**Hooter's Waitress Humiliation**
by exhootersgirl©

If the story of a young woman's manipulation and, dare I say it, exploitation in a humbling and humiliating way is something you find entertaining, then you will love what happened to me.

First, I have to say this is completely true. As I think back on what happened, what I did, from the perspective of my 33 years it is all I can do not to cringe. The second impulse that hits me when I think about it, is the question of how could I have been so stupid as to put myself in such a position in the first place. I suppose it was because I was young and naïve. I had grown up in a small town and had gone off to college in the big city (Houston). I was freshman in college and having a hard time financially. My parents were far from rich, and were what most anywhere else would call blue collar middle class. Even so, because of my looks, in our small town, I had been in the popular set, the equivalent of high school's upper class. The transition to the huge University campus had been a shocking change.

One day I was in the student bookstore, holding up the cashier's line, struggling to pay for a used textbook, when I heard a voice behind me.

"How short are you?"

I turned and saw a pretty, slender brunette with an obviously enhanced pair of breasts straining her sweatshirt. Breast augmentations on college girls in Texas weren't exactly an uncommon phenomenon, but she had the super tanned, pink lipstick, and cheerleader-borderline- maybe could have been an exotic dancer- look that seemed to heavily populate the campus. She smiled and there was a genuine sympathy in her expression.

"Uh...about 5 dollars, I think," I said.

"Here," she said digging into her purse to offer a bill.

I took it with an embarrassed smile and paid the cashier. I walked outside and was still getting my belongings together when she walked out. I looked at my benefactor and said, "I can't thank you enough. I...I really am embarrassed. I promise I will pay you back. I had no idea that a used book would cost so much."

She grinned at me and said, "Everything in this city is expensive, I'm Gena by the way."

"I'm Kim," I said.

There seemed a real sympathetic quality to her interest and within a few minutes I was telling her all about myself, my background, small town, about school, everything.

She shook her head.

"Oh hon, with your looks there is no reason why someone like you should be struggling for cash. Where do you work?" I told her I was looking for a part time job that could work around my class schedule. As soon as I said it she broke out in a huge smile.

"I know just the place," she said and hooked an arm in mine, "In fact I am heading to work now."

She walked me to her car, a brand new Miatta and got in. There was an ease, an assurance that I envied immediately and wanted to share. She was just so confident. College was not intimidating to her. She was "in control" of her situation. Almost unconsciously, I began to follow her lead. It had always been something of a flaw in my personality that I liked, almost needed, to be one of the "in crowd" no matter how that was defined in my brain. In my small town it had been no problem, but at the "U" things were so different. Everyone else seemed to be in on a big secret to being cool and I was not. In Gena I had found an elder (sophomore), an adviser, and a route to being back in control of my own life. It was almost a relief. Conversely in the short time that I had known her I was also, quickly, very susceptible to her suggestion.

We drove down the street off campus and across the highway, chatting all the way. We talked about music, school (she was going to be a nurse), shopping, clothes, boys, movies, just everything. In my estimation she was nothing short of glamorous. I was completely caught up in the conversation as we pulled into a huge strip mall parking lot. My distraction ceased though when I realized that we were slowing to park in front of a Hooters restaurant.

"You work...here?"

She grinned, a little at my surprise I think, and climbed out of the car, grabbing a small gym bag.

"Yep. Great money too. Come on!"

I looked from her to the restaurant with its big orange and wood façade. I had always been pretty modest and conservative growing up. In part it was the way I was raised. In part it was also because Hooters was the sort of place I knew my family would not appreciate or find acceptable for their daughter. Finally it was because for the last year of high school, I had experienced a "development", as my mom called it, that had made my body of sudden curiosity, speculation, and attention by every guy in school. I had become as my dad kidded, a "bombshell". It had made me more self conscious and modest than anything else. I sat there a second, almost intimidated, but the self-assurance of Gena and the promise of some financial independence overcame my intense basic objection.

"Come on, it's no big deal," she laughed.

