

I Can't Stop Cumming: Origins
- A Prequel -
By Razmagurk

"I'm coming!" I called, my sing-song voice lilting around the restaurant as I made my way over to the latest customer.

He was a dorky thing, sat alone in one of the corner booths. You could tell right away he was one of the weird ones. I don't want to say it was pathetic, but it was kind of pathetic, right? I guess mostly he was just young, but there was this whole vibe to him.

He kept rubbing that weird tiki statue of his, for starters. And he had all those weird obvious questions.

Like, yes, I was sure I had always been a woman. I think I'd noticed if I'd been a man 10 minutes earlier. Yes, even though my name was Daniel. Yes, I was sure this was a titty restaurant. That's why I was jiggling my cute butt in these skin-tight shorts. Yes, I'd always had double-ds. That's how I got the job in the first place.

And god, the way he stared. Like most guys, he didn't even try to hide it, but this wasn't the horny leer I was so used to. There was something beneath it. Something curious, appraising.

Like he was keeping score.

If I was one of the bitchier girls working here, I'd have probably pegged him as a hopeless virgin loser and left it at that, but I don't know - there was just something about this guy that struck me as next level.

But whatever. Dude was weirdly intense? That's his problem, not mine. Let him stare. Isn't that why he was here?

As long as he tipped good.

"Have you decided?"

"I have." He grinned a big stupid grin at my boobs. He reminded me a bit of my younger brother - like he should still be in school. He couldn't have been more than 18.

"Great! What're you thinking?"

"Honestly?" he tore his gaze from my body to glance around. "I've decided this is all a dream. A weird dream, sure, but there's no other explanation."

"Oh honey," I waved a hand playfully, "I know my tits are out of this world, but trust me, they're real. Lord knows I've got the back pain to prove it."

“Really? I wonder if I can...” He put his hand on the tiki statue. “I wish you didn’t?” He said it with the same tone of voice as someone lending a fiver. “In fact, I wish that they would never give you any trouble, even though you have tits bigger than your head.”

There was a pulse from the statue. His jaw dropped so hard his tongue rolled out of his mouth. I had that effect on people.

“Then I’d say its your lucky day, sir.” I gave a wink and bent forward, giving him an even better view of the way the enormous round orbs of my melons stretched at this little shirt. “Cause your right in that regard - don’t know if its just genetics or what, but I guess I’ve just got a strong back. Lucky for you, huh?”

He’d pulled his tongue back into his mouth, but his grin had gone even wider. I mean I know my tits are all big and round and jiggly and that guys ate that shit up, but you’d think he’d just won the lottery or something.

Well, who was I to deny this guy such a simple pleasure?

I stretched my back, letting the braless things jump and jiggle beneath my uniform. His grin widened even further.

“So,” I bounced on my heels to give the word emphasis. “What’ll it be?”

“Huh?”

“You said you decided what you want?”

“Uh - “ he looked around the restaurant. It was a slow day, but his eyes had locked onto the new girl, Dean, as a group of boys at a nearby table were giving her a bit of a hard time.

I pursed my lips. Poor girl got teased a lot. She was new and still learning her confidence, which made her an easy target for that kind of bullying. Maybe if she had tits like mine, but she was just so -

Another pulse washed out of the statue.

-stacked! Her braless gazongas were practically exploding through the uniform, and she was wearing the largest size we had! The slightest movement threatened to free them, and boys were always all too eager to give it a try.

I chewed the edge of my lip. It was almost enough to put a girl like me to shame.

But then, in a restaurant like this, it was to be expected, right? Everybody who worked here was a turbo stacked hottie. It had always been that way.

“You know what?” He laughed. “There’s just so many options.”

“Well, we have a draft beer that’s popular, but I’m going to have to see some id if you’re claiming you’re over 18.”

“What?”

“The drink menu?”

“Oh right! Uh.” He looked down only briefly at the menu before an idea crossed his face. He glanced around conspiratorially, hand still resting on the statue. “You know - seeing as this is my dream and everything... Maybe I...”

“Yeah?”

“Maybe...” he was almost too embarrassed to say it. “Maybe I want to see what you look like with a nice big cock?”

The idol pulsed.

Why would anybody be embarrassed by that?

His eyes had fallen to my tight little orange shorts. There was something pulsing in there as well. My dick - at its typical half-chub, straining against the orange fabric, creating a bulge almost as prominent as the one on my chest.

Shit, what? - I took a brief little breath. The damn thing had slipped to the front of my panties again. It was sticking straight ahead. I'd have to readjust it. Why did this always happen to me? Other girls didn't have to deal with this sort of stuff.

But my mortification was self-contained. He was looking right at the wardrobe malfunction, and he was loving what he was seeing. His jaw hung open in disbelief.

Maybe... maybe I could play this off as intentional?

I rolled my hips and gave it a playful wiggle. His gaze followed it like a hungry puppy.

Boys. I rolled my eyes. Well, that's the point of a restaurant like this, right? Showing off your big fat assets? If this didn't get me a good tip, I didn't know what would.

“One large coke coming up.” I gave him a wink.

“What?” He was blushing over his own reaction. “Oh, right. T-thanks.”

“And are you ready to order, or should I come back in a few more minutes?”

“That would be great.”

I made sure to put some wiggle into my walk as I worked my way to the back to get his drink. Somewhere along the way there was another pulse and I stumbled. I readjusted my stride. I had to be careful, walking in these high heels. Nice and slow - every step an exaggerated strut, just like they taught us. Ass grinding, tits bouncing, dick swinging.

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"Oh my god, Daniel!" David pounced on me as soon as the door closed behind me. "Did you talk to that guy? What was his deal? Is he a creep?"

"Huh?" I looked up to see David and Dean, the other two girls on shift, staring at me expectantly.

"David, come on" I rubbed at my temple. "You can't just ask someone what their deal is."

