

Bimbo Bakery: Pageant Puffs

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Synopsis: A fancy new bakery has opened in the small college town of New Billington. When stressed out Pageant Mom; Candice walks through the shop's doors, she doesn't know that what she is purchasing are more than just innocent pastries. A tale of naughty MILF Bimbofication where a high-strung woman learns to *really* let her hair down and have a little dirty fun.

Part One: Open For Business.

"Mom, did you hear me? I said I prefer the emerald ballgown with the sequins."

Candice looked up from her phone with a guilty start to look at her daughter Madeline whose head was poking through the changing room curtain.

"Are you sure, Sweetie? It has a lot of fabric you know..." She protested weakly as the young woman frowned unhappily back at her.

Well it was true, the over-elaborate gown did have a lot of fabric. A lot of very *costly* fabric at that.

Candice was sitting on a small padded stool in *Madam Sentani's*; a high-end bridal and evening wear boutique crowded in on all sides by racks and hangers overflowing with dresses, slips and gowns. They came in every hue, style and cut conceivable. All in shining silk, soft satin and sheerest chiffon trimmed in delicate lace, elegantly embroidered or beaded with glittering rhinestones.

The deceptively small tags hanging from sleeves and backs held devastating prices. Each garment was hideously expensive as though to counterbalance with how extravagantly glamorous it promised to make the lucky buyer appear. Candice was

sitting upright and tense, trying not to touch anything on the off chance she might have to pay for it.

"Well, let me see how you look before we come to a final verdict." She gave Madeline a weak smile and gestured her over.

Madeline harrumphed her way out of the stall and struck a pose--one of her *pageant* poses--with limited success. The gown was luxurious in soft crimson tulle, the fitted satin bodice showcased a sweetheart neckline and beaded lace straps. It, like everything else in the store, was gorgeous and had the added appeal of being one of the only *affordable* pieces on display.

Quite unlike the sequined emerald ballgown with its rolling acres of lavish silks and exorbitant crystal ornamentation.

"Oh Madeline, I think you look lovely..."

"*Lovely* isn't going to impress the Judges, Mom." Madeline grouched, "I need to look *stunning* to score well in the evening-wear round. I *need* the emerald ballgown."

What Candice *needed* was some fresh air. The shop felt stuffy with lady's perfume, the closeness of all the cloth and the crushing metaphysical weight of retail extortion. She stood up trying to maintain the increasingly fragile smile.

"How about you get changed, Sweetie. Mommy just needs to step outside for a minute to make a phone call."

It was a lie but a harmless one. A small price to pay to settle her troubled mind and one she suspected would be the smallest price she would be shelling out for today if Madeline got her way. Her daughter gave her a suspicious glare.

"You're not going to smoke are you? You said you quit."

"Just a phone call, I promise. I'll be right back." Candice assured as she pushed through the crowded racks for the front door.

Candice wanted a cigarette. *Oh*, how she wanted a cigarette!

...but she had promised herself a fresh start when they had made the move out to the Midwest. A new marriage, a new home, a new job and a new *her*.

So far it wasn't going so well.

The family had moved to New Billington when her newlywed husband Grant had accepted a Research Associate position with the local College. It made a lot of sense at the time. Housing costs were lower in the small college town and as a market research analyst who worked remotely from her laptop, Candice could earn her living anywhere that had power, a wireless signal and a half-decent coffee shop.

Then she had lost her job when the New York consulting firm she worked for was *consolidated* into some faceless mega-corp and her entire department was *restructured* to a rice paddy somewhere in South-East Asia.

There wasn't much demand for over-qualified market analysts in New Billington, Indiana population 53,000. So Candice's *new* job was in a small four-story concrete office block, performing mindless data-entry for a locally-based freight and logistics carrier. She even had her very own five by five cardboard cubicle that felt as warm and personal as a prison cell.

Then there was her not-so-happy home life to comfort Candice. Madeline had not been best pleased with being uprooted from her teenage life in the city and turned all that resultant angst on her new step-father Grant. Blaming the bookish, intellectual man for her unwelcome relocation and keeping the tensions in their white-picket place of residence at an all-time high.

Candice knew Grant was trying his best, Dear Lord he was trying but he was a deep thinker who preferred feelings more in theory than in practice. He wasn't exactly cold, *per se* but a logical and rational debater unaccustomed to the wild mood swings and incapable of effectively communicating with an upset teenage girl he didn't know how to parent.

Oh and to top it all, Candice was gaining weight. There was the whole hand to mouth action--Candice disliked the term "oral fixation" on principle--which felt empty without a cigarette but was seductively replaceable with a quick snack.

Maybe that was why she stopped where she did on the small town's charming main street. The constant commercial turn-over from a few thousand college coeds a year sustained these broad boulevards lined with bars, shops, restaurants, and other small businesses that still retained their vintage flair. They were the quintessential hubs of any small community and unchanging as a mountain face. So it was always something of a surprise to see a new storefront appear among the old sandwich boards leaning out in front of the hardware store and the ancient wrought iron benches set outside the local deli.

B.B's Boulangerie Pâtisserie

The words were painted in a curling flourishing font and framed in a tasteful art deco border on a blade-sign that looked so fresh the paint must have still been drying. It was set above a pastel blue striped french awning that shaded the large front display window and the quaint timber and glass entry-door with an actual brass bell affixed to the frame.

Candice paused in front of it, worrying at her lower lip as she looked back and forth up the sleepy street. The morning bustle had died down with most students in classes and the locals hard at work. Where she would be if not for Madeline's damnable gown fitting. When had the new business moved into the area? She couldn't remember seeing any

workmen renovating the store or even remember what had been in its place before. New Billington wasn't large but... well, she was still fairly new to town.

The strangest part was how *clean* it all appeared.

Part of the old town charm was things that had that worn-by-time look, like antiques got. A lovingly long-lived sense of craggy brick walls rubbed smooth by decades of weather or wooden handrails deeply stained and polished by the countless thousands of hands that had gripped them.

Not here though, the storefront was brightly coloured and immaculate. The crayola yellow paintwork was faultless, the window glass smudge-free and spotless, even the footpath looked freshly scrubbed until it was near bone-white. It was as though something had sliced this bakery right out of a picture-book and dropped it right between Harold's Home Hardware and Grouchoe's Deli.

The bell above the door chimed prettily as she stepped inside. The overhead lights were so bright she had to shade her eyes and the smell! The sweet odor of sugar with exotic undertones of spice filled the air so thoroughly it tickled her taste buds. The entire interior was painted in shades of pastel pink and soft indistinct music lilted gently from hidden speakers.

Polished glass display cases were set in a neat row on either of an ornately carved wooden counter with an old fashioned nickel and brass Patterson cash register gleaming atop it.

Behind it stood a woman, she was posed so erect and motionless that Candice almost mistook her for a mannequin until she turned her head and smiled.

"Hi!" She said brightly then giggled as if she had said something amusing.

"Ummm... Hello." Candice replied, blinking away the spots in her vision. The colours, the reflections, the lighting... Everything was *very* bright in here.

"Hi, hi!" The woman chirped again then continued to grin expectantly at her. As though she could stand there patiently all day smiling vapidly.

She was very beautiful, Candice could admit that with only a small pang of envy. She had high cheekbones and slightly upturned eyes. Her skin looked soft as a peach and her plump lips were painted the same pink colour as the paint on the walls. Her hair was blonde like golden sheaths of wheat in the sunshine, thick and hung in a long braid down her back.

"I was just stopping by to say hi, I've not seen you before." Candice said in a friendly tone before asking, "Are you new?"

The woman's fashion was decidedly odd. She wore the ruffled white farmhouse apron of a storekeeper from last century but under it she was snugly wrapped in a candy-stripe mini-dress that clung to her slender hourglass figure like a second skin. It stretched over thick hips, cinched in tight to a tiny waist before traveling up to explode outwards over a frankly ridiculous pair of breasts that pushed out the top frill of the apron in defiance of all Newtonian laws of physics.

Her cleavage was so immense that Candice thought she could smuggle entire baguettes within its pillowy valleys. A small embroidered frame on her apron had the letters B.B. within it.

"Yes... new, all new. All new B.B. Nice and pretty." The blonde sang and then burst into another fit of giggles that made her huge breasts ripple. Did this B.B. think Candice was asking about her? She had meant to ask about the business. What was going on...

"Hello? Please wait a moment..." A deep male voice called from a dividing curtain behind the counter.

It was yellow. Like a lemon drop she noted distractedly. She took a deep breath of the sweet tasting air again, it was nice.

Very calming.

Her eyes fell to the display cases and stared. Beneath the shining glass were rows of little pastries and delicately iced confections arranged beautifully in perfect rank and file on little silver trays and lacy white paper doilies.

The pastries were fabulously golden, the tiny iced sweets were glossy, they glistened like cut gemstones in so many different shapes and colours it was like looking at a vast coral reef under warm tropical waters. It was entrancing.

"Welcome *Mademoiselle*, I see you are admiring my humble wares."

Candice returned to the present to find a tall and darkly handsome man standing across the display from her with a pleased smile upon his lips.

"S-sorry..." She stammered apologetically, "I was just looking."

She was looking at him now, drinking him in. He didn't look like any Baker she had ever met. They all tended to be fat jolly types with layers of chins sporting well worn aprons and flour dusting them up to the elbows.

This man wasn't even wearing an apron but instead a crisp white button up shirt with a candy red necktie and trim chocolate brown waistcoat over it. The sleeves weren't even rolled up, instead they bulged against large muscles at his shoulders and biceps, buttoned smartly at the cuffs with ruby cufflinks and there wasn't any sign of dough on his large hands or under his fingernails.

"No please, forgive me. I did not mean to startle you. Look all you like." He said waving airily. His voice was richly accented, continental. "I am very proud of my creations."

Creations... Candice found his command of English a bit off as her eyes locked on a small tray of glistening chocolate eclairs. Each was only the size of her thumb, perfectly identical to its companions and filled with rich ivory white cream. Cream... She licked her lips.

"You bake these in a factory somewhere? They are all very pretty..."

"A factory *Mademoiselle*? You wound me!" He protested theatrically, clutching at his chest. B.B. giggled again and this time Candice joined her.

He was *very* charming.

"No, I craft all my wares here, in-house and lovingly by hand as I was trained to do back home in Europe."

"You're the proprietor then?" She asked a little shyly and then clarified when he looked a bit confused, "The owner of the bakery?"

"Me? *Never...*" He replied, looking surprised, "Excuse, but I am merely a poor artist. My name is Jean, Jean Bimbeau..."

The name sounded a bit funny to Candice but she stifled a giggle not wishing to be rude. Jean slid an arm smoothly around B.B.'s waspish waist and gave her firm hip a squeeze before planting a small kiss on her rosy cheek.

"...B.B. here is the owner. Without her genius none of this would have been possible."

He pronounced her name as *Bae Bae* in his warm, accented tongue. Candice's own tongue licked her lips again.

The vapid blonde giggled again and snuggled into his side looking up at him with big adoring puppy-dog eyes. She didn't look like a genius to Candice but she didn't like to say so.

She stood there dumbly not knowing what to say next, just watching the gorgeous couple kanoodle briefly until Jean turned his attention back to her.

"My apologies, you are our first customer and as such you are our *favourite* customer. You do not want to listen to me bore you." He quipped, before turning the full force of his brilliant white smile on her again. "Please, tell us how we can help you today?"

Candice floundered, she didn't know what to say! She hadn't come in here intending to buy anything. Madeline was very insistent that they couldn't keep sweets in the house--she was watching her figure. What figure? The girl was as flat as a washboard!--and Candice was increasingly aware that her own behind was spreading into more of a pear than a peach ever since she quit smoking...

"*Mademoiselle*, you look alarmed! Calm yourself." Jean exclaimed in concern. "Take a deep breath..."

His voice was very soothing, Candice took a deep breath.

Sugar and spice and everything nice. Just like in the nursery rhymes. She almost giggled again but let out a relaxing sigh instead.

"... that's better, now tell humble Jean what troubles you so."

Candice didn't know how long she spent in *B.B's Boulangerie Pâtisserie*. She had vague recollections of pouring her heart out to the man (he was so handsome and sympathetic) about her job, the move interstate, the tensions at home and troubles with Madeline...

"She fell in with a clique of very pretty girls who are all caught up in the beauty pageant scene and now..."

Jean had nodded his head making sympathetic noises while B.B. mimicked him like a brainless bobblehead. They... *He was sooo~* understanding.

She had read up on pageant culture, educated herself on the soaring highs and crushing lows the vulnerable young women experienced with every win and loss. The mental and eating disorders that were commonplace amongst the contestants. The objectification and chauvinism from the predominantly male judges. The backbiting and sniping between the girls and the *mother's*...

"I don't *want* to be a pageant mom! They are all a bunch of horrible, conniving vipers. I don't think Madeline is even attractive enough to compete... Does saying that make me a bad mom too?"

She wept but it was true. Barely past her eighteenth birthday Madeline still had the figure of a fourteen year old boy. It was like puberty had passed her by and forgotten to swing back around to her. Her hair was long but mud brown, unmanageable and frizzy like Candice's own. She was stick thin but lacked any womanly curves unlike the other girls who just seemed to blossom further into womanhood more and more each day.

Then there was the *expenses*, money wasn't exactly tight with both Candice and Grant both working but the cost of hiring make-up artists, custom tailoring elaborate gowns, buying designer swimwear and the pageant classes...

"I believe I understand the problem." Jean said, holding up his big hands palm out to slow her rambling to a stop. "You are stressed, overwhelmed, you feel unheard and unappreciated. I think we can help."

The "we" was lost on Candice as B.B. had wandered off somewhere during her endless meandering outpouring but Jean just looked at her with compassion. She blushed, embarrassed under his soulful gaze.

"Do you like cream puffs?" He asked, changing the topic abruptly and reaching down to slide open the back of a display.

Cream puffs?

Cream...

"I... I guess. Yes?" Candice stammered uncertainty, watching as Jean placed a silver tray with fillagried edges on the glass before her.

It was populated with small flakey balls of oven-bronzed pastry the size of her knuckle topped with a tiny dollop of shiny pearlescent white icing. Each one was identical to its

brother beside it in every way and had a weighty look to them that belied their diminutive dimensions.

"Try one, I think it may help with your problems." Jean said, picking one delicately up between his big thumb and forefinger to hold out to her.

Candice's mouth watered but she swallowed it back.

"I can't, money is so tight right now and you... You haven't discussed prices..." She whimpered piteously as she all but drooled for the tasty treat he held up to her face.

"No price. It is... How do you Americans say?" His dark brows knitted before breaking into a smile again, "A free sample, yes. Free for you; our first and most *favourite* customer."

Candice relaxed and stretched out her tongue obediently. Jean smiled reassuringly and gently placed the small pastry on her moist, pink flesh.

It was impossibly delicate and dissolved like spun sugar on her taste buds. She moaned as an ecstatic shiver curled her toes and tremored through her body. The thick cream within sat heavy on her tongue--slightly salty but totally delectable--before sliding readily down her throat and making her shudder again.