Her laugh was the tipping point for me, and I manufactured a carefree laugh myself and climbed out of the car. I had always had a near weakness for a challenge or the perception of one. Too often I had reacted too quickly to a question of my courage or affront with poor judgment and a justification that "everyone is doing it" or worse, "You don't want to be chicken". So I closed my gaping mouth, got out of the car, and walked with her through the big glass doors into the restaurant.

It was early and the restaurant was not yet ready to open to customers. Two guys were setting up in the kitchen and a couple of waitresses were standing around talking and putting paper towel rolls on tables. They looked at Gena ad smiled and at me with a quick and critical appraisal. If anything, it struck me as a challenge, and that served to overwhelm the nagging doubt about being there in the first place. The external features were affecting my decisions and behavior again. I tried to act as if being there was no big deal and casually followed Gena.

"Don't worry about them. They just can tell you are going to be awesome here and they will not make half what you will. Let's go see the manager."

She led me by the arm to the back of the restaurant to the manager's office. Behind the desk was a guy in his early thirties. He was very Italian looking and I could not help but think that he might have been mildly attractive had it not been for his very bushy, pronounced mono-brow.

"Joey, I think I found you a new waitress!" said Gena.

He looked up at me. I found an instant offense at the fact that his gaze never got to my face. He was looking at my body, specifically my chest in such a bold and assessing way. There was no pretense at all that I was being judged on the most chauvinistic scale.

"You ever work at Hooters before?"

"N..n..no sir," I stammered.

He laughed and Gena smiled. I felt like an idiot, betraying my discomfort, and immediately I forced a smile as though I was completely in on the joke and at ease.

"You think you can handle it?"

"Sure," I said, "no big deal."

I looked at Gena.

"Right!" she said.

"Whatever," said Joey and reaching into the desk handed me an application. "What is your name?"

"Uh, Kim," I said.

He looked at Gena. "Perfect! Get her into a uniform so we can see if she looks alright."

I had no idea what that meant, but I was about to find out. Gena led me around through the back area to a large door that opened onto a little locker room. It was obviously a changing area for the waitresses. I don't know why I hadn't thought about that. I guess I did not expect that got "Hootered up" and drove to work like that, and since Gena had grabbed that gym bag I should have anticipated, but I found myself taking it all in. On one wall was a small shelf with the dreaded white t shirts and the even more notorious orange shorts.

"That locker is empty," said Gena and eyeing my shoes added, "Good thing you have on white tennis. I have some socks you can borrow."

She paused a moment then and looked me over, before putting her hands on her hips.

"Okay," she said and turned to the shelf to grab a uniform.

I was just standing there at first until she gestured with the folded shorts and t and gave me a classic "duh" look.

"You can't wear them over you clothes, you know!"

That jolted me to act. Almost stupidly, I answered. "Oh yeah, sure," and I laughed nervously. I felt like a prize cow being judged, but I tried to smile and act casual as she stood there watching me undress. I slipped off my jeans first, revealing a pair of pink, inexpensive, cotton, string-bikini panties. I wished I had worn something a little more elegant or sophisticated as these were the kind of underwear that you'd buy at Walmart. In front of the confident Gena, I felt like the simple, dumb, country girl I was pretending I wasn't. I tossed the jeans into the locker and then pulled my t shirt up and over my head, taking it off, so that I was just standing there in my bra and panties only.

"Good grief," said Gena.

"What?" I said alarmed.

"Are those real?"

The t shirt I had been wearing had been extremely loose and without it the real prominence, size, and weight of my bust was apparent. I realized she was referencing her shock at seeing my boobs. I was only 5-2, and have been blessed or cursed depending how you look at it since I was a junior in high school with a naturally disproportionate bustline. For the record, I was 110 pounds, and measured 32 double D cup, had a 23 inch waist, and 34 inch hips. I had been really sensitive about my body as it was often the target of outrageous commentary and looks by men, and jokes and catty derision by women.

I swallowed hard and said, "Uh yeah."