"No come on, I mean it! What's with the tiki statue?" She bounced energetically on her heels, her brown pony tail waving like a dog's tail. "Aren't you the least bit curious to know?"

"I haven't asked." I threw up my hands. "I'm not just going to ask. Its not my business."

"But we wanna know!" she faux-whined.

"I'm betting it's a good luck charm or something?" guessed Dean, brushing back one of the locks of ginger hair she liked to hide her eyes behind. "Or maybe its a security blanket thing? You saw how nervous that guy was when he came in, right? I used to have something like that."

"Well if that's the case, its working." I sighed. "I don't think I've ever been stared at quite so intently in my whole life."

"Really?" Dean blinked doe-eyed. "That's really something coming from you."

"Huh?"

"What she's saying is that everybody stares at you, Daniel. Can you blame them?" David reached up and cupped my boobs playfully. "Look at these things! You've got like, the nicest boobs of the lot of us."

"Oh, come on! I do not have the nicest boobs. Yours are way bigger!"

"Yeah but yours are rounder, perkier, jigglier! Look." She gave my chest a sisterly rise and drop, letting it jiggle around in my shirt.

Dean nodded in sage agreement.

"Not to mention a little something extra." David's hand went from groping my tit to cupping my bulge, which was getting all the tighter despite the roughness of the situation. "Frankly, it's a miracle there's anything left for the likes of us."

"Wish I had a huge dick like that." Dean sighed wistfully.

"God, right?" David laughed. "We'd double our tips over night. Think of all the new viewers I could bring in. And you have a super hot boyfriend to boot. It's just not fair."

"Alright, alright!" I held up my hands. "I get it, I'm truly blessed. Don't act like you don't have guys drooling over you left and right, I've seen your livestream."

"Well," she grinned. "There's a reason I never invited you on. A stacked blonde packing serious heat? My poor simps would lose their mind."

"Actually, speaking of," Dean pressed her fingers together. "Is your boyfriend coming to pick you up today?"

"He is, why?"

The two looked at each other then expectantly at me.

"Again? Fine, yes you can stare at his butt. God, you two are the worst."

"Aw, you know you love us." David opened her arms dramatically for a hug. I let out a short sigh and did the same.

"See?" My melons squeezed against her own huge tits in a pillowy press, as we often did. She was a tad fatter sure, but we were both big enough to break necks.

"Come on rookie," she gestured for Dean, "Get in on this."

Dean's tits joined ours in the hug. Now don't get me wrong - no one who worked at restaurants like this had anything less than enormous tits. That was just the way the world worked. But sometimes I wondered if maybe ours were some of the biggest.

Frankly I was lucky. Most of the girls who worked at these sorts of restaurants could be... well, dramatic would be the polite way of putting it. They could be real bitches. David and I had started at the same time and had quickly bonded. Dean was still the new girl but she was such a sweet thing and we'd been able to keep her from the worst of it for now. They were good people.

"Uh, Daniel?" Dean whispered.

"Yeah?"

"Your dick is squeezing into my belly."

"Oh my gosh." I went completely red of face. "I'm so sorry."

I pulled back and shoved a hand down my shorts, readjusted my panties to better contain my stupid cock.

Luckily this particular restaurant had a very casual uniform policy. We didn't have some manager barking down our neck all the time, and when we did, they understood what it was like to be part of the extra big titty committee. And thank god, with the number of uniforms we seemed to break.

"How do I look?"

"Wait, let me -" David reached out a hand and brushed the hair behind my ear. "Perfect."

"Okay." I poured out a glass of coke. "I gotta head back out."

"Find out about the statue!"

"I'm not just going to ask! God. Its not even the weirdest thing a customer's brought in. Remember that batchelor party with all the dildos?"

"Oh, I do!" she purred. "I still have some of those."

I rolled my eyes in response. I mean, I still had mine too, we'd had to do something with them, but I wasn't going to admit to how much fun I'd had with the thing. My dick twitched in its bright orange prison. You could still make out the whole thing, but at least it wouldn't be bouncing around so much.

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The guy's face lit up as he saw me striding across the restaurant, holding his big fat coke in my hands.

"So -" I placed the drink before him and leaned casually against the table. "Have you decided what you want?"

Normally I'd have slipped into the booth along side him - guys love that - but with the way this guy was ogling my crotch it was very clear he'd preferred if my bulge remained good and exposed.

"What do I want?" He looked down at the idol, rolling the question around in his brain. "Wow. That's the big question, isn't it? I mean..." He looked back at my dick and swallowed hotly. "I have a few things in mind, but uh-" Again, he was almost embarrassed to say it. "I don't know if I quite have the courage to ask."

"Oh, if this is about the wings, then yeah. I have to warn you they're a little hot. Our chef likes to put some of her secret mix into it. I mean, Dean doesn't mind, but that girl's crazy. If you don't like spicy stuff maybe stay away."

"Yes!" He slapped the table. "See, that's exactly it. Some of the stuff some people consider spicy can be entirely vanilla by other standards. And like, I have an idea of what I want, but what if I go for it and its just... way too much, you know?"

"Honestly? You wouldn't be the first to face that conundrum." I laughed. "But hey, I'll tell you what I tell all of them - If that sort of thing is what you're here for, why not give it a shot? What's wrong with trying new things? Order whatever crazy spicy stuff you want. If its too much, well, that's a part of the fun sometimes, isn't it? No one's going to judge."

He looked at me as though he was seeing me for the first time.

"And if your not sure if you want it -" I gave a shrug that set my tits bouncing. "- maybe start off with a spicy appetizer and see how your feel from there?"

His eyes fell back to my crotch. He licked his lips.

"... you know what? I think you might be right. Its my dream isn't it? Why not take advantage? Why not be bold? Who's going to notice, who's going to judge?"

"That's the spirit! An appetizer of wings to start then?"

"Yeah just a taste - your juiciest pieces of meat!"

