**Restaurant**

by [StoryTeller07](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=721483&page=submissions)©

Tuesdays was a quiet night but they needed all the business they could get so remained open. They had talked about starting a theme evening, without spending too much, to attract customers. While bandying ideas around Pauline mentioned, with a sly grin on her face, "I could dress up as a French maid, what do you think?"   
  
She didn't expect him to agree as it was merely a suggestion to cheer him up while they waited in hope of at least someone walking in.  
  
"A great idea, when can you start?" he teased her right back.  
  
A little something naughty was needed to rekindle the passion in their lives after struggling to get the restaurant up and running. They were only just surviving, with the possibility of a small disaster putting them out of business. It was always in the back of the mind nagging at them to work harder.  
  
It cheered him up all right. The following Tuesday they were almost caught having sex on one of the tables. She hoped the serious looking businessmen hadn't caught sight of her as she scampered into the kitchen giggling at the near escape.   
  
"I'll have to get my overall from the cupboard," she giggled into a hand, from embarrassment, trying not to make too much noise.   
  
"No!" Paul told her with a big grin. "You get out there and serve the customers, naughty wench." He propelled her toward the swing doors with a playful slap to her bottom. She was modestly covered with a frilly pair of white panties but did feel naughty.   
  
"I'm not a wench I'm a French maid," Pauline protested, correcting him with a cheeky smile. One of them was going to have to get out there quickly to take their order before the only customers of the evening were lost.   
  
"Just take their order for drinks then you can change," he dared.   
  
"You can't be serious! I'm wearing it for you not them out there," she complained. She was puzzled by his excitement and eagerness to show her off. She too was keyed up after the close encounter but unaware of it.  
  
She pushed at the swing doors, standing out of sight, expecting him to back down. "OK. I will!" she said, darting him a withering look hoping he would relent before walking through into the restaurant.   
  
Not daring to look back or through the small window at the men out there she quickly pushed through before losing her nerve. She kept her head down, not daring to look at them, while threading a way through the maize of tables.  
  
As so many times before she approached a customer's table, only this time there was an exciting tension. She had to clear her throat which was dry from a sudden nervousness, "Good evening sir, how may I serve you this evening?"  
  
Pauline was a little surprised at how different the usual greeting sounded. Her demeanour had adjusted itself to the outfit leaving her feeling and sounding like a humble maid. She put it down to feeling nervous at being so exposed.   
  
"Can I get you a drink while you study the menu? Or perhaps you have seen something you fancy." As the innuendo sunk in she felt her chest tighten and flush pink with embarrassment.   
  
They looked up from the menus with astonishment at the sight of a young twenty something maid, standing close in a saucy outfit. They stared at bare thighs revealed under a ruffle of petticoats holding up a black silk dress. The white frilly panties were less revealing than a bikini bottom yet very naughty when revealed under the short hem.   
  
The sheer stockings were held up with black suspenders showing off her shapely legs, and the shiny high heels lengthened them seductively.  
  
She watched their eyes move upward, opening wide. Above a pinched waist her breasts seemed on offer in a long deep cleavage. The nipples only just covered. Her small breasts were more impressive than she thought when pushed together so tightly.  
  
She had donned the complete set with white cuffs, collar and a choker. The frilly garter above her knee seemed too lurid now she stood before strangers. This daring outfit was meant for her husband for there was no way she would have the courage to show her body off to customers. Yet here she was!  
  
Embarrassed at the attention she also felt a little giddy from it. Her makeup had not been heavily applied except to her lips, which were ruby red. A dark mass of long hair had been scooped up into a white maids cap tied with a black ribbon to reveal a long neck.   
  
They couldn't speak, so after busying herself with a notepad she said, "Perhaps an aperitif while you decide what you want?" she asked nervously.  
  
She turned on a pair of four-inch high heels and quickly scuttled off. She had always thought her limbs too long, too skinny, but after being married for a year had filled out a little, giving a perfect shape to a very desirable body. The novelty of being noticed and desired hadn't worn off and she was embarrassed by it.  
  
