

# *The Willing Waitress*

*(M+/F, slut-wife, intr, gb, prost)*

**By Sugarman**

My husband made me get a job a few weeks ago. He had been bitchin' about me layin' around the house all day for all four years of our marriage and he finally told me that if I didn't get a job, he'd throw my ass out of the trailer.

With no choice, I reluctantly agreed. I hadn't graduate high school and I didn't have any work experience so my options were limited. One Wednesday night, at about 9 pm, as I was driving back from a friend's, I saw a sign in a local roadhouse saying that they were hiring for a waitress so I went in and applied.

The place was a real dive. There were five tables in the center of the room, four booths along one side, and a long bar on the other side. All the customers were black people. When I saw that, I thought about walking out because I had heard that blacks weren't very good tippers. Then again, I told myself, at least none of my friends would see me in here.

And if I flashed a little cleavage, these guys were sure to cough up the dough to impress me. I have a smoking body and I know how to shake it to make men crazy. Guys especially can't get enough of my 41D cup tits, and they're still really firm and I often don't wear a bra. Them and my long blond hair have gotten me out of plenty of speeding tickets.

The owner/operator of the bar was a large black man named Lamont. He took one look at me and hired me on the spot, without even asking if I had ever waitressed before. He handed me the only uniform he had. I told him it was two sizes too small for me. He just shrugged and told me to go change in the stock room in back.

The room had a small table and it was full of boxes. It was hard changing in the cramped space but I managed to strip and get the uniform on. It was a light blue one piece. The top was very low cut, only just covering about half of my breasts. The suit was sleeveless so I had to take off my bra. The top barely came over my nipples. The skirt was also very short. The bottom of my ass cheeks weren't covered. My long legs were completely revealed.

I started working right then. I wasn't very good at waitressing but none of the customers seemed to mind. I just flashed a goofy smile and leaned over a lot. My nipples popped out a few times, much to everyone's delight. After that first night, I started wearing strapless bras

to work.

Those drunk horndog customers were constantly staring at my boobs and smacking my butt. Like I said, all of them were black and they seemed to get really excited about seeing a curvy half-naked white girl serving them. The tips were pretty good, though I didn't tell my husband that. He'd just want to take them.

My hours were basically from 7pm to midnight, five nights a week. The joint was pretty seedy and really never got very busy. The guys were always making rude comments about my body and what they wanted to do to it.

It didn't bother me none though. I figured it just meant I'd be getting bigger tips. I also didn't object to the frequent ass squeezing that I was getting, for the same reason. I had never really spent any time with black folks before. They certainly seemed to have only one thing on their minds.

Lamont took pretty good care of me. He was in his forties and had a bit of a pot-belly. He cooked the food and made the drinks and took the orders and served the stuff. When I got to work there were usually no customers in yet, so I'd have my meal. Lamont and I soon worked out a deal where I could eat and drink for free. That second night when I showed up, Lamont set out a burger and fries for me.

"How much is it?" I asked, sitting down and starting to eat.

"If you blow me, it's free," he said with a wink and a smile.



I was kind of startled when he said that. I figured that he was just kidding, so I laughed. Then after I had finished, I asked what the price was.

"Well," he started, "it's \$7.50, or like I said you can blow me." He had a rather serious look on his face this time.

I rolled my eyes and reached into my purse to grab the cash. I pulled out my last \$10 bill. I looked it over for a moment, reluctant to part with the last of my cash. A dirty smile crossed my face as I toyed with the idea of actually taking Lamont up on his offer. It wasn't like I'd never given head before, but of course I'd never done it with a black guy.

"What the hell," I said and walked around the counter. I

dropped to my knees in front of Lamont who smiled broadly as he pulled out his long black cock. I had never seen a black one before and I had certainly never seen one so big. It was 10 inches, easy. I wrapped my right hand around it and began stroking. Then I leaned in, opening my mouth wide, and sucked in his cock.

I had thought of myself as pretty talented at giving head, usually deep-throating guys pretty easy, but I was having a hard time getting all of his meat down my throat. Lamont seemed to appreciate my effort, though. I licked his shaft up and down and sucked on him hard until he spurted cum. I swallowed all of his massive goeey load.

This arrangement continued every night after that.

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My first Friday night working at Lamont's was pretty wild. After my nightly meal, I was on my knees, blowing the boss behind the bar when the first customers walked in a little early. They sat on the stools and Lamont served them a couple of beers while I was still sucking his cock.

The customers didn't even know I was there until Lamont had finished cumming and I stood up. The two men at the bar figured out what was going on and applauded. Lamont asked me for my panties so he could wipe his dick. Shrugging, I pulled them off and handed them to him. Instead of cleaning himself, he tossed my panties to one of the customers who nodded his thanks.

