**Alexa Works Her Way to Being Naked**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

It was a typical Tuesday evening shift for Alexa at the convenience store where she worked, but it wasn't just any Tuesday night; for weeks she'd been looking forward to going out with several of her girlfriends on this, the last New Year's Eve of her college years. Having just turned 21 a month ago, this was the first New Year's Eve she could legally be served alcohol, not that she'd had much trouble being served the last few years. She and her friends had no trouble getting free drinks from their male counterparts at the local college hotspots; with the right outfit and a little bit of flirting they rarely had to pay for their own drinks.

She wasn't happy about having to work until 10:00 PM, but this was was her regular Tuesday schedule and this was a night for staying out later than normal, so she figured there would be plenty of time to party after her shift ended. The guy working a shift overlapping hers noticed she looked different as soon as she arrived; instead of her usual jeans and t-shirt she was already dressed for her night out in a silky red blouse and short black skirt. The way she looked tonight he was a little sorry his shift ended two hours before hers did, but Alexa's policy of not getting involved with her co-workers was well known among the men she worked with, so he didn't bother hanging around long after his shift ended at 8:00 PM.

With her only co-worker of the night long gone, Alexa was working solo when the clerk scheduled to relieve her at 10 o'clock to work the overnight shift called just minutes before she had expected him to arrive to say he couldn't get to work due to the snowstorm starting to blanket the state. What was supposed be her regular 6:00 - 10:00 PM shift suddenly promised to become at least a twelve-hour marathon, with the next employee not due to arrive until 6:00 AM, assuming they would even be able to make it through the storm by then. Normally she wouldn't have minded the change in her schedule too much; the extra cash would be handy, and it was usually a fairly quiet shift once the bars closed. But tonight was different, she had better things to do! She tried calling the store owner to see if he could fill in but only got his voicemail.

After a few more fruitless attempts to call in someone to relieve her and salvage her night out Alexa resigned herself to putting in the extra hours. Her disappointment was tempered by a call with one of her friends; due to the storm they had canceled their plans and were just going to be hanging out watching TV. There had only been a handful of customers during the few overnight shifts she'd worked before and at least half of the small number she did see never even came inside the store, just gassing up their cars and paying at the pump before leaving without even a glance her way. With snow falling at more than an inch per hour she expected even fewer than usual customers tonight.

Alexa actually preferred working on her own; at least there wasn't anyone around to make dumb jokes about her name and the voice lurking in those damned Amazon devices; "Alexa, answer the phone!" or, "Alexa what is the temperature outside?" always seemed to crack up the shift manager at the McDonalds she worked at during high school, but she'd be glad to never hear another joke along those lines again.

11:47 PM

For Alexa, the worst thing about working solo on a night with few or no customers was the dreadfully boring nature of the job; at least an occasional customer coming in provided a break in the monotony. Since her last customer had left almost three hours ago she had swept, mopped, straightened and generally cleaned up everything she could think of to keep boredom at bay. By midnight the only part of the store she hadn't cleaned was the restroom; with at least another six hours left to work, she sighed and said to herself, "If it's too disgusting I'll leave it alone, but if it's just the normal level of mess cleaning it might be preferable to staring out the window at falling snow."

12:11 AM:

Not wanting to get her uniform smock grubby cleaning the what was usually the nastiest area of the store, she hung it up on the coat hook inside the door. Her careful treatment of the company issued garment wasn't due to any fondness for the uniform, a baggy, lightweight, mustard colored, zippered jacket-like thing in some ultra cheap man-made fabric; she just wanted to avoid needing to launder it before her normal weekend laundry day. There were plenty of substitutes for the skirt and blouse Alexa was wearing, but she only had one uniform.

As it happened the room was only moderately dirty and needed only a minor touch-up, but she noticed the sink wasn't draining well so she dug some drain cleaner out of the supply cabinet. She read the directions and carefully poured in the appropriate amount of the liquid, then set the container down on the sink; as she reached for the cap she noticed she'd set the container perilously close to the edge and picked the bottle up again. Feeling a thick liquid on the outside of the bottle and having just read the warnings about the damage the caustic liquid could do to skin, she quickly set it back down. In her haste to get the drain cleaner washed off her hand, she jostled the open container. Trying to keep it from toppling she instead knocked it over, splashing half the contents over her hand, skirt, and blouse.