He squeezed the idol. There was a pulse.

He let out a little whimper. His breathing suddenly short and hot. I looked down and realized that I'd had my dick - all nine inches hard as a rock and just as impossible to contain - mere inches from his face, the shorts again doing little to hide it.

"Oh fuck." he spoke softly. He looked like a boy seeing tits for the first time.

"Are you okay?"

"Oh its uh. Its just so - " he tore his eyes off it to look me in the eye. "Real."

"Yeah hon," I gave it a squeeze with my slender red-painted nails. "All natural. Just like the tits."

He let out a soft sigh. God you'd think he'd never seen a girls cock before.

"I wish..." He gulped. "I wish all girls had something like this."

Another pulse.

"Aw, thanks honey," I looked out the window at all the women walking around with crotch rockets of their own. "But its not really that much bigger than average."

"Wait, I want a better view!" He rubbed the idol.

A pulse.

"Oh?" I slid up the hem of my microskirt, flashing him just an errant whiff of cock-cleavage in that gap between my dick-stockings and my skirt. "You like what you see?"

It was tame as far as teasing goes, but his face was a shade of red I'd never seen before.

"That's uh - that's not what I meant but I uh-"

"Oh," I teased some more, rolling my hips. "You don't like?"

"I want to see *more*."

He squeezed the idol again.

Pulse.

“Really? How’s this?”

I sat on the table and spread my legs for him. My dick, as long as my forearm, stood strong and proud, the thin straps of my scrotal lingerie perfectly aligned to run down the length of my shaft and a lacy translucent cup just barely covering the head. The lines led down to the matching white string-ballkini lifting and presenting the smooth hairless cleavage of my nuts for all the world to see.

“Oh wow.” He laughed. Giddy. Delirious.

“What?”

“I didn’t think it would be so... cute.”

I blushed. I’d heard a lot of guys comment about this panty set before but cute was not a word they had used. I twisted my way off the table, grateful for how the pull and lift of my underwear prevented me from crushing my balls between my slender legs.

“I’ll be back with your appetizer soon.” I waved. “And hey, maybe I’ll even help you see just how spicy these get.” I purred, “It doesn’t look like there’s many other customers today.”

“Oh I’ve seen to that.” He squeezed the totem again. “Their loss.”

I swayed my ass as I made my way to the back, teetering on my extra-high heels, skirt riding up just low enough to frame my prodigious thong-clad cheeks, the shorter cut of the hem in the front allowing my cock to rise proudly up before me, balls jiggling as they shift with every step.

“Right.” I heard him murmur. “Just a taste... For now...”

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“Well?” David peaked over the counter.

“Oh come on! No, I didn’t ask. Don’t know what good it would even do. He’s a total space case. He keeps fondling the thing?”

“Probably imagining its your dick.” She stuck out her tongue.

“Oh my god.” Dean ran in, hem of her skirt raised as she struggled to fit her balls back into their sack. “I’m so embarrassed.”

“What happened?”

“Wardrobe malfunction!” She held up the errant strap. “My cock fell out of it’s holster in front of the whole table.” Her face was as red as her hair. “They all saw my cockhead!”

"Oh sweetie, I'm so sorry." I gave her a big hug, pulling her face into my bosom.

"This is it. My life is over." She buried her face further in my cleavage. "I'm never going to be able to live this down."

"Are you kidding?" Dean poked her head through the door to look over at the table in question. "Look at them, you made those guy's whole day."

"This is all your fault!" She pointed a finger at David. "You told me if I wore this stupid pushup, that I'd get better tips." She cupped her balls for emphasis, keeping a hand over her exposed head, despite it being something we'd seen a million times before.

"And you will!" David opened her locker and pulled out a sewing kit. "Guys love this sort of thing. Trust me. Have I ever served you wrong when it came to fashion advice? Plus, come on, cute shy dicky-restaurant waitress has wardrobe malfunction and flashes her head? They'll think its all part of the show - they'll be talking about it for weeks."

"You think?" She looked up, eyes wide and moist.

"Absolutely!"

"I just... why does this stuff always happen to me? Why does everybody tease me? This is just like that time that guy came in looking to 'send back' the bj special."

"It's cause you're cute, rookie." David snickered. "Vulnerable. Guys eat that stuff up."

David sat Dean down on a bench and kneeled beside her, the girth of the red head's cock dwarfing her face as she carefully did some emergency repairs on the garment in question.

"I wish I could be confident like you. You always handle this stuff so well. You're never flustered."

"It's cause she's got so much practice." I stuck out my tongue.

"Its about attitude, too. Look, it helps if you realize that the guys who come to places like this, they're total simps. They want to see a girl's cock. You flash them a bit of skin, they go gaga over it, but you're the one doing the flashing. You're the one in control. And if they want more? Then they have to go out of their way to please you."

"To be fair," I interjected. "Not all guys turn into drooling morons the moment they see a girl's dick."

Given where we worked though, the sample was certainly biased, wasn't it? Still, my boyfriend was proof enough.

"True, some are tit men!" She laughed. "And some like asses. But it's a girl's dick they all love most."

"I always thought guys were more into boobs than dicks." I said absentmindedly. My brother, little perv, was obsessed with them.

“Wait, what? No, totally the opposite. Dicks for them are like, a biological imperative. They see something big and long and juicy, and they just eat it up. Its hard wired into them. The bigger the better, right? Cause that contrast is just so achingly, sexilly...”

“Feminine?” hazarded Dean

“Right! Small little soft dicks are masculine, big hard strong ones are feminine. The bigger the difference, the hotter the babe. No offense to all the boyish small-dicked flatties out there. I’m sure they have plenty of other charms, but that’s what brings us home the bacon.”

“Oh come on, are you seriously saying they like that better than a big fat pair of tits?” I raised an eyebrow. Jiggling and round?