It still amazed her when a man ogled her, as it was only since being married that she had developed a pair of breasts worth noticing. They were still small but tonight they were exaggerated by a waist cinched into a corset.   
  
They watched her departing figure shimmy in the high heels, wiggling her pretty little bottom like a professional dancer. It was the only gait she could manage in the unfamiliar heels having only practised in them that afternoon.   
  
On arriving back at the table she hesitated with the problem of serving the drinks. Pauline was going to have to bend over to place the drinks on the table. Taking a deep breath she would just have to get it over with. The panties covered her well enough; it was just the uncomfortable thought they could see them.   
  
What would these respectable men think of her? She was twenty-four and they were mature businessmen around forty so surely they would consider her very wicked dressed like this.  
  
Concentrating on not spilling the drinks she didn't think about how much they could see down the cleavage. Her hand quivered as she placed the first glass down. One of the customers slid to one side giving her room. It was only as she bent over she realised how close her rear end was to him. He wasn't being helpful at all!  
  
It surprised her that respectable middle aged businessmen were behaving like silly schoolboys. She had to dismiss it, after all she was dressed to thrill, and the one at fault.  
  
She pulled the tray over her bust in an unconscious move of protection. "I'll be ready for you when you want me," she said. Again the innuendo brought on a foolish embarrassment and she felt her face flush hot. In a flurry of petticoats she quickly retreated back to the kitchen.  
  
The evening went well with both men behaving as perfect models of civility. They beamed upon her with elegant smiles of appreciation, trying hard not to be too obvious over the young fresh faced angel's state of undress, while taking it all in.  
  
After a stiff drink in the kitchen to steady her nerves, she made one or two mistakes while serving them. She spilt some wine and served the wrong dish to the wrong customer, but they were blissfully unaware of it.   
  
She now presented the dessert trolley. By this time it was difficult to say who was the more confused from alcohol and flirty stimulation, she or the two customers.   
  
Another mistake was made when suddenly bending over the trolley to save a fresh cream profiterole. The little dress was already floating up on a raft of petticoats every time she reached over the table to serve them.   
  
They stared at the delectable view of stockings stretched tight by black suspenders. Beneath a tumble of white petticoats, raised around her hips by a straight leg bend over the trolley, was revealed a pair of white panties stretched tight over a peachy bottom.  
  
This time she ignored their lascivious looks. Having dismissed them as errant schoolboys she managed to cope without running back to the kitchen. They ordered more than enough from the trolley just to see her bend over.   
  
Playing their game, as well as getting rid of old stock, Pauline bent to the lowest shelf. Was it a sign of defiance? Was she was trying to tell them it didn't bother her. It did bother her. She was becoming so much hotter from showing off her rear it couldn't be ignored.   
  
They couldn't possibly eat that many desserts but felt they deserved to pay for the show. Paul had his own ideas about making them pay. "You can't charge them that much," she exclaimed.   
  
He refused to take the bill from her, crossing his arms with his hands tucked out of the way. "You can. They will take anything from you. They are on expenses so don't feel sorry for them. If they complain bring it back and I'll reduce it," he said, while ushering her out of the kitchen toward the two men.   
  
They spared little time glancing at the bill but questioned it merely to keep her close. They had ordered as many courses as possible to keep her attention and bending over the table. They were prepared to pay for the privilege too.   
  
Payment was by company credit card as her husband had predicted and the tip proved they were by no means displeased with anything let alone the size of the bill. With such a large tip she felt obliged to help them with their coats, becoming entangled with arms and coats, in the closeness of the small foyer.   
  
She felt hands accidently stroke her body but grit her teeth for they were on their way. The ordeal was very nearly over. They enjoyed the close encounter which elicited yet more gratuitous promises of telling their business colleagues of the terrific service with added promises to return very soon.  
  
Pauline sighed with relief and threw the cap onto a relatively clean work surface in the kitchen. She shook her hair out letting it swirl around her head until it settled over her shoulders. At least there wasn't much to do, as Paul efficiently cleared up as he cooked.  
  
