

RED FLAGS

PART 3

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The lights were turned on, and I blinked as my eyes adjusted to the glare. The room was cozy, modern, and surprisingly large - Much more like an upscale apartment than the dingy exterior had made me expect. She visited the washroom for a moment, then kicked off her boots and let herself drop onto the king-sized bed, her crimson mane spreading out to cover nearly half of the white sheets. She stretched, sighing comfortably, then turned to look at me as I dropped the bags onto a table, a catlike smile dancing on her lips.

“Care to join me?~”



I did. Placing my glasses on a nightstand, I approached with a swagger I'd never thought myself capable of, and began to anticipate the myriad things I'd do to her. Instead, she stopped me with a finger on my sternum, and that delusion of dominance evaporated in an instant. Even sitting on the edge of the bed, she was still taller than me, making her all the more intimidating as she tutted quietly.

"Not thinking of getting in bed with those dusty clothes, are you? C'mere, let me give you a hand..."

Her fingers were deft and decisive. Button by button she freed my shirt, then turned me around to pull it off my arms. Grabbing the sides of my body, she lifted me onto her thigh, squeezing against me as she unlaced my shoes. After unceremoniously unclasping my belt and pulling down my pants, she regarded the bulge in my underwear with some amusement, gliding her fingers along the fabric for what felt like an eternity, before giving it a playful flick. I winced, then felt her breath in my ear.

"All in due time. Walking so much has left me *famished*."

She pushed me off her lap unceremoniously, then raised an impatient eyebrow as I stood there, surprised. The other shoe dropped, and I turned to the open bags, retrieving a footlong sandwich and rushing it back to her as if my life depended on it. She grabbed it disdainfully, then devoured it in a pair of bites.

"More."

She'd reached the next act in her performance - Aloof, assertive and domineering, and I had to scramble to satisfy her desires. I'd bring her sandwiches or pastries, and she'd wordlessly inhale them, before loudly proclaiming she was not satisfied, just to see me panic to try and decide what to offer her next. Eventually, she leaned back on her seat, hands pushed deep into the soft mattress, and boredly gave an order I could not refuse.

"Quit fooling around and feed me already."

I jumped on the opportunity, grabbing the fullest eclairs I could find, and eagerly climbed on the bed beside her. Touching one to her lips, I shivered as she ate it despondently, then growled at me to go faster. The ritual repeated itself, until by the end of

the fifth one, I had to all but push it into her full cheeks, then quickly pull back my fingers before her jaws closed around them. Covering her chewing mouth with the back of her hand, she struggled to form words.

“Soda. Wash it down.”

It took me a few moments to open one of the two liter bottles, the cap nearly seized against the pressure within. Lifting it to her lips, I gingerly held it up as she began to drink, then tipped it ever further. Her head was craned all the way back, yet she looked perfectly calm as the whirlpool of sugary liquid flowed down her throat, as if she wasn't already thoroughly bloated from her previous meal. The bottle was emptied, her massive gut stretching further against her belt. She casually opened her mouth.

“BoooooouuuuuUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRR-“

The sheer volume and length of her burp took me by surprise as it echoed around the room, but most of all I was struck by her complete indifference to the violent roar she was producing, her face relaxed and neutral. Clearly her stomach had held enough air to put an olympic swimmer's lungs to shame, yet she looked almost bored as it escaped in a long, thunderous barrage. While her previous hiccup at the bar had been carefully crafted to tease and arouse, this was a primal, guttural display of release and self-indulgence, and she seemed completely heedless of my presence beside her as she immersed herself in the results of her boundless gluttony. Compared to the magnitude of her pleasure, I was a speck.

Never had I wanted to kiss her more than in that moment. And so I did.

She blinked in surprise as our mouths pressed together, my lips finally experiencing the softness of hers. Her warm breath filled my airways, sweet and humid and inebriating. My position was somewhat precarious, and so I clung tightly to her shoulders, trying to maintain contact for as long as possible before I inevitably slid down. I felt all tension leave her body, and she let out a feminine laugh, smiling excitedly as our faces parted.

“Oh, you *rasca*! Couldn't wait, could you? Okay then, let me switch things up!”