"Mmmmmmmph~ M-More?" She begged softly, her eyes heavily lidded and tongue still extended.

Jean smiled at her, so pleased and effortlessly charming.

So very *big* and dashing.

"Certainly Miss Candi, I shall pack you a dozen with our compliments"

Strangely, Candice couldn't recall if she had told him her name or not.

Candice was back on the boulevard, a bright pink pastry box in hand walking back towards *Madam Sentani's* with a new spring in her step.

She was light on her feet, she felt like was walking on clouds. She licked her lips, relishing the salty sweetness clinging to them and giggled when the taste made her tingle all over.

It was so fun to giggle, she couldn't understand why she didn't giggle more often. What had she been so concerned about earlier?

Oh yeah, her darling Madeline needed a pretty dress for her Pageant. Something about how expensive it was... Candice frowned then slid a hand under the cardboard lid of the box and pulled out a small flakey pastry.

She could have one more, right? Just the one, then she could face all the problems the world could throw at her with a smile. One teensy-weensy little cream puff wouldn't be so bad...

She giggled and popped it in her mouth with a pleased moan.

They tasted sooo~ good!

"Mom, where have you been? I needed you here but you were gone for *ages!*"

Candice felt a little bad seeing Madeline so upset but she didn't see what the problem was. Madeline was trying on the green ball gown again with Regina--the celebrated *Madam Sentani* herself--fussing with the skirts and a handful of flat-headed pins. The seamstress was going to have to take-in the dress dramatically to fit her daughter's stick-thin figure.

"It's okay Sweetie, Mommy is back and I think you look wonderful in that gown." She said sweeping through the press of clothing racks and running her fingers across the sumptuous gowns on display.

The opulent silks and satins felt so good against her warm skin.

Madeline gave her a wary look and even Regina raised an eyebrow at her but didn't pause in her work. The middle-aged Puerto Rican woman knew Candice had been initially shocked at the prices she set for her dresses and had acted decidedly cool towards her going forward. Like Candice wasn't good enough to shop in her store. Well, Candice knew how to change *that*.

"You looked so pretty in that color, you should definitely wear it for your Pageant Show." She declared, setting her handbag and pastry box down on a small stool. "Those cute heels you liked too."

Madeline squealed in girlish delight and bounced excitedly in place. The heels in question were a sea-green pair of stiletto peep-toe sandals with sparkling ankle straps encrusted in verdant rhinestones. They cost nearly as much as Candice made in a week but that seemed unimportant compared with the joyful expression on her daughter's beaming face and the visibly calculating way the spunky Latina dressmaker was re-evaluating her.

"Really Mom, You mean it?" Madeline positively vibrated in glee and Candice couldn't believe she had worried herself so much over this.

Like, sometimes overthinking things just got in the way of feeling good and being happy.

She wrapped her daughter up in a warm hug and giggled when she heard Regina hum in disapproval as she nearly stepped on the low sweeping hem of the long trailing skirts.

"Of course I do, Baby. I just want you to be happy." She cooed and pecked her little girl lightly on the cheek. "Everyone deserves to be happy, right?"

Madeline just nodded mutely into her shoulder and Candice took the moment to enjoy holding her there, admiring all the pretty dresses surrounding them--spotting a slinky red

sheath-dress she wanted to try on herself--and basking in the small smile of approval Madam Sentani grudgingly conceded at the heartwarming scene.

Then the sound of chatting voices came from the front of the shop and Madeline peeked her head up over Candice's shoulder to spot the newcomers.

"Britney, Missus Dawson!" Madeline called out, recognising the two beautiful women. "Come see my new dress for the contest on Saturday."

Those names cut through Candice's cheerful mood like an ice pick. Nobody in New Billington's small pageant scene would ever say outright that the young girls and their sniping mothers had a ringleader, but Jessica Dawson and her daughter Britney were definitely the cruel Queen and preening Princess they didn't have.

"Oh, look Britney. It's Madeline and Candice." Jessica commented to her daughter before smiling complacently at the two of them, "Good morning ladies, are you here to pick up your gowns too? Britney picked out hers *weeks* ago."

Jessica was the dictionary definition of a Pageant Mom. Candice had heard people say dance moms were bad but *they* hadn't met this grinning she-wolf in sheep's clothing.

She was tall with a tight swimmers body, salon blonde hair that hung far down her slender back and a perfect solarium tan. She looked like someone who had been air-brushed for a centerfold shoot. Her ageless breasts sat high and firm on her chest--Candice didn't know for certain they were fake but a mother in her middle years should have at least a *little* sag and wobble--her striking face touched up with subtle hints of expensive make-up and she was never spotted out in public wearing any footwear without *at least* a three-inch heel.

Her daughter Britney was just a younger, blonder carbon-copy of her awful mother. Jessica Dawson liked to remind people that they were constantly being mistaken for sisters and boasted that they shared each other's clothing all the time, being around the same single-digit dress-size. It didn't sound too far-fetched given they were dressed

almost identically as they glided their way into the back of the boutique in matching outfits.

Short, white pleated tennis skirts barely reached the tops of their athletic thighs and pale short-sleeved polo-shirts clung close to their shapely chests leaving long expanses of flat, golden midriffs exposed. They even sported those stark-white tennis shoes with impractical sneaker-rubber wedge heels that always seemed ridiculous to Candice even as she eyed them speculatively.

They did make the women's legs look *fabulously* long.

"We were on our way back from a small spot of tennis. Don't you think Madeline looks *nice*, Britney?" Jessica said breezily as though she had no more pressing concern in the middle of a workday.

Like, she didn't need to hold down a job or anything, she just floated down the river of life on a luxury yacht made of upper-class entitlement. With her big-shot husband, beautiful daughter, finely appointed three-story home and decadently designer outfits.

"She's just the *cutest*, Mom. Everybody is going to *love* her." Britney agreed with a smile as bright and genuine as diamante diamonds.

"But what is this?" Jessica asked bending down to open the pink pastry box with one long manicure finger. "Oh *Candice*, baked sweets? For shame, you should know better..."

Candice spun away from her daughter and snatched up the cardboard container before Jessica could open it. They were *her* special cream puffs!

"Mom! I told you before that we can't have sugar at home. Think about the empty carbs." Madeline scolded looking scandalized.

As if her *own* mother was embarrassing her in front of her fancy new friends. Candice felt a bit hurt as she cradled the small box protectively and then started to feel a bit foolish. They were just *pastries* for goodness sake.

Then she remembered how divine they tasted on her tongue and how good they made her feel. She didn't have a whole lot to feel good about lately...

"It's nothing, just something I picked up for my team at work." She dissembled as smoothly as she could, then saw the time. "I really need to get back to the office, Baby. Grant will be around to pick you up in an hour."

Madeline's face soured as though she had bitten into a lemon at the mention of her new step-father. Candice didn't want to hear another argument so she just grabbed her purse and hustled towards the door.

"Give my love to Nicholas when you see him." Jessica called after her, "He is such a *kind* boss giving you time off like this."

Candice sat in her tiny cubical on the third floor of Transdirect Freight Express Pty Ltd licking a stray spot of icing from the corner of her mouth. It was her third creamy snack today and she had to cover her mouth with her hands to muffle a heady moan of delight as she felt the delicate salty-sweet cream filling run down the back of her throat to sit warm and heavy in her stomach.

On the cluttered desk beside her ancient work terminal sat a stack of heavy ring-binders. Each was filled with printed shipping orders and receipts that had to be painstakingly keyed into the horribly out-dated software the company still employed despite it being developed in the last century. The office chair she sat on was lumpy, faded and so frightfully squeaky Candice worried it would set stray dogs to barking outside the building.

This was what she had to work with all day. Small wonder she needed a little pick-me-up to get her through her monotonous nine to five. Worse still, she had only got those scant few hours off this morning on the promise she would still be able to make up the lost productivity by the end of business on Friday.

Today was Thursday and so far it wasn't looking too good for Candice.

The compromise had been hard struck with Nicholas Dawson; the state area manager and her boss. It was no coincidence that she worked under the venomous Pageant matriarch's husband but even then she had needed to invoke his wife Jessica's name more than a few times and highlight the importance his wife placed on the silly beauty competitions. However...

Candice wasn't working at her best.

Oh, she was *managing*. Slowly crawling through page after dreary page of bone-dry order numbers, customer IDs, shipping addresses and freight manifests but she was also somewhat distracted.

Her skin was feeling all tingly and her scalp itched something fierce. She was seriously considering a change in body-wash as she pulled at her modest blouse and tugged at her sensible gray office skirt trying to get comfortable. Her smart jacket was already thrown over the stiff back of her chair after it had begun to feel too restrictive and her black leather flats were kicked off under the desktop.

Candice suspected she was having a reaction to the... the... what was it called? The smelly stuff they put in soap. That had to be it because she could feel it over every inch of her prickling body.

That or maybe her laundry detergent because her clothing was bothering her too.

She had shaken her frizzy brown hair out of the strict bun she usually wore it in to let her nails *really* get in there. She sighed in relief as she scratched then pulled her fingers

through her long locks of dark hair to prevent any tangles from catching. It felt good to finally get some alleviation, sooo~ good!

She needed to get back to work but as the tickling in her hairline subsided her nipples started to ache. They had been slowly growing sore all morning and now were rubbing painfully against the inside of her bra with each vigorous scratching motion of her upraised arms. Worse still the underwire was beginning to press uncomfortably into her fleshy breasts no matter how she pulled and shifted the cotton undergarment.

She was bitterly aware she was putting on weight and gaining a true mom-bod but this felt more like an odd swelling as she furtively slipped a hand into her bra-cup to...

"Ooooooh..."

The low sound whispered past her parted lips as her fingertips accidentally brushed over a stiff, engorged nipple in her attempt to *rearrange* things. It was so sensitive to the touch and her body immediately responded on its own volition, sending a shock of pleasure across her blushing skin. She immediately broke out in an exhilarated rash of gooseflesh across her chest, neck and shoulders.

Biting nervously at her bottom lip she glanced about surreptitiously. She had the top four buttons undone so her simple white blouse was open all the way down to her navel, clearly revealing her a lot of her plain bra and the gentle swell of her modest cleavage. None of her fellow wage-slaves had seemed to noticed anything and she *did* have her back to cubical opening...

Feeling a bit adventurous Candice slipped her fingers back over the tight, tender raspberry-sized nipple and gently pinched...

"Ooomph!"

The blissful wash of sensation was unmistakable. It lanced from her stimulated peak like lightning to run down her arching back and ground itself in her twitching loins. Candice

was panting a little, waiting for someone nearby to question the lewd sounds coming from her tiny workspace but all she could hear was the tip-tapping of dozens of typing keyboards and the rumbling of a distant photocopier.

Her fingers trembled, desperate to chase that ebbing tide of pleasure and her fat stocking-clad thighs started the shift, rubbing smoothly together. Goodness but her clothing was feeling constrictive in all the wrong places! Candice thought she had best tidy herself up in the bathroom and then she could properly get back to work.

That was what exactly she needed to do!

Try as she might, Candice couldn't get the top two buttons on her blouse buttoned up over her heaving, swollen breasts.

The third floor offices of Transdirect Freight Express Pty Ltd only had a single disabled toilet. The company didn't employ anyone with a disability that Candice had ever met but the Federal Equity Act of 2010 stated employers had a duty to accommodate disabled employees by providing appropriate facilities for their needs.

Not that Candice was cognoscente of that particular piece of legislative minutia as she sat on the closed toilet lid, leaning way back with her widespread legs propped up over the support handrails on either side of the porcelain bowl and was trimming desperately at her thrilling, exposed pussy.

It had begun right after she had locked the door behind her and started pawing at her chest again.

Unbuttoning the shrinking shirt had revealed a startling surprise; Candice had tits!

Well, of course she did but Candice--much like her poor under-endowed daughter Madeline--had been a late bloomer in life. The largest her cup-size had ever reached was a modest C and that had been during breastfeeding. Then they had deflated back

to a flat sort of B-cup with baby-ravaged nipples and even that amount had begun to sag.

Not now though, Candice had stared in the bathroom mirror at some proper perky handfuls sitting like ripening fruit upon her skinny chest and spilling out the top of her small bra. It had been a struggle to get the back clasp unfastened, it had been pulled quite tight under its new weighty burdens.

Said undergarment was now discarded over the washroom sink as Candice tried to keep her happy mewling noises to a minimum.

Her gray skirt was bunched up around her waist and her white blouse hung completely open. It dangled off one bare shoulder as she painted eager circles over her thrumming clit with her thumb and dipped long wet fingers between her glistening folds. Her other hand was tugging insistently at a stiff nipple, pulling at the tit-flesh and making her shudder in carnal delight.

She had worn pantyhose today--she didn't know why, stockings were *way* hotter and totally more convenient too--but she had *torn* the crotch out of them, badly laddering the nylon in her primal, animal *need* to get at her aching hot pussy.

"Mmmmmnph!"

The gusset of her large, respectable beige panties were pulled to one side and that was a good thing too as she squirted the proofs of her pleasure across the plastic lid of the toilet. Her hot juices ran across the cool white surface and began leaking onto the tiled bathroom floor.

Candice had stuffed a hastily balled-up wad of toilet paper in her mouth earlier when it became quickly apparent that she couldn't keep her own voice down. Her nostrils flared, dragging in much needed oxygen as the rest of her body went boneless and limp in the wake of the soul-shattering orgasm.

She just sat there, splayed out in the spacious stall for a few minutes to catch her breath and collect her thoughts. Touching herself had *never* felt that good before and she had to giggle at the revelation.

She; boring old Candice had just masturbated in the office bathroom. It sent a naughty chill up her spine. What if she had been caught, what would people say? What would *Grant* say? She suddenly wanted to describe her daring behavior in loving, vulgar detail to her new husband, *that* would break him out of his cool, clinical shell. Then he would fuck her naughty lil' pussy until she howled!

Getting unsteadily to her feet Candice straightened herself up as best she could in front of the mirror.

Her hair was tousled but in that sexy-messy fashion and hung down long over one milky shoulder. It didn't seem as frizzy as she remembered and was it maybe a shade lighter than before? Candice dismissed that as wishful thinking as she wiggled her tight office skirt down over her wide hips.

It still didn't sit right with a tendency to ride up her thick, soft thighs when she walked but that would have to do for now. Her bra was practically useless now, so she dropped it in the waste bin and tied her no-nonsense blouse up under her fantastic new knockers for support. It left her little muffin-top exposed and her fat nipples still tented the garment but Candice couldn't do much about that and was beginning to enjoy how it felt when they rubbed against the thin fabric.

Giving herself a winning smile in the mirror she left the bathroom and almost tripped over a gangly young intern pushing an overburdened mail cart down the narrow office hallway.

"S-sorry miss..." he stammered as his eyes widened at the sight of her, "Are you okay?"

