**Helen's Adventures**

by[MatthewVett](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1109054&page=submissions)©

I hadn't known Matthew very well before that fateful day. We were next-door neighbors in the same apartment building, and from time to time we would walk down the stairs together, or have a little chat outside our rooms. Sometimes through the walls I heard the ecstatic moans of an overnight guest, and, lying under my covers, my hand crept under my panties and gave me the pleasure I imagined he was giving her.  
  
Eventually, I realized that he frequented the same library I did. Every weekend, as I studied for classes or wrote papers, I saw him there, reading apparently for his own pleasure. Sometimes I noticed he brought a small laptop, upon which he typed furiously, a machine gun in the background as read about the Cuban Revolution.  
  
Maybe that was why I had taken notice of him so quickly, the way he reminded me of my studies. Had Che Guevara stayed a doctor, I imagined Matthew would have resembled him. They had a similar style of beard and hair, although Matthew's was far shorter and better trimmed. They both had large brown eyes and serious faces, and the same goofily contagious smile when they allowed it.  
  
That day, Matthew was sitting alone at a long table, marking up some papers with a red pen. I sat watching him from the other side of the room from over the top of my book. His eyes were intently focused on his work, and at times, I noticed with a smile, his tongue stuck out of the corner of his mouth in concentration.   
  
Suddenly, I remembered that I had a paper of my own to edit: an essay for a class. I decided to try to talk to him, using that as my excuse. I would ask to borrow his pen, sit down with him, and strike up a conversation.  
  
"Hey, Matthew, right?" I asked.  
  
He took a second to register my existence before looking up. "Oh, hey Helen! Yeah, it's Matthew. Funny meeting you here. Sit down, sit!" he offered. "What are you up to?"  
  
"Oh you know, classwork."  
  
"Yeah. I'm glad I'm done with all that, myself. What's your major?"  
  
"I'm getting my Master's in political science right now," I answered.  
  
"Nice. Is that what you're working on now?" he asked, nodding towards the stack of papers in my hand.  
  
"Yeah. That's actually why I came over here. I was wondering whether I could borrow your red pen..."  
  
He looked down at the pen in his hand. "This? Sure, I've got an extra, anyway," he remarked, handing the pen over to me. I sat down across from him and spread out my things, our papers touching at the edges, as though greeting each other as old friends.  
  
"So what are you working on?" I asked as I began editing, crossing out superfluous sentences and correcting detestable diction, and a steady flow of scarlet streamed across the page.  
  
"Oh, um..." he stammered, "just some boring stuff for work. Nothing interesting. I'm sure your paper is much more fascinating."  
  
"That depends on how much you like reading about Castro, I guess."  
  
His eyes lit up. "You know, I've always meant to learn more about him. I saw that Che movie last year, the biopic with Benicio del Toro? It was really amazing. I barely even noticed it was four hours long. It must be incredible to be a revolutionary, to be at the start of something big like that, you know? I'd love to be able to start something huge like that.  
  
I mean, I don't want to overthrow anyone, but I like the ideal of doing what's right, no matter what. I need to try to live more revolutionarily... Be honest, do what I think is best, ignore obstacles; I think it'd be a healthier way of living, mentally. I think there are too many things we only do because we're expected to. Don't you think we ought to just surrender to our true feelings more often?"  
  
"I agree totally," I confessed, holding my hand to my heart. I thought back to how many times I had just done what my parents and my teachers expected of me, rather than what I had really wanted.  
  
We began talking, ignoring our respective papers. It wasn't until hours later, after one of the librarians came walking through the building on a yelling round, that we realized the library was closing in half an hour.   
  
I checked my cell phone to verify the time: 9:30. "Shit. Guess we lost track of time."  
  
"Time flies when you're having fun," he shrugged. "This was nice. You want to come back tomorrow? Maybe we can actually get some work done? Just show up whenever you can. I'll be here pretty early, same table."  
  
"Sure," I smiled, gathering up my papers hastily and stuffing them into my bag.   
  
