**T-shirt for sale**

by FunKelly

**T-shirt for sale. Part 13**

Frozen in time and place, while feeling each and every goose bump that was pushing out from under my normally smooth skin, I gasped for air. I became petrified to look down, and see the man behind the voice that had recognized me. Every fiber in my being told me to cover up my public shame, yet I desperately fought the urge, and forced myself to put my hands behind my back.

Afraid to bring more attention to my nudity by covering up, I stood there and tried to smile. My right hand fingernails were almost cutting through the skin of the palm of my left hand, as I finally mustered the courage to look at the face of the man who could identify me. It was Scott! I dated Scott a couple times, while we were juniors in college, but we ended up becoming friends, without benefits.

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Let me give you some back ground from my college days, so you can understand how grave my situation had become. I enrolled in a college two hours from my parent's house, so I could drive home for the weekends. I worked hard to get my business degree, but after the weeks classes, I would go home and spend the weekends making T-shirts and delivering them to my customers.

I would place my stock orders (blank, colored T-shirts) from my phone, then have them delivered to my parents house. Turning their garage into my little printing shop, I would work tirelessly all weekend, then put the money away in a savings account. I would then deliver the T-shirts to little league teams, girl's softball teams, fire departments, etc.

I would then return to school by Monday morning. All through my college years, I worked at achieving the goals I had set for myself, while having what some would say was a boring lifestyle. I had my life plan and for the most part, kept to it. Many in my classes looked at me, as if I was a snob. I declined invitations to parties and events, in order to keep to my schedule. Straight laced and focused. Now Back to the Present Time and Place.

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To this day, I'm not sure if actual words came out of my mouth at that moment. The moment when I looked down at Scott, and tried to acknowledged that I remembered him. He then quickly introduced me to his friend, Patrick. Patrick said hello, but was obviously more interested in Andre, than he was in me, or my bare pussy that was just feet from his gaze.

This was fine with me, since I wanted to crawl into a hole and die anyway. Someone who actually knew me, was seeing me completely naked in a public bar, and I knew I had no words to explain it away. Scott said abruptly, "Kelly! I wasn't sure if it was you! You've cut your hair!" (my hair was shoulder length in college) "All of it!", he continued, as he stared at my bald pussy lips.

Scott was one to ask questions, then answer them himself, and go on and on, leaving little opportunity for anyone else to get a word in edgewise. Things hadn't changed, as he said, "So what about you plan? Obviously you're not building your T-shirt business. You were going to be retired by forty. Remember? Well I can see that didn't pan out". He went on and on, unwittingly peeling off layer after layer after layer of my self-respect, self esteem and my dignity, as I just stood there, hoping to come up with some reasonable explanation as to why I was totally naked in a public bar, in San Francisco.

Scott finally shut up. He then looked over my naked body, as I stood there, cemented in my exposed, and utter public humiliation, then asked, "So Kelly. Tell me. Why are 'You' naked?" All of the time I stood there, listening to him dissect my life goals, (many of which I had already achieved), I came up with nothing. "NOTHING!".

I mean really! What could I say? "Scott. I have some underlying, depraved fantasy to be naked in front of a group of clothed people? I get sexual arousal from being naked in public, and even more so when I experience the total humiliation, that can come from being so exposed ? I had nothing to say!

I mean really. Do I tell him, I'm only 26 years old and my house will be paid off by the time I'm thirty ? Do I tell him, I will be retired about the age of forty, if I choose. Seeing me standing there in a San Francisco pub, totally naked, except for my sneakers and ankle socks, He wouldn't believe it. SHIT! I wouldn't believe it !

**T-shirt for sale. Part 14**

Trying desperately to verbally form and speak out a syllable, any syllable!, I was thankful that my catatonic state was being briefly interrupted. Patrick looked up at me, and asked, "What is that guy's name?", as he turned his eyes toward Andre. I answered, "That's Andre", then mentally returned to the task of finding a solution to my naked predicament.

I must confess, I was temporarily distracted by this feeling of being slighted. Patrick had been, and was still, looking passed my bald pussy, positioned only feet from his view, in order to observe Andre. Andre, of course was still dressed in only his skin tight, white briefs and sneakers. I had recognized immediately that Patrick was gay, or bi-sexual, when he and Scott entered the pub. I couldn't help but noticed how he was checking out Andre's ass, when they arrived.

"BUT COME ON MAN!" At least acknowledge the fact that my most personal and intimate body part (not to mention, the rest of me) is on display right before your very eyes!", I thought to myself. The sense that this small intermission of my naked humiliation was coming to and end, I again attempted to derive a reasonable explanation to explain away my public nudity.

Fortunately for me, Scott's attention had been diverted, when he noticed Ashley and Kayla wearing only their bra and panties, and Kim of course was working the room with her size "D" tits on display, for all to see. I felt a sense of relief, if only for a moment. With all of these distraction, you'd think I would be able to come up with some rational explanation for my public nudity. I could not.

