

## Part 2

“**J**ESUS CHRIST! You know?” I practically yell. “For how long?”

Kevin smiles, his still-hard cock deep inside me. “Oh, awhile. You do this thing with your hands, here and at work, too. It’s a dead giveaway.”

“How long have you been watching me at work?”

“How long haven’t I?” he says. “I noticed you the day they moved me into your department.” He shifts his hips, and his cock rubs my spot. I groan.

***I’d noticed him and his tight ass, but I couldn’t think of a time I’d seen him looking at me.***

Still, I think of Kevin sitting several cubicles away from me. I’d noticed him and his tight ass, but I couldn’t think of a time I’d seen him looking at me. We’d talked at Daphne’s every time he’d come in for his porn mags, but...

Kevin thrusts up into me hard enough to bump my head on the roof of my truck.

“Hey!”

“Just trying to get your attention,” he says.

“Oh, you’ve got it all right!” I grip his face, make sure I have his attention. “Kev, you can’t tell anyone.”

He bounces me on his dick. I’m slick from his come, and I ride right along. “You can trust me, Liz. Really.”

“I could easily start up with you again, but I’ve got to get back inside.” I slip off his lap, leaving a sticky mess. “There’re napkins in the glove box. Would you hand me a couple?”

I clean up and put my wig back on. “God, I’ve got J.B.F. hair. Hope you’re happy.”

“Very.” Kevin leans over and kisses me. “Catch you tomorrow at work.”

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I GET BACK into Daphne’s and am greeted by Jeremy’s mock clapping. “Very nice, boss. Now we’re fucking in the parking lot?”

“Honey, you fuck in the back. I’ll fuck out front.” I punch him in the shoulder. “Don’t worry. I won’t make a habit of it.”

“Who was that guy? And what do you get out of it? Money? Clothes?”

I smile at him and head behind the counter. “Would you clean up the floors around the peep boxes? They’re nasty.” I rub my rump to illustrate the point.

“Whatever,” he says and heads back. Soon the distinct odor of bleach will fill the shop and all will be better.

After Kevin’s revelation, I need some mindless work while I try to figure out what to do next. I decide to organize the DVDs behind the counter. Even I can do the alphabet while thinking. Just don’t ask me to chew gum, too.

I can’t help but wonder who Kevin wants. Elizabeth or Nico? He sure as hell was fucking Nico. But he knew it was Elizabeth. Me or me? If that’s not enough to fuck with your mind, nothing is.

***What if he tells someone at the office?***

What if he tells someone at the office? Who in the hell would he tell? Our supervisor? He's just a guilty as I am.

I grin. The office. I'll have to get him in the supply room. That door locks.

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THE REST OF THE NIGHT at Daphne's goes without weirdness. Sure, I sell a penis pump to a drag queen, but she's a regular and it's nothing out of the ordinary.

Midnight comes and we shut down. I'm fucking beat. The girls still tip me out even though they bought my new dress. They're good like that.

"Nico?" Glory asks. "You wanna stay around? Jeremy swears he's gonna get Taboo in the ass tonight."

I smile but back off. "Nah. I've got to get some sleep."

"We could make out while they're at it," she suggests.

"Some other time, Glory." I lean in and kiss her generously on the mouth. "Thanks for the dress."

I head out the back door to the alley to take the trash out. I do this every night. Stinks like hell. I think the guy that stands by the interstate with the cardboard sign sleeps back here. I bought him a peep show once, but I haven't seen him in ages.

Back inside, I shut off the lights, grab my keys and head out to my truck. Bed never sounded so good.

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MY ALARM GOES OFF and rattles my head. I pound it for a snooze and drift off again. But then my eyes pop open. Fuck! I'm going to see Kevin today. Me, Elizabeth. No Nico to back me up.

I sit up in bed and stretch. I can still smell the sex on me.

***In the shower, I run my hands through my dark hair and over my body. I squeeze the breasts Kevin grabbed. I play with the pussy he fucked.***

In the shower, I run my hands through my dark hair and over my body. I squeeze the breasts Kevin grabbed. I play with the pussy he fucked. I'm Nico. I'm Elizabeth.