Four black guys had come in and taken a table in the meanwhile. I went over to get their orders. While I stood there between two of them, writing their drinks order down, one of them reached up under my skirt and grabbed my right butt cheek. He hooted when he felt my bare flesh.

"Yo dog!" he shouted to his friends, "this chick ain't got no panties on!"

The men's faces lit up at this news. The man next to me grabbed the bottom of my dress and lifted it up over my waist, much to everyone's glee. I let them look at my neatly trimmed blond bush for a few seconds before twirling away.

"All right, guys," I smiled. "What else do you want to drink?"

The black guys were very good natured and just having fun, though they couldn't take their hands off me. After that table had a few rounds, their behavior got more daring. After I brought them their third pitcher of beer, one of them grabbed my waist and pulled me down onto his lap. The guys on his side took my ankles and pulled my legs wide apart, exposing my pussy to the other men at the table. All the men were laughing.

I tried to squirm loss but the guy I was sitting on had his arm wrapped tightly around my waist and I couldn't move. I could, however, feel his erection under his pants pressing into my bare ass crack. After a few minutes of this they let me up. When they finished their drinks they left me a \$20 tip, so I didn't really mind the embarrassment.

Starting off the shift by giving my boss a blow job and swallowing a load of cum got me pretty horny. Then all the leering and groping from those four black customers got me more

worked up. My pussy was starting to get pretty moist.

After those guys had left, a couple of really attractive, tall black men walked in and took a table in the back. As I walked over to them, my skirt was bouncing up and down and I could see by the older guy's eyebrows shooting up that he had gotten a glimpse of my uncovered bush.

"What can I get for you nice gentlemen?" I asked them.

The older guy winked at the younger one and said to me, "I think you dropped that, miss."

I turned around to where he was pointing and saw a dollar bill lying on the floor. Rolling my eyes, I turned around and purposely bent over at the waist to pick it up. This gave the two of them a great shot of my assets. I held that pose for a few seconds, letting them get their kicks, and then I stood up and handed the bill back to the older guy.

"My bill was a five," I told him with a wry smile. He nodded, pulled out his wallet and handed me a fiver. Then he reached back into his wallet and pulled out a \$20.

"This here is my son," the older man said, nodding to the young man, "and it's his sixteenth birthday. I wanted to get him somethin' special. Any idea what I can get him for \$20?"

I looked at him for a moment, seeing if he was serious. I thought about acting offended but that twenty in his hand was looking pretty tempting. "Not much," I answered with a wink. He reached back in his wallet and pulled out another \$20.

"He ain't never been with a white woman before and it would mean the world to him," the father said. I couldn't believe he was being so forward and I was feeling kind of insulted, but I was also feeling pretty hot. I looked the son over and was kind of impressed with his strong muscular build. The idea of sleeping with a black guy seemed really sleazy but that \$40 would sure make it a lot easier.

"Make it \$60," I said, surprised at myself.

He pulled out a \$10 and said, "\$50, for the both of us."



I had never had sex for money before but the idea of it was making me really hot. I couldn't believe I was saying



it but I answered, "All right." I led the two black men into the back store room. Before the door was even closed, the older man had grasped the zipper on the back of my uniform and tugged it down.

It fell to the ground, leaving me standing there dressed in only my strapless bra and my white sneakers and ankle socks. The father then unhooked my bra and let it fall to the floor, too. His son immediately reached up and grabbed both my breasts.

While the birthday boy was squeezing and pulling on my tits, the older man pushed the boxes off the table in the small cramped room. He then put his hands on my hips and pulled me over to the table. He pushed me back down so that I was lying on top of it.

The young man moved between my legs and pulled my butt down to the edge of the table. He rubbed his thumbs over my juicy pussy lips and then he pulled out his cock. My eyes went wide at the sight. It looked to be a foot long! Were all black men so large? I wondered. His meat was rock hard and ready for action. He squeezed the head into my pussy making me coo with pleasure.

My husband's skinny white prick never made me feel like this. The boy was soon rocking his hips back and forth, pumping his 12 inch black cock into my tight white hole while his father watched proudly. I was in ecstasy.

His old man obviously couldn't wait any longer because he hauled out his own giant cock

and started bouncing in against my face. I opened my mouth wide and let him shove his black cock down my throat.

They both fucked me real hard and fast, jack-hammering their tools deep inside me. My body was shaken by the most powerful orgasm of my life. This set off their cocks which were soon cumming buckets of cum. Their heavy white goo flooded my pussy and mouth. I swallowed down all I could of the father's load but a lot of it spilled out of my mouth and down my cheeks.

When they had finished shooting their cum into me, they picked up my bra and took turns wiping their dicks off with it. Then they pulled up their pants, zipped up and walked out, leaving me still naked, recovering on the table.