Scott returned his attention back to me, again staring at my clean shaven pussy, and said, "Kelly. You never did tell me why you are naked". Totally out of options, I was about to have a complete emotional breakdown. Then Scott, became Scott again, unable to keep a train of thought for more that a few seconds. He looked up to me, and said, "You never used to shave your snatch. Why the big change in personal grooming ?" I mean really. What do you say to that?

Explaining why I shaved my pussy, (as so many other women do) would be much easier, or so I thought, than explaining why I was naked in a public bar, in San Francisco. Still. I had no answers. By this time, everyone in the pub was witnessing my naked quandary. Scott again presumed he knew the answers, as he always does, and said, "Don't tell me. You wait tables in the nude and shave your pussy, so you can get bigger tips. Still trying to retire by forty, huh ? Am I right?"

To validate Scott's version of my present circumstance, would be admitting to a false narrative of my life. I just couldn't do it, even if it meant putting and end to my emotional torment. I was just about to admit the perverted truth to him, when Alice walked up and stood beside me. I was terrified she was about to say something that would completely eradicate my remaining shreds of dignity.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 15**

Alice completely surprised me, as she said in a much softer tone, than I was used to. "Well Kelly. I hope you've learned your lesson about betting. Blanch and I are going home now. Please consider attending our party tomorrow evening. Becky has all the details. Now remember our agreement! Not a stitch of clothing until 2:00 am! I'll know if you get dressed before then". She then gave me a motherly hug, and headed for the door.

Blanch stepped up and also gave me a hug, as she whispered in my ear, "Thanks for such a great time Kelly. It's been a long time since I've seen anyone keep Alice at bay. I know she enjoyed it too. I hope to see you tomorrow night", as she smiled, then followed Alice out the front door of the pub.

Trying to come to grips with what had just occurred, I watched as Scott sat cockily back in his chair, and said, "So. You lost a bet, huh? I can't wait until Stacy and Sue get here". Even Patrick pulled his attention from Andre, long enough to show his amusement. OMG! Stacy Brewer and Sue Croft were my biggest critics in college. Could Scott be referring to them? I was to find out the answer was a demoralizing "Yes".

Alice meant well, but her clever escape plan for my naked dilemma, had now become an almost two hour naked sentence. A sentence that was to be carried out in front of the two people in my life, who had outright disdain for me, even if it was unfounded. I excused myself and went to see Becky at the bar.

Kim, Ashley and Kayla had been happily keeping up with the drink deliveries. They were enjoying their buzzes, the exposure, but most of all, they were enjoying watching me attempt to explain away my public nudity to Scott, right in the center of the pub. Becky slid a fireball shot across the bar and said, "You look like you could use this". I gratefully downed the shot in a second.

The front door opened and Stacy and Sue entered the pub. I turned away, concealing my face, while catching a glimpse of my clothes on the counter behind Becky. The girls met up with Scott and Patrick, then found two vacant chairs to pull up to the their table. Andre went to greet them and take their drinks orders, much to the delight of Patrick.

I could tell Scott was letting the girls know how he had found me at the pub, serving drinks in the nude. Becky caught me eying my clothes, slid another shot to me, and said, "Don't let them get the best of you Kelly. If you can handle Alice, you can certainly handle those two lightweights. I downed the second shot, picked up the girls' drinks, mustered all the courage still available to me, and walked over to their table.

Hoping to avoid making eye contact, I placed the drinks on the table. All four at the table were snickering, or outright laughing, while taking photos of me with their phones. The awkward silence was only broken when Stacy said, "Hey Kelly. Long time no see. I certainly didn't expect to see "This" much of you, especially in a public bar, if ever our paths had crossed after college. How's your business doing?", all the while still laughing and taking photos of me.

Just when I felt I could take no additional debasement, Kim, Ashley and Kayla came to my rescue. Kim put her arm around me, and asked, "How's the biggest loser of our card game doing?" Not understanding what she meant, I remembered what Alice had said about learning a lesson from my betting. I kept quiet, hoping Kim would continue, leading me to an understanding of her strategy. I didn't have to wait long, since Sue came right out and asked, "What card game?"

"Well", Kim continued, "Our crazy old millionaire friend Alice, put up $10,000.00 for the four of us to play a game of strip poker at her house. The first one naked has to serve drinks from 10:00 pm to 2:00 am here, while fully naked. That would be our friend Kelly here. (As she tapped me on the head) The next two to loose all their clothes would have to assist our naked little waitress, wearing only their bra and panties". Ashley and Kayla stepped forward with great big smiles, as they stood there modeling their lingerie.

Uninterrupted, Kim went on with her fabricated story. "The winner, won both the money and the opportunity to watch her exposed friends serve drinks for four hours". "Who won?" Patrick asked, the bare breasted Kim. "I did! Of course!" Scott asked, "Then why are you topless?" Kim's response was priceless. "Because I have nice tits and I like to show them off, silly!" Stacy and Sue started to chuckle, when Kim leaned on the table, allowing her size "D's" to dangle in front of the group. She looked down at the two women, and said, "Let's see your tits, ladies!"

