**Mel, Unplanned Life of the Party!**

By LuckyDave1066

*She finds showing up and showing off lucrative and arousing!*

Mel had no sooner finished her first martini of the party than one of her companions at the bar offered to buy her a replacement. "Thanks, Josh, I would like another," she said, "but since I was the one Colin tasked with making the arrangements for this little celebration, it would be closer to the truth to say I've already bought the drink you're offering to me!" Josh looked appropriately chastened at being roasted by Mel, as well as the laughter of six or seven co-workers within earshot.

Mel, (technically Melinda, but never called anything but Mel) was the longtime assistant to Colin, the CEO of the software company where they all worked, so Josh should have known better. They were gathered to celebrate the firm's very successful IPO, the culmination of 8 years of crazy amounts of work, burning through many millions of dollars of nervous investors seed money and several brushes with bankruptcy.

Mel had been with the company practically from the beginning, other than Colin longer than anyone else currently employed there, so it shouldn't have surprised anyone that Colin had asked her to arrange the open bar, food and everything else they were enjoying at a small bistro near the company's Palo Alto headquarters.

The general mood at the gathering was jubilant. Colin had specified who Mel should invite to the party, and other than Mel the dozen or so attendees were exclusively from the upper echelon of the firm. The IPO had ended up with the company's newly publicly traded stock being priced by the market well above expectations, making all the invited executives, at least on paper, much richer than they'd been when they'd arrived at work that morning! Depending on exactly how many stock options they'd accumulated, and when, they each were worth between 5 and 25 million dollars more than the day before.

Going strictly by the company's organization chart, Mel wouldn't have made the cut to be invited to the gathering, but as much as Colin depended on her nobody gave a second thought to her presence. The other difference, beside being a woman in a very male workplace, was that she hadn't accumulated many stock options. Back in the company's rocky years she had to choose between taking compensation in options or actual money; between not having any family money, her hefty student loan payments and the high cost of living in Silicon valley, she'd decided years ago to pass on being paid in options which might or might not ever be worth much.

Colin had always been fair with her, paying her far more than her job title would call for, but until the company actually went public he really couldn't pay her enough to have made up for her missing out on the windfall she would have had if she'd gone with the options. "At least I know none of these guys are after my money," she thought to herself as she caught several of them ogling her. The attention they paid to her wasn't surprising, nor was it unusual; she had long been used to getting a lot of looks from her male coworkers, and since none of them were obnoxious about it she'd come to enjoy it.

In keeping with the significance of the day's events Mel had chosen an outfit a level or two more eye-catching than her usual workplace attire; nothing outrageous, but....different. High platform heels in place of her usual flats, fine-woven fishnet stockings, a charcoal silk skirt just a couple of inches shorter than any of her usual workplace skirts, and a cream colored sleeveless button down tunic style blouse, a bit more sheer than any she usually wore, just enough so that her cluster of admirers could tell she was wearing a lacy bra of some dark shade.

The gathered employees all straightened up a bit and switched their focus to the entrance when one of them noticed Colin's limo pulling into the parking lot. When their leader entered, coming to the private dining room and bar by way of the main part of the restaurant, they broke out in applause for the man whose inspiration ten years ago had ended up all this time later making each of them pretty wealthy. He called for an end to the applause, then said, "I should be applauding all of you. I had a good idea, but none of this would have been possible without your hard work. To be honest, over the last seven or eight years my contribution has mainly been to keep our investors from giving up on us! Thank you all, and as I mentioned in your invitation, please enjoy the drinks and dinner, my treat!"

The group gathered at the bar all began trying to get the bartender's attention. Colin steered Mel toward a corner booth at the far end of the dining room, telling her he wanted to discuss something important, out of earshot of the guys at the bar. "So," she said, "that encouragement to enjoy the food and drink was meant for the new millionaires, but doesn't apply to me?"

Looking genuinely hurt, Colin replied, "I hope I can make up for taking you away from the party. To be honest, I've been feeling guilty about you missing out on the windfall the rest of us had today, and I thought we could work out a way to, in some small measure, let you join in it."

Thinking back to a short but memorable make out session she and Colin had very early in her time working with him when he was between wives, she eyed him suspiciously. Seeing her stiffen up, he tried to assure her, "I know what you're thinking about, and no, I've always honored our agreement to leave that night behind, never speaking of it again. As I remember it you were the one who suggested that going forward we 'Look, but don't touch', and I've stuck to that plan. I know lots of people doubt me, a man on his third marriage, but I've been completely faithful to Jessica and don't intend to change that!"

"I believe you," Mel replied, "as much as you try to be subtle, I've definitely seen you eyeing several women in the office, including me, but I've got to believe I'd have heard about it if you were actually fooling around with any of them. I'm curious, does Jessica mind your roving eye?"

Pausing their conversation long enough to give a waitress their drink order, Colin continued, "Luckily for me, she's okay with me, um, appreciating beauty wherever I encounter it, as long as I'm only using my eyes, and as long as I'm not being blatant about it when we're together. She doesn't even mind my occasional visit to a strip club if it's in the service of entertaining investors!"

"Well, Jessica seems like a better match for you than either of her predecessors, but what exactly did you bring me back here to discuss? I've made my peace with my decision to take a paycheck instead of stock options if that's what this is about."

Colin's expression shifted from a smile to a more serious look. "Actually that's exactly what I want to discuss. You've never complained about missing out, but I still feel a little guilty about hitting this jackpot without you sharing," Colin answered, "I want to even things out, at least a little bit. We can't retroactively give you options, and now that we've gone public I have to answer to answer to a board of directors, I can't just have the firm give you some huge bonus, but I've come up with a way to reward you."

"Colin, I don't know what you have in mind, but I," she began to reply before he interrupted.

"Before you finish that sentence, let me be clear, I'm not suggesting you do anything which would in any way trouble Jessica!"

"Then what?" she asked.

"I'm proposing a simple transaction; you will be the seller, I'll be the buyer. Interested?"

