

Nicole—Udder Hell

Jaycee Knight

Published by *Bloomin' Faeries!* at Smashwords

Copyright 2013 Jaycee Knight

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

She knew the bed was empty before she opened her eyes. Nicole sighed softly, grasping at the threads of dreams as they fled from her, leaving her more aware that she was alone. She recalled falling asleep with Kevin's warm body spooning with hers, a welcome change after a drought of such intimacy.

Shaking her head, she forced her eyes open, staring blearily at the clock on her night stand. Despite all her nocturnal activity she was up early, before her alarm had even had the chance to go off. A little tent of paper sitting next to the clock caught her eye. She reached for it, her arm accidentally knocking into her chest. Nicole's eyes flew wide open and her back arched at a sudden jolt ran through her body. It took several momenta for the room to get back into focus.

Nicole pushed herself up on her hands, staring down at her chest in pure disbelief. Formerly, she has been petite, even flat chested. Yesterday she'd been a little swollen. Today... today she had... these monstrosities. These udders! She scrambled out of bed, wincing as her breasts shifted and swayed in ways she wasn't used to. She stared at herself in the mirrored closet door, fighting back fury and tears.

Her body was still slim and toned, almost fragile with how delicate her frame was. Until her chest. The breasts certainly didn't rival those on a lingerie model, and on a normal person they would have looked fine. She suspected they may have been roughly the size of Julie's. On her tiny body, though, they looked ridiculous! She looked like an over-sexualized caricature of herself. How on earth was anyone supposed to take her seriously when she had breasts the size of her head?

Alright, so maybe that was an exaggeration. Frustrated, she turned away from the sight of these heavy teats, grabbing the piece of paper off her nightstand. It was

from Kevin. She felt a faint fluttering in her stomach when she remembered their antics the night before and she smiled in spite of herself. It had been a *very* good time.

Hey beautiful, I had a great time last night. You seemed to need it bad, if you know what I mean. I had to head out to work, but remember that you owe me one now. Give me a call and you can pay me back.

He didn't have to sign it for her to recognize his clear, looping handwriting. She tossed the folded bit of paper aside. She returned to studying herself in the mirror, her frown deepening with every moment. At least her nipples seemed to have softened a little. That would make it easier for her to dress for work even with Tweedledee and Tweedledum hanging off her chest.

Trying to ignore the unnatural-feeling weight, Nicole headed for the kitchen. Coffee would make everything look a little bit better, she hoped. On her way there, a flashing light caught her eye, drawing her to her computer. The search had finished. A surge of excitement fluttered in the pit of her stomach as she slid into her chair and pulled up what it had found.

Name, place of birth social security number, parents' names—she had more than enough information here to steal his identity. She even had credit card information. A smug smile tugged at the corner of her lips. She pushed away from the computer, a bit more pep in her step as she went to get her morning brew. There wasn't time to do anything with it yet, she had to get ready for work.

Scrolling through her calendar on her phone, Nicole almost dropped her mug when she saw a client meeting on her agenda. How could she have forgotten? She stared down hopelessly at her engorged breasts. She had to dress up for client meetings, where she discussed the progress of her team and what could or couldn't be done to the specifications the client had proposed. She had a dozen questions to ask that were vital to moving forward and this was not something she could just put off until things got back to normal.

Sighing, she downed the rest of her coffee, savoring the almost-scalding liquid as it burned down her throat and settled with a comforting heat in her stomach. She rinsed the mug and set it down on the counter. Shower first, she thought. It would give her time to think about what to wear. She mentally sorted through her closet. Under normal circumstances, dressing up for a client meeting was like running a gauntlet because of the teasing she got from her colleagues. Today, she wasn't sure how she was going to survive. She tried so hard to be seen as just one of the guys at work. These bloated sweater puppies were going to make that impossible!

She cranked the water on hot, hoping it would help her feel better. Stepping under the spray, she let it pound against her back and shoulders, beating out some of the tension that was already building. She let out a deep breath. With the pounding of the water, she could relax a little, let her guard down. Nicole grabbed her shampoo, enjoying the sweet floral smell that filled the steamy air. The white suds slipped down in

rivulets of water, a bright contrast to her inky black hair, but nearly invisible against her pale skin. Her hair clean, she turned towards the shower head to finish washing.

