**New Year’s Set Up**

by Kelly

This is a short but true story about what started out to be my New Year’s Eve humiliation. My name is Kelly, and this is the story of the time my husband Carl and I went to his boss’ house for New year’s eve. We had been to several company events at his home, like July 4th, Labor day etc., but never new year’s eve. This was nothing new for us, or so I thought. Most of the people at these events were in their mid twenties to mid forties in age. Husband and wives, girlfriends and boyfriend, etc. Carl and I were in our early thirty’s.  
Anyway, as Carl and I were getting dressed for the party, I put on my tight but elegant black dress and was looking at myself in the mirror. I have size B- breasts, (almost an A) so I will often go without a bra to lose the effect of the bra straps bulging through the fabric. Since this dress has padded cups, I decided not to wear a bra. I noticed my panties were making a line that was completely noticeable. I continued looking at myself in the mirror as I asked Carl, “Do you think my panty lines look bad?” He responded, “Whatever makes you comfortable honey”.  
I had gone out in public with just pantyhose before, so I removed my pantyhose, pulled off my panties and put my nude color pantyhose back on. Stepping into my low heels, I looked again at myself in the mirror. I was wearing only my dress, pantyhose and low heals (I am only 5 ft 2 inches) but do not like high heels. I Felt almost naked but looked good. I asked Carl “How do I look?” He glanced over at me and said “You look great honey. Are we ready to go?” I responded “Yes. Let’s go.” (as I thought to myself, “before I change my mind about the panties.”)  
We arrived at Brian and Jill’s house (Carl’s boss and his wife) about 7:00. By 8:00 most of the guests were there. It was a typical new year’s eve party. Everyone was drinking and socializing. Brian had a large house, but not what I’d call a mansion. By 10:00 we all (twelve couples and a few singles) ended up in the lower level bar and game room as usual . I must admit Brian had an awesome set up down stairs. The space was as large as the upper floors with a twelve seat bar in the center and everything from a pool table, darts, ping pong and every bar style game you could imagine surrounding it. Oh. And not just one, but three big screen T.V’s for sports or whatever.  
The drinks continued to flow as all 27 to 30 of us were feeling little pain. Carl and I had mingled all night, together, and separate. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I was reminded of how little I had on and was thinking of getting my husband home, so we could satisfy each other. It was 10:50 when I heard the sound of a spoon tapping the side of a glass, like at a wedding toast. “O.K. people it’s time for the card draw.” I heard Brian say. I looked up at Carl and asked “What’s the card draw?” He shrugged his shoulders as if not to know.  
Brian continued, “We all know the rules. One member of each sex will draw a card. If the man pulls the higher card, The women will strip to their under garments and stay that way until midnight. If the woman pulls the high card, the men will strip to their underwear and remain that way until midnight. Now, whose going to pull for the men?” As the words left his mouth I could feel this total feeling of panic overtake me. What if? What if?  
As I felt the red heat of humiliation come across my body, a husband and wife yelled out “we’ll draw!” They looked at each other as if they couldn’t wait until the other had to go through this humiliating abasement. Brian yelled out, “Rob and Sandra will be drawing card tonight folks. Wish them luck!” I looked up to Carl and pleaded with my eyes to leave. “Relax honey, It’ll be fine, Relax”.  
The entire room was silent as Rob and Sandra waited until 11:00 to draw the cards. Rob drew the first card and pulled a “7”. As the men groaned, I was feeling somewhat relieved as I waited for Sandra to pull and flip her card. It seemed like an hour as I watched her pull a card from the deck and flip it over. My heart sank as I saw the “5” card staring at me as if to say, “Everyone is waiting to see you naked!” The room erupted with the sound of gloating men and (if I didn’t know better) women who wanted to strip down to their underwear.  
I stood there, frozen as I watched the women remove their dresses, displaying their carefully selected lingerie, stockings and garters, almost happy the draw went the way it did. It was so surreal as I watched these women almost seeming to be happy to hand their dresses to their husbands and boyfriends. In a frantic moment I screamed out, “That’s not fair!” The entire room fell silent as every eye fell on me. One of the women looked down at me and said “You’re not wearing a bra. Are you? Everyone!! She’s not wearing a bra!!!” she screamed out. “This must be your first new years here.”  
I fought back the tears as she said “Let’s get this dress off. I just stood there as everyone (including my husband) watched her unzip my dress and drop it to the floor. I’m not sure who was more stunned, me or the crowd staring at my almost naked body. Wearing nothing but my sheer pantyhose, I just stood there, frozen as she had exposed my tiny tits and neatly trimmed brunette colored bush. I was all but naked in front of this crowd of people, who were all laughing and pointing at me by this time.

**New Year's Set Up 2**

Before the humiliation escalated to more than I, or anyone, could bare, Jen (the woman who removed my dress) yelled out, “Alright! That’s enough!”, as she knelt down and removed my shoes and slipped my dress past my feet. She stood up, folding my dress, and said, “you need a shot”. “Brian!” (who was working the bar) “Get this poor little thing a shot”. With her hand on my now naked lower back, she moved me toward the bar. I glared and my husband as I downed the shot, not knowing what it was. Jen said to Brian “Another fireball Brian”. I downed the second cinnamon tasting shot and leaned against the bar trying to come to terms with my situation.  
With my head facing down at the bar, I shifted my eyes to take in my surroundings without making eye contact with anyone. The other guests were still quietly chatting about me being almost naked, but seemed to be moving on. The women, in their Fredrick’s of Hollywood and Victoria Secret get ups seemed as happy as can be to be somewhat (not compared to me) exposed. I’d would have given anything just to have some white cotton panties and a bra.  
I started to glare at my husband Carl again when I noticed what seemed to be remorse in his eyes. That’s when I knew he was aware of the new year’s card draw. Still he let me come with no panties or bra anyway. At that moment (leaning against the bar with nothing on but these sheer pantyhose) I wasn’t sure if I wanted to kill him (not literally) or let him have the show he obviously wanted in the first place. As these insane thoughts went through my mind, Jen whispered in my ear “Come with me”. She grabbed my hand and led my totally exposed body past the other guests to the bathroom. All the while I could feel dozens of eyes fixed on my practically naked form.  
As we entered the bathroom, Jen flipped me around to face her. “High. My name is Jen and you are Kelly, from what I’ve heard”. “I know how you feel” she said. “How could you possibly know how I feel? Or how humiliated I am?” I asked. “Four years ago was my first new year’s party” she said. “I did wear a bra, but no panties”. She said. “I know what’s it’s like” she continued. “You have two choices. One. Crawl into a hole and sneak out of here. Or two. Collect yourself and enjoy this opportunity” she said, as she spun me around to face the mirror. “You are all but naked!” Everyone here has seen you like this. You have less than one hour until 12:00 midnight and we all get dressed again. If I were you I would not pass up this chance to express your secret fantasies. It’s up to you”.  
I just stood there looking at my reflection in the mirror as Jen stood behind me looking at the same reflection. My pantyhose didn’t even have the thicker fabric for the crotch. They were totally sheer and nude in color. I was totally naked for all intensive purposes. The cold tile below my feet made me feel ‘all the more’ exposed. She whispered in my ear and said, “My husband did not realize what it would be like for me and I’ll bet your husband doesn’t either.” She pulled my pantyhose up so snug that there was a noticeable gap between my upper thighs and my pussy lips were practically pushing through the thin mesh fabric. “What do you say? Let’s give them a show.” I summoned what courage I has left, I smiled at Jen and we left the bathroom.  
Jen and I were on our way back to the party to mingle with the 16 or so dressed men and the 13 or so women wearing their fancy bras, panties, high heels, stockings and garters while I was all but naked. I was hoping that the women who were fulfilling their fantasies and the men they were with would be less aware of my nakedness after my brief hiatus. Holding my head up as best I could, I walked back into the party. Carl walked up to me looking totally sad and remorseful. I decided to forgive him but not until I fulfilled his fantasy. I looked him straight in the eye, being sure to keep my legs far apart enough to show the gap between my legs and said “We have 45 minutes until midnight. I think I’d like to play pool”. He smiles and said, “Whatever you want honey”. We approached the pool table and Carl asked, “Can we have next game?” All eyes were on me as a sexy woman in green lingerie and her well dressed husband looked over my flesh and said “Sure you can. How about some strip pool?” he added as they laughed. All who witnessed joined in with their taunting but at this point I didn’t care. I was all but naked. “Who cares?”

**New Year's Set Up 3**

The ridicule died down a bit, but the stares continued. It was all I could do not to cover myself with my hands in total embarrassment and shame. Carl walked me to the bar while the others finished their pool game. He must have noticed that I didn’t cover up now or when Jen dropped my dress to the floor earlier, because he muttered “You could be a little more modest”. OMG! (I thought) He was right! I didn’t even attempt to cover myself. Why? Why did I just stand there and let them all gawk at me? Was I enjoying it somewhere deep down below my total humiliation? At 105 pounds I do not have a voluptuous body, but my husband tells me my tiny, toned figure is hot. Was I out to prove it? Was I liking the attention?  
Determined not to get our new year off to a rocky start, I whispered into his ear, “Honey. It’s me that should be mad at you. After all you knew about the card draw and let me come here knowing I could end up like this. You could have told me my panty lines were fine. At least then I would only be topless, not practically naked. If you told me about the card draw I would have picked out some sexy lingerie that would have made you proud. But none of this happened, and now your wife is almost on complete display in front of these people. What do you say we have some fun before we go home and satisfy each other?”  
The grin on his face told me we were going to be fine. He leaned over and whispered back, “How about I get you a drink while you work your way around the room. I want to watch from a distance”. I glanced around the room and noticed several of the women displaying their scantly covered bodies while their husbands and boyfriends were elsewhere in the room. My situation was much different. I felt naked (and practically was) while the other women had their private parts covered. Still I was starting to feel frisky. I nodded in agreement as Carl whispered one last thing in my ear. “I’m so glad you didn’t shave your pubic hair. It’s like a magnet for the eyes, guiding them straight to your pussy”, as he started to giggle. I couldn’t help but look down and see how right he was. Even tough I was trimmed down there, my brunette pubic hair stood out like a sore thumb through my almost invisible pantyhose.  
Just then, Jen called over, “Kelly. Come here for a minute. She was almost as far across this massive room as she could be, with a mixed group of men and women. Carl pointed his glass toward them in approval and turned to the bar. I started taking my little stroll past most of the guests. I was barely around the corner of the bar when I was stopped by a man and woman. They purposely scanned over my body before the woman (dressed in red lingerie, who I did not know) asked “So……Either you had no idea what went on at these new year’s parties or you’re just a slut. Which is it?”  
For the first time all night, I covered my tiny tits and said (in a submissive whimper) “I had no idea I could end up like this. I had no idea”. The woman then replied, “Relax girl…I was just kidding” (as the man she was with never took his eyes off my pussy) She removed my hands from my tits, pull my pantyhose up even tighter and said “You have forty more minutes to display that adorable little beaver” as they laughed and let me pass. In that split second the night didn’t seem like fun anymore. It had become just total humiliation. as I frantically scanned the room for my dress.  
Jen yelled out again “Kelly! Come on!” I reluctantly kept from covering my bare tits as I looked to Carl for some indication of moral support. He grinned again a pointed toward Jen with his drink glass in his hand. I took a deep breath and started walking toward her as I was stopped yet again. Somehow, I went from feeling frisky to just plain humiliated. This time there were two tall blonde women, wearing expensive lingerie and high heels, blocking my path. I would have given anything just to have a garter belt or colored stockings like they had.  
I looked up the women, hoping for some mercy as one of them said to the other “I think we know who should answer the door at midnight”. They both laughed and allowed me to pass. “What did she mean by that? Midnight? What door?” I wondered. The pace of my walk became faster as I felt I could trust Jen and made my way to her and her friends. I smiled and tried to act natural as I finally made my way across the room. “Nice camel toe” one of the men she was with said. I immediately covered my pussy with my hands as I looked up to Jen for support. She just looked down at me and said “Your nipples are getting hard Kelly. Liking this? Are you?” I wanted to crawl into a hole and hide.

**New Year's Set Up 4**

Standing there, covering my pussy with my hands, as my little tits and now erect nipples were on display, I felt so vulnerable. You can fantasize about this kind of scenario, but never really know what it’s like to be completely exposed and humiliated in front of other people, until it happens to you. Especially when those people are fully, or at least partially dressed. It was only seconds until the group broke out in laughter at my expense. They only laughed for a few seconds, but it felt like forever, as every bit of my dignity slipped away.  
As the embarrassment became almost more that I could bare, Jen put her arm around me and said “Oh come on Kelly. We’re just having some fun. Let’s face it, if it were someone else who was naked, you would think it was funny too”. I could only whisper my reply. “I’m not naked”. Jen continued in a low and demeaning voice, “Of course you’re not dear, Of course you’re not”, as she pulled my hands away from my crotch. “Nope. You’re right! You’re not naked, that’s for sure. See, she’s not naked, is she guys?” inviting them all to glare at my bare skin and bright red face. “No….She’s not naked”, said one of them. “She doesn’t look naked to me” another added, as they all threw in their little comments.  
I think what bothered me the most is that I just stood there! I did nothing! Nothing! As they continued laughing, pointing and mocking me. I felt like I was going to lash out at them when this feeling of empowerment came over me. After all, I was in the most compromising position of my life. I was standing in a room full of people (most of them strangers) wearing nothing but sheer, seamless pantyhose. “What did I have to lose?” I’m not sure where the courage came from, but I stiffened my spine and said “Go on and laugh. This is no different then when I was the only one naked on a topless beach. Or when I posed nude for and art class several times. Who cares?” I stood in defiance as I could see both their attitudes and expressions change. Like I said. I’m not sure where the courage ‘OR’ the stories came from, because I had never done either of those things. All I knew is that the tables were turned in that moment.  
Now standing there with my hands on my hips, I felt a hand touch my lower back. Startled, I turned to my right and there was Carl. He had the most reassuring look on his face when he said, “Here’s your drink honey”, as he handed me a glass. I quietly thanked him. He looked at the group and said “Hi. I’m Carl, Kelly’s husband”. He reached out his hand to shake the hand of the closest man to him. Somehow in that few seconds, I went from utter mortification to almost excited to be practically naked again. Carl continued his introductions as I sipped on my drink. Seeing these (for lack of another word) ‘bullies’ being put in their place was extremely satisfying.  
Carl looked at me and said “Kelly. We’re next up at the pool table”, as he nodded to the group. Holding my hand, he walked me toward the pool table. I must admit I had to restrain myself from doing something childish, like sticking my tongue out at them as we walked away. All I knew is my husband was holding my hand, and I was feeling frisky again.  
The pool balls were racked, as Carl and I were being introduced to our opponents. They were a younger couple (Jim and Sue) and very friendly. Everyone knew why I was just about naked, and they made me feel comfortable. There were no odd looks or comments. No suggestive glares. I was pretty much naked, yet they didn’t seem to care. It was 11: 42 by now, and I did not want to get dressed at 12:00. I know! I know! I have been hoping to get my dress back for a while. But right now, I would be willing to cut it up into pieces.

**New Year's Set Up 5**

As we were about to play a game of pool, Carl whispered in my ear, “I am so proud of the way you handled yourself. That was magnificent”. Knowing how he arrived just when I needed him, (even if I didn’t realize it at the time) I felt totally secure and was hoping deep down I would not have to get dressed in twenty minutes. Jim broke the pool balls and the game was on. After sinking two balls he missed his next shot. It was Carl’s turn. Carl is not a pool shark by any means, but he dropped three balls before he missed. Sue sank one ball then missed her next shot. Each team had four balls plus the ‘8’ ball left. It was now my shot.  
Losing track of the time, I surveyed the table. I had two relatively easy shots, but both needed either the bridge ‘Q’ or me to lean over the table, exposing my scantly covered pussy. I chose the latter. I shot quickly so I didn’t come off looking like slut, who was enjoying her little exhibition, even though I was. I sank the first ball and that lined up another easier shot to make. I made the next shot and looked for my next. I only had two balls plus the ‘8’ left. I missed my next shot and then Jim went on a role. He sank 3 balls before he missed. Carl and I had two balls plus the ‘8’ left, while Jim and Sue had only 1 ball and the ‘8’ left.  
Carl had no shot at all and missed his next shot. Since there was no wager on the game, it didn’t seem to matter anyway. Sue missed her next shot and I made mine. We were down to 1 ball each plus the ‘8’. The ‘8’ ball was in front of my last ball and I had no shot. I was about to just shoot a garbage shot so I did not scratch on the ‘8’ ball, when I heard the clanging of a spoon against a glass. Shivers ran up down spine, since this was the sound I heard right before I was stripped in front of everyone. The room fell silent. Brian’s wife Jill called out “Can I have your attention?”  
Brian stepped up and looked directly at me and said “Kelly. We usually have an anonymous vote to see who will answer the door at midnight, and I don’t want you and Carl to be left out. After all, “every vote count’s. But tonight, every other vote was for you”. Not understanding what he was saying or what was happening, I heard the ring of the doorbell. Jill walked over with a small box in her hands and gave Carl and I a ballot card and said, “These are your ballot cards. We are voting to see who gets to open the front door dressed as they are. You can put your vote on these cards and put them in here”. Still trying to comprehend what they were saying, I heard the doorbell ring a second time. I looked to Carl for some clarity, but I could see he had no idea what Brian and Jill were talking about either. “Kelly. There is someone at the door. Will you please answer it?”, Brian said, as all eyes were on me.  
I started to protest using the fact that it was midnight (as I pointed to the large neon sports clock on the wall) and therefor the strip game was technically over. Brian reminded me that all cell phones were turned in at 11:00 to keep anyone from taking pictures during the last hour. He also said the clock on the wall was five minutes fast. It was really 11:55. Everyone started laughing again as it became obvious that I was the only one not in on it. I couldn’t imagine who was on the other side of the front door, but everyone else seemed to be expecting them.  
Brian had the decency to line up a couple of shots for me on the bar. Standing there in just my pantyhose, I downed the shots while contemplating my fate. “Who was at that door?”, I kept asking myself. I turned from the bar and summoned what courage I could, trying to find some of scrap of the dignity I had lost earlier. In defiance I pulled my pantyhose up snug again and marched to the stairs leading up to the front door. The laughter of the others turned to cheers. All I knew is I was determined to get this over with.  
I was convincing myself this was probably some stupid prank like a pizza delivery guy or something, as I walked up the stairs with the others in tow. At the top of the stairs I began to freeze. I felt the Jill’s hand on my all but naked ass, give me a gentle shove as she said, “Go on. Go on”. I hate to admit it, but her touch had aroused me a little. I could feel a tingle down there. Straining to keep from covering up, I continued to the door, as the bell rang for a third time. I was standing at the door, with my erect nipples and stimulated pussy, wearing just my pantyhose, not knowing who was on the other side. “How did I get here?” I asked myself.

