**T-shirt for sale**

by FunKelly

**T-shirt for sale. Part 1**

This is my first story on this site so I figured I'd start by sharing a few details about myself. My name is Kelly and I have a small T-shirt business in Southwest Oregon. The majority of my sales are to the local schools, municipalities, softball teams etc. I also make designer shirts that I sell at fairs, flea markets and such on the weekends. My business allows me a good living but consumes all of my time. Now about my physical description. I am 5' 3" tall and 121 pounds. My hair is jet black and cut short. Then there's my breasts. They are a small size '"B", closer to an "A" actually. I do however have a greats ass though, or so I've been told. Well, enough about me personally for now. Let me tell you about the weekend that changed my life when I decided to get away for some "Me Time".

I had never been to San Francisco. The fact that it was only a five hour drive made it a suitable destination for a weekend getaway. I booked a room at a nineteenth century hotel for an upcoming weekend in June on line. I left Oregon at noon on Friday and arrived at my hotel around 5:30 p.m. An attractive woman about thirty years old checked me in. She was dressed in a white conservative pant suit and introduced herself as Kim. She then offered her services if I needed anything, being I was from out of town and traveling alone to the big city. I went to my room located on the fourth floor and walked in. The room was decorated in Victorian fashion and absolutely awesome.

After unpacking my things, I changed into a yellow cotton sundress that came down to my middle thigh area. I had chosen a white bra and white cotton panties so they could not be seen through the thin yellow material of the dress. Ankle socks and white sneakers finished my attire for the warm evening out. Grabbing my purse, I headed down to the lobby to ask for recommendations for a local casual restaurant in the area for dinner. Kim was still working the hotel lobby desk when I exited the elevator. She gave me a big smile and asked, "Where are you off to Kelly?" I asked her for a recommendation for dinner and she told me, "You should try "Albert's Restaurant". It's only two blocks down to the left. They have really good food there. And if you decide you'd like a drink after your dinner, I'll be at "Brian's Pub". It's only three blocks up the street in the opposite direction". I thanked her and let her know I might take her up on the invitation for drinks. As I walked away I heard her call out. As I turned towards her she said, "Oh by the way Kelly, Nice dress", giving me a smile that seemed a bit seductive.

Thinking about what Kim had said about my sundress, as I walked down towards Albert's Restaurant, I started feeling a bit exposed. The warm San Francisco breeze was blowing across my nearly naked legs and no one was wearing a dress similar to mine. There were some women wearing very revealing clothing, but I felt that a well timed breeze could reveal my white cotton panties at any moment. I've worn this dress a dozen times before at home, but never felt underdressed or even slutty for that matter. I entered Albert's and was seated by the hostess in the family friendly restaurant. Maybe it was paranoia, but I felt that if I didn't cross my legs, any number of people could see my crotch with the right vantage point. My server arrived and I immediately ordered a margarita as she handed me a menu.

I drank my Margarita, then ate the fabulous meal I had ordered, trying to remember not to expose myself to anyone in the restaurant. Do you know how hard it is to eat a full meal with your legs crossed ? Well I can tell you, it gets uncomfortable. I finished my second margarita, paid my tab and returned back out to the street. It was now 8:15 p.m. and the two margaritas were making me feel a bit tipsy. I'm not a big drinker but was glad the effect allowed me to be a bit less anxious. I decided to walk up the street and meet Kim at "Brian's Pub". Walking up the street with a cooler San Francisco breeze blowing across my shoulders and legs, not to mention up my inner thighs was adding a bit of arousal to my short journey. I entered Brian's Pub and looked for Kim.

It was a small place with about 19 to 20 patrons, 1 female bartender and a young guy dressed in short shorts and a skin tight T-shirt, who could barely be 21 years old, waiting the tables. I would later find out his name was Andre. I must say, Andre was a cutie! The place didn't seem like the kind of bar Kim would frequent very often. She seemed much more reserved than those I was seeing as I scanned the place for her. Andre walked up to me and asked if I was looking for someone. I replied, "Yes but I don't see her here". He asked, "Does 'She' have a name ?" I responded, "Yes. Her name is Kim, but I don't think she's here". "Hey Kim! There's someone here to see you!", Andre yelled out. A woman got up from her seat at the bar and made her way over to us.

I almost fell over when I realized it was Kim. Her normally flowing hair was now spiked into some sort of grunge look. She was wearing a black leather halter top with no bra, short cut off jeans that allowed the red waist band of her thong to be seen running across her lower back and black military boots. Like I said, I almost fell over.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 2**

In an attempt to not seem so shocked at Kim's change in appearance, I looked around at the people in the bar, as she approached me. There were men in suits at a corner table, along with what appeared to be a few young male and female gay couples at different tables located around the pub. There were people dressed in similar fashion to Kim's attire and some guys sitting at the bar in their work uniforms. With such an eclectic clientele, I felt more comfortable in my short, thin dress, although the yellow color could not be toned down.

Kim smiled and said, "Kelly ! You made it!", as she gave me a hug. I smiled back and responded. "Thanks for inviting me". "I do love that dress", she repeated, with the same seductive smile I had seen earlier. She took my hand and led me to a booth in the corner. She then called Andre over to us. Andre's frizzy black hair, slim but very fit body, smooth dark tan skin and adorable smile could only be described as "Yummy".

Kim looked at her phone to see it was almost 9:00. "Another hour until things gets interesting", she said. "Interesting?", I asked. "Yeah. The place will fill up by 10:00, then Becky, that's the bartender, will ring that bell behind the bar. Andre will strip down to only his little white bikini briefs and sneakers. He always wears white because of the contrast to his dark skin. He'll take the drink orders dressed like that until closing time, making boo-coo bucks in tips.

