**Pizza in the Buff**

by**[WokeUpOneDay](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3046808&page=submissions)**

When I started reading on Lit, this was the contest that held the most interest for me. Its stories from the many authors capture my imagination. I guess that you could say it was the reason that I found Lit to be my favorite erotic story site on the Internet!  
  
So if any of the other authors are reading this, I want to thank you!  
  
Most of all, thank you readers for your continued interest in my works! I hope you enjoy this one-shot!  
  
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"I've called you all in here because I wanted you to know..." Pierson took a deep breath. "We have problems. The big guys and the town are beating us out of business."  
  
Negative shouts rang out throughout the room. Six delivery people and seven cooks and clerks were present. He hadn't hired anyone new in three years since there were no jobs to be had anywhere else. His youngest employee was 19, his oldest 40, and everyone knew each other fairly well, or so he thought.  
  
"How long do we have?" Aaron asked.  
  
Pierson raised his arms to quiet the crowd. "The books aren't good. If things stay as bad as they are, I'll have to close in a month at most."  
  
"I can't lose this job!" Aaron yelled out. This started a round of similar comments from the others.  
  
One voice offered hope. "Is there anything we can do?" Mary asked.  
  
Everyone quieted and looked at Pierson eagerly.  
  
"Well that's part of why I called everyone in here. I need you all to come up with ideas. All the promotions I've tried haven't helped," Pierson said.  
  
"Lower the prices," Rachael said quickly.  
  
"We could do that but it doesn't solve anything. Unlike the big guys I can't get ingredients so cheaply that I can make a profit with lower prices."  
  
"Advertising?" Aaron asked.  
  
"I already do on all the local radio stations and newspaper. TV's too expensive and the stations are 75 miles away. The return on investment is far too low."  
  
"How about offering things like wings or poppers?" Miguel asked.  
  
Pierson nodded his head. "That's good, but it'll take too long to get going. If we can pull out of this I'm going to keep that one in mind."  
  
Miguel smiled broadly and a few patted him on the back.  
  
Unfortunately that seemed to signal the end of the ideas. "Come on people. We need something real and fast, for all our sakes."  
  
Pierson watched his crew and waited for anything at all! He wasn't telling them the truth. If they didn't turn it around in a week he'd be going out of business in two. He was desperate, but didn't want them to panic and abandon ship right away. That's why he lied about the month; dirty but necessary.  
  
But as the murmurs went on and nothing else came forth, Pierson started to become more and more depressed and anxious. He started his pizza place with lofty ideals, but soon realized his home town was probably the worst place to do it. Three thousand people in town with two large chain pizza restaurants gave too much competition for a small specialty pizza company.  
  
Pierson's shoulders slowly drooped. He knew that it was a long shot to involve the whole staff in this, but he had to try something. With a sigh he started saying, "Well if any of you can think of something soon..."  
  
"Nude deliveries," a quiet voice said. All eyes turned to the source, Jenna.  
  
People were mostly upset by the suggestion, but Pierson was desperate enough to be interested. "Quiet down, quiet down," he said waiving his hands in the air. "What was that?"  
  
All eyes were on her, the shy delivery girl who just suggested the outrageous. Her eyes darted around while her head remained still and she shrunk from the attention.  
  
"Go ahead, dear. Please explain your suggestion," Pierson said. All eyes turned to him this time.  
  
"Are you crazy?" Aaron asked Pierson.  
  
"Crazy enough to explore anything before the ship sinks, yes. Please Jenna..."  
  
Jenna felt a little more confident with all eyes off of her. "We deliver the pizza in the buff." All eyes shot back to her and she cowered away more.  
  
Pierson's mind was on overdrive, wondering if he could make it work... if he could get the delivery people to give it a try...  
  
"Why would you ever suggest that?" Mary asked Jenna. Jenna mumbled something. "What?"  
  
"Nude Day's in three days," she said quietly. Most in the room didn't hear, but those closest did.  
  
"What's Nude Day?" Rachel asked.  
  
Jenna looked like she was going to implode from all the attention. The cat didn't have her tongue; it more looked like she swallowed it herself.  
  
"It's a day to celebrate being naked," Peter said looking at his phone. "Naked in public."  
  
Jenna looked up at Peter and smiled into his eyes.  
  
The din in the room was high, making it difficult to even think. But Pierson stood there staring at a random point in the room with his mind working faster than ever. Could he possibly make this happen?  
  
"I'm going to ask a ridiculous question here," Pierson said hushing the room and turning all heads toward him. "Who'd do it?"  
  
"You're crazy!" Aaron said and Rachel agreed.  
  
"Yes. Yes I am. I'm crazy enough to do anything to keep this place open. Since the factory closed there aren't many jobs in town or opportunities. If I close the doors I'll have to move out of town like everyone else seems to be doing. How many of you have had the same thoughts?"  
  
Everyone looked around at each other and started nodding.  
  
"So who'd do it?"  
  
No one was forthcoming, although everyone fell silent. Moments passed and Pierson started to realize it was a stupid idea.  
  
Jenna slowly raised her hand; her eyes closed and face cast down.  
  
Rachel gasped. All eyes turned to her and then followed her gaze to Jenna.  
  
"Y-you'd be willing Jenna?" Pierson asked.  
  
Jenna nodded.  
  
"Why?"  
  
Jenna took her time to answer, but no one in the room moved a muscle or breathed a molecule until she did. "I participate every year. I-I go to the city."  
  
More gasps could be heard throughout the room. Little, shy Jenna was a closet exhibitionist... Everyone was dumbstruck, unable to speak.  
  
Until one did. "Hell, if she's in..." Aaron said drawing all eyes to him. "What? There's no way I'm letting her be the only one brave enough to do this crazy thing!"  
  
Mary and Rachel were in awe of the former local high school football star and stared at him dreamy eyed.  
  
"Ok, that's two. Anyone else? Kitchen staff has to be excluded for obvious reasons, sorry people," Pierson said looking at that group.  
  
"What about the clerks?" Mary asked.  
  
"And what about the police?" Rachel asked.  
  
More noise broke out hearing this and Pearson had to quiet the room again. "The bigger question is how do we get the word out?" Jenna slowly raised her hand again. "Go ahead, Jenna."  
  
"I'll make a flyer. I c-can get it done in an hour or so," she said.  
  
"Good! As for the law..."  
  
"I'm calling my dad right now," Aaron said standing and walking out of the room. His dad was the sheriff.  
  
"Right. Well if that gives us a big fat no, all this is moot," Pierson said.  
  
"Moot? What's that?" Rachel asked.  
  
Pierson smiled. "It means pointless. Are you in if it pans out?"  
  
Rachel looked at Mary, two peas in a pod if there ever were. They both nodded at each other slightly. "Only if Mary can do it too..."  
  
Pierson sighed. "As long as she doesn't go into the kitchen and some other things line up... Hell, why not?!"  
  
Mary and Rachel smiled. Miguel fell off his chair.  
  
"You all right?" Pierson asked.  
  
He was a little embarrassed with all eyes on him. "Yes sir! I just... I..." he said looking away with the biggest red-faced grin.  
  
"Ok, so that's two delivery girls and Aaron, with Mary in the store maybe. Anyone else?" Pierson asked.  
  
Peter, who was another delivery person, looked at Jenna again and volunteered.  
  
"If we pull this off you might have the biggest tips you've ever seen!" Pierson said hoping that would be the most encouraging thing he could say. But no one else, even with the promise of more money, came forward.  
  
"Well if you change your minds, let me know. We'll need to hand out Jenna's handy work today to drum up buzz. I hope the copy place can make enough in short demand."  
  
Jenna nodded and walked out. There was a lot of conversation in her absence and Aaron's. How to pull it off, what to do to guard against children being involved... it was so crazy to think that everyone was into the idea whether they planned to be nude or not!  
  
Jenna was back a few minutes after she left with her laptop. She was very busy working on the flyer, completely drowning out everything else.  
  
Twenty minutes later Aaron came back. When he walked into the room all eyes turned to him and the silence became deafening. He was zombie walking, staring at his phone and stood a few feet inside the door.  
  
"Well?" Pierson asked.  
  
"I can't believe it, but Dad's getting permits for us..."  
  
"Permits?" Pierson asked.  
  
"Yeah. The city has an event every year... who knew? When the factory was on the verge of closing, the town council toyed with the idea of doing it here to keep the factory owners interested in staying. They were gonna do anything to keep it here and passed a law for Nude Day..."  
  
"You're shitting me?" Rachel asked.  
  