"Do you want me to walk you back to the apartment?" he asked.  
  
It was tempting, but I had gotten absolutely no work done today, and I knew if he walked me back, we'd just end up talking longer. "It's OK, I have to make a few stops on the way back anyway. But I'll see you tomorrow," I lied.  
  
"See you tomorrow."  
  
I grabbed my things and walked briskly out the door, leaving him behind to get his things together.  
  
I got home and made myself a hot capocollo, prosciutto piccolo, and provolone sandwich with spicy giardiniera and olive oil on ciabatta bread. The bread was fresh from a nearby bakery, although sadly I had to settle for Boar's Head for the meats. There was a good deli downtown, but it was too inconvenient to visit every week. I sat down with my meal and a glass of milk and took out my papers, determined to make at least some progress tonight.   
  
I began reading. I imagined impaling Baoqing upon my rigid cock, watching her petite tits bounce jubilantly as she rode my cock to wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure. Her red lips parted as she moaned my name loudly without inhibition or restraint, unable to contain her pleasure.  
  
What was this?! Where was my essay? I grabbed another page and read further. Her hand gripped the base of my shaft firmly. Her tongue teasingly licked me up the bottom and down the top of my rapidly hardening cock. Her lips engulfed the tip of my head, her tongue flicking back and forth across it as she sucked it gently. I stifled a moan. My hips bucked gently, eager to get as much of my cock into her mouth as possible.  
  
My pussy was tingling as I read. My free hand had involuntarily dropped between my thighs and was rubbing my crotch through my jeans. Where had this stuff come from? Where was my essay? I had had it when I got to the library, I was sure of that. So what had happened to it...?  
  
And then it hit me: Matthew. I looked through the pages, and saw red comments, written in a hand not my own. My eyes widened as I connected these disparate pieces of information into a cohesive hypothesis...  
  
This is what he had been working on at the library before I arrived. Those times I saw him writing on his laptop, this is what he had been writing... I hadn't had even an inkling that he wrote things like this... I should bring it back to him, I thought to myself, and I stood up to do when I stopped.  
  
Did I really have to bring it over right now? I mean, he had been editing it; he'd probably appreciate someone else's thoughts on it, right?   
  
I sat back down and put the pages carefully back into order. But...the couch was sort of uncomfortable...maybe I should move to the bed. So I can be more comfortable while I'm reading...  
  
I scampered to my bedroom and undressed, casting aside my clothes onto the floor before getting under the covers. I placed my pillow between my thighs and began reading.  
  
The story he had written took place at a nudist camp, and as I read, I imagined myself naked, in public, in front of everyone. I clenched the pillow between my thighs, rubbing it against my wet pussy as I read, grinding against it.   
  
I imagined myself being the center of attention while completely nude, completely exposed in front of everyone, my body on display for everyone to see. I didn't normally have much confidence in my petite breasts, but reading his story, I knew that at least he would appreciate my body, would love to see me nude. I rubbed my soft breasts, gently pinching my pebble-hard nipples, caressing my firm tits in slow, lazy circles as I read.  
  
I imagined myself trapped in front of everyone: naked, with nowhere to go or hide. I imagined everyone gawking at me, taking pictures. I imagined girls looking on with envy as their boyfriends ogled me, amazed at my boldness, while through their pockets they sought to satisfy the urges of their eager cocks. I wanted everyone to be focused on me, on my naked brown body. I needed something hard inside me...  
  
I reached underneath my pillow and pulled out my Love Diamond rabbit. I tested my pussy with my fingers: I was sopping wet. I put the story to one side and plunged the hard shaft into my soft, shaved pussy. For a few thrusts, I left it turned off, just savoring the feeling of being filled up by something long, thick, and hard, but I ached for more. I turned it on.  
  