Sometimes women in the crowd will take off their tops and help him deliver the drinks to the tables. It's their chance to fulfill their fantasies and walk around topless in a safe environment. Some even get totally naked! That's why I grabbed this booth. It has a great view of all of it". As my mind was processing what I had just heard, Andre stood before us and said, "I know what you're having Kim, but what about your knew friend?"

Kim looked at me and said, "I'm having a fireball shot and a beer. How about you?" I admitted the two margaritas I had at Albert's had me still feeling pretty good, as I started counting the minutes until I would see Andre stripped down to his bikini briefs, in my mind. Kim looked at Andre and said, "Andre, this is Kelly". He smiled and said, "Nice to meet you Kelly. Welcome to San Francisco". "Andre, we'll have two fireball shots, one beer and one water". Andre took the ordered and walked towards the bar as his tight buns had me mesmerized.

Kim interrupted my little trance and whispered, "Relax girl. Take your time. But you do have a 50/50 chance with that one. Andre is bi-sexual". "I don't know what your talking about", I mumbled, feeling embarrassed that I had been so transparent. Andre returned with the drinks and started our tab on the I-phone he was using to take the drink orders, as I just looked away, trying to avoid getting caught staring at the beautiful young specimen again.

Kim slid my water towards me, keeping my shot I little further away, downed her shot, picked up her beer and said, "We don't want you to get sloppy drunk, Kelly. You'll miss all the fun". I took a sip of my water and asked, "Were you serious about what you said happens here?' "Oh yeah", she replied so nonchalantly. "Some women really get naked?" I asked. A casual, "Yup", was her response.

"Is that safe?", I continued. "Kelly. Most of these people are regulars. We police the joint ourselves. The guys from the auto shop" (as she pointed to the five men in uniforms sitting at the bar) can usually calm any issues, just because of their size and numbers. I've seen those lawyers (pointing at the men in suits at the corner table) give some who were getting belligerent a couple $100.00 bills, as long as the left and drank somewhere else. We like our pub. We like being able express ourselves. We don't like drama", she explained.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 3**

Again I found myself mentally coming to grips with what I had just learned. 'I wasn't in Kansas anymore', so to speak. Kim turned to me and asked, "Any more questions Kelly ? Ask whatever you want. You can see why I love this place". I hesitated, then replied, "No. No. I have no more questions", in what could have been considered a whisper. Kim leaned toward me and asked, "No questions about why I look so differently than when I'm at work? I noticed the look on your face when you first saw me after entering the pub. You don't want to know if I've ever gone topless here ?", she asked, as she giggled. I fell silent even though I desperately wanted to know the answers to the two questions.

"Well then. Let's talk about you", Kim said, as she slid closer to me and leaned in to talk. I thought I was going to have to wait until 10:00 for things to get interesting. I was wrong. "Kelly, correct me if I'm wrong. Your a small town girl who works constantly. You love your business but it keeps you from other pleasures. This is the first time you've been away from home in years. You haven't got a single tattoo on that delightful little body of yours. You've shaved your beaver twice in the last twenty four hours even though you have no idea if anyone will see or taste it, and you haven't been brought to orgasm by anyone other than yourself for as long as you can remember. Am I right?"

I sat there speechless with a look of sheer horror on my face. I didn't know how, but Kim was right on all counts. I finally uttered the word, "What?" Can you believe it ? That's all I came out with. That one little word "What". Kim just smiled and repeated her question. "Well. Am I right?" I started to stutter, searching for some response, but nothing came out of my mouth. Nothing that made any sense anyway.

I noticed several more people had entered the pub as I sat in silence. "Kelly. Do you have any tattoos ?" Kim asked. I meekly shook my head, "No". "Is your pussy shaved as smooth as a baby's behind ?" I meekly shook my head, "Yes", feeling totally embarrassed. "Can you recall your last orgasm not brought on by your fingers, wand or whatever you use?" I reached for the fireball shot and downed it in seconds. While I was reaching for my water to put out the burning sensation caused by the hot and spicy liquor, Kim smiled again and said, "You don't have to answer that last question. We both know the answer to that".

I looked at Kim and assertively asked. "How do you know those things ? Have you been cyber stalking me, using my on-registration for the hotel or something ?" Kim just smiled again and replied, "I don't know. Did you mention you shave your pussy and masturbate on the registration form ?", as she giggled some more. "Then how do you know these things?", I insisted. Andre arrived at that moment to check on our drinks. Kim told him she'd have another round, then looked toward me. I nodded that I would also have another shot. Andre said, "I'll be right back ladies" and walked off to the bar.

"Please Kim. Tell me how you know these things". She tried to be reassuring as she told me to relax. The expression on my face must have told her I needed to know. "I'll tell you what Kelly. You go the ladies room and remove you bra and panties, put them in your purse and come back out. Then I'll tell you", she said. "I'm not doing that !", I exclaimed, looking around to see if anyone heard me. She continued, "As an added bonus, I'll tell you why I dress like this when I'm not at work, and whether or not I've gone topless at this bar too".

Andre returned with our drinks as I just sat there confounded. Waiting for him to leave again, I looked at Kim and arrogantly said, "I'm not doing that. I can't". She sweetly replied, "No sweat honey. It'll be our little mystery". "I do have to use the bathroom though. Where is it ?" Kim pointed to the back wall and said, "Right past the end of the bar". I took another sip of my water, grabbed my purse and headed for the ladies room.