"Yes, in theory, but I'm not sure what you think I have to sell that would make much of a difference," she replied. I'm sharing an apartment with three other people, I'm driving a 17 year old Camry, well, you get the idea!"

"I'm truly not interested in your car, but would you take $10,000 for the shoes you're wearing? You can think about it while we're ordering dinner."

Mel ordered a Caesar salad with shrimp, Colin ordered grilled salmon and a bottle of Cabernet to share. She tried to decide if he was being generous in some quirky way or had a foot fetish she'd never picked up on.

"Okay," she said, "but do I need to deliver them immediately? It wouldn't be kind to make a 5'-3" tall woman give up any height."

"Sorry," he answered, pulling out his checkbook, "I think for that price getting possession upon payment is reasonable."

"Considering the difference between what I paid for them at the Target on Bayshore Road and what you're offering, I suppose I shouldn't argue. Thanks, Colin that's a nice bonus, even if you're not calling it that!"

"Honestly, Mel, that's just a drop in the bucket compared to what the guys at the bar stand to collect." he replied as she handed her shoes over. He handed her a check, dropped the shoes into a tote bag and set the bag down next to his end of the booth. "Would you be interested making a bit more, by selling me your stockings? I'd go as high as $25,000. That's for both, of course."

Mel had thought the shoe sale had been a little stand alone joke; the $10,000 was more than she'd ever received as a bonus, way more. Now, with Colin unexpectedly dangling more than twice that much in front of her, she couldn't help thinking, "NEW CAR!" She felt a little like she ought to be offended by his method of rewarding her, but managed to justify accepting his offer, reasoning that since she often wore skirts to work without stockings she wasn't being asked to show anything improper, or even unusual.

Mel paused to confirm that the other men celebrating a the bar weren't paying any attention to what she and Colin were doing; she was relieved to see that even though a few of them had moved to a table almost as near to her as it was to the bar, they didn't seem to be looking toward her. "$25,000? Really? And I don't have to do anything but give you my stockings?"

"Yeah, that's the deal," he nodded.

"I'm sure there must be some sort of catch," she said.

"No catch," he answered. He filled out a check for $25,000 and slid it across the table.

"Okay," she said, "you seem to be serious, as ridiculous as the idea of paying me that much for a pair of stockings is!" She bent down, reached below the table, slid the stocking down her left leg, slipped it past her heel, and tugged it off her toes. She tried to look casual as she finished the removal of the first stocking, dropping it on the table in front of Colin; her involuntary high pitched giggle was the only clue giving away how nervous she was.

Focusing on Colin's reaction, she thought she caught a hint of a smile, too faint for anyone not as familiar as him as her to even see. She turned sideways on her bench and raised her right foot up to the seat, her leg bent so her knee was higher than the table. "Might as well give him his money's worth," she thought as she rolled her stocking's top up over her knee, then down her calf.

"You had the Salmon," the waitress asked, "and the lady ordered the salad?"

"Yes, that's right," Colin answered nonchalantly, gathering up the stocking in front of him. Without so much as a raised eyebrow, the waitress set the dishes down in front of Colin and Mel, who'd quickly pivoted to get both of her legs below the table, her mostly removed stocking still dangling from her right foot.

"Let me know if there's anything else you need," the waitress said, then left.

"Colin!" Mel hissed, "why didn't you warn me she was coming?"

"To be honest, I didn't notice her either," he said, "someone was distracting me."

"This is so embarrassing," Mel said.

"If you're worried about her mentioning anything she sees, I can assure you she will not," Colin assured her.

"Why ever not," Mel grumbled, "have you offered her a big check too?"

"Not a big check, but I did give all the staff a generous raise last month, right after I bought this place and just before my new employees all signed non-disclosure agreements."

"I should have known you had something up your sleeve when you insisted this party be set here," she laughed. "Well, I hope your little game was worth all this," she said, waving the two checks in front of him before stuffing them into her purse.

In between bites of his salmon, Colin casually told Mel that he didn't think he'd overpaid her for the things she'd sold him. "Actually, he said, "if you're interested in making another sale, I still have my checkbook and pen handy!"

"I'm not saying I'm interested," she said a bit nervously as she tried to guess what he might ask for next, "but I have to admit being curious about what you have in mind..."

"I'd be interested in buying the bra you're wearing; it's worth $50,000 to me."

Once her shock at both what he was asking and how much he was offering had passed, Mel joked with him, mostly to give herself a moment to think about his latest proposal. Getting the bra off without really showing any skin would be easy enough with her sleeveless blouse, but pulling her bra out and handing it over to Colin would be pretty embarrassing if any of her co-workers caught her doing it! Also in the list of cons was the fact that as thin and light as her blouse's material was, and as prominent and dark as her nipples were, and depending on the lighting, she'd almost look like she was topless! The list of pros was shorter, but not easily dismissed; besides the $50,000, she couldn't help being just a little bit excited by the chance someone might notice what she was doing!

"Are you really in such a hurry to squander your new fortune, or is this just about making me nervous?" Mel asked.

"Have you looked at the price our stock closed at? My shares are worth upwards of 7 billion dollars, so I can afford to have a little fun," he replied, "I'd be a liar if I said it's entirely about getting you more money; having fun is one of my goals, and you're not easy to rattle."

"Ah, so you admit you're having fun embarrassing me," she said as she reached behind her back to unhook her bra. "I just wanted to hear you admit it before selling this."

Colin's eyes followed Mel's progress as one by one she stretched her bra's shoulder straps down her arms. She hesitated for a moment, looking around one more time to see if anyone but Colin was watching. She pulled the lacy garment out and dropped it on the table, presenting it to its new owner, "As you requested, one 36C bra, black. Almost new. That will be $50,000, please!" He handed her a check for the agreed amount, but left his latest trophy on the table a minute, just long enough to be sure their server saw it as she cleared their dishes and took their dessert orders.

"Are you really so embarrassed," Colin asked, "I've always thought you enjoy being admired, and our 'Look but don't touch' rule was your idea."