“I mean...” She looked up at the underside of my impressive bust, well contoured by my tight top. “Your tits? Sure, maybe? Look, it’s an apples to oranges thing, but some apples are nicer than some oranges, that’s all I’m saying. If a girls got a killer dick - “ She jostled Dean’s prick for emphasis - “ then that’s what the guys are going to go nut over.”

“Right but -” Dean blushed, looking between the two of us. “All other things being equal?”

“A mystery for the ages.” I shrugged.

“Orders up!” Came a cry from the kitchen.

“I should get back out there.” I sighed. “Are you okay, Dean? Do you need anything?”

“A complete do-over to this whole stupid day?” She looked up at me and smiled hopefully. “No, I’m fine. I’ll make do. Thank you though.”

“I’m telling you,” David gave her balls a squeeze. “I got you. Just hold still, okay?” She brandished the sewing needle and cut the thread with her teeth. “I don’t want to stab you in the balls.”

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I gripped firmly onto the hot meat as I worked my way back through the dining area. It was saucy and fragrant and was reminding me of just how hungry I was.

I found my customer staring intently at the table across from his. It was the same party of college cheerleader girls who had been teasing Dean earlier, who had seen her wardrobe malfunction. How had I not noticed how close these tables were before?

The girls were talking about their hottest sexual conquests and misadventures - going on so loudly I’m sure he could here every lurid detail. And to make it worse, you could see right under the table at the way their rigid cocks kept slapping the underside. Poor guy. Someone as awkward as him shouldn’t have to endure that kind of teasing.

“Enjoying everything?”

He jumped.

"Oh, uh, yes!" He managed only to just barely tear his gaze away from the cheerleaders. "Very much so."

"Your appetizer." I put the plate in front of him. "Give it a try, let me know if its too spicy for you."

"You know what?" A fresh grin crossed his face "I was thinking about what you said, and I think you're right. All this has just made me hungry for more."

"Uh huh?" I tilted my head. He hadn't even taken a bite yet.

"And this little taste was great, but I want something... juicy." He reached over and started stroking the statue. "Substantial!"

There was a pulse.

I wriggled my hips. I could feel another bead of precum was forming on my tip. My sock was already getting pretty dewy and I had to be careful not to soak it too badly, but ah - guys just had that effect on me, you know? Even dorky ones like this guy.

"Mmm, well," I purred, deciding to play up the arousal. "We have a variety of tasty options for you. All sorts of hot steamy sauces for you to choose from."

"Oh? And what do I have to do to get a go at your dong?"

"Our dogs?" I paused to consider. "Well, they're long and red, and they're great in a thick toasty bun."

He laughed.

"You know what?" He eyed the length of my shaft. "I think we can do better. Why not go all in?"

"What do you mean?"

"Would you say it's a full foot long?"

"A foot long hot-dog? No, I don't think it is."

"What about your dick?"

The change of topic was so sudden it drove my train of thought right off a cliff.

"Uh - a foot-long schlong?" I balked. "Could you imagine a girl like that? She'd have hip pain for s-"

There was a pulse-

"Oh honey, no. A foot is just the starting point for us girls. Mine's a foot and a half at least, see?" I gripped the underside and hefted it, swinging it back and forth as much as the straps could abide. It was just a little bit of tantalization, but damn he was eating it right up.

I let out a soft breath. I'd be lying if I said the sensation - the pressure - of my hand upon it wasn't causing my own arousal to build, wasn't making it harder, juicier.

"Go on," he said, thirstily. "Give it a rub."

"What?" I looked around. I knew that I shouldn't. I mean, we had to draw the line somewhere. Eye candy was one thing, but this was...

"Come on," he grinned and squeezed the statue. "Doesn't having a big hard cock like that make you so horny? Aren't you dick girls always so easily aroused? Always on the edge?"

A pulse.

I raised an eyebrow. I guess we were past the innuendo phase.

But - ah - he was right. This whole job, this whole circumstance, this big heavy dick. I was always finding myself so needy, always so eager.

"Mmf." I looked around conspiratorially. The other table wasn't paying any attention. One little rub couldn't hurt, right?

The gentle pressure on the underside increased as I slid my hand along the soft hot skin of my shaft. The guy had a particularly good look at it. My heels happened to make me exactly dick-height with his seated face and now my cockhead was drooling blissfully as it stared right at him.

This was bad. It was the customers who were supposed to be getting an erotic thrill, not me. But he was right, I was horny and what could letting off a little steam hurt? I should have stopped, but instead I increased the tempo and tightened my grip.

I could feel the pleasure building up from deep below, like a tightness in my balls, like my whole nervous system was focused on this rod in front of me and it was all that mattered.

He was stroking the statue. It was pulsing.

I was getting hornier and hornier. It almost felt like my dick was getting bigger in my hands, growing to some impossible size, some impossible sensitivity.

But ah - that was just the way the thing */was/*, wasn't it?

His breath grew heavier, his gaze set raunchily as he rubbed at the statue with a phallic determination. It seemed to pulse imperceptibly, like a throbbing in my eyes. Like something I wasn't quite sure about.

The pulsing of my cock and the pulsing of the statue. Each seemed to echo the other.

I was oozing precum now like a faucet. God how backed up was I? When was the last time I'd cum? Why hadn't I jacked off before the shift? No wonder I was so worked up.

"Well, I must say," he said through hitched breath. "I think you've certainly earned your - tip?"

He reached out and poked at the bulging crown of my massive girlcock.

"Oh fuck!"

With a pulse of pleasure, I shot a load so hard it could have blown a hole in the wall.

"Oh my god!" My face flushed red. What had I just done?

Cum coated the table. It coated his food. Fat dollops of thick jizz dribbled down everywhere, still dripping down the length of my shaft, staining the fabric.

"Oh my god." He repeated.

The cheerleaders at the next table burst out in laughter, driving my face even redder.

