**T-shirt for sale**

by FunKelly

**T-shirt for sale. Part 22**

I took the drink from the bar, then made my way back to the security of the dimly lit corner booth. As I sat on the curved seat, I was joined by the two lesbians. The women slid in on either side of me, sandwiching me between them. Before I could utter a word, one of the women said, "Well hello sweet thing. What are you doing here, at this late hour ?"

I replied with the only response I could, "I'm waiting on my friend to come get me". The other woman said, "What do you say we keep you company, until she arrives?" I was frozen in fear. "Now, I'm sure you are aware you are naked", said the first woman, as both women started caressing my breasts, particularly, my nipples. I was petrified, yet stimulated, at the same time, when I replied, "She should be here soon".

The two women looked at each other, then grinned, while saying simotaniously , "We better get started then!" I was quivering, when I replied, "Started doing what?" The second woman, said, "Bringing you to your happy place, of course, silly!" One of the women got up and moved the table out a couple feet, then returned sitting by my side.

They spread my legs open, as one of them shined the light from her phone on my exposed pussy. "Oh look! Look at that plump, pink labia!", She then turned to me, and said, with a sinister grin on her face, "Someone's been a naughty little bitch tonight". The other woman, asked, "How many orgasms have you had tonight?" I had no response.

The first woman slid her two forefingers into my slit, while massaging my clit with her thumb. I was completely helpless, as she continued the stimulation. The other woman continually worked my nipples, between her thumbs and forefingers. I looked around to see if anyone was watching, but only saw Chris, watching the T.V.

By now, I was too far gone. I wanted to. I mean had to, cum again. The one woman kept working my pussy at a feverish pitch, while her friend continued twisting my nipples, when I felt my second massive orgasm of the night, coming on. I gritted my teeth together, in a vain attempt to be silent.

UUhhhhh! UUhhhhh!, was heard throughout the lounge, as my body convulsed, and another titanic load of my pussy juice. poured out of my from between my legs. The women scooped up as much of the gooey substance as possible, and like Becky had done earlier, smeared it all over my tits, face, then ran their fingers through my short black hair.

I collapsed in complete ecstasy, right there in the booth, no longer hidden by the table. I heard one of the two women say, "Chris. Will you take a picture of us?" Still. I could not move, yet alone object. Chris came from around the bar, took the woman's phone, then waited, as she took her place next to the "Newest Filthy Tramp of San Francisco".

I sat there totally limp, legs still spread apart, as the two women sat on either side of me, telling me to smile. Chris took some photos of us, as I was unable to react in any manner at all. As the phone camera clicked on and on, Kim walked in, and stood before us.

She looked at me, as if looking over her glasses in disapproval, but she didn't wear glasses. "Kelly! you look like my daddy's car does on Sunday afternoons", she said. "A fresh new coat of wax". Unable to respond, I watched as she pulled out my phone, and said, "Let's get a few more souvenirs, to remind you of your trip to our fair city".

She then grabbed my hand, and said, "Come on, Kelly. Let's get you up to your room, before the Vice Squad shuts down the hotel". Chris and the two women laughed, as they watched Kim walk me by the hand, out of the lounge.

"So tell me, Kelly! What's it like to be brought to climax, by two complete strangers, in our public hotel lounge ?", she asked. I couldn't answer, and just followed her back to the lobby. Kim pressed the up button in the elevator, then used her special key to disable it. "Wait in her", she said, as she walked back to the private office, leaving me naked, in the lobby elevator, with the doors open.

It seemed like at eternity, until she returned. She finally entered the elevator, dressed in her jean shorts, leather halter and military boots, holding my clothes and purse. She used her key to turn the elevator back on, but made no attempt to hand me my clothes. I looked at her, and asked, "Should I get dressed?" "What's the point?", was her reply, as I remained naked, for the trip to the fourth floor.

She escorted me to my room, holding back on either opening the door, or giving me my key-card, so I could open it. I stood there, covered in my own cum, waiting to see what she would do next. Then second elevator door opened, as I looked at Kim, begging her with my eyes, to open the door to my room. She opened the door, and pushed me in.

