

Your boss glares down at you, clicking her tongue irritably. "You've been with us for two months, how have you not adapted yet? Honestly..." She makes no attempt to conceal her contempt for you, in both her words and her sharp tone. With a thump, Ms. Randwick throws down the report you'd submitted to her earlier today. "This... *pathetic* jumbling of words is what you call a report? I had the misfortune of reading it just now, and I really must tell you, it's been a while since I've felt the need to come down and reprimand an employee for something this poorly written!"

That was a lie. You know that your boss had been down here in the office cubicles just yesterday to yell at someone. And the day before that. The only reason that she hadn't done it the day before *that* was because it had been the weekend. But you're certainly not going to try and argue with such a terrifying woman.

A *particularly* unflattering description of Ms. Randwick was that she was a power-tripping fascist who loved any chance she could find to bully anyone who worked under her. No slip-up or mistake was too small for your boss to get up from her fancy desk and let one of her subordinates have it.

And frankly, considering that your report had been almost identical to the one you'd submitted yesterday and the day before that, you're starting to suspect that she enjoys this...

"What's your name?" Ms. Randwick glares down at you, her blue eyes cold and sharp.

"It's, um... James..." You say, but your boss has no patience for you.

“Your name is not ‘um’!” She snaps at you, making you jump in shock. “And I don’t know what shabby business you worked at before this, but my office has professional standards! I will not call you by your first name like we’re *friends*. Now, your *last* name?” Your boss folds her arms, and you note that her breasts are so big that she has to fold them *under* her curves.

You swallow nervously. “It’s... It’s Darling, ma’am.”

Ms. Randwick snorts impatiently. “So, in that case, how do you justify the shoddy work you’ve done on this report, Darling...” She trails off, her eyes narrowing. “I... will make an exception in your case, James. But don’t mistake it for familiarity. I *am* your superior.”

“Yes, ma’am.” You nod obediently, just wanting to have this dressing down over with.

“And another thing.” Your boss narrows her eyes at you. “I’ve been notified that *someone* has been using the company computers to access several pornographic websites! Tell me, do *you* know anything about that, James?”

Oh God... “N-no Ma’am!” You quickly answer, shaking your head. Of course you do. It’s your favorite type of porn, and several late nights at work led you to... indulge yourself. But you wouldn’t have if you’d known that...

“Really?” Ms. Randwick’s glare gets even colder. “Because I’m informed that the search history came from *this* workstation, James.” As your cheeks begin to color, your boss rolls her eyes. “What a load. Of course it was a young man like you. Using company time to look at those *disgusting* vore pornography sites. Don’t bother lying to me.” Her voice is sharp, and you can’t disobey her.

“Yes, it was me...” You admit shamefully. “I’m sorry ma’am, I won’t do it again...”

“No, you *won’t*. You’re not being paid to pleasure yourself, James. If you need to indulge those sick fantasies of yours, go to one of those filthy vore brothels after work.” She clicks her fingers, making you jump. “If I find out you’re looking at pornography on company time again, you’ll be out of here before you can pull up your pants! Is that understood?!”

You straighten up in your chair, trying not to cry as you look up at your sharp eyed boss. “Yes, ma’am!”

“Good! Now, get back to work!” Ms. Randwick turns around, and you get a glimpse of her huge, shapely butt through her tight black pants. “I don’t want to see you again for the rest of the day!”

“James?!” The familiar voice makes you snap your head upward. You’d been sitting on the bed, feeling your heart beating nervously as you awaited the woman whose company you’d paid for tonight. After paying discreetly at the front desk of the vore brothel, you’d been ushered into a dimly lit room with several candles burning, and told to shower and get ready. You had changed out of your work clothes, done what you could to shower and prepare yourself for what was about to happen. But instead of some young, nervous prostitute, the woman who’d walked in was...

The drink of wine you’d ordered to calm your nerves falls from your hand, smashing onto the floor. “Ms. Randwick?!” You say, staring up at your boss’s face in total shock. “What are you doing here?!”

She looks different now, your boss. Her black hair is now loose, cascading down her pale shoulders. Her prim and proper shirt is gone, replaced by a blue bra. Her blue panties are visible as well, her tight work pants are also absent. But her curves are still there...

Ms. Randwick gives you a vaguely irritated look. She’s trying to cover herself with her hands, a deeply ineffective move. You can clearly see her blue bra and panties, along with a selection of tattoos on her hips and stomach. A metal piercing flashes in her belly button, and you can clearly see the shape of nipple piercings under her bra. “What the fuck do you *think* I’m doing at a brothel, James?”

This is... You can’t believe your eyes. This can’t be your *boss* standing before you, looking every inch like a prostitute that belongs in the vore brothel you’re standing in. “You’re a... prostitute?” You blink for a moment, wondering if your eyes are playing tricks on you. But when you open your eyes, you can clearly see Ms. Randwick’s familiar expression of irritation.

“Yes, I am.” Her blue eyes narrow. “And let me be clear on one thing, James... If you’ve *followed* me here...”

Oh God. “No! I didn’t...” You back away from the furious woman, feeling quite vulnerable with only a slightly damp towel covering your naked body. “Please, I was just following your advice from earlier! I had no idea you were...” Working as a prostitute? Even with proof right in front of your eyes, those words sound absurd.

Ms. Randwick glares at you for a long, terrifying moment. Then, she sighs and her blue eyes soften slightly. “Very well. I believe you, James. I doubt even you are stupid enough to try and lie to me right now.” She frowns, folding her arms under her enormous breasts. “Hmmp. I knew taking a shift right after work today was risky. There was a high chance I’d end up with someone from our company as a client.” Her eyes narrow as she glares at you again. “You *will* keep this a secret.” It’s not a request.

“Y-yes, ma’am!” You hadn’t been entertaining anything as stupid as trying to blackmail Ms. Randwick. Even if you were that kind of person, no-one would ever believe you. “But... *Why* are

you working here?!” As far as you’re aware, your boss isn’t a *wealthy* woman, but her position in your company should mean that she’s quite comfortable.

As soon as you agree, Ms. Randwick stops bothering to try and cover her body, to your surprise. Instead, she stands with her hands on her hips, her showy blue underwear on full display. You’re amazed to see several tattoos on her belly, one depicting a curvy design above her womb and another with the words “Butt Slut” above her left hip.

