**Reluctantly Exposed**

by[Himself128](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1393892&page=submissions)©

At 27, Eva had been working at the Wizard for over a year. Having graduated from college when she was 22, she had not found work that was consistent with her background in business and marketing. Her youthful look tended to conceal her underlying intelligence; she instinctively knew more about business than most people her age. Her desire for success and for money inspired her search for a good job. However, after a year of looking Eva had accepted an interim job to help pay the accumulating bills. She found and ad for a place called the Wizard; a local bar and club that served the beach crowd.   
  
The Wizard was connected to a lively resort on the west coast of Florida and was frequented by young stylish couples and singles out to meet others. As a result a lot of local guys would stop by hoping to pick up the visiting single guests. Eva was quickly hired by the Wizard due to her marketing skills, quick wit and good looks. They knew they could tap into her background to help promote the business, while she served as a part-time bartender/hostess. Eva never planned to be there for more than a year. She needed to jump-start her career and the money was good. She knew the practical experience would strengthen her resume.   
  
A few guys would go to the Wizard to hang out with friends, but many used the bar as a way to try and pick up single ladies. The ladies tended to be more discrete and many found the overt approaches of men to be boring. Eva tried not to judge people as she marketed and organized the events, made drinks and served customers. She did everything she could to make the bar successful. The owner seemed to appreciate her efforts during her first few months but he became more difficult to please over time. With each of her successes, the boss would set a higher goal and Eva was pushing hard to boost attendance and to keep her boss happy.   
  
Every other week Eva developed and launched activities that would draw customers in on a Saturday night. She had just come up with an idea for a fun event that would allow the customers to participate. Young guys were always bragging about their accomplishments and physical prowess, so Eva came up with the idea of having men shimmy up a heavy rope and retrieve a prize that would be hung at the top. The rope hung down 15-18 feet from the high ceilings; enough to challenge the inexperienced climbers.   
  
Eva had tested this activity a few weeks ago and guys had reacted well and were competitive. The women would laugh and enjoy the frequently topless and muscular looking men. Eva served as the master of ceremonies for the event, announcing the winners and losers. As a result she had developed a couple of detractors; those who had failed to get to the top. These guys were competitive and were embarrassed to have Eva say things like, "You just don't have what it takes." They found Eva very attractive and desirable, but their egos were bruised when they fell short of successfully climbing the rope.   
  
While Eva knew how to promote a good event she was in actuality, quite shy. She had developed a persona that allowed her to engage with people effectively at work, but privately she characterized herself as more of an observer than an outgoing participant in social situations. She had developed a reserved style of operating, rarely taking risks and always careful about how she communicated with friends and social acquaintances. She guarded and directed her daily life to such a degree, that one would have never imagined the fantasies and sexual interest she enjoyed.  
  
Eva found herself wanting men to desire her and but at the same time she did not want the complications of one night stands, nor was she ready for a long term relationship that might lead to marriage. She found herself sexually excited at the oddest moments. Once she had been caught nearly nude in a dressing room when a young guy came in to try on clothes. He was paralyzed by the surprise and beauty of her naked breasts. Eva had few options to cover herself, as the clothes she had been wearing were hanging behind the door that he had opened.   
  
That evening she found herself rehashing the incident and getting sexually excited over the uncontrollable situation. Another time in a cafe she had spilled hot coffee over her new skirt and legs and when she jumped and lifted the skirt to avoid being scalded; three college guys at the next table had admired her legs catching a glimpse of her panties. She couldn't drop the skirt for a minute or more and she had been thrilled and embarrassed by being forced to show herself.  
  
Eva found the Wizard to be an interesting place to work. It allowed her to observe women and men pursuing the sexual hunt. Men approached women each night trying to find a new opening line that would garner the attention of a beautiful woman. The effectiveness of the approach would determine whether she would grant him a smile and words of encouragement, or a roll of the eyes that dismissed him. The men frequently conveyed a false confidence, and lord knows they needed it, given the number of times that some were rebuffed.  
  