Both women looked horrified, as they put their hands over their already covered breasts. "Can I get anyone anything else?", Kim asked, putting her hands on her hips, purposely leaving her tits exposed for further inspection. Stacy and Sue had been completely stifled, and for the first time in his life, Scott was speechless. Kim then turned her attention to Patrick.

"What's your name handsome?", she asked him. Patrick softly replied, "Patrick". "Well Patrick. I know what you want, but unfortunately, Andre is working right now", as she turned her focus to Andre and his sleek tan skin, still taking drink orders. She turned her attention back to Patrick, and said, "But I'll put a good word in for you", as she winked at him and walked away.

Ashley and Kayla went back to mingling with the crowd, but stayed close by, just to add a bit of additional intimidation, in case Stacy and Sue decided to persist in degrading me in my public surroundings. I smiled at the group and returned to serving drinks to the customers, thinking how brilliant Kim's deliverance of me from my naked predicament was.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 16**

Having Scott and the girls watching my every move, (not Patrick so much, since I didn't know him before) was.....well how can I put this....."Cramping My Style!". Even if, serving drinks to total strangers, while completely naked, had only become part of "My Style", about two hours ago. New customers were filtering into the pub, and the constant stares of the four, was taking the fun out of being the only one naked, for me.

Finally! About 12:30 pm, the group of antagonists, were preparing to leave. Stacy said, she meant no harm earlier and would like to get a photo of me, with her and Sue. I naively agreed. I stood between the girls, while Scott took the picture. Stacy took the phone from Scott and examined the photo. "This will be perfect for our "Alumni Five Year Reunion" invitations! See you around Kelly!", as she sneered at me, while they all walked out of the pub.

OMG! She was going to make sure those who graduated college with me, were going to see me naked in a bar in San Francisco! I would be known as the graduating class slut! I was contemplating the possible ramifications of the event, when Andre grabbed my arm and said, Kelly! Snap out of it! We have a photo request". My last photo request may have just exposed me as, "The Tawdry Tramp of Southwest Oregon", I thought to myself. I was skeptical of the invitation.

He took my hand and led me to the juke box area. I was so consumed with Stacy's statement, I had almost forgotten I was naked. Noticing that the customers had formed a half circle around the area, I became unnerved. All their eyes seemed to be concentrated on my exposed physique. That was until Andre started speaking. "Thank you everyone for being here tonight. It's been quite a while since we've had a fully nude server, so I would like to extend my personal appreciation to Kelly".

In unison, everyone in the pub said, "Thank you Kelly!", as they began to applaud me. Watching so many clothed people clapping their hands, some blowing me kisses and everyone showing a genuine appreciation for me serving them while naked, was overwhelming. The exuberance of being the only one naked, was rapidly returning, as I smiled back at the crowd, acknowledging the appreciating audience.

Andre turned to me, and said, "Kelly. They want you to get on my shoulders, so they can get some photos". I looked at Andre, and replied, "Sure! Why not?" Deep down, the thought of my bare pussy resting on the neck of this 5' 10", 180 pound, bronze specimen, was definitely appealing to me. I stepped up on a chair, then put my left leg over his shoulder, while he was bent over. I followed with my right leg, then Andre stood up straight.

He held onto my knees, and paraded me around the pub, as the customers were taking photos of us, at a feverish pitch. I fought the urge to start gyrating my hips, as my moist pussy was rubbing against the back of Andre's neck. Can you imagine the humiliation of climaxing right there in the pub? Right there, In front of everyone? Believe it or not, I actually thought to myself, "If I had and orgasm right now, would Andre know, or would he think it was his own sweat running down his back?"

I started to focus on the facial expressions of the surrounding customers, in order to take my mind off my ill-timed, yet completely aroused state. Seeing the authentic gratitude in the faces of those taking our photos, I began to feel more relaxed, and less horny. Andre and I had made several trips around the pub, allowing everyone to take all the pictures they wanted. Finally, Andre stopped at the bar, where Becky was waving an envelope for me to see.

Andre squatted down, allowing me to shimmy off his shoulders, and onto the bar. As he stepped aside, I was left sitting there, legs still spread wide open, as the crowd continued to take photos of me. You would think I would have done something to conceal my inner vaginal region, but I waited a few seconds, allowing anyone who wanted photos of my most private female parts, to have them.

Leaning back on the palms of my hands, while sitting on the bar on total display, was as I had said earlier, "Intoxicating!". I 'Had' become the "Tawdry Slut of Southwest Oregon", and I was loving it!. By this time it was almost 1:00 am, and more customers were entering the pub. I hopped off the bar, and anxiously waited for Andre to send the drink orders. Becky took this opportunity to hand me the envelope she was holding.

"What's this?", I asked. "It's a personal invitation to serve drinks at Alice's party for tomorrow night", Becky replied. I remembered Alice has been writing something at her table, between our little sparring sessions, concerning my nudity. I looked at the envelope, then back toward Becky. Becky looked back at me, and said, Well. Open it". I opened the letter of invitation, and it read as follows:

"Dear Kelly,

I first wanted to thank you for a wonderful time. Blanch and I thoroughly

enjoyed our visit to "Brian's", this evening. You're great charm and wit, provided

us with superb entertainment, and I trust you feel the same.

