

Free Use Waitress

by Pan

"Anything on the menu, darl," she drawled. "It's all good."

Her name was Shanna. She'd only been a waitress for six months - while she waited for her big break, you understand - but she'd quickly worked out her patter. The small routines she answered the standard questions with, like "What do you recommend?". Sometimes she'd end a shift and realize she'd been on autopilot for the full eight hours.

"Anything?" the man asked, his eyes twinkling. Shanna glanced at him. He looked familiar. He'd probably come in before, but she'd long given up on being able to differentiate individual customers from the blur of faces.

"Mm-hmm," she replied. "You want it, it's yours."

Shanna was twenty-three, with eyes as brown as her hair. She kept it in dark curls, falling just below her shoulders, contrasting nicely against her light brown skin. At least, when she wasn't at work. At work, she always wore a tight ponytail, to cut down on the number of come-ons she received.

It probably also reduced her tips, but that was a trade-off she was more than okay with.

"Great," the man said with a smile. He was handsome enough - tall and lean, his black hair cropped close to his head. Probably a decade older than her: clean-shaven, with just enough stubble to be attractive. "I'll have this."

He pointed at the menu, and Shanna squinted to see what he was ordering.

Number twelve. Just a single word: "Shanna".

"Uh..."

The waitress tilted her head to the side, confused. There it was, printed in the gaudy orange-and-yellow that matched the rest of the menu. Number twelve.

Her.

"That can't be...there must be..."

"You said anything on the menu," the man insisted, and Shanna nodded.

She had. She'd said it a dozen times in this shift alone; probably thousands, in all the time she'd been working there.

And why would she have said it if it wasn't true?

"That's what I'd like," he repeated, a challenge in his eyes. For a moment, the room span, and Shanna felt foggy...but after a few moments it passed, and everything seemed clear.

He'd ordered what he wanted...and what he wanted was her.

"Any sides?" she asked, taking notes on her pad.

"No, thank you," he replied, a note of triumph in his voice.

"Great," Shanna said with a nod. "To drink?"

"Water," he said, and Shanna made her way into the kitchen to get it for him.

As soon as she was out of sight, she opened her pad and stared at it again.

"Shanna," her note said, with alongside the scrawled shorthand she knew meant "No sides" and "Water".

Closing her notepad, she filled up a glass with ice and water, then returned to the table.

"Here you go, love," she said. She'd figured out quickly that the cutesy rural nicknames - Shanna was originally from Tennessee - were popular with her LA customers. "Now, how would you like..."

There was a moment of hesitation, but she swallowed and pressed on.

"...how would you like, um, me?"

"Oral, I think," the man said, smiling at her nervousness. Shanna nodded.

"Sure thing, hon."

With practiced movements she reached behind her neck, unclasped her ponytail, released her hair, then fell to her knees beneath the booth. Though she'd been single since

arriving in LA, Shanna was no stranger to giving head. She'd not done it enough to earn a reputation back home, but...well, she wasn't shy.

Unzipping his fly, she pulled out the man's cock. It sprang free, plump and hard in her hand. Her fingers wrapped around it gently as she leaned forward to press her lips to its tip, tasting his hardness as she took it inside her mouth.

She couldn't see the man, but he placed his hand possessively on her hair as she sucked him off. For the next few minutes, her tongue swirled over the sensitive underside as her throat worked up and down his length, swallowing as much as possible before letting him slip back between her lips.

The young-old woman's eyes were half-closed as she bobbed her head, her hands stroking him as she dutifully took his shaft into her mouth. Shanna smiled at the sound of his moan - she liked knowing that she was doing a good job - his hips pushing against her face as she licked, sucking and slurping, her saliva running freely as she pleased him. Her long hair brushed across her shoulders, over his thighs, as she skillfully sucked him off.

"Good girl," he groaned softly. "Good little cocksucker."

After five minutes had passed, Shanna recognized the signs and began to suck faster, bobbing her head more frantically. It wasn't long before she felt his body tense up. Her customer let loose a loud, satisfied grunt as he unloaded into her mouth, filling it almost as fast as she could swallow.