I was so relieved it was vacant and a single user restroom. I locked the door behind me and looked into the mirror. I was looking flush and confused. I told myself to relax but couldn't understand how she knew these things. Especially that I had shaven my pussy twice in the last twenty four hours. I shaved it last night when I was showering, and again earlier today at the hotel room. 'How did she know that ?" I asked myself. "And why did I feel the need to take the razor to my mound a second time?"

**T-shirt for sale. Part 4**

I splashed some cold water on my face, as I decided to let Kim know that I appreciated her company, but decided to go back to the hotel. I needed to prepare my schedule for the following day and get a good nights sleep. After a sigh of relief, I lifted up my dress, pulled my panties down and sat on the toilet to pee. My outer self was telling me it was the right choice, but my inner self was staring down at the smooth skin of my bald mound and churning up some hidden sexual fantasy.

I was talking myself into believing I was making the right decision to go back to the hotel, yet I was unable to control my deepest desires, as I watched myself (as if I was watching from outside my body) pull my white panties over my sneakers and put them in my purse. Unable to resist the incredibly strong impulse, I unclasps my bra, slid it through the arm opening of my dress and placed it in my purse, next to my panties. I then stood up, and made my way back to the mirror.

Looking at my reflection, I took a deep breath and opened the bathroom door. Last minute jitters made me change my mind, but it was too late. One of the young girls, who I had assumed was part of a lesbian couple I had noticed earlier, was waiting outside the door. She looked me over and said, "Nice dress girl", as she made her way past me into the ladies room, closing the door behind her. My heart started pounding a mile a minute.

As I looked toward Kim and our corner booth, I noticed the pub had filled up some. There were probably about forty, maybe forty five people by now. From where I stood, it looked like a sea of people. I started hyperventilating as I saw Kim waving me to come join her. Knowing the thin cotton material of my dress was all that stood between me and 'Total Public Humiliation', was extremely daunting, yet incredibly arousing at the same time.

I put on my best fake smile and started across the pub to join her, desperately focusing on, 'Not Holding Down The Hem of My Dress', so not to bring on any unwanted attention, or revealing that I was completely naked under the dress. As I walked across the pub, I was aware that my rock hard nipples were practically penetrating though the thin material of the dress. I fought to keep from covering them up with my hands. Again, not to bring any unwanted awareness of my near nakedness.

As I made my way by the partner of the lesbian girl who had passed me at the ladies room door, she looked me over (as her partner had) and said, "Great dress!". I mumbled the word, "Thanks" and continued on my way to Kim and the privacy of our corner booth. My worst fears came to pass as my dress got hooked on to top of her chair. Not realizing this, I continues to walk, allowing the snag to pull my dress up far enough to expose my bare ass. "Sweet Cheeks Sister!", she said aloud, as I struggled to get unhooked from the chair, feeling like had suddenly become the center of attention for the entire pub.

It only took seconds to free myself from her chair, but it felt like an eternity. Now holding down my shirt, I scampered over to Kim and our booth. In total panic mode as I hit my seat, Kim placed her hands on each side of my face and said, "Kelly. Pay attention to me!" I fell prey to her motherly gaze and listened to what she was about to say. "Look around", which I did. "Do you see anyone staring at you ?" I sheepishly scanned the pub and realized she was right. No one was even looking our way. She continued, "A young lesbian noticed you have a nice ass. That's all. Now relax".

"Take a sip of your fireball and pull yourself together", she said. I did as she instructed, when she started to answer 'All' of my questions. "First off. Why do I dress one way for work and another when I'm off ? Because it's my life and I choose to. I could work until 5:00 at the hotel, then strip naked for a "Peta Rally" in front of the Hotel at 6:00 and nobody would care. As long as I do my job well". She went on explaining, "Yes. I have been topless in this pub, many times. Often right down to my thong but never naked. I hang out with my friends and they support me, not judge me. Another reason I love it here".

I sat there totally impressed how competent, yet liberated she was. "Now. About you. How did I know you were from a small town and had your own business? I must admit, that information I did get from your hotel registration. Obviously your address, and you paid with an American Express card in the name of "Kelly's Prints and T's." That means you pay it off monthly and you don't carry much debt. Your young, so you must work your ass off to accomplish that. Please don't work too much of that perfect ass off. The girls and I would be disappointed", as she pointed to the two lesbians who were waving and smiling at me. I started to chuckle, and waved back.

Kim continued her explanation, as I sat at full attention. "The not getting away from home much statement. Well your hand was shaking a bit when you signed the hotel register, indicating it's not something you do often. "About the tattoos. Well you just don't strike me as someone with body art. I'm sorry, Kelly. You just don't", she went on. Andre walked up to check on our drinks right when Kim was about to get to how she came to her 'Pubic Hair Removal' and the lack of 'Non-Self Induced Orgasms' conclusions. I found I had completely relaxed and had forgotten I was completely naked under my dress, as I was yet again captivated by this gorgeous and charming young man.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 5**

Kim ordered her third round, as I finished the rest of my second fireball shot. Andre said, "Kelly. We have a great white wine from a local vineyard. I highly recommend it", as his beautiful smile was making me melt like butter right there in our booth. I would have drank motor oil if he recommended it. "That sounds great Andre, thanks", I replied, fighting the urge to gawk at him. "I'll be right back", he said, as he turned towards the bar, with my eyes glued to his great butt cheeks and dark tan muscular legs. I let out a sigh when I noticed Kim looking at me and getting ready to speak.

