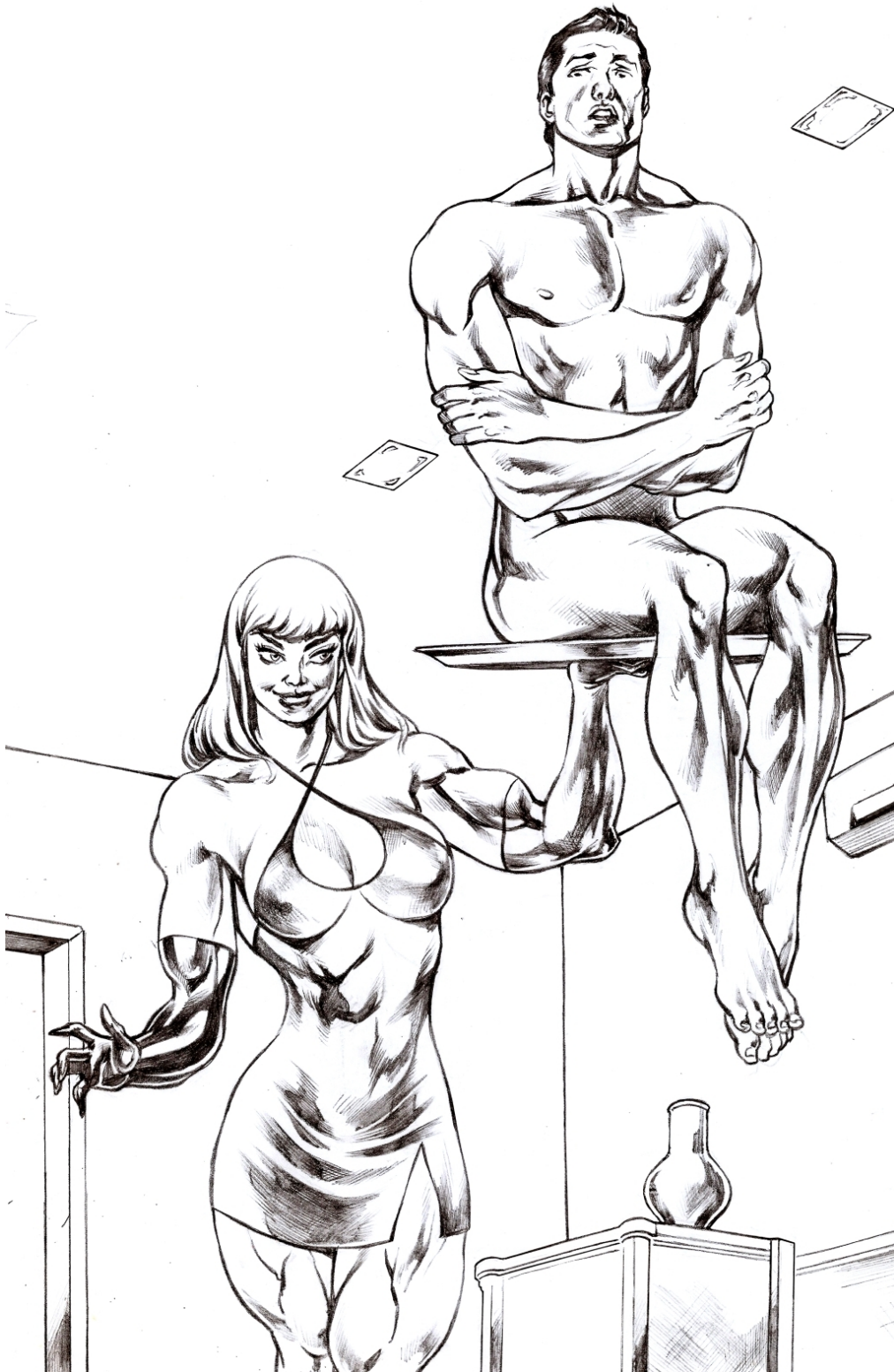


# THE WAITRESS

- an Uplifted story -

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Last summer I went to visit my son in his new location of Charlotte, NC. We had a ball touring this beautiful city, and eating out in the many fine restaurants of the city. After five days, and a hectic schedule of sight seeing and restaurant eating, we found ourselves in a small out of the way place, where informality seemed to be the style. The waitresses were dressed in short shorts, and every one of them had beautiful legs. Our eyes had a feast, as did every man in the place.

