

Jerry's Booth: Chapter II – FINISHED

Note: The main story behind this is courtesy of an artist going by the name of InCase. You can find the main comic here: https://www.luscious.net/albums/booth_278965/. Read the main comic first before this.

Sometimes, it's the most extraordinary things in life that appear the most ordinary.

One day, I'm laying around in a booth, routinely blowing guy after guy. The next day, I suck off a chick with a dick, and now I just can't stop thinking about her. Making matters worse is the fact that this happened just a moment ago; I even still have her taste in my mouth. *Damn*, I thought. *That was fun. I need more clients like that.*

Anyway, there's a downpour outside the place I do this – Jerry's Booth, a name that's subtle enough for a rather shoddy establishment. It's a mundane, grey concrete building, with a neon sign above the entrance – Jerry's Booth, it says in bright white lettering. And at the bottom of the name is an even less subtle logo – an erect dick, and an open, eager mouth.

Despite the wetness of the weather, today is as dry and boring as ever without her around; I wait for what feels like forever while donned in my uniform – a pair of red latex gloves that stretch over my elbows, slightly covering my left-arm tattoo, a red corset, a tight black miniskirt, and a pair of strapped high-heels. I'm also required by Jerry (my boss) to always keep my blonde hair in pigtails, my face caked in enough makeup to bring out my reddish-brown eyes, and my body as curvaceous as I can make it. Frankly, this whole affair makes me look like one of the biggest bimbo sluts in this city, but that's the whole point, and it pays the bills. *A girl's gotta eat.*

As the pitter-patter of the rain continues on with no end in sight, so does the annoying flickering of the sign outside...and then there's her. All these things annoy me to the point of me slamming my head into my pillow as I try to drown it all out.

"Oh, why did that session have to be so fun?" I mumble. "And why didn't I take that *damn* money?" In frustration, and as a way to soften it, I pound my pillow a few times before trying to give my arm a stretch...until I feel something.

"Huh? Is that...her bag?" I mutter. When I raise my head to check, my suspicions are immediately confirmed. "It *is* her bag!" Quickly, I get down to business and rummage through it to get the money she owes to both me and Jerry...until an idea pops up in my head.

Wait...she forgot her bag; she'll want to come back here again to get it back. I feel a grin quickly spread on my face as I start putting all her stuff back in the bag. *She'll want to come back here again to get this bag back, which means...*

“I might just get a second session...with her!” I excitedly whisper. I then zip her bag back up, hug it under my arm to guard it, and eagerly await her return, or at least, await the end of my shift at this sketchy place.

A few moments pass, and my patience begins to almost boil over, warming me through the bitter cold of this rainy weather. *Oh, come on! Why hasn't she come back yet? I mean, she's lucky I didn't decide to steal this stuff.* My eyes dart towards her Giorgio Armani sunglasses, and for a moment, I feel the urge to just take them from her bag right then and there as payment, but fight it off. And right as I start to leave my station, she returns.

She enters through the squeaky glass door, and then nervously stands below the magenta light at the entrance. My heart races, and I feel an even greater urge to just run to her and unbuckle her pants, but keep it cool. She's dressed in a tight, but drab, light-grey hoodie that's soaked right through, showing underneath a dark-blue tank top, and no bra under that, revealing her small, perky tits; she's also wearing her rain-soaked khakis, and through that, I see the outline of that thing that's gotten me wetter than the world outside.

And yet, it's impossible to look at that thing without seeing the rest of her – she's an adorable, black-haired little thing, with a freckled, green-eyed face, and a delicately pale and thin frame; the whole package in my books.

“Hi!” I squeak, just like the door. *God, I hope I didn't sound too eager there.*

“H-Hi,” she nervously replies. “I-I'm just here to get my bag back.”

“You're sure...or you want something to go with that?” I reply, making sure to slowly enunciate each word; I seductively lick my lips, and she bites hers in hesitation.

“I...” She looks down in confusion and blushes, while her dick eagerly salutes me, making my mouth water at the sight of it.

“Just come over here, and I'll make sure that second time's especially a charm,” I say.