"Before I answer how I came to the conclusions I did, as they relate to you and your trip to San Francisco, Kelly, I want you to listen carefully for what I am about to tell you. Deal?", Kim asked. "Deal", I replied, as I wasn't sure whether I should be concerned. Andre returned with the drinks, and I can not tell you the amount of self discipline it took not to stare at his fine physique as he walked away, knowing Kim was serious about what she intended to say.

"Kelly", she said, as she leaned toward me. "Most people in this country live three different types of lives. 'Public', 'Private' and 'Secret'. Here in San Francisco, some or most of us live two. 'Public' and 'Private'. The reason for this, is that what 'Most' do in secret, 'We' do it public. Do you know why that is ?", she asked. I shook my head "No". "Because we don't care what people think! That's why! What anyone does, as long as they are not hurting anyone else or themselves, is their business. We support that. Understand ?", she asked. I again nodded my head yes.

Kim continued. "Understanding this is only an observation, not a clinical psychological evaluation, let me tell you why I think you chose San Francisco for your getaway weekend". I sat at full attention as she went on. "If you wanted a quiet, "Me Time", weekend, you would have chosen a bed and breakfast in some quaint town on the Oregon coast". (OMG! She was using my words! "Me Time") "Instead, you chose San Francisco. As I see it Kelly, you needed to observe the uninhibited spirit of the people who call this place home".

"Now. How did I know you shaved your pussy twice in 24 hours?" Feeling quite embarrassed, I looked around to see if anyone was listening in on our conversation, then returned my attention to what Kim was saying. "I didn't know for sure Kelly, but I figured if you were hoping for some spontaneous encounter to relieve your penned up sexual anxiety while you were here, you would be sure the "Field", so to speak, was ready for plowing". Remembering I was naked under my dress, and feeling like my most inner fantasies were being drawn to the surface like a budding plant from the dormant ground, I held onto every word.

Before I continue, I have a confession to make. "Yes it's true". I masturbate quite often, but I masturbate mostly watching videos of women naked in public. I look at pictures and videos and wonder, "Why are they naked" and "What does it feel like to be so vulnerable when everyone else is fully clothed". Just as Kim was about to answer the final question, (Me not being brought to orgasm by anyone other than myself for quite some time), Becky rang the 10:00 bell.

My attention turned directly to Andre. Kim was gracious, and said nothing while I focused on this most desirable young man. Figuring I would see some sort of little striptease show at 10:00, I was not disappointed when Andre casually removed his skin tight T-shirt, while talking with Becky and the guys from the auto shop, folded it neatly and placed it on the bar. He then unzipped his short shorts and let them fall to his ankles.

I know I let out a moan, which could have only been interpreted as my unrestrained sexual yearnings. I watched intensely as Andre nonchalantly stepped out of his shorts, then bent over to retrieve them. His bright white briefs looked as though they had been bleached three times before he put them on, and seemed so snug that I wondered if they were a size to small. He folded his shorts neatly, placed his shirt on top of them and handed them to Becky, who placed them on the counter behind the bar. With that, he returned to taking drink orders from his customers, as if he was wearing a three piece suit. I was so moist between my thighs, that I became concerned I might leave a wet spot on the crotch area of my dress.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 6**

Do you know how hard it is to not stare, when you have become completely enamored with someone? I am normally a person with great self discipline, but I could barely take my eyes off of Andre, as he casually went about the business of serving drinks to his customers, wearing nothing but his white bikini briefs and sneakers. The brightness of the briefs was only eclipsed by the brightness of his smile.

Kim was being so patient concerning my absolute fixation on Andre. I knew she was equally anxious about telling me how she knew I frequently masturbated, due to my lack of physical contact and intimacy, as I was about hearing how she came to her conclusion. I had to work at it, but I managed to pull my attention from Andre. I fluffed up my skirt continuously to prevent it from being wedged between my thighs. As wet as I had become, I knew I would leave a tell-tale stain on the thin cotton fabric for all to see.

It was then that I noticed the two lesbians, who I would later find out were named Ashley and Kayla, had stripped down to their bra and panties and were having an intimate moment at the juke box. I immediately scanned the pub and found that no one was paying the least bit of attention to them. Two beautiful women, stripped down to their underwear, didn't seem to warrant the slightest bit of recognition.

Kim grabbed me by the hand and said, "Let's introduce you to the girls. Afraid we might be interrupting their sensual moment, I kept quiet and followed her to meet both, the girl who had met me at the ladies room door earlier, and the girl who had gotten a full view of my bare ass when my dress got caught on her chair. Seeing the girls wearing just their bras and panties, and Andre in his snug white speedo, I felt less self-conscious about being totally naked under the thin material of my yellow sundress, but keenly aware.

"Hey girls", Kim said, as we approached the scantly dressed women. "What's the occasion ?" One of the girls responded, "Hey Kim. It's our anniversary. We met right here a year ago". The other woman added, "We decided to celebrate our big day wearing only our underwear, in the place we met", as she held her hands out to display her red bra and panty set. Kim said, "Good for you girls". She then introduced me. "Ashley and Kayla, this is Kelly. She's visiting from Oregon". Both girls smiled and gave me a warm welcome.

Kim and I returned to our booth just as Andre returned with our drinks. I was speechless, and obviously staring at the tiny bit of white fabric that barely covered his manhood and that 'oh so fine' ass, as he placed my wine before me. I would have fallen over if I had been standing, when he asked, "Either of you girls care to go topless and help me serve the drinks?"