I stumbled back, looking at the mess. Stupid hyper-sensitive dick! Why hadn't I been wearing a condom? Oh shit. I'd made a huge mess right on this guy's table - on his food! I was in so much shit.

I turned mortified to him, expecting him to be furious - I know I would be.

But instead he was just doubled over in laughter. It was like me jizzing everywhere was the greatest thing he'd ever seen.

Oh thank god.

"I'm - I'm so sorry!" I cried, tits slapping against the jizz-strewn counter I grabbed his wings. "Let me uh -" I struggled fruitlessly to regain my composure, to reassert my balance. Fuck, my balls were still churning - that small blast had me just primed for more. I had to squeeze a fist to avoid grabbing my dick and blasting off a second and third load. "Let me bring you a fresh batch!"

I had to get out of here.

I grabbed the wings and ran off as fast as I could, heavy balls bouncing, my barely restrained cock slapping at the underside of my tits - not fucking helping!

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I barely made it to the backroom without spilling another jizz-puddle all over the floor, but I'd left a trail of girl juice for sure. At least the tile here was easier to clean.

I dove for my locker and started digging around in my bag - why hadn't I brought any condoms? Why hadn't I brought a spare change of clothes? Fuck, was I going to have to wear one of the restaurant's

cock socks? Those things were always so fucking tight - sized for normal girls and not my extra long dong. Last time I tried it had exploded off like a rocket.

Shit. I sat down and cradled my head in my hands, cum still oozing out onto the underside of my tits.

What was I going to do?

"Oh hey!" Dean said, not even noticing the trail of juice on the floor as she stepped in. She was eying the food I'd brought back. "Did he not eat these spicy wings? Oh my god at least somethings going right today. I havn't had lunch yet, I'm going for it!"

"Wait- !"

"Wha-?"

But it was too late. She already had a big cum-blasted wing between her bright red lips.

David had done a good job of stitching her back together, her ball-bra doing less now to support her fist sized testies, but the emergency thread seemed to be holding even as her thigh-sized member strained in the air before her.

"Don't eat those!" I chastised, "They've got cum all over them!"

"What?" David walked in just in time to hear my warning. "Again?"

"Oh my god what!?" Dean gagged. "Why do these things always - oh!" Dean stopped, then chewed contemplatively. "Actually, that's not half bad...?"

"God, of course Daniel gets amazing loads too." David sat down dramatically, her dick not quite long enough to be dwarfed by her tits. "Totally not fair."

"Wish my cum tasted like this." Dean sighed, going for one more bite before putting them back down.

"Wait hold on," David noticed the trail of cum leading into the room. "What's got you all worked up? what happened out there?"

I rubbed at my forehead and explained the whole situation.

"Oh shit, girl, why didn't you say anything?"

"I didn't' know what to do! I barely got out of there with my dignity."

"Here, take this." She passed me a little condom packet from her bag, it was the same style as hers - a mini-condom barely larger than her cock head, done up in a mint green hue that contrasted her mint red. The design on it was vaguely familiar - some kind of cosplay model that the guys always ate up whenever she flashed them any of it.

"I appreciate the sentiment, but come on." I looked up at her incredulously. "There's no way this'll fit."

"It's stretchy. You'll make it fit." She rolled her eyes. "Come on, let's get you cleaned up. Dean, you go get the table all wiped down and move that guy to VIP area. I know how to fix this."

"Wait, what? How? I can get in serious trouble for a mess like that."

"Look, it's fine, it was an accident, right? As long as no one complains, no one's going to find out."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying you and me are going to put on a show!"

"Oh god." I buried my face back in my hands.

"I mean it! By the time we're done everybody will be so impressed that they'll forget all about it."

"That's your answer to everything!"

"Because it works."

"And if it doesn't?"

"Then we'll flash him our titties or balls. Come on, he's a guy right? Look, I'll pretend to be the manager, you be the bratty oversexed employee and we can do a naughty / nice thing where I chastise you in front of him."

"Won't we get in trouble for this?" Dean chimed.

"Oh please, if they wanted us to get in trouble, there would actually be a manager on site."

"What about my other table?" Dean asked meekly.

"Oh they're fine. They're entirely distracted by their penis measuring contest."

"In the middle of our restaurant?"

"Look, girls will be girls, I guess. More power too 'em. It's keeping your boy distracted. I never realized how much of a view of table 4 table 8 has."

"This is a terrible plan!"

"Look, if this were any other girl I'd say fuck 'em, but I'm not about to let you get written up for something as mundane as blowing a load all over a dude's table. Like, come on, haven't we all been there at one point or another? Just, trust me, okay?"

"Fine." I let out a sigh. "Fine. Let's do it."

“Yeah!” she gave a fist pump, but the motion slapped her dick against her tits, causing them to jiggle. “That’s what I want to hear. Dean, you think you can handle it?”

“Cleaning cum up? Absolutely. I have sisters. Moving a guy to a new table? No problem.” She nodded. “Just don’t ask me to explain the menu.”

David laughed.

“Change into something, quickly!” she urged, pulling spare clothing out of her locker.

Easy for her to say. Her shaft was long but thin, and she had huge balls that caused her lots of trouble finding stuff that fit. Even when she did find a ball bra in her size, she didn’t get enough support from the strings wrapped around her shaft. Most of her underwear, therefore, were belt-based ones that ran in slender bands around her waist like a thong strap.

Which of course gave her every excuse in the world to wear the skimpiest, sluttiest lingerie I’d ever seen.

But beggars can’t be choosers, I guess.

I started with the condom.

Condoms were an essential part of any girl’s everyday hygiene. I’d been wearing them since I was old enough to drip, and let me tell you finding ones that fit could be a pain. In theory these things were stretchy, they could make do with a variety of sizes. In practice? It squeezed so tight I usually felt like I was going to blow another load just getting it on.

This cosplay model mini-condom was no exception. It was already starting to fill from all the precum, and with it’s slim hem and short length I was worried it wasn’t going to take much for it to fall off entirely.

