**My Flagrant Public Nudity**

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Susan had long forgiven me for laughing my ass off at her self-inflicted predicament in Portland and even let me record her account of the events. But now she was wound up like a top and spinning wildly.

"I really do think I'm becoming a lesbian," Susan said. "Or maybe a lesbian of convenience. And it's all your fault. I never felt any attraction to women before you went and awakened this sleeping dog. I mean, I like the feeling of a penis inside my vagina or in my mouth, but it's what's behind that penis that's a problem, and that just makes the whole guy deal a non-starter for me anymore.

"I've never once masturbated in front of a guy in private. I just know what he'll be thinking. There'll be all kinds of alarms going off in his head, and all the alarms will be screaming, 'She wants to fuck you! She wants fuck you!' It would never occur to him that maybe I just get off on being watched. And then if you don't put out, he'll be all, 'You prick-teasing bitch!'

"I'm telling you, guys are their own worst enemies. Can't they understand that they'd get laid a whole lot more than they do if they weren't always poisoning the well. You give them an inch, or, I should say, take a few of theirs, and before the day is out, it's 'Oh, Susan Nichols. Boy, did she give me a great blow job,' or, 'Susan Nichols? I fucked her brains out.' No, she must have fucked your brains out because as soon as she gets wind of this, and she will, you won't even be able to get help from her with a remedial English term paper.

"All but the most sexually desperate women try to avoid getting a reputation as a slut, and it only takes one guy to give you one. So when they're with guys, a lot of women end up keeping their legs together even when they are dying to open them. Who ever heard of a lesbian saying, 'Oh, she's such a slut. She lets other women lick her pussy anytime they want?' Men are idiots. A guy gets lucky, maybe for the first time in his life, and then proceeds to do the one thing guaranteed to reduce his chances of ever getting laid again—trash the woman who gave him the pussy he was begging for. Don't get me started."

"I think you just finished. That was an industrial-grade rant, though, and 100% true. But, to be fair, I think we've earned a reputation as sluts on our own. We didn't need any help from guys. You have to admit that masturbating naked in the street ranks near the far end of the slutty behavior spectrum. Right next to being gang-banged at midfield during the Super Bowl. By both teams.

"Even so, you may have just made the best case ever for voluntary lesbianism. It makes me wonder how many women have chosen to live as lesbians out of sheer frustration with men instead of being born with that orientation."

Susan said, "Someone should do a study on that. You've heard that old saying about guys: 'You can lay bricks your whole life and no one ever calls you a mason, but suck just one little dick, and they'll call you a cocksucker for the rest of your life.' There's no lick-one-little-pussy rule for women."

"Susan, I don't think you've suddenly started to become a lesbian. Like me, you've always been turned on by female exhibitionism, in yourself and in other women. That's sure to ferret out some same-sex attraction. Somebody once maintained that all women are bisexual. That's certainly not strictly true, but as Jake Barnes said, 'Isn't it pretty to think so?'

"Anyway, before you went into Dennis-Miller-when-he-was-still-funny mode, I was going to tell you about what's going on at Behemoth. You know I had to sign a two-year contract with them as a condition of the sale, for which they bumped the offering by several million dollars. They'd already offered us enough so that we'd never have to work again even if I hadn't signed on with them. We could live like kings on the interest alone. And although I didn't want to go to work again for anyone, I had to be a good girl and help smooth the transition. But I made a mistake. My contract should have been task-oriented rather than time-oriented. After three months there, I've brought all of our clients over to Behemoth, attracted some new clients, fully briefed their ad agency, meshed our software with their systems and redesigned their website. My work there is done.

"But the CEO, one Sean Mulvaney, won't let me go, and he won't let me work on any other area of the business. I mostly sit in my office, read books and see how many times I can masturbate in eight hours. I've found I can squeeze in a couple of extra orgasms when I eat lunch at my desk. He's holding me to my contact for no reason. His attitude seems to be that he paid for me so he'll squeeze every last day out of me whether there is any work or not. I think he's afraid of being accused by the shareholders of having gotten fleeced if he allows me to leave now after spending all that money. And I can't quit unless I want to forfeit the bulk of the money and get us sued. I've tried everything I can think of to get myself fired. I even called the CEO an incompetent asshole in front of the board of directors. But if I'm fired, they still have to honor the contract. Don't get me wrong, though. I really like the people at Behemoth except for this pompous, narcissistic, psychopath of a CEO."

"Liz, has this this guy ever hit on you?"

