Amelia winced and put a thumb up to her temple as a pang slammed into her skull with all the gentle care of one of Squealer's cars renovating an orphanage. Quick and brutal was the byword. Pleasant and welcome its antithesis. The result was crying orphans either way so these two things were rather similar.

The Children's Ward wasn't her favorite place in the world at the best of times, even after she'd finished with the serious cases...but that wasn't really the point, now was it? She wasn't dealing with the Children's Ward of Ninth street and Hoover or the one at Martin Luther King and Watts. She was dealing with the most painful of tortures. The most pleasant of activities.

"Do these shorts make my butt look small?" Victoria asked as she did a slow spin in front of the mirror, making Amy's eyes burn as they followed said tush to the end of their range. The shorts, which were extremely short, looked pretty good to her. "Or do they make them look big? In a good way?"

Good.

"Bwha," was Amy's most intelligent reply as she rapidly blinked her eyes and slapped on the look she tended to have after a day at work. Tired. Bored. A touch pissed. Seeing as she'd just gotten out of work, it wasn't hard to pull up. "It's okay, I guess."

"Just okay? I'm not looking for okay." The blonde popped the button on her shorts with a scowl and a wriggle of the hips, a pair of lacy white panties clinging tightly to a pair of perfectly round globes putting Amy's saliva glands on full blast once more. Just one bite and she'd die a happy lady...person. Fuck. "Great or nothing."

Any better and that ass would be a war crime.

"R-right. Great is good." Amy sniffed and forced herself to look away before her awkward staring became noticeable. More noticeable. Thank God Vicky was dense as four short planks when it came to Amy perving on her or this would have gotten more than just uncomfortable forever ago. "Maybe you should try on the, uh, those shorts. The sorta spandex ones?"

"The skintight ones?"

"Yeah. That. I guess." Amy continued to look out the window placidly, hands on her chin and heart somewhere around her crotch. Her heartbeat anyway. "They're black and pink?"

"Yeah, those," Victoria muttered while Amy slid a thumb between her teeth for her to chew on when her sister's panties went the way of her shorts. Downwards. With the sight of one of her lower lips in Amy's peripherals, the younger of the two had just filled their spank bank for the week. "Why do I even get these anymore? It's not like I can even work out after my powers."

Amy didn't know either. She sure didn't care though. She knew what was good for her.

"You get them because they look good on you," Amy droned as she crossed her legs, pushing down the very angry and frustrated organ beneath her robes with all the weight her thighs possessed. She also bent forward, for safety's sake; Victoria couldn't be that dense. "They make for good selfies."

"You were listening!"

Not really. She'd just said whatever came to mind... Would Vicky notice if Amy pulled her phone out? For posterity? Of her posterior?

No. No. She'd never go for that. Bad idea. Stupid. Stupid, stupid.

"That's me. A good listener." Amy breathed around her thumbnail as it began to bend under her front teeth; she was dying here and Victoria taking her time pulling those shorts up was shaving years off of her lifespan; Amy wished she could have said she'd had a part in making an ass that fine. Dimples like those couldn't be crafted by human hands. "Did you get any bras?"

"Like two? Why?"

The worst of tortures. The most pleasant of activities.

"I was - just wondering if you still needed my opinion?"

Please.

"Well..." Vicky hummed as the waistband of her new bottoms snapped down tight around her middle. Amy breathed in, the blonde's camel toe standing out in stark relief as a guilty look crossed their face. "No. Not really. I know you're not all that interested in stuff like this. You've done plenty. Thanks for helping, Ames."

Shit. Abort. Abort.

"Are you sure? Because, you know, I'm not really doing anything." Amy forced herself to relax, voice-wise. Her throat felt like there was a vise on it. It wasn't hard. She'd had a lot of practice since she'd hit puberty. Lots of practice. At lots of things. "I wasn't asking about what was left because I had to go anywhere."

"That's sweet, but it's cool. Go relax. Read a book." Vicky flashed her a smile and waggled her phone. Amy pretended really hard that she hadn't been staring at their crotch in the mirror. "I'll just call up Dean to tell me about the rest."