“The owner has information about me that would definitely see me fired from our company if it were to be leaked by her.” Your boss begins to stretch her shoulders, rotating her joints to warm them up. “She’s quite ruthless, that woman. I suppose making me work for her like this was meant to be some deep humiliation for me.”

“Sorry...” You want to make sure you understand correctly. “You became a prostitute because you’re being *blackmailed*?” That sounds horrible! “Shouldn’t you call the police?”

“What for?” Ms. Randwick doesn’t even seem the slightest bit upset about the idea. In fact, she seems just as professional and business-like as she did when she was reprimanding you this morning. “I admit that I initially found the job distasteful. But once I realized that I *enjoyed* having our clientele use and abuse me according to every disgusting and depraved whim they have, I asked for a permanent role at this brothel. There’s something immensely satisfying about giving my clients the maximum amount of pleasure in a limited time period. And using my body is quite enjoyable too. Frankly, if the owner destroyed her blackmail material tomorrow, I would continue working here regardless.”

“But... Ms. Randwick...”

Your boss rolls her eyes, looking irritated. “Brothel policy is that you use my *first* name, James. Calling me ‘Ms. Randwick’ here is respectful, and you’re supposed to be disrespecting me. I am a whore, so you will call me ‘Emma’ or something even more demeaning if you can think of one. Is that satisfactory to you, sir?”

“Yes, Emma...” You say, shivering at her sharp tone.

“Correct.” Ms. Randwick... *Emma* rolls her eyes. “Alright. Let’s get this over with. Where do you want me and in what position, sir?”

“S-sorry?!” Your head snaps back up to look at your boss, trying to process what she just said. “Where do I want you to...?” She still wants to have sex?! “Oh, I thought you’d find some other girl to...”

Your boss sighs impatiently, folding her arms under her breasts. “And shy away from a client? Certainly not. You have me for two hours, James, and you’ve already *wasted* ten minutes. I don’t know shabby brothels you’ve been to before, but as a prostitute, I have professional

standards. I have no intention of leaving this room without you being sexually satisfied to the utmost of my abilities. And for your part, you're going to use me to fulfill *all* your sick fantasies for the next one-hundred and ten minutes, and then I'm going to eat you alive. And once you reform, you're going to leave me a glowing review for what I'm about to do to you." Your boss cracks her knuckles, stretching her fingers.

God, have you ever felt this intimidated before sex before? You gulp nervously. "Um... Maybe we can... just start with kissing?"

"Excellent" Emma sighs and advances toward you. "Oral work is my personal speciality."

As her stern face nears yours, you reflexively try to lean back. But as you do, her hand reaches out and grabs your collar, holding you in place. "I..." You begin, but it seems that your boss has no patience for your nervous rambling.

Her lips crash into yours with overwhelming force, driving you back as Emma relentlessly pushes onward. It takes you a moment to process that your boss is *kissing* you. Although, calling this 'kissing' would be like calling a tornado an air current. Grabbing your neck, Emma forces your mouth onto hers, the searing warmth of her lips gliding over your own in a way that leaves your mind reeling. You can taste alcohol, chips and supermarket-grade lipstick...

With a wet pop, Emma pulls her lips back, leaving you gasping for air. She rolls her eyes at the sight of you. "Well, I can tell that this is going to be easy." She says. "And if you're going to a brothel, sir, can I suggest brushing your teeth first? Or at least not eating something as pungent as cheap sushi from the place near our company building?" Then, your boss reaches out and pushes your chest rather hard. With a soft grunt, you fall backward on the bed.

And then, Emma is on top of you, her curvy body suddenly pressing into your own. You can feel the soft fabric of her bra on your chest, the delicate fabric of her panties on your thigh. Before you can speak, her mouth is on yours again, furiously claiming your lips. This time, she has no mercy at all. Within seconds, her tongue brushes past your defenses, invading your mouth with an almost contemptuous ease.

The next few minutes are a pleasure-filled haze as your boss drives her tongue relentlessly inside your mouth. She explores every part of your mouth, wrestling with your tongue, surveying every inch of your gums, mapping every nook and cranny in your teeth. You can feel her hands on your chest, her thumbs playing with your nipples in a way that makes you shiver. Your hand is on her plump ass, and you're not sure if you put it there, or your boss placed it there herself at some point. Either way, the cheek in your hand is surprisingly firm.

You can feel the towel wrapped around your body becoming tighter and tighter by the second, as your arousal builds. Ms. Randwick... Emma is clearly a *veteran* sex worker. Within a couple of minutes, she's brought you from a nervous mess to a heart thundering with arousal. Your dick had been flaccid and limp, but her touch has made you painfully erect, your cock straining

against the towel in a desperate attempt to reach the woman whose thigh it's now brushing against...

Emma seems to notice it now as well. With an almost sickeningly loud *pop*, she finally breaks the kiss. Pulling back, she admires her handiwork. "God, you're so fucking easy to please, sir. This is just the foreplay, and you're already in heaven." She chuckles, and you can hear a note of cruelty in her voice. "Well, at least I don't have to try and get you hard..."

Her fingers hook into your towel, slowly pulling the loose garment away. All of a sudden, you snap back to reality as you realize that your boss is about to expose your penis. "W-wait!" You say, grabbing her hand. Seeing your boss in her underwear is one thing, but you're not sure you could handle the shame of her seeing your erect penis.

But Emma just gives you an irritated glare. "Sir, I'm not being paid to *not* pleasure you. Get your hand off me and let me do my job." Her eyes are icy cold. "You have my entire body to use for whatever you desire, so put that hand somewhere more *productive*." You blush shamefully and release your boss.

Almost instantly, Emma pulls open your down. Despite your shame, you cock springs free, almost seeming eager to be glared at by your boss. "Oh God..." You can feel her furious glare on your cock... "Please don't..."

"Don't *what*?" Emma rolls her eyes. "Sir, you're here to *fuck* me. I've been paid, and it's my job to serve as a toy for this cock before me." And with that, she reaches out and seizes your cock in her hand.

"Ah!" You can't help but let out a moan as you feel her grab your penis. You can feel her fingers wrapping around your shaft, almost a painful grip. "Please... Be gentle...!" Her other hand grips your thigh, pinning you in place.

