

Tonya sat sullenly at the bar, trying to decide which of her social media feeds to refresh next. She sighed defeatedly and slid her phone a few feet away. It didn't matter which app she opened; all her feeds would show the same thing. It was Friday night. Friday night around her parts meant College Game night. College Game night meant no business. No business meant Tonya sitting at work, missing out on one of her town's most cherished pastimes for no reason at all.

Especially since *she* was the student attending the school.

She had tried to explain this to her boss, Vivianne, multiple times, only to be met with the same answer.

"You'll understand when you have bills," Vivianne would dryly reply to her with her head tilted downward, her mouth forming the words the same way each time. Tonya always thought that it was bullshit for her to even say such a thing when Vivianne, herself, was in fact at the very game she was keeping the young woman away from.

Tonya had even worn the school colors to show her support, knowing she wouldn't be able to go.

She walked by the decorative mirror that Vivianne the Vain kept behind the bar to 'keep up her looks.' She played with her jet-black hair as she took a second to study herself. Tossing and teasing her loose curls, Tonya made sure they fell perfectly past her exposed shoulders. Her perky b-cups were snugly tucked inside her extra tiny tank top, her areolas barely visible through the thinly stretched fabric that covered them. Her succulent nipples were stiffened from the shirt constantly brushing up against them all night. She felt her pussy tingle as her eyes moved from them to her fit, slightly tanned body.

Standing at 5'6, Tonya had a sexy frame that drove all the boys on campus crazy. Her slender hips and wider waist lead to a tight, juicy ass that you could bounce a quarter off. Her plump cheeks were exposed slightly, her booty meat hanging deliciously from the tight daisy dukes that she had on. Her hands began to rub her body sensually and lightly, pressuring her to give them something fun to do. Tonya turned her gaze from her sexy attempts at seducing herself. The aroused coed turned instead to the clock once more, checking to see how much time had passed since she last focused on its sadistic hands.

*5 minutes*, she gruffed internally, *that's all! This wouldn't suck so much if I actually had something to do!*

Tonya huffed as she recalled the one order that she had received in the last two hours. She had begun making the pizza only to have the order canceled. She looked at what remained of the pineapple, pesto, pepperoni, mushroom, spinach, and anchovy pizza that had resulted from the mistake and hit her vape. She took a long hard drag of the cartridge, letting the vapors fill her lungs, relishing their slight sting for as long as she could. She thought of the two hours that remained of her shift and quickly pushed them to the back of her mind.

She picked up the remote and placed her feet on the bar, leaning back in her chair. She turned on the television in the corner as she exhaled, watching the channel guide load through the wisps of vapor that escaped through her slightly parted lips. She exited the guide and proceeded to flip through the channels manually as she took another puff of her pen. To Tonya's dismay, there was nothing worth watching on the box, either.

She had begged Vivianne to update the channel package, over and over, but she was always met with the same answer.

"People don't come here to watch television," the milf would say, her tone unchanging every time the words left her juicy lips.

She took another puff, already feeling the sedating effects of her delicious treat. Tonya grabbed a slice of her creation and sank her teeth into its delicious contents. She was determined to find something that would entertain her for the rest of her shift. To her dismay though, there was nothing on the television to keep her mind occupied.

Desperate for something, anything, to make her sentence go by faster, Tonya brandished her cellular device once more. Her fingers instinctively moved towards her social media folder, the regular lineup welcoming her home with their captivating logos and charismatic colors. This time, though, Tonya stopped short, and chose instead to open her app menu. She searched through all her apps to see if there were any she had forgotten about. Any that might provide solace in her time of suffering. She scrolled through them, her heart sinking as no heroes came to her immediate rescue.

Just as she was about to close her menu, Tonya came across a familiar friend that she hadn't opened in years. She tapped it, opening the app to see if she could remember her login credentials.

Facial recognition takes care of that problem. Nice.