"I wish I was. I thought there'd be no way this crazy idea would happen. Now I hafta do it..." Aaron said dejectedly.  
  
"Well then..." Pierson said. Even he didn't believe it would happen. He was just hoping that the staff's creative juices would be boiling enough to come up with something else if not...  
  
Several minutes passed.  
  
"Oh. He said that prostitution laws are still there," Aaron added.  
  
"Right. So no sex while on the job people!" Pierson said.  
  
"How're we gonna be able to... I mean not... how are we gonna make it through the day naked without..." Peter rambled.  
  
"It's not about sex," a normally mousy voice said. "It's about being happy to be nude. Unashamed, really," Jenna finished.  
  
It was a good thing she was sitting at a table near the wall with her back turned to everyone. Her normally shy demeanor would have had her hiding under it otherwise due to the sudden attention.  
  
"How can it not be about sex?" Mary asked.  
  
"If you're nude long enough you get used to it," Jenna said without looking away from her screen.  
  
"You mean this thing you attend every year isn't some big orgy?" Aaron asked.  
  
Jenna shook her head. "People have sex I'm sure, but not at the events." She was working hard on the flyer. Her attention divided between her laptop and everything else seemed to help her communicate.  
  
"Well how the hell are we gonna not wanna fuck everything we see?" Aaron asked.  
  
"Practice," Jenna said nonchalantly.  
  
"What?" Pierson asked. "Do you mean we should get used to it ahead of time?"  
  
"Yep." Jenna stood and lifted her t-shirt.  
  
"Whoa, Jenna. We've gotta get prep started in ten minutes. I don't think there's enough time today," Pierson said.  
  
Jenna didn't stop. She pulled off her sports bra, spilling her ample bosom into everyone's rapt gaze. "We open in an hour. Only the kitchen staff needs to be working now," she said reaching to her pants and letting them and her panties fall to the floor. She sat back down to remove her socks and shoes. Then she went back to work like nothing was amiss.  
  
"Fffffffuuuuck!" Aaron said. "And this is supposed to help my chubby how?"  
  
Rachel and Mary shrugged at each other and started disrobing as well. Peter was drooling and unmoving.  
  
Rachel saw him and Aaron standing there. "Come on! We're gonna see it on nudie day anyway!" she said giggling. She and Mary stopped at their underwear.  
  
"Show you ours if you do too!" Mary said.  
  
Even through their pants, Aaron and Peter were quite noticeably showing their appreciation. Peter was still completely dumbstruck.  
  
Mary and Rachel started lifting their tits in their bras. "Your turn or we don't do this at all!" Mary said.  
  
Aaron hit Peter's arm with the back of his hand to snap him out of it and quickly shed everything but his underwear. Peter eventually caught on and caught up.  
  
"On three..." Rachel said.  
  
"THREE!" Mary said.  
  
Four sets of underwear flew off quickly to reveal...  
  
Mary and Rachel gasped. But they weren't looking at Aaron's erection. They were looking at Peter's ten incher!  
  
"W-wow! You had that hiding away all this time?" Mary asked reaching out to touch it.  
  
Peter's embarrassment was apparent as he turned his back.  
  
"Don't do that!" Rachel said. "My god it's beautiful!"  
  
"Hey, what about me?" Aaron asked forcefully.  
  
Mary turned to his seven incher and gasped at it. While Peter was long he wasn't quite as thick as Aaron! He still worked out regularly so he was thick all over! Peter was tall and scrawny. Mary reached out to run a hand across Aaron's chiseled chest, mimicking Peter's earlier dumbstruck admiration in every other way.  
  
"Hey Jenna, your 'get used to it' thing is bogus! I wanna fuck more than ever!" Aaron said.  
  
She waived a hand in the air dismissively. "You'll get over it once you concentrate on other things."  
  
"Easy for you to say!" Peter said while Rachel was trying to turn him around.  
  
Jenna stood up and turned toward them. She looked at everyone from head to toe.  
  
Rachel had small breasts with very pointy nipples, but they were very pretty. Her areola had a ridge in the center. She didn't shave at all down below, and her dark brown pubic hair was a stark contrast to her blonde hair on top, even if it was a compliment to her eyebrows.  
  
Mary was about the same height as Rachel at 5' 5". Her hair on top and bottom were even the same. But she had medium breasts and large, dark areola and flatter nipples. Her hips were a bit wider than Rachel's. Both girls were pretty, even without the makeup they could no longer afford.  
  
Peter was a bean pole with his 6' body. He was far from confident about it, clothed or not, and it showed. He stood there, his body almost in a bow, trying to cover up. Jenna always found his face handsome, and now that she saw the rest of him she was even more interested.  
  
Aaron was your standard 6' 4" beefy football player, but without the fat. He was rippling muscle with, Jenna supposed, a fairly handsome face. She didn't find his physique as interesting as Mary did. Even Rachel was turning her attention toward him.  
  
Jenna stood there confidently at 5' 7". She had the largest rack of any of the girls at the store, not that it mattered to her. Her areolas were small and pink, her lower lips making a cute baby crack. Her red hair and shaved pubic area stood out among the small crowd.  
  
All of them, with the exception of body builder Aaron, were very skinny since they all had limited income. Aaron had a little more money than most since he still lived with his parents. Mary and Rachel lived together so they were the next best off. Jenna lived in an efficiency apartment, and no one really knew much more about Peter.  
  
"There. No big deal," Jenna said.  
  
"What? Easy for you to say! You don't stick straight out when you're excited!" Aaron said. Peter nodded shyly.  
  
"No, but it does run down my leg and... well there are changes," Jenna said looking away slightly.  
  
"How're you so calm suddenly? Normally you don't say much," Mary asked.  
  
"I'm more at ease like this. My family never wore clothes at home growing up," Jenna said shrugging.  
  
"What, do you find clothes sexy and nudity not or something?" Aaron asked.  
  
"Pretty much," Jenna responded. She turned to sit back in front of her laptop. "Just do normal stuff you'd do if you had clothes on. Eventually you'll figure out it's no big deal," she said because to her that's how it was.  
  
Rachel and Mary had other designs, turning their attention to Aaron. They both wanted him since Rachel lost interest in Peter's, well peter, because of his shyness.  
  
Peter saw this and felt very left out. He pulled a chair near Jenna and started watching what she was doing.  
  
"Oh hi!" Jenna said.  
  
"Hi," Peter said sadly. "I like what you've done so far," he said nodding toward the screen. "I like the lines and shadows."  
  
On the screen Jenna had drawn some simple line figures that were very suggestive of a nude man and woman. It was just enough to get the point across. The picture was placed below and to the side of the company logo and the words "Pizza in the Buff! Celebrate Nude Day with a Nude Pizza Delivery!"  
  
"Thanks. I took a lot of design classes in high school. Do you think it's too much?" Jenna asked.  
  
"N-no. I really like it. It might need a pizza picture, though," he said smiling.  
  
Jenna giggled. "I'm getting there." She kept working on the flyer for a moment. "Do you think that this'll work?"  
  
Peter shrunk back. "I... I don't know... I'm not sure I can even do this..."  
  
"Why not? If you stand up tall you've got a great body," Jenna said glancing at it. "You'll do fine I'm sure!"  
  
"You-you think so?"  
  
"Absolutely." Jenna leaned a little closer and lowered her voice. "Confidentially?" Peter nodded. "I'd fuck you any day!"  
  
Peter became even more uncomfortable hearing that. "I-I th-thought you said this wasn't about," he lowered his voice, "sssex?"  
  
Jenna sat up straight and looked back at the screen. "It's not, but that doesn't mean people don't do it," she said indifferently.  
  
Peter thought a moment. "H-have you done it? You know, because of being naked around others?"  
  
Jenna smiled and dropped her head a little, breathing out. "Of course," she said quietly. "Loads of times."  
  
"You do this more than Nude Day?"  
  
Jenna looked at him in the eyes and nodded. "I'm more comfortable nude. There are some friends I hang around with all the time..." Jenna said glancing down. "You're thinking about sex too much!" she said giggling.  
  
Peter tried to cover up his increasingly painful erection. "I can't help it. We're all naked and talking about sex... and you're so..." he couldn't finish.  
  
"I'm so what?"  
  
"P-pretty," he said looking away.  
  
Jenna blushed in spite of herself. The compliment did have another effect on her as well. "Thanks! You're quite handsome yourself, you know. Sit up straight and show me."  
  
Peter looked her in the eyes and concentrated. He did as requested, straightening his back and shoulders. But his confidence didn't show itself.  
  