**New Year's Set Up 6**

I glanced over my shoulder looking for Carl. Our eyes met and his (once again) reassuring look let me feel secure. I took a deep breath and opened the door. My heart sank as my eyes fell on a large group of older, well dressed people yelling “HAPPY NEW YEAR!!”. At least twenty of them dress in tuxedos and gowns were now gazing at my almost naked body. The average age of the group must have been 70. I was so stunned that I froze.  
One of the silver haired men in the front yelled “Hey Brian! I see you have a nudie this year!” A woman grabbed his arm (I later found out was his wife) and said “Alfred. She’s not naked. She has pantyhose on. Why she bothered, I’ll never know, but she’s not naked”. Their discussion about my state of dress only served to direct everyone’s stares to my now shivering, tiny form. “This is what total humiliation feels like”, I thought to myself.  
Jill whispered in my ear, “step back dear” as she gently pulled me back into the foyer. The elegantly dressed group made their way in the front door, as Brian and Jill welcomed them in. Jill all the while happy to display her lingerie to this large addition to the already thirty people there. Alfred said to Jill, “Looking good kid. Love your New Year’s Parties”.  
I could feel the fabric of the new guests against my bare skin as they brushed by on their way in. I was now standing in a crowded foyer among 35 (or so) fully dressed men and women and 14 women dressed in lingerie that covered all their private parts, while I was topless, and my public hair was clearly visible through my pantyhose. It was clearly after midnight by now. I was afraid if I asked for my dress back, it would only bring more attention to my nakedness.  
Standing among these formally dressed people was increasing my awareness of my predicament. My dress was downstairs but may as well been a mile away. Just as I was planning a way to move through the crowd to the door leading downstairs, another exquisitely dressed older woman started talking to me. “You must be fearless dear. Even in my younger days there wasn’t enough alcohol to provide me the courage to exhibit my body in front of all these people like you are. You have a lot spunk.  
Her words made me feel both liberated and small at the same time. As she continued speaking, I could feel even more eyes on my exposed body. The woman put her hand out and introduced herself as Barbara. I reached out and shook her hand as I told her my name was Kelly. “Well, Kelly. Did you lose an additional wager tonight, or did you plan on being naked in front of everyone?” I was almost silent as I again whispered, “I’m not naked”. Barbara continued “O.k. you’re not naked, but your breasts and vagina are clearly visible to everyone”. Trying not to look at the floor in disgrace, I told her how this was our first New Years and I was unaware of the 11:00 card draw.  
By now some of the guests dispersed through the main floor rooms, so those watching Barbara humiliate me were able to take a few steps back and see all of me on display. Carl walked up to me as the shame was beginning to overwhelm me. Carl glanced around and introduced himself to Barbara and the others. Only 5 couples of the new guests remained in the foyer by now. Not having any of the women stripped to their undergarments around I was now feeling totally naked. Surrounded by ten formally dressed older men and women, I asked Carl if we could go downstairs to get a drink.  
Seeing the opportunity to retrieve my dress, I started making my way to the door that led downstairs. Carl and I were about eight feet from the door when Jill stepped from around the corner, in her lingerie, announcing that there were fireworks about to begin out back. I said we were going to get a drink and return when she dashed my hopes with one sentence. “We have a bar out back Kelly” as she took my hand and led me out to the back yard.  
The spot lights made it feel like daytime out there, and to add to my humiliation, there were two professionals setting off the fireworks display. A man and a woman. They hadn’t seen me yet as I moved quickly to the bar. Brian poured me a shot and then made me a drink, as I felt more naked than ever. The more I looked around, the more naked I felt. Somehow, I was becoming aroused again. It seemed the more exposed and humiliated I felt, the hornier I got. I wanted my dress back so bad but made little attempt to retrieve it. I was so confused. I fantasized about being close to the fireworks so their light would allow everyone to see even more of me. What was going on in my head?

**New Year's Set Up 7. Kelly's shame continues**

I downed the shot Brian had poured and picked up the drink. Carl asked if I was up to mingling with the other guests. I had decided that after an hour and a half wearing just my sheer pantyhose, everyone had seen all of me already. I gave the pantyhose one last little tug, creating a see through camel toe, as we walked over the where the now 50 plus people were watching the fireworks. The display went on for a good half hour and I was now enjoying having small talk with dressed strangers as my visible pubic hair seemed to draw their attention to my crotch.  
  
The fireworks grand finale was spectacular. We all clapped and cheered as the last explosions rang through the clear shy. I looked around and was getting a little giddy about my state of dress. The light breeze on my bare skin was getting my nipples erect again. I did not want my dress back at that moment. I could tell Carl was a bit turned on too.  
  
As the cheers of the crowd died down, I heard those fateful words above the chatter. “Kelly! Is that you?” I turned and there behind me were two of my high school classmates. It was Megan and Ken from my senior class. They were the fireworks specialists. “It is you!”, she exclaimed. Completely blindsided, I smiled and said “Hi”. That was it! I just stood there, almost naked and said “Hi”. I could feel my face turning bright red. It seemed every eye was back on me and it wasn’t the attention I had craved.  
  
Carl held my hand with his left and he extended his right hand to Ken. I knew he was trying to prevent me from doing what came naturally. COVER UP! That’s what I wanted to do. “COVER UP! But that would have brought even more unwanted attention to myself. Megan continued “Wow some party you’re having”, as I stood there feeling more ashamed that I had ever felt before.  
  
Carl shook Megan’s hand and said to me “So you guys know each other, honey?” I know he could feel me trembling, as I was unable to respond. Megan said “Yeah. Kelly went to school with Ken and me. I don’t remember seeing this much of you even in gym class”, she joked, with a little laugh. Those within ear shot were also giggling. “So why are you naked?” she asked. For the third time that night I could barely uttered the words “I’m not naked”. She leaned over and quietly said “Alright. I see some other women in their lingerie, but you are all but naked. Why?” she prodded.  
  
Brian had come from behind the bar and walked up with an envelope (I figured it was payment for the fireworks display) and handed it to Ken, as he thanked him. He turned his attention to Megan and I. Moving his finger between us, he asked “Do you two know each other?” Megan jumped in and said, “Sure do! Ken and I went to high school with this little party goer” as she put her arm around me. The feel of her clothing against my bare skin heightened my sense of embarrassment.  
  
I had a feeling that Megan wanted to make a bigger deal of my exposure. I think she held back since she and Ken were there for business, not pleasure. No matter, she was not leaving until she got an answer for why I was exposing my entire body to so many people. Megan grabbed my hand from Carl’s and walked me a few feet away. She spun me around and covered every inch of my body with her eyes. Then she asked, “O.k. miss….. ‘I’m not naked’….. what gives?” When I looked at my situation, I realized this was one of those times when the truth was the best answer. After all, any other excuse would have made me look like a total slut, not an arbitrary victim of a New Year’s card drawing.  
  
Megan asked me to show her the bathroom. She dragged me behind her and headed toward the house. Once out of earshot of the others she said, “O.k. Kelly. Spill it”. I thought this might be my opportunity to retrieve my dress and a small scrap of my dignity, so I followed her. I told her how I dressed for the party, and about the 11:00 card drawing. As we entered the house she almost seemed empathetic to my plight. Boy was I going to be proven wrong.  
  
As soon as we were out of sight of the others, she pulled out her phone and said with a sinister laugh “I need a picture of this”. I did cover up then, as I pleaded with her not to take pictures of me like this. “Don’t be such a baby” she snapped, as I could hear the clicking of the camera. “You know you’re putting yourself in a worse light by covering up in shame like that”, as the camera continued to click away. “Be proud! You have a great little body. In fact, if I were a lesbian I’d be all over that little pussy of yours”.  
  
I had absolutely no idea how to respond to that. I just stood there covering up, feeling totally degraded. “I’ll make you a deal Kelly”, she continued. You let me take three good pictures of your naked body, and I’ll want to see your adorable little face in them, and I will delete all the others”. “I’M NOT NAKED!!!” I screamed. Megan replied “O.k. O.k. You’re not naked. I get it. Just because everyone can see those perky little tits, that nice ass and that sweet little pussy, doesn’t mean your naked. Well do we have a deal?”

**New Year's Set Up 8**

The thoughts that were racing through my mind, as I wondered what to do, were making me question my sanity. “How did I get myself in this mess in the first place?” “What was I thinking?” “What would Megan do with the photos?” “Would I end up on the internet?” “Would my friends and family see me like this?” The question that tormented me most was, “Was I an exhibitionist?” “Did I want everyone see me like this?” My nipples were so erect that they hurt, and what was worse, is the fact that I was getting moist down there. I was petrified I might leave a trace of evidence on my pantyhose.  
  
The more vulnerable I was, the more stimulated I became between my legs. The more defenseless Megan made me feel (as her camera kept on snapping photo after photo of my utter humiliation, while she repeated over and over, “What’s it going to be Kelly?”) the more aroused I was becoming. Crouched down and desperately trying to cover my shame and the indignity of my situation, I pleaded with Megan to quit taking photos and give me a minute to think about my fate. One part of me wanted to crawl into a hole and die, while the other part of me was worried I might have an orgasm. What could be more demeaning than that. I would never live that down. Never!  
  
Finally, the clicking of the camera stopped. Megan just looked down at me with an expression of total dominance. Still covering my bare breasts and nylon covered pussy, I asked “Why are you doing this?” Her response set me back a moment. “So, you can have the full roller coaster experience of course”. “What?” I replied. “Kelly. When Ken and I were working the fireworks, I caught a glimpse of what I was sure was a naked woman at the bar. We use binoculars to keep track of the fireworks in close neighborhoods, so I turned them on you. Since it’s our fourth year here, Ken and I have seen these women in their lingerie or whatever. Some years three or four of them prancing around. Other years ten to twelve. But never have we seen anyone totally naked. Before you say ‘I’m not naked’ you must realize that from our vantage point, we saw a naked woman.  
  
Megan continued as my grip on my breasts and pussy relaxed a bit. “We were talking about how proud you seemed to be. Being so exposed in front of everyone. Well if you choose to expose yourself like that in front of so many people, let’s face it, one snicker or comment can change your entire mood. It’s like a hot air balloon that has reached the sky, then drops to the earth like a stone. Right now, you happen to be a stone. So. Are you going to remain a stone, or stand proud and reach for the sky again?” In that few sentences she summed up every emotion I had all night.  
  
“Like I said” Megan continued, “An Emotional Roller Coaster”, as her look of total dominance was not diminished. Knowing deep down that I was more aroused when I felt humiliated, than I was when I felt empowered, I realized she was right. It was the ups and downs that excited me. After all, everyone has seen me like this, so what’s the big deal? Why not try to enjoy it?” All of this was going through my mind when Jill came in, and discovered Megan had her camera phone aimed at me, as I was still cowering in the corner.  
  
“What’s going on here?” she asked, standing there with her 5’ 8” super model frame, dressed in red full cover lingerie, garters and high heels. Megan seemed cautious, as she was technically an employee, and not a guest, not to mention that cameras were forbidden. I have no idea why, but I blurted out “Megan’s taking pictures of me like this!” I sounded like a school yard sissy.  
  
“Oh, Grow Up Kelly”, Jill barked at me. “Megan. Get a few of both of us together” as she grabbed my arm and said, “You’re not naked Kelly. At least that’s what I’ve heard you saying all night. So, you shouldn’t mind a few topless photos.!” She pulled me close to her side and said, “Stand up straight and smile. You’re at my New Year’s party, where everyone has a good time”. I put on a smile and didn’t dare cover myself. Megan snapped a few pictures and looked at the screen to see if they came out alright. She walked over to Jill and me, showing us the photos. Being 5’2” with no shoes and 105 pounds, I looked like a naked little teenage girl next to Jill. I was totally exposed on her camera with no idea what Megan planned to do with the photos.

**New Year's Set Up 9**

Jill asked Megan for her camera and said, “Let’s get a few of you two together”. Before I knew what was going on, Megan had her arm around my waist, as Jill was getting set to take more photos of me like this. The touch of Megan’s arm on my bare skin stimulated me once more. Jill adjusted the camera and said “Kelly. Those sheer, seamless pantyhose you’re wearing make it look like there’s a very light shadow on you from the waist down. Otherwise I can see everything! You look Great kid! Put it out there!”  
  
Having my emotions being kicked around the room like a soccer ball by Megan and Jill, I must have subconsciously wanted to pose this way. Megan was taller than me, but not towering like Jill. She was definitely more curvaceous than I was, so I felt tiny, but a little sexy too. Megan was wearing her company T-shirt, jeans, and a baseball cap with her company logo on it. I was, well you know what I was or was not wearing. As Jill started taking the pictures, I found myself becoming somewhat uninhibited. Megan Was putting me in front of her as she held my arms to the side exposing every goose bump covered inch of my body, as Jill continued snapping those photos one after another.  
  
The two women talked to each other about the way they should pose me as if I wasn’t even in the room. Like I was some little figurine that they could bend and arrange anyway they wanted. The craziest part was that I didn’t care. Jill instructed Megan to hold my hands over me head and lean me back so every square inch of me was exposed for the camera. Held in that position I heard Megan whisper in my ear “Like I said. Roller Coaster”. I knew what she meant instantly. Less than four minutes ago I was cowering in the corner, covering my pussy and tits, and now I was more exhilarated than I had been in years.  
  
After a few more minutes of Jill photographing my masquerade of the naked victim, along with my insincere verbal objections, I was the most anxious of the three of us to see the photos. I continued to pretend like I felt mortified, but I was loving every minute of it. I was totally turned on and they both knew it. The three of us studied the photos, as I continued to plead to both Megan and Jill to delete the pictures. The truth was. I was thrilled when they ignored me. There must have been at least fifty photos of me, and for a moment, I had forgotten they could be permanent.  
  
Standing in a circle with Megan and Jill, going through all these photos of me was somehow making me feel relaxed, and turned on at the same time. Every noise in the house had me looking to the back door, where all the others were. I was so afraid someone (especially Carl) might come in and see there were naked (or almost naked) photos of me. He might (no matter how reluctant I appeared in the photos) think his wife had become some sort of an exhibitionist slut. While we went through the photos again, I heard the last words I ever wanted to hear enunciated. “Now. Where should we post them”, Jill said to Megan, leaving me out of the decision. While I was on a major downward slide of this ‘Emotional Roller Coaster’, they discussed different websites.  
  
My protests fell on deaf ears as they plotted my global humiliation. Once again, at the lowest point of this ‘Roller Coaster of Dignity or Indignity’, depending how you looked at it, I heard Jill say, “What about posting this one on CFNF?” Megan responded “Clothed Female Naked Female? I love that site!” Before I could utter another protest, I was posted on the ‘Clothed Female Nude Female’ website. They showed me Megan’s phone and there I was. Practically naked for the whole world to see.  
  
Once again, my humiliation clashed with my arousal. I WAS THERE! I was all but naked on the internet! “ON THE INTERNET!” For the Whole World to See! It all happened so fast, yet I could not take my eyes from this photo of me on display for anyone on earth who wanted to see. As I was mesmerized by the recent events, Jill and Megan posted me on another website. I heard them giggling and talking about O.O.N. ‘Only One Naked’. In what seemed a fraction of a second, I had been posted on two pornographic websites, yet I could barely squeak out my protest. I was naked on the internet. Carl was going to have a fit!

**New Year's Set Up 10**

I finally found my voice as Jill showed me the pictures on Megan’s phone. She held the phone toward me, so I could see the photos of Megan holding me in a position of total dominance and exposure. I started to insist that they take the photos down off the two websites, but my loud protest fell to a whimper, as I could not turn my eyes from the photos. It’s one thing to see a picture of your naked self like that. It’s something else when you see that photo surrounded by the website background. I was posted on ‘The Only One Naked’ and ‘Clothed Female - Nude Female’, with a fully dressed Megan. The fact that I was being revealed to the entire world wearing just pantyhose was rattling my psyche.  
  
When you search the internet. you always wonder how the women on these websites get themselves into these situations, but you never dream that you would be one of them someday. As I continued looking at the online photos, I had both a sick feeling in my stomach (Wondering. What if? What if someone I knew saw them) along with this quivering feeling just inches below. Megan and Jill pulled me into their circle and we all looked at the internet posts together. Still torn between the natural resistance of being exposed on line, and the deep urge to be seen my so many strangers like that, I fell into a hypnotic trance.  
  
Jill was clicking and posting like there was no tomorrow, as I just allowed her to post me on every website she could think of. Megan held my hand and reassured me it was no big deal. The three of us continued looking at the phone as Jill had this hidden talent of picking the right photo for each website she posted me on. All the while I just watched in total submission.  
  
The three of us were so caught up in the moment that we were all startled when we heard the back door open. “Kelly?... Honey are you in here?” It was Carl. My husband was entering the house as Jill was posting (let’s call them naked) photos of me on the internet. In a panic I told her to shut off the phone. They both looked at me, rolling their eyes, and Jill said, “O.k. O.k.”. Carl came around the corner and said “Kelly! There you are. Is everything alright?” I was never a good liar, so I fumbled through the word “Yes”.  
  
The look of suspicion on Carl’s face made me uncomfortable. After all, Jill had just put his wife’s naked body (My naked body) all over the internet. Carl put his arm around me and kissed me and my whole body started to tremble. “Are you sure you’re alright?” he asked, as he scanned around looking at Megan and Jill’s expressions. It was like he knew they were up to no good. They both stood there like the ‘Rock of Gibraltar’ and made small talk with him. Carl seemed uneasy, but left us and headed to the back yard, where almost fifty people were dressed in tuxedos, gowns, regular clothes and a few women in lingerie as I was still pretty much naked.  
  