It began buzzing against my clit, almost too strongly to bear. The shaft rotated inside me, and I clenched my legs tightly together, surrendering to pleasure. I couldn't contain my pleasure, and I moaned, loudly, a primal, wordless moan. My pleasure was building, greater and greater. I groaned as I had my first orgasm of the night, electricity passing through my whole body, going out from my pussy to my fingertips and toes, hot fire burning my body from the inside. My hips bucked, I forced the vibrator deeper and deeper into me, imagining Matthew's cock ramming into me over and over, imagining that he had caught be naked and forced himself onto me, ravishing me, having his way with me.   
  
I wondered, not for the first time, when I would finally lose my virginity. It seemed torture to deny my body any longer, but I wanted my first time to be meaningful. Another orgasmic tsunami crashed into me. "Matthew!" I groaned. I knew how thin the walls were, but I didn't care. I wanted him to know the pleasure his stories were giving me. He surely had figured out the confusion by now as easily as I had. Sweat dewed my body. My breasts were warm. I panted deeply. I was exhausted, but I kept going. My body ached for more.  
  
I took the rabbit out of my pussy and turned it to a stronger setting, before playing it against my moist labia and my insatiable clit. "Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h," I shuddered, as the vibrations sent new shockwaves through my limbs. Again and again, I orgasmed, furiously masturbating for over half an hour, until, satiated, exhausted, I collapsed and fell asleep.  
  
The next morning, I woke up supremely contented. My pussy was still sore, and my thighs sticky from last night's juices. I brushed my teeth and showered, as a plan formed in my mind. After my shower, I poached two eggs and ate them with half of a cantaloupe and a mug of hot chocolate, wrapping my hands around the ceramic, letting the warmth flow through my palms. By the time I had finished eating, I knew what I wanted to do.  
  
But before I left my apartment, I set up my camera and turned on the automatic timer. My teeth and crotch tingling, I stood opposite it, completely naked, and waited for the flash. I plugged the camera into my computer and checked out the photo: it was perfect. You could see from my plump, red lips down to the middle of my thighs, revealing my smallish breasts, my shaved pussy, my flat tummy, well, everything really. Blushing, I printed it out and slipped it into the middle of Matthew's story before stapling the pages together and putting them into my folder. I got dressed and headed out to the library.  
  
By the time I arrived, Matthew was already there, anxiously drumming his fingers on the table. An ignored book sat to his side as he kept his eyes glued to the door. When he noticed my arrival, he stood up urgently and flagged me over. I bit my lower lip and made my way over to him.  
  
I sat down and noticed a slight blush in his cheeks. "I think we got our papers switched up yesterday," he blurted out as soon as my butt hit the chair, thrusting forward my papers while avoiding my eyes.  
  
"I noticed," I said.  
  
His blush deepened a shade. "D-did you read it...?"  
  
"I did," I replied with a warm smile, as my crotch tingled, remembering last night's pleasure.  
  
"Oh..." he said hollowly, as though he were condemned.  
  
"B-but I really liked it!"  
  
He blinked a few times rapidly. "Really?"  
  
"Yeah! I read it last night and it was really good. You're a great writer. I love your descriptions," I gushed. "Oh, here!" I handed his papers back to him, my hand trembling slightly. Would he look through the pages right here and now? What would he do when he saw the photo? Would he know it was me? Would he think I was a pervert? "Here's your story."  
  
"Thanks..." He made eye contact with me again. "So you...you really liked it?" he asked hopefully.  
  
"I really did."   
  
"So, um...I, well, I...heard you last night..." His eyes had lit up as he leaned in closer and lowered his voice. "Was that you...enjoying the story?"  
  
Now it was my turn to blush deeply. "You heard me?!"  
  
He nodded with a slight smile, both embarrassed and delighted. I clenched my thighs, trying to suppress the tingling feeling in my loins that was currently growing from the thought of him in his own bedroom, listening to be satisfying myself, as he took his huge, thick cock in his hands, stroked it, pumped it, until cum gushed out of it...Mmmm...  
  
I shook my head to clear my thoughts. Almost whispering, I moved onto my plan. "Matthew, did...did you mean what you said the other day, about how we should give into our true feelings?" I asked hesitantly, my heart pounding.  
  
"Yeah...why?"  
  