"To a point, sure, I like knowing guys think I'm a little hot, but it's a pretty big jump from wearing a slightly short skirt to work or leaving an extra button unfastened to allow a tiny glimpse of my bra and this, whatever the hell it is we're doing!"

"I think this has mostly been just a little fun between friends," he replied, "I'm sorry if you don't feel the same way."

"I can think of a few things to call your little game,"Mel said, "but 'fun' isn't near the top of the list. Surprising, yes; clever, possibly. I might even admit to it being...interesting, but not fun, not exactly."

"Maybe you just haven't made a big enough sale to be having fun," he suggested, grinning as he picked up his checkbook and pen. What would you say to $100,000 for your panties? I'm assuming you're wearing some? Bad luck for you if you decided to go commando today!"

"$100,000? You can't think of anything better to do with your money?"

"It's not like this is my last $100,000," Colin chuckled, "I'll be setting up a foundation and donating lavishly to support my favorite charities. If you're feeling guilty you could make a donation with some of the proceeds from your sales!"

Mel did feel a small pang of guilt, not about how she'd made her most recent $85,000, but because she realized every thought she'd had about how to use the money had involved buying things for herself, with minor exceptions for gifts to her family. "Nobody has to know I've sold my boss my undies, all I have to do is manage to get them off discreetly and make Colin promise not to leave them out on the table," she thought.

"Okay,"she said quietly, "You have a deal, if you promise to put them away, out of sight, right away."

"Absolutely," he said, "but I'd like to point out that YOU were the one who set your bra on the table!" He watched with delight as she shifted on her seat and hiked her skirt up to be able to reach the red lace boy shorts and tug them down her thighs. The velour seating surface made their removal something of a struggle. Mel whispered every curse word she could think of to herself when their waitress arrived with their desserts, just in time to see Mel finally slide the flimsy bit of red lace over her knees on their way to the floor! She couldn't have missed it, but the only sign the waitress gave that she'd seen Mel losing her panties was a subtle smile aimed at Mel.

"Did she just see..."Colin asked as Mel handed him his newest acquisition.

"Yup, she sure did," Mel whispered, blushing, "and I hadn't put my skirt back in place yet, so she saw pretty much everything!"

"Wow, I mean I'm sorry, but wow!" Colin chuckled, "sorry if you got embarrassed."

"I'm not sure, but by now I might be embarrassment proof," she sighed.

"I'm kind of surprised she was able to see so much, as long as your blouse is; is that considered a blouse or a tunic?

"The website where I bought it called it a tunic, so I....HEY, no way," she hissed, "don't even think about it, I'm not going to sell you my blouse!"

"You mean you won't sell me your tunic?" Colin laughed, "No problem, I wasn't about to ask you to!"

"You weren't? Really? Every time you start talking about something I'm wearing tonight you end up offering some outlandish sum to buy it!"

"I suppose that's true," he said in between forkfuls of his raspberry tart, "But I swear, I wasn't about to offer to buy your blouse!"

"My tunic?"

"Not your blouse, or your tunic, or any type of top you're wearing, honest," he answered.

"Okay...good," Mel replied, giving him a nervous smile. She tried to relax and not think about how little she was wearing, succeeding well enough to begin eating her cheesecake.

"I was actually more interested in buying your skirt," Colin explained casually.

"You just have to be joking," she replied, after nearly choking on a piece of cheesecake, "I'd practically be naked!"

"Well," he admitted, "I have to confess to somewhat carefully studying just how much of you the tunic covers, and the bottom edge looked to be slightly below the lowest part of your butt, not providing a whole lot less coverage than your skirt does. Other than showing off a few more inches of leg, getting rid of the skirt wouldn't make much difference, except in the balance in your bank account!"

"I shouldn't even ask," she whined, "but..."

"How much for your skirt? $200,000, and I promise to put the skirt safely out of sight as soon as you hand it over!" he said, pointing to the tote bag next to his seat. She shuddered as she realized that even without her skirt the bag was already home to more of the garments she'd been wearing before he and his checkbook had arrived than she still had on!

Mel sighed, knowing that however inappropriate accepting Colin's latest offer would be, she couldn't pass up that kind of money, thinking, "that amount could be a down payment on a home of my own, without a random batch of roommates!" She tried to make herself believe he was right about how little difference going without her skirt would make in her appearance, with limited success. Thinking about how thrilled she usually was to find an outfit which helped make her legs look longer, she nodded her head and said, "Okay, I'll do it!,"

After a pause to psych herself up, Mel stepped out of the booth to have easier access to zipper at the skirt's back. She unbuttoned it, unzipped it, and let it go. She crouched down to pick up Colin's latest purchase. Standing up to slide back into the booth, she shivered a bit and felt herself blushing as she realized she'd forgotten to look around to see if she was being observed when she stepped out of the booth. "Nothing to be done about it now," she thought, resisting the impulse to turn around after the fact to check, but asked Colin, "Oh, fuck, did I just moon most of our division heads and the CFO?"

"Do you really think I was looking at those guys while you were stripping just a few feet away?" he laughed, "for what it's worth, none of them are so much as looking this way, let alone staring at you, and I doubt they'd be so chill if they'd seen you flashing them just a minute ago!"

Mel couldn't say anything for a moment; hearing Colin refer to what she was doing as stripping stunned her. She asked herself if his description of her behavior was fair, and was surprised to find herself more or less agreeing with him! She thought, "It's not like I'm spinning on a pole or holding out a g-string for tips, but yeah, if I'm being honest, he's not entirely wrong!" She was even more amazed to not be particularly upset by the label, thinking, "other than accidentally flashing our waitress, I haven't really shown anything, and if I AM a stripper at least I'm a damned well paid one!"

When she was finally able to reply she told him, "I think if you were actually having dessert with a stripper instead of me, there would be a lot more attention being paid to what's been going on in this booth! If I was really a stripper, I'd be surprised by the lack of attention, and to be truthful, a bit insulted. It's kind of surprising; before you got here some of them were putting moves on me, and I was wearing a whole lot more clothing then!"

