**Steph Makes a Deal**

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Hank carried me over to a couch in the corner of the lobby and set me down. "I'd carry you up to your room," he said, "But I've got a lot of things to do right now."

"But I'm naked! You can't leave me here!"

"You're free to get up and go. No one is keeping you against your will."

Gradually the strength came back into my legs, and I jumped up and ducked into the stairwell. I realized I hadn't grabbed any of my clothes but I was far too embarrassed to go back into the lobby for them, so I ran up the stairs naked, my breasts bouncing and the cool air making me very aware of my bare-shaven puss.

In my hall, there were two guys standing and chatting, and I blushed bright red as I slipped past them and ducked into my apartment. I grabbed jeans and a t-shirt, and realized I still had no underwear. Knowing how erotic the feel of jeans rubbing against a bare puss could be, I picked a skirt instead.

Then I looked around the rooms. No furniture, just piles of books, clothing, and other personal belongings. I needed a job- bad.

Sighing, I got up and grabbed my purse. I'd have to go out and grab a newspaper, and I could pick up my clothes from the lobby on my way back in.

I headed down the stairs. In the lobby, I noticed all the clothes- the shorts, shirt, and all the panties- were gone. Hank came out of the office, so I approached him and asked about my clothes.

"No idea. Haven't seen them." he said through a grin. "So I guess you aren't wearing anything under that skirt, either?" He didn't wait for me to answer but grabbed the hem of my skirt and flipped it up. Just then two more guys walked into the lobby, and I tried to push my skirt back down. Hank spun me around so my arms were trapped and my bare beav was displayed to two more strange guys.

After they were gone, he let me free, and I ran out the door and started down the street to find a newspaper. I'd gone only a few steps when Kelly caught up to me.

"What's up?" she asked, and I explained my mission.

"I could probably find you some work around the apartment building." she offered.

"Really?"

"Sure, Kev is leaving in a few weeks so there's going to be three people's work to divide between just me and Hank. And hey, in the meantime, I know you need some money to get your apartment furnished and all. I could make you a deal."

The way she looked when she said that made me nervous.

"What kind of deal?"

"I want to buy your MySpace page, and all the underwear you left in the lobby. I'll pay you $800, and you have to give me the right to do whatever I want with the MySpace page and you can't replace the underwear without permission."

I started walking again. No way was I falling for that.

"Okay, how about this." She had caught up with me. "I'll go with you shopping and you can put three full rooms of furniture on the business credit card, the apartment building will pay for all your furniture, if you agree to the rest of the deal, and also let me shop with you. Come on, you can't live in an apartment with no furniture."

Finally I agreed. After all, it wasn't like I actually had to stick to the underwear thing. How could she possibly enforce it?

"Great. Let's go."

"Now?"

"No time like the present."

And with that, she turned and threw her arm in the air, and had a cab at the curb before I could blink.

In the cab, she started teasing. She asked the driver, "What do you think of shaved pussy?"

He began to stammer and mutter in reply.

"It's just that, well, Steph has just gotten hers shaved and doesn't know what guys will think of it. Here, I'll show you. She doesn't wear panties at all so it's no trouble at all to show you." She flipped my skirt up before I could stop her.

"Tha-that looks really, um, really, nice." the driver said, blushing. Then the light changed, and he had to look where he was going again.

"The greatest thing," said Kelly, "Is that it is so much more sensitive. Every since she had it shaved, she's developed this funny habit of having orgasms in public. She just can't control herself, she feels so hot and wet."

"Stop it Kelly!" I hissed, but her hand was moving under my skirt and it really did feel good.

"She doesn't wear bras, either." Kelly announced at the next red light, and, still teasing my clit with one hand, jerked my shirt up with the other.

"Yeah, I could tell that through her shirt." the driver said, staring. A honk from behind us startled us all, and we realized the light was green.

When we arrived at a large furniture store, Kelly was still teasing my clit and wouldn't let up. Now she hopped out, leaving me to fix my skirt and follow her into the store.

First, she led me to the kitchen section. "I think you should get barstools, since there's a built in breakfast bar in your apartment." She announced. "Here, sit on this one and see what you think."

The barstool was high, and when I lifted my leg to climb up, I realized that I had the attention of a salesman and a male customer standing a short distance away. I glanced down and realized my skirt was rising up and showing my hot, swollen pussy.

Blushing, I quickly covered myself.

Kelly grinned, and beckoned for the two to come over. "What do you think?" she asked me as they approached, then turned to them and said "We're trying to decide whether Steph should buy this set of barstools. She's afraid that she might show her pussy too much getting up and down, since she doesn't wear panties. Can you guys check and see if she shows when she climbs up and down?" The two agreed emphatically, and Kelly turned and ordered me to climb down. I did, first putting down my right leg. "Wait! Don't move! See, guys, when she's got one foot up like that, and the other down, her skirt pulls open, and we thought her shaved pussy might be visible. Can you see it?"

"I can." said the customer. "Why is it all wet and swollen?"

"Oh," Kelly said, "She's a little horny from the showing off. She likes to be looked at and touched by strangers. Here, feel how swollen her clit is." She took the man's hand, and placed his finger on my clit! I moaned, and blushed in embarrassment.

"And look how hard her nipples get." Kelly added.

Even though they were clearly visible through my shirt, the salesman must have figured pretending not to see would get better results, because he said "Are they hard? I can't tell."

Kelly pulled up the bottom of my short, all the way to my neck, trapping my arms in it.

The customer continued to fondle my clit.

"I can't actually see her pussy either." said the salesman.

Kelly pulled the skirt all the way up so that not only the salesman and customer but everyone in the kitchen department could see my shaved puss and my bare butt. A crowd was beginning to gather. Kelly grabbed a wooden spoon from a nearby display. The handle was rounded and long, and Kelly began to tease, inserting it just half an inch into my sopping wet pussy, then pulling it back out. The customer was still playing with my clit and I thought I might explode at any time.

"You're going to have to ask for it." Kelly said.

"Please." I whispered. "Please, I've got to cum now, give it to me."

I couldn't help that more than a dozen strangers were watching. I had to cum.

Kelly began to thrust the spoon handle harder and deeper, and the man whose name I didn't even know moved his fingers faster over my clit.

"Kelly, I'm cumming." I groaned.

And I cried out as I orgasmed explosively, nearly falling off the stool.

While I sat recovering, Kelly told the salesman, "We'll take the set. Deliver tomorrow to this address, please."

To me, she said, "Which shall we hit next, living room, or bedroom?"