**Promoted to Slut**

by[SomeGuyNamedKevin](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1361188&page=submissions)©

There was a time when I was absolutely terrified to speak in front of people. I was a blabbering, stuttering, idiot when it came to public speeches.  
  
The type of 2nd grader that would forget her own name when I went in front of the class for show and tell.  
  
The type of 6th grader that would forget the entirety of a book when I went to give an oral presentation in front of my classmates.  
  
As a freshman in high school I took a public speaking class, and my teacher gave me that age old advice for nervous speakers.  
  
"Pretend that your audience is in their underwear."  
  
I eventually became a great speaker, good enough to do weekly speeches in front of the board of the company I now work for.  
  
But that advice had nothing to do with my transformation. All that advice did was open up Pandora's box.  
  
I tried using the advice a few times in that freshman public speaking class. But for some reason all I could ever do was think of myself standing in my underwear. Suffice to say, thinking of myself in my underwear didn't help me at all when it came to public speaking.  
  
Instead, I found myself daydreaming about what it would be like to stand in front of people in my drawls. Have them see me in such an embarrassing and compromising situation. Those thoughts were addicting. A strange mix of humiliation and pleasure, thinking about hundreds of eyes all staring into me.  
  
The older I got, the more intense the daydreaming became. Instead of being in my underwear, I would be completely naked, well except for a pair of tennis shoes or something. I found myself masturbating to odd fantasies of me being discovered naked, with nowhere to run or hide.  
  
The kind of orgasms I got from those thoughts were stronger than the ones I received from porn and even sex. For years, I fantasized about my exhibitionism, and for years, I let that exhibitionism lay dormant.  
  
I was ashamed of my kink. I only admitted it out loud once, to a friend from college while we were drunk. There was a naked mile-run going on at a college a few hours away, and I told her I wanted to join in as a streaker. Though my biggest fantasy was to be naked and surrounded by clothed people, I thought it could be a good way to take a dip into the kiddie pool before taking a plunge the deep end.  
  
She apparently thought I was crazy.  
  
"Girl, what you some kinda exhibitionist?," she started. "What's next? Going to one of them nude beaches or some shit?"  
  
I shrugged. "Just something to try," I reasoned. "It sounds fun."  
  
She chuckled after taking another drink of beer. "It sounds stupid. Nothing your black ass should be doing."  
  
That was the last time I shared a fantasy of mine with any of my friends. I did end up going to the college alone and experiencing my first taste of public nudity. It was fucking glorious. Masses of naked college kids having a blast. I was hooked.  
  
I did nude beaches and resorts for awhile until it became boring. It wasn't dangerous or exciting enough to fulfill my deepest fantasies. I needed to be seen by masses of people. And I needed to be the only one in a vulnerable position.  
  
Indirectly, my boyfriend at the time helped to scratch that itch. I had text him some ass and pussy shots of myself, and his trifling ass had shown them to some friends. Word eventually got back around to me, and though deeply embarrassed, I couldn't help but feel terribly aroused anytime I came around those guys. They had seen me. And there was nothing I could do about it but blush.  
  
I broke up with that guy but I had found the blueprint for my fantasy. I uploaded naked photos of myself to the internet and posted them on various amateur photo sharing sites. Soon, I started uploading videos of myself doing strip teases or playing with my pussy. I'd post them under titles such as "Sexy black slut dances naked" or "Ebony babe plays with her cunt" and sit back and read all of the comments. Knowing random men and women were getting off to me was intoxicating. Almost every night I would be on the computer, masturbating at the comments, especially the degrading ones like "that bitch has a nice ass."  
  
I never liked to be called bitch in real life, but the anonymity of the internet was revealing things about myself that I didn't know.  
  
I stopped uploading things of myself after I graduated. I ended up getting a job in the marketing department of a nationally circulated magazine. One of only two black women at the company, I felt a sense of pride as I rose up the ranks until I was the manager of the department.  
  
But even as my income and prestige increased, I couldn't stop myself from thinking about my college days of exhibitionism. I turned 30, got married and divorced, and hoped that I would eventually outgrow the habit. Instead, years away from it had only made returning so much more enticing.  
  
I went back to the internet, and surfing led me to a website for amateurs to share their photos. I clicked through the forum. I saw all kinds of men and women posting naked photos of themselves. All kinds of body types. All kinds of ages. I knew I would soon be joining them.  
  
One woman in particular caught my attention. Though the forum had hundreds of active participants, she was the only black woman. In my time of exhibitionism, I noticed that there weren't a lot of women that looked like me. The time I went streaking, I could have counted the black women on two hands.  
  