The app logs her into her old account, and the subs and threads of yesteryear appear before her like a gift from the heavens. Tonya scrolls through them, revisiting all the old hangouts she'd fill her adolescent afternoons with. Threads where there was an attempt at a task only to see the person in the video fail, often painfully. Subs dedicated to reality TV shows about rich housewives and divorcees. She scrolled through, causing her feed to load more content until a blurred image appeared on her thread.

Nsfw it read underneath the title.

She pressed the power button quickly, turning off her phone screen. Tonya sat it down innocently and began to wipe at the bar, pretending to work in case anyone unsuspecting was watching. She lifted her head gently and checked to make sure Vivianne hadn't installed cameras since she last worked.

She sighed a huge breath of relief as she saw no new cameras had been installed in the last twenty minutes.

Tonya turned her phone screen back on, feeling the tingle of excitement coursing through her slender body. She sighed happily when she saw the thread had not refreshed. Sitting back down in her seat behind the counter, the young coed triple-checked to ensure her volume was muted. She couldn't have customers hearing whatever she was about to watch. She turned the volume to the TV down as well. Loud enough to say she could hear it if customers happened to walk in, but low enough as not to disturb the horny sex kitten.

She leaned back in her chair, her legs spread wide where no one could see. She began to rub her moistening pussy, eager to watch her long-awaited content.

She read the group title as she bit her lip in excitement... SquirtMonsters.

Tonya shuddered with exhilaration. She, herself, was not a squirter, but the thought of a woman orgasming so hard that she projectile ejaculates turned her on so much that she moved her denim shorts to the side, exposing her waxed pussy to the open air. She smiled at the sight of herself. Her glistening labia protruded slightly from her juicy puffy lips. Her stiff clit stood proud and firm, shining scantily in the bar lighting. Leaning forward, Tonya spit downward, her large glob of saliva landed perfectly on her hungry sexpot. She began to rub the spit into her wet kitten, her eyes rolling backward at the sensation.

*Oh shit*, Tonya thought to herself as she remembered that the store had windows. She had begun to get sloppily erotic with herself and had not checked to see if anyone was watching.

She looked hurriedly to the shop window, scanning for any would-be admirers. The girl smiled and laughed internally as she leaned back, releasing a huge sigh of relief. There was no one outside walking the streets, no customers coming for hours. Everyone was at the game. Still, the young college student couldn't help but get turned on by how sneaky she was being. The thought of getting caught by someone while she played with her horny pussy made her vagina crave satisfaction even more.

The woman leaned back again, spreading her legs and sliding her denim to the side once more. She began to rub her throbbing pussy gently as she pressed play on the video.

Tonya was immediately thrown into a scene where a woman, whose legs were held in the air by a muscular man, was receiving some of the most intense pounding Tonya had ever seen. She began to rub her pussy harder as she watched the man's huge dick sliding in and out of the bodacious bombshell's quivering pussy. The platinum blonde's fake tits bounced stiffly back and forth as she lay sprawled across the kitchen table. The man had started to thrust even harder, and faster, beads of sweat forming on his head, while the actress began to manipulate her pussy, stroking the flames that she felt building within her. Her mouth opened wide, her face twisted in orgasmic pleasure as a burst of squirt erupted from her stuffed pussy, dousing the man as he began to fuck her rougher.

Tonya's fingertips slid into her tight hole as she watched the man grab the back of the woman's neck and lift her head from the table. He leaned over her more, allowing himself to dig deeper into her steaming sex box as the camera zoomed in closer. He leaned until his face hovered over hers, the camera panning in perfectly. The camera stood still, perfectly capturing the pleasure and ecstasy embedded in every expression they made. The orgasmic trance was erotically interrupted as the man spit into the woman's welcoming mouth and they began to make out greedily.

The young woman felt as if her pussy had never yearned for penetration more. She began to slide her fingers in deeper when, to her dismay, the clip ended and began to play again from the beginning.