"A few hours at an open bar can definitely make a guy lose his focus," Colin said, "I've been watching them, and judging by how many rounds of shots they've done they're probably not too alert. Honestly, I'd be surprised if they were to notice you making a trip to the bar to get us an after dinner drink, even if you were to leave your tunic here!"

Mel felt goosebumps all over just hearing Colin casually mention her taking off the last piece of clothing she was wearing, even though he hadn't actually asked her to do it! Even if it was out of the question, she couldn't help imagining herself walking completely nude through the dining room on her way to the bar, passing within a dozen feet of a large table full of her co-workers, waiting while the bartender poured a couple of drinks, then retracing her steps for the long walk back to the shelter of the booth she and Colin were sharing!

Trying to calm down, Mel said nothing about her momentary lapse into fantasy, instead insisting, "Colin, no! There's just no way! I have to be able to face those guys at work, some of them every day. I'm not insisting you're wrong; It might be possible to get away with it, though I very much doubt it. Now that you've put that idea in my head, I have to admit to a smidgen of curiosity about how that would play out. But NO!"

"I understand, and hot as it would be to see you do it, I honestly wasn't thinking you would do such a thing," Colin told her, looking contrite, "but if you meant what you said about being curious, maybe there could be a less extreme way to test my theory."

"I'm not sure what you're suggesting when you say less extreme," she replied nervously," I've only got this one piece of clothing left. It's either on or off."

Colin smiled, then said,"what if it was on, but unbuttoned? That might be a fair test of my theory!"

"Maybe so, but based on how much they pay attention at work whenever I wear anything even slightly revealing, I tend to believe you're wrong," Mel insisted, "and if they DID notice me in the state you're describing, I'd never live it down!"

Colin noticed that Mel hadn't flatly ruled out his latest suggestion, and took that as an opportunity to negotiate. He offered a compromise; "your tunic has what, 5 buttons?"

"Six actually, but I've only got 5 fastened." Seeing Colin's skeptical expression, she smiled as she admitted, "okay, I only fastened 4 today, but that was barely enough unbuttoned to allow even an attentive guy a tiny glimpse of my bra, back when I still had one!"

Noticing that Mel was already absentmindedly fiddling with the highest fastened button, Colin asked, "Then how about you make the round trip to the bar with only 1 button in place? You can choose which one to leave fastened!

Telling herself that she was just checking to see how exposed she'd be if she took Colin up on his latest suggestion, Mel undid the three buttons as he proposed. She looked down and saw an alarming amount of cleavage, and even her navel, but as luck would have it, no nipples in view. She wasn't sure if this was good luck or bad; on one hand she might be able to get through the next few minutes without flashing her nipples, but this slight bit of modesty probably made it more likely that Colin's prediction would turn out to be correct. Confident that he was wrong, she said, "I, I think, I...Yeah, I could try that!" Hearing herself agree to Colin's proposal, she felt her cheeks flush a shade deeper.

Mel paused after she stepped away from the booth, realizing she'd forgotten something; she looked over her shoulder and asked Colin what she should get for him at the bar. Hearing him answer, ordering Scotch, 18 year old Macallan, she resumed walking. She felt her heart racing when she passed near her co-workers, but amazingly enough they didn't seem to have noticed her. With their table behind her, she kicked herself for accepting Colin's challenge without even asking for anything in return, wondering! "Why did I let myself get talked into this? What's in it for me?"

As she approached the bar she stopped again when she realized a bit too late that even if her co-workers were too drunk to notice her brazen attire, there was no way at all the bartender was going to miss it. Earlier in the event, when she was relatively sober and far less exposed, she'd enjoyed a bit of flirting with the bartender, who looked to be no older than a college undergrad. "A bit young for me, but could be fun," she thought. She couldn't imagine what he'd think about her new look!

Stepping up to the bar, Mel ordered, as calmly as possible, Colin's Scotch and a glass of tawny port for herself. She was impressed with the bartender's poker face, as he went about filling her order without comment.

Mel turned to bring the two glasses back to the booth, keeping an eye on the boisterous collection of co-workers as she went. To her surprise, they remained focused on their conversation, showing no sign at all that they'd noticed her! She was relieved to have gotten away with her stunt, but also slightly annoyed! She handed Colin his Scotch and congratulated him on his correct guess about how little attention they had paid to her travels. "I never would have believed it, but it was almost like I was invisible," she said, a hint of indignation in her voice.

Mel and Colin sat quietly sipping their drinks for a few minutes. He broke the silence, asking her, "one more drink before I call for your limo?"

"Sure, why not, she said. In her flustered and pleasantly buzzed state Mel had completely forgotten about Colin telling her that to be sure everyone made it home safe, each invitee to the party would have their own limo waiting when it was time to go.

"Were you disappointed that the guys from work didn't notice you because it meant I was right?" he asked, "or was not being noticed by them when strolling by barely wearing anything a blow to your ego?"

"Not being noticed by some wasted dudes while half dressed proves nothing, and means nothing to me!" she grumbled, "I'm just relieved that I was able to avoid being seen!" Her denials aside, she couldn't fool herself; she couldn't remember when or even if she'd ever been as excited as she had been when she paraded by the guys from work, fully expecting to be seen!

"Yeah, best not to read too much into it," Colin said, casually dismissing what she'd just done, calling it a watered down version of his original theory. "It's possible that they'd have reacted differently to a woman who was totally naked instead of just provocatively dressed, but as drunk as they are, I doubt it!"

"Well, we'll never know, because unlike the rest of my outfit, I still own my blouse, and as long as I do I won't be strutting around this place naked!"

"So what do you want for it?" he asked, waving his checkbook.

"I wasn't looking for an offer," Mel said, finishing the last sip of her port.

"I didn't think you were, but your saying 'as long as I do' makes it seem like you might be open to making a deal."