I walked straight to the bed, and flopped on it, laying on my back. Kim looked at my cum covered torso, and said, "Kelly. It's almost 4:00 am. Get some sleep, and meet me at the front desk at noon. Becky and I are going to take you to the fair tomorrow". I smiled, as I watched her walk out the door, then fell asleep, feeling more sexually satisfied than I had ever been before.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 23**

When I woke in the morning, I laid on the bed, reliving the previous evening in my mind. My crusty skin, from all of the cum smeared on me, by Becky, and then the two women in the lounge, (who's names I never did get) was a constant reminder of my debauchery.

It was 9:30 am. That gave me enough time to post some pictures on my favorite web-sites, take a long hot shower, and be ready to meet Kim and Becky by noon. First, the photo postings. I opened the pictures in my phone, and put them in two separate files. My "Only One Naked" file, and my "Dirty Little Slut" file. I went to my favorite web-sight. "Only One Naked", hence the name of my first file.

Without the slightest bit of hesitation, I posted twelve photos, showing me serving the pub customers while fully naked. It may be a little self-centered, but I only posted photos, showing me and the customers. I left Andre, Kim, Ashley and Kayla out, at least for now. Seeing myself permanently posted, among the other naked women, who had become my sexual fantasy heroes, was exhilarating.

I knew when I got home, I would post many more from the dozens and dozens of photos, I had in my possession. I call them my "little Treasure Trove". I might even find a place for some of the photos from my, "Dirty Little Slut" file. After 45 minutes of filing and posting, it was time to take a long, hot shower.

While in the shower, washing off the evidence from my night of depravity, I started washing my pussy, when I thought to myself, "It's not like I slept with five different guys last night". Yes, I may have over exposed myself, (understatement of the year) but in reality, I was only touched by the fingers of three very talented women". Believe it or not, that's how I was justifying my actions, while trying to hold on to some sense of integrity.

I finished my shower, dried off, then set to the task of picking out my wardrobe for the day. I knew I would not be wearing the other sundress, I had packed for the trip. I needed something with a few layers, limiting the possibility of Kim and Becky manipulating me out of my clothing again.

Of course, I decided to start with basic white cotton panties and a white bra. I laid out my dark blue shorts, which came half way down my thighs. A white T-shirt, followed by my ultra light, powder blue jacket, with my "Kelly's Prints and T's", logo on the back. Sneakers and ankle socks, in case we would be doing a lot of walking, and to top it all off, my dark blue baseball cap.

Still naked from my shower, I looked at the ensemble, feelin confident, my two new friends would not be able to exploit my inner fantasies today. With over an hour until noon, I went to the web-site I had posted my photos on, hoping someone may have already posted some comments.

I would post comments on the sites I visited, all the time. I was hoping to induce the women into having additional "Nude in Public" adventures, then post them on the sight. This way I could live vicariously thru them, and their escapades. Now I was hoping others could do the same thru me. I searched to see if any comments were left, even though the photos were posted barely a half hour ago. I was not disappointed.

When it comes to putting yourself out there, naked on the internet, it's important to remember the old adage, "Be careful what you wish for". Some people can be cruel. I've read comments that pick apart some of the women's bodies, even though I felt they were beautiful. (all in their own way) It's always been their courage that inspired me. The first comment I received, was kind of sweet, (I guess) but a bit salacious, to say the least.

I clicked on the comment box, a bit afraid of what I might read. Up came the words, "Look at that adorable face and body! I would eat that sweet, juicy pussy, like I was enjoying a four course meal, right there at the bar. I WOULD EAT HER SWEETNESS IN FRONT of EVERYONE THERE!". My first comments, about my first posting, about my first 'nude in public' experience. I was planning to bring myself to climax, for the first time, while viewing my first naked post. A pretty cool collection of "Firsts", wouldn't you say.

The author was obviously referring to the photo of me sitting on the bar, with my legs spread open, after Andre dropped me off, following my little ride on his shoulders. It was the 'One' photo, I actually thought twice about posting. Apparently, someone out there, was glad I did.

I had no problem bringing myself quickly to orgasm. Then I took my second shower of the morning. Feeling sexually satisfied, and pleased with my choice of outfits, I got ready, then left my room to meet Kim at the front desk. All the way down to the lobby, I was hoping I didn't run into anyone who might recognize me, from last night's naked debacle.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 24**

I made it down to the lobby unscathed, yet I still felt apprehensive. The thought that someone might show up, who could recognize me, and may reveal some, or all of the details, of my early morning public exhibition in the hotel, was disconcerting.