At last the outfit was hung up in a wardrobe ready to be returned to the costume hirer next day. It had been an interesting evening, a nice profit and she was feeling excited by the attention lavished upon her.  
  
Hardly had they completed the usual routine, from kitchen, to bathroom, to bedroom, when the passion overwhelmed them both when they at last made it to the bedroom.   
  
Paul pushed her onto the bed. "So naughty maid!" he exclaimed. "You paraded around exciting guests in my home like a strumpet. You should be punished for your errant behaviour," he told her sternly.  
  
All she could do was giggle breathlessly while he grappled with her. He fell onto the bed where they play had a play fight. She tried to escape his manhandling of her body but the giggling left her weak.  
  
He pulled he rover his lap, still laying back on the bed, and slapped her bottom. "That's for spilling red wine on a clean white table cloth," he told her.  
  
"Ouch! Hey stop it, that hurts," she complained, without much conviction.  
  
He pulled the panties aside to slap her again. "That's for being a naughty show off," he laughed. "This one is for showing of your panties and another for showing off your nipples," he scolded her.  
  
"I didn't!" she exclaimed. She was somewhat relieved thinking he was joking. He had noticed her nipples had almost pushed up out of the tight uniform but hadn't said anything. Before it could be confirmed he rolled her onto the bed and dived between her legs.  
  
The giggles turned to heavy breathing as she again lay helpless. Now she was helpless to resist him from the delightful exploring tongue. The mood changed from playfulness to a serious carnal lust. She pushed her hips up at him thrusting a needy pussy in his face.   
  
She couldn't see him over the petticoats which were up over her waist. Without her panties he had full reign over her. She rubbed the sides of his head with her soft bare thighs. He lifted her hips up to get at her, supporting her bottom with a hand. With the free hand a finger pressed at her asshole with a thumb rubbing her bud.   
  
He seemed to be searching for the elusive G-Spot with his tongue. He lifted her legs over his shoulders where the stockings rasped over his shirt. Neither of them had taken a moment to undress.  
  
A sensation stiffened her legs. Had he found the magical button that switched her on? Her legs flopped down either side of him as he stretched forward to take a mouthful of a breast. He too was near, unable to wait. She felt his hardness fumble, probing against her asshole. Unable to reach him, to guide him, she lay helpless with the beginnings of an orgasm.   
  
Feeling him enter she was thankful, pleased and ecstatic to feel it strongly thrust in. All the way in it filled her up, leaving her feeling so full. She felt him cum pushing her over the edge into deep orgasm. Not the usual orgasm, but a deep throbbing animal orgasm overcame her.   
  
Her hips heaved upward, wanting it all, wanting her man to fill her with his life giving seed. She felt as though she was his, belonged to him, wanted to be his. She continued to shiver delicately as he wrapped his arms around her. The warm comforting cuddle continued her wonderful feelings of completeness.   
  
It was a powerfully hot moment of passion they had never before experienced. They soon fell into a deep comfortable sleep.

**Restaurant 2  
  
Fruity surprise!**  
  
The next day a businessman called in at lunchtime for a snack and discreetly asked Paul about the French maid. Paul hesitated at first but crossed his fingers. "It's fancy dress, only on a Tuesday. The waitress works here just the one evening," he lied.   
  
"I was told she's the sexiest waitress ever seen," the older man stated, with a wistful look in his eye. Paul couldn't help agreeing so nodded with a knowing smile. If Pauline found out they were talking about her like this he would be in trouble.  
  
When his wife came back from a shopping trip the old gentleman didn't give her a second glance. Paul looked at her and marvelled at the difference the uniform made. She carried her self more erect in the maids outfit whereas now she looked, well, she looked ordinary. She was tired from hard work, they both were.  
  