Half hoping she was pricing her total nudity too high for even Colin to consider worth buying, she answered defiantly, "You can have it for $1,000,000!" She was surprised to see him smiling and nodding in response! "Fuck me, I never thought he'd go for it! I guess the saying about a fool and his money is true, but maybe there should also be a saying about a fool and her clothes!"

"Let's make it a little more interesting, shall we?" he asked, "Are you open to a small change in the stakes?"

"Maybe," Mel said warily, "keeping in mind our 'look but don't touch' rule, what do you have in mind that could possibly be more interesting for me than risking being seen in the nude by a bunch of co-workers with $1,000,000 on the line?"

"It's very simple," he replied. "and doesn't involve either of us touching the other, or really anybody touching anyone at all. My proposal is, since I'm insisting that they won't notice you, if I'm right and they don't, I get to buy your blouse for 1 cent."

"Why the hell would I...." she started.

"Let me finish," he said. "If I'm wrong, and they do notice you, I'll pay double your asking price, $2,000,000! This offer is contingent on your making trip the same way as before; no detours to force the guys to notice you, no talking to them, yelling at them, throwing anything at them to get their attention, and no 'accidental on purpose' spilling or dropping any drinks you're carrying!"

Her voice reduced to a shaky mumble, Mel nodded her head vigorously to accept Colin's conditions. She could hardly believe she had agreed to strip completely naked in front of her longtime boss, and was even more surprised at how much money might be riding on whether or not some drunk guys noticed her strutting past them in the nude! As shaky as her hands were, she was glad she only needed to undo a single button to set this all in motion.

Mel looked briefly at the table of celebrating nerds and saw that none of them seemed to be looking her way, so she slipped her blouse over her shoulders and pulled her arms free of it, catching it before it fell to the floor. Seeing Colin practically salivating as she handed him her last bit of clothing, she said,"I believe this is yours now. I'll be back in a few minutes to collect my payment." He folded the blouse neatly and dropped it into the tote bag along with the rest of her outfit. She turned to head for the bar, then paused before leaving, remembering to ask, "Same drink for you?" She whispered the question, not wanting to have Colin make up some sort of excuse about her speaking loudly to win. He nodded and leaned back to enjoy her show.

Mel took a deep breath and set out for the bar, glancing down briefly as if to confirm that she really was naked; she didn't really doubt it, but the sight of her swaying, goose-bump covered breasts, smooth belly, neat patch of strawberry blonde pubes and her quivering legs somehow made it more real. "Yup," she thought, barely suppressing an urge to laugh out loud, "lots of me, nothing much else!"

Mel made her way through the dining room, retracing the path of her previous trip to the bar. She slowed her pace slightly, not remembering Colin having included any reference to how fast she needed to go. Walking slightly slower didn't seem to make any difference to her clearly loaded co-workers. Not one of the men gave the slightest sign that they noticed a woman most of them had fantasized about at one time or another was walking past their table that very minute wearing nothing but a slightly embarrassed smile!

Moving beyond her co-workers, apparently still unseen, Mel had all but given up on being noticed. All she had left to do was get the drinks for Colin and her and make one more pass past her friends; having made three trips past them already with no sign they had noticed her, she was pretty much resigned to only receiving one penny for her blouse! She could hardly believe she was actually disappointed to NOT have been seen in the nude, but realized she was, and not just because of the money!

She approached the bar and cleared her throat to get the bartender's attention. He was wiping down the back counter, and began to turn as he asked,"What can I get.....uhm....get you?" He smiled and asked, "18 year old Macallan and a tawny port again?"

"Yes, but make the port a double," she said, thinking she'd earned a little extra, and it didn't look like she was going to get anything else out of this stunt, except for a little ego boost from the grin on the bartender's face. "It's been an interesting evening," she told him as he started to pour her port.

"And a lucky one for you," he replied as he set the bottle down.

Thinking that he somehow knew about her outrageously profitable clothing sale, she asked, "What makes you think I'm having a lucky night?"

"Just a little tradition we have here," he said, "since your double port killed the bottle, you get a couple free drink tokens and a clang from Sparky!"

Not quite as quick on the uptake as she'd been a few drinks ago, Mel asked, "Who the hell is Sparky?"

"Sparky isn't a 'who', he answered. He pointed to the antique bell hanging from the ceiling, salvaged from some old fire truck, and gave the cord dangling from it a couple of hard pulls! The bell, never meant to be used inside a building, sent two earsplitting peals throughout the bistro!

Mel didn't need to look.

She knew all eyes in the place were looking toward the source of the clanging. They might not recognize the bell in the cluttered bar, but she was as certain as she could be that being just a few feet away from the bell, and on the customer's side of the bar as she was, all her co-workers would surely be enjoying a fine unobstructed view of her ass, as well as every other bit of her uncovered backside, from the top of her head down to her bare feet, and probably a generous amount of sideboob as well!

Trying to bring her shaking under control, she thanked the bartender repeatedly, promising she'd come by some other time to explain what he'd done for her. She picked up the two glasses and turned to head back to Colin, who was standing next to their booth clapping slowly. She was immediately surrounded by drunk, horny coworkers, who surprised her by mostly being more concerned for her safety than she would have expected!

"What happened?"

"Are you okay?"

"Do you need help?"

They weren't universally helpful; when they first mobbed her she felt a couple of stray hands find their way to her ass, possibly by accident, and one hand, obviously NOT accidentally groping her right boob!

Even though she'd clearly not gone out of her way herself to draw their attention, she was worried that Colin might object to her talking with the guys. Mel managed to make it clear without making a sound that contrary to appearances, she was okay. Despite having a drink in each hand she managed to give a "two thumbs up" signal and hold a finger up to her lips to indicate she couldn't talk with them. They kept their eyes locked on her but didn't follow her to the booth where Colin was waiting.

"Well done, though I'm not sure the bell ringing was in keeping with the spirit of the challenge," Colin said. "I'm not going to quibble, it was all worth it!" He filled in her final check, needing to write small to fit all the zeros.

