**Barista Liz Enjoys Her New Job!**

By LuckyDave1066

*Her favorite customer is treated to an off-menu NSFW show!*

*Note to readers: Though I hope this submission will work as a stand-alone story, a few references in this story to an earlier event will make more sense if you've read the earlier story: "Liz Wants to Earn Her Reputation!"*

Six months and one change of employer after her daring naked romp all around the building where her former workplace was located, Liz could finally look back on that night and laugh. In the week immediately after the adventure, she wasn't so comfortable; having to go in to the coffee shop and work alongside a co-worker who'd seen her naked. At least as bad was the teasing and gossiping by the rest of the shop's employees who'd enjoyed his oh-so detailed description of what she'd done and how she'd looked doing it.

Liz had started looking for another job during her lunch break a few days after her nude jaunt, preferably one where nobody had seen her without any clothing! She realized that a fairly large number of people had seen her at least partially undressed that night, but since most of them had been pretty distant she decided to just not worry about them and focus on getting away from the people who'd been treated to a look at her completely naked body just a few feet away!

Closing up the shop by herself one night, she recognized a last-minute customer as a fellow student in one of her creative writing classes; despite not having seen him in almost two years, after a slight pause she remembered his name and greeted him, "Hi, Evan, it's been a while!"

"I thought you looked familiar," he replied, "Liz, right?" She poured him a coffee and they chatted a few minutes about their respective struggles to find worthwhile employment in a job market seemingly not interested in what English majors had to offer. "I've actually sworn off dead end jobs for good," he said, "I'm giving being a small business owner a shot!"

"That's great," Liz replied, "What are you going to do?"

"I've already started; Just last week I opened a small bookstore a few blocks down the street, right at the corner of 8th and Pearl"

"Oh, wow, I walked by there a few weeks ago and saw the 'Opening Soon' sign! That's yours?"

"Yes it is!" he proudly confirmed, "Come check it out sometime!"

Evan left and Liz locked up shortly after. She was thinking it was cool that he was starting a business. He was thinking she was at least as hot as when they'd been in that class together.

A few days later, Liz left work early, feeling like she'd endured enough wisecracks about her supposed nudity fetish for one day. She decided to check out Evan's bookstore and walked to it. The sign looked improvised and temporary, but there were some nice displays in the storefront. Stepping inside, she saw a bunch of mismatched shelving units half filled with books, and two or three small tables, each with four well worn chairs. The unfinished plywood checkout counter added to the general appearance of the shop being very much a shoestring operation. She was about to slip out, but Evan spotted her and insisted on giving her a tour.

Evan showed Liz around, admitting that his store was a work in progress but describing what he had planned. A circular stair she hadn't noticed at first turned out to lead to the second floor, where most of the merchandise was planned to be. Hearing his ideas and seeing his apparently boundless optimism, she could imagine it coming together nicely, but she had a few questions.

"Why is such a high proportion of the space devoted to books up on the second floor?" she asked, "And is that winding stair how you're expecting customers to get upstairs?"

"I didn't give you the complete tour; there is an elevator near the back of the building, and I'm planning on having a small area at the front of the 1st floor being a mini-coffee shop, maybe with a few snacks." he replied. "I've got another person lined up to work there but probably need another part-timer or two; I was actually going to ask if you knew of anybody who might be interested in working in that part of the place?"

"As it happens I'm looking to make a change away from being a barista," Liz said, "I'd be interested if I could work more in the books part of the bookstore, just pitching in at the coffee shop side during the busier times."

"That sounds good, Evan replied. Everyone I've talked to about the coffee shop opening hasn't been available when I'd need them there!"

Liz spent the better part of that afternoon going over the pros and cons of switching jobs. A 10 minute phone call with Evan sealed the deal. She sent the regional manager of the chain she was working for an email giving her resignation and offering to stay on two weeks beyond the current week to allow time for a replacement to be found and made familiar with the shop.

Less than 20 minutes later she received a formal reply email accepting her resignation, effective at the end of her Friday shift. That week. A very carefully worded reference letter was attached. She hadn't been sure if word of her nude jaunt had made it as far as the regional office, but it really seemed like they were relieved to be rid of her before she did something scandalous again!