We would very much like to have you serve the cocktails at our formal

gathering tomorrow evening. You're attire would be much as it was this evening,

total nudity with the exception of a bow tie and heels, which will be provided.

The hours are from 8:00 pm until 12:00 am, and pays $1000.00, You possess

such an adorable little figure, it would be a shame to pass on this opportunity to

put it on display one more time, while you're in town. My hope is that you may

enjoyed exhibiting your charms, as I'm sure our quests will enjoy partaking in viewing

them.

Kelly. See Becky for the details and any questions you may have. We hope

to see you there.

Sincerely. Your new friends,

Alice and Blanch

I read the letter several times, then looked to Becky for advice on how I should proceed. Becky said, "Here Kelly. Go deliver these drinks, and I'll fill you in on what you can expect at one of Alice's formal affairs".

**T-shirt for sale. Part 17**

I brought the tray of drinks to the three young men sitting at the center table, Scott, Patrick and the girls, had vacated just a short time earlier. Realizing I was down to just an hour of my public nudity adventure, I smiled down at the three, and asked. "So what brings you guys in here tonight?"

I wanted to make small talk with the three young men, so I could continue leaving myself exposed to their gazes, as long as possible. I guess I was trying to get in some last hour cheap thrills, before the pub closed at 2:00. I was to find out the three had been viewing my naked body for some time.

"You did!", one replied, enthusiastically. "I did?", I responded. Another answered, "Yeah. We've been watching you through the front window for a while now". OMG! The front windows were so shaded, it never occurred to me that people could see in, better than they could see out. Who knows how many had witnessed my naked, public spectacle. I became engulfed with feelings of shame and humiliation, while becoming even more aroused.

The third young man started telling me what the three of them had witnessed. My arousal, brought on by my sense of shame and humiliation, was the only thing allowing me to stand there and listen to him, as he and his two friends, never took their eyes of my bare flesh.

"When we first arrived, you were serving four people who were sitting right here. You seemed very uncomfortable, so we all wondered why you were naked, if it made you so uneasy. But after they left, and your rode on that guy's shoulders, (as he pointed to Andre) around the pub a few times, then sat on the bar with your legs spread open, we figured you actually liked it, and those four must have been assholes".

Hearing about my naked antics from the perspective of these three eye witnesses, was bringing my arousal to new heights. Every sense of propriety, along with my own moral code, told me to excuse myself and call it a night, but I just couldn't.

With fully erect nipples, I remained standing in front of the three exuberant faces, with my now moist pussy, right at eye level. It was all I could do, to keep myself from sliding my fingers into my slit, and massaging my clit right there.

I was hoping the young men wanted to further inspect my naked body, as much as I wanted them too. They seemed so young and juvenile, yet full of anticipation, that I made every effort to continue the conversation, remaining on display.

One of the young men asked, while never taking his eyes off my clean shaven pussy, "Will you be here tomorrow night?" I was so flattered, that it made it difficult for me to tell him, "No", as I noticed I had more drinks to deliver. I told the three I needed to return to work, but that I'd be back.

I returned to the bar and I met Becky, as she giggled, and said, "That's co cute! You have a fan club!" Unable to control my excitement, I took her into my confidence. I quietly told her how much I was enjoying being naked, and equally as important, how turned on I was. She responded by saying, Then you should serve drinks at Alice's party tomorrow night.

I took the drinks to the appropriate table, then made a detour back to see the three young men. I sat down in the empty chair at their table, and spent a few minutes chatting, before returning to Becky, to get the details of the upcoming formal (and I'm sure, sorted) affair. All I knew so far is that I would again, be totally naked while serving drinks to clothed people.

The pub had thinned out to about twenty-five people. Becky, Kim, Ashley, Kayla, Andre and I, plus the three young men and about fifteen others. Becky leaned in over the bar to fill me in on the details of Alice's party. I took the opportunity to kneel up on a bar stool, strategically keeping a small gap between my thighs. I wanted to display my ass and smooth pussy lips to my audience of three, along with any of those remaining, who wanted to see my most private parts, on exhibit in this most public venue.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 18**

Happy my bar stool was padded, allowing me to be comfortable while displaying my ass and pussy, I listened to Becky reveal what can be expected at one of "Alice's Formal Gatherings". "Well to start with Kelly, you must understand that Blanch and Alice are very wealthy. The guest list is always limited to 30, and anyone receiving an invitation will show up".

Becky continued, "All guests are required to wear Victorian era, formal attire. It doesn't matter if you are male and want to wear a gown, or female and choose men's regalia. As long as it is from that era. That includes Alice and Blanch. All guests wear a decorative mask with their costumes, they usually come off somewhere near the middle of the party, if the guest so chooses".

"The servers basically walk around with trays of champagne or hors d' oeuvres, being available, but not to close to appear intrusive". "Servers?", I asked. "Yes, servers", she replied. "There are usually two male and two female servers. The men wear bow ties, thongs and shoes. The women wear bow ties and high heels".