The moment the water pounded her breasts, the rush of sensations caught her by surprise. It felt like a lover's rough fingers and her breath caught in her throat. She growled, her knees threatening to buckle as waves of pleasure inundated her. Warm moisture that had nothing to do with the shower ran down her thighs. Nicole sagged to her knees on the floor of the shower, ignoring how the edge of the tiles dug into her skin. Her hands flew to her breasts, caressing the swollen mounds. Her puffy nipples were softer than they had been, but oh-so-sensitive as she rubbed her thumbs over them in slow circles. Her moans echoed off the cold bathroom walls, her breath stirring the steam on its trip to the ceiling and the quietly whirring fan.

She could feel every line of her fingers, from the crease of her joints to the blunt edge of her nails. She squeezed the soft, malleable flesh of her over-sized breasts. Her hips gyrated humping the air mindless of the fact that there was nothing there to grind against. Her whole world narrowed to the almost painfully hot water that rained down on her skin and the incredible sensations caused by her own hands.

Fingertips lightly callused from years of typing on a keyboard day in and day out kneaded and pinched, the silkiness of her chest in sharp contrast to the more textured skin of her hands. Nicole arched her back, presenting her chest to the violent spray. Her moans slowly escalated in volume until the small room was ringing with the sounds of her rut. Her body trembled with the power of the sensations coursing through her. Her swollen clitoris parted the soft folds of her flower, the hot water trickling down her skin caressing it before dripping to the shower floor along with a flood of her lust juice.

Finally, she climaxed hard, a scream ripping from her throat, muscles convulsing in orgasmic bliss. Slowly, she sagged back against the shower floor, legs lewdly askew, her body still shaking. Nicole's bones felt like rubber, as if every bit of strength had been drained out of her. She twitched as the water continued to caress her over-sensitive folds. Gradually, her mind began to clear. Feathers of sensation still tickled her senses and as she looked down her body, she realized her hands were still lazily stroking her breasts.

"God damn it," she muttered, letting go of her boobs as if they were poisonous vipers. She tried to sit up and nearly collapsed again when the water sprayed her breasts. With an awkward, desperate lunge she grabbed hold of the faucet and cranked the water off. Panting, she sagged back against the shower floor. Nicole couldn't believe this. These sandbags were dangerous!

Cursing under her breath, she pushed herself to her feet, steadying her wobbly knees. She moved carefully, afraid any stray movement might set her off again. She tried, trying to avoid her breasts as much as possible, but she still had to stifle a moan when the soft terrycloth brushed over them. Finally, she staggered back into her bedroom and stared hopelessly at her closet. Her legs still felt like jelly.

She shimmied into a pair of panties, frowning when she realized they became damp almost immediately. She tossed a couple of extra pairs on the corner of her bed. Shuffling through her closet, she found her one purse that she only ever used for client meetings and dates. She tossed it next to the panties. Her normal uniform for days like this was slacks and a button-down shirt. She reached for her pants, then hesitated. What if something happened and she soaked through her panties? After a minute of deliberation, she dug out a pencil skirt she bought ages ago. It seemed the safer option.

The skirt did fit well, she had to admit. It hugged what little curve her hips had and emphasized her feminine shape. She shrugged into her normal button up, bringing the sides together, then realized the harsh, restricting fabric felt rough against her hypersensitive skin. Heat instantly built between her legs. She quickly stopped, squirming a little.

"I don't believe this!" she grumbled, hastily stripping out of the shirt and dropping it to the ground. How could these things be so damn sensitive? She'd already come so hard in the shower, yet just touching them got her hot again. Unable to contain her frustration, she abruptly flipped through the hangers in her closet. She had to have something she could get through the day in!

At last she found a filmy silk blouse with the tag still attached. The midnight blue color had originally drawn her to it. An uncharacteristic impulse buy right after her last break up. It was ultra-feminine and not normally something she would have looked twice at. She ran the slippery, soft fabric through her hands thoughtfully. Maybe this would be bearable. It felt good against her skin as she slipped it up her shoulders. It was loose and blousy, perfect for tucking into her skirt before she started fastening the little pearl buttons that ran up the front.