One particular girl caught our attention. Not only were her legs lovely, but they were heavily muscled. We looked at each other and started to laugh, knowing what was on each other's mind. You see my son and I are very close, as father and son should be. However we also shared an admiration for feminine strength. He said Dad she works out. I said no doubt Bill. Well we had a good meal and left. I however was drawn back to the restaurant whenever I had a free moment away from Bill.



When he was at work, I would go there and eat and ogle my beautiful waitress. I would go late at night after I had left his apartment. This went on for three days, and on the fourth I found myself there again, about eleven thirty at night. There were only two other patrons there and they were finishing their meals. As they left the waitress came over to me for the first time. She asked, "What will you have," and I said brazenly, "you if at all possible." She didn't bat an eye but said, "do you think that you could consume such a morsel?" I answered, "maybe it would give me indigestion, but it would sure would be fun to try."

She sat down on my table, asking if it was all right with me if she joined me. She said that we were alone, and that it was her responsibility to close up, but that there

was no rush. Flushing with pleasure I assured her that I had hoped for just such a possibility. She said that she had been noticing me for three days. She said laughingly that she had noticed me slobbering over her legs. I quickly assured her that she was mistaken, but she placed her hand on my arm, which was resting on the table, and said " it's OK, I consider it a compliment." The warmth of her hand sent chills of pleasure throughout my body, and especially between my legs.

She asked just what was it about her legs that I liked the most. I was surprised by the brazenness of the question, and stuttered out some stupid answer, like everything about her was beautiful. She thanked me for the compliment, but said, " I think that you know exactly what I mean." I took her bait, and holding my breath said, "OK I find the suggestion of strength in your muscled legs highly exciting."

'Bingo, the magic words" she said. I looked at her and laughed delightedly.

She squeezed my arm a bit harder, and asked me to continue. I asked her what more did she want me to say, and she said, "be creative" At this she tightened her hold on my arm so that I began to feel pain. "Perhaps you need some incentive", she said and the pain became unbearable.

I stifled my desire to scream, and tried to pull my arm away. She smiled and patted my head as if to say, forget it little boy. She smiled and put her other elbow on the table, and told me to roll up her sleeve. To make sure that I understood her, she mashed my arm again, and I couldn't control my cry of pain. as I quickly rolled up her sleeve. By now I was practically in tears, and I begged her to release me.

She asked me what was my hobby, and I informed her that I liked to write poetry. Poetry she repeated, "I just love a creative man." Putting the pressure on my poor arm, she said "recite for Angie, a nice little poem.



Perhaps it will inspire me to let up a little." With that for incentive, I said, " O mistress mighty form devine, before thy feet I lie supine, O mercy have upon this frame, protect the weak, don't smite the tame."

She let up a bit, and said Walt Whitman it wasn't," but under the circumstances not bad. You're really cute, we are going to have a beautiful night together." Well ten minutes ago I would have been overjoyed with such a prospect, but after experiencing her up close, I just wanted to get away from there. I thanked her for the invitation, and said that I had a previous appointment.



She asked me why I thought that her statement was an invitation. I asked her what she meant, and she said' that it was not an invitation but a statement of fact, an order if I want." Well I didn't want and told her so.

And now she really bore down on my poor abused arm. I yelled in agony, crying for her to stop. She squeezed even harder, and I screamed in desperation, that I wanted to go home with her, please let me go, mercy God please take me home.

She let up and said that I should feel her bicep. I touched it gingerly and she said "oh come on big man, squeeze as hard as you can." Well after the pain that she put me through, I decided to give her a taste of her own medicine. Summoning all the strength that I could muster, and squeezed as hard as I could. It didn't faze her at all, so I tried again, and again, until I became red in the face. She laughed at my poor efforts, saying that I was the most adorable thing that she had ever seen. I was totally humiliated, and hung my head in shame.

She took my face in her strong hand, and said, "don't feel bad sweetie, I like my men weak and helpless." She got up and said that she was going to close up, and that I was to stay right where I was. Looking at me meaningfully, She said "I expect to find you right here when I come back." I said "Yes Angie, I'll wait for you." I was afraid to say otherwise.