I took a deep breath. "I...I want you to write me."  
  
"Write you?"  
  
"Like how you write your characters. You give them a plot and decide what they're going to do...I want you to do that to me. I want to be your character. I want you to decide what's going to happen to me."  
  
"Sounds intriguing... Do go on."  
  
"But there are going to be some ground rules. First off: nothing illegal. I don't want to be on the news or in a prison cell. Second: no fucking unless I say so. Third: afterwards, you have to write it all down for me. And finally..."   
  
I looked him straight in the eyes. "Since you're getting to control my body, I get to control yours, too. For as long as we do this, you can't orgasm unless I say so. No jerking off, no handjobs, no sex, unless I give permission. And if you have a wet dream, I get to set a punishment for you."  
  
He cocked an eyebrow. "If I'm interested, how will I get your permission?"  
  
"You'll wait for my texts, or in person. If you absolutely need to, you can text me and ask for it." I could already feel my panties moistening. I was relishing the thought of having total control over his cock, determining when and where he could satisfy himself. I loved the thought of knowing that every time he orgasmed, it would be because I had allowed it. I squirmed in my chair, rubbing my thighs against each other. "So do we have a deal?"  
  
He steepled his fingers and peered at me over them. "So I come up with a plot for us to follow, and you'll do it, and in exchange, I need to write the story down, and I can only cum if you let me, correct?"  
  
"Correct."  
  
"Hmmmm...and how long would we do this?"  
  
I smiled. "Until it gets boring."  
  
"Alright. I'll try it out. When should we start?"  
  
"Next Saturday. We'll meet here. That gives you six days to come up with a story and get everything ready you need. Can you do that?"  
  
"Sure. I'm sure inspiration will strike me by then. Any story requests?"  
  
"Exhibitionism," I said. "But remember: nothing illegal. But for right now, let's get back to work. I don't want any distractions next weekend." I began editing my paper, glancing upwards at him every time I heard the sound of a page turning, waiting for him to reach the page with my photo on it. I wanted to catch his reaction.  
  
And then he reached it. I grinned as I watched his face go from confusion, to shock, to realization, to lust. I slipped one stocking foot out of its shoe, and, checking that there were no nearby witnesses, lifted up my leg and began to gently stroke his thigh. I wanted to take advantage of my control over his orgasms...  
  
He looked from the picture to me, his eyes caressing my body. My chest grew hot as I watched him strip me naked in his mind. He couldn't tear his gaze away from my breasts, my t-shirt and bra invisible to his mind's eye. My toes reached his crotch, and I felt his manhood's hardness beneath his khakis.   
  
"Is...is this you?" he asked.  
  
I nodded silently. "Do you like it?"  
  
"Yeah...a lot..."  
  
"I can tell," I teased, stroking his thick shaft with my foot. Suddenly, I pulled away. "Don't forget our deal: no orgasm without my permission," I teased. He grimaced, but I knew he wouldn't risk the opportunity to bring his stories to life by jerking off against my orders. I slipped my shoe back on and gathered my things. "I hope that's enough inspiration for now. "I'll see you here Saturday, at 11am. Okay?"  
  
"Okay," he replied, huskily. I felt a brief twinge of pity, and almost turned back to give him permission to cum once now, but I wanted all his thoughts on next weekend. Let him save all his frustration until then...  
  
Next Saturday, I was ready. My heart was fluttering as I walked to the library. I wondered what sort of idea Matthew had created.   
  
He was at his usual table, with a small plastic bag. "Are you ready for this?" he asked me.  
  
"Absolutely. What's the plan?"  
  
"Well first we need to get you prepared. Come on, there's a bathroom in the basement no one uses. Let's go there to change."  
  
"Why can't I change by myself?"  
  
"Trust me, you'll need some help with this outfit," he explained as he led me to the elevator. As we traveled downwards to the lower levels of the library, the levels too dark and cool for students, which were only suitable for books because of dehumidifiers working twenty four/seven, my mind raced with ideas. What was he planning?  
  