I can be anyone I want to be.

Out of the shower, getting ready to dress in my black slacks and ordinary work blouse, it occurs to me to wear some saucy panties and bra. I'll give Kevin a little bit of Nico under Elizabeth's clothes.

I slip on my purple lace panties and the matching sheer bra. Standing in front of my mirror, I remember Kevin's hands on me. I follow their path until I have a hand in my panties.

I'm wet. I swirl my finger around my clit and send a shock through my body. I think about getting myself off really quick, but then I look at the clock.

Fuck! I'm gonna be late.

I get to work exactly at eight and barely make it to my cube. I don't look in Kevin's direction. I'll have a coffee and then wander by his cube in a bit. For the time being, I put on my telephone headset and get ready to take textbook orders from frantic teachers and stay-at-home moms.

The phones are busy today, but I keep replaying last night in my truck. I fight off the urge to answer a call with "Hello. This is Nico. How may I fuck you?"

My break comes at nine-thirty. I drop my headset, bolster my confidence, and head off toward the break room by way of Kevin's cubicle.

He's talking with a customer who must be irate. I step up behind him and run my nails up the nape of his neck. He shivers and reaches back for my hand.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he says into the phone. "We will reship the American history books at our expense ... Yes, ma'am, I promise ... Yes, ma'am. Thank you."

He clicks off and drops his headset. He keeps hold of my hand as he swivels in his chair. When he looks up at me, I can tell he is as nervous as I am. Maybe more so. But then he whispers so low that I barely hear him. "Hello, Nico." He looks behind me and apparently finds no one looking. He slips my finger into his mouth. Between his voice and his mouth, I'm wet again.

I look up and scan the cubicles. No one seems to be paying any attention to us. I whisper back, "Supply room," and turn and head to the back.

I slip into the dark of the supply room. I don't have to wait long. Kevin steps in, pulls the door closed behind him and locks it. That little click turns me to jelly.

The only light in the room comes from under the door, but I can see the smile on Kevin's face.

"Come here, you," he says.

I rush to him and press my body against his. His hands are on my face, his lips gently kissing mine. Once again, all I can think about are those lips on my pussy. But this time he's easy and slow and that makes me want it even more. But we're in a fucking supply closet, and we could be found out soon.

***He pulls me into him with a sweetness that makes me a little dizzy. Such a change from last night's frantic fuck.***

Kevin runs his hands down my sides and follows my curves to my ass. He pulls me into him with a sweetness that makes me a little dizzy. Such a change from last night's frantic fuck. He lowers us to the carpeted floor and turns his attention to my slacks. Skimming them off my legs, he lets out a low whistle.

"Nice panties." But that's the only attention they get as he takes them off and tosses them to the side. He kneels between my legs and lowers his Dockers. His dick is exposed by a lack of boxers. It's my turn to whistle.

I pull him down for a ruthless kiss. His cock presses against one thigh and then the other as he shifts his hips to find my opening. Just as I'm thinking about putting it in myself, Kevin grasps his dick and aims. I feel the head of him pushing into me, and I arch and wiggle to get him in farther. My wetness pulls him in and soon he is driving himself deep into me. He pulls my legs up over his arms and hits me hard. I want to cry out. Hell, I want to scream when he starts banging away at my G-spot. My legs flex and tighten in his grasp, but he doesn't let go.

The doorknob jiggles. We hear a muffled, "It's locked." We only have moments before they'll be back with a key.

In a flurry, Kevin pulls out of me and helps me up. We have to search for my panties, but soon we're dressed.

We peek out the door. No one is around. With a pat on the ass and an "I'll see you tonight," Kevin sends me back to my cube.

I'm restless the rest of the day. My pussy screams for attention, but those damn phone calls get my attention instead. I want out of here!

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FOUR-THIRTY AND I FLY to my rental. Tonight, getting ready as Nico feels different. I still shave all the necessaries and put on my oil. But instead of repainting my toes, I just touch them up. On with the wig and a short, black tank dress. I consider thigh-high stockings and heels. Instead, I grab my harness boots and hit the door.

I'm hoping I'll get Kevin alone again.

