

The afternoon shift that Dakota Danielle Pruitt worked was about to end, but her day was far from done. The shark, better known as Didi to everyone that knew her, worked for Amazon. Her job was to spend eight hours a day on her forklift ferrying around wooden pallets of cargo from one part of the distribution center to another and helping to load and unload the 18 wheelers that frequently made stops as they carried online orders all across the state of California and beyond.

Amazon had a bad reputation for its workers, but Didi actually enjoyed her job so long as her asshole shift manager wasn't bitching at her. Didi enjoyed driving her forklift all around the massive building, and the skill with which she did her job was one of the few things in life that she was proud of. Her admitted lack of self-esteem had too few pillars keeping it afloat. She took her job seriously enough to be the best driver they had, which gave her a small measure of protection from her manager since his shift had suffered a lot of product losses in the past due to forklift accidents. He couldn't afford to lose her over bullshit shit stirring if it meant putting himself at risk of hiring a replacement forklift operator that would knock over an entire shelf of goods.

Didi could raise her forks to their highest reach, and delicately pluck a pallet off the highest shelf and lower it down like she was born to the controls.

When 5oclock hit she started finishing up what she was in the middle of, which was bringing a pallet over to a staging area where the next crew would take over after her. They were positioning parcels that were meant to ship out to Texas, but she'd be long gone by the time they finished that up. When she finally parked the forklift in its designated zone her replacement was already there waiting to take over. They greeted each other as they stepped past one another, and then Didi was making her way to the break room where she could offload a few personal items to her employee locker, then she clocked out and made her exit still wearing her beige jumpsuit.

By the time she was in her old Camry and pulling out of the lot it was close to 5:30 and she knew she'd need to grab a bite to eat. Her day wasn't over yet, since she had one stop to make before she could finally go home and enjoy her weekend.

She texted her roommate, updating him on when she expected to arrive home, since she was courteous to anyone and everyone she ever lived with. She was a homebody by her nature, spending most of her time either at work or at home with the only exception being the gym. She didn't spend much money on herself, but she did keep up with a gym membership that she actually used. Didi was in very good shape, which was one of those narrow few things that helped keep her self-esteem from sinking.

By the time the clock in her Camry was telling her it was 6oclock she was pulling out of the drive thru of a McDonald's with a #2B with large fries and a diet coke. She worked out so much that she didn't have to worry that much about what she ate. Maybe she would when she was older, but since she was still months away from her 30th birthday she felt she could cheat on her meals without much to worry over.

Her routine tonight wasn't an unusual one, since she found herself doing it maybe twice a week on average. The most times she'd done this gig in a week was five, but she never expected to get that much business. Two was more than enough, since as talented as she might have been at her side hustle it wasn't something she enjoyed doing. She just wanted, no, she needed the money. That's the only reason she was doing it.

She stopped in the parking lot of a gas station and ate her dinner while keeping an eye on the clock. She had somewhere to be at 7.

Dide ate the last bite of her burger, then dumped the trash all into the bag it came in, then hopped out of her car to toss the garbage into one of the outside bins in the lot. Had this been another night she might have driven her dinner home so she could shower and change, but the job she had tonight understood her work schedule and gave her the option to just come right over from work. Didi figured it had more to do with a particular fetish than for any other reason. Some people liked their men, or their women, in a jumpsuit. Blue collar fetish.

The shark certainly looked blue collar. Her short hair, punk styled as it was, still bore the messy nature of a head that wore a hardhat for several hours in a row. Matted and unkempt, more so than normal. Her jumpsuit was wrinkled in places and bore the sign of sweat from a day's labor. Her own body likely smelled the same. It would be obvious that she had spent a solid 8 hours in a warehouse, but some people liked that in a partner.

As her Camry drove along towards its destination the scenery around Didi began to change. Businesses began to vanish, being replaced by a growing number of homes and apartment complexes. She kept going until she turned the corner and found herself driving down a familiar road to a familiar house that rested at the end of a cul-de-sac in a nice middle-class suburb.