The doors opened, and we walked out. He led me to the bathrooms, took a quick peek into the men's room to ensure it was empty, and then led me in, locking the door behind us. He took out three photos of models and showed them to me. "Now, which one of these three tops would you rather wear today?" he asked.  
  
I looked. The first was a red bikini. The second was a white bandeau with lavender edges. The third was a black tube top. All three of them, though, were disappointingly modest. "This is the best you came up with in a week?" I asked.  
  
"Just pick one," he sighed.  
  
"Fine. This one, the bandeau." The coloring would look best against my skin, and I tried to avoid bikini tops: they only made my modest assets more obvious.  
  
"Good choice." He put away the other two photos. "Now strip."  
  
"W-what?"  
  
"You can't be modest now, Helen. Strip down to the waist."  
  
Geez, whoever heard of a modest exhibitionist? I asked myself. I bit my lip and turned around, leaving Matthew with only a view of my back. I pulled off my t-shirt hesitantly and handed it to Matthew behind me, before unhooking my bra and doing the same. Holding my breasts in my hands, I turned back around. "H-how is this?"  
  
He rolled his eyes at my modesty and smirked. "I thought you were the one who wanted to be an exhibitionist..."  
  
"It's not something you can just leap into! I've never done this sort of thing before."  
  
He rubbed my shoulder. "Hey, don't worry, it might be a bit scary now, but you'll enjoy it, I promise." He took a small canister and a brush out of his bag, and stuffed my clothes into it. "Now put your arms out like a cross," he instructed. I did so, slowly. His eyes turned greedy as my hands began to shift position. He's enjoying this too much... I took a deep breath and thrust my arms out. His eyes widened at the sudden sight of my bare, tanned breasts. As he unscrewed the container, I noticed an unprofessional bulge growing in his pants.   
  
"Ugh, that stuff reeks. What is it?" I asked.

"It's the ammonia. Don't worry, once it's dry, it won't smell at all." He showed me the small, round container. It read "Maximum Impact: Liquid Latex Body Cosmetic."   
  
"Body cosmetic?"  
  
"Body paint," he explained, dipping the brush into the open container. Thick, white paint dripped off the edge. He began to coat my breasts, slowly covering them with white latex. The strokes of the brush felt like the tiny, teasing caresses of a playful lover. My nipples soon hardened, and I squirmed from the brush's tickling, but he worked carefully, looking back from the photo to me. As he worked, he continued speaking. "It took me a while to come up with a good way for you to be an exhibitionist without getting into any legal trouble, but then I remembered a story my friend Celina told me about years ago.  
  
"She had a friend in Singapore who hated the heat, and so on one hot day, instead of putting on a top, she used body paint to make herself a tube top, and no one was the wiser. She got to stay cool, everyone else got to pretend that boobies don't exist for another day.  
  
"So I realized that if she could do it, you probably could, too. You have the right body type for it. Breasts that are too large would be obvious, same with breasts that sag. But yours are perfectly perky and just the right size to be indistinguishable. No one will be able to tell you're not just wearing a tight, clingy outfit."  
  
As he explained, my body warmed up as I imagined the scenario. I would be in front of everyone, wearing nothing but paint, but breasts exposed to everyone... "But what if somebody does realize?"  
  
"Turn around. I need to do your back now. Worst case, somebody thinks you're topless. What are they gonna do? They'd look like a jackass if they were wrong, and there's no way for them to be certain without groping you. That's the beauty of it: people will realize your breasts are on display, they just won't realize that you're topless, too, and even if they suspect something, they'll never be a hundred percent sure."  
  
He rinsed off the brush as I admired myself in the mirror and his plan in my head. I had to admit, the latex looked great. I looked like I was wearing an extraordinarily tight top, but didn't most girls? With the boundary between my breasts and areolae hidden with paint, it was impossible to tell that I was really topless underneath. The paint was too thin to hide my hard nipples, though, I realized, but even so, that was natural in a tight outfit?   
  