“Oh. Right. Right. Dean.” Amy’s expression of hateful apathy became a great deal more authentic. “Your boyfriend.”

That bastard. May he choke on a thousand dicks and die in a fire.

“He’s going to love me or despair.” Victoria, sweet, self centered Victoria, started making kissy faces into the lens. “You should go before this gets spicy.”

Another pang struck, right between the eyes as Amy took a stand. And right between the legs. Squealer had just hit the Maternity Ward and the tower it was in was currently in the process of falling...and bursting into flames. Oh, fuck, it was already hurting. Bad. Super bad. Ow, ow, ow, ow. “Gross. Really gross.”

“You’ll think different when you finally get yourself a boyfriend, Ames~”

Amy stumbled and laid herself up against the doorjamb, her balls clenching with a vengeance. Such visceral revulsion couldn’t be described, only felt. “N-no thanks. I like being single.”

“Your loss!”

Amy really doubted that. And now she was going to have to blow off some steam before her dick exploded. Again. And she was going to have to buy more condoms to jerk off into. Again.

It was a necessity. Sending an ultra-spermicidal bacteria down the shower drain because she’d plugged it again was only fun the first time it happened.

That was a lie. It was never fun.

Amy grumbled as she forced herself to lay flat and get under her bed. Lotion, tissues and magazines awaited.

Having a big ol’ dick and a libido that could put a stable of porn stars to shame wasn’t what it was cracked up to be.

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After another night spent furiously jerking off to her sister, risking chafing and another tissue run to the corner store later, Amy’s opinion on having a dick hadn’t changed much. She was just mellow now. She was still pretty stressed, when wasn’t she, but it was a lot harder to care after a...not entirely shitty night’s sleep and at least three extremely messy orgasms.

Hell, she was so mellow she almost didn’t feel guilty about said furious masturbation.

“You look tired, Ames. Bad night?”

Almost. That was as good as it was going to get what with her - condition. Her near overbearing *need* to fuck something warm and wet and willing until she could fuck no more.

Just another teenager, in other words, even if how she’d ended up with male genitals on a female body wasn’t normal... It was *now.* That had to be said. Her not being normal was an Eighty-Eight talking point and those guys could get fucked; there had been a time where girls didn’t have a one-in-five chance of coming out with a dick but that time was nearly twenty years past.

This was the new normal. That the new normal sucked was obvious.

Stupid Lustrum, for releasing that failure of a virus on the general population. Stupid puberty, for unleashing this hell upon her already difficult life. Stupid Manton limit, for making it so that Amy couldn’t fix her problems even if she wanted to. Stupid Victoria, for having the most banging body on the East coast.

... Top two percent for sure. Being eighteen years old and unwilling to sit on Amy’s face was really holding her back.

Amy sighed and rubbed under her eyes, swearing that the bags there had deepened as she took a pull from her drink, eight espresso shots with a thin mix of chocolate ice cream and Oreo cookie bits. Not at all worth the twenty dollars she’d paid for it, but it was the only thing keeping her up that day. Well, that, and the nagging itch she felt whenever she wasn’t busting her ass saving the world, one superglue plugged urethra at a time.

You’d think she was joking. You’d be wrong. There was currently a frat boy with much more money than sense that had left back to his college dorm, two-thousand dollars lighter after having donated to the ‘Amy needs coffee’ fund. Of his own free will, of course. Not having a piece that had been peeled open like a flower to get all the glue out, just before summer break, was a choice.

He’d chosen...well.

It had all been under the table, of course. Carol would have lost her shit otherwise... Was it illegal? Probably. Did Amy have a caffeine addiction? Yes. Did the local hospitals owe her their collective firstborns for creating the booming medical tourism industry that they were taking advantage of? Fuck yes.

She deserved it and she had to keep that in mind...and what was with people putting objects in their orifices that really shouldn’t be up there? Like, come on. Why? She asked this as a medical

professional. Any week where someone hadn't lost a light bulb in their ass was a slow one and that shouldn't be the case. She shouldn't have to say that, but she did.

