

Valentine's Day Bonus
Part 2 of the “Part-time
Bonus” Series

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The call had come on January 31st.

Miranda had been surprised at the rather short phone interview, though its content had been par for the course. Who is the most important person in the company, why is it always important to smile, etc. She'd answered each question with the well honed interviewing skills of someone who'd faced down those "there is no wrong answer, but you'd better answer correctly" questions for months now and quickly found herself on the business end of a job offer.

"I'll explain where we're at right now." Jacquelyn Su'ner sounded a bit like her kindergarten teacher, her mother, and a previous boss she'd had when she worked at a day care, all rolled into one. Matronly, fun, and easily embarrassed. She had a slight eastern European accent, just enough to play with the R's and make her fun to listen to. "I always try and over hire for the Valentine's Holiday and I always end up under hiring. Ze girls I always hire? This year they say to wait for your job application before I hire anyone else. So I wait, I get, I read, and I think to myself, this one I should have hired to start with, why she not apply till almost too late?"

Miranda found herself grinning through the phone. "Because my old coworkers like keeping the best jobs and best bosses to themselves!" They both laughed as Miranda prepared her serious, professional answer. "Honestly, I could find the job offer. Looking around I couldn't find your job offer online anywhere. I found something that might be it on craigslist but you didn't list any contact information or where to apply at."

"What?" Her accent seemed to get thicker when she got flustered. "Oh I'm still not used to all this. What about the paper?"

"Who reads those anymore?"

"Well I do but... Oh, no, wait, not since I got that Kindle-ook thing. I read that during coffee now. You say Jenny sent you 'link' through Facebook?" There was a sigh. "Maybe I should hire you for my advertising instead."

Miranda felt that laugh coming again. This was one person she really wanted to work with if this was going to be an average day's conversation. "Hire me for at least the seasonal job and we'll talk during any slow periods."

The answer had been yes and she'd been hired right away and quickly discovered there really wasn't any slow periods in a jewelry store around Valentine's Day. Later she'd wonder if perhaps she should have made the time to force the job to be something more than seasonal, but at the time she had thoroughly enjoyed the ride.

She walked through the door the first day and couldn't help but let her professional smile turn into her usual big grin, especially when Callie had scooped her up and spun around with her.

"Look at you!" Kellie leaned over the counter where she'd been setting up the register. "Back to your five foot nothing after gorging yourself on your Christmas Bonus!"

"I hadn't realized what it was going to do!" Miranda rolled her eyes but kept her smile all the same. "I couldn't leave my apartment for a week!"

“You realize most of us have a bite or two around Christmas time for a bit of fun, then just save a lick or two now and again to maintain a steady height, right?” Kellie sat her back down on the floor and Miranda enjoyed once more looking up at the tall blond.

“Well I do NOW. Is that why you're all so tall?”

“All of us but Tina.” Callie started walking behind the desk, Miranda following close behind. “She's been at it the longest and after this year I think she's at like 6'10”, swears she's gonna stop at seven foot but I bet she'll go a year or two more if only to hang out with us.”

“SHH! Don't mention you know who!” Kellie waved her hand in a quieting manner, “you know how Jackie is about tattoos. Thinks anyone with one is just out to steal stuff.”

“She's gonna get sued being biased like that in this age.” Callie just shook her head and looked back at Miranda, “come on, let me show you how to do all this stuff and I'll tell you about this awesome guy I'm dating.”

“From Hong Kong?”

“Japan!” Callie enthused, grinning ear to ear as Kellie just rolled her eyes and went back to counting bills. “He even went to Toudai!”

The first day went how all first days went, acclimating and taking a step back just to learn the eb and flow of the job, the retail dance that went to the tune of the door chimes. The days following progressed much the same way as they had when working the Santa gig with the girls previously. Lots of laughing, lots of fun, lots of helping people get what they wanted out of the holidays.

Lots of feeling overshadowed by her coworkers.

Working commission was always an issue for any friendships, and this job didn't come with an hourly rate at all, only a commission of a certain percentage on anything sold through the employee. Miranda had been OK with this to start with, it was temp work after all, but had soon realized that the other girls who had a few years more experience working the job also had clients that would only work with them. For the first few days, she did a lot of helping a customer pick something out only to watch the customer then take their prospective purchase over to one of the other girls.

There was that old jealousy again.

