**T-shirt for sale**

by FunKelly

**T-shirt for sale. Part 29**

Once again, I was completely naked in public, but this time, I was surrounded by a crowd that had grown to at least a thousand people. If my nipples were any indicator at all, I was totally stimulated, to say the least. Stacy and Sue started taking more photos of me, now that I was fully nude.

I couldn't possibly count the amount of people, who followed suit. With no choice but to smile and converse with those onlookers who were taking an interest, I did my best to be gracious. I posed with them for selfies, and did my best to answer any questions, they might have . Believe it or not, no one asked me why I was naked. In an atmosphere like this, I guess that answer is self explanatory. All I know, is that the experience was once again, "Intoxicating".

Stacy grabbed my hand, while Sue apologized to my new founds fans, explaining that we had to go. Stacy purposely led me through the most crowded areas, leaving me no option but to look the people in the eyes, smile and say, "excuse me", while being titillated by the brush of every thread, against my bare skin. I was truly like the women I admired on my favorite web-sites.

Stacy and Sue seemed as comfortable being with me, as I had grown, being with them. Gone were the demeaning comments and dirty looks, replaced by questions of sincere curiosity. By now, it was about 3:00 pm, and I was casually strolling through an enormous crowd, with two old acquaintances, who were now bordering on becoming friends, totally naked, with exception of my sneakers and socks. Every sexual public nudity fantasy I ever had was coming true this weekend, and it was only Saturday afternoon.

Stacy, Sue and I had wondered into the "Center of Activity". There's no other way to say this. It's just not my scene. The woman tied to the big "X", had been replaced by another, while several more dominatrix' were waiting their turns, holding the leashes, attached to the collars, of the women they temporarily owned. Most of, who were dressed in only thongs. There were also at least ten penises swinging in the wind, to every pussy that was on display.

I continued to walk toward the less active, yet more populated areas, beyond the middle block. That's when my charade was about to unravel. We were just about to be a reasonable distance from the ongoing debauchery, when we ran into the two lesbian women who had masturbated me to orgasm, in the hotel lounge, early this morning.

I looked in another direction, hoping they wouldn't recognize me, when I heard. "Kelly! Kelly!" The two women walked up to us, dressed in only high heels, bikini bottoms, and body paint from neck to ankles. Not even knowing their names, I said, "Oh hi". Stacy looked at the two women, and asked, "You know her?", as she pointed at me.

"Know her. Know her", came the reply from one of the women. "We masturbated Kelly, to a massive orgasm in the hotel lounge about 3:30 this morning!" I could have died of embarrassment. Stacy and Sue looked back at me, then turned their attention back to the two women. "Please. Tell us more", Stacy asked, as Sue was now looking at me in disbelief.

The second woman said, "We only know her as Kelly, because that's what Kim called her, when she came to get her from the hotel lounge. See Kelly was naked, when she came into the lounge with some guy. Soon after, Kim came to get that guy, so she could check him into his hotel room. That left this poor little thing, sitting totally naked and all by herself, at the table in the corner of the lounge.

"Sitting there totally naked, much as she is right now, but without her sneakers, she looked like she needed a friend, so my friend Liz here, and I, joined her at her table. My name is Stephanie, by the way". Liz jumped in, and decided to finish the story of my 3:30 am, hotel lounge depravity.

"First off, let's get one thing clear. No one ever accidently locks themselves out of a hotel room, while naked. They just don't! Who in their right mind would leave a hotel room, with a door that closes automatically, without a key or card to get back in, totally naked. NO ONE!" Liz's public telling of last night's events, was nothing less than thoroughly humiliating.

"That being said", Liz continued, "When Stephanie and I joined Kelly at her table, the first thing we did was spread her legs open. Trust me. There was little resistance. Stephanie shined the light from her phone on Kelly's pussy, and we could tell by her puffy, pink labia, that she had already had at least one orgasm that night".

