**A Certain Exhibitionist’s Diary**

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**A Certain Exhibitionist’s Diary Pt. 01**

I looked up from the book in my hand and at her face. I smiled as she sucked my cock, swallowing it, actually. Taking it all the way to the base and inviting it into her throat. Stroking her hair, I looked around the private little study I had decorated.  
  
Pictures of her, naked, spread, holding up her breasts for me, outside, inside, close-ups of the marks across her most private and delicate parts from when she'd needed punishment. There was also a wall with a corkboard, which many items hung on from hooks.  
  
My tools, whips, ropes, dildos, vibes, gags, etc. Also restraints for her, collars, a chastity belt or two, cuffs, and a pair of red ribbons.  
  
I had many memories with these objects, but the one in my hand was my most prized possession. It was a diary. Her diary. An accounting of her life as an exhibitionist, as well as the story of how she met the man who was currently ejaculating down her throat.  
  
As his vision blurred in ecstasy, he read the last words of the last entry.  
  
"I no longer need this journal, I've found where I belong, my journey has run its course, at its end. I am here with him. The moonlit streets and cold night winds abandoned.  
  
I no longer need the thrill of showing my body to the nighttime air, or to men I've never met. The simple feeling of his hand leading me, his thick member in my mouth, the warmth and safety of his body when I lie next to him, and the thrill of obeying his resounding voice.  
  
That is all I need. He is all I need.  
  
I love you, my master, my champion, my love."  
  
She eagerly licked my cock clean, and when she was finished, I grabbed her collar and gently pulled her up from her knees.  
  
"I love you too," I said as I pulled her close to me, cherishing her in my arms.

**A Certain Exhibitionist's Diary Pg. 1**  
  
**Day 1, March 3rd, 2018**  
  
Yesterday I finally decided, I'm going to really try it this time. I'll start with a few small things, no underwear, maybe a few nightly excursions, keeping things in my pussy while at work or doing errands.  
  
I'm a little scared. But I want to explore this side of me. I want to see what it'd be like to be an exhibitionist.  
  
**Day 2, March 4th, 2018**  
  
I wasn't able to do much yesterday. A couple friends suddenly came over which totally freaked me out. I had just been getting the courage to go to the supermarket without panties when they showed up. Fortunately, I was still in my pajamas.  
  
Because I couldn't do anything yesterday after deciding to do all this, I thought that I needed to do something today. Today is Sunday.  
  
I don't generally go to church, sitting and listening to a preacher preach about what we all should do and be felt too much like we were all slowly being turned into sheep to be herded and controlled. It also felt like a huge waste of time to talk about how to be a good person and help others instead of, well, doing it.  
  
However, my mom had been nagging me that I needed to at least come every now and again to say hi to everybody and something about her worrying over my eternal soul. Pretty sure, I'm going to hell for this though.  
  
Today, I didn't wear all my sunday best. There were some very nice lacy white panties I left at home. My bra too. I was too nervous about putting anything inside me, so I just went without underwear. It felt breezy under my skirt, but I wore an undershirt so my missing bra would be so noticeable.  
  
I didn't have time to masturbate yesterday or before I went to church. Since there was nothing to catch my little lady's leakage, my skirt got damp. Once I noticed, I made my way to the bathroom. One of the men saw me and averted his eyes. I think he thought I wet myself.  
  
Inside the restroom there wasn't enough privacy to masturbate either. Everything felt hot and flushed, like I had a fever. As I was wiping away my lustful drippings, I started to rub myself, moaning softly. I had lost myself in the motion of rubbing and started masturbating. Suddenly, the toilet in the stall next to me flushed and I jumped with a start. I finished drying myself and cleaned my hands, all the while my face was bright red.  
  
Nothing else happened, until I got home. After having such an arousing day, when I got home, I just shut the door, not bothering to lock it, stripped off all my clothes, faced my ass towards the door, ground my face into the carpet, and fucked myself with the largest object I could fit.  
  
Once I finished and noticed the unlocked door, I blushed again, and, leaving it unlocked, went back on my knees and came one last time.  
  
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I looked up from the diary she had given me. I was lying in bed with her at my side, I turned back towards her, gently caressing her hair and face. "So that's where you found out how much you liked showing your ass off. I always wondered why you liked kneeling there and waiting for me so much, why you made so much of a puddle just sitting there with your cunt facing the door." I whispered to her softly, "You're my little good girl, my horny little slut of a good girl."  
  