When she reached the peak of her breasts, she almost snarled in frustration. The buttons strained and gaped until she was afraid the expensive silk would tear. When she unbuttoned it a little farther the strain eased, but it was obscenely low, enough to almost show the underside of her boobs. She tied the neck sash into a soft bow at her throat, trying to arrange the tails so they covered some of her cleavage. Instead the ties seemed to just slip down between her breasts, emphasizing the unnatural size. A glance at the clock made her throw up her hands in defeat. It would just have to do, she didn't have more time to fuss with it. She slipped on a pair of black patent pumps and stuffed a few spare panties into her purse, safely underneath her wallet, phone, and keys.

"Better to be prepared," she thought. After the last few days, she expected anything to happen.

Hiking her purse up onto her shoulder, she paused to look in the mirror for a moment. Gingerly, she reached into her blouse to reposition her breasts into a more comfortable position, shivering at the feeling. Her blazer helped shadow the soft peaks her nipples still made, though they weren't the hard points of before. She recalled once

having a dream like this where she had huge, over-sized tits. It had been a lot more fun in the dream, and a lot less embarrassing. She shook her head and smoothed her hands over her skirt. Time to go, or she was going to be late. She really didn't need to deal with that on top of everything else today.

Nicole climbed into the front seat of her car with a bit more fussing than usual between the heels and skirt. She had to move the seat back slightly to make sure she had enough room between her breasts and the steering wheel so they didn't accidentally touch. She turned the key. Nothing happened. The engine rumbled and thumped, but refused to come to life. Growling in frustration, she pumped the gas and tried again, rewarded only by the same sinister noises. She jerked the key out and tossed it back into her purse, taking a deep breath. She was not going to be defeated by something so simple. Viktor's smug, smiling face suddenly flashed into her memory, vivid as if he had walked in front of her. She couldn't let him win.

Resolutely, she pulled out her phone. A quick check of the public transit app showed a bus stop not too far from her house. If the schedule was right, she could make it to the stop before the next bus arrived. She didn't have time to wait for a taxi to show up. She locked her car again and slammed the door, taking some frustration out on the stubborn vehicle. She stretched her stride as much as she could in the fitted pencil skirt and walked briskly down the street towards the stop on the corner. The pendulous sway and jiggle of her breasts were alien sensations and entirely too distracting—at this rate, she'd go through her panties and stain her skirt before she even got to the office!

Pulling out her phone, again, she connected to her home computer and pulled up Viktor's file. She hoped that concentrating on something else would help calm her body down. She skimmed his file. Turns out, he was a history major working as a TA at a local community college. He'd done extremely well in school and had applied to several master's programs. He'd even been accepted to one in Cambridge last year. For some reason he'd declined—she suspected financial issues, from the look of his bank statements.

The squeal of industrial air brakes caught her attention and she looked up in time to see the bus pulling into the stop. Phone clutched tightly in one hand, she waved desperately, jogging as much as her heels and skirt would allow. The bounce of her heavy breasts was a new and awkward sensation for her.

"Wait!" she cried. The bus doors stayed open and she clambered on gratefully, digging out her wallet to pay. She looked up from the fare box to see the driver staring directly down her shirt. She frowned, clearing her throat pointedly as she paid for her ticket. He seemed to snap out of it and nodded to her as she passed, but she could tell his gaze lingered. It felt like everyone on the bus was staring, like her breasts were on fire or something. A gentleman near the middle of the bus stood up from his seat and she gratefully squeezed past the other standing passengers to sit. The bus rolled forward, and she turned back to her reading.

Viktor was currently working as a fashion model for some men's lifestyle magazines and a couple of high-end male fashion designers. He was pulling in some mega money, too. Six-digit salary, uptown condo way above anything he could have afforded before, sports car, motorcycle, and—she checked the list again, eyebrows rising in disbelief—a speed boat? It was as if someone had tried to make the stereotypical rich playboy. How could he have changed so suddenly?

The bus lurched to a standstill and she heard the monotone female voice over the PA announce her stop. She lurched to her feet, looking around to find the closest exit. Many of the male passengers standing around looked away quickly and she felt suddenly self-conscious, realizing that while she was sitting they had the perfect view straight down her blouse. They seemed to ignore her as she sidled her way towards the back doors, forcing her to push between them. She got caught briefly between two business men. Her breasts were crushed against one man's back, sending fires of pleasure through her, much to her mortification.

"Excuse me!" she finally managed, relieved that her voice sounded angry rather than breathy. The men suddenly let her through, muttering apologies. One even had the grace to look shame faced. Was this what it was like to live with large breasts? She wouldn't wish it on anyone.