All the lights went out, and she finished some last minute chores. Returning to my table, she took my hand and helped me up. As I stood she bent down, placed her arms under my legs, and back, and lifting me cradled me in her arms like a child. I was to astounded to speak, She asked me if I were comfortable, and I said something clever like "ahuh."



She walked to the door with key in hand. Seeing what she had in mind, I pleaded, "Please Angie, you're not going to carry me through the streets, are you?" She said, "oh don't worry it's almost midnight, and this is an isolated part of town. I doubt if we will pass anyone on the street". I asked, "and if we do?" She said, "why then I'll put you down and let you walk, until we are out of sight." I asked her if it were possible to let me walk now," and she said "impossible, you're just too cute a handful for me to pass up. So just lie back and enjoy the ride, and besides, you know that you love it. "

Well she was right there, and my cock agreed with her. She carried me out of the restaurant, and on to the sultry hot street. Clutching me to her breast, she kept telling me what a cutie I was, spouting baby talk to me. I just took it with humiliation, what else could I do? As she was carrying me, I spied a man coming in our direction, and

quickly begged her to put me down, and let me walk. Instead she quickened her pace toward the man. I tried to struggle in her arms, but she crushed me inward to her chest, and I began to have trouble breathing. She warned "stay still and be quite or else," and she squeezed so hard that I lost all feeling in my legs, and I thought that my chest would collapse.

I begged "please Angie you promised, please don't shame me this way" She ignored me. and as she got close to the man, she called out to him saying, "Sir could you please tell me the time, I can't get to my watch, I seem to have my hands full at the moment." He stared at her with his mouth open, and then at me, as I looked down at the ground in mortification. He told her that the time was midnight, and she thanked him, and continued on her way.

He suddenly called out, hopefully "please Ma'am take me along too" She returned to him and smiling, caressed his cheek. "You're cute also," she said, and then all of a sudden, she reached between his legs, and clutching his groin, lifted him off the ground, and held him arm extended, in front of her. Now she had one man in a cradle hold, while holding the other out at arms length, on the palm of her hand. It didn't seem to be causing her any effort at all.



He had a beatific expression on his face, and I thought that he would come right then and there. He said " oh please mighty one, take me too." Angie said, " another time, another place, just look me up at the Golden Gate restaurant, and she lowered him to the ground, and smacked his behind smartly, and said git along little doogie, and laughed. She left the scene, leaving a very sad man behind.

She continued walking with me in her arms, and my head on her shoulder, trying to get into a comfortable position. I didn't say a word, and she asked me what the matter was. I looked up my face red with anger, and said "you know very well, what the matter is." She said " I'm sorry sweetie, but I just couldn't resist. You see I am a bit of an exhibitionist, and I like people to admire my strength." I said, "yes Angie, you're an exhibitionist, but it was me that was on exhibition."

Angie thought for a while, and said with a soft sigh, "baby, you're mine now, and I will do with you as I please, is that clear?" And she pressed my soft abused body to her hard one, and breathing became a major chore. I squeaked in panic, "yes yes please don't, I understand, I wont say another word, please let me breathe. She said " some more magic words, from my little dickens, Oh I just love it, when you beg. It makes me wet. So tell me sweetcakes will you be a good boy now, or does mommy have to punish? I said in total humiliation, that I wouldn't cause her any more trouble, and she kissed me hard on the lips, forcing her tongue down my throat. She just did whatever she wanted with my poor body, and I was powerless to resist. As a matter of fact resistance brought instant retaliation, and wanted no more part of it.

I remained quiet as she carried me through the deserted streets. Angie said, "a penny for your thoughts sweetie," I asked her how often it was that she accosted poor helpless males in the street, lifting them by the balls." She said, "you're not jealous are you sweetie? Besides that poor helpless man didn't exactly appear unhappy about his plight, did he?" We both laughed at that, and hugging me closely to her beautiful breast she kissed me long and hard.

After about another ten minutes or so, she came to a plain brownstone house, and Angie carried me in and up a flight of stairs. Her apartment was large and airy, and richly furnished. Putting me down in a chair, she said that she had to make a few phone calls, and change into something more comfortable. As she entered what was I supposed her bedroom, she called to me and said, "strip naked".

I sat there and thought about my situation. As I mused, I heard her laughing, and assumed that she was talking to a friend. After a span of about thirty minutes, she came back into the room. She was breathtakingly, clothed only in a loin cloth, with only a strip in her ass to help hold it up.