Kim replied, "Not tonight Andre", giving away the fact that she had done it before. Andre continued, "When I saw you had on your red thong, (which was able to be seen above her low cut jean shorts) I figured had my serving partner for the evening". Kim replied, "To be honest Andre, I was hoping we might convince my new friend here to help out". Andre turned his attention to me, gave me that captivating smile and said, "So Kelly. What do you say?" I froze with the look of a dear in the headlights. Fumbling with my words, I finally was able to get out a whisper, and replied, "No thank you". Andre just smiled again and said, "Well if you change your mind, I'll know when I see you topless".

**T-shirt for sale. Part 7**

Let me take a moment to give you a more detailed account of nude in public fantasy. It is not just a fantasy. It has become a full blown obsession. I spend my free time at home visiting dozens of websites on the subject, and hours watching videos. I would even draw the shades in my shop (located behind my house) lock the door and strip down naked, while I was printing T-shirts at all hours of the night.

Often I would pretend one or more of my clients would come in the shop while I was working. They would ask me why I was naked, and I would casually respond, "It gets really hot in here sometimes", then continue working, while they watched me. I would even imagine they would take pictures of me on their cell phones and show them to people they knew here in town, which I would not discourage. Countless times I would masturbate thinking about how that would feel. Now here, I had the perfect opportunity to fulfill my most inner (if not twisted) desire, and I chickened out.

As Andre walked away, Kim said, "Now that's a crying shame". "What is?", I asked. "Well Kelly", she replied, "I hate the thought of you laying naked on your bed, spread eagle, while you massage yourself to orgasm, but asking yourself over and over, "Why didn't I take my dress off when I had the chance? I could know how it really feels to be naked in a room full of clothed people. Why didn't I take it off ?" It was as if she knew my deepest fantasy.

I mustered up the courage to ask her, "Have you really served drinks topless here ?" "Andre!" she called out. Andre came right over to our booth, then asked what she needed. "Do you still have those pictures of me serving drinks topless a few weeks ago on your phone ? I deleted mine after I posted them". "Sure I do", he answered, as he searched his I-phone for the photos. "Right here", he said, as he handed Kim the mobile device. She held up the phone for me to see.

There she was, wearing nothing but a red thong and military boots, surrounded by dozens of the clothed customers (men and women) in the pub. She handed me the phone and I scanned through about a dozen photos of her. She appeared so uninhibited and relaxed, as she mingled among the fully dressed patrons. I was now sitting with a woman who was just like those in the hundreds of photos and videos I had consumed. I handed the phone back to Andre, who again extended the invitation, but with no pressure, as he returned to taking drinks orders.

Kim said, "let's introduce you to more of my friends", as she got up and waved me on to follow her. She walked over to the group of guys from the auto shop, as I took a deep breath and followed behind her. I may have 'Itty Bitty Titties', but my nipples protrude out a full 1/2 inch when erect, and boy were they standing at attention now. I decided to enjoy the feeling of exposure, while still behind the safety of my thin cotton dress.

Kim introduced me to the guys, whos names it would take me most of the evening to remember. I started feeling liberated as I made no effort to conceal my aroused condition. We walked around the pub meeting people, while every small breeze was a reminder of my almost naked state. The more we walked around, the more moist my pussy became. As we continued to make the rounds, I knew the slightest touch of my clit would bring me instantly to climax. I started imagining having an orgasm right here, in front of everyone.

We met up with Ashley and Kayla at the juke box again. Watching them with just their bra and panties on, while in full view of the people in the pub, was adding to my euphoria. Ashley took one look at me and said, "Girl!, Those nipples of yours are screaming to be free. Why not let them out for some air ?" I was mortified, but refrained from covering them up. Kayla then added, "Yeah Kelly. Why don't you take off your dress, and give Andre a hand for a while ? You would be helping him keep up with the drink orders, while allowing those frozen gumdrops of yours to get a break from the restraint of that dress". I was speechless, when Kim jumped in and said, "Ladies, Kelly's a little shy because she's not wearing any panties either".

I had moved from feeling mortified to an overwhelming sense of complete and utter humiliation, as my nipples had become the focus of the conversation. However, my undeniable sexual arousal prevented me from making any attempt to disguise the exhilaration I was feeling. I was now completely soaked between my legs. To add to my humiliation, Ashley said, "No shit! No panties! I could have told you that! I saw her sweet ass when her dress got caught on my chair". Kayla then blurted out, "Kelly! Who Cares? No one here, I promise you".

I stood their listening to my new found friends, as I watched Andre running between tables, taking drink orders, but having a difficult time getting those drinks to the tables in a timely manner. I don't know what came over me, but I pulled my dress over my head and relinquished it to Kim. Somewhere between these feelings of absolute humiliation, and the overwhelming invigoration I was now experiencing, I stood in the pub, completely naked.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 8**

I was doing it! I was standing naked in a bar, with dozens of clothed people surrounding me. I was like the women on the internet sites I so frequently visited. I was, "NUDE IN PUBLIC !". As I was coming to grips with my decision to completely expose myself to everyone in the pub, I saw Andre walk over to me and say, "Oh Thank You Kelly. I really appreciate the help", as he took my yellow, cotton sundress from Kim.

I watched him fold my dress, as he had done with his own shirt and shorts earlier. He meticulously folded it, then asked, "No bra or panties? I like that!", he said with a grin. Having no idea how to respond, I just gave him a blank stare. Kim jumped in and said, "Andre. Her bra and panties are in her purse". He looked at me and asked, "Should we keep them all together?" For the first time in my life, I was standing totally naked in a public place full of clothed people, and had the same amount of proper responses, as I had clothes. NONE!