"Yeah, he has and on several other women, too. I've been wondering about that. He was really offended when I ignored his clumsy advances, so that could be a part of why he's jerking me around. I mean, this guy is repugnant, Susan. I wouldn't fuck him with your vag."

"Thanks a lot. Look, I know a way you could get fired," Susan said. "If he fires you, Behemoth can't sue, right?"

"No, they can't, but I don't think there's any way for me to pull that off. I could shoot someone, and he'd make me telecommute from prison."

"But if you didn't actually have any work to do, how bad could that be?"

"Well, for starters, Susan, I'd be in prison."

"Okay, scratch that. Work naked."

"What?"

"Think about it. It's way safer than masturbating in the street. And you say you like these people. I'm sure they like you, too, and probably hate that CEO as much as you do. They'll be totally supportive. Plus, it's not like you've had a sudden attack of modesty. Even if you have, I'm sure it's not terminal."

"Susan, did I tell you that I started seeing a psychoanalyst about my exhibitionism? Not because it was making me unhappy or because I wanted to stop. Quite the opposite, actually. I was just curious to know if there was something that maybe happened in my childhood that made me this way."

"There was. You met me."

"Right!" I laughed. "That's gotta be it. Case closed. After a couple of sessions, the analyst said, 'Liz, I deal with unhappy people all the time, and you are one of the happiest, most well-adjusted people I've ever met. Why are you here?'"

"I said, 'Well, I was hoping you could suggest some new exhibitionist scenarios.'

"She laughed but said, 'I actually could, given some of my clients. You'd be surprised.'"

"So," Susan said, "this sounds like it's going really well."

"It was going great until the last session.You know how shrinks are famously non-nonjudgmental. If you tell one you've been cross-dressing, they're highly unlikely to leap up and start shouting, 'You filthy, disgusting pervert.' That's also bad for repeat business. Except, I guess, from masochists. So her only real comment on my exhibitionism, other than the requisite, 'And how do you feel about that?' was, 'Don't get caught by the cops.'

"I was enjoying our sessions, and I found her to be well-read, practical, self-deprecating and funny. It was time well spent. Then at the last session she asked if she could go down on me, which struck me as a little on the unprofessional side."

"Yeah," Susan said, "that's no good. Imagine some guy going into the hospital for a back operation, and just as he starts to undergo anesthesia, the surgeon says, 'Mind if I fuck you in the ass while you're under?' Kinda like the CEO of Behemoth is trying to fuck you in the ass now."

"Susan?"

"Yes."

"You've talked me into it."

Tomorrow was a Friday. I thought it proper to alert some of my co-workers as to what I intended to do starting Monday. So after work I invited several of them out. When we were settled at a table with our drinks, I said to the three women and two men, "Guys, I've got something I need to discuss with you. How many of you know about my troubles with Mulvaney?"

"Everyone in the company," said Imelda Gutierrez, a program manager. "Liz, we really don't want to see you leave, but we know he's just holding your feet to the fire because he can. Plus, you're rich and beautiful with tits out to here, and he actually believes he can get in your pants. I was in his office last week to go over some electric utility software, and all he wanted to talk about was you. He was asking so many personal questions about you that I was tempted to tell him you were gay. But then it dawned on me that he's one of those guys who would just consider that an extra challenge, telling himself, 'She just thinks she's gay. She hasn't hopped in the sack with the likes of me yet.'"

Robby, who had recently been stolen from Microsoft, said, "He's that bad, huh?"

"Are you kidding?" said Imelda. "When he was three years old, his mother seriously injured herself trying to stuff him back in."

"Guys," I said, "From now on I'm going to work naked. I am going to do everything I can do to get shown the door, which would get me out of here with millions of extra dollars and without the risk of a lawsuit. I really need your support."

"You'll have our support,"said Robby, "and at the risk of sounding sexist, I am really looking forward to seeing you naked."

"That's not sexist," said Imelda. "I'm straight as a Kansas Interstate, and, Liz, I am really looking forward to seeing you naked."

"Thank you all so much, I think. One more thing. I need a rat. Someone to make sure the word gets back to Mulvaney about what I'm up to. Someone who'll report my every outrage. And there will be some."

"I'm perfect, "said Imelda. "Catholic upbringing, so I'm presumably offended by your unconscionable behavior. Female, so I'm presumably jealous of all the attention you're getting. Plus, Mulvaney has already asked me about you."

"I'll owe you."

"Not really. Like Robby said, we'll be well compensated."