Liz was excited to start work at the bookstore. She'd always been an avid reader, and if she was being honest, having such a small number of co-workers suited her better than the busier coffee shop where she'd been working. Along with her time organizing the bookshelves and helping customers, she worked a few hours a day serving coffee, almost all during the morning and evening rush hours or lunchtime. Even the duties she hadn't been told about before signing on didn't bother her; she pitched in to spruce up the space, painting and ripping out the ugly carpeting.

One unexpected duty she never would have imagined herself doing involved flipping a couple of heavy duty switches on two large heating and AC units. She was a bit intimidated by the industrial scale hardware, but Evan demonstrated the process, explaining that someday he'd get an electrician to rearrange the wiring to be able to avoid having to make the trip up the fire-escape style stair at the back of the building to get to the roof and flip the switches. He offered Liz her choice of turning the units on before the 7:00 AM shop opening or off around the 6:00 PM closing time. Generally an early riser, she chose the morning shift.

By the time Liz had been there two weeks her daily trip up the back stair to the building's roof had become one of her favorite parts of the day. Depending on how much before opening time she arrived, she often had time to relax in solitude before the hum of traffic overtook the chirping of birds as the dominant sound. She hauled a folding chair up there and often read a chapter or two of whatever book she was reading before heading downstairs to help Sandra, the shop's other barista, get several varieties of coffee ready for the morning rush.

The only serious distraction Liz had to deal with during her time relaxing on the roof was some squealing from a commuter train as it stopped right behind her perch every day somewhere between 6:35 and 6:40, leaving with a rumble without fail at exactly 6:50. The tracks were close to most of the buildings on the block but angled away toward a main line a block or two away before disappearing beyond the buildings on that block.

One day a month or so after she began working for Evan, her car being in the shop forced her to find another way to get to work; a quick look online confirmed that there was a commuter rail station within a couple of blocks of her workplace.

Sitting at a window seat in the crowded rail car, listening for her station to be announced, Liz was absentmindedly gazing out the window; she gasped when the train came to a stop at a station with a familiar name, and a good view of a place she would never forget! Though there was nobody on the roof of her previous workplace to give a sense of what kind of view she'd given her audience that crazy evening, but the door at the closest stair enclosure gave her a pretty good idea!

Liz was still blushing when she stepped off the train two stops later, thinking, "I still can't believe I stripped naked on that roof! Seeing what the view was like for all those people watching me..." Even as she felt her face glowing, a part of her insisted she had nothing to be embarrassed about, telling herself, "I was looking for something daring to do, outside my comfort zone. Well, mission accomplished, and no real harm done!" Though still a bit shaken when she arrived at work, she actually felt a sense of accomplishment. "Still, not sure I'd want to be reminded of what I did that night on a daily basis. I hope my car is back in action tomorrow!"

Taking the train back home that evening a bit late after making up for being late that morning, Liz forced herself to sit on the side of the train opposite what she'd taken to thinking of as her roof, but she couldn't help looking that way when the train stopped there. Watching her fellow commuters getting on or off, she realized that at least some of them probably rode this route at this time every weekday. "It's likely that at least some of the people around me right now have seen me naked!" she thought; to her surprise, the idea made her more curious than anything. Curious, and more than slightly excited!

The day after she'd been reminded of her nude stunt at her former workplace, Liz was a bit distracted as she walked up to the roof; she brushed against the rusty metal railing, grinding sizable rust stains into both her blouse and skirt. She had done similar damage to two other outfits over the 3 months she'd been responsible for startup of the HVAC equipment, and didn't want this to be an ongoing problem.

She asked Evan to do something about the problem with the stair, but had to laugh when he triumphantly showed her his solution a few days later. She'd assumed he would solve the problem at its source, but instead of doing something about the rust his solution consisted of a gaudy parka length raincoat, in school bus yellow with vertical green stripes.

Seeing the doubtful way Liz was looking at the coat, Evan told her, "Look, I know it's ugly, and it probably wouldn't even do much to stop rain, but it was either the $9 I spent at the thrift store or a couple thousand dollars a painter quoted to refinish the stair. Nobody ever has to see you wearing the stupid thing, it's just a way to protect you and your clothes until we can afford to fix things the right way."

Liz considered the long list of more important things the store needed to spend money on. She smiled and put the hideous coat on, doing a lap around the store, strutting and posing like some kind of model at a low-class fashion show before hanging it up near the back door, safely out of sight from anywhere a customer might be able to see it.

For the next 6 weeks, Liz and the coat made the daily trek to the roof, and her clothes stayed untouched by rust. She had an out-of-town wedding to go to, so she turned the responsibility for the HVAC startup back to Evan, who wanted no part of wearing the ugly coat. Noticing how many rust marks the coat had come up with, he took advantage of Liz being gone to send it out to be cleaned.

Returning to work following her mini-vacation, Liz noticed the coat looking cleaner than it had in weeks when she put it on to head to the roof. Her trip had been fun, but she was happy to get back to her routine, cranky HVAC equipment, ugly coat and all. She even managed to stay upbeat during the morning rush, working alongside Sandra, who always seemed like she needed a vacation. Even when Liz's line was longer customers tended to choose her line instead of Sandra's, reliably choosing to deal with the cheerful, attractive, outgoing Liz rather than the borderline sullen, doughy, and formal Sandra.

Even though many customers tended to favor Liz, both she and Sandra did have a few regular customers who were faithful to a specific barista, which made Liz take note when one of Sandra's most regular of regulars lined up in her own line instead of Sandra's! When the elderly man took his turn at the counter, Liz greeted him in her usual friendly way and asked what he wanted to order. He smiled and gave her detailed instructions for his half caff Americano with oat milk, then as she was handing him the drink he thanked her, adding, "So nice to see you back, you were missed!" This made no sense at all to Liz; she was sure she'd seen him in the shop many times, but was equally sure she had never waited on him, and never noticed him paying any particular attention to her.

Picking up on her confusion, the customer introduced himself and explained what he meant, saying, "My name is Edward, by the way. I just meant it was nice to see you and your distinctive coat back in your usual place on the roof! My train pauses for a few minutes every morning behind this building; seeing you always brightens my day, so when for a few days there was no lovely woman in the bright coat I feared you might be gone forever!

Moving from confusion towards mild discomfort, Liz replied, "I've noticed the train parked on the angled track every morning, but never realized people in the cars might be watching me!"

"Oh, you needn't be concerned," he assured her, "there is only stop before this area, and at that hour there are but a few passengers onboard; since everyone prefers looking in the direction we are headed, I have always been the only passenger looking back towards your building."

"Well, thanks for the reminder that even though it feels secluded, I'm actually in public when I'm on the roof," she said, "If you don't mind me asking, why do you choose to turn your back on the direction the train is headed?"

"Besides getting to see a pretty young woman going about her business?" he chuckled, "At my stage of life, most of the good things are in the past; I tend to prefer looking back at where I've been to facing what my future holds." He thanked her, dropped a tip nearly equal to the cost of his coffee in the tip jar, and walked out the door.

The next morning, Liz started the HVAC units as usual, sat down to read her book as usual. Unlike her usual routine, she put her book down once the train arrived, shielding her eyes from the sun as she tried without success to see inside the cars near her building. She couldn't help wondering if he was really watching her, so she tried doing something different to see if he commented on it if she waited on him in an hour or so.

She stood up and waved in the general direction of the train, then did her best imitation of a model walking a catwalk, strutting back and forth a couple times. She finished her act by flipping the coat wide open to reveal, as luck had it, one of her most conservative outfits. The grey flannel below the knee skirt, white button down blouse and maroon cardigan she had chosen when she got dressed that morning wouldn't have been her first choice if she'd been thinking of how best to do something outrageous, but she thought her silly little unplanned act was enough of a departure from her usual routine.

Liz had intended her show on the roof to be more funny than sexy, but when she saw Edward in her line of customers she couldn't help feeling a bit nervous. "What if he took my little act the wrong way?" she thought, "and what exactly would the right way be? I did sort of act like I was going to flash him! He seems like a nice enough old guy, but he's got to be three times my age!" Whatever his age, she couldn't help feeling a bit excited, wondering what he had been thinking when he saw her up on the roof!