"Jesus," said Gena with a mix of being genuinely impressed and a slight tone of something I thought sounded a little jealous.

At that point I started to pull on the orange shorts.

"Oh no, hon," said Gena suddenly slightly condescending, "You can't wear those panties under those shorts. You'll have monster pantylines. And you'll need pantyhose. There is only one style and one brand worn around here, Peavy, sheer-to-the-waist." She said it like it was a mantra.

"I...don't...uh...have pantyhose with me," I said stupidly.

"That's okay," she said and stepping back, mimicked some game show model. "Ta da," she said as she pointed at a dispenser on the wall.

It was a real dispenser, like a vending machine. Gena put three dollars in the machine and turned the knob. A small cellophane packet with tan hose dropped out. I opened it and saw that it was really sheer to the waist. Turning about 3 shades of red, I pulled off my panties. I was sporting the leftover grooming habits of bikini season and had just a moderately trimmed, barely three-inch wide, "landing strip" of starkly black hair. I was just stepping out on my underwear when the door opened behind me and one of the waitresses walked in. Stunned, I stood bolt upright. She opened her locker, paying little attention to me and as she turned to leave casually glanced at my "muff" and said, "True blondes. You girls. You don't want that little secret getting out."

I just stood there for a second, embarrassed and seething a little, my darker secret shared and worse, the hint of exactly how shaved things were below. Then I began pulling on the pantyhose. They were tight and supported my legs, but did nothing to visually hide anything at all. I reached for the shorts at that point and as I started to step in, realized that the size on the back tag was XS. I looked at Gena.

"Uh....I am not an extra small!"

The truth was that I had hips, and buns, and was only in certain brands wore a true size small bottom. Gena read my mind and laughed.

"Here, sweetheart, everyone is an XS no matter what God says."

At that I pulled them on and with the hose underneath did not feel so exposed. It wasn't until I looked over my shoulder at the wall mirror that I realized how much cheek was really showing. It was a lot, and I was standing up straight. I made a mental not to never bend over. I looked back at Gena.

"You are going to make a fortune," she said reassuringly.

I assumed a smile, though my heart was going a mile a minute and reached back to unhook my bra.

"Oh no, no no," said Gena suddenly. "Uh, we wear bras. Put on the top and you will see why."

I did not question her and indeed felt some relief that I would at least not be without a bra. As I have said, I have been pretty self conscious enough about the proportion of my breasts, the nipples are thick and tend to stand out even when I am warm and relaxed, so I was ultra relieved about the bra. The t shirt stretched over my head and as I pulled it down, it strained against my upper torso. I looked in the mirror. The shape, outline, and hue of my bra was evident. Braless, and it would have been like a personal anatomy lesson for the customers.

I paused a second taking in my reflected image. With my blonde hair in a ponytail and the uniform snuggly in place, I looked like some adolescent boy's ideal of the Hooter's poster child. My chest stood out and the shorts rode up showing a lot of pantyhose covered backside. Gena handed me a pair of white bunch socks, which I slipped on and then wadded from mid calf to the tops of my white tennis shoes. Standing up I saw my reflection again and swallowed hard.

"Okay," said Gena, "let's go give Joey a look."

We walked out of the dressing room and fought an impulse to slouch. I felt like my body was completely on display, though technically I had on a lot of material. Despite the bra and the snugness of my top, my breasts moving surprisingly a lot.

We walked to the doorway of Joey's office and he looked up. Immediately his eyes widened. He genuinely looked at me, or my body, with surprise.

"I told you," said Gena.

"Turn around," he said.

I did, realizing the view he was getting. At the same time it dawned on me the many similar views that customers would be getting too. For the first time I wondered if the money would be worth it. I was on the verge of declining the job, when Gena seemed to read my mind again, and said, "Doesn't she look great?"

I looked at her.

"You are going to be a complete hit and fit in great!"

