

AVARO PRESENTS

GROCERY



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by Avaro56

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This book contains adult themes, graphic language, and [insert specific triggers, e.g., violence, psychological distress]. It is intended for mature audiences.

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Intro:

Patricia entered Mart-West expecting a dull Tuesday filled with parish errands. As a dedicated church clerk, her life was defined by starch, silence, and the small silver cross around her neck. But a strange, internal heat began to flicker the moment she encountered a woman representing everything she wasn't. What started as a mundane hunt for baking flour slowly dissolved into a high-stakes transformation. Between the produce misters and the dairy cases, the sensible bun came down, the heels went up, and a new, bolder reality took hold. Routine was about to be traded for a life of high-definition excess.



PART 1

Patricia pushed her shopping cart through the automatic doors of Mart-West, the clinical chime of the entrance barely registering against the familiar hum of her mental checklist.

She was the picture of unadorned modesty, her high-collared blue blouse buttoned securely to the top, hiding everything but the small silver cross that rested against her chest.

Her mahogany hair was pulled into a bun so tight it seemed to anchor her expression into a mask of permanent, "sensible" focus. As a dedicated church clerk, her life was a series of orderly, predictable errands.

Today's mission was no different—she was here for the basics required for the upcoming parish fundraiser: flour, bleach, and plain stationery.

She moved past the vibrant display of tulips with a purposeful stride, her gaze fixed straight ahead. To Patricia, this was just another Tuesday, another series of tasks to be completed in the quiet, stifled stillness of a life lived strictly by the book.



PART 2

Patricia came to a halt in the baking aisle, her movements precise and practiced. She reached for a two-kilogram bag of all-purpose flour, lifting it with the same careful deliberation she applied to the parish ledgers.

She spent a long moment scrutinizing the label, ensuring it was the exact brand the deacon preferred for the fundraiser biscuits.

To anyone else, it was just flour; to Patricia, it was a vital component of her unwavering commitment to her role. The air in the aisle felt thick and clinical, smelling faintly of dry paper and dust.

As she stood there, she felt the familiar, slight tug of her tightly wound bun and the scratchy heat of her high-collared blouse. Beside her, an older woman browsed the spices—a mirror image of the quiet, respectable world Patricia inhabited. She lowered the bag into her cart, her mind already moving to the bleach.

It was a life of small, safe decisions.



PART 3

Patricia turned the corner into the cereal aisle and nearly collided with a vision that made her heart skip a beat—not out of affection, but pure, unadulterated shock. Gliding past her was a woman who looked like she had wandered off a high-budget, adult film set rather than a suburban grocery run.

The stranger's platinum-blond hair was a voluminous mane that caught the fluorescent lights, bouncing with every rhythmic, confident step.

Patricia's eyes widened, her hands tightening on the handle of her cart. "How can someone dress like that in public?" she thought, her face flushing with heat.

The woman was wearing a shimmering blue crop top that left her midriff entirely bare, paired with matching leggings so tight they looked like they'd been spray-painted onto her sculpted, gym-honed curves.

To a church clerk like Patricia, the display was nothing short of trashy. Every detail—from the heavy makeup to the "stripper-style" confidence—felt like a direct insult.



PART 4

Patricia stood paralyzed in the cereal aisle, her hand trembling as she clutched the silver cross at her throat.

"Oh god," she whispered, her breath coming in shallow, ragged bursts.

The sight of that bimbo—with her fake-looking, platinum mane and that stripper-style confidence—had hit Patricia like a physical blow. It was scandalous, a public display of pure, trashy excess that should have made Patricia turn away in disgust.

Instead, she felt a sudden, aggressive wave of heat wash over her. The high collar of her blue blouse, usually a source of comfort, now felt like it was strangling her.

Her skin grew damp, and a flush crept up her neck, making her "sensible" bun feel tighter than ever.

She was horrified by the stranger's over-the-top silhouette, yet the image of that bare midriff and the glossy, tight leggings burned behind her eyelids.

The air in the store had turned stifling, and Patricia's world felt dangerously small.



PART 5

Patricia tried to refocus on her list, but the air in the grocery store had grown impossibly thick.

As she stood before the towering stacks of flour, a persistent, humid heat radiated from beneath her high collar, making her skin prickle with an uncomfortable itch.

Her cheeks felt flushed, stained a deep pink that had nothing to do with the store's air conditioning.

She reached up to rub a dull throb at her temple, her fingers snagging on the pins of her "sensible" bun. They felt like they were biting into her scalp, agitating the strange, restless heat coiling in her gut.