I hardly ever saw black women at the nude resorts I went to. In some ways I enjoyed that fact because that meant more people would look my way since I was the odd black woman walking naked along a beach full of paler skinned women.  
  
But on another hand, it made me feel like I didn't have many people that could relate to what it did for me. It made me think about my black friends and how stupid they thought it was to have the kind of fantasies that I did. I felt somewhat alone in my kink, even though millions of others shared it.  
  
Sure there were black women out there making money by web-caming or doing porn, but I didn't find many of them that were showing their goods just for the hell of it. Not enough for me to feel like I wasn't totally weird.  
  
I clicked the profile of the black woman on the forum. She had various photos of herself naked in public places. She wasn't all that attractive. A bit overweight with sagging boobs and cellulite on her ass, but that didn't mean a damn thing when it came to how shockingly arousing she was to me.  
  
I read though her profile.  
  
"My name is Lisa. I'm a married housewife. I have 4 kids, all of them adults. I have a self published book about my 30 year adventure of exhibiting my naked body for anyone willing to see. That book is found here \_\_\_\_\_.  
  
I started off by mooning. Moved on to flashing. Ended up streaking and skinny dipping. The sexual revolution of the 60's was very good to me :)  
  
I love to show my body. I love to be watched while I fuck my husband. He isn't as adventurous as I am, so his face will be censored in all of videos and photos.  
  
Please do comment! I live for the reactions :)"  
  
I was shocked to learn that she was in her late 50s. I clicked through all of her photo submissions and watched video after video of her adventures. She sucked dick in the car of one video. She got fucked doggystyle on the beach in another. The one that I ended up masturbating to was of her fucking herself with a vibrator in her front yard.  
  
Exhausted after consuming hours of her material, I weakly clicked on the comment box.  
  
"Lisa, you are an inspiration and so fucking hot! I can't get enough of your exhibitionism."  
  
The next day, I had a private message from her. We chatted for over two hours that night, and by the end of the week had exchanged phone numbers. By the end of the month, we were talking nearly every day, sharing all of our dirtiest secrets.  
  
I shared some of my past photos with her. They seemed so much tamer than the kinds she had, which inspired me to begin taking new ones. I set up a camera in my living room and took various angled photos of my nakedness.  
  
The more photos I took, the hornier I became. When I couldn't take it anymore, I called up Lisa, and she sat down at her computer with her husband. They watched me on cam as I masturbated for them. Her husband had all kinds of directions for me.  
  
"Spread your pussy lips."  
  
I spread my legs wide and spread my pink lips.  
  
"Slowly rub your clit."  
  
I carefully rubbed it.  
  
"Twist your hard nipples."  
  
My nipples puffed up as I did as I was told. It didn't take much more than that to send me over the edge as I rubbed myself. It was the hardest orgasm in years. It was confirmation that I needed more of Lisa and her guiding hand.  
  
The next year proved to be the most satisfying and exciting sexual period of my life, ironic since it included no sex. Lisa was still recovering from knee surgery and with her older age, it meant she didn't feel as comfortable exhibiting herself in public. She began to live vicariously though me.  
  
"Child, cherish that body you have," she once told me over the phone. "You can go out naked anytime and no one will be offended because you're so attractive. I can't do that anymore. I take my old ass out naked in public and the police will be called."  
  
She was laughing, but I could tell there was some sadness and envy there.  
  
"What do you want me to do this week, Lisa?"  
  
"You ever been naked in a grocery store?"  
  
"Nope," I laughed. "But my nipples just got hard thinking about it."  
  
"Wear some fuck me heels."  
  
"I know the perfect ones," I smiled. "They go perfect with my birthday suit."  
  
We both laughed, and later that week I showed up to a grocery store in a trench coat, wearing 4 inch heels. Of course I was completely naked underneath. The cold of the store hit me, as I got goosebumps thinking about what I was about to do. Fulfill a huge fantasy of mine and capturing the proof on camera for Lisa and the forum where we shared.  
  
After making sure the coast was clear, I set my camera on a shelf and unwrapped the coat from around me. It was absolutely freezing in there, which made me extra aware of my nudity. I felt incredibly small and vulnerable as I stepped away from my coat towards the juice aisle, feeling chills from the cold and my own arousal.  
  
15 seconds later, the auto-snap feature kicked in and my naked ass was captured. My heels made loud noises as I quickly moved back towards the safety of my coat. I checked the photo and was both frustrated and excited when I saw that only half of my body was photographed. It meant I had to do it again.  
  
I stalled and pretended to be reading the back of a box while a few customers stepped past me. A woman and what I assumed were her husband looked my way, saw what I was wearing, and she whispered something in his ear. The brief glance my way made my pