**Hunted at Hooters**

by[SarahSummers](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4493353&page=submissions)©

**Hunted at Hooters Pt. 01**

"What the hell time do you call this, young lady?" Hank's Southern twang barked at Sarah from across the parking lot. She could feel his disapproving gaze as she stumbled hurriedly from the bus stop, and struggled to tie the apron around her waist.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" She called as she trotted, removing her jacket and exposing her arms to the Texan winter breeze. The Hooters uniform stayed the same no matter the time of year; skin-tight, white tank and bright orange hot pants. She'd had no time for laundry this week, nor time to consider her underwear that morning, so the hot pink frills were somewhat visible around her ample chest which made her an ideal waitress at the famous restaurant.

"That's the third time this week, Sarah. What happened? Where's your car?" Hank took her coat and bag from her so that she could dive straight into the chaos beyond the front door. After he was done glaring at her, that is.

"They, err..." She cleared her throat, embarrassed as she released her ponytail and rapidly fingered through her long, reddish hair in the reflection of the window. "The repo men came and, I... I guess I missed a few payments."

"For God's sake, woman." Hank showed no mercy. "I know your grandfather is sick, and you gotta take care of him. But if you lose this job-"

"I know!" Sarah cut him off, too scared to consider the end of that sentence. "I know, I'm sorry. I promise, I will be on time from now on. Granddaddy is doin' OK. I just got a little behind, that's all. I'll do better, I swear."

"You'd better!" She heard him call from behind her as she swept into the mid-afternoon madness. Like an ocean current, her customers and co-workers pulled her in and filled her senses with orders, reminders and requests. Was she still on for covering Samantha's shift on Thursday? Of course. Would she mind clearing table twelve so Julie could go on break? No problem. Could table three get a refill? And, oh, the men's room needs an 'out of order' sign. She'd be right on it.

Working at Hooters had never been her first choice, but it certainly kept her on her feet. At the age of twenty-one, Sarah had been just a year away from finishing college when Granddaddy had fallen ill. With no parents or siblings to speak of, and after Grandma passed a few years prior, Sarah and Granddaddy were the only two surviving members of the Summers family clan.

So, until he got better (as she kept telling herself he would), Sarah was a Hooters Girl -- a fact she tried her damnedest to keep secret from her Granddaddy's elderly, gossiping neighbours.

The truth was, Sarah had never made a particularly good waitress. She was clumsy, forgetful and a general hot mess at the best of times. The number of menial, low-wage jobs she had been fired from was embarrassing and, she was ashamed to acknowledge, the only thing that kept food on her and Granddaddy's table was, well, the triple D-cup swelling under her shrunken Hooter's top.

"I sincerely hope you thank the lord that he made you pretty." Hank, her boss, would often say after she screwed up again and again. Hank was a good, god-fearing man. But he was also kind of an ass. Still, Sarah bit her tongue and went about working just as hard as she could.

Leaving college early, she had been forced to forfeit her scholarship. If she had any hope of finishing her degree, and getting a job she was actually good at, she not only needed to keep her and Granddaddy afloat -- she needed to be making money.

"Hi there, welcome to Hooters! What can I get for you today?" Sarah put her game face on and spoke brightly as she approached the recently-seated family of four. An older father and three college-aged sons, clearly returned from a recent hunting trip, wearing a mixture of woodland camouflage and florescent orange. As she'd expected, the father spoke for the table.

"Well hello there, darlin'. Ain't you a pretty thing." He spoke from beneath a silver moustache with mutton chops framing his wide face. A few months ago, his greeting would have made Sarah's inner-feminist's blood boil. Now, however, she was growing accustomed to being talked to this way.

A part of the agreement when you become a Hooters Girl, after all, is that the franchise is built on female sex appeal and advances like this are to be taken in good humour. Sarah forced her mouth into the shape of a smile and did a little courtesy, pinching the tips of her hot pants.

"Why thank you, kind Sir." She accepted the compliment as the other girls had taught her to. "And what will y'all be eating today? I can recommend our Philly Cheesesteak Sandwich, made with thinly-sliced rump steak, sautéed onions and a whole heap of provolone." She silently commended herself for remembering her lines from yesterday, although today's special was likely to be different.

The older man laughed loudly, and his boys all exchanged smiles between them. Clearly, Sarah was missing out on the joke.

"We like a good rump, don't we boys?" The man continued to chuckle and Sarah felt a jolt of panic as his hand came to rest on her backside.

"Now then," he leaned forwards, unsnapping a pair of tiny spectacles with his spare hand and placing them on the end of his nose, as though about to read something of far greater importance than what to have for a late lunch. "Is there, er, rump in anything else here... Sarah?" He read her name badge with apparent difficulty where it clung just above her left breast.

"Um... n-no. No sir, I can't think that there is." Sarah wasn't an idiot -- she knew that this type of contact between customers and staff was crossing a line -- but she had no idea what to do or how to react. So she stood, frozen in fear, whilst the older man groped her ass through her tiny shorts and his three adult sons sat and watched closely, as though learning from a master.

"Ah well. I'm more of a breast man anyway. What about you boys?" There was a general murmur of agreement but Sarah was barely listening. She could feel her heart beating in her neck and the sounds of the room her were somehow drowned out by it.

All around them, she saw her colleagues walking past, either not noticing her plight or not caring. She wanted to reach out with a hand, open her mouth and say something. But her arms felt heavy and her jaw seemed wired shut.

"We will take four orders of your biggest, juiciest chicken breasts if you please, Sarah. And, er, don't skimp on the sauce there, OK darlin'?" With her words failing her, Sarah nodded, not even knowing if that was something on the menu, and the man chuckled like a good-natured Santa Claus. "And get this young man a beer! It's his birthday, after all!"

Sarah gasped as he drew back his hand and spanked her hard enough to force her hips into the side of the table, causing the cutlery to jump and clatter. Before anymore could be said, she shuffled away to the sounds of erupting laughter and words of admiration. "Nice, dad."

Not even entirely sure what she had written down on the ticket, she passed it through to the kitchen and took a moment to lean against the bar and breathe.

