

It's almost time now. *Sigh*, finally, between adjusting your headband and checking the settings on your hardware for the twentieth time and constantly shifting in your seat for even a minute of comfort, you really were beginning to feel canned inside your station. Last time you agree to take the passenger seat when carpooling with Nyssa, no matter how long the drive or late the shift; you swear to yourself in defeat knowing well that it's a hollow promise, hell, you probably were fudging around this very pose the last time you lied to yourself this quietly. Probably kicking around at the same stuff to boot.

Rustling and more rustling fill in as your radio static from the clutter of bag wares shuffling in the dark around you. Many of them knock and bump into each other, while only the lightest and loosest items manage to find their way to you, rather mercifully; at least Nyx was considerate enough to place you in a more secluded spot this time, your own 'VIP seat' as she called it with a face that couldn't have betrayed more her oozing embarrassment had it spelled it on her face in bold font.

That said, you wouldn't argue that traveling in the outer pouch of her handbag was a world of improvement over riding within the main enclosure with all her stuff cluttered about like chickens in the smallest free-range ranch in existence; and the itchy rubber chaffing your skin whenever you slid on the smooth hammock-like cell faster than your clothing did wasn't favoring your rating for the ride either.

"You doing alright there, peep?" A soft-spoken voice pierces your thoughts and draws your sight up to the narrow ceiling crack above; where the rocking picture of your friend and partner's arm sways about in partial display beneath the otherwise empty frame of a clear noon sky.

"Couldn't be better Nyx, I always love when my cabs have all the luxury and comfort of the back of a moving truck."

You adjust the mic snub over your jaw and reply into your headpiece, your tone dried on air even if you didn't intend it fully as sarcasm; but really, you couldn't just get mad at the mellow oaf, even when she screwed up somehow, at least she was resourceful to fix it just as quick... Most of the time, anyways. Whether you would or not agree with her plan B's through Z's usually depended on how much alphabet soup she had to ladle through to cook the fix-up beforehand; and how badly said foul-ups had tipped you over to need a pick-up in the first place. With your height summing up just above the line to be the ringmaster at the flea circus, you could never be too careful with things.

Thankfully it wasn't a particularly dangerous line of work to begin with, all things considered, so these screw-ups were more often than not little more severe than inconveniences for you both. Being model photographers of the 'glamour calendar' kind, while not really the top of your career choices, was the kind of steady paycheck where

your 'condition' didn't hinder your performance and even paid off when it came to snapping the more... *rewarding* pictures. Sure, the agency may pay well enough for a conventional pin-up pic, but a close-up at foot, waist, or bust level that turned their model into a goddess? They might as well hand you a license to print your own money.

Drill was simple, the you and your partner would arrive at set location with the model you were to photograph; crew was sent in advance to ensure the stage was furbished accordingly by the time you arrived, so it was usually just you two plus the beauty to picture during the shoots; although as far as the model was concerned, it was usually just Nyx and her at the scene, with you performing your work quietly from the underworks, backstage, just about any nook slash cranny that the shot called for, then begin snapping away as soon as the beauty mark shed her silks and struck her poses, stretching her struts and drifting her curves towards the fresh face behind the camera some steps away. You, for your part, would swerve under, around, and even over those tight curves to get the sets that *really* put the fine-sliced loaves on the table. Where else would those fat wallets turn to for panoramic takes of good ol' T.A.P. if not for your talent to stake out like the gummiest P.I.?

It was *risqué* business, sure, but never too risky, especially with the added steps you threw as caution, such as training your 'handler' on a safe-word where she would 'casually' call for a break, get close to the target and then extract you to safety, for example. The exact procedure varied per case, and you both planned it carefully in advance along with any possible deviations, and even the few dozen times when things *didn't* go according to plan were good practice for Nyx to come up with contingencies on the spot. That said, it wouldn't hurt if she wised up sometime, ins-

Thump!

"Oof- *Fuu-cht!* – Nyx! Ho~*mph!* Either watch your step or put your chopstick away somewhere else!"

Sometimes you think you may be a little harsh on her. *Sometimes*. Not this time though, you couldn't even raise your voice on behalf of your flattened and unwinded chest, and it goes without saying at this point, but you could *really* count your blessings if every other sudden movement didn't sand away some of your skin. Even if your grip held this time and your arm closed on your chest anyway, that jolt served as a reminder that your camera can't be optimized anymore, so you should secure it into place before the next quake vaults it out of your hand; and so you heed the advice while the ground's still and place the screened square into the fixture on your headband, where your third eye snaps neatly in the socket.

"Sorry boss! Next time I'll bring the shirt with the breast pocket, I swear!" She hushes back in a tone that isn't *not* cherry-cheeked at all.

Yeah, when have you heard that one before. Oh well, you could never be too *soft* on her, either. Girl was fished straight out of the bowl from college after all, and like all recruits from the big C, she was allowed a number of itty-bitty screw-ups and then some per job, at least during the trial period, and even then she didn't even burn up her allowance anyways... most of the time. Besides, even when she *did* flub up her numbers badly, all it took was one look at her sorry face and all would be good. You couldn't stay mad at those husky-pup blue eyes, could you?

"It's fine-" You *cof-cof* and puff and scoff sternly while gathering back your bearings; "Just keep walking straight and if you've *got* to turn, give me a heads-up *at least*."

"Noted, Cass." Her voice peeps up at the same time her stride picks up a pace, and even though her face remains out of sight, you just know her face turned a lift from its anxious frown as well; "We're almost the-"

"Uh-huh-uh!" Now, now, just because you've forgiven her latest *oopsisode* doesn't give her a free pass on formalities, your wagging nays should let her know as much even if she couldn't see it, but just to retrace the line where she threads; "Noted, *Miss~?*"

Her speed brakes down for a moment in which you can hear her *sigh* into the mic and whisper defeated.

"Noted, *Miss Perry*. *Geez...*"

"There-" Granted, you *didn't* have to lord her over as such, but hey, you're the *boss* here... to her at least, and what's the point of having a pet skyscraper and *not* making her sit and bark every now and then?; "Now, you were saying?"

"*Hmph.*" A snappy *clack* masks her retort halfway through, before you feel your world tilt forwards and a rusty couple of hinges moan their splitting *creeeek* from nearby outside. "I said, we're here already, *Miss Perry.*"

About time the ride pulled in to a stop, you were already wearing thin of your fellow passengers. No sooner than Nyssa's grunts thread her whole weight into pushing the door open all the way do you jump in your seat and pep her on, like only great bosses know to do.

“You’re a great cabbie, Nyx, now please give me a lift outta’ here, I think your lip balm wants some breathing space.”

“You got it, boss!” Her viral enthusiasm flares up your ear once more, and right as she’s done your carriage tilts over itself one last time, sending you flat on your back just as suddenly. *Grunt*, guess it’s moot to ask her to be careful for the zillionth time. But at least you can actually look at the bright side now, as ceiling of purse lips split open to make way for a shadowy hand craning in from above, just beneath the watchful cerulean gaze of your fresh-faced protegee. Without even bidding goodbye to your sardined fellow carpoolers you roll over to the palm sinking the floor ahead and climb it over with some trained degree.

“All set, Nyx.” You echo over once you’re up and sitting at the center; which your assistant *Roger’s* back and pulls your elevator back on its way to the top floor.

Ugh, yeah, daylight flooded up your view in full blinding force while your eyes adjusted back to outdoors setting. And here you thought dark room daze was a thing of the past for this job. But the flash thankfully lasted as shortly as its namesake, just long enough to spare you in part from elevator sickness and greet you with a close encounter with a peachy peak brimming with warmth that bridged across twin cerulean-framed spots the size of freight-load tunnels, both forked straight towards you, belonging to the watchful gaze of your fresh-faced, boundary-forgetting protegee.

“What, got something on my hair?” Other than enough spotlight to melt a dozen waxwork statues that is.

