The Naked Waitresses

This is one of my stories about naked humiliation. If anyone likes this I can post more. I also have permission from some of my girlfriends who write erotic stories to post some of their stuff here too. Let me know what you think.

My friend Dawn and I often do part time waitressing at various functions such as weddings. They are usually not very special but they pay the bills. But there was one job we did which always stands out in my mind. It was the time we were employed as nude waitresses for a special stag-night dinner for a famous local football club. The pay was almost double what we usually get paid so we jumped at it.

We were a bit nervous on the evening when we turned up at the very luxurious hotel where the dinner was being held. We were ushered into the office of the woman who seemed to be organising the event. There were four other girls there also going to be waitresses.

The woman explained that it was a private dinner for the men in the team and some other officials and directors, 42 in all. She said that we’d be expected to wait at the tables serving all the food and drinks and then, afterwards, when there was entertainment provided, we would be expected to serve drinks for the rest of the evening.

Then she said she’d give us our costumes. This was something of a relief for Dawn and me as we had understood we were going to wait in the nude. She opened a drawer and threw on top of the desk six black bow ties. She smiled. “That’s it girls. That’s all you’ll be wearing for the whole evening.”

Then she took us into the kitchen to meet the chef and the rest of the kitchen staff. They were all men! She led us into a small room off the kitchen and told us to strip and put on our bow ties. After we’d done this the chef walked in and looked us over. I noticed that Dawn and the other girls turned bright red as they giggled and looked at the floor “accidentally” holding their hands in front of their pussies. All but one of us were shaved!

The chef told us that most of the guests had already arrived and that after a drink in the bar they’d be coming up to the dining room where the whole event would take place.

He asked us a few questions about where we’d worked before and when he realised that we had all had quite a bit of waitressing experience he seemed quite happy. He left us by saying, “Now, all these guys you’ll be seeing tonight are famous. You’ll recognise them from matches you’ve seen on TV. The main thing is to keep them happy.”

We waited nervously as the first course , mostly hot soup, was got ready for us and then we heard music being played in the dining room. It was time for us to serve. We made a few jokes about how we hoped we wouldn’t get any hot soup on us, just to cover our embarrassment.

As we entered the dining room there was a buzz of conversation from the guests as they saw us all totally naked bringing in their food. I can just imagine some of the things they were saying. It was very humiliating, and every time I caught Dawn’s eye, she smiled and looked at the floor.

Gradually we got used to walking around in the nude amongst all the men. There were some gorgeous hunks there and I knew the names of some of them. They all looked very smart in their dinner jackets. They were very friendly and chatty and one asked me if I’d like to be a streaker at their next match. By the time we served the third course they’d had quite a bit to drink and I felt a few warm hands creeping up the back of my thigh. Some even patted my butt.

I must admit that I was enjoying myself but the touble was I was getting wet. Dawn told me she was too and I rather fancy the others were as I noticed I was not the only one who had to keep visiting the “little girl’s room”. The sips of drink we had as we served the drinks didn’t help either.

After the meal was over the noise grew louder and louder as the alcohol was having its effect on the footballers. Then the chairs were slighty rearranged and the entertainment began. The first act was a handsome looking guy who was a magician. His glamourous assistant was a blonde who worked nude apart from a pair of high heels. Several of the guests were asked to volunteer to assist in the act and the things they did to the assistant left nothing to the imagination - and it meant another dash to the bathroom for me.

The next act was a stripper. She gave out little cork rifles to two of the men nearest her and asked them to shoot at her. Everty article of clothing they hit, she removed. In two or three minutes she was naked. She then did a sexy dance and ended up inviting several volunteers to examine inside her shaved pussy with a torch. I watched the last part sitting on the lap of one of the guys who had grabbed me.

The following act was a pair of lesbian strippers who slowly stripped each other to start with and then proceeded to do the most imaginative things to each other with a vibrator and a selection of fruit and vegetables.

After all the sexy entertainment and the beer, the noise was deafening at times and we girls seemed to spend most of our time sitting on muscular laps and being fondled which I thoroughly enjoyed, even forgetting the fact that I was by then soaking wet.

The final act was hilarious. A comedian came on and told all manner of dirty jokes. He ended his act by getting some of the footballers to show him how they kept fit. They demonstrated their exercises and he tried to do the same but kept falling around. Then he asked us waitresses to join in the exercises. It was totally humiliating as we had to do what the Americans call “jumping jacks” with our boobs falling about all over the place. My shaved pussy must have been shining by then but I just didn’t care.

The club Chairman ended the proceedings by giving a vote of thanks to the organisers, the chef and his staff and also us waitresses. Quite a few of the guys used this as an excuse to give us a kiss to express their personal thanks. My! How thankful those guys were. I enjoyed their thanks but that was one job I’d have done without getting paid.