Tonya frowned immensely as she remembered the drawback to pornography on these sorts of apps... short clips on endless loops, almost always without sound. She subconsciously turned the volume up out of instinctual curiosity and pressed the unmute button in the lower corner. Her eyes lit up with lusty pleasure while her pussy jumped with joy as the sounds of the erotic encounter cut through the quiet.

The young woman quickly leaned back into position, spreading her legs and inserting her fingers a little deeper this time. She began to finger her pussy rhythmically, taunting her sex by only allowing so much of her fingers inside. Tonya felt her warm juices beginning to run down her ass as she bit her lip from the hard pounding that the woman was taking.

She rolled her eyes and let her head hang backward, moaning up at the ceiling as the clip restarted. She inserted her fingers deeper into her pussy, until she could go no further, turning up the volume as she did. The lustful lady let her slutty imagination roam as she began to picture herself on the table in the actress's stead. Tonya began to finger her pussy harder in rhythm with the man's strokes and the woman's moans that emanated from the video. She pictured him leaning over her, his masculinity exuding through his pores. The power rippling through his muscles apparent as he puts his all into pleasing her insatiable flower. She lost herself in the scenario of her own making as the video provided the perfect score for the scene. She felt her passionate, lustful energy welling up uncontrollably inside her stimulated pussy.

Tanya began to grind rhythmically against her seat, massaging her pussy against her fingers as she held them deeply inside of her.

*Briiiiing briiiiing...* Viviane's old rotary phone rang out, cutting through the silence like a cannon blast at dawn.

Tonya, startled by the sound of her erotic bubble being popped, dropped her phone in a flustered panic. She felt her heart stop in her chest as fear drove her mind into a frenzy. She removed her moist fingers from her juicy pussy hole and began scrambling for the restaurant phone. The flustered woman stumbled across the floor, tripping over her own feet as she raced to answer the phone. She finally reached it on the third ring, stopping dead as she heard the erotic noises emanating from her phone behind her. She quickly turned around, crouching to pick up

her phone. Tonya silenced the video as fast as humanly possible and laid it haphazardly on the bar. She turned around and picked up the restaurant phone once again.

“Hey Tonya, it’s me, Mike,” she heard through the muffled noise of cheering and scoreboard announcements. I’m sick and I can’t make it in tonight. I’m sorry. Do you mind closing up the shop yourself?”

*This liar*, her brain responded as her ears continued to cringe under the weight of his bullshit. He couldn’t even drown out the noise from the game well enough to lie to her efficiently. Tonya smiled to herself, however, as the realization set in that she could now continue her sloppy session unimpeded.

“Sure Mike,” she responded with a cheeky grin. “Get well soon and I’ll see you later,” she finished, trying to mask the erotic elation that was now building in her chest.

She hung up the phone abruptly and slumped back down into her seat, this time putting her face into her hands and kneeling over her legs. The weight of the anxiety that had taken control of her body had begun to crush her being from the inside out.

“Oh my gosh,” she sighed, taking the deepest of breaths she could muster. She fought the urge to reach for her pen, anymore weed in her and she would be too anxious to function. Tonya could not believe she had gotten that flustered, no... that scared of a ringing phone. She began to laugh hysterically at the combined efforts of her own stupidity and silliness. The young vixen decided wordlessly to not continue her pursuit of the ultimate orgasm. She couldn’t bear the thought of someone actually entering the shop while she was that lost in pleasuring herself. She had become entranced in the sensations of exploring her own body. She grabbed her phone and refreshed the timeline and decided to look through some groups that she hadn’t been in in a while.

Meanwhile, in the background, the TV programming had switched. The newest installment of a reality show about celebrity housewives had begun to play. The opening theme played faintly as the hottest housewives of Hollywood were displayed on screen. Short dresses and ample cleavage were emphasized as the women uttered their weird mantras for the world to hear.

“Oh great. Another trash TV show,” Tonya muttered to herself as she looked down at her phone.

“What are we gonna do about the sex tape?!” Tonya heard from the background, causing her ears to perk up.