With the bottle now mostly empty and not in danger of doing any more damage as it lay on the floor, Alexa concentrated on getting the liquid rinsed off her hand as fast as possible. She washed it thoroughly and finally felt safely acid-free. She found some heavy rubber gloves and cleaned up the bottle, cap and the puddle of drain cleaner where the bottle had landed. It was only after her cleanup was completed that she noticed the series of small spots on her blouse and the 3 to 4 inch wide stain on the front of the right side of her skirt; her eyes widened as she saw one of the spots on the blouse actually become a small hole while she was watching!

Once she saw what the caustic liquid was doing to her clothes, Alexa wasted no time in getting the two items the cleaner had hit off; she hurriedly washed the areas of her skin which might have been in contact with the acid seeping through the fabric, practically frantic at first but quickly calming down as her lack of any irritation convinced her she must have either not been touched by the chemical or had managed to remove any acid before it had time to do any harm. She turned her attention to her clothing; she was pretty sure the blouse was a dead loss but wanted to at least be able to wear it home; the skirt looked like it might yet be salvaged. She alternated thoroughly soaking and wringing out the affected areas of both pieces of clothing.

After several rounds of this improvised cleaning, she looked at the soaked garments and asked herself, "Now what? I won't be able to wear these for at least a few hours, and I don't think I want to wait on any customers in just a bra and panties!" Then she remembered her smock; would it be long enough by itself? She was pretty sure she remembered several inches of the fairly short skirt being visible below the bottom edge of the smock. Alexa put the cheap uniform on, more grateful for it than she would have believed possible before that moment.

Carefully checking her reflection in the mirror, Alexa was relieved to see the uniform's length was at least adequate, ending an inch or two below the point where her butt ended and her legs began. "I think I might even have some cutoff jean shorts that this uniform would cover. I never noticed how baggy it is until now; I could be naked underneath this thing, nobody would know!" The review of her new look in the mirror convinced her to make one more adjustment; the thigh-high stockings and heels which looked so sexy with her skirt just looked weird with the smock and no skirt. She removed the last bit of her clubbing outfit and put on the sneakers she'd been wearing when she walked to work.

1:09 AM:

With no hand dryer or hair dryer anywhere in the store, Alexa jury-rigged a solution to the problem of how to dry her soaked pieces of clothing, hanging them to air dry under a heat lamp normally used to keep ancient hot dogs warm.

Alexa was still a bit worried about how any customers might react to her abbreviated outfit. She was definitely showing way more leg, pretty much all of them, than normal. While she thought her legs were one of her better features, she never would have intentionally come to work showing off so much of them. After a thorough check from both sides of the plexiglass barrier at the service counter, she began to feel more comfortable. Barring anyone over 6'-8" tall coming in to buy something, she was sure that between the counter and all the merchandise piled up on it nobody on the other side would be able to see her below the waist if she stayed fairly close to the counter.

The downside to her confirming that her exposed legs wouldn't be seen by customers was that after the flurry of activity and nervousness during and just after her drain cleaner incident, she was now back to being mind-numbingly bored. She decided that under the circumstances she ought to be allowed free food and drink from the options available in the store and helped herself to some cheese and crackers, which she washed down with a little bottle of champagne, part of a 4 pack. She was pleasantly surprised at how good the champagne was; she wouldn't have expected her dumpy little store to have anything so tasty.

2:13 AM

On a normal night the hours after 2:30 or so were always the hardest time for her to just stay awake; without the usual handful of customers coming in after the bars closed this night was even worse. Alexa hadn't seen another soul in over 5 hours, and given the weather probably wouldn't see anyone for several more. Walking to the far end of the store to check on her damp clothing didn't provide much excitement, and the slow pace of drying just annoyed her. Her former concern about what customers might think about her unconventional oufit was now, much to her surprise, turning into some actual disappointment that it looked like nobody would even see how she was dressed. Just to pass the time she had a second small bottle of the champagne.

Maybe it was just her getting a little stir-crazy, but the thought she'd had when she checked how much coverage the smock would provide had taken root in her mind. Alexa found herself daydreaming about waiting on customers while wearing only the smock, and was surprised to find the idea mildly exciting! She enjoyed the distraction from her boredom the fairly tame fantasy provided despite being pretty sure she wouldn't actually do such a thing if there was much likelihood of any customers arriving anytime soon.