“There!” David turned. “Not half bad”

She posed before the mirror to show off the manager’s jacket she’d thrown on. She was lucky it fit, but then I suppose it made sense - everybody who worked here was a turbo stacked hottie, right?

The jacket made her look professional. In command. And with the makeup and the underwear she looked more than just a little bit dommy. She was smiling. She never did pass up an opportunity to act.

She really was good at this, wasn’t she?

I took a breath. I had pulled one of the restaurant’s store’s cock socks up my shaft, the flesh was bulging where the band ended. It was supposed to be longer, but with my size there was no helping it.

“How do I look?”

I looked ridiculous. Like I’d gotten a size down of what I needed. Like I was a cheaply made sex-shop knockoff of the real uniform.

"You look great." She assured me. "You're just missing one thing.

"What?"

"Makeup."

"I'm wearing makeup!"

"Not for you, for your dick. Look, here."

She pulled out some sticks and applying powder to the ridge of my shaft where the sock exposed it, making it look bigger, harder, smoother.

Not that it was that easy. God. With the sock squeezing as tight as it was? Every little tickle of that brush sent me trembling in pleasure. At this rate I was going to go off right in her face.

"Will you stop squirming?"

"Its - ah -" I whined. "It's hard! "

"I can see that." She gave it a flick. "What's up with you? Hot date later?"

"God, I don't know! -" I sighed "- I haven't been this juicy since I was in highschool. What's wrong with me?"

"Yeah, I didn't really peg you as the sort to go for nerds, I'll be honest, but this guy's got you worked up."

"Oh gross, no." I waved her off. "It's not him!"

But then what was it? Why was I so worked up? I mean, I got horny like, all the time, sure, but there was something weird going on, I just couldn't put my foot on it. What had he said about this all being a dream?

Whatever. I shook my head. I just needed like, ten minutes alone with my boyfriend. Or maybe 20. Okay - my dick pulsed - maybe an hour.

"Well," she teased as she finished contouring my balls. "Here's hoping he appreciates the extra effort."

"Your kidding, right? Is this really even necessary? Most guys don't even notice."

"Oh, they notice. They just don't notice that they notice. Trust me."

I tried to focus on how my dick looked, but the sheer horniness of the situation kept bubbling up in my brain. I just had to finish this shift. Then my boyfriend would be here to pick me up.

"Oh, duh!" I pulled out my phone. I texted him to get me some proper condoms on the way. I know it was cruel of me - guys always feel so inadequate in the girl's condom aisle, but this was an emergency.

I sighed as he texted back an okay. Boys didn't know how lucky they had it. Not being slaves to their dicks like we were.

And then... mmm... some stress relief. I was going to blow all the loads I should have done this morning all over those sweet lips of his. -

But - ah - I had to put that fantasy away. I could feel the way it pounded through my endocrine system. I could feel the precum bubbling hotly through my shaft. I had to try not to cum till then, no matter how hard that prospect seemed."

"Ready?" David gave me one last look over, then stood up, holding out a hand.

"As I'll ever be." I took it.

Mindful of the cum puddle still there, we stepped back out onto the floor.

-

The guy still had the idol. It was sitting on his lap now as he was clutching it, poking up above the table like a girl's dick. He had a big, shit eating grin on his face, clearly enjoying his VIP seating. Dean was wiping down his old table and - ah - of course. He had a perfect view up her skirt as she bent over to wipe up all the cum.

I frowned. Poor girl was doing it all wrong. She was bent down low at the waist, skirt riding up in the rear as her tits pressed against the table, her top soaking up just as much cum as the towel had.

But well, at least he wasn't complaining. And neither were the girls at the other table. Poor little shy girl had everybody's attention. She'd make a fine waitress one day.

"Excuse me, *monsieur*." David affected a faint accent. "I understand my *girl* here has caused you some trouble. That's why we've promoted you to VIP status for the rest of your visit."

"Oh, its no trouble at all," he laughed. "Really."

"On the contrary, *sir*." She played up the word. "At this restaurant, we take that sort of thing very seriously. We are very stern, isn't that right, Daniel?"

She grinned smugly at me.

"And I just wanted to let you know that our errant waitress here won't be spared punishment."

"Oh?"

"That's right. Daniel? *Bend over*."

A show. Right, of course. And here I had neglected to ask what kind of show she had in mind.

"R-really, madam?" I played into the act, but it wasn't entirely unfounded - we hadn't discussed this. "Out here? I-in front of everybody?"

"You heard me." her accent was slipping, the smile on her face was way too genuine. She was enjoying this.

I did as I was told, leaning over a table, my bubble butt raising my flimsy skirt to show my juicy rump and how the back of my balls bulged out around my underwear.

David ran her hand against them, then drew the hand up.

After a moment's savoring, it came down firm and loud with a spank to my exposed rump.

"Ah!" The cry was also way too genuine. My cock jumped. My whole body was flush. There was a smattering of titters and applause from the watching patrons. Everybody was getting into this.

And then she raised her hand and let it down again and again. A sharp bark of sensation - pain and pleasure but mostly surprise - sending cock jumping, sending a fresh pulse of precum into my condom with each slap.

I squirmed, embarrassed, but she was right - it was a heck of a show.

"Now, is there anything we can do to make up for this lax behavior?"

She turned to him, her arms pressing her tits together to better present the cleavage spilling from her waitress jacket.

She'd stopped after a dozen or so slaps - maybe more? I hadn't been counting. I was trembling and mewling and writhing at the heat it had fanned within me.

"I mean, its fine, really." his voice was hitched. Flustered. "But uh - you know what? I can think of one thing." He looked at David's dick, then at mine.

"Oh?" She purred.

"Kiss?"

"What!?" I went red in the face. Spanking was one thing, that was just playing around - but this was too much.