"I'd better not be catchin' you takin' a break this early, Sarah Summers." Hank's disembodied voice seemed to surround her, like the stalker-ghost-boss from hell. She frowned as she searched for the lumbering old man, far too tall and wide to be this elusive. "Down here." Sarah followed the sound with her eyes and saw him down on the ground, changing out a barrel beneath the bar.

"I'm not Hank, I just need a second." She assured him, trying to shake off the creepy feeling that was clinging to her skin like a coat of spiders. "Table five... they just got a bit handsy, is all. I'm okay."

"Damn right, you're okay." Hank grunted as he worked. He was getting too old for this job, but he wouldn't see any of the women here carrying barrels around like that. He was old-fashioned that way. "That man is a district judge for the Western state of Texas, and those are his three sons. Two of 'em are on their way to be just like their old man. The other, well, he's a special case. Got knocked on his head as a baby, or some such like that. You treat 'em right and you're on your way to a big tip."

"I'm not sure it's just the tip they wanna give me." Sarah spoke under her breath, staring off in their direction, filled with anxiety at the prospect of having to go back over there.

"What was that?" Hank put a hand behind his ear as though to listen better. "Look Sarah, I feel for you. I really do. And your Granddaddy and I, we was good friends growin' up. So you listen to me when I give you this advice. You hearin' me, missy?"

"Yes Hank." Sarah sighed as her boss got to his feet and started pulling experimentally at the beer tap.

"You give those boys anything they ask for, and you do it with a smile. Maybe it'll make 'em wanna come back here and keep spending money. You got it?"

"I got it, Hank." Sarah agreed, at this point, by default. Perhaps Hank could tell because he dismissed her with a wave, muttering to himself about how the women in his day were a lot smarter about 'capitalising their assets'.

As the afternoon turned to early evening the diners began to thin out for a smaller and more elderly crowd. The type of old men with whom it was acceptable, or even cute, to flirt with outrageously. They always came back because they loved the attention. That, after all, was what Hooters was famous for: first class, top heavy customer service.

Table five, however, remained occupied by the judge and his sons, filling half the restaurant with the sounds of their crude conversation and boisterous laughter. As promised, Sarah returned to them frequently with check-ups, refills and dessert menus. None of them tried to touch her again, although her body remained on high-alert.

Whilst the judge, himself, filled out his hunting jacket with a barrel-like chest and protruding beer-belly, his sons were all built with much narrower shoulders and thinner jaws. The youngest, Gerard, was a bespectacled boy with a mop of black hair that made Sarah think of a warped Harry Potter. Young though he looked, today was his birthday which made him the same age as her.

The other two were harder to age, but Sarah took the eldest boy to also be the tallest. Stanley's face seemed gaunt and his eyes were wide and almost frog-like. Being so tall and thin seemed to make him prone to hunching, and he did so with an air of anxiety about him.

The last boy, Mike, seemed most like his father with slightly more muscle tone and hair buzzed close to his scalp. It made Sarah wonder if he might be involved with the military, but she recalled Hank's account that the two older sons were studying law like their father.

In any case, now that she was able to put some names to some faces, and the time had passed by whilst she'd been keeping busy, Sarah was just beginning to allow her anxieties to sink into the background of her mind when she was called upon to get their bill.

"Now Sarah, as you know it is this young man's twenty-first birthday today." The judge clasped his son's shoulder firmly, causing the skinny, snaggle-toothed boy's entire body to shake like a limp rag doll. "What kind of offers does Hooters have for such an occasion?"

"Oh, well..." Sarah should have thought about this before. "Normally we offer 10 free hot wings on your birthday when you download the Hooters app. But I guess I ought'a have told you about that earlier."

"That would have been ideal, sweetheart." The judge laughed, seemingly kindly.

"If y'all don't mind I can talk to my manager and see what we can do?"

As usual, Hank muttered to himself as he went about attempting to use the restaurant's computer system to alter the table's bill. Fortunately, that would occupy all of his attention for the next ten minutes, because it was then that Sarah's phone began to vibrate from within her apron.

Turning the corner, she raced to answer, concerned when she saw who was calling. "Granddaddy, what's wrong?" He would never call her at work unless it was an emergency.

"Sarah, honey, I'm so sorry... the water heater... it's gone busted on us again."

"Again?" Sarah's shoulders slumped. The last time the repairman had been out he'd told her it was the last time he was going to fix it. They needed a replacement, badly. That pile of rust in the closet was getting to be a hazard. "Okay, Granddaddy. Don't worry about it. I'll figure something out."

"I'm sorry, Sarah. I was only tryin' to help. I just feel so useless all the damn time."

"I know. You do help me, Granddaddy. You've kept me sane and safe for all this time. Without you, I wouldn't be the upstanding lady I am today." She tried to cheer him up. "Now get back to bed! You shouldn't be pokin' around in there, in any case."

"Alright Sarah." He sighed, sadly and her heart ached. "See you later."

"That was your Granddaddy?" Sarah looked up at the sound of a female voice. Candice, a thin, older woman, was one of the longest standing waitresses here, and also one of Sarah's closest friends. "How's he doin'?"

"Same as always. No better, no worse." Sarah shrugged with a heavy sigh, slipping her phone back into her apron pocket with an extra weight placed firmly on her shoulders.

"I heard they took the car." Candice gave her a sympathetic look as she passed more used plates than Sarah would ever be able to carry, through the kitchen serving hatch. A rule that only she would be able to get away with breaking, on account of being married to Hank. "You'll get it back." She smiled and touched her arm, reassuringly.

"I don't need a car. What I need is a water heater that actually heats up water!" Sarah ran a hand through her thick hair stressfully, venting her frustrations.

"And I wish I could help you sweetheart, I surely do." Candice assured her and Sarah pouted.

"Oh come on, Candice. I know you've got overtime. Penny's out on maternity next week, she told me so herself!"

"And we could never afford Penny in the first place." Candice held up her hands, defensively. "I'm sorry, Sarah. Like I said, I wish I could help ya. You're a good girl, and you gotta big heart. It's a cryin' shame you had to get all of them responsibilities before you finished college but that's just the way life goes sometimes. We all gotta learn."

