**Cody and Hal**

by[**Murray**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=15221&page=submissions)©

Cody had finished her hair and makeup for her server job interview. Her look was sweet and fresh.  
  
"Hal, what should I wear? How about this?" she asked, coming into the sitting room and turning around. She wore a cream blouse, and a knee-length black skirt with black hose and black pumps.  
  
"Very professional, Princess!" Hal answered.  
  
"Thank you!" she beamed.  
  
"But that's too office-like. You're interviewing for a waitress job at a bar, not an office assistant."  
  
Cody put a finger in her mouth. "I dunno," she said. "I've never been to a job interview before and I thought this is kinda what I'd wear."  
  
"Yeah I understand, but the restaurant is a kind of theme club. It's a bar and grill kind of place right?"  
  
Cody nodded. "Yeah. So what then?"  
  
"Something more informal but still smart. Maybe a shorter skirt with that really nice t-shirt."  
  
"A shorter skirt? A mini skirt?"  
  
"Yeah, your denim skirt."  
  
Cody put her finger in her mouth again. "That one? But that's a short, short mini skirt. For a job interview wouldn't it be too short?"  
  
"Nope, not for Blair. It's actually pretty standard," said Hal. "Try it on. You have ten minutes before we have to leave." Cody nodded doubtfully and disappeared into the bedroom.  
  
Two minutes later, she was back out. Her denim mini skirt was super short. She was still wearing her dark hose. "What do you think?" she asked.  
  
"I love it! What are you wearing under your pantyhose?"  
  
"Just my regular black panties."  
  
"No panties under your pantyhose, Princess. For me."  
  
"What! Really?"  
  
"Yes. Hurry up now. I have to be at work soon."  
  
"But I'll be naked under my mini skirt. Why?"  
  
"No you won't, your pantyhose is your underwear. It's my kickback for getting you the interview."  
  
Cody looked mildly panicked. She reached under her skirt and shimmied down her pantyhose as she left the sitting room. "I dunno about this," she said.  
  
"It's fine," chuckled Hal as he got his jacket and the delivery truck keys. "Come one Princess, hurry up!"  
  
"Boots? Heels?" she called.  
  
"Mules!"  
  
Cody grabbed her backless mules and slipped her feet in. "This is a pretty risqué mini skirt," she muttered. "And I can feel my pantyhose against me n'stuff."  
  
Hal drove while Cody touched up her makeup in the rear view mirror and kept tugging down her mini skirt. Hal patted her thigh reassuringly, feeling the texture of her pantyhose. "You'll do great Princess!"  
  
"I hope so," she said. "I really need the income."  
  
Hal let her out in the parking lot. "Go on in," he said. "Text me when you're done. Good luck!"  
  
"Thank you Daddy!" She kissed him and jumped out. She shouldered her purse, pulled the hem of her skirt down, and headed inside. Hal watched her walk up to the door, eyeing the shortness of her skirt and her exposed, pantyhosed thighs.  
  
Blair was waiting for her inside.  
  
"Cody?" he asked, as she came through the doors.  
  
"Yeah! Hi!" she chirped, and extended her hand.  
  
"Hi Cody! I'm Blair," he said shaking her hand. "Welcome to the Barefoot Bar and Grill!" He looked her up and down. She was very pretty, like a girl-next-door, fresh, innocent beauty. Yet her skirt was so short, and her beautiful legs looked sensual with the black pantyhose. It contrasted sharply with her polite, sunny innocence.  
  
"Thank you for calling me in!" she said.  
  
"No, thank you for coming!" said Blair. "We're not opening for another twenty minutes, but my last girl quit last shift, and it's literally only me and the kitchen. We're a small bar and grill but I'm the only one holding the front end right now. We've had a high turnover in our waitstaff since opening, unfortunately."  
  
"Omigosh!" Cody said, "Well I hope I can help!"  
  
"Well, let's find out. Hal spoke very highly of you. Come into the office and let's talk."  
  
They passed the kitchen and Blair nodded at a big, friendly looking man working the grill. He waved back. "Hello!" he called out.  
  
"Hey Martin!" Blair called in return. "This is Martin, our cook. He's getting the kitchen going for lunch. Daniel is in the back somewhere helping with prep. Martin, this is Cody. She's here to interview for the server position."  
  