I get to Daphne's on time, barely gathered together as Nico.

The door dings as I come in. Jeremy and Samantha are behind the counter, flirting. The smell of the bleach brings me back into the moment. I straighten up and get my sauciest look going.

"Hey, guys," I call. "You're not fucking now too, are you?"

Samantha pushes Jeremy out of the way. "King Jeremy the Wicked here thinks he's the shit because he nabbed Taboo in the tail last night."

"Man, Jeremy, you shouldn't be tellin' all your business like that." I punch him in the shoulder. "Taboo'll have your dick."

***Jeremy does that ridiculous thing where he pretends to smack an ass in front of his pumping crotch. I just roll my eyes.***

"And she can have it for that sweet ass!" Jeremy does that ridiculous thing where he pretends to smack an ass in front of his pumping crotch. I just roll my eyes.

"Heard you had a rough night last night," Samantha says. "Trace won't be welcome in here again, that's for sure."

I smile. "Hey, no big deal." I hope. "How're the girls?"

"Taboo's walkin' funny..."

"Jeremy!" Samantha and I yell together.

"Glory's worried about you," Samantha says.

"I'll go talk to her. There's nothing to worry about." But, as I walk back past the lubes and flicks, I wonder. Trace has always been obsessive about our arrangement.

In the back I yell, “Baby girl? Glory? You back here?”

“Nico!” Glory scrambles past all of the crap in the dressing room to hug me. “Oh, honey, how are you?” She plants little kisses all over my face.

“Calm down. I’m fine. No permanent damage done.” I smile and run my hand over her satiny hair. “You’re so good to me.” I lift her face to mine and kiss her easily.

Glory opens her mouth to mine. She tastes of Marlboro Lights and coffee. I can still taste the toothpaste in my mouth.

Our tongues meet and caress each other. I open my lips wide to take her in and twist my fingers in her hair. She moans against me.

“Let ... me...” Glory murmurs among the kisses.

I let go of her hair, and she slides down my body to kneel in front of me. She lifts my dress and pulls my panties to the side. The heat of her breath on my pussy causes me to shut my eyes and sigh. “Oh, Glory.”

“Angela. Call me Angela,” she whispers.

Angela. Her real name. Everything’s magic here. We all become someone else. “No. Glory. Let me call you Glory.” I’m still Nico.

I lean back against the dressing table and allow Glory to work my pussy with her tongue. Her fingers prod my opening, and I gasp as she penetrates me. She plunges her tiny fingers into me. Her petite hand twists and turns as she works in four fingers. I can feel the knuckles of her hand grinding against me, her fingers massaging my G-spot. She puts such pressure on my clit with her mouth. She must be hurting herself. But it’s all so good and I arch into her.

***The rising heat in my pussy tells me I’m going to come.***

The rising heat in my pussy tells me I'm going to come. Glory's mouth and her pumping fist overwhelm me, and I cry out in orgasm. "God! Jesus, woman!" My legs lose their power, and I start to crumple.

Glory leads me to the sofa and helps me sit down. "You taste delicious," she tells me.

I kiss my own taste from her lips. My first taste of woman is my own.

"Baby girl, that was incredible." Then I blush. Something Nico never does. "You know you're my first woman, right?"

"You're shittin' me! Hot as you are?"

I just laugh. "Yeah, babe. Hot as I am." That sends me into a fit of giggles. "I gotta get back up front."

"Promise you'll visit me more often."

"Promise."

I'm swaying through the porn to the counter with a drugged-up look on my face. Jeremy looks excited. Samantha looks worried. "You didn't snort anything, did you?"

"No. Nothing like that." My glazed-over eyes could make them think that, but it's just rockin' sex.

Jeremy comes up behind me and grabs my hips, pushing his crotch into my ass-cheek. "First, that guy had you in your truck. Now, Glory. I think I should get to slip this into you too."

I wiggle loose and laugh at him. "It's 'cause of that guy in my truck that you won't get to."

"What makes him so special?"

It's a damn good question. I don't have an answer for it yet. "I'll let you know." But I think Kevin and Glory are enough for me for now.