Once again, Sarah slumped as she watched the somewhat skeletal woman take off like the bar was on fire and she had the hose. No overtime meant that she was likely going to have to take a second job. And that meant no time to take care of Granddaddy or, God forbid, have a moment of leisure for herself.

By the time Sarah returned to table five with young Gerard's meal taken off the bill, the judge had his wallet out on the table, fat and straining with wads of paper cash. The sight made her stomach hurt, knowing she'd never see her own like that any time soon.

"This is perfect. Thank you kindly for your excellent service tonight, Sarah." The judge said as he placed down a healthy bundle of banknotes, likely containing one hell of a tip.

In the end, maybe Hank was right, Sarah thought probably for the first time ever since having known him. Maybe women these days weren't being smart about what they could do with their so-called assets.

"You know," The judge said, watching her closely as she must have been staring down the cash like a starved wolf. "I might recommend this place to a few buddies of mine. That could be a big help to you and your boss, right Sarah?"

"It surely would, Mister. We'd be awful grateful for the custom."

"Oh please, call me Sir." He said as though that were his first name. "Look, Sarah, I don't mean to be obnoxious here, but would it be fair to say that $100 would go a long way in your pocket tonight?"

"Err..." Sarah felt struck dumb, unsure of what to say. The answer, of course, was yes. But this wasn't filed under her list of usual, acceptable conversations with customers.

"I have these two fifty-dollar bills in my wallet here." He withdrew them without looking to check the amount. "And I just been carrying them around these past couple of days, wondering, gosh, what to get my boy here for his birthday."

"I know what I want, Dad." The boy piped up from beside him, his voice affected by some possible learning disability.

"I know you do, Gerard, I'm getting to it." The man dismissed his interruption. "Would you like to earn an extra hundred tonight, Sarah?"

Somehow this question felt more weighted than the feeling of his hand on her "rump" in the middle of a crowded restaurant. A number of things swirled around her head; all of the sordid suggestions these people might come out with; all of the angry, feminist responses she could spit back at them. The one thing she landed on, however, was her Granddaddy.

"What would I have to do?" She asked in a quiet voice that did not sound quite like her own. The man smiled widely, revealing a line of undoubtedly synthetic, pearly white teeth.

"All you have to do is wait five minutes after we leave, meet us outside, then you come out into the alley and you let my boy here get a look at what Hooters is famous for. What do you say?"

Sarah swallowed hard as she listened to the proposition. Again, her heart began to thump, thump, thump in her ears, and she could feel her lips tingling with adrenaline.

"Do you need some time to think about it?" The judge offered in a much softer voice, as though trying to entice a baby deer to eat out of his hand.

"I, er..." The 'no' was on the tip of her tongue but it did not seem to make it past her lips.

"I'm just gonna go ahead and leave this fifty right here." He placed one down between the numerous table rings. "If you want the other, you come out in five. If not... well, it's been lovely to meet you, Sarah."

He tipped an imaginary hat and slid out of the booth, quickly followed by the three of his sons. And just like that, the family were gone.

Once the ringing of the bell above the door had ceased, Sarah lowered herself into the booth; her mind totally lost, like a stalled car, paralysed with indecision.

Her eyes dropped to the neat pile of money in front of her. Their meal had come to a steep $163, even with the birthday boy's food taken off the ticket. The judge had tipped her the customary 15%, as well as the fifty-dollar bill staring up at her, asking if she dared to double her profit.

She slipped a hand into her apron to retrieve her phone and scrolled through her text messages. The handyman had sent her a quote for what he'd thought they would need... She could get a fifth of the way there for doing practically nothing, she thought to herself as she locked her phone again. That was a full 12-hour shift at Hooters -- for doing practically nothing.

Glancing up at the clock, she realised half her deliberation time was gone already. She had to make a decision about this. And maybe the best way to do that was to not think about it, she realised. Because if she thought about it, she almost definitely would not do it. And if she didn't do it, she'd spend the next few weeks kicking herself.

Just go out there. Do it. Get the money. Come back in. Life goes on as normal.

"My, oh my, aren't you a bold one." The judge seemed surprised to see her in the alleyway where he and Stanley were smoking cigarettes whilst the other two stood with their jacket collars braced against the cold wind.

"I'm not supposed to be on break so I don't have much time." Sarah said in an attempt to speed things up. She wanted to do this like ripping off a band-aid. But it was soon clear that's not how things were going to happen.

"Come now," the judge said. "You're earning more money out here than you are in there anyway. A smart girl like you can see that. Now come, further in, let's make sure we have enough privacy here."

The five of them walked to the centre of the alleyway, where the least amount of light reached down between the tall buildings. It smelt strongly here of garbage, urine and cigarette smoke. Sarah hugged her arms against the chill.

"Gerard, come and stand right here." The judge pulled the boy into position in front of him, so that he was facing where Sarah stood nervously, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. "Are you ready, son?" He asks and Gerard nodded, enthusiastically.

"Yes dad."

"OK Sarah. I want you to slowly lift up your shirt." He instructed her.

Slow was all that Sarah could manage anyway, with her hands shaking badly from her unspent fight-or-flight response. Swallowing hard, she hooked her fingers beneath the fabric of the white Hooter's tank, took a deep breath, and gradually lifted, exposing her navel, flat and tanned by the local Texan sun. Her waist tapered in from the wideness of her hips, a perfect hourglass shape, seamless and delicate as though formed from sand. Then, a flash of hot pink at the base of her rib cage where the bottom of her heavy breasts rested.

"Stop." The judge told her and she froze, afraid. "Are you sure you're ready for this Gerard? It's okay if you say no."

"God, dad! What are you d-doing? I'm ready, d-damn it!" The boy complained, insolently.

"Tell me what you're looking at right now, so that I know that you understand." He requested. Sarah waited, a statue, whilst they had this discussion.

"I'm looking at a s-slut, dad. And I'd be looking at her t-titties if you didn't keep on t-talking, all the time!"