Lunch had become a bastion. Her and one of the others would go to lunch, leaving the other two to mind the store and then they'd swap. It was over lunch on the third day that they noticed anything was wrong. Miranda groaned in frustration and tore into her subway sandwich, the BLT, with a bit more vigor than normal. Her eating buddy today, Jennie, tucked her blond hair behind her ears and crossed her long legs at the ankles in front of her, about the only pose her tight professional skirt allowed. “What's up, little sis?”

“Oh don't start.” Miranda grumped before taking a big gulp of her sweet tea. “I just can't seem to make a single sale! Everyone I help either goes to one of you, or completely misses the short blond with all you amazon's walking around. At this rate, I'm going to work just as hard as everyone else and

get paid nothing for it!”

Jennie gave her a kind smile. “Don't worry about it. We haven't hit the crunch time yet of people having forgotten that Valentine's is even coming, or they pick up the boy or girlfriend they weren't sure they were going to get and suddenly need a-” Jennie suddenly stopped and sat bolt up right. She raised her left hand to her mouth and shouted “HEY!” while waving her right hand as vigorously as possible.

How anyone could miss the nearly seven foot tall blond with boobs about to pop out of what should have been a conservative top on a less busty woman, Miranda wasn't sure, but whoever would miss her certainly wouldn't with the arm waving jostling said big breasts around in an even greater attempt to get them pop out.

Miranda turned and looked over her shoulder to see the three Ashley's, the only ones besides Tina not working the jewelry store this year, strutting down the mall's main tract, arm in arm in arm, looking as glued to the hip as ever. They all squealed upon noticing their two old coworkers and soon the small table was somehow setting four very tall blonds and a fifth shorter one who was just happy to see the trio of Ashley's again.

“Where have you three been!” Miranda asked. Jennie did her best to cover a laugh as the Ashley's looked properly abashed.

“Well, you remember the Christmas Bonus?” Ashleigh, asked, stealing a few of Miranda's chips and sharing with Ashlee and Ashlie.

“How could I forget?” Miranda grinned, straightened her back to look taller and held her hands at arms length, pretending to clutch a massive set of breasts.

“Well, we decided to set ours down beside each other after a few licks.” Ashlee explained while the other two nodded.

“Note for yourself if you end up trying what we did.” Ashlie raised a finger high in the air and shouted, “DON'T MIX UP THE CANES!”

Miranda was still a bit mystified that the whole thing had happened at all and hadn't just been an overworked, underpaid delusion of the holiday if hadn't been for the other girls all enforcing that she had in fact been in reality during that. “What happened?”

The trio of blonds hugged closer, their heads nestled right next to each other, and gave her a pointed look.

“You're kidding!”

“Nope!” Ashleigh stole a sip of Jennie's Dr. Pepper, earning her a death glare from the other statuesque blond. “The three of us just finally got apart again. Too late for the Valentine's Day rush at our favorite jewelry store.”

“So glad those things don't permanently make ya bigger.” Jennie lightly sipped her drink. “The cumulative effect is bad enough.” The others at the table nodded, though Miranda had wished she had a little more than a cup size and an inch or so of height to show for her binge.

Part of her was pretty sure the others felt the same.

“So what are you three up to today if you're not going to be working with us?” Jennie said it good naturedly even as she pulled her drink closer to her along with her chips when Ashlie reached for some.

“Applying to some different places.” Ashlee explained. “I think we'll probably get a job at that lingerie store near where the bookstore used to be. The one with the pink bunnies out front?”

“A moment of silence for the bookstore!” Ashleigh demanded suddenly. All five women were silent for a moment and then sighed, the Ashley's in unison.

“Neil Gaiman on my lunch break!” Miranda rose a fist in the air, letting it drop to the table. “I miss that place.”

“We all do.” Jennie agreed as she started gathering up her stuff, Miranda following suit. “Well, our 13 minute break is about over. Hope you girls get the job! Post to the group if you do?”

“You know it!” They enthused.

The pair headed back to relieve a hungry looking Callie and Kellie who ditched the moment the pair crossed the threshold. Jackie was helping an older customer and but it was the young man near the display case that caught Miranda's eye. He was glancing around with a bit of a frightened look. Miranda had some training in watching for shop lifters, the shifting eyes, the nervous looks, and despite meeting the criteria, she felt inside her that wasn't the issue. She quickly approached him, slipping her name tag in place over her left breast and introduced herself.