Monday couldn't come soon enough. As always, when I get naked, I am deadly serious about it. I don't just remove clothing, shoes and jewelry, but I don't even paint my nails or apply makeup. On those occasions when I'm naked and have only a tampon string hanging out of me, I feel overdressed.

To an exhibitionist, at least one that relishes a side dish of humiliation, the perception of complete nudity and exquisite vulnerability is crucial. That's why I would never get a tattoo. That and the fact that I've seen some unfortunate tattoos on older people. What may have begun its life as a decorative work of body art has aged into a shadow of its former self. It may have started out as a colorful butterfly on some young woman's shapely buttock, but now it looks like she got hit in the ass by a muddy soccer ball.

I've also found that what many other exhibitionists have related is true: the farther you get from your clothes, the more naked you feel. I wanted to leave mine in my newly rented house but knew there would be many nights after work when I went out with my co-workers for a drinking postmortem of the day's naked craziness. So I walked out to the car naked and put a set of clothing in the trunk. Since the exhibitionist side of me had come out to play, my everyday clothing had gone from slacker chic to a sundress and sandals. Only.

I drove to work naked, parked in a reserved space out front and went bouncing into the lobby. As I breezed past the security desk, one of the staff said, "This should be interesting."

I took the elevator up to my floor and first walked into Imelda's office. When she looked up from her desk, I spread my arms and said' "Ta, da! Is this what you wanted to see?"

Her face broke into a wide smile, and she started to examine me, starting from my toes and working her way up. She stopped halfway. "God damn, Liz! Does your clit always poke out like that?"

"Im afraid so. I was born this way."

"Jesus. I've never seen anything like that. Well, my dog's dick looks like that just before he tries to hump my leg. Sorry, I guess that was kinda gross. I'm just saying."

"It's okay. I'm used to it. That's a new one, though." Even with her dark olive skin she was visibly blushing.

"Look, I'm going to walk around and say good morning to a few people. In about 15 minutes I need you to call Monica, Mulvaney's secretary. Tell her you need to talk to Mr. Mulvaney about me. I'm sure she'll put you right through. When he answers, rat me out."

"Poor Monica," Imelda said. "I mean, we know she wasn't hired for her typing skills, but she has to put up with him all day, every day. She told me once that if it weren't for the executive secretary salary, she would have kicked him in the nuts a long time ago. I wonder what he does when he actually needs a letter typed, though."

I continued to make the rounds, getting more turned on by the minute. I was glad some of my co-workers had been forewarned. I popped into Robby's office. His jaw dropped, but he managed to sputter, "You weren't kidding, were you?" He made no attempt to disguise the fact that he was feasting his eyes on me. Unsurprisingly, they stopped between my legs.

I said, "Yeah, I know, Robby. Hey, do you want to take some pictures?" He whipped out his mobile phone so fast it slipped from his hand and almost bounced off the ceiling. When he regained control of it, I began to strike some poses. Standing before him with my arms spread, turning around and looking back over my shoulder for an ass shot and sitting on an chair with my legs draped over the arms. I even hopped up on his desk and began swaying my hips, my vulva only inches in front of his face and my hands behind my head. If he had extended his tongue, he would have been licking my clitoris. I finally got back down and said, "I better move on. I have places to go and people to see me."

He said, "Liz, you are wonderful. Does Mulvaney know about this yet?"

"Imelda's going to call him shortly."

"How do you think he'll react?"

"I don't know. I may end up having to play the masturbation card." Robby looked stricken.

I dropped by the offices of the other three people I'd been out with Friday night, thoroughly enjoying myself and, yes, posing briefly for three more photo sessions. Before I returned to my desk, I went back into Imelda's office. "I just called him," she said. "I told him, 'I don't know what's going on here, but Liz is running around the 6th floor naked."' I was back in my office about a minute before my phone rang.

"Liz London," I answered.

Mulvaney thundered, "London! In my office now!"

"I would prefer not to."

"What the fuck? Get up here now!"

"I would prefer not to." I hung up.

Within minutes, he burst into my office, teetering on the brink of an aneurysm. I thought, "Now that would solve everyone's problems."

I was sitting behind my desk so he could only see my breasts. I thought part of his rage now stemmed from knowing that several other people had already seen all of me, and he wanted desperately for me to emerge into the open. Fat chance.

"Come with me!"

"I would prefer not to."

"What's wrong with you? You sound like a broken record. What's with this 'I would prefer not to?'"

"Ask someone who reads. They might clue you in." He quickly decided not to pursue this line of inquiry.