“O-Okay.” She then shakily steps toward me, her face as visibly and adorably flushed as ever. “W-Wait,” she hesitates and stops. “I'm not sure if I can pay you for a sec –”

“No need to worry,” I interject, waving my arm in disregard. “I’ll make you a deal; you can pay me after we’re finished. It’d just be for your first session earlier. That’s two for the price of one! Call it a first-timer deal.”

“G-Great. Thank you!” she says. Her lips slowly curve into a shy smile while her blush remains. *Oh, I hope I’ll get to kiss those again*, I think to myself. After spending a moment more of hesitation (much to my mild irritation), she gets back to approaching me and stops once her crotch is just inches away from my face. Immediately, I get right to work; I swiftly unbuckle her belt again and pull her pants and underwear down. And just like a Jack-in-the-box, her cock pops right out lands just atop my nose.

“Woah! Well, hey there yourself, little fella,” I playfully quip. “Don’t worry, I’m excited to have some fun with you again too.” I gently grasp the shaft with one hand and massage her balls with my other, stroking and massaging her slowly.

“Oh...God. Y-Your hands are so soft,” she moans.

“I’m glad you think so,” I smugly respond. After several more moments of having her at the mercy of my palm and fingers, I make my move; I stop stroking and massaging her, and place both my hands on her thighs; I then lick her head, and once again, there’s that salty, sweet, intoxicating taste I just can’t get enough of, making me wrap my tongue around it.

“How do you like that?” I manage to say while I continue tonguing away at her delicious dick.

“Amazing,” she gasps. “I...I think this might be better than earlier.” I laugh at her reply, and when she feels my hot breath on her head, she squirms a little. *How cute*.

After I decide that her head has received enough of my attention, I drag my tongue along the rest of her length; first, it’s along both sides, and then along the underside, eventually reaching her tip again. Once it’s all nice and wet, I dig right in.

“Welp. Time for that second helping,” I say before I stuff her into my mouth once again. And even though I’ve already felt her once, it still feels as orgasmic as then. I slowly move back and forth, with my lips wrapped around her beautifully smooth cock, and continue swirling my tongue all over the place to give her my full attention. *God, I could never get enough of her*.

As I bob my head faster and deeper on her delicious cock, she makes a gentle tug at my pigtails.

“H-Hey,” she says, her knees buckling, and her face cringing from the intense sensations. “Do you mind if I...”

In response, I give her a thumbs up, just as I did on our first time, and she gives me the treatment I truly deserve – she tightly holds on to both of my pigtails and proceeds to completely use my throat, pounding it like a jackhammer at a dizzying pace. To intensify the sensations, I stick my tongue out and lick away at her smooth balls while she’s in my mouth. Drool leaks out, and it crawls from the tip of my tongue, down my chin, and onto my pillow.

“Oh...f-fuck!” She moans whilst she closes her eyes, losing herself completely. *That’s right. Use me, I muse. I wanna be your personal cocksucker.* As she keeps on thrusting in and out of my throat, I feel the area between my legs grow wetter and wetter by the second, so much so that I move my hand from her thigh to my body, slithering it down to my wet pussy, where I start massaging it; less than a moment later, my index finger slips right in, between my sopping folds. *Oh fuck!*

With both of these things happening, I feel my clit twitch ever closer to cumming; the girl’s delicious futa dick does the same, making me even more excited. *God, I don’t think I’ve ever been this turned on before. I’m so close.*

“Holy shit!” she moans. Before I know it, I feel her thrust her entire length down my throat, making me swallow it all as black, makeup-stained tears crawl down my cheeks. Less than a second later, she pulls out to give both herself and me a breather, leaving behind a strand of my drool, and a trail of my lipstick running down her cock.

“D-Do you mind if I...” she gestures to my face with her finger.

“Of course!” I breathily squeak, feeling the most excited than I’ve ever been about this. “You can cum on my face. I’m *yours* to use for however long you want.”

“Hey!” someone shouts from behind the front door as they bang on it. “Some of us have been waiting in line here for the past eight minutes.”