There was no place to hide, as Liz continued her recollection of last nights account, of my second public orgasmic climax of the evening. Liz went on, "I slid my fingers in her slot, and knew by the saturation, she was ready for another orgasm. So I simply worked her clit over, until she had another. I had no idea it would be a total eruption. This girl squirts in buckets!", she said, as Stacy and Sue looked at me in total disbelief.

There was no appropriate response, to the story that was just broadcasted, to my two acquaintances / friends. Suddenly something was troubling me. I looked at Liz, and asked, "Do you know Kim?" She replied, "Sure I do. We're all from the same neighborhood". "Does Kim live around the hotel", I asked. "Kim, owns the hotel, sweetie. She has a suite on the fifth floor", Stephanie replied.

I took a chance and asked, "Do either of you know anyone named, Becky?" "Do you mean Becky from "Brian's Pub?", Stephanie asked. "Yes", I replied. "Sure we do. Becky's owned that pub for five years now. She lives in the apartment on the second floor", she continued. Forgetting I was naked, I started feeling a bit mislead by my new friends.

**T-shirt for sale. Part 30**

Standing there, naked and humiliated, while Liz and Stephanie appeared gleeful, they had just revealed the details of my 3:30 am debauchery, to Stacy and Sue, I felt consumed with knowing if my new found friends, had intentionally set me up.

As my mind wondered, Kim and Becky walked up to us. I was unable to enjoy my permitted nudity, until I knew if they had arranged my public perversion, the night before. Kim immediately sensed something was amiss. She grabbed my hand and pulled me to an area about fifteen feet from the other women.

"Alright Kelly. What's up?", she asked. "Do you own the hotel, Kim?", I asked. "Well. If you must know. I am the majority stock holder in the corporation, that owns the hotel. I am technically an employee of that corporation, when I am at work. But I don't mind telling you, it's nice knowing I can't be fired, without my own consent. Why do you ask?" I didn't know how to answer, but found myself feeling guilty that I had mistrusted her, so I just responded, "No reason".

Kim then looked at my tits, and asked, "Kelly. Where's your T-shirt?" "I sold it to Stacy for $20.00", I replied. "Look at you go girl! Your first sale! Congratulations!", she responded. Kim then pulled me close, by grabbing my biceps, since I had no clothes to snatch on to. "Kelly", she said, "Between you and me, Becky has a crush on you. The minute you walked into the pub last night, wearing your little yellow sundress, she has been enamored with you. I know you may not be a lesbian, but do me a favor". I looked into her eyes, afraid to hear what favor, she wanted from me.

"Please don't hurt her". The look in my eyes must have told her, I wasn't sure what to do next. I had let Becky kiss me on the mouth, while she slid me the tongue several times. I even reciprocated, by sliding my tongue into her mouth, in the hotel lobby, earlier today, I thought to myself. Kim continued, "Becky worked as a topless waitress, for Brian for seven years, ever since she turned 21 years old".

"She stashed every cent of her pay and tips, hoping to someday, own a small piece of the joint. Well, when Brian got sick and could no longer run the place, he sold it to Becky, for the amount she has saved. She was like a daughter to him, especially since he had no real family. That pub has been her baby for almost five years. Like you, with your T-shirt business, she has sacrificed a personal life to manage it".

"Kelly. Not until Becky laid eyes on you, have I seen her with any interest in anything. but that pub. My guess is that your life is very much the same". I looked at Kim, and replied, "Kim. Becky abandoned me Kim. She left me with Stacy and Sue, knowing the humiliation I would endure". Kim just smiled, then responded, "Looks to me, like it was working out well, or at least until Liz and Stephanie showed up".

Still holding a fast grip on my biceps, Kim stared straight into my eyes, then declared, "Kelly. You get off on the experiences of shame and humiliation. You know it, and I know it. Becky understood your exhibitionist passion, from the time you pulled that yellow sundress over your head, and handed it to me. All she's was trying to do, was give you what, she felt, you wanted. What's wrong with that?"