She was on time, and the driveway was empty for her to pull in and park in front of the closed one car garage. After turning off the ignition, she tilted her rear-view mirror to her face. She looked tired, the bags under her eyes visible and her hair a mess. She reached up and ran her fingers through it just enough so it vaguely resembled a hairstyle she might actually wear. She heaved a sigh, then popped the door open with a rusty creak before slamming it shut again and locking it. It was a burb, but you couldn't be too careful.

It was a short walk to the front door, the familiar concrete path and well-manicured lawn flanking her on either side, reminding her with every step that she was lightyears away from being able to own a home of her own.

She stopped, she knocked, then thought better of it and pressed the doorbell instead. No sooner than her finger had touched the button, however, and she was hearing the deadbolt turn from within the door. Soon as the door was unlocked, Didi put her hands on either side of the door frame, assuming a posture that was curiously masculine for a girl like her to be making, but it fit the working class look she was sporting.

The door swung open, and on the other side of the threshold was a petite woman several years older than Didi, but nowhere near as tired. Tonight's client was the familiar name and face of a bored housewife that would submit a request whenever her husband was away on business. The woman invited Didi inside, and the shark followed. She'd been here before, knew the layout of the home well enough, and followed.

The feline was making small talk as they went upstairs, the married cat taking the steps quickly as she hurried towards the guest bedroom. She never took Didi into the master bedroom as a precaution. Didi never mentioned her client's husband, so she didn't know if he knew, but she assumed this was an affair in progress and Didi was the accessory. Just an accessory.

She wasn't dating this woman. The cat was just a username on an illicit app that hooked people up for money. Didi got paid, and this wife got laid. After the cat crossed the threshold of the guest bedroom Didi followed in close behind, then shut the door behind them both.

"How would you like to start?" The shark asked, already making some of the decisions herself as she approached the married woman, letting her height and physical build intimidate the smaller woman.

The cat naturally backpedaled, looking the shark up and down with a mix of excitement and nervousness. This would be the fifth time Didi's fucked her, but the woman didn't seem to be fully comfortable with Didi screwing her yet. At least not at the start. She'd warm up to the idea pretty quickly and then when the time was up, she was quite pleased with money well spent.

"Y-you decide." The cat spoke up, and Didi placed her hands over the woman's shoulders and pushed. She made the feline walk backwards until the backs of her knees tapped the edge of the bed.

"Sit and suck my dick." The shark told her, and the cat got to work. The woman was a submissive little trophy wife, too rich off her husband's money to leave him but too bored of him to stay loyal. So, she spends his money so that she can find excitement with someone else.

Didi watched as the woman sat down on the bed, Didi stepping closer to keep herself within easy reach. The woman reached up, snatching the zipper on the front of Didi's jumpsuit, and then pulled it all the way down.

As the front of her jumpsuit opened, Didi felt relief. The air conditioning in the house felt good against her skin, letting her body breathe for the first time in hours. She wasn't naked under the jumpsuit, her sports bra clung tight to her chest to keep the girls in place, and then a snug pair of underwear clung to her lower half, keeping everything tucked in nice and neat.

The cat didn't waste either of their time. She tugged the front of her underwear down, letting the soft lump of flesh that was the shark's cock bounce free of its restrictive prison. Didi tried to get her own arousal to stir, which was sometimes a struggle for her. Working as a prostitute was a good way to make money, but it didn't kindle any kind of passion.

As the petite woman pulled her cock free and began to suck it, Didi imagined fucking the feline as hard as she wanted. It was like a mental pre-game, getting herself psyched for the business that was to come, and between the imagination and the lips on her dick she began to stir to life. Her cock was impressive, long and thick. The cat was practically purring, probably getting off more to the illicit nature of her affair than anything specific about Didi. Again, she was just an accessory.

Didi was a kink, a fetish. It was pretty much a guarantee, that. The cat was married to a man, yet not only was she cheating on him because she was bored, spending his money on a whore, but she was about to get fucked into the ground by another woman with a cock thicker than her own wrist. The good Lord above had blessed Didi with a dick built to fuck someone into submission, and she was honestly very gifted at doing just that.