"Hmmp." Emma examines your cock, moving it slowly around with her powerful grip as she studies its shape and length. "I must say, this is *considerably* bigger than I'd expected from a man like you, sir." Somehow, she makes *sir* sound like an insult. "What is this, seven inches?"

"Y-yes..." Oh God, her grip... You can feel your heart beating inside your dick as your boss expertly holds your penis in an almost painfully tight hold. It feels so good... A few powerful strokes, and she'll have you firing the contents of your balls all over your chest.

Emma shrugs dismissively. "Don't mistake that for praise, sir. Meeting the *bare minimum* to pleasure me is nothing to feel proud of." She lets out a sigh of irritation. "At least it's thick enough to make me orgasm. I'm expecting at least *three* during our time, James. I won't push my luck and expect you to blow my mind, but I do expect to walk out of the room not needing to pleasure myself with the brothel dildo. Is that understood, sir?"

“Yes!” You moan, feeling her grip slowly slide up your length, your nerves crying out in a mix of pleasure and pain. “I’ll... I’ll do my best, Emma!”

“Good. Now, prepare yourself to be deepthroated, sir.”

“S-sorry?” Did she just say...?

You let out an almost animal moan as you feel her lips touch the head of your penis. So warm... So soft... Dutifully, your boss’s tongue flicks out, lapping up the precum that’s been soaking the tip of your cock.

And then, almost impatiently, Emma’s lips slide down and *engulf* your cock. “Oh... Oooh!” You convulse involuntarily as you feel her mouth around your cock, sliding deeper and deeper at an astonishing rate. Your boss clearly has *no* gag reflex to speak of anymore, and the way that she’s accepting the head of your penis down the back of your throat tells you clearly that this isn’t the first or the *hundredth* cock she’s done this with.

God, her throat is so fucking tight... So fucking *wet*! You can feel her saliva all over your penis, her heartbeat keeping time with your own. You can *feel* the rhythm, the drumbeat pulsing from her neck muscles into the head of your penis. “Fuck!” You swear out loud, and you can feel your eye twitching. Holy fuck, this is the already the best blowjob you’ve ever gotten.

Emma reaches the base of your cock in barely any time at all. As the head of your cock nestles inside her throat, your boss buries her exquisitely sharp nose in your pubic hair. As you struggle to steady yourself, you feel her inhale deeply, shuddering in pleasure. It seems that she likes your scent.

A moment later, her eyes flick up, coldly glaring at you. Despite the *overwhelming* pleasure you’re feeling at this moment, your heart shudders a little. *You’d better be ready*, is what she’s clearly saying to you. “Y-yes!” You say, as if you have any choice at all. “Please, if you want to... UGH!”

She didn’t even bother waiting for you to say ‘yes’. Pulling her head back, Emma lets your cock slide partially out of her throat... And then she surges back down, driving the head deep inside her throat once more. The pleasure is an explosion, a silky, sticky feeling of tight warmth along your entire length.

As she deepthroats your cock with amazing skill, Emma wraps one of her arms around your thigh and the other wanders across the bed. You can tell that she’s looking for something, but you’re a bit preoccupied with the fact that *Ms. Randwick is sucking your cock*. Finally, she finds what she’s looking for; your hand. You’d been unconsciously gripping the bed sheets as the only way to deal with the sheer pleasure that’s almost making you black out. With a sense of impatience, Emma flips your hand over and takes it with her own, her fingers mingling with your own as she holds your hand in an almost obscene display of intimacy.

A moment later, Emma pulls back, letting your cock slide out of her mouth. A mix of saliva and precum immediately flows down her chin, but your boss seems utterly unbothered by the vulgar mess on her face. "Are you going to *do* anything with that other hand?" She asks, your cock resting against her cheek, her voice steady despite being out of breath. "Come on, grab my hair or hold me down or something, would you?"

And with that, she gets right back to her assigned task, your cock back inside her throat before you can even answer. As she sucks even harder than before, you obediently reach out with nervous fingers and grab a lump of her black hair, feeling the wonderful silkiness of her strands. She lets out a vaguely irritated grunt, and when you look down, she's giving you an irritated look even as she bobs up and down. Trembling, you pray to any god you can think of, God, Zeus... Santa Claus... And pull sharply on her hair.

You see Emma's eyes twitch, and for a moment, you fear you might have misjudged what she'd wanted you to do. But then she lets out a slightly more approving grunt and her icy eyes close once more as she chokes down your cock with even greater speed.

Her other hand isn't idle either. In possibly the single most terrifying moment of your life, you feel the hand that she'd wrapped around your thigh reach up and seize your balls. Overwhelmed by pleasure and fear in the same moment, you shudder as you feel her hand around your balls. "Ah...! Ah...!" Is all you can say, as you squirm in terror. With her grip strength, she could do some *serious* damage down there with a simple squeeze...

Thankfully, castration is not your boss's intention today. She gives your family jewels a very slight squeeze, making you wince in fear. It didn't *hurt*, but it's very unsettling. And to your eternal shame, the fear of what she *could* do is exactly what's driving you wild.

The second squeeze is what sends you over the edge. Up until now, you'd been able to find some temporary stability inside the tornado of pleasure. But having your balls squeezed so tenderly has ruined all that. Your equilibrium shattered, you can't help but feel the heat at the head of your penis building and building... until... !

"Ah! FUCK!" You shout out loud, as you cum. Your orgasm thunders from the tip of your penis, flowing through your shaft and down through your balls and your abdomen and your chest and your veins... "F-fuck!"

Emma is utterly merciless. She doesn't slow down as you cum, even as the balls she's so tenderly gripping start to pulse. You can feel your cock ejaculating, spurting its load eagerly down your boss's throat. You can feel more and more cum flowing up your shaft, being drained by the motion of her throat around your penis. Oh God, she's still going! Oh God, she's not stopping! You're going to...

“N-no! No!” You gasp, wondering in some distant corner of your brain that’s not overwhelmed by pleasure why on earth you’re saying ‘no’ to this. “No, FUCK!”

Your first orgasm had been a dawning sun of pleasure, but your second is a thundering landslide of lust. It rips through you like a storm, making your muscles convulse as you experience for the first time in your life a back-to-back orgasm. Your cock had already been emptying the content of your nuts down Emma’s throat, so it makes no difference on that front, but you see your boss’s eyes flick back up to you. And you might have just imagined it, but did you just see a hint of amusement?