She immediately pushed me back in, lifting me up with her knee so our face levels matched, and squeezed her mouth against mine with animalistic excitement. Her tongue dove deep within my throat, exploring every corner of my mouth and lathering it with her womanly taste, all the while her eyes remained locked onto mine, unblinking. Not wanting to be outdone, I pushed back with my own appendage, until they were intertwined in a loving embrace, fighting for dominance within the moist cavity we now shared. I couldn't say for how long we stayed locked together like that, but I do know that I was filled with deep longing the moment we broke apart, even as my ragged breaths assured me I'd have passed out had I continued for a moment more.

She licked her lips, also breathing heavily, as a lustful grin plastered itself across her face, a completely different guise than the one she'd worn moments before.

"God, you're *so fucking delicious*... I wanna taste all of you."

Her meaning became very clear as she spun around, pushing me down onto the soft mattress and showering me with kisses. She ran her tongue up and down my ribcage as her hanging breasts brushed against my crotch, then crawled up to gently bite my neck and shoulders. I at last could feel her weight upon me, and the sensation was euphoric, even if I could tell she was holding back slightly to not crush me under her bulk. Soon enough she had savored every part of my body... With one notable exception.

I was pulled up by my shoulders and made to sit on the edge of the bed. She kneeled on the floor before me and pulled down my briefs, eyes sparkling as my manhood sprung forwards, freed at last. For a few moments she devoured me with her eyes, and I blushed deeply at the thought she'd be so entranced by something I had always considered average. Brushing back her bangs, she began to hungrily lick it, running her soft tongue up and down the shaft with practiced skill, then alternated between kissing the tip and enveloping the body with her cheek, an experience far too stimulating to resist. She spoke in between mouthfuls, her breath feverishly hot against my flesh.

"*Mmmmf*... C'mon... *Slurp*... I can smell it already, quit holding back..."



Her lips closed against my member as she began to suck it, and the sudden shift in pressure was the last straw. Grabbing the back of her head, I thrust deeply into her throat, releasing my load in a long stream followed by several sputtering bursts. I felt lightheaded, and even more so as she began to suck again, using her tongue to massage me and extract every last drop she could, swallowing it all without hesitation. At last she pulled back, stifling a short, cutesy hiccup. She bounced her belly between her hands, cocking her head and smiling smugly.

“Now a bit of you is mixing with *aaaaaaall* the food sloshing around in my belly. How’s that make you feel?~”

I was too breathless to answer, but something else took the job of responding upon itself. Returning to a neutral role, she gave it a look that was too flippant to be described as awe, but a bit too surprised to be just amusement.

“Huh. That perked you right up.”

“You... Have that effect on people. I’m- I’m gonna need a few minutes, though.”

“Hmm. I suppose I could do with a snack break before the main course~”

Nonchalant and cheerful, she skipped over to the grocery bags, and I fell back onto the mattress, head still spinning. Closing my eyes for a moment, I let the sounds of her movement fill my ears. The crumpling and tearing of plastic packages, and the subdued growling of her stomach. Satisfied humming, interrupted by the shrill hiss of a can being opened, then a short burst of glugging. The heavy and ever so slightly unsure footsteps of one balancing far more mass than usual, followed by a little hop. The springs of the mattress squeaked, and I found myself rolling towards her side of the bed, as the whole surface curved towards her mass.

I opened my eyes to find her half-sitting, propped against a hill of soft pillows, and hugging a pile of candy bags. She ate at a relaxed pace, alternating between chomping down handfuls of skittles and flicking M&Ms up in a tall arc before catching them with her outstretched tongue. Every so often, she'd grab an open bottle of soda on the nightstand beside her and take a large swig, before returning her attention to the sweets. I marveled at how casually she continued to stuff herself - The sheer size and fullness of her belly were nigh incomprehensible, and in her seated position its bulk threatened to reach past her knees.

Again I felt galvanized by the situation, rising up to my knees and tentatively approaching. The taut, red surface felt so alluring, I couldn't help but wonder how it felt. Slowly I grazed it with my fingertips, then my palm. Like everything else about her, it was so warm... Through my hand, I could feel the gentle vibrations of her stomach, echoing around her bulk with every mouthful she swallowed. I felt a profound sense of peace and belonging, impossible to fully describe.

“You could be more forceful, you know.”

Her matter-of-fact tone seemed more suited to giving stage directions than foreplay, yet it was enough to snap me from my daze, and I looked to her for guidance.