I was breathing a sigh of relief when Jill asked, “Why don’t you want Carl to see you on the internet?” She went on, in the most casual way, saying, “After all, he’s the reason you’re naked”. I looked at Megan, then back at Jill and asked “WHAT? What are you talking about?”, forgetting the fact we were posting naked pictures of me on the internet behind my husband’s back. “Kelly. Wake up girl. Carl knew about the 11:00 card drawing. In Carl’s defense I rebutted, “He may have known but he never asked me to not wear my panties or a bra”. “But he never told you either. Did he? That’s because he knew there was a good chance you wouldn’t. Now Kelly, how often have you gone out with your husband with no panties or bra on? Face it. It was a ‘Set Up”. This feeling of total betrayal came over me as I pondered the question.  
  
Megan came to my rescue, and in a comforting voice, said “relax girl, It’s no big deal. So, your husband wanted the thrill of watching his hot wife spend the evening with a bunch of people wearing almost nothing. All that means is you turn him on and he’s proud to show you off a little. You must admit…you had fun too”. Jill was preoccupied with the phone again, seeming satisfied that she had stirred up enough shit between my husband and me. Megan grabbed me by my arms and pulled me to her, so we were face to face. In a stern voice she said, “Kelly. Listen to me! It was a harmless prank. Let it go!”.  
  
My blood was boiling to the point of overflowing, when I said to Megan, “I’m going to kill him. I’m going to kill him”. As Megan tried to calm me down, Jill said, in a matter of fact way, “You can kill him if you want, but if I were you, I’d get even first”. Megan and I both looked toward this 5’ 8” blonde woman dressed in red lingerie and high heels, and simultaneously asked “What?” Jill casually turned the phone toward us and said, “I posted you on these websites too”, as she giggled with her sinister laugh. I must tell you, I have no idea how many websites I was now on, but the thrill took a little of the sting out of the betrayal.  
  
Megan and I waited for Jill to fill us in on her plan, but she seemed content as a cucumber to continually post my naked body on the internet. Finally, she handed Megan her phone back and said “Kelly. If Carl enjoys seeing his little wife naked in front of other people, well, then you should allow him to see his little wife naked in front of other people. Now here’s the plan”. Megan and I circled around her knowing her plan would be devious.

**New Year's Set Up 11**

Somehow, during the picture taking and website posting, I had lost the opportunity to sneak down into the bar room and retrieve my dress. I was now wondering why. When Megan and I were alone in the house for that few moments, I could have run down into the lower level and put it on. After all, she didn’t know it was down there. She wasn’t even here when I was stripped of the dress in the first place. Why did I allowed her to dominate and humiliate me when I had the chance to prevent it? Did I want this? I barely argued against the website postings. I didn’t even make the deal with Megan. Three good photos in exchange for all the others. These thoughts clouded my head. as Jill laid out her plan.  
  
Jill finished speaking and asked me if I was good with her plan. I had been so distracted wondering if I was an ‘Exhibitionist Slut’, I didn’t hear a word she said. I must have looked like a total idiot just standing there with this puzzled look on my face, responding, “Sorry. I wasn’t paying attention”. “ARE YOU KIDDING ME?”, Jill barked. “You are practically naked, at a party with fifty dressed people, lingerie or not, you’ve just been posted on at least a dozen porno websites wearing only those pantyhose and found out your husband set you up for all of this, and you weren’t paying attention?”  
  
For the second time, Megan came to my rescue. “Jill! Take it easy! She’s had a pretty traumatic night so far!” As she was defending me, I heard the message alert form her phone go off. “Look Kelly. You have your first comment”, she said with an excited tone. We all gathered around her phone and there I was, totally exposed for all to see. That sick feeling in my stomach, along with the tingling between legs, returned, as I read, “Lose the pantyhose, shave that little beaver and post again please”. I almost started hyperventilating as the reality of the situation became clear. Strangers all over the world could see me like this! What if people I know saw me like this. My shame and arousal doubled in a split second.  
  
Megan was so excited, as she gave me a huge smile and a ‘Thumbs Up’. I was completely overwhelmed, as I wondered if a person could ‘Die of Shame’. Jill was still matter of fact, as she started to repeat her plan. We heard the back door open again, as Carl called out for me. “Kelly. Are you coming out?’ We were all trying to act natural as we heard his footsteps approaching. Megan cleared the screen on her phone as Jill turned to me, and with a stern but low voice said, “Let him know we put you on the internet and play the little victim!” Horrified, I looked to Megan who was nodding in agreement.  
  
Carl came around the corner and knew by looking at me, something wasn’t right. He walked up and put his arm around me and asked, “Are you all right honey?” I didn’t even have to act, I was an emotional basket case by now. I looked up at him with an expression of total distress (Which was real. Believe me, it was very, very real) and said, “They took pictures of me and put me on the internet”, as my eyes pleaded with him for some comfort and understanding. “WHAT?” he inquired. I replied with a sad little girl persona, “They put me on the internet”. “Like That?” as he looked over my almost naked body. “You’re on the internet dressed like that?” he asked, in a more assertive tone. I just looked up to him and nodded, looking as pathetic as possible (which was also not and act).  
  
Up until that point, I had been giving Carl the benefit of the doubt. It was one thing to enjoy my naked predicament, because that’s how it played out. It was something else to be the one behind it all. Carl looked to Jill and Megan and said, “Let me see”. Megan had shrewdly pulled up a photo of me and her that Jill put on the “EMBARRASSED NUDE FEMALE” website. I was completely exposed but looking like the vulnerable target of cruel girlfriend’s prank, then handed her phone to Carl. Just as the phone transferred hands the message alert went off again.  
  
My husband was looking at this photo of his wife on the internet, when the words “Don’t be so shy you little hardbody. Awesome physique. Let’s see more”, came across the bottom of the screen. That was the moment! The moment I knew he was behind it all. He tried but couldn’t hide the fact that he was totally turned on by this. I knew he didn’t plan on me ending up on the internet like this, but he was behind me being exposed to everyone. The internet postings were just a HUGE BONUS for him.  
  
Succeeding at restraining my anger, I now started really acting. Jill’s earlier words about getting even resonated in my mind. I looked like a sad puppy dog when I asked him, “Are you mad?” He could barley take his eyes off the post, as he valiantly attempted to be the supportive husband. “Oh no honey. It’s not your fault”, he said, as he was glancing up at Megan and Jill, but still obsessed with the internet post.  
  
Watching the girls was like seeing Shakespeare! Megan and Jill both played their parts as contrite conspirators in the ‘Post Naked Kelly on the Internet’ caper, as Carl continued to focus on his exposed wife on the screen. With all the ‘Roller Coaster’ ups and downs (as Megan described it) I’d been through, I would have burned my dress if someone asked me to put it back on now. The question was? “What to do with my sweet, perverted husband?”

**New Year's Set Up - 12**

Maintaining my role as the “Innocent Victim”, I asked Carl again, “Are you sure you’re not mad? After all honey, people all over the world can see me like this”, as I directed my finger to my pussy, in the photo. Carl seemed oblivious to my question and remained engrossed in the picture. Do you want other men to see your wife like that?” I continued. I felt like I was trying to convince my husband that it was a bad idea for me to be so exposed on the internet, while trying to contain my own excitement. Carl responded as any deviant male would. “I’m sure only a couple of people will ever see it Kelly. Then it will get lost among the millions of naked posts that are out there. Besides it’s only one photo”.  
  
I resumed my award-winning acting and said, in a sheepish voice, “There may be more than ‘One’ photo of me posted honey”, trying to come off as self- conscious as possible. Carl finally glanced over to me with a look on his face that fell somewhere between disappointment and anticipation. “Well. How many are we talking about?” I tried to appear pure and wholesome, which is hard to do when you’re wearing nothing but pantyhose, as he waited for an answer.  
  
Megan jumped in to the conversation and said, “I may have taken a dozen or so pics, but I didn’t post any of them!”, coming off like she was on trial or something. All eyes were now on Jill. Confidence flowed from her as she took a laid back, yet defiant stance. Watching her take control of the situation wearing her red lingerie and heels was a thing of beauty. She looked upward as if in thought and said “Let’s see. Oh. That’s right. I took a couple dozen photos and posted them on three different websites”, while looking Carl right in the eye.  
  
Remaining self-assured, with her (I didn’t do anything wrong) attitude, Jill continued. “First, I posted some on “Only One Naked” and then some more on “Clothed Female-Nude Female”. It wasn’t until I could see the humiliation coming out every pore of Kelly’s body, that I posted the last ones on “Embarrassed Nude Female”. In less than thirty seconds, Jill had taken full responsibility, and exonerated me of any wrong doing, all while taking command of the situation. I wanted to hug her.  
  
An eerie quiet came over the room, only to be broken by another message alert from Megan’s Phone. It startled all of us. Megan said, “It must be another comment! Nobody would be texting me at this hour”. It was now after 1:00 am. Jill ran right to Carl’s side and looked at the phone, still in his hands. “What’s it Say? What’s it Say?” she asked, barely giving him room to breathe.  
  
Carl grinned slightly and said, “It’s from – “Clothed Female-Nude Female”, with a bit of excitement in his voice. He started reading out loud. “At least one of you knows how to celebrate New Year’s! Looks like the one on the right is having all the fun. (Then he looked down at me and returned to reading) Hope it’s a good one girl.”, as he turned the phone, so Megan and I could see. The photo was one Jill had taken, and I don’t come off looking to embarrassed. I almost look like I’m enjoying the humiliation. Carl pulled the phone back, so he could study it more, as Megan seemed to be put out by the comments. “I’m fun”, she said. Just because I’m not naked doesn’t mean I’m not fun”.  
  
With all of this going on around me, I still couldn’t get a grip on how either, Carl or I, felt about my public exposure. I knew now, he had set me up to be exposed at the party, but posted on the internet? How did he feel about that? How did I feel about that? Like right now for instance. I felt like I could stay this way all night but knew that one demeaning stare or belittling sneer would have me running for cover. I knew Jill had announced the names of each website to both distract Carl and allow him to look up his wife’s naked posts. It was Brilliant! Now I just watched as he and Jill went through the posts. Occasionally he would look up from the phone to glance over at me. One way or another, I was going to find out his true feelings about it and not have to dread him discovering them later.  
  
Megan grabbed my hand and said, “Come on Kelly. Let’s go get a drink, while they’re going through your portfolio”. She giggled and led me back outside. The shock of walking out to so many dressed people, caught me totally off guard. It felt like all eyes were back on me. I had forgotten how many there were. I had forgotten how exposed I really was. I hesitated like a deer in the headlights. Standing there, back on display for all to see, I panicked and froze. Megan continued holding my hand but didn’t attempt to move me on to the bar. It was if she was allowing the crowd to get reacquainted with my almost naked body. Finally, she said, “Snap out of it Kelly! They’ve all seen you! Let’s go get a drink!”

**New Year's Set Up - 13**

We made our way to the bar, as I heard some clapping and laughing coming from behind me. I knew it was for me, but I wasn’t going to give them the satisfaction of knowing they were embarrassing me. Brian must have seen us coming, because another fireball shot, and mixed drink were on the bar as we walked up. I thanked Brian and downed the shot. It was barely down my throat when Megan asked me, with eager anticipation, “So. What’s it like to be naked on the internet?” I turned toward her in horror and shushed her as quickly as I could. “Keep your voice down Megan! It’s bad enough you guys posted me like this, I don’t need everyone here knowing it”.  
  
Brian overheard Megan and I talking, then quietly asked, “Are you on the internet like that?” He could see I was mortified that he knew, so he calmly continued, saying, “Kelly. It’s no big deal. (As he poured me another shot) Look. You’ve been dressed like that for two and a half hours now, and other than a little embarrassment, how’s it been?” I honestly did not know how to answer his question. There had been too many emotions to put into words.  
  
As I pondered Brian’s question, he resumed, saying, “Believe me. The older folks think it’s great. They kept talking about ‘Your Courage’, after finding out how you ended up that way. To quote one of older women, "Your Moxy”. That brought me some much-needed relief from this constant state of humiliation. I started to relax a bit. It also may have been the shots of fireball.  
“Our other guest” he continued, said you’ve added some definite excitement to the party. The only thing they….”. Then he stopped short. He shook his head and said, “Never mind”. “What Brian? They what?” I whined. Megan said, “Come on Brian, “They……….” Trying to get him to complete his thought. Brian leaned in close to us and whispered, “I won’t say who it was, but I will tell you it came from both men and women”. The only thing they wished, was that you had shaven your beaver. Those were their words. Not mine”, as he defended himself.  
  
My jaw almost hit the bar as I turned to Megan in disbelief. I was speechless, as I thought about these strangers discussing my pussy, behind my back. Megan’s eyes became wide open as she exclaimed, “That’s what the guy on the internet said!” I had to shush her again. Brian looked totally confused, and said in a puzzled voice, “What guy on the internet?” Now I had to shush them both, as I had this feeling others were listening in on what was probably the most private conversation of my life. After all, I was discussing my personal grooming with my husband’s boss, and a girl from high school I haven’t seen for twelve years.  
  
Megan couldn’t wait to tell Brian about the comment one of my photos on the website got. “Some guy posted a comment to one of the photos, Jill put on a website” she said. Once Brian realized Jill had posted photos of me on the internet, wearing just my pantyhose, it all seemed to become clear to him what we were doing inside the house earlier. Brian leaned in again, as Megan whispered, “Some guy posted the comments “Nice photo. Lose the pantyhose and shave that nice little beaver, then post some more”, or something like that. But he used that same word “BEAVER”. Megan turned to me and said, “You should do it!”  
  
In a stern, rigid whisper I replied, “ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?”, trying to keep my voice low, so I wouldn’t draw attention to myself. I downed another shot, Brian had skillfully put in front of me, as I glared at Megan, with the intent of getting her to drop the idea. There I was, shaking my head no, as she was shaking her head yes. While this insane conversation was taking place, it occurred to me that I has forgotten I was almost naked. Either that or I just didn’t care anymore.  
  
Megan signaled Brian to lean in again and said out of nowhere, “We know Carl set Kelly up”. Brain looked puzzled again, as she continued. “Carl knew Kelly could end up being naked. (I just thought to myself. “I am not naked!”) I’m sure he didn’t know about the internet, but he knew she would end up naked for the party. Right now, her horny little hubby is going through her naked pictures on the internet with Jill. So, I think she should (as she put her hand between my legs) shave her little beaver and post some more photos. If he wants people to see her like this, then she should up the ante.  
  
I have no idea why, but I made no attempt to remove her hand from my pussy. Maybe it was the alcohol. I just don’t know. She turned her attention to me and said, “Come on Kelly. Buzz, Buzz, Buzz!”, as she started rubbing me down there. I was taken by such surprise, that I just stood there looking at her. I never even tried to remove her massaging fingers from my now swollen mound. I just let her do it. I let her do it! Right there! No one seemed to notice what was going on, or that Ken had finished cleaning up the fireworks display and had made his way up to the bar. Only my second meeting with him, and I was standing there in just my pantyhose while his wife (I later found out) was massaging my pussy through the transparent material.

**New Year's Set Up - 14**

I pulled away from Megan’s hand when I saw Ken watching us. Totally mortified, I turned toward Brian, as he casually cleaned the top of the bar, as if this was normal behavior. I heard Megan say, “Hi honey. We were just discussing how Kelly ended up at the party, wearing only these, translucent pantyhose”. Having Brain seeing my small breasts and erect nipples, along with the guests on that side of the bar, while Megan, Ken and the others had an unobstructed view of my bare back and scantly covered ass and legs, I could only take solace in the fact that my pussy was not on display, since I was facing the bar.  
  
I knew it was not my imagination that everyone was now focused on me. When I felt I could take no more of this humiliation, Jen (who was the woman who removed my dress in the game room) stepped up to the bar next to me and said, “Kelly. You look like you could use a drink”, as she nodded to Brian to pour me another shot. As I downed my fifth shot of the evening, she went on to say, “This must be little different than posing nude for an art class or hanging out on some topless beach”. She then whispered in my ear, “Stay strong honey. Half the women here wish they had the nerve to be so exposed for so long. You’re coming up on three hours now, so who cares how long everyone sees you like this. They’ve already seen you for this long”.  
  
Jen’s words were little comfort, as she slyly turned me towards some of the elegantly dressed older women, who apparently were interested in knowing why I was almost naked. Megan was telling Ken how I ended up in such a predicament, as Jen was filling in the older crowd (who knew about the yearly card drawing) insinuating that “MY” choice not to wear under garments beneath my dress that evening was the reason I was so exposed. Watching the expressions on everyone’s faces, as I could not help but hear both women telling their take on my situation, was so surreal.  
  
The voices of the several conversations, going on at the same time, discussing my plight, became muddled together. In some way or another (weather in discussion or just watching and listening) all fifty or so guest were now concentrating on my almost naked body and more importantly, how I ended up this way. Somehow, with my head so cloudy during all of this, I managed to pick out the two sides of the debate. Megan’s…“Carl’s the Villain”… perspective, and Jen’s “Kelly’s Poor Wardrobe Choices” version. I was unable to utter a word as I stood there, covered in only my shame, yet so turned on, I was afraid my pubic hair was all that was concealing the moisture between my thighs.  
  
Megan started telling Jen how she had taken pictures of me, and that Jill had posted them on the internet. The debate instantly became a common discussion about my fashion faux pas and the indignity of being so exposed to the whole world. Since all camera phones were turned in prior to the 11:00 stripping, some of the women in lingerie seemed a bit nervous. Megan assured them that Jill and Carl had her phone inside. Jen on the other hand seemed to relish the idea of posting a group photo.  
  
Megan pointed out that Ken had his phone, since they were not part of the original party, and were there as fireworks specialists. I still remember vividly the sinister grins on the faces in the crowd. Even those wearing lingerie seemed satisfied that my state of dress would reduce any attention they may receive, and quickly agreed that a group photo should be taken. Jen, standing there in her lingerie, put her arm around me and said, “What do you say everyone? A group Photo?”. I was surprised that the formally dressed older crowd was in sync with the others, as everyone heartily agreed. I have never felt so helpless in my life.  
  