The hotel lobby was clearly more active than it was last night. I started remembering how I stood here , naked and ashamed, surrounded by eight or nine people. As I was scanning the area for Kim, I noticed a woman walking around, as if she was looking for someone.

Her hair was is a pony tail. She was wearing black boots, that only came up to her ankles. thickly woven black fish net stockings, a large, bright red silk scarf, that she had wrapped around her waist, and a black bra. Not a black bikini top, but a black bra! She topped it all off with a black leather cap. Having spent the majority of last night totally naked in public, who was I to judge?

When she turned in my direction, I realized it was Becky. She noticed me too, and made her way over to where I was standing. Before I could say good morning, she grabbed me by the cheeks, then kissed me on the mouth, slipping me some tongue, like she did last night. I don't know what came over me, but I slid my tongue into her mouth. I was making out with a lesbian, right there in the hotel lobby.

When we pulled back, I looked at her, and said, "You know Becky. I'm not a lesbian". I will never forget her response. "Kelly. Any woman can be a lesbian, when she craves a better orgasm". She turned away to looked for Kim, as I thought about what she had said. It was true! I had the two most massive orgasms of my life last night. Both brought on by the gifted fingers of lesbians.

As I was coming to grips with my current situation, Kim walked in the front doors of the hotel. Dressed in her military boots, a short jean skirt, allowing the black waist band of her thong, to be observed across her lower back, and a rainbow colored bikini top. She walked up to Becky and I, and gave us both big hugs. I felt so out of place, in my meticulously chosen outfit.

As we prepared to leave for the 'Fair', Kim showed Becky a photo of me, covered in my own cum, naked and spread eagle in the hotel lounge. Becky looked at me, and said, "Kelly! Are you cheating on me already?" Both women laughed, while I was unsure how to respond.

I did however, see I was right last night, when I thought Becky had a nice little body. In just her black bra and stockings, scantly covered with her red scarf wrap, her clothes (if you could call them that) were far more revealing than the jeans and baggy T-shirt, she was wearing the evening before.

We left the hotel, then walked three blocks down the street. To my great delight, we were going to ride on one of the world famous, San Francisco trolley cars. While on the trolley, I tried to get the girls to divulge more details about the fair, we were about to visit. I don't think they were dressed the way they were, because they had plans to ride a Ferris Wheel, or eat funnel cake and cotton candy. They both just replied, "You'll see, Kelly. You'll see".

We exited the trolley at our stop, then walked another few block, to the so called "Fair". My jaw almost hit the ground. There were hundreds of people dressed like nothing I had ever seen before. Dozens of men had on vests, shirts etc. along with the footwear of their choice, but no pants or underwear. Many others were wearing only thongs.

Some women were dressed in only their underwear. Others were topless, or had only pasties covering their nipples. Some women were wearing nothing but body paint. The variety of dress was astounding, but all of it was salacious, bordering on obscene. One woman was tied to a big "X" in the middle of the street, wearing only a thong, while a dominatrix was providing the flagellation. I was practically in shock!

**T-shirt for sale. Part 25**

Becky and Kim noticed I was visibly shaken, and allowed me a few minutes to take it all in. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. After a few minutes observing the unusual festivities, I heard Kim say. "Kelly. We all have our hidden desires, and secret fantasies. Just as you were able to fulfill yours last night, these people get to indulge in theirs, today".

Becky appeared unaware, that being the 'only one naked', was what excited me above everything else. She then asked me, "Kelly.is being naked in front of people who are dressed, what turns you on?" I was unable to answer, when Kim jumped in.

"Of course it is, Becky! She hesitated getting dressed in the pub last night, even though we all had our clothes back on. When I suggested playing, "Locked Out Naked", she started taking her clothes off, right there at the hotel lobby desk. I had to remind her that in order to be 'locked out naked', you weren't supposed to have access to your clothes!" I felt so humiliated, listening to the two women. openly discuss my most inner sexual passion.

