The restaurant Dianne worked in was known for its unique recipes and ingredients. The place was almost like a strip club, where your meal would dance for or otherwise entertain you while getting prepared and then roasted at your table. The in-house meat and chefs were well-paid and enjoyed a very fast in-house regenerator, given some nights had very high demand. One thing, however, that Dianne found annoying was how hectic things got on those nights. She was having herself another stressful night, as the mermaid she was preparing to deep-fry had gotten into an argument with the people who had ordered her. Dianne didn’t care at all about what they were arguing over, she only cared about getting her coworker into the large aquarium they’d turned into a make-shift deep fryer where you could watch your meal. The mermaid was indignant when the argument was interrupted, but Dianne didn’t care and it’s hard to take someone seriously when they’re tied up, coated in batter, and about to be sent back to the regenerator. She was quickly lowered in, struggled due to the heat for a while, and was removed. Dianne could not care enough to make sure her semiaquatic coworker was fully dead, but it didn’t really matter. She was on the plate and there was no company policy about it if she complained after regenerating in a few hours. Dianne took a deep breath and headed to her next table.

 “Hello! Welcome to the Cannibal Inn, what and who can I get ya?” she said, taking the order tablet the three boys were been handed upon being seated. She was somewhat surprised by the order. While it was not something she hadn’t seen before, it was rare that someone would order her, especially with them asking for ‘chef’s choice’ with it. Ordering a chef, while much more expensive, meant you got to watch them prepare themselves for you and the equipment had been augmented for just such an occasion before the restaurant even opened. Dianne decided this was how she’d take her break. “Coming right up!” she said, walking off towards the kitchen to notify the head chef that she’d been ordered and someone else would have to take her customers for a few hours. She returned to the boys’ table with the automated oven, the restaurant’s special cream, a handful of other ingredients, and their utensils. “Ok, enjoy your meal and apologies if I’m out of practice with the sexy times, people tend to not order the chefs. Since you said chef’s choice, I decided to try cream-basted and oven roasted. Once again, enjoy your evening.” She said, somewhat breathlessly. After setting the oven to preheat, she began stripping for the trio. After completely exposing herself to them, she begins erotically, if hastily, basting herself with the special cream the Inn had made specifically for human meat, dumping it on her breasts, using it to show off her thighs, and being extra thorough with the basting. When the oven dinged to indicate the appropriate temperature had been attained. Fully basted, Dianne pressed a button, sending out a pan, which she laid herself on, before pressing another button to retract it back into the oven to roast her. The heat of the oven was quite painful, even some of the meats that were employed there longer than her still found it somewhat uncomfortable. Dianne decided to distract herself by thinking about the longer-term meats who had managed to fully enjoy and even get off to being roasted like that. She realized the three customers could see her roasting and were getting off to it just as much as when she was entertaining them. She agreed watching someone get roasted was kinda hot.

 A while later, the automated oven dinged again and ejected the chef, another coming over with oven mitts and lifted the roasted meat onto the table. The three adored their meal. While leaving, they left a favorable review of the meal. Dianne had regenerated just in time to deliver to the three the tablet, now in receipt/review mode. “Will there be anything else?” she asked. “No, that’ll do it!” The only boy not about to go into a food coma said, grabbing the tablet. He then got up, taking his two friends to their car as Dianne picked the tablet back up, feeling strangely… proud? She was happy about the 4.5 star review of the meal, taking it as due to her cooking prowess, even if it was mostly machines doing the actual cooking. She proceeded to her next table, who asked for the mermaid soup.

 Dianne went and got her co-worker as well as all the stuff needed to make said soup. “Listen, even if my shift is almost over, I want you to not fight with this customer, the last ones left a 2 star review over that little spat, and you know how the boss gets.” Dianne angrily whispered to the mermaid. “Ugh, fine!” her aquatic coworker responded indignantly. Dianne did feel a little smug as she brought the broth to a boil.