Finally... Finally, the pleasure begins to dim. Thank God it does, because you’re sure you’d been about to lose your mind. Feeling the brutal heat inside your mind begin to fade, you draw in a ragged breath of air. You’d been holding your breath without realizing it, and you feel a little dizzy now. You fall back onto the bed, sucking in air slowly.

With a wet pop, Emma lets your spent cock slide back out of her mouth, still spurting remnants of your orgasm as it falls back down onto your abdomen. “Huh. A twofer. That’s rare. Good for you, sir.”

“That was...” You’re almost ashamed to admit it. “That was the biggest orgasm I’ve ever had...”

“You’re welcome. I *do* pride myself on giving my clients their money’s worth.” Emma leans forward and kisses the head of your penis. It twitches at the touch of her lips, sending another spurt of sperm all over your chest. “You know, the world would be a better place if we *all* earned the money we were paid, instead of wasting company time by looking at degenerate vore pornography.”

That... That seems a *little* unfair. “But you’re... you’re a vore pros...” You want to call her a prostitute, but you can’t manage to force the word off your tongue. It feels too disrespectful, and you’re still too scared of your boss.

“A vore prostitute?” Emma gives you a disdainful glare. “Of course I am. And I’m exactly as disgusting and degenerate as those other whores you jack off to when you’re supposed to be writing reports. The difference is, I indulge myself *after* work.” She sighs, looking more than a little irritated now. “God, *enough*. You’re not here to talk about work, sir. You’re here to get turned into a trembling mess once I’ve sucked your balls dry, and then get turned into an *actual* mess by my guts.”

Oh God... You’d forgotten about that part. You sit up on your elbows, staring at her in surprise. “You’re... You’re really going to eat me?” As soon as it leaves your lips, you’re aware it’s a very stupid question.

Naturally, Emma gives you a look that suggests that she's looking at a complete moron. "Of course I am. You *paid* for a fuck and gurgle, sir. Why on earth would you come here otherwise?" She asks, reaching behind her back.

"N-no, that's not what I..." You've never been very articulate, even at the best of times. Watching your boss remove her bra right in front of your eyes isn't helping. "I mean, being eaten by *you*, Ms. Randwick... I mean, Emma." You'd be lying if you said you hadn't *fantasized* about the idea, as you do with any beautiful woman since you'd first discovered your fetish. But you'd *never* jerked off to the idea with any expectation that you'd ever get to experience it, especially in these circumstances.

"Well, get used to the idea quickly, sir." Emma's breasts are huge, and as they're freed from their wire and fabric prison, they instantly begin to hang lower with a sensation of immense weight. Embedded in each nipple is a piercing, two spikes sticking out of either side of the pink puffs. "I'd have you sliding down my gullet right now if I could, but I owe you another ninety-three minutes of pleasure." Indeed, her toned stomach lets out a loud gurgle, as if to agree with her.

"Oh *god*..." You groan, feeling your cock twitch. Her stomach looks so flat and toned... and *hungry*. You can't wait to be inside your boss's guts. She's probably got some truly *vicious* stomach acids...

The sound of Emma's panties hitting the floor wakes you out of your voraphilic stupor. Stepping out of the small garments, your boss kicks them away. Her vagina is pink and puffy, crowned by shaved black hair. It's clear that she... or someone... has spent quite a while making your boss's bush immaculate. "See something you like?" Emma asks, raising an eyebrow at you.

You have, actually. "Your tattoos...?" You ask, trailing off nervously.

"Oh, *those*." Emma smirks down at her tattoos. Reaching down, she traces the words 'Butt Slut' on her left hip. "Good, aren't they? I suppose you won't ever be able to look at me again in the office without remembering that these are printed on my body underneath my clothes." She bites her lip, cheeks reddening. "After I discovered how much I enjoy this job, I went straight to a seedy tattoo parlor and got the womb tattoo. I got the other one shortly afterward. Having these degrading words permanently etched into my body feels *amazing*."

They *look* amazing too. "God, that's so hot..." You can imagine Emma's stoic face, glaring down at some sleazy tattoo artist as he inks her hip with vulgar words. "Seeing you with those tattoos..."

With a smirk, your boss suddenly advances toward you, making you flinch backward in alarm. Ignoring your fear, Emma swings her legs onto the bed, straddling you without even a hint of hesitation.

“Gets you hard?” Emma rolls her eyes. She reaches out and pushes you back onto the bed. “Good. I *got* them because I want to make men like you hard when you look at them. You’ll be delighted to know I’m already planning to get more, I’m sure.” She points to a spot under her right breast. “I have a regular client who wants me to get a Queen of Spades here. I suppose the idea of marking me as his woman excites him. I’ve already asked the owner to put me in contact with a tattoo artist who’ll do it too, so I want to get that done by the end of the month to surprise him. He’s one of the few men who can properly dominate and satisfy me like I want to be, after all. He deserves a reward.”

“Ah...” You feel her weight on your chest, pinning you down with almost contemptuous ease. “Is he... your favorite client?” He must be, if she’s planning to get a tattoo just for him. The idea that your stoic boss is going to get such a vulgar tattoo is such an erotic thought.

“Oh yes. All of us girls here have our favorites.” Your boss shrugs. “He’s spent quite the princely sum on me over the past few months. He’s quite the stallion, and he stops by every couple of days for a fuck and a gurgle. I didn’t used to have any particular preference for black men, but he’s been converting me slowly. In truth, he’s the closest thing I have to a boyfriend for now.”

Fuck... You can feel your dick twitching in her grip. “Why... Why are you telling me this?” You ask, feeling her thumb stroking the head of your cock.

“Do you think I can’t feel that cock of yours already slapping against my butt? I’m telling you because it’s turning you on.” Emma answers bluntly. “And it’s my *job* to turn you on, sir. Unlike you, I make an effort to do my job. Tell me, I’m curious... Is it the thought of me having sex with other men that you enjoy so much, or is it the thought of me having sex with *that* man?”

“Ah!” God, she’s *obscenely* good at jerking you off. Her grip is so tight, almost painful but just enough to keep you right on the edge... “The... The first one...” You gasp, staring down at her ice blue eyes. “It’s just so crazy to imagine my boss having sex with so many men... Just for fun...” Ms. Randwick, a prostitute. A *veteran* prostitute. The thought is still impossible, even as the woman herself sits on your chest naked. You reach down and pinch yourself, but this is no dream.