Others came in during the week asking about the French maid and he realised no-one connected his wife with the sexy waitress. An account of the show had obviously been passed on, with some lascivious exaggeration, yet he enjoyed their remarks. Even the lewd comments he had to smile at.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
The following Tuesday there was a tricky moment before opening up. How was he to persuade Pauline to don the costume again? "Oh go on, its good for business. We made a good profit last week," he said.  
  
"No! You said you'd taken it back," she accused, while pouting her luscious lips and frowning at him.   
  
"I was going to, but you know what its like, there's no time for anything. Go on, it can't hurt," he cajoled her.  
  
She was about to say it could and did hurt but didn't want to admit it. She had been embarrassed, almost humiliated. She had avoided thinking about that evening all week, not wanting to admit she had also been a little thrilled by it.   
  
She was about to tell him that was why she just couldn't do it, but demurred. It was difficult accepting being turned on by the naughty exhibition so telling someone, even her husband, was awkward. Pauline felt wretched, caught between needing to boost their profits and not wanting to feel sordid.  
  
Paul watched her out of the corner of his eye while chopping carrots for a soup. The quick flash of the knife was a contrast to the thoughts moving slowly across her face, like cloud shadows moving across a landscape. He was surprised when she agreed but merely shrugged his shoulders pretending not to be bothered.   
  
"OK. It will help so much, you're a darling," he said casually, though feeling relieved. She didn't realise how much they needed the Tuesday evenings.   
  
She had reluctantly agreed, on the basis the evening would pass quietly like the first. Fortunately just the two previous customers, Jeffrey and Bill, walked in. When two more customers arrived she became nervous wondering if she could cope.   
  
Pauline was still a novice at playing the flirting game, unaware the two groups had positioned themselves to observe her bending over each other's tables. Bill smiled up at her when the drinks were served. He dare not look at his two friends across the room or they might burst out laughing.  
  
"Thank you," Bill said. "What do you recommend this evening it's difficult to choose from such a good menu. Could we have a range of small dishes like last time?" he asked.  
  
"Certainly sir, I aim to please. I'm glad you enjoyed your last visit, I'm sure I can satisfy you again this evening," she said innocently. Pointing at the menu she said, "There are some delicious items on this evening, what ever takes your fancy I'm sure will delight you. Take your time and I'll be back to take your orders," she added.  
  
Holding the menu low, as though he were far sighted, Jeffrey asked, "Is this on tonight?"  
  
She bent over him to see what he was referring to. "The leg of lamb is available. Everything is on tonight, don't worry, whatever takes your fancy I'm sure I can provide it for a good customer," she smiled, and hurried away to get drinks for the other table.  
  
The other two, Henry and James, looked across the restaurant as she bent over with the drinks. The hem floated up on a gauzy wave of petticoats giving them a glimpse of stocking tops. It was somehow more enthralling than a string bikini at the beach.   
  
As she strode away they nodded to Jeffrey and Bill with knowing smiles. The recommendation had been right, she had a perfect figure. They hadn't quite believed how thrilling it was to watch a waitress running around dressed as a naughty French maid. Bill had also warned them not to get carried away or it would spoil the fun.  
  
"Every time she pulls on that hem I think a nipple will burst out," Jeffrey chuckled.   
  
"When she was bent over your menu I had a good look at those suspenders. I was tempted to drop a fork on the floor," he mused.   
  
Pauline looked naive and so she was, having no idea they were so riveted by the merest glimpse of her body. If she had guessed what they were saying behind her back she would have changed into a simple overall immediately.  
  
Like naughty schoolboys, they planned and schemed their cunning manoeuvring of her body by over-ordering thereby filling up the table with dishes. Reaching over to organise the table while balancing two drinks gave the other two a hard time.  
  
Across the room they watched her bottom wiggle seductively in a pair of white cotton panties as the hem of the outfit became pushed up by layers of stiff petticoats. At the table they stole glances down her cleavage watching her breasts quiver with every move.  
  
Pauline was kept busy enough not to notice their surreptitious glances. She also avoided thinking about it not wanting to know otherwise she might have scuttled back to the kitchen too afraid to reappear.  
  