It was the best and worst thing she could have said. Joey took my application and slipped it into a folder without looking at it. For all he knew I could have been a multiple felon. Just like that, in the span of an hour, I had gone from being a struggling, financially strapped, college student to a fully transformed Hooters waitress. Deep down a nagging consideration for what I gotten into was working on my mind in a slightly doubtful way.

That naggy little voice dwindled as I started to see the amount of tips I was getting. After only an hour and a half into the lunch rush I was up 150 dollars. I found that if I avoided looking at my reflection in the windows, I could convince myself that I was just doing ordinary waitressing. Had the customers that day been any different I might not have been so self convincing.

As I would come to know Hooters customers could be categorized into three basic groups. The first were the nice guys. Generally they were nerdy or awed types that just liked interacting with minimally dressed, good looking women. The second type was we called the "rude guys". They were the types that frequented strip clubs and liked that they had money and we needed it. They understood the dynamic of give and take, and were intent on pushing how far they could go, and how far they could get one of us to go, and they were good at getting a lot more for what they paid. They were generally rich, older, and were open with their stares, comments, and more. The really pretty girls often blew them off so they gravitated to the heavier or more needy waitresses that were willing to put up with more or "do" more for the money. The third type was the sort that came in and pretended that they were there for the food. They would seem to ignore the waitress when she was around, but when you turned around quickly would catch them staring.

Gena specialized in all of them, but had a huge following in group three. She would play along making sure that she did a bit of "accidental" stretching or bending over when she knew they were looking. Luckily, on my first day, I had only the first group types.

By the end of the day I had made three hundred dollars in tips alone. I quickly did the math. In a month I would be looking at 3600 dollars, working just three days a week. Whatever doubts I had had earlier disappeared as I considered being able to get a great apartment and maybe a cute little Miata of my own.

For two months, I was in my Hooters honeymoon. All I seemed to wait on were nice guys. I completely forgot how I was dressed. I was sold on the rewards of the job and oblivious to the looks. I had put money down on an apartment, and had signed for a nice little convertible based on what I expected to earn. Things were perfect.

The next month a change took place, for one thing there was a bit of an economic downturn. Guys started having to think about the holiday expenses and were spending more time with families away from the restaurant. The local football team was not doing well and the sports crowd was not as motivated to come out and with no shot at the playoffs, the numbers were even less. I started to find that the big payoff I was expecting was not happening and I started looking at my bank account with less and less enthusiasm. I was doing okay, but the week to week earnings were a source of some slight anxiety. I did not realize it at the time, but I was ripe for being vulnerable to the right combination of the moment and some rude guys. That combination occurred the night the golf buddies came in.

I was working an evening shift to closing. It was painfully slow and had been like that for over a week. I was actually a little over an hour from the end of the shift and only had 22 dollars to show for the night. I knew that I had a car payment due and the way things were going, I was going to be short. Added to that the Christmas Season was starting to ramp up and there were no signs of things getting to much better soon. That evening there was only one other waitress still on, shutting down her station, and in the kitchen the cooks had all but one half of the grill turned off.

The gold buddies, in their early forties, were all sunburned (it was Houston after all) and had obviously had a beer or two. They might have been engaging in a sport, but they were obviously not super athletic. The truth was that they had received too much money and too easy a time in life. As I walked up, they looked at me like Christmas had come early.

I flashed a practiced smile and said, "Sit wherever you like, guys."

"Which station is yours, honey?" asked one in an Izod shirt.

"Over there," I indicated the far wall facing some darkened windows.

They moved that way andI turned to go and get their silverware set-ups. As I did I overheard the comment, "I know where I'd like her to sit." It was followed by too loud a burst of laughter.

When I returned with the silverware, I noticed that they seemed to be looking at one another in a kind of overtly secretive way. I had dealt with that sort of approach before. It simply meant faking the pleasantries. I smiled. Before I could say a word though, one of them, a fairly heavy guy with a receding hairline said, "Where you going to school?"

I guess I should have guessed that they would figure I was in college.

"Uh, U of H at Clearlake," I answered.

"All right," said another.