"Gerard," the judge spoke in a tone you might use to chastise a dog. "Sarah is not a slut. She is doing this for money. So what does that make her?" There was a long pause whilst a slow, goofy smile spread across Gerard's face and Sarah felt her stomach drop.

"A whore." He spoke confidently, and an inexplicable throb emanated from Sarah's core.

"And what are whores for, Gerard?" The judge continued to push him.

"They're f-for f-fucking, dad."

"That's right, buddy. OK Sarah, keep going."

Sarah swallowed the sudden sharpness of anger she'd felt at the way this man was teaching his impressionable sons how to treat women -- and the fact that she was reinforcing that lesson by doing what he said.

As more of her bust came into view the boy began to giggle gleefully, and the older two smiled as crookedly as their father. Soon the top was up to her chin, with her generous cleavage on display for the boys.

She knew from taking numerous photos of herself, the way her breasts appeared disproportionate to the rest of her body. The weight of them looked as though they ought to topple her over and, she supposed, sometimes they did.

"What do we say, boys?" The judge asked them and collectively, they responded.

"Good girl."

The chorus somehow made her shudder, though she wasn't sure if it was from disgust or something else. Naively, she wondered if perhaps this was as far as she was required to go but she ought to have known better.

"OK Sarah, now the bra. Lift it up, sweetheart. Let's see them." He encouraged her in a soft voice that sent shivers down her spine. Slowly, she moved to comply.

The bra itself was an old one, with the underwire snapped in several places from the weight of her bosom. So hooking her fingers underneath was easy and, with some persuasion, the material was pulled up and away, freeing her naked breasts to the cool air of the alley.

The motion of the reveal sent them wobbling up and down like jelly, slapping together and springing apart again. She could feel her nipples hardening from the temperature around them, although she wondered if they might have been hard anyway.

She had to admit, despite her overarching anxiety and simmering anger, she was also getting turned on.

"Boys?"

"Good girl."

"Fuck yeah, good girl." Mike started clapping but the judge smacked him on the back of the head.

"Let's not draw too much attention. C'mon Gerard let's get a little closer. You don't mind, do you Sarah?"

Sarah did not respond but she wasn't sure if he had expected her to. Gerard and his father took several steps forward. They were both a great deal taller than Sarah, and their shadows cast an even greater chill over her exposed body.

"Oh yeah, look at these." The judge spoke with some admiration in his voice. "What did I tell you? Didn't I say you'd get to see titties on your birthday?"

"Yes dad." Gerard laughed, happy.

"And these are whoppers, aren't they boys? What do you think? C-cup? D-cup?"

"Bigger than that." Mike said and Stanley agreed.

"Way bigger. Hey, err Sarah..." He addressed her and his family all seemed as surprised as she was. "I got err... $20. Let me buy your bra."

The judge laughed loud enough to cause more of a scene than the clapping would have done. "That's my boy! What do you say, Sarah? An easy $20?"

It took her all of 2 seconds to decide. Although it was half the money she'd spent on it in the first place, the bra was old and broken anyway. $20 was bus money; a healthy meal for Granddaddy; or money towards their power bill. What did she care what he wanted to do with it?

She reached behind with one hand and unhooked the thing with expert fingers. Then she removed it from beneath her shirt, and held it out to him with both melons still fully exposed.

The boy's family seemed pleased for him, patting his back as though he'd achieved something great. He handed the $20 to his father, who was still holding onto the $50 he now owed her.

"I got $5 for the shirt?" The other boy, Mike, offered her. Before Sarah could recoil however, his father stepped in.

"$5? Are you serious, Mikey?"

"What? That's all I got!"

"Jesus, I'm sorry darlin'." The judge addressed her. "You try to teach 'em manners, you know? What do you think of Sarah's tits, boys?"

"Rad."

"Awesome."

"Amazing!" Gerard seemed happiest of all.

"I'm gonna make an offer now, a real offer, and you are more than welcome to turn me down, okay sweetheart?" The judge told her, taking out his wallet again and counting. "What do you say... to $500, and you give me your shirt to keep? Take your time. Think about it."

Sarah did think about it as all 8 of their eye balls were more-or-less glued to her chest, watching her movements as she breathed in and out, shakily. This feeling of being exposed whilst they remained fully clothed and gawking at her; it was... electrifying. Although the thought of someone, like Hank or Candice, coming out and seeing them was enough to fill her gut with nausea.

Being without a shirt presented an additional problem too. After this was over, she had the rest of her shift to complete. Hank would understand, she knew immediately. If she was stood in the middle of his office completely topless, asking for a new shirt, he would nod and find one for her, no questions asked.

So really, all she had to do was walk from this alleyway, through the back door, down the short staff corridor and into Hank's office. All for $500 -- which was more than the cost of Granddaddy's new water heater.

"Good girl!" They all repeated in a broken chorus as she lifted it off her head and handed it to him. Now completely naked from the waist up, the temptation to fold her arms over her chest was one she had to fight with a concentrated effort.

It also meant that if somebody did come out and find them like this, there was no quick and easy solution such as pulling her shirt down to escape judgement. She would be forced to stand there and be judged. Sarah tried her best to ignore that she both loved and hated that thought, the same way she both loved and hated the way they were all staring at her.

"That is a good girl," the judge seemed impressed as he threw her shirt over his shoulder like a used towel. "They always did say the customer service here was outstanding. How does it feel, sweetheart? Do you like showing us your big tits?"

Feeling her face flush, she tried to look down but was met with the source of her currently inescapable embarrassment bulging out at her; two massive, floppy mammories taking up a great deal of her lower-peripheral vision. Instead she angled her gaze to the side, at the brick wall of the Hooters restaurant, thick with amateur graffiti and some questionable-looking stains.

"Y-yes sir." She answered and addressed him as he had told her to before.

"Full sentences please, Sarah. I wanna hear you say it." He insisted and Sarah bit her lip. She was afraid of that.

"I like showing you my... big tits, sir." She managed to force the words out, all the while trying to ignore the strong pulsing sensation between her legs. Dirty talk was one of the things she'd wished she'd been able to get her boyfriends to do well in the past. None had satisfied her. Not like this.