Kim took it upon herself to retrieve my bra and panties from my purse, then handed them to Andre. I watched again as he folded them with such careful precision. I then saw Andre hand my dress, bra and panties to Becky at the bar. She took my clothes and placed them next to Andre's on the counter behind her. I was now utterly naked and exposed, while at the same time, completely separated from any cover I may need to conceal my shame.

I felt a rush of adrenaline as Andre said, "Let's get to work". He walked me over to Becky, who smiled at me and said, "Welcome to our little crew", as she reached out her hand to shake mine. While we were shaking hands, she said, "Kelly. The key is to just enjoy yourself". It was a bit comforting, since I felt like every eye in the place was looking at my bare ass.

Andre explained, "When I take the drink orders, they are automatically sent to Becky. She'll make the drinks and tell you which table to deliver them to. "OMG!", I thought to myself. I won't actually be with Andre at the tables. I will be entirely on my own, as I stand naked before the customers, with my clean shave pussy right at their eye level. "What did I get myself into?", I again thought to myself.

Becky quietly said, "Kelly, let's get you started slowly. Take these two drinks to Ashley and Kayla, since you already know them". I was grateful for her compassion, since several other people had entered the pub that I had not yet met. The count must have been approaching 50 people in the pub by now. I took a deep breath, picked up the two glasses and walked them the short distance to their table.

Kim was now sitting with them and called me down so she could whisper something to me. I placed the drinks on the table and bent over to hear her. "Do you want me to take some photos of you from your phone? They would make great souvenirs of you trip to San Francisco. Who knows, you may even want to post them later on the internet". "I would", I responded, "But I don't want to give anyone else that idea".

Kim held back a laugh, as she replied, "Trust me Kelly. There have been photos taken of you already, and I'm sure some have already made their way to the net. But don't worry. There are billions of photos of naked women on the internet. The chances of you being recognized by someone from your little town is practically zero. Relax and take photos with your customers. You'll make great tips that way. Anxious to get back to work, I told Kim my phone was in my purse, then returned to Becky at the bar.

She said, "These go to the guys at that table over there, pointing to the three lawyers in their suits. I picked up the tray, as I talked myself into believing I wasn't some naked spectacle and the subject of everyone's private ridicule. I placed the tray on the table as one of the men asked, "So what's your name?" I softly said, "Kelly". "Well Kelly! Welcome to Brian's!", he enthusiastically replied. I said "Thank you", as I made my way back to Becky and the safety of the bar.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 9**

As soon as I returned to the bar, Becky said, "Kelly. You're doing great. Please take these drinks to the two women at that back table. That's table # 12", as she pointed. I picked up the two drinks and made my way to the back table, passing by a dozen or so people, some who were taking photos of me. I stiffened my spine and continued toward the two women, pretending the clicking of their phones was not a bother. Truth be told, I was mortified to my core.

I approached the table where the two women were seated. They must have been in their mid-sixty's. I thought, "This looks like a safe enough delivery. As I said, "Good evening ladies", and placed the drinks on the table. I was ill prepared for what I was about to hear. The silver hair woman on the left said, "You guys are really stepping it up around here". I responded, "Ma'am ?", inquiring what she meant. "Well. First topless waitresses, now full nudes", she replied.

Turning her focus to my hairless mound, she continued. "I think I'm going to be thirsty tonight sweetie. I can practically taste the salty-sweet flavor of your succulent juices from here". "Alice! You're an idiot!", came a scolding from her friend, as I stood there absolutely horrified. "Oh Blanch. I'm just teasing the sweet little thing. Besides, you know damn well, either one of us would have gladly have gone down on that (as she pointed to my pussy) ,in our younger days. In fact, I would have been happy to make my way through her forest, if she had one, to get to that treasure".

I couldn't believe my ears as I stood there, feeling more degraded and vulnerable, than I ever thought possible. Just then, the woman named Blanch, who was with her, looked up at me with empathy, and said, "I'm sorry dear. She really doesn't mean any harm". I couldn't muster a response, so I turned away and returned to the bar with what tiny shred of dignity I had left.

I was upset with Becky for not giving me a heads up about the old bitch. When I reached the bar, before I could say anything, she asked, "Kelly. If I had told you about Alice, would you have believed me?" I turned and looked at the old woman, and back to Becky, then replied, "No". "Now we all know how vulgar and specific she can be", she said about Alice. (Vulgar and specific. I couldn't have put it any better)

"Alice", Becky continued, "Has to be experienced first hand. Take a look at her drink", she instructed me. I turned to see the drink was already empty. I turned back and said, "That old woman already killed that drink?" Becky shook he head and replied, "No. She barely drinks at all. They take that table every Friday night so she can dump her drinks in that plant behind her. That way she can keep Andre, and whoever is serving topless, or in your case naked, coming back all night".

I will say this about the old coot. She spends big bucks here, and will tip both you and Andre a $100.00 each. Sometimes more, but she likes it when you don't take her shit. Meanwhile, Please take these drinks to that couple over there", as she pointed. I had been so consumed with Alice, I walked to the couple at the table, barely aware I was still stark naked. I was soon to be reminded.

I placed the drinks on the couples' table when the man asked me my name. I told him it was Kelly, and told them I hope they enjoy their drinks. That's when the woman asked me, as I was turning away, "Excuse me, Kelly". I turned back and answered, "Yes". She looked me over, then said, "I know the women servers who go topless here are temporary, or one time fill ins, but is there a specific week of the month or an occasion when they strip down completely naked, like yourself ?", with a demeaning grin on her face.