“Give it a squeeze, play around with it a bit more. The navel is a really sensitive spot, then afterwards you can move up to my boobs.”

Nodding at her instructions, I gave her gut a comfortable pat, then another. Despite its round shape, it still gave way under gentle pressure, and my hands sank deeply into her thick layer of blubber. Like supple gelatin, it would spread out when squeezed, then bounce back into shape with a jiggle. I placed my ear against the surface, taking in the low growl it seemed to produce continuously, then realized I could modulate it with my touch. Soft prodding would yield gentle rumbles, while by bouncing it around between my hands I could elicit intense gurgling and bubbling, as her stomach protested against having its contents jostled and sloshed so carelessly. I ran a finger along the edges of her abdomen, exploring at the deep fold created by her belt. It was tight enough that I could not reach under it, and I wondered what sort of tension the thick leather was under. Finally my hand moved up towards her navel, and I let my thumb slide into its depths, turning my palm to feel the fat rolls above and below it. I felt the plump walls tighten up around my digit, and she let out a short sigh of approval that had me positively invigorated.

A bit more confident, I turned my attention to her breasts. Unlike her gut, they did not have the mattress for support, and so hung pendulously to the sides. Placing my hand under one, I was surprised I could not lift it, so massive and dense it was. And yet, the flesh was incredibly soft, folding against my fingers in large rolls, like overfilled water balloons. I was mesmerized by their shape, and the silk-like texture of her pale skin as it gradually plumped up into puffy areolae, faintly bumpy under my touch. My fingers reached a nipple, already full and rotund, then massaged it until it perked up, pink folds engorging visibly against my touch. I had no idea such huge ones could even exist, as each was big and fat enough that it'd barely fit an adult's mouth. In a fit of moxie, I put that theory to the test, enveloping one with my lips and tickling the depression at its center with the tip of my tongue. She shivered and sat up straight, grabbing me by the scruff of my neck and pulling me away, laughing.

"What are you, a baby? That tickles, you know! Alright big boy, enough faffing around. Grab some rubbers and the rest of the food, and show me what you can do."

I nearly jumped at the opportunity. Setting the remaining sandwiches and bottles of coke on the bedside table, I grabbed a strip of condoms, and began to unwrap it with shaky

hands. To my embarrassment, my clumsy efforts took long enough that she snatched it from my hands and tore the wrapper herself. I began to protest, but she silenced me with a wink.

“Shush, it’s more fitting if I do it~”

Reaching for my member, she deftly unrolled the latex tube over it, taking the opportunity to run her fingers down the shaft and give it a hearty tug, clearly enjoying every twitch and shiver she could squeeze out of it. Satisfied, she gave it one final flick before looking up at me in anticipation.

“Alright, the stage is yours. What you got in mind?”

I actually had to pause and consider my options. With the size of her gut, missionary would be all but impossible. I could approach her from behind, but asking her to balance on her stomach just sounded awkward. I was certainly too small to hold her in any more exotic positions, and while she could certainly lift me with no difficulty, my remaining pride would not allow me to let myself be manhandled like that when she’d just given me the lead. As if to hint towards her preferred solution, she began slightly leaning back, and I was quick to catch on.

“We could, ah... Maybe, if you laid down on your back, and lifted your belly up... I could kneel down between your legs and do it from there?”

“Sounds like a plan~”

Using the belt as a handle, she levered up her midsection, then let herself drop on her back, arms open. Once again I was stupefied by the expanse of her gut, rising up towards the ceiling like a colossal boulder of fat, gradually swelling up and down with every breath. Below it, I finally saw her crotch - Like the rest of her body, it was soft and plump, a healthy upper pelvic roll sitting over a large pair of lips, fuller than I ever thought possible. I had to stop and admire it for a moment, until a gentle prod from her foot made it very clear that I was missing my cue, and her patience had its limits.