Your boss rolls her eyes. “Not just for fun. I also make a handsome chunk of change from both my jobs combined.” A hint of a smile seems to ghost across her tight lips. “But yes, I find that intercourse is my preferred form of recreation... When I have a partner who can satisfy me properly.”

“But you...” You begin, but your boss has run out of patience.

“Oh, *enough*.” Emma suddenly surges forward. All of a sudden, her vagina is above your face, pink and glistening with arousal. “If you’re going to waggle that tongue of yours, you can do it *inside* me and at least make some progress.” You can feel tremendous heat coming from her groin, and your mouth begins to water in anticipation.

“Y-yes Ma’am!” You say, breathing hard as your arousal returns with a vengeance. You *love* eating women out. It’s your favorite bedroom activity. You can feel her arousal dripping gently onto your face. “Please, let me... Mmmh!”

Rolling her eyes, Emma slams her pussy down onto your face, instantly burying you in a world of pink folds, sticky heat and black hair. “You don’t know how *annoying* it is to be anal retentive *and* a nymphomaniac, do you, sir?” She sighs, reaching down to seize your hair with one hand. Her other hand reaches up and seizes her left breast, her thumb and forefinger gently stroking the spikes of her nipple piercing. “Imagine going through high school with a reputation of being unapproachable *and* the class bicycle... Ah!” She grunts as your tongue dives into her vagina.

Delving deep into her sex, your tongue begins its expedition. Instantly, you can feel her juices running down your tongue, down into your throat. Driving deeper, you push aside her folds, searching for her pleasure areas.

“Ngh! Ah... At least you’re enthusiastic about *this* part.” Emma snorts, half in amusement and half in irritation. “Honestly, of all the men from our company who had to show up here, it had to be *you*. Do you know how annoying it is that I have to *refuse* sexual advances from my bosses? I’d like nothing more to be turned into their filthy little sex toy, but I can’t. I *hate* the idea of being promoted just because I’d be having sex with them. I *earned* my fucking position.” Grabbing your hair tightly, she lifts up your head and grinds her pussy into your face. “Mmmh! Ah, it’s so frustrating...”

God, this is so hot... You can already feel your dick twitching, fully erect as it slaps against your belly. Emma’s scent fills your nostrils, her taste fills your mouth. You can feel her body heat on your tongue, getting hotter and hotter with every stroke of your tongue.

“Ugh!” Emma seems to be enjoying it too, from the sounds she’s making. “Ugh... You know the company president groped me the other week? Just copped a feel of my butt right after a meeting... Eyeing my belly...” She lets go of her breast, reaching down to pick up your hand. Placing your hand on her butt, she presses it into the firm flesh. Almost on instinct, you squeeze hard and you’re rewarded with a shudder of pleasure around your tongue. “Mmph! Just like that!”

Reaching up with your other hand, you grab her other cheek, squeezing each one with the same rhythm of your tongue strokes. Each time you do, you feel Emma shudder, and feel her innards twitch. Taking in a deep breath filled with her musk, you redouble your efforts, driving your tongue deeper into her pussy.

“Sick fuck... He’s fifty-four and married with kids. And yet he’s trying to hit on me so openly?” She shudders in pleasure. “Yeah, squeeze my ass just like he did... Ugh, I wanted to kiss him so badly. He was staring at my belly, it was so obvious he wanted to jump down my throat. The thought of accepting his advances... of having an affair with him... God, I must have spent all

night here with half a dozen clients, and I was *still* masturbating to the idea when I got home that night... Fuck. Fuck! FUCK!"

You feel her suddenly begin to shudder violently, her vagina violently spasming around you as she suddenly grinds on your face with an orgasmic fury. Indeed, she's orgasming! As you realize that she's cumming, you resume your efforts, trying to help her reach even the slightest amount of pleasure that she'd given you a few minutes ago. Finally, after about twenty seconds, her shuddering begins to die away.

"Ugh... One down..." She gasps, breathing hard. "W-what? Why are you stopping? Do you think that was it? That was just my first orgasm! Get back to work!" Emma slams her still-twitching pussy down onto your face again. "Come on, I'm not done yet, *sir*."

Obediently, you stick your tongue out again and enter her vagina, pushing back into the now-familiar folds. Honestly, you can vividly imagine what she's describing. Your company president has a... *reputation*. You've never met the man, obviously, but company rumor is that he's constantly having affairs with his secretaries and subordinates... Now, where had you made her twitch again...?

"Ah..." Your boss moans as you resume your efforts. "Damn it... I want him to promote me because I'm a damn good employee, not because I'm blowing him..." She sighs deeply. "Oh, but I *want* to blow him so badly..." She lets out a chuckle, cold and cruel. "You've heard the rumor that he got his secretary pregnant, right? Of course you have, you're always gossiping with those worthless little peons in our sections." Gripping your hair, she grinds her sex into your face. "Well, guess what? It's true. Stupid little girl fell for his spiel about leaving his wife for her, and now she's walking around with his kid in her belly. And she's not the first either. Our company's always covering up his disgusting behavior..."

Somehow, she seems like she's both complaining about *and* complementing the man. You'd heard that his secretary had quit the company, but you'd assumed the rumors as to why were made up. Poor girl...

Emma seems to disagree with your thoughts, however. "Lucky little bitch. She got to have that disgusting man using her, spurting his nasty seed into her pussy. *I* want a man like that. Someone who'll treat me like the *meat* that I am. Our company president turns on the charm with me, but I know he wants to climb into my belly. Sick fuck... God, I want *so badly* to say 'yes'..."

Ugh... The thought of your boss with a pregnant belly makes you feel things you'd never dreamed of feeling. Your cock is twitching furiously, and you wonder if you're going to suffer the shame of a hand's free orgasm. Even so, you don't slow down with your tongue, furiously licking deeper and deeper...

“Ugh!” Emma shudders in pleasure, and you can feel that she’s close again. “Ugh... He’s a vorophile too, just like you. There’s a good chance he might walk through that door one day, y’know? I can only hope...” You can feel her thighs twitching on either side of your head. “If that happens... There’s no way I’m going to be able to refuse his advances at work anymore... I’ll be totally at his mercy...” The thought seems to please her, judging by the way she’s... “Oh... OH FUCK!”