Amy took a long, sullen drag of her straw as she took an even longer look out the window of the cafe she was in. Out at the Boardwalk and the teeming hordes of stupid, self destructive, oversexed lemmings that had brought her opinion of mankind to whole new lows.

... She was going to have to talk with Admin for a bigger cut of the pie. She wasn't making nearly enough for what she did. This was some bullshit. Bullshit, like the ankle-length skirt she was wearing to hide her thigh-slapping magnum dong from the general population, but even more so. At least her robes were there to keep her decent while she was getting fucked out of her wages.

Stupid robes...

"Is this seat taken?"

Amy squeezed down on her plastic cup and, if not for her having had most of her drink already, she would have ended up looking at the world through a chocolatey brown, espresso tint. She wasn't surprised often, especially when she was thinking about how shitty people were. Her mad case of resting bitch face normally gave people a hint that their company wasn't welcome. Not this time though. "No."

"Oh, cool. Thank you sooooo much." The new person, the new girl that had just forced her way into Amy's personal ten-foot bubble sphere of impregnability, took the seat she'd been after like she hadn't just heard Amy ground out a 'no' that sounded like it had come out of a concrete mixer. "I know this sounds weird but I have a hard time drinking my coffee without someone to share the table with. That sounds weird, right?"

Amy's frown deepened but she held her tongue. It was the second look that did that. The one that gave her more information than 'girl' and 'annoyance'.

She might have been in love with her sister, but she wasn't dead. Eye candy was eye candy, and she didn't often get the chance to talk to eye candy outside of work... That was the reasoning her hind brain gave Amy as to why she hadn't just told the new blonde to fuck right off.

Literally. It might not have been in so many words, but she could see her own brain if she tried.

It was pretty gross.

"I don't know if it's weird." Amy played along with her hind brain while giving her new table buddy a third look. Just to make sure. Dirty-blonde, shoulder-length hair. Green eyes. A

smattering of freckles across the bridge of their nose and a small, smug smile. Her age... In other words, she was pretty hot. “But I’ve never heard that before. Why here though? There’s plenty of space.”

Amy had checked. That was kind of her thing, checking. That was just something she did. Getting blindsided by the rare fan that knew what she looked like out of costume always soured her mood.

“Yeah, there’s plenty of other people. You aren’t wrong. You’re just asking yourself ‘why me’?” The blonde flicked her thumb back towards herself as she leaned forward. “But they’re, uh, all men? That could give people the wrong idea, you know?”

Amy took another look around. They hadn’t been wrong. It was a sausage fest. And, yes. Amy did, in fact, know. Venereal diseases didn’t come from nothing after all... Also, eww. If any of these people were younger than forty she’d fistfight Lung. Bad thoughts. “Nice to meet you?”

“Lisa.” That smug smile of theirs gained some wattage. “Nice to meet you, drinking buddy.”

“Amy.” Amelia sighed as the strong smell of caffeine that wasn’t hers rose up to her nose. Loads of caffeine. Enough caffeine to sub for an adrenaline shot with floating chunks of lemon cake in it. Outside of it too, on the side and already crumbling as lemon cakes tended to do... One of those would have hit the spot right about now. “And you’re making this sound like we’re drinking before five.”

“We are drinking before five, once you think about it. Drinking black, liquid, tarry gold. But drinking.” Lisa nodded sagely while aggressively stirring her drink with a spoon. One of the lemon pieces came back up, soggy and limp and into her mouth. “Coffee. The best drug of them all.”

Amy wouldn’t say that was wrong. She wouldn’t say that was right either. But she wouldn’t say that was wrong.

You didn’t get far in medicine without a trip to the break room for your daily rations. Lisa might have been joking about the tar, that was the idea that Amy got, but that wasn’t far off from the normal. Far too many grounds, far too much time on the burner, Folgers; it wasn’t so much tar as it was a black mass that hated all that lived.

“I guess it's okay.”

It was the greatest fucking thing in the world. And good reply. Very ‘both-sides’. Very inoffensive. Nothing could go wrong with that big brained answer.

Lisa nodded again, acting as if Amy had said something of substance and nuance; That hit Amy right in her imposter-syndrome. “Deep.”