“Uh, hi, you work here?” He couldn't have been about twelve years old, but he was still Miranda's height.

“Sure, I just got back from lunch bu- and I'd be happy to help you.” She cut off the usual negative in speech. *Have to 'talk' positive when you're in retail!* she reminded herself. “Where should we start?”

The young man visibly relaxed. “Thanks! All the tall ladies were starting to scare me. They kept leaning over and-” he shuddered and she wondered if he'd hit puberty yet. Most guys she knew hoped and dreamed for moments like that and she was already planning her next Christmas Bonus out better than the last time. “I need something for my mom. She's really been stressed this year and-”

He reached in his well worn jean's pockets and pulled out a balled up wad of bills, mostly twenties and showed them to Miranda.

“Been saving for a while, huh?” Miranda arched an eyebrow and tilted her head slightly to the side, giving him a reassured, understanding look.

The look he gave back to her would have melted the Wicked Witch's withered heart.

It hadn't taken long to pick out what was just right for the young man's mother, a set of ear rings

with her birth stone, and Miranda felt such a warm and tingly joy from sending the young man on his way with just the right thing, that it wasn't until Jennie did a fist bump with her to congratulate her on her first sale that she realized she'd accomplished that too.

The Whoop and jump into the air had drawn the attention of someone just walking into the store who had bemusedly gotten her the second sale.

From then on, a floodgate had been opened. People would talk in the food court, in the main hall, about the short blond who'd helped them, and suddenly being the shortest one among, Kellie, Callie and Jennie hadn't been a detriment, it had been what was letting her stand out. She delighted in helping each person and getting them exactly what they, and their loved one, would enjoy the most.

That wasn't to say that her days had become all about sales.

Almost a week before Valentine's Day, a young father who'd bought a blue opal necklace early in the day from Callie had been waiting in the mall for his wife to return, had apparently gotten bored and taught his two year old daughter a 'fun' game. Whenever a young couple would leave the store, the woman cooing and happy over a new bit of jewelry, or even more ecstatic over an engagement ring, the daughter would run up to the male of the pair and hug his leg, squealing "DADDY!" Upon latching on, she would look up at the stunned young man and ask one of any variety of well rehearsed questions, Miranda's favorite was "is that for mommy?"

Runners up were "Is this my new mommy?" and "you said I could hug you again when you got a ring!" There were several other iterations as well, but those had been the best.

The responses between the women and their young gentlemen was comical but also resulted in at least one return. After processing the return, Jackie sent Miranda out to dissuade the young girl and her father from their new game as politely as possible.

The father had apologized and quickly came in and bought the returned piece of jewelry, giving it to the young lady with her young man in tow with an explanation and apology. Upon returning to the jewelry store, he announced the young couple's wedding was once again set for August, earning a cheer from the staff before giving a slight bow with his daughter (who cutely bowed as well) and vanishing back into the crowd of the mall.

The real challenge hadn't come from the customers, it came from inside the store. It was the day before Valentine's that Miranda had noticed for the fourth time that Jennie lingered over one particular case. She had done it every time Miranda had closed with her, and a quick text to Kellie confirmed she'd done it then as well. The subject wasn't broached for a half hour.

Normally, Miranda wouldn't have been the type to wait, but the group had decided, with the Ashley's and Tina, to hit up the local theater the night before and catch an action flick, both to be a date night for those who'd be dateless on the big day, and to handle the inevitable chick flick those with a significant other would take them on.

"Michael Bay is a genius!" With the trio in a huddle ahead of them in line, Miranda couldn't tell which of the Ashley's was talking. She wasn't totally sure it mattered.

"He's a hack that depends on the skill of others to pull off his mediocre crap!" One of the other

Ashley's.

The third chimed in with a non committal “eh, he's losing his touch,” and was instantly set upon by both the others. Jennie rolled her eyes, Kellie chuckled, Miranda laughed and Callie missed it entirely as she got the popcorn.

“So...” Miranda started, snapping her fingers to get Jennie's attention. “What's in the case?”

“Case?” Jennie innocently asked as Kellie leaned in.

“Don't act like you think we didn't notice.”

She sighed but wouldn't talk about it further until the tickets were bought and they were all sitting in the theater. Miranda was considering getting the child's booster seat so as to not feel completely left out with her tall friends when Jennie brought up the topic again.

“It's this white gold heart shaped locket with rose gold on the front in... well... the shape of a rose.”