As she orgasms again, your boss pushes down onto the bed, burying your face in a mess of black hair and sticky fluid. You can feel her vagina convulsing on your face, and you can’t breathe. You try to hold your breath, but it’s almost impossible with the weight of an orgasming woman on your face. Instinctively, you try to breathe in, but you just get two nostrils full of orgasmic musk.

Oh God... Is this how you’re gonna die? Smothered by your boss’s pussy? All of a sudden, it seems entirely possible. Her thighs are tightening around your head, and your mouth and nose are full of her vaginal folds. Is this how you’re gonna die?!

Honestly, there’s worse ways to go...

At last, to your relief... and just a shameful hint of sadness... Emma sits up, pulling her vagina off your face and allowing you to finally breathe a breath of air that’s not full of pubic hair. “Ah... That was decent, sir. Not bad.” She’s breathing hard, but her face is just as stoic as before. “Not *great* either. Just decent.” Swinging her legs off your shoulders, your boss plops her butt down on the bed, placing a hand on her chest as she catches her breath.

“Was that...” You begin, but you start to cough, your boss’s vaginal fluids running down your chin. God, your face is *coated*. “Was that... Was what you were saying just now... true?”

Emma shoots you an irritated look, making no move to help you. “Of course it was, sir. What, you think I was lying?” She snorts, rolling her eyes. “Typical. A man gropes me, and your first reaction is to wonder if I’m lying.”

“That wasn’t what I...” You begin, blushing in embarrassment. But your boss ignores you.

“Yes, the company president groped me. And yes, I’m seriously considering saying ‘yes’ next time he tries it.” Emma shrugs, seemingly utterly unabashed by the idea. “Well, I am getting older. And I want to have a child at some point. I was thinking about asking my favorite client that I mentioned earlier to do it as a special favor, but our president would be even more humiliating.” She takes a deep breath and sits up. “Now, let’s get to work. We both need at least one more orgasm.”

“One more...?” You bite your lip nervously. “So, that double one I had earlier...?” You trail off, hopeful.

Your hope is misplaced, of course. “Counts as *two*. Obviously.” Your boss gives you a scathing glare. “Sir, you get three orgasms. Don’t try to screw me in any other way other than *physically*.” Ashamed, you nod obediently. “Good. Now, time to big out the big guns...”

Emma leans forward, getting down on all fours. Her ass is directly in front of you now, and your boss seems to know that, judging by the enticing wiggle she’s doing. You feel your cock twitch at the sight. A moment later, she looks back, eyebrow raised.

“What are you waiting for, sir?” Reaching behind her, Emma spreads her magnificent ass cheeks, revealing a tight little puckered hole between them. “Come on, don’t be shy *now*. I need my asshole demolished.” Below, her vagina is still wet, her thighs glistening.

“You want me to...?” You’d paid for sex, of course. But even now, the thought of having sex with Ms. Randwick... “Wait, you mean *anal sex*?”

“Of course.” Emma gives you an impatient glare. “My tattoo isn’t just for show, sir.” Indeed, the words ‘Butt Slut’ seem quite accurate, if the way her asshole is twitching is any indication. “Frankly, having a cock crammed up my anus drives me wild. And for what comes after, I’m going to need some stretching out. A round of anal makes shitting you out *far* easier. Normally, I prefer something black and at least ten inches long, but your seven incher should be just fine.”

Oh God. You’ve never done anal before. Well, with a woman. You’d never admit it, but you’ve got your own dildos at home. You feel your cock twitching, almost painfully hard. Scooting forward obediently, you sit up on your knees. As your cock brushes against her ass cheeks, Emma shudders in anticipation. “H-how should I...?” You wonder where to begin.

“You fucking...” Your boss hisses in irritation. Reaching in between her legs, she begins to masturbate, rubbing her pussy with a furious pace. It’s not a show for your pleasure, she’s really going at it. “Just cram it in! Hurt me if you have to! I need a cock inside my butt, not *questions!*”

Galvanized by her sharp tone, you hurriedly lean forward, pressing your cock against her puckered anus. With some effort, you force the head of your penis inside the painfully tight gap... Oh, *Christ!* “Oh! Oh, you’re so fucking *tight*...!” It’s like a vice around your cock, but somehow you can feel it pulling you deeper...

“Yes! Yes!” Emma moans loudly, her thick hips quivering as she tightens around your cock. “Ugh... Fuck that *hurts*... Rougher, damn you! You’re not fucking a *delicate flower!*” Obediently, you begin to force your cock even deeper inside her, feeling her anus enveloping your cock. “S-shit!”

“Oh my god...” You can’t help yourself. Your hips are already moving by themselves, thrusting deep into your boss’s butt. Her thick cheeks are slapping against your hips, and she’s moving just as eagerly as you are. You can feel her heat around you, not as savage as her pussy heat on your tongue had been, but a deep and powerful heat. A heat that you’ll be experiencing in a

far more *intimate* fashion very soon, won't you? You'll be sliding out just as easily as you're sliding in...

The thought of being shat out by the ass that you're currently fucking makes you thrust even faster, desperate to relieve the painful hardness of your cock. You need release so badly...

"Ugh! Yes! Good!" Emma deals out perhaps the first praise you've ever heard from her. "Yes, like that, sir! Ah... A little to the left!" Obediently, you oblige. "F-fuck! Yes! Faster! Faster!" Oh God, she's so tight... Are you going to be able to go back to normal sex after this? It seems that Emma herself is of a similar mind. "Oh fuck, I'm such a fucking *anal WHORE!*" Her sudden shout makes you flinch, and you can hear the desperate arousal in her voice. Her fingers are driving deep inside her pussy, furiously seeking an orgasm. And a few moments later, she finds it. "UGH!"

You feel her asshole squeezing you as she convulses, and it takes all your willpower not to paint her colon white right there and then. Reaching out, you grab her hips, clinging on like a sailor in a storm. Finally, as her orgasm begins to die away, Emma resumes masturbating.

"Don't *stop*, you fucking idiot!" She yells at you. "Keep fucking going!"

You don't need any more encouragement. Instantly, you return to plowing her still twitching asshole. As you do so, you're consumed by a sudden desire. "E-Emma!" You moan, as you fuck her ass. "Can I... Can I touch your tits?"