"Nice! See? I told you you'd be more handsome if you did that!"  
  
Peter warmed a little and smiled at Jenna. "You think so?"  
  
Jenna started nodding but was interrupted by a loud voice.  
  
Jenna and Peter both looked suddenly at the source. "Hey! No sex on the premises, ok?" Pierson called out.  
  
They turned around and saw Aaron sitting on a chair with Mary and Rachel holding his penis. It was obvious what they were doing.  
  
"Get dressed, all of you. We've got an order already. Who's going to do it?"  
  
Rachel jumped up and ran to her pile of clothing yelling out "Me!"  
  
"Well those of you who aren't on the clock please go home. Or at least don't go out into the restaurant like this," Pierson said leaving the store room and lounge area.  
  
"Jenna, how're we gonna get past wanting to fuck?" Rachel asked while dressing.  
  
"Let's meet tomorrow morning a few hours before work somewhere. We'll sit around talking and whatever," Jenna said.  
  
"Think Pierson'll let us use his place?" Mary asked.  
  
"You can use mine. I have a small studio apartment," Peter said unsure of himself again.  
  
"How can you afford that?" Rachel asked.  
  
"It-it's a really bad part of town and I don't have much stuff," he said sadly.  
  
"I'll bring the pepper spray!" Mary said.  
  
"I'll bring this!" Aaron said making his dick jump. Mary and Rachel oohed and giggled.  
  
Peter seemed even less confident seeing that.  
  
Jenna turned back to him and noticed his shoulders drooping again. She thought he needed extra motivation. "If you can learn to control that thing and get through this, I'll have a surprise for you!"

Peter turned back to her. "A surprise? What surprise?"  
  
Jenna leaned closer and whispered, "Me!"  
  
Peter's eyes went wide in shock.  
  
She leaned back and looked at her laptop. "Now straighten up and don't make me tell you again!"  
  
He bolted upright, feeling more confident than he thought he could.  
  
He and Jenna worked on the flyer without dressing for the next hour. Confident they had it right, Jenna picked up her laptop and started walking out of the store room.  
  
"Jenna... um..." Peter started saying.  
  
She turned back to Peter and saw the expression on his face and where his finger was pointing. She looked down. "Oh! Whoops!"  
  
Until that moment Peter had started to become comfortable with his nudity. But Jenna standing was enough to make him rock hard again. Watching her dress wasn't helping any.  
  
"Come on! Get dressed!" she said pulling her bra back down.  
  
He stood and turned away to pull on his clothes. The problem was there was no way he was hiding his staff from the staff.  
  
Jenna saw his predicament and smiled. "That's quite a nice tool you have," she said approaching him. "Think about baseball or some other boring shit so you can use it on me some day!" She turned to leave again.  
  
"H-how come you're not shy now?" Peter asked.  
  
Jenna looked over her shoulder. "Because I know what you all are hiding. No mystery now," she said leaving the room.  
  
Outside with the other employees her shyness returned. She felt ok with Pierson, but the others still intimidated her. She took him behind the counter, since there was no actual sit-down part of the restaurant, and opened up her laptop.  
  
"Wow! This is awesome! Can you run to the copy place and get 1000 copies made right away?"  
  
Jenna started looking unsure of herself again.  
  
"You're on the clock, if that helps." Peter walked over to them at that moment. "That goes for you, too. If you two can go around and deliver the flyers everywhere you can think it'd really help."  
  
"Th-that's a lotta gas," Jenna said.  
  
"I'm running home and grabbing the couple of bikes I have in storage. That'll help, right?" Pierson asked.  
  
Jenna and Peter looked at each other and shrugged.  
  
Pierson scribbled something on a piece of paper. "Good. This is my account number. Tell them to bill it. Just get black on standard white paper, go cheap enough. If this doesn't work I won't be able to afford even this," he said with a sigh.  
  
Pierson jumped into his pickup while Jenna and Peter walked to the copy place four blocks away. When they arrived they ran into some resistance.  
  
"You can't be serious?!" the clerk said.  
  
Jenna wasn't confident enough to answer, but Peter was... mostly. "We are."  
  
"We can't print this!"  
  
"Why not?" Peter asked.  
  
"Well... because!"  
  
"Look, here's Pierson's account number. We need this done right away."  
  
The clerk called over the manager and showed him the flyer.  
  
"Hello. I'm sorry, but we can't be involved in anything illegal like this," the manager said holding out the flash drive.  
  
Peter didn't take it. "It's not illegal! Call Sheriff Robinson if you don't believe me!" Peter said.  
  
"I'll do that. Stick around in case he wants to send someone to arrest you!" the manager said slapping the drive down on the counter and walking off toward the phone in a slight huff.  
  
Jenna and Peter held their ground while the clerk eyed them. When the manager returned he was ashen face.  
  
"I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm sorry we treated you like that," the manager said handing the flash drive back to the clerk. "Make the copies they need."  
  
"You're not serious?!" the clerk asked.  
  
"I am. They have permits, so get to it!" The manager turned back to Jenna and Peter. "May I ask why?"  
  
They looked at each other before Peter spoke. "Business is slow. It's either this or we close."  
  
The manager relaxed. Even he was feeling the strain of the mass emigration from town. Even though he had the only copy store left for miles there still wasn't enough business.  
  
"You think this'll work?" he asked.  
  
Peter shrugged. "Anyone's guess."  
  
The manager's wheels were spinning. "Is this Nude Day thing real?"  
  
Jenna nodded and quietly responded. "I attend it in the city every year; every year but this year."  
  
The manager's eyes went wide and he glanced down at her chest. "You've given me something to think about. I look forward to ordering a pizza," he said with an interested smile at her eyes. "Do you want any poster sized for the windows?"  
  
Jenna and Peter looked at each other and shrugged. "I don't know. Pierson didn't say we should," Peter said.  
  
The manager turned around. "Add three 11x17s," he said to the clerk. "On the house because of the trouble," he said to Jenna and Peter.  
  
"Thank you," Jenna said smiling slightly and looking up into his eyes a little.  
  
By the time the copies were done Pierson was pulling up in front of the store with the bicycles. He had a couple of backpacks for them and some water. He took half of the flyers and the posters.  
  
"I called two more people who're off and they're going to help. Come back when you're done, dinner's on me," Pierson said.  
  
They agreed on an area each and got to work. By dinner they'd only made it through half of the houses and businesses in that area. By eight o'clock they were too tired to continue and returned to the restaurant.  
  
Jenna made it back first. "Sorry, I didn't finish. Peter's on his way back, too."  
  
"That's fine. Aaron and Rachel can pick it up tomorrow," he said deep in thought. "Do you think this'll work?"  
  
Jenna just shrugged in response.  
  
"Well if it doesn't I want to thank you anyway. As crazy as this is we wouldn't have this shot without you." He leaned in closer to whisper in her ear. "Don't tell anyone but if it does I'm giving you a bonus!"  
  
Jenna smiled at Pierson, her response broken by Peter's arrival. They ate Jenna's favorite pie together and agreed to meet at Peter's place at 7:30 am. Peter texted Aaron and asked him to tell the other two.  
  
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Jenna was the last to show up at Peter's studio. The others were very eager to get started and showed up twenty minutes early. When Peter opened the door he smiled at her and ushered her in.  
  
She walked in and saw why it was a studio. Scattered around the room were various paintings, paints, props, and other things.  
  
Jenna was in awe. "I didn't know you painted," she said breathlessly.  
  
"Yeah. It's a hobby that doesn't pay. One I can't afford anymore," Peter said sadly.  
  
Jenna walked toward a stack of paintings along the wall. There were paintings of fruit, of sunsets, and of... "Oh my!"  
  
Peter was right behind her. "That was from life drawing."  
  
"It's breathtaking!" Jenna said staring at the nude woman. There was so much detail to the portrait that she had a hard time believing it wasn't a photo.  
  
"So are you going to admire the porn all day or are we doing this thing?" Aaron asked behind them.  
  
Jenna snapped out of her trance. "I'm admiring his skill, not the subject," Jenna said pulling off her t-shirt. "But I can do that if I'm comfortable as well," she said moving on to the rest of her clothing.  
  
"Comfortable?" Mary asked.  
  
"Yeah. Like I said yesterday," Jenna said removing the last of her clothing. She took her eyes off of the paintings to see that, like yesterday, she was the first and alone. "Come on!" she said waving her arms.  
  
Aaron whipped off his clothing like he was on fire. Mary and Rachel took a little more time and care. Peter seemed to be lost watching.  
  