“OH!”

Nyssa hard-blinks herself back from the clouds, while her sudden jolt and her shrill shriek turned to all the bars and then some tag-team together to sonic-boom you on your ass. Ever the quick fixer, Nyx then spaces her hand a few more inches from her face; just the right spot to catch some fresh breath proper, the least amount of her brisk perfume, and where you can recount all twenty-six freckles on her face if you wanted to.

“Scuse me, boss, I still think you look so cute in that suit. It really compliments your hair!”

Thank goodness she remembered to turn down her voice afterwards, your ears still buzz like a firecracker popped inside the drums!

“Mhmm, thank you, Nyx.”

Good to know that your dye job has held up so well at least. Honestly, you still bite yourself for not outfitting yourself up in advance for the wet work; then you wouldn't be chaffing your sides and 'slipping a crack' all shrink-wrapped up in a suit that once fit best when you were Nyx's age and those mermaid looks were all the rage.

“I'll let you try it after we're done here if you want.” Oh well, blue should help you blend in with your surroundings and make your job easier on the long term.

“Haha~” Aaand there's that awkward intern 'laugh' of hers. Yep, there she goes, spooling one of her fiery locks into her finger like embarrassed spaghetti. Doesn't she look *cute* when she doesn't even know to be either flustered or quiet? “Thanks, boss, but I'll skip. Blue doesn't suit me as well.”

“By the way;” She cut off, unwinding her hair from her finger so her hand could then dive back into her purse.

“Should be *riiight*...” Like teacher like student it seems, although to her credit, her scavenging trip goes by in a blink until her hand hoists back up with goodies crane-gamed in between index and thumb; a toothpick with one end tied with floss, which in turn had its opposite end locked in a knot from which several more strings hung, each one with its own wrap at a lengths' end. Backup cameras, smaller rolls or dentist wire, suction cups; just about anything that you could find useful in your trekking through human landscapes was wrapped up in one of the many branches of the bunch.

“Here!” From her plucky pinch, she lowers the improv hamster-riding crop and places the reel of knots on her palm just a few ways from you; “Your gear, boss.”

Right away you approach one of the wired bulges on the string spider to collect your bounty: an inflated pool donut. Sky blue, a good match for your wear, with hand holds and even a modest backrest to lay back if you felt like lazing about on a puddle stream; it's amazing what one can get on the cheap these days.

“Mind the nails, Nyx, this is a top-of-the-line luxury cruiser fresh off the docks, I don't want to scrape the paint on its maiden voyage.”

Inflated praise aside, for all intents and purposes that donut *was* the biggest luxury that you could bring along for the task. Nyx joked that you should ride on a toy boat instead,

but you didn't have to remind her that the inch-long ship wasn't exactly the stealth cruiser needed for the mission.

Without further delay you slip into the tub and tucker in right into its rubbery hold, although all of its amenities for comfort still don't do much for the tight fit once it rears its ugly head, so you have to squeeze in at a snail's pace unless you want to host a clash between the ring and your suit where the sole, sore loser is your skin.

Mmph!

Oof-Angh!

"Everything alright, boss?" *Of course*, Nyx has to chime right in and just throw you off the rhythm when you got it just right; "Want me to get the tweezers?"

"No- *Oomph!*- need to, Nyx. Just... gotta-" *Come on, goddamn bloated hula-hoop, FIT!* Alas, your silent damns and curses fail to reach your vessel's conscious through telepathy, and so it remains stubborn to your plight despite your combined pulling and squeezing.

"*Tsk!*- *Okay- HUFF!*-, I remember this being *waaay* easier to put on!" You finally admit after the latest pull failed to put the ring any closer into place than it brought a brighter shade of red through your make-up.

"Told ya' you should go easy on the candy bars, boss." *And of course*, your photo-op aide wouldn't waste the best chance to fire some shots by a wide margin; "Look on the bright side, I heard that heavier bodies do better floating! This should work out for you!"

"*Hunff-mp!* Don't know what you're talking about, Nyx, I'm *juuust daAN- OOomph!*"

Ouch, well, that could have been a lot smoother, but at long least you're done with the most uncooperative pool float that has ever existed. With your hands still gripping the float's bars on chokehold, you finally ease away your knuckles and give the tub a last pull from the back so the hoop remains flat-angled against your navel and not slanted like if you were chosen to pageant as Ms. Saturn. With no more will left to embarrass you in front of your aide, the float climbs your back and your struggle is over. *Finally*, you have successfully raised the donut float over your hip and secured it snugly around your waist, and it doesn't even squeeze you as bad there to boot.

“*Hnng-* there! Finally! *See?*” Gallant and proud, you turn yourself around and parade your triumphant fit on your partner’s palm; planting a trail of firm-if-not-heavy steps halfway across the length of one of her palm’s grooves. You just hope that your point does come across in between your shorted breaths and friction-cooked hips, although Nyssa seems to be too lost in her snickering fit to notice either way.

“*Hmph,* you try fitting this around *your* waist and then we’ll see who’s the biggest ass in here.” You pout and retort, planting another firm stomp in place over your aide’s palm that she won’t even feel anyways, *the jerk*. Your foot bounces back from her limb just as easily, but your brow remains stern on her.

“Sorry boss, couldn’t help it. You still look cute in that, though. You should try starring a shoot yourself one day, I hear *mom bods* are *totally* in this season.”

Her smirk cocks up all ready to hammer on more teasing, and she even has the gall, *the gall*, to sneak in a chuckle under her breath at your expense, as if you wouldn’t feel the gust from her nostrils flaring like jet engines even at a distance. *Mom bod*, you grumble under your breath and actually bother to hide it away from the mic, unlike *someone*, you’ll have to remember your *mom bod* the next time she asks if her pants make her look big and you’re feeling extra petty.

“Thanks, but I don’t want the extra five pounds on me, Nyx. Besides, we already have a mom waiting to have her pics taken today; you know, with actual kids in her care and not just some nanny on the clock.”

Yeah, you’ll be looking at some firm talk-throughs and booking her even more mundane tasking if you want to reassert yourself after today. Pretty par for the course, unfortunately, one of the few occupational hazards that you could never avoid: looking small in front of your junior.

Your lagging schedule wasn’t a stretch though, maybe spurring your foot on her palm will giddyap Nyx into hastening her step some. Like most times, it’s not so easy to just walk over her, although it seems that your words did reach her ears anyways, as she picks up the pace halfway through your sentence and the scenery of tree-topped hedges scrolls past the *jerk*-topped horizon once again.

“Alright boss, let’s not keep Mrs. Wetmore waiting any longer now.”

“After you, *sweetie-pie*.”

Humph, mom bod... Jerk.

Following a short walk along the outer wall of the house Nyx steps out onto a vast lot that would put most parks to shame. The ground is carpeted with grass glistening fresh with dew in a shade of vivid green that prize cattle could only dream of and bordered with tall, flowering shrubbery dressed in a fresh pallet of colors that stood as an effective barrier between the yard and its surrounding lots. Centerpiece to this square of Eden is a dug-out stretch filled to the brim with a still, clear surface mirroring the sky, itself framed with tile upon tile of teal-touched white mosaic neighbored by a small shed to the side and a skipping stone pathway leading into the building's back door on the opposite end. And just on the edge that cleaved between the swimming pool and the shed, a gentle figure sat by as the garden's sole occupant.

There she was, lounging on her side over a stretched towel by the poolside just a short stroll away from you...r partner of course, you'd have to do more than enough cardio for the month if you wanted to reach her alone by the end of the day, and by the way the woman was tapping at her phone like she would do with her foot while standing up, you didn't have five more minutes of her time.

Alexia Wetmore, divorced, mother of two, a down-to-earth woman in her late thirties who had taken up modeling on the side to weight up her purse from time to time; top three hobbies include reading thrillers, broad-stroke swimming sports, and clubbing on weekends. That's what her profile listed anyways, briefed in between favorite places and other self-facts, which no doubt boosted her scorecard at dating sites; though the jackpot you were after was the trove of a gallery full of pin-ups and close-ups of her bare-to-barely veiled body while she flexed herself in poses that will readily light a spark in anyone. It wasn't hard to guess why the scouts at the agency picked her at first sight, what with her flawless peach canvas and her not-toned-nor-over build that highlighted all the right curves that a wine-aged, five-oh'-six-tall frame could ask for from top to bottom; along with a pretty cherub face, innocent oak-toned look, rosy cheeks and all; whose smile could win anyone over at a glance.

And of course, there was the solid...ish evidence that her children could never have been hungry as infants. Like twin elephants canned in a broom closet, you couldn't add up her many gaze-drawing traits without capping the list at her top-slaying bust. Simply put, her breasts are *immense*. There wasn't a way around them – and at your size, that's less a figure of speech and more a physical boundary – she not only drew the winning ticket at the upper endowment lottery but also milked it for all its worth for udders that could make a whole barn green with envy. Coming from your line of work, *that's* saying something; hell, you're used to hanging around women way out of your proportion and she's making you feel inadequate.

Having noticed the woman decking on her towel right away, Nyx scrunches up her fist with you and your gear within and hastens the step on her approach, her feet powered by an urgent sense of apology strong enough to gain her a good lead on a marathon, if the scale-7 hurling you against the walls of her fist is any telling. No lip balm to tussle with for seating space this time though, so at least you only have to worry about finding a stable crease and hunkering down until she's stopped. Through a gap in her clenched fist you make out a peephole from which to peer into your partner's introduction with Alexia.

"Hi! Good afternoon, Ms. Wetmore, right? I'm your two-o'clock appointment. Umm... sorry about the time, jam's got me bottled up at Stone."

Nyssa greets cheerfully as her steps pick up the woman's face from her handheld, who instantly tilts back her pose and flips her quiet expression around to mirror the younger's chipper tone.

"Oh! Hello there, darling! Thank you, and don't worry about it, hun, everyone has a bad day with traffic."

Well, her voice fit like a glove to her face for sure; it wasn't even your fault being late and you already felt relieved. You could tell that Nyx felt uplifted as well, as her tense fist softens up beneath your back as Alexia ribbons her sentence.

"Thank you, Miss. By the way-" Your aide stretches out her onyx-tipped, boss-free hand towards Mrs. Wetmore; "Nyssa Vernon, pleased to make your acquaintance."

"Alexia Wetmore, darling." In return, Wetmore locks back the grip with her firm, yet silky hold, the touch of her hands feeling as gentle and pleasant as it looked and trimmed with a more natural look on her nails; "Likewise, pleased to meet you!"

"Alright then, I've kept you waiting long enough, so let's get right to it, Ms. Wetmore. Just give me a sec to get my lens running. I'll call you over once I'm done with the setup."

Moving right away to business, Nyx breaks the shake and saunters off to a nearby countertop by the shed wall, where she puts down her bag and sets you aside safely then begins unpacking her supplies for the shoot; time which you collect meanwhile to ready your own stock, starting by belting the spool of floss around your waist, then you secure a couple backup knots around the float's handles. You also tuck and tug your headband into position for good measure.

A professional grade camera and lighting kit along with about a dozen half-liter water bottles soon populate the pearl-tiled surface of the countertop, the clutter resembling an outdoors missile silo within walking distance to you, though each payload being better suited to douse out fires rather than starting them. From the bottle lot your right hand then takes one that happens to stand out because of a fat "X" scribed onto the cap with purple marker and a lone dot punctured at the center therein. Before doing anything else with the gear, she unscrews the cap from the bottle and lays her hand before you, to which you climb atop on to get in position. Having boarded her digit, Nyx raises her hand so that her finger half-eclipses the bottle's opening.

"Alright sport, you're ready for this?" Nyx whispered into the mic in a boldened tone, Wetmore's enthusiasm seemingly seeped and blended with her usual go-to resolve.

For your part, you were ready and then some, besides, it's really you who should be asking that as the pecking hen to Nyx's peeping chick. It's just about every other day that you're paid loads to start taking pictures up close of a hottie the size of a skyscraper and collect hazard pay while you're at it while she's the one cozying up with the starlets themselves. Well, it's actually every week or so, but even then, it's far and between when your mark is someone as sweet as she is beautiful, and good mama Alexia easily breaks the top three of your prettiest tasks so far.

"Ready as I can be, Nyx. Remember, one-two after the shirt's off and it's my turn, I'll be waiting by the bottom piece, see if you can get her to hand it to you when she takes it off so you can get me back here on the counter. And remember, there's a bonus for the jumping-jacks takes!"

That goes without saying at this point, but hey, no good play goes by without rehearsing the steps over again. Without further delay, you hold in your breath in advance for the plunge and walk off Nyx's finger. The following fall is but a moment's lapse, yet the thrill still gets you shivering every time, and so your weight stones through the air for a blink's span and then you splash into the tank's room-temp contents. Wave upon wave engulfs you as you break through the still, then bounce back just as quick from your pinpoint impact, only to get disturbed a second time when you stroke to the surface.

"*Huff!* Okay- I'm all set, Nyx! Let's get to it!"

When you surface again, you're met with a sea as clear as the crystals in Nyx's earrings, whose waves soon settle back down into their former calm, almost still enough to pass off as glass. Framing your tank was a somewhat warped window to the world outside, almost as if you were looking through a crooked pane that was also riddled with smidges during the last cleaning; although thankfully it's still clear enough to glimpse outside the bottle, just with some myopia tacked on. Past the ridges up the ceiling, the bottle's top grinds to a close as the cap is screwed back on, followed by Nyx up-thumbing you stealthily behind

Alexia's back. Mrs. Wetmore herself has since stood up from her towel and seems to be approaching Nyx from behind.

"Ten-outta-ten, boss! Alright, let's-!"

Having witnessed the little droplet and confirmed your safe landing, as well as having closed the cap back on the bottle, thus leaving you to spy through the clear walls of the bottle; Nyx then collects her own gear from the table, assembling the camera, lighting and so on together, then turning back to face Alexia once she has readied the kit; only to stop herself short a step from bumping into the kind woman approaching her first.

"Oh, that's a nice camera you have there, Nyssa!"

"Uh, thank you, Mrs. Wetmore! It's my very own custom set, best gear that one can get without signing up for a red-carpet release! Gotta make sure we get all your best angles as nice and neatly as can be, aight."

"Why, of course, it's just I haven't seen such a fancy gizmo in person! My daughter's got a knack for photography too, she's always making me browse lenses and such at the mall; they seem so neat!"

"Oh, that's- uh, nice! I can share some tips with her later if you'd like." You facepalmed so hard upon hearing Nyx's proposal that you're surprised the float didn't tip over on the spot. Granted, it was funny to watch her sink her feet, but *oh boy can she slip up*.

"Yeah... well, eh- Much like you, Alexia seemed to be split between laughing awkwardly and finding a way to politely correct your aide, if not decline her outright.

"Ah! Uh, I mean, I can give you some tips instead! Uh, you know, to- eh... share with her! Heheh!" Nyx hastily corrected herself, seemingly realizing just now that telling some girl "Heya kid, I just took a bunch of naked pictures of your mom, here's how I did it!" is a pretty good way to keep her off the hobby forever.

"Sure thing, darling, I'd love to. Ehm, but let's get this shoot done first, alright?"

Nyx was thankfully much more gifted handling the technical aspects than buttering up small talk, though since the set was supposed to be an outdoors take by the poolside, there wasn't that much to set up either way. She was however skilled with direction nonetheless, knowing exactly which angles would earn them the most bank, and helping Alexia pose her sexiest while keeping her 'kind, caring woman from next door' look that never failed to sell more than sliced bread.

It started simple enough, with some innocent poses over her towel by the poolside with her tank-top and shorts intact, sitting with her legs crossed over the edge and a 'Pretending I'm not being calendarized' side-glance. Then it switched up with some wide-leg shots, some low-crop shots, close-ups, turn-overs, and the like. Alexia's affinity for boasting her image really showed in these shots, as neither she or Nyx needed to make any do-overs throughout the shoot so far. Once it was time for the spicier, standing pictures, the pair wrapped up the first half of the shoot with some spicier pictures of Alexia getting up from the towel by standing on her knees and striking some poses on her fours and then with her back straightened, taken from several saucy angles that highlighted her generous assets; you'd be lying if you said she didn't know how to juice those jean shorts for all they're worth, those are some nice, bubbly peaches that she's strutting under her belt.

When it came to the standing pictures however, it was time for her globes to shine under the spotlight, with some liquid help to really make them stand out, courtesy of Nyx. Alexia gleefully accepts the bottle from your assistant's dampened hands, whereas Nyx dutifully returns to hide her increasingly blushing face behind the camera. Alexia doesn't seem to mind much that your right hand seems to be developing a crush on her, in fact, she looks giddy to tease her as much as she teases the camera; meanwhile you just find the whole thing amusing. Although your bewilderment soon joins Nyssa's enthrallment after Alexia begins to tip the bottle over her shirt.

Hot damn on a broken stove, you wouldn't believe that her bust could seem any larger (as if she needed any help with that), but she managed it somehow; when the pouring stops and the splash begins to settle in her shirt is when you realize just how generous Alexia's endowments really were. The fabric did what it does best when soaked, shrinking away like a meek teen on show-and-tell over the brunette's upper eyecatchers, lacquering the twin globes and the svelte-yet-convex hill below with a cerulean layer in the course of caving itself; only to find itself stretching thin when it came to molding itself over the model's chest.

The once-modest shirt now captured the exact curve of her breasts seemingly better than any top would, from the flanks to the undersides and shortly into the steep valley in between both; all in all granting her melons a more swollen appearance as if she had sponged up the water instead. And of course, it wouldn't be a wet shirt take proper if the flimsy piece of clothing didn't ghost up so you could see through the teal veil in great detail; and girl does Ms. Wetmore seem to peak about doing these hot shots.

Nyx has learned well to call it when to raise the stakes for the shots. Alexia does her part, and soon her hands latch under her shirt. Without breaking pace, the luscious brunette rolls back her shirt over her proud assets, the which first climb up along with their ghostly boundaries until they reach halfway, at which point both mounds spill from beneath the frill and promptly *fwomp* down to their natural droop. That's not even exaggerating, you could actually listen to the air sweeping out as the massive twins burst out and sank against her chest. You could probably grind diamonds on that woman's back; or even pound them away into fine dust if she did as much as to hold a single one of her globes over its face and let it loose so it *smacked* hard against the surface.

That's not too much of a tall sell either, or at least it doesn't seem as such to your mesmerized mind; as Alexia then proceeds to cup her bust in her each hand, cradling the wobbly blimps together in her grasp and raising her cleavage towards Nyx's leering lens. It's hypnotic to watch how her fatty milkers spill out the sides of the nest cuddled from her gentle, toned hands, all from sheer volume alone. And if your eyes weren't glued enough to the show, she then started juggling the massive orbs in her grasp, jiggling the tender flesh of her bosom like creamy jello caught in a Richter-9. But the real sinker to her line was the moment that the so-called-demure mother placed her thumbs on each stubby nub at the pink core of her twin blimps. Just like you didn't expect her to pull off such a racy move, her twirls that she followed with next blindsided you almost as much as they overwhelmed Nyssa; the poor girl looked like she couldn't pry her eyes from Alexia's toying if her life depended on it.

The look on Alexia's face said it all and the one in Nyx's parroted it while screaming: whereas the plump model's grin was that of a coy vixen showing off proudly; your assistant had fallen square for her mark's charms, choosing to let her gear do the work while she stared vacantly at the wobbling hills hosting a major tectonic shift between them.

All in all, Alexia keeps toying with her unleashed wet-shirt puppies for a good while, gently sloshing her hefty mounds before the camera while Nyx drooled puddles behind the lens. But the neighbor of the year was more than a pretty face and a swollen bust, and apparently more familiar with the pinup business than you two expected. Lowering her hands down so her heaving bags returned to their natural drop, Alexia then straightened her pose as she glided her hands towards her sides.

With little more than a luscious smirk and sleek grace on her side, she traced her twin indexes down to her waist, running her fingers carefully over the fair tone that ever so invitingly dared your assistant to *come hither*. She was especially careful not to sink her fingers too deep into the pillowy chub that surrounded her lower belly and navel; although the added plush wasn't too pronounced, she was especially conscious about keeping her

gains limited to her kinder assets, even if her mild plump helped her score the motherly image that she aimed for.

When the digits reach her navel, the model casually drives one hand to the center of her bottom piece and casually unfastens the buttons one by one. Once loosened, Alexia gently hooks her hands around the waist trim leaning forward in slightly to the parade of *click, snap!* that only half-matches your aide's mach-beat at this point. Casually, just looking to the camera a few times as if to catch a glimpse of your partner's beet-red cheeks, she then proceeds to lower her shorts down the slender length of her struts, folding her abdomen so that her panties are *just* out of the frame behind a curtain of her hanging chub.

Then, having reached halfway to her knees, the angelic matron draws out a slow half-turn, swaying her bulk mildly as she presents her cloth-clad rear to the lens, in all of its smothering glory. Sure, it looked round and plump even beneath her shorts, deliciously so you might even say, but watching her pumpkin-patch cushions stretch out the silk of her garments to be taut as a drum, while still having enough spare padding to overflow from the sides, was an enrapturing sight to behold altogether.

Her side-glance as she planted a firm *smack* on her flank, sending ripples across the moon's surface? *She was loving that your aide was losing herself so much into her.*

"Okay, soo..."

Some minutes, dozen of pictures, and a tomato field about to bloom across your assistant's face, Nyssa removed her eye from the lens and put the camera aside on the countertop near the bottles. The way she side-eyed your way with a tame puff on her reddened cheeks spoke volumes on itself, she *knew* that you won't hold back with the teasing once the shoot's over.

"Easy there, champ, you don't want to have your face spread on a burger before asking her out later, do you?" After all, who are you to keep your own team second-guessing?

"Shut up, you jerk--"

She hushed you back before turning around hastily; truly, she was her cutest when she was *so* cornered.

“Right, *hwuooah*... we’ll be taking a small break for now Ms. Wetmore.” More than tired, Nyssa’s tone leaks awkward flustering, although that doesn’t make her yawn any less infectious to you; “Just a couple of minutes and I’ll be right back, is that alright?”

“Sure, it’s okay, a break would suit me just fine actually.” Alexia, on the other hand, has to miss a beat of her mood yet. Nyssa could learn a thing or two from her, you snicker thinly to yourself.

“Great. Uhm... say, mind if I use the restroom?”

“Make yourself at home, honey.” Alexia replies warmly, flinging her pointer towards the house while her busier hand tugs her shorts back towards her waist; “Just slide open the door and follow the hallway to the left. Second door to the right, next to the ship frame.”

“Thanks, Miss, I’ll be right back.” Grateful as she can be, Nyssa returns an acknowledging semi-bow at Alexia’s way before speeding off towards the house.

“Take your time, dear. I’ll be right here.” Not without Alexia throwing one more match into the oil slick first however; Nyssa barely had any voice left to whistle out a hasty ‘Thank you’ before vanishing behind the wall as soon as she crossed the sliding glass door.

Summer Drinks – Glug, glug, glug...