My heart started to melt, as I turned and looked at Becky. Seeing her wearing her black bra, black fishnet stockings and ankle height black boots, with the red scarf, covering her, only from waist to crotch, I turned back to Kim. Her next statement would redirect the rest of my weekend get-away in San Francisco. "I haven't been able to get Becky to come down here for three years, Kelly. She's here, because you're here!".

I turned and looked at Becky again, as she stood there talking to Liz, Stephanie, Stacy and Sue. An overwhelming sense of commitment to her came over me. I pulled myself away from Kim's grip, then headed straight towards her. Becky looked surprised, as I grabbed her cheeks, pulled her towards me, then kissed her on the mouth, tongue and all. "What time do we need to be at Alice's?", I asked.

Becky's expression said it all. With a great big smile, she replied, "We should get there an hour early. How's 7:00 sound?" I kissed her again, and said, "That sounds great". I was waiting for the conversation to return to my exploits the night before, when Sue decided to remove her shirt. Stacy looked appalled, as she folded it and put it in her purse. Sue just asked, "What?", as she looked at Stacy.

"Why don't you lose the bra too, Sue", Stacy said, in a somewhat demeaning tone. "O.k.", Sue replied, as she removed her bra, and put it away with her shirt, exposing her size "C" boobs to us, and the crowd. Standing there in just a knee length skirt, panties and sandals, she looked so happy.

"Kelly. Will you walk around with me?", she asked. Becky kissed me, and said, "Go take your friend for a stroll. We'll meet you back here". With that, Naked Kelly, Topless Sue, and Fully Dressed Stacy, started on their journey to the outskirts of the Fair.

The three of us meandered through the crowd, stopping at some vendor's booths along the way. We made our way to the far end barriers, when Sue said to Stacy, "You don't know what your missing, Stacy. This feels awesome!" Remembering what Sue had said to Stacy, about her comment concerning her lack of courage to try something like this, I unassumingly said, "No matter what. I'm glad I will always have this experience to look back on".

Stacy sternly replied, "Oh. Alright!", as she removed her top and bra, right there in the midst of the onlookers. Now topless herself, exposing her size "C+" tits, Stacy looked at us and said, "Well. Let's go. We're not going to stand here all day". I could tell both women were apprehensive, yet excited about their very public topless walk.

I was glad about two things. The first was, both women stopped undressing after their tops and bras were removed, leaving me to enjoy my "Only One Naked" experience. The second was knowing both women had access to their tops, allowing them to easily cover up, where I didn't have a stitch clothing with me. I had to remain completely naked, whether in "Exuberance" or in "Shame", depending on present company.

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For the next 45 minutes, The three of us walked among the many clothed spectators. I could tell Stacy was more uneasy than Sue. Most likely because she lived locally, and Sue was from an hour away. I know the feeling. Never in my wildest dreams would I have anticipated being discovered by people I knew, serving drinks in a pub, while naked, five hours from home. I can only imagine how anxious, Stacy must have felt.

As I had mentioned earlier, I had to remain naked, no matter how exuberant or ashamed, my present situation, may make me feel. I soon found out, I was to be utterly ashamed. The girls and I had zigzagged our way through the fair. We walked from the far end, where Stacy had decided to go topless, past the center of activity, without incident, and almost to the other barrier limits, where I had Met Kim's brother Matt, earlier.

After stopping for some idle chit chat along the way, and some selfies and photos, with the spectators, I was on top of the world. I was about to find out how quickly, one can go from the very top, to the lowest depths, in just a few seconds. I saw Matt at his assigned location by the barriers, when he noticed me and my two new topless friends. His eyes were fixed on my small breasts and erect nipples, as he had not seen them earlier.

I started to make my way over to him, when I heard some woman scream, at the top of her lungs, "Kelly! Kelly! What the hell are you doing?" To my absolute horror, I turned to see my father's two sisters. My Aunt Mary, and my Aunt Peggy. Their facial expressions told the entire story. They were outright shocked and horrified, (as you can imagine they would be) and looked totally pissed off.