"Good girl."

"You fucking slut." Mike seemed to growl with an animal-like hunger in his eyes.

"Hey!" The judge smacked his head again and Mike rubbed it, staring sheepishly at the ground. "I'm sorry, sweetheart. Please excuse him. Now look, I know that you know $500 is a lot of money. My Gerard, he's a sweet boy. He don't mean no harm. What do you say you let him touch? He ain't never touched no titties before, ain't that right Gerard?"

"No dad." The boy agreed.

"C'mon, Sarah. Have a heart. Ain't we been generous to you?" The judge appealed to her.

Sarah did not take as long to deliberate as she might have wanted to think she would have. It would be easy to say she was afraid that if she didn't let them touch her, they wouldn't give up any of the money that they owed her. Or that Gerard was clearly harmless, and she didn't mind allowing him this moment to enjoy being a man under his father's supervision.

The terrifying truth was, as she stood there with her top half fully exposed in front of a group of red-blooded males, and only her little panties and short-shorts on for protection, the desire to be touched was growing stronger by the minute. Maybe Gerard had been right the first time. Maybe she wasn't just a whore. Maybe she was a slut, too.

She licked her lips and nodded her head, not trusting her voice to speak the words. "That's a girl." The judge continued to praise her generously, and always in that soft tone of voice that seemed to be winning her over more and more.

"Put your hands behind your head, just like that." He instructed her carefully and she complied, interlocking her fingers and breathing out shakily. Her nipples had never felt so hard in her life and they seemed to ache like beacons, begging for attention as much as the rest of her.

"Now I want you to look at Gerard and I want you to tell him what you want him to do. Do you understand? And you call him sir. He deserves your respect as much as any of us." The judge spoke firmly and Sarah swallowed hard, considering her words.

The fact that she was turned on was likely to be obvious to the judge if not his less experienced sons. But she didn't want to give away just how damp her panties were.

"Will you please touch m-my breasts, sir?" She said quietly, and could practically see the light sparkling in Gerard's eyes like a child on Christmas morning. He giggled as though nervous, himself. Nobody rushed him.

Suddenly, she felt a sharp prod, as though from an index finger, deep in the meat of her right tit. Gerard's laugh grew more gleeful as he watched her heavy breast jiggle from the contact.

Again and again he prodded, each time in the exact some place, making it painful. Each time she began to grimace uncomfortably, but she forced herself to resist the urge to shy away. Her gaze lifted from Gerard to his father, wondering if he might say something to help her. But neither of them were looking at her face; it was almost as though she wasn't there at all -- not as a person, but perhaps as a doll, or a pair of levitating fun bags.

"Try the other one." The judge finally encouraged and Gerard plunged his finger into her left tit, making it wobble just as hard as the other. With each prod, Sarah began to whimper and shift on the spot. But she neither moved away nor dropped her hands from behind her head. This was horrible -- so why did she like it so much?

"Give 'em a squeeze, Gerard." Mike suggested, salivating from the side-lines. Taking his brother's advice, Gerard grabbed onto her hard with both hands and squeezed with all his might.

"Ah!" Sarah yelped and the boy let go, afraid. He looked up at his father for reassurance.

"That's okay Gerard." The judge said. "You can squeeze, just not that hard. Like this."

The older male did not ask permission, nor hesitate at all. His larger, more weathered palms came to graze over her hardened nipples and he began to knead her rhythmically, in a somewhat circular motion.

Now that the prodding was over, this practically felt like a massage. Despite her best efforts, Sarah felt her eyes roll back with pleasure and a moan escaped from her throat.

"There, you see? She likes that, don't you Sarah? Do you like your fat tits being molested?" Sarah's breathing became harder she nodded her head in agreement, yes. Then she remembered what the judge had said about full sentences.

"I like... I like having my f-fat tits molested, sir."

"You are very trainable, aren't you?" The judge grinned, now playing more freely with Sarah's breasts. Holding one in each hand and throwing them up in sequence, as though juggling. Clap, clap, clapping them together until the meat began to turn pink. Pinching her nipples hard but tugging on them gently, as though attempting to coax something out of them.

At this point she was so deeply aroused by the judge's play time that her mind barely reacted to the realisation that she was being filmed by Stanley's camera phone.

"C'mere you two." The judge beckoned the brothers closer and the camera was passed off onto Gerard. "Take one each, come on. Get your mouths on them."

Sarah's brain knew no resistance and the judge seemed to see that as clear as day. Her moaning grew significantly louder at the sensation of two wet mouths suckling at her nipples as though desperately hungry for a sustenance only she could provide. One hand squeezing at the base of her breast, the other rubbing the back of her hot pants. The same on the other side.

"I know it's harder for you to think right now, Sarah. But you should know I've been a single father for longer than I care to admit." The judge explained as he watched his sons molest her under his supervision. "Gerard, give me the camera. Pull down her panties and give them to me."

Sarah opened her mouth to protest but the only sound she seemed to be able to make was one of deep, sexual arousal. Gerard struggled for a short time with her apron, and the button at the top of her shorts, but it wasn't long before they were down around her ankles along with her soaking wet, mismatched panties. Finally, her smooth, naked pussy was exposed to the cool evening air along with the rest of her body and it felt... so... good.

Like the good girl they had frequently accused her of being, she stepped out of her clothing, allowing Gerard to take them to his father. After a short moment of deliberation, the judge glanced back at the parking lot.

"You see that trash can over there, son?" He pointed to the one close to the bus stop where Sarah had gotten off just hours ago. "Take this stuff and dump it." He gave him her shirt, along with the rest of her clothing that they had collected, and Gerard was off like a shot.

Meanwhile the brothers' groping of her ass had become rougher after finding it gloriously bare beneath their hands. Growing more confident by the second, they each began to spank her just as their father had done in front of everyone she worked with. With each slap, Sarah gasped, feeling the ripples travel the wide area of her impressive backside.

"Stanley." The judge barked to get his attention, and the boy removed himself from her breast with a somewhat plunger-like sound effect. "Take your brother and bring the car around."