"If my naughty co-worker is up for it?" She raised an eyebrow in my direction. I wasn't, but fuck, it would solve our problem wouldn't it?

"Gladly." I forced a purr.

She grabbed at my butt, twisting me around. I could see her overdrawn lips, her always flawlessly applied makeup. She was smirking. Always happy to put on a show.

Tentatively I reached out my lips. A simple peck at first, trying to imagine it was my boyfriend, trying to put myself into the role. But honestly? No matter how much I may have pretended to enjoy it, it was like kissing my sister.

Not that our patron seemed to mind.

“More!” He grinned. “Hotter, steamier! I want to see you enjoy it! I wish you were both bi.”

There was a pulse.

“Lucky boy.” I hummed. If only he knew how bi we were. How many times I’d spent my shift longing for those sweet lips of hers. All those little shots we took at each other, all those little gropes and pinches, both in the locker room and out.

And ah - somehow I’d found myself caught in one of her traps again. Once again, I had my body pressed into hers, her lips on my own. How did I keep winding up in situations like this?

My cock pulsed.

But frankly? I didn’t mind.

I kissed harder. Hotter. Giving in to my desires as the whole restaurant began to hoot and holler, our bodies pressing together tightly, breast to breast, our hard nipples rubbing over each other like erasers, the long length of our shafts trapped between our torsos, grinding up against our weight, a fresh surge of precum coursing through the great length of my member.

Our hips were bucking just a little too hard for it to be purely performative.

I let out a hot breath as our lips broke apart, looking into the shimmering of her eyes.

“Wow.” I was positively thrumming. “I needed that.”

“How’s that?” She raised an eyebrow towards our VIP.

“A fine appetizer.” He rubbed the idol contemplatively. “But I think its time for the main course - I wish it was normal for restaurants like this to do sex shows for VIPs.”

A pulse.

I looked at David then gave her a smirk. Did he not know that was a thing?

She pressed her tits harder into mine, a familiar pressure. I demurred and let her push me down. We’d been well trained for this part. We had lots of practice.

We fell upon a table, legs tangled as our bodies faced each other, breast to breast, heart to heart, cock to cock. I reached out to take her hot love stick in both hands, not quite able to get my fingers around it. I ran my grip along my prize with a teasing, gentle stroke as she did the same to me.

But - ah - even these gentle opening salvos were sending me squirming. I moaned, almost forgetting the audience. I was so needy. God, I don't know how she fucking did it. How could she have all this talent focused on making it look *good*, and have it feel so damn amazing at the same time?

She licked her lips and gave me a familiar look. I knew what she was was proposing - our dicks were way too big to fit into each other's mouths, but guys always liked when we tried.

Soon, I was taking her massive cock between my enormous pillowy tits as she did the same with mine. The condoms and the socks had all come off and now the sappy jizm was free to roll down to lubricate it. I shuddered at the sound it made, the splatter of our arousal - the scent of our arousal mingling with the smell of wings and beer.

"Bigger! Harder! Hotter!" The boy gasped.

More pulses.

She kissed her sweet lips around it, my fat cock spearing through her sloppy tits, spearing out just at licking height as her jacket squeezed her tits tighter around it. My bikini top was having a similar effect on the throbbing cockhead presenting itself to me.

She nuzzled the hot wet mess, getting her cheek good and sloppy in the process. From the look on her face you'd figure it was the greatest dick she'd ever had. As though she hadn't had it a million times before. As though the rest of the bitches that worked here weren't just as good a fuck.

Mm- she knew how to make a girl feel *special*.

I redoubled my efforts to try to tame her mammoth cock as it penetrated slickly between my tits. Squeezing, lifting, rising, falling. My whole body getting into it, every motion pressing us tighter.

"And what about her?" Came a voice from the nearby table.

Dean looked over at David, she was biting her lip and twiddling her fingers, the cum-drenched clothing clinging to her like she'd just won the wet sock competition.

"Come on rookie," David teased, lifting her hip to show off the underside of our butts and heavy balls. "Let's see how you handle these nuts."

Her eyes lit up as she headed over, tentative at the attention, but eager to join in. She hadn't had much experience with the sex show aspect of things yet, but that was a simple enough task and she was just as eager as I was to lay hands on this flesh.

And boy did she ever.

Her hands on my balls were like a force multiplier. I gasped, eagerly spilling forth more precum than I thought possible. There kneading and squeezing and it was the kind of gentle only a girl with her own super heavy balls could provide.

"No come on, don't just use your hand!" David tutted. "Use your tongue, your mouth! Suck! But make sure you're presenting to the audience." David eagerly played up the manager, the teacher, her accent now long forgotten. "How is she doing folks?"

There was a cheer.

"Mm. Good." Her eyes flashed in a moment of seriousness as she looked over her tits at the girl. "Don't make me come down there."

It was getting so hard to focus. The softness of these two other women, the overwhelming femininity of the massive girl-dick between my melons bringing the lesbian in me to the fore. Sensual, caring, the warmth of flesh on soft flesh. I rolled my eyes up into my head, rolling my neck back.

"Really? Already?" David teased. "You may have the bigger dick." She gave the head of my cock a big fat slurp. "And you may have the bigger tits," she gave my chest a bump. "But you really are helpless when it comes to actually fucking, aren't you?"

"Hey now." I kissed her roughly in response, putting on as much of a show as I could here at the height of my passion. With how much the two of us had fucked since starting this job I could give as good as I got, but she was right, it was all too easy to lose track.

But that was all part of the character, wasn't it? So I meekly demurred, I let her take control, sucking all the more passionately at the tip of her cock.

Ah - sucking tip for tips. I let out a silly giggle.

I could feel myself circling something great, something enormous building up, swirling in my balls.

Then a voice rang out.

"Hey baby! I got the stuff you wanted."

"Babe?"

I opened one eye. My boyfriend Denver was standing by the door waving.