But there weren't any customers.

Hadn't been for hours...

Didn't seem to be much chance of seeing any anytime soon...

2:47 AM

With absolutely zero closing time customers to alleviate her boredom, Alexa had run out of ideas to stave off boredom, except for THAT one. She wasn't sure why it gave her such a thrill, considering the full coverage provided by the smock, but it was becoming all she could think about. After one more look out the window to the empty parking lot, unused gas pumps and vacant road beyond, she unzipped her smock halfway down to make removing her bra more convenient. The loose cut of the uniform made reaching for the bra's hooks and sliding the straps off her shoulders and down her arms pretty easy, at least physically. She shuddered briefly as she realized that with the smock open as much as it was she had briefly flashed her boobs to the empty store! "Not something I'd be likely to try during the day shift!" she chuckled. She left the counter and made yet another trip to her drying clothes, setting her bra on a shelf near the rack holding her clothes.

3:16 AM

Alexa was fairly pleased with herself for being daring enough to reduce her current ensemble to her last two pieces of clothing. On a purely physical level, she was enjoying the unusual sensation of her breasts swaying freely inside her smock, her nipples were making just enough contact with the rough fabric to be stimulating without becoming uncomfortable. The feeling was pleasant enough that for much of the half-hour after freeing herself from her bra she walked around the store just because it felt good. As time went on she thought more and more about paring down her outfit to the minimum possible while still remaining decent.

Alexa checked, for at least the third time, every conceivable angle a customer might be looking at her from, paying particular attention to the general vicinity of the hem of her smock. "This is entirely theoretical and probably pointless anyway without any customers but still, I'd hate to overlook something and inadvertently moon someone!" she thought; she realized that in her current state bringing up the idea of mooning someone was probably enough to make that idea stick in her mind!

Looking one more time out at the still deserted scene outside the store, Alexa took a deep breath as she reached under the hem of her smock and slipped her hands between her ass and her panties; she hooked her thumbs over the waistband and drew her hands lower and lower. Once she saw the lacy black garment was below the level of her smock she let go of the waistband and watched the panties slide down her slim legs to her sneakers. After pulling her left foot out of the panties, she kicked her right foot up, sending her discarded undies severla feet into the air before landing on a display of Slim Jims. She briefly considered leaving them there for a while but thought better of it and disentangled them from the stack of salty meat snacks, carrying them back to where the rest of her clothing was hanging and set them on the shelf next to her bra.

"Damn, I really did it, all I have left on is my smock!" she said out loud. The change in the way she felt wasn't as dramatic as ditching her bra had been, but the rougher fabric of the smock draped over her butt was a constant reminder to her of how close she was to exposing her most private areas. She celebrated her achievement by opening another bottle of champagne, being careful to sip it slowly.

3:53 AM

Alexa enjoyed her secret near-nudity, walking aimlessly around the store, stopping occasionally to study her reflection in a window or glass door of a cooler. During one of her stops, she looked back over her shoulder to see how her legs looked from behind and couldn't resist flipping the hem of her smock up to have a look at her ass! The sight of her own bare bottom right in the middle of her workplace gave her goosebumps and a serious full body shiver..

Though it seemed like most of the guys she knew well enough to discuss this kind of thing with tended to pay more attention to breasts, she generally thought of her ass as the sexiest part of her body. The view over her shoulder did nothing to alter her opinion; she thought if her breast-centric male friends could see her full but firm butt as she was doing now they might agree with her. A small but not insignificant part of her wished they were there to decide for themselves!

Though her blouse and skirt were still fairly damp, Alexa somewhat reluctantly decided she should probably at least get back into her bra and panties, thinking, "I've taken this about as far as I can. Taking anything else off would mean actually being naked! I couldn't, I mean...no, no way."

She retrieved her bra and panties, smiling at how daring she'd already been tonight. She stuffed the tiny garments into her smock's pockets and went back behind the counter to be at least somewhat sheltered while getting her undies back on, not that it really mattered without any customers to see her. She took the panties out and was about to step into them when she noticed a photo taped to the back of the plexiglass enclosure's frame, out of view from the customer's side of the counter.