To her relief, he greeted her ambiguously, but in a way that made it clear that he enjoyed her act. "Hello, Liz! How nice to see you again this morning," he said with a smile before ordering his usual coffee. "Keep up the good work!" he said before leaving, pausing to leave a $20 tip!

"Okay," she thought as she watched him walking away, "He clearly wasn't put off by my little act. It actually seems like he's trying to encourage more of the same behavior." She kept up with her various duties the rest of the day, but had trouble concentrating, thinking about what she'd done earlier. By the time she finished her shift she'd come to the conclusion that her silly behavior on the roof was no big deal, especially when compared to her unclothed stunt at her former job!

As she finished her breakfast the following morning, she decided she would take the elderly gent's suggestion that she keep up the good work at face value, raising the bar for her early morning antics slightly. "Nothing too scandalous," she thought, "but daring enough to keep things interesting!" She dressed in a fairly typical outfit; tan khaki slacks, paired with a long dark blue chambray boyfriend shirt. She wore a mismatched unexceptional bra and panty combination, not putting any thought to her lingerie because, "Nobody is going to be seeing any of that today!"

By the time she reached the bookshop, Liz had settled on how she would greet her new favorite customer. She let herself in the front door, walking briskly through the dark store to the small Ladies room. Once inside the locked room, she took her slacks off, folded them up neatly, and placed them in a clean black garbage bag, which she set down next to the back door, having decided to leave any clothing she wouldn't be wearing on the roof safe inside the building.

She looked in the mirror; she thought she looked pretty good, but frowned seeing how long the shirt was. "Its not much shorter than the skirt I was wearing yesterday," she thought, "showing an extra inch or two of my legs doesn't seem like much of a progression!"

After a minute or two spent considering her options she went with what seemed to her, with her customer's train due to arrive soon, like a reasonable, middle of the road option. She immediately rejected the look she was currently showing, and also ruled out going without the shirt entirely, settling instead on unbuttoning its top four buttons, leaving three fastened between the hem and her waist! She liked the look and put the odd looking coat on, convinced her customer would be pleased!

She was about to go out the back door to climb the stair when her hatred of having the unsightly bra she'd picked out at random when getting dressed so visible gave her second thoughts. She unzipped the coat and took her bra off, sending it to join her slacks in the garbage bag! After a brief check in the mirror with the coat back on to be sure she was showing cleavage, as she intended, and not showing either of her nipples, as she also intended, she stepped outside and started her climb to the roof!

Liz noticed the parked train already waiting for the all clear signal to proceed as she was walking up the stair. She realized she wouldn't have much time on the roof before the train, and with it her white haired admirer, rolled away; she would have to decide quickly what she was going to do or not do for his entertainment.

She broke out in her catwalk style strut as soon as she set foot on the roof, pausing briefly to wave to the general area where she believed Edward was sitting. After two brisk laps back and forth she stopped, faced the train, and unzipped the gaudy coat from top to bottom. She pulled the two sides apart, showing Edward practically all of her long legs, her mostly open blouse, and a generous amount of cleavage usually hidden by one of her 36C bras, and a narrow band of her belly, all the way down to her belly button!

Less than a minute after Liz opened her coat the train moved away. "Long enough for Edward to see what I wanted him to see," she thought, "but not so long that I was seriously tempted to go any further!" She felt her pulse racing, both both because of the direction her rooftop appearances were moving in and her realization that she was seriously entertaining the idea of appearing on the roof wearing even less clothing than the little she had left on! She was so distracted that she forgot the official reason for her being on the roof at all! She was halfway down the stairs before she remembered that she hadn't turned on the HVAC units!

Liz took her trash bag with the rest of her work clothing into the Ladies room to get dressed, imagining the reactions she would get if she just started waiting on customers dressed as she was! She resisted the temptation to see if the reality could match her imagination. She was fully dressed and ready to sell coffee a few minutes before Evan unlocked the front door.

Liz waited on a steady stream of customers while looking for Edward to arrive. She wasn't even sure she wanted to see him; if he never showed up in her line again, the temptation she was feeling to take their secret morning routine even further could fade away. When she saw him standing behind three other customers she was tempted to close her register and go hide in the Ladies room, but she wanted to hear what he had to say about the latest act in her mostly improvised play!