Since both your cam-girl and your show-girl paused the shoot, you didn’t see much point in staying pounce-ready for your part either. If anything, you could use some off-time as well to stretch out your stiff joints, at least as much as you could inside an adrift rubber tub. Your fists are nearly locked closed stiff from grasping on the handles all along, so it feels all the more releasing when you crack your knuckles well above your yawn during your stretch. So, you’re left alone for a couple of minutes with Mrs. Wetmore, and you can’t even pass the time exchanging hair tips or ask her how’s the business working for her as you’re miles off her radar still, and since Nyx’s shyness shines the most while tending ladies room matters it’s not like you can hold a one-sided conversation over her silenced mic either; *sigh*, it’s times like this when you wish you had gotten around in getting a waterproof case for your phone ahead of time as well.

All that’s left is watching Alexia roll her shirt back down, with all the difficulty you’d expect from shuttering her ‘endowments’ with an uncooperative ply of wet cotton, and afterwards stretch herself once her form-tight second layer is back in place, with such liberty that honestly gives you some envy; then as if to scrub salt on the wound, she walks to the counter and collects her phone, free to browse chats and pointless stuff that you wish you were doing too right now.

"Hooa-Hmph- It's so hot today. *Hmm*, I should- Oh, I hope the girl doesn't mind me cooling off with these..."

Wait, why is she taking your bottle? Nyx isn't back yet. But if she's going to cool down as she says, then this could be your chance for the shoot! Immediately you scramble to click your camera to be record-ready right as a massive hand grips around and lifts up the vessel, and with a sleigh just as swift and deft you take hold of your grapple line in your opposite hand; bringing you into battle position just as the bottle ascends to Alexia's worldly chest... and keeps rising higher and higher from there.

When the bottle starts tipping over, the tide inside jostles around with fanned fury, pushing you backwards a few ways so your raft sits closer to the bottle's wide as it goes horizontal, then tows you back to the neck as the current settles its course. This is it! You better get your camera ready! You steel your grip on the grapple and click the toggle on the device, focusing the lens towards the mouth of the bottle, and...

Oh no...

Right in front of you, just a few yards towards the neck of the bottle, it's not a field of brown silk or a vast canyon waiting for you to capture some panoramic footage, but rather a dim tunnel has opened up and linked to the mouth of your vessel, which doesn't take long to pour a stream into the annexed cave. *Her mouth*, your voice echoed inside your head as your breath left and packed up all your strength and will with it. Even the lukewarm breeze that poured back into the bottle did little to prevent you from staying frozen on the crystal surface, you could only direct your stare at the gleaming void that opened up right ahead to beckon you with its illusion of endlessness that lay behind an awning of ivory and an off-color red carpet, where only the sun's rays that beamed through your ship could cast a light faint enough to sketch the contours that lie further within. It was a simple glance that lasted all of a second, not like you could afford more within your time margin or the lightning provided, but Alexia's maw had you utterly mesmerized.

The song of her suckling zig-zags in tone of *schlups* and *schwaps* and so in between as Wetmore lips the bottle's mouth, thus beginning to belt you towards the bottle's exit like a box on a conveyor.

No, no, no, No, NO!

"Oh SHIT!"

Your throat would find itself coarse scraping for a boost on your voice if your lungs hadn't withered from soaking up so much so fast. Once meant to keep your life, your float quickly turns on its purpose as a tool of preservation by making your swim too awkward and cumbersome against the rapids that threaten to pour you into the parched throat of a model mother; and yet that doesn't hinder your fight in the least. Rubber tub or not, you pull ahead and stroke, kick, swing and propel yourself as fast as you can whip your body to its limits, all in the name of jetting off as far away from the mouth-to-mouth joint as superhumanly possible. Your sight tunnels, your heart clocks into overdrive, you feel as if nothing could stop you from moving whole mountains and oceans right now; which makes it all the more unfortunate that you can barely make a ripple in the only river that matters.

Despite your turbo-charging, your flash of heightened zen, you're still wrestling the strength of an ant against that of a goddess, and so the results of the tug-o'-war become as clear as your pool way before the bell even rang. Really, it shouldn't come as much of a shock when for every yard that you manage to break through a wall of tidal waves, the current pulls you back towards the drain at the world's end with knot speeds rightfully reserved to natural forces; and not to leave the thunder out of a storm, the resounding *schlurp* and its following echo blast across the contained ocean right as you're towed back to the edge. In the half second that Alexia takes a swig of her drink she also undoes what would take minutes of your sweat and tears to achieve, and it takes her less than three gulps to place you into a critical spot right away.

Inevitably so, you're swept clean off from the bottle with the full river flashing a flood behind you leaving behind the bottle's mouth to enter the model's instead. Even when you can't manage to face forward anymore from the sheer force of the raging current, the sudden bake on your skin is enough to draw a picture in your mind's eye; one that you hoped was wrong on all accounts. You just know that right now the bottom of the tank that seemed a few basements deep moments ago now is but a dripping wall on the other side of the recyclable tunnel, just as unreachable now as it was then however once you're set to leave the plastic boundary, and now the *schluks* and *schwaps* seem to catch up to even louder and faster beats as Alexia's thirst succeeds in whaling up a snack to go with her break.

Except that *snack* is a gifted photographer with a world of glamour to thank her under her belt that totally didn't sign up for catering service and much less so to fill a space on the menu for a nursing cow all because her stupid-ass klutz of an assistant is such a ditz and can't be bothered *not* to fuck up a single job and *oh god I don't want to die like this! Damn it, Damn it, DAMN IT! FUCK THIS! FUCK YOU NYX! NOT LIKE THIS!*

Yet despite how much you thrash and scream to the hungry void beyond the bottle, that will only mean that you will go down cursing your assistant's name. The next swig becomes your last in the shelter as the current finally pulls you from the mouth of the bottle and into Alexia's. In a blink's span your raft drifts fast into the dark, where even the environment shifts from chill to warm and then baking hot. Having nothing else to keep your safety, you can only steel your grip at the float's handles and bunk down your top half. You'll be sailing blind in the dark either way, and it's not like you'd want to see your

doom play out even if you could; just peering into the ivory-gated flesh hell of the woman's mouth from inside the bottle was enough to scar you for a lifetime.

Right away you plummet down the first of many incoming waterfalls as the rapids descend you into Alexia's mouth proper. Your legs barely scrape at the taut flesh of her lower lip before the current lifts and propels you forward again, while your upper body bounces back and forth in its balled-up pose as the raft tilts wildly in the river. One or two screams leave your chest at the top of your lungs meanwhile, though you can barely hear them over the rushing water; let alone hope that your client-turned-consumer will notice your peril. It feels like you could be overturned any time now, at every corner; right up until you hit a hard stop some moments into the voyage.

It takes a few full seconds before your heart jump starts again after the fact, and a couple more still until your body stops shaking and you can brave to lift your head from its nest. What you find then is total darkness, more so than you first expected, as you can't even see but a shade of glimmer at some nearby surfaces; and the whole place then follows suit and quiets down as the water recedes and the echoes of gulping fade into the distance. One quick glance behind you reveals an answer in absence as Alexia's lips have sealed up again, removed from the bottle, with only a thin beam of light slipping in through the crack. Unlikely as it seems, you have survived being drank for now; and even if that still leaves you stuck somewhere inside Alexia's mouth, it's a relief that you can't help but breath out, off your chest.

Yet despite this little stroke of luck, you cannot shake off that you still need to reach Nyx and have her take you out before bad comes to worse; and to do that, you'll need to get your radio back up first. Placing your shaking fist on your forehead, your fingers manage to find the light button in your headset after a some tries where your own fright swayed your aim. The sight upon you isn't the most welcoming, just two massive walls of white flanking a narrow gap each, which upon dipping your gaze, you then realize just how 'fortunate' you were in the first place. By some sort of miracle, your donut happened to be just thick enough to lodge itself and trap you right in between the gap of Alexia's frontmost lower teeth; yet just a little bit deeper and it could very well have squeezed you in and passed you through as well.