She'd seen the photo many times, though it was often hidden behind some sort of merchandise piled on the counter. She thought back to the first time she had seen it; she was being shown around the store by the employee she had just been hired to replace. Her predecessor in the job had just finished his Master's degree coursework and was moving away the next week, so besides the glowing recommendation the departing employee had given Alexa, the store owner was pretty desperate to fill the job. During her job interview she didn't bother to mention that the departing employee was her cousin, and Rob didn't see any reason to bring the subject up either.

During her orientation Rob pointed out the photo, citing it as evidence of the unpredictability inherent in working the night shift in a place like this. He hadn't expected his three friends in the photo with him to come in to visit that night but wasn't too surprised to see them. He was definitely surprised when the naked woman in the picture with the four smiling men appeared! He told Alexa the story about the mystery woman performing some sort of self-imposed naked dare and how she'd even agreed to be photographed in the nude with Rob and his friends once he'd found her a mask to wear.

Looking at the photo now, many months later, Alexa thought about Rob's account of the visit by the naked woman's visit and suddenly remembered her response to the story. "Cool, I guess, as long as she was doing it for her own reasons and wasn't being forced or anything," she had said to Rob. She told him, "I don't disapprove of the masked woman's stunt, she wasn't harming anyone, but I have a hard time imagining why anyone would do such a thing. Even so, I have to admit to a certain amount of admiration for the nerve it must have taken for her to be so exposed!"

Remembering her reaction to the photo and even more how she felt as Rob described the event made her think that she might have more in common with the woman in the photo than she could have imagined when she first saw it. She was sure the feelings she had when walking around wearing only her smock, and especially the thrill briefly flashing her ass had given her, were minor compared to what the masked woman must have felt being completely nude with four men she didn't know, but she was beginning to understand the woman's motivations.

Even though she was currently not wearing all that much more than the woman in the photo, Alexa was sure she could never do anything as bold as the masked woman had done.

Almost certain she couldn't.

Most likely impossible.

Only the tiniest possibility.

Probably not.

Maybe not.

Maybe...

It was definitely the kind of thing one shouldn't rush into, she thought as she sipped the last bottle of champagne in the four-pack. Besides the main question, whether she even would be able to make herself strip naked, there was the matter of how to do it. "If I were actually going to get nude, how would I go about it? What would it look like?" she asked herself. Once she had the how figured out, she took another minute oe two to consider the if as she downed the last few drops of her champagne.

Alexa slowly walked back to her drying clothes and left her bra and panties back where she'd had them before, whispering to herself,

"Maybe, just for a minute or two..."

"This is crazy, what you're talking about means being naked in public!"

"But no one's around...nobody would ever even know!"

"Someone might show up before you could cover yourself!"

"Not likely. But yes, that could happen."

"And you'd be okay with that?"

"I think so."

Alexa left the shelter of the enclosure behind the counter and walked over to the door to the exterior to give the store's surroundings a thorough looking over. She felt her pulse racing a bit higher than normal as she concluded that there wasn't any dealbreaker in view to force her to back off from her new plan. Switching her attention from the deserted scene outside to her reflection in the full height glass door, she was surprised to see her right hand was gripping the metal ring attached to the smock's zipper pull and had already begun to slowly unzip her smock! She began to wonder if events were already getting to be beyond her control.

"When did my hand start doing that? I don't even remember reaching for the zipper; I mean, I was thinking I might, maybe..." she said in a shaky voice, "Am I really DOING this?" Despite her near panic, her right hand paused only a moment before resuming its slow downward travel. Alexa watched silently as the zipper parted, gradually showing her cleavage, only a glimpse at first but eventually well beyond a level appropriate for the workplace. She had felt for years that her breasts were too large to go without a bra, but now, watching more and more of them being revealed she thought they looked pretty great, saying in a voice little louder than a whisper, "Sort of a shame there isn't anyone else here to appreciate this!" She was stunned that she'd even think such a thing; it was hard enough exposing herself with no one else around.