I stood there in a daze as everyone started gathering around, while Carl and Jill emerged from inside the house. Carl walked up to me and asked, “Are you still O.K. honey?” I looked up at him, like a lost puppy dog and said, “They want to take a group photo and put in on the internet”. Standing there, almost naked, I waited for him to come to my rescue. Jill broke in saying “I’m sure Carl’s o.k. with it. After all he just had me post you on five more websites. He even wrote down the names, so he could look them up latter”. My blood started to boil, as I went from feeling the lowest forms of indignity and shame, to being defiant and prepared for revenge. I pulled my shoulders back and decided, if my husband wants friends and strangers to see my naked body, well I am damn sure going to let them see it.

**New Year's Set Up - 15**

Carl tried to explain, but I just whispered to him, “I can’t believe you”, as I quietly pushed him away, trying not to bring attention to our personal rift. I mingled with the guests in total confidence. I had lost all inhibitions and purposely walked among the crowd, striking up conversation with every man and woman within range. The cool,dew covered surface of Brian and Jill’s enormous backyard deck, under my stocking covered feet, reminded me how close to naked I was. And I was loving it!  
  
Barbara (the older woman who humiliated me earlier in the foyer) and her, well to do friends, surrounded me like a pack of wolves. I was in the center of at least eight to ten formally dressed elderly men and women. I was not to be intimidated this time. I struck up conversation about the upcoming group photo, making sure that all who were present were aware that I was proud of my body and not afraid to exhibit it.  
  
The older men and women seemed excited to be around me. They even talked about their location in relation to my position in the upcoming photo. Believe it or not, some of the women wearing only lingerie, also seemed to be jockeying for a position near me. It was all I could do to keep myself from tearing off my pantyhose. I so wanted to be totally naked.  
  
Making sure Carl didn’t see me, I would catch an occasional glance in his direction. I wanted to see his reaction to my new- found poise and determination. I needed to know how he felt deep inside. He had opened Pandora’s box and released a closet exhibitionist, and I wanted him to know it. When I caught a glimpse of Carl, looking contrite and bewildered, as he watched his tiny little wife prancing around in just her pantyhose, among this exuberant crowd, I almost felt sorry for him. Almost.  
  
Megan, Ken and Brian were gathering the guests, for the group photo, when I heard Jill yell out, “Kelly! You’ve gotten your eighth request!”, as she held Megan’s phone up for all to see, wearing only her lingerie and heels. Immediately, the group turned their attention to Jill, and the illuminated phone. Everyone, including me, wanted to know what she was talking about. “What?” I replied, making sure I asked with excitement, and hiding nothing. She talked above the crowd noise, and said, as she pulled back the phone, so she could read it, “How about you shave for your next post”.  
  
Silence came over the entire crowd. Turning the phone toward us again, she continued, “This is the eighth request for you to take off your pantyhose, shave your pussy and post some more photos!”. Megan yelled out, “I told you Kelly! Buzz. Buzz. Buzz! Come on girl! Give the people what they want!” Twelve minutes ago, I would have coward in shame, but this time, I just nonchalantly replied, “Na. I’m good”. I was making sure to subconsciously relay to everyone, this was not a decision of some humiliated girl, but a courageous woman.  
  
As you can imagine, the chants “Kelly shave your pussy! Kelly shave your pussy!” followed, led by Megan, Jen and Jill. I stood there among the crowd, with my hands on my hips, breasts pushed out, nipples erect as gum drops, making sure I was totally exposed, as I declined the depraved invitation again. Jill handed Megan’s phone back to her and headed back to the house. Wearing only her lingerie and heels, Jen teamed up with Megan, as they went through the phones history and read aloud, the comments that were posted to my photos.  
  
“Lose the panty hose-Shave that pussy!” “Like to see those lips nice and smooth!” “I’d have a happy new year, if you’d shave that beaver”, and so on, and so on. All eyes were on me, and this time I was enjoying the attention. Carl leaned against the bar, as Brian now had to feed him the shots. From every direction came the same question, “Are you going to shave Kelly?” I brushed off their questions and continued interrogations, and confidently took a place next to my husband at the bar. I asked Brian for another shot for each of us. Carl looked at me with remorse, as I held up my shot to him. We clicked our glasses together, then downed the shots.  
  
“You know there’s going to be a group photo. Are you good with that?”, I asked him. He signaled Brian for another shot, and replied with an aura of relaxation, “I want you to do whatever you want to do. They can look but can’t touch”. he replied. I was a bit annoyed by his comment. After all, he was the one who let me get into this situation. Remembering we had a good marriage, I let it go. Carl and I picked up our shots, hooked our arms together, and stared into each other’s eyes, as we finished off the fireballs.  
  
Megan and Jen were practically clawing at me about this ‘pubic hair removal’ question. Surrounded by the crowd, I left the issue to fate. By now, the alcohol was taking its effect on everyone. Two women, dressed in only lingerie and high heels, grabbed me and said, “Kelly. Can we get a picture?” Caught off guard, they got by my sides, and pointed me toward Ken and his camera phone. Without hesitation I put my arms around their waists, as they put their arms around me. “SMILE” was all I heard, and we did.

**New Year's Set Up - 16**

Without my shoes, and the women in their high heels, I was at least nine inches shorter than them. “SNAP. SNAP. SNAP” and it was over. Ken showed us the pictures. There I was. Looking happy as a lark, between these two ‘Victoria Secret’ style models. I was so much smaller, but being practically naked, I would be the point of focus for anyone who might see them. Everyone was trying to get a glimpse of my photos with the two strangers in lingerie.  
  
The distraction of my possible pubic hair removal made everyone lose focus on the group photo. By now I was so looking forward to seeing myself among the other guests, practically naked. Seeing myself with the two other women was one thing, but almost naked, surrounded by fifty people dressed as these people were, was turning me on, big time. I would have gladly used Jill’s bathroom to shave my pubic hair, if it would accelerate the taking of the group photo.  
  
Carl and Brian were having drinks and talking at the bar. Megan was going through my internet posts, while talking about them with several men and women. Ken was staying at a distance, while continually taking photos of me, that I knew he was going to be posting on the internet. I was making my way back and forth through the crowd, trying to be nonchalant, while attempting to engage anyone and everyone in conversation. I kept thinking to myself, how often I had wanted to put my dress back on, and now these panty hose felt like a trench coat covering the body I wanted everyone to see.  
  
I so wanted to do the group photo but knew if I was the one to bring it up again, I would come off looking like some sort of exhibitionist tramp. It was hard enough maintaining this ‘Innocent Little Victim’ facade. So, I paraded around the party, trying to give Ken every possible angle of my body, as he kept taking photo after photo. The anticipation of waiting to see them on the websites was killing me. Still consumed with the idea of the group photo, I heard Jill yell out, as she came out from the house holding a tray, “Just a few more minutes until the group photo folks”. I was so excited! That was until I saw what was on the tray.  
  
Jen and Megan pulled me over to the bar, where the tray containing a bowl of water, a can of shaving crème, a small towel and a pink women’s razor were laid out for everyone to see. Both men and women started to cheer, as I protested, unable to discern whether I was continuing my masquerade or was I emotionally at my limit. Still pissed off at Carl, I decided to go through with it while still protesting. Jill gave me a sly little grin as she shook the can of shaving crème. I must have had a horrified expression on my face because that is exactly how I felt.  
  
Megan said, “Come on Kelly. Let’s get these off”, as she and Jen were kneeling down on either side of me, pulling my pantyhose down below my knees and then to my ankles. I was standing there in a trance, while Jen balanced me by putting one hand on my now bare butt cheek and the other on my inner thigh. Her touch alone was enough to arouse me to the point of total submission. Megan slipped the nylon material off one foot, and then the other. I was now totally naked and on display for all to see.  
  
The crowd moved in closer, as Megan and Jen led me to a bar stool. I was still whimpering my protest, as they put me on the stool and pulled my thighs wide open. They both seemed so happy to be exposing my furry little muff to the elated party goers along with the whole world, since Ken never stopped taking photos the entire time. Jill walked up and moistened my pubic hair which served to stimulate me even more. Carl eyes and my eyes finally met for the first time since I left him at the bar earlier. Not having any idea how it got this far, I could tell he was feeling like I was. We were both apprehensive and aroused at the same time.  
  
Jill applied the shaving crème to my crotch. She was careful to stay far enough to the side, so all could see, and allow Ken to get the entire debasement on record. She rubbed the crème more than necessary, attempting to humiliate me even further. But by now I wasn’t the slightest bit embarrassed. I was sitting on an outdoor bar stool, totally naked, with my legs spread apart, while another woman was rubbing shaving crème on my pussy, in front of fifty dressed people, and I wasn’t embarrassed. Really. I wasn’t embarrassed, and I can prove it. Jen and Megan released their grip on my thighs, and I kept my legs wide open. I even leaned back and put elbows on the bar as I was facing everyone. If that’s not proof, I don’t know what is.

**New Year's Set Up - 17**

What else can you do when you’re naked, sitting on a bar stool, and your legs are spread wide open, so another woman can shave your pubic hair, in front of fifty dressed and semi-dressed people? Do you have another shot and continue to play the shy, innocent target of a sorority of ‘thirty something’ women taking advantage of a girl who made some bad wardrobe choices, or portray the vengeful wife, whose husband allowed her to dress in a way that would catapult her to this total humiliation?  
  
All I know is that I wasn’t sure. Was it the fireball shots? Was it my vengeful attitude toward my husband? Or was I an exhibitionist slut? I didn’t know, and I didn’t care. I caught the sight of Carl’s apprehensive expression and decided, I was going to be the vengeful wife. I started small talk with those around me, while seeming to be comfortable having my legs spread open and my pussy on display.  
  
Jill stirred the bowl of water with the pink women’s razor, as she zeroed in on my trimmed, shaving crème covered, brunette bush. I tried to act embarrassed, but my thighs were cast in place. I was not going to close them, no matter who was watching. My fraudulent protests continued, as I was thrilled to have Jill approach my pubic hair with such determination. I was making occasional eye contact with Carl, to see his expression, while focusing on the faces of those watching my public personal grooming.  
  
I could tell Carl felt incredibly awkward. I mean seriously! What do you say to those around you, while your semi-drunk, naked wife is having her pussy shaved in front of a crowd of fifty people. I can’t imagine what was going through his mind. I kept telling myself that he had brought this on himself, every time I felt empathy for his situation.  
  
Jill knelt in front of me and started to run the razor across my lips. The cold razor made me flinch a bit. Jill scolded me saying, “Hold still! You don’t want me to cut you. Do you?” I stayed perfectly still, as I listened to the moans of agreement from the group, to my public scolding from Jill. I think it was at that moment that it really sunk in. The entire group, in some emotional way, was participating in my incredibly humiliating moment. I was thankful I had all those shots. I would never have been able to go though with it without the liquid courage.  
  
Speaking of liquid courage! Knowing it was a risk, I asked Carl to come over. He made his way through the crowd and stood next to me. I looked up to him and asked, “Honey. Can you get me another shot of fireball? I can’t get up right now”. He smiled as he looked down at my total exposure, while Jill was delicately removing my pubic hair, and replied, “Should I make it a double?” Not knowing if I had crossed the line, I took the ultimate chance and said, “Please” as I puckered up and looked to him for a kiss. He leaned over, kissed me passionately and whispered in my ear, “You are so hot”  
  
Megan continued to snap photos all through the insane ritual, as Jill again, scolded Carl and me, “O.k. you two! I’m working here!” Carl snickered and returned to Brian to get the double shot. I noticed he swallowed one of his own. Jill wet the small towel and wiped the shaving crème off my stimulated crotch. She stood up and looked at my little pink pussy, like an artist standing back, looking at his painting on a canvas. I looked down between my legs, along with everyone else, at my newly shaved mound. Jill had left a tiny little strip of hair above my opening.  
  
Megan jumped in to get some close ups of my now smooth pussy lips, as Jill asked the crowd, “Should I leave that little patch of pubic hair, so Kelly has some sort of cover for the group photo?” Carl showed up in the nick of time with my double shot, as I realized they were all mocking me. They were all laughing, cheering and discussing my most private and personal bodily feature. Once again, the emotional roller coaster took over. In my obstinate endeavor to seek retribution for my husband’s betrayal, I had complete degraded myself. What was worse is that I had gone so far that I had no choice but to grin and bear it.  
  
I downed the shot of fireball and handed the glass back to Carl, signaling him for another. I realized if I closed my legs now, I would only be publicly admitting to the incredible shame I was feeling inside. I just sat there, like that, searching for that inner defiance that had led to this humiliating state in the first place. It wasn’t there. I couldn’t believe I was sitting there, spread eagle, all the while, waiting for Jill to tell me, if she was completed with her master piece, as she continued to discuss that tiny patch of my pubic hair with all those around her. I was trapped in the most vulnerable and humiliating position any woman could get herself in.

**New Year's Set Up - 18**

Trying to appear casual, I frantically searched for Carl and that second double  
shot, while one after another of the guests were questioning me about how I felt about the upcoming group photo. When I thought I could no longer bare this incredibly demeaning position any longer, Jill turned to me and said, “We all agree Kelly. You should keep your little speck of pubic hair for the group photo”. I again tried to act casual, as I closed my legs and stood up.  
  
I turned slightly away from the peering eyes of the crowd, noticing that Carl was finally there with my shot. I turned toward the bar, attempting to portray a relaxed attitude, as I sipped from the glass I so desperately wanted to gulp down. At this point, who cares who sees my naked ass anyway?, I thought. Carl whispered in my ear again, saying, “I can’t believe how audacious you are tonight. I can’t remember the last time I was this turned on!”. “WRONG ANSWER!”, I thought to myself. I’m trying to come to terms with the evening’s events and he’s turned on?  
  
With my blood at the boiling point again, I turned around and leaned back against the bar, so my full frontal was again on display. Megan kept clicking photos of me, as Ken (trying to be discreet) was taking video on his phone. “Carl was turned on? I’ll give him ‘TURNED ON’!”, I thought to myself. With another shot of liquid courage in me, I spread my legs, so the gap between my thighs was visible to anyone who wanted to see or photograph my newly shaven pussy . Oh! Let’s not forget about my tiny little ‘pubic patch’ that became the subject of conversation for fifty dressed people that were there! I leaned back and mouthed the words, “Does this turn you on Honey?”  
  
I could tell by the expression on Carl’s face, he immediately recognized my change of attitude. Just when the situation was about to come unglued, Megan grabbed me by the hand and said, “Kelly, I have to go to the bathroom. Come with me”, as she pulled me away from Carl, through the crowd, and toward to house. Because of my anger toward Carl, I had completely forgotten I was naked, as we walked past everyone and into the house.  
  
Jill followed us into the house, and they both led me back down to the lower level. Before I knew what was happening, we were right back where this nightmare had started. Megan continued to hold my hand, as Jill pulled out my dress and held it up. In a stern voice, she said, “Before you get this back, you need to realize something Kelly”. Megan squeezed my hand and whispered, “Listen to her Kelly”. “Yes Kelly. Carl knew about the 11:00 card drawing. But ‘You’ could have said No! ‘You’ could have insisted you were not going to go along with the game! ‘You’ could have insisted he take you home. And yes. It was ‘You’ who let Jen remove this dress! Whether you know it or not. ‘You’ allowed this all to happen!”  
  
“Like it or not Kelly, none of this would have happened if ‘You’ didn’t want it to happen!” I started to feel ashamed of my behavior, and guilty about the way I treated Carl, when Megan said, “Come on Kelly. Tell us you weren’t enjoying this. Why shouldn’t Carl enjoy it too. Admit it! You were so proud to be sitting there, while Jill shaved your pussy in front of everyone. Don’t feel bad about that. We all wish we could go through with something like this. We’re all living our fantasies vicariously through you”. I have no idea why, but that made me feel better.  
  
Jill laid my dress on the bar. As she poured three fireball shots, she said, “Kelly. You’re a fool if you don’t finish this night out”. Watching her pour the shots in her lingerie, lessened the embarrassment of being naked. Actually. Megan, being fully dressed, seemed to be the one out of place. We all touched our glasses and downed the shots. I was once again comfortable with my nudity.  
  
Before I knew it, Megan grabbed my arms behind my back, as Jill plunged her fingers into my pussy and started rubbing my clit furiously. “What are you doing? Stop it!” I insisted. Megan released me, but Jill continued to rub my “G” spot. I have no idea why, but I never tried to remove her fingers from my pussy. I just whimpered, as I looked into her eyes and asked, “Why are you doing this?” She pulled her fingers out from my opening and replied, “Just getting you a bit aroused, so you don’t change your mind about finishing the evening strong.  
  
I was so horny, the thought of getting dressed was the furthest thing from my mind. The fact is, I couldn’t wait to get back to the party, and my depraved but loyal husband. Megan and Jill made me stand still, as they knelt in front of me. They joked how they should have a raffle. Who could guess how many public hairs Kelly had left. They started laughing, as I looked at my tiny patch and complained, “Come on you guys. Don’t make me feel self-conscious”. “O.k.” Jill said, as they led me from the lower level, and back out to the fifty people.  
  
Just as Jill had said earlier, I had nothing but my teeny, weeny pubic patch for cover, and was again loving it!

**New Year's Set Up - 19**

All eyes were on us, as we emerged from the house, and back into the what seemed like my own private audience. I made a bee line for Carl, in an attempt, to reconcile. I was stopped six times, as I made my way toward him, by both men and women, who wanted a closer look at my small grove of pubic hair. Apparently, they did not have a good view of my public shaving, or of Jill’s final masterpiece. Since the discussion that followed my debasement was focused on what remaining pubes I had left, they must have felt they were entitled to a private showing.  
  
You’d think I would have been mortified, conversing with strangers, about my pubic hair (or lack of) while I was naked, but it felt like little more than an inconvenience, as I was trying to make my way to my husband. The truth is that Jill left just enough of my short curls, to attract the eye. A full bush, or smooth lips, would not have had the attention-grabbing effect, that my tiny crop of fuzz had. Imagine. Standing naked, in crowd of dressed people (with the exception, of the women in lingerie) while some are bent over, getting a close-up look at your pussy, while they discuss the amount of pubic hair you have. It was so surreal.  
  