Jenna lightly touched his arm. "Come on, stand up straight and take it off," she said quietly.  
  
To Peter it felt like an electric jolt when she touched him. Like Aaron his clothing quickly flew, but he stopped at his underwear.  
  
"Nervous again?" Jenna asked. Peter nodded shyly. Jenna reached out and tugged his underwear downward. It was caught... "You're gonna hafta help me..."  
  
Peter nervously reached down and dragged his underwear over his erection, freeing it to slap his belly once the waistband made it over his hump.  
  
Jenna smiled at him and straightened her shoulders in a gesture Peter understood and mimicked. She turned around and saw everyone else standing there waiting. She also saw that Mary and Rachel... "You shaved?"  
  
"Yep! We did each other last night!" Mary said and they both giggled.  
  
"It looked so good on you," Rachel said.  
  
"Well I think Aaron agrees," Jenna said. He was staring at their pussies open mouthed. Jenna walked over to him and raised his head. "Rule #1: no staring! It's ok to notice, but it's not cool to ogle."  
  
Aaron turned to Jenna and nodded.  
  
"What's rule #2?" Peter asked.  
  
"Be yourself. Be like you'd be with clothes on," she answered.  
  
"Ok," Aaron said, chasing after Rachel and Mary in a mock fashion. They giggled and ran away.  
  
"Aaron! That's not like you!" Jenna said.  
  
Mary and Rachel stopped. "Yeah. All these years and you never chased after us!" Rachel said.  
  
"Yeah, what gives?" Mary asked.  
  
Aaron stopped and looked at them. "I, uh... I thought you two were lesbians," he said shrugging.  
  
"No!" Rachel said.  
  
"Well, yes!" Mary said causing them to giggle again.  
  
"Fine, we'll fuck anything!" Rachel said and they giggled again.  
  
"Rule #3: don't talk about fucking if you want to get your mind off of it," Jenna said.  
  
"So what do we talk about then?" Peter asked.  
  
"Well, tell us about your paintings," Jenna asked because she was genuinely curious.  
  
"What do you want to know?" he asked.  
  
For an hour Jenna and the others asked Peter questions about the paintings he had stacked against the walls. The more he showed them the more interested they became. Even Aaron was interested, although he may have just been looking for more nudes.  
  
When the questions hit a lull, Jenna looked around and smiled. "Boys, look down."  
  
They did and realized they were mostly flaccid.  
  
"You put something in the water?" Aaron asked laughing.  
  
"I don't think there's an anti blue pill," Jenna said smiling at him. "You just relaxed and forgot."  
  
"And you used to live like this?" Mary asked.  
  
"Used to? Oh... I still do. Every opportunity. I don't wear clothes in my apartment or... or some other places," she said looking at Peter and not wanting to give the other three too much information just yet.  
  
"Do you think we should do that?" Rachel asked.  
  
"Absolutely! Except for work until Nude Day, don't wear anything!" Jenna said.  
  
"Well that leaves me out," Aaron said. All eyes turned to him. "I live with my parents, remember?"  
  
Everyone nodded except for Jenna. "Are they a bit uptight?"  
  
Aaron nodded. "So much so that I'm shocked Dad gave us the permits for this thing."  
  
"Then come and stay with us!" Mary said excitedly.  
  
"Yeah!" Rachel beamed at him.  
  
Aaron looked down at his rising rod. "Well I'm never gonna get comfortable in my own skin living with the two of you!"  
  
"Awwwww!" Mary said.  
  
"Yeah," Rachel agreed.  
  
Jenna walked up to Aaron and stood on her tiptoes to whisper in his ear. She was careful not to touch him otherwise. Aaron listened and nodded his head, then started smiling from ear to ear. Jenna walked away. He walked closer to Rachel and Mary.  
  
"You two wanna fuck me, right?" he asked.  
  
"Oh yeah!" "I'm ready now!" they said. Which one said what didn't matter.  
  
Aaron smiled. "Then here's the deal. Lay off the sex talk and anything else that's gonna get me hard until this thing is over. If you act like normal people for the next couple of days you can have me any way you want when it's over!"  
  
"Really!" "Woohoo!"  
  
"But, if you can't I'm off limits for good," he finished.  
  
Mary and Rachel looked at each other and dropped their shoulders indicating their defeat.  
  
"Fine. We're in," Rachel said.  
  
"We've got a little under two hours left before Peter, Mary, and I need to get to work," Jenna said.  
  
"Us too, remember? We have to finish the flyers," Rachel said pointing to her and Aaron.  
  
Jenna nodded. "Want to get to know each other better?" she asked sitting on the floor.  
  
The others followed suit and sat around in a circle. They never really spent much time doing talking at work for some reason. They all went to the same high school at different times but never hung around with each other.  
  
Soon they were old friends, and comfortable in their skin and nothing else around each other. Even Peter had forgotten his nudity for the most part and was talking like nothing was unusual.  
  
Peter looked up and saw the clock. "Shit. We've gotta get moving to get to work."  
  
"Oh well, all good things," Mary said.  
  
They all stood and wordlessly dressed.  
  
"You all look weird with clothes on now," Rachel said screwing up her nose like she was trying to imagine the coverings away.  
  
"Yeah. It's funny..." Mary agreed.  
  
"Do you two think you can handle my deal with you?" Aaron asked.  
  
Both of them nodded. "Absolutely," Mary spoke for them.  
  
"Then I'll move in for the next couple of days. I assume you have a couch?"  
  
They walked out and Peter locked up. "See you all again tomorrow?" he asked.  
  
"Can we make it 6 instead?" Rachel asked eagerly.  
  
Everyone readily agreed and they went their separate ways.  
  
When they got to work, the three found out it was a circus, and they weren't even supposed to be open for another ten minutes!  
  
"There you all are! The phone's been ringing off the hook for two hours already!" Pierson said.  
  
"It has? People want pizza already?" Mary asked looking over his shoulder at Miguel who was answering the second line.  
  
"No! Well yes, that too! We've got a dozen orders already! I've got church groups calling to tell me we're going to hell. I've got political groups calling to say they're going to push to get our license revoked. I've got plenty of others calling all pissed off."  
  
"So it's all bad?" Peter asked.  
  
"No. Most of the calls are actually from people begging for more information. I think we're going to have a record day if this keeps up!"  
  
"Begging for what kind of information?" Mary asked.  
  
"Well, what they can expect when the driver shows up at the door for starters. I assured them it was a show and not audience participation! But many of the calls were asking if Jenna was going to be one of the nude delivery people."  
  
"M-me?" Jenna asked shocked beyond belief.  
  
"Yes. It seems you're a popular driver... more so in two days if this is any indication! But I need you two to punch in and get delivering. I might have to call in more people today!"  
  
It was the busiest day that anyone could remember. A third driver was called in as well as another person just to answer the phones. They had to close an hour late to finish all of the deliveries. No one cared if their pizza was going to be late!  
  
Jenna went home with Peter and crashed on his futon next to him. Neither one made it a second past the moment they hit it.  
  
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"Wow! They're really out of it!" Jenna heard a voice say.  
  
"Yeah! I wonder if they did it!" That was Mary.  
  
Jenna turned to her side a little and looked at the three faces and nude bodies standing over the futon and her. "Oh, good morning guys," Jenna said.  
  
"Good morning to you!" Rachel said. "How was last night?" she asked with some feeling.  
  
"Busy as hell!"  
  
"That's it?" Rachel asked and Jenna nodded. "You two didn't..."  
  
"No. We stripped and fell dead asleep," Jenna said turning onto her back. "Good news, though. Pierson was able to convince Kari and Steve to join in. All the drivers are going to be with us tomorrow," Jenna said stretching and then yawning.  
  
"Wow! I never thought they'd do it in a million years!" Mary said.  
  
"I'd never have thoughtwe'ddo it either!" Aaron laughed.  
  
"Nnnnh... How'd you all get in?" Peter asked.  
  
"You left the door open so we just came in," Aaron said.  
  
"Yeah, you better watch out or some real perverts might walk in in a neighborhood like this!" Rachel said laughing.  
  
Peter shook his head. "Forgive the morning wood. I need to go pee," he said getting up and doing just that.  
  
The other four sat around the futon talking while Peter took care of business and walked out to make coffee. "If you're hungry I have a couple of very stale bagels to dunk in coffee. I'm out of creamer."  
  
Jenna took her opportunity to use the bathroom. It wasn't much, more of a sink, toilet, and a small shower with a curtain around it and a larger one for the bathroom. Jenna didn't bother with the room curtain. Come to mention it, his kitchen was a sink, hot plate, and microwave. It reminded her of her efficiency apartment but with room to move.  
  