She wasn't sure if the leisurely pace of her zipper's downward travel was a subconscious way of attempting to hold herself back from complete exposure, or just her way of teasing herself by drawing her unveiling out; whatever the intent, the excruciatingly slow pace of her exposure was definitely heightening her arousal. As the opening in the wake of the zipper pull passed her navel her pulse felt like it was pounding in her ears. Besides revealing bare skin with a hint of blonde peach fuzz only inches from her clit, the gap back up near her breasts had widened enough to almost expose her nipples; looking away from her reflection for a moment to look down at her chest, Alexa saw that the only thing keeping her nipples from already being on display was their engorged state. The edges of the smock were actually stuck on her stiffened nipples!

Before she had time to think about whether to leave her nipples hidden for now or open the smock and bring them out into view at her reflection, she noticed the zipper's travel had stopped. Looking lower on the reflection she saw that the zipper pull had gone as far as it could; her pubic hair was visible, but her pussy itself was still hidden. Even in the slightly dim reflection the difference between the thick blonde patch above her clit and the thoroughly trimmed area she knew was below was apparent. With her pubes mostly exposed but her pussy still, barely, out of sight, she still had the option to avoid full exposure; she could zip back up without ever having revealed her nipples or pussy.

With her breathing becoming shallow and her pulse soaring Alexa brought her hands to the edges of her smock at the base of the zipper; she began to slide the pull up, then stopped and reversed course, completely separating the two sides and quickly opening the smock wide enough to expose the entire front of her body! She smiled as she watched the sexy young woman in the door shrug the smock off her shoulders, then off her left arm entirely. She let the smock slide down her right arm but angled her hand to keep it from falling completely off, then raised her right arm parallel to the floor, letting the smock dangle a few seconds before slipping her right hand free and shaking the smock off.

"Holy shit, I did it, I'm actually freaking NAKED! Technically in public, even though there's no public in sight. Their loss!" Alexa shouted to nobody in particular. She couldn't remember having a feeling like this before, like her whole body was simultaneously on fire and chilled to the point of shaking, "But I've never been nude in public before, either, so there's that..." She looked her reflection over for a few minutes, turning around to see herself in full from all angles. Eventually her breathing and pulse came back to something near normal and she gave her naked reflection one last fond look.

Alexa addressed her reflection as if it was a separate individual, "Well sweetie, I think that about does it for our little show tonight. There's nothing left for us to take off. As much as I hate to say it we should probably put some clothes on." The wistful look on her naked alter ego's face made Alexa wish there was some way to extend the fun.

Alexa smiled as a new idea came to her; looking past her reflection at the empty parking lot, she said, "What would you say to a short stroll in the falling snow? Yeah, I thought you might like that!" She pushed the door open and briefly reconsidered as the cold air rushed over her body, but she pressed on and stepped outside. The sidewalk right outside the store was a good place to see her reflection in the door, with a light directly overhead, but being covered by a canopy extending out over the gas pumps there was no snow falling nearby. She looked around and decided that the last store at the end of the adjacent shopping center would have all the necessary ingredients for her latest goal; ample glass for her reflection, adequate lighting and snow falling in the right place.

4:35 AM:

With nobody around to see her, Alexa thought her latest plan would be fairly easy to get away with, but she knew that leaving her workplace behind to hike the 200 feet or so to the other building while completely naked was a thoroughly crazy idea; the added risk provided by leaving all of her clothes behind and strewn about the vacant store just made the plan that much more thrilling in her current slightly buzzed state of mind. Carrying out crazy ideas was getting to be a habit of hers, so she set out for her latest goal!

She had become accustomed to the cold air, kind of like the way one adjusts to being in a cold lake after the initial shock of jumping in, but the sensation of the windblown snow landing all over her skin was another matter entirely. She had nothing in her memory to compare it to; the closest experience she could think of was one time three of her friends had ganged up on her and all tickled her at the same time. This felt kind of like that but with five times as many people, using ice cubes as well as their fingers, all touching her bare skin instead of her clothing.

By the time Alexa reached the neighboring building she was shivering, with periodic shudders that she recognized as having nothing to do with the cold air and snow landing on her exposed skin. She watched as her reflection began to squeeze its breasts, her body glistening in spots where snowflakes had melted. She heard a deep but distant rumbling sound but was almost beyond caring what might make such a noise.