As the waitress emerged from under the table, licking the last traces of his semen from her lips, she looked at the man. Sure enough, he seemed satisfied.

"That was great."

"Always happy to serve, darlin'" Shanna replied, matching his smile. "Let me know if you need anything else."

Shanna's shift picked up shortly after that. She didn't even notice when the man left, leaving a single dollar bill on the table. At the sight of it, she frowned, before remembering that he'd only ordered a water. As Shanna pocketed the tip, her memory of her dark-haired customer faded, replaced by the dozens of others who came through her station that day.

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It was almost a week before she saw him again. "Howdy, stranger," she said, seating him in her section once more. "What can I get for you?"

The man smiled at the waitress. "Same as last time," he said, and Shanna's brow furrowed. Occasionally, irritatingly, a customer would expect her to remember him and his specific order among the hundreds of people she met each week.

A glint appeared in his eye, and suddenly it all came flooding back.

"Sure thing," she replied, scribbling on her pad. "Be right out."

As she filled the man's glass with water, Shanna remembered what they'd done last time. The taste of his cock, the way he'd moaned as she swallowed him.

"Cold and fresh," she said, handing him his drink. "You want something to eat?"

"Just you," he said, and Shanna's eyebrows shot up. She'd been expecting a repeat of his last visit. Not this.

"You want to..."

"Eat you out," the man replied smoothly. "Problem?"

"Not at all," Shanna smiled. "Here?"

"Unless there's a better spot."

Shanna shook her head, and - trying to remember the last time she'd shaved - lowered her jeans slowly, then her panties. The diner uniform was a dress, but Shanna had always preferred wearing something underneath.

Not any more.

Leaving a small pile of clothes on the floor, she did her best to made herself comfortable on the rickety table, spreading her legs for her handsome customer.

"Ready?" she asked.

"Sure am," the man said with another grin.

He leaned forward, smelling Shanna's pussy as he slowly his face between her thighs. Shanna could feel his hot breath on her wetness, before he took her clit into his mouth and began sucking it gently, then sliding down to lick along the length of her slit.

On his previous visit, she'd been under the table, unable to see anything but the man's hardness, balls, and legs. Now, perched on top of the table, she could see everything - her fellow servers, bringing customers their food, her manager behind the counter, a chef returning to the kitchen after a break.

Shanna wasn't particularly aroused - it was, after all, just another day at work - but she could tell that her customer was enjoying himself. As his tongue began poking past her lips, exploring the depths of her folds, the young waitress grew wetter and wetter, until she was squirming at his attention, moaning softly as he teased her with his talented lips and tongue.

The sound of his efforts felt like it filled the diner, but no one seemed to care - or even be aware - of the head Shanna was receiving from the strange man. Emboldened by the lack of reaction, Shanna moaned as she felt his fingers press against her opening, probing gently. She gripped the edge of the table as he continued enthusiastically eating her, making her writhe with pleasure.

"Mm-hmm," she cooed softly. "That's a boy."

Her hips began to move, grinding her crotch into the stranger's mouth as he slid two - and then three - of his digits into her, stretching her wide around them. His tongue never left her clit, while his hand worked her pussy furiously.

"Oh, yes!" she cried out, feeling her orgasm unexpectedly approaching. Her hands clenched the table's edge as her body tensed up, and she came, bucking her ass off the tabletop as a wave of ecstasy washed over her.

The man didn't let up as she came; he kept licking and fingering, his pace increasing as her body trembled. Shanna's moans were filling the diner, her head thrown back and eyes closed, her breathing coming in short gasps of air as, for the first time in her life, she experienced a string of multiple

orgasms.

After she'd been climaxing for several minutes, the man's finally let up, and Shanna sagged onto the table, catching her breath.

She shuddered as the man's digits left her, and when he pulled his head away she let loose a long, satisfied sigh. He glanced up at her with an amused expression, and Shanna smiled back.