She made it to the office without a minute to spare, walking directly to her office to clock in on her computer. A few questioning looks were thrown her way, but Nicole pointedly ignored the lingering stares. Most of the guys on her team knew better than to look too long, but even their eyes seemed to watch her just a bit more than usual. Maybe she was just getting paranoid.

"Holy shit, you're a girl." One of the programmers stopped outside her office door, grinning. Though his words were light hearted and not unexpected on a day she had to dress up, it was clear he was having trouble keeping his eyes on her face.

"Didn't want to leave you being the only one, Josh," she replied with a sigh. When he stayed a little longer, she straightened and crossed her arms over her chest as much as she could, trying to block his view of her cleavage. "If you don't have anything useful to say to me, get back to work."

"Of course, boss. Off I go." He ducked his head sheepishly as he left. Even as she sat down to work, she saw him talking with the other programmers near him, and noticed the occasional glances they shot her way. She struggled to ignore them and prepare the client meeting for later that day. It was hard to stay focused. Every fifteen minutes or so someone popped in with a question or to get confirmation on something she knew they'd done a hundred times. After the third time, she finally shut the office door in the hopes that it would dissuade people from bothering her.

"I might as well not even have a head," she muttered to herself. There was a snort from Patrick, her office-mate, the only one who hadn't been treating her like a piece of meat, and it forced a little smile to her face. At least *he* seemed immune to whatever power of distraction her new melons had over the men. She ordered in for

lunch, unwilling to expose herself to the public any more than she absolutely had to. Besides, her meeting was at two o'clock and she had a lot of work left to do.

When two o'clock rolled around, she felt better. It had been almost an hour since anyone had said anything about her breasts, though the guy who delivered her lunch had ogled her despite her angry glare. She felt fully justified in not tipping him. Unprofessional conduct didn't deserve a reward.

Her phone buzzed and she picked it up.

"Hi Nicole," a familiar female voice chirped. "It's Manuela at the reception. Mr Carlson has arrived. He's waiting for you in Conference Room B."

"Thanks, I'll be right there."

Nicole strode towards the conference room confidently, keeping her mind fixed on the job ahead to try and ignore the shivers of pleasure trailing up and down her body every time her breasts shifted. Suddenly, she felt an ominous 'pop'. One of the little pearl buttons had finally given way, unable to constrain the swollen flesh behind it. Her breasts were practically spilling out of her blouse, the buttons just barely keeping it closed enough to cover her nipples. She stood frozen in the hallway, for a moment uncertain what to do.

Nicole could've screamed in frustration. What had she done to deserve this? She steadied herself with a few calming breaths, then walked more carefully the rest of the way to the conference room. She tried to tug and adjust the blouse a little before she entered, but there was just nothing she could do to make it more acceptable. Pulling on the bravado she'd mastered after years of working her way up the ranks in a male-dominated field, she plastered a professional smile on her face and pushed open the door.

The man sitting at the conference table stood, a polite smile on his face. Gratefully his gaze only slipped down to her cleavage for a heartbeat before he focused his attention on her face. It made her like him a little, though she knew it shouldn't have. He looked to be in his mid-thirties, or possibly his early forties. He seemed to be the kind of man who aged gracefully and almost imperceptibly. His frame was broad but fit, and she suspected he worked out at least a little. His sandy hair was beginning to go gray at the temples. His suit was well tailored, neat and conservative. The hand he offered her was well taken care of, almost manicured, but his grip was strong. She realized suddenly that he was attractive, though not the kind of man she normally pursued. An unwelcome tendril of pleasure tickled her clit, but she quickly brushed it out of her mind.

"You must be Mr. Carlson. I'm Nicole Swan, the project head."

"I am. It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Swan." They shook hands and she gestured for him to retake his seat, settling into one nearby. She set her neat stack of notes on the table next to the legal pad she'd brought to write on. Things started off pretty well—he was perfectly professional. About fifteen minutes in, though, she caught him staring down her blouse as she leaned forward to point something out to him. He

immediately looked back at the paper between them and she brushed it off. His attention was unwelcome, yet it triggered more heat in her groin. What the hell was *wrong* with her?