Late in the evening she was tired from a long day and less careful. Bill tried to help make room by pushing things out of the way. A glass tipped splashing the table cloth with red wine and a little dribbled down her leg. Without thinking she snatched at the dress to protect it pulling it up enough to show off the suspender straps.   
  
Jeffrey meant to hand her a napkin to dab at the red wine but in haste pushed it against her leg. Pauline stood there surprised at his forwardness, or was it kindness, with her hand still clutching the hem. When she didn't pull away from his mistake he dabbed at the stocking top with the napkin.   
  
The cotton edge of it fluttered against a bare thigh. A hard starched corner poked up under the hem to poke her between the legs. Her eyes widened as she looked at him dabbing away the stain. He seemed unaware of the little dancing tingles on her thighs or that he was poking her between the legs.  
  
She pulled the hem down firmly. "Thank you Jeffrey, I . . ." she stammered.   
  
They looked at her with innocent smiles. Were they aware of what they had done to her? She felt enlivened and just a little squishy from this intimate touching. The naughty feeling wasn't welcome and had to dismiss it as just a silly mistake.  
  
"I'll get you a re-fill," she murmured and quickly retreated back to the kitchen.  
  
As it had last week, by the end of the evening, the outfit was misbehaving. Feeling tired she neglected to pull the hem down, though when she remembered to, didn't bother to adjust the top. Consequently too much thigh was showing and too much cleavage was on show.  
  
Bending over the sweet trolley she just couldn't be bothered to find the right angle to avoid revealing her panties. It was annoying that they dithered and changed their minds but she knew perfectly well why they kept her bending over the damn trolley.  
  
To get it over and done with she purposely pushed a cake off the bottom shelf. She had to bend right over to reach it knowing the little black dress was pulled half way up her bottom. At least they had what they wanted and she would be able get them served.   
  
She twisted and turned to reach it, wiggling her bottom right in front of them. What she didn't know was how well the cotton panties had stuck to her pussy. She was still wet from earlier when Jeffrey had touched her. The gusset pulled between her swollen lips as they protruded between her legs.  
  
The sight of her distended lips was almost too much for them. Jeffrey thought he would cum in his pants. Bill's face turned a deep red, looking as though he would blow a gasket. When she turned around to deliver a slice of unasked for strawberry cheesecake she wondered if he was having stroke.  
  
She was right they accepted whatever she dished up without complaint. Exasperated at their school boy behaviour she nevertheless continued the habit of serving them professionally. In their eyes she could do no wrong.   
  
The evening as far as Paul was concerned ended a success and he was very pleased when the inflated bills were paid without complaint.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Being hot in a professional kitchen is obviously normal but being flustered is dangerous. Paul could see his wife was distracted as she fidgeted with the tidying rather than getting on with it.   
  
"What's the matter darling? You must be tired, go upstairs while I finish up here," he said, while pulling her close. He pecked her on the cheek and patted her bottom.   
  
She pressed herself against him, lifting her neck. He kissed her shoulder working a way upward with kisses, hot breaths and nibbles.   
  
"I'm tired but not too tired," she quipped. On feeling his hands slip from around her waist a tinge of disappointment marred the moment. He thought more of keeping his precious kitchen in a ready condition than her.   
  
Both his hands pushed up the hem of the dress to find her bottom which he gripped hard.   
  
Pulled tight against his belly she felt his hardness and laughed. "Make sure you keep it ready for the bedroom," she teased. She tried to turn away with greater enthusiasm for clearing up. She wanted to get the job done and quickly get upstairs with him.  
  
He held her close. His lips were on hers, devouring her like the dish of the day. Paul lifted her up onto the table perching her bottom on the edge while pulling her thighs apart.  
  
"Hey! Stop it, you brute, you'll get the dress dirty!" she complained with a laugh.  
  
While kissing he managed to free his cock at the same time as pulling the top of the dress down. He lifted her up to suck on a nipple. She wrapped her arms over his shoulders and murmured little moans of comfort.   
  
