**Steph in the Lobby**

by[imjustasteph](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1038147&page=submissions)©

It seems like moving will never end. I fill up the boxes, all the boxes I could get from the stores in town, and I put them in the back of El's brother's pickup, and we drive to the apartment building, and the three of us carry boxes in and up the stairs- because of course the elevator is out of order on moving day- and into the apartment and then we go down and bring up more. When they're all up, we dump boxes out on the floor and carry them back down because I couldn't get enough boxes on such short notice and we have to take them back to my mom's place repack them with more stuff. I had no idea I even had so much stuff.

I don't have a dresser yet, it's one of the things I'll have to buy. My mom won't let me take the one I've been using, it was her great-grandmother's and will stay in her house forever, she says. She's heard about the incident in the locker room, and she's mad at me. I tell her it's stupid, that I'm over the age of consent and what I do isn't her business. She tells me it is as long as I live in her house.

Ellen found the apartment- said it was the least she could do since she's at least partly responsible for the locker room incident.

We're back in her brother Adam's truck, I'm squeezed into the middle, straddling the hump, which amuses Adam. He's enjoying himself, really. I catch him peeking up my loose, short track shorts when I climb out of the truck. Finally I explode.

"Who the heck do you think you are? You think I'm open ground for peeking at just because you're helping me move?"

"Actually, I've heard you like being looked at." he grins.

Okay, so maybe I am getting a little excited knowing he's looking at my body. I'm tense. My life is about to totally change. I've got to find a job. I had savings to cover first and last month's rent and the deposit, but I might not have enough to pay the second month if I don't have an income by then. I'm blowing up more over the stress than him peeking up my shorts.

"Heard from who?" I growl, angry that El has told him about that.

"My buddy Hank." he laughs. "But I'm not going on hearsay- he actually \*showed\* me."

He holds out a cell phone, and I see that I'm his wallpaper. Not just any shot of me- it's me leaning back on the shower bench, in the mens' locker room at the gym, with cum on my breasts and my head thrown back. My expression makes it clear I'm in the middle of orgasm. I groan. How many other people have seen these shots?

Later, after we've carried in the last load of boxes, Adam and Ellen leave, and I take a shower. I'm reliving the scene at the gym when the hot water runs out, leaving me frustrated and shivering. I get out and reach for a towel.

Oops, no towel. I'll have to buy some. In the meantime, I do have a beach towel, and I remember seeing it in a corner with a volleyball and a beach bag, where we dumped one of the boxes earlier. I walk out, naked and dripping, and attempt to locate it.

"Wow, you haven't changed since I last saw you," says a familiar voice.

I whirl around. The door to the hall is open, and there's a large fellow standing in the doorway. The hunk! The one from the locker room, the one whose name I wanted to get from Ellen.

"I'm trying to find a towel!" I shriek, covering my body with my hands. "What are you doing in here anyway?"

"The door was open. I'm looking for my puppy. She slipped out of my apartment, next door, and I thought she might've come in here."

"Well go away! Can't you see I'm naked!"

"I sure can" he responds, letting his eyes slowly roll over my body, and I can feel my pussy tingling, even as I try to control it. "Anyway, pup's not here, so I guess I'll-"

At that moment, a small furry object darts past him and tears across the room, unerringly toward a pile of clothing in the corner. Adorable puppy, with floppy ears that seem too long for the little body, and big paws that trip her when she tries to stop. She grabs something and darts back toward the door, and as she runs past me, I realize that she's got a pair of my panties, a black lacy thong. I grab for them, and the breeze as I move reminds me I am completely bare, and my neighbor the hunk is still ogling me unabashedly.

I miss, and the pup runs past the hunk. He stoops and grabs at the panties, and they tear. The pup runs on with her fragment of lace, and my new neighbor holds up a torn and ruined piece of string that once helped preserve my modesty.

I spot my towel and grab it, wrapping it around me quickly.

