**T-shirt for sale**

by FunKelly

**T-shirt for sale. Part 34**

I felt like every outdoor light in the neighborhood, was shining on me, as I waited for Becky to join me. She was taking here sweet old time, talking with James, as I waited by the door. As I became more unsettled about my precarious situation, I heard the sound of a vehicle, then watched as the headlights rounded the corner of the driveway, and shined directly on me.

I could here hip hop music coming from the car, as I struggled with the notion, of covering my tits and pussy with my hands, for the second time this weekend. I could not see who was in the vehicle, only the bright headlights, that were shining on me, as Becky seemed oblivious to my humiliating state of affairs.

Finally, Becky said goodbye to James, as he drove off. I looked to her for some assistance, to help alleviate my humiliating condition. In stead, I heard, "Hey Kevin. Hey Lance. Ready to go to work?", as their headlights continued to illuminate my naked body.

At last, the car engine, hip hop music, and most importantly, the headlights, were turned off. The two men, in their mid-twenties, exited the car. I gasped when I saw them, by the brightness of the house spotlight. Both men were black, and already dressed in their "So Called" uniforms. Similar to Andre's physique, they were stunning.

I became disheartened, as I felt misled, concerning what the male servers would be wearing. Both men had bow ties, waist length vests, men's bikini briefs, (not thongs), shoes and matching Stetson hats, all in white, not black, as I had been told. Becky called to me, to come meet the two men, I would be serving with.

I summoned the courage to walk across the rear driveway area, wearing nothing but my sandals. Becky said, "Kevin. Lance. This is my friend Kelly", as she put her arm around me. Both men smiled, and said, "Nice to meet you Kelly". I replied, "You too", as I felt more exposed, than you can possibly imagine. Before I had a chance to question what I had been told last night, Becky jumped in and gave me an explanation.

"Kelly. Kevin and Lance are replacements for the two guys that were supposed to work the party. Obviously the colors of the attire, were changed from black to white, to accent their beautiful black skin". She then turned to the men, and continued, "Kelly was supposed to wear high heels and a bow tie, but she doesn't do heels". I could not have felt more abashed.

"Well. Let's get inside, and get ready for work", Becky said. I followed her, with Kevin and Lance behind me. We entered the rear door, that led to a huge, fully stocked kitchen. I became uneasy when I saw three women, dressed in eighteenth century cooking attire. The oldest of the three, just shook her head, while muttering. "Alice strikes again". Knowing the three women were going to see me, as I returned to the kitchen to refill champagne glasses and hors d' oeuvres trays, was daunting.

Within seconds, Alice and Blanch walked in to greet us. I had held my own with Alice at the pub the night before, but I was feeling extremely intimidated in my present surroundings. Kelly! I see you located your uniform", as she, Blanch and the others, had a good laugh, at my expense.

I just smiled, having no idea how to react. Alice looked at my sandals, and said, "Those won't do". Becky chimed in, and said, "Alice. Like me, Kelly doesn't do well in high heels". Blanch spoke up, and said to me, "Well Kelly, you're welcome go barefoot, and I don't think you'll need the bowtie either. No reason to clutter up your appearance". I removed my sandals, then put them by the rear door, knowing I was going to be truly naked for the 18th century gala.

The cold tile floor beneath my feet, was a constant reminder of my nakedness, in the presence of Alice, Blanch, Becky, and the five total strangers. I wanted to complain that Kevin and Lance, had relatively suitable clothing for the event, while I was completely naked. I thought better of the idea, knowing it would only lead to a reprimand and ridicule from Alice, since I knew in advance, that I would be serving the guest in the nude.

Alice announced, "Before I show you where you'll be stationed for the evening, I want everyone to look at Kelly's vagina". My eyes grew in horror, as she continued. "Forgetting her enormous nipples, and spectacular buttocks, if you focus just on her clean shaven pussy and tiny slit, you'll see she looks about twelve years old. Don't you agree?"

Just when I felt I would die of embarrassment, Alice led me to the butcher block prep table, then instructed me to bend over and lean on the table. I asked, "Why?" She replied, "Just do it and spread your legs open". Again I asked, "Why?" "Kelly! We need to make sure you didn't miss any stubble, when you shaved your pubic hair off".

I don't know why, but I did as instructed. Kevin immediately laid on the immaculate kitchen floor, and slid between my legs, looking up at my quivering pussy lips. Before I could object, Alice asked, "Kevin. Is she clean from that perspective?" Kevin replied, "I couldn't have done a better job myself, Alice". The expressions on the faces of the three kitchen workers was priceless. They were in as much disbelief, as I was, about the impromptu vaginal inspection.

Standing there naked, while everyone closely inspected the results of my personal grooming, was the most humiliating experience of my life. Yet, I could not deny the arousal that ensued. I turned to Becky for some reassurance, when she whispered in my ear, "Don't worry Kelly. Kevin and Lance are an item". Finding out the two men were gay, was a relief, believe it or not. Knowing they were not going to spend the entire evening trying to get between my legs, was somehow reassuring.

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