“Sex tape,” she said to herself, turning her attention to the now interesting, tea-filled, pop culture phenomenon. The woman couldn’t help but moisten at the source of her newfound interest. She no longer needed to see people falling, or terrible attempts at humor through the form of memes. She had found something called to her and showed her that she needed to continue her journey to reach erogenous bliss.

Tonya's mouth dropped in awe as she realized that she knew most of the cast. From up-and-coming nepo-babies to former child actors to a-list celebrities and musicians. This cast was rounded out with not only some of the biggest names in Hollywood, but some of the sexiest as well. The woman found herself looking at the different pairs of exposed and enhanced cleavages that hung on the chests of the starlets. She found herself looking at the tight outfits and subtle curves that accentuated the bodies of the socialites. Tonya felt her purring kitten begin to moisten even more, dampening the denim of her shorts as she continued to lust for the hotwives of Hollywood. She would've continued to watch them happily, but she had already decided – no, Fate had decided that she would continue her pursuit for erotic bliss.

She pulled her phone back up in front of her face, forcing her attention towards it. Tonya pulled her timeline down refreshing her feed on the app.

She now had something new to search and enjoy.

To Tonya's shock and surprise, the very target of her new search was the subject of every post in every sub that flooded her timeline. Her sexually stimulated mind couldn't help but understand that this was a true sign from the universe. That Fate wanted her to pleasure her vagina to a magnificent climax. That the universe wanted her to reach orgasm in this pizza shop during her working hours.

*I have to do this right, she mused. I have to make sure there's no chance of getting caught and that I can completely lose myself in this. I've edged so hard that I feel like I'm going to explode. If anyone interrupts this orgasm, I'd kill them slowly.*

Tonya casually stood up and walked from behind the bar over to the entrance of the store. She locked the door and turned off the light displaying the open sign. Using her quick wit, Tonya left the open side showing, that way she could say she didn't close the shop early. Tonya half-closed all the blinds to the windows and turned out the lights at the front of the store. The horny woman then turned off the TV in case anyone tried to peek inside.

The stage was set. The store was technically still open but had the appearance of being closed at first glance. She smiled proudly at how foolproof her scheme had become.

She grabbed her phone and walked into the kitchen of the restaurant, grabbing the swinging doors behind her and holding them until they stood still. She then walked by the pizza station, continuing past the dish pit and deeper into the kitchen. Tonya continued her trek past the employee bathroom and continued all the way to the back. She went into the dry storage area where they kept all the cans of tomato sauces and other perishable ingredients. She craftily made herself a seat out of cans and boxes that she could lounge on and had a place for her makeshift TV to stand up.

Tonya sat down on her improvised throne of masturbation and tested out its comfortability. It felt a little stiff under her butt, but nothing a few bags of flour couldn't fix. The sextop walked over to the bags, stacked haphazardly in the opposite corner. She then proceeded to struggle valiantly, dragging, lifting, carrying, pushing, pulling, and flopping them on top of

her throne. She worked earnestly to add cushioning to her treat seat. Tonya then sat down on it and tested it out again.

“Much better,” she said to herself, her toothy smile filled with pride and eros.

Tonya positioned her phone on her makeshift stand and pressed play on her long-awaited prize. She watched on excitedly as dim lighting and shotty camera work became her new favorite way to watch a movie. She watched as the women she had seen on TV lustfully and insatiably licked and sucked on each other. She watched as the housewives dined on each other's pussies while they were being teased by another. Sweat and spit and moans were bountiful in this cornucopia of sapphic vigor.

Tonya immediately pulled off her denim shorts and threw them across the room, surprised at how wet they sounded as they slapped against the wall, the horny clatter making her pussy even wetter. She spread her legs wide, with her knees bent so that her toes were perched just beneath her bottom, her heels touching her clammy cheeks.