"Got sugar at least?" Mary asked.  
  
Peter walked to over to a small pressboard closet and looked. "Not much, but I do have honey."  
  
Aaron stood. "I'm making a run. Jot down what you need," he said walking over to his clothes and getting dressed without underwear.  
  
Peter handed him a list of the things he was lacking from what everyone called out and Aaron was off to the convenience store on the corner.  
  
Jenna joined Peter and took a cup of black coffee and added some honey. It wasn't great but she wanted to try it and now she could say she did.  
  
When Aaron got back he started stripping before the door even shut behind him.  
  
"So what happened yesterday?" Rachel asked taking a donut.  
  
"It was weird. I was yelled at or chastised by a few religious nuts on a few of the deliveries. But most of them were asking me if I'd deliver when the day came," Jenna said.  
  
"Same here," Peter agreed.  
  
"How did you feel getting checked out by these people?" Aaron asked.  
  
"I never felt more exposed," Jenna said.  
  
"What?" Mary asked. "That makes no sense!"  
  
"I felt like I was being undressed all day long by all these people's eyes. Even the ones who wanted to save my soul seemed to leer at me. At least tomorrow I'll know what they're looking at," Jenna said shrugging.  
  
Rachel, Mary, and Aaron couldn't believe what they heard and said as much.  
  
"Did you feel the same way, Peter?" Rachel asked.  
  
"N-no. But the women I delivered to were touching me a lot on the arm and chest. A couple even tried to lift my shirt," he said.  
  
"No shit! I wonder if it's gonna be like that today?" Aaron asked.  
  
"Probably," Jenna said shrugging. "Remember how sexed up you all were a couple of days ago?"  
  
Aaron, Mary, and Rachel looked at each other and nodded.  
  
"This is gonna be a mess, isn't it?" Peter asked.  
  
"It'll be fine. We're gonna need air horns and pepper spray though!" Rachel said, bringing a few laughs out of the rest.  
  
"Well if nothing else it did one thing," Jenna said.  
  
Everyone looked at her. "What's that?" Mary asked.  
  
"It was able to show you guys how nice it is to just hang out like this," Jenna said.  
  
Peter shocked them all. He lifted his hips and shook them while he said, "It's fun to hang out!" They all laughed while Jenna and Mary gave him a playful shove.  
  
Aaron and Kari were on that day, but Rachel was called in followed later by Jenna. The only other time they needed four drivers was New Year's Eve. More and more they all got the sense that they were being checked out ahead of time. Again they worked long after close. Jenna went back to her apartment alone that night.  
  
They agreed to meet at 9 the next fateful morning at Peter's so they could get a little sleep. Jenna woke and readied herself, getting into her car and driving to Peter's studio.  
  
She walked right in. "Good morning!"  
  
"Holy shit! What're you doing?" Aaron asked.  
  
"What do you mean?" Jenna asked.  
  
"Where are your clothes?"  
  
"Um, it's Nude Day... did you forget?"  
  
"But you came intothisneighborhood likethat?" Aaron said running to the door and poking his head outside.  
  
Jenna looked at Peter. "Yeah, you did say something about that, didn't you?"  
  
"Luckily no one's lurking around," Aaron said closing the door. He walked back to the group and they all looked around. "We're really going to do this, aren't we?"

"Is it too late to say no?" Mary asked.  
  
"No, but if we back out Pierson will be out of business," Jenna said.  
  
"Hey. Why did no one ever ask what'll happen tomorrow? How is this going to keep us in business the whole year?" Peter asked.  
  
The question went unanswered that morning, but everyone agreed on one thing: they weren't backing out. The tips they earned the two days leading up to Nude Day were their best yet and they were curious to see what they'd get on the day.  
  
They all took one last breath and went to work an hour early. There was no time to waste.  
  
"We've got twenty deliveries ready to go already. We're telling all customers that delivery times aren't guaranteed and none of them cares so far. Um... you all came in the back, right?" Pierson asked.  
  
Everyone nodded or said yes.  
  
"Why?" Aaron asked.  
  
"Look out front," Pierson said.  
  
All seven participants looked out the front windows and saw at least two dozen picketers.  
  
"Are we gonna be able to get walk-ins today with them out there?" Mary asked.  
  
"The Sheriff assured me they wouldn't get in the way, under threat of jail! Thank your dad for me, will you Aaron?" Pierson asked.  
  
"Sure thing," Aaron responded.  
  
Pierson looked around and did a double take on Jenna. "When did you take off your clothes?"  
  
"I didn't wear any today," Jenna said smiling.  
  
"Well I guess she's in. If anyone wants to back out, now's the time. I won't be upset if you do," Pierson said looking around at the group.  
  
Peter was first to answer... by pulling off his shirt. The others saw him starting and followed suit. Kari and Steve were a bit shy, but when the first article of underwear hit the floor they became brave enough to join in. When they were all naked they turned to their boss.  
  
"Ahem!" Jenna said.  
  
"What?" Pierson asked. Jenna gestured with her head toward him. "Oh, you don't... No I..."  
  
"We're willing to do this to help you... the least you can do is join us," Jenna said.  
  
"Yeah!" almost everyone else said.  
  
"Is this going to be a sticking point?" Pierson asked and heard and saw more agreement. "Fine," he said removing his clothes. "Happy? Now can we get to work? There's a line of people going out the other way waiting to get in and we've got pies to deliver! Chop chop!"  
  
Jenna's first delivery was to an insurance agency nearby. She had to deliver six pizzas. Peter stepped up next to her and grabbed six more. Jenna looked at his address. "Same place?"  
  
"Yeah. We're getting some deliveries like this today. People seem to be eager to pay the surcharges today," Pierson said over their shoulders. He was charging extra for the nude deliveries. The drivers were getting a cut.  
  
Jenna and Peter shrugged, picked up their other deliveries, and got into their cars. The looks they got from the picketers were hate filled while the ones from those waiting to enter the restaurant ranged from shock and disbelief to lust!  
  
When they arrived at the agency, Peter said, "Well, here goes nothing!"  
  
"Yep!" Jenna agreed.  
  
They walked in and opened the door to see an entire office full of people standing there watching. Two steps in and the pair stopped dead in their tracks. They looked around at the couple of dozen pairs of eyes all staring at them.  
  
"W-we have your pizzas," Peter said lifting his bundle. Jenna did the same.  
  
"Holy fuck! It's real!" "They sure are!" "Can you believe how brave they are?" "I wonder how big he is!" Other comments kept coming while two people came forward to take the pies.  
  
"You know, it's Nude Day. We're just celebrating it like we should," Jenna said to the crowd. "Join in, won't you?"  
  
She took the straps off of her stack of boxes and handed it to the man who approached her while he handed her some money. Jenna saw out of the corner of her eye that a woman was doing the same with Peter. They both thanked those people and turned to walk out.  
  
Before they reached the door someone said, "FINE! Go ahead!"  
  
Peter reached for the door and Jenna glanced back into the office to see clothes being removed all over the office. They stood there a moment before walking out to their cars.  
  
"How much did you get?" Peter asked.  
  
Jenna's eyes went wide. "A-a-a," she stammered having to swallow, "a hundred dollars!"  
  
"Same here! I've never gotten this much on our best day!" Peter said.  
  
"Me neither!"  
  
Peter smiled. "I can afford paint and canvas again..." he said staring at a point on the sidewalk.  
  
"Don't count your chickens. Let's get these other pies delivered and get back for more!" Jenna said giving him a kiss on the cheek and getting into her car.  
  
Peter watched her drive away and reached up to his cheek. He smiled and continued on his way.  
  
Jenna's next delivery was to an apartment. A guy answered the door and peeked through the crack. His eyes went wide and he looked around the neighborhood before opening the door all the way. He was naked and quite excited to see her.  
  
"Mr. Smith? I have your pizza," Jenna said lifting the bag.  
  
Mr. Smith's eyes didn't move from Jenna's breasts. He lifted his hand with some money in it while she handed him the box. His arm fell to his side gripping the box vertically.  
  
Jenna snapped her fingers a few times and drew his eyes up to hers. "Thank you Mr. Smith," she said raising her hand with the tip. "I'm glad you're getting into the spirit of the day. Get outside and enjoy it!" She turned around and walked back to her car.  
  
Before she got in she heard Mr. Smith finally speak. "Thank you, beautiful!" Jenna just waived and got into her car. She looked at the tip and saw another $20, then smiled and continued to her next delivery.  
  