"Sorry about that. I'm Hank, by the way."

Hank the Hunk. How appropriate.

"My pup sorta collects things." he explained. "Last week it was shoes. She'd slip into an open apartment, grab a shoe, and carry it down to the lobby. By the time we caught her, she had a pile of about thirty shoes hidden behind the desk. We don't really use that desk, we use the one in the office, so nobody noticed her much."

"We?" I ask, overwhelmed with the number of questions I have and unable to prioritize them.

"Oh, sorry," he says. "Hi, I'm Hank, your new neighbor and the co-owner of this building, along with my brother Kevin."

"Oh."

"Well, why don't you get dressed, and we'll see if we can find your delicates," he suggests.

I turn to the wall and sort through the pile of clothing. Weird.....shorts, skirts, jeans, tops....no panties at all.

Apparently Hank intuits the problem.

"Uh oh. She got more than the one pair, didn't she?"

"All of them, I think." I tell him breathlessly.

"Well, I guess you'll have to do without until we recover them." he says with a grin.

I grab shorts and a shirt and step into the bedroom to dress, blushing furiously.

I emerge, and his grin tells me that he's thinking about my pantiless state. The denim of my cut-offs rubs against my damp puss, making it even wetter.

He gestures for me to lead the way down the stairs. Him knowing how the denim rubs my bare skin feels even naughtier than being naked. I can't help being turned on.

At the bottom, he shouts across the room to a fellow emerging from a doorway, "Kev! You seen any panties around here? Fifi's back to her thieving ways!" Fifi must be the dog's name. I feel myself blushing as everyone turns to look at us. Do they deduce from his words that I don't have any panties on? Surely not, but the thought increases the burn in my groin.

Kev, who must be the brother Hank mentioned before, walks across the lobby toward us. "I haven't been looking for panties. How many pairs?"

"All of them," says Hank, "however many that is. Every last pair the girl has."

If anyone didn't know before, they know now, and I see Kevin looking at my crotch. "I don't believe you. Not \*every\* pair."

Then before I know what's happening, Hank has pulled my shorts open and shoved them down to my ankles, and my freshly shaven beaver is on display.

"Wow," says Kev, "I guess she did get every pair.

There are half a dozen people in the lobby besides us three, and all of them are looking at me.

I cry out and pull up my shorts, but the button is gone, and I can only zip them, leaving the top inch open.

"Just panties?" asks Kev "Fifi didn't steal her bras?"

"I don't know," says Hank, "I don't think she wears bras, see?"

And he jerks my shirt open. I've only done two of the six buttons, leaving two open at the top and two at the bottom, and the two that are fastened pop off as the shirt is jerked open. Of course I'm not wearing a bra, and now my breasts are out in the open for anyone to see, and yes, everyone is watching.

"Oops, sorry about that. Didn't mean to ruin your shirt." Hank says, and before I can do anything to cover myself, he pulls it off my arms and calls "Karen! Would you sew these buttons back for her?"

A young woman comes running over and takes the shirt from him. "Shall I fix the shorts, too?"

"No!" I cry. "Give me my shirt! Everyone is looking at my titties!"

"Don't be silly." Karen insists. "My silly brother tore your clothes, and I am going to fix them." She nods to Hank, and he grabs my arms, holding them behind me, and she pulls my shorts down my legs. I'm totally naked in the lobby of my new apartment building.

And Karen is gone, taking my clothes with her, just as fast as that. I dash for the stairwell, but Kevin grabs me by the wrist.

"You have to come and see if these are yours," he says, and leads me to a desk in the corner. Behind it, there are almost two dozen pairs of panties. He scoops them up and dumps them on the desk, then begins to lay them out in rows.

"Is this pair yours?" he asks, pointing to a light blue thong with a pink flower print.

"Yes, they're all mine, please, let me go, I'm naked, I want to go get some clothes."