"Sam, get outta here before Jeremy tries to stick it in you too."

"Don't have to tell me twice." She smiles. "Have a good night and be careful."

Jeremy leans against the counter. "Seriously, Nic, I'm gonna stay up here with you all night and keep an eye on things."

"Stop bein' so fucking paranoid. I'm fine. Besides the girls need you more than I do."

*Ding!*

She's pretty. Most likely a stripper. She goes for the costumes. "Can I help you?"

"Nah. If I can't find anything, I'll holler."

"My name's Nico. Just call."

I sit on the stool and pull off my boots. My toes still look pretty good. I wonder if toe man Jeff will show up tonight. Hell, I know he will, and he won't like the slipshod nail job. Oh, well.

*Ding!*

"Condoms?"

"Yeah, they're here at the counter."

***I can tell this guy is too young to be in here, but I sell him the rubbers anyway. Hell, got to get them somewhere. I even slip a little tube of lube in the bag.***

I can tell this guy is too young to be in here, but I sell him the rubbers anyway. Hell, got to get them somewhere. I even slip a little tube of lube in the bag.

“Have a good night.”

I grab a *Taboo* magazine and flip past the piss shots. Not my thing. I’m looking for the hetero, blowjob, fucking pics. They make me think of Kevin.

In the pictures, the girl has this guy’s thick cock stuffed up her twat, then in her mouth and finally deep in her ass. The trifecta of porn. It gets me hot.

I’ve been living vicariously through every sorry sot who’s come though here. I’ve bought the toys, jacked off with them, come hard and then wanted more.

I’ve watched Jeremy tag the girls.

Fuck that! I have Glory and Kevin now, and I’m going to live it. Live it hard.

*Ding!*

“Hey, baby girl. You dancing on pretty blue toes tonight?”

“Pretty, but not so blue, Jeff. I had a rough night and...”

“Can I see them?” It’s all about him.

“Yeah. See you in the dressing room.”

By the time I get to the dressing room, Jeff is crouched on the floor with his cock out. Deep breath. This is fucking ridiculous. I sit on the bench with my feet stretched out. No mock teasing, just feet.

Jeff hardly notices. “Two feet tonight, Nico?”

“Yeah, whatever gets you off.”

Jeff takes my feet in his hands and wraps them around his cock. “This is too much, babe.”

I feel a sudden disgust for him. For me. What the fuck am I doing?

Jeff jerks himself off with my feet as I stare at the nick in my nail.

“Unh, fuck ... Jesus, Nico.”

Enough! I pull my feet up and tuck them under me.

“I’m not done, babe.”

“But I am.”

“What?”

An idea comes to me. “You want my feet, right, baby? All the time?”

“Yeah ... I thought I had them.”

“You will. Give me two hundred tonight and then five when I deliver, and I’ll make it worth your while.”

Jeff looks confused but interested. I tell him, “I can get my feet for you all the time.”

“What about tonight?”

“Not tonight, babe. Two hundred and we’ll get the game going. Do you trust me?”

Jeff nods now, using his hand to finish himself off. He comes in seconds. Thank God. Jeff’s a done deal.

“Jeff, I can get you my feet in latex. They will feel kinda like mine and the toes will even be in blue. My light blue, promise. You can fuck them anytime.”

***He stands, puts his cock away, zips and takes out his wallet.***

He stands, puts his cock away, zips and takes out his wallet. He actually has two hundred. Maybe my surprise is worth more.

“I’ll make this worth your while,” I repeat and guide him out of the dressing room. I swat him on the ass and push him out the front door.

I call my latex contact. “I need a quickie. Latex feet, yeah. Details later. One-fifty. Deal.”

Tonight, everything’s magic. And I’ll make five-fifty. Footsy Jeff will be happy. And no more foot jobs for me.

I slip my boots on with relief.

*Ding!*

Jesus, can’t a chick catch a break?

“Hey, Nico!”

Kevin!

“Hey,” I drawl. I tilt my head and hip in one fluid motion. I pivot on my foot. “Whatcha doin’?” I can be such a dork.

“Well, I thought I’d come in and keep you company. You know, see how your night’s goin’.”