"Why do the men get something to cover their privates, but the women don't?", I asked, convinced I came across as a pouting child. Becky just looked at me, indicating the answer was obvious. The ding on Becky's phone went off. She looked at the phone, then said, "Kelly! You get to make one more delivery to your little fan club!", as she made the drinks for the three young guys.

All I could think about, was being naked in front of thirty people, dressed in Victorian style formal wear, as I delivered their champagne naked. After placing the drinks on the table, I put my hands on my hips, craving the exhilaration that comes with being so exposed, all the while knowing anyone could be watching me from outside the pub. I was addicted. The guys asked for some photos, and I has happy to oblige.

I was startled when I heard the bell ring at 1:30 am. The same bell that triggered some of us to choose our different levels of exposure, at 10:00. I swiftly made my way back to Becky, then asked her, with a disheartened state of mind, "Do I have to get dressed now?" She grinned, while shaking her head, and said, "No Kelly. That was the "last Call' bell. You still have a half hour to show off your fantastic nipples, great ass, and that 'Oh so smooth' pussy'.

As I looked around, I started to feel so self-centered. Kim had taken off her shorts, and was playing pool in the back room, wearing only her red thong and military boots, with the two remaining guys from the auto shop. Ashley and Kayla had removed their bras, and were embraced in a romantic moment, while slow dancing at the juke box. I had been so consumed with the stimulation from my own naked adventure, I hadn't noticed the people that made it all possible.

Becky knew immediately how I was feeling, and said, "Why don't you take these drinks back to the pool room?" I nodded, then made my way to Kim, Josh and Mike (the two remaining auto mechanics) with their last call drinks. My emotions grabbed hold of me, so I put the drink tray down, and gave Kim a big hug, whispering my appreciation in her ear. Kim replied, "I know Kelly".

She then surprised me, when she cheerfully asked, "Kelly! Want to see my pussy?", as she pulled out the top of her thong. As bizarre as it sounds, we both looked down at her well trimmed, but not shaved mound. We then both laughed, as she told me to return to the bar and help Andre finish with the final drink orders.

On my way back to the bar, I stopped to let Ashley and Kayla know how thankful I was for their support this evening. The girls reciprocated, and we took some selfies together. Nothing but smiles and boobs. I quickly returned to the bar, to deliver the many drinks that were now prepared for the "Last Call" crowd.

Walking among the remaining customers to deliver the drinks, had quickly become my favorite past-time. With only 25 minutes until closing time, l felt my new found erotic hobby was rapidly coming to an end. I wanted so much for some new eyes to view my nakedness. That was until the front door opened, and a half dozen people walked in.

I almost died when I heard the words, "Hey Kelly!", as the six new-comers walked up to me. Three guys and three girls. Two of the guys, Jason and Frank, were from my college days, along with one of the women, Pam. The others I did not know. I wanted to crawl into a hole, as the six of them took in every inch of my naked form.

Jason said, "Stacy sent me a text, including your picture. She told me you were waitressing tables, naked, at a bar, but I didn't believe it, so we decided to come by, and see for ourselves". "Of course she did", I thought to myself. With less than twenty-five minutes remaining until the pub closed, I figured there was no point in trying to explain, so I just thanked them for coming by, and told them we would be closing soon.

Andre stepped up, and said, "Hi guys. I'm Andre. Just to let you know, I can only take drink orders up until 1:40, but you're welcome to take your time drinking them. We can't serve after 1:45, but you don't have to leave until you've finished your drinks". I could have killed him, as I became so sorry I had hoped for additional eyes to view my nakedness.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 19**

All six quickly placed their drink orders with Andre, and slid two tables together, allowing them all to sit as a group. I tried to excuse myself to deliver the remaining drinks on the bar, when Andre said, "Don't worry about them Kelly. We'll get those. You spend some time with your friends", and walked away, leaving me and my "Utter Shame" on display for my newest customers. My dignity meter had been going up and down all night, but now it was on empty.

Not knowing what to say or do, I just waited to hear the demeaning comments, that were sure to follow. I didn't have to wait long though. Pam started the debasement, as they all took their seats, "Nice job with the clippers, Kelly", bringing everyone's attention to my bald pussy. But she wasn't finished yet. "If I didn't know better, I'd guess you were about eleven years old, as closely as you were able to get with the razor".

Frank came right out and asked me, "Kelly. Can I get a lap dance?" I was horrified. Even the others looked at him with condemnation. He just sat back and said, "What?", as he looked at them. The phones rarely stopped clicking as my public degradation was being captured for posterity. I excused myself and made my way back to the bar.

To my dismay, my clothes were no longer on the counter behind Becky. I looked at her with panic, written all over my face. She just quietly said, "Not until we close, Kelly. This is too good to be true. You may be upset now, but I guarantee you are going to cum buckets, when you remember this experience later". With that, she gave me a head nod, indicating for me take the tray full of drinks, and return to the group.