Matthew opened a new container and started adding the lavender trim to my bandeau while I watched him work in the mirror, enjoying how good I looked. Heck, it looked better than the outfit I had been wearing earlier. Once he finished with the paint, he stepped back and admired his work. "Well, you wouldn't get into a church, but you look decent to me. What do you think?"  
  
I turned this way and that in front of the mirror, getting a 360 degree view of myself. "Oh Matthew, it's perfect!"  
  
"Glad you think so. Now just let it dry. It'll get a bit tighter as it dries." We talked a bit as we waited, and I managed to forget that I was completely topless. Matthew didn't, though, and his eyes rarely met my own. I punched him playfully. "My eyes are up here!"  
  
"Sorry," he laughed. He checked his watch. "That should be long enough." He took out a small spray bottle, shook it up, and sprayed it everywhere he had painted. "Latex Ultra Shine," he explained, dabbing away the excess with a paper towel. "It'll keep the latex from sticking to anything or coming off too early. "We don't want you to give somebody a hug and have them pull away with your top on their shirt, do we?"  
  
I shook my head, smiling. This was really happening! With my pink, knee-length skirt, I looked just like any other girl on a sunny day. But only I would have a secret... "What now?" I asked.  
  
"Now it's lunchtime, I'm hungry," he said, putting everything back into his bag. "But first, let's stash this. I'm not carrying it around downtown."  
  
"We're going downtown?"  
  
"Exhibitionists need people to exhibit to, don't they? And downtown has the most people, so..."  
  
"Okay. I'm ready for this!"  
  
"Let's go, then."  
  
We went back up the elevator to the main floor. I had goosebumps, wondering what would happen when the doors opened and people saw me for the first time. Would they call the police? Would they realize I was topless? The doors opened, and we walked out into...silence. I looked around. No one was panicking or making a commotion. As we walked towards a locker, I felt the stares of guys on me, but none of them spoke up. It was really working! No one knew my secret but Matthew and I! Even then, my outfit was still attracting attention. I looked down and realized my nipples were pebble-hard, sticking out like thumbtacks. No wonder so many guys were noticing me... We put our things away in Matthew's locker and walked to the subway station.  
  
On our way downtown, it was the same story. I collected stares of desire from the guys and of envy from their girlfriends, but nobody said anything. My pussy was soaking wet from their stares. I'm sure some of them suspected, but no one was willing to state it aloud and risk looking like a pervert. I had never attracted so many looks before. Never before had my breasts been so popular. I had assumed guys didn't like smaller breasts all my life, but now I had proof that they were just as popular as the biggest melons. Every guy we passed tried his best to get a discreet peek at my breasts, and I was content to pretend to not notice them, allowing them long, lingering stares of my exposed body.   
  
By the time we reached Burger Bar Chicago, my panties were almost sopping wet. I left Matthew to get us a table while I went to the ladies' room. I went into a stall and dried myself up as best I could, and put a few layers of toilet paper into my panties to act as a sponge for later; I knew I'd need it. I stopped on the way out to check myself out in the mirror.  
  
My nipples had finally begun cooperating and gone done. The illusion was complete now. I got so caught up in modeling myself off that I didn't notice another woman had left her stall.  
  
"I love that top," she commented. "Where did you get it?"  
  
"Oh, uhm," I stammered. Shit! I didn't have a line prepared. "I-I forget! I think it was Forever 21, or maybe American Eagle? I can't remember..."  
  
She pouted. "That's too bad. It looks great on you."  
  
"Thanks," I said, already backing away to avoid too long a conversation. "Well, my friend's waiting for me, gotta go bye!"  
  
That was close, I thought to myself. But...she had thought it was real. Amazing! I joined Matthew at a table on outdoors beaming with pride. I told him what had happened while we waiting for the waiter to get back with our drinks.  
  
"Really? Well, I am pretty amazing. It's no wonder that she was fooled by my artwork."  
  
"Hmph! I think the model deserves more credit, personally. If I had big, awkward boobs, no one would be fooled by your art."  
  
"True, true. Let's split the credit fifty-fifty, then. Ah, here comes the waiter now."  
  