With a distracted, frustrated tug, she pulled the pins free, letting her dark hair spill down over her shoulders.

The sudden weight of it felt unusual, yet the release was the only thing that mattered.

Tucked beside the flour were glossy magazines she'd picked up reflexively, featuring women with bright hair and loud, confident smiles.



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PART 6

Patricia drifted toward Aisle 5, her loose hair clinging to the damp nape of her neck.

The internal fever she'd felt in the cereal aisle hadn't broken; if anything, the stiff denim of her jeans now felt like sandpaper against her skin, chafing with every step.

She found herself standing before a rack of basic apparel, her eyes landing on a pair of deep navy leggings. She picked them up, running her thumb over the smooth, stretchy waistband.

Usually, a garment this form-fitting would have struck her as improper, but in this stifling heat, the idea of a fabric that moved with her body instead of against it felt strangely logical. She gripped the material, imagining the relief of shedding her restrictive layers for something this light and sleek.

The pants felt remarkably soft, promising a level of comfort her heavy church attire could never provide.

She draped the navy leggings over her cart, ignoring her fluttering heart.



PART 7

Patricia found herself in a quiet aisle lined with floor-length mirrors, the cool glass offering a momentary reprieve from the store's stifling atmosphere. The internal heat was still pulsing, a restless, humid fever that made the very air feel heavy.

To catch a breath, she had instinctively tied her blue blouse into a knot at her waist—a purely practical move to let her skin breathe, she told herself, though the silver cross now rested against a bare, flushed midriff. She studied her reflection, her heart performing a strange, fluttering dance.

The navy leggings she'd slipped on felt incredibly soft, clinging to her skin with a forgiving, effortless pressure that made her heavy denim jeans feel like a distant, unpleasant memory.

She smoothed her hands over her hips, marveling at how the fabric seemed to define a silhouette she'd spent years hiding.

Her mahogany hair, now completely free, tumbled over her shoulders, feeling wild and light.



PART 8

Patricia guided her cart into the produce section just as the vegetable misters hissed to life, releasing a fine, cool vapor into the air.

The sensation was incredible against her flushed skin, but it didn't extinguish the internal blaze she'd been carrying since the cereal aisle; instead, the two sensations melded into a humming, comfortable warmth that made her head swim.

She reached for a lemon, her fingers grazing the waxy, bright skin, her mind drifting to the bold colors on the magazine cover tucked near her flour.

The navy leggings moved perfectly with her, accommodating a new, rhythmic sway she found herself adopting as she navigated the displays.

She felt lighter, more visible, and strangely at peace with the heavy, humid atmosphere of the store. Every breath felt deeper, and the scratchy, restrictive memories of her church clerk attire felt as distant as a forgotten chore.

She paused by the bins, savoring the way the mist dampened her hair.



PART 9

Patricia looked down at her hands, her fingers resting against the cool metal of the shopping cart. Her nails—long, elegant, and shaded in a soft, shimmering pink—seemed to glow against the backdrop of the cleaning aisle. She found herself mentally drifting back to a recent visit to the nail salon.

She had gone in for a simple, practical trim, but the woman behind the counter had suggested something a bit more substantial, something to make her hands look more "finished."

It had seemed like a sensible enough idea at the time, and now, seeing them grip the handle, they felt completely natural.

The internal blaze was still humming beneath her skin, making the sharp, clinical scent of the lavender bleach in her cart feel strangely refreshing.