They left the door to the supply closet open. I stood up and picked up my dress. I could see some of the men out in the bar looking in the room at me. I turned my back and put my dress on and walked out to the applause of the 6 customers in the place.



Wiping the last of the cum off my face, I went over to the nearest table and took the order of the grinning black guys sitting there. While they were telling me what they wanted, a large blotch of cum dropped out my pussy and splashed on my floor between my feet. The guy next to me saw it and started laughing. Those guys gave me a good tip, too.

My job has been full of encounters like that. I was going through underwear so fast that I just stopped wearing it altogether. Last night a young black couple came into the place and took a table in the back corner. It



was kind of unusual to see another woman in the place. She was tall and very attractive, for a black woman. Like me, she also had very large breasts. They both smiled brightly as I approached. The man ordered three martinis.

When I came back with their drinks the man informed me that the third drink was for me and he motioned for me to sit down between he and his wife. What the hell, I thought, the place was empty. I squeezed between them and we all clinked glasses. While I had my head tilted back, chugging the liquor, the man reached up and placed his hand on my left breast.

I just kept drinking as he started to massage my tit. The woman then reached up and took a fist full of my other tit and began squeezing it. Someone yanked my top down, exposing my tits, and they both grabbed a nipple. They pulled my breasts far out from my body, making me wince in pain. My pussy was moistening fast. I finished my drink and set the empty glass down.

The man put his hand on my shoulder and gently pushed me down onto the floor, under the table. I crawled over between the black man's legs but he pushed me away and over to his wife. As I moved between her knees, she spread her legs far apart. I could see under her thin skirt that she wasn't wearing any panties.

I had never had any experiences with a woman before but sucking Lamont's cock earlier had gotten me really worked up and I was feeling very uninhibited. I leaned my head in between her chocolaty thighs and stretched out my tongue. My nostrils filled with her powerful scent. The tip of my tongue probed between her soft black lips and I tasted my first pussy. I lapped up her juices, sucked on her labia and nibbled softly on her clit for several minutes until the woman started shaking from a strong orgasm. When I sat back, my face was covered with a thick film of her liquids.

Her husband then reached under the table and put his hand on top of my head, pulling me over between his legs. He had his pants down around his ankles and was stroking his massive rod. I pushed his knees apart and leaned in, covering his cockhead with my lips. I sucked him in, taking most of his ten inches down my throat. With his cock buried deep in my mouth, I flicked my tongue across the underside.

It didn't take him long to start cumming. His load shot straight down my throat. I swallowed all of it and then sat back up in my chair. They were both beaming. The man pulled a twenty out of his wallet and tossed it on the table as they stood up. They rearranged their clothes and walked out. I just sat there for a moment before I pulled up my own top and picked up the cash. I winked at the four black guys who had come in and were sitting at the nearby table, staring at me.

Straightening my top, I grabbed my order pad and walked over to their table. Without a word, one of the guys, a tall black stud who was built like a football player, stood and scooped me up in his muscular arms. The men all laughed as he twirled me around, giving everyone a clear view of my exposed ass and pussy. Then he set me down on top of the small table.

The men all reached their hands out and started squeezing my flesh. I tried to get up but I was surrounded. Hands yanked my top down, freeing my tits, and pushed my skirt up around my waist.



Before I knew what was happening, the black man between my legs had pulled his rock hard cock out and was starting to shove into my already sopping pussy. I thought about trying to resist but I was so revved up from giving that couple oral sex that I really wanted a dick inside me.

His giant tool stretched apart my pussy lips and he started pounding me hard. Soon they all had their cocks out. The men were standing in a tight circle, looming over me on the little table. Three black cocks began smacking into my panting face. One of them pushed into my mouth. I opened wide and started sucking.

After a few minutes he pulled out of my mouth and started rubbing his cockhead on my face. Another black dick took his place. All three of them were trying to push each other out of the way and get into my mouth at the same time. I licked and sucked whatever cock I could reach.

Before long, the man in my pussy started cumming, setting off the others. Cum was flying everywhere. I drank down as much as I could catch but most of it splattered against my face and hair.

I couldn't believe how much spunk these homeboys were spilling on me. When they finished they dragged their cocks around my face, pushing the thick goo towards my mouth. My tongue lashed around, trying to scoop up what I could.

When the men had finished with me, they zipped up and started to leave. I called out to them as I climbed off the table and, my face looking like a glazed doughnut, told them flatly that if they didn't tip well, they would get lousy service next time.

The men chuckled and each pulled out a ten dollar bill, which they dropped on the table while I tried to unknot my uniform from around my waist. I looked over at Lamont and he had a big grin on his face. He knew I was good for business.

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