Carl and I made eye contact, as my exhibition continued. I gave him my best innocent smile, as I shrugged my shoulders in an attempt, to keep the peace and make him aware, I was trying to make my way back to him. I was so relieved when he smiled and raised his glass to me. Megan and Jill had abandoned me, leaving me to face my new-found fans alone. All the attention, and the excitement of being naked. had distracted me. I was unaware that all the women, except Jen and Jill, had made their way back inside, and retrieved their clothes.  
  
  
  
I was still the only one naked, but with only two women left, who were wearing just their lingerie. If I wasn’t out-numbered before, I was certainly out-numbered now. I finally made my way back to Carl, who had another double shot waiting for me. I hugged him and looked up, trying to appear as virtuous as one who is naked, at a party with fifty clothed people, can appear. “Hi Honey. I’m naked”, I quietly said. “I see that”, he replied, with a reassuring grin on his face. Just then Megan said, “Smile you two!” Without hesitation, I turned and stood in front of Carl, as I grabbed his hands and pulled them around to my stomach, leaving my tits, pussy and smile available for the camera.  
  
Carl took my hand and led me through the crowd, stopping and talking with anyone who started a conversation with him. He was parading me around, making sure everyone had an unobstructed view of his au natural wife. Barely 110 pounds and 5’ 2”’s tall, I still felt like a trophy wife. Unaware that Jill and Jen had given permission for everyone to retrieve their phones, I was oblivious to the fact that hundreds and hundreds of photos were being taken of me.  
  
Carl seemed particularly focused on mingling with the older men and women. I think their fancy gowns and tuxedos, in contrast to my bare skin, heightened the thrill for him. Well, if he was happy, I was happy. Jill and Brian walked up which allowed me to view my surroundings. That’s when I realized everyone was taking pictures of me. As I scanned the crowd it became obvious that there was nowhere to turn. Flashed were going off all around me.  
  
Jen joined us just as I was complaining to Jill, about all the amateur photographers. She interrupted and said, “Jill and I don’t care if they take pictures of us in our underwear. And You! Well there are pictures of you, having your pussy shaved, in front of all these people, posted all over the internet. We didn’t think you’d mind”. I turned to Carl for some emotional support, when Megan stepped between us. “Hey Kelly. We should make you a segment for “Nude-In-Public”, she said, with great exuberance.  
  
I must have looked horrified, because three of the women in their fancy gowns walked over. One of the women was tall. She looked down at me, then said. “You have a darling little figure Kelly. Why not show it off a little?” Can you believe it? A seventy-year old woman, wearing a formal gown, just tried to make me feel that it was alright to be naked among all these people, and on the internet! WTF? Megan took a photo that said it all. I came off looking like a little, naked, pouting brat, surrounded by two women in lingerie, three older women in formal gowns and Megan in her street clothes. They all had one thing in common. Their sinister smiles.  
  
Megan immediately posted the photo and could hardly wait to humiliate me some more, by showing it to me, and everyone else around. She passed her phone to Jill, then Jen and finally to Carl, who took his sweet time going through the dozens and dozens of pictures. I looked over Carl’s arm at the phone to see what everyone else was seeing. There I was in all my glory. Pubic hair and panty hose to naked, practically bald with just a small strip of fur. The little patch Jill left was like a beacon that said, “ALL EYES HERE!”

**New Year's Set Up - 20**

Looking at my naked body among all the clothed people was nothing short of hypnotic. I had always wondered how the women on the internet, that had lost their clothes in similar public settings, could have allowed themselves to get into such situations. They always seemed so foolish to me, yet there I was. Surprisingly, I do come off looking somewhat confident and relaxed in many of the photos. But not all of them, by any stretch of the imagination. There are many where the viewer can easily pick up on my apparent feelings of apprehension and total humiliation.  
  
The most curious thing I noticed, was that the photos with Jen, Jill or the occasion shot with one of the other women in lingerie, in the background, were the ones that heightened my sense of impropriety. It was as if they all knew where that line of indecency was, and I was the only one to brazenly cross it. Especially the photos of my public pubic hair shaving. There was that one photo of me, leaning back against the bar and purposely exposing my freshly shaved pussy, in an attempt at taunting Carl, for allowing this public exposure to happen. Shots or no shots, I realized I must have some inner desire to display myself. Otherwise, how could I have surrendered my dignity, and all traces of any personal modesty like that? Yet, I couldn’t pull myself away from studying each, and every photo.  
  
I had become so immersed in my naked catalog, that I failed to observe everyone else was doing the same thing. They were looking at naked photos of me on their phones. There was only ‘One Thing’ that could have broken my concentration at that moment. You see, I was still in a trance, wondering deep inside, how I ended being naked tonight. Was this my doing? Did I want this to happen, subconsciously? I felt a slight breeze on my bare skin and was reminded that the ‘One Thing’ was nature, and it was calling me. The alcohol was kicking in, and I really had to pee. I whispered to Carl, letting him know I was heading up to the house to use the bathroom.  
  
Megan and Jill joined me, as though I was a flight risk or something. We had not taken the group photo yet. It was after 2:00 by now, so I figured they’d get everyone together soon. I felt like I was surrounded by the paparazzi, as the flashes went off continuously, while we made our way through the crowd, and up to the house. Once in the kitchen, I made my way around the corner and found a line had formed to the bathroom. I had to pee so bad but was fourth in line to the bathroom door. It was bad enough, I now had no choice but to engage in conversation, while the lights of the hallway were exposing my bare skin and erect nipples even more, but I had to squeeze my thighs together to keep from peeing myself.  
  
I didn’t know anyone in line, but I knew one man was from Carl’s work, and the other two were ladies from the formal party that had started next door at Alfred and his wife’s house. After what seemed like an eternity of talking about the fireworks (making every attempt at drawing their attention from my nudity. Like that was going to work) with those in line, it was finally my turn. I went in, closed and locked the door behind me. This was when I got a good look at myself in the full-length mirror on the bathroom door. I thought I was going to be sick.  
  
It wasn’t the alcohol that was making me nauseous, but my naked reflection in the mirror. Reality was setting, in and I was now seeing myself as everyone else was seeing me. What kind of person takes off her clothes at a party, attended by mostly strangers? What sort of woman allows someone to shave her pubic hair in public? What kind of person was I? I sat down to pee and my reflection was staring back at me. It was as if someone else was asking me these questions. It just so happens that the person asking me to evaluate my behavior, looked identical to me, and was naked too.  
  
I finished my business and stood up to exit the bathroom. For some reason I was paying particularly close attention to my tiny little pubic patch. I must have absolutely lost my mind. With all this doubt going through my mind, I looked around for something to cover my shame with. There was nothing. Only a matching wash cloth and small matching hand towel. Any attempt to use them would only bring on further ridicule and humiliation. I took one last look at my tiny frame, took a deep breath and exited the bathroom.  
  
Summoning what was left of my depleted reserves of ‘nerve’ and ‘self-respect’, I walk past those in line for the bathroom, and into the kitchen. Jill was making some snack trays with Megan, while others were coming in and out of the kitchen. I looked to the door leading downstairs, entertaining the thought of running down to get my dress. “Are you ready for the group photo Kelly?” Megan asked me, as they both continued to put together the cold cuts and rolls. Being distracted by the possibility of retrieving my dress, and finally having some cover for by overly exposed naked body, I was startled. I could not utter a syllable at first, but managed to squeak out the word “Yes” as I tried to appear casual.

**New Year's Set Up - 21**

The two women kept busy at preparing the food, while I tried to avoid eye contact with those still in the kitchen. I was thankful when they all made their way back outside. By now I was emotionally exhausted. I really didn’t want to talk with anyone or listen to any more conversations about my naked condition. I was completely humbled by my reflection in the mirror but knew if I didn’t go through with the group photo, I was only asking for more unwanted attention. I had to stiffen my spine and go through with it. I just wished they would hurry up!  
  
I was lost in my thoughts when the doorbell rang. I was so startled, I lost my breath. I felt like I was having a panic attack. Megan said, “Take is easy Kelly. It’s just the doorbell”, while Jill finished the trays, still wearing only her lingerie and high heels. “Kelly, that’s a courier at the front door. Would you be a dear and hand him the package on the table next to the door?” Jill asked, never looking up from the task at hand. I said, “Oh No. You’re not going to get me to do that again!”, wondering what humiliating surprise waited on the other side.  
  
Jill stood up straight and roller her eyes at me. “Kelly. I swear. It is just a courier here to pick up a package”. “At this hour?”, I asked, with total sarcasm. “Get with the times. These private couriers are like Uber drivers. They’re on call 24/7. That’s how they make their money. I’ll tell you what. If I’m not telling you the truth, I will get naked with you for the group photo. Promise!”. Megan jumped in, “come on Kelly. Give the guy a little New Years thrill. I’ll go with you. I was totally against the idea, but somewhere deep inside I was intrigued.  
  
  
Megan came over to me with her phone and showed me a picture she took earlier. Of course, it was of me. I was totally naked in this one and surrounded by at least a dozen other clothed guests. Both men and women. I looked confident and appeared to be happy to be naked. She said, “Anyone who can hang out with such a large group, without her clothes, can give some guy a cheap thrill for New Year’s”. She must have known she had me, when I asked, “You’ll go with me?”, in my apprehensive little girl’s voice. Megan nodded as I looked to Jill and asked, “You promise. There’s no one out there but one courier?” Jill responded, “Never mind. I’ll do it myself”, as the doorbell rang again.  
  
I can’t believe it, but I ran to the kitchen doorway and blocked the way to the front door. I turned toward Jill and said, “Alright. I’ll get it! I’ll get it!”, as I stood there naked, holding my hands out in a ‘Stop’ motion. Jill said, “O.k. Then get it!”, and returned to her snack trays, as I signaled Megan to come with me. Somewhere deep inside me was the urge to be seen naked again by another stranger. Someone who hadn’t seen me naked yet. The thrill of meeting someone for the first time, with the vulnerability of having no clothes on was rapidly becoming an obsession. I could feel my nipples getting hard again in anticipation of another manifestation of my naked body to a total stranger.  
  
Suddenly there was a spring in my step, as we approached the front door. The package was right where Jill said it would be. There was also a mirror in the entrance hall, and I received another dose of reality. This time Megan was behind me, as we studied my naked form. Before I had the chance to second guess my actions, the doorbell rang for a third time. Megan yelled, “We’ll be right there”. She held my shoulder back, as we both stared at my reflection. She whispered in my ear, “Open the door Kelly, and hand the man the package. Oh, and don’t hold it in front of your tits or pussy. Give the poor guy a show”.  
  
I was getting more and more nervous and aroused, as I picked up the package and made sure to hold it in front of my stomach, leaving my pert little breast, rock hard nipples and almost bald pussy in plain view. Megan gave me the thumbs up, as she pulled opened the door, while staying behind it. I froze solid and my heart was pounding, as I stood there naked, in front of this cute kid, who could barely be eighteen years old. He froze too, and his eyes were bulging out, and I could tell he had no idea a thirty-year old naked woman was going to be meeting him at the door.  
  
Waiting for one of us to say something, I remained frozen, and so did he. I kept an awkward smile on my face, as he scanned every inch of my bare skin and what was left of my pubic hair. If it is possible, I have never been turned on so much, and humiliated at the same time. All I knew is the more he surveyed my body, the hornier I became. I never expected some kid to be on the other side of the door.

**New Year's Set Up - 22**

Finally, Megan broke the awkward silence. “Hello young man. I know this seems weird, but my friend lost a bet, and has to hand you the package in the nude”. The kid struggled to clear his throat, and said, “That’s o.k.”, never taking his eyes off me. “See Kelly. He said it was o.k. And all this time you were so nervous about it”. I glared at Megan, as this young courier never took his gaze off me. He just kept scanning every inch of me, which should have made me uncomfortable, but it didn’t. I loved it! I was so afraid of some huge embarrassing set up, that this young kid, getting every possible observation and perspective of me in my birthday suit was welcome!  
  
Like I’ve said all through the story, this emotional roller coaster was constant. Up and down. Up and down. But this was a high point. My smile became more genuine as I handed the young courier the package, making sure not to cover any part of my body. I started a conversation by saying, “Thank you for being so sweet. You can’t imagine how nervous I was about being naked in front of a total stranger. I almost jumped out of my skin when the doorbell rang. Megan here, had to open the door. I just froze when it came time to pay up the bet. I still can’t believe, not only that I lost, but that I made such a foolish wager like this, to begin with!”. The adolescent just held the package, unable to say a word, or take his eyes off my pussy.  
  
This was the most relaxed and aroused I had been, since first having my dressed removed hours ago. Megan was aware I was having fun toying with the young fella and motioned me to continue. She made a quiet introduction and asked him his name. Still unable to peel his eyes from my pussy, he muttered “Todd”. “Well Todd. How old must you be to become a courier?” Her attempt to find out his age was only obvious to me and her. He was way too distracted to notice. He barely glanced her way and replied, “I turned eighteen last week”, and regained his focus on my pussy. Eighteen? I thought. I would have guessed sixteen. Either way, I was having a ball.  
  
As Todd was staring at my slot and tiny pubic patch, I slid my legs apart just a little more and looked down at my own pussy. “My friend did that. Can you believe it?”, I asked him, without leaving him time to answer. “She should have left my public hair alone or shaved me completely bald. One or the other. But not like this. What do think Todd?”, I asked, as I spread my thighs even further apart. For the first time since I handed him Jill’s package, he looked me in the eyes, smiled, and said, “I think it’s nice” and turned his attention back to my gap.  
  
I thought I might cum, as I leaned over further, spread my legs wide open, put my hands on my inner thighs, stared at my open lips and asked, “Really”, thrilled with the fact that I was discussing my scantly covered pussy with this kid. What a Turn On! Todd then replied, “Really!”, with the most excitement he showed since first seeing me naked. I stood up straight, my hands still opening my gap slightly and said, “Oh. You really are sweet Todd”. He just smiled ear to ear while he turned his attention to my tits.  
  
  
Keeping in sync with our joint anatomy class, I also turned the discussion to my breasts. My nipples were rock hard by now, so I decided to bring it up. Letting go of my thighs, I moved my hands to below my tits, making sure to keep them fully exposed. Again, I looked down and said, with a disappointed sounding whimper, “I know, my nipples are erect, but my breasts are not very big”. “THEY’RE PERFECT!”, he exclaimed. We both had big smiles, as our eyes met, and I replied in the most appreciative voice I could, “Thank you so much. I was so nervous about handing out the package without my clothes, but you really have made me feel comfortable. Thank you, Todd”.  
  
Before he could respond, Megan stepped up and said, “How about a picture you guys?”, holding up her phone. I turned to Todd and asked, “Do you mind? I need proof I went through with this”. He replied, “Sure” as be both turned toward Megan, me wearing only my smile. Megan took a few pictures, then asked Todd if he wanted her to take some photos using his phone. He instantly pulled it from his pocket and handed it to her. I never had a choice. This kid was going to have naked pictures of me. He’ll probably be jerking off to them, or worse, showing them to all his friends. As doubts started filtering in, I realized it was to late and I put on my biggest smile for the camera. He deserved my best, after being so nice.

**New Year's Set Up - 23**

Megan continued to take a few more photos with Todd’s phone, then handed it back to him. With his phone in hand, he politely asked, “Just a couple more?”, with a big smile, as he held his phone up. I said sure, then asked him how I should pose. I know that seems brazen, but he was so shy, and I was in such a playful mood, I figured I was more likely to choose some slutty poses, than he was. So, there I was. Standing naked in Brian and Jill’s foyer, about to pose for a young- looking, eighteen, year old boy with a huge smile on his face. By the way he was behaving, I believe I may have been the first naked woman he has ever seen.  
  
I decided to take the initiative and leaned back against the stairway banister. I put one foot on the second stair and put my hands behind my head, exposing everything for my adolescent porn photographer. “Is this o.k.?”, I asked, as Megan started to video my first porno shoot. Todd knelt on the foyer floor and took the picture from an angle that left nothing to the imagination. His phone kept flashing as I went from pose to pose, getting caught up in the moment. I was bent over with my feet spread apart on the cold tile floor and my hands were on the fourth stair, balancing me. I turned my head over my left shoulder, giving my horny little photographer, a huge smile and viewpoint of my stimulated beaver.  
  
Megan cleared her throat, subtly announcing, ‘it was time to wrap it up’, and just in time. As I made it back to a regular stance, Carl rounded the corner. I could feel my face getting red as he introduced himself to Todd as my husband. Fortunately, Todd had retrieved the package and was standing back in the front doorway looking like the surprised young currier I met a few minutes before. Megan thanked Todd for picking up the package a closed the front door. I’m sure it was with a sigh of relief that Todd viewed his new digital file of my naked photos.  
  
Carl had another drink ready for me, and boy was I ready for one! With my own sigh of relief, I took a big gulp of the cocktail and kissed him. Posing like a naked slut, in a friend’s front foyer, for a young courier you met only moments ago, while your husband and 50 dressed people are only a couple rooms away, will make a girl thirsty. Carl asked, “You girls coming back to the party?”, as he made his way back toward the kitchen. Megan and I just looked at each other with these (That Was Close) expressions on our faces. When my little photo shoot was over, it was a bit of a let-down. I was having so much fun with Todd.  
  
  
I whispered to Megan not to let anyone view her little movie of Todd and me. She promised she would show it to ‘No-One’ unless I said it was o.k. She also promised to send me a copy later, for my own personal viewing. I could almost picture myself masturbating while watching it in private. We made our way back to the kitchen and the noisy dressed people. There were about fifteen people in the kitchen, but Jill and Carl were not there. Megan and I made our way through the kitchen and back outside. The cool breeze stiffened my nipples again, if that was possible.  
  
Either my little photo shoot sobered me up a little, or everyone else was catching up. The party goers seemed a bit more loose, and I barely got a look, as I made my way back to the bar and my husband Carl. As I finally became comfortable with my nudity, Jill and Jen joined us at the bar. To my horror, they had their clothes on. I was now officially, ‘The Only One Naked’! I started to the house to retrieve my dress, without saying a word, trying not to bring any unwanted attention to myself. Jen yelled out, “Where are you going Kelly?”. “To get my dress”, I replied. Jill responded in a voice everyone would here, “You won’t find it!”  
  