Amy snorted. “Like bathwater.”

“There are some big baths out there. Don’t look down on them because they are baths.” Lisa’s lemon cake, the one on the napkin, was used as a form of emphasis. A waggling, crumby emphasis that was quick to lose a piece of itself in Lisa’s increasingly murky coffee graveyard. “Look down on them because they aren’t deeper than they are.”

Amy frowned. More than usual as she thought that over.

“Let it come to you.”

Amy hadn’t realized that this was a beatnik coffee shop. But okay. Sure. Whatever. Thinking. Thinking. Thinking... Nah. “That makes no sense. Are you screwing with me?”

“... Maybe. I mean... Um. This got away from me. I’ve never done this before.” Lisa swallowed, her smile losing some of that luster as she gave a look to the left. Then a look to the right. Then a cup rattling suck of her cake-stuffed straw that ended up with her just tilting the cup back and going for it. Half of it was gone before she put it down. “Fifty for a handle.”

...

“Eh? Wha?” Amy fumbled her response like a champ. “Excuse?”

Brilliant.

“Look, this is a one time offer. I don’t do this sort of shit for fun,” Lisa, if that was her real name, hissed lowly and behind a hand as red began to bleed into her face. She wasn’t looking as smug as before and Amy had to say that just made her hotter... Wait. No. Yes. No. Less punchable. That was it. “Going once. Going twice-”

“I thought you didn’t want to give anyone the wrong idea!” Amy hissed lowly back as her own face began to heat up. “Where did that go?”

“I meant what I said. The only one with the right idea is you and that’s about to go out of style.” Lisa grimaced. “You couldn’t pay me enough to help these sad fucks relive their football years. Hell no. I did cheerleading for a couple years and I’m never going back.”

That was - a thing.

“Sixty if you wear a cheerleader’s outfit while you do it,” Amy said with zero thought or shame.

The shame came after. It brought friends.

Not enough of them to keep her from being interested though. At this point, she was desperate enough to go for it. Amy admitted it. She didn't get a lot of propositions. As in, none. No propositions.

She was very lonely.

Lisa's cheek twitched. "Do I look like I have one of those on me? Not that I'd wear it even if I-"

"Eighty." In for a penny.

The blonde's cheek twitched again. Harder. A line of sweat went past her left eye. "More money isn't going to magically make a cheerleader outfit appear."

"A hundred and I'll source it."

"You'll source - of course you'll source it. What was I thinking? Not like you were going to make me pull one together from scratch, duh." Lisa pounded down the last of her drink while Amy was flush with a victory she wasn't entirely certain she'd wanted. "A hundred-fifty or you can pound sand. No cheering."

Amy considered that. Deeply. For a good...not a minute, but close. On one hand, that was a hundred-fifty dollars. Dollars that she could use on cheap stuffed rabbit plushie kitsch and more coffee. On the other, she could have someone that had offered to touch her penis actually touch her penis. A lot. While they wore a cheerleader's outfit.

Tough choice.

"Deal," Amy hastily agreed..

But not tough enough. There was a good chance she was going to look back and regret this later, but this wasn't later. This was now. Now. Now, now, now, now, now.

Lisa blinked at her, pupils wide in that way that only people with a serious coffee habit had, but didn't say anything as she slid her chair back. She said something when she stood up, with Amelia on her heels; the legs scratched the floor like nails on a board. "Desperate much?"

She had no idea.

"I live a very stressful lifestyle." Amy coughed as she hailed a cab with an arm moving so fast that it was a blur. Lisa rolled her eyes. "We're going to have to swing around to my house

for...huh...” Amy noticed something after a long time without. To be fair, her head was missing a lot of the blood she needed for clear thinking right then. “How did you find out about my whole - situation?”

Amelia didn’t remember saying anything about that, but Lisa seemed to have picked up on that without prompting. That was strange.

“It's a skirt,” Lisa’s response was as dry as Amy’s panties were whenever someone mentioned Dean. “You had a half-chub sort of deal going on while you were sitting down.”