"But dad-" He began to protest but something in the judge's expression kept him from carrying on. "C'mon." For a moment, she locked eyes with Mike, the more intimidating-looking son, and saw only two things reflected back at her; anger and lust. Before she could react to defend herself, the boy spat on her face and she felt the hot phlegm drip down from her cheek onto her shelf-like bosom.

He turned away and disappeared from the alley with his brother. Then Sarah was finally alone, naked and vulnerable, with the man she knew only as 'the judge'.

"I wanted to give you a moment to feel calm." He said to her as she stood, shivering and soaked from the waist down, her hands still firmly planted on her head with no intention or desire to remove them. "What I'm about to suggest to you is radical, but you know I am a man of great means and you, Sarah, are a Hooters Girl. If you'd like, you'd never have to be a Hooters Girl again. If you'd like, you could get in our car and come and work for me.

You get in this car with me, and you do as you're told, just like I know you can. And for that, I'll give you one hell of a pay cheque.

You take a moment now to think about your decision, because you only have another minute before the offer is revoked. But just remember, if you say yes you will never want for another single thing."

For the first time all day, Sarah found that she could stare back into the judge's penetrating gaze with unflinching eyes. She continued to pant from arousal and it was clear from her face there was no 'decision' to be made. She had never been a particularly good waitress in the first place.

"Look into the camera," he said, firmly. "Say your name, and agree that you give consent."

Sarah took a moment to absorb this instruction. She swallowed hard to make sure she didn't choke.

"My name is Sarah Summers. And I give my full consent."

**Hunted at Hooters Pt. 02**

The November breeze was chilling as Sarah Summers stood naked, with her hands behind her head, outside the Hooters restaurant where she worked.

Being under the silent, watchful gaze of the judge was creating pulsating shockwaves throughout her body, making it almost impossible to remain entirely still. Breathe in, breathe out, she reminded herself, her oversized chest expanding and contracting with a concentrated effort.

As they waited, she held her tongue and kept her eyes averted from the large alpha male, allowing him to view her body fully, without interruption. Like a cave man might stare down a piece of meat.

This was the price, she knew. She could do it all - be a good granddaughter, a breadwinner, and a college student - but this is what it would cost her. Her dignity, her modesty, and most of her self-respect.

But as she felt herself handing all of that over to the judge in exchange for his pay cheque, there was some unexpected leftover currency. Having felt their hands on her, their mouths, their eyes; standing entirely nude, but for her footwear, whilst they remained clothed and dignified - the feeling was... inexplicable.

As her abdominal muscles pushed and pulled the air forcibly through her lungs, inflating and deflating in the looming silence, her body shook from more than just the cold. Her inner thighs shone with a slick lubricant she tried desperately to hide by squeezing her legs together, and the moan at the back of her throat was being held back by pressing her tongue firmly to the roof of her mouth.

Keep your head, she told herself. Although if someone like Candice could see her right now, she would think she had lost it already.

They heard it long before the family's formidable, mud-splattered pickup came into view at the end of the alleyway. The engine sounded as though it could belong to an eighteen-wheeler, rumbling like thunder and shaking the loose rocks and litter around their feet.

The volume seemed to penetrate Sarah's heart with fear as her eyes darted to the back door of the restaurant, certain that someone might come out to investigate. But nobody did.

Spotting movement from the corner of her eye, her whole body clenched as the judge stepped towards her - his first sign of life after at least five minutes of wordless ogling. He did not reach out to touch her, however. Instead he walked around and came to stand close behind her.

The proximity of his aura seemed to form a wall of static electricity that sizzled along her spine, causing the hair on the back of her neck to rise and her ears to twitch, signalling the presence of a nearby predator. His breath on the back of her shoulder made her shudder harder than the harsh, winter air.

"Let's go, Sarah." Although everything else about the judge lit up that part of her brain that told her she was in danger, his voice was gentle with an air of unquestionable leadership. More like a parent or a teacher, than an axe murderer or a serial killer.

And so, despite her anxiety, Sarah kept her hands in place behind her head like a surrendered prisoner, and began to put one foot in front of the other.

Behind her, she could feel rather than hear the crunch of the judge's footsteps following closely. She wondered if his eyes were concentrated forwards, or if he was watching her 'rump' as she naturally rolled her hips, distributing the weight from one foot to the other, causing the flesh to mould together deliciously, back and forth.

Reaching the edge of the alleyway, her anxiety peaked as the faces of customers came into view through the large windows at the front of the building; people she had spoken to; normal, everyday people she was supposed to be serving right now. All it would take is for them to lift their gaze slightly to one side and they would see her, fully exposed like a cheap whorehouse advertisement.

Would they try to come to her aid? She worried. Would they get Hank? Or call the cops?

Sarah felt desperate to speed things up - to clamber into the backseat of the four-door pickup and hide behind the tinted windows. But neither the judge nor his sons seemed to share her need for haste.

Stanley left the turbulent engine running as he and Mike dropped down from the cab and walked around to join them. And finally, a red-faced Gerard caught up with them, panting from having just sprinted across the parking lot to deposit Sarah's Hooters uniform in the trash.

"I got your phone out of your pocket." Gerard showed her and for a moment Sarah closed her eyes and gulped. She ought to have thought of that earlier. Maybe she really was losing her mind.

"What do you say, Sarah?" The judge prompted her and she nodded in agreement - after all, she was grateful to him.

"Th-thank you, sir."

"That's okay, I'll look after it for you." Gerard slipped it into the front pocket of his jeans and the judge walked around to clap him on the back.

Now that they were all standing so close to her in a kind of circle, like a pack of wolves preparing to take down their prey, she could appreciate just how tall they all were. And although their long shadows loomed over her ominously, she was grateful to at least feel somewhat shielded from potential on-lookers.

"Mikey, hand me the rope." The judge instructed and Sarah felt herself throb inside as the boy unlatched the tailgate and took out a length of thin, green cordage from the cargo bed. They weren't just going to let her get into the car like a normal person. To them, she wasn't a person at all - she was a Hooters Girl.