I kissed her softly on the forehead. Then I turned back, putting a bookmark in the diary and turning off the light. Turning towards her again, I wrapped an arm over her and, holding her close, entered wonderful dreams of passionately romancing my love.

**A Certain Exhibitionist's Diary Pg. 2  
  
Day 3, March 5th, 2018**  
  
Yesterday was a long day and I came a lot. But I didn't want to stop today, it felt wrong to do something like that. Since today is Monday, I had Psych 100 and a public speaking class too. I decided I didn't want to go without underwear this time, the risk of getting another skirt damp with my lust scared me. So I decided to masturbate in one of the bathroom's on campus.  
  
I had an hour break between Psych and Public Speaking, that's when I decided to do it.  
  
Psych, which is only an hour long, felt like an eternity. I packed a dildo in my bag and it bulged out a little from all the books and notepads. I knew I'd probably be the only one who noticed, but it felt like everyone who glanced at me knew somehow. The anticipation of masturbating in a public bathroom also made me anxious. Time dragged on, and soon our teacher was telling us that she'd see us tomorrow.  
  
We all crammed our books and notes into our bags and started filing out of the room. As I got up I noticed that the crotch of my panties was distinctly wet. I blushed as I walked a little faster toward the restrooms.  
  
I quickly shut the stall door and put my bag on the hook inside. Then I started stripping off my clothes, shoving them into the backpack. When I was completely undressed I got out the dildo. It was a soft pink skin color and was shaped like a circumsized penis. It was the kind that had a suction cup on the bottom. I turned to the toilet and remembered something. Public toilets don't tend to have lids- just seats. There was nowhere to put it.  
  
I stood there completely naked for a minute or two before I finally decided that I'd stick it to the stall wall. At this point I was almost certain that if anyone came into the bathroom they'd know exactly what I was doing, but I couldn't go back now. My dripping wet pussy was making my body move, my lust driving my to my knees.  
  
I sucked the plastic dick while on my knees. The constant fear that someone could walk in and they'd see my bare legs kneeling towards the door and the soft slurping sound of me sucking made my cunt drool juices onto the bathroom floor. When I felt it- and my cunt- were wet enough, I turned around and started fucking myself.  
  
A door banged and I heard voices. I jumped. The force of my body jerking suddenly caused the dildo to fall off the door and I slid onto my ass, the dildo impaling me to my deepest parts.  
  
I heard men laughing as I rolled my eyes back from the sudden pain and pleasure.  
  
It took a few seconds, but I came back to my senses. The men's room. It was right next to the women's. Connected by vents, it almost sounded like the noises the men were making were coming from the same room I was sitting on my ass in. The same room where I was sitting in a puddle of my own sticky mess.  
  
I rose, my knees shaking a little from the shock of it all and from my own arousal. I put the dildo back on the door, using my own cunt's moisture on the suction cup. I could still hear the men on the other side of the wall. Their laughter drove me crazy as I started fucking myself deeper and harder and faster. My cunt was gushing, the mess was getting all over the door and the concrete below- but I didn't care right then.  
  
I came once, but then one of the men next door started laughing loudly at something one of the others said. I pushed myself back onto the plastic dick, imagining it was real, imagining them laughing at me. I came again, and once more after that. Then I fell to my knees.  
  
A few minutes later I got back to my feet, and still naked, started to wipe up the mess I made. I was late to Public Speaking that day.  
  
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I took her diary with me almost everywhere now. The look on her face when I told her that I'd be carrying around the story of her life as a dirty humiliation slut was priceless. While her mouth was slightly open I took the opportunity to grab her hair, pull her to her knees, and shove my dick down her throat.  
  
"You know, I think this is my favorite part so far. The idea of you fucking yourself to the idea of men laughing at you while they fuck your brains out? Now that's funny." I said and burst out into harsh laughter. "But really though, you bring lots of light and humor into my life. Like how you're sucking my dick like your life depends on it. Sigh... Yeah, that's good." I grabbed the back of her head with both hands, dropping the diary to the floor. And as I came down her throat I bent down and said softly, "I love you, my slutty little whore."