She'd rather be back at the warehouse making overtime with her forklift, but she wasn't fortunate enough to be so lucky.

"That's enough." Didi told her, playing the role of the working-class brute for her client. She grabbed the cat by the hair and pulled her head away, the feline looking up at her with excitement.

"Why are you still dressed?" The shark asked, trying to sound irritated, and it likely looked authentic. She was tired, she wanted to go home, and now she had an erection throbbing in front of her that wasn't going to go away on its own. Before she started her side hustle of being a whore for hire, she used to jerk off regularly to let off steam. It was nice. Now she couldn't afford to since she needed to save all that 'energy' for her side gig.

The cat stood up and started stripping. While she dropped one article after another, Didi let her jumpsuit slide off her shoulders. She shook it down her body and kicked it aside once the bland color fabric hit the floor around her ankles. She didn't bother removing her sports bra, her client never played with her tits anyway. All cheating slut wanted her a huge dick in her cunt, and Didi was about to deliver it.

Soon as the cat was done, Didi grabbed her by the shoulders and shoved her backwards. The woman collapsed to the bed, the shark tugged her underwear down further until her plump nuts popped free and hung over the elastic band. Following after the cat, she crawled onto the bed, letting her bigger body overwhelm the other woman who was already spreading her legs wide for the shark to do her business.

Didi lined herself up, pressing the head of her against the cat's slick entrance, and squeezing herself inside. The woman grunted, her tight hole wrapping around the shark's prick like a sheet of cling wrap. Didi let out a grunt of her own, feeling the vice grip close in around her shaft the deeper she got, but this cat had taken her before. She could take it again. Didi laid herself down over her partner, and with both hands on the girl's hips she forced the rest of her dick inside.

The cat let out a strained groan, before a long exhale escaped her lips when Didi's hips stopped moving. The shark felt the woman's hands reach behind her back to start clawing at her skin. That was

the signal for Didi to start fucking her, but don't be misled into thinking that this was some prearranged sort of thing. What Didi wanted more than anything was to be one and done with this affair, and feeling the bite of fingernails on her back just made her that much more eager to get this over with. Satisfy her client with the fuck of a lifetime, and then go home. Her payment was already pending through the app she just needed to deliver the dick.

Once she got started on the cat it would have looked rather plain, had there been anyone there to watch them. There wasn't much to missionary, but for the woman underneath her, she was thrilled. The cat's grunts and moans filled the bedroom as fully as Didi's dick did her cunt. She knew the motion of the ocean well and made sure her dick stroked and poked in all the proper places a dick should.

It was a mindless thing, the shark focusing on the pleasure of the act as much as she could, not caring at all for the woman under her. Her job was to be this woman's personal fuck machine. And whatever the shark's hips did, this woman was enjoying. It was Didi's good luck that this one wasn't high maintenance in the bedroom, and all Didi needed to do was make sure she lasted 45 to 50 minutes to earn her pay without getting any complaints about shortchanging her client.

And time flew when you were having sex, even though Didi just wanted to get it over with. Prostitution paid well, but it wasn't satisfying for her. Sure, her clients all loved her, but only for her body. She was a fuck machine on speed dial and every time Didi sank her prick in a wet hole it was a sterile interaction.

The cat clawed at her back harder as soon as she started thrashing through the first orgasm she'd be having tonight. Didi spread her legs, buried her face into the mattress next to the cat's head, and jackhammered the woman harder as the feline howled out her climax. Her fat nuts were slapping against the woman's ass cheeks as the cat wrapped her legs around the shark to hold onto her tighter.

When the pain of the girl's claws on her back became too much the shark pushed off her, then roughly yanked her dick free of the woman's cunt. Her foul attitude would have looked all in character, the prostitute bull playing her role well. She grabbed the woman by the hair and hauled her up just enough to twist her around until she was facing down into the bed. Half her act wasn't an act at all, she hated the scratch mark this one put on her back every time she was paid to pay a visit. Pain wasn't something Didi got pleasure out of, but it did help her last a little longer in the bedroom, so at least when it came to clocking in the time required it ended up being a net positive.