"Hi Cody!" called Martin. "Nice to meet you!"  
  
"Nice to meet you too Martin!" Cody called back.  
  
They walked on into the pub office where Blair shut the door and gestured to a chair next to his desk. The desk faced the wall, so the two sat opposite each other. Cody nervously tugged her mini skirt down and crossed her legs. Blair couldn't help watching her legs as she crossed them. He could hear the hissing sound of her hosiery as her thighs slid against each other.  
  
"Well let me quickly tell you about our club. We opened a month ago and business is still picking up as people discover us. We aim to serve a predominantly male demographic with very specific tastes, so we have the man-cave decor and sports on the big screen televisions. We only have female waitstaff, and we have a special, mandatory uniform for the waitstaff and hostess. Are you comfortable with that?"  
  
"Yeah, I can be fine with that," said Cody. A job's a job, she figured, and the money would really help.  
  
"Okay great! So, why don't you tell me what you qualities you bring to the Barefoot Bar and Grill?" he asked.  
  
"Well, I'm really outgoing, I love meeting new people and talking with them, and I'd love to help make sure your customers have a great time!" she said.  
  
As she talked, Blair realized he could see up her skirt because it was so short and had ridden up high on her pantyhosed thighs when Cody sat down. He could see what appeared to be some of Cody's bare pussy pushing through the dark mesh of her pantyhose. He tried not to stare at the little translucent triangle as she talked but his heart was starting to race. Was she really not wearing panties under her pantyhose? She was so pretty, and her outfit was very sexy, he thought. He loved how she dangled her mules off her toes.  
  
"And you're 18, right?"  
  
"Yes," she answered.  
  
"Okay well, we'd have to be careful since you're not of legal serving age for alcohol behind the bar, only in the restaurant. We would have to ensure you never go behind the bar at any time, and that you're always in the restaurant area."  
  
"Okay! Does that mean you're hiring me?" she asked.  
  
Blair smiled slyly. "Well, you know what? Like I said, I have nobody on shift in ten minutes. How would you like to try helping me hostess and serve tables for the lunch crowd?"  
  
"Wow!" she gasped. "Really?"  
  
"Yup! I realize you don't know the ropes here, and that's okay. We'll just see how you do under pressure," he laughed. He tried to keep his eyes from flicking to her dark-tinted, pantyhosed pussy.  
  
"Um! Wow! Okay!" Her eyes were wide. "Where do I start?"  
  
"Let's start by getting you into a Barefoot uniform."  
  
"What's the uniform?"  
  
"Well, we normally have the girls wear a cropped, white t-shirt with an official Barefoot Bar and Grill skirt, and clear heels."  
  
"Like stripper heels?"  
  
"Almost. It's part of our theme. So we just need to find you a skirt and cropped t-shirt and a pair of heels in your size."  
  
He rummaged through a rack near the filing cabinet on which hung assorted garments: chef outfits, some trousers, men's dress shirts and a random belt. There were also uniforms and several shoe boxes. He pulled out a black, pleated, flared mini skirt along with a white cropped t-shirt, a shoe box, and handed it all to her. Cody took it and looked at the mini skirt with wide eyes.  
  
"What do you think?" he asked.  
  
"It's... it's cute," she said but her eyes betrayed her nervousness.  
  
"Yup, we have both the skirts and t-shirts custom made. Just go into the bathroom there and slip it all on."  
  
Cody nodded nervously and took the heels, skirt and tiny t-shirt into the bathroom. She returned a minute later.  
  
Blair again suppressed the urge to gasp. The little pleated skirt was as short on her as her denim skirt, but flared out teasingly and dangerously, like a puffy cheerleader skirt. It was definitely a uniform skirt because of how the box pleats made the skirt flare out so wide all the way around Cody's waist. Her long, pantyhosed legs were mostly exposed down to her heels.  
  
The heels were mules and were clear plastic, top and bottom. There was no back strap. Her pantyhosed feet were clearly visible as though she wore no heels.  
  
The cropped t-shirt was as outrageous as the mini skirt. It had a logo in a circle on the upper right side featuring the silhouette of a woman's arched feet with pointed toes. The crop top came down to just the bottoms of Cody's breasts. It was clearly too small.  
  
"It looks great!" said Blair. "But I can see the edge of your jet-black bra and it's not a good look, because it's showing through the white t-shirt, so you'll need to take the bra off."  
  