When she arrived at her next delivery, a place she visited the day before, she rang the bell and heard a voice asking her to come in. She noticed that all the blinds were closed and it was rather dark inside for a sunny day. Standing just inside the door she waited a moment until a couple walked around the corner in robes and approached her.  
  
She heard the man whistle. "I told you, honey! She's absolutely gorgeous under her uniform!"  
  
"Oh I agree with you! She's scrumptious!" the woman said.  
  
Jenna turned red. "Why thank you both! I have your pizza."  
  
"We don't care about that, dear. We want you more than the pizza," the woman said reaching out and stroking Jenna's arm.  
  
"We sure do! Would you like to join us for a few hours?" the man asked reaching out to Jenna's other arm.  
  
Jenna pulled back. "I'm sorry but I can't. We're swamped already today and I have to make more deliveries." The couple was clearly disappointed. "But you're missing the point. It's Nude Day! Open your blinds and take off your robes. Better yet go for a walk! You won't believe how freeing it is just to be nude!"  
  
"You mean like this?" the man said pulling off his robe and revealing a huge erect penis. The woman followed suit with her robe showing off her surgically enhanced body.  
  
"That's better! Get that under control," Jenna said nodding toward the man's stiffie, "and go out into the world. But in the meantime..." Jenna said lifting the pizza.  
  
The man took the pizza and the woman extended her other hand to Jenna and handed her a thick, folded piece of paper. She closed her hands around Jenna's. "That's in case you change your mind. We'd love for you to come back when you're not on duty some time!"  
  
"I'll keep it in mind. Thank you, and enjoy the day!" Jenna said turning around and walking out. She looked at what the woman gave her and saw a phone number with their names beautifully written on thick stationery stock. It was wrapped around a $50!  
  
Jenna had one more delivery to make in that run. This one was to an old man with an oxygen tube across his nose in his squalid apartment. He took a deep breath upon seeing her and looked her over from head to toe.  
  
"Thank you for coming like that. You don't know what it means for an old man like me," he said handing her the money for his small pizza.  
  
"I'm glad I could make your day." He reached out a second time to hand her more money. "Please keep that. I'm sure you need it more than I do."  
  
"No, honey, I insist," he said taking her hand and putting the tip into her palm.  
  
This time she only made a $5 tip, but she didn't care. She felt badly taking it from the poor guy who probably was on a fixed income.  
  
It was time to go back and get more.  
  
Aaron drove up to his first delivery and took a deep breath. "Baseball," he said nervously and opened his eyes to bravely get out of the car and ring the bell. A woman's voice told him to come in.  
  
As soon as he shut the door a head peeked around a corner. The woman's eyes went wide and she yelled out, "Oh my! He's here! All of him!"  
  
The woman in her 40s ran out wearing a thin robe, soon followed by five other women around the same age and similarly dressed.  
  
"Happy Nude Day, ladies. I have your pizzas," he said lifting the bag containing three of them.  
  
One woman stepped forward to take them and put them on a table.  
  
Another said, "What's wrong, are you gay?"  
  
"No, why?"  
  
All six women looked at his crotch. "You don't appreciate being around older women?"  
  
"It's not that..." Aaron started. All six pulled off their robes and Aaron was at a loss for words.  
  
"How about now?" the woman asked seeing Aaron start to get hard.  
  
Aaron concentrated and remembered what Jenna said. "Today's not about sex, ladies. It's about the feeling of being naked and not caring. So, maybe you should all go out shopping or something like you are now. Go out and enjoy yourselves!"  
  
A woman stepped forward, extending her arm. "Maybe we'll do that, handsome!"  
  
Aaron took what the woman offered. "Thank you." He turned to open the door, but before he did he said, "And by the way, you're all very pretty. Go and show the world!" He took one last look at all of them and smiled before he left. He could hear excited chatter behind him as he walked to his car and got in.  
  
He had to sit and take a few deep breaths to calm down. He looked down at his crotch and made a promise to himself to thank Jenna for her training since he didn't really get all that hard. The $60 tip he received happily went into his lock box.  
  
He was about to drive away when he glanced at the house and saw a head peek out to look around. The door slowly opened to reveal one of the women walking out in the nude. Then another, and another, and eventually the rest walked out and stood in front of the house. They waved at Aaron and lifted their chins to take a walk down the street.  
  
Aaron smiled and drove off to his next delivery. He had three more to make and they all ended up being to women. His fourth delivery had him staring one who was openly fingering her pussy while staring back at him. His resolve finally broke and blood rushed southward.  
  
He tried to cover up. "I'm sorry, ma'am. I don't mean to..."  
  
"Stop it! That's a very gorgeous penis!" she said waiving her hand to tell him to drop his. He did. "Yes, very wonderful indeed! May I touch it?"  
  
"N-no ma'am. Today's about being nude, not about sex. Besides, I'm on duty."  
  
The woman looked him in the eyes. "Pity. Well, whatever today's about thanks for coming," she said handing him a tip and a piece of paper.  
  
He thanked her and walked back to his car. He was looking around but saw no one. Baseball wasn't going to cut it, but maybe the ride back to the restaurant would calm him down.  
  
Before he left, he texted Jenna. "I got a hard on at my last delivery. I can't do this." He started driving and waited until he reached the restaurant to look at her reply.  
  
"Boners happen, they're natural. Just don't make a big deal about it," Jenna's text read.  
  
"EZ for you to say. Women are doing whatever they can to get me there!"  
  
"LOL it's all part of the fun. Just enjoy being nude and nothing else."  
  
Later in the day Aaron got a delivery for the police station. He had every belief that he'd be arrested on the spot, but he got nothing but stares. He walked right into his dad's office hearing laughter behind him.  
  
"Someone sent you some pizza, Dad. And Pierson wanted me to thank you for everything."  
  
His dad looked up and did a double take. "You... You're really doing this, aren't you?"  
  
"At this more than the restaurant is involved, but yeah. I'm really trying to save Pierson's restaurant."  
  
His dad sat back in his chair and folded his arms, taking in a deep breath. "Well I hope you succeed. This town doesn't need more closed businesses." He stood up, walked over to Aaron, and put his arm around his shoulder. They walked out of his office together.  
  
"Whoever ordered the pizzas needs to give my boy a really big tip so he can be on his way!"  
  
Rachel and Peter had similar experiences to Jenna and Aaron... well, except for the police station that is! When Peter got his first erection he was incredibly embarrassed, but the tip he received made up for it! He also texted Jenna and got the same responses.  
  
Rachel was a little different than Jenna because, of course, she was not as well versed with public nudity. But she just thought of how much every man and woman probably wanted to fuck her and smiled her way through the day.  
  
Throughout the day there were several more deliveries where two drivers were sent to the same place at the same time. Sometimes it was boy girl, other times it was two of the same gender.  
  
The first time Aaron and Peter delivered to men who looked them over lustily they were a bit grossed out. It was easy not to get hard during those. But as the day went on and more and more people started answering in the nude, same gender or not, and they just took it in stride.  
  
In fact all the drivers eventually felt completely normal walking up to someone's door in the buff. By noon word had spread around town like wildfire that what the pizza company was doing was legit. By 2pm they started seeing naked people on the streets wherever they went. By dinner time none of the drivers could remember seeing anyone with any clothes on at all!  
  
The restaurant itself had a similar story. Mary was at the till and happily taking compliments from every person who slowly walked in from the line that Pierson said stretched around the block somewhere. By an hour after their early opening, everyone who walked in was carrying a bundle of clothing rather than wearing it. Fifteen minutes later even the bundles were gone.  
  
Some of the picketers kept up their marching until 1 pm, when the group whittled down to one die hard fuddy duddy. Pierson saw many of them give up and join the cue to get into the store!  
  
At two o'clock Pierson took pity on the lone woman and walked out with a personal pizza for her.  
  
"Ma'am, I've noticed that you've not eaten or drank anything all day. Would you please take this? I'm worried about you," Pierson said offering her the food and a bottle of water. He was, of course, still nude.  
  
"No! I have the lord to feed my soul! I don't need your heathen offering!" she said looking toward the sky.  
  
"Be that as it may, but when your tummy rumbles," Pierson said putting the food and drink on the sidewalk by the pile of discarded picket signs, "consider this an offer of kindness from a random stranger." He started walking away but stopped and turned his head. "Maybe this is the lord's way of providing," he said genuinely while shrugging, and walked back inside.  
  
As soon as he walked in he hid around the corner and watched. The woman was staring at the restaurant, obviously wrestling her demons. He was about to give up when the woman hunched down and sat on the sidewalk to eat the pizza.  
  