"That was good," he said. "Maybe I'll have the same again next time."

"Sounds good to me, honey" Shanna replied.

Her legs were shaky for the rest of her shift, though - when she stopped by his table to find the single dollar bill he'd left as a tip - she couldn't recall why.

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It was almost a month before the man returned. Shanna's heart leapt as soon as she saw him, though she couldn't immediately work out why.

"The usual," he said, as Shanna sat him at a table in the middle of the restaurant. In an instant it all came flooding back. There was a skip in the waitress's step as she made her way into the kitchen to get him his water.

"Same as last time?" she asked hopefully as she returned to the table, and the man shook his head.

"Main course today," he said. At Shanna's unsure hesitance, he elaborated. "Intercourse, that is."

Shanna nodded.

"Sure thing, darl," she said, swallowing. "Where do you want me?"

"Right here," he said, pushing the table back and tapping his thighs. "Naked, if you don't mind."

She didn't. Without hesitation, the young waitress unzipped her dress, then slipped it down her shoulders. She was wearing a tight pair of jeans beneath it, and a comfortable white bra.

Undoing her bra and releasing her breasts, Shanna felt herself

flush with excitement as the man reached out and cupped them, squeezing gently. Her nipples were hard, and her stomach fluttered at the stranger's ministrations.

Once she'd lowered her trousers and panties, Shanna stood completely naked in the middle of her workplace. She flushed at the knowledge that her boss or any of her co-workers could glance over and see her bare skin, her shaved pussy, her large brown breasts. Fortunately, they all seemed to be otherwise occupied; the customer's appreciative eyes were the only ones that seemed to have noticed her nudity.

"Come here," he ordered, and Shanna straddled him, shivering with pleasure as the man's hands began to roam her body. For the next few minutes, he explored every inch of her bare skin, tracing patterns across her back, down her sides, and over her thighs.

The man was gentle but thorough, his fingers going everywhere: her lips, her belly, her chest, her neck. Shanna moaned softly as he touched her, feeling his palms on her flesh, his fingers sliding through her hair, his thumbs stroking the sensitive spots on her inside elbow.

Just as she felt like she couldn't take it anymore, he pulled her hair out of its ponytail and kissed her. As her dark curls fell free, the man's tongue began probing her mouth possessively.

Shanna moaned long and loud as she melted into the kiss, pressing her naked body against the fully-clothed stranger. As they made out, she could feel his erection between them, throbbing with need as he continued to explore her body with his talented hands.

When the man finally broke away from her, Shanna gasped for air, her head spinning. She couldn't remember being so turned on in her life.

Staring into her eyes, Shanna's favorite customer reached between her legs. His fingers teased along the inside of her thighs, then slid between them to cup her labia, spreading her open with his thumbs before pressing against her opening.

Just as expertly as his last visit, he began caressing her clit between his thumb and forefinger, teasing it gently as he rubbed her from top to bottom, and Shanna writhed in his lap,

moaning softly.

As his fingers slid between her legs, Shanna gasped, her head falling back as he pushed two of his fingers inside her. She'd never had anyone touch her so intimately, so confidently, and it was driving her crazy with lust.

Shanna moaned softly as he rubbed her, touched her, fingered her. She could already feel an orgasm approaching, but without warning, the customer stopped.

"It's time," he said, staring into her eyes, and Shanna nodded. Time for the main course. Intercourse.

Time to get fucked.

While the man had been expertly turning her on, she'd almost forgotten where they were. But as she stood for him to undo and lower his trousers, she couldn't be more aware that she was standing, naked, in the middle of the diner. About to be fucked.

About to be fucked at work, where anyone could see.

"Are you ready?" the man asked, but Shanna knew it was rhetorical. She'd told him he could have anything on the menu, and that included her.

She was on the menu, and he was going to have her. She couldn't wait.

Shanna could feel her juices dripping down her leg; her skin was flushed, and her heart was thundering as she stared into his eyes.

"I'm ready," she said breathlessly.

"Good girl." The man smiled, lowered his pants, and pulled his cock out.