"Get over here right now young lady!", came the demand from my Aunt Peggy. I just froze in the spot where I was standing. "You heard your Aunt Peggy, Kelly! Get over here!", came the follow up demand, from my Aunt Mary. Both women were looking at me with daggers in their eyes, but unable to cross the barrier, afraid to step on the dark side.

If there was ever a time to cover up, it was now. Fearful I might display any indication, that being naked among all of these dressed people, in the middle of a public street, could be in some way unacceptable, I refrained (not allowing them any admission of guilt) and started the endless walk to the place they were standing, barely fifteen feet away. "Step on it, young lady!", came the second demand, from Aunt Peggy.

Stacy and Sue retreated into the crowd, then put their bras and shirts back on, leaving me standing there, the "Only One Naked". Both women found refuge among the onlookers, and positioned themselves to film the entire debacle. By now, everyone in the area was watching me, as I was about to be publically lambasted, by my father's only two sisters. If this got back to the family, I would be ostracized. Or so I thought.

Neither of my two aunts was discreet, in any way whatsoever. It was just not in their nature. They told it as they saw it, regardless of who was around, even if that meant dozens and dozens of clothed spectators. I was within three feet of the barrier, attempting to appear as if my public nudity was anything but inappropriate.

"Where are your clothes, Kelly? And what happened to your pubic hair? Did you shave your vagina? That's not natural you know. And what's wrong with your nipples? Why are they sticking out so far ? Do they always protrude like that?" My very first public naked interrogation, along with the very prevalent declaration of my body's characteristics, was courtesy of my Aunt Mary. I wanted to disappear.

I could feel the hundreds of eyes, focused on my smooth pussy lips and my erect nipples, as I considered just running away. "This would kill your parents, Kelly", Aunt Peggy said, purposely adding a guilt trip, to my already public indignity. The one ray of hope, was that they may not tell my parents, afraid it may hurt them, more than me.

"Well. Where are your clothes?", Aunt Mary asked again. Before I could answer, someone in the crowd called out, "Get her ladies". Aunt Mary replied, "You stay out of this!" Aunt Peggy added, "Mind your own business!" As it always was with Aunt Mary and Aunt Peggy, their need to have the last word, kept me from having to actually say anything, which was good. After all, what could I say to explain away my public exhibition? The truth? I don't think so.

"Kelly. We came to San Francisco to go whale watching, and take a tour of Alcatraz, but what do we find here ? Our only niece, walking around the streets, stark naked!" A second guilt trip, courtesy of Aunt Peggy. Aunt Mary looked at me, and said, "Now you go get your clothes young lady, and put them back on. Right this minute!" Aunt Peggy had to add insult, to my already overwhelming sense of Shame and Humiliation, by adding, "And grow your pubic hair back. It's not natural", loud enough for everyone to hear.

I nodded, then started to slip away, avoiding any eye contact, with those who had witnessed my public degradation. I could hear the two women calling out from a distance, as I was desperately trying to escape any further humiliation. "Kelly! Keep this unfortunate episode between us", Aunt Peggy yelled. "We don't want your parents to find out. It would kill them!", Aunt Mary added. "No Shit, we don't want my parents to find out", I thought to myself.

Finally out of the sight of my two aunts, Stacy and Sue rejoined me. "That was unbelievable", Sue said, as she proceeded to remover her top and bra again. Stacy did the same, as I looked at them in bewilderment. "You guys deserted me!", I complained. Stacy replied, "I wasn't going to be scolded in public by your crazy relatives. Not today, or any day". Sue just nodded in agreement.

Out of sight from my two aunts, but not those who observed my public debasement, some guy walked up to us, and said, "Hey Nipples. Tough day, huh?", then walked away laughing. Then I heard, "Nipples! I for one, would be happy to post pictures of your naked ass, on the internet", as another man took some photos of me, then vanished into the crowd.