He couldn't have a day older than eighteen, the same age as Madeline. He was cute with scruffy brown hair and a cherry blush creeping across his young face as he eyed

her up and down in surprise. She blew him a kiss before sashaying back to her cubical, putting some extra sway in her big hips.

"Just fine, Cutie. Thanks for asking!"

She twiddled her fingers in a playful wave over her shoulder. She heard him gulp audibly at her retreating rear-end and giggled quietly to herself.

She was feeling *happy* and just having some harmless, naughty fun. It was such a welcome change that she almost skipped her way back to her dingy little desk, enjoying the long, confused stares her male co-workers locked on her as she flounced and bounced her way back into her crumby workstation.

A yellow post-it was stuck to the center of her monitor screen with three simple words and a name scrawled on it in black marker ink.

Come see me - Nicholas

Without thinking, Candice reached into the pretty pink pastry box and fished out a single, small cream puff.

She wondered what the boss could want before popping it in her mouth and letting out a long, loud prolonged groan of pleasure.

"*Ohmyooooomph!*"

Part Two: Kneading the Dough

"You wanted to see me, Nicholas?"

Candice stood nervously in the office doorway. Despite his insistence that she come meet with him immediately, Nicholas Dawson had made her wait outside his office for

over half an hour under the judgmental gaze of his pretty young secretary. It had made her feel a bit self-conscious. Worry had begun to sour her pleasant, bubbly mood and now she wasn't feeling fun or naughty at all as she tried to cover her soft pudgy belly with her hands.

"Come in and close the door Candice. I'll thank you to call me Mr Dawson while we are in the office too. This is a *professional* environment."

Candice nodded and closed the door before sitting in the small office chair before his large desk. She tugged at her troublesome skirts, trying to maintain some semblance of modesty. It had slid high up her hips unveiling a lot of laddered pantyhose when she sat down.

Nicholas at home slash Mr Dawson at work could have been a poster-boy for Corporate America Monthly as he reclined in his executive leather swivel-chair and examined her critically. He was tall, blonde and ruggedly built with piercing cerulean eyes and a strong jaw. He wore a dark, slim cut tailor-fitted suit that emphasized his broad shoulders and fit figure to best effect and was *exactly* the worst type of manager Candice could never have wished for.

"Now Candice, I had initially passed your work-station to check on your progress with your quota. What, with all the time you have been taking off recently..." He began, leaning forward and steeping his hands together with his elbows resting on the mahogany desktop.

It was much larger and nicer than her small, cluttered desk with a top-of-the-line laptop set off to a side and signed baseball on a small brass stand in one corner. Set beside it was a framed photograph of his wife Jessica, daughter Britney and himself, all smiling on a beautiful beach somewhere with palm trees in the background.

Candice began to imagine how nice it would be to lay on those warm sands with the cool ocean waves lapping at her toes. Letting all her stress and worry wash out to sea like so much drifting flotsam...

"...all the valuable life-lessons and real-world skills that Pageant competitions teach our daughters but..."

Pageant? *Daughters?*

Candice awoke from her brief daydream and blinked at her manager then stifled a frustrated sigh. Had her manager called her away from all the work that *he* had burdened *her* with, only to talk about a silly beauty contest? It *was* kinda important to Madeline though...

"Will you be there on Saturday, *Mister* Dawson?" She asked politely and stopped herself when she realized she was lazily twirling a lock of dark hair around her finger, teasing it down into the valley of her plush, new cleavage.

"What? Well... Yes." Nicholas said, sounding a bit derailed by her sudden interruption. His eyes had followed the movements of her hand and were staring at her chest. "I've been invited as a guest judge in fact but that is neither here nor there..."

That didn't seem right to Candice. That the father of one of the girls competing should be allowed to sit at the judges table. Wasn't that, like, one of those interesting conflicts?

She said as much, in as polite a way as possible.

"Jessica wanted an upstanding member of the business community on the panel to attract more attention to the event." Nicholas waved away her concerns, "But we're not here to discuss that. We are here to talk about your time-keeping, low entry numbers and..."

His eyes dropped back down to her tied up blouse, settling on where the points of her tight poking nipples were clearly outlined beneath.

"...other unprofessional behaviors."

Candice felt a little thrill run through her as she watched him stare, easing her shoulders back and thrusting her burgeoning breasts out a bit further. It made her fun filled-out boobs bounce gently and she wanted to giggle again.

She didn't like Mister Dawson very much. Certainly he was handsome with his fashionably dusting of stubble and thick, well styled hair but he was a compulsive micro-manager who cut costs and took credit for the achievements of those in his employ.

When Candice had lost her last job it had seemed heaven-sent when Nicholas's wife Jessica had told her she *might* be able to convince her husband to find her a position in *his* company--as if *he* owned the place rather than just being the State Manager in a backwater branch.

Candice had long since concluded that the job was just another means for Jessica; the crocodile Queen of New Billingtons small Pageant scene to sink her teeth into her--as a possible rival and unknown factor--and leverage for Nicholas to hold over her at every opportunity. Still he was attractive with those big arms and broad chest...

"I took a chance when hiring you, Candice." He recited predictably, meeting her eyes again with a stern expression. "There's a junior executive position opening in the head office soon and I can't have any of my people seen to be dragging their feet at a *pivotal* time like this."

Pivotal for *who*? Not her or any of her fellow data-monkeys, that was for damn sure. But she plastered on a big smile and took in a deep breath before sighing theatrically. It pulled his wandering eyes right back down again as she shrugged.

"Well, I guess I better get back to work then."

"See that you do. I want to see you at your desk, not off dress shopping or taking extended bathroom breaks." He said almost directly into her pendulous breasts when she deliberately bent forward to give him an eyeful as she stood up.

Gosh but men were so easy to toy with, all you needed were a nice set of cans! Was this what Candice had been missing out on all her life up until now?

"Sure thing, *Boss*." She giggled.

Candice didn't make too much headway on her dreaded deadline before she clocked off at the end of the day but she wasn't too worried about it. She did make some progress on the cream puffs though--even as she tried to limit her intake of the sweet mouth-watering morsels--eating at least half a dozen by the end of business.

How could she not?

The day had been sooo~ boring and the time had crawled by at a snail's pace. She had tried to do her job but the towers of shipping forms had seemed endless and she had so many distractions!

Take her hair for example, it felt sooo~ soft and voluminous today. It flowed in long tresses like the finest cashmere through her fingers and since when did *she* have tresses? She usually had a mess of unmanageable brown curls that rebelled violently against any attempt to tame them.

Then there were her hips and ass.

Her ill-fitting skirt had become a real problem as the hours passed but not long after an impromptu snack-break Candice had received divine inspiration. A single long cut up the side from hem along her leg with a pair of office scissors had altered the knee-length office-wear into a split-skirt.

It was like her thick thighs could finally *breathe* again and she was so impressed by the results she had used the same scissors to shear a few inches off the bottom too.

...and *Voilà*, now she had a *mini* split-skirt.

The slit ran higher than she had intended as the cotton weave parted under the pressure of her own bulging flesh right up to her hip. She had winced in awful anticipation of revealing the early signs of stretch marks and middle age cellulose but gasped when they simply *weren't* there. Vanished like in a magic act.

Though now, if she didn't take care she would accidentally flash her boring beige underwear--she *really* needed some sexier panties--with every swish of her freshly skimpified skirt. The notion had made her giggle with wicked little daydreams of doing just that, or perhaps bending over just a *fraction* too far at the office water cooler and showing off a hint of smooth round ass-cheeks to anyone watching.

God but that would be *hot*.

A few of her co-workers had stopped by her desk to check on her and ask if she was okay. Mostly her *male* co-workers but one or two women had given her concerned looks even as she smiled brightly and assured them she was feeling just *wonderful*. She had been tugging and pinching at her nipples through her top all afternoon so maybe she wasn't keeping as quiet as she thought but Candice couldn't help how *amazing* her newly inflated breasts felt.

She had even convinced a few of the guys to help with her workload. It was astounding how much a little innocuous flirting could accomplish! Candice could giggle, nibble playfully at her bottom lip while making sure they had a good view down her shirt and before long they were hurrying away with those heavy binders in their arms and bright red, sweaty faces.

It was so easy and more than a little naughty. What if *Mister* Dawson found out?

Candice's pretty little pussy felt like it was simmering on a slow bubbling boil as she twisted a taut rosebud teat with one hand while the other reached for the scrumptious pastry box. She was going to need to do something about all those molten hot sensations again real soon.

"Ooommyshoogood!"

She had lasted right up until the kid intern pushing the mail-cart had lingered outside her cubical watching her moan and lick the glossy white icing of her *sixth* creamy treat off her fingers before needing to totter urgently back to the bathroom and locking herself in again.

He had just looked too *cute* with his blushing freckles and that yummy bulge pressing out the front of his tight slacks.

She thought she might have imagined the soft clatter of the old push-cart stopping outside the bathroom door. Right before she had started gasping with sinful pleasure and liquid *schlick-schlick-schlick* noises of her clever fingers filled the small stall.

"Mom, it's a total disaster!"

Madeline was clearly upset as she climbed into the family SUV. It was getting late but her daughter insisted that the last few coaching sessions before a competition were *vital*. So here Candice was playing taxi driver again like nearly every mother everywhere.

"Britney's Dad is going to be a judge on the panel this weekend. There's no way that is fair! Everyone is complaining about it..." Madeline wailed, dashing away angry tears.

Candice hated seeing her little girl so unhappy and was reaching out to sooth her when Madeline turned to look at her then froze.

"Mom, what happened to you? What are you *wearing*?"

"You like, Sweetie? Mommy had to buy some new clothes for work." Candice beamed as her daughter gave her an incredulous look.

She was snuggled tight into a off-the-shoulder white sleeve dress that was painted onto her curves but fell miles short of concealing any of her true assets. Her smooth, robust thighs--now clad in lacy white stockings, not boring bothersome *pantyhose*, thank you very much!--were out on show and her big, buoyant breasts mushroomed dramatically out of the low plunging neckline.

The back seat was a colourful mess of gift bags, shoe boxes, tissue paper packaging and recently purchased clothing all in a haphazard jumble. Carefully placed atop it all sat the pastel-pink pastry box from B.B's like the cherry on an ice-cream sundae with a tiny red pair of sexy mesh panties dangling precariously off one corner.

Shopping today had been a *lot* of fun. With no more anxiety about spending (because credit cards are a *thing*, right?) she had felt liberated from the tyranny of the superstores and enjoyed spending some time on herself.

Money too, sure but wasn't it okay to make herself look and feel good for once?

Madeline didn't look so sure as she surveyed the haul in the back seat.

"Mom, are you sure we can afford all this? Some of those shoes look fairly expensive."

Did she mean the skyscraper-tall ebony knife-heeled pumps or the leather stiletto sandals with the sexy criss-crossing ankle straps? Those had been two of the somewhat dearer purchases but she loved how they made her legs look. So lavishly long and sumptuously sleek with heels as sharp as spurs to dig into a man's back when he...

"It's fine, Baby. Money is, like, all just numbers. You can move them around and add them up anyway you please."

Madeline didn't look convinced but turned her scrutiny back to Candice.

"Did you visit a salon too? You look so... *different*, Mom. Who did your hair?" She asked, looking a little envious as she tried to pull the tight corkscrews of her own curls down over one shoulder to mimic Candice's glossy, flowing locks. They just sprung back into a curly brown mass when she let go causing her to pout.

The poor girl really didn't have a lot going for her and Candice only wanted to help. She loved her daughter and only wanted for her to be happy. She reached out and patted Madeline on her bony knee.

"It's okay, Baby. *I'm* okay. I've, like, never felt better." She beamed reassurance at her daughter. It was true. "Look, Grant has to work late at the college so it's just us girls tonight..."

That was unfortunately true as well and very disappointing. Candice had wanted to show her husband her big fresh tits and smooth plush ass while telling him all the *wicked* things she had done at work today. She wanted to drive him wild until he punished her naughty, steamy pussy with his big, hard husband cock!

Candice sighed internally but kept up the smiling facade for her dear, sweet Madeline.

"...so how about we order a pizza and a movie? Then we can snuggle together on the couch, like we used to and work out how Mommy can help."

Candice moved beneath the strobing nightclub lights. It was wonderful, she hadn't been out dancing in *years*! She could feel the deep bass of the house music in her bones as she twisted and swayed her body in time with the heady beat.

Madeline danced with her. Well, someone who *looked* a lot like her daughter was beside her, frisking to the same delicious tempo. This Maddy was fuller in figure with ripe grapefruit tits and a toned heart-shaped ass testing the limits of her spaghetti strap

micro-mini club dress. They still had her daughter's youthful face though, framed in long flows of thick dark hair but with glossy smiling lips and large sparkling eyes as she undulated closer to Candice.

She looked so happy... and so *very* pretty! Candice's heart soared as she spun gracefully under the flashing dance-floor lights.

Throughout the nightclub stood small groups and couples of indistinct figures of trendily dressed men and women with their faces lost in the deep shadows. Candice could feel their eyes on her, the men's hungry gazes and the women's envious glares. She could sense their hands twitching to seize onto her soft curves or claw at her firm muscular flesh. She could even see the hard press of the guy's stiff members in their dark trousers and skinny jeans as she gyrated her voluptuous figure to the glorious electric rhythm.

She giggled when she spotted her own reflection in the landscape mirror set behind the bar. She looked gorgeous! She was wearing a matching mini-dress to her daughter only in shimmering metallic silver rather than Maddy's jet-black number. Her tits were *huge* and almost spilling out of the low swooping bodice. Her hips flared outrageously while her belly and waistline were nearly nonexistent. Her hair was styled high in loose piles upon her pretty head and she gave her reflection a saucy wink as she ran her hands up her sensuously swirling body to play sexily into her silky locks.

"Gosh but you are *sooo*~ beautiful, Mommy." Madeline pushed her slinky, busty body hard into Candice's own, still rocking with the pulsating music until their breasts were pressed against each other, their expansive tit-flesh joined and rolling firmly together.

"...Can I *kiss* you, please?"

Her soft lips parted as she begged and Candice could taste the warmth of her breath, their pleasure-drunk faces were only centimetres apart now.

"Of course, Sweetie," Candice giggled then leaned down and brushed her soft lips against her daughters with a long, sensual moan.

Candice awoke tangled in the bed-sheets. She felt hot and flushed with arousal. She must have been radiating a lot of that heat because Grant was turned away with his back to her, deep asleep on the far side of their large bed.

She didn't know how late it was. The strict time requirements of the research project Grant worked on meant that he kept some very odd hours and she had fallen asleep while waiting for him.

She had even dressed up for the occasion, draping herself in a playful lace babydoll she hadn't worn in years. It was a sheer, translucent sea-foam piece of lingerie with forest pattern embroidery for highlighting. The cut was so scanty that it only fell to the tops of her wide hips and left a coquettish hint at the matching emerald satin panties covering her smooth mound down below.