Mel and Colin sat quietly, sipping their drinks. She was surprised to not be worried when Colin seemed to object to the role of the fire bell in drawing attention to her nude jaunt. "What's the worst he could've done," she thought, "not pay me? It's not like I had been expecting to get that money, and even if Colin hadn't agreed that I met his conditions for my nude walk, the total sum he'd paid for the rest of my outfit probably quadrupled my net worth!" If nothing else, she'd had a memorable evening, an unexpectedly exciting one! It occurred to her that she'd risked letting Colin and the bartender see her completely nude for just one shiny penny, but even setting the money aside, she'd found the suspense about whether or not she would be seen was at least as electrifying as being caught naked turned out to be!

Once Mel finished her glass of port, she strolled over to the table where her co-workers were hovering. No longer discussing whatever had kept them so oblivious to her before the ringing of the bell, all eyes were still locked on to Mel; they stood up and made small talk as well as they could with a still naked Mel in their midst, which was not so well. She thanked them all for simply noticing her walking by, confusing them even more. She waved to the bartender and made a mental note to come back soon to explain how he'd helped her and leave him a massive tip! She headed back to the booth to collect her batch of checks and thank Colin. Midway between the cluster of co-workers and Colin it occurred to her she was getting almost comfortable being naked with them all watching her!

"I should probably get somewhat covered," she thought, "but unless Colin is willing to give me back some of my old clothes I'm not sure what I would wear." She asked him for a loan of her, now HIS skirt and blouse.

"Sorry, while you were hanging out with the guys your driver came to collect your things; I'm sure your purse and phone were in the bag, I put them in there myself. I guess the assumption was made that the tote bag should be taken out to the car for you. I may have led your driver to believe that was the case," Colin explained, grinning, "Okay, yes, I confess, I did ask for that to happen."

"Colin! What the fuck? It's not enough you've had me parading around in front of everybody in the nude, now you want me to go out to my limo naked for the amusement of anyone in the parking lot?"

"That is a delightful image, but it's not as bad as that," he replied, "the door back in the corner behind me leads out to the rear parking lot. No customer in the main part of the restaurant would go back there, and that's where you'll find your limo. By the way, your driver is a woman, if that's a concern."

"Can you please confirm that before I go out there like this?"

"Don't worry," Colin said." With a few taps on his phone he reached the limo company he'd hired; after a short wait he was connected with a driver who identified herself as Alicia, who verified that the tote bag was waiting in the trunk of her limo. "No worries, Mel," he assured his naked assistant, "the driver has your stuff, and she's parked in the back lot, just like I said."

"She'd better be," Mel grumbled as she headed to the back door. She noticed her co-workers heading for the passage to the restaurant's main dining room, leaving the way they'd all arrived. "Not an option for a naked gal," she thought, remembering the presence of several families with children in the main dining room when she'd arrived. She pushed the door open, and was relieved to see at least 8 or 9 limos idling in the back lot. Satisfied that her ride, her clothes, her phone, and her purse were all just a short distance away, she turned to wave goodbye to Colin, then stepped outside. Hearing the door's metallic thunk behind her, she stopped to look at it. Seeing no knob, handle, or anything else one might be able to pull the door open with made her nervous, but with her limo so near she didn't worry too much.

Realizing that she had no way to retreat back into the restaurant, and no way to know which limo was hers except for Colin's assurance that her driver was a woman, Mel paused just outside the building to decide how to proceed. With what now seemed like the safe interior of the restaurant out of reach, she made the mental adjustment to being nude out in the world, and tried to figure out which limo was hers. When she saw two of her co-workers each climb into their own limo and leave, she decided to just hurry to the closest limo in the lineup to see if it was hers, working her way through the fleet until she found her driver.

Resigned to almost certainly having to flash a few male drivers before finding hers, she strolled up to the closest driver's window, seeing her reflection for the first time since she'd gotten out of her clothes. Shivering at the sight of her naked boobs reflected in the window, she trembled even more when the window rolled down and her reflection was replaced by a man's smiling face! "Can I help you?" the man asked hopefully.

"Umm, sorry," Mel stammered, "Nothing personal, but I was told my driver is a woman!"

"Not sure who else is working here, but I'm pretty sure Alicia is down toward the end of the line," the disappointed driver said.

Going with the tip the first driver gave her, Mel trotted past a half dozen limos, stopping at the one furthest away. Racing past the lineup of limos, all too well lit by the array of headlights, she was greeted with a chorus of horns! The driver of the limo at the end of the line was very nice, but definitely not a woman. "Alicia," he paused, thinking, then answered, "I don't know where she is, but she definitely hasn't left yet, I would've seen her come past me."

Seeing a couple more limos pull away by the time she'd finished her conversation with the second driver, Mel was getting nervous. Her heart sank as she remembered there being a late addition to the list of invitee's to the party! Thinking there might have been some kind of mix-up she thought, "my God, what if Colin didn't get the right number of limos? She checked 3 of the 5 limos still there, getting more and more nervous before breathing a huge sigh of relief when the fifth driver's window she'd tapped on slid down, revealing a woman close to Mel's age. Mel smiled and said, "I think you must be my ride!"

The driver spoke up, asking,"I'm looking for someone named Mel, is that you?"

"Yes, God yes!" Mel climbed into the limo and closed the door behind her, "I was beginning to think I'd been forgotten, and might have to share a ride with whoever hadn't left yet!"

"I'm sorry," the driver apologized, "we should have had someone organizing us, but all's well that ends well, I guess! So, where would you like to go?" Mel gave the driver her address and settled back into a cushy seat near the partition behind the driver. "I can see why you'd rather not have to share a ride," the driver laughed, "just because you dance for a party doesn't mean you necessarily want to hang out with them when you're done, am I right?" steered the long black sedan out onto the road.

"Oh, no, I'm not...I'm not a stripper, I work for the company having the party," Mel protested, "though I can see why you might get that impression!"