I had been exposed to so much embarrassment, and had been naked for so long, I almost didn’t care. After all, everyone had nude photos of me and most had saved the websites I was posted on, to their phones. I decided to take the high road. I was not going to come off as the ‘Little Humiliated Naked Girl’ this time. I walked back to the bar, stood next to my husband and sarcastically asked, “O.k. where is it?”, signaling Brian for another cocktail. “It’s not here Kelly”, Jill said. Jen couldn’t help herself, and blurted out, “You just gave it to the currier!” I calmly looked up to Carl and asked, “How do you intend to get your naked wife home?”, as I sipped my drink and acted as confident as a fully dressed woman.

**New Year's Set Up - 24**

I figured at this point, what’s the difference? More naked photos added to their already vast collections. I had as many Ups as I had Downs on my emotional roller coaster tonight. I may as well try to enjoy being the only one naked. I was tricked into giving my clothes to Todd, but I wouldn’t have had my little photo shoot (Which I thoroughly enjoyed) if I hadn’t been. My husband didn’t seem to mind me being exposed to everyone, and he works with some of these people. Why should I care?  
  
Jen seemed disappointed that I was so casual about my situation. I looked up to Carl and jokingly said, “You probably shouldn’t drive after so many drinks. Maybe we should take an Uber home? Or even better, public transportation like the bus!” Carl grinned and seemed to relax. It was obvious that I was determined to keep my emotional roller coaster on an even keel for the remainder of my naked adventure.  
  
Jill said, as Megan joined me at the bar, “Don’t be so dramatic Kelly. The courier took your dress to Alfred’s house next door. We thought his large banquet room would be a better location for the group photo”. She seemed as disappointed as Jen, that I wasn’t rattled. I think everyone was prepared to see me have a little tantrum and complain about my circumstances. Not tonight. Sometimes you have nothing to lose. Since I was totally naked and no longer had the support of the women in lingerie, this was one of those times. I wasn’t going to give them the satisfaction.  
  
“Well. Let’s do this!”, I exclaimed, downing my remaining cocktail. I waited for instructions for our journey next door with anticipation. Or at least that’s what I wanted them to believe. Alfred and his wife may have lived next door, but you could not see their house from Brian and Jill’s, except for some distant lights through the trees. By now it was 3:00 a.m. and everyone was still going strong. I would have thought many more would have left the party by now. The elder group must have all taken naps this afternoon. They looked as fresh as when we first met. Back when I still had pubic hair and pantyhose for cover.  
  
I could tell by the expressions I saw, many of them were hoping for an opportunity to ridicule me further. I had this vision of everyone laughing and pointing at me, while I covered in shame and utter humiliation. I almost felt guilty for letting them down. I just didn’t feel that way this time. I was naked. At this point of the evening, who cares! Remembering how I felt during my earlier debasements, I was almost disappointed myself. When you are naked and mortified in front of a group of clothed people, there is a sensual awareness that few people will ever know. It’s not something you want to happen, but you can’t deny the sexual excitement.  
  
While my mind was wondering, Jill shouted, “Ten minutes people! We leave for Alfred’s in ten minutes. Megan and Ken stayed with Brian and I, as Jen and Jill went back inside the house. Watching them walk away in clothes, instead of lingerie, gave me goose bumps. Being the only one without clothes, made my solo naked position hit home. We found out from the conversations of some of the elder crowd, that Alfred owned a bus company. The formally dressed additions to the party earlier, were brought to Brian and Jill’s by one of his charter busses. All I could think about, was knowing whoever the bus driver was, he or she had not yet seen me naked. And now I would stand out even more than before when some of the other women were dressed in only lingerie.  
  
The woman in a gown, who told me I had ‘Spunk” earlier in the evening, walked up to us. “Kelly. I must tell you. I expected you to fall apart when you found out your dress was at Alfred’s house. The fact that you, yourself handed it over to the courier, would have been more that anyone I know could have handled. You really do have spunk!” I have, to believe she was trying to be supportive, but it only served to weaken my spine and allow the thoughts of humiliation to re-enter my psyche. Immediately I turned to Brian and asked for a double shot. More liquid courage was needed, as I became more apprehensive about our upcoming bus ride to Alfred’s home next door.  
  
The announcement came, and the hour of reckoning was at hand. I heard the bus pull up. We never heard if before, because we were all in the lower level. It sounded like a beating drum that signaled my upcoming humiliation. I now had to file through the back yard, the rear entry and kitchen, then the dining area to the front foyer and out the front door to the awaiting bus. All while having the fabric of so many others brush against my bare skin. That damn roller coaster!

**New Year's Set Up - 25 Beginning of the End**

I wish I hadn’t been so prophetic when I was joking with Carl about taking the bus home in the nude. “Be careful what you wish for” they say. The guests were less than orderly, as we started to make our way up to the house and out to the waiting bus. I downed one more quick shot as Carl and I drifted close to the back of the group. Out of the fifty or so party goers, we had less than a dozen people behind us. I wouldn’t say I was nervous, but having people look at your ‘Bare Ass’ when you can’t see them, would make anyone a little self-conscious.  
  
I had a difficult time controlling my tongue at times too. Especially when stupid people would ask me if I have ever been naked on bus before. They asked as if I stripped off my clothes in public every day. Making sure not to come off sounding sarcastic, I would reply with a simple smile, “No. But once I was the only one naked on a party boat for eight hours! There were over a hundred people there that day!”, just to see their expressions. Carl had to turn away to keep from being seen laughing.  
  
It wasn’t until we made our way from the kitchen to the dining room that reality started setting in. It felt like every inch of my bare skin was brushing up against the fabric of someone’s clothes, as we squeezed through the narrow doorway. Men and women, young and old, were surrounding me, and the feel of the different materials, of their garments, was bringing me to an unwanted arousal. In the tight quarters of the dining area, my nipples returned to their erect position and I was getting moist between my thighs. I was petrified, the flush look on my face, might be noticed by someone, as we entered the well-lit foyer. “How do I disguise my titillation?”, I was asking myself.  
  
Dealing with this emotional dilemma and only a few feet from the foyer, I felt someone’s wondering hand brush across my naked ass. I knew it wasn’t Carl because he was in front of me, and I knew it was ‘No’ accident. Realizing we were all pretty drunk, and I didn’t want to start any trouble this far into the evening, I took it as a harmless prank. I never even looked back to see who it might be. Even so, it heightened my libido and I would have given anything to have 60 seconds of privacy. That’s all it would have taken to bring myself to orgasm.  
  
We entered the front foyer at a snail’s pace. I could feel the breeze coming through the open front door. The additional stimulation made me grab Carl around his waist from behind. I held him as tight as I could, knowing whoever grabbed my ass, now had an unobstructed view of my bare butt cheeks, or at least my butt crack. I’m not sure, but I think I spread my thighs a bit, giving, whoever it was, along with everyone else behind me, a little additional scenery. The cold tile floor, of the foyer, made me relive in my mind, my naked photo shoot with Todd. I was so ashamed, but my second private exhibition was turning me on even more.  
  
Carl and I finally made it through the front door. I wasn’t aware how being naked in front of the house, opposed to being naked in the back yard, would make me feel so much more exposed. I was naked at a party, when I was in the house and back yard. But seeing the bus, with it’s interior all lit up, and hearing the occasion car pass down on the road, I knew now, I was ‘Nude in Public’! The rough bricks of the walkway, and the occasional pebble under my bare feet, made me realize how ill-advised this part of my naked adventure really was.  
  
My circumstances were getting the best of me. I turned to the front door, with the thought of running back inside, foremost on my mind. Before I could make a dash for it, I saw Brian locking the front door. He turned to me with the most sinister grin, as he made his way past Carl and I, and onto the bus. I swear the temperature dropped 10 degrees in just a few seconds. The cold air was keeping my nipples hard as a rock and reminding me of my vulnerability. I looked to the bus, now almost full, and then to Carl. Seeing that I was having second thoughts about the trip next door, he quietly whispered in my ear, “It’s only next door. Relax”.  
  
With only a few people left to board the bus, a car sped up the driveway. Before I could react, Jen and Jill came out of nowhere and grabbed my arms, preventing me from covering my shame. Being smaller than them, naked, along with having no shoes, I was in no condition to fight them off. I screamed, “What Are You Doing?”, as they made sure I was totally exposed to the upcoming headlights. I turned to Carl for help, but he was gone. I became tongue tied as the car pulled up within ten feet of us.  
  
I was unable to see anything with those bright light shining in my eyes. Being held by Jen and Jill and having to squint, I just stood there, on display for whoever was in the car, with nothing but my tiny pubic patch for cover. I thought I was going to faint. It was like being on stage in a dim theatre with the spotlight on you. You know the audience is there, but you can’t see them. Worse yet, they can see you. Or in this case, they could see all of me.  
  
By now everyone else was on the bus and their phones were flashing non-stop. Somewhere deep inside, I realized I must be some kind of an exhibitionist slut, because I could have squeezed my legs together, but I stood my ground with enough gap between my thighs for everyone in the car to see my pussy lips. Still I was unable to see anything. I was naked and on display for all those on the bus (And their camera phones) and those in the car in front of me.  
  
I heard a car door open and someone step out. Unable to see who it was, I yelled out, “Who are you? What do you want!”. There was a moment of silence, then I heard the voice of what seemed like an old woman say, “O.k. Bring her to the house”. I heard the car door shut and the car pulled up next to me. (Still bound by Jen and Jill) It was a limousine with the windows blacked out. I strained but couldn’t see who was inside. After a few moments the car pulled away and the girls released me.

**New Year's Set Up - 26**

This time I wasn’t Embarrassed ‘or’ Horny! I was just plain worried. Maybe even a little scared. It was like something right out of a mob movie. Who was in that car? Why were they there? Where they there to see me? To see me naked? Was this some kind of a joke, or another opportunity to embarrass me? Or was it something more ominous? And where was Carl? Where was my husband? Up until now, the evening ranged somewhere between ‘Complete and Utter Humiliation’ to ‘The Most Titillating Experience of My Life’. But this was different. I truly felt vulnerable. What was going on? Standing naked in the driveway, in full view of the bus load of hobbyist photographers, I turned to Jill and Jen, with my eyes pleading for an explanation. Just then, Megan walked up and put her arm around me.  
  
Megan’s touch startled me, and I flinched. I started to shake a little, as my entire body broke out in goose bumps. “Take it easy Kelly. Easy”, she said in a comforting tone, as she pulled me closer to her warm sweatshirt. Jen and Jill surrounded me in a group hug. I was totally confused and disoriented by the recent events. Just when I thought I might break down and cry, I heard Carl’s voice, “Come on baby! We have to go take the group picture!” I turned and saw him standing on the lowest step of the bus, with this big stupid grin on his face. For the third time that evening my blood started to boil. He nonchalantly waved me on and headed back up into the bus.  
  
Carl’s indifferent attitude toward my plight pissed me off big time. I turned in anger toward the bus, with the intention of ripping him a new one. The girls held me back, as I watched him casually stroll down the aisle of the brightly lit bus, and take a seat in the back. Megan whispered in my ear, “Take it easy Kelly. There are better ways of getting back at him”. Still fuming, I took a moment to calm down in the confidence of the three women. “Use your attributes to make him jealous”, Jen said. “Yeah. Jen’s right! Flaunt it girl!” Jill chimed in. I took another moment to calm down, then in a low but stern voice, said, “O.k. girls. I’m ready!”  
  
We all headed toward the bus. I could feel the course asphalt under my bare feet, reminding me of my nakedness. Hearing the clicking of Jen and Jill’s heels (Megan wore sneakers) on the pavement was further validation of my exposed state. Once again, my nipples became erect, and not because of the cool breeze. I was the last to board the bus, as the girls made their way to their husband’s sides. Standing on the steps of the bus, I took a good look at the bus driver. He was about twenty years older than me, but a very handsome man. I figured I should get acquainted with him. Right?  
  
I stepped up on the platform and introduced myself. Holding my hand out, with my pussy at his eye level, I said, “Hello. My name is Kelly. What’s yours?” He was obviously taken completely off guard, and mumbled, “I’m George”, and nervously shook my hand. “Well it’s nice to meet you George”, I said with a big smile. I held my hand on the chrome pole and cocked my hips a bit, making sure my tiny pubic patch, and now exposed labia, was in his full view, as I continued our introduction. I could see and hear the flashes of everyone’s camera phones, which only served to make me more brazen.  
  
“Well George. I guess you’re wondering why I’m naked. Well, you wouldn’t believe the night I’ve had”, I continued, with a relaxed but promiscuous demeanor. The poor man looked so anxious, I decided to let him off the hook. “Well. Maybe later”, I said, as I turned to walk down the aisle. I knew at any given moment, this could turn into a ‘Walk of Shame’, but I was willing to risk it. I made my way past the continuous flashes, making sure to take my time and allow everyone the best opportunity to get the photo angle they wanted, without being to superficial. Having my stimulated pussy at eye level for the entire group was nothing short of euphoric.  
  
Megan, Jen and Jill all stopped me for a moment, when I reached their seats, during my naked (Bus) cat walk. They would subtlety ‘wink’ at me and make small talk, allowing me my continued retribution for my husband’s frivolous attitude towards my black limousine encounter. I finally made it to the back of the bus and laid my eyes on Carl. He seemed contrite, as he patted the seat next to him, in an attempt to get me to join him. Still enraged, that he would allow me to be so emotionally distraught, I said “I think I’ll ride up front with George”, as I turned and made my way back to the front of the bus.  
  
The bus was just getting under way when I asked George, “George. Can I stay up here for the ride to Alfred’s house?” as I held on to both chrome bars, in an attempt to have him believe I was safety conscious. He was unable to turn me down, but probably just wanted to get this short trip over with. “O.k. Kelly. But hold on tight”. When the bus proceeded to the end of Brian and Jill’s driveway, the interior lights of the bus went out. As we stopped at the street I asked George for another favor. “George. Can we leave the inside lights on? We’re just going next door after all. I promise I’ll duck down if we pass any cars”. He never responded, but the interior lights came back on as we turned onto the road.  
  
Standing there with my hands clasping the poles, and my bare back, ass and legs on display for our entire group of happy New Year’s travelers, I was in my glory. Getting back at Carl was now just a bonus. I spread my feet apart for balance (Yeah right) and gave everyone a perfect view of my naked butt cheeks and now swollen pussy lips. The more the bus swayed, the further I spread my legs. IT WAS AWESOM! Deep inside I was hoping George would miss Alfred’s driveway, and we’d have to go around the block. I even thought about distracting him, but I was afraid I might cause an accident. We were only going twenty miles per hour, and I was wondering, if not hoping, were any of the surrounding neighbors watching.

**New Year's Set Up - 27**

We pulled up to Alfred’s driveway, and George made the turn effortlessly, to my disappointment. I so wanted to drive around the block naked and exposed, in the brightly lit bus. I didn’t want to be arrested, nor did I want the bus ride extended to continue my retribution against Carl, which I was now over. I wanted it to continue because the exposure in this ‘Real” public space was so erotic. Holding my position between the two chrome poles, with the gap between my thighs being exposed continuously to all on the bus, I restlessly awaited our arrival to Alfred’s front door.  
  
As we pulled up to Alfred’s home, I felt my knees begin to buckle. Brian and Jill had a large home, but Alfred’s house was a mansion. Not just any mansion either. It was a daunting, castle type mansion. I could almost hear that music from the old black and white Frankenstein movies, playing in my head. Trying not to let on that my spine was turning to jelly, I gripped the poles with all my might. This feeling of frailty overcame me, as I heard the high- pitched squeal of the bus brakes. We were now stopped in front of this massive and foreboding front door.  
  
All of a sudden, I was now feeling very uneasy. My heart started pounding harder and harder as I realized my insignificance, in the moon-lit shadows of the forbidding front entrance. "Vulnerable", is not a strong enough word to describe how I was feeling. My position atop of the stairs of the brightly lit bus, that brought me so much gratification, now had the promise of becoming my undoing. I knew I had no choice but to be the first one off the bus. Having nothing to cover the indignity of my situation, I held my breath as I watched the bus doors open.  
  
For a moment I had forgotten that Alfred was on the bus. As I remembered, I turned and looked back, searching for him on this crowded bus. I caught a glimpse of him from the corner of my eye. He was smiling as he gave me the nod of approval, so I decided this should be alright. After all, this was his house and I had been invited. I turned my focus back to the steps that led to yet another location where I would be completely naked and on display for all to see. Still hesitating to take the first step down, I felt a hard ‘SMACK’ on my bare ass. I immediately turn and saw Jill staring at me. “Come on Kelly! We want to get off the bus!” she insisted. With my left ass cheek feeling the sting from her slap, I took the first step down.  
  
The rough cold metal of the bus steps under my bare feet, reinforced my sense of trepidation. I could barely catch my breath, but managed to take the last step to the ground. I tried to step aside, allowing the others to pass as I waited for Carl to join me. Jen and Jill would have none of it. Again, they each grabbed an arm and forcibly escorted me to those foreboding front doors. I pleaded with them to let me wait for Carl, and not be the first in line when those massive doors opened. Jill responded, “Carl will catch up, but right now you are the Guest of Honor”.  
  
I turned to her, and in an abrupt voice, asked, “What? What do you mean, Guest of Honor? Why am I the ‘Guest of Honor?” Still gripping my arm, she turned to Jen and sarcastically said. “She wants to know why she’s the Guest of Honor”. Jen held my other arm tightly, and replied, in a loud and demeaning tone, “Because You Are Naked Kelly! You Have No Clothes On!” Jen pushed the button for the doorbell. The booming, ominous sound of the bell, was all that could drown out the laughter from the crowd behind me.  
  
Of course, I knew I was naked. Of course, I realized I was ‘The Only One Naked’, but to hear someone say it out loud, made my sense of impropriety take hold. “What was I doing at a complete stranger’s door, with no clothes on? What was I thinking? What compelled me to behave this way?”, I silently asked myself. Still on the emotional roller coaster, I was overwhelmed with shame, yet my nipples remained erect, and I was still (if not more) moist between my thighs. I almost fainted as the large doors began to swing open.  
  