...or at least it *used* to. Now her billowing bosom pushed out the front so far that the insubstantial mesh cascaded from her tight raspberry nipples like verdant waterfalls and hoisted the hemline high up above her soft belly-fold.

"Grant... *Honey?*"

She whispered, sliding gently in behind him and slipping a hand over his slim waist as she snuggled in close against him. Her breasts pancaked against his back and her puckered peaks rubbed thrillingly into his shoulders.

"*Mmmhmmm.*" He drowsed, not stirring as his breath remained slow and deep.

Candice let her hands brush feather-soft across his shallow chest and lean stomach. He had such a slight build, as though his body--much like his mind--rejected any extraneous superfluity and embraced strictly functional efficiency. He was taller than her

(thank goodness) and a bit rangy with a mop of fair hair. She liked that he kept himself in shape with regular exercise but right now all her lusty interests were solely focused somewhere *lower*.

Her husband routinely slept in a pair of plain cotton boxer shorts and little else. Candice slid her fingers into the elastic waistband and sighed happily as she palmed what lay beneath. Her fingers closed around soft, warm tissue and she swallowed her own moan of satisfaction as she felt it twitch slightly at her touch.

She gnawed her fat bottom lip ardently and began to lightly stroke him, teasing the flesh under his tip with her fingernails until he started to harden. Grant wasn't a large man in any physical proportion but his swelling shaft more than filled her small hand as she peppered butterfly kisses on the nape of his neck. Her nose caught the subtle waft of his arousal and she breathed out a satisfied sigh at the earthy, mildly acrid smell.

"Mmmmwah... whaa~?"

Her husband murmured dreamily, his body shifting uneasily beneath the sheets but Candice held him fast. She pulled him back against her big pillowy breasts and ran a soothing hand through his short hair...

"Shhhhhh... Honey, it's alright. *Relax* and let me take care of you."

Grant was not usually a deep sleeper but her tender touch and soothing tone stilled him even as his breathing quickened minutely.

He was soon approaching full mast and Candice was growing ever more excited as she felt the pulse of his heartbeat throb slowly through his expanding length. She ground her own panty-clad pelvis gingerly against his narrow backside, tentatively bucking his hips forward into her slowly pumping fist. Her already roused womanhood darkened the crotch of her shiny green lingerie with its dewy nectar.

She was burning up and nearly shaking like a roof in a storm with all her pent-up desires. Candice *needed* this, some sort of outlet for all the naughty thoughts and

smoldering fantasies that plagued her waking and sleeping hours. Her hand moved faster, sliding up and caressing his engorged head before slipping back down to confidently squeeze the base. She leaned her head in to nibble hungrily at his ear then giggled quietly when he shook his head away in sleepy agitation.

"That's it, Honey. You're doing sooo~ well... just rest and let your wicked little wifey look after you." She purred into his ear before reaching out her tongue to shyly lick it.

Just the thought of what she was doing had her on edge. Silently squirming and rubbing herself against her sleeping partner like some insatiable whorish minx while jerking him off under the sheets... It was all so deliciously sinful and delectably indecent that it had her writhing fit to burst!

He was getting close too, she could feel it in the hot, stiff flesh between her fingertips and the arrested hitch in his breathing. He was *nearly* there and her own teetering, towering climax just needed to see it before...

"That's right, Baby. You can do it. *Cum* for me, let it all go. Cum for your dirty *slut*-wife so she can drink it all down..."

"Nnnnuurghh~"

Grant let out a half-strangled groan so low Candice barely heard it, she didn't need to though as she felt his cock seize in her silky grip and then hot fresh man-seed was splashing over her knuckles.

Candice twisted her face down into the pillow as she tipped and fell wailing into the sordid depths of her own frenzied fruition. She was like a falling star of ecstatic pleasure, blazing down to crash into the deepest midnight ocean of irresistibly vulgar and risqué desires. Her body arched, her broad hips thrusting high into the air even as Grant's sleeping body seemed to fold in on itself around her still pumping fist.

"AAIEE-hhhmmph!"

Her blissful shrieks were quickly muzzled by the pillow but she held her quivering body bowed up off the mattress until the electric spasms of orgasmic release finally subsided. Her panties were soaked through and her pussy-honey was leaking down onto the bed, soiling the snowy white sheets.

"C-Candice?" Grant stirred when she finally settled back in behind him, slipping her sticky hand smoothly out of his boxers.

"Hush Darling, go back to sleep. You were just dreaming..." She cooed breathily even as her own heart still thrilled wildly in her heaving bosom.

"Mmmm... 'kay." He slurred groggily.

She waited impatiently for him to relax back into restful sleep again and once he began to gently snore, she raised her long gooey fingers to her smug, victorious lips.

The muted sound of wet slurping and faint gasping giggles drifted throughout the otherwise quiet bedroom.

Candice strutted out of the office elevators like the only cat in a world solely populated by canaries. She was feeling amazing!

She had actually overslept a bit but a girl did need her beauty sleep especially with the filthy, sex-filled dreams she had been having. She had woken in bed to find Grant already left for work--which was a shame because she had wanted to thank him for last night with good-morning blowjob--taking Madeline with him to attend her own morning classes at the town's college.

That had been a pleasant surprise as Maddy had always staunchly argued that she would rather *die* than be indebted to her dreaded step-father in any fashion. It was so silly and Candice was glad to see they were putting all the squabbling behind them, even if it was only a lift to school.

She had made her morning coffee, struggling more than usual with the troublesome pod dispenser, and then set about picking out her outfit for the day. Now that was *really* fun...

When she paraded her way back into her kitchen having chosen a little halter-neck waistcoat and a matching pin-stripe skirt. The sleeveless button-up top had a deep v-neck that framed the deep valley of her abundant cleavage and teased at hints of her frilly violet bralette along the edges. She wore no blouse or shirt under it, so a lot of her healthy, glowing skin was out on display.

The brief skirt was pleated and daringly small. It sat so low on her generous hips that the thin looping side-strings of her tiny purple thong peaked out but high enough on her thick thighs that the lacy tops of her dark stockings flashed as she sashayed about the house in her tall high heels.

Then she had spotted the pink cardboard box sticking out of the kitchen garbage. Picking it up she had discovered it empty and not just empty but practically *licked* clean. No scattered crumbs or stray icing clung to the lid or littered the inside of the container and Candice had a sudden feeling of uncertainty for the first time that day.

She hadn't eaten them, had she? No, She would have remembered that... so maybe Madeline or even Grant? But Madeline was... *urgh*... "watching her figure" and Grant was a fastidious eater who didn't much care for sweets. It was a mystery and one she didn't have time for as she checked the clock on her phone, pausing only to take a quick sexy selfie she planned to send to Grant later in the day.

It was taken from a high angle, focused right down her skimpy top, she just *knew* it would get his attention.

Men gawped at her as she strode confidently through the banks of dreary gray cubicals, her hips swaying extravagantly making the small skirt swish enticingly from side to side. She set one heeled foot down across the other in a runway models strut and flipped her

hair with a saucy smirk each time she caught one of her wage-slave compatriots staring at anything but her face.

She had certainly given them plenty of options.

Sure, her exposed midriff was still soft with a bit of a roll to it but her waist was still pronounced and she could see that the extra heft in her hips and ass was getting a lot of *very* friendly attention in her impish office outfit. Her breasts were all but ballooning out of the pinstripe top and the top waistcoat button was under a lot of strain trying to keep them contained.

Candice giggled and one overweight office worker looked like he might swoon at the sweet girlish sound of it coming from her glossy strawberry lips. That was funny too.

She honestly didn't think the day could get any better as her arrival impacted the office like a grenade being tossed into the still waters of a placid lake. Workers stood and stared slack-jawed at her over the cheap dividers as she passed. Then further employees would get up to see who was causing all the fuss with equally flattering choking noises and shocked expressions.

She was the center of attention for once, not some forgotten, down-trodden nobody and it felt *incredible*.

Arriving at her desk at last with a fanfare of whispered exclamations and low-key whistles behind her, she waved happily back at the office audience and turned to her cluttered workstation.

On it sat a pastel pink pastry box with a small, neatly folded card tied to one corner by a bright daisy-yellow ribbon.

Candice squealed and clapped her hands excitedly before perching on the edge of her decrepit chair and snatching up the card to read:

For our first and most favourite customer.

~ B.B's

Smiling brightly, Candice eagerly opened the lid to see inside--though she could already smell what treasures lay within.

A glittering collection of perfectly golden, utterly identical cream puffs topped in petite dollops brilliantly shining icing. A full baker's dozen of them...

Whatever *that* was, she thought with a giggle.

Part Three: Sugar and Spice

Candice popped another cream puff into her mouth as she leaned back in her chair and crossed her tall heels up on the desk.

Her eyes closed and she luxuriated blissfully as the heavenly flavor suffused her moist tongue. She loved the way the sweet pastry melted like butter in her mouth and the thick, slightly salty cream coated her taste-buds before sliding heavily down the back of her throat. A shudder of warm pleasure washed through her, tingling her fingers and toes then ending as a ball of heat deep within her core.

She used the pearly icing on her sticky fingertips to gloss her lips as she held her phone out high for another selfie. She posed playfully for herself on the screen before snapping the photo then leaning in to examine her handy-work.

Oh, that was a *good* one!

Candice loved how wet and shiny her puckered pout looked, so freshly glazed and there was even an errant glob of white cream glistening atop the lush shelf of her swollen cleavage. It was so salaciously suggestive... she giggled even as she scooped up the stray drop of salty goodness and licked it up.

"Mmmmmm..."

She flicked through her pictures--she had been taking them all morning--trying to decide which to send to Grant next.

The shots taken straight down her profile were *really* nice, the camera angle focused deep into the valley of her huge tits with her long stocking-clad legs and sexy stilettos stretching out in the background. Then there were the snaps of her straddling the office-chair with her mini-skirt hiked up, her smooth thighs spread wide and her huge tits couched between her forearms until they all but spilled out of her top. He would be able to see a scandalous hint of her skimpy thong in that one.

Her pussy-soaked, juice-dripping thong... and even some of the wet patch that was forming on the threadbare seat cushion beneath it.

Her workstation was bare but for her terminal, telephone and the half-empty pastel pastry box. The towering stack of tedious paper-packed binders were gone and Candice stretched out languidly in the small space.

Work was dumb and boring anyway. Why should she risk chipping her beautiful nails (she'd just finished painting them a stunning shade of red) by tapping away at some clunky old keyboard when there were so many helpful *men* around?

They had been stopping by her cubical all morning. Asking her if she wanted a coffee or did she need a *hand* with anything?

No thanks, Candice was trying to cut back on her caffeine and yes please, she would be *ever so grateful* if they would assist her with one of these *big... thick... folder thingies*. Oh, but weren't they just the *sweetest* for helping a girl out?

She would just toy with her silky caramel hair, give them a flirty giggle or bat her luxurious lashes at them and then another pile of work would hurry away with them. It

continued that way until Nicholas--*Mister* Dawson had made his hourly patrol of the office causing everyone to duck their heads and get back to work.

Still, it had been fun and more than a little wicked, teasing them all like that...

Her pretty little pussy was all but twitching at the memory of it. She desperately wanted to rush to the bathroom and trim herself to wonderous wailing satisfaction but *Mister* Dawson was keeping a wary eye on everyone today. Like he was some prowling watchdog who could smell trouble in his scrapyard.

Candice smirked as she peeked up over the cardboard dividers and spotted him standing in his office doorway scanning the office. *She* was going to be the trouble he could sense and Nicholas just didn't know it yet.

Her chair squeaked as she slid back down into it. With a gasp followed by a giggle she slid her hands into her bra and pulled free her hardening nipples. They tingled electrically as they tugged free of the soft violet lace, pebbling immediately in the cool air conditioning and aching to be played with.

"*Hmmmm...*" She sighed in some relief as she gave them an experimental pinch.

They were sooo~ sensitive and sparks of sharp pleasure lanced through her soft flesh as she began twisting and pulling at their rosy tips.

They sat right on the edge of her waistcoat lapels, her tit-flesh bulging obscenely out of the deep neckline on the verge of bursting free and fully exposing her stupendous rack to the open office air. She gasped in excitement when she imagined how she would appear if someone looked in on her...

Someone like her *boss*.

What would she say? What would *he* do? His handsome face would redden with a combination of surprise and outrage even as a thrilling mix of burning shame and delicious discovery sang through Candice...

"Nnnnrgh!"

One smooth leg kicked out involuntarily, knocking over her wastebasket. So she leaned back even further so she could wedge a tall heel up against the edge of the desk. Then she let go of one diamond hard nip to reach under her mockery of a skirt to pull frantically at the slick fabric of her panties.

"Ah-ha... c'mon, *pleeease*..." She whined to herself, wriggling her broad hips until the teensy thong was pulled down and stretched tight between her outspread knees. That would have to do.

She released a prolonged hiss like escaping steam as she sank three ravenous fingers into her damp molten cunt and her eyelids fluttered as blissful relief flooded her scorching nethers.

"Yeeessss~."

Her head fell backwards, her shiny curtain of sexily mussed hair nearly brushing the worn carpet as she fought to keep her ecstatic grunts and mewls to a minimum.

Schlick-schlick-schlick...

Her fingers curled inside her gripping walls, seeking that special spot deep within her that would quicken her mounting pleasures and push them soaring up into ecstasy. She *had* to keep herself quiet but moreover she *needed* to cum fast and hard before somebody...

"Oh *shit*." A man's hushed voice.

Candice's eyes shot open just as her fingertips brushed against that magical point which set her large, full hips to shaking uncontrollably.

The young intern with the mail cart was bent low over it peering into her cubical, his mouth hanging open as he watched her.

He had seen her seriously plunder her own ravenous pussy at her desk like some filthy office tramp.

He had *caught* her!

"Oooohfuuuuck~" Candice couldn't stop herself as her stomach muscles tightened and her fingers pushed in firmly, riding her g-spot one final time as she *unraveled* in front of him. Her head spun and her fat ass bucked up off the seat as her girl-cum drenched her buried hand and wobbling thighs.

Candice knew what the young man was seeing... some moaning MILF whore splayed out on her chair with her big creamy tits nearly falling out as she squirted her squealing delight down her wide-open legs. She must have been a *sight* because even as he gaped, one of his hands was pawing at the tent in his pants as the other steadied himself on the cart's handle in a pale knuckled grip.

An odd but delectable shudder trailed down her spine even as she relaxed, coming down from her powerful high.

Sitting up and getting her unsteady feet back under her Candice straightened herself out. She bent forward to work the thong back up over her round hips--giving the awestruck young man a brief glimpse of her messy snatch--before pulling her short pinstripe skirt back into place and tucking her enormous breasts back into her bra. Her slick fingers left wet, glistening smears across her expansive cleavage as she did so.

Then she sauntered up to the dumb-struck intern.

She was all swaying hips, out-thrust cleavage and a sly smokey grin as he remained frozen like a deer in headlights. After a furtive glance out into the quiet row of stalls she pulled him into her workspace and plastered herself against him.