Right then, Becky grabbed the sides of my face again. I thought she was going to plant another kiss on me, when she said, "That settles it, Kelly! You are going to serve champagne and hors d'oeuvres, at Alice's party tonight. Think of it! You get to act out your fantasy, for 'Four' whole hours. With all the material used to make the guests' costumes, yours will be the only skin visible in the entire place. Well, yours an the two male servers, but they'll have on their thongs!"

I had been mentally sucked into Becky's vision. So with some hesitation, I asked, "I thought there were going to be 'Two' nude women servers there?" Becky replied, "Well, truth be told Kelly, Alice and I came up with that idea, to get you to agree to serve at the party". "You and Alice?", I asked, a bit taken back by the odd alliance. "Yeah! I'm working the bar at the party! It'll be so much more fun, if you're there!", she responded.

I was completely blind-sided by this new revelation. Just when I felt, I could endure no additional disclosures from Becky, nor could I undergo any further public discussions, about my most confidential urges, Ashley and Kayla made their appearance onto the scene. They were dressed in matching, cut off, rainbow colored T-shirts, with no bras of course. Bright pink bikini bottoms, and cowboy boots.

I was now encircled by four women, who had witnessed me attain, the most private of all female experiences, "An Orgasm!" I turned my attention to my surroundings, (certainly, up to the task, when it came to distractions) attempting to seem oblivious, to any further discussions, the four women might be having, concerning my very public naked ordeal.

Kayla and Kim started comparing photos of me. Kayla had a one of me, completely limp, with my legs spread wide open, covered in my own cum. It was one of the many photos taken of me, in the pool room of the pub last night, thanks to Becky. Kim had practically the same photo, but hers', was taken in the hotel lounge, about 3:30 in the morning.

In both photos, I was stripped naked, legs spread wide open, blissfully limp, skin glistening from my own female juices, yet with an unfamiliar smile on my face, looking like the "Dirty Little Slut", I had become. I decided to take a walk. I needed separation from both, the liveliness of neighboring activities, but also, the constant reminder that I had become San Francisco's newest trollop.

I told the women that I wanted to have a look around, then ventured off on my own. I noticed when I got out of earshot, of the women wearing nothing but a thong, fastened to a large "X", and calling out, "More! More!" to her dominatrix, I was able to find some sense of normality. At least as I saw it.

I walked several blocks, then noticed the street had been closed off by the white and orange wooden saw horses, often used for block parties and special events. There were food and clothing vendors, along with literally hundreds of people, who were there as spectators, not participants. When I reached the blockade, I walked back in the other direction.

I walked back passed the "Center of Activity", (I guess that's what we'll call it for now on) and saw much of the same. I found out later, that they blocked off a total of five blocks. The middle block was where the so called, "Activities" were taking place.

The two blocks leading in either direction, were mostly occupied by vendors and curiosity seekers. In fact, no one in the outer areas, were salaciously dressed, yet alone completely naked. I stopped and picked up a couple of tacos from one of the food vendors, which I must tell you were the best I have ever had. Maybe it was because I hadn't eaten since last night's dinner, but they were fantastic. With a full belly, I ventured on.

Realizing I had no interest in participating in the day's public events, I finally understood how self-absorbed I really was. Kim was correct, when she said, I "Got Off" being the 'only one naked". It was true. As I reached the barrier, at the opposite end of the five block stretch of public street, Kim and Becky, had met up with me.

Before either could speak a word, I noticed a woman wearing a wrist brace, and became mesmerized. I glanced around at my surroundings, and observed another woman, selling Hawaiian leis from around her neck, to people in the crowd. Kim called out, "Kelly! What are you staring at?" My business persona had completely taken over, and I turned to my two new friends, and said, with dollar signs running through my head, "I think I can sell T-shirts here."

The two women looked at me, then at each other, then back at me, completely bewildered. "What are you talking about?", Becky asked. "I could make money selling T-shirts here", I repeated. Kim said, "Well I'm sure you could Kelly, but with so many other's selling T-shirts, would it be worth your while, to come down here from Oregon?"

I gathered Becky and Kim around me, like in a football huddle, then shared my sudden epiphany. "I could make one hundred T-shirts, that said, in big bold letters on the back, "Buy This Shirt. Right Here. Right Now!", and sell them for $50.00 to $100.00 each". They both looked at me like I was crazy. "Why would anyone pay that price for a T-shirt, that said that on it?", Kim asked, while Becky's facial expression showed she agreed with Kim's summation of my idea.