She began rubbing her clit, building up momentum as she vibrated under her own touch. Her other hand made its way up her shirt, gently stroking her smooth body until her fingers found her perky nipples, stiff with arousal and excitement. She softly teased and pinched her nipples, biting her lip as she knew her moistened pussy was ready for her, yearning for her penetration. The vixen's fingers slid slowly inside her invitingly juicy pussy. She had earned the tantalizing sensations that were in store for her, and the horny pizza girl was hellbent on making the most of them. Tonya began to feel her sex pot threatening to explode in an orgasmic frenzy, contracting and expanding on her fingers as her hand was saturated by her freely flowing juices.

She began to finger herself deeply, slowly, massaging her g-spot with the come-hither motion as she went. The woman moaned audibly in her newfound sanctuary, and she listened to the wives with her eyes closed for a moment, basking in the arousal brought on by the soundtrack of their erotic ecstasy. She felt her inner thighs quivering uncontrollably as their moans of pleasure traveled into her ears, down her body, and into her now-soaked pussy. She reveled in the subtle vibrations of the sound waves that played in the background as she created a symphony of her own.

Her hand left her perky nipples, and she began to suck on her fingers as she drowned them out to listen to the audible display that she was putting on herself. The sound of the bags and cans creaking under her rhythmically rocking body made her pussy clench her fingers tighter than before. The sound of her salivating mouth sucking on her spit-covered fingers, combined with the light biting, sent ripples of pleasure coursing up and down her spine. Lastly, she could hear the sloshy slopping sound of her fingers pleasing her hot, horny pussy sending her into a state of eros that a herd of bulls couldn't tear her away from.

The sound of elevated elation caused her to open her eyes immediately, pulling her attention toward the sexual encounter that had tickled her sacral chakra in the first place. The camera was now on two sweaty, virile housewives, who were intertwined in a seductive scissor that perfectly accentuated their curvy physiques. She watched their bodies twist and tangle with

one another as her fingers massaged the inside of her pulsing pussy. She subconsciously began to grind her hips against her fingers, increasing her pleasure. She watched as the nepo-baby buried her face into a squirting socialite's glistening bald pussy, struggling to drink as much of the luscious liquid as she could as the rest forcefully sputtered from the sides of her mouth.

Tonya felt the tantric energy welling up inside of her as she watched one woman bury her face in the asshole of another, tonguing her as deeply as she could. She could hear the saliva-laced slurping noises as the woman attempted to work her tongue deeper into the scintillating milf's puckering asshole.

Tonya couldn't believe the amount of lustful, and unbridled eroticism contained within this one video. It was as if all their sexual energies were escaping the screen and permeating her own uncontrollable kitten.

She felt herself grow hornier and hornier, her eros threatening to overwhelm her senses as she continued to slide her soaking-wet fingers in and out of her luscious honeypot. Her sexual energies began to beat at the doors of her juicy pussy, trying to escape in the resulting explosion. The horny coed felt the juices escaping as she continued to penetrate the insatiable love box in between her sexy thighs, soaking her hand with her delicious fluids. Tonya reached around with her hand to lightly rub her eager asshole, which had gotten covered in her lusty juices as well. She massaged her pussy softly from the inside as she teased her aroused rosebud.

Tonya then pulled her fingers from her pussy, which clenched down in unsatisfied protest. She used her now free, juice-drenched fingers to rub her roaring kitten softly, moving in tandem with the finger that was rimming her.

She began to rub up and down in between her dripping lips, stimulating her erogenous zones rhythmically. She then began to rub her asshole up and down, teasing the tight, tender hole with her finger as she continued to move both hands in sync. She slowly slips her fingers into both holes, sliding both in to the first knuckle. Her eyes rolled as her mind began to visualize herself in the lesbianic thrall of the women in front of her, her vision dimming and the world slipping away as she succumbed to an erotic trance.

Tonya started to finger her lubricated bung-hole slowly, relishing the feeling of penetration in her back door. She then re-inserted two fingers deep into her yearning yoni and began to finger herself feverishly, roused by her sluttiness.

