

Mistaken Identity

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A phone technician gets to live the life of a rich man for a little while, thanks to mistaken identity

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Back in the day, the early 1980's to be precise, I was badly in need. In need of a job, to be more specific. These were times of prosperity for most. The Dow had recently hit 2000, which was a record. The economy was booming and would continue to do so throughout most of the decade. Everyone and everything seemed to be doing great, except for me. Being the remarkably perceptive dude he was, my friend Rich sensed my need for employment. He had recently started a small company installing and maintaining telephone systems. The timing seemed perfect for his venture. The Bell system monopoly had been broken not long ago, and every new business needed phones. Rich's hiring me was more than his version of helping the poor. I did have some electronics knowledge. I could easily handle a multimeter, a signal tracer and other assorted electronic test equipment I needed to do the job. Plus, I knew Rich for about a dozen years, having met him in grammar school. He knew me for a dozen years and still talked to me, so that was a good start. The job was also good for me in other ways. I was out on the road all day, which I enjoyed. I liked the freedom of not having a boss over my shoulder and I was never the type of guy who liked to be tied to a desk. Going from place to place allowed me to meet a variety of women as well. Heck, I actually enjoyed it so much I thought I'd probably retire from there. One Friday afternoon things were really slow. I had a service call in the morning and a brief demonstration of a phone system just after lunch. The rest of the afternoon was free. I decided the best way to spend it was to head over to the Go-Go-Rama in Lawrence Harbor. I had just returned from South Jersey and it was getting relatively late in the day anyway, close to three. I perched myself comfortably at the bar, hoping to relieve myself of excess singles burning a hole in my pocket. I wasn't there more than a half-hour when my pager began to vibrate. This was long before the days of cell phones. I carried a pager so my boss could get in touch with me to inform me of service calls. I went outside the bar and found a pay phone. This was also back when you could find a pay phone that actually worked. I carried a roll of dimes in the console of my ten year old BMW 2002 just for that purpose. "What up?" I asked very professionally. "I need you to do a service call at Benson Commodities in West Caldwell," Rich stated flatly. Benson Commodities in West Caldwell. I really wasn't looking forward to this. Jack Benson was the type of

guy who wore suits that cost more than most people's cars. He founded the firm with his brother Steve a couple of years ago and really hit it big in the recent markets. He was also a real prick. A very rich prick, but a prick nonetheless. I really did not look forward to dealing with him on this otherwise pleasant Friday afternoon. I would rather have gone to the dentist. On the bright side, he had a rather hot-looking secretary named Joan. She was an attractive older woman. "Older woman" to me at this time meant she was pushing forty. She was always pleasant and nice to look at, so there was a bright spot in this darkening cloud passing my way. I hated to have to leave the Go-Go-Rama just as a hot-looking Latina chick who looked like she was part contortionist had just started doing her thing on the pole. 'I have a pole she can do her thing on,' I thought to myself. I got into the BMW and put down the windows as I made my way onto Route 35. It was getting hot in the car and the air conditioner hadn't worked since the Ford administration. I made my way north towards the Garden State Parkway. The traffic shouldn't be too bad for a Friday afternoon as I was heading the opposite way of most of the commuters. With any luck I should be there by 4:30. Just as I predicted, I arrived in West Caldwell at 4:30 sharp. I pulled in the parking lot and parked the car. I grabbed my equipment bag out of the trunk and walked up to the entrance of the rather square glass office building, stopping to admire the black Mercedes 6.9 parked out front. 'Must be nice,' I thought. I made my way onto the mirrored elevator and got off on the sixth floor. I found my way to Joan's desk. She was looking hot as she tapped away on her IBM Selectric. "Joan," I said. "Alan," she responded. "What is the problem, my dear?" "Jack's phone isn't working and he is not pleased," she explained. "I didn't think he would be," I stated. "I should be able to fix that. Do you think I'll be able to get in his office?" "Maybe a little later. Do you really need to?" she asked. "I'll let you know. Let me see what I can do." I found the main terminal box for the phone system and attached a tone generator to the posts for the wiring to Jack's phone. I then went back to the area by Joan's desk with a portable handset and tried to trace the tone. While I was around the corner from Joan's desk I heard Jack come out of his office. I could not help but overhearing their conversation. "Joan. I need you to call Carol at the service. I want one Asian girl, one black girl and one blonde. Make sure they are young and I want new girls. I don't want any girls I had before. Got that?" "Yes, Mr. Benson," Joan responded. Moments later I heard Jack go back into his office. My curiosity got the better of me. I walked over to Joan's desk. "Joan, did I hear what I thought I heard?" I asked cautiously. "Yes, you did," Joan began with a grin. "Every Friday Mr. Benson gets three call girls from a high-priced call girl service. They come over and do their thing in his office and then he goes home to the wife for the weekend. I phone in the order and they send over their youngest and prettiest girls. He does this every Friday. Let me call 'the service,' as he calls it." I walked back over to where I was before. I could not help thinking what a lucky bastard. 'Damn,' I thought. 'If I could live like that just one day. What a lucky prick.' I soon found the problem. The cleaning people must have hit the phone junction with the vacuum cleaner. I had a new one and could probably have it changed within a half-hour or so. As I was finishing up installing the new junction box, I heard Jack come out of his office again. "Joan, I have to go up to the seventh floor to meet with my brother Steve. He is having one of his emergencies with a big client." "OK, Mr. Benson. I'll be leaving in a few minutes anyway. It is almost five," she responded. "Well, have a good