Applause broke out behind Pierson startling him. He turned around quickly to see his patrons cheering the scene outside. He smiled and started walking back toward the counter, getting pats on the back as he went.  
  
An hour later the woman was still sitting in the same place with her back to the restaurant. She was rocking back and forth slightly and mumbling to herself. Pierson approached her and sat down beside her.  
  
"Are you all right, ma'am?" he said surprising her.  
  
She looked away from him. "I'm fine."  
  
He thought about saying she didn't look fine, but instead said, "Penny for your thoughts."  
  
She took a few moments and then sighed. "I don't understand how a group of sinners like you and the ones you have working for you can get the whole town to sin this much."  
  
"Why do you think we're sinners?"  
  
She turned her head to look in his eyes. "Look at you! You're all about sex; sex before marriage and unblessed by the lord!"  
  
"Ma'am..."  
  
"Marge. My name is Marge," she said in a rush.  
  
"I'm Pierson, it's nice to meet you Marge," he said extending his hand.  
  
Marge stared at it and cautiously extended her own to shake it. Then she looked back down at the street.  
  
"Marge, it's not about sex. You've been here all day, how much sex have you seen?"  
  
"W-well none but..."  
  
"The human body is a beautiful thing; a beautiful thing created by god if you will. We walk around all day hiding it from each other like we're ashamed." The woman looked back into his eyes. "Today's about not being ashamed... of god's creation," he added for good measure. "That's all," he finished shrugging.  
  
The woman sat there thinking for a moment before responding. "You're not mad at me?"  
  
"What for? You have a right to speak your mind and believe what you want. You accepted my gift and listened to me." Pierson paused. "I'd say we maybe learned a bit from each other." He stood. "I have to get back inside now. It's a very busy day. Come back any time... Marge," he said with a smile.  
  
Marge had turned her head during that last part and was looking directly at Pierson's soft penis. When he turned to walk inside her gaze followed him. Pierson couldn't help but think she was a lovely woman behind her very plain long skirt and unrevealing top.  
  
Five minutes later another loud round of cheers and applause broke out. Pierson ran to the window to see what everyone was looking at. Marge was removing her extremely plain bra, her last stitch of clothing. After she did she looked up and saw Pierson in the window. She embarrassingly smiled and waved to him before walking away.  
  
Three hours after normal close Pierson's entire staff were sitting around the lounge. All of them were tired from a long, hard day. But not a single one of them complained.  
  
"How'd we do today, boss?" Miguel asked.  
  
"Not good... not good," Pierson said trying to stifle a laugh. There were moans and gasps throughout the room. "I expected today would be enough to turn us around and let us all retire. But unfortunately we only did six months worth of sales in a day. I'm sorry, we have to keep working!" he said excitedly.  
  
Everyone started yelling animatedly.  
  
"You mean we stay in business?" Rachel asked.  
  
"Yep! For the time being anyway! There's only one problem..." Pierson said.  
  
"You mean how do we keep business coming in now that Nude Day is over?" Peter asked.  
  
"Exactly."  
  
"Well if we wanted to start a call girl service I've got about 50 phone numbers in my lock box," Jenna said giggling.  
  
"Me too!" Aaron said. All the drivers, Mary, and Pierson had similar stories. "But..."  
  
"Yeah I know. And there's no way I'd start that even if we were in Nevada or Amsterdam!" Pierson said looking around the room. "How many of you would do it again?"  
  
Every nude person in the room instantly raised their hand. That included the kitchen staff because now that they were off duty they got into the spirit of the day as well. So it really meant that everyone raised their hand without hesitation.  
  
"But we can't. Nude Day's only once a year. We'll get arrested tomorrow," Jenna said, obviously from experience.  
  
There were murmurs throughout the room for several minutes.  
  
"Trench coats," Peter said rising above the din.

"What was that?" Pierson asked.  
  
"We wear trench coats and take them off when we arrive somewhere," Peter finished his thought.  
  
"Interesting..." Pierson said.  
  
"We strip! Rename the placeNew York STRIP Pizza!" Rachel said.  
  
Everyone became a little more excited hearing that, all except Mary.  
  
"What's wrong?" Pierson asked her.  
  
She had her arms crossed and a pout on her face. "That's great for all of you, but then I get to sit behind the counter with my clothes on all day!"  
  
Laughter broke out.  
  
"Let's go with trench coats for now. I'll pick some up in the morning. Does that sound good?"  
  
Everyone agreed but Mary. She still sat there sullen.  
  
"Mary, I have your uniform right here," Pierson said holding up an imaginary hanger.  
  
"You mean...?"  
  
"I may have to black out the windows but yes!"  
  
Mary ran up to him and hugged him. "Thank you!"  
  
Pierson started reacting to a naked body for the first time that day. He pushed her away. "My, uh, pleasure," he said chuckling.  
  
There was a knock on the door frame to the store room. Pierson turned around to see a face peeking around the corner. He ushered her in.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen, it's time to go home. Those of you who're working tomorrow I'll see you then," he said putting an arm around the nude woman. "I want to thank you all for everything you did to turn this business around. We live to pie another day!"  
  
Cheers could be heard around the room while everyone started walking out.  
  
"Oh, one last thing. A third of the delivery surcharges go to the drivers and clerks. A third I keep. The other third goes to the kitchen staff!"  
  
The drivers weren't thrilled with the idea, but with the tips they got that day they didn't care too much. The kitchen staff was happy they were getting extra money for the first time ever!  
  
"Wasn't that the picketer lady?" Aaron asked the other four on the way out. Mary and Rachel were hugged close to him on either arm.  
  
"Yeah," Mary said. "I guess Pierson really got through to her!" She told everyone else the story, and how she eventually came back to the store to apologize in the nude. "I didn't know Pierson asked her out on a date!"  
  
"That's sweet!" Jenna said.  
  
"This late at night it might be more than that!" Aaron said smiling widely.  
  
"Speaking of which..." Rachel said reaching to his crotch and his soft cock.  
  
"I'm so tired... You gals might have toput onsome clothes to get me in the mood!" Aaron said.  
  
Rachel and Mary cooed at the idea.  
  
"See what I mean?" Jenna asked and everyone looked at her. "Now you understand why I was so nervous around clothed people!"  
  
All five laughed.  
  
"Well wearing a trench coat during the day and nothing else the rest of the time is sure gonna save me money!" Peter said drawing another round of laughs. He hugged Jenna tight to his side and she did the same.  
  
"Hey, how did you guys make out in tips?" Mary asked. "I did great inside, really great. But you guys must've got a lot more!"  
  
Aaron was about to speak but Jenna cut him off. "I'm sure we all did really well, didn't we?" The other three drivers nodded. "But let's not tell each other how much we made. No hard feelings?"  
  
One by one they all smiled and agreed.  
  
"I think you guys would fit in with my other group of friends now that you're comfortable like this. Wanna join us some time?" Jenna asked.  
  
"I'm assuming attire is optional?" Rachel asked.  
  
"Attire is prohibited!" Jenna said giggling.  
  
"Count me in!" Aaron said.  
  
"Me too!" the other three agreed.  
  
"Good. Now let's get home and get some sleep... or whatever," Jenna added looking up at Peter and placing her hand on his chest.  
  
They all hugged and said goodbye before going their separate ways. Peter followed Jenna home where she got into his car. They barely made it in his door before they embraced and kissed, making their way to his futon to... fall asleep.  
  
Aaron drove to Rachel and Mary's apartment, where, between both girls, they also fell asleep.  
  
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The next morning Aaron awoke to the sight of a pussy being lowered to his face while the other was riding him. He didn't care who was who, and reached up to guide the hips closer to his face.  
  
"Oh fuck!" he heard one of them yell out, distorted as it was by the person covering his head.  
  
Moans and garbled words kept filtering through, but Aaron was content to have his pussy and eat it too! The one on his dick was grinding away hard now that he was awake, and it was tight! He felt it convulse and change rhythm as she came.  
  
"My turn!" he heard Rachel say while they switched places. Rachel was just as tight as Mary, and Mary's pussy tasted just as sweetly!  
  
Aaron finally understood why these two dideverythingtogether! He was one lucky man!  
  
They switched and had another turn each on his dick and tongue before he started to give in to the feelings. They were about to switch another time when he yelled out, "Ready! Who wants it?!"  
  
The girls eagerly jumped off the bed and kneeled on the floor facing him with their tongues out. Aaron quickly repositioned himself and kneeled over their faces. They batted away his hands and each deep throated him, licking their lips after, before jacking him off until he came all over their faces.  
  