"Um..." said Cody, shyly looking at all her exposed bare midriff. She wanted to protest, but he had just offered her a test shift. "Isn't this t-shirt a little bit risqué for no bra though?"  
  
"No, no. It's great! It looks really cute! Cody: no bra, please."  
  
"Hmm, okay..." Her voice trailed off. She turned away and slowly pulled her bra off from underneath her t-shirt. She turned back. Blair glanced down at the hint of Cody's bare underboob and quickly looked back up, but she caught where he was looking. She tugged the t-shirt down trying to get more coverage but it still left the twin slivers of her bare underboob peeking out.  
  
"Now we have a strict dress code for the girls here, so you're never wearing a bra, right?"  
  
"Um, yeah... no bra." Cody felt increasingly uncomfortable. The reason for no bra seemed to have changed suddenly. And the uniform felt slutty.  
  
"Okay good. And also as part of the dress code, you'll need to go with bare legs for your skirt."  
  
"What," she said, her hand going reflexively to tug the skirt's hem down.  
  
"A thong," Rob said casually. "You're wearing a thong underneath, right?"  
  
"Um..." Cody hesitated.  
  
"Just please slip your pantyhose off. We need you to go with bare legs."  
  
Cody stared at him. "What."  
  
"Bare legs. Do you never go out with bare legs in a skirt?"  
  
"Yeah but I'm not wearin-"  
  
"Do you want this job, Cody?" Blair cut her off.  
  
"Y- yes," she stammered.  
  
"Then please take your pantyhose off, Cody."  
  
"But... but I'm wearing a mini skirt..." she said softly. She stood like a doe frozen in oncoming headlights.  
  
"Look I know you're new to this, but in the hospitality industry, there are expectations and standards we follow, so please get on board, okay? I really don't have to do this favor for Hal, you know."  
  
"Omigosh..." she whimpered. "But please, if I just could wear pantyhose underneath this one time?"  
  
"It looks like I'm going to have to tell Hal that you both wasted my time."  
  
Her mouth opened in disbelief. There was a brief silence. She closed it. Cody reached up under her uniform mini skirt. She paused.  
  
"Can you turn around a sec?" she whispered.  
  
Blair folded his arms.  
  
Cody looked down at the floor, feeling humiliated. She slowly pulled her pantyhose down, carefully keeping her mini skirt hem modest, and stepped out of them while Blair watched.  
  
"Okay. I've taken them off," she whispered, her face burning red.  
  
"Good girl! I love a team player. Leave your pantyhose over on my chair there, okay?"  
  
"Okay," she whispered.  
  
"Alright! Let's open the House. Text Hal that you're working a shift, and come on with me."  
  
Blair unlocked the front door, turned on the main lights, and started the house music. He handed Cody an order paper pad with pen and showed her the cash terminal. The place was empty of customers so she wandered around familiarizing herself with the area and looking over the menu.  
  
She also tried to get a feel for her new uniform. The cropped t-shirt was inching its way up the bottoms of her breasts as she moved, increasing the amount of her underboob. If she reached up too far, the brown swirls of her areolas would show, and her areolas had little bumps that she was self-conscious about. She knew she would have to keep an eye on it.  
  
As for her mini skirt, the unusually wide flare of the pleats kept it completely off her hips and bum. The pleats were so flared that she barely felt it swishing against herself when she walked. So she couldn't tell what the skirt was doing if she leaned forward or reached upward. Without any panties on, the sensation of bareness and feeling exposed was nerve-wracking and disorienting. She felt wide open underneath.  
  
The heels of her bare feet would softly but clearly make a slapping sound in her clear mules as she walked, which made her feel self-conscious about her feet.  
  
Martin came out to the front of the house. "Hey Blair! Daniel says we didn't get the apple pie in the bakery order. Just FYI."  
  
Martin turned to see Cody and his eyes popped. "Whoa, holy moly!"  
  
Cody's eyes widened. "Wh-what? What's wrong?"  
  
"Nothing! Nothing at all, wow. What a hot outfit."  
  
Cody blushed, putting a hand over her nose and mouth. "Thank you Martin," she said.  
  
"Thank you!" he laughed going back to the kitchen. His eyes stayed riveted on her as he sauntered back. "Psst... Daniel come out here and check out the new girl in her new outfit!"  
  