"You're asking for *permission?*" Your boss sounds incredulous, even through the pleasure in her voice. "I told you, I'm here to be your fucktoy! Just *grab* them, sir! I won't allow you to finish without getting all your pleasure, that would be leaving a job half-finished!" It's not that she wants to please you, you know now. It's about doing her job properly.

But whatever the reason, you don't wait another second. Pressing down on her back, you lean forward and reach around her body. In each hand, you take one of her breasts, feeling the immense weight of her tits. The warm steel of her nipple piercings scrape on your palms as you squeeze her breasts. God, her tits are *huge*. You've always wondered how your boss's tits feel, and now you're able to answer: they feel *amazing*.

You can feel the heat building at the tip of your cock again, and you know your orgasm isn't far off. "E-Emma!" You moan out loud. "Emma, I'm going to cum... S-should I pull out?" You're not wearing a condom, come to think of it. Wait, is that *allowed* in a brothel?

"Of course not! Are you fucking..." Your boss groans in irritation. "Jesus, what do you think the point of fucking my ass is?! Blow your load in there, sir! Not like you can get my ass pregnant." Reaching behind, Emma grabs her ass cheeks, spreading them so that you can thrust even deeper. "Ugh, I usually only allow my favorite to do it raw... You don't deserve the honor, but I'm

not going to let you pull out now. Come on, fill my ass just like *he* does. A hot load always brings me to the... Ugh!"

It's too much. Between her voice, her muscles gripping you, the feel of her tits in your hands. Finally, you thrust one too many times and...

"E-Emma!" Your back arches as the pleasure rips through your body. Your balls tighten, desperately trying to empty their already drained contents as your orgasm. Surging up your penis, your cum spurts into your boss's ass.

"F-fuck! Fill my butt!" Emma lets out a deep groan, and you can *hear* the impending orgasm in her voice. Indeed, only a few moments later, you feel her anus muscles twitching, crushing your orgasming cock as her own orgasm surges through her body. "Oh... Oh! Yes! Blast my colon, sir!"

In truth, there's very little left inside your balls. The majority of the cum you'd brought to the brothel today is now digesting inside your boss's belly. Even so, as you feel your orgasm fade away and pull out, a small bubble of sperm dribbles out of Emma's ass.

"Oh my god..." You can feel your cock already beginning to soften, the poor organ utterly spent. "That was the best sex I've ever had in my life!"

Emma rolls over, groaning as she rubs her groin. "Ugh... Not bad, I guess." She takes a deep breath and looks up at you, her face back to her usual stoic self. "Satisfying, I suppose. Nothing special, but I can walk out of here satisfied with our session. Three orgasms for you, and one more than expected for me." She raises an eyebrow at you. "Well, I suppose if you had a *lot* more training, you could be a decent lover. We can start that next time you're here, I think."

"N-next time?" You're still reeling from *this* time, and she's already thinking about next time. "There's going to be a..."

"Of course there's going to be a next time." Emma's voice leaves no room for disagreement. "Unless you're satisfied, you're going to keep wasting company time, aren't you? So, you're going to come here after work to satisfy that degenerate lust of yours." Her eyes narrow at you. "And don't give me shit about not being able to afford it. I'm the one who pays you, and it's not like you've got a girlfriend or something like that to spend the paycheck I give you on."

"Y-yes, ma'am..." You nod obediently. Distantly, you're aware that you should be putting up more resistance, but this *does* seem like the best solution.

"*Emma.*" She snaps, glaring at you. "Your session is not done yet, sir." Her stomach rumbles menacingly.

Your heart leaps, realizing what she's referring to. Oh God, you've been looking forward to this for so long. Not with *her*, but... Fuck, it's been months since you've been inside a belly. It had gotten so bad that you'd been forced to look up vore porn at work just to satisfy your cravings... "S-should I take another shower? Most girls like me to be clean when they...?"

"Who gives a shit, sir?" Emma stands up, apparently paying no attention to the flow of sperm that spurts out her ass and down her thighs. "You're going to be disgusting either way. Might as well stop wasting time. And you're going to be *melted slop* soon, so it's none of your concern." She clicks her fingers. "Now, on your knees. After a fuck, I need a fucking *meal*."

Her stomach is rumbling loudly now, clearly aware that it's going to be getting fed shortly. Even despite all it's been through, your cock manages a twitch at the sound. It's rather admirable for an organ that's been milked so thoroughly tonight.

"Yes, m... Emma." You say, obediently getting onto your knees on the bed. This time, your obedience isn't out of fear, it's out of a desperate desire for what's about to come. Standing before you, your boss is at a comfortable height, her mouth level with your eyes. You can feel the heat of her breath, and it makes you shiver in pleasure. "Is this good enough?"

"Well, as good as you're going to get." Emma shrugs, looking down at you with her cold blue eyes. God, it's like you're nothing more than a plate of food for her... "My stomach is quite efficient, as you'll shortly find out. Once you're in there, it will *correct* you into being the pile of useless waste that you really are, sir. You'll be melted into grade-A slop, drain through my intestines and get absorbed into my body. You will fatten out my tits, my ass and my thighs, among other parts of my body. Most of you, anyway. The rest of you will reach the end of my intestines and be compacted into my colon. I will then shit you out into our toilet here. Sadly, it will only be temporary."

You'll be reformed by morning, you know. Part of you is relieved by that, knowing that the death you'll find in the depths of Emma will only be temporary. And another part of you regrets that. Becoming a part of your boss isn't something you'd ever really considered an option outside of your fantasies, but of all the ways to die, it would probably be your most preferred.

"I'm... I'm ready." You want to feel the acids sizzling your skin, the crushing strength of her stomach muscles. "Please, Emma..."

Your boss takes a deep breath, staring down at you with a deep contempt. "God, you really are a pathetic pile of waste, sir. I'm going to *enjoy* making you into a *turd*."

With that, she leans forward and kisses you on the mouth. She tastes of alcohol, chips and supermarket-grade lipstick, and you shiver as her warm lips glide over your own. Her lips spread wider and wider...

And then, your head is suddenly engulfed in a thick, warm darkness. You can feel wet saliva slathering all over your face. You can smell the scent of alcohol, chips and supermarket-grade lipstick, along with a particularly pungent hint of spent semen. Your own brand, in fact.