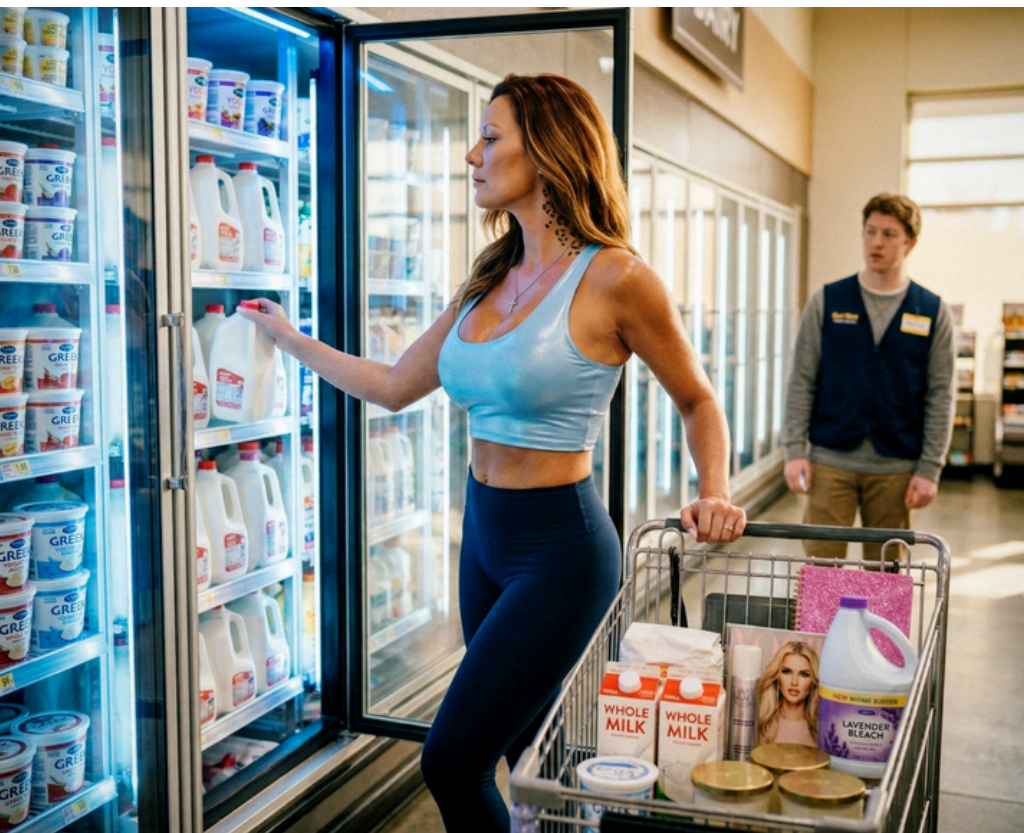
She adjusted her grip, the long nails clicking softly against the wire, a sound that felt both rhythmic and right. She caught a store employee watching her, but simply blinked.



PART 10

Patricia moved into the stationery aisle, her mind drifting from the plain parish paper to the vibrant stacks of journals. The internal blaze had settled into a steady, pulsing glow that made her feel more alive than she had in years.

She reached out with her long, pink nails, her fingertips grazing the side of her neck where a bold, dark leopard print pattern now marked her skin. It felt slightly raised and warm, a permanent, chic addition that seemed to pulse in time with her heartbeat. She picked up a notebook covered in thick, hot-pink glitter, feeling the texture against her palms. It was undeniably loud and entirely unnecessary for church records, but she found it incredibly cute—a perfect match for the "more is more" energy taking hold. She tucked the shimmering pink book into her cart, right next to the bleach and the blonde on the magazine cover. The weight of her modified silhouette felt natural.



PART 11

Patricia pulled open the heavy glass door of the dairy case, the sudden, icy blast from the refrigerator feeling like a dream against her heated skin. The internal blaze in her chest hadn't subsided; if anything, it felt more substantial, a heavy and familiar presence that she carried with a new, instinctive pride. She reached for a carton of whole milk, her long, shimmering pink nails hooking around the handle with a practiced ease.

She felt the familiar, heavy sway of her chest as she leaned into the fridge, the shimmering blue fabric of her crop top straining to contain the natural, ample curves she felt she had always possessed. To Patricia, this was just her body—large, soft, and "blessed"—a silhouette that felt as much a part of her as the bold leopard print marking her neck.

She didn't notice the young employee in the background, his tasks forgotten as he stared at the striking, over-the-top figure she cut against the white light.



PART 12

Patricia leaned deep over the bottom shelf of the personal care aisle, reaching for a jar of shimmering body cream. As she moved, the navy fabric of her leggings stretched taut over her full, gym-toned curves, a silhouette that felt increasingly right.

She felt a familiar, faint pull of skin on her lower back—the intricate, dark tribal tattoo she'd gotten in her impulsive younger years. For a decade, she had kept it hidden beneath the long, sensible hems of her church attire, a "wild" secret she'd thought she'd outgrown.

Now, it felt like it was finally seeing the light again, pulsing with the same deep, internal heat that radiated from her core. She thought briefly of the parish hall fundraiser, imagining how the soft glow of the cream would look under the fluorescent lights as she handed out biscuits.

The mousy clerk who worried about impropriety felt like a shadow compared to the woman admiring her own natural, heavy proportions.