I couldn’t comprehend how I had gotten here. How could I have ended up standing here naked. These thoughts occupied my mind, as an aged man in a servant’s tuxedo greeted me (us) at the door. He was your stereo typical butler. This entire experience was getting just plain creepy. Having no clothes on, made it down right harrowing. The man stepped to the side and motioned us in, without saying a word. He never once changed his dull expression, as he had an unobstructed view of my naked body. The entrance hall was as big as our entire house. The cold stone floors sent shivers up my spine, as I tried to take in the scale of this great room.  
  
Jen and Jill released my arms while nudging me forward, so the others could make their way into this awesome space. After everyone was in the great hall, I noticed we were anything but crowded. I was so fascinated with the house, and its size, I had temporarily forgotten I was naked, nor did I have any idea where my clothes were. For the moment, I was distracted enough not to care. By now I had rejoined Carl, and we quickly made amends for our behavior during the recent events. His indifference to my limousine trauma, and my over zealous exhibition of my pussy, tits and ass.  
  
Before Carl had time to overthink my salacious breech of etiquette on the bus, Alfred made his way to the front of the grand entrance and announced, “This way everyone!” as he started down a big, scary hallway. I figured I would stay toward the rear of the group with Carl, and try to blend in a bit, like that was possible. However, I was not surprised when everyone stepped back and waited for me to go first. “I’ve come this far”, I thought to myself, and made my way past everyone, to take the first place in line.

**New Year's Set Up-28**

I had lost count of the times I had to take a deep breath, before continuing my naked adventure, yet once again it was necessary. Alfred was down the hallway a bit, waving us on to follow him. The cold stone floors, and medieval vibe of the place, made it emotionally taxing to continue. Especially since I was naked. I put on my finest, artificial smile, summoned what little audacity I had left, and took the first step toward Alfred. I felt like Dorothy in ‘The wizard of Oz’ on her way to meet the Wizard for the first time. I had this warped vision of myself, walking with the Scarecrow, Tin Man and Lion, but this time Dorothy (me) was bare assed naked.  
  
Jen nudged me from behind to pick up the pace. I walked a bit faster, but with great trepidation. Alfred was about twenty feet ahead of us and had taken a turn into another hallway. As we rounded the corner, I could see the back of his tuxedo taking another turn. This place was like a maze, but I was grateful that keeping up with the elderly man, had taken my mind off my nudity. I quickened the pace and turned down the same hallway to catch up with him. There he was, standing in front of the most exquisitely crafted wooden doors. With the sweaty hands of those behind me on my naked flesh, I led our group up to Alfred, and the next level of my escapade.  
  
Even though the hallway was as wide as my bedroom at home, and twice as high, it started to feel a bit more confined than the great entrance hall. Alfred said, in a soft voice, “This is where we will be taking the group photo”, as he opened the doors to the most elaborate banquet hall I had ever seen. The ceilings were twenty feet high and the décor was early 18th century. I would have been happy to be naked in front of anyone, for a complete tour of the magnificent place.  
  
There were six servants. Both men and women. All dressed in formal black and white uniforms, holding trays of champagne and hors d’oeuvres. I remember feeling so small at the time. They were the hired help, but I was standing here naked. To their credit, not a single server, showed the slightest sign, of their awareness of my naked predicament. Anyone can turn their nose down to someone who has a lesser social status than they do, but no matter what your status, if you are naked, everyone has the upper hand. I drank four glasses of champagne in about two minutes. It was a much needed shot of liquid courage.  
  
The group was mingling and drinking champagne, along with taking more photos of me on their phones, (there must have been hundreds by now) when I watched Alfred walk to the end of the room. He tapped his champagne glass with a spoon to get our attention. “Ladies and gentlemen, we will be taking a short walk to the theatre room for the group photo, then returning here for additional refreshments” he said. Every glass of champagne was swallowed down except the glasses we all took with us. It was apparent that I was not the only one who wanted to maintain my buzz. Once again, I was escorted to the front of the line, to lead us on our continuous journey. We were finally on our way to the chosen location for the group photo.  
  
By this time, I was relaxed yet stimulated, and looking forward to having the photo taken. It was obvious I would be ‘Front and Center’ in the picture. I was contemplating how much of my ‘Beaver’ (as they described it earlier) I wanted to show. While we followed Alfred, I became moist again, as I wondered what the people who saw this particular photo on the internet, would think. Even though there were hundreds of nude internet posts of me by now, showing the countless emotions I was feeling during my ‘four hour’ debasement, they would depict an over the top, drunk woman at a New Year’s Eve party. The group photo would stir their psychological interest. “Who is she?” “Why is she naked?” “Who in their right mind, would have her picture taken, while naked, with all of those dressed people?” “Who are those dressed people?” These are the questions I would ask.  
  
I was getting more and more aroused, as I became consumed with these thoughts. I even decided to keep my legs spread open enough (if I was seated for the photo) so my labia would be noticed by any viewers. If I was standing, a clear gap between my thighs was in order. All I knew is that I was now saturated and would have posed ‘Spread Eagle’ if I was asked to do so. It became increasingly difficult to keep the fact that these fantasies were occupying my every thought, from Carl or anyone else who was near. I had to struggle to keep from touching myself and there was no hiding my fully erect nipples. I couldn’t wait to see the final group photo.  
  
We arrived at the theatre room, and it was as awe-inspiring as the rest of the house. At least the parts we had seen. Still, like the rest of the areas we had seen, it too had cold stone floors that continued to remind me of my exposure. There were at least 100 seats and the theatre screen must have been at least twenty feet across. Alfred organized us between the front row of seats and the movie screen. There were thirty-foot wide stairs that led to the stage, in front of the movie screen. The group was positioned with men in the rear. Women and men in the second row and the formally dressed women in the front row. I started to feel self-conscious as I waited my turn to be positioned.  
  
Everyone had a place in the arrangement while I was standing there naked, waiting for Alfred to tell me where he wanted me located. Seeing everyone in place, while I was standing in front of them, was becoming increasingly awkward. It was like they were keeping me on ‘Naked Display’ for some reason. Just as quickly as I had become soaking wet with anticipation, I was once again uneasy and embarrassed. I gave Carl a forced smile and look of bewilderment as I continued to remain on exhibition.  
  
Just when I felt I might come unraveled from the suspense, the doors on the other side of the theatre flew open. Two men I hadn’t seen before, dressed in servant’s tuxedos, walked in with a wing backed chair and placed it in the center of the group. Following them was a man with a camera, fixed to a tripod. “OMG! They hired a professional photographer!” I thought. Yes. I know, but I couldn’t help it. I covered my breasts with my hands, as I watched my three new observers go about their tasks. I’m not sure if it was intentional, but I left my pussy, with its tiny little pubic patch, available for their viewing.  
  
I dropped my hands from my breasts and walked up to the chair. There was something about this chair. It seemed vaguely familiar. Without asking Alfred, I sat in the chair. An eerie feeling came over me. I had this de’ ja’-vu moment. I had this feeling I had sat in this chair before. The photographer set up his camera, and Alfred said, “Almost ready people”. I had settled into a more comfortable zone, as the photographer had Alfred take his place for the photo. He then turned his attention to me. I felt a bit nervous as he looked down at me, and I looked up him. He smiled and said. “You must be Kelly”. I returned the smile, but still felt a bit uneasy. No one seemed to mind that I was sitting in this chair without permission, yet I couldn’t get away from this feeling that I had sat in it before.

**New Year's Set Up-29**

The photographer introduced himself to me as Larry, as he shook my hand. His soft grip made me feel more at ease. I did find it a bit strange that he knew my name and seemed to be addressing only me but decided not to let it concern me. He was young, maybe twenty years old or so, only about 5’ 6” in height and thin. His hair was down to his shoulders, and it was obvious he had a freelance way about him. I was relieved that since we had a professional photographer, he was not the intimidating type. When you’re naked, almost anyone can seem unnerving. If anything, he made me feel a bit uninhibited. Larry took only a few moments to set up and make the necessary adjustments. He gave some brief instructions to the group, then rearranged a few people.  
  
Once he had the members of the group positioned where he wanted them, he turned to me and said, “Now Kelly. What do you say we take a few test shots? You make yourself comfortable”. By now, the desire to expose myself had diminished just a bit. Don’t get me wrong! I still had this fervent impulse to see pictures of myself, naked among my dressed companions, but now I could have used a little more invigoration to get me in the mood. I was grateful that Larry was about to supply it.  
  
There I was. Naked! Sitting in this elaborate home theatre, with a professional photographer, who was preparing to take photos of me (us). Photos of my naked body, amid all these dressed people. The crazy thing was, I had become so distracted by the familiarity of the chair, I was sitting in, I almost overlooked the reason we were there. Larry knelt down in front of me, to continue his instructions. This both caught me off guard and aroused me at the same time. I did see his mouth move, but barely heard a word he said. His gaze was only feet from my now stimulated pussy, as I sat there with my legs partially spread.  
  
Disregarding the fact that my husband was in the group behind me, I discretely spread my thighs further apart. I was so craving that exhilarating sensation I had felt earlier. Having my ‘almost’ shaven pussy so close to Larry’s surveying eyes, was just the sensual inspiration I needed. I tried to appear focused on his instructions, but could only imagine in my mind’s eye, the visual awareness he must have had, as I continued to widen the gap between my thighs. I then folded my legs Indian style, giving him a clear view of my open slit and moist labia. This hedonistic sensation was what I truly desired.  
  
“That’s a great position Kelly!”, he said with a trace of excitement in his tone, while he made his way to the scope of his camera. My smile became more genuine, as I fixed my hands to the armrests of the familiar chair. I couldn’t help but look down at my wide-open pussy and wonder how the pictures were going to come out. Larry called me, to get me to look toward the camera. It was slightly embarrassing being caught staring down at my own pussy, but I just looked to the camera lens and widened my smile. I was thrilled as I saw and heard the flash of the camera.  
  
This was going much better than I had envisioned the group photo shoot would go. Having the group behind me, while feeling somewhat sheltered in the chair, Larry was the only one with a clear view of my exposed assets. This allowed me to be comfortable keeping everything on display. After a few photos were taken, Larry invited me to look into the eye piece of his digital camera and see the first few shots. OMG! They were perfect! I looked more exposed that I ever would have imagined, and truly happy too. Everyone behind me posed with smiles but seemed a little more serious than I appeared. Probably because they all had clothes on and I didn’t.  
  
Sitting Indian style with that great big smile on my face, gave me the appearance of a young girl who had zero inhibitions. Surrounded by fifty dressed people only re-enforced the impression that I was truly excited to be naked in this picture. The photos had the shock value of the ones I had seen on the web. They were exactly as I had envisioned they would be. Anyone who saw these photos would definitely have some questions. “Who is she?” “Why is she naked?” “What was she thinking?” Etc. etc. etc. I couldn’t wait to see them on a public website on the internet, and read the viewers comments.  
  
Overcome with excitement, I jumped back on the chair and resumed my position. I must have looked like a child sitting on the floor in front of the tree on Christmas morning. Well. Except for the fact that I was thirty years old, and I was naked. I could barely contain the exhilarating rush that had overwhelmed me. Just when I thought I might be unable to suppress my titillation, I heard an unmistakable voice come from the side entrance to the home theatre. “Alfred. Larry. How’s the group photo coming along?”  
  
I jumped out of the chair and took a good look at it! I knew I recognized this chair! This was the chair I sat in when I went to visit my Aunt Edna in the summers of my childhood. I became lightheaded and unsteady. My bare skin seemed to be on fire as I heard her footsteps getting closer and closer to me. Knowing there was no chance of obtaining anything to cover my emotionally devastating shame, I froze with my eyes facing the floor, in complete and total humiliation. Not a single word was uttered by anyone, as the sound of her footsteps were like a sledge hammer pounding on the stone floor. At least to me.  
  
I could barely move as I heard her footsteps stop a few feet behind me. “Hello Kelly. How are you my dear child? Turn around so I can see you”, she said. It must have been the noise of the bus engine that prevented me from recognizing her voice in Brian and Jill’s driveway. Practically in tears, I slowly turned toward her, but was unable to look her in the face. “Hi Auntie”, I muttered, still looking at the floor. She walked up to me and gently lifted my chin, like she did when I was a little girl. With that reassuring expression she had, when I stayed with her for all of those summers, she asked again, “How are you child?” Overwhelming shame and embarrassment prevented me from being able to answer. “We’ll have time to talk later dear”, she said softly, as she hugged my naked body.

**New Year's Set Up-30**

Just when I felt I could endure no additional humiliation, Aunt Edna stepped back just far enough to examine my naked flesh as she held my hands. Not knowing why, she was even here, I looked to her for some empathy for my plight. She ignored the silent pleas of my tear- filled eyes and continued to survey every inch of bare skin, still holding fast to my hands. Her visual inspection turned to scrutiny, as she turned her focus to my tiny pubic patch. “Oh Kelly. I remember when you first entered puberty. You had a little tuft of peach fuss just like you have now!”  
  
“Auntie, please”, I begged, as those surrounding us started to giggle and point. Her response would leave me in agonizing distress. “Oh Kelly. ‘NOW’ you’re deciding to be modest? Movie Screen Please!” The room immediately became brighter as the twenty-foot screen lit up with one of the photos taken of me earlier. Everyone turned around to look at the big screen. There I was. As big as life. I was leaning against the bar right after Jill had shaved my pussy. I was sitting on a bar stool with my legs spread wide open and a smug look on my face, surrounded by clothes onlookers. I looked like the epitome of a dirty slut.  
  
One of the photos I was going to masturbate to, when I got home, now became the source of my utter debasement. The entire room was filled with the roaring of laughter. I was completely stunned as I listened to their degrading hilarity and watched as they looked at the screen then turned back to me. It was as if they were looking to the live ‘Naked Kelly’ for validation that this was really happening.  
  
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
  
I must take a brief interlude to explain who Aunt Edna is, and why she is so important to me.  
I am the only child of one of two sisters. My mother got married and my parents had me. Aunt Edna was a self-made millionaire who never married. For as long as I could remember, I spent my summers at her lake house. I spent two months a year with her and saw her on the occasional holiday. I didn’t know until I reached my late teens, that she chose to run her vast empire from her lake house office, just so she could spend her summers with me. The last summer I spent at the lake house was when I was seventeen. We still, keep in touch and I receive a birthday gift from her every year. The gift is from some foreign country she happens to be visiting. It’s been thirteen years since we have spent a summer together, but I still remember those wonderful times often, and with great fondness. Oh. I also must tell you. Aunt Edna is a free spirit, with little inhibitions herself. You know, you just can’t get away from those genes.  
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Back to the story.  
  
I was so flabbergasted, I didn’t even have the whereabouts to look for Carl, in the hysterically laughing crowd. Aunt Edna held tightly to my hand, preventing me form running out of the room. Just as my humiliation had reached a fever pitch, Megan, Jen and Jill walked up to us. “I love your aunt, Kelly”, Megan said to me. Aunt Edna turned to them and said, “Nice to see you again girls”. “Again?” I asked, in a confused voice, as I looked to Aunt Edna for clarification. She only said, “Next Frame Please!” as she decided to take everyone on a trip down memory lane.  
  
The laughter started again as the next photo was displayed on the large screen. I almost passed out when I saw (along with everyone else) the next picture. It was a picture of me from one of my summer vacations at Aunt Edna’s lake house. I was 10 years old and playing with some other kids in the sand by the water. I was wearing nothing but the bottom half of a red two-piece bathing suit that was too small for me. Aunt Edna quieted the assembly of amused party- goers so she could narrate the seemingly odd photo.  
  
“As you can see, this infatuation with wearing little or nothing in public, is not a recent phenomenon for Kelly, but rather a re-occurring pattern. I bought her several new bathing suits, yet she insisted that the old, worn out red one was her favorite. I would hear her yell out, “Auntie! I’m going to the beach!” as I would hear the slamming of the screen door. Without fail, I would watch her run down the path to the beach, and the top piece of her suit would be laying in the sand before she ever reached the other kids.  
  
Over and over I would tell her, Kelly. You are not three years old any more. You need to keep your top on. She would casually reply, “Auntie. The top rubs me under my arms”. Then why won’t you wear one of the suits I bought you? I would ask. She’d simply say to me, “This red one’s my favorite Auntie” and walk away with her little butt cheeks bursting out the sides of that tattered two-year old suit, carrying the top in her hand”.  
  
I was mortified as Aunt Edna told that story, while the proof was plastered on the enormous movie screen. The group couldn’t get enough of it, as their laughter was reaching new heights. Still Aunt Edna retained her grip on my hand, keeping me naked and exposed to their ridicule.

**New Year's Set Up-31**

There was no doubt in my mind, that this entire night was a set up. I realize I willingly walked into many of the situations, to satisfy my own depraved urges, (which in itself, was reason for concern) but Aunt Edna being here was just too much of a coincidence. Embarrassing pictures of me when I was young, on the big screen? There was some serious planning that went on. I knew Aunt Edna must have been the mastermind behind the evening, but as I got Carl in my sights, I wondered how deeply he was involved in my public degradation. More importantly, why?  
  
My time to ponder my circumstances was limited. Aunt Edna decided it was time for another mortifying story from my childhood. It’s true that I was usually underdressed in those days, but the kids at the beach (mostly boys) were younger than me and didn’t seem to care. After all my breasts were still a couple of years away from their initial development. I hadn’t reached puberty yet. I didn’t look any different than them at the time.  
  
Just when that went thought went through my mind, I heard Aunt Edna say, “I remember how curious Kelly was during puberty”. “AUNTE! PLEASE! I begged, to no avail. Megan, Jen and Jill waited in anticipation as they egged her on to continue with the story. She led me to the seats in the front row of the theatre. She sat in one seat, while tapping the one to her right. A subtle direction for me to sit next to her. I followed her wishes and sat my naked ass down, as the others gathered around to listen to her story. I had to stiffen my spine again, since I knew where her story might lead. After all, I was there.  
  