She looked daggers at me, still fully clothed. She said threateningly, "you're not playing the game, angel-face, perhaps you need a little more incentive." She came at me, and I started to strip as fast as my hot little body would allow. I never realized how fast I could move. I was completely nude in five seconds.

Roaring with laughter, Angie said, "well that must be a record, I think maybe I should enter it into the Guinness Book of Records. I laughed and said, "your my inspiration". She scooped me up into her mighty arms, and sat my butt on the palm of her hand, while grasping the family jewels securely in her other. She ordered, "well my little poet, let's have a sonnet. I said," do you think that I can just turn it on and off whenever I choose?" She said, "well incentive seems to work very well with you, so," and she dropped her hand from my ass, suspending me hanging from her arm, held only by my genitals.

I screamed in agony, "Oh God Angie, please no." She said "there's a good start, Oh God, go with it. I screamed, "please Angie I'm in terrible pain." She said mockingly, "no I like Oh God better". I thought with my groin on fire, compose something quickly you schmuck, before your dick and balls come off in her hand.



I said, "Oh God what is it thou hath wrought, that I hang from her arm held taut. Am I to her a shred of putty, that she should hang me here, drove nutty. I scream I cry, my balls on fire, and pray to God her arm to tire. Folding me into her arms, she said, "my little Shakespeare, I knew that you could do it."

I said angrily, " do you know that you're a bully" That took her back a bit, and she asked me to explain myself. I said, " Did you ever watch kids in a school yard? There's always one kid bigger and stronger then the rest. Invariably he picks on the smallest and most defenseless child. You my darling Angie, are that kid, and I am that defenseless child. She thought, and said, the analogy would be apt, if you like the helpless child didn't want it to happen, but, and bursting into laughter, she looked at my bobbing penis, and added "need I say more"? I added but you don't have to enjoy it so much, when you hang me by my dick.

She replied, "it's true that I have a streak of sadism in me as do many people. But my sweet, I would never go so far as to really do you permanent damage, as would Lana." "I said who the hell is Lana." Angie said that it was time for me to here about her organization. She continued, " many years ago, I formed a group of amazon women. We have a membership of twenty five. I interrupted," twenty five women as strong as you I asked?" More or less she said, and all of them are benign in there treatment of there men, as am I." I said, "really benign heh, and I suppose that they hold there men dangling from there cocks, out of kindness." She couldn't stop laughing, and finally drying her eyes from the tears of laughter, she said you're just a caution, aren't you. Keep me laughing this way, and perhaps I'll forget to dangle you by your little junior.

She continued, but seriously, we only do what we do to discipline our men. Lana on the other hand is a vicious sadist, who destroys her lovers.

She gets worse as the years go by. Last month she almost killed her man. I was going to her place to return a blender. As I approached her door, I heard a horrible high pitched screech, like a man in agony. He screamed like a women in child birth. I broke down her door, to find him, in her arms, she was trying to pull his legs out of his body. I yelled to her to give me the poor man. Lana said that he was hers and that I had no right to barge in on them this way. I answered that it was lucky that I had come in time to keep her from killing him.

The poor sweet man, reached for me piteously, with tears in his eyes. Lest you should think that this was a poor little tiny man, let me assure you that he was a famous tackle on a professional football team, and weighed in at a whopping three hundred and fifty pounds. Of course this means little to an amazon, especially Lana. Well the end of all this, is that he is in a wheelchair for the rest of his life, that bitch.



That story was chilling, and I said that I hope never to meet Lana in this lifetime. Angie looked at me and said, "Sorry but she will be at the party tomorrow night." I said "well thank God that I'll be long gone from here." Angie looked at me with pity, and said, "my poor little man, you just don't get it do you? You go nowhere, you do nothing, without my permission." I said "am I a slave then?" She said, "call it what you like, you're mine until I tire of you."

She went on, "besides you're the guest of honor, sweetie, all the girl's are just going to go crazy over you." I asked if Lana would also go crazy over me." Angie told me not to worry, that she was the acknowledged leader of the group, and that Lana wouldn't dare try anything. She said, "you know my sweet, I don't even know your name. Please tell me so that I can properly present you to the group." I said, "present how, as the main course?" She laughed and said, "there goes that creative imagination again. No darling, I don't think that you would even make a main course, perhaps a small tid-bit".