“What? Did I?” Amy looked down. She was, indeed, wearing a skirt... She hadn’t been at half before though, had she? She didn’t think so. She was now, but that wasn’t the same thing at all. “I think the problem is that I need a bigger skirt.”

“... Oh.” Lisa mulled that over. She flexed her fingers. “That’s nice.”

“You’d really think so.” Amy sighed, thinking back on just how ‘nice’ having a fully functional penis had been so far; not having to sit down only went so far; seeing your own biology didn’t make it any less nasty. “You’d really fucking think so.”

Hopefully, it wouldn’t take much longer to turn that around.

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‘Much longer’ couldn’t come soon enough.

“Weren’t we just going to swing by your house? And not enter it? Or plan to stay in it for longer than it took for you to get that cheerleader outfit you were talking about?” Lisa commented in that sort of snide, more than just sort of patronizing way Amy had come to realize was their normal. “I was kind of looking forward to that hotel room.”

“I’m not made out of money. If you want me to rent out a room for an hour, you’re going to have to offer something bigger than a hand job.”

“Never mind then.” Lisa backed down, leaving Amy vaguely disappointed as they went up the stairs. It also rubbed in the thought that she’d been serious about how she wasn’t used to this line of work. An actual - escort - wouldn’t have been so shy. “Nice place.”

“It’s home.” It could have used a pool though. And a patio worth a damn. “No one should be home right now, but shush.”

Having someone check on her and the weird noises coming out of her room would be just the worst thing. As bad as someone checking on her now.

Only blue balls awaited. She wouldn't survive another round... Amy was exaggerating. Surviving would be painful, but possible. It was just that she was also already hard enough to punch a hole in concrete that made her say things like that; swinging free in her just-roomy-enough boxers, threatening the hallway furniture and the vases on them in her short walk on the home stretch while Lisa pretended she wasn't sneaking peeks made her brave.

The blonde's head was on a swivel, looking everywhere but at Amy and she was blushing. She'd been looking for sure. It was a - weird feeling, knowing that. Not bad. Definitely not bad for once. It was almost nice.

"This is your room then? Not bad." Lisa whispered politely while Amy ushered her in and locked the door. A slap to the other girl's jean-covered butt was a near thing. Near, but no dice. Amy really wasn't made of money. Lisa could have asked for it and she'd have been right to. "I thought there would be more black."

"It didn't work with the walls," Amy explained absentmindedly as she dug through her closet and Lisa took a seat on the bed; The eggshell-white hue had made it look funny. And the only light being the one at her desk had hurt her eyes; Tight leather pants had also hurt like a mother fucker... Her emo phase had lasted only a couple of months and she didn't miss any of it. "Make yourself comfortable and give me a second."

"You have a cheerleader outfit already?"

One of Vicky's older ones, before she'd quit to do college classes, but she did. "Yeah."

"Is it even in my size?"

Probably not. And changing that would be a step too far, even for this. That would have to stay a fantasy. "Dunno."

"... Is it even yours?"

No, Amy thought as she flipped the last of the clothes pile off to the side, revealing the box she kept her sister's old suit in. Opened it. Pulled it out in a bundle that had been the centerpiece of several fantasies involving Victoria trying to fit her much more mature body into the much smaller set of clothing. They'd been good ones...and it looked like it might fit? "What's with the third-degree? Did I ask you why you needed money?"

"So defensive," Lisa teased, the smile on her face more biting than playful. The clothes ended up in her lap and she raised a brow. "Arcadia High, huh? You're lucky you're my age or this would be creepy as fuck."

“You can change in the closet if you want,” Amy said stiffly as a spike of embarrassment finally broke through. She already knew she might have had a problem. That didn’t mean she wanted to hear it. “I won’t look.”

“What a lady you are. So thoughtful.” Lisa unrolled the top and put it to the side, then the pleated skirt while standing up and clumsily pulling at the buttons of her cute and tasteful blue blouse. Amy’s attention span was reinforced drastically at the sight of cream and lightly-freckled boob flesh. “I’m not going to charge you for a peek. Don’t worry about it.”