After my ordeal with Alice, I really didn't need my very next table to have someone else who was purposely trying to humiliate me. So I became determined to act empowered instead. I smiled at the woman and replied, "It's up to the individual server as to whether the go topless or naked. I prefer to go completely naked". (to use her words) I turned away and added a little extra shake in my ass, as I walked back to the bar.

Becky slid a drink across the bar to me and said, "Sorry Kelly, but this is for Alice". With my new found courage, I confidently walked to her table. I noticed out of the corner of my eye, Kim was taking photos of me. I became thrilled as I had made the decision to post some on the nude in public sites I often visit. I arrived at Alice's table, place her drink in front of her and made no attempt to cover up anything. She wanted to talk about my pussy, well here it was.

Alice looked up at me and asked, "What is you name?" "Kelly", I replied. "Well Kelly", she continued. "How often do you take a razor to your vagina?" "Damn it Alice!", Blanch barked. I looked down at Alice, put my hands on my hips, and kept my legs just far enough apart to allow her to see the gap between my inner thighs. I then responded, "About 2 to 3 times a day ma'am, but I think I'm going to stop. You know, with the need to 'save the forests' and all". Blanch snickered in her drink and mumbled, "Good girl", as I turned and returned to the bar.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 10**

When I got back to the bar, there were several orders prepared, that needed to be delivered. My sense of business kicked in, and I was more concerned about getting the drinks to the customers, than I was about my personal sense of vulnerability, not to mention the self-consciousness, that inevitably ensues when one is, the "Only One Naked" among a group of dressed people.

I served the drinks to the tables that Becky had instructed me to. I had 5 drink orders to deliver. They would have me walking all over the pub, finding my way through the maze of dressed customers. There was plenty of small talk, along with some cute naked jokes, not meant to hurt or humiliate me. You know the kind. "I guess Brian's has really cut back on the servers' uniforms budget", one woman said, as she laughed.

"Do you wear a sweater during the cooler weather?", a middle aged man asked, eyeing my crotch, while referring to my bald pussy. I smiled and replied, "Very cute". He then quietly asked whether or not, I grew back my pubic hair during the colder times of the year, with what appeared to be a sincere curiosity. Standing naked among all the dressed customers, I leaned over, smiled at him again, then answered him privately, "I wear or grow, whatever seems right for the occasion".

The middle aged man grinned, as I allowed him to take in one last view of my now swollen mound, before I returned to the bar, posing for selfies with the customers on my way. I figured Kim was right. In all the "Only One Naked" or "Nude In Public" sites I regularly visited, I never saw a girl I recognized. The thought of others masturbating to my photos was nothing less than invigorating.

I served drinks and made small talk with the customers for another 15 minutes, always keeping Andre in my sight. Not just because he was so hot, wearing only his bright white, skin tight speedo and sneakers, but because I knew I would have to deliver each order he took. It was just past 11:00 when we finally got a few minutes where Andre wasn't taking orders, and I wasn't delivering drinks to the customers, wearing nothing but my bare skin and sneakers.

Thinking I had a small break, Becky looked at me, and said, "Sorry Kelly, but this drink is for Blanch. It's a wonder she doesn't drink more than she does, after keeping Alice out of trouble for the past 35 years". I looked at her and asked, "Alice and Blanch have been together for 35 years ?" Becky replied, "Yup. And they refuse to marry since same sex marriage wasn't allowed back then. "Kelly", she continued, "They both have told me privately", "We don't need a piece of paper to know how we feel". I was completely emotionally moved when I heard this.

I immediately picked up the drink and took it over to Blanch. Alice, could say what she wanted to me, or about me. I didn't care. My focus was on the salt and peppered haired woman, who had kept this silver haired crazy bitch, out of trouble for so long. Now that is what I call, "TRUE LOVE". Arriving at the table, I placed the drink in front of Blanch, expecting Alice to say something, "Vulgar and Specific". I was not disappointed"

"Kelly. Do you '"Squirt" or "Ooze" when you cum ?", she asked. Blanch just looked up at me, and said, "I am so sorry Kelly, but thanks for the drink". I took a deep breath and replied, "Alice. It depends on the situation. I am known to "Ooze" when I masturbate several times during the day, but I "Squirt" when I refrain from masturbating for a while, then work my pussy to a fever pitch. How about you ?"

The old woman just looked up at me, then to Blanch, and said, "Blanch. I like this girl. We should have her serve drinks at our party tomorrow night". Not understanding what the old women were talking about, I simply smiled and made my way back to the bar. When I arrived, Becky said, "Take a break, girl. You've earned it".

**T-shirt for sale. Part 11**

Becky had set a fresh glass of wine on the bar for me. I picked up the glass, then turned around and leaned back against the bar. I was giving the entire pub a full frontal view of my naked form, while giving myself an additional thrill. Standing there totally naked was so surreal, especially because few people even seemed to notice. If I was ever going to explore my deepest fantasy and make the giant leap of turning it into reality, this was the place to do it.

Between Alice's degrading comments, the dozens of people who had seen every square inch of my naked body, not to mention the facial expressions that came with their stares, along with my short discussion with a complete stranger about growing some pubic hair, while he stared at my clean shaven pussy from only a couple feet away, I had felt almost every emotion humanly possible. And I was "LOVING IT !"

I made my way to the juke box where, Ashley and Kayla (Still stripped down to their bra and panties), Kim (Now without her leather halter top on) and Andre (Still casually wearing nothing but his size to small men's briefs) were gathered. They all started waving and taking more photos of me, as I happily pranced over to them. This new found intense euphoria I was experiencing, was now over flowing.