Blair smiled. "You'll make great tips, Cody, trust me."  
  
"Okay," she said, "If you say so."  
  
The front door opened and a heavy-set older man shuffled in. "Afternoon," he nodded at Blair.  
  
"Afternoon Hank. Your usual table's open." Hank nodded and shuffled to the far corner. His eyes opened up when he saw Cody.  
  
"Hank this is Cody, our new server. Cody, Hank has been our most loyal customer since we opened. You want your usual Hank?"  
  
Hank nodded as he sat down. He kept looking at Cody. "Ay-yuh," he said. "My regular please." Cody came over with a set of cutlery and a menu and laid it out for Hank.  
  
"Hello Hank, I'm Cody. What's your regular?" she asked sweetly.  
  
Hank's eyes were fixed on Cody's large breasts pushing through her cropped t-shirt, especially the smooth, bare crescents of her underboob coming out. Cody ignored his eyes and smiled. She didn't realize her nipples were making little bumps and a shadowy hint of her areolas were showing through the fabric. "Ahh... the shepherd's pie, please, Beautiful. And a black coffee."  
  
"Okay!" she said brightly, and spun around to take his order back to the kitchen. As she spun, the hem of her pleated mini skirt bounced up, and about one generous inch of the cheeks of her bare bum flashed. Her hand moved around reflexively to smooth the hem down over her bare ass.  
  
"Jesus," said Hank.  
  
"Pardon?" said Cody, looking over her shoulder.  
  
"Nothing, nothing, Beautiful," said Hank.  
  
"Okies!" she said innocently and walked back to the servery. Martin and Daniel had watched everything through the opening between the servery and the kitchen. They were both rock-hard from watching Cody lean forward in her mini skirt. A hint of her bare bum kept winking in and out of view as she was setting Hank's table.  
  
"Hi Cody, I'm Daniel!" Daniel was a little shorter and thinner than Martin.  
  
Cody pinned the order to the servery wheel and rotated it across to Martin. "Well hi Daniel! Pleased to meet you! Here's our first order! One-"  
  
"- shepherd's pie," finished Martin. "I know, Hank's regular." Cody laughed and turned to pour Hank's coffee.  
  
"He's in here almost every day. He's gonna be disappointed about the no apple pie," said Daniel.  
  
"Thanks for the heads up Daniel!" Cody smiled. She was determined to keep her mind on doing the best job she could and keep her mind off the feeling of wearing nothing underneath her flaring, pleated mini skirt. She served Hank his black coffee and then headed back to the front reception, where she bumped into Blair carrying a DSLR camera with a big flash mounted on top.  
  
"Ah there you are!" Blair smiled. "It's dead again in here, so I'd like to do some promo shots for the restaurant."  
  
"Whoa, Hal told you about my photography skills?" she asked.  
  
Blair laughed. "No, no, Hal told me you model, and yeah, you're really photogenic. I think you should be the face of the Barefoot Bar and Grill!"  
  
Cody froze. "What."  
  
"Yes, seriously. Come on over to the bar. Let's get some shots of you."  
  
"Umm..."  
  
"Come on Cody, Hal said you were really a good poser. Are you going to hit a home run for the team, and pose for some promo shots or not?"  
  
"Uh. Uh. Okay," she said meekly.  
  
"That's a good girl! Come stand by the bar." He stepped back and aimed the camera at her.  
  
"What should I do?" Cody asked. "How should I pose?"  
  
"Hal said you know how to pose. So just do sexy poses. Face away from me and look over your shoulder."  
  
Cody put her hands on the bar and went up on her toes. Her heels lifted off the backs of her mules. Her bare legs were straight and taut. She looked over her shoulder and gave a big, innocent smile.  
  
"Beautiful, beautiful, yeah just like that," said Blair. Out of the corner of her eye, Cody could see Hank watching curiously from the corner. Daniel stared through the servery.  
  
"Dammit, Daniel, help me get the order up," said Martin.  
  
"Keep doing that, push your butt out a little," called Blair to Cody.  
  
Cody stayed on her toes and pushed out her butt. Cody didn't realize that this made her little mini skirt pop up in the back. The bottom of her bare ass cheeks peeked out as she held the pose. Blair took several photos of her. "A little more push," he called. Cody did as she was told, and more of her bare ass cheeks showed.  
  