"What's your major?"

"Marketing and business, " I said.

They laughed, infuriating me, and the first guy said, "You ought to be great at that."

The big guy told me that they all owned businesses and they thought I should look them up when I graduated.

could not help but catch the innuendo in "looking up" as their eyes were on mine.

"So, what would you like to drink?"

They ordered beer. And as I turned to go get their pitcher, for the first time in months, I thought about how much of my butt was exposed.

"Just get through it, Kim," I thought, "Big spenders, big tip, and forget them."

I walked back with the pitcher and set it on the table.

"Okay," I said, "Have you decided what you would like?"

If I had spent a hundred years guessing, I would never have been ready for what they said next.

"Actually," said the big guy leaning forward, "We have a business proposal for you. Hooters has a handbook right?"

"Yes," I said, wrinkling my brow.

"Well if you are in compliance with the dresscode, we want to buy part of your uniform."

"Uh, no!" I said dismissively. I really wanted to slap them, but instead I just smiled.

"Not the whole thing," he pressed. "Just your Peavy pantyhose and your bra. We will pay you and you wait on us otherwise still in uniform. How does a hundred dollars sound?"

"Sounds like you don't need anymore beer," I said "I'll let you think about the menu and I'll be back."

I was so angry I could barely stand it. Just the arrogance of them was too much. I stifled my outrage though, and walked back after ten minutes.

As I stepped up to the table, they smiled. "Tell you what," said the spokesman, "We'll make it five hundred."

I was stunned. I should have told them off. I should have called the manager. Instead I was too shocked. It was all the opening they needed. The third member of the group counted out five hundred dollars and set the money on the table.

"Come on," he said, "We know you have expenses. We are just having a little fun. Besides, we aren't going to see anything. We are just buying some old hose and a bra. You just take this five hundred dollars, go back in the dressing room and change. It's not like anyone else is here and nobody we would be telling."

I stared at the money. I had gotten used to the inflow of cash and with the sudden downturn in tips, I was in some trouble. It was late. Nobody was around. Still hating that in a way they were "winning" over my objections I said, "you are not serious!"

The fat guy pushed the stack of money to the edge of the table and said, "All we want is your bra and hose and you wait on us without them."

I could not look at them as I reached out and took the bunch of bills. To there credit they knew better than to celebrate. I think had any of them said anything, I would have balked. Instead I turned with the money and walked toward the dressing area. Inside something was screaming that it was a bad idea, but something else was sensing relief that I would be able to cover my expenses.

"Just give them this, Kim and forget you ever met them," I said to myself.

In the dressing room I slipped off my shoes and socks and took off my shorts and t shirt. I unclasped my bra and slipped it off to set it on the bench. Then I peeled down the pantyhose and dropped it into one of the cups of my bra. I pulled my shorts and t shirt back on quickly and sat down on the bench to get my shoes and socks. As my bottom hit the cool wood, I realized how much of my buns were outside my shorts. I felt a cold sensation both down there and in the pit of my tummy. I pulled on the socks and the tennis shoes and stood up.

I had not meant to look, but there in the mirror was me, in my uniform, sort of. You could see the outline of my areola and the knobby nipples in the center. I did not dare glance downstairs out of some protective sense of denial.

If I were really going to do this, I thought, I would have to make like pulling off a bandaid and just go. Grabbing the bra and hose, I marched out. If I had felt anatomically loose and jiggly before, I was all over the place now. Everything I had was bouncing and jiggling with each step. With a deep breath, like just before going off the high dive, I walked out into the serving area. I could not have been prepared for the response. They took one look at me walking toward them and exploded with laughter and salacious delight. It caused me to glance at my reflection in the dark windows, which given that it was night out were almost like mirrors. I saw immediately why they were acting the way they did. It was such an emotional shock to see myself in motion like that. The indirect light and the reflection made the outline, shape, detail and emphasis of even the most minor movements of my chest stand out ridiculously. It was also outrageously evident from the downward shift of the weight and heft of my breasts in the top, that I was ridiculously top-heavy. The rest of the walk to their table was the longest of my life. Their expressions were just emotionally crippling and they were looking me over like I was almost as naked as I felt. I took their order and turned to walk away, realizing the view they would undoubtedly get.