“I’m doin’ good. I think I got rid of my foot man.”

“Foot man?”

“Yeah. I was catching some money on the side from letting this guy get off with my feet.”

“Your feet?”

“Yeah! My feet. I have cute feet, and for fifty bucks they can be cute come-covered feet.” I tell Kevin about my surprise for Jeff.

“You can do that? Can you make me a latex pussy?” He laughs.

“Actually we sell a Jenna Jameson pussy.”

“No. I want one of yours. That’s the pussy I want.”

I relax with his revelation. “Mine, huh?” I walk around the counter and put my arms around his waist. “You’re really something.”

Kevin leans in for a kiss, and I nab his lower lip with my teeth. He wrestles it away and grabs my head for a deep kiss.

***Damn! This man can kiss.***

Damn! This man can kiss. So different from Glory’s kiss.

Glory. Gonna have to find a way to introduce the two. Oooo, I have an idea.

I step back and ring for Jeremy.

Jeremy comes out from the peeps with a smear of pink lipstick on his neck. Taboo’s color. I was going to be pissed if it was Glory’s dark red. “Yeah, boss?”

“I need you to watch the counter for a bit.” And I lead Kevin toward the dressing room.

“Damn, woman. First the parking lot and now this? You’re gonna get caught.”

“Don’t care.”

I get Kevin in the dressing room and start kissing him. He’s really into kissing me back. His hands come up to drop the straps on my dress. I shimmy and, with Kevin’s help, I get my top down to my waist. He dips his head and starts licking my nipple.

It’s now or never. “Baby?”

“Mmmm?”

“Don’t stop while I tell you this. Keep going.” Kevin cups both breasts, nuzzles between them and then goes back to licking around my right nipple.

“I’m pretty sure I’m bisexual, and...”

“What?”

I pushed his head back down to my tit. “Shut up, suck and listen. I’m sure I’m bi, and I’ve been kissing Glory.”

Kevin tilts his eyes up at me, but keeps sucking on my tit.

***I sit down on the bench and spread my legs. Kevin kneels in front of me and works my panties off.***

“Today, I was kissing her in the back, and she reached for my skirt.” Kevin gives an appreciative moan and leaves my tit. He grabs the bottom of my skirt and lifts it. I sit down on the bench and spread my legs. Kevin kneels in front of me and works my panties off.

“She fingered me and I think she had almost her whole fist in me...”

“God, woman.”

“Shush!” I grab the back of his head and push it into my crotch. His tongue makes contact with my clit and I stutter. “A-anyway, she ... licked me ... and pu-pumped her fingers and I came.”

Kevin fits two of his thick fingers into me and sucks on my clit. I bury my hands in his hair and force him further into me. “I ... I think ... oh, yeah, there ... I think I would like to do it again with her.”

Kevin starts pumping his hand hard into me and pressing his tongue into my clit.

When I start to come, my legs get tight and I squeeze my eyes shut. Then wham! It hits. I’m all but yelling, and I don’t give a flying fuck who hears. I’m seeing colors and they’re not.

Kevin comes up on his knees and gets that beautiful cock out for me. He wedges himself between my tight legs and plunges into me. Fuck!

“I think I want to keep you both. Have you both together.” He pumps harder as he grabs a tit and squeezes. “But I wouldn’t know what to do. Oh!” He hits my spot over and over and I feel another come rising.

Kevin’s turn to talk. “You would suck her tits, and you would eat her pussy.” I’m arching to get him deep inside.

He grabs me around the waist, pounds me and looks me straight in the eye. “And you would make her come.”

***“When she’s spread out on the bed and your face is between her thighs, I’ll come up and fuck you from behind until you’re both coming.”***

“When she’s spread out on the bed and your face is between her thighs, I’ll come up and fuck you from behind until you’re both coming.” He slams his hips and cock into me harder and harder until his heavy

breathing becomes groans. His groans combine with a gasp and he comes.

He rests his forehead on my shoulder for a moment and then kisses up my neck to my mouth.

“I think this could work out,” I say as we begin to kiss.

Kevin leans back. “Now, who the fuck is Glory?”

**CONTINUED...**