weekend. I'll see you Monday." Jack said. "You too, Mr. Benson," she added. I heard Jack step onto the elevator. Joan came over to me and spoke. "I'm leaving now, it is almost five. You'll be alright?" "Fine. I found the problem," I said. "Great. Mr. Benson will be happy. Have a great weekend, Alan." "You too Joan," I responded. I finished up screwing down the junction box as Joan walked off. After making certain the wiring was secure, I headed over to Jack's office. With him in a meeting, I had a chance to check his phone. I stepped into Jack's office and was amazed at the spaciousness and beauty. Dark wood paneling and plush carpeting everywhere. I stepped over to his giant leather desk chair. I sat down. What a plush, comfortable chair. 'This chair probably costs more than my car,' I thought to myself. I picked up the phone. Sure enough there was a dial tone. 'Well at least the phone works,' I thought. Mission accomplished. With the phone in my hand I swiveled the chair around and put my feet up against the dark paneled wall for a moment. It sure felt good sitting in this chair, that's for sure. Just as I was getting lost in the comfortable surroundings I was startled by someone knocking on the doorframe. Thinking it might be Jack, I quickly turned back around and put the phone down. "Did I startle you, Mr. Benson?" In front of my eyes was one of the hottest-looking blondes I have ever had the pleasure of feasting my eyes on. "Um, no actually I'm just, ah... I'm just..." I started to say something but somehow couldn't. Just as the blonde walked into the room, the other two girls filed in. In front of my eyes were three of the hottest-looking girls I have ever seen. "Actually I'm just, um... I'm just... I'm just..." I was still tongue-tied. I sat back and took a deep breath. "Actually I'm just... so glad they sent over such fine-looking women." I exhaled. "Please come in and close the door behind you." "It's nice to meet you, Mr. Benson. You look a lot younger than I heard," the blonde continued. "Ah, yes... um, I'm on a new health food diet. Works wonders." I was thinking quickly. "Shall we get started?" "Sure," the blonde said as the three of them smiled and giggled. I immediately took off my shirt and shoes. The black girl stood before me wearing only a black lace bra and panties. She unzipped my pants and pulled them down. "Oh, and a lot bigger than we heard," she said. "Yes, that health food diet does work wonders." I was smiling and the girls started to giggle. As the black girl stood before me, I relieved her of her bra and panties. Before me were two large breasts with huge dark brown nipples. I went to work on them with my mouth as her nipples hardened between my lips. I lifted her onto the desk and proceeded to help the other girls out of their underwear. I removed a white lace bra and panties from the blonde and then proceeded to remove a red bra and panties from the Asian girl, revealing perfect rounded breasts and delicate nipples. I traced circles around her nipples with my tongue as I lifted her by her thighs. While doing this I reclined backwards on the desk. I guided the Asian girl's thighs to my head as her nearly hairless mound came in contact with my mouth. It reminded me I should probably get Chinese take-out for dinner. As I started teasing that delicious Asian mound with my tongue, I could see the black girl go down on my now stiff cock while the blonde tended to my balls with her fingers and tongue. After a few moments I could see the black girl get up and then slide her pussy onto my manhood. I peered between the legs of the Asian girl before my face and could catch a glimpse of the black girl's full bush rising and falling in a steady rhythm on my throbbing cock. The blonde continued her ball duties, using ever-firmer strokes of her tongue as she fingered the area bellow my nuts. I could tell she was fingering herself as well with her

free hand, as I could hear her soft moans. Her blonde curls teased my inner thighs with delight as she worked. The black girl started to moan audibly as she tightened her vaginal muscles around my member and worked it like the professional that she was. It was all I could do to keep my mind on the Asian dish before me, her moans also becoming audible as I continued tracing my tongue around her engorged lips and clit. Another moment and I exploded into the black girl, her big black bush bobbing up and down as her large brown nipples danced before me. I pressed the Asian bush into my face as we all came together. After it was over I helped the girls get their clothes back on. I escorted the escorts back to the elevator and kissed them all goodbye. I quickly made my way back to Jack's office and picked up the papers and the desk lamp we had knocked on the floor. I tried to make the office look as much like it did before as I could. Moments later I gathered my equipment and headed towards the elevator. Just as I was about to get on, the elevator door opened and Jack stepped out. "Get everything working, son?" he asked. "Yes sir," I said. "The phone is working fine." "Good," he said. "By the way, was anyone looking for me?" "Um, no sir." "Just checking. You did a fine job," he said as he reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. "Here is something for your efforts." "Oh thank you, sir." He had handed me a twenty-dollar bill. It was nice to get a tip "Thank you and have a good weekend." "You too." I stepped into the elevator with the twenty-dollar bill still in my hand. 'At least I know how I'll pay for dinner. Now where can I get good Chinese take-out?' I thought. 06-14-09.