Hank had quietly pulled out his smart phone and started videoing Cody.  
  
"Spread your legs apart more when you do that," called Blair. Cody was feeling increasingly uncomfortable but she planted her feet wider and went up on her toes again. This time the bottom of her bare vulva and pussy lips peeked out from under her mini skirt's hem. Blair went down into a crouch and took photos that showed more underneath her skirt. From his angle, Blair could see Cody's big, puffy, bare pussy showing.  
  
"Order up!" called Martin. Cody jumped.  
  
"Oh! Ok hang on. Blair, please?" she nodded her head toward the servery. Blair nodded yes and smiled while Cody popped into the servery to get Hank's order. Martin and Daniel were grinning.  
  
"Hey supermodel!" Martin teased. Cody blushed.  
  
"Stop! I don't even wanna be doing this," she said, and took Hank's order to him.  
  
Hank's eyes were glazed and his breath was shallow. He slipped his phone out of sight as she brought his order over. "Thank you Beautiful," he said hoarsely.  
  
"Awe, you're welcome Hank!" Cody said sweetly. She returned to the bar reluctantly.  
  
"Now where were we," said Blair. "Can you push out your chest and run your hands through your hair please? Big smiles, too."  
  
The photographing and videoing began again as Cody twisted and turned, playing with her hair. The action of lifting her arms up caused her crop t-shirt to hitch up, exposing her bare, hard nipples.  
  
Daniel looked at Martin and hissed, "Oh my god, she's popping right out of her top!"  
  
"Yeah, like that, keep going Cody!" Blair breathed. Something about the expression on his face made Cody glance down and see that her nipples had popped out. She squeaked and yanked her shirt down.  
  
"Blaaaiiiir!" she wailed. My bare nipples were showing! Delete that right now!"  
  
"Don't worry about it Cody, I will. Look, how about you hop up on the bar here and get on your stomach."  
  
"Not until you delete those!"  
  
"I will, I promise! Can we just get this done?"  
  
Cody folded her arms. Blair raised his eyebrows. Cody sighed.  
  
She hopped up on the bar and stretched out on her stomach, intensely guarding the hem of her mini skirt and the edge of her t-shirt as she did so.  
  
"How do you want me to pose here," she asked. "I don't want anything showing, understand?"

"No worries. Take your heels off and just kick your feet up behind you," said Blair as he aimed the camera at her.  
  
"You want me to pose in my bare feet?"  
  
"We're the Barefoot Bar and Grill. So bare feet please."  
  
Cody worked her uniform mules off with her toes and kicked up her bare feet. She remembered the pose well; it was Hal's favorite. And now Blair was asking her to do the cheesecake pose.  
  
"Like this?" Cody asked.  
  
"Yes but point your toes as hard as you can."  
  
"Of course," she said and pointed her toes expertly. Cody's bare soles wrinkled. Blair grew painfully hard at the realization of how gorgeous Cody's arched bare feet looked.  
  
"Hold the pose," said Blair.  
  
"Unh," Cody grunted from the effort. "Unh!"  
  
Hank quietly shuffled over with his phone as she posed. Blair glanced at him. "You here to help Hank?" he laughed. Cody relaxed her pose and caught her breath.  
  
"I just thought I'd take some video for yuh," he said softly.  
  
Cody looked questioningly to Blair. Blair shrugged. "Of course, Hank," he laughed.  
  
"Thank yuh. Mighty obliged, with all her bare skin showing like that," he said and stepped in as Blair stepped out. Hank raised his camera again and started the video.  
  
Cody looked pleadingly at her boss as if to say, "Really?" Blair whispered back at her. "Customer's always right!" Cody wanted to please her new boss, so she didn't protest.  
  
"I hope there's a nice tip for me after this, Hank" she said in her sweetest voice.  
  
"I'm sure I can do that for you Beautiful," said Hank, as he kept the video going. "Now can you do that pose you were just doing?"  
  
"Of course," said Cody softly, and kicked up her bare feet again.  
  
"Point your toes Cody," said Blair.  
  
Cody pointed her toes, making her exposed, bare soles wrinkle again as Hank videoed.  
  
"Uh... hey can you make that noise again you were makin'?" Hank asked. He kept videoing.  
  
Cody cocked her head quizzically. "Noise?"  
  