Men had always found Eva attractive and the Wizard became a place where they tried to gain her confidence and interest. Her petite and athletic body was made very feminine by 34 B cup breasts and short dark hair. Eva worked hard to maintain a stylish look and was always well dressed, toned and fit.   
  
The evening's new event was designed to be a lot of fun. Eva could count on the guys to show off for women. And while not all of them would want to demonstrate their physical prowess, a few of the most competitive guys could always be counted on to participate.   
  
As she walked arrived at work and walked through the service entrance, the bar owner spotted her and started fussing about how things weren't ready for the evening event. Eva tried calming him and said she would fix the issues as soon as she got dressed.   
  
Before heading to work that day, Eva had been working to help a friend paint her apartment. Arriving at the Club, Eva went to an employee locker room and quickly showered. Her roommate, a friend since college, had agreed to bring Eva's dressy clothes to the Wizard and to leave them in her locker.   
  
After her shower, Eva looked into the garment bag and groaned with frustration at her friend's oversight. She had brought the skirt and sandals that Eva had requested, but the top was simply a cotton pullover, and there was no bra. She had included a black thong for Eva to wear but Eva felt overly exposed working without a bra and the very short skirt, with only a thong. She imagined working with no bra, showing her bouncing breasts all night as she served customers. Her boss wouldn't care, in fact he would love any idea that attracted men. As she thought about going home for a change of clothes, her boss hollered for her to hurry up.  
  
Eva rushed to get dressed resigning herself to going braless. As she dressed, she looked at herself in the mirror. The short skirt and top looked lovely; if only she could get through the evening without her breasts bouncing and nipples getting hard. Her face flushed even thinking about the prospects.  
  
Eva rushed out to the bar and her boss quickly reminded her that the decorations had not been hung from the permanent lines high up near the ceiling. It was up to Eva to get the decorations up before the party started. As she looked around the bar, Eva noticed a half dozen men sitting nearby drinking and laughing. They weren't her favorite customers. Two had been previous losers of her events the prior month and she had turned down a proposition made by one of the other guys.   
  
Eva looked around for a ladder realizing that she should have strung the decorations before she changed. However, time was tight and she had the bartender get her the tall step ladder, locating it where she needed to work. She grabbed a few of the decorations and started up the ladder, but as she did the ladder shook and nearly fell over. Eva had to jump off the ladder and as it slowly steadied itself. The bartender shouted across the room, that the ladder was old and wooden and not very stable.  
  
"You better be careful on that thing Eva, I tried getting on it yesterday and it nearly broke. I won't get on it again." Pissed off Eva had few options for getting the place decorated and pondered what she would do.  
  
The guys at the nearby table offered to climb the ladder but Eva was concerned that if the ladder broke, or someone was hurt, she would be fired. Eva started to climb again but one of the guys jumped up just in time to catch and steady the ladder.   
  
Eva gasped and grabbed the ladder with one hand, and with the other hand recovered her nearly lost decorations. To make matters worse the boss came through again and told her to hurry up.  
  
Fortunately, Eva's athletic ability had not diminished since finishing school. She was agile and climbed the ladder.   
  
Tom, the guy holding it called over to his buddy Pete to help him steady the other side. Eva was a little concerned, as they seemed pretty drunk. As she climbed the 10 foot ladder she got to the next to the last rung before she could adequately string the decoration on the line. She struggled to keep her balance as the ladder periodically shook. The guys were giggling and she looked down to see them peering up her skirt.  
  
From below, Pete and Tom had enjoyed watching Eva's toned legs flex as she climbed the ladder. The skirt ended six inches above her knee and they enjoyed and admired her tanned legs. When she got to the top, Eva spread her feet to steady herself against the outside legs of the ladder. As she spread her legs, the guys glanced up and got a glimpse of her upper thighs and the lower part of her ass cheeks. The two guys motioned to their friends to come over and join them, announcing that they could use a hand steadying the ladder.   
  
Eva was embarrassed thinking about them looking, but she knew that her options were limited and the party started in an hour. She did her best to hook up the decorations. As she stretched and moved one leg to steady herself, she momentarily forgot about her skirt and suddenly heard one of the guys making comments to the others. "She's wearing a black thong."  
  
