



You were rushing out to the dining area after Cindy, one of the waitresses, had barged into your office, going off about some guy harassing one of the girls, and two other guests were making a scene trying to defend her. However, once you got there you were surprised to find a distraught waitress, a smirking man and a buxom bimbo, complete with skimpy dress, platinum blonde hair and big fake tits. The girl had a shocked look on her face and rushed out of the restaurant, in a rush, as if she was fleeing something.

You went to face the man, who was evidently the unruly customer Cindy had mentioned, signaling Paula, the waitress that he was harassing, that she could head to the back. The you addressed the man, who was still smirking, seemingly very pleased with himself.

“I’m sorry sir, but what seems to be the problem here?”

“Oh, that waitress was giving me some terrible service... Here, let’s see if you can do better.”

He twirls his hand around and gestures towards you. Colors sparkle on his fingertips, and things lurch all around you, although you remain immobile. Suddenly things settle down, but you feel quite different than before. Long blonde hair frames your field of vision, and you feel much smaller, and much more lightly dressed than before. You stare at him in shock, as he keeps smiling at you.

“Alright Miss, so let’s try this again, I would really love to have a feel at those wonderful breasts of yours.”

You are not sure if you were just too stunned from the transformation, or if he influenced your mind as well as your mind, but you did not resist or protest when he moved up behind you, sliding one hand around to reveal your left tit, fondling it roughly, and one hand around your enlarged hips, reaching to rub your groin, making you feel your definite lack of a cock, and an electric sensation as he brushed his fingers against your clit, causing you to elicit a spontaneous and feminine moan.



“Yes... Much better than the other waitress. But of course, you being unable to refuse any man’s demands would have something to do with that I suppose. Bend over, I want to fuck you right here and right now.”

You moan as your suspicions were confirmed, your mind had been affected as well as your body. But you weren’t only forced to obey him, you found that you wanted to obey him, desired to please him more than anything, so much that you could feel yourself growing wet with anticipation. You ripped your shirt off, leaning over on a stool and presenting yourself to the man. He lined up behind you, somehow already naked. You felt him align his cock with your new sopping cunt, and you couldn’t help but to grind back a little, eager to feel him inside you.



“Now that’s a nice and helpful little waitress.” He said as he plunged deep inside you, making you gasp in surprise and pleasure. “I have a feeling you will be quite popular around here, especially with the male customers. In fact, I like you so much I think I may just make myself into the manager of this cozy little place. Afterall, the position just opened up, or so I hear...”

You heard what he said, but you didn’t care, only focusing on the pleasure you were feeling as your pussy was pounded from behind for the first time. But if what this guy was saying was true, you had a feeling it would be far from the last, as you would find yourself wanting to obey any demand from every creep, jerk or pervert that would be passing by, and God knows there were too many of those around.