As my defense mechanisms kicked in, I tried to recall how aroused I had gotten, when gripped with the sensation of humiliation earlier. With only fifteen minutes left until 2:00, and hoping the late comers were finished embarrassing me, I decided to be audacious, and deliver their drinks. I put the tray on their table, hoping my shaking hands were not noticed. Without using the tray to cover my shame, as my instincts told me to do, I smiled and said, "Enjoy them".

As I was about to return to the bar, when Frank said, "Kelly. I'm sorry about the "Lap Dance", wise crack, earlier". I told him it was o.k., but he continued, "However, I must compliment you on those marvelous nipples, even if your tits are small". The others were laughing, when one of the women, I didn't even know piped in, and said, "You're right Frank. her nipples are marvelous, but her ass is nothing short of sensational!"

I knew they were trying to humiliate me further, but if I do say so myself, their description of my anatomy was accurate. The tingle between my legs was returning, as the indignity of the entire episode was taking hold of me. And this time the cavalry wasn't coming to my rescue. I had no choice but to stand my ground, alone.

Feeling utterly disgraced, I forced myself to stand there and take the additional ridicule. The photo taking stopped, only to be replaced by the activity of posting my naked photos on the internet. I was so excited to post my own photos on my favorite sites, but having others posting them everywhere was emotionally distressing, if not traumatic. Yet I stood there, and forced myself to smile, attempting to portray the attitude of indifference.

It was now almost 2:00, and to my relief, they all downed their drinks and got up from the table. Jason, got the last emotional stab at me, when he said, "I hope your fortunes change for the better, Kelly. See you around", as they all walked out the front door. They left thinking I was serving tables in a pub, naked, for a living. I was sure, neither Stacy or Sue, mentioned the 'Bet", that was the reason we used earlier, to justify my public nudity.

The three guys whose company I was enjoying before the humiliating interruption, smiled and waved as they also left. If fact the pub was emptying out rather quickly. Becky had another shot waiting for me behind the bar. "Crouch down Kelly, while you drink this and I'll set you up with another". I took the shot in hiding, so we didn't get caught braking any laws about serving alcohol after hours. I took a quick run to the bathroom to pee, then returned for the second shot.

I returned from the bathroom, and made my way back behind the bar again. I took the second shot, knowing I both needed it to calm my nerves, and I was only a two block walk from the hotel. When I came from around the bar, Andre was dressed and locking the front door. Kim, Ashley and Kayla were the only other ones remaining in the pub, and they were also back in their clothes.

I was the only one not dressed. When I looked for my clothes. They were nowhere in sight. I asked Becky for them back, and she responded, "They're back in the pool room Kelly. Come on, I'll help you get them. Becky led me to the pool room, while Kim, Ashley, Kayla and Andre followed behind.

It was the first time I had seen Becky come out from behind the bar. She had a nice body. At least what I could see through the baggy T-shirt and jeans, she was wearing. When we got to the pool room, Becky turned around, grabbed both side of my face, and started kissing me on the mouth. Weather it was the alcohol, or the sexual roller coaster I had been on all night, I didn't know. All I did know is that I didn't resist. I'm not a lesbian, but it felt really nice.

Becky pulled back barely two inches, and said, "You deserve to have an orgasm after what you have been through. I should have been scared, but I was more intrigued. She led me to a chair in the corner and sat me down. It was like I was some kind of human mannequin. I tried to speak, but no words would come out, as she spread my legs wide open. Before I could object, she slid her two fingers into the slit of my now sopping wet pussy.

Everyone else knelt down for a better view as she started feverishly massaging my clit. Not only did I not try to stop it, but I started moaning as I spread my legs even further apart. I was too far gone to stop now. I moaned even louder, as my hips started working in unison, with her talented fingers. I let out a scream, as the volume of cum that poured out of my pink, swollen pussy, was like nothing I had ever experienced.

Completely limp, and caught up in the ecstasy of the moment, I just made it a point to make eye contact with each of those around me. I slouched in the chair, as Becky took the sticky substance, she had caught in her hands, and rubbed it all over tits and ran it through my hair. Kim asked me if I wanted a photo, and I nodded yes.

I sat in the chair, still spread eagle and covered in sweat and my own sticky cum, while we reminisced about the evening. After a few minutes, I stood up and asked Kim to see the most recent photo, All I can tell you, is that I looked like a dirty slut. Becky handed me my clothes, but I was in no rush to put them on.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 20**

The questionable activity of being the "Only One Naked", started as a fantasy, that slowly infiltrated my psyche. After several years of harboring thoughts about the topic, I had now made it a reality, thus my attempt at procrastinating, when it came to putting on my clothes. I didn't want it to end! I wanted to stay naked!

Andre, Ashley and Kayla, all gave me big hugs, and told me "Not to be a stranger", then left the pool room and walked out the front door. Apparently, Andre had a key to Brian's Pub, because I watched him lock the door from outside, as the three off them disappeared from sight.