I started making my way back to Kim, and the safety of my clothes, when I some other man, called out from a short distance away, "Yo Nipples! They're wrong! Keep that pussy shaved! Nice slit!" OMG! The onlookers were now calling me "Nipples". Dozens of people were laughing and pointing at me, while many others were expressing their support of my public nudity.

"Nipples. Nipples. It has a nice ring to it, don't you think, Sue?", Stacy asked, as the two women had a good laugh at my expense. We had made it to within a block of the center of activity, when Becky walked up to us. She kissed me again, slipping me her tongue. I was so craving a sense of acceptance, after my recent fiasco with Aunts Peggy and Mary, I started making out with her, right there, in the middle of the street.

Becky pulled away, then turned around. She looked at me from over her shoulder, and asked, "Kelly. Will you undo my bra?" I unhooked her bra, then she let the straps slide down her arms, put he bra in her purse, then turned back to me. Her breasts were perfect, at least in my eyes. They were about a size "B+". Not as big as Sue's size "C's" or Stacy's size "C+'s", and certainly not like Kim's size "D's", but perfectly formed.

Unable to take my eyes off Becky's breasts, she looked at me, and said, "You can touch them if you want, Kelly". I reached out and started to massage her perfectly shaped bosoms, as she reciprocated, and took my already erect nipples, between her thumbs and forefingers. Becky asked, "So what have you been up to?"

Simultaneously, Sue and Stacy pulled out their phones. They then pulled up the videos, of my two aunts widespread reprimand, of my public nudity. Becky watched the videos, never ceasing her manipulation of my nipples. Her mouth fell wide open, as she looked at me, and said, "Sorry Kelly, but I have to know". She let go of my left nipple, then slid the forefingers of her right hand, between my pussy lips.

"OMG Kelly. You are sopping wet! Just like last night, before I masturbated you to that incredible eruption, in the pool room at the pub". Stacy jumped in, and asked, "WHAT?" I closed my eyes, knowing what was to follow. Becky turned to her, and said, "After serving drinks in the nude last night, Kelly was so wet, I was able to masturbate her to a massive orgasm in less than a minute".

Sue watched eagerly, as Stacy said, "Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. Let me get this straight. Becky. What time was it, when you brought Kelly to her orgasm?" Becky replied, "Right after the pub closed. About 2:10 am". Becky never stopped twisting my nipples between her fingers, while answering Stacy's questions. I didn't dare stop massaging her beautiful breasts, in an attempt to keep preoccupied.

Stacy continued her inquisition, as she said, "So again, let me get this straight. You brought Kelly to a climax as 2:10 am, in the pool room of the pub". Becky nodded "Yes", as she kissed me again. "Was anyone else there?", Stacy asked. Becky replied, "Sure. Kim, Ashley, Kayla and Andre". I could have died, but never let go of Becky's breasts.

"So Kelly". You then went back to the hotel, where Liz and Stephanie masturbated you to a second orgasm, in the hotel lounge, less than and hour and a half later?", Stacy concluded. Looking at Stacy and Sue topless, reduced my anxiety, so I kissed Becky once more, before replying, "Yup. Sure did".

**T-shirt for sale. Part 32**

Becky and I embraced and kissed one more time, before the four of us walked towards the center of activity, to find Kim, and my clothes. When we caught up with Kim, she had removed her jean skirt and rainbow colored bra, leaving her wearing just her black thong and military boots. She was with Ashley, Kayla, and our two painted ladies, Liz and Stephanie.

It was now about 4:30 in the afternoon. Becky announced that she and I had to leave, so we could get ready for Alice's party. Kim handed me my clothes, so I started getting dressed. I found myself feeling somewhat disappointed, that the time had come for me to cover up my nakedness. The ups and downs of the afternoon's experience, brought on equal amounts of titillation ad arousal. There was no denying it. I got off being naked and humiliated it public.

As Becky put on her bra, I remembered I had sold my T-shirt to Stacy, so decided to put my jacket in my purse, and walk back to the hotel with my bra on display, like Becky. I exchanged phone numbers with all the girls, then Becky and I walked back to the hotel.