Sobering as the thought is, you shudder it off and proceed to collect your earpiece to begin a quick inspection; all while the wet drips and boom of her soft humming become your workshop tune. However, despite its uselessness, there doesn't seem to be an immediate problem with the device: no exposed wires, no buzzing playing off the speakers, not even as much as a bend on the mic's rod. Even the 'Power On' light keeps its bright green eye open steady; whereas a fault would have it blinking fast instead, or so the manual said.

Hmph, waterproof my ass. This fucking thing...

Okay, so that's one less tool at your disposal and one more brand you'll be crossing out for their 'failproof' builds. That leaves you stuck and clueless so as to how you'll be getting out of the woman's mouth anytime soon; as it's unlikely that Nyx will look for you here even after she notices you're not in the planned spot. Meanwhile you'll have to plan an exit on your own, using whatever you brought along. Placing the useless earpiece back in place, you then take a look around your surroundings, at least as much as you can light up with your headpiece. Closest to you are some steep slopes of spotty pink leading down to a pooling, bubbling pit at the gumline, whereas her teeth flank your either side; other than that, it's hard to tell anything in the distance even with your light, though you can discern the quivering mass of her tongue just past the gap of her teeth, and beyond that is dark as it gets, although no one needs to tell you that it's also nowhere you should approach unless you want to follow a pin-up shoot posing with her lunch.

Your focus shifts then back towards the thin split windowing your new dungeon with its dim beam of hope. Reaching her lip seems like the immediate, if not the sole means of escape from Alexia's mouth, and thus certain doom within her. The reel should be more than enough, assuming that you can anchor it right, and then you'd need to use it to rappel down her chin; assuming of course she doesn't feel you at any time first. But before any of that, you'll need to both ditch the rubber.

Just as you manage to loosen up your leg, the cavern lights up with broad daylight. Surfaces and creases previously hidden now gleam their damp coating as the day invades Alexia's mouth once again. This would suit you just fine if it wasn't because it would mean that you'll be either under assault from her voice or weathering her breath, as that might offset whatever easiness you would get from being able to see what you're doing. Except you soon realize, it's something much worse than either, as the entrance's soon plugged by a clear tube that's all too familiar to you, followed by a gentle slosh that quickly turns into a raging flow.

Then, the flood. *Oh god, THE FLOOD.*

Your pupils dot down the moment they spot rapids gushing out of the gate and set their course straight your way. Moments later when it hits, the wave wastes no time in engulfing your whole form, float and all, driving your sail to crash against the very rocks it has been plugging so far. Resisting the current remains a fruitless effort as your strength is no match against the hosing pressure, and you can't even find a grip on Alexia's teeth to root yourself as any hold you plant on them slips from the smooth lining right away. Helpless to face the rage of every ocean god you may have or have not cussed out drunk at some point, you can do little but endure as the tide pulls you from the donut and further into the crevice.

Which doesn't become a lasting struggle, for the better or the worse, since the current's force is such that it swiftly makes short work of your life-saving miracle; the suction simply becomes too great for the raft to hold together, and it's only a matter of tugging the float inside the pinch it's docked at before you're shaken loose and funneled right out of your

life-saving gear! And unlike the float, you're just slim enough to cross the gap between her teeth; not without issue of course, but it's easier for your slender form to slip through rather than a bulky float that doubles your girth all around. Still, your passage is not as streamlined as it would seem, with the gap trapping the width of your shoulders first, then your hips after the first blockade failed to hold; much as it would embarrass you to admit if your life didn't depend on it, but Nyx had been right about motherly shape it seems, thankfully this woman's tooth gap apparently shared a fitting room with the clearance bin at the pants section.

However, snug as the fit may be, the walls won't hold you forever, and thanks to the pull of Alexia's thirst, they may very well just give you a moment's reprieve before sending you barreling on your way. While the current squeezes you against the slick surfaces, your camera begins slipping loose from your head as well, finding itself dislodged from you much earlier from your top than you from the teeth; although you're far more concerned with remained plugged like a rogue kernel of popcorn than your headset swimming away before you. In time you might get to join it however, as the grip on your waist finally gives away and the rushing fluid then proceeds to shuttle you away further into the thirsty model's mouth.

Your freedom from the float comes at a higher cost than just some sore skin, and that is to endure the raging rapids without a boat or paddle or even a lifeline to reel you in. Not a moment passes after you're sucked off the gap that you smack on your side against a raspy, sponge-like surface; but you don't even get a full second to address your wounds before the current begins to drag you all across your cushion. With nothing to anchor you down, you're left helpless to the current's mercy and wherever it drags you forth, starting by rolling you over the top of the bunk that just caught you, which you could only guess was the woman's tongue.

Before you can even collect your grip on the speckled surface, another wave builds up and washes you across the path of its middle groove from center to back, brisking you over the endless bumps lining the organ so the current can push you down further down its length, all within a blink's notice. All the while the serpent arched its back behind you, rising to push against the ceiling and walling off much of the cavern's already dim lighting.

All that happened in the span of a few seconds, which was already far too long as far as you were concerned; and yet, that wasn't the end of your overboard experience, for depths unknown were still waiting for you, and so your sailor fate is sealed as the great tide rises up to plunge you all the way to the bottom. Just as your gasping, desperate self was cast to the back of the model's mouth you felt the ground quiver and raise in front of you without dipping back down in whiplash. Lights got dimmer around you as her tongue peaked up to meet the vault's top, until only but a few beams glimmered in the distance; and it was in the frame of that moment that the pocket formed above her throat *popped* with a brisk echo that shook your skull on all corners, while at the same time, the ground dipped beneath your pool and flushed the refreshing drink into her gullet.

“ALEXIA, PLEASE WA-*glub!*“

Gllk-Glp!

Your voice surfaced just in time to be drowned out as your body sank into the void. Suddenly the water had risen all the way over your head and your sides were clashing against a slick, rubbery surface that pushed you in back and forth, zig-zagging between slipping you by and leaving you to float freely inside the water. It was as if a whirlpool had formed right under your feet and pulled you into its grip, while being simultaneously caught in between crashing you against the firm wall of flesh; meanwhile your frame was battered further from the built-up pressure as you could feel your body growing heavier all across from head to toe, like if you were suspended in a vortex circling with boulders rigged to pulp your body into paste.

Fighting the upstream rapids in Alexia's mouth was a crucible on its own, but it paled to the ordeal of squeezing down the woman's throat proper, and you could only fear that it would only escalate from there. That is, if your mind itself wasn't flooded with raw fear for your life and a steady storm of *Oh god* and *HELP* and so on blurring out whatever rational thought left in you.

Piping down the model's throat not only was way more tortuous than since you're now fully submerged under the current, inched down lower and lower at a paced leisure while the walls cycle in an endless loop of closing in and flexing out over and over, ensuring a top-to-bottom rippling 'tide' that could only be conveying the drink down the one-way tube; and unlike the river dragging you in the woman's mouth in mere moments, the ordeal lasted way longer in her food chute as both the tunnel and the seconds seemed to stretch into infinity. You couldn't take it anymore, being not only battered and exhausted, but running out of breath already, you were seriously weighting your chances if it was better to endure your survival or just let yourself go so that your torment would stop at once.

Your body vises down the ring rather quickly, although it still feels so tight around your body, like fitting yourself whole into a drain pipe, and the memory of struggling to fit the donut float from earlier flashes in your head. A series of *squelch*-bound pushes ensue, after which your legs are first to squeeze free on the other side, met with open space to dangle free while the rest of you churns out, but also a humid, tepid ambiance more intense than that of Alexia's gullet. Next to follow is your navel, then your beating chest, and finally, one more lax *squelch* brings you completely into the boiling chamber. It's boiling, it reeks of rotten, and unlike the kind woman that owned it, it's absolutely unforgiving with its visitors.