He set down our drinks: Coca-Cola for Matthew, apple juice for me. "Are you ready to order?" he asked, sneaking a glance at my breasts. I smiled and arched my back.  
  
"Yes," I said. "I'll have a half-pound burger with...lettuce, tomato, caramelized onions, and bleu cheese, please. Well-done."  
  
"And for your...boyfriend?" the waiter asked.  
  
"Just friends," Matthew replied with a grin, already having grasped the waiter's ulterior motive.  
  
"Oh really? A girl as lovely as you is single?" he asked, his eyes darting downwards, lingering on the curves of my bare breasts.  
  
"For now," I flirted.  
  
Matthew coughed to get the waiter's attention. "I'll have a half-pound burger with jalapeno peppers, provolone cheese, bacon, and lettuce, cooked medium-well, with fries on the side, thank you." He took my menu and handed both to the waiter, who clearly wished he had a reason to stay and continue to ogle me.  
  
"Well, someone has a fan," he commented snarkily.  
  
"Jealous?"  
  
"No," he spat, averting his eyes guiltily. "Anyways, how is it so far? Are you enjoying it?"  
  
I leaned in close and whispered. "It's great..." My crotch was tingling. My teeth were on edge, that little tickle I always got when hiding a secret. "I feels so...so liberating, being topless in public. I just love the feeling. Guys are staring at me, wondering, ogling my tits, and they can't help it."  
  
"Living like a revolutionary! That's the way it ought to be. To revolution!" he toasted, holding up his glass.  
  
"To revolution!" Our glasses clinked as the waiter arrived with our food. He barely even tried to make eye contact this time.  
  
He set down our meals. "I made sure the chef made yours extra-special," he boasted to me.  
  
"Hey, what about mine? What if mine tastes like shit because the chef put all his love and care into hers?" objected Matthew.  
  
I giggled. Guys were fighting over me, even...   
  
After the waiter left, he enjoyed our meal, mostly in silence. Our seats were right by the street, though, separated only by a small fence, and everyone passing by could see me and my special outfit. Man after man slowed down his steps as they passed in order to take me in. Some tried to hide their lustful gazes beneath sunglasses, but there was no hiding the way they tilted their head towards me in an attempt to get the best possible look at my chest. The latex felt like a second skin by now, tightly hugging my curves with the eagerness of a desperate lover. No detail of my body could be hidden beneath the paint. My breasts were as open to their gaze as though I had been wearing no paint at all. Only the different color helped hide my secret. I had never imagined it was so easy to be naked in plain sight. I'd have to thank Matthew after this was all over...  
  
Our meal passed without any further events. Matthew paid for our meal without asking and led me out by the hand in a hurry to escape our lecherous waiter.   
  
"Where are we going now?" I asked.  
  
"Let's go for a walk around downtown," he suggested, and I eagerly assented. I wanted to be seen by as many people as possible now. My nipples hardened again at the thought of being the center of attention.  
  
We walked from block to block, taking in the sights and stopping into small shops as the mood struck us. It felt like a first date. It was only when I passed by a reflective window from time to time that I remembered that I was actually topless, my breasts on display for the world to see, even if the world didn't know it. How delicious it was, to have such a secret...  
  
I strutted brazenly through the streets of downtown, sticking my chest out with pride, and was rewarded with gaze after admiring gaze. After a while, Matthew stopped one of the men staring at me and handed him a camera. "Excuse me, can you take our photo?"  
  
"Sure," replied the stranger.  
  
"Matthew, what are you doing?" I whispered angrily, as we stood next to each other.   
  
"You told me I got to write the plot, right? Well, right now it's the part of the story where the exhibitionist girl gets her photo taken. Relax."  
  
I held by wrist behind my back, restraining myself from covering up my bare breasts as someone I didn't even know looked through the camera's viewfinder and snapped a photo of my naked chest.  
  
"Could you take a few more?" Matthew asked politely, enjoying my suffering.  
  