"Listen, Liz," he said, trying a more conciliatory approach, "I have a reputation to uphold. I can't do that with you stalking the halls of this company without a stitch of clothing on."

"Look, Sean. It will only be until the end of my contract. And I can assure you that there is no way that I could do anything to further damage your reputation."

"Okay, I appreciate that but still . . . . What the fuck do you mean, 'further damage?' Fuck you, you cunt!" He stormed out, slamming the door. I was glad it had no glass in it.

I went back to reading my novel but not for long. My office became the clearinghouse of the curious. Everyone I knew and many that I didn't dropped by to ask questions, show support or just get a look. I got up from my desk and took my novel to a recliner near it that faced the door. I didn't expect to get any real reading done, but to anyone popping in, it looked like I was lying on a gynecologist's table with my feet in the stirrups. The irony wasn't lost on me, however, that on my first day here naked, I was looking at a potential all-time low for office orgasms.

The same crew went out for drinks after work, but I also called Monica and invited her. As we left the offices, Imelda asked if I was going to the bar naked, and I told her I had an emergency set of clothes in my trunk. As it turned out, when the slanting afternoon sunlight was behind me, the dress was about as opaque as Saran Wrap. Imelda's eyes lit up when I had shrugged the dress on, and she said, "Why bother?"

In the bar, I immediately told Monica that I had an ulterior motive for asking her to join us. "Oh, I know," she said, "I figured you'd want the scoop on Mulvaney. I've never seen him so angry. Well, there was once when his wife dropped in, and he was off in the building somewhere. She just breezed past me into his office, saying, "I'll wait in here." Apparently there was a paused video on his monitor that his wife really, really wasn't meant to see. I caught hell for that, but what was I supposed to do? Tell the boss's wife she couldn't go into his office?

"Anyway, when he was out of town once, I managed to find the video on his computer and watch it. You could tell he was staying late because it was dark out, and he's standing there naked except for his shoes and socks and getting a blow job from one of the cleaning women. She's still got her full uniform on, and in the video you can see a small pile of cash on the corner of his desk so he was probably paying her. I made a copy of it."

Imelda guffawed. "Smart cleaning lady. She made him show her the money first."

"Anyway," said Monica, "As for your situation, he's talked to our lawyers, and they've told him he can get rid of you anytime he wants to. But then we can't sue you and will still be on the hook for the balance due on the contract. And if these lawyers can't find a loophole, there isn't one. He's hosed."

"That's great news, Monica."

"Wait, there's something else. There's one more obligation in your contract that you haven't yet fulfilled. It's no big deal, but you have to address a company-wide meeting on our acquisition of your company and its integration into our product line."

"No problem. Are you going to set that up?"

"I'll be working with the P.R. staff, but I can get the ball rolling. We'll be ready in a couple of weeks."

"Terrific. Thanks Monica."

"You're welcome. I gotta run, but I was glad to let you know what was going on. See you guys."

"She's such a sweetheart, I said. "I feel so sorry for her, though. No education. No skills. Mulvaney just hired her just to look at and harass, but if he goes, what's going to happen to her?"

I noticed Imelda staring at me. "What?"

"There's a catch. You said you told him you were going to work naked until you left. It may be his only way of saving face, but he's going to hammer you over this. He's gonna be like, 'So, Liz, you said you were going to stay naked until you left. We'll see about that, you little liar. You forgot the company assembly. It's going to be the employees, the board, some major shareholders and our bankers and lawyers, all gathering to celebrate the acquisition of a major new profit center. A pretty prestigious gathering.

"It's not that big a deal, but he's going to really lord it over you because he knows you could never do that." I just sat there smiling at her. "Liz! You wouldn't! Would you?"

"You know, this is all so silly. If he let me leave, he'd get seven-eighths of the money back and wouldn't get in trouble with the shareholders for looking like a chump. This is personal with him. That fucking contract has got him insanely thinking of me as his personal property. Yes, Imelda. I'm going to do it, and bring Mulvaney down at the same time. Just you watch."

Robby laughed and said, "We will."

For the next couple of weeks, I read, masturbated, and cavorted naked throughout the building, avoiding the top floor and specializing in posing in people's selfies. Mulvaney frequently visited the 6th floor, looking to get a glimpse of me, no doubt, but someone always warned me in time for me to retreat behind my desk.

I usually ate at my desk, but I began to visit the employee cafeteria every day now. I would quickly eat a light lunch and then move around from table to table, chatting with different people. The employees soon learned that the best way to get me to drop by was to leave an empty chair for me to prop a foot on. For my comfort, you know.