"Gerard, this is your bag so you'd better come learn how to secure her." The judge went on speaking as though Sarah were a doe they'd shot in the woods and they were planning on bringing home for butchering. This did little to explain why no protests manifested in her mind, let alone made it out of her mouth, as the judge pulled her arms behind her back and wrapped the cordage around her wrists, binding them together tightly.

"Sarah is a good girl, we know that." The judge seemed to speak primarily to Gerard, the birthday boy. But also, perhaps, he was explaining himself to her. "But even good girls can become spooked, and try to run away, or get themselves hurt. We do this to protect her, as much as to protect ourselves."

Once her hands were secured, the judge handed some rope to Gerard and the two of them kneeled down to do the same to her ankles. As their heads became level with her bare, leaking pussy her cheeks flushed with heat, knowing their primal male instincts could probably pick up on the scent of her overwhelming arousal.

She looked away, trying to absorb her embarrassment, but her eyes connected with Mike - the boy who had spit on her face before leaving to get the truck. His gaze somehow felt harsher than that of the rest of his family. Like he was chomping at the bit to get a piece of her and the only thing holding him back was his father's authority.

To solidify that thought in her mind he raised his fist and motioned as though he were giving a blowjob, pushing out the inside of his cheek with his tongue, telling her exactly what he wanted and knowing he was going to get it sooner rather than later.

The idea that this boy had that kind of power of her made her veins surge with anger. It also made wet with shame. Even her mouth was watering as though to prepare herself for the event.

"How does that feel, Sarah? Too tight?" The judge asked as they stood again. After some experimental movement during which she found she was liable to fall if she wasn't too careful, Sarah shook her head, no.

She flinched hard at the contact of his fingertips gripping her chin and forcing her neck back to look up at him. "Speak." He commanded her like a trained dog.

"N-no sir, it's not too tight." She obeyed, her voice barely audible over the rhythmic clanging of the engine. Still, the judge nodded, satisfied.

"Good girl. Now I'm gonna put this gag in your mouth, and you ain't gonna be able to talk no more after that. Alright?" Sarah could see no way to argue, nor could she think of any good reason why she would.

She swallowed hard, afraid.

"Yes sir."

The gag itself was an old bandanna. Thankfully it tasted more like laundry detergent than sweat or dirt as it invaded her mouth and was secured in a tight knot at the back of her head, indenting her thick, reddish hair around her neck.

Now completely restrained and unable to call out for help, with her body fully exposed and, in some ways, pushing out at them as though begging for attention, Sarah felt more vulnerable than she had ever felt before in her life. Now anyone could look at her, grab her, touch her, fuck her if they had a mind to - and there wasn't anything she could do about it.

Even so, she thought somewhere in the darkest corner of her mind, was she really any less powerful than she was before? After all, even before she was tied up the judge had groped her without her permission in the restaurant, with no consequences at all.

Perhaps being like this, out here in the alleyway, was a visual representation of how they saw her anyway: theirs for the taking.

"What do you say, Gerard? Should we get a picture of your first bag?" Asked the judge, his chest inflated as though brimming with pride.

"Yeah!" Gerard grinned with wide excited eyes.

"Okay boys. Let's go out the front. Get the Hooters sign in there." He said and Sarah felt immediate panic as she was scooped up and over his shoulder in a fireman's lift, flashing her bare ass to the entire world.

"It's okay, it's okay... there, there, girly..." The judge spoke soothingly as Sarah's natural instinct to thrash and squeal in protest against the gag took over her brain. His large, weathered hands patted her exposed buttocks, in a way that you might try to calm a horse, causing it to ripple vigorously.

The fear began to blind her and her heart raced faster than it had ever done before as she felt the world pass her by, and she was lowered to the hard tarmac of the parking lot.

"That's it, sweetheart. Lie on your side, just like that. Calm yourself, now. The more of a fuss you make, the more likely it is we're all gonna get caught!" The judge reasoned with her as he arranged her body into a horizontal position.

Her bandanna-gag, now wet with drool, blew in and out as she fought to control her hard, panicked breaths. The ground beneath her felt sharp with frost and jagged edges, biting into the side of her body.

She struggled against her bindings but found them completely unyielding. She attempted to roll back and forth but soon felt the underside of a heavy, mud-caked hiking boot balanced on her hip, keeping her still.

"Like this, dad?" Gerard appeared to be the culprit as his voice came from high above her head.

"And with these." She heard Mike say, although she could not see what 'these' was referring to.

"Make it quick, son." The judge said from behind her. "Best not to hang around any longer than we have to."

In the distance, and through the tears she could not recall having shed, she could see Stanley fiddling with something on the ground in front of them. A camera, she assumed, propped up on a heap of clothing that may have been the boy's jacket.

"On three, everybody say Hooters..."

"One... two... three... HOOTERS!"

Sarah wasn't sure if she blinked during or after the flash from what she could now see was a more expensive, professional-looking camera than the one on Stanley's smartphone.

This was a moment they wanted to cherish, as a family. The day they 'bagged' a Hooters Girl. Whether Sarah looked like a snivelling mess on the ground beneath them was inconsequential. The point was that she was beneath them, naked and bound. Hunted.

"Alright, alright, let's get movin'!" The judge rounded them up and there was movement and footfalls all around her head. "I'm gonna pick you up now, darlin'. Try not to squirm."

Though she found that she was able to freeze her body from flailing in fear, Sarah still squeaked and complained in grunts and moans as she was lifted as easily as a backpack, slung once again, over the shoulder of a powerful man.

This time when he dropped her it was less gentle, and the full front of her body landed in a splat on the metallic bed of the pickup. Sarah felt the air burst from her lungs in an ooph! And continued to whimper as the cold seeped through her skin, into her bones.

"Don't move," the judge warned her. "Don't you move now, little girl. You remember who's in charge here. You ain't gonna forget, are ya darlin'?" He continued speaking to her in a way that both soothed and spiked her anxiety, all the while driving her crazy with lust.

Gripping her shins, he forced her knees to bend back until her heels were touching her ass. Then she felt the vibrations of him untying the laces of her bright, white sneakers and removing both them along with her socks.