But now that the cat was face down, Didi could fuck her without anyone digging into her back. The shark could focus a little more on her own pleasure, to try and get something out of this exchange for herself besides the money. She pinned the woman down hard with a hand behind her head and then lined her dick back up with her sodden socket.

Roughly, Didi forced herself back inside, and once the cat was again plugged full of dick, she was making happy little whore noises as the shark redoubled her efforts to fuck herself into a higher income bracket. Didi grabbed the cat by the tail, and yanked, and the woman yelped and howled. Her hands

were clawing at the bed now and thank God for that. Her back was going to smarting all night and tomorrow because of those well-manicured nails.

On the bedside table was a clock, and Didi checked the time. Not yet, she needed to fuck the cat more before she let herself dump her load.

Lifting one leg off her knee she planted her foot on the mattress and started jackhammering the cat harder, letting her thoughts wander to the pain on her back, pushing her pleasure to the background of things while the client below her begged and pleaded for her to slow down, to ease up. At least, she begged and pleaded right up until she popped her cork a second time, Didi feeling the fresh splash of girl cum soak her swinging nuts as she fucked the woman right through her second orgasm. The shark cracked her eyes open and watched his client shudder and shake on the bed, writhing with pleasure as a good, thick dick milked her cunt dry.

If Didi could get her to cum a third time, then she'd be in the clear for tonight. No one ever complained about only getting three orgasms. The shark stopped her thrusting and let the cat drift down from her high. This let the time tick further on the clock, as well as allowing Didi to calm herself down a little. She wanted to hurry up and pop so she could have that post nut clarity and drive home.

She slipped her dick free, then started backtracking off the end of the bed while the woman slumped and flattened out on the bed. Didi grabbed the cat by the legs and pulled her closer until the woman's legs were hanging off the end of the bed, then she was prompted flipped over with the shark reached out to take the feline by the wrists. Didi wasn't about to let her go for round two on her back, so her strategy was to deploy a little manual bondage.

Holding the woman's hands by her sides, Didi angled her hips until the tip of her dick was pressed up against the puffy lips of the woman's now well-used sex. She slapped her hips forward, making the woman grunt as she was hilted again. Another glance at the clock and Didi felt comfortable letting things wrap up, and she started jackhammering the cat again.

While the woman struggled against the shark's grip she was howling and arching her back. The cat was still sensitive from her last two orgasms, her body lit up like a Christmas tree of pleasure, and Didi was just overloading her circuits with too much juice. Soon, the cat would 'pop' and be lights out from getting dick that's too good to pass up. Didi watched the woman's stomach, seeing how each thrust left the woman's belly bulge slightly from the sudden arrival of a cock balls deep in her snatch.

The woman started cumming again, hard, thrashing against the shark's grip, but unable to break free. Didi didn't care at all about making sure she was satisfied, all she wanted to do was to finally get her own reward. The louder the woman howled the harder and faster Didi slammed her hips. The noise of their hips meeting was as loud if not louder than her client's mouth as Didi worked herself up to her own orgasm. The pleasure boiled up in her nuts, she could feel it at the very root of her cock like the pressure behind the cork of a pop gun. Soon, she'd blow, and she'd watch this slut's belly dome out with shark seed.

She was so close now, and her eyes began to flutter before she let them roll back in her head. Letting the pleasure take over she shut her eyes and let her body do the rest of the thinking, her hips on autopilot, the cat below her grunting and shouting. When her climax hit, Didi let out a hiss, teeth clenched, the tight pressure of all that pent up cum suddenly rocketing out of her. Once it was flowing, the hissing stopped and morphed into a deeply satisfied exhale that lasted for several long moments.

Didi cracked her eyes open and looked down, seeing that the woman's stomach was indeed twitching just between her belly button as she was filled. The cat, nearly comatose now, was weakly twitching on the bed, her head tilted back, and eyes half lidded. It was easy now, Didi letting go of the client's hands, slowing the thrust of her hips until she was at last very still. The only thing that was moving was her dick, still unloading. Cum was drooling out the cat now, making a mess of the bed.