Laughing I informed her that I was Paul, and she said, "well my little Paul, it's going to be a night to remember." I said that I hoped that I would remember it fondly, and that I would be in one piece at the end of it." She said, "time for beddy-bye my little sweet Paul, you're going to need all the strength that you can muster".

Tomorrow came all too soon, and before I knew it, it was evening and time for her damn party. As the guests started to arrive, Angie kept me in her bedroom, saying that she wanted me to make a grand entrance. Finally ten o'clock arrived and she told me the time had arrived. To me it was like the call of doom. She reached for me, and I asked for my clothes, so that I could greet her friends properly. She said, "sorry little Pauly, but we amazons, don't allow our men to wear clothes." I pleaded, "please Angie, it's so embarrassing, how can I meet twenty five women, totally naked?"

"We're amazons", and this is perfectly normal among us she said." I answered, "well it's not perfectly normal with me," and she shut me up, with the question, "does that matter?" I pleaded, "please Angie don't do this to me."



"Come on sweetheart, don't be silly, you're going to be the hit of the party," and with that she swept me up into her arms, and carried me to the kitchen. She set me down on a large tray, big enough to hold many dishes, saying that I should sit up straight with my hands to the sides, and my feet bent out in front of me.

I asked her in panic, "are you going to serve me up as a meal?" She laughed, "not really my angel, this is just the ritualized way that we amazons, introduce all of our men. It's called waitress, and it's my turn to play waitress, and your turn, to be served up to my friends. Don't worry, they're going to go ape over you."

With that, she placed her hand under the tray, and lifted it to her ear with me hanging on, like she was about to serve a large meal. Kicking the door in front of her, she carried me out into a large room, and lifting me high overhead, yelled out, "hot stuff, coming through."

The room was full of beautiful well formed women, who upon our entrance started to cheer and applaud. Angie looked up at my poor helpless form and said, "you see Pauly, they just love you." I said tongue in cheek, that this was the thrill of a lifetime. She said, "hang on pussy cat this is just the beginning," and she went from table to table, showing off her property. I was petted, and fondled, and groped, and grabbed.

As she moved from table to table, we came to one with a beautiful red head. She said, "oh Angie he is so adorable, can I hold him." Angie said, "sure Rita, share and share alike." She was very small, perhaps five foot two, and couldn't have weighed any more then one hundred and twenty pounds. She clutched me around my waist, her hands to each side, and lifted me over head with an ease that took my breath away.