It was nice but it would have to stop if he was going to finish clearing up, otherwise he might have cooled off by the time he got upstairs to bed. After all this she couldn't put up with being disappointed.   
  
She thought he was putting her back down. She hadn't realised he had pulled the panty crotch to one side, even though he had a tight hold her of bum. The first thing she knew was a hardness touching her lips. At first she thought it was the edge of the table he was so hard.  
  
Stupidly she asked, "What are you doing?" The little anxious murmur went unheard.   
  
She was surprised to feel his cock push so easily into her. Was she just a little excited from what happened earlier? Had she let a stranger excite her for her husband? For a moment she felt guilty.   
  
He let her slip a little, feeling her warm wetness grip the head of his cock. He let her down a little more to be only half in, teasing her. Easing her down the length of his cock when he just wanted to thrust in was an agony and a delightful feeling. Her legs closed together and so her pussy gripped him tight.  
  
On tiptoe she hardly touched the floor. It was as though he held her upright by just his cock. It was a peculiar feeling that he had her trapped by his erection. The only movement was the trembling of her toes. She needed more!   
  
He lifted her up to the edge of the table and she gasped, not wanting to lose it, and kept gasping when his cock again thrust in deep. The gasping turned to a crooning noise as he rocked her back and forth like a rag doll on the edge of the table.   
  
Her head rolled to the side as her eyes rolled up into her head showing the whites of her eyes. It was a scary look if he had seen, but he was too busy thrusting away at her. They huffed and puffed for long moments to both end in a long synchronised outward breath.  
  
The orgasm was a bringing together of two into one. He held her close unable to move except for the trembling of calf muscles. "You smell of strawberries," he said.   
  
She brought a hand from behind her and spread squashed fruit over his face. She giggled and licked his lips. "Good job I'm not allergic to strawberries," she teased.  
  
He wiped the soft fruit from behind her. "I've got a better idea," he told her. Gripping the front of the dress he pushed her hack onto the table and spread her legs. He wiped the fruit into her crotch with one hand while rubbing her nipples with the other.   
  
"Stop it you fool!" she shouted, while trying to wriggle free. Suddenly she stopped protesting. His face was buried in her crotch licking and slurping at the juicy fruit. Both hands went to her breasts to hold her down and tease her nipples.   
  
He came up for air. "I think there's a banana here somewhere," he said.  
  
"Don't you dare!" she squealed with outrage.   
  
"Two! One for here and one here," he teased, while prodding her sex and bottom.   
  
"No! Don't you dare, that's, that's bad," she said, feeling it wasn't enough to express what she felt. She froze, trying to tighten both holes. He laughed and dived into her pussy with wriggling tongue. Of course he was teasing for he would never hurt her, or shock her.  
  
A curious feeling of disappointment wandered through her. Not over the bananas but to do with something else, something less tangible.  
  
"Leave me alone, you've had enough!" she giggled.   
  
"Why? Are you saving a bit for someone else?" he said, while looking up at her with a face covered in fruit juice and bits of pulp.  
  
She looked down between her legs to see what kind of mess they were in.   
  
"Looks messy but tastes good. I might put it on the menu. I'm sure it will be popular. Fruit pussy, no Pussy Fruit, is that OK for a name?" he asked.  
  
"It's not for sale. Now let me up," she complained, with a little giggle.  
  
"Your right, it's too messy a dish. I'll put it down as a complimentary starter," he taunted.  
  
"I'm not sure about you giving my pussy away. I guess it'll save on the washing up. Ooh, that's nice. Do you have to think of everything in terms of a menu! What's next nipple surprise? While serving desert my nipples burst out of my top? Oh! Do that again. Followed by an after dinner cigar rolled over my bare thighs?" she said, in mock indignation.   
  
For a moment she connected the thigh idea with the napkin mistake. He hadn't actually touched her thigh but letting a stranger excite her, just that little bit, was wrong.   
  
Paul didn't give her a chance to dwell upon it for he wanted her again. She was ready for him too.