"Hey, whatever, no judgment from me," the light blonde haired driver replied as she merged smoothly onto the highway, "I've been there, so I know it's not the easiest job!"

Giving up on trying to convince Jackie she was mistaken about her line of work and getting curious about that of her driver, Mel probed a bit, asking, "You really strip for a living?"

"No, not any more," Jackie replied nonchalantly, "but it did a good job of paying my rent when I was in college! I'm Jackie,by the way." the light blonde haired driver introduced herself.

"Cool, "Mel replied, suddenly intrigued by this line of work people kept thinking she was in, "do you ever miss it?"

"Truthfully, yeah, sometimes I do, but other than the money, the only thing I miss is the actual performing," she replied, "the hours, the working conditions, an unfortunate percentage of the customers, the assumptions people make about you, all that shit made it not worth doing long term. Beside all that, my husband wasn't too keen on me continuing to strip once we graduated from college and he started to make some money!"

"So you really think I could make it as a stripper? I've always thought you had to be taller than I am," Mel asked, unsure what answer she wanted to hear.

Giving Mel a brief appraising look, Jackie nodded and said, "Yeah, you've definitely got the body for it, and a cute face. I'm sure you could do it; my question is, do you actually WANT to do it?"

Mel laughed nervously and changed the subject, asking, "I guess you don't pick up many nude people?" and gave Jackie a two minute explanation of how she'd ended up this way.

"It has happened, but only a couple times, counting you. People get naked AFTER I pick them up more often than you'd think! Some of them don't bother raising the partition behind me; it can get kind of distracting!"

Mel laughed, then noticed they were getting close to her neighborhood. She asked Jackie for the tote bag, so she could be dressed before they arrived.

"Uh, what tote bag?" Jackie replied, "Nobody told me anything about a tote bag, or anything else of yours!

"Come on, don't fuck with me, "Mel responded, her voice rising. I've got nothing with me except these checks, and they're not going to get me in the door or clothed! If you don't have my stuff, where is it? My boss definitely said my driver collected it all, and made a point of telling me my driver was a woman!"

"Jackie started to chuckle, then stopped and apologized, "I'm sorry, but I think I know what happened to your things. First of all, I'm not THE woman driver working your event, there were three of us. Either Alicia or Patty must have retrieved your things, then picked up one of your guys after you didn't connect with her."

"But if they were looking for me, why would they leave with one of the men?"

Jackie pulled over a half a block or so from Mel's apartment building and looked over a sheet of paper on a clipboard. "Here, look at my call sheet," she said, pointing to the source of confusion; one customer named Melvin, and one named Melinda. Both names had "MEL" handwritten next to the full name. "The other driver, whoever she is, gave up looking for a MEL once she found a MELVIN!"

"However it happened, how are you going to get me and my stuff reunited? I can't walk around here in the nude, and I can't get in the building without my keys. I can't even call my roommates to let me in, not that I'd want to like this anyway!"

"I'm sorry this happened," Jackie replied, "but there's really not much I can do at this point. As far out as we are from where we started, whoever drove off with your things has by now already dropped off their car at our lot, keys locked inside, and nobody will be in the office this late!" Seeing Mel on the verge of tears, she offered Mel the use of her phone, saying, "It's Friday night, any chance your roommates will be going out? You could call and tell them you locked your keys in your car and ask them to leave an apartment key hidden outside somewhere you can get it, then slip in once they leave!"

"I have three roommates, and two work from home at all hours, so I doubt this is going to work, but it's worth a try, "Mel said. She took Jackie's phone and called Amy, the only roommate whose number she remembered, and explained that she had no access to her keys or phone until sometime the next morning, so she couldn't even get into the building without help.

"I'm actually still at work," Amy told Mel, "So, between wrapping up what I'm working on and driving home, I won't be able to let you in for at least 45 minutes."

Her hope of getting back into her apartment in a non-embarrassing manner fading, Mel asked Amy if she knew what their other roommates were doing.

"I think Peter is staying at his girlfriend's place tonight, way out in San Jose; he's probably there by now," Amy replied, "and I'm pretty sure Sam's got a date, he was planning on being out late. You should call him just in case he hasn't left yet."

"I'm borrowing someone's phone and don't have Sam's number, could you either give it to me or call him and have him call this number?" Hearing Amy begin reading the number to Mel, Jackie handed her a marker; Mel grabbed it and wrote Sam's phone number on the back of her left hand, thanked Amy and hung up to call Sam. "Finally, a bit of good luck," she thought as he answered.

Mel gave Sam an edited explanation of her predicament. She told him about losing access to her phone, keys and wallet, but omitted the part about not having a stitch of clothing on. "How soon can you be here, "he asked. "I'm already running late to meet my date so I'm kind of in a hurry! If you're going to take more than a half hour I'll just hide a key for you."

Quickly comparing Amy's estimated time of arrival and the maximum time Sam was willing to delay his departure, Mel thought, "SWEET! I should have a nice gap between Sam's departure and Amy's arrival to get the key and let myself in!" What she actually said to Sam was, "Thanks, leaving a key would be great! Maybe under one of those potted plants by the entrance?"

"Okay, will do," he replied, then asked, "weren't you supposed to have a work party or something? I wasn't expecting you to be back here until after midnight."

"Yeah, it ended earlier than I expected and I think I've had enough partying for one night!"

"Understood," he replied, "see you later!"

Jackie agreed to wait until Sam left, turning the engine and lights off to make the giant limo a bit less of an attention grabber on the quiet residential street They chatted while waiting to see the lights go off in Mel's apartment; Mel made a mental note to send Jackie a monumental tip for providing a safe place to hide out.

After twenty minutes had passed, they saw the lights go off; a minute later Sam came out the front door and crouched down for a moment before turning to go back into the building. "Looks like he's set out a key, but why is he going back inside?" Mel wondered out loud, "could just be going back to the parking lot by way of the back door of the building, but best to wait bit to be sure he's gone!"

"Maybe he just forgot something? It hasn't been a half hour since your phone call, so your window to get home safe before Amy comes back is still there," Jackie said.