A short fall awaits you after you drip from the other side of the flesh gate, in which you seize your newfound freedom to spit out all the slime that you hadn't swallowed yet, pushing a trade of the flavor of this woman's saliva for that of the warm haze of her post-cooked lunch; and you really didn't need to know that she maybe had chicken roast for lunch. Unfortunately, your mouth gaped means that your mouth is left wide open the moment you *splorch* down onto the thick of sludge that breaks your fall at the bottom. It's warm, sticky, and layered with a thin, nasty film that quickly rubs off onto your skin, before your weight sinks a soft dent in the heap and you're oiled further with more slime all across your girth and length.

It takes you a moment to catch up with your body, after which you feel a sharp drop no longer, but rather a mild, warm sludge molding out under your shape. It's nowhere as pleasant as a mud bath, but neither as grating as the line you followed to reach it. Sooner than your arrival takes to sit on the sloppy heap, the muck resumes its motion beneath your back and squirms and shudders around you, feeding you yet another dose of feeling sunk in place, albeit a much milder one. Your ears quiet out the bombastic ringing soon afterwards and are quickly met with the ambient of choice for your latest stop in Wetmore's tour, a background track worthy of the most bizarre of maritime disasters full of sloshing, bubbling, sizzling and whatnot, with each effect sparring one another in volumes to achieve the loudest echo to burst your eardrums.

You wipe your eyes from slime the best you can and blink open for the first time since you were in Alexia's mouth, although only a few faint gleams are present you greet you in an otherwise high-pitch blackness, each warped glimmer waving in place from their distant lofts far from you, not unlike a vacant night sky after one bottle too many. Stuck between both awe and horror, you try to collect your grasp over the near ground so your step can follow, only for your hand to sink on its surface up to your wrist. Your grip tenses up after squishing down on the quaking ground, earning you a pinch of moldy soil – its texture being chunky and sandy, yet drenched to the core in slime and unlike any clay that you have handled before – that crumbles in your grasp when you pull back your hand.

Your eyes, no, your ears, *no*, nose, *no*; *none* of your senses could be lying to you with this foul maelstrom of tepid barf stench, no pinch on your skin could wake you from this nightmare. You were really drunk by Alexia Wetmore; your exotic modeling mark, and she didn't have the faintest clue that you were even around, let alone in the bottle she just drank down. Your head spins from the realization sinking in, much like your heart sinks into your chest and your back sinks into the slush. The waterfall's tap doesn't close with you meeting back-to-back with the woman's brunch however, as shown by the rising flood quickly filling up the pit, which thankfully, also pulls double duty to rinse you off a layer of gastric grime; lifting you from the 'ground' (for the lack of a better word) and drifting you away from the forming basin until the current sweeps you towards another mushy shoal.

For a moment you can only lay back on the squishy surface and take in your surroundings in shock, muted by an overwhelming mismatch of crashes, sloshes, fizzing and bubbling

that play out in the dark, which you don't need a much deeper understanding of basic biology to sleuth as Alexia's digestive system in its idle state. At least, you *think* it's inactive, seeing as there's little in the way of roaring gurgles and raging tides of piping-hot acids tearing apart a roiling heap of chewed-up slop as one would expect if you had arrived say, at lunch; it's just a thin layer of gunk with a few clear patches where the writhing folds underneath are free to graze your back like she's tasting you a second time, along with a shallow pool of thin, but-still-frothy fluid washing by in tame waves. It's strangely relaxed, considering the hell you had to put through before you arrived, but you won't let that brief reprieve lure you into a mimic of safety, there's only one reason anything would end up in here, and you didn't sign up for this job so you could cater a snack to Alexia in between shoots.

The first thing you do once your bearings snap back into place is to tap into your gear, or at least, whatever is that you still have on you. Only, you quickly realize as your heart puts on its cement shoes, that all your useful gear has long since left your side. The tug float and the cord you knew of ever since they were pried from you by force back at the start of the trip; your headband with the third eye you couldn't place when it was lost as easily, though to be fair you had more pressing matters to focus on than to record an endoscopy for Mrs. Wetmore; but most crushing of all, your headpiece, your last tether to the outside world, is nowhere near your ear anymore. You tap your lobe twice, three times, one more after that, then your hair above, back, and below. In search of the tangled bug, unbelieving of the misfortune, your hand slowly gliding defeated over your temple as the fact sinks its full weight in.

"No... can't..."

You can't even summon up enough breath to voice your dismay wholly, not that you could hear yourself over the chamber's endless growls mocking you over your fate. The mic, the single most important piece to guarantee your safety, that little bug linking you to Nyx has apparently developed wings and fluttered away. Without it, you're utterly at chance's mercy, and by extension, at the mercy of Alexia's hunger. A hundred tons plummet down your chest while your head spins and gets floaty, thinking on how the next minutes of your life will be your last, and you get to spend them waiting for either your lungs to run dry so you can pass out cold or this thirsty cow to get hungry in the middle of the shoot and boil you alive in a bubbling-hot tub of muck.

Fuck that, your mind echoes while you tense up your fist. There must be something you can do still to reach either Nyx or Alexia and get them to pull you out, whether by vomiting, rope, magic lamp wish, whatever, just as long as it's not the exit nature intended. First order of business would be to find your gear, assuming it got flushed here with you to begin with; it's a task as tall as they come and wishful as a letter to old St. Nick, but you're doomed to share your fate with Alexia's lunch either way if you remain here, so it's not like you have anything to lose by taking your chances.

That doesn't make the task at hand any easier, or pleasant for that matter, the place feels immense even while painted pitch black and the echoes bouncing the roaring and bubbling of the woman's latent hunger don't help to fence it any smaller. The less said about the smell, the better too, as you'll be keeping down your own lunch from spilling just as much from the thick haze of equal parts spoiled beef and pit-stop restroom singing your nose hairs bald; and just thinking about threading the swilling source of that stench makes your chest to back up in disgust. Nevertheless, you must brave on, for the roiling tide of diluted who-knows-what sludge lapping by your sides remains tame at the moment, and you better seize it while you can. You don't know how long it has been since Alexia ate or how fast her body works for that matter, and you're not paid nearly enough to document the process firsthand either; but you're well aware that you're running against a short-winded dial here, one minute too late and you'll be the most glamorous meal to ever fatten Alexia's first-page-hogging humongas.

Immediately you delve into the needle pile in search for your prized hay substitute, only the stingers in this case are delivered by what could maybe have been some stewed meat and greens that have been getting a second simmering by cooking up in Alexia's gastric juices. Doesn't make the dish any more appetizing, and it's even less pleasant as a body wash than it is a reheat. Seems like the water that ferried you here not only spared you from being slushed by gastric acids right away, but also thinned up the soup so that the gunk's consistency spreads out, as your swim through the woman's chyme feels equal parts a soft paddle and a hauling slog at times.

Your arms piston away as you shove apart loads and heaps of slimy mush, fueled by high-octane adrenaline that numbs away any grief from the bruising and boiling your body has suffered so far; you'll have plenty of time to lie down to gauze your sores and blisters once you're clear from acquainting yourself with some buxom woman's top-weighting lunch.

With moving strength that hadn't been tapped since you swapped dollhouses, a trench is carved trailing your advance through the muddier part of the chyme pool. What feels like handfuls of damp gravel and runny sludge fly away and splat down some feet from you, sometimes followed by some splashes or even full streams of frothy slime pouring into the resulting gaps that you only notice when your next stroke sinks into the stinging fluid and you bite the barf flavor off your lower lip to white-knuckle it away. Listening to the *splurch* of the hole filling in would be a fair warning, but you can barely listen to your own cussing mind over the many louder squishes and gurgles flooding your surroundings, let alone some foam bubbling up a foot from your face.