"Enjoy the show cutie?" She purred down into his ear as she pressed her heaving tits into his narrow chest.

"Wha- Wha...." He panted out looking wild-eyed with innocent alarm.

Candice just giggled and let a hand roam down his stomach until it reached the straining bulge in his groin. She wrapped her hand around his stiff shaft through his slacks, anything over the clothing was okay... right?

"Can you cum for me, Cutie? Can you cum for Mommy?"

"Wha-mmmmmph!"

His words cut off as she slid her pussy-flavored fingers into his mouth and squeezed the base of his twitching cock *hard*.

The young man let out a garbled groan and jerked spasmodically in her warm embrace. Candice smiled as she felt a hot damp spot form on the front of his pants and her nose twitched a little at the smell of it.

It smelled slightly salty and mouth-wateringly familiar.

Candice was feeling much better after her little encounter with peeping mail-boy. He had trundled away, nearly bent double over his cart with a stunned, dopey grin on his face and an air of mild disbelief. Candice was feeling very naughty but also surprisingly refreshed and was hard at work again...

If snacking on another *yummy-nummy* cream puff and texting her daughter could be considered working but what else was she supposed to do?

She had tried to turn on the clunky old terminal but couldn't remember her login credentials. Besides the thing was ancient and stupid while her smartphone was new and shiny and let her watch funny cat videos.

C: How's classes today? I hope you are having fun!!!

M: Really great Mom. You should see the looks some of the boys are giving me today and Grant is being a big help!

That was wonderful! Candice was overjoyed to hear her precious little Maddy was finally having a good time and getting along with her stepfather at last. She had seemed so down and grumpy since the move.

C: That makes me sooo happy to hear it, Sweetie. Knock 'em dead and remember to thank Grant for helping you study.

M: I sure will, Mom! Grant said I just needed a firmer hand to guide me. He's been acting all tough-love today but I think it's working for me. I'll be sure to give him a big kiss from you.

Candice let out a relieved sigh and shot her daughter back a screen full of winking, smiling and heart-shaped emojis before relaxing back in her chair.

She giggled again and wrapped herself in a giddy self-hug feeling all light and bubbly, coasting on a wave of blessed good-fortune towards the sunny beaches of a better tomorrow.

"Candice... Is that you?"

Looking up from her phone Candice found Jessica standing in the opening to her cramped cubical. The blonde pageant mom was staring at her with stunned incredulity looking her over with an appalled expression.

"Oh, hi Jess." Candice said, twiddling her fingers cheerfully before turning back to her phone. That eggplant emoji looked *fun*.

Jessica was dressed as though she had just come from the gym, except she was wearing make-up and her hair looked like she had just styled it. She was wearing a snow-white sporty top that doubled as a small bra and matching skin-tight white leggings with patterned mesh running up the sides to hint at bare tanned flesh below.

Candice never enjoyed how naturally skinny people like Jessica dressed up in revealing gym-gear to go out *anywhere* else.

It all came down to, like, lucky genes and stuff didn't it? So why did they have to rub their genetic privilege in everybody's faces? It wasn't as though life wasn't handing them everything they wanted on a silver platter already. Her pink sneakers were cute though...

"What have you *done* to yourself... and what are you wearing?!" Jessica blurted, sounding scandalized.

"You like?" Candice asked, swiveling the squealing chair to face the awful, beautiful woman and lazily crossed her long, bare legs.

She wanted to giggle at Jessica's offended expression but gave her a sunny smile instead and played with a thick tress of her bright hair.

"You look... You look... well, a *lady* doesn't like to say..." Jessica blustered, turning up her nose and looking away in disgust.

"Sorry, I can't help you there." Candice replied with a smirk before picking up a cream puff and gesturing to herself with it, "I'm on my break right now, see?"

She popped the pastry into her mouth as if to demonstrate a point then groaned audibly as the sweet taste hit her hard, like a fix. They were sooo~ damn scrummy!

"Well, some of us don't loaf about all day stuffing our fat faces and dressing like the office strumpet. I'm here to see my husband." Jessica snarled venomously, looking outraged. "You remember him, don't you? Your *Boss*. Tell me where I can find him."

Candice just shrugged and this time she did let out her giggle. How was supposed she know where Nicholas was? He was probably in his office like he *a/ways* was. Had Jessica just come here to play silly power games with her? Candice couldn't care less about things like that anymore.

It was, like, so stupid to worry to about dumb pecking orders and what other people think, Candice mused sagely as she watched Jessica storm off in a huff. Everyone should just be happy, be kind to each other and giggle all the time.

Giggling was fun and felt nice. That went double for *naughty* giggles.

Jessica wasn't very fun or nice though and Candice remembered she needed to speak to her about who was judging the Beauty Pageant tomorrow.

Madeline was right, it wasn't very fair to have her husband *Mister* Dawson on the panel.

With a sigh she got up to follow Jessica, she wasn't looking forward to the conversation. Then her eyes fell on the pretty pink pastry box resting half-open on her desk.

Maybe she would have a quick snack first.

Just one more little cream puff couldn't hurt... *Right?*

"It's all been arranged, Nicholas. You will score our Britney to win by a big, and I mean *big*, margin tomorrow and the other judges will follow your lead."

The harsh words and the cool tone of Jessica's voice stopped Candice in her tracks. She had been preparing to catch the other mother in the stairwell before she left but now paused beside the fire door leading down to listen.

"In return I had to promise that greedy worm; Bill Sagat, a junior manager position with the company for his idiot son, so you'll need to organize that too."

"I don't see why I have to do this, Dearest. Britney is perfectly capable of winning this all on her own. I mean, those other girls can't hold a candle to her." Her husband protested weakly, "Besides, I have been receiving some very aggressive emails from some of the other parents threatening to lodge an official complaint and they aren't in the wrong..."

"You leave those catty bitches to me and do your duty as a father!" Jessica snapped back, "This is important to us and Britney's score tomorrow will decide her place on the nation ranking. So don't be modest, I've worked very hard for this victory."

"You mean Britney has worked hard-" The response was grumbled and halfhearted before it was tersely cut off.

"What?! Did you say something? Be a man and speak up if you have something to say to me."

"No, Dear. Can we please just go enjoy a peaceful lunch together and talk about this later?"

Candice covered her pretty mouth in horror as the dreadful couple's voices and footsteps faded away into the distance. Bribery and corruption, that was what they were discussing--not to mention those unflattering remarks about the other girls and their mothers--what was Candice going to do?

She adored her sweet little Maddy and her precious daughter had put so much of herself (not to mention their family's money) into this pageant competition nonsense.

But it was so important to Maddy, to hear she never stood a chance from the beginning cut deep. Candice almost wept at the injustice of it all. Didn't the queen bitch Jessica Dawson have enough already? Did she really have to take *this* away from everybody too?

Candice hated feeling this way, she didn't feel good. Why did some people have to be so mean and awful? Why couldn't everyone be super nice and happy all the time and totally friendly... like *she* was?

Her stomach ached and Candice fled back to her desk.

Candice attempted to wink at her colleague working the break-room coffee machine as she tried to call Maddy but her heart wasn't in it. She was distracted and stressing about Jessica and the stupid beauty contest, so she was doubly surprised when her husband Grant answered their daughter's phone.

"Hey there Sweet Cheeks, what's going on?" He asked. Candice blinked, momentarily befuddled.

Sweet Cheeks? That was a new one coming from her usually reserved, conservative husband. But it *was* kinda fun...

"*Mmmmm*, I like that." She purred back, her mood buoyed up by his unexpectedly bawdy endearment, "Is Maddy there? I need to speak to her, it's about the pageant tomorrow."

The receiver rustled like Grant was switching the phone to his other hand and Candice thought she heard a muffled grunting from the other end of the line.

"Yeah she's here- *hah*... but can't talk right now. She's got her mouth full..."

"Oh, she's eating something? I'm glad to hear that." Candice beamed, "I didn't like that silly diet she's been on anyway. How's a skinny girl like her going to fill out if she won't eat anything?"

"She just needed a strong male figure in her life," Grant replied, sounding a bit out of breath. "Don't worry, I'm going to see to it that she gets a proper filling out. *Nrrgh*~...I feel like a whole new man, today!"

Candice knew how he felt, it was like her whole life was finally turning that new leaf she had envisioned when they made the big move east. She hadn't craved a cigarette all day!

"Anyway, did you need something Babe? I'm... kinda in the middle of something here." Grant huffed in a choppy voice and a distant wet gurgle sounded in the background.

Babe. Candice giggled to hear him call her that. He knew just how to make her feel better about herself.

"No, you sound busy. I was troubled about the contest tomorrow but I'll work something out." She sighed contentedly. "I'll let you get back to work."

"You're a clever girl, I'm sure everything will be fine. Aaaaw... *fuck*~ I gotta go."

She *was* a clever girl, wasn't she? Grant was right, she had this. He was such a good and kind man, she would have to show him how much she appreciated him later that night.

"Love you..." She began by means of a farewell but the call had already ended.

Humming cheerfully to herself Candice leaned forward to rest her elbows on the small kitchenette counter while she shot him off a quick text.

C: Luv U lots and lots. Don't frrget Maddy has her finll gown fitting thss afternoon at 4. Thanks for taking such guud care of our little grrl.

Her massive rack was pressed flat against the cool linoleum benchtop and her constantly stiff, raspberry nipples threatened to push themselves free of her tiny vest as she leaned down further.

Which selfie should she send him to let him know she loved him? *Oooh* yeah, the one with her sitting on her little desk with her silky legs splayed apart and a single long finger sucked into her puckered lips. She was giving the camera some *great* bedroom eyes in that one, all smoky and come-hither...

"Holy shit, Dude. Catch a load of that ass!"

"*Damn.*"

Candice imagined the remark had been meant as a whisper but the break-room was nearly empty and she could feel how high her barely-there office skirt had ridden up her full, lush butt-cheeks.

And all she had on under it was her teensy violet thong that disappeared deep into the crack of her abundant ass-cleavage.

Candice was putting on a bit of a show, wasn't she? A pleased shudder ran up her already arched spine and her diamond-hard peaks began to tingle, rubbing tantalizingly inside the soft cups of her lacy bra.

Slowly standing up she didn't bother to correct her state of dress but flipped her long wavy hair over one shoulder to peek coyly back at the two guys sitting at one of the small plastic tables.

They were younger than her, a touch on the pale and thin side--Candice was beginning to realize her dead-end job sorely lacked strong, driven males but that was hardly a surprise--with phones dangling forgotten in their loose fingers and big thirsty eyes stuck fast on her shapely figure.

"Don't mind me, boys. I'm just getting something to drink." She told them with a saucy wink that made them blush. Then she walked over to the small glass-front refrigerator in the corner, swaying her flaring hips flirtatiously with each strutting step.

Even with them behind her, she could still feel their stares. So with a smirk, she crossed one high heel in front of the other before opening the fridge and bending way, way down from the waist until her long, shining hair was brushing the jade green floor-tiles.

Her skimpy skirt was dragging itself almost up to her waist now, acting more like a belt, and her thick peach of a rump was out on show as she dipped a hand in and fished out a tall cardboard carton of milk. She wanted to moan and giggle as the tension in her stomach ratcheted skywards before she finally turned back to face them.

They were both flushed a beetroot red hue and the smaller of the two looked on the verge of hyperventilation. They were so darn cute and flustered that Candice wanted to drop to her knees then and there to plunge her fervent fingers into her greedy pussy, right in front of them. She resisted heroically though, teasing the agonizing moment out even further as she tipped the open spout of the milk carton to her pouting mouth and *poured*.

Only a fraction of the flowing, white fluid actually passed her lips, the majority of it splashed liberally across her soft cheeks and flowed freely off her raised chin. Still, she tilted her head back further, baring her slender throat and thrusting out her mountainous melons as cold milk ran across them in small white rivers and alabaster estuaries. A full half quart of it bathed the vertiginous slopes of her stupendous cleavage and darkened the front of her over-taxed waistcoat until it dribbled down her soft, exposed midriff.

Then she straightened back up with a gasp and a breathy giggle.

"Mmmmmm, so creamy..." She cooed before giving her over-excited audience a wicked, self-satisfied expression.

They both looked completely shell-shocked with tongues practically lolling out of their slack jaws and clear, painful bulges pressing tightly against the crotches of their pants.

"Jeezus! Whatever you want, Lady... I'll do it. Just *please* don't stop."

Candice licked her milky lips and giggled. Now wasn't *that* a fine idea?

G: Looking good, Hot stuff. Grab us a few more of those pastries you left out for breakfast on the way home. Maddy and I have been working up an appetite today.

Candice giggled again as she looked up from her phone then quieted herself. She was *hiding* and didn't want to be discovered... Not yet at least.

She did have a few treats left, back at her desk and would take them home if she could keep her hands off of them. It was hard because they were just sooo~ yummy but Grant was being so commanding today and calling her all sorts of fun, sexy names. She smiled blissfully, spread her knees a bit wider and swirled two damp fingers over her exposed clitty.

"Hold my calls please. I'll be out again in a few minutes."

Candice froze at the sound of the office door opening and heavy footsteps crossing the dull gray carpet. She had been in here for nearly an hour now, feeling awfully mischievous and, as a result, getting hornier by the minute. She had spent the last twenty minutes playing with herself while trying to remain silent but the exquisite suspense of waiting had her pussy tied up in knots!

She heard *Mister* Dawson mutter a noise of complaint under his breath as he threw his jacket over a filing cabinet and cracked open a window.

"...get some fresh air in here."

Nibbling on her bottom lip Candice grinned impishly. The air in the room did have a pungent feminine musk to it, a lot of that came from the juices splattering her thick thighs and soaking into the discarded clothing she had tucked under her knees.

She was essentially stripped naked and hiding under her Boss's desk waiting for him to return from lunch with his beautiful wife. Oh god but she was unbearably warm and buzzing with anticipation. Luckily his office desk was a monolithic construct of polished mahogany--easily the nicest piece of furniture in the building--with more than enough legroom beneath for her to comfortably stow away in. It even had a shiny panel of the golden wood across the front enclosing the foot-space and conveniently concealing her from any prying eyes.

Mister Dawson planted himself in his executive leather swivel-chair and rolled himself up to the desk. Candice had tucked herself way back in the shadowy space but even so

the charcoal cotton of his pant leg stopped a scant inch from her face. Surely, he would feel the wash of her hot breath on his knee and then she would be discovered!

...not yet though. She waited on tenterhooks for him to get comfortable, to open his legs in the classic man-spread as he reclined a little and began sorting through printed reports.

Slowly, she eased her way up between his thighs. His scent of coffee and cologne filled her nostrils as she positioned her knees inside of his burnished black oxfords. She was all but panting in excitement as she reached up and ran her warm palms over his hips.

"What the-?!"

He kicked out, jerking back in urgent alarm but Candice was ready, gracefully flowing with his sudden movement and slipping her inflated chest into his lap. She gazed up at him with a flirty smirk as his strong face paled at the unexpected sight of her.