Kneeling closer, I hooked my hands around her thighs, stretching as far as I could to reach her parts. The tip went in, then the shaft sunk up to its midpoint. I heard a quick gasp from across her body, and it gave me the courage to go all the way in, plunging into her

nethers until my face was pressed against the base of her gut. I began to slowly rock my hips back and forth, and was rewarded by a wavy tightness I had never experienced before, her insides thoroughly massaging me with each thrust. As the rhythm grew more and more frantic, I pushed my ear against her belly, and heard a veritable chorus of growls and gurgles, the contents of her stomach reverberating profusely under my intense assault. I stretched my neck to look at her face, catching glimpses of an entranced expression, eyes half-closed as she continued to stuff herself, reaching for whatever snacks she could grasp, powerful throat muscles pushing calories into her stomach even uphill.

A few minutes of vigorous lovemaking later, I paused to switch condoms and breathe. I asked her if she was enjoying it, and received a sassy look in return.

“Hmm... It’s okay, I guess~”

I hadn’t anticipated the effect her playful words would have on me. Irritation turned into resolve as I moved closer once again, gripping her love handles as firmly as I could. *Okay* was not enough, not by a long shot. I rammed into her once again, using her belly as a pivot to direct my movements. Overcoming the layers of fat that pushed back against me took every fiber of my being, yet I continued my frenzied thrusts. Her muffled gasps turned into long moans and finally wild cries of pleasure, and I grinned madly as her stoic facade broke down.

I felt her whole body tense and relax repeatedly under me, suddenly understanding that she was beginning to arch her back, before being pushed down by the massive weight she held upon her abdomen. Over our extended session, I was confident I made her climax several times, each accompanied by a tighter and tighter squeeze of her flesh against mine.

At long last I felt spent. Each thrust seemed to take more effort than the last, and my hands shook as I struggled to hold her body. I let myself fall forwards, resting against her in exhausted contentment, and breathed out a satisfied sigh.

“Got it out of your system? Good... Now it’s my turn~”

I was taken completely by surprise as that massive belly suddenly surged forwards, and was pushed down by what felt like hundreds of kilograms, squeezing every part of my

body against the mattress. She'd been a quivering mess just moments before, so how could she still move? And most of all - How could she sound so nonchalant about it?

I did not have the time to consider such matters. Over the bulging curve of her enormous gut, I saw her smiling, domineering face, a lewd smile stretching ear to ear. In a moment she'd taken the leading role and trapped me completely under herself, straddling my crotch with all of her mass.

"Can you feel it? All of me, as huge as you've made me tonight, bearing down on every inch of you... You can't move a muscle, can you? No... All that's left is to enjoy the feeling of being crushed by my gigantic fat belly. Cowgirl is my favorite position, you know~"

She enthusiastically slapped her midriff with both hands, and I felt the aftershocks resounding through my entire body. The sheer sensory overload immediately made me hard again, and she quickly adjusted her position to sink my rod back into her, an overwhelming feeling of tightness and pleasure coursing through my nerves. She began to rock up and down, gently at first, then ever stronger in an unending crescendo, until she was bouncing up and down on top of me, the full magnitude of her weight impacting against my pelvis. Yet somehow the actual release never came, as her practiced technique kept me just on the cusp of ejaculation without ever crossing that threshold.

I looked in awe as she grabbed a two-liter bottle of soda with her free hand, nimbly twisting the cap free despite her jackhammer-like motions. In her signature move, she chugged it in mere seconds, then reached for another, and another... With every second, I felt her weight and size expanding against me, enveloping my body, stretching her belt further and further... Carelessly throwing away the final empty bottle, she used both hands to knead and slap her gut as fiercely as she could, eliciting a cacophony of roar-like gurgles that echoed through my entire body. Her groping coaxed the dozens of gallons of carbonated drinks she'd guzzled throughout the night into fizzling up in a single burst and her abdomen swelled further with each moment, droplets of sweat running down the cherry-red surface, the folds around her belt growing deeper and deeper...



It all happened in the span of a second. Her belt snapped, the broken buckle shooting off like a projectile and disappearing in a dark corner of the room, never to be found again. I blew my load deep within her, the condom tearing from the excessive friction it'd been subjected to. She climaxed one final time, her moan of pleasure quickly morphing into an earth-shattering burp that shook the very foundations of the building.

The feelings that came over me at that moment were too intense to properly put into words, yet I feel compelled to try, if only to relive them in memory. The pressure, the vibrations, the sudden release - every physical sensation had been building up to it, culminating in an instant of boundless emotion. I can still see her radiant face, eyes half-closed and mouth agape in the throes of hedonism. The way her colossal body jiggled and bounced against mine as it broke free from its restraints, like a primal goddess of hunger and desire, unbound by the tiresome laws of modern society...