I squirmed, pressing my legs together, as slowly, he took photo after photo of us. I wondered whether the camera could tell I was half-naked. I had heard that they saw wavelengths humans couldn't, and could reveal things the eye couldn't see. What if it could see through the paint, and my nipples showed through the paint?  
  
Finally, it was over. Matthew's camera was returned, and, with a final glance at my breasts, our photographer walked away. "What are you going to do with those photos?" I asked.  
  
"Save them for inspiration, of course," he smirked. He lingered over them, scrolling from photo to photo, zooming in so he could get a better look at my curves. I felt so naked, watching him examine my topless body, but the feeling of exposure excited me. "Ready to head back?" he asked.  
  
"Sure," I replied. "It's been a good day."  
  
We headed back to the library, gathered our things, and went back down to the bathroom we had used earlier. "How do I get this stuff off?" I asked.  
  
"You'll have to peel it off, I'm afraid."  
  
"Damn," I grimaced, and set to work, slowly peeling off the latex and throwing the pieces into the trash can. Matthew watched as I slowly revealed the tender flesh beneath. As more and more skin was revealed, I noticed him watching me, staring at my breasts. I noticed his crotch rising. My thighs were sticky with my dried juices. My nipples were pebble-hard from Matthew's amorous gaze, and I made sure to save the paint covering my nipples for last, teasing him. He must be going crazy, I realized, having been near me all day, staring at me, knowing I was completely naked from the waist up.   
  
I removed the last bits of paint. I was now completely exposed. With a wicked grin, I whispered to Matthew, "You have permission..."  
  
"Permission to...?"  
  
"Cum."  
  
His smile went from ear to ear. "But," I began, "only if you do it right here. In front of me. I want to see the effect I have on you."  
  
He looked taken aback for a second, but I knew he'd be unable to deny himself after today, after a week without orgasm, without release. "Fine," he surrendered. I watched, transfixed, as he undid his fly and let his khakis fall to the ground. His cock was already threatening to burst through his boxers, eager to be released. Blushing, he pulled down his boxers, too.  
  
His cock sprung up, finally freed. He took some liquid soap into his hand, and coated his cock. His huge cock loomed before me, angry and red. I stepped closer and got down on my knees to get a better look at it as he slowly stroked it with one hand, gripping the base firmly with another. His head was large and swollen, and his long, smooth shaft curved slightly down. A drop of precum glistened at the tip of his long, smooth, hot cock.  
  
His hand pumped away, rapidly. I looked up at his face, and his eyes were locked onto my breasts. I began caressing and rubbing my breasts, pushing them together. "Do you like this?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah," he replied breathlessly. "Keep going..."  
  
He was a slave to his desire. His eyes were locked onto my body. He moaned, a primal growl. I knew he wouldn't last long. I felt a sudden, wicked urge. "Cum on me," I demanded. I ached to feel his semen on my body.  
  
He looked surprised for a moment, but he quickly recovered, and smiled. I stuck out my chest towards his cock, only inches from my face. His knees buckled and he groaned my name as his cock spasmed, shooting out its first hot gush of cum onto my face. A second gush fell lower, onto my pert breasts. Again and again, hot, sticky warmth coated by chest, covering me. Ivory semen dripped down my chest onto the floor. I massaged his hot seed into my skin, savoring his warmth against me. I licked my lips, relishing the taste of him, a savory warmth.  
  
"Wow. That was amazing..." I sighed.  
  
"R-really?" he panted. "It felt amazing..."  
  
"Was it worth waiting a week for?"  
  
"Oh god, yes. That was the best orgasm of my life..."  
  
I bit my lip. "Good... So...do you want to do this again sometime?"  
  
"Of course. You have to grant me permission for often, though, Helen. That was torture."  
  
"We'll see," I winked. "It depends on how well you write all this down, but I think you deserve a bit of a reward. You have my permission to jerk off as much as you want for the rest of the weekend, but on Monday, you're back on my schedule, okay?"  
  
"Deal," he said dreamily.  
  
"So," I asked, "do you have any other good ideas?"