"Yeah like your little noise you kept making when it sounded like you were tryna hold the pose and it was getting hard to hold it," said Hank.  
  
Cody's faced blushed yet again as she realized he meant her soft grunts of effort.  
  
"Um..." she said.  
  
"Just do it Cody," laughed Blair. "Keep your toes pointed." Blair had taken out his smartphone and was videoing her too, now.  
  
Cody gulped. She repointed her toes, and felt her soles wrinkle. She looked into Hank's camera.  
  
"Unh?" she said softly. "Unh?"  
  
"Yes! Like that, only louder," said Blair. "Keep it going."  
  
"Unh!" she said to the camera. "Unh! ... Unh! ... Unh!"  
  
"Wow..." breathed Hank quietly.  
  
"Again please Cody," Blair commanded.  
  
"Unh!" said Cody louder, her face beet red.  
  
Martin and Daniel stared at Cody, mesmerized and in disbelief as they listened to her.  
  
"Unh!"  
  
Rob nodded approvingly. "More, Cody!"  
  
"Unh!"  
  
"Unh!"  
  
The place was hushed as Cody made her special noise.  
  
Cody relaxed her toes and exhaled. "Can I stop now?"  
  
"Yes, that's perfect Cody!" called Blair. "I think we're good for now."  
  
Hank kept videoing Cody as she got up slowly and slid down off the bar. The front of her mini skirt slid all the way up as she came down, and her full, bare pussy came into view before she smoothed the hem down. Cody looked around.  
  
"Where's my mules?"  
  
"I have them. Let's stay with the bare feet for now please." said Blair.  
  
"You... want me to waitress in my bare feet?" she asked.  
  
"Let's try it for today, yeah," said Blair casually. "Barefoot Bar and Grill. And you have very pretty bare feet!"  
  
"Why does everyone have a thing for my feet?" Cody muttered.  
  
"You look really cute in your bare feet, Beautiful," said Hank, still videoing her. Cody closed her eyes. She took a breath, then opened them.  
  
"Awe, thank you, Hank!," she said sweetly to his camera, and then went into the servery. Blair went back to the office, shut the door, and began uploading Cody's photos to his computer.  
  
Cody hid in the back of the servery for as long as she could before heading back out. Two men had come in the door and were waiting patiently at the front. Cody wondered where Blair was but she took two menus and greeted the men with a big smile.  
  
"Hi there, table for two?" she asked. The men nodded, looking her up and down. They looked at her bare stomach, short mini skirt and bare legs. They looked curiously at her bare feet. Cody walked them to a table at the other end of the section away from Hank and asked the men if she could get them anything to drink.  
  
"The pale ale," said one.  
  
"Yeah, same."  
  
Cody went over to the bar and stood up on her tiptoes, looking left and right for Blair. She couldn't go behind the bar herself to get the beer without breaking the law. All three men in the restaurant watched her as she went up on her tip toes. They could see the bottoms of her bare feet were dirty from the servery, and her mini skirt rode up enough to show some of her bare bum. Cody padded back to the office in her bare feet and knocked on the door.  
  
"Blair can you get an alcohol order from the bar for Table Two?" she asked opening the door. She heard frantic scuffling as she poked her head into the room. Blair looked over his shoulder. One hand was turning his computer monitor away at a funny angle and his other hand was tucked in front of him.  
  
"Uhhh, yeah sweetheart sure, no problem, be right out!"  
  
"Thanks Blair!" Cody was puzzled by his odd reaction but went back out and over to Hank's table to check on him.  
  
"Hey Beautiful," said Hank, picking up his smartphone and it aiming at Cody.  
  
"Are you taking my photo Hank?" she asked sweetly, inwardly cringing.  
  
"I can't help it, you're so pretty," he said.  
  
"Awe, thank you Hank," she said, tilting her head to one side and posing gamely for him. She stood up on her bare tip toes, put her hands on her hips and tilted her head from one side to the other side as he took another and another. From his angle, Hank could see the edges of Cody's areolas peeking out from under her crop t-shirt. He lowered his phone to get a better shot.  
  
"Thank you Beautiful!" He panted. He switched to video and kept the camera on her. Cody felt trapped.  
  
"Is there anything else I can get you?" she asked.  
  