I could only thank my good fortune. More than just a glimpse into her life, I'd been given a chance to enjoy that moment with her. I would treasure it forever.

Finally satisfied, she dropped into a sitting position beside me, and I could at last move, though I wasn't sure I'd ever be able to feel my legs again. Fighting the sheer exhaustion that threatened to knock me out cold, I propped myself up on my elbows, wanting to steal one last look at her. She wiped the sweat from her forehead, breathing heavily.

"So... Was that as good as you expected?"

"That was... That was amazing... You, you looked so beautiful..."

She chuckled, resting her chin on her hand, though the slight waver in her voice made it clear that she wasn't quite as unflappable as she tried to appear.

"Heh. You weren't bad, either. Not everyone can handle it when I go all out."

"Oh, I... I never even asked your name..."

"Pfft. Some gentleman you are~

Call me Scarlet."

"That... That fits you."

Her pleased smile was the last thing I saw before sleep took me.

Cold sunlight filtered through the curtains. Outside, a sleepy city prepared itself for another unremarkable weekend. In a way, so did we.

The shower stall was larger than average, but much less so than Scarlet, which made turning around an inconvenient chore. Similarly, the sheer size of her stuffed gut meant that reaching below her navel was all but impossible. So it was that she recruited me to wash her soft underbelly, while she occupied herself with shampooing her flowing locks. I couldn't help but marvel at the prodigious speed of her metabolism - where the day before her stomach was a taut red ball, now it felt soft and fluffy, a large horizontal roll beginning to form. Running my hands across the padded surface, it was almost as if I could feel the already generous layer of subcutaneous fat growing thicker in real time. I stepped forwards to grasp one of her buttocks, and had no doubt that it was significantly plumper than the day before.

"Hey. Less groping, more scrubbing, or we're gonna run out of hot water."

"Ah... Sorry. I was just, uh, impressed by how you've grown already."

"Mhm, happens pretty quick, doesn't it? Most people don't get to see it, since it takes a few hours to kick in."

The only way I could think to respond was to rest my head against her plush belly, closing my eyes to hear it gurgling gently as it continued to digest a meal heavier than my entire body. I suddenly felt it shift, and stumbled back to see her squatting down in front of me, pouting.

"Did you listen to what I just said? C'mere - If you're just going to sit there, I might as well get started on washing your hair."

I approached as much as I could, but she still had to stretch her arms uncomfortably to reach past her gut. After a few moments of ineffective shampooing, she lifted me by the armpits and pulled me closer, until I was essentially sitting on her, straddling her lower roll.

“Lift your legs up a bit, press in against the sides. Like you’re riding a motorcycle. There you go.”

I did, and suddenly found myself in a very stable and comfortable position, my thighs softly enveloped by her love handles, while the top of her belly provided a pillow-like surface for me to rest against. Satisfied, she began massaging my scalp, humming quietly. Locked together like that, I noticed that my crotch was pressed tightly against her navel, and I considered the technique’s original purpose.

“You... Use this position a lot?”

“Here and there. Can’t really do it when I’m stuffed, people just slide off. Feels pretty good when pulled off right, though.”

Her next sentence came with a certain level of resigned impatience, as if anticipating a question she’d been asked too many times before.

“Be quick about it, and you’re washing it again when you’re done.”

“Ah... Thanks, but this is plenty good already. We can try it some other time.”

“...Huh. Alright then.”

I wondered if she thought I was just being considerate. In truth, I did not want to risk interrupting my hair care session. The warmth of her body, the water pooling and flowing where my skin met hers, the gentle motions of her fingers on my head... It was as if all my worries were melting away. It was a strange thought, but I felt sure she was not an older sister - Her movements were too careful and uncertain, often stopping to make sure she didn’t get shampoo into my eyes. For once I had found something she was inexperienced in.

Several minutes of washing and drying later, I found myself sitting on the edge of the bed, in the process of slowly buttoning my shirt back up. Scarlet had retrieved a loose white t-shirt and a set of stretchy yoga pants from a corner wardrobe, and was busy tying her hair into a loose ponytail. Finally satisfied, she sat beside me, breathing out with a serious expression on her face, that was quickly covered by her usual facade of alluring confidence. It was there for only a moment, but I felt sure I’d seen it before, somewhere. She put a hand around my shoulder and leaned close, a seductive smile on her lips.