"Good morning, Liz," he said, smiling.

"Good morning to you, Edward," she replied. "Are you having a good day?"

"An excellent day, thanks. Better than I was expecting, in fact!"

"Glad to hear it, I hope the rest of your day is just as good," she replied with a smile. She was half relieved, half disappointed to not have picked up on any suggestion that she should take her rooftop act any further. After handing Edward his coffee, she turned her attention to taking the order of the woman behind him, but out of the corner of her eye clearly saw him drop a $50 dollar bill into her tip jar!

When the surge of rush hour business finally died down, Liz was surprised to see Edward sitting at one of the small cafe tables near the entrance. She walked over and asked if he wanted another coffee.

"No, I was hoping to have a chat with you, if you can spare a few minutes," he said.

"Sure, what's on your mind," she asked, immediately regretting giving him such an opening to talk about God knows what!

"I just wanted to be sure you did not feel an obligation to be so daring on the roof just because I like to tip more than the average customer. I must say, my morning train trip has never been so enjoyable, I would hate for you to feel pressured to, to, well you know!"

"He's actually blushing," Liz thought, feeling her face coloring as she told Edward, "No problem, really; The only pressure I've been aware of has been from myself. You really don't need to be so generous; to be honest I've enjoyed shaking myself up a bit, and hope I've helped to relieve the boredom of your commute!"

"You've certainly done that," Edward said, chuckling. "I've been very lucky in my investing, so the tips I give are never a problem for me. Unless it makes you feel awkward, I will tip as I do anywhere, in proportion to the pleasure I've received. I did have a question about the outfit you were wearing earlier, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Okay, sure, why not," Liz answered.

"When I saw you on the roof today were you not wearing a skirt, or were you not wearing slacks?"

Liz smiled. "I was not wearing slacks," she whispered, pointing to the khakis she was wearing. "TOMOROW I'll be not wearing a skirt," she added, giggling. She excused herself and headed back to straighten out the non-fiction area. Edward left the shop, already wondering what he might be lucky enough to see from his window seat on the train the next day!

That night as she set out her clothing to wear to work the next day, she paused as some doubts about continuing to give Edward ever racier rooftop shows crept into her mind. "If I keep this up I might be risking my job," she fretted, "after leaving my last job under a cloud, leaving this one after such a short time under iffy circumstances might make it really difficult to get hired anywhere!" Her misgivings weren't strong enough to discourage her, as she remembered what a charge she got from strutting her stuff, even in the relatively mild PG-13 way of her performance earlier that day!

"Anyway, what I've been doing these last few days is way less naughty than what I did at my old job," Liz told herself, " I can't imagine walking around in public dressed the way I ended up today, but technically I could, nothing was showing that would have gotten me arrested, and whatever I do, I'm doing it for one sweet old guy, not a large random group of people like before!" Her doubts overcome, she finished setting out her ensemble and got to bed.

The next morning Liz got to work a few minutes earlier than usual and headed to the Ladies room to switch her outfit from her commuting and workday friendly down to what she had in mind for the shortest phase of her day. She took a look in the mirror, thinking her outfit was at least as nice as any she owned; a fairly short lightweight pleated black skirt, a red silk button down blouse, a nearly transparent pink silk scarf, sheer charcoal thigh high stockings, a matched white bra and thong panty set, the sheerest lingerie she owned.

Once she'd trimmed her outfit down to what she planned on wearing when on the roof and put everything she planned to NOT wear away, safe in her garbage bag, Liz remembered that she'd forgotten to bring the gaudy coat into the room. She cracked the door open, looking around and listening for any sign Evan or Sandra had inexplicably decided to come in unusually early. While Liz had psyched herself up to be seen by Edward in the racy state she was in, and was willing to live with the not entirely terrible possibility that some of his fellow commuters might unexpectedly happen to sit facing her on her rooftop stage, but she still hoped to avoid the awkwardness of having her co-worker or boss, or possibly both, see her like this!

Once she was sure she was alone, Liz hustled down the hall towards both the back door, and the hideous but essential coat; she put it on and zipped it all the way up. She checked to be sure she'd remembered to slip the bracelet with the store's keys on her right wrist before letting the door close, then started up the stair.