"Because I won't be wearing anything under it", I replied, with a devious grin on my face. It was like the light bulb had lit up over both their heads. Kim screamed out, "That's Brilliant, Kelly!", while Becky rapidly shook her head, up and down, in agreement.

"All I would have to do, is rig up one of those wrist bands to hold my phone and credit card reader. I could take the payment first, then remove the T-shirt, and hand it over to whoever purchased it", I explained. "Out here on the far edges of the fair, people, especially young guys, would pay that kind of money, just to see me have to walk away naked", I continued.

"I could take orders for both color and size, walk back to my booth, get the appropriate T-shirt, then wear it back to my prospective customer. He or she pays me. Then, and only then, do I remove it and turn it over to them", I explained.

"You do realize that some idle chit chat, and the inevitable selfies, will be part of each sale. Don't you, Kelly?", Becky asked. Kim answered, "Of course she does! She's won't be selling T-shirts! She'll be selling little shreds of her dignity! Again, Kelly! I think it's brilliant!"

**T-shirt for sale. Part 26**

In an attempt to curve Kim's zeal for my idea, if even for a moment, I tried to lower the level of enthusiasm, by asking, "How often do they have this fair?" Becky replied, "Once a year, Kelly. They hold it on the same Saturday, in June, every year". "That's good. That will give me time to prepare for next year", I said.

I then looked at Becky and Kim, and asked, "Now you guys are sure, I wouldn't get in any trouble, if I were naked, this far away from the center of activity?" As luck would have it, Kim recognized this incredibly cute cop, and called out, "Het Matt! Come here!" I started feeling a bit faint, as the gorgeous police officer made his way to where we were standing.

Kim gave him a big hug, as he looked at me. I could tell he was trying to comprehend, how this girl, wearing a typical Saturday afternoon outfit, was associated with a woman dressed in little more than fishnet stockings and a bra, and another woman, wearing a rainbow colored bra, short jean skirt and military boots. I was wondering the same thing myself.

"Matt. You know Becky", Kim said, as Matt and Becky nodded, and greeted each other. "Matt. This is my new friend, Kelly", she said, turning his attention to me. "Matt's my brother, Kelly!", Kim said, as she looked at me, then back to Matt. I gave a sheepish grin, and said hello, feeling intimidated that a police officer, in full uniform, was talking with us.

Kim asked him, "Matt. Kelly wants to know, if she took off all her clothes, right here, right now, (using the words I was planning to have printed on my T-shirts) would she be at risk of a fine, or even worse, arrest?" Matt looked at me, and said, "Kelly. You would be entirely within your rights to do so".

"The event planners have pulled all the required permits. As long as you stay on the street, and between the barriers, you would be legally allowed to express yourself, however you pleased". I was finding it hard to look him in the eye, while we were discussing my possible nudity, at next years festival.

Then, out of the blue, Kim said, "Alright. Now that that's settled, Kelly give me your clothes". I turned to her, and abruptly replied, "Kim! I'm talking about selling T-shirts at next years' fair". That's when, my plans to remain dressed today, and not allowing Kim or Becky to manipulate be out of my clothes, started to unravel.

"Kelly. If you plan on selling T-shirts here next year, don't you think it would be wise to know, in advance, that you have the fortitude, to follow through with that plan? Otherwise, it may be time and investment, wasted". Before I could answer, Matt interrupted, and said, "If you're serious about this Kelly, Kim might be right".

Becky looked at me, and asked, "Kelly. How much money could you make?" My mental calculator had already come up with the answer. "Well Becky, if I sold 100 T-shirts, at $100.00 each, less inventory and travel expenses, I would stand to make an $8000.00 profit. If I could sell them for only $50.00 each, I would still profit $3000.00.

Becky's eyes grew wide open, when she said, "$8000.00 ? I'd walk around naked for that! Even $3000.00. How many people do we know, (as she looked at Kim) make $3000.00 for and afternoon's work?" Kim just smiled, and said, "I'll take those clothes now, Kelly".

With Kim, Becky and Matt looking at me, I was forced to come to terms with both, the idea of me selling T-shirts right off my naked body, and the concept of being, barely or totally naked, in front of literally hundreds of clothed people. I was focused on the expressions of my three new friends, while I considered my options.