"You won't be needin' these anymore. Daddy's gonna take care'a you. It's okay if you wanna cry. You go ahead and cry. Let it all out."

And Sarah did cry. She sobbed hard as her pussy throbbed and gaped when he called himself her Daddy. She'd had boyfriends who had wanted her to call them that before, but she had never felt comfortable with it. It felt wrong, shaming the memory of her father like that. But the judge wasn't her boyfriend. And somehow it made her need to cum, badly.

"Alright, you can roll over now if you want to but you're hog-tied now, Sarah. So you can't move your legs like you might want, okay? Mikey's gonna sit back here with you to make sure you're safe, and we're gonna start headin' home. There's a good girl."

He stroked her tear-stained face with dry, callused fingers, moving her hair out of her eyes as she came to settle on her side. The position was far from comfortable, but it was better than having her lungs compressed by the weight of her oversized breasts.

Gradually, her breathing calmed to a much slower rate and the sobbing stopped. She felt the suspension of the truck shifting up and down as the judge jumped out and Mike got in, slamming the tailgate shut like a prison cell door.

Soon the boy came into view, settling himself into the corner closest to the cab, holding a mean-looking 12-gauge shotgun. Just as quickly as her panic had subsided, Sarah felt it building again as she stared at the weapon with huge, rounded eyes.

"Oh, you like this, huh?" Mike smirked as the truck began to move and the vibrations of the engine intensified all around them. He must have been enjoying the terror in her eyes, because he took the butt of the gun and shoved it between his legs, stroking the barrel like it was his giant, metal cock.

"When we get you home, I'm gonna fuck you with this gun." He told her without a single shred of uncertainty in his voice. "I'm gonna shove this end right into your pussy, and I'm gonna fuck you with my finger on the trigger. Understand? So you'd better be nice to me, or my finger might... just... slip."

Mike seemed especially pleased with himself, smiling sadistically as the tears began free-falling across Sarah's face, following the line of gravity off the side of her nose. She was too afraid to form any cohesive thoughts, too scared to do anything except blink and breathe.

Even so, she was beginning to feel lightheaded. Breathing too much, she knew vaguely at the back of her petrified mind. But it wasn't long before they felt the truck halt for more than a traffic light or a stop sign and the engine that had been rattling Sarah's universe was switched off.

The relief at the thought of seeing the judge again instead of his psychotic offspring actually allowed her body to relax an iota. But that feeling did not last for long.

The sounds of passing traffic were too loud and too frequent for them to have pulled into a private dwelling. Above them, all Sarah could see was blue skies and black crows flying over powerlines. But it definitely seemed as though they were still on the highway.

"Don't make a sound." Mike warned her, levelling the gun across his lap in her direction. Sarah was pretty sure even her heart stopped beating in an effort to obey his demand.

"Oh, howdy Judge. I'm awful sorry for pulling you over, I didn't recognise your boy back there." A new voice approached the driver's side window and Sarah knew instantly it was a cop.

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit. How was she going to explain this?

"Mikey went and got his hair shaved off last week, didn't you Mike?" They heard his father's distant voice explain to the unseen officer. "He wants to be on the football team like his old man was. I told him those ridiculous, girly bangs would get in his eyes."

"Yeah, you'd be right about that, Judge." The cop agreed with him, conversationally. "You understand, of course, why I pulled you over today?"

"Yessur, I surely do. My son is not wearing a seat belt back there however, he is helpin' me to transport some precious cargo. My fault entirely."

"Is that right? You boys had a successful huntin' trip?" Sarah's senses nudged her from behind, feeling a new set of eyes drinking in her vulnerable, exposed body.

The Texas State Trooper removed the aviators covering half of his face and instead used the brim of his white cowboy hat to shield from the sun as he leaned over the truck bed to get a closer look.

"Well, I'll be damned. I can't say I ever caught me one of those. But I think I know this girl - don't tell me... ain't she a Hooters Girl?"

Sarah flushed deeply with embarrassment at the thought that this man had been a former customer of hers. But even so, she did not know whether to relax or not, listening to the judge chuckle and confirm the trooper's suspicions.

Was any of this even real? She was beginning to wonder. How was it that a cop could look at her, naked and hog-tied in the back of a vehicle with four armed men, and not react?

"Yessur indeed, she's got the hooters for it. Why, that's the perfect job for you, ain't it sweet pea?" His crooked smile revealed a set of tobacco-stained teeth as his hand, both younger and daintier than the judge's, reached in at her and began groping at her helpless tits.

Sarah groaned both in pleasure and shock at the lawman's audacity.

"Oh yeah, I've definitely seen this pair before. Gorgeous. Now let me see here..." To her horror his hand disappeared from her view and, from behind, a cold, bony digit penetrated the searing heat between her legs, splitting her lips and completing one firm stroke from clit to pussy.

Sarah squealed through her bandana and the cop grinned insidiously.

"Well fellers, it appears you have consent." He deduced from the moisture now glistening in a thin gel over his index finger, raised under his nose to inhale and then popped into his mouth to taste. "Make it home safe and, err... enjoy your venison." He tipped his hat and replaced his sunglasses, looking pleased as punch as he disappeared from Sarah's view.

"Thank you, Officer." The judge called.

"Thank you!" Gerard added, sounding audibly relieved.

Sarah wasn't sure if she felt relief or not. Her mind was still reeling from the unexpected intrusion between her legs. Was this really it? Was this her life now? Not just the judge and his boys, but anyone could touch her?

And could it also be that the judge, as a result of his high-powered position, was legally untouchable? And if that was really the case, just how safe would she actually be? Would she even make it back to her Granddaddy at all?

Those thoughts were drowned out by the sound of the family pickup's powerful engine roaring back to life, shaking the very brain within her skull where her head was rested on the metal of the cargo bed.

And as the car pulled back onto the highway, she found Mike looking down at her and smiling. With one finger, he pulled the gag away from her mouth and said, "Open wide."

For the remainder of the journey, the barrel of Mike's gun was slid between her lips and down her throat over and over and over again, tears spilling down her face.