Deep in my inner heart I knew Aunt Edna loved me, so there must be some purpose to putting me through such a humbling experience. Knowing now that she was not disappointed with me, I decided to just grin and bare it. I sat back, making sure to remain exposed, and waited for her to tell the upcoming humiliating story. Aunt Edna leaned forward in her seat and began to satisfy the curiosity of the group.  
  
“When Kelly was eleven years old, she had reached puberty and had her first period, while staying with me that summer”, she started. I almost started to cringe, but tried to maintain my naked dignity, if that’s even possible. Having something so personal, being revealed to a group of basically dressed strangers, would test anyone’s nerve. She continued. “It wasn’t until the next year, when she was twelve, that I saw for myself how curious my adorable little niece was about her own sexuality”. Suddenly it was as if the entire group started panting in anticipation, as they started to stare at my naked body.  
  
I was struggling to maintain an artificial smile and not cover up in shame, as the expressions on their faces made me feel small. “That summer”, she continued, “Was like any other summer except, Kelly was spending a lot more time alone in her room, with the door locked”, as she gave them a sarcastic ‘Wink’. A collective gasp came from almost all of the listeners, as their expression turned to derision. Still, I held fast and did not complain. By now most everyone knew where the story was going, but wanted to hear it told, to completion.  
  
‘Well, one day she forgot to lock the door, so I walked in”, she went on to say. “Well. There she was, sitting on the bed with no pants on, just a T-shirt. Her legs were spread wide open and her little fingers were hard at work”. As the group seemed stunned, I finally broke my silence. “Auntie!”, I protested. She ignored me and continued her story. “I said Kelly! What are you doing? She actually told me, she thought there was some sand from the beach in there. Yeah Right, I thought to myself. It looked to me like she was digging for gold!”  
  
The room erupted with the loudest laughter you have ever heard. I wanted to crawl into a hole, as Jen yelled out, “You got caught masturbating by your aunt. How humiliating!” The laughter continued for what seemed like forever. The hardest thing I have ever done, was nothing. I didn’t cover up. I didn’t even cross my legs. I just remained on display and ignored all their belittling comments and finger pointing. Aunt Edna must have sensed, l was almost to my breaking point. She stood up and quieted the group. “O.k. everyone! That’s enough story telling for the night.

**New Year's Set Up- 32**

Aunt Edna started to mingle with the guests, no doubt telling more embarrassing stories from my childhood. Yes, it was true I was uninhibited back then, but the lake house had such a casual feel about it. Proper etiquette was something that was rarely followed. Often times I could hear, and sometimes see, the adults skinny dipping in the lake at night, from my bedroom window. Wearing just a T-shirt (barely long enough to cover my privates) was something I did often, while in the house, and never felt over exposed. It just didn’t seem like a big deal to me back then.  
  
If I was watching T.V. and heard a friend calling, I would run for the door without thinking about what I Was or Was Not Wearing. I was just going to meet my friends. The problem for others, was that unless I was standing still and holding my T-shirt down, everything other that my undeveloped flat chest, could have been seen. I never gave it a second thought. Auntie would always stop me at the door, and hand me a pair shorts or bathing suit bottom and say, “Kelly. I swear you’re going to grow up to be a nudist”, with a frustrated tone in her voice. She’s probably sharing that little tidbit right now.  
  
I was remembering how impetuous I was as a child, when Carl’s voice snapped me out of my little day dream. Recognizing that I was still naked, I once again felt exposed, and this time I was not a carefree child. Carl finally joined me and had the nerve to say, “Your Aunt Edna is Awesome!”. Still reeling from her public unveiling of both my mind and body, I couldn’t believe he was still indifferent to my dilemma. All night long he had shown this new talent of saying the ‘Wrong Thing at the Wrong Time’. I was grateful for one thing though. So often when I was about to die of embarrassment, he managed to say something that would turn my attitude to one of exasperation and indignation.  
  
I stood up from my seat, put my hands on my hips and glared at him, unaware the position of my feet, left the gap between my thighs highly visible again. I must have come off looking like I was purposely showing off my naked body again. Aunt Edna approached us saying, “There’s my little nudist”. Jill added, “You’re right Edna. She just doesn’t care who sees that body of hers!” Aunt Edna replied, “She never did Jill! She never did.” I turned to her and tried to explain, when she said with a calming voice, “It’s alright Kelly. We understand”. I stood there fuming. I had this feeling that Carl had baited me into taking such a revealing posture, while the guests continued with their expressions of beratement. Before another word could be said, the servers returned with more champagne. Once again, I was left feeling indecent and vulnerable.  
  
I quickly moved toward the trays of champagne, looking for something to lessen the sting of my perceived betrayal. I felt like everyone’s New Year’s Eve celebration was meticulous planned around my unmitigated, naked spectacle. I can’t lie. There were moments during the evening that I had felt completely exhilarated being naked among so many clothed people. Little did I know, that for every moment of exhilaration, there would be two or more moments of utter shame and humiliation. Right now, it was the latter. I gulped down a glass of champagne and took another from the tray of one of the male servers. I think I subconsciously felt men were less judgmental than women about my public nudity.  
  
Staying close to the champagne and feeling the servers could be trusted more that my Aunt Edna and Carl at this point, I decided to keep my distance from the two people, I used to trust most. Feeling double-crossed by both of them, I noticed Alfred walking up to me. I was waiting for some demeaning comment, when he asked, “Miss Kelly. Would you like a tour of the house?” This spectacular home had diverted my attention from my nudity more than once. I gave him the (Can You Be Trusted?) look, and saw this sweet old man was trying to give me some relief from my present state of affairs.  
  
I grabbed my fourth glass of champagne and allowed the finely dressed old man to escort my naked little frame, on a tour of this magnificent house. Alfred treated me with complete dignity, as he showed me the home. There were many expensive Persian style rugs throughout the house, but the cold stone and wood floors between them were a constant reminder of my nakedness. We toured the most incredible living spaces, along with countless medieval style bedrooms and bathrooms. Not sure where we were, in relation to home theatre, we came upon and exquisitely carved wooden door, with a lit red light above it. Of course, I asked, “What’s in there Alfred?”  
  
“That’s the ‘Security Camera Room’, Miss Kelly. You can see every room in the house, other than occupied bedrooms and bathrooms from in there”. That’s better left alone, was the initial feeling I had but asked if we could go in anyway. Alfred punched in his personal security code on a security pad, and the door opened. He allowed me to enter first, then followed me in. The room was full of dozens of security monitor screens. I knew it was a mistake, but asked Alfred if we could see the ‘Theatre Room’. In his monotone voice, he replied, “As you wish Miss Kelly”. He pressed a few switches and turned a couple knobs, then the entire theatre room was on the main screen. With the adjustment of the volume level, we were watching, and hearing the entire group of guests, listening to another story told by Aunt Edna.  
  
Feeling, for the first time all evening, that I was the one in control, I watched and listened to Aunt Edna begin another story for her attentive audience. That’s when I heard the start of a story, I thought she would never reveal to anyone. My heart sank as I heard her say, “A friend of mine had given me a ‘Vibrator’ as a ‘Gag Gift’, and I carelessly left it out. I had forgotten she had given it to me, until I heard this ‘BuzzzzzzBuzzzzzzBuzzzzzzzBuzzzzzzzz’ coming from Kelly’s room”. The room again erupted in laughter. When the laugher died down, Aunt Edna continued, “She was fifteen at the time. Not knowing how to approach her, I let her have her fun. Buzz Buzz Buzz was all I could hear coming from behind her locked door.  
  
Watching the guests, with all their different reactions, to the public telling of my first use of a vibrator, was more than I could bare. My eyes started welling up, as I turned to Alfred and asked. “Why is she doing this?” About to collapse in utter mortification, he held my arm and said to me, “Miss Kelly. All I can tell you, is that your Auntie is counting on you”. In total bewilderment, I looked up to him for some explanation. He quietly said. “All in good time Miss Kelly”.

**New Year's Set Up- 33**

I turned my focus back to the main screen, still wondering what Alfred meant by, “All in good time, Miss Kelly”. Watching everyone laughing as Aunt Edna continued her story about my first vibrator experience, was making my skin crawl. They were all mocking me, and ‘She’ seemed to be encouraging it. I turned to Alfred and silently pleaded with my tear-filled eyes for a more comforting explanation. I could see the empathy in his expression but could tell he was held to some sort of confidentiality. I turned my gaze back to the security screen, having this feeling I was rapidly becoming the laughing stock of the entire evening.  
  
I was always one to prefer having someone say something to my face, rather than behind my back, no matter what it was. Watching the guests ridicule me (on the security screen) while not being present to challenge their viewpoint, even if by just being in attendance, was killing me. I’m not sure why I brought it up, maybe to justify my obscene behavior, but I told Alfred about the 11:00 drawing of the cards that led to my nakedness. I explained how I had no idea about the card drawing or I would have worn panties and a bra under my dress. After all, he and his party, joined us when I was already down to only my pantyhose.  
  
Maybe I felt telling him would put me in a better light. Maybe I was just trying to justify in my own mind, that I wasn’t some kind of exhibitionist slut. Either way, he responded in a sympathetic tone, “I can see Miss Kelly, how your innocent lack of under garments, could put you in such a compromising situation. But having the courage to remove your dress under such circumstances is truly admirable”. “Thank you, Alfred”, I replied, as I turned my focus back to the security screens projecting the home theatre, feeling better about myself. Standing there naked with this sweet old man, watching the others on T.V. screens, was surprisingly arousing.  
  
After a few moments of tranquil silence, watching the group with Alfred, I started up the discussion again. “Alfred”, I said. “Yes Miss Kelly”, he replied. “Most everyone from the party is aware of how I ended up naked, but what do you think the servers are thinking?”, I asked. He simply responded. “Let’s find out”. With the pushing of a few controls, he zoomed into two male servers that were talking to each other away from the guests. Right there on the screen, you could see the close ups of their faces and hear their conversation.  
  
I was astounded and mesmerized at the same time. One of the men said to the other, “I have no idea why that one lady is naked, but what a smoking little body she has. I’d like to ring in the New Year with her!”. The other replied, “No shit! Can you image how tasty, that sweet little pussy must be?” I was stunned! I stood there with my mouth hanging open, unable to turn my eyes from the screen. Alfred slowly reached for the controls, allowing me the opportunity to stop him, from zooming back out. ‘I Did’. I gently touched his hand, so he pulled back, as I stared at their young, handsome faces and listened to them talk about my naked body. It was intoxicating!  
  
Hoping the two young men didn’t get so crude, that I would have no choice but to let Alfred zoom out, I listened more intently. Alfred was kind enough to take a couple steps back, and allow me some privacy, as I was spying on these two men. Ironic, isn’t it? The first guy continued, “Did you notice that the only thing she was wearing was a wedding ring? Well. A wedding ring and that little pubic hair arrow, that pointed to her slit”. My nipples sprang to attention, and I was quickly becoming wet between my legs. His friend’s response would test the limits of my self-control. “Yeah. I don’t know if her husband is here, but if he doesn’t bury his tongue in that sweet beaver, I’d be happy too”. It took every ounce of my restraint, to keep from slipping my fingers in my now soaked pussy and pleasuring myself.  
  
I was so sexually excited that I turned to Alfred (trying to contain my libido) and said. “We should probably get back to the party. Alfred nodded in agreement and shut down the security monitors. We left the room and headed down the hall, when I turned to him, holding my pussy like I was ten years old again, at Aunt Edna’s lake house, and asked, with my best childlike expression, “Alfred. Is there a bathroom up here? I really need to pee”. “Of course, Miss Kelly. Right this way”, as he led me to one of the guest rooms that had a private bath. I told him I’d be out in a minute, went in then closed and locked the door. I wasn’t making that mistake again.  
  
You guessed it! I masturbated! O.k.? I brought myself to a massive climax in less than a minute, biting my lip the entire time. I know my behavior was naughty (to say the least) but it was imperative that I finally relieved myself. I washed my hands and face, then returned to the hall where Alfred was waiting. I was now galvanized, and anxious to return to the party. The men’s discussion about my body returned much needed obstinance to my attitude. I couldn’t wait to get a glass of champagne from either of the two men, who had restored my self-esteem, and strike up a conversation. This time the cold stone floors were a reminder of how delighted I was to be naked!  
  
Alfred and I made our way back to the theatre room. We entered the room to the stares of the others. I confidently made my way to one of the two male servers and was grateful he had a tray with glasses of champagne. It was perfect! He seemed a bit nervous, as I approached him and asked for a glass of champagne. I sipped from the glass and slowly turned, as I scanned the room for Carl. In truth, I was allowing him a close view of my naked body from every angle, as payment for restoring my assertiveness. Knowing that he wanted to give me oral sex, and that he didn’t know that I knew, was really turning me on

**New Year's Set Up-Finale**

As I caught sight of Carl, Aunt Edna and the girls (Megan, Jen and Jill) walked up to me. Having my new sense of vitality, I stood there, inflexible, determined not to let them get to me. I don’t know why they were so resolute in their endeavor to humiliate me, but my spine was once again stiffened. And this time it was for good, or so I thought. Feeling fearless, I awaited any petty comments they might make about my public nudity, or vivacious childhood. Just when I felt invincible, Aunt Edna looked at me and said, “Kelly. You look flush child. Did you just have an orgasm?”  
  
Engulfed in my own awareness of recent events, I started to panic. “What? No! No! What are you talking about? Why would you ask such a question Auntie?” I spouted out. Ignoring my response, she called out to Alfred, “Alfred. Did Kelly use the bathroom when you two were touring the house?” He replied. “Miss Edna. She used the facilities for a moment”. There was no laughter or finger pointing this time. Just dozens of expressions of disgust. “OMG Kelly. You masturbated in the bathroom? Eeewwww. That’s so gross!” Jen announced, so all could hear. I became numb as I realized how defenseless I really was.  
  
Noticing that even the servers were restraining from laughing, I had never felt so small and pathetic. I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes, as I got a glimpse of Alfred, and remembered what he said to me. “Admirable” That’s the word he used to describe me earlier, when he was comforting me about my nudity. I turned to Aunt Edna and demanded in a stern voice, “AUNTIE! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHY?” The entire room fell silent and waited for her reply. She turned to Alfred and said, “It is time”.  
  
My auntie turned to me and said, “Dear child. I had to know”, she said softly, with the first empathetic expression I had seen all evening. “KNOW WHAT?” I insisted. After a short pause, she replied, “I had to know, that the little girl in the faded, tattered red bathing suit bottom was still here. I needed to know that the girl with so much spunk, and that ‘I don’t give a damn what anyone thinks’ attitude was still here. Kelly. I watched you from when you were a little girl and knew this was the one to take over. Yes! That was years ago, but still I knew”.  
  
“KNEW WHAT? TAKE OVER WHAT AUNTIE?”, I asserted. She calmly replied, “Way back, when you were just ten years old Kelly, I knew someday that crazy little girl, with no inhibitions, would take over my corporations”. An overwhelming sense of fear came over me, as I asked her, “Auntie. Are you alright? You’re not sick, are you?” With a reassuring tone, she replied, “Oh no child. I’m as healthy as a horse. One doesn’t run multi-million-dollar corporations on her first day. Does one?” she replied.  
  
This time, I could not hold back my tears, and began to fall apart. Forgetting I was naked and surrounded by dressed people. My focus was only on my sweet, but “Crazy” Aunt Edna. She pulled me close and hugged me, as I wept uncontrollably. All in attendance started to cheer, as the baton of this corporate conglomerate was being passed from Aunt Edna to her naked little niece, who was crying in her bosom. Aunt Edna pulled back and wiped my tears, as she whispered, “Kelly. I have always known this day would come. I could not be more-proud of you. You and I are so much alike, and I can now know the jobs of all those employed by my corporations will be in good hands.  
  
“Alfred!” she yelled out. “Bring the papers”. Alfred approached with a briefcase and set it upon a portable tray table, set out by one of the male servers, who had so eloquently described what he thought was the flavor of my pussy. Sweet! I believe was the word he used to describe it. I was getting moist again, as I watched him unfold the table. Aunt Edna said, “Kelly. No one has lied to you this evening. Alfred does live here and owns a bus company, but his primary job is my lead corporate attorney. “Alfred. Meet your new boss”, she said. Alfred seemed to disregard my nakedness, as he tilted his head and said, “I am honored Miss Kelly”.  
  
“Almost everyone here works for you now Kelly”, she said, as she turned and scanned the audience of clothed people. She leaned in, and sarcastically whispered in my ear, “I felt it best they knew, ‘You Had Nothing to Hide”, as she leaned back, giggled and surveyed my naked frame. I chuckled along with Auntie, as her humorous take on the situation was spot on. I was standing naked in front of my new employees and didn’t even know most of their names. At this point it didn’t matter and I could have cared less.  
  
Having finally come to terms with my ongoing nudity, Carl stepped up before me. He had this look on his face that said it all. Understanding that he was a willing pawn in Aunt Edna’s scheme, I let him off the hook and gave him a big hug, whispering, “I’ll kill you later”, as we both snickered. Aunt Edna looked at Alfred and said, while looking at the papers set on the portable table and then at me, “We’ll have plenty of time for the details later. Kelly sign here”, as she pointed to the spot preset for my signature.  
  
Alfred handed me a pen, and without a moment of hesitation, I signed my name to the document. Aunt Edna smiled and said, “You are now the President of my corporations Kelly. But keep in mind, I am still the Chairman of the board”, as we all laughed. Alfred asked, “Will there be anything else Miss Kelly?” I looked at him and said, “Yes Alfred, I would like you to dance with me”. “As you wish Miss Kelly” he replied with a satisfactory grin on his face. I whispered in Carl’s ear, “You and me will have a different kind of dance later”.  
  
The lights went dim and the song ‘What a Wonderful World’ resonated through the entire room. Alfred took the hand of his new, naked little boss, and moved to an open area to dance. While we were dancing, the large screen lit up. A slide show of the hundreds of photos of me, naked or wearing only pantyhose, were being shown on the big screen to my new subordinates. Cheers filled the room as Alfred and I continued our dance. He looked down to me and said, “Congratulations Miss Kelly. I’ve been your Aunt’s attorney for decades now, and she has certainly chosen the right successor. Those around you, believe it or not, can be trusted to help you on your new journey.