The advise of the many women, on my favorite websites, through their personal experiences, explained in their posted stories, was a constant reminder of, "What Not" to do. First and foremost, never cover up! Any display of modesty, would bring on ridicule, along with the cruel comments, that can sometimes follow. I decided to find out if I had the fortitude, (as Kim had put it) to persevere through the inescapable, Shame and Humiliation of my future endeavor.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 27**

First, I did what anyone would do. I removed my thin summer jacket, then handed it to Kim. She folded the jacket, and placed it in the huge purse she was carrying. It was the size of a beach bag. I hesitated, not knowing what to remove next. Becky suggested, "Take off your shorts, Kelly". Looking around, I felt that any observers, would think I was being stripped searched, due to Matt's presence.

I summoned the courage to unbutton my shorts, and let them fall to my ankles. I then stepped out of them, bent over to pick them up, then handed them over to Kim. I couldn't help but look around and see if anyone was watching. I had become the spectacle of the day, for so many of the curiosity seekers.

With just my T-shirt, panties and bra left, I started feeling self-conscience in front of my growing audience. Kim said, in a stern voice, "Kelly. I'll take that bra now". I looked at Becky and Matt, hoping someone would intervene, and liberate me from my impending fate. No assistance would come.

I reached under my T-shirt, unhooked my bra, pulled it through my shirt sleeve, then handed it over to Kim. With nothing on but my T-shirt, panties and sneakers, I felt like, I may as well have been naked. The white T-shirt, I was wearing, was barely containing my erect nipples, and only came down to my navel, letting the onlookers see, I was close to being totally naked.

Kim, Becky and Matt, were surveying the crowd, and the obvious attention, I was now receiving from the many clothed spectators surrounding us. Feeling like I could bare no additional public humiliation or exposure, I watched as Becky explained to the onlookers, that I had lost a bet. I guess that's the standard excuse used, when someone decides to take off their clothes in public.

Kim, on the other hand, was not quite so understanding. She said, so all watching, could here, "Kelly! lets have those panties!" I froze solid, now staring at her, hoping for some measure of sympathy. She looked at me, then repeated, "Kelly! I'll take those panties now!", as Becky continued to reassured my growing audience, I had lost a bet.

Afraid to look my spectators in the eye, I knew Becky and Kim were taking the photos, I would relish later. The expressions of the observers, was the key to how someone, who was the only one naked in public, could assess the mood of the crowd. Very important, when someone is viewing the photos on line. At least for me.

I had no choice, but to become the submissive little slut, Kim wanted me to be. I pulled my panties down passed my thighs and knees, then over my sneakers. I was looking at the ground, as I handed them over to her, exposing my clean shaven pussy and bare ass to the onlookers. Now that Kim held every stitch of my clothing, other than my thin, white T-shirt, she smiled and started walking away.

"Kim!". I called out. "Where are you going? You can't leave me like this!" Kim smugly looked at Matt, not letting on that he was her brother, to the spectators, and asked, "Officer. Can I leave her like this?" Matt held back his obvious enjoyment of my naked plight, and responded, "Today, and today only, Miss. As long as she stays on the street, and within the boundaries, she'll be fine."

I pleaded, "Kim! Please!" She looked back to Matt, and asked, "Officer. Is a bet, a bet?" Matt replied, "It is where I come from, Miss". With that, she walked away, then vanished into the crowd, with my clothes. I turned to Becky, and asked her to borrow her big red scarf. She simply replied, "Sorry Kelly. Can't help you".

Before I knew what was happening, Becky decided to add insult, to my humiliating injury. She took her right forefinger, and slid it between my pussy lips. As I stood there in horror, she said, "Oh Kelly. You are so wet! Time to go! Thank you officer", as she gave Matt a nod, then took my hand. I heard Matt call out, "Have fun girls". Becky pulled me through the dressed spectators, while the eyewitnesses, laughed and cheered, as they saw my bare ass, disappear into the crowd.

I wanted to crawl into a hole and die, yet I could not deny how horny I had become. Becky was right. I was soaking wet between my pussy lips. I thought about the woman going through her public flagellation, wearing nothing but a thong. That's when I realized, we all have our own special sexual buttons. Mine was being, shamed and humiliated, by being the only one naked, among clothed people.