Almost beyond caring, but fortunately not quite. "What's the hell is that?" she said out loud, more annoyed at being distracted from enjoying herself than worried that her isolation might be about to end. Reluctantly she moved her hands away from her body and stood still, listening intently to the sound, which was clearly getting louder. After listening for a few more seconds she could tell which direction the sound was coming from and confirmed that it was definitely getting much louder.

Which meant that whatever and whoever it was must be getting closer.

Closer to her.

She began taking a few hesitant steps back towards her store as she looked across the parking lot and up the road in the direction the sound was coming from. She noticed buildings and signs across the road being lit up, apparently by some vehicle's headlights coming up the opposite side of the hill just beyond the shopping center! A few seconds later the headlights themselves appeared at the crest of the hill, along with the source of the rumbling; a snowplow coming over the top of the hill and starting down the other side, her side, heading either past her store, or worse yet, possibly to her empty workplace!

"Ohhh, fuck!" Alexa shouted as she began to race back to her store; she had been a sprinter on her high school track team and her instinct was to run as fast as she was capable of doing, but a half-speed trot was about all the quickest pace she dared use on the snowy pavement. She looked over at the truck as she reached her store's parking lot and cringed, seeing that it had almost reached her store's entrance from the road and was signaling a turn into the lot! She saw the beam from the truck's headlights moving across the face of the building as she reached for the door. She was pretty sure she hadn't been lit up by the headlights but knew she would have been at least as visible under the lighting in the canopy over the gas pumps; she prayed the plow driver had been concentrating on guiding his massive vehicle through the tight turns needed to get into the lot and to a parking space, not on the naked woman running towards the store entrance!

Once inside the store Alexa ran straight to the entrance to the booth behind the counter and keyed in the security code to open the door before realizing her smock was still lying where she'd dropped it. She bolted back to the entrance and scooped up the smock; it probably would have made more sense to put the smock on right then, but she was so focused on getting into the shelter of the plexiglass booth she just carried it with her back to the booth's door. She was shaking so hard by then that it took three tries before she was able to enter the code correctly. She had just stepped inside the booth and barely gotten both arms into the sleeves of her smock when the door chime let her know she was no longer alone. She spun around to face away from the entrance and jerked the zipper pull up about twenty times as fast as she had lowered it a short time ago. Too fast, as it turned out; the pull jammed about 1/3 of the way up and refused to go any farther, up or down!

"Good evening, young lady!" the plow driver said as he passed the sales counter, adding, "I don't suppose you've had much business tonight, roads being like they are." Alexa was relieved that he had only glanced in her direction long enough to say hello; she had to believe that if he'd seen her streaking through the parking lot he'd have paused for a longer look. She recognized him as a regular, normally coming in an hour or two earlier and filling a thermos with coffee; he was probably in his late 50's and had always been polite in his previous visits.

"Uh, no, you're the first customer I've seen in hours, actually," she replied as she watched him head down the self-serve food and drink aisle. She said a silent curse as she realized he'd be going right past her improvised clothes drying rack if he was heading for the coffee urns.

A few minutes later the driver came to the counter with his usual coffee and a bag of pretzels. He passed a $10 bill through the opening in the plexiglass and watched as Alexa reached over her side of the counter. His eyes got wide when he saw the vast amount of her cleavage the stuck zipper had left in view. "You know, I've been coming into this place for twenty-seven years," he said, "but I've got to say, this new uniform you've got on is definitely the best one ever! I bet there's a story behind it."

His being a regular customer, his friendly personality, his generally mild-mannered behavior all combined with her guess that he was probably at least ten years older than her father to make her feel comfortable enough to tell him a few of her night's events. She explained that a caustic substance had gotten on her clothes, forcing her out of her blouse and skirt.

"I saw them hanging in the aisle where I got my coffee. I was wondering what they were doing there! I'm glad you escaped without any burns," he said, sounding concerned, "I saw what looked like panties on the shelf next to them; I don't mean to be nosy, but I can't help being a little curious, are you wearing anything at all under that uniform?"

"Uhh, well actually, no, I'm not," she replied, a little bit embarrassed but also getting a noticeable thrill as she shared her secret.

"No way! Really, no kidding?" he said, laughing," I can't wait to tell my wife about this, but she probably won't believe me."