He groaned louder than he'd ever done and watched as spurt after spurt was directed toward one face and then the other. When he was tapped dry he saw his white cream everywhere. He wished he had a...  
  
"Here," Rachel said handing him her phone. "Take a picture of us!"  
  
He smiled and took several. His dick made it into their mouths again and into the pictures. Their eager cleaning ritual and beautiful bodies he lusted after were also captured.  
  
They finished and sidled up alongside him again.  
  
"When can..." Mary said.  
  
"...you move in?" Rachel finished.  
  
Aaron smiled at each of them. "I think I just did!" he responded getting an excited three way kiss as his reward. A hand each was already stroking him.  
  
"Do you have two more loads in you?" Mary asked.  
  
"I could manage, I think. Why?"  
  
Mary and Rachel looked at each other and smiled.  
  
"Ever seen two girls eat cream pie before?" Rachel asked.  
  
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Jenna felt something tickling her. She swatted it away and opened her eyes to see Peter sitting next to her with a paint brush and palette in his hands. He was pushing the brush back toward her. She followed it and saw paint on her body.  
  
"I'm sorry. I just woke up with the overwhelming urge to paint you..." Peter said staring at her breasts.  
  
She saw flowers on her boobs and a few other marks she couldn't make out looking down. His paint brush was moving down her tummy and onto her mons...  
  
She was overwhelmed with desire and reached out to pull his head close to hers. Peter's arms splayed to the sides with his painting implements in each hand. After a moment she allowed him to put down his things and pushed him to the bed to lie atop him and kiss him feverishly. Soon Jenna was grinding against his long rod which was trapped between them.  
  
They lay like that for an eternity of uncountable moments before Jenna suddenly sat up and lifted herself far enough off of Peter to put his dick between them. She guided it and slowly sunk down, agonizingly so! She'd never had anything as big as Peter before, and her Kegels were paying off in spades!  
  
No matter how wet she was, and she was dripping, she still had to repeatedly inch down and retreat slightly to get him inside. He wasn't half way in when Peter reached up and started to caress her breasts.  
  
Jenna moaned, the sensations taking over her body. She became lost while her senses flooded with yearning for Peter. Eventually she felt him bump the end, and she looked down to see two inches still outside. She reached down and touched what was exposed, sending a shudder through her.  
  
Peter's hands fell to her hips and he raised her up. Jenna caught on quickly and started a rhythm that let Peter return his attention upwards. The moment Peter pinched her nipples she felt her clit bump him hard!  
  
She breathed in deeply and sharply, grabbing his hands and holding them tight to her chest. When she started letting out her breath she started moving on him like she was possessed!  
  
"Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck!" she repeated over and over, soon becoming hoarse from her quickly drying mouth.  
  
When she screamed out his name, Peter jumped in more ways than one. He drove his pelvis up off of the futon and turned her scream into a high pitched wail while they came as one.  
  
Jenna soon collapsed on top of Peter. He hugged her close to him and kissed her forehead. They lay there like that for countless minutes.  
  
"Mmmm... what do you think? Was it worth being nude for a day? Jenna asked.  
  
Peter rubbed her shoulder and side. "It was three days, and I never wanna get dressed again!"  
  
Jenna rubbed his chest and played with his nipple a little. "I second that. Let's never leave this bed," she said dreamily moving her hand downward.  
  
"I'm afraid we need to," Peter said softly, stopping Jenna's hand.  
  
Jenna sighed. "Yeah. Work," she said sadly while rubbing his belly.  
  
Peter tapped her shoulder and pointed to a canvas in the middle of the studio... the one he was saving for the perfect inspiration while he was too poor to buy another. "No, I need paints. Ireallywant to paint you!"  
  
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Epilogue  
  
The business did end up closing the very next February. Even stripping delivery drivers wasn't enough to save it after the novelty wore off in a town with no money and fewer people every day. Luckily Peter, Jenna, Mary, and Rachel saved up enough money to move to the city and start new lives.  
  
Mary and Rachel got jobs at a strip club, never getting enough of being naked or driving men wild! Surprisingly they were very happy and in the long run found a decent man to share. Abundantly decent if you get my meaning!  
  
Aaron stayed behind and moved back in with his parents. He took a job on the force and eventually was able to convince people that he wasn't a stripper, but instead a real police officer on duty! He ended up marrying one of Jenna's nudist friends. Jenna, Peter, and Pierson were there to celebrate with them. Aaron and his wife vowed to raise a family the way Jenna said: clothing free at home.  
  
Pierson moved to the city as well to open a new restaurant. He got out of town while he still had money to do so. Marge went right along with him. Not only were her picketing and bible shaking days over, but she fully embraced the freedom she learned on Nude Day... and her new love! She didn't give up completely on the lord. She just felt he had a deeper understanding of her.  
  
This restaurant had a full menu, dining area, and featured many of the same pizzas he served at his small restaurant in town. Miguel was his head chef, and finally got wings and poppers on the menu! Plus he had creative control and turned the menu into something Pierson was proud of!  
  
Jenna became the manager of that restaurant. She handled all their advertising and design. It became successful enough that Pierson opened another and Jenna became half owner. Strangely enough, she finally became comfortable wearing clothing in public!  
  
But the real story was Peter.  
  
Peter's passion was Jenna... Jenna and painting in that order. When he and Jenna weren't worshiping each other or working at the pizza place he was painting. Jenna served as his muse, giving him countless ideas. But his favorites were the threePortraits of a Red Goddesspaintings he did with Jenna as his subject soon after they first coupled.  
  
Jenna and Peter moved into their studio apartment in the city. Peter was finishing up unloading a truck while Jenna was working. He was startled by a well dressed woman walking up to him.  
  
"Where did you get those, young man?" she said over the clicking of her expensive heels.  
  
He jumped at the sound of her voice because he was lost in thought. "The paintings?" She nodded. "They're mine. I mean I painted them," he said plainly.  
  
"May I?" she asked taking off her Lugano sunglasses. Peter nodded and turned the paintings toward her while she looked them over. "Are there more?"  
  
"Yeah, inside. These are the last of them."  
  
"Please show me the rest."  
  
"All right," he said closing and locking the moving truck. He walked inside and heard her heels clicking close behind him.  
  
Up the freight elevator they went and down the hall into the apartment where the woman saw a trove of paintings he'd done over the years. She eagerly picked through them and stopped when she saw thePortraits.  
  
"These are amazing! I've never seen their like..." she said staring.  
  
"Those are my fiance. She has no equal," Peter said longingly.  
  
"Such passion..." The woman straightened up and turned to him. "You don't know who I am, do you?"  
  
Peter shook his head. "I just moved to the city, but should I?"  
  
The woman pulled a business card out of her elegantly tailored, white blazer's pocket and handed it to him without a word. He took it and read it.  
  
"St. Claire Art Gallery. Um, that address is just down the street, isn't it?"  
  
She nodded and smiled. "You understand what that means don't you?" she said pointing to her card.  
  
"Yes, you sell fine artwork."  
  
"I mean you understand what that means forme", she said pointing to herself, "to give that toyou," she finished pointing to him and then gesturing around the room.  
  
"Ummmm... Oh you mean...!" Peter said finally comprehending.  
  
Portraits of a Red Goddessbecame the centerpieces that drew in people to his first exhibit, but they weren't for sale. He had outrageously high offers for them but wouldn't part with them. By the end of the evening he had more than fifty business cards of people that hoped he would change his mind.  
  
The pieces he did sell garnered him more money than he'd ever thought of back in his home town!  
  
The requests for personal and intimate portraits were, he thought, going to set him up for life!  
  
When it came time for their wedding, Jenna and Peter had their friends in attendance. It was the first time the six of them were together since they all left town. But there was one addition to the ceremony. Pierson and Marge joined them at the altar. Aaron's pregnant wife was there as well.  
  
And of course, they were all nude!  
  
Nuptials Au Naturelwas Peter's next centerpiece. This time all the friends were in attendance for the opening. None of them escaped the attention of the admiring patrons who excitedly buzzed around the obvious subjects of the painting.  
  
By the time the friends attended a private celebration afterwards their heads were spinning, not that it stopped them from becoming comfortable the only way they knew!  
  
Peter promised Aaron and his wife that he'd paint a portrait of them and their baby boy. It became their most prized possession. He and his wife eventually moved to the city when even the police force was cut down to almost nothing back home. Thanks to his dad, Aaron started a great career and eventually made detective.