“So, that was pretty good, huh? Hard to believe you’d never done the whole feeder thing before.”

“Thanks.”

“Mhm. I’ve had a ton of experience, and last night’s performance was still up there. You know... If we end up meeting again someday, it could be fun to go for a repeat. Though I guess we never know what paths life will take, right? Also...”

By that point, I was barely cognizant of her words. The pieces suddenly fell into place in my mind, and I took off my glasses.

“Either way, I’m sure you got plenty to do today as well, so-”

“Excuse me for a moment.”



She let out a short gasp of surprise as I slid the frame over her head. The square lenses fit her eyes almost perfectly, despite the plumpness of her cheeks, and I could scarcely believe how different she looked with and without them. A look of realization must have plastered itself all over my face, because I suddenly saw genuine confusion in hers, and yet I couldn’t stop myself from exclaiming excitedly.

“So it *was* you!”

“E-eh?”

“At the quarterly inter-department meeting! I saw your presentation on market dynamics!”

A full flush rose to her cheeks, and her pupils contracted to pinpricks. For a moment she tensed up and looked ready to jump to her feet and run away, then grimaced and raised a hand to her face, rubbing the bridge of her nose. She let out a pained groan.

“...I knew it. The moment you mentioned last week - I, I was preparing for that damn meeting for so long I didn't have time to go out. You wouldn't have seen me on the street. I'd just assumed you misremembered... *Ugh.*”

“No, I... I'm pretty sure I'd seen you before then, too. Weren't you in charge of the financial task group, late last year? I just didn't put two and two together until I saw you on and off the job at the same size.”

Two strong hands grabbed me by the shoulders, and she looked at me straight in the eyes. I'd never seen her so upset.

“Promise me. Promise you won't tell *anyone.*”

“O-oh no, no no no, absolutely - No worries! No one in the company will know about your nightlife!”

“Who cares about that? Promise not to tell anyone at the bar about my day job!”

“...Uh. I don't think I follow.”

Her intense expression quickly turned bashful, a demure look I'd never expected to see.



"It's... I need the job. I have bills to pay - God knows I spend far too much on clothes, what with the growth, and the apartment- and... Everything."

"But... What's wrong with that?"

"It's boring! And plain, and unremarkable! It's an average desk job for pencil pushers and nerds! Ah, uhm, no offense. It's just... Could you imagine, all those people that saw me last night, if they knew that most of the time I'm just another office lady, typing out spreadsheets for a living? They wouldn't get aroused when I hit on them, they'd just... Laugh. I wouldn't be able to seduce anyone ever again."

"But I liked your presentation? I thought it was very informative."

She sighed and slumped back onto the bed, defeated, completely unable to meet my gaze.

“...Of course it was, I spent four whole days on the damn thing. A-anyways, that's beside the point. Ugh. Well, now you know who you *actually* spent the night with. Sorry for, messing up a good memory, I guess.”

“Why would it mess it up? That was *literally* the sexiest thing that's ever happened to me.”

“...Sure it was.”

“No, really! All the scenarios worked incredibly well, and you always exuded this feeling of confidence that was really hot! Like... If anything, it makes it better - it's like it's another role you're playing, on top of it all. Another layer to the performance.”

She couldn't help but smile at that, doing her best to look as if she wasn't convinced.

“Heh. What are you even saying? You... You're a really odd one, you know?”

“I just know what I like, I guess? Either way, don't worry - Not a word from me. To be honest, that nightclub isn't really my kind of scene, in the first place...”

“Well, you *did* look like a fish out of water at first~ What department are you even from, anyways? R&D?”

“Hah, I wish. No, I do data entry in Logistics.”

“What, *really*? Didn't you guys move into the new building at the start of the year? How come I never saw you at the water cooler?”

“Heh, you know how life is. Some times things line up, some times they don't...”

We chatted for quite a while, jumping subjects between work and pleasure without even noticing. Noon came and went before we bid each other farewell.

The following Monday, I didn't bring a water bottle to work. Going into the break room, I saw a familiar face.

I walked up to Scarlet and said hello.

THE END