"Oh my God," I heard, "Check that out. I think I am going to change my order from wings to a little ham sandwich."

I didn't need to turn to know that they were staring at the expanse of buttock below the lower limits of my orange shorts. I was literally hanging out and the awareness of that and their delight just killed me. I tried to stay away from their table but they were having none of it. They called me back and they had me constantly coming and going for condiments, refills, silverware replacement, and finally when they had asked for about every item you could imagine, they started knocking stuff onto the floor "accidentally" so I would have to bend over and retrieve them. It went on and on. I was so embarrassed, but I just decided to grin and bear it. There was nothing else I could do.

At one point, the guy that had counted out the money said, "So, Miss Kim, are you a real blonde?"

I was shocked and infuriated. They were talking to me like I was some brainless bimbo. The sensitivity about "matching" hair color was not something I wanted to have to discuss with these guys, especially dressed like that. I decided to lie. Looking directly at them I said, "Of course."

There was a slight twinkle in his eye.

"Oh really? Well tell you what, I am willing to bet you aren't my little Kim, or should I call you CT?"

This brought an outburst of laughter and a kind of outraged groan from the guys. I inadvertently turned red.

"I am not taking any bet."

"Oh, come on. How about this, you don't have to do anything. If I can't prove it, I'll pay you a thousand dollars. It will be to your satisfaction, if I can't prove it so that you agree, you win. If I can prove it....you have to..."

He looked at his friends, who laughed.

"...you will agree to do a little entertaining at party for a very sick friend of ours. He loves Hooters, but he hasn't been able to get out much, and we think if you waitressed in your slightly modified uniform, that would be part of it, we would get to determine how modified, it would really cheer him up."

"What do you mean modified?" I asked.

Well, CT," he chuckled," I was thinking maybe you would wear...you white tennis shoes...."

The rest nodded and agreed.

"And definitely the white sox," he said.

"And?" I said crossing my arms.

"Well," he said grinning... "That would be it!"

They burst out laughing.

"Naked?" I said shocked.

"Uh huh...I mean what are you afraid of? You are telling the truth. There is no way I can prove it huh, CT?"

"What is with the CT thing," I asked.

He did not answer, just kept smiling.

I was not happy. They were such jerks and the thought of waitressing in my birthday suit was to humiliating to imagine. I knew there was no way I would admit that he would be able to prove anything. And I needed the money, but more attractive was the prospect of taking his money and restoring some of my dignity. I reaffirmed to myself that even though I knew he was right, there was no way he would have any proof that I could not deny.

"Well?" he said.

"Fine," I answered, cocking my hip.

At that, he held up the pantyhose and as felt my heart sink he plucked a black clipped pubic hair caught in the nylon. My jaw dropped and I turned scarlet as the group began howling and high-fiving each other.

"Well, CT, " he said when his laughter subsided, "care to deny that , cause we will have to have proof or...are we going to be getting to know you better soon?"

I couldn't say anything at first.

"Hey, look," he added, "it is for a great cause a sick guy and you did lose, and you will be still making a thousand dollars! Besides....either this little black hair is yours or...someone else's. So, which is it?"

I was trapped. I couldn't lie or the insinuation would be that I had sex and that was how the hair had gotten there."

"I..i...it is mine," I said almost sadly.

They laughed and said as if to be kind, "Well, CT, you are a woman of honor."

And then he added as he pointed at my shorts, "And the CT is for your little...camel toe there."

I could have died right there. I looked at my reflection and sure enough, without the pantyhose to smooth underneath, there was a very profound wedge in front and what was worse, the outline of the stubbly landing strip could be made out in the indirect light. I started to walk away, but it occurred to me that there was no real point. Soon enough they would be seeing it all anyway.