Once at the roof level she made sure to start up the HVAC units before doing anything else, then looked down the tracks to see if the train was nearing her. It was near. Very near. She shuddered a bit, thinking Edward was probably going to be in position to see her in less than a minute! She got into her usual starting position for her strut and stroll back and forth across the roof and began her catwalk as the train screeched to a stop!

Knowing nobody could hear her, Liz asked herself, "Are you really sure about this?" and answered, "Ohhh, yeah!" She sounded more certain than she felt, but ignored the shivering she was doing and began to unzip her coat. She paused for a moment when the zipper pull was just slightly lower than her belly button. She'd unzipped the coat almost exactly the same amount the previous day, but had stopped there, not letting anyone see the panties she was wearing.

Revising the act she'd done the day before, Liz spun around as she tugged the pull the last few inches, leaving the two sides detached. Still facing away from the train, she slid the coat off her left shoulder. She turned her head towards where she imagined Edward would be, then slipped her coat off her right shoulder. She straightened her arms and pointed them toward her feet, letting her coat slowly slip lower, past her shoulder blades, then far enough down her back to show she wasn't wearing any sort of top, or even any bra!

When the collar of the gaudy coat had dropped down to the small of her back, Liz bent her arms, stopping the coat slightly above the spot where her back turned into the upper curve of her ass. Her head to toe goosebumps and racing heart were enough to make her pause, thinking, "maybe I should stop before I do something I'll regret; from Edward's angle I haven't actually exposed anything but my back, so I could still back out."

She looked down at her uncovered boobs, belly, and the small, neatly trimmed patch of pale yellow pubic hair above her shaved pussy, all now exposed but thus far only visible to her; if the engorged state of her nipples was any indication, any doubts she still had about about showing Edward her body were being overwhelmed by her desire to finish what she'd started!

Liz looked down at her arms, covered only where the coat's sleeves were bunched up at her wrists. She thought back to a few minutes earlier, when she was putting away for safekeeping in the garbage bag everything she wasn't going to be wearing on the roof. "Leaving every last thing I was wearing when I walked in the door this morning in the bag was easy," she thought, "definitely easier than letting go of the coat now!"

She looked down at her wrists again, watching them as she straightened them out, removing the final impediment to her coat giving in to gravity! The coat slid past her hands; in an instant it was just a crumpled heap of fabric, barely tall enough to cover her ankles; every bit of her body above her ankles was exposed to the early morning sun and anyone who might be looking her way!

"If Edward is where he usually is at this time of day, he'll know I come by my hair color the old fashioned way," she said, wiggling her uncovered ass a few times for his benefit before turning to face him, completely, happily, proudly naked! Not wanting to be tempted to cut short this awesome feeling, she impulsively kicked the coat away, inadvertently sending it over the edge of the roof! "Ohhhh, fuck! That might have been a little too crazy," she thought, "I can get it back once I go down the stairs, but the railings barely cover anything, I'm gonna be naked and easy to see all the way down!"

Liz continued her show for Edward, strutting back and forth and waving until his train pulled away. As soon as his train was out of sight she hurried down the stair, pausing about halfway down to the alley behind the store to see if she had reason to worry about being seen before she would have time to get the coat on. Seeing a garbage truck approaching but still fairly far away, she hesitated, thinking about heading back up to the roof. She didn't know how long the garbage truck would take to get far enough beyond her store to make it unlikely that its workers would notice a tall naked blonde woman walking around the alley.

She didn't know exactly what time it was, but guessed that waiting for the truck to move on before reaching the pavement and covering herself with the coat would leave her stranded outside in the nude too long; certainly well beyond the time she ought to be greeting her first customers. Even without counting the time needed to get into her more appropriate work outfit, waiting the truck out would take too long! "No way can I go back into the store like this," she groaned, "I'm already taking a risk going back inside wearing nothing but the coat!"

Liz made up her mind to risk becoming a garbage truck crew legend, hustling down the rest of the way to the alley pavement! When she committed to going all the way down despite the presence of the truck she had no way to know that it wouldn't stop at every business, only the handful that contracted with its company; by the time she stepped out of the stair the truck was less than 50 feet away!