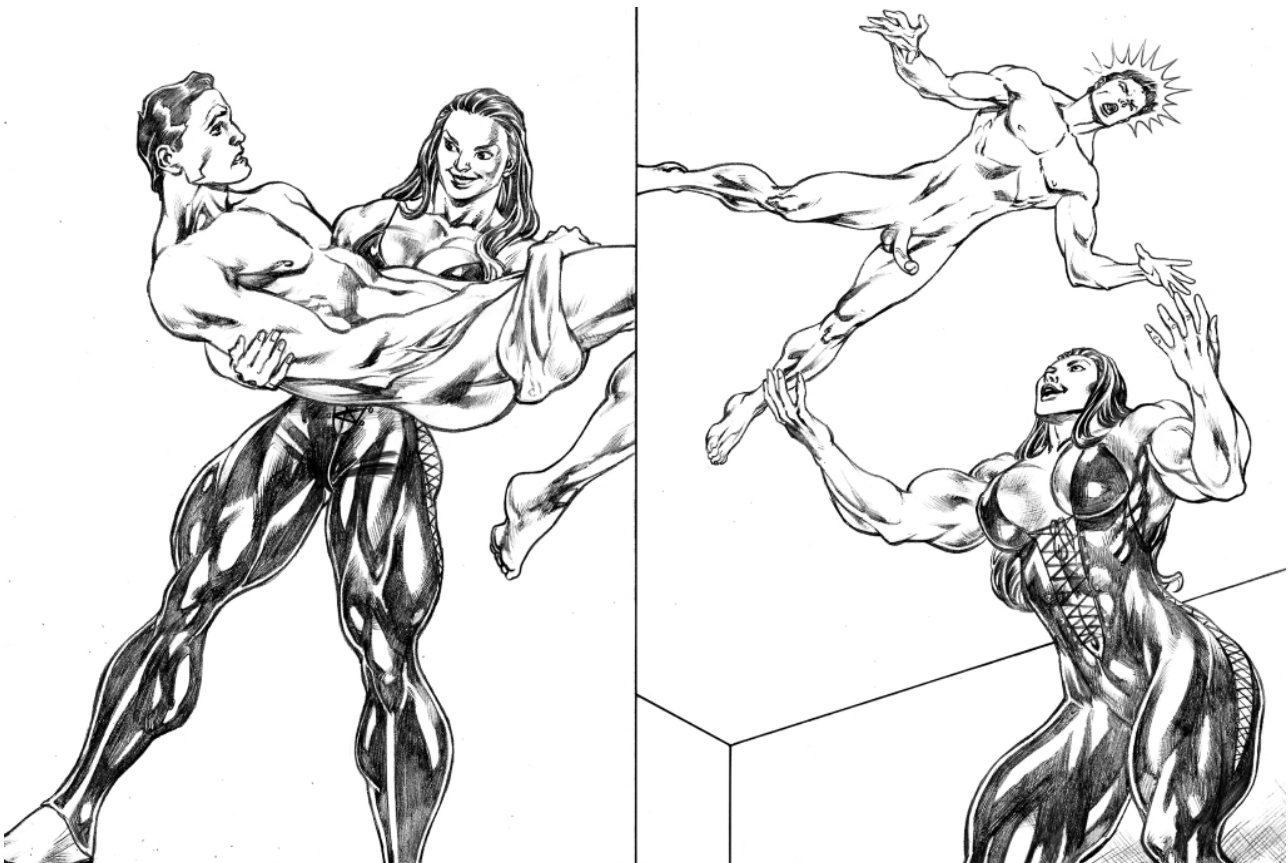
She cried in girlish delight, "oh he is so cute, and looking at Angie she asked plaintively, "oh Angie can I?"

Angie gave her the go ahead, and the women started to chant, go Rita!, go Rita! Still holding me over her head, she lowered me into her waiting mouth, and deep throated me. I started to moan as she lifted me in and out of her mouth The amazons started to chant, come Pauly, come Pauly. I was confused by conflicting emotions. One, I was being held over head and handled like a child, by a very small women. Two, this was happening to me in front of twenty four women, amazons or not. Three, it was ecstasy, and I screamed as I came.

They started to chant, suck him dry!, suck him dry!, and I moaned piteously, as she tried to do just that. Angie came to my rescue, yelling "hey save some for me." Every one laughed as Rita swallowing my sperm and licking her lips, said "just delicious". Angie held out the tray and Rita put me back on it, saying, "aw gee, over so soon." Angie said "now Rita, don't be a hog," and everybody laughed as I was carried around the room.

We came to a table, and I heard a gasp. Looking up I was staring into the face of the most frightening human being that I had ever seen. Her eyes were shining coals of black. She unlike the other women, was extremely heavily muscled, and staring at me with those horrible inky eyes, smiling evilly, and wet her lips as if savoring a tasty morsel. This is Lana I knew, and looking in panic for Angie, I couldn't help hearing myself whimper. I thought, "how could I shame myself this way, but oh my dear reader, if you could have seen her, you would have also shaken in your boots. I'm sure that the Mafia would have been tickled pink to count her as one of their assassins.

Lana reached for me, but Angie quickly snatched me away from her grasp saying " he's not for you bitch." Lana looking all innocent said, "what happened to share and share alike, Angie?" Angie answered, "you don't share, bitch, you destroy." Just then someone said to Angie, "hey Ange, what kind of a hostess are you, there aren't any more drinks or food left." She said sorry, "I'll go and get some", and placing me on Rita's table said, "watch him Rita", looking at Lana warningly.