“Just wait your turn like the rest of ‘em, buddy!” I respond. I then turn my eyes back to her. “Listen, like I said, I’m glad to be of help...*really*. So, take all the time you need.” She nods in agreement and returns to using me, putting herself back in my mouth again to fuck it at an even faster pace. And through all my gagging, I hear the men outside grunt in disapproval.

“Oh s-shit! You’re gonna make me cum!” she groans. I proudly grin and continue slathering my tongue all over her, working her with my throat with as much vigor as I can muster while feeling her twitch faster and faster.

“I’m cumming!” she screams. To my surprise, however, she makes one shot down my throat, and then pulls out to cum all over my face, covering me in warm, white ropes. *Tonight certainly won’t be spent shivering in the cold.* Meanwhile, I finger-fuck myself faster, massaging my clitoris with my thumb while I thrust my index and middle fingers in and out. Within seconds, I cum too, and I squirt all over my station. Exhausted as shit, I collapse onto my pillow, reduced to a panting, cum-covered mess.

After spending a few more moments to catch my breath, I break the silence and speak. “H-Hey, uh, do you think you could let go of my pigtails?” I ask.

“O-Oh. Sorry,” she stammers.

“No, it’s fine. I just need to get something from my purse behind me.” From my purse, I grab a napkin and wipe my face with it before sneakily putting it back without her noticing. *I can’t wait to play with this later.*

“That was amazing,” she gasps.

“Fucking intense,” I remark, before turning to face her again. “So. The payment?”

“R-Right!” Sheepishly, she grabs her bag and takes out a wad of hundreds, deftly shuffling through them with her long fingers. *God, I can only imagine what those fingers could do to me.*

“How much do I owe you exactly?” she asks.

“The usual price for a session here is two-fif –”

“Here’s three-hundred,” she blurts as she thrusts three of the bills into my hand. “You can keep the extra fifty as a tip, and as compensation if I was a little awkward during our session.”

Damn, she really does have some major confidence issues. Slowly, I rise from my station and hold her face in my hands. Without a word, I put my lips to hers, giving my all into kissing her again. I then plant one bill in her back pocket and tuck the other two into the strap of my miniskirt while she hungrily tries to explore the rest of my body with her tongue and hands before I stop her midway and part from the kiss.

“O-Oh. S-Sorry about...*that*,” she says.

“No, it’s fine. That was hot,” I assure her. “It’s just...we can’t be doing that here.”

“Hey!” another man behind the front door barks.

“Shit. It’s Jerry. My boss,” I say acidly. “Yes?” I call to him.

“How much longer are you gonna go? It’s fucking pouring out here, and some of my customers have been waiting for *over twenty minutes* now.”

“We’re just finishing up,” I snap. “Just...give me a moment.” I then turn my eyes back to her. “We never introduced each other, have we? My name’s Cynthia, but they call me Sindy around here; Sindy, with an ‘S’.”

“Angel,” she replies. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“Likewise...well, I guess you should get going now before Jerry barges in here with a shotgun.”

“Right you are,” Angel says, laughing, but with a hint of disappointment in her tone. She pulls her pants and underwear back up and rezips and re-buckles them.

“Don’t forget your bag...oh and one more thing.” Hastily, I turn around again and grab a napkin and a pen from my purse. I then scrawl onto it my phone number.

“Here,” I say as I hand the napkin to her. “Call me whenever you want. Maybe we can also meet for coffee later?”

“Coffee’s good,” Angel says. She then tucks the napkin into her bag and takes care to make sure she’s really holding onto it this time. Before she exits through the door, she faces me one last time.

“Well, bye...for now I hope.”

“See you later, Angel. Make sure you leave us a good review online.” I then blow her one final kiss, making her sheepishly grin at me. She then turns on her heel, and leaves through the squeaky door without another word.

Less than a moment later, my next customer walks in – a rather burly man with a moustache.

“I believe I’m next,” he grunts.

“You know the procedure,” I drone. Despite my cold demeanor toward the rest of my customers during the remainder of my shift, that warm feeling remains, as does memory of her adorable blush and smile.

I can’t wait to see her again.