Retrieving the gaudy coat from where it had landed brought her even closer to the truck; she saw it flashing its headlights at her, and cringed when she heard its loud horn blaring. As she fumbled with her coat's zipper she noticed the two guys working at the back of the truck coming forward to have a look at whatever the driver was alerting them to.

With her hands shaking and three men eyeing her naked body, Liz took far longer to get into the coat than it she normally would. By the time she managed to hook up the two sides of the zipper and zip it up the trash truck crew had come close enough to see her blushing and make eye contact with her, but they stayed a few steps away and made no move she felt threatened by. Other than a few raunchy comments, which she thought almost inevitable under the circumstances, the three men were amazingly polite. She almost felt like it would be rude for her to not acknowledge them, so she took a bow and wished them a happy day!

Liz spun around and let herself in the back door of the shop, still hearing cheering as she stepped inside and pulled the door shut. She saw the clock on the break room microwave showing it was already 6:52, but she heard no sound coming from the front of the store. "As usual, Evan and Sandra aren't here yet, Probably a good thing today," she thought, "with me wearing nothing but the coat! I have just enough time to get dressed and get the front door open by 7:00!"

Liz was confused by not seeing the garbage bag holding her entire outfit for the day sitting next to the door where she typically left it, but quickly remembered spending a few minutes in the Ladies room adjusting her outfit, so she was more annoyed than worried, sure that she'd find the bag soon. She looked all around the Ladies room, surprised at not finding the black plastic bag. "I must have overlooked the damn bag by the back door after all," she thought, "since I'm the only person here, it's got to be somewhere around here!"

"Morning!" Sandra called out as Liz passed by the break room.

"Uh, yeah, hi," Liz answered uncertainly; thinking, "how long has she been here?"

Before Liz could ask, Sandra explained, "I woke up early and couldn't get back to sleep, so I gave up trying and came in early. I didn't see you, but I figured you were probably up on the roof doing the HVAC thing, so I just did some cleaning up."

"What sort of cleaning up?" Liz asked, already bracing for the answer she was expecting.

Nothing too big, "Sandra replied. "I put a bunch of deposit bottles and cans in their bin, wiped down the break room counter and the inside of the microwave. Oh, and I also put a bag of garbage someone left next to the back door out to the curb in the alley."

Liz's head was spinning as she heard where every piece of clothing she'd worn to work had disappeared to, but managed to divert Sandra's attention, telling her she had to finish a task and asking her to deal with the earliest customers on her own for a few minutes. As soon as she had Sandra occupied she raced to the back door, went outside and looked around for the bag with her clothes. There was no bag anywhere near her shop's door, but she saw the same garbage truck and the same three guys parked and hanging out no more than forty feet from where she'd last seen them! A truck making a delivery at a building a bit further down the alley had them blocked.

"Hey, guys," she said as she approached them, "Did you pick up a black bag at that building? It wasn't supposed to be thrown out, and I really need it back!"

"Yeah, there was a bag, it was the last thing I grabbed before the delivery truck stopped us," one of the crew answered.

"Can you hand it over?" Liz asked.

The driver asked, "What's in the bag that's so important?"

"If you must know, my work clothes are in the bag. Can I have my bag please?'

The driver replied, "Technically it's not your bag any more; once we've collected something it belongs to us!"

"You're really not going to give it back to me? Seriously? It never should have been put out in the first place," Liz asked, "Do I have to call the phone number on your truck and complain to the management?"

"You're welcome to try that, but since you're talking to the owner right now that probably won't accomplish much," the driver replied, grinning, "But I'm willing to give you the bag, with one condition."

"I can't believe this, but go ahead, what's the condition?" Liz asked, fully expecting it to be something too crude for her to agree to!

"It's simple," the driver answered, "since it seems that you have to get dressed anyway, do it right here!"

"You want me to take my coat off and get dressed out here, with you all watching?" Liz asked, secretly relieved that they hadn't asked to touch her, or be touched by her in any of the ways she'd been imagining. "Fuck it, they've already seen me naked and I just don't have time to bargain with them," she thought.

"If I do this, you swear you're not going to just take my coat and keep the bag?" she asked; seeing the three men smiling and nodding their agreement, she answered, "Okay. Sure, I'll do it!"

