I arrived at work on Monday after finishing the weekend in hedonistic hiding. I was getting good at this, drifting from bed to bed and fucking the shit out of beautiful girls. I strode into work smiling like a drug addict who never worried for a fix.

“I’m surprised you’re here,” my boss laughed at first sight. “I was sure Nisha was going to eat you alive.”

“I tried,” Nisha mouthed, silently, over Mr Towers’ shoulder, and behind a shark smile.

“Well, all’s well that ends well, right?” I said.

“I suppose it is,” he said. “You’re not quite Jess but you’re good. I’m happy to keep you around.”

“Thanks, not quite Jess,” I laughed. “Nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me.”

“I believe it,” he said, and grabbed my shoulder and shook it as I readied myself for work.

Nisha came over.

“Take a pee break around 10:35.” Nisha whispered to me. “I’ve penciled you in for a blowjob.”

“Wow,” I said. “What if I--”

“What if you what?” She tilted her head and asked as I trailed off.

These girls never said no. That doesn’t quite cut it. They didn’t just say yes. They’d say yes please. What if I really needed to pee? I knew what the answer was, and that wasn’t my kink. I squeezed her hand and walked out to the front where Jess was already sitting.

We had a lot of older clients, so we needed two people out front early in the morning. Younger people, say 50s, preferred ATMs and later hours. I was a bright spot in a lot of old women’s day that morning. Afterglow is great for customer service. Blowjobs for all cashiers!

Jess was quiet. She’d dressed down. Or, I suppose professionally. The few times I’d seen her in the last three days she was wearing lingerie or nothing, and hardly ever on her feet.

“I’ve got a sloppy date with Nisha,” I said as my clock ticked through 10:24. “Maybe you’d like to join us.”

“For lunch?” she asked, without looking at me. “I eat lunch.”

I didn’t clarify. It was clear that she was “Maybe not.” on liking to join us. “I gotta pee. You OK up front?”

“This is the date?” she said, silently, paling as she looked over to me.

“Almost,” I said. “I’m sorry, I have to run to the boy’s room. Jess here will take care of you personally. She’s great.”

“Why thank you,” the old woman who had approached me smiled. “Drive safe now.”

I was off before her strange send off tickled my brain. I rapped my fingers on Nisha’s office doorframe as I galumphed by to the washroom. God, life was good.

The staff bathroom was quite nice, compared to some of the shitty fast food places and warehouses I had worked at in my teens. Easily big enough for a threesome. I closed the door without locking it and waited with energy.

Nisha slipped in and locked the door. She lit up with a bright grin when she saw me. She tossed a butt pillow down on the floor.

“Thank god, you didn’t sit down on the toilet for this,” Nisha said, as she went for my belt. I grinned and gripped the sink as I leaned back.

“Bad memories?” I teased her.

“Well, nothing a short run of antibiotics didn’t clear up,” she said. “I’m not the same slut I was in high school choir.”

“You sing?”

“Very poorly. I had a crush on a soprano,” she snaked my cock out of the waistband of my briefs. I thrust them the rest of the way down beyond my knees. The handle jiggled.

“Ocupado!” I shouted, in what I guessed could be Spanish.

“Sorry.” Jess murmured. Nisha rolled her eyes at the door before taking my cock into her mouth. I grinned.

Nisha’s little. She got tight muscles and small features. Her mouth hoovered around the head of my cock with an eager hum. I walked my fingers down the lines of her green hair to her ponytail.

Life was good.

She started with a lot of tongue. Slobbering as much saliva over my cock as she could manage so that it’d glide quickly and smoothly over her lips. I grabbed her ears, they stuck out from her

head in contrast to every other little thing being where it should be and perfect. I turned her head, rotating it left and right, watching my cock bulge out one cheek and then the other.

“You’re a greedy little sl--”

I shut my mouth and looked at the bathroom door. Nisha’s bright green eyes were entreating up at me when I turned back. I put a finger to my work.

“Have to save the pillow talk for home.”

She nodded with my cock in her mouth. Her tongue fluttering in and around the glans. I loosened my shoulders and leaned further backwards. Turns out, either it’s really easy to give head or I have a full stable of practised whores. I love blowjobs and I spoiled for choice amongst all of my girls. Nisha was definitely a practiced whore. I brushed her bangs from her eyes. I remember having one bad blowjob, back in high school. Seemed the trick was not being terrified of the penis.