Becky looked at me, then asked, "What about Alice's party, Kelly?" I hesitated for only a moment, when she looked at Kim, and asked, "Is she coming to the "Fair" with us tomorrow?" Kim replied, "I don't know. I haven't invited her yet". Becky walked up to me, gave me another kiss on the mouth, (this time with some tongue) and said, "I'll see you at the "Fair", tomorrow. We'll discuss Alice's party there". Then she basically told Kim and I, it was time to leave.

Kim looked at me, understanding my hesitation to get dressed. She put my bra and panties in my purse, handed me my yellow sundress, and said, "Put this on, and I'll walk you back to the hotel. I did as she said, then we thanked Becky for a memorable evening, and walked out the door. We then started heading the two blocks, down to the hotel.

The cool summer breeze was titillating, as it blew softly up my sundress, reminding me I was completely naked under the thin material. As we walked down to the hotel, I made no attempt to hold the dress down, even when I felt my pussy and my ass, may be exposed. It was so exhilarating. We made it to the hotel, and walked through the front entrance, into the hotel lobby.

I noticed the hotel front desk was unmanned, but thought nothing of it. I gave Kim a big hug, and thanked her for everything. Now completely recovered from the stupor, brought on by my first ever, public orgasm, my adrenaline was again flowing freely, and I was wide awake. Kim recognized my alert state immediately, and asked. "Kelly. Do you want to play a game, before you retire for the night?"

I responded, "What game?" She replied, "Locked Out Naked", of course. "What is, "Locked Out Naked?", I asked. She then began to explain. "I'll put on my spare hotel uniform from the back room. You give me your sneakers, socks, dress and purse, and I will lock them up in the back office. You pretend you have locked yourself out of your room. And I will have no choice but to help our. "Damsel in Distress", get safely back to her room".

I became instantly horny, and replied, "Yes! Yes! I'll play!" I started to take off my dress, when Kim said, "Easy Kelly. We have cameras here. Wait here, and I will go change". Kim walked into the back office, and re-emerged wearing her hotel uniform. She signaled me to follow her, as we entered one of the two elevators. She inserted her special key into the elevator panel, and shut it off.

She then looked at me, and said, "O.k. Give me your clothes and your purse". I removed my sneakers and socks, then handed them to her. I handed her my purse, then pulled my sundress over my head, and surrendered it to her. I was totally naked in a public, hotel elevator!

Before I knew what was happening, Kim smiled at me, and said, "Don't leave the elevator, as she turned her key, pressed the button for the fifth floor, then ducked out of the elevator, sending me to the fifth floor. I was riding an elevator up to the fifth floor, stark naked. I could see myself in the elevator mirrors, and became overwhelmed with the sense of precariousness.

The elevator reached the fifth floor. My titillation was rising, as I watched the doors opened. I cautiously looked out to the left and right, but saw nobody. The door closed and I started moving downward. The elevator stopped at the fourth floor. This was the floor my room was on. To my total dismay, there were two men prepared to enter.

I was mortified, as the two men were ogling my naked body. One asked, "So. What do we have here?" For the first time tonight, I covered my tits and pussy with my hands, in total shame. I was barely able to utter the words, "I locked myself out of my room". With the my skin still shiny and sticky, from the cum bath Becky had given me earlier, and my hair all stiff from the gooey substance, I felt so dirty and cheap.

"Well sweetie. I guess we have no choice, but to escort you down to the lobby", said the other man, as they both took pleasure in my naked dilemma. They saw to it that elevator stopped at every floor on the way down. As the doors opened on the second floor, I became queasy, as three young girls, obviously going out to an after hours party somewhere, entered the cramped space.

"Well Hello!...Lady Godiva! Where's your horse?", one of them said, as all five, in the space that seemed to be getting smaller by the second, started pointing and laughing at me. Finally, we arrived back at the lobby floor. They all stepped out of the elevator, while one of the men held the doors open for me.

I was cowering in the corner, when he said, "Well come on! You're not going to find a way to get back in your room, from in there. I could have died when I emerged from the elevator, and saw Kim assisting an older couple, at the service desk, while another man waited in line, behind them.

The man holding open the elevator doors, called to Kim, saying, "Miss. This young lady has a problem", as all eyes remained of the dirty little naked girl, standing in the hotel lobby. Kim looked up at me, then said, "Well she'll just have to wait her turn", as she returned her attention back to the older couple, who were now staring at me.

Eight pair of eyes were glued to my naked form. Unlike the bar, I wasn't supposed to be naked here. The utter shame and humiliation, was almost more that I could bare. The two men and three girls walked out of the hotel, still laughing at me.

That's when the old woman started to walk over to me. I could see the empathy in her eyes, as she stood next to be, unable to comprehend how someone could have allowed themselves to get into such a precarious situation. She said, "You poor thing", when her husband barked out, "Betty! Stay out of it. It's none of you business".

Undetered, the old woman said, "George! Don't be so unkind! This poor girls needs help". George took a better look at me, and replied, "That poor girl looks like she just left an orgy". I didn't know the true meaning of degradation, until that moment.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 21**

Just when I felt I might cry, the remaining man awaiting his turn to be assisted by Kim, said, "Take it easy old man. Obviously the girl is in distress". He then looked at me, and asked, "How did you end up like this?" I looked down at the floor, and murmured, "I locked myself out of my room", never looking up. "Well young lady. I for one am a lucky recipient of your unfortunate predicament. You have a lovely figure, and I should know. I'm an artist instructor, and nudes are my forte".