The driver took the garbage bag from the back of the truck, astounded that his joking had actually worked! He'd been ready to hand the bag over to Liz when she refused his offer, as he was expecting she surely would, but he wasn't about to tell her that now!

A hush came over the three men when Liz unzipped her coat and shrugged it off her shoulders. Less than a minute ago she'd been well covered by the coat and demanding they return her clothes; now she stood before them without a stitch on!

"I'd like one of my stockings, please," she asked, her voice cracking. Without anywhere to sit, putting it on was a bit awkward, but the three men enjoyed watching as she bent over to work it up her left leg, particularly enjoying the way her boobs dangled. "And the other one, please?" she requested calmly. When she finally finished rolling the second stocking up her thigh right she took a moment to smooth and straighten both stockings.

Liz had planned on getting dressed and in to work as quickly as possible, but she told herself that whatever order she chose to put her various bits of clothing on would take pretty much the same amount of time. She hadn't expected being so thoroughly exposed to be so exciting, but her racing pulse and goosebumps clearly visible everywhere on her body not covered by her stockings made her excitement clear!

"What to put on next?" she wondered, "ah, of course!"

"I'd like my scarf, please," she said. The men hadn't expected her choice, but enjoyed watching her carefully tie the pink scarf.

"What now," she asked herself, "whatever I choose will cover some part of me I'd rather have uncovered a while longer. Unless..."

"I'd like to have my left shoe." She was sure her choice would make her audience happy, but no happier than her, she guessed! She asked for the right shoe and put it on, then adjusted the buckle on both shoes. She wondered if she'd be able to get her panties on over her shiny black pumps, especially the somewhat chunky heels, but figured she'd deal with that later if it became a problem.

Deciding that the only sensible choice of what to put on next was either her bra or her thong, she chose the thong, which concealed basically nothing behind and almost as little in front. Her next choice was her skirt, for no reason other than that she knew from previous experience that most guys would count themselves lucky to have an unobstructed view of her breasts.

With only her bra and blouse left to put on, her choice was obvious; the all but transparent fabric the cups of her bra was made of made Liz in a bra just about as hot as she had been without it. As aroused as she was, the sheer fabric left no doubt about the location, size and current state of her nipples!

Liz blushed a deeper shade yet when her three man audience broke out in an enthusiastic round of applause as she reluctantly fastened enough buttons on her blouse to be acceptable for her workplace. She picked up her coat, waved goodbye a second time to her unexpected audience, and went in to the shop. She hung up the coat and hurried to join Sandra at the cafe counter.

"About time, what took you so long?" Sandra hissed.

"Sorry, I'll explain later," Liz replied, still thinking about how close she'd been to having to serve coffee while wearing only the ugly coat! "Maybe I'll get lucky and she'll forget to ask why I was late again later," Liz thought, "or at least give me time to come up with a believable excuse, something less indecent than the truth!"

Sandra eyed her co-worker suspiciously, sure she remembered seeing Liz earlier without the shoes, stockings, and scarf she was wearing.

Liz's blush had faded by the time Edward finally appeared in her line of customers, but neither of them said a word about the fully nude show she'd put on for him earlier, not wanting to discuss it with other people nearby. She was stunned to see him drop a folded $100 bill in her tip jar! She was eager to get his reaction to her performance, beyond the amazing tip! Her goosebumps returned as she approached the table where he sat once she'd finished with her line of customers.

"Good morning, Liz," Edward greeted her, "lovely as always! I'm sorry to be running a bit late this morning."

"No problem, Edward, we just got past our morning rush a few minutes ago," she replied, lowering her voice, "I have to admit, when you weren't here quite as early as your usual time I was worried that you might have thought I'd gone too far!"

A pained expression came over the old man's face as he said, "I'm sure I would never think anything you might do in the way of what you've so kindly been doing for my benefit the last few mornings as too extreme! Your concern makes me even more sorry that I was delayed this morning; regrettably, I've been just a few minutes behind schedule all morning, making me miss my usual train. By the time the next train came by, you were gone!"

Liz frowned, pausing a moment to take in his disappointment, as well as her own. Gradually, a warm smile replaced her frown as she told him, "Then, if it's okay with you, I guess I'll get to do it again tomorrow!"