Half an hour in, she was sure he was sneaking looks whenever he thought he could get away with it. Was he thinking she was teasing him? Nicole was torn over the attention. She liked him in all other respects. He acted with absolute respect and seemed intelligent and even witty. The continued looks irritated her, but in spite of herself it was making her increasingly aroused. She could feel her nipples stiffening, peaking the thin fabric of her blouse prominently.

"W-would you like some water, Mr. Carlson?" she asked, leaning back. Her mouth felt parched.

He shook his head, his gaze resolutely fixed on the papers before him. "I'm fine, Ms. Swan, but please get some yourself if you're, ah... thirsty."

Nicole wondered if his first word had been *hot*. It had to be. And yes, she was. She stood and grabbed the pitcher of water sitting on the conference room table and poured herself a glass. The room felt stifling hot, now, and Nicole decided to take her jacket off. She knew she was sending all the wrong signals, but it was as if she couldn't help herself.

There was nothing to hide behind, now. She shifted in her chair, thighs rubbing together. She could feel dampness growing between her legs and she prayed it wouldn't soak through to her skirt. Whatever was happening to her, to her body, it had to be Viktor's fault, but at the moment, it felt so good she couldn't help herself. And this handsome man's attention was becoming addictive, no matter how wrong it all was.

She tried to remain professional, to no avail. Every time she pointed something out to him, she leaned unnecessarily far across the table, quietly delighting in the way it drew his eyes and made him pause over his words. She felt powerful and attractive, something she wasn't used to. Part of her wanted him to lose that professional composure and come at her like an animal. The thought made her blush faintly and she shifted back into her chair, mentally scolding herself. What was she doing? This was completely inappropriate!

Nicole put her focus back on work. When he shifted his chair closer to her, she let the curve of her breast brush against his arm and she didn't immediately pull her foot away when she accidentally brushed against his leg under the table. When she did pull away, she was mortified, unable to meet his eyes though she could feel her watching him. A tiny part of her mind thought wildly about propositioning him—the room had no windows and there were no cameras. Before she could work up the nerve or banish the idea completely, he checked his watch and stood.

"Thank you so much for talking me through this, Ms. Swan. It's been a *pleasure* and I feel like the project is in *wonderful* hands." She hurriedly stood to shake his extended hand, nodded gratefully when he held the door open for her.

“We’ll do our best to meet your expectations, Mr. Carlson. I have a great team working on it.” He closed the door behind himself and stepped closer to her until there was barely a foot between them. One of his hands brushed lightly against her upper arm.

“I have a... more personal project I was hoping you could advise me on” He lowered his voice and it only took her half a moment to realize what he was hinting at. “If you’re free tonight, we could discuss it over drinks.” She wavered, the heat building in her loins pressuring her to say yes, her mind throwing images of what she imagined his body to look like beneath the smart tailored suit.

His hand shifted and she caught the glint of light off the gold band on his left hand. She stiffened involuntarily. His hand hesitated, then dropped away. She knew her smile was icy despite the hot flush creeping up her chest and neck. “I’m afraid I’m not available for personal consultations, Mr. Carlson. Have a nice day.” She turned on her heels and stalked away, unable to keep her breathing even. The soft fabric sliding against her chest was driving her insane with desire.

She was almost panting by the time she reached the ladies restroom. She took the first stall and locked the door behind her. She shuddered, leaning against the wall to keep her balance. It smelled like soap and disinfectant, the bathroom largely unused except by herself. Her heavy breathing echoed off the walls. Nicole didn’t really have the peace of mind to be offended that he had propositioned her, more fixed on the look of desire that had been heavy in his eyes and the screaming need radiating from her chest.

She hurriedly opened the button front of her blouse, a frustrated groan escaping her as she fumbled with the tiny closures. It only took a few buttons before her breasts spilled free and she took them in her hands. She moaned long and low, kneading her soft, sensitive mounds. She tugged and tweaked her nipples alternatively, vision turning hazy with lust. She staggered and sat down on the closed toilet, unable to keep her legs under her. A sudden and unexpected orgasm ripped through her. She hitched up her skirt and her fingers brushed her sopping wet panties. Her body shuddered in the aftermath, but it wasn’t enough.

Her hands didn’t stop rubbing and pulling, alternatively rough and tender. The spikes of pleasure continued to grow and before she knew it, she was crashing into another orgasm. She didn’t think to muffle her moans, too far gone in lust to think that someone might hear through the thin office walls. She climaxed twice more and finally forced her hands away from her breasts, struggling to catch her breath and regain her self-control. She still had work to do.