“And who's it for?” Miranda kept her voice to a low conspiratorial whisper as a trailer for a new Disney film played. It wasn't pixar so everyone but the Ashley's ignored it.

“There's... this... girl.”

In every way shape and form, Jennie, *Jennifer*, was the most self confident self assured person Miranda had ever met. She was set to get her Master's by summer and would be working on her Doctorate soon after, top of her class, focused and kind in all matters of business, and the rest of the 'temp team' had already deemed her most likely to start a multimillion dollar business and succeed by the end of the decade. 'Just remember to hire us when you need some seasonal help!' one of the Ashley's had seriously said.

But when it came to her own sexuality, Jennie had been a bit of a struggle. She'd mentioned it idly in the first three sentences of meeting Miranda, Hi, how are you, I'm gay. (OK, not quite like that idly) and yet Miranda still found the young woman often having trouble coming to terms with actually dating anyone. Part of her wanted to ask the end all question, 'who' but she also knew that the asking, and getting an answer, did nothing to serve Jennie. Who wasn't the issue.

“What's stopping you?”

“She... I... We've been friends forever. I've seen her date girls, and guys, before and-”

“You're not worried if she'll say no, are you?” Miranda nodded her head and settled into her seat. “You're worried what will happen if she says yes.”

“If she says no we just stay friends and it'll be this awkward thing that happened that we laugh about later. But... but... if she says yes...”

“I know.” *No one's truly afraid of failure, we do it all the time.* Miranda's sociology professor had said during class one time. *What we're truly afraid of is succeeding.* “Movie's starting and I want to

give this, give *you*, my full attention. Wanna talk about it tonight?"

Jennie looked at the screen, bit her bottom lip, and gave three sharp nods.

"Cool, ride home with me."

The movie had been crap, but then, that had kinda been the point. The stress of the holiday, and of any upcoming struggle on the actual day, faded into the cheesy plot and paper thin acting, and girls found themselves loving and jeering at every minute of it.

"Who walks on glass?!" One of the Ashley's shouted to the mall's roof as five tall blonds strutted out of the theater with Miranda at the center.

"Bruce Willis!" Another of them shouted. A ripple of laughter ran through the group and they started hugging their goodbyes.

Miranda and Jennie quickly ducked away and found themselves at the local frozen yogurt shop alone and in relative peace. The pair made their selections and paid before setting down across from each other.

"Planning on being here long?" Jennie raised an eyebrow while looking speculatively at the huge cup of frozen yogurt in Miranda's possession. It contained a healthy amount of every flavor, along with several spoonfuls of every topping and dollops of each and every gooey syrup available. By comparison, Jennie's own small cup of watermelon frozen yogurt looked more like a shot glass.

"Bet you I finish before you do." *And it has nothing to do with my speed.* Miranda silently added. "So talk to me about what's going on."

The spoon that had just left Jennie's mouth hovered above the watermelon scrumptiousness before being set to the side. "Well... I just... Ugh, look, we're not compatible at all, but ever since I met her, I haven't dated. My mind's on her so much I don't even see anyone else make a pass at me. She's just so... so..." She scooped up her bowl of frozen goodness and held it aloft, an impressive height for the nearly seven foot tall woman. "She's this!"

"She's watermelon yogurt?"

"Yes!" the abused paper cup was slammed back onto the table, the contents safe inside. "It's wonderful and delicious and it doesn't go with anything else I do or have but dammit I want it, I want to taste every bit of it, enjoy every bite, savor every mouthful. She makes me feel like I'm covered in puppies and kitties on a warm summer day, like I'm wrapped in the best, softest blanket ever on a cold winter day. She makes everyone of these silly holidays we end up working magical and I--"

"Why don't you just tell Tina how you feel?"

"Because she's just so much... HER!" Jennie crossed her arms and turned her head away from the diminutive blond and the slowly shrinking mountain of toppings and yogurt in front of her. "I've watched her go through relationships, she doesn't have them! She conquers. I want her to conquer me, but I don't want to be that person left behind in that broken bed the next morning, wondering where Tina's gotten off to and--"

Suddenly the noise and racket stopped and a deathly chill fell about the frozen yogurt parlor. Miranda wasn't sure, but she wanted to check the temp on the dispensers to see if they'd somehow dropped ten degrees.

"I never said who it was..." Jennie slowly turned her icy gaze towards the blond, who was suddenly wishing she'd eaten her mountain of yogurt a little slower, so there'd be more to hide behind. "Who... TELL ME!"

