

## Chapter One

AMY fumbled with the tricky snap fasteners on the aquamarine evening gown and before she could slip into it the gown seemed to disintegrate, which was, essentially what it was designed to do.

"Damn!" she said, trying to put it together. "Chesty—would you give me a hand with this? I'm all thumbs."

"Sure, honey," the other girl in the dressing room said, pulling off her dress and hanging it on a hook. She wore nothing underneath it but a brassiere. "With you in a moment—just let me get my equipment unlimbered."

She snapped the catch of the bra, releasing her fantastically large breasts, and stood before the mirror, complacently rubbing the thin pink line the bra had left.

"My twin claims to fame," she chuckled, and Amy, watching her, was again amazed that so petite a girl as Chesty, with small waist and trim boyish hips, could have such overdeveloped breasts.

"Don't ever wear a bra, Amy," Chesty went on. "Not with the nice, normal pair you got. Burnsie don't like us to work with bra or girdle marks showing. Some drunk is sure as hell gonna see the line it left and claim you're wearing a net bra. Of course," she chuckled brightly again, "they can't think that about panties, not with you. anyway."

Amy followed the direction of her gaze and blushed a little.

"With what I got upstairs and your red hair, honey. I could really do all right." She took the gown from Amy and began helping her into it.

"You could bleach and dye it," Amy suggested.

Chesty shook her head. "Ain't worth it. It never looks the same—and it still wouldn't mean anything unless I did a complete job. I knew a stripper that did and she told me it was a helluva nuisance.