I suppressed a moan, leaned back and looked up at the ceiling tiles. Nisha was massaging my balls, the soft tips of her fingers moved beautifully around the back of my balls. She waved, her head wobbling side to side like a dancing cobra. Her throat kinked and extended with every bob and gargle. I tickled with my grip on her ears.

She snorted and gasped. She reached up and took one of my hands and pressed it down on the top of her skull. I nodded, and grabbed the back of her neck with my other hand.

She smartly pulled my pants down further to my ankles as I started fucking her mouth. Gobs and spurts of spit were making my thigh sticky. Her face was turning red and her eyes were sparkling with reverence. I couldn’t look at her face without hurrying over the edge.

What the fuck was I looking at the high wall for? I was at work. This wasn’t a take your time blowjob.

Nisha and I met eyes for a quarter of a heartbeat. Her eyes fell shut as I humped and swung her mouth down my cock. She guarded her teeth with her lips and washed the run of my cock with her tongue. I love tongues.

“Swallow it so you don’t have to clean up too long!” I hissed. My eyes closed. I didn’t breathe as I shook my head to keep from being too loud.

I left my load on her back teeth and the roll of her tongue. I slowly eased her face out of my crotch. I took a long deep breath. Her mouth came off my cock. She climbed to her feet.

“Thanks, I--”

I shut up as she lagged out her tongue to show off the wad of my cum on her tongue. She greedily closed her mouth, slung back her neck to open her throat, and visibly and audibly swallowed.

“You don’t have to tell me to swallow,” she said with a punch to my shoulder. She grabbed a fistful of paper towels out of the dispenser. “Dry off. I slobbered enough everyone’ll think you pissed your pants.”

“You are an incredible--” I didn’t say woman. I left it hanging.

“Sex slave?” she teased. She poked me. “I gotta fix my face. Get out of here before we get in trouble.”

I strutted back out to my station to take on the day.

“You are not subtle,” Lidie laughed at me. I blew her a kiss. I got to my station, took down the ‘The Next Agent Will Serve You’ sign, and spun around on my office chair once. I saw Jess say goodbye to her next client. The front was empty.

“Hey,” I said.

“Did you read her note?” Jess asked. She looked tired. I smiled brightly at her. She smirked a little.

“Note?”

She pointed and I looked at the post-it stuck to the side of my monitor.

“I can’t stay away forever. - Philia.” And there was a phone number. I shook my head.

“What do you want to do for lunch?” I asked Jess.

“One of us has to be working while the other one takes lunch,” Jess frowned. “Are you going to make me quit? I'm proud of this job. I was gonna--”

“There’s always Lidie,” I shook my head. “Ooh, incoming.” I said with a laugh. It was steady until lunch. I was surely the bright spot in a few women’s days.

Lidie’s fingers walking across my shoulders at quarter to 1 told me Jess was back from her break.

“You free?” She asked.

“Free as a bird.” I smiled. I welcomed Jess back, “Hold down the fort.”

“Hold the fort,” she mumbled. I shook my head, clocked out, and left with Lidie to find Nisha waiting out the door and around the first corner.

“Do you wanna hit the mall food court? I’ve been craving a donair since you coated my tongue in your sweet sauce,” Lidie asked.

“I was looking forward to a sandwich and a fuck,” I frowned. “No real easy fucking place in the mall.”

“We could go to a clothing store and use one of the change rooms,” Lidie said. “I did that all of the time as a teenager.”

“We’re not teenagers anymore. We’re adults with jobs,” I said. “Let’s go rent a room for an hour.”

“We’ve got to be back in an hour,” Lidie pointed out. “You two get in the backseat of my car and I’ll park you somewhere private-ish.”

“Park us?” I said. Nisha was ecstatic for that tidbit.

“Yeah, then I’ll grab some takeout for the pillow talk,” Lidie suggested.

It was a great idea to me. Lidie’s car was cleaned up and her backseat wasn’t too big. Still, I was glad Nisha was so small. I opened the door for her and she slunk in, unzipping my pants as she passed by me.

“Will!” I turned and saw the running, large breasted, thirty-something redhead waitress co-worker of my girlfriend. I forced a smile. “Will!”

“I can hear you,” I said.

“Listen, I--”

“In the backseat I said. We’ve only got so much time for lunch,” I grabbed her ass and thrust her in on top of Nisha. “You OK, Lidie.”