Becky led me through the maze of clothed people. I became even more aroused, as I made little eye contact, yet felt the fabric of their clothes rubbing against my almost bare skin. I listened closely to the comments, coming from the people surrounding me. Still, at least a full block away from the center of activity, I was definitely "The Only One Naked" in the immediate area. It was about 2:30 in the afternoon, and I was coming to terms with, and starting to enjoy, my almost naked state.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 28**

The idea off selling T-shirts right off my naked body, was rolling around in my head, as Becky stopped and smiled at me. Not sure what this sudden pause was about, I would soon find out. "Well. Kelly!", I heard from behind me. "Another lost bet? Or do you flaunt your pussy in public, just for the fun of it?" To my complete dismay, I turned to see the voice I heard, was that of Stacy, and Sue was with her again.

An overwhelming feeling of trepidation came over me, as I stood there stupefied, unable to utter a single word. The two women took the opportunity to gather some additional photos of me. Photos that I'm sure would be used to prove, I had become the dirty little slut, of my college graduating class.

Getting discovered, being naked (or in this case, almost naked) in public, by someone you know, can be one of conjecture, on their part. Certainly, one of humiliation, on yours. Being discovered once, may be the result of some unusual circumstance, like a lost bet. But twice in 24 hours, no way! Their belief about me and my lifestyle, was now deeply rooted.

I could feel my face turning red, when Sue asked, "Any reason you're concealing those little baby breasts of yours, not to mention your thimble size nipples, Kelly?" Stacy added, "We can see your nipples piercing through that little T-shirt, Kelly".

Still speechless, I felt my hands reaching for the bottom of my shirt, so I could stretch it down to cover my pussy and ass. I was about to break the first rule, of public nudity. Becky discretely took my hand, keeping me from humiliating myself even further.

She kissed me on the mouth, and said, "I'm gonna go see if I can find Kim. We'll catch up with you later". My facial expression, was begging her not to leave me, but she turned and walked toward the center of activity, leaving me standing there bottomless, with Stacy and Sue.

To my surprise, the two women each took one my arms in theirs, and started parading me through the crowd. Stacy said, "You know Kelly. You were the topic of conversation, after we left the bar last night. Now we all could understand losing a bet, then having to wait tables in the nude. But here you are again, walking among all these people, with no pants or underwear on. What gives?"

I still hadn't spoken a word, since running into the girls again. I cleared my throat, then forced myself to answer Stacy. "I swear. Less than 45 minutes ago, I was wearing panties, a bra, shorts and a little spring jacket, with my company logo printed on the back". "What happened?", Sue asked. I felt cornered, and decided to tell the girls about my idea, to sell T-shirts off my body.

I explained how the concept took seed, when I noticed the woman wearing a wrist band, designed to help with carpal tunnel or a sprained wrist. I told them how I was planning to modify it, to securely hold my phone and credit card reader. Noticing the woman who was selling Hawaiian leis from around her neck, just moments later, cemented the idea in my head. I even told them the T-shirts would read, "Buy This Shirt. Right Here. Right Now", on the back.

As I went on explaining some of the basic revenue possibilities, I observed an attitude change, in both of the women. If only for a moment, they looked at me more like an entrepreneur, than the bottomless slut, standing before them. Sue, was actually holding on to my every word, while Stacy said, "Kelly. That's technically prostituting yourself, even if you not having sex with your customers".

"Prostituting myself". That thought was buried deep in my psyche, but I was hoping not to hear it said, out loud. Sue jumped in, and exclaimed, "Who Cares. Kelly! Can I do it with you?" Stacy turned to her, and said, in a scolding tone, "Sue!" Sue turned back to her, and said, "You said it yourself last night, Stacy! Right after we saw Kelly waiting tables in the nude. You said, you wished you had the courage to do something like that".

Stacy's face started turning red, as I was dumbfounded by the new revelation. In an attempt to defect the now, unwanted attention, from herself, Stacy turned to me and said, "O.k. Kelly. I'll buy that T-shirt, you're wearing, for $10.00". In an act of defiance, I replied, "$20.00!" She reached in her purse, pulled out a $20.00 bill, and handed it to me. I took the $20.00, put it in my sneaker, then removed my last vestige of modesty, and handed it over to Stacy.