Seeing George was becoming irritated, Kim offered an unexpected solution, to help make everyone a bit more at ease. Everyone but me of course. "Sir", she said, as she summoned the art instructor. "Why don't you take this young lady down to the hotel lounge. and buy her a drink. She looks like she could use one, and It's practically empty at this hour. I'll come get you, after I show these people to their room. Their flight was six hours late and they've had a harrowing day".

I started to protest, when Kim interrupted, and said, "Go on sweetie. It'll be fine. I will meet you down there in just a few minutes", as she led the old couple to the elevator, leaving me stark naked in the hotel lobby, with the handsome art instructor. The man introduced himself as Charlie, then reached out to shake my hand. I had to uncover my breasts in order to reciprocate. I reached out to shake his hand, and told him my name was Kelly.

I figured he was with nude models on a regular basis, so I relaxed my arms, allowing him to see my entire body. Charlie smiled, and said, "Well Kelly. Shall we?" To my surprise, I found myself walking, 'Naked', with a man I had just met, to the hotel lounge for a drink at 3:30 in the morning. It was so surreal.

I hid behind Charlie, as we entered the lounge. There were only three people in the entire place. One male bartender, watching TV at one end of the bar, and two women, in their early 30's, sitting at the other end. The bartender acknowledged us, then noticed I was naked, but didn't seem to care. He introduced himself as Chris, then informed us there were no servers after 2:00 am, so if we took a seat at a table, we would have to come to the bar to get our drinks.

Charlie suggested we sit at the bar. I told him I wanted to sit at the corner booth, where there was little light. He seemed insistent, so I quietly, but sternly said to him, "Charlie. This is not an art studio. It is a public bar, and I am totally naked! I don't want to sit at the bar!" What he said next, confounded me. "O.k. Kelly, but you have to go the bar for the next drinks. I want to see how you carry yourself, while nude. Just in case you ever pose for one of my classes".

All I could think to myself was, "Charlie. You should have seen me two hours ago, when I was serving drinks to dozens of customers, wearing absolutely nothing but my sneakers and ankle socks". I did however, find the silver lining provided, among all the humiliation and degradation, from this most recent episode of my naked adventure. I could pose nude, for art classes in my area, whenever I had the urge to expose myself to a group of clothed people.

I told Charlie what kind of drink I wanted, then confidently walked passed the two women at the end of the bar, and to the corner booth, trying to impress him with my composure. The cool vinyl seating against my bare ass, was an immediate reminder of my nakedness. (as if I needed one) Charlie handed me my drink, sat down, then asked the question, I knew was coming. "So Kelly. How "Did" you manage to get locked out of your room while naked?"

Maybe it was Kim's influence, I'm not sure, but I started telling Charlie a story, as if it was completely true. In basic terms, I lied to him. I looked him right in the eye, and said, "I was face-timing with a friend, when she dared me to get some ice from the machine in the hallway, while naked. Unfortunately for me, I took the dare".

"I set up my phone, so she could see me leaving, then returning to the room, with the ice", I continued. "The problem was, I became so anxious, I left the room with the ice bucket, but not my card-key. You can not imagine the terror that ran through my entire body, when I realized my mistake", adding a touch of trepidation to my performance.

"That sounds dreadful", Charlie said. "But you appear more relaxed now", as he looked at my erect nipples, then added, "Well mostly". I looked down at my stiff, enlarged nips, then back to Charlie, and said, with a childlike pout on my face, "It's chilly in here", never making an attempt to conceal them.

Just then, Kim walked up to our booth, and said, as she smiled at Charlie, "You must be Charles. I'm sorry for the delay, but I can get you checked in now". Charlie handed me his business card, saying jokingly, "I don't know where you could put it", as he chuckled. He then continued, "Kelly. If you have any interest in 'Life Modeling', please give me a call".

I looked at Kim and said, Excuse me, Miss. What about me?' Kim looked down at me, and said, "My name is Kim. It's right here on my nametag. I remember "Your" name, "Kelly", from when I checked you in earlier", with a look of irritation on her face. "I'm going to check this gentleman in, then I will return and take you up and get you in your room".

She then turned to Chris, and in a volume loud enough for the women at the end of the bar to hear, said, "Chris. This girl obviously has no place to keep any money. Set her up with a drink on the house for me, will you?" Chris nodded, then Kim and Charlie left the lounge, leaving me sitting there, naked, as they returned to the reception desk in the lobby.

Chris made my drink, then set it on the bar, as he grinned. He knew, what I knew. Kim had set me up. I would have to walk across the lounge, naked, if I wanted the drink. I realized the two women were lesbians, since I had seen them kissing several times during my short time in the lounge. I figured they had no interest in me, as I walked my 'naked ass' to the bar to retrieve my drink. I figured wrong.