She caught a glimpse of herself in the reflection of the aluminum appliances across from her throne. She watched herself fuck against her fingers and reveled in the sight of her slender, sexy sweaty body, pleasing herself. She listened to the housewives as they pleased each other, catching glimpses of their Tantric tantalizing sex.

She was obsessed with the sloppy, slutty sex the women were having, continuing to visualize herself in the center of the pile of glistening bodies.

The woman felt her pussy begin to constrict her fingers as she imagined two separate women sucking her nipples as they massaged her supple breasts. She imagined two more in



between her quivering legs, taking turns lapping up her pussy juices and spitting them into each other's mouths. She pictured one of the women straddling her face as she played with her own juicy melons, her fat pussy lips spread on Tonya's titillating lips, her tongue inserted into the wealthy vixens luscious lovebox. She even fantasized about two of the women sucking on her toes as she was pleased, massaged, and fucked by the other women.

Tonya even went so far as to imagine the women wearing strap-on dildos and taking turns having their way with her. She imagined riding one's lap while another fucked her ass passionately, while another housewife had their dildo in her drooling mouth, fucking her face. She imagined being on her hands and knees, spit roasted in between a pair of sexy sluts while she watched the others fucking and sucking on each other. She imagined being in the circle lying on her back as they stimulated their pussies and squirted on her while she fingered her own ferociously, feeling her orgasm coming to the precipice.

Tonya looked down at the horny pussy that she was fingering, feeling her arousal increase exponentially at the sight of her pillowy, glistening lips shimmering in the fluorescent light. Her pussy moistened even more at the site of her fingers penetrating her hungry kitty. She felt her pussy throb insatiably at how she looked as she came on her fingers, clenching them even tighter. She watched, fully immersed in her own eroticism, as her shimmering, creamy hole gripped her soaked fingers as they slid in and out, parting her soft, puffy lips.

She even caught sight of the flour bags beneath her as they began sucking up her erotic juices, spilling from her pussy. Tonya felt her horniness welling up to the point of climax, raising off her butt just a little, preparing to aim the stream of liquid that was about to force its way out of her body.

Tonya moaned loudly, pouring every ounce of eros and lust that she had into her vagina as her pussy began to let loose. Her orgasm exploded with her, causing her body to tighten and stiffen as she came uncontrollably. The only part of her body that she was able to move was her hand, which was stimulating her clit as waves of lust rushed through her body. Her orgasm reached a second, even more powerful, crescendo as her juicy pussy began to squirt out all of its horny contents in a powerful stream. She aimed it at the doors of the dry storage room to save as much of the restaurant stock as possible.

One second after her pussy began gushing its delicious contents, her boss Vivianne burst through the entrance of the dry storage like a bat out of hell. The look of intense rage she sported was instantly replaced by that of shock and awe as she caught the brunt of Tonya's decadent stream of squirt.

Once the milf walked through the entrance the stream had caught her in the side of the face, and she quickly threw her hands up to protect herself. As the lusty coed's stream died, its spray traveled down Vivianne's curvaceous body, dousing her exposed, ample cleavage first. It proceeded to travel down her stomach, soaking her shirt down the middle before splashing in between her legs.

Tonya's breath shuddered with a mixture of relief and sadness as she was released from the hypnotic orgasm's all-encompassing thrall. Her eyes returned to their normal positions as her vision unblurred. Her heart instantly stopped as her eyes fell upon an infuriated Vivianne who was inspecting her vintage outfit in irate disbelief.

Vivianne couldn't believe it! She examined her drenched outfit, the shock stealing both her breath and her words. She looked up, turning her gaze and fury to the source of her problem, and her eyes fell upon a half-naked, sweat-covered, Tonya posed erotically with her fingers still inserted in her pussy. The young woman was the personification of a deer caught in headlights.

"What the hell are you doing?" Vivianne said, shattering the brittle silence that had filled the room. Her eerily, calm voice sent a stinging chill down Tonya's spine.