Along the few blocks to the trolley, we encountered a few dirty looks, but nothing to be concerned about. The trolley ride, and remaining three block walk to the hotel, were uneventful. Becky and I reached my hotel room at 5:00 pm. With two hours until we needed to be at Alice's, I was relieved, we had a little time to relax.

I took off my clothes, getting ready to take my third shower of the day. Yes! That's right! San Francisco's newest, "Dirty Little Slut", was going to be once again, squeaky clean. Becky had seen me naked for hours on end, yet she felt compelled to let me know, how much she had been hoping to taste my pussy.

Standing in my hotel room with her, totally naked, I responded by throwing myself on the bed, and spreading my legs open. Looking at her, with an invitation in my eyes, I watched as she removed her red scarf from around her waist. Seeing she was wearing a black G-string, under her black fishnet stockings, I asked, "You have a G-string? I thought you were naked under your scarf".

Her response was perfect. "Would you want fishnet stockings, rubbing against your crotch all day? I know I don't". I smiled, and watched her continue disrobing. Becky kicked off her ankle high boots, while removing her bra, at the same time. She then peeled the fishnet stockings down over her thighs, and pulled them off her feet. As she pulled her G-string down, exposing her well trimmed, blonde pubic hair, I became thoroughly wet, as I laid on the bed, with my legs still spread wide open.

Becky smiled, then went down on me. "STOP". Sorry, but I can't tell you the rest. What I can let you in on, is that both, Becky and I had climaxed, then we showered together. Not sure of what to wear, knowing I would be naked for the party, I chose my other sundress. The dress was just like the one I had worn to the pub, but this one was pink.

I started to put on panties, when Becky said, "Kelly. Why bother? The dress is all you need. I put on the dress, then slid my feet into my sandals. Becky was going through my clothes, looking for something to borrow. All she needed was something to get her the few blocks to the pub, and her second floor apartment.

She pulled out a one piece, summer cotton jump-suit, I had packed, then asked, "Kelly. Can I wear this to my place?" The jump suit was a pastel blue, with flowers printed on it, a far cry from her black fishnets and red scarf. I of course, responded "Yes", as I watcher her put it on, with no under clothes, whatsoever.

Knowing we were both completely naked, under the thin material of my sundress and jump suit, I was anxious to get outside. Becky folded her clothes, put them in her purse, then gave me a great big smile, as she said, "Ready?"

Seeing Becky in my festive colored jump suit, along with her black ankle high boots, was turning me on. I simply nodded, and we left the hotel room. Becky looked at me, and asked. "Should we take the stairs?" I had no idea why Becky wanted to takes the stairs, but I just, replied, "Sure".

We weren't half way down the first flight, taking us from the fourth floor to the third, when a middle aged couple and their teenage son, were walking up the stairs. I was positioned perfectly, for the boy to get a great view of my pussy, up my dress. Before I knew what was happening, the young lad had taken some photos of my cleanly shaven mound.

Unaware her son was snapping photos of my exposed pussy, his mother said, "Now son. That's exactly the kind of girl you don't want to marry", as she gave me a dirty look, when they passed by us. The boy, however, smiled at me, and showed me his phone. A picture perfect photo of my bald pussy, was displayed, as he grinned and followed his parents, up the stairs.

Becky and I just giggled, as we stood on the landing of the third floor. Knowing that the teenage boy would most likely be jerking off to the photos he had taken, was turning me on. Becky and I made it to the lobby floor without running into anyone else along the way. We marched through the hotel lobby doors, and out into the street.

The cool breeze coming off the San Francisco bay, was blowing up my dress, as Becky and I walked up the sidewalk, towards her pub. We were in broad day-light, yet I made no attempt to hold down my dress, when the wind threatened to expose my most private parts. The dress was never blown up past my thighs, but the thought that at any moment, my bare pussy may be exposed, was exhilarating.