Shanna licked her lips, and sat on his lap once more. His cock entered her easily, and she let out a low moan at the sensation, wrapping her arms around him.

She'd known the man was big when she'd gone down on him during his first visit, but feeling him fill her up was something else. Shanna took a moment to enjoy the feeling of his thick shaft entering her pussy, writhing slightly at the feeling of



fullness as his pubic hair met her bare crotch.

When she'd adjusted to the sensation, Shanna started raising and lowering herself on the man's cock, her body almost overwhelmed by the pleasure. She felt like every nerve in her body was firing, her skin tingling with each movement of her hips.

The man held onto her waist, and began pumping her slowly, watching with a possessive smile as Shanna rode his dick. He leaned forward, kissing her as he thrust upwards, making her cry out as her pussy stretched to accommodate the new angle.

"Oh fuck," the waitress moaned, riding faster, her body tensed. "Fuck me. Fuck me."

The man didn't reply - he just did as she requested, his hands roaming over her bare skin as she slammed her wet cunt down on him, again and again.

Shanna squealed in pleasure as she felt every inch of his meat slide through her tight tunnel. Her breasts bounced as she rode, her nipples hard and erect, clearly visible for anyone to see. The man reached down and grabbed her ass with both hands, using it to force himself as deep inside her as he could go, and Shanna cried out at the sensation. She'd never felt anything like this before; her first time with the stranger was better than all the sex she'd ever experienced with any of her past boyfriends.

"Yes!" Shanna gasped, her voice hoarse. Her body was trembling, her mind racing, overstimulated, as he pounded into her, filling her completely.

A loud grunt the only warning, the stranger came, gripping her tightly enough to leave a mark as his seed shot into her womb, flooding her insides.

Shanna moaned loudly as the stranger's orgasm filled her, his hands gripping her firm buttocks tightly. She could feel his cock pulsing inside her, filling her up, his cum only adding to the feeling of wetness.

Without a word, the stranger moved one hand to her throat, wrapping his hand around it possessively. His other hand reached between her legs, and began expertly manipulating her clit.

The man's cock still inside her, Shanna came, crying out loudly, her whole body shaking as she orgasmed on top of the man's lap.

As she came down from the waves of ecstasy, the stranger gently continued fucking her with his still-hard cock, his own body trembling.

"Again," he ordered. "Climax again for me." Shanna was surprised to find herself cumming a second time, a second powerful orgasm, just as strong as the first.

This time, the man pulled her close, kissing her passionately as she came around his softening cock. When she finished, Shanna collapsed against him, gasping for breath.

They stayed that way, his penis buried in her pussy, his hands resting on her back, for several minutes. As they sat in silence, normal diner business continued around them; people talking, eating, drinking coffee.

Shanna knew she should be embarrassed, or self-conscious, but all she could think about was the man between her legs, the feelings of fullness and pleasure he'd given her.

The customer finally broke the silence.

"Very good," he said, looking at her. "I'm sure that's a very popular item."

Shanna's brow furrowed. It certainly seemed like it should be, but in her seven months at the diner, she couldn't actually remember serving it before.

As the young woman pondered that, the man pulled his spent member free of her pussy and gently pushed her off him. She was still puzzling as she got dressed, but by the time she returned to the table to pocket the one-dollar tip, she couldn't remember what had perturbed her so.

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It was only a few days before the man returned. "Back so soon, handsome?" she asked, flashing him a wide grin.

"After last time, I couldn't stay away." She seated him in the same booth as his first visit, and eagerly awaited his order.

"It's available if you want it again," she said, but the man shook his head.

"Tempting," he said, "but this time I think I'll take the rump."

Shanna's eyes widened as she realized what he meant. She'd never had anyone...*there*...though several of her boyfriends had requested it. Her ass was her best feature; it was firm and round, and when she wasn't at work she would happily show off, taking every opportunity to wear tight jeans or a bikini

"You got it, love," Shanna replied. She reached behind her neck, unclasping her ponytail. "Here?"