"Oh yes'm!" Hank said. He leaned forward and suddenly slid the palm of his hand up the back of Cody's mini skirt. He put the smartphone underneath the front of her skirt. Cody felt the palm of his hand glide along the curve of her smooth, bare ass. Her eyes popped wide and she stepped back from the table quickly. As she stepped back, her exposed vulva, which was moist from being exposed to the circulating air, grazed the side of Hank's fingers. Cody yelped involuntarily at the touch of Hank's fingers on her bare folds, and jumped back as though she had been electrocuted.  
  
"Hank, no! No!" Cody hissed. "Please don't touch me there! It's private!"  
  
The two men at the other table looked over at the sound of Cody's yelp and fierce whispering, with puzzled expressions on their faces.  
  
Hank was looking in shock at the line of dew on his fingers. "Oh my god you really aren't wearing panties!" he said. "I thought it was just my imagination! Oh my god, you're so sexy!"  
  
"I... I didn't mean to. Please don't do that! Really, I'm serious, please don't do that!"  
  
Hank was breathing heavily. "You didn't mean to? Mmmm you feel so good under there!" He sniffed his hand.  
  
Cody scrunched her eyes shut, turned, and padded quickly back into the servery. She leaned against the counter and tried not to burst into tears. Martin looked at her curiously through the kitchen window. He could see her ass cheeks peeking out as she leaned on the counter. "Everything okay Cody?"  
  
She quickly composed herself, wiped her eyes, and turned around. "Oh yes, yes, everything's fine Martin, thanks!" she said brightly. She took a breath, and went back out to Table Two where Blair was serving the men their drinks.  
  
"Are you gentlemen ready to order?" she asked with a smile. Blair stood back and watched her approvingly as she took down their orders and turned back for the kitchen. He followed her back to the servery.  
  
She pinned the order to the order wheel. Martin and Daniel were in the back so she stood up on her tiptoes, exposing her bare dirty soles, and called "Order up!" Blair looked at her dirty bare soles and then the peek of her bare ass cheeks as her mini skirt popped up over the limit.  
  
"You're doing great Cody! You have a real talent for interacting with the customers," he said. Cody noticed he was looking at her bare feet.  
  
"Thanks Blair!" she said. "Um, can I talk to you about Hank for a second?"  
  
"About Hank? Is something wrong?"  
  
Cody hesitated. "He... he..."  
  
"He is our best customer," Blair interrupted. "He tips huge, by the way. If you treat him extra nice I bet he'll tip even more today."  
  
"Oh..." said Cody.  
  
"Yeah. So what about him?"  
  
"Nothing," she said softly, looking down.  
  
"Okay," he said. "And just a hint for you. When you're waitressing in your bare feet, and talking at the tables, could you stand on one foot and keep the other lifted a bit? And keep the toes pointed."  
  
"Um.. ok," she said. "But my bare feet are dirty now."  
  
"That's okay, I don't mind," said Blair.  
  
Blair left and Cody walked out front. Hank waved her down. Cody took a deep breath, put on her best smile and went back over. "What can I get for you, Hank?"  
  
Hank had started videoing her again as she approached. He held the phone low and angled up. Cody pinned her mini skirt firmly against her thighs with her hands. "Can I get the bill, Beautiful?"  
  
"Yes, certainly Hank!"  
  
Cody returned to the front to print out Hank's bill. On her way back she stopped at the servery to get two glasses of water for Table Two. She breezed by Hank's table as quickly as she could, leaving his bill, and walked back to Table Two.  
  
She placed the glasses of water on the table, leaning forward as she did so. Her mini skirt popped up again, exposing an inch of her bare ass cheeks.  
  
"Why are you in bare feet?" asked one of the two men. Cody hesitated.  
  
"Because we're the Barefoot Bar and Grill!" she sang cheerfully. The men nodded slowly, looking at each other.  
  
"And was that guy over there taking your picture?" the other man asked, pointing towards Hank.  
  
"Yeah, yeah he was..." she said.  
  
"So... can we get our picture with you, then?" the second man asked, taking out his smartphone. Cody's heart sank.  
  
"Of course!" she said sweetly. What followed was a slightly awkward affair where each of the two men took turns posing with Cody, standing up and away from the table while the other took a full-length shot. Both men put an arm around Cody's bare midriff, sliding the palm of the hand across her lower bare back, taking the time to enjoy her smooth, soft, bare skin. Cody leaned forward, showing her cleavage, and stood on her tiptoes.  
  