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As we arrived, I looked at the little pub with a much greater interest, than the night before. It was an old two story brick building with a cement marker, with the year "1911" etched into it. The building was built only five years after the "Great San Francisco Earthquake", of 1906. It was small, but a real gem in the neighborhood, and meticulously well kept.

Becky led me down the walkway between her pub, and the building next to it, also from the same era. The pathway led to a small parking area, only accessible from the alley in the rear of the building. She had the most adorable courtyard, equipped with outdoor furnishings, plants, and a brick and stainless steel grill. A black fire escape stairway led to her apartment on the second floor.

We climbed the stairs and entered her apartment. With exposed brick walls, large windows, and original hardwood floors, the place was tastefully furnished and decorated. It was immaculate, and extremely cozy. I was captivated as I looked around.

Becky removed her boots and my jump suit. Watching her standing there naked, with her perfect breasts and well trimmed pussy, I knew I had to consume myself with other thoughts, or we'd never make it to Alice's formal gathering.

Becky walked to her canopy bed, which was set up in a bedroom area, but with no walls. The entire apartment was open, except the bathroom, which had a claw foot tub, along with a separate shower. On her bed were the clothes she had laid out earlier. A maid's uniform, complete with black dress, black nylons, white apron and black shoes.

I tried to appear as if I was admiring her apartment, while she was dressing. But in truth, it was her body, I was admiring. My first lesbian experience, was so passionate, and no less than intense. It had enthralled me. I was reliving my first lesbian encounter in my mind, when I realized her grandfather clock was reading 6:40 pm. I started to wonder how we were going to get to Alice's on time.

Just then, a car horn blew in the street, out front of Becky's building. She ran to the window, and said, "James is here". "James? Who's James?", I asked. "James is the limo driver, who will be taking us to Alice's". "You're kidding me, right? We have a driver named James. As in, "Home....James?", I asked, sarcastically. Becky giggled, then responded, "I never looked at it that way Kelly, but yes we do, and he's waiting out front".

We walked down the interior stairs, that led to the pub. Becky and I took a moment to look around. She had closed the pub for the day, which I would find out later, was very rare. Becky was observing her hard won business success, while I was remembering the location, where I had my very first, "Only One Naked In Public", experience.

We exited the pub, and saw James, holding the rear door of the limo, open for us. Becky and I jumped in, as she said, "Hi James. This is my friend Kelly. She's not wearing anything under this flimsy pink dress of hers". I looked at Becky with a "WTF" expression on my face. James simply replied, Hello Miss Becky. Nice to meet you Miss Kelly, the girl with no underwear", as we drove away.

Becky said, "Well Kelly. Since you'll be serving the guests naked, let's get this dress off you". "Becky! I can't ride to Alice's naked! People will see me!", I complained. Becky just laughed, as she replied, "Kelly. No one can see through these dark windows", as she peeled my pink sundress, off of my body. She neatly folded the dress and put in in her purse. I was taking the 15 minute ride to Alice's, completely naked, with the small exception of my sandals.

Needless to say, Becky and I made out quite a bit, during our journey to the formal gathering. She purposely resisted the urge to eat my pussy, or work my clit to orgasm, stating, she didn't want me to fizzle out, before the end of the night. Knowing how the urge, to be the "Only One Naked In Public", can be diminished after an orgasm, I understood completely.

I knew immediately we had arrived at Alice's, when Becky's eyes lit up. I looked out the window to see, a huge, beautiful, Victorian home, sitting on a large corner lot, with a circular driveway. James had driven the limo around to the rear entrance of the fine home. He then got out of the limo, opened the rear door, and announced, "We're here ladies".

Becky said, "Come on Kelly! Let's go!", as she pushed my naked body out of the limo, and onto the rear driveway, of the gorgeous, yet unpretentious, Victorian home. I scurried to the rear entrance door, hoping not to be discovered by any of Alice's neighbors, while completely naked, with the exception of my sandals.