"Yeah," Mel answered, "but it's been almost 25 minutes and the apartment lights are still on. What if his date canceled? This waiting is making me crazy!"

"Do you want to get out and go for the key, then come back here and wait for the lights to go off? I can drop you off right in front," Jackie offered.

"Nah, thanks, this boat just screams 'look at me', so I'll just get out here and try to get to that key as fast as I can!"

"Okay," Jackie said, "I'll just stay and watch from here. Good luck!"

Mel was thankful that Jackie was staying to help her. She didn't like to think about what she'd do if she somehow couldn't get inside and her shiny black shelter was no longer around; the idea made her shiver despite it being an unseasonably warm night! Still quivering as she stepped out of the limo, she began jogging towards her building. The block's front yards were by far the least populated spaces she'd been naked in during this fiasco of a night, with no sign of anybody but a lone, petite, skittish naked woman out and about.

Somehow dashing around in the nude in a familiar setting, close to being safe but not, made her more excited than she'd been all night. The thought that some neighbor might get curious about the sound of her bare feet slapping on their driveway and have a look outside was a sweet torment!

Reaching her building's entrance, Mel tipped over the potted plant she thought Sam had been looking at, but found nothing but some loose dirt. When she'd tilted two more and still hadn't found the key she had to work at keeping panic at bay, pausing a moment to catch her breath.

Mel had never been as glad to see anything as she was when the 4th plant she looked under turned out to be the one! She couldn't help jumping up and down a couple times and waving wildly to Jackie! Clutching the key in one hand and her checks from Colin in the other, she sprinted back to the limo. Jackie told her the apartment lights had been on the whole time she'd been away, but Mel was still too wound up by her naked dash and the prize it had won her to worry about that.

Mel had barely caught her breath a few minutes later when Jackie told her the lights in her apartment had finally been turned off! She knew Sam would be leaving by way of the back door to get to his car, so she waited 5 minutes for him to be clear of the building. Not wanting to delay much longer with Amy due to arrive any minute, she got out of the limo one last time, slamming the door behind her. She took a few steps toward her building, then backtracked and tapped on Jackie's window. Jackie rolled the window down, saying, "get going, you goof!"

"I'm going, I'm going, "Mel said, then froze as she heard a car approaching. She ducked down below Jackie's window, staying as close to the cool metal as she could. The sound got louder and louder, coming right up the street. She thought she might faint when it slowed down and paused next to her limo, holding her breath until it moved on after the longest 10 seconds of Mel's life, continuing a couple blocks before turning onto another street.

"As I was about to say before that little interruption," Mel said, still breathing hard, leaning on the edge of the window opening, thank you SO much, I don't even want to think how much trouble I might have been in without your help! I swear I could kiss you!

Jackie threw her head back and laughed. She replied, "girl, you do have a way of finding trouble!" Smiling at the effortlessly hot woman trembling but still leaning on her car, she continued, "and yes, you could. Kiss me, that is...if you want to!" Mel hadn't expected Jackie to take her mention of a kiss as a real offer, but quickly decided that if Jackie could overlook having a husband for a minute or so, she could too! Mel leaned in the window opening and had the most memorable first kiss she'd ever enjoyed, if for no other reason than it was her only kiss, first or any other number, to happen while she was standing at the edge of a road, completely nude!

Their kissing went well beyond "a" kiss, and grew in intensity as Jackie reached over and gently cupped Mel's breasts, rolling her thumbs over Mel's nipples. Their kissing and caressing went on longer than was probably wise, considering her utter lack of clothing, but Mel finally, very reluctantly pulled away a bit after Jackie began to lick and suck on Mel's conveniently located right nipple, saying, "Thanks again, and wow!" She strolled to her building's entrance as if she had all the time in the world, then waved to Jackie, who flashed her headlights once, started the limo up and drove off once she saw her passenger step inside the building.

Remembering the clock in the limo reading 9:23 when she stepped out, Mel knew there was a good chance most of the building's occupants would be at home, but could also be leaving or arriving at any moment. She tried to make no sound at all as she hustled up the stairs to her third floor apartment, being barefoot becoming an advantage for the first time since she'd sold Colin her shoes! Passing by the doors of the last two apartments between her and her own door, she was startled to hear a loud male voice, then relaxed as she recognized the sound was coming, as it often did, from the TV in apartment 304.

As nervous as Mel had been since she stepped out of the limo, when she finally stood in front of her apartment's door she tempted fate one last time, pausing to have a look around for a minute before putting the key into her door's lock, weirdly proud to have managed to make it home without putting on a show for any more people since leaving the restaurant. Standing in the corridor and feeling triumphant, she reveled in this last bit of daring, wondering, "how long could I stand here like this before someone would come out of their apartment and see me?" She took a step backwards, just far enough to feel her ass touch the cool metal door.

"One last dare," she thought, "I'll count to 100 before going in...with my eyes closed!" She began counting. By the time she reached 35 she was quivering; by 53 she was breathing hard. By 66 she'd transferred her keys to the same hand as her checks and begun kneading her breasts with her free hand. Reaching 75, her free hand was closing in on her pussy, until the unmistakable clunking sound of a door being opened interrupted her!

She opened her eyes, relieved to not be locking eyeballs with anyone near her...yet! Hearing the sound of an exterior door closing, followed by the sound of footsteps coming quickly up the stair, she thought, "Shit, I bet that's Amy!"

Mel turned around, unlocked the door and stepped inside, reaching for the light switch next to the door, relieved to be safe at home. Once she got the lights on, only the short walk from the door to her bedroom would be left to travel to keep her roommates from ever knowing about her outrageous evening.

One floor below on her way upstairs, Amy heard a large collection of voices, all shouting, "Surprise!" She was surprised; she hadn't had a clue any of her friends or roommates had planned anything for her birthday, or even knew the date! The premature shouting was confusing. "Maybe they're just practicing," she thought, but the uproar a few seconds later hinted at something else!