The man nodded, watching as Shanna reached behind herself and unzipped her uniform. As her dress fell to the floor, she could hear the man's appreciative whistle as his gaze fell on her jean-clad ass.

Remembering what a good time he'd given her with his previous visit, Shanna wiggled her hips as she stepped out of her pants. The man smiled at her as she lowered her panties, revealing her bald pussy to him.

"Nice and clean," he said approvingly, and Shanna nodded as she turned around, bending over the table. She felt the man's fingers on her asscheeks as he spread them apart, his tongue pressing against her hole.

The young waitress had never felt anyone's mouth there, but her dark-haired customer quickly proved himself just as skilled at analingus as he had been when eating out her cunt. Shanna gasped and moaned softly as she felt his lips press against her hole, then his tongue slide inside.

As the man gently sucked her asshole, Shanna ground back and forth on the table, her hands gripping its edge. She could feel her juices running down her thighs, and the spike of fear she'd felt at the idea of taking her customer's cock inside her was quickly being replaced by anticipation.

"Mm-hmm," he murmured softly. "I like your flavor, girl. You're tasty."

"Thank you, darl," Shanna replied, looking back over her shoulder. His eyes were locked onto her face, and she smiled as he returned his attention to her brown hole, his tongue

probing deeper.

A few minutes later, Shanna was moaning loudly as the man's fingers began stroking her clit. Similarly to his last visit, she had a clear view of the restaurant, of the half a dozen patrons enjoying their breakfast, paying no heed to the bottomless, gyrating woman leaning against the table as a customer ate out her ass.

Just as she felt her orgasm beginning to build, the man pulled back. Standing up, he grabbed her hair and forced her mouth to his. Shanna could taste the tartness of her own bowels on his tongue as she kissed him. He moved one hand to his trousers, and she could feel his shaft grow hard as they made out in front of everyone.

"Time for the main course," he whispered, pulling away as suddenly as he'd kissed her.

Shanna's heart was pounding as she bent over, presenting her ass to her favorite customer. After coating a finger with his saliva, he placed it against her anus, slowly slipping it inside.

She'd never had a man do that before, though many had tried.

"Relax," he murmured into her ear, and - taking a deep breath - Shanna tried to do exactly that. She could hear the other customers' conversations, see the people waiting to be seated, but none of it mattered. All she knew was the man's finger gently pushing into her ass.

"How does that feel?" he asked, and Shanna just nodded in response.

"Good," she said quietly. "Very good. I...I..." Her words trailed off as the man slipped a second finger into her rectum, and she could feel herself stretching around his digit.

"What?" he asked, and she took a moment to reply.

"I...I like it," she finally gasped, surprised to realize that she did. Why had she spent so many years refusing to let guys do this? "It feels really nice."

The man chuckled and withdrew his fingers.

"All right, then," he said.

Shanna looked over her shoulder, and saw the stranger pull down his zipper. Her mouth watered at the sight of his cock. She glanced at the man for permission, and at his nod, dropped to her knees and opened wide.

"Get me ready," he told her, and Shanna nodded and obeyed

Her tongue flicked out, tasting the salty pre-cum leaking from his cockhead, before she took his length into her mouth. The man groaned as she swallowed his entire erection, feeling her throat muscles flexing as she bobbed her head.

This wasn't what he'd ordered, but she was more than happy to provide it as a starter. Shanna's boss understood the value of keeping the customer happy, and would look the other way if they occasionally threw in a free side for returning guests.

He wasn't looking now. Even as Shanna took the dark-haired man's cock deep down her throat, no one was watching.

Shanna could happily have blown him until he came inside her mouth, but she knew that wasn't the order. She was preparing him, and so she focused on coating his dick with her spit.

"Good girl," the man said, reaching forward to stroke Shanna's cheek as she continued sucking him. All too soon, he was ready, and Shanna reluctantly took her mouth off of his prick.

Shanna turned round, eager to serve the man, nervous about giving him her anal virginity. As he stepped towards her, she reached back and spread her asscheeks wider, exposing her pink asshole and dripping pussy to him.