PART 13

Patricia came to a stop in front of the towering wall of hair color, her gaze immediately locking onto the brightest, most aggressive boxes on the shelf. The internal blaze was now a constant, humming companion, making her mahogany hair feel like a heavy, dark shroud that no longer matched the heat radiating from her skin.

She reached out, her long, pink nails clicking against a box of "Ice Platinum" Maximum Lift bleach. She leaned heavily against the handle of her cart, studying the bold before-and-after photos with an intensity that made the rest of the store fade away.

As she concentrated on the instructions for extreme lightening, her full, heavy lips settled into a natural, unconscious pout. She felt the substantial weight of her chest pressing against the cool metal of the cart, her shimmering blue top barely managing the natural, ample proportions she had always carried.

The leopard print on her neck seemed to tingle as she turned the box over.



PART 14

Patricia ran a hand through her hair, the ice-platinum strands feeling incredibly light and airy as they caught the store's overhead fans. The internal blaze that had been building since she arrived had finally leveled out into a radiant, high-energy buzz that made her feel more "herself" than ever.

She reached out and grabbed two more boxes of the "Maximum Lift Platinum," tossing them into her cart with a practiced, casual flick of her shimmering pink nails. To her, this was a perfectly normal errand—just a routine stop to pick up some maintenance for her roots.

She couldn't imagine ever having had hair any other way; the thought of natural mahogany felt like a distant, dusty memory from someone else's life.

She felt a surge of genuine joy, a wide, dazzling smile spreading across her face as she tossed her white mane over her shoulder. The leopard print on her neck felt warm, humming in time with her pulse.



PART 15

Patricia glided into the international foods aisle, her movements punctuated by the rhythmic click of her seven-inch clear platforms. To her, these were simply her preferred walking shoes—perfectly balanced to support the natural, heavy weight of her silhouette. The internal blaze was reaching a new peak, radiating from her core so intensely that she found herself drawn to the wall of hot sauces. The row of fiery reds and glowing oranges seemed to mirror her own internal temperature, a vibrant display that felt just as "hot" as she did. She paused to adjust her strap, lifting her leg to showcase the intricate dark ink swirling around her ankle. The black, high-gloss leggings felt like a second skin, far more comfortable and "sensible" than the drab denim she could barely remember. She felt supple and powerful, her gym-honed curves and full, ample proportions feeling perfectly in tune with the high-energy pulse of the store.



PART 16

Trixie pulled open the heavy glass door of the freezer section, the sudden rush of sub-zero air swirling around her exposed, heated midriff. The internal blaze was still humming, and the frost felt like a delicious caress against her flushed skin. She reached for a bag of frozen peas, her long, pink nails catching the plastic.

As she gripped the cold, yielding weight of the bag, her mind drifted reflexively to the heavy silicone bags she carried within her own chest.

She felt the familiar, substantial pressure of her ample, gym-hardened breasts against the shimmering blue fabric of her top. To her, the weight was comforting—a deliberate, expensive choice that felt more "natural" than the empty, airy lightness she barely remembered from her days as a clerk.

She adjusted her stance on her seven-inch clear platforms, her black gloss leggings catching the blue light of the freezer cases as they hugged her monumental, heavy hips.



PART 17

Trixie glided toward the glass-fronted wine cases, her seven-inch clear platforms clicking a rhythmic, trashy beat against the polished floor. She reached out, her long, pink nails hooking around a bottle of sparkling Rosé.

It was her absolute favorite—the only thing that felt right to drink after a long day of filming for her subscribers. The pale pink liquid shimmered under the bright lights, its cool surface offering a brief, delicious reprieve to the internal blaze that was still humming through her system.

She caught her reflection in the dark glass of the display, admiring the way the light hit her ice-platinum mane and the Botox-smooth stillness of her face.

To Trixie, this wasn't a "change"; it was the body she had worked and paid for—a gym-honed, clinic-perfected masterpiece. She felt the heavy, familiar weight of her ample, silicone-boostered breasts as she leaned into the cart, the thin blue fabric struggling to contain her proportions.



PART 18

Trixie tapped her long, neon-pink nails against the glass of the bakery display, her eyes locked onto a tray of thick, cream-filled cupcakes. She wanted something indulgent, something for a bit of "fun" once she got home and the ring light was finally turned on for her private subscribers.

The internal blaze was a steady, humming companion now, making the sweet, sugary scent of the bakery feel like the only thing that could satisfy her.