In just a few hours time, I had become just like the women, posted on my favorite internet websites, who I had earlier harbored some hidden feelings of jealousy. Kim pulled the photos of me up on my phone, while I couldn't help but stare at her beautiful size "D" tits. They put my little, barely size "B's" to shame. But I still had my "Half Inch Nipples!", and they continued to proudly standing at attention.

As we all viewed the photos, I became totally focused on the facial expressions of those around me. I could barely contain myself, as I viewed the proof, that I had stripped down completely naked in a pub full of dressed people, who were from all walks of life. There was only one word to describe the emotion I was feeling, as I stood there, bare-assed in the pub, and examining the evidence. "INTOXICATING !"

I asked Kim if she was going to remove her shorts, and spend the rest of the evening in her thong. She casually replied, "No. That leather halter top can make my boobs sweaty, so I took it off. But this is all I'll be displaying tonight", as we all looked at here bare, size "D" tits.

Andre looked up from the photos, and said, "More customer's Kelly. I guess it's back to work for us". I was relieved that Andre was always the first to greet the customers, since he was taking their drink orders. I felt less anxious having them meet him, before I showed up at their tables with my smooth pussy lips right at eye level.

The turn over of customers was relatively light. Most seem to have chosen this place to spend their entire evening, while having the occasional influx of new customers would heighten my awareness of my nudity. Trust me when I tell you. Every new pair of eyes, along with inevitable countenance that follows, is incredibly stimulating. Even looks of ridicule or contempt stir up intense emotions. When confronted with those type of people, no matter how few, I have learned to think to myself. "I am permitted to be naked! So I decided to be naked!"

**T-shirt for sale. Part 12**

I stood at the bar talking with Becky and the guys from the auto shop, while waiting for the drink orders to come in. I remained at my post, anxious to deliver them, with my new found sense of adventure and eroticism. Without a doubt, one of my favorite activities became squeezing between the close seating, in hopes I might feel the fabric of some random customer's clothing, rub against my bare skin. This inevitably would make me moist and perk up my nipples.

I heard the ding on Becky's I-phone, indicating an order had come in. It was difficult not to appear too eager to get back in close contact with the customers. I wanted so badly for my physical attributes to be available for their closer inspection. I was rapidly becoming addicted to being the only one naked. It was more than I could have ever hoped for. Or so I thought.

The drinks were on the bar, and I was off to continue living out my fantasy. For almost a solid hour, I served drinks, engaged in small moments of chatter, posed for photos, including some with the auto shop boys. In one photo, they all held me up in the air. Laying across those ten arms, and feeling their rough hands on my bare skin, while being suspended about five feet above the floor, while every eye in the pub was on me, may have been the highlight of my evening.

I even had fun bringing Alice her drinks. She talked about everything from being able to hang her keys on my erect nipples, to asking me how often I achieved multiple orgasms. She even asked me to bend over with my back to her, so she could see both my nice ass and clean shaven pussy lips all at once, while Blanch just sat there, shaking her head. That request I had to decline. It had become a game of wills between us, and I believe we were both enjoying it.

The woman who earlier, had that sinister grin on her face, while asking me why I was, "Completely Naked", not just "Topless", made several attempts to humiliate me. With one comment, she succeeded, but I was careful not to let on. She actually said, in ear shot of some other customers, "You know Kelly, with those little baby breasts and your immaculately shaved beaver, I would have thought you were only 12 years old. If it wasn't for your nicely formed ass, and those incredibly long nipples, I'd still think so".

Her husband was visibly embarrassed by her statement. I, on the other hand, stood there fighting back what I felt was going to be the unwanted expression of utter humiliation. Humiliation that certainly follows when someone publically points out flaws in your physique, while you're standing there naked, for all to see.

Several men and women around us piped in saying things like, "Girl you have a great body!", and, "Kelly, that's an adorable figure. Don't you change a thing!", as they took even more photos of me. I did my best to smile for the cameras, but couldn't help but feel that my little baby boobs, and what must have looked like a pre-adolescent teen's pussy, were under additional scrutiny. Another round of drinks were on the bar, providing me the excuse to vacate the area, even if just for a moment.

It was near midnight and I had now been naked for almost two hours. For the last hour, I had only stopped serving drinks for a minute. Just time enough to take a quick pee break. It's amazing how quickly a woman can pee when she's not wearing any clothes. The pub was open until 2:00 am, and I was hoping to serve the customers while naked, right up to the closing bell.

By this time of the night, most in the pub were up and about, socializing throughout the place. Believe it or not, that included Alice and Blanch. This made it fun for me, because I got the cheap thrill of brushing against all the different kinds of fabrics, as I followed people around to deliver their drinks.

Just about 12:15 am, I noticed two nice looking men with beards, enter the pub. They seemed pleased when Andre showed them to the only vacant table in the place. A table for two, right in the center of it all. I noticed one of the men checking out Andre's nice tight ass. He took their order, so I made my way to the bar to collect them for delivery. After all, it was two more sets of eyes to see my naked flesh. Not to mention two more facial expressions to experience, with the opportunity to try and decipher them.

I noticed the two men looking at me and talking to each other privately. One of them pointed in my direction. I took my time delivering their drinks, stopping for just a second or two to chat, allowing them time to get used to the idea, that a fully naked woman would be the one serving their drinks. I smiled, placed the drinks on the table, then heard those fateful words. Words I least expected to hear, nor did I want to hear, while standing naked in a public place. "Kelly! Is that you ?"