**Nude Day at the Diner**

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He'd picked his target carefully. She worked in a small diner just out of town, and in the middle of the afternoon there were rarely any customers there. The only people who would be present would be another couple of waitresses hanging around for the afternoon rush to start and the cook. A judicious visit to discuss the matter with them, a little tip to make them ignore what was happening and he'd be right.  
  
He targeted the cook first. He managed to meet him at the local bar and struck up a conversation. Eventually he broached the subject closest to his heart.  
  
"Actually, the reason I stopped to chat with you is Cathy. She's one of the waitresses at the diner. I'm her current boyfriend."  
  
"I know Cathy. Has she got a problem at work or something?"  
  
"More along the lines of something," came the reply. "You may not have known it, but she's something of an exhibitionist when she can get away with it, and she's got this wild idea in her head. I thought if I had a word with you and the other waitresses you might just let her get away with it."  
  
"Cathy an exhibitionist? I'd never have guessed," remarked the cook. "What's the brainwave she's having."  
  
"National nude day is coming up," he was told. "What I want to do is visit the diner in the middle of the afternoon, strip Cathy and have sex with her in the middle of the diner. And I want to arrange for you and the waitresses on duty not to have any reaction at all. To pretend that nothing unusual is going on."  
  
"You're kidding me?"  
  
Some money was laid on the bar in front of the cook.  
  
"Does that look like I'm kidding? And as a bonus you get to see my pretty little girlfriend naked and getting thoroughly screwed."  
  
Cookie looked at the money, then made it disappear.   
  
"Make it about 2:30," he murmured. "What day will you be there?"  
  
Arrangements were made, and Cookie furnished him with addresses for the two other waitresses who would be on duty that day. A couple of visits, expressions of surprise at how daring Cathy was, a couple of bribes and the stage was set.  
  
The diner was empty when he walked in and sat at the table he'd been advised to use. Almost immediately, Cathy came over to serve him. He ordered a sandwich and coffee and waited. Cathy delivered it with a smile and turned to walk away when he stopped her.  
  
"Excuse me, Miss," he said. "I ordered tea, not coffee."  
  
Startled, Cathy checked her pad.   
  
"I'm sorry, sir, you definitely ordered coffee, but it doesn't matter. I'll be happy to change it for you."  
  
He stood up.  
  
"Oh, contradicting me now are you. It's bad enough you got the order wrong but now you're insulting me. You really need to learn a lesson."  
  
Reaching down, he seized the hem of Cathy's uniform shift and lifted, pulling it up and off before she even realised his intentions. She stood there frozen in panties and bra, not believing that this had just happened.  
  
Her belief system when into acute suspension when she found her panties were also heading south. To her horror, she was naked but for her bra, and she was now being turned and bent over the nearest table.  
  
Finally finding her voice she squealed and called to the other waitresses for help, but apart from a casual glance in her direction they continued to ignore her.  
  
A knee slid between her legs, forcing them apart, with a hand taking quick advantage and cupping her mound. Then she found something else was following the hand and Cathy squealed again as she found an erection being calmly slipped between her lips and pressed home.  
  
Squealing and wriggling, Cathy found she was now in the process of being ravished. Her bra came undone and dropped away, leaving her completely naked. Her squealing became louder as she felt the customer start to drive enthusiastically into her, apparently having a fine time taking her.  
  
Her squeals grew louder, as did her appeals for help. She saw the cook stick his head out of the kitchen door and look over the scene, appreciation for the action plain in his eyes.  
  
Finally Bev and Cynthia drifted over, having decided to answer her calls.  
  
"I don't know what help you need," grumbled Bev. "You seem to be doing alright. Perhaps if you lifted your bottom a little higher he could get a better thrust going."  
  
"Not really," Cynthia pointed out. "She should just spread her legs further apart. That would let him go deeper. And why he hasn't taken hold of those beautiful boobs, I don't know."  
  
Bev laughed. "They are nice, aren't they? And do you see the way they bounce every time he rams home?"  
  
Cynthia nodded. "Yes. She's got a good figure and he seems to have a very nice erection going for him."  
  
Cathy listened, appalled. She was naked and being ravished and they were giving a critique? Was she going insane?   
  
Her customer was driving hard, seeming determined to beat some sort of response from her, and she found it was getting hard to think. Her squeals were coming at a steady pace as her pussy was relentlessly exercised, the customer pulling almost fully out of her before driving back hard.  
  
Cathy screamed in fury as she felt her customer climaxing, spilling his seed in her. A few last thrusts to totally spend himself and then he was pulling out. The next thing she knew she received a friendly spank on the bottom and the man was walking out, whistling.  
  
Cathy stood there for a moment, feeling completely stunned. Slowly she reached for her clothes.  
  
She glared at Bev and Cynthia. "Why didn't you give me a hand?" she demanded, a sob in her voice. "You could see he was raping me."  
  
"Oh, come on Cathy, give over," said Bev with a laugh. "Your boyfriend warned us that you wanted to do this. We've been waiting all day for him to make his appearance."  
  
"What boyfriend?" screamed Cathy. "I've never seen that man before in my life?"