Whimpering softly, Nicole slid off her soaking wet panties and pulled on a clean pair from her purse. For a moment she was undecided about what to do with the wet pair. Finally, she wrapped them in a bit of toilet paper and tucked them in the very bottom, hoping the musky smell of female sex wasn’t too noticeable.

The rest of the afternoon passed uneventfully. The day dragged on for eternity and she swore those last two hours before five o'clock were going to last forever. Her breasts felt hot and achy, begging to be soothed by a touch. She caught herself eyeing the programmers on her team, all sitting at their computers, laughing and joking with each other as they worked. Some of them were attractive, though she'd never really paid that much attention before. In fact, she specifically avoided paying too much attention to that. She shook her head. 'That's completely unprofessional,' she scolded herself, her mind returning to her work. 'I have never compromised my work before and I will not do so now'. Her thoughts strayed back to her actions in the client meeting and she hung her head in shame.

Five o'clock finally came. She hurried out of the office to catch the earliest bus. All she wanted to do was get home. She was tired of the stares and murmurs. More than that, her melons felt like they were on fire, just aching to be groped and manhandled. The bus was even more crowded than it had been that morning. She was forced to stand in a huddle of passengers who all seemed to tower over her by a foot at least. With nothing to distract her, she found her mind fixating on the throbbing need in her chest. Tweedledee and Tweedledum were demanding attention, she sneered to herself, as though the nickname would detach her from them. Though she loathed them and the way they seemed to make men objectify her, she found herself eagerly looking forward to the orgasms they would give her. She wondered how it would feel to have someone else's hands on them.

Her stop came and she didn't bother to be polite, roughly elbowing her way through the crowd to the door. It earned her a little breathing room and as she stepped onto the sidewalk she was mildly pleased with herself. So maybe it was petty of her to enjoy exacting a little revenge against strangers. It was a small price to pay for a peep show, though. And with that thought, she felt perfectly mollified.

Every stride was a pleasurable agony, her breast nearly popping free of her blouse now one button down. She was fairly sure that if she glanced down she would see a bit of nipple peeking out. Nicole was determined to get home quickly. She didn't bother to stop and check, instead lifting her chin and throwing back her shoulders confidently. She realized belatedly, as she walked past one of her neighbors gawking openly, that her posture was putting her large breasts prominently on display.

As she hurried up the sidewalk to her front door, she could feel moisture beginning to slip down her leg. She slammed the door behind her and kicked off her heels in the hallway. She was stripped before she even made it to the bedroom. Collapsing against the side of the bed, she roughly massaged her breasts, feeding the hot, desperate need that had grown unbearable, legs spread wide. Orgasms that had coiled within her all afternoon sprang to the surface in unnaturally quick succession. Her rational mind wanted her hands to stop, but each climax promised the next one would be more powerful, so she kept at it. After nearly an hour, she slipped breathlessly sideway to stretch out on the floor, her body still trembling from the latest orgasm. She

had lost count of how many times just touching her breasts had brought her to the edge. She mused that in some ways this was both the best and the worst day of her life.

The worst part was far more fixed in her mind, though, and she felt anger surge in her gut. Viktor! It was all that scum bag's fault. With a growl, she shoved herself off the floor, picking her way through the town house to her computer. She sank into the old computer chair, well-worn to her body, not caring that she smeared her lust juices over the seat. She pulled up all the financial information she could find and cracked her knuckles. So Viktor wanted war. Well, she'd give him one. She would give him a reason to think twice about messing with her.

It took only a couple cans of soda and a delivery pizza for her to empty his bank accounts and freeze all his credit cards. On the plus side, she'd also paid off all the student loan debt he had and had never reimbursed. The rest of the money? Well, that was her secret. Smiling to herself, she settled back in her chair and grabbed the last piece of double-meat pizza.

When Viktor woke up, he was going to find out he had picked on the wrong woman.

###

About the author:

Jaycee Knight is the creator of the Bloomin' Faeries! universe, a world where whimsical creatures (faeries!) cause sexual mayhem in the lives of humans they encounter. You can find out more about them by visiting the website:

<http://www.bloomingfaeries.com>

Send your feedback to:

jayceeknight@bloomingfaeries.com