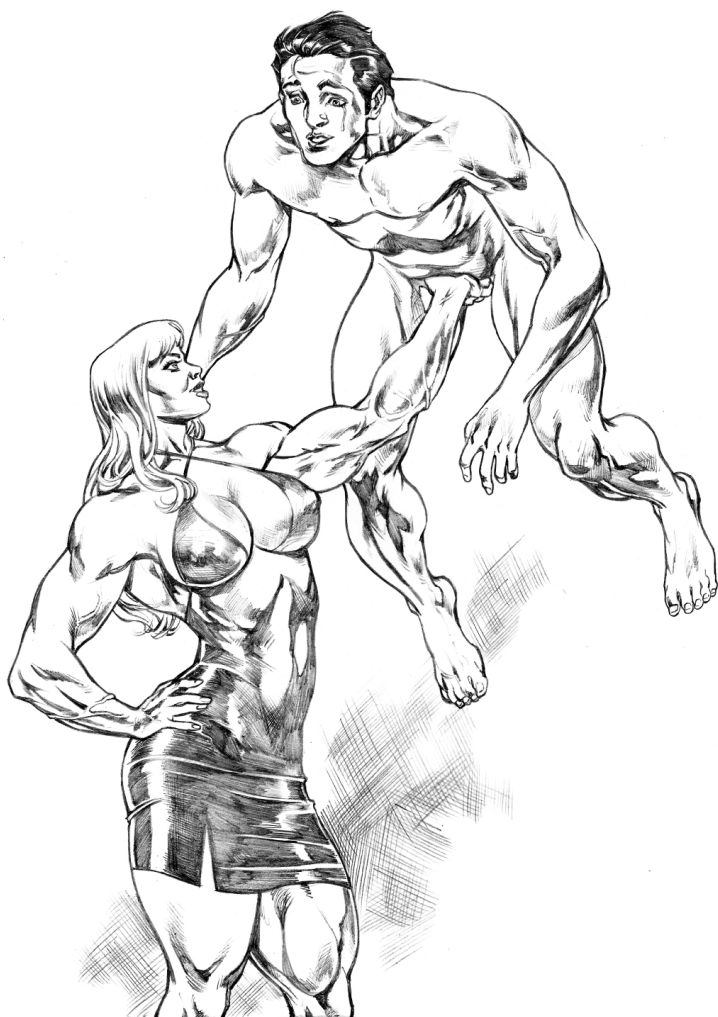


I however didn't want to be alone with Lana, even with the other women around. I said, "Angie please don't leave me here alone with her." Don't worry honey she said, she won't dare to touch you. I'll be right back. She left and I looked over at the beast's table, and my heart stopped. She wasn't there. In panic I looked around, when suddenly I was seized from behind, and lifted from my tray. I looked up, and those black eyes stared at me, and those mammoth arms held me, and I started to weep like a child, and screamed for my Angie.

The other women yelled for her to let me go, and started to make threatening movements towards her. Before they could do anything, she smiled at me and said "don't worry little one, Lana wouldn't hurt you for the world." Then she hurled me bodily towards the ceiling with amazing speed. I hit it with my head, and mercifully blacked out.

When I came to, I was in the arms of someone, I didn't know who in my dazed condition. I prayed that it wasn't Lana's. Someone was screaming at the top of her lungs. "you fucking bitch, I leave you alone for a minute, and look at the damage that you do" It was my Angie, fighting like a lioness for me. It was her protecting arms in which I lay. All the dishes that she had brought in, were strewn all over the floor. She had evidently come in to the room just as Lana had hurled me to the ceiling. Dropping everything, she had raced forth and caught me on the way down.

I clung to her and away from the beast whose eyes still bore into me. Angie held me protectively against her breast. She said he has had enough for one evening, and carried me out and into her bedroom. She said, "this time she has gone to far, and will have to be taken care of." When I asked her what would happen to Lana, she said, "never mind. it's not for sensitive ears like yours." I let it go at that, not really wanting to hear the gory details.



I suppose that the party broke up earlier than usual, not that it broke my heart to be away from those poking. probing. strong fingers. I had never felt so vulnerable, and helpless, as I did among those overwhelming women. Angie said, "the party was a great success and the girls just adored you my sweet one. If not for that bitch Lana, it would have gone on all night." I asked if I would have been the center of attention for the entire evening. Assuring me that this was the general idea, I said "then maybe Lana did me a favor after all, hurling me to the ceiling."

She asked, "was it really that bad Paul? After all this is your fantasy isn't it?" She continued, "haven't you dreamed all of your life for something just like this to happen to you?" I said to her, "how could you know such a thing about me?" She asked, "do you think that you're so unique among men. Don't you know how many men would give their eye teeth, to have been in your shoes. I know that you love to be overwhelmed by a strong women. When I lift you and carry you around, you can't control your excitement. Don't you think a women like me understands men like you? You are just dying to beg me for

mercy, not because you want it, but because it turns you on to be begging a women who can overpower you with ease".

