

- I thought about tonight, and I'm in. What do I do next? What sort of thing should I wear? -

Rose sent the text with a mix of nerves and excitement. She couldn't believe she was doing this, and was very aware she didn't really know what "this" was - though it was fairly certain to involve a rich guy ogling her ass.

She shifted a little where she sat, perched on the bed of her dorm room. She was in pajamas that were normally baggy, but they were starting to hug her rear. It had only been a few hours since she'd seen Espresso and had their shared "milking" session, but the growth was relentless. She contemplated going to her en suite for another round of.. relieving herself. Before she could, though, Sarah texted back.

- Great choice. I'll pick you up at 6pm. Do your makeup, but no need to dress up; an outfit will be provided -

Not long; Sarah's employer evidently got evenings started early. Rose found her makeup bag and got to work.

An hour later she stood at the entrance to the dorms complex watching an honest-to-god black limousine glide into view. She'd kind of expected it - it was how rich guys liked to get their girls collected in the movies, after all - but it was another thing to see the car pull up in front of her, huge and real.

The chauffeur stepped out, a big man in his 40s wearing a smart uniform. Obviously the result of the soldier, bodyguard, driver career track, he looked a little scary until he smiled as he opened the door. There was something reassuring in that expression, a hint he saw something familiar in Rose - a daughter not far from her age, perhaps.

Sarah was waiting in the car, wearing the same slightly revealing blue skirt suit she'd met Rose in earlier. Sitting opposite her, to Rose's surprise, was Espresso.

"Take a seat, Miss Crepe" Sarah purred, gesturing to the spot next to Espresso. Rose climbed in, the driver shutting the door behind her.

"Espresso?" Rose said "How did you..."

"Turns out I was next on Ms Buss's list" Espresso said "she found me just after we...er...finished up earlier"

"I'm glad you're coming along" Rose said with an earnest smile. She was surprised how relieved she felt.

"Hey, hard to say no to this sort of money, right? But yeah - it was even easier knowing you'd be here" Espresso replied

"And you are both much appreciated" Sarah said, snapping the girls back to the moment. "Now, some details. Firstly...outfits."

She held up a pair of hangers that she'd produced from somewhere; Rose somehow hadn't noticed them before. On them were...

"Haha, OK..." Espresso grinned a little

Maid outfits.

"Oh la la..." Rose said "Ai suppose ai should play up my accent, zen?"

Sarah smiled "That's right, you're getting it. You're going to be serving drinks and snacks at a poker night whenever you're buzzed, and otherwise standing around looking pretty"

"How...handsy are the guys likely to get?" Espresso asked "I guess there's no bouncers or anything, we're just in this dude's house?"

"I'll be there" Sarah said "Just say you're done - those specific words, 'I'm done' - and I'll bring things to an immediate end and still pay you half. But yes, part of the fee is touching as well as looking. But it's a poker game; no-one's getting his dick out"

"I'm guessing you're not dressing up too?" Rose asked

"As a matter of fact I am" Sarah said "I'm...versatile. I'll be in the background, though. I don't have the...star qualities you girls have"

"About that..." Espresso said "We're not going to be able to stay in those outfits, and things are likely to get a bit messy..."

"You'll find them surprisingly accommodating" Sarah said "but if you do have a mishap, just press on - it's all part of the show"

The two Cream Girls looked at each other. Were they really going to do this? The money was great, and Sarah seemed to be looking out for them. But she couldn't be in her line of work and *not* be a champion liar...that line of thought raised a question in Rose's mind.

"How do you know so much about our...condition? Sure, maybe you or one of your people were in the coffee shop earlier, but you've got custom outfits ready a few hours later?"

"I have seen this kind of thing before," Sarah said. Rose waited for her to elaborate, but she didn't.

Espresso didn't have Rose's reserve:

"You *have*? What is it? Is it curable?" She said urgently

"It's something to have fun with, not worry about" Sarah replied "that's all I can say for sure for now"

"Well..." Rose said "we can't exactly say no to you now, can we? The internet's got no answers, you clearly have. We'd better make you and your boss happy"

"You can *always* say no" Sarah said with sudden intensity "To me, to Bret, to anyone. I promise that whatever you good girls do, things will work out for you"

Weird phrasing, but she really seemed to mean it. Rose and Espresso both had a decent sense of people and Sarah, despite the crazy situation, somehow gave off a good vibe.

The limo swept through the night, into the rich hills around town. This was the last chance to back out...