“Am I buying food for her too?”

“No, I’m buying,” I said, tossing her my wallet. “Use the Visa.”

“Thank you!” Lidie said. “I was going to feel left out while you were with Nisha. Paying for it would’ve really sucked.”

“Well, let’s go.”

“What do you guys want for--”

“We’ll trust you. Anyone have allergies? Foods they won’t eat?” I interrupted Lidie. She started up her car and began driving out.

“I’m really happy. I’ve needed to give myself to--”

“Tits out and start sucking,” I interjected on Philia. Nisha had unzipped me. I opened the button and pushed my pants to my ankles.

“Alright, I--” Philia shrieked when Nisha dove across the waitress’s lap. I slipped my hand into green hair and moaned warmly.

“But wasn’t I, supposed to be--”

“He told you to take your tits out.” Lidie rolled her eyes in the rearview.

“Of course,” Philia moved and lurched to keep as little contact between herself and Nishas as she could. Philia began unbuttoning her shirt and shrugging it off her shoulders. I reached over and grabbed one of her breasts in her pale blue bra.

“These you should be proud of,” I said. They were excellent. They were a step down next to Adelaide or Celeste but nice tits are nice tits. The difference was Adelaide was 22 and Celeste 19. They’d have great tits for years. Philia was what? “35?”

“Thirty one.” she answered. She unhooked her bra, there was a short tumble. They were still undeniably great breasts though.

“Excellent.”

“You guys like Thai food?” Lidie asked. “Or maybe sandwiches?”

Nisha popped off my cock with a wet snap. “Thai!” She giggled. “I’ve already got my six inches.”

“It’s your second suck, you’ve got a foot long.” I grabbed her head and pushed her cackling face back down onto my cock.

“The parking spot near there is out of the way and private enough,” Lidie said to herself. “Awesome.”

“Yeah,” I said with a big rattly moan. “Awesome.”

“What? I don’t--”

I lifted my hand from Philia’s tit and silenced her with a finger on her lips.

“You’re not a high enough number for questions. You get a fuck because you must but then you go away.” I told her.

“I… Yes sir.” She said. That look of agreeance, of submission, was one of the hottest things I had ever seen.

“Good, the suck’s being done. Take down Nisha’s pants and start fingering her.” I ordered.

Philia looked at me wide eyed. Lidie backed her car into a tree-shaded alley. “Nice choice. You’re really good at looking out for me.” I leaned over the shoulder of Lidie’s seat. Nisha was pushed off my cock. I kissed Lidie on the cheek.

“I’ll be right back,” she said.

I leaned back. Nisha scrambled back over Philia’s lap and onto my cock once more. Philia was slowly inching down Nisha’s bottoms. Philia had no idea what she was doing. I shook my head. There wasn’t enough room to move.”

“Alright, this isn’t working. Out of the car.” I demanded. Philia reached for her shirt and bra she had stored by the back window. I grabbed her hand. “You won’t need those.”

“Oh my god,” she breathed heavily. Her cheeks were flushed like a schoolgirl. I grabbed her by the thick red hair and kissed her. Not bad. I let her go and thrust her out Nisha’s door after the green haired girl.

I left my shoes, underwear, and pants on the floor of the car. This wouldn’t do. I thought, looking around. I smirked at Nisha over the roof of the car and looped around to the passenger side between the green and red haired girls.

“You guys get back in, and then get everything out so I have access.” I grabbed Philia by the crotch and rubbed Nisha around the tit.

“And you?”

“I’m going to take the passenger seat out so I have room to kneel down.”

Philia beamed to see me remove the seat from the vehicle and place it on the grass under the nearby tree. Nisha hopped up and down in the backseat, eager for me to join them again. I rushed back in to join them.

It wasn’t a perfect solution. The locks that held the seat in place were a bitch to kneel around as I dragged Nisha’s ass to the edge of the back bench. She was naked, Philia was just dishevelled. Though anywhere I could want her was accessible.

“I’ve never done this before,” Philia worried. “Not with another woman, I mean.”

“You’ll get the hang of it,” I told her.

“Yes!” Nisha grunted through clenched teeth as I dragged her tight cunt onto my cock. She was getting wetter by the second. She coughed and kicked her heel over Philia’s knee and into the back of the driver seat.