Your boss is an experienced vore prostitute. Not only is she a clear veteran and enthusiast at sex, but she's also a veteran at eating people. After all, she *does* do it for a living. As Emma swallows your head with remarkable speed, you stay as still as possible, trying to make it easy for your boss to devour you. After all, you have no reason to fight back. This is why you're here. You *paid* to be eaten. And being eaten by your boss is a wonderful bonus that you're still partly in shock about.

Within seconds, you can feel her lips reach your shoulders. Now, you're no newcomer at this yourself. You've been slipping into bellies since you were old enough to consent, and you immediately start wiggling your shoulder blades, giving Emma a better chance of getting an oral grip on your shoulders. As it turns out, it's in vain. Your boss has no issues getting past the shape of your shoulders.

Obediently, you reach up and slide your hands into her gullet, feeling them sucked inside the tight warmth of her mouth. You just gave up any chance of escape, but you never wanted that anyway. In some miracle, your poor cock is now half erect, fighting an impossible battle to stand proud once more as you feed yourself to Emma Randwick.

Of course, your boss doesn't see this as the moment of a lifetime, as you do. For her, you're just a slightly more familiar client. With almost contemptuous speed, she works her way down your hips, choking you down with well-practiced ease. Even if you were fighting, you wouldn't stand a chance.

Emma's innards are just as beautiful as her outsides, in your eyes. It's dark and cramped in her throat, and all you can see is a dull pinkness around you. You can hear her heartbeat, a distant drumbeat that's getting louder by the second. You can feel her shuddering around you, your boss clearly enjoying the feeling of you descending into her. After all, who doesn't enjoy a good meal?

Finally, to your excitement, Emma's innards open up and you find yourself sliding into her stomach. The tight body cavity is barely big enough for your head, so when your entire body is crushed inside, you feel a tremendous squeezing around your body. Even better are her stomach acids. You feel a flash of searing pain on your face, and only a reflexive closing of your eyes just beforehand prevents you from being blinded. You'd made that mistake before.

Outside, Emma reaches your thighs and stops, reaching out with one hand to slap you on the side of the knee. It's a well-known signal during vore. At once, you obediently go limp, allowing your boss to grab your legs and lean back. With your legs now in the air, gravity begins to work in your favor, forcing you deeper and deeper inside Emma.

The stomach around you is tiny, and your skin is already beginning to sting. You can smell your skin burning, sizzling in her stomach acids. But Emma is merciless. With an almost contemptuous impatience, she shoves your legs into her mouth, ignoring your involuntary groans of pleasure.

Finally, as your feet slip into her mouth, Emma swallows. The last of you slides down her throat and enters the crushing confines of her stomach. Inside, you're now forced into a fetal position, thankfully facing upward. As her stomach acid begins to coat you, hissing and sizzling across your helpless skin, you can do nothing but pointlessly squirm, reflexively trying to escape from the pain that's all around you.

"Urrp!" Your boss lets out a loud burp and sits back down on the bed. Her tattoos are bulging against her skin, the shape of your body distorting the womb tattoo and the words 'Butt Slut'. "Ugh... At least you made a decent meal."

"T-thank you, Emma..." You moan, feeling droplets of acid burning your cheek.

Your boss lets out a grunt of irritation. "Your time is up, James. You call me *ma'am*, or I'll spit you back out."

"N-no, ma'am! Sorry ma'am..." Holy crap, you're not going to last long in here. Emma... Ms. Randwick's bowels are so tight. Her acids are so potent, you feel like you're already melting. Fuck, every part of your body *hurts*... "This is... amazing..."

"Yes, yes. You're dying and you love it. Fucking degenerate..." Your boss groans, leaning back on the bed, holding her massively engorged belly. "Oh god... I needed this so bad... God, I love my jobs..."

Inside her, you can hear her heart beating faster. She must be enjoying this, you're glad to realize. Not because of *you*, of course. You're just a filling meal for her now. A pile of meat that's soon to be silent and still for her to digest... As the acids splash onto your naked body, you correct yourself that you're *currently* being digested.

"Also..." Ms. Randwick lays back on the bed, her stomach rumbling as her digestive system begins to kick in. "Next time you're here, James, you'd best spend some time thinking of some depraved things to do to me. I was *thoroughly* underwhelmed by your imagination today. I'm your boss and I treat you like shit. You should be doing some absolutely *disgusting* things to me in return."

You're in no position to respond, of course. You can no longer talk, only moan in pain as the acids start to get the better of you.

"If it's lack of imagination, I'll be sending you some links to certain websites and a few hardcore fetish terms to research. BDSM, choking, humiliation, beating..." She frowns down at the

shuddering shape in her guts. “All of which will be researched when you’re *off* the clock, James. Do you hear me? I’m expecting a good deal more effort from you from now on, both at work and here after work.”

Barely, you manage to speak. “Y-yes... Ma’am!” You gasp, the scent of your own searing flesh in your nostrils. God, you’re going to die... You don’t want to die... You want more pain before that...

“And I expect you to be at the office at eight-thirty sharp tomorrow, James.” Ms. Randwick pokes her belly, where your face is almost outlined against her skin. “Being shat out tonight is *no* excuse for lateness tomorrow. After all, I’m going to be dumping you into the brothel toilets for most of the night, and *I* won’t be late. So why should you?”

God, you might be in love, as shameful as it is to admit. You know, for certain, that you’ll be here tomorrow night. And the night after that...

“Is that understood? Good.” Ms. Randwick reaches over and taps a button on the nearby intercom. “Ma’am, I’m done with this client. I’ll be sleeping him off in here.” With that done, she grabs the pillow and lays her head down on it. “Now, open that mouth of yours and drink some stomach acid. I want to feel you die, James.”

There are many ways to die in a stomach. You’ve been squeezed to death, melted to death, even once swallowed so tightly that you’d died in the girl’s throat. But for your boss, you don’t hesitate. Obediently, you open your mouth and let a torrent of stomach acid wash down your throat.

It’s a horrible way to die, to your eternal glee. Being melted from the inside out is a new experience for you, and you quickly learn that it’s both a painful *and* surprisingly slow way to die. Ms. Randwick seems to enjoy your dying squirms and moans for a little while before she turns her head and falls asleep. It’s only then that the terrible darkness claims you.

Naturally, despite spending most of the rest of the night shitting you out, Ms. Randwick is on time at work tomorrow at eight thirty sharp. Only this time, she’s got a slightly larger set of breasts and a slightly tighter pair of pants...