It's only after a solid minute of digging through definitively *not*-solids and perhaps-once-solids that you finally catch a glimpse of something in the dark and your heart bursts aflutter. A wispy beam fanning upward from a source embedded somewhat loosely in a heap of gunk; and unless this suburbanite has interesting quirks in her tastes, it would have to be your headset for sure! Not wanting to spend another moment tunneling blindly like a different kind of mole, you push and shove a beeline towards the light, shoving aside piles of sloppy mush almost as much as the stinging itch of the massive cow's caustic slime trying to stew you into mulch.

“*****”

Partway through your trailblazing there's a faint rumble in the distance above, just audible enough to stand out from the sloshing and bubbling holding monopoly on the background noise. Though muffled, you manage to card it as Alexia's chip, soft voice, arriving all muffled to your ears to the point that you cannot decipher her words as easily. At first it manages to sidewind you on its suddenness, though it doesn't keep you from skidding through the sludge in the slightest. The second time it comes around you don't pay it as much mind, figuring that Nyx must have returned already and they're talking up; now if only their chat would lead them to search for the secret ingredient to the perfect shoot that their model thought would make for a great thirst quencher, that would be great.

Within a few strokes from reaching the light you feel your pulse thump itself fast out of rhythm from all the possibilities wrapping your head; will the mic still be there? Will it even work now? What will you even do if that's not the case? What will become of you then?

Yet, despite the length of the quiz you're testing now, you still manage to field the only question whose answer you were about to unearth shortly:

Why does it seem like there's an earthquake incoming?

All too soon, too suddenly, you feel a sharp jolt bounce the ground underneath you and throw you off balance. Not only does it pull the grimy rug from underneath your four-legged crawl but it also attempts to bury you under said carpet as you feel your weight sink into the bubbling broth afterwards. You didn't think it would be possible to find the foul brew any more disgusting that it already was, but a second full-body dip under the soup's surface corrected that in a haste; your nose, your mouth, your ears, your eyes, pretty much every part of your body that you've fought to shield from the mush so far just got a generous helping delivered in overwhelming quantities.

PTEW! GAH, FUCK! OH FUC- PTEW! IT BURNS! OH GOD IT BURNS!

You want to scream so bad right now, you would scream loud enough for Alexia to hear you over her own bowels if you dared to open your mouth and unleash your lungs rocketing at the top, fueled by the unbearable pain that you feel, like having your head plunged inside a bucket of thinner that's also sitting on a stove. It was one thing to endure the sting of Alexia's stomach slime cooking up your flesh on your arms and legs and in patches under your tattered swimsuit; but feeling the frothy brine wash over your exposed bits all at once was a scorch tens of thousand times worse than any itch caused by merely skimming the fumes of the slog. And it doesn't stop after a moment or two of shooting up your misery through the roof; on the contrary, the sting only worsens with each passing second, to the point that you swear you can feel the acids eating away at you from within.

Speaking of things that just don't stop after a painful start, the jolt guilty of your burial is hardly the only one that shakes up the buxom model's gut. Moments after your punishment ten-folded, another surge burst forth amidst the churning vat of chyme, popping new ripples across the surface that toss the stuff around in blobs and chunks. And then another, and another, and several more; it just doesn't stop! Alexia's stomach has seemingly adopted a mixing method after cocktail shakers, and you barely size up an olive to add a dash of flavor to this foul, bitter brew.

One swift tide after another flips your whole world on its side each time, with more and more roiling mush piling upon you at every swing. The mission of finding the lamp that would have presumably lifted you from this bizarre cave of wonders has since left your list, which quickly shortened itself to '*JUST DON'T DROWN IN PUKE*'; and despite it being a single item long, it's growing increasingly difficult for you to follow. As if the harsh sore blighting every inch of your skin and then some inside your pores and '*other*' holes didn't sear enough at this point, getting buried under the bog's top layer brings you closer to the thicker parts of the chyme where the gastric slime seeps from the spongy mush it has already tenderized. Pain shoots up through your body when exposed to the stronger acidity, only to spread further as the quake brings more of that potent belly batter in contact with your flesh.

Coming to tack the final nail in your clogged coffin is the growling that so far rumbled the cavern far and in between now renewed faster at the same time it added bars to its volume. Whatever the fatally alluring brunette was doing to throw her lunch around, it also worked well to stir up her appetite, which swiftly resumes processing the meal she had devoured the hour prior, plus one. Even if by some off-chance you managed to inch-punch your way back to the surface now, it's still no use, the whole cavern roars and shudders as the bubbling picks up a fierce pace; the walls, previously content with merely squirming their folds to spoon the broth around, have begun sweating more of their frothy tan slime into the mix; and with the combined sloshing efforts of the outside eruptions and the stomach's own shift in gears, it doesn't take long for the fresh acids to spread thorough the pulp.

Of course, all you know is that the world's growing noisier and ever restless around you while you remain trapped inside the woman's post-meal stew, all the while you dwindle away in strength and will to stay awake, alive even. The sting of the slime rubbing off your skin peaks in short, but afterwards it gives away to feeling... nothing. Your body soon starts going numb as the woman's hunger peels away at your blistering skin that once got you complimented for its smooth care not even a few hours ago; soon to shut off in parts by the time the slush can soften up your flesh. Flickering in and out of being, your mind tries to spark you back into overdrive, but having since become self-sedated as if to cope with your imminent extinction, you can barely feel your pulse giving out along with any fleeting amount of resistance you had left in you. Finally, you drift off to nothingness, leaving your grieving body at the mercy of some buxom housewife's appetite.

Shortly after your passing, the bouncing winds down before stopping altogether; however, that doesn't stop Alexia's guts from staying at top performance. With or without some

jumps to spark its gears the crowded pit grinds and churns away the swirling mass of mush, pumping still more frothy slime into the brew while the walls shudder and ball up around the slop. Like the chunky bits of her meal that arrived timely, your body, already blushed red from exposure to the acrid fluid, softens up and begins breaking away. Through the course of the afternoon, your remains are stirred along with the very same bulk that smothered you to oblivion, and it won't last much longer until it becomes untraceable in the chyme that will funnel deeper into the woman later on.

Nyssa knew that she had to return to the yard and finish the shoot at once or she wouldn't ever hear the end of it; however, her head had simply overheated from how much her client had teased her over, to the point that she didn't know if Mrs. Wetmore was teasing the camera or directly at her. It had been too much, she needed to get to the washroom and cool off a little before resuming with the take. Her hands trembled like crazy as she removed her gear from her head, to the point that she nearly poked herself in the eye after she removed her headpiece.

Setting aside the stealthy headset, she turned on the sink and cupped her hands under the faucet. She tried to calm herself down, steering her head towards other stuff so that she wouldn't ripple the water in her hands. Once the makeshift basin filled to the brim, she splashed her head and shook her shoulders; then repeated the process for a couple more times, at least until she felt that her blushing had toned down somewhat.

After drying herself off, Nyssa placed the sneaky device back over her ear. She didn't bother to check if her hand had clicked a button it shouldn't have during its unstable fit; all she wanted to do was to return to the yard and get the session done with as soon as possible. And above all, she tried not to think about her boss' side of the coin; if she was having a meltdown this hot from a few feet away from her model, she didn't want to think how she would have fared if she was the one taking ultra-panoramic pictures of Alexia's Grand Canyon Falls from the top and all the way to the bottom of the valley. She wanted to suppress the thought, but she was seriously considering keeping copies of both cameras feed for herself later on.

Coming back to the yard found her fair-toned Aphrodite ticking away at her phone by the shed's wall, similar to how she met her first. Wiping a dash of water and her own sweat from her brow, Nyssa drew in a deep breath to compose herself before stepping outside, doing her best to fix up her neutral smile as she approached Alexia. Swallowing a hard lump in her throat, the redhead collects her camera from the countertop and readies up for the next take.

"Alright, Mrs. Wetmore... we're nearly done for now. I'll just ask you to please- Uh, remove your top and shorts and just keep your bottom on. Next up are some jumping-jacks."