She shifted her weight, her seven-inch clear stripper platforms making a sharp, authoritative sound on the floor. She felt the heavy, familiar weight of her monumental, clinic-perfected breasts as she leaned closer to the glass, the thin blue fabric of her top straining against her natural, ample proportions.

Around her neck, the diamond "BIMBO" choker felt warm, a trashy badge of honor that she'd worn for as long as she could remember. To Trixie, this was simply who she was.



PART 19

Trixie leaned toward the mirror in the cosmetics aisle, her massively over-filled, pillow-soft lips pouting as she applied a thick, gooey coat of neon-pink gloss.

As she studied her reflection, she felt the familiar, taut pull across her temples—a comforting reminder of the recent facelift and the rigorous Botox sessions that kept her forehead a perfectly smooth, frozen canvas.

To her, the memory of those clinical visits, the precise sting of the needles, and the heavy, settling weight of the fillers in her cheeks and jaw were just parts of her standard upkeep. She adjusted her stance, the clear platforms making her feel towering and powerful. She felt the substantial, architectural weight of her monumental breast implants as she leaned in, the shimmering blue fabric straining to contain her heavy, surgical fullness.

For Trixie, these enhancements were as essential as the bold leopard-print ink on her neck or the diamond choker that sparkled under the harsh fluorescent lights.



PART 20

Trixie leaned her sculpted, heavy weight against the handle of her cart at Register 04, the wait feeling like an eternity. Her mind drifted back to her favorite kind of chaos—the life of debauchery that felt as vital to her as breathing. She could almost hear the thumping bass of the VIP lounge and feel the spray of expensive champagne on her skin.

She missed the high-stakes energy of those late nights, the way every head turned when she walked in, and the thrill of being the most over-the-top masterpiece in the room.

She shifted her stance, the platforms creaking slightly as they supported her monumental, clinic-enhanced proportions. The black gloss leggings felt perfectly snug, showcasing the gym-hardened arc of her hips that she'd spent so much effort—and cash—to maintain. She felt the substantial, familiar pull of her heavy silicone breasts against her top, a weight that grounded her in her own high-maintenance identity.



PART 21

Trixie leaned her elbows onto the black conveyor belt, her monumental, gym-sculpted BBL taking up almost the entire width of the narrow checkout lane.

She felt a sudden, heavy warmth at her back—the unmistakable presence of the man standing directly behind her in line. In the cramped space, she could almost feel the heat of him, a physical pressure that seemed to acknowledge the sculpted volume of her rear. To Trixie, it was just the usual tax of being the most visible woman in the room; she was a masterpiece that required space. She caught the cashier's eye; the young boy was staring, completely mesmerized, at the heavy, surgical fullness of her chest as it pressed against the edge of the counter.

The shimmering blue fabric of her top was at its absolute limit, struggling to contain the natural, massive proportions she had perfected. She offered him a slow smirk, her long pink nails tapping against the counter.



PART 22

Trixie leaned in closer to the young cashier, causing the shimmering blue fabric of her top to strain even further over the monumental, heavy weight of her chest.

She caught his wide-eyed gaze and let out a low, gravelly laugh that sounded like whiskey-soaked velvet and a thousand late-night cigarettes. Her voice was a deep, raspy purr that seemed to vibrate in the narrow space between them, a stark contrast to the sterile, clinical beeps of the register. "You look a little tense, sugar," she murmured, her massively over-filled, glossy lips curving into a suggestive pout.

She reached out with her long, neon-pink nails, tapping them slowly against the box of creamy, pink-frosted cakes on the belt. "Are you worried about how to handle something so... rich and sweet? Don't worry, I've always been a fan of a little extra cream. It's much more satisfying when you really have to work for it, don't you think?"



PART 23

Trixie stepped out of the automatic doors and into the blinding afternoon sun, the golden light catching the shimmering expanse of her platinum mane.

Her seven-inch clear platforms clicked rhythmically against the concrete, a sharp, authoritative sound that announced her return to the world she dominated. She felt the familiar, substantial sway of her massive, surgical proportions, a heavy and grounding weight that made her feel entirely visible and powerful. As she pushed the cart toward her car, she mentally reviewed her busy schedule. She had a "Grocery Haul" segment to film for her premium subscribers. Then, at 4 PM, Jax was coming over for their "private collab" session; she'd need that shimmering body cream and the sparkling Rosé to set the right mood for the cameras. Her life was a calculated series of high-stakes performances, a cycle of debauchery and high-definition content that she managed with the same precision as her Botox appointments.

THE TRANSFORMATION CONTINUES...

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