The shark waited until she felt her cock stop pulsing before finally drawing herself from the cat. One more look at the clock told her she was good to go. All that was left to do was wipe her cock clean in the bathroom, and then put her clothing back on. The cat was still knocked out on the bed, breathing slow and heavy. Instead of waking her up, Didi just pulled out her phone and opened the app, found her appointment with her client, then hit 'complete'. The cat would send an update to her client's side of the app and all she'd need to do is click 'confirm'. Just for good measure, Didi snapped a photo of the well fucked woman on the guest bed, and saved it to her 'proof of delivery' folder.

With her business concluded, she dipped. She wanted out of here as fast as her legs could take her, and she was on the road in short order. Just as she was on her way out of the woman's neighborhood her phone pinged her, and she checked. Her client had confirmed her appointment with Didi was complete, and the money was soon to be released to her account. Awesome.

When she finally got home, she felt more exhausted than when she'd left the client's house behind her. The ache in her muscles had only grown during her long drive home, and by the time she was unlocking the door to go inside she was bushed. All she wanted was a shower and a chance to just relax and hit the hay. At least she didn't have to work tomorrow, so she didn't have that to worry about.

"Hey!" Her roommate called out to her from the living room. He was playing video games on the couch, looking over his shoulder at her as she stepped inside, locking the door back behind her.

"Hey." She replied, her voice tired.

"Long day?" He asked her, and she nodded in reply and walked through their small, shared living space towards the hallway. Their tiny rental was a two-bedroom, one bath arrangement. She went straight to the bathroom, stripped bare, and then took a shower. The hot water loosened up her sore and aching muscles. She took her time, making sure every inch of her body was clean of dirt, debris, and any evidence of her living a double life as a prostitute. When she was done, she made her exit, picking up her soiled clothing from the floor and stuffing it into the clothes hamper along with the rest of the house's dirty laundry.

Her roommate was still in the living room playing games, so she just stepped out into the hallway naked with her towel wrapped around her middle, and then once inside her bedroom she changed into something more decent, a pair of boxers and a tank top. The clock on her bedside table told her it was 8:40. She'd expected she'd be home closer to nine, but she wasn't going to complain. Traffic had been kind to her and let her get home faster than she'd thought.

It was too early to go to bed, even though she was dead tired. She could make herself stay up until 9, at least. Her work shift taught her to keep an early schedule, but even on the weekends where she didn't work it was just easy to stick to her routine and go to bed around 9 or a little after. She'd wake up at the same time every morning no matter what she set her alarm for.

"So, how was work?" Her roommate asked as she stepped into the living room and sat down next to him. He was playing a new game he'd bought for himself the week prior. Some RPG where the main character was a cute anime type girl that used magic to cook food, but for some reason she was fighting monsters to save the world.

"It was work." She sighed and let herself sag depressingly into the worn-out cushions of the couch. Though she was tired as all get out, she wasn't unobservant. Her roommate was giving her sideways glances as he played his game, his attention now being split in two directions.

"You sound worn out." He offered up, and she nodded.

Didi spread her legs, getting herself comfortable on the couch as she waited out the rest of her night next to her roommate. She'd sit and watch him play his game until she finally felt like going to bed, and if her roommate wanted to steal glances at her from the side that'd be fine. She was ok with people looking at her. Being objectified was a part of her side job, after all. At least with her roommate she knew he was harmless, and there weren't any strings attached to letting him steal a peak at her.

"Why is she wearing a bikini in the snow?" Didi asked, taking notice that the girl on the screen was running through ankle deep snow in some mountainous terrain.

"I got it in a side quest helping an old woman rekindle her marriage." Came the reply.

Weird, but not any worse than what she was paid to do not even an hour ago. At the side quest woman must have had a better relationship with her husband than Didi's client did. The shark wasn't going to bother asking why an old woman would gift a bikini to someone for helping with her marriage. Fiction didn't need to make sense.

"But why is she wearing it in the snow?" She asked since he'd not actually answered her original question.

"Because I think she's hot." He told her.

"That's fair." Didi replied. The girl was pretty cute.