Cody got nervous when the second man gently but firmly turned Cody around so that her back was to the camera, and then pulled her into him, forcing her up onto her tiptoes. Cody looked back over her shoulder and smiled for the camera. She could feel her breasts pressing into the man, who held her tighter and tighter. Her tiny mini skirt popped up in the back.  
  
"Wow that's a short skirt they make you wear," said the first man as he took the photo. Cody put a hand over the back of her skirt hem instinctively, unsure if anything was showing. In the corner Hank was busy videoing the whole thing.  
  
The second man suddenly scooped Cody up in his arms, cradling her. Cody squeaked in surprise and pointed her toes as the other man laughed and took another photo. The second man twisted his torso, changing the angle of view of Cody. Now everyone could see up her skirt to her bare pussy.  
  
Cody sensed the movement as his torso twisted and went to place her hand down over her exposed vulva. Cody didn't know it, but it was too late - the first man got a clear shot.  
  
The second man let her down and gave her a squeezing-hard hug. His hand brushed down over bare back, then her little mini skirt, and then popped up underneath and gave her smooth, bare ass a quick feel. Cody flinched. "Thanks for being a sport Miss!" the second man said.  
  
Cody tried to head for the shelter of the servery after they were seated, but just then Hank got up and headed for the door. "Thanks for the great service, Beautiful! I've left the bill on my table." Cody started to thank him but flinched away as Hank tried to kiss her lips. He ended up awkwardly mashing his mouth where her cheek met her ear.  
  
"You're welcome Hank!" she said, pretending he hadn't tried to violate her with his Shepherd's Pie breath. Hank went out the door, waving at Blair. Cody headed over to clear his table. She found two small stacks of money. One clearly for his lunch, sitting neatly on top of the bill. The other stack sat on a paper napkin with a note scrawled on it. It looked like it had been written by a first-grader. "U r my sexy angle!!" it read. Cody counted $100 in twenty dollar bills sitting on the napkin.  
  
"You see?" said Blair, who had come up behind her as she was counting. "Normally I'd take a twenty off that for the House, but you keep it. You've earned it!"  
  
"But Blair, it's a 100 dollar tip on a 16 dollar meal!" Cody stammered. "Why?"  
  
"Your sexy Barefoot Bar and Grill outfit. Posing for photos. And for how well you treated Hank. You are perfect for this job. If you do this sort of stuff for all my customers, you'll make lots of money."  
  
"Oh my god," said Cody.  
  
"But," he continued, "you also need to keep this all low-key, got it? My business is for a particular group of select customers here. If a customer wants a photo, or wants you in bare feet, just go along with it. And when they tip you like this, don't say a word, just take it and pretend it never happened. Give me twenty points off the top and keep the rest. Got it?"  
  
Cody nodded solemnly. "Got it," she said. "But, but Blair. Hank... Hank touched me!"  
  
"Where?"  
  
Cody pointed down at her little mini skirt. "Under here," she whispered, looking down at her bare feet.  
  
Blair stared at her for a moment before answering.  
  
"Okay. And how much did Hank tip you again?"  
  
Cody stared at Blair in shocked silence. He put a finger to his lips, and walked away. Cody stared out the window numbly in disbelief. She remembered Blair's comment about high staff turnover.  
  
"Miss...?" The voice came from Table Two.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Cody climbed into Hal's truck at the end of her shift. She was wearing her denim skirt and top from when she'd first arrived, and was carrying her new uniform neatly folded in a small bag.  
  
"Where's your dark pantyhose?" Hal asked.  
  
"In the bag," said Cody dully. She turned into Hal and threw her arms around him and sobbed into his shirt.  
  
"Princess what happened?!"  
  
"It's okay Daddy," she said between sobs. "I'll get used to it." She pushed an envelope into Hal's hands. "That's your share from Blair," she snivelled "Whatever that's about."  
  
Hal opened the envelope and counted the bills inside. His jaw dropped. "Holy shit Princess, this looks like it would cover rent for two months."  
  
"Well there you go then. We're going to be rich thanks to my new job as your little whore." She turned away from him and stared out the window.  
  
"What? I asked what happened? What's going on?" Hal could see tears trickling down her cheeks.  
  
"I'll tell you about it later. Just drive me home."