"Heeeeeeey~ Boss. You got a sec?"

She was totally naked except for her frilly purple bra and her dark thigh-high stockings. Her huge, billowing tits were parked securely over his crotch and her chin rested above his flat stomach as she posed alluring for him. Stretched out from under the desk as she was, he would be able to run his eyes down the long lines of her back right down to her jutting hips and full wagging backside.

"C-Candice... what- you can't- I-I..."

His blustered protests belied a shifting movement within his pants and Candice giggled. It came out high and girly as she shimmied her shoulders gently, pressing her soft mounds more firmly into him.

"You see, *Mister* Dawson, I need your help with something super-duper urgent..." She pouted playfully up at him as he gaped back down at her. "...I haven't, *like*, sucked a cock all day and I think yours would have to be the *biggest* in the office."

His wide eyes were locked on her bulging bosom as she rocked it gently over the rapidly swelling lump in his pants.

"I can't... I'm- I'm married and- and... Lord above but those are big, were they *always* that big?"

He was holding his hands outspread at his sides as though he would burn them if he touched her. Reaching behind her back Candice unhooked her bra and let the straps slide off her creamy shoulders.

"What, *these*? I'll admit they have grown a little recently." She husked hotly as she held the racy cups in place with both hands. "Wanna see them, Boss?"

She didn't wait for him to answer, instead letting the gauzy garment fall away and spilling her rosy tipped breasts fully into his lap. They settled with a hefty jiggle and she could feel him twitch powerfully under the weight of all her copious tit-flesh.

"Christ! We can't, I can't- my wife... Jessica-" he babbled, keeping his voice low and his eyes fixated on her stiff, swaying nipples.

"She's not here right now but I am." Candice cooed as she fumbled under her own substantial cleavage to find his zipper, "I bet she never gives you hot, loving office head. Haven't you ever fantasized about getting your *huge* Boss dick worshiped while sitting at your *big* important desk, *Mister Dawson*?"

His fingers were grasping at the air and Candice knew they wanted to be gripping her, pulling at her hair or clawing at her soft curves. She let out a low sonorous moan as she finally freed his pulsating member and pulled it up into the deep valley of her pliable, overflowing bust. She let her softness envelope him until only his engorged head breached the surface of her warm, silky embrace then tucked her head in to give it a slow, wet kiss.

"Ooooh... Fuck that feels- No! I-I mean my wife..." He stammered frantically, surging forward. He pushed himself into her face and pulled his seat back under the desk, just as voices sounded outside his office door, "...*Jesus Fuck, Candice! Jessica is still here!*"

The sudden movement forced Candice completely back into the foot space, so she ducked her head to avoid clipping it on the top edge and buried her face in her own pillowy tits. His pummeling cock was forcibly shoved straight past her puckering lips and scoured a hot trail across her moist, pink tongue to knock at the back of her throat.

"Mmmmmnnph!!"

"Stop that! Get off me, Candice. She's right at the-"

The door swung open and Candice wanted to smile triumphantly around his flexing turgidity as she batted away his flailing hands. Then Nicholas Dawson went still, clutching his big hands together on the desktop and desperately tried to look relaxed as she began to leisurely bob her pretty head.

"Nicholas, have you seen Candice? I wanted to speak with her before I left."

Jessica sounded impatient and Nicholas coughed into his hand to mask a groan as Candice teasingly swirled her tongue along the length of his shaft.

"Uuum, I'm not sure." He hedged, trying to sound nonchalant, "If she's not at her desk then I imagine she is probably in the bathroom."

This was *too* good, Candice hissed out a small laugh through her nose causing her boss to jerk his knee in alarm. She dug her nails into his thigh in a silent warning to keep still as her other hand drifted down below her waist. She had to touch herself soon or explode, she felt like such a naughty office slut!

"I was just in the bathroom, Nicholas. She's not there or at her desk, so where is she?"

"I-I- *Ha!* I don't know, maybe she left work for the day?" He squirmed in his chair as Candice languidly slurped her way up his length and suckled hungrily on his tip.

"Are you *asking* me or *telling* me? Do you not know where your staff are supposed to be?" Jessica sounded irked, "You're her manager, Nicholas. I expected better than this from you."

"I *aaaayyyyyiii~* wait, wait..." His voice cracked, rising an octave as Candice took him all the way down to the base, swallowing him down her tight, horny throat until her eyes watered. "D-Do you really need to see her?"

"Yes, did you see how she is dressed today?" Jessica sniped, "The fat old cow has tarted herself up like some kind of office whore. Could you *please* stop *fidgeting*."

Candice slowed in her eager gobbling of Jessica's husband's hard cock, feeling a flash of anger... Fat old cow? Whore? She would show Jessica what a whore she was by sucking her man's sex-addled brains out through his fat, yummy cock! She narrowed her eyes in concentration as she began to lather his angry head with her hot tongue then took him back down her clenching esophagus as hard and as fast as she could.

"*Deeeear~* I really... *ahem*, should be getting back to work."

"What's wrong with you today, Nicholas? Did you hear what I just said?"

"Yes, a whore. She's a dirty whore." He grunted and Candice felt him slide an incautious hand under the desktop to grab a fistful of her caramel hair.

She almost fucking *whinnied* in excitement. She pushed her curling fingers deep inside her soaking pussy as Nicholas began guiding her cock-bruised lips up and down his rampaging manmeat with sharp, needy yanks on her long tangled locks.

"I'm not saying she *is* a whore, Nicholas." Jessica was beginning to sound confused, "But I cannot allow her to talk back to me the way she did and you shouldn't let her flaunt herself about the office dressed like that. It's not professional."

"Talk to her. Can do. A good, *hard* talking to..."

Candice would have laughed out loud if not for the girthy shaft lodged in her rippling throat. She had her boss so worked up he could hardly form coherent sentences while speaking to his *wife* less than six feet away. It was *filthy* and that wasn't even the best part...

Her hips shuddered as her clever digits twisted and stroked her innermost depths before softly *shlorping* free to strum lightning quick circles over her aching clit. Her other hand clawed at his thigh as she desperately tried to choke herself on *Mister Dawson's* rock-hard cock.

"See that you do. We'll talk more about this later, you are looking a bit sweaty and there is an odd smell in here. Turn on a fan or something."

"Yaaassss~... Dear."

There was a definite strain in his tone as Jessica left without so much as a goodbye kiss.

Nicholas was out of his chair the moment the door latch clicked shut. Dragging her out from under the desk by her hair, he stood over her looking wild-eyed as he took her head in both hands and started to vigorously face-fuck her.

His perfectly pressed shirt was rumpled and coming untucked, his belt buckle dangled open and a shiny wet spot had spread around his open fly from a combination of her drooled spit and his flowing precum.

"Fuck Candice, you're such a hot filthy cocksucker..." He grunted manically between increasingly feverish pumps of his strong hips, "Take it, take it and don't stop, don't stop. That feels so fucking good, Candice. So good, you're so good..."

"Mmmnnnhmmm..." She moaned, affirming his heated words with guttural gulps around his steely pounding prick.

He was close to climaxing but she was closer, she just had to get there before him...

Her delicate fingers sawed madly in and out of her puffy, dripping pussy as her slick thumb worked a brilliant blur on her thrumming love-button. His precum tasted salty and sweet as it pooled in her mouth, thick and *creamy*.

Just as she was reaching the Himalayan peak of her mounting pleasure, she shook his clenching hands free of her glossy hair, quickly sucked her way all the way up his throbbing cock and came free of it with a loud, lip-smacking *pop!*

Then she swallowed her sloppy mouthful, buried her fingers one final time into her sizzling snatch and erupted in a magma hot, muscle-spasming orgasm.

"Oooohmaagod!~"

"Wha- What?"

Candice fought through the ecstatic shivers lighting up her body like Times Square on New Years and grabbed for Nicholas's lurching glistening member, closing her fist tight around it. She gave it a few slow sinuous pumps, enough to keep him on the very edge but not letting him finish yet.

"Candice, why... why did you stop?" He sounded dazed and even a little bit hurt.

"I want it, Boss. I really do, sooo~ badly but I need something from you first." She panted as the euphoric aftershocks of her own explosive fruition still rocked her to the core.

"*Pleeease~* Candice, *anything* just let me finish... gods but I am so *fucking* close!" He begged, trying to wrap his own hands around his bucking cock but she deftly outmaneuvered them with her own long, nimble strokes.

"Does your wife let your cum on her sweet tits? Does she let you blow a load across her pretty face? I bet she doesn't, not a proper prude like *Jessica*."

"N-No, no. What are we talking about?" He whined, looking about madly as though searching the room for answers.

"I bet she doesn't even suck you off anymore, no good-morning blowie before breakfast for her big, important man?" She teased as she leaned in and took a short lick at the precum leaking from his furious tip. Gathering it up with the end of her moist tongue.

Scrummy...

"Not s-s-since the Honeymoon... Fuck, *Candice*~ I'm *begging* you..."

"I will let you do all of that and more if you just help me with one *teensy* little problem." She batted her dark lashes and pouted adorably for him, waiting for him to answer.

"Jeeeesus... Anything, okay? There, I said it! I'll do *anything* you want. Just. Let. Me. *Cum!*" Nicholas almost screeched the words, his hands tearing at his own hair in excruciating frustration. Messy tears ran freely down his flushed face.

"Sure thing, Boss!" She chirped cheerfully and dove back down face-first onto his cock.

With a few more bobs and twists of her head, a clever swirl of her agile tongue and a touch of deep-throating he almost howled with release. He had to shove his own balled fist into his mouth to muffle his ebullient cry.

"Fffwwwaaaarrrk!"

Candice swallowed the first couple of wads of his fairly impressive load before pulling back to let him blast a last few sticky ropes across her beaming, blotchy face and prodigious bouncing titties.

"Candice... oh my fucking god, *Candice*..."

She let out a wicked giggle of satisfaction.

It felt sooo~ good that she decided to let out another fun giggle as she lifted a heavy breast to her face to lick up all his hot, yummy seed.

Gosh but men were so *easy* to toy with if you could just stop worrying, let yourself go and get a little *naughty*!

She moaned in gustatory delight as she swallowed his salty sweet cum.

Part four: Frosted Finale.

"Second place? The runner up position?"

"A *close* second." Candice reminded him as she sat on his desk and crossed her bare legs. She was still naked but for her dark stockings and Mister Dawson sat in his large chair before her, openly ogling her massive chest. Her soft skin shone under the fluorescent lighting with his smeared sticky spend. "It shouldn't be too much to arrange since you already have the other judges in your pocket."

"In my pocket? I don't-"

"*Shhh*~ it's okay, Boss." She let out a low, sultry chuckle and twirled a long strand of her toffee-coloured hair around a delicate finger. "It'll be, *like*, another one of our dirty little secrets."

Gosh, her hair was so glossy and silky. She loved how it flowed through her fingers like the smoothest velvet.

"*Another*... Candice, we can't tell anyone-" Nicholas was turning pale as a ghost and Candice could see he was about to start panicking.

"I said it was okay..." She slipped her stockinged feet into his lap and wiggled her toes teasingly. "Sexy secrets are, *like*, super *hot* and loads of *fun*... Didn't you enjoy having my naughty little mouth sucking on your big boss dick?"

His nostrils flared and his rough hands came up to stroke her sculpted calves through the sheer nylon. His cheeks quickly dusted with fresh heat.

"You know I did..." He groaned and she could feel his member thickening again through the damp material of his pants, "But it was so fucking *wrong*, my wife-"

"*Shhh*~ don't think about her right now. Think about *your* needs." Candice finished for him with a cheeky grin. "I mean... shouldn't *you* get something out of all of this?"

"Wha- What do you mean?" He sounded winded as his greedy hands ran up and down her silky stockings.

She giggled at the feel of his overly ardent caresses and pushed her twiddling toes into his growing bulge with a little more playful pressure. Nicholas gasped.

"Well... it seems to me that you are the one taking all the risks by fixing the outcome of the Beauty Contest." She replied, placing a coy finger on her chin and looking skywards with a faux thoughtful expression.

"No... no Jessica did that-"

"But *you* are the one who has to tell the other judges how to score. Any inquiries will lead directly back to *your* home and *your* office. It'll be *your* reputation that will suffer in any scandal that comes of this... so what are *you* getting out of it?"

Her boss grunted as she stroked his stiff cock through his pants, her clever toes tracing around the shape of his engorged tip. His hands gripped her calf muscles tight as he stared fixedly down into his own lap, watching her play footsie with his straining member and licking at his dry lips.

"Britney gets the crown..." Candice counted off the benefits on her painted fingertips, "Jessica gets the bragging rights and prestige. What do you get... a *headache*?"

"You... Oh, god help me but I-I want you!" Nicholas panted.

Halting abruptly, Candice pulled back her feet and hopped nimbly off the desk. Then she swiftly spun and bent low to retrieve her discarded clothing, making sure her full ripe ass was on display before standing again and dancing out of his grasping reach.

"Noooo~..." He groaned, as she worked her short skirt back up her big hips and buttoned the tight little vest up over her spectacular rack. As an afterthought she tossed her violet bra and damp thong into his tented lap.

She felt positively wicked at the notion of prancing around in public without them. She shivered gleefully, somebody would *surely* notice their absence.

"I'll be taking the rest of the day off, Boss..." She smiled brightly as he gawped back at her in wounded astonishment.

"...but I'll be sure to say hi when I see you at the Pageant tomorrow!"

Candice moaned and tried to focus on the road as she drove.

Heads had turned when she had all but skipped out of *Mister* Dawson's office. Her flowing curls had that tangled, bedhead look about them, her clothing mussed and her make-up smudged.

The young secretary had looked from the office door to her and back again in confusion then given Candice a suspicious frown as she flounced back to her cubical to collect her purse and heels.

Oh, and the wonderful pink box of delicious cream puffs, she could *never* forget those!

It felt like every eye in the office followed her to the exit and just for funsies she had given her skirt a little flip, flashing any onlookers before the stairwell door swung shut behind her. She had giggled at the scandalized noises that followed her out of the building.

Now she was trying to drive while her entire body burned with all the naughty thrills of her day so far.

The wash of the cool air in the car seemed to stroke at her bare pussy and her hands kept leaving the wheel to play with her pretty clitty. Alternating between steering and strumming at her hard little nubbin, she gasped when she felt one of her hefty tits slide free of her confining top.

Soon she was hunched over the dash, eyes squeezed shut in bliss and moaning loudly as she rolled to a stop at an intersection, heedless of the Friday afternoon traffic.

Many of the local college students liked to get an early start to their weekend activities so it was no surprise when a red jeep with an open top pulled alongside her at the red light.

"Holy shit Bro, hot MILF attack at three o'clock!"