The shout at the end was so abrupt, so challenging, that Miranda was suddenly on her feet and Jennie for the briefest of moments had an idea of what Miranda had been like on the Christmas Bonus, a ten foot tall, larger than life and thrice as busty giantess meant to overpower anyone and anything around her.

"YOU DID!" Miranda was nose to nose with Jennie, the yogurt forgotten, the shop forgotten. "You did with every look you cast her way, with every gesture you made, every pause after you two would brush together, every time you blushed and every time you gave that little sigh with angels floating around your head as she walked away. YOU TOLD ME!"

It probably shouldn't have been a surprise the two found themselves outside holding their ice cream and a noise violation for the mall shortly there after.

They leaned against a pickup, Jennie actually looking somewhat normal due to its lift kit and size, Miranda joking that she could hide in the wheel-well she was so short.

"So... you know." Jennie stirred her melting yogurt. "Who else?"

"The Ashley's are oblivious, Callie and Kellie? Maybe. They're both intuitive enough to..." Miranda trailed off and took another huge spoonful of her ice cream. "That's not what you're asking."

"No."

Miranda sighed and tipped the yogurt container up and swallowed the melting remnants. "You need to talk to her."

"But what if she-"

"Tell her how you feel." Miranda interrupted, "And I don't just mean that you want her in the worst way. Tell her that you want a relationship, and what that relationship needs to look like for you to be happy in it."

"But-"

"Do it, and feel happy that you finally got it off your chest, or don't, and stop working with her so you can get out of this head space and move on with your life." Miranda didn't wait for a response, just started walking away. She tossed one final thing over her shoulder as she dropped her empty cup into the trash. "And that's Tina's truck your leaning against. Wait a few and she'll be here."

She left Jennie there, alone in the night, to make her decision under the flickering bulbs of the

parking lot and empty cars.

When Jennie walked into the jewelry store the next day, her expression, body language, and most of all, her Facebook status, told the story. The cheer from the trio of blonds certainly would have warranted a sound violation had the mall been open, and Jacquelyn just shook her head and offered a discount on the locket.

The day was as hectic as one would imagine with the last minute purchases, post gift exchanges, and women coming in frantic, happy that they'd gotten a ring, but terrified that it wouldn't slide onto the important finger (or any). Exchanges were made, sales were rung out and in the end, everyone walked away happy and taken care of.

“Well, ladies.” Jacquelyn's call halted the cleaning up. Miranda twisted at her hips, rag and Windex in hand in front of the cases, to see everyone else had paused to. “you've all done a great job, and you can stop by on Monday for your cheques, but for today, I know what you all want. First, Jennie.”

The studious blond leaned her broom against a counter carefully and in one long step was standing over Jacquelyn. “Yes, ma'am?”

“You've had a hard time this year, and I don't mean with sales, all of you did great, I meant with your heart. When you walked in on first of January? I knew you would either be broken of heart or finally whole. You found your path, so here is your Valentine's Day Bonus.” The older woman deposited a red heart-shaped box of chocolates into the stunned blond's hand. “Be sure to share them with your beloved, and to read the top of the box so you know what each flavor is taste, yes?”

“Y-yes ma'am!”

“Now scoot, I know you've got someone waiting for you in the parking lot. Oh, and don't forget-” a small white box with a red bow around it was dropped on top of the box of chocolates, “the locket.”

“Th-thank you!” The older woman found herself in a hug and everyone not involved couldn't help but laugh, Miranda once again being reminded just how well built all the other girls were as she watched Jennie's arms bulge with the hug.

Jennie quickly said her goodbyes to everyone, the whole lot shooing her out the door.

Callie and Kellie each got a small item, each relating to some intimate thing that Miranda hadn't even caught in the girls lives. *Too wrapped up in Jennie's drama, I guess.*

“And you, young lady. You've done the job of a woman twice your size.”

“Literally.” Miranda joked, lifting her left hand above her head to show the difference in height between her and her now absent coworkers.

“I didn't mean size of legs, dear.” The kind old lady handed her a small packet. “Your heart saw in Jennie, and many other customers, exactly what would make them the most happy, and is not jewelry, is never bits of metal and small shiny rocks. You saw the words that needed to be said, feelings

needed to be seen.”