She grabbed my entire crotch in one hand, and lifted me over her head, and I was draped over her arm, my head and feet hanging down. She yelled "if you hate this, beg me to put you down. Ask me for mercy, you little hypocrite. Tell me how you hate it, you little shit".

I couldn't contain myself any more, and I sobbed "Oh Angie I adore you, I worship you, do with me as you will, just don't let me leave you. I'm such a schmuck". She brought me down slowly, with a strength that belied her size. Slowly teasingly, she turned me upside down, and rammed my mouth into her muff, at the same time she absorbed my balls with her mouth. We did each other, I in ecstasy because of the added pleasure of being held off the ground. She probed my ass with her tongue, and I practically shoot my load right then and there. She somehow knew that I was about to cum, and placing my prick in her mouth, pressed down on the base of my shaft, effectively stopping my orgasm.

She said "you will come when and if I say so, is that clear, you little shit?" "Yes your majesty", I said. And how do you propose that I control my organism?" She answered, "you think of what it is that I will do to you, if you disobey me?" "And will you lift me over you head, and make me beg to be let down," I asked. She said, " that will be the day when you ask a women to put you down, you kinky little bastard." Oh God, I said, "I love it when you talk dirty." Angie said, "I'll do a lot more then talk dirty to you, you little prick."

Now we couldn't control our laughter, and to hide hers, she held me by my dick again saying, "Poem, asshole" I screamed, "not again." And in self defense I recited," Oh goddess so mighty, strong as a tree, suspended I hang, held by the power of thee. My dingus on fire, my balls in a spin, my body suspended, and you merely grin. I beg and I plead, with all of my might, with tears of contrition before your sweet sight. It's only your mercy that I really crave, its not for myself, but my crotch you can save."

She started to laugh and cried, "shit, you're making me piss in my pants." As we laughed for joy, I said earnestly,

"Angie you know that I adore you, don't you?." "Of course she answered, can it be otherwise?" "My darling" I said, "I'll not be a hypocrite any longer. I want to stay with you in any capacity that you deem appropriate", and as usual I couldn't refrain from making a joke out of even the most serious of situations. I sang Porge and Bess style, "if you can keeps me I wants to stay here, Bess you is my women now."

Grinning she said, "I think you would even make a joke before your plane crashed." "Isn't it better to see the funny side of things, then to be glum and depressed at situations in which you have no control", I said?"





"That's right" she said, "see if you can control this", and she rammed my dick into her vagina and started moving me in and out of her. I screamed "Oh God," and she shouted, "stop already with the Oh God shit, and get busy on my boobs,

Well I didn't need a message from western union, and as my helpless body was being rammed in and out of her, I bit, licked, and sucked her breasts.

She started to moan, "Oh God," and I said stop with the oh God shit, and keep your mind on the business at hand." She removed me from her box, and lifting me to her waiting mouth, started biting down on my helpless penis, but lightly. I screamed, "I think its time for more Oh God shit." As she held me there helpless in her mighty arms, her mouth around my cock, I felt a vibration, and a jerking about, and realized that she was sucking me off, while laughing all at the same time. I stopped with the jokes, this was serious business.



God forbid in her hilarity she should lose control, and bite my dinges off. The thought of it, started to deflate my erection, but she said oh no you little ass hole, I'm not finished with you yet.

She said "a little experiment", and lifting me over her head, she held my body facing the ceiling. She held me by the back of my neck, with the other hand under my ass, my balls hanging down. With her free fingers she clutched my testicles. Angie called up to me, "now schmuck, wack yourself off." I very cleverly said, "huh?"

She said, "do you need any inspiration," and with that started squeezing my balls. I yelled down at her, "I think that I can handle the situation quite well, thank you, just let me take myself in hand." Well let me assure you dear reader, I didn't disappoint me in the least. When I finished, I yelled down to her, "mission accomplished!"

Lowering me, she cradled me against her breasts, and said, "there never was another like you, you make me laugh, and cry, all the while I'm getting wet between my legs." She continued, "you're never going to get away from me, you may beg, and you may plead, but I'm keeping you, is that clear. I said, "do you hear any begging and pleading now." She said no lover I don't, and she carried my helpless but oh so willing body off to bed.

## THE END

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