Candice's head was thrown back, resting against the headrest and she let it list to the side as she glanced through fluttering eyelids at the three frat boys leaning out of their vehicle to stare at her. They were young but well built like athletes, wearing matching Letterman jackets in the colors of New Billington's alma mater. The handsome jock in the backseat was standing up and holding onto the roll-bar, all the better to leer down at her from above.

She knew how she must look to them with her daring skirt hiked up around her waist, her twitching fingers buried between her thick thighs and a fat teat dangling out of her skimpy vest.

She looked like a horny MILF *whore*.

"*Uuunnmph!*" She guttered, as she convulsed excitedly and warm wetness splashed out around her fast working hands.

"*Noice!*" Cried the dark-skinned driver basically hanging off his friends shoulder for a better view and pumping an exuberant fist in the air.

The traffic light turned green as Candice basked in the dirty afterglow of her impromptu exhibition. A driver behind her honked impatiently but neither of the lead cars moved though as Candice smirked and languidly lifted her big, bare breast to take a slow, sensuous lick at her hard nipple.

"I think I'm in fucking *love*. What's your number, Sexy Momma?" Cat-called the jeering driver eagerly.

Candice just shot them a flirty wink, giggled gleefully then set the car into gear and pulled out into the intersection.

Candice paraded around the house pushing the vacuum cleaner and shaking her big butt to the pop song playing on the television. It was set to a music program and she stopped to mimic one of the performers as the sexy starlet on the screen squatted and twerked her fat booty for the camera.

That was *sooo~* hot and looked *really* fun, so Candice was well pleased when she felt her ass-cheeks bounce and clap just like in the girl in the music video. She would have to go shopping again to buy herself some of those spanking hot little pants that the dancers were all wearing.

She was dressed up in a seductive state of undress, only a white apron with ruffles covered her voluptuous hourglass figure, a miniscule shoestring thong stretched tight over her lush hips and sexy silver knife-heeled sandals on her dainty feet.

Candice loved her new look; the way her inflated tits overflowed and stretched out any blouse or dress she owned and how devastatingly long her legs were in those stunning tall heels.

She was all long glossy hair, ballooning tits, cushiony ass and lightyears of legs. The rest of her body had slimmed down and smoothed out in excessive contrast. Even her skin had toned and tightened until it was blemish free and shone as though polished.

She felt *amazing* and looked even better!

Candice lost a full hour just admiring herself in the mirror. Striking sexy runway poses, blowing herself happy kisses and practicing her totally fuckable pout until her phone had chirped a text message notification.

It was from her boss; Nicholas...

N: About what happened today, it was a BIG mistake. I can't let it happen again. I'll see to it your daughter places well in the pageant but it has to end there.

She rolled her eyes in rye amusement. Did that silly man think they were finished? Oh no, Candice wasn't done having her fun and she had to ensure that her precious Maddy was just as happy as could be. That meant the poor girl needed a win and as her mother...

Candice took a photo of herself in the mirror posing with the apron pulled aside and her fingers spreading her pink little pussy open as she smokily eye-fucked her own reflection then hit send.

C: Come find me backstage tomorrow before the competition begins. I'll be waiting.

Mister Dawson did not reply...

Candice's dreams were a wicked and filthy parade of ceaseless pussy-soaking debauchery.

In one she had been working at a community car wash wearing spray-on orange hotpants and a too-small white t-shirt soaked wet and transparent by the warm soapy water.

Pearly suds ran down her neck and clung to her thick thighs as she splayed herself across the bonnet of a luxury car and writhed sinuously against the cold steel. She sponged and rubbed the hood clean with her big foamy tits and humped the grill, grinding her flexing hips hard against the shining chrome.

From inside the vehicle, two men in dark suits watched her. Their faces were indistinct, cast in shadow despite the bright sunny day but she could see the hungry glint of their eyes and the way their lips curled into lewd smiles full of lecherous promise.

In another she was crouching in the bushes of a city park. She was wearing abbreviated running shorts that barely covered her bodacious backside and a sporty green tank top that was cropped short below her jutting, gravity-defying melons.

Her sneakers were planted soundly amidst the crackling dry leaves as she slurped and gargled excitedly around the hard, girthy cock in her mouth. A large hand was latched securely in her hair... Her blonde hair?

Was that right? It didn't matter.

All that mattered was pleasing the cock of the muscular man in workout gear standing over her. He was big and his raging cock stretched her pillowy lips wide as she greedily swallowed down his impressive length. Her belly fluttered and the crotch of her scanty running shorts were darkening with the thrilling proof of her own molten pleasure.

Her cunt smoldered and ached with agonizing need but she just let the tension in her own body ratchet higher as she bathed the hard meaty member in her mouth with lavish lingual affection.

One small hand encircled the base of his thick shaft as the other pulled at her stiff nipple through her thin running top. She wasn't wearing a bra and knew instinctively that she was just as bare below as well. She almost never wore panties anymore, they just got in the way. She took him to the back of her throat and gagged deliberately.

The man said something but it was indistinct and sounded muted as though spoken underwater. Candice flicked her eyes up to meet his and moaned rapturously around his impaling meat when she saw what he was holding. He was grinning, his phone was out and the camera was pointed towards her face. Her sweat mattered, cock-drooling face with her big dumb eyes blinking right up into the lens.

He was filming the hot, filthy slut sucking on his stiff stranger dick outside in a public park.

Liquid euphoria squirted down her shuddering thighs as she came explosively...

One after another the sleeping fantasies impacted her.

She was hanging from a stripper pole, whirling and spinning upside down as her huge tits bounced around her face and dwarfed her pretty head as crowds of drunken men cheered her on.

She was in a restaurant bathroom bent over the washroom sink as a middle aged man with a bushy mustache in a waiter's uniform railed her from behind and she howled in sinful fulfillment.

She was everywhere and nowhere, doing every sordid act she had ever imagined and some she had never even heard of with men and women from every walk of life. She

was sinking fast into a exquisitely shameful pit of carnal quicksand and not even struggling to escape. It all felt sooo~ good, so base and primal and physical that she didn't *want* to escape it.

They all *watched* her. They all *saw* her. They all paid her close attention and *desired* her. She wasn't a sad-sack little nobody like that worry-wart Candice anymore.

She was Candy!

...and like the sugary confection she was sweet and fun and everybody wanted a piece of her.

Candy groaned and stirred in her big, empty bed. She felt feverish and lay naked in a damp puddle of her own beaded sweat and pungent arousal. She had gone to bed alone after Grant messaged her late that evening to say that he and Maddy were still "hard at it" with his work at the college but she hoped they- *he* would be home soon.

She missed Grant, moreover she *needed* him!

She needed his hard husband dick to fuck and fill her empty Candy snatch.

Rolling on her side, she sunk three of her fingers between her juicy lower lips and curled up into a ball around them with a soft tortured whimper.

Her heart was thundering in her chest so loudly she could only have been imagining the deep muffled grunting noises and hushed girlish squeals filtering dully through the wall from Maddy's room next door.

Candy sat at the dressing room mirror and drank in the glamorous sight of her own visage.

Wasn't it, like, sooo~ great how all the light-bulbs lit up and highlighted every perfect angle of her gorgeous face? She spotted a fun color of lipstick on the make-up stand and merrily applied it to her puffy, bee-stung lips.

She didn't need it of course--her lips were a natural shade of rich ruby red now--but this was a pageant and pretty pageant girls wore make-up! She giggled and smacked her lips loudly to even out the tone.

She arranged her long mass of honey-blond hair stylishly over one slender shoulder and straightened her back as she struck a pose and examined herself again in the mirror.

The gown she wore was beautiful. All in sumptuous white silk, diaphanous and pure as driven snow but tailored for someone of less... *voluptuous* proportions than Candy. It was an elegant strapless slip with a long slit up the side of her shapely leg and presented a sweetheart neckline which her enormous milky tits were all but exploding from in their magnificent magnitude.

Honestly, she had broken the zipper under her right armpit squeezing herself into it and several of the stitched seams were distended, starting to come apart under the weighty pressure of her wide curvy hips and bra-busting cleavage.

She wished Grant or Maddy could see her now but she had slept late again. Candy had awoken incredibly horny but surprisingly refreshed to find a handwritten note from Maddy informing her that Grant was taking her for an "emergency gown refitting" with Madame Sentani before the beauty competition.

It had been propped up against an empty pink pastry box.

Candy hoped everything was alright, she felt like she hadn't seen her family in ages but...

"Knock, knock. Are you in here, Princess? It's Daddy." A familiar voice called from outside the dressing room door.

Candy spun on the small stool to face the entrance, hurriedly arranging her hair and fixing her poise for best jaw-dropping effect.

Delicate chin raised, tits out-thrust and smooth legs pulled demurely to one side with her long golden tresses cascading down over a bare shoulder.

"Come in, *Daaaddy*~..." She sing-songed sweetly even as the handle twisted and the door swung inwards.

"I just wanted to wish you luck and..." Her boss's voice trailed off mid-sentence as his eyes landed on Candy.

They nearly bugged clean out of his head.

"Candice! Wha- you can't be in here." He spluttered, checking behind himself before slipping in and closing the door. "This is Britney's dressing room!"

Candy just smiled instead of rolling her eyes. Of course *Britney* got her own dressing room while the rest of the girls had to make do in the stage wings of the small college theater. Jessica Dawson might have been the event organizer but she wasn't even trying to hide her flagrant favoritism.

"Don't worry about it, Boss." She giggled, gracefully rising from the seat and sashaying towards him. "Britney is out trying to find her evening gown for the interview round. Funny thing though, it's gone mysteriously missing."

In truth, Britney was going into hysterics from what Candy had last heard and her bitch mother was preparing to tear the head off the stage manager as if that would help find the wayward garment.

"Wait, the dress you're wearing. Is that...?"

Candy's smile widened as she clicked her way across the threadbare carpet in her ivory five-inch designer pumps. Nicholas backed up against the door as though trying to escape before she pressed herself up warmly against him.

"Do you like it, *Daddy*?" She teased as her soft body molded up against his. Her soft pillowy tits pressed firmly into his chest. "Do you like the way I'm spilling out of your little princess's fancy dress?"

His mouth opened and shut soundlessly as Candy started to nibble at his stubbled jawline. She could feel his heart racing in his chest as she pressed her firm thigh between his own and sensuously rubbed up against him like a cat in heat.

"Nooo~" His strangled groan came out as little more than a whisper. "Candice, *please*. I can't..."

"Of course you can, *Daddy*." She purred into his ear as her small hands traced gently across his broad shoulders. "A big strong man like you can do anything he likes to a poor wicked little thing like me. How could I stop you?"

"No, I-I mustn't... not here! We'll be caught, someone will hear..." He hissed as she licked lazily at his earlobe with a sultry giggle.

"Not if you fuck me up against the door, *Daddy*." She breathed hotly and worked her questing hands down over his ribs towards his belt buckle. "Do you know what I am wearing under this pretty Princess gown? What I am wearing just for you?"

"Wha- what?"

"*Nothing* at all." She husked and slipped her hand down into his slacks, palming his swelling member. It twitched violently at her rousing touch. "There's *nothing* to stop you from pushing me up against this door and hiking up this slutty dress. *Nothing* to prevent you from slamming your hard *Daddy* cock deep into my needy little pussy."

His hands, previously frozen at his sides, slammed down on her fat undulating ass with enough impact to make her flesh ripple under the silk. He dragged her body harder into him and buried his face in her thick mass of golden hair.

"Fuck Candice... gotta *fuck* you! Gotta take that hot princess pussy and fuck the shit out of it!" He growled into her neck and she gasped, running her fingers through his neatly styled hair as he sampled her flawless skin with his ravenous tongue.

"I'm not Candice anymore, I'm *Candy*... just a naughty treat for you to gobble right up." She giggled, as he lifted her by her jutting hips and she wrapped her long legs around his waist.

"Such a naughty fucking treat!" He echoed as he spun--knocking a small vase of white "Good Luck" roses addressed to his daughter off a nearby stand--and forced her back up against the door.

He wrestled at his belt and zipper as she laced her fingers behind his neck then started to slide her slick pelvis back and forth against his stomach. She kept her big bedroom eyes locked on his as he freed his rearing shaft and tugged fitfully at the expensive gown already struggling to confine her tremendous curves.

"Hurry up and unwrap your Candy, *Daddy*. Don't you want to try a piece?" She cooed and pouted up at him from under her long lashes.

"*Faaark~!* Stupid fucking pageant dresses..." He was panting fit to pass out from all-consuming arousal.

So when she arched herself further into him and lifted her heavenly cleavage up under his chin, he just grabbed the over-wrought neckline and tore it open, all the way down the front.

Her body bloomed from within the silken rags as they came apart. Her mountainous tits bubble up and out, free at last. The smooth acreage of her ass and hips bounced and

jiggled in the open air. The trim runway of her flat trim belly seemed to lead all the way down to the promised land of her cute hairless pussy.

"*Jeezus*, Candy! Your tits, your ass... Oh god, look at that wet fucking pussy!"

She didn't need to look, she could feel her soaked folds clinging to the cotton of his crisp white button up. The added friction was fabulous and she let out a throaty groan as she felt his steely cock jerking against the thick crack of her rear. She gave it a few tantalizing twerks making him growl like a caged beast.

"Do you want to feel this tight princess pussy, *Daddy?*" She moaned, "It's burning up to feel you inside, filling it to the brim."

"Yes, yes I want to fill that tight pussy!" Nicholas all but howled in desperate delirium, heedless of anyone who might overhear them.

Candy bunched her thigh muscles enough to lift her big rounded hips and let his drizzling tip slide beneath her flexing cheeks to catch at the entrance to her swollen mound.

He grunted and tried frantically to lance up into her deepest depths but she countered his action with an equal but opposite reaction, bucking her hips backwards to keep him fixed at the very brink of blissful penetration.

"Is this a *prize* pussy you're about to fuck?" She inquired sweetly down into his sweat saturated face.

"It is... It is!" Nicholas almost sobbed the words, his face crimson and contorted in an expression of purest agony.

Candy let the first inch of him slide slowly past her lurid lips. He was throbbing wildly as though on the very edge of exploding...

"Is this a *first place* snatch you're going to sink your huge dick into?" She queried again, her own voice quavering as her own blazing need threatened to consume her.

"Yes, Candy! *Pleeeeeease~*" He nodded his head as the tendons in his neck stood out in stark relief and a vein bulged at his temple.

She sank halfway down his girthy shaft before he had a fucking stroke and paused only long enough to growl out one final demand.

"Tell me it's the *crown winning* cunt and I'll fuck your big *Daddy* brains out."

Nicholas's whole body shuddered and he looked like he might faint but Candy held on by a tenuous thread until he finally surrendered.

"I'll do it! God help me, I'll do it but I need to fu-"

Candy didn't wait for him to finish. She let herself go and sank completely down his furious length, hilding his entirety within her hungry soaking sheath.

"*Aaauurgh~!*" He cried, as his hands clawed at her fat ass-cheeks, spreading them wide so he could spear into her as far as possible.

"Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck this filthy pageant pussy and make your Candy *scream*." She squealed as her ecstatic insides twisted and writhed around his pounding cock.

He didn't need any direction, he was lost to the world and utterly focused on ramming as much of his tumescent man-meat into her as possible.

He buried his feverish face in her careening cleavage to stifle an animal roar as his hips bucked and heaved in a mad discordant rhythm. Candy pushed back down onto him, meeting each of his lancing thrusts and setting a tireless pace for their illicit coupling.

Her pussy thrilled as his rampaging cock stretched and plundered her most sensitive flesh. She gripped her stiff aching nipples and pulled until her enormous melons were smothering his head, titty-fucking his skull and moaning noisily in sinful ecstasy.

"Do you like this naughty pussy?" She crooned even as a wave of depraved delight lit up her nerves and made her eyelids flutter.

"Mmmmmhmmmmph~!"

The small dressing room was choked with the perfume of their hot sex and the resounding slaps of their frenzied fucking. Her ankles were crossed just above his humping ass and the heels of her pumps clacked together into time with their frantic joining. She could feel his hard driving cock swelling within her, even as she raced towards the brink of ecstasy herself.

A fist pounded on the door and a rough male voice called out...

"Curtains go up in five minutes! Hey... what's going on in there?"

They were *caught!*

Candy shrieked as euphoric lightning arced through her body and grounded itself in her convulsing nethers. Her thick thighs clamped down around his waist, trapping him there and crushing him as though she could pinch him in half. She squeezed and rocked her internal muscles coaxing Nicholas to explode, needing him to fill her wicked pussy in that glorious moment of cunt-quaking climax.

"Mmmmmwarf~ fuckfuckfuck!" Her Boss bellowed as he threw back his head and erupted deep into her waiting womb.

"Yaasssss!" Candy howled in a rapturous refrain.

She could feel jets of his scalding cum shooting inside of her spasming snatch. Her head beat heavily back against the door and her whole body tightening up in a toe-curling release as Nicholas continued to blow his sticky load, trying to fill her little belly to overflowing.

When they finally stilled, it was with panting breaths that Nicholas came back to himself.

"Oh my god, Candy. We just... we just..." He wheezed, looking about in bleary-eyed alarm.

As if he only just realized he had been loudly fucking her up against the dressing room door, Candy wanted to laugh at the horrified look on his face. She tousled his messy hair playfully instead and let her shaky feet slide back down to the floor.

"*Mmmhmmm...*" She hummed when she felt him softly slide out of her battered pussy and giggled impishly as she discarded the last few clinging scraps of torn white silk from her shoulders. "You did a pretty nice job of it too. Good work, Boss!"

"Wait... wha- what's happening right now?"

Nicholas stood there gaping at her with his cock still out as she picked up her clothing from where she had stashed it on a dresser. His pants and boxers were swimming around his ankles and the hem of his wrinkled dress shirt was badly stained with their combined juices.

"Well... we just, *like*, fucked and now you're going to see to it that my Maddy takes home that winner's crown today."

Her tone was all business and she spoke in a calm, matter-of-fact fashion as she wiggled into the black lycra mini-skirt she had picked out earlier. She hadn't brought any underwear and briefly closed her eyes to enjoy the feel of his warm seed spilling down the inside of her smooth thighs.

"Candice, *listen*... I know that I said some things in the heat of the moment..."

"You mean, *like*, when you were fucking me just now?" She beamed at him. "You gotta admit, it was lots of fun."

He stammered and stuttered as she slipped on a white blouse and tied it closed under her massive melons. No bra, she didn't need one and none could fit her prodigious size anyway.

"Don't say it like that, we can't..."

"That's not what you were saying a few minutes ago." She giggled and leaned in to give him a big wet kiss on the cheek. It left a scarlet lipstick stain. "It's simple, just get out there and do like you promised. I'd hate to have to *ruin* your life, Boss."

His only response was an indignant squawk as an expression of horrified realization marred his handsome features. Candy turned back one last time and graced him with a cheeky wink as she grabbed the door handle.

"Better pull up those trousers, *Mister* Dawson. The show is about to begin and your *wife* will be looking for you."

With that parting shot she flung the door open wide and strutted out past a gawking group of milling stagehands.

Candy sat alone in the auditorium waiting for Maddy to take the stage.

There were plenty of empty seats, the modest theater wasn't even a quarter full with spectators. Beauty Pageants just weren't a big deal in their small college town she decided and wondered what all the fuss was *really* about. Why had she been working herself up over something that was ultimately so silly and unimportant?

The other pageant mothers sat apart from her in their own little gaggle but Candy didn't care. She wasn't a part of them anymore and they were all a bunch of boring snooty bitches anyway.

They could sit there clutching at their pearl necklaces and sending offended glares in her direction all they liked. Candy was only there to see her darling Maddy's expression when she was crowned as the Pageant Queen of New Billington.

She grinned wickedly when she spotted Nicholas hurrying in to take his seat at the judges table. He was still tucking in his shirt as he walked and nearly tripped when he spotted her lounging in the audience.

He wasn't looking very healthy, all pale and sweaty with the wild gleam in his eye of a man whose sanity was balanced on a knife's edge. He yanked out his chair and roughly jostled the trestle table as he sat, nearly knocking the champion's tiara off onto the floor. The other two male judges gave him concerned looks.

"Hey there, Sugar Tits. You're looking good, is that seat taken?" A deep yet familiar voice rumbled.

"Oooh~ Grant, you made it just in time!" She trilled excitedly, turning to see her husband looming large in the aisle beside her. "They're about to start. Sit, *sit!*"

The small theater row was a much tighter fit for him than it was for her; she had to lift her knees all the way to her pillowy chest so he could squeeze past and wedge himself into the vacant seat. He was a very large man after-all.

Though Candy kinda liked the way his broad chest strained the buttons of his shirt and his big shoulders nearly popped the stitching of his sensible tweed jacket. Even the definition of his muscular quads, hamstrings and calves were clearly visible through the drawn-tight khaki of his slacks. She frowned in concern when she noticed that the trouser legs ended in neat cuffs far too high above his ankles.

She needed to take him shopping for some new outfits. Candy *loved* clothing shopping and couldn't fathom why her handsome husband would wear clothes that didn't fit him properly.

"No fear babe. I was just making sure our little girl had something in her belly before going out on stage." He grunted as he threw a strong arm across her slender shoulders and let his rough hand rest on the top slope of one of her hefty breasts.

"I can't tell you how happy it makes me, knowing that the two of you are getting along so well." She sighed contentedly and snuggled warmly into his side.

She had missed him, it felt like days since they were last together. Just sitting beside him and feeling his warmth was getting her all hot and bothered again.

He smelled like old leather, fresh-chopped oak and that musty salty hint of yummy cum. Candy breathed it all in as her naughty hand started to quest across his rocky thigh towards the thick obvious bulge shoved carelessly down his opposite pant-leg.

They had just dimmed the theater lights, she could probably get away with...

"Welcome to the Miss New Billington Teen Pageant. Without further ado, let's meet all our beautiful young contestants, shall we? Give them a round of applause, folks." The Pageant Presenter announced from the stage with a flourish.

Candy straightened in her chair and clapped enthusiastically, bouncing with eager excitement.

Eight young women glided out into the spotlights but only two of them held any real interest for Candy. Britney Dawson led the way of course, but she wasn't wearing the slinky silk evening gown she had planned on wowing the crowd with. That elegant dress was in tatters on her dressing room floor last Candy had seen of it.

Instead she was wearing some dusty rose and violet lace gown with long layered skirts and puffy *everything* that completely obscured her sculpted athletic body. The garish colors clashed with her pale complexion and the whole affair looked like it belonged in a period drama, not on stage in a beauty competition. Had Britney and her mother raided the old theater's costume department to find this horrid replacement?

"She looks a fucking mess." Grant scoffed none too quietly and Candy meant to slap him on the chest in rebuke but just ended up rubbing his hard muscles through his shirt.

He wasn't wrong though. The usually haughty young princess looked wretched. Her face was blotchy and her mascara was running as though she had been crying. Her platinum hair still looked nice though Candy had to admit.

Then Candy caught sight of the girl's mother Jessica standing in the wings off-stage. She was glaring furious daggers at Candy and alternating that death-stare between her and Nicholas at the judges table down front. Maybe she had heard some troubling rumors?

Candy just giggled and gave the scowling woman a friendly wave before cuddling herself back into her husband's manly breast.

The other contestants all looked lovely in their splendid evening wear. Each of them presented themselves *much* better than Britney in Candy's opinion, all with neatly appointed make-up and shimmering gowns that flattered their youthful figures. One by one they filed out smiling beatifically for the judges and into the scattered audience until finally...

"Oh look, *Sweetie*. It's our Maddy!" She cheered and waved excitedly at her daughter as she made her stage entrance.

Maddy looked fabulous if a bit unsteady on her feet. She blinked vacantly up at the bright stage lights as she swayed on her tall stilettos as though tipsy. She filled out her glittering emerald ball gown *spectacularly*, her heavy swelling cleavage accented by sparkling sequins with her firm hips and bubbly butt filling out the skirts with devastatingly provocative flare.

How had Candy ever thought her stunning daughter couldn't compete with these other girls? She was a total teen bombshell and the other girls looked like a group of sour-faced plain Janes beside her.

Maddy's lipstick did look a bit smudged though and even her lips looked a bit bruised. Her hair was a tangled pile of light amber locks in that sexy bedhead style some girls

went for, giving her a freshly-fucked appeal that worked with her slightly smeared make-up. A little hint of slut to spice up the princess portrayal, Candy heartily approved.

The judges seemed to be having a hushed argument at their table down front and Mister Dawson was scribbling frantically at a paper form on the table in front of him. Maddy wiped away something dribbling from the corner of her mouth with the back of her manicured hand and gave all three judges a bright ditsy smile before turning to strut back to her position on stage.

The disagreement must have been getting heated because Nicholas finally snapped. He leapt to his feet and slammed the paper down on the table as his chair toppled behind him.

"Those are my *fucking* scores so do what you were *fucking* told and copy them, you *cock-sucking* parasites!" He screamed with spittle flying from his snarling lips.

The two other judges blanched and recoiled from him in horrified disbelief as the raving madman scooped up the diamante tiara and satin sash in shaking hands and started to climb awkwardly onto the stage.

"Play the winner's walk!" He roared at no-one in particular and all the contestants looked at each other in confusion.

The nervous presenter made an attempt to find some clarity. "Mister Dawson? This is only the beginning of the first round..."

"I've made my *fucking* decision already, now play the goddamn winner's walk!" He bellowed and someone off stage-left must have questioned him because he rounded in that direction and balled an angry fist. "I'm the man who is paying your *fucking* wages! Now play the *fucking* music, you useless *cunt*!"

The speakers crackled then a rolling instrumental tune filled the room, a jubilant uplifting number that signaled the victory crowning of the beauty queen.

Nicholas stalked towards the glamorous girls who all flinched back at his shambling approach. All except Maddy who just blinked, giggled and gave him a big vapid smile. Candy's boss stopped before her daughter and unceremoniously fixed the dazzling tiara in her thick mane of hair then nearly wrapped himself up in the sash before finally unwinding it onto one of Maddy's bare shoulders.

"There, we have a *fucking* winner! It's over and I am finally fucking free of all this *bullshit!*" He crowed from center-stage throwing back his head and raising his fists to the heavens as though in defiance of some wayward deity.

"You cheating *fucking* BASTARD!!" The banshee shriek came from his wife Jessica charging out from the wings with her hands extended like claws in front of herself. "You *fucking* dare to ruin this for me?!"

He rounded on her just in time to be attacked by his screeching spouse. "Is that *her* lipstick? You goddamn *asshole*, you're a fucking dead man!"

"Don't start with me, you cold-blooded bitch!"

Those words were the clarion call for chaos to spread like wildfire throughout the entire theater. Britney collapsed into a sobbing puddle of ugly skirts while the other girls fled the scene in various states of alarm, fright and despair. Stagehands sprang onstage to separate the brawling screaming couple at the direction of a beet-faced stage manager who was barking orders like a career drill sergeant.

The crowd of conservatively dressed but outraged pageant moms rushed down the center aisle baying for blood like an angry mob while the rest of the audience made a break for the fire exits. Most of them at least, a few of the younger members were standing on their seats and filming the whole debacle on their phones with big shit-eating grins.

Throughout all the violence and mayhem Maddy floated like an ecstatic cloud, untouched and moving gracefully with the sweeping orchestral score to the front of the stage, taking her winner's walk.

Candy and Grant met her there, arm in arm looking proudly up at their gorgeous daughter as she beamed joyfully down at them before flinging herself off the stage edge into Grant's arms.

"Daddy, I won! Maddy is the prettiest princess!" Maddy exclaimed happily as he caught her effortlessly in his powerful embrace. Then she pressed her lips to his in a heated kiss.

Candy smiled and adjusted the tiara in her daughter's hair as the squirming young lady moaned into her stepfather's mouth. It was *sooo~* nice to see her two favorite people getting along and coming together as a loving family at last.

Maddy finally broke the lip-lock with a satisfied purr and turned in Grant's arms to boggle at Candy.

"Mommy is that you? You look *sooo~* pretty! Like a sexy Barbie doll with big yummy titties..."

"Aaaaw... Thank you, Sweetie." Candy preened under her precious daughter's adoring gaze. "You look amazing too. Congratulations on your big win. You earned it."

"It's all thanks to big Daddy Grant," Maddy cooed, wrapping her arms around his bullish neck and rubbing her flushed face into his broad shoulder. "He's *really* been giving it to me the last few days..."

"I think we all earned it together." Grant laughed, tucking one arm under Maddy's butt to hold her up while snaking his other around Candy's waist to lead them all away.

Behind them the fighting on stage was devolving into a full-blown riot and somebody loudly announced that they had called the police but the happy family just wandered together back up the sloping aisle towards the main exit.

"How about we all go out for ice-cream to celebrate before heading home?" Grant offered magnanimously as his groping hand slid ever lower and latched onto Candy's lush ass in a tight, possessive grip.

"That would be nice..." She panted as she plastered herself against his side and nuzzled her face into his bulky bicep. "Otherwise I know, *like*, this *super* cool new Bakery that just opened..."

"Oh, that sounds *really* good!" Maddy giggled, peppering her stepfather's chin with arduous little kisses as he carried them away from all the madness.

"The bakery it is then." Grant declared and Candy melted against him with a pleased giggle of her own.

Everything was working out better than she could have imagined when they had made the tough decision to move to New Billington. She had truly turned a new leaf and now everything was coming up Candy. Somehow she had lucked out and was loving her new life.

Candy moaned as Grant slipped a few thick fingers underneath her tight mini-skirt just as they stepped out onto the busy main street.

She couldn't remember the last time she had felt sooo~ happy.

THE END

Author's Note: Oh wow, that's my first ever complete story published on TOB all wrapped up and put to bed. I hope you enjoyed it, dearest Reader, and thanks for reading.