"Omg," I called. "Hi sugarbean!" I was riding the lurid husk of my voice as the girl below me licked at my taint. "I'm with a customer at the moment. Meet me in the break room?"

Like most boyfriends he wasn't entirely keen on me sleeping with all my coworkers for the amusement of customers, but he understood it was a big part of my job.

"Oh? Why not have your boyfriend watch the show?" Our VIP mused. "Doesn't he like your dick?" he laughed. "Ooh, I wish he was obsessed by it! God that'd be so hot. A total anal slut, trained his whole life to take your fat girl-cock up his ass!"

More pulses.

I raised an eyebrow as I exchanged a look with David. She was seeing this too, right? The guy was always asking weird questions. Yes, my boyfriend loved it. That's why he was in the front row. Ah, and by the look on his face, he was probably squeezing his ass around his plug as he watched. He was good and ready for me. God, what a man.

And fuck - just the thought of what I was going to do to him after this was enough to put me right on the edge once more.

But mmm... Another loud slurp returned my attention to our little show.

"Oh fuck." David moaned. Putting all her talent into it. "I'm so close."

"Yes! More!" the guy directed. "Cover her in cum! I want to see you blasting jizz and never stop!"

Well, he'd get his wish alright.

Cocks swelled and surged with blood and juice and arousal. I'm sure it looked like we were growing ever huger, tits pressing even tighter.

And then like the crest of a sneeze - I erupted in a massive jizz explosion.

I clenched through it, abs and body tightening, my cum basting through the air in an arc, load after lad, soaking David's tits. A pool of it formed rapidly between our milky udders pressing together where our collective jizz swirled - so much cum it dripped from the ceiling! The potent smell of girl spunk. Of sex.

And that was all it took to push her over the edge too, a blast like a garden hose, soaking my face and back, drenching Dean and my boyfriend and the table beneath us.

But ah - that's why we put down the cum-mat wasn't it?

"Mm," I purred, struggling to regain my senses between heavy breaths. "How's that?"

The guy let out a soft breath. We'd impressed him.

And then a big fat dollop of cum dropped down from the ceiling and landed on his cheek.

Oh shit.

Again I exchanged a look between David and myself. What had we done? Bad enough we ruined his food, now we're getting our cum all over him too?

But then instead of getting mad, he just scooped it up and gave a tentative lick.

He shuddered in delight, blushing at his own pleasure.

"That was..." he looked around at the room, at the mess, at all these girl with fat cocks and big tits. From the way he spoke you'd think he was the one who had just gotten his dick sucked. "The best dream I think I've ever had."

"We'll take it." David laughed.

I fell back, high fiving the two of them.

We'd done it.

-

And you know what? The VIP treatment absolutely paid off. It was the biggest tip of my life. At least... it would have been if I hadn't had to split it with the other two girls.

But despite everything, that customer was still just as strange as ever. We never did find out about the statue or why he was always asking those weird questions.

"Hey, if you could wish for anything different about yourself what would it be?" he had inquired as he had made his way towards the door.

"Honestly?" I scratched contemplatively at my heavy balls. "I'm pretty happy with it. I mean come on, I can get away working here can't I? Where everybody is a super stacked hottie? Even if... even if they don't all really realize it. I guess I do kind of wish Dean was a little more confident? Lord knows she doesn't deserve half the crap she puts up with."

"I wish it were so."

A pulse.

"Wait no, hold on... come to think of it, she gives as good as she gets out there, doesn't she? What am I thinking?"

He just laughed.

Then his eyes going wide as he stepped out onto the street. Women were walking around with their cocks swinging big and heavy between their legs. He must have been in shock at the contrast between the plainness of their cocksocks and the hypersexuality of the little numbers we wore in the restaurant. But well, that's why we made the big bucks.

"I've gotta say," he grinned wickedly down at the totem still in his hands. "This is the weirdest dream I've ever had. But you know what? I think it's also my favorite. Thank you for helping me decide what I wanted."

"Of course!" I shrugged. "That's my job. I'm glad you manage to get it all figured out."

"You know what? I think school tomorrow is going to be very interesting indeed..."

I watched him walk off, waving goodbye, then I returned to the back where David was counting her money. We were all three of us jizz streaked messes, but that wasn't stopping the two girls from ogling my boyfriend's cute, well-plugged butt when they thought he wasn't looking.

He held up a pack of condoms in my size and a towel.

"Thanks Sugarbean," I said, grabbing the bag. "You're a life saver."

"Busy day?" He laughed.

"You have no idea!" I looked him over. "Mm, how about you and I test these condoms out, aye?"

"Oh?" He gave a coy smile of his own. He likely thought he was just as horny as I was, but I was about to prove him wrong. "Aren't you working?"

"Dean?" I looked over at the redhead. "Cover my tables? I might be a while."

"Shouldn't we be cleaning up all the - "

"You heard her newbie!" David winked. "Let's get back out there."

David gave the girl a slap on the ass, causing a fresh surge of cum to flood her condom as she gave a playful shriek.

"Okay okay!" she laughed "I'm coming, I'm coming. I'm going to pay you back for that though, just you watch."

"Aw," David tutted. "Don't tell me you're all backed up too?"

"You have no idea! Hey Daniel, you think maybe your boyfriend could -"

But I was already wrapping my arms around him in and pushing him to the back room.

"Sorry girls - I don't know what's wrong with me today" I gripped my dick. I could feel the cum flooding through it. "I'm so horny - it's like I just can't stop cumming."

"Don't worry," David winked. "We got you. Just be sure to give him one for me."

"I don't know how I'll repay you."

"Of course. What else are coworkers for? And don't worry it'll only cost you half your tips."

"Wait, what!?"

"Kidding!"

We all laughed. My boyfriend poked his head out from the backroom, all too eager to get his butt completely stuffed.

"Babe?"

"I'm Coming!" I called.

Time to let off some serious steam.

The End.