“Well, thanks.” Miranda felt herself blush. “I didn't do anything sp-”

“You did everything special, and that is bad.” She shook a wrinkled finger at the younger woman. “You should see what is special about yourself, so that's why I give you this.” The small package plopped into Miranda's hands. “It only last about twenty four hours, and be careful, just like a heart it only bends so far.”

“Of course!” Miranda found herself in a hug with the old woman and out the mall doors before even realizing she hadn't finished cleaning, none of them had. She paused to go back inside and offer to help before sighing at the locked doors. She gave them a rueful smile and walked over to her car.

Shortly she was stretched out on her couch in her small one bedroom apartment clicking through romantic movie after romantic TV show on the cable her apartment came with. Sighing, she switched over to Netflix and growled at the 'Valentine's Day Movie Selections' at the top. Shutting her TV off and resigning herself to another lonely V-Day, she considered sending Tina and Jennie a text and thought better of it.

Then her eyes fell on her Valentine's Day Bonus.

It couldn't possibly be anything other than some small trinket. At the most, a bit of jewelry from a dead line, the last piece that wouldn't sell, just like her. She told herself not to get her hopes up but still felt her heart racing as she unwrapped it.

Inside was a small, *plastic*, mirror.

She shook her head, reminding that inner child to not be so excited, and held the palm sized bit of plastic in front of her and smiled at the blond she saw there. “Well look at you on Valentine's Day.”

“Well look at yourself!” Her reflection mirrored the smile.

The small little mirror hit the floor and bounced as Miranda stared at the short blond standing at just over arms length from her.

“I- you- what?”

“Heh, looks we've gotten ourselves into another holiday bonus.” Her reflection, or was she the original? Suddenly Miranda felt a bit disoriented. Had this been the way she'd been facing when she held the mirror up?

“Looks like!” Miranda pushed the thoughts aside. “I wonder if every holiday is going to be like this.”

“Who knows!” Mirroranda threw a lopsided smile at her twin, and suddenly Miranda understood what was so endearing about how she did that. “At least we don't have to be alone on the big V-Day.”

“Nope,” Miranda grinned and scooped the mirror off the floor. “And I can't think of anyone I'd rather spend it with.”

The two grinned at each other. “How about I get us some Hot Chocolate?”

"You sure you know how I like it?"

The two laughed and soon were snuggled at opposite ends of a love seat, each in a pose the perfect mirror of the other.

"What would you like to do tonight?" Miranda said between slow sips.

"Well, if you're referring to maybe some fun-?"

"I am if you are."

"Then I suppose there's that double-ender Tina got me as a joke."

"Oooh, sounds fun!"

Mirroranda just rolled her eyes. "Never knew I was such a perv!"

"Of course you did." Miranda stuck her tongue out at her twin.

"Ok, Mira, sounds like we have a game-plan!" The two gave each other a careful high-five.

"Sounds like." Miranda watched as her twin sat her mug on the table and scooped up the mirror, toying with it. "Hey, you wanting to make us triplets or something?"

"Ha, no, I think it's magic trick is done. I was just wondering if it said anything like how long

this would last or-

"Made in China?"

"Ha, you really are me."

"You know it. Jackie had said something about it being flexible."

"Hmmm, maybe it bends or-" with the mirror reflecting her breasts, she squeezed the sides, flexing the mirror to show an enlarged reflection. She giggled at the site, before hearing several pops and glancing down to her own now bosom that now matched the reflection. She gasped and heard a similar sound mirrored in her twin. Glancing across the love seat, she saw Miranda now had an equally massive pair. "Well, that's new!"



"I guess we're still twins, like, ongoing."

"No kidding, Sherlock!" Mirroranda rolled her eyes.

"Can I see it?" Miranda handed the mirror over to her twin with a curious glance.

"What, are you going to try and shrink us back down? I kinda want to..." She trailed off as her twin twisted around in her seat and leaned towards her. Mirroranda had been reaching forward to reclaim her cup of coffee, and knew her behind was sticking up into the air. Miranda had the mirror focused so that it showed her a reflection of said smack-able butt. "You're not."

"I am." The mirror bent, and bootylicious suddenly didn't even begin to cover the two women's appearance.



Thanks for reading. This version is cut down to only have the BE (and a little butt) in it as opposed to the full version that has Belly Expansion, conjoinment, lesbian clone sex, etc. If you're interested in seeing where else the story goes, <http://fav.me/d76k0vx>