"Are you ready?" he asked, and Shanna nodded.

The man pressed his cock against her rear entrance, and she gasped. It felt so much bigger than his fingers had, and she could feel the pressure of his member against her sphincter. She bit her lip, trying to hold back her fear.

"Relax," he whispered in her ear. "Just relax."

Shanna tried, but she was still tense as he pushed, and she winced as the head of his cock slid through her ring. For a moment, it was as though she couldn't breathe - she felt so *full* - but the man was patient, waiting for her to adjust to the intrusion.

After a minute of heavy breathing, he pushed forward again. Slowly, inch by inch, the rest of his shaft entered her ass, and Shanna moaned softly as she felt every last centimeter pass into her bowels.

"Oh, god," she sighed, feeling his pubic hair pressing against her ass cheeks. Looking up through the haze, she noticed that two booths over, an elderly woman in Shanna's section was looking around for someone to take her order.

*I hope Martin takes care of her,* Shanna told herself, before the stranger's cock began to recede. *I'm a little occupied at the moment.*

She let out a long, low moan as he pulled back, sliding his wet shaft from her ass until only the head remained within her. It was an oddly familiar sensation, and it took Shanna a moment to place it: it felt like passing a particularly large stool, but a thousand times better.

Shanna licked her lips, her entire consciousness fixed on the cock behind her, inside her. Part of her wanted it back inside her, badly; the rest of her was terrified that it would hurt.

Without warning, the man's hips jerked forward, and Shanna cried out as he buried himself to the hilt. She could feel his balls slapping against her cheeks, and a mixture of pain and pleasure washed over her as the stranger used her ass for his own satisfaction.

Shanna whimpered, a tear leaving her right eye and trickling down her face as he fucked her. The sensation was unlike anything she'd ever experienced; it hurt, but in a way that intensified the unexpected pleasure she was feeling.

For almost twenty minutes, the man pounded away at her, his body slamming into hers. Shanna could feel her pleasure rising, and she knew she was getting close to orgasm.

Her eyes were half-closed as she tried to focus on the sensations coursing through her body. She loved being taken like this, far more than she'd expected.

Finally, the man let out a long grunt. His cock pulsed inside her ass, and she could feel his cum filling her rectum. As he did, he reached around and brushed his fingers over Shanna's aching clit, triggering her own orgasm.

Shanna's scream filled the diner as she came, clenching her teeth, her whole body trembling. Her climax wasn't as long as it had been when her customer had gone down on her, but it felt deeper, more intense.

When she was done, Shanna collapsed onto the table, panting and gasping for air. Her juices flowed freely down her thighs, and after taking a moment to catch her breath, she looked over her shoulder to see the man smiling at her, his cock still deep in her asshole.

"That was...wow," she said. In response, the man laughed gently as he withdrew his spent member from her ass, then stood and pulled his pants back up.

Some of the man's cum dribbled from Shanna's ass as she bent over to clean him off with her tongue. For the second time in her life, the young woman could taste her own ass. Her cheeks burned red at the realization that...she liked it. It made her feel dirty and sexy and hot and used. She liked it.

As she finished cleaning him up, Shanna turned back to the man. "Is there anything else I can do for you, sweetie?" she asked hopefully, but the man shook his head.

"You've done great," he said, a half-smile on his face. "I'm sure you've got other tables to take care of."

Shanna nodded, hastily getting dressed and returning to her normal duties. When she returned to the man's table, he was gone, leaving only a crisp dollar bill, and - to her surprise - a large stack of menus.

The young woman's brow furrowed as she pocketed the generous tip. Where had these menus come from?

She added them to the stack without looking at them. If she had, she may have noticed they differed from the regular offer in only one regard: a new option, listed below the diner's standard eleven.

"Shanna," it read, typeset identically to the rest of the menu, followed by a selection of options.

Over the next few months, Shanna was kept quite busy servicing any customer who ordered her. As always, she served her guests with a smile.