Amy hadn’t thought about that at all. It hadn’t even crossed her mind. But that was good. Very good. This was good.

“Kay. I won’t.”

Lisa just rolled her eyes once more and shook her head as she got on with it, not taking her time or trying to make it more interesting than it already was. It was all very casual besides the fumble of her fingers as they slid across thin plastic to pull them free, revealing greater expanses of skin and the swell of her chest beneath her plain bra. Just like the dotting on the bridge of her nose, there were cute little spots on her collarbone and just between her breasts. Nothing like what Amy had but great all the same as they broke up the clear and pale.

Amy blinked as the blouse was set aside to hang on her rolling chair. It was the first blink since Lisa had started and, if Amelia had her way, she’d only blink again when Lisa had finished.

Then came the jeans. The jeans that were a size too small, which had been obvious before (if they’d been any tighter on that butt they’d have been spray painted on) but not so obvious as now when they came loose and Lisa let out a sigh of relief; the marks of denim pressed into skin just above her hips were glaring. Fashion demanded sacrifices.

The momentarily puzzling bright purple of a high-hipped thong told Amy that, to Lisa, some sacrifices were too far.

Comfort had won out...and hotness. Amy approved.

“I know they don’t match,” Lisa grumbled and reached for the top on the bed, trying to bend over in front of Amy without *quite* bending over in front of a still standing Amy...that was okay. This was good enough to keep her boner going. Lisa might not have had a Victoria-tier booty, but Amy would have still eaten it like groceries. The light butt-flossing that was going on was eye catching. “This wasn’t in the plans for today.”

Amy took the chance to blink while she could. Because she had to, not because she wanted to. She also tried out hiking up her skirt and using her dick as a support to keep it out of the way

even while she fed it through the front of her boxers. It was rather effective. Also, refreshing. “What changed your plans?”

Lisa was silent as she pulled Victoria’s old top on, filling it out better than the now lightly masturbating Amy thought she would have; she was touching herself. Doing some light petting and jerking, was all. And Lisa said she could look. Lisa couldn’t complain about that, right? “Some things came up and I needed the money. You looked like you had enough sexual frustration for the entire cafe, weren’t too picky about how I dealt with it, and like you wouldn’t put me in your freezer after.”

… Wow. That was morbid. And sort of insulting. Not enough to even begin to dull Amy’s horny, but wow.

Also, had she been that obvious? Shit.

“And I wasn’t a forty-year old man. I remember,” Amy echoed their earlier conversation. The first glob of pre worked its way out of her cock head, shiny and thick while her pussy began to drip in sympathy. “And it's good to know I don’t look like a serial killer. Love the compliment.”

“I’m here to please. Literally… Ugh. That sounded better in my head.” Lisa stepped into the skirt and pulled it up, adjusting it with what looked like practiced ease. There might have been some truth to her claim of once being a cheerleader after all. “If you want me to stroke your ego like I’m going to stroke your dick, that’s going to be extra.”

Lisa knew just what to say.

“Ten.” Amy was starting to feel like a high roller. Also, like this was starting to get out of her control... It was a dizzying feeling. Intoxicating. Giddy. “Thirty if you talk up the size of my load after you work it out. I’ve been wondering how it feels like to be a stud.”

It sounded like it would be pretty nice...and this was really going to her head, wasn’t it?

... She was a terrible person. A terrible person with the terrible, terrible power that was money and the willingness to use it.

It wasn’t like she was forcing anyone, but still.

“What? You really want me to- I was just kidding!” Lisa spun around, a light-blue skirt flaring prettily around her bare thighs when she stopped abruptly with wide eyes and a rapidly spreading flush that went right down to her uncovered stomach. “You couldn’t wait for me to get this on!?”

“You’re hot as hell. I couldn’t help it. And you were going to see this anyway. Hell, you were going to touch it. Shouldn’t you be happy that I’m doing some of your job for you before you even started?” Amy pointed out, licking her lips and gently rubbing under the tip, getting some lubricant on the pad as her impeccable logic stopped Lisa in her tracks. “I think we’re both ready now. Don’t you?”

Just ***terrible***.