On the day of my presentation, I have to admit that I was really nervous. This wasn't my first rodeo, but in the past I had appeared naked outside before crowds of almost exclusively strangers. This was in an auditorium at a corporate headquarters filled with some people I knew, many more of whom at least knew who I was and a very definite media presence. The P.R. people had seen to that.

After a brief introduction by the vice-president in charge of media relations. I walked naked to the center of the stage. After some initial gasps, mostly from the board and shareholder types in the VIP section, I was met with a combination of warm applause and shocked silence. The media relations V.P. had a look of horror on his face. He was the guy who was going to have to deal with the spirited aftermath of all this, and it promised to be less of a brush fire and more of a raging conflagration. He had no idea.

My powerpoint presentation was straightforward. After all, this had been a trouble-free transition and was proving to be exceptionally profitable. I moved around a lot, making sure to show my ass to the audience whenever I was commenting on the screen behind me. When I tied it up, I said, "I can't conclude without a word about the people here at Portland Techno Systems. I've always dismissively referred to it as Behemoth, but as I've worked here and gotten to know some of the employees, I've become deeply impressed with the level of talent, cooperation, generosity of spirit and remarkable morale.

"I can't imagine what a great company this could be with competent leadership. If, instead of Sean Mulvaney, this company had a CEO who was not a sexual predator, serial harasser and garden-variety misogynist, if they had a CEO who was not a narcissistic psychopath and compulsive liar, whose company succeeds not because of him but in spite of him, this might be one of the world's terrific companies. You have the right people here. All but one.

"Don't take my word for this. If you can take your eyes off my tits for second and look at the screen (I picked up the remote off the small table where I had left it), you'll see the cover pages of three sexual harassment lawsuits filed just this week, one by me."

I cued up the copy of the video I had gotten from Monica. "Now here is a video recorded by Mulvaney, himself. I assume he set up the camera, because it never moves, and who would want someone else to operate it, anyway?"

By the time the cleaning lady video, with the woman's face blurred, was over, you could have heard a pin drop onto a satin sheet. That was followed by a rising swell of outraged muttering. Mulvaney just sat there looking petrified. If looks could kill, I would have been vaporized by now. I set the remote back on the table and moved to the front of the stage.

"Now, about the elephant in the room. Some of you have perhaps noticed that I'm naked." When the chuckling died down, I turned toward Mulvaney. "Sean, when I was in your office once, out of the blue, you told me how much you'd like to watch me masturbate. So Sean, this bud's for you." I began flicking and rubbling my clitoris. Even now, I was reluctant for him to see this, but everyone else's presence more than made up for it. And, hell, on what now was certain to be his last day, this was probably a lot better than a gold watch.

Having finished dealing with Sean, I instantly shifted my focus to the matter at hand. A thousand pairs of eyes were were riveted on me. I was sexually aroused almost beyond comprehension. I knew that attempting to delay my orgasm would be like trying to hold back the incoming tide in the Bay of Fundy. And if there was any hope of delaying it much longer, it certainly didn't help that I had an exhilarating realization: this was my dream. This was the same dream that I had related to Susan when I begged her for help with my fantasies. It had come true.

For my speech they'd given me a wireless microphone. I held it up for a moment like Yorick's skull and then lowered it between my legs and slipped it (narrow end first, mind you) into my ridiculously wet vagina and began moving it in and out.

Now, I really should have switched that mic off before I repurposed it as a dildo. It was easily picking up and strongly amplifying the sloshing sounds emanating from my vagina. It sounded like water rushing through the passageways of the Titanic just before it slipped beneath the waves. I hoped no one in my audience was highly susceptible to seasickness. That caused me a really disconcerting thought. What if someone was, and that caused them to become physically ill, and, like on an airplane, that set off a chain reaction? So I'd be up here masturbating before hundreds of people throwing up all over one another. That would be way too much humiliation, even by my standards.

My orgasm brought me to my knees, and as I was afraid to try standing up just yet, I remained kneeling and chased my next orgasm like a pack of ravening wolves. When it finally came, I thought it might be fatal. I reclined flat on my back with my legs spread and just lay there for a while. When I felt able, I pushed up from the floor. Standing unsteadily before them, the microphone still tightly clenched by my vagina, I slowly removed it, blew them a kiss, extended my left arm fully out to my side and ostentatiously dropped the mic.

I strolled off stage to as much hearty laughter as applause. The last thing I heard was some wise-assed member of the audience shouting, "Encore! Encore!"