"You will have to identify each pair as yours before I can release them to you." Kevin insists. "Are these yours?" A black pair with a bow in the front.

"Yes!"

"These?" Purple with gray kittens.

"Yes! Please, I'll come back down and identify them all, I just have to go get clothes on!"

Kevin sighed. "They're all yours? You're certain?"

"I really am, please let me go!"

"You'll have to sign for them. That's procedure for any personal items left in the lobby."

I decide not to protest that I did not leave the panties in the lobby, and I sign the paper he holds out without reading it, then dash for the stairs, panties in arms.

"Hey!" calls Karen. "Wait! I've got your buttons fixed!"

That was fast. I turn back to her.

"I like how you shave your pussy," she says.

"Thanks. I didn't always, but my friend did it last week and if I don't keep it shaved it itches when it grows out."

"I'll give you your clothes back if you'll let me feel how smooth it is."

I groan, knowing where this is going. "Okay" I relent.

"But I feel it my way," she says, and I feel arms encircle me as Kevin and Hank scoop me up and deposit me on the desk. Hank has a hand on my right knee and one holding my right wrist, and Kev has the other knee and wrist. They're holding my legs apart and restricting my hands, and Karen is leaning forward and licking my bald pussy as our audience grows.

"I've heard you like to cum in public," she teases. Has anyone not heard this about me?

"Don't do that....." I moan.

She has a vibrator in her hand, I don't know where it came from, I didn't see it a few minutes ago, and she presses it to my clit, making me cry out. There's a little bottle, too, in her other hand. She nods to Kevin, and he lets go of my knee, wraps his leg around my ankle so I can't close my legs, and takes the vibrator from her and starts rubbing it over my clit, teasing me, making me arch my hips for more as he pulls it away, then strokes it over me again.

Karen opens the little bottle and squeezes some stuff out. "Please enhancement gel for females" she grins, presumably mocking the bottle. Kev backs the vibe off my clit, and Karen begins to rub it in. I feel it tingling, and I can't stand it, it's too much. I cry out again.

"Shhh," warns Hank. "The more noise you make, the more attention you attract."

There are at least a dozen people watching now, mostly men, a couple of women.

I'm dying to cum, my hips are jerking back and forth of their own volition. "Please" I groan, unsure whether I'm begging them to stop- Kevin is teasing my clit with the vib again, and Karen is digging in a purse for something else- or begging for relief.

Karen produces a long dildo, quite realistic except for the color, which is a dark purple. She slides the tip along my wet slit.

"No!" I gasp.

"No?" asks Karen, pressing the head of the dildo just barely inside me as Kevin presses the vibrator harder against my throbbing clit.

"Are you sure? I think you want to cum."

"I do." I admit.

"I think you haven't been fully satisfied since last time you came for an audience." she says.

I can only groan.

"Tell me. Do you like it best with an audience? D you get hottest for an audience? Does an audience make you cum like nothing else?"

"YES!" I scream out. "Make me cum for them. Make me cum, I'm dying to cum, please, please let me cum!"

Karen begins to slide the dildo inside me slowly, only a half inch, then pull it back out. "Oooh, I've never seen someone so wet," she giggles.

I can't take it anymore. I rip my wrist free of Hank's grip, grab the dildo, and Karen's hand along with it, and move it back and forth, making her fuck me hard. Kevin is moving the vibe over my clit skillfully, hard and fast, and everything is lost in a blur. (Does everyone have funny vision as they near orgasm, I wonder, or is it just me?) Most of the room has gone black, and I seem to be the source of light, I can see myself so clearly, and the faces watching me are each a small point of light, very far away, and then I cum violently, shouting as I do so.

It takes several seconds after my orgasm subsides before I realize that I still have an audience, that I'm still here and it's still real. It hardly matters. I can't get up. I can't move. I flop sideways against Hank's hard chest and hope he'll carry me up to my apartment, because there is no way my legs can navigate those stairs now.