Act naturally. Don't do anything to attract attention.

By Barney

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A couple of years ago I was hired as a waitress at a seafood "theme restaurant". They have all the waitresses and waiters outfitted in sailor outfits. The serving staff work in navy blue bellbottom pants, white sneakers, and tight t-shirts with wide horizontal blue and white stripes. On my first day at work I found out that all of us, women and men, are expected to change clothes in the same room. At the start of my first shift it was weird to watch the men and women get undressed right in front of one another. Nobody seemed the least bit shy about it, so I figured that I could handle it too. But, when the critical moment arrived, I had a "modesty attack" and I didn't think I could bring myself to take off my own clothes in front of the other people.

The lady who supervised our shift noticed my hesitation. She took me aside and explained that I should just act naturally when I got undressed and not do anything to draw attention to myself. She said that everyone working at the restaurant was so accustomed to seeing one another when they were naked that "it didn't even register on their radar screens." I followed her advice. Nobody gawked. In a few days I was changing into and out of my uniform without even thinking about what I was doing.

I noticed right away that none of the other waitresses wore bras under their t-shirts. I wasn't ready for that on my first day. I am quite large up there, and my unsecured boobs attract a lot of attention because of how much they roll and jiggle. However, it didn't take long before I felt like a freak with my "torpedoes" jutting out in front of me when none of the other ladies had that artificial appearance. And, I noticed that the braless waitresses got more tips than me. By the end of my first week on the job I was leaving my own bra in the change room so I wouldn't stand out as much (no pun intended). My tips went way up as soon as my "tips" started to poke out through my t-shirt..

I have come to think that taking off my clothes in the co-ed change room at the restaurant is merely a part of the career that I have chosen to pursue. I now get undressed in front of the waiters without hestiation, but I don't drag it out any longer than necessary.

Some of the other girls at the restaurant seem to be making a sort of fashion statement about being naked. They get partly undressed - sometimes naked - then they find all manner of things to do before they get into their costumes. They fix their makeup. Or they hassle the scheduling guy about getting days off on the weekend. One lady seems to find it necessary to make a phone call to her husband precisely when she is only half dressed. Not a short phone call either. She stands at the phone where everyone can see her for about 10 or 15 minutes, wearing only her pants and sneakers (topless) while she and he go on and on about what time he should pick her up after her shift ends.

There is another girl who wanders into the kitchen area to get a cup of coffee - never before she starts to undress, and never after she puts on her uniform. Right when she is naked. Apparently it isn't enough of a thrill for her to strip down in front of only the waiters. She wants to be naked when the Mexican kitchen staff can see her too.

Sometimes I get interrupted when I am naked and I don't have a chance to cover up right away. Maybe the manager comes around at the last minute with a new menu and he has to explain the changes. If that happens everyone immediately drops whatever they are doing and we congregate around him to hear what he has to say. In that situation I can't slow things down by making the others wait while I get into my clothes. I have no real choice but to join the others right away. I need to know what he has to say in order to do my job. I can finish getting dressed later. It is not as if I am intentionally exposing myself to the other people for any great length of time. I am naked when this sort of unexpected thing happen, and I just have to stay naked until it is finished. It can't be avoided.

In time I have grown so accustomed to taking off my clothes in front of other people that I often forget that I am doing it.

I recall one time that I was carrying on a conversation with a new waiter. We were stripping down at the end of a shift, side by side. It was only when I noticed the man was looking everywhere than at my face that it dawned on me how novel it all must seem for him. I didn't make a fuss about the new guy staring at my lower parts, nor about the direction that his penis was pointing. Because he had just now seen me without my clothes, I had nothing left to hide from him. And, I knew from experience that this new guy would quickly figure out that there is nothing about my body that is much different than any of the other naked women in the room. When that happened he would "calm down". If he didn't get his wandering eyes under control, all I had to do was make a complaint to the lady in charge of our shift, and the guy would discover that he was reassigned to work with the Mexicans in the kitchen.

My husband doesn't know that everyone shares the same change room at the restaurant where I work. He is a bit old-fashioned about that sort of thing, and I am sure that he wouldn't approve. Eventually he will probably catch on. I'll have to cross that bridge when I get to it.