Eva felt her face flush. She looked down at the four men and saw the excitement in their eyes. One looked up at her and was enjoying her discomfort. He had slipped during his climb up the rope a couple weeks previously, while trying to impress Eva and garner her attention. Now he was enjoying watching her struggle to put up the decorations and maintain her balance, composure and modesty.  
  
With each decoration that was placed, Eva had to reach further out from the ladder to attach the next. As she stretched, using two hands to work, her shirt pulled well above the top of her her skirt and away from her body, allowing the men a glimpse of the undersides of her bare breasts. She heard the clamoring below and the mention of her sexy breasts. Eva's face turned beet red and she desperately wanted to climb down the ladder and retreat. However as soon as she made an excuse about not being able to reach the line they reassured her that they could slide the ladder over a little.   
  
She held on and they dragged the ladder a few inches over. Eva stretched less this time but as her arms reached up the men saw that she had positioned her legs slightly apart in order to maintain her balance. They saw the full view of the back of her ass cheeks along with the black string of the thong working its way into the seam of her backside. They were thrilled and one whispered to the other that he had no idea she was so sexy.  
  
Eva blushed and was flustered by the attention and her exposure. After she placed the next decoration, Eva was nearing the large climbing rope, hanging from the ceiling. In order to avoid an overly enthusiastic bar patron try to climb the rope prematurely; they had taken the lower end of the rope and hoisted it up with a pulley, suspending it eight feet off the floor. As they moved the ladder nearer to the rope Eva reached to place the next decoration. One of the men was distracted as he peered up her skirt and he loosened his grip on the ladder. The ladder tipped hard to the left and Eva jumped to the right and grabbed for the rope.   
  
Her hands caught the thick rope and the decorations scattered to the floor. The drunken patrons laughed and gathered under her, suggesting she let herself go and they would catch her. Eva was no fool and said no as she struggled to hold on. Her legs flailed and the view below was open to all the men. They tried to contain their lust and pleasure but the muffled laughter and whispering was apparent as they watched her thighs and legs kick at the air, trying to get a grip on the rope.   
  
Eva's grip slid a little and the friction of the rope against her top made her top slide upward. Suddenly her tummy and the undersides of her luscious breast were visible. The men jockeyed around trying to get the best view. There was a real sexual hunger in the eyes of a couple of the men as they saw her breasts squeezed against the rope. Eva clung to the rope and her fear of getting seriously hurt was more about her perception of the distance than the actual reality.   
  
She struggled to hold on but every few inches that she slipped downward; her top rode up and equal distance. Soon glimpses of the beautiful pink nipples were visible. As she tried to hoist herself upward her breasts would jiggle and shake.   
  
The men loved what they were seeing. She was mortified and her face was red with exertion and embarrassment. Eva could not help herself. She tried to wrap her legs around the rope and as she did she slipped another few inches. Her skirt rode up so that her upper thighs were visible. The shirt rode up and bunched under her chin. Her beautiful breasts hung out, one on either side of the rope to which she clung. In the excitement and exposure to the air, her nipples had gotten hard. The men loved what they were seeing and she began to wonder whether it was even safe to ask for help.   
  
Eva could not see what the rope had done to her skirt and as she slipped another few inches, her skirt slid up to her hips. With her legs positioned around the rope the smooth nylon cord actually rubbed against her mound as she slipped. The friction, heat and vibration sent an unexpected sensation through her lower body. She knew they could now see all of her legs and ass, and even her thong was stretched tightly over her mound.   
  
The men examined her and even circled her from underneath, like wolves waiting to take their prey. Eva finally asked them for help. They told her to slide down a little more and as she did her thong pulled to the side momentarily, giving them a quick view of her shaved pussy. Hands reached up to hold her as she released herself. Her top was up and her breasts were red from the marks of the ropes. The men couldn't help but look and admire what they saw. She was humiliated but a thrill ran through her as one man's hands slid across her ass as they set her down on the floor. She quickly pulled her clothing in place as she scurried to regain her composure.