"For real, no kidding; nothing under the smock but me! Do I need to prove it to you?" Alexa asked without any hesitation; she was at least as shocked as he was to hear herself effectively offering to show the plow driver what was under her smock. She wasn't sure what had possessed her to ask such a question, but began to understand that some part of her was not only willing to take a chance on being caught naked but was hoping for it to happen! Despite being shocked she had made the offer, now that she had she was certain what she wanted his answer to be!

"Yeah, wow, that would be great! But how exactly would that work?"

"Mmmmm, right answer!" she thought to herself.

"Hand me your phone," she said in a shaky voice, "set it to the camera app."

"Yes ma'am!" he replied as he slid it through the opening in the plexiglass. He didn't know what she had planned but all signs seemed to be pointing to an enjoyable end result.

After taking the phone, Alexa used a small step stool to climb up onto the counter. She wanted to be sure the high counter she had been thinking of as a shelter just a short while ago didn't act as an obstacle to her visitor's view; she shuddered as she thought how she was about to turn it into her stage! She set the phone on a shelf next to the window and turned away from the man, lifting the hem of her smock a few inches as she turned, enough to show her stunned one-man audience most of her ass. She swallowed hard as she continued raising the bottom of her uniform, not pausing until it was a bit higher than her waist. There was no doubt now that she wasn't wearing any variety of panties, thong or g-string!

She was shaking noticeably as she continued lifting the uniform farther, revealing a completely bare back, free of any variety of bra strap or any other type of clothing. She lifted the uniform over her head and pulled it off her arms, tossing it to the floor; she finished her performance by turning to face the plow driver, standing with one foot at either side of the payment window tray and leaning her forearms against the plexiglass.

"See, just like I told you, nothing but me under the uniform!" she said, looking down at the amazed man. After standing still for a moment to give her audience some time to enjoy the sight before him, Alexa picked up the plow driver's phone and took at least a dozen photos, documenting practically every inch of her nude body except her face, even managing to get one showing herself from shoulders to toes with the driver grinning in the background.

"She ought to believe you now," said Alexa, smiling as she passed the phone back to the driver.

"She really can't have any doubt once I show her these pics! Thank you!" he said.

He watched as Alexa began to put her uniform back on; she paused before she got very far, continuing to struggle in vain to get the zipper working. "Since you just did something amazing for me, can I at least help you with that zipper?" he asked, holding up a multi-tool. "I know it's not an even trade, but I feel like I should do something to thank you."

"Do you really think you can fix it"

"Probably, I've been able to fix this kind of problem before."

"Okay, see what you can do," she said as she stuffed the smock through the opening in the plexiglass barrier.

It only occurred to Alexa after she had turned the smock over to him that all her clothes were now either hanging up at the other end of the store beyond him or were actually in this stranger's hands, leaving her with absolutely nothing resembling clothing available if the need arose! He did seem to be diligently trying to get the zipper to work; they made small talk as he worked, him sitting on a display of rock salt and her leaning against the counter watching him work.

5:09 AM

Neither Alexa nor her new plow driver friend noticed the new customer until the door chime went off; the new visitor, a man appearing to be near Alexa's age, made it about four steps into the store before he noticed her standing behind the counter, apparently topless. After gawking at her for what seemed to her like an eternity but was probably less than 10 seconds, he finally tore himself away from the unexpected but delightful sight he'd stumbled upon and headed to the beverage cooler; he brought a bottle of Mountain Dew to the counter. Though she was shaking at first as he approached her, she managed to maintain her composure as he stood directly across the barrier from her. She followed her normal script as she took the bottle and scanned it: "Will there be anything else?"

After another pause, he was finally able to reply, "Ummm, no. Wait, yes, actually. Are you, I mean, what made you, uh, why are you topless?

Somehow seeing how flustered this new customer was by her nudity calmed Alexa down to the point where she decided to have a little more fun with this ridiculous situation.

"Dude, I'm not topless."

"Uh, I can see your tits."

"Maybe so, but I'm definitely NOT topless."

"What are you saying, just wearing a necklace means you're not topless?"

"No, I'm not topless," she said, giving him a big smile as she climbed up onto the counter on her hands and knees, "because I'm NAKED! Different thing entirely, believe me. That'll be $1.78, please. You want a bag for that?"