“You are always an adventure.” I dove in to kiss Nisha. She was pushing her body off the bench with the flat of her palms and kicking back off of Lidie’s seat for the upstroke. We just dove into a hard fast lunchtime quickie.

Philia watched, mostly naked, wholly nervous. I broke my kiss with Nisha. I held fistfuls of Nishas’s assflesh as I stroked her up and down my cock. I turned to face Philia.

“That’s how you fuck?” I raised an eyebrow. “Quietly without moving.”

“I don’t know--”

“Lick, finger, suck, and touch,” I said. “Get to it.”

She climbed tightly next to me and licked the shell of my ear. She ran her fingers over my chest. She poked her finger above my anus. I dropped Nisha’s ass and grabbed Philia’s hand.

“Fingers and shit go in Nisha, not me.” I demanded and dragged Philia’s hand onto Nisha’s breast.

“Make me feel how you like to feel,” Nisha suggested.

“He doesn’t want that,” Philia said, sounding hopeful.

“I don’t want what?” I growled at her.

“Me to leave,” Philia said, almost as a question.

I kinda wouldn’t have minded it. I shook my head.

“Kiss her and lick her titties.”

“I--OK…”

Reluctance can be hot. Especially, when it twists or ramps up as things continue. Nisha wasn’t waiting for things to ramp up. She arched her back and grabbed Philia’s head, bringing the redhead’s face down onto Nisha’s nipple. I smirked.

“This is what a good nooner is all about,” I said. Nooner. Did anyone call it a nooner? I couldn’t even remember where I’d heard that last. Nisha was laughing at me. I told her to shut up.

“Oh fuck!” She started whimpering rather than making a lot of noise.

I fucked the hell out of her. She was hard and tight and she’d probably been keyed up since I had cum in her mouth without giving her relief. She scratched Philia’s shoulders and bit inside her own cheek.

“Whatever,” I said between hard breaths, “be loud if you must.”

“Fuck! Shit! Fuck me! God piss fucking shit! I love fucking!“ Nisha erupted in blunt and delightful grunts. I started fucking her harder, laughing as her cursing grew more elaborate.

Shaking my body with laughter, and the grip of her sex sent me powering forward. The whole car was rocking on its shocks. Nisha squealed as she came.

“She’s done,” Philia rose up. “Do you wanna switch to me?”

“No,” I shook my head. “Yes. Fuck.” I growled after. I yanked Nisha down to my balls and started splurting my good into her. I had barely tried to breathe again when the driverside door opened and the smell of thai food hit me.

“Oh, fuck I love you,” I said twisted my head to see Lidie’s smirk.

“I’ll love you when you put my seat back in the car,” she countered. “We fucking more, or should we eat first.”

I huffed and puffed and rolled out of Nisha.

“Eat first… Need fluids…”

“I agree with the diagnosis,” I nodded.

“Will I be next?” Philia asked.

“We can talk after we eat.”

I had to put the seat back in the car so I’d have somewhere to sit. The food was decent. Thai’s usually pretty good, but I so often defaulted to pub food and pizza, it was just nice for something different.

“Are we good for more?” Philia eventually asked. I looked at the time.

“No, we’re going to call it.” I said with a yawn. A fuck filled weekend and the blowjob in the morning had left me a little spent for another run immediately. “You’re not disappointed, Lidie?”

“Disappointed? I’m great. It’s been awhile since I was treated to Thai food.” She handed me back my wallet. I leaned over and kissed her. I looked back into the backseat. Philia was getting dressed.

“Do you need a drive back to your car?” I asked.

“I took the bus,” she said.

“Perfect. There’s a bus stop right there,” I pointed out of our parking spot. “Next time I’ll call you.”

“But I had to--”

“Yeah, seriously,” I shook my head. “Next time, I’ll call you.”

“Oh,” she got out of the car. “I don’t know why this is all happening.”

“You were going to make trouble for my girl and me,” I said. “Don’t worry. I’ll figure out what to do with you.”

“OK.” she nodded, trustingly. She leaned in for a goodbye kiss. I guess that reinforced something because she looked a lot happier afterwards. I waved goodbye and three of us drove off back to the Credit Union.

“Hey,” I said over my shoulder. “Do you know when I should take a bathroom break this afternoon.”

“Not yet, I’ll drop a note off at--”

“I’ll be free at 3:15 to 3:30,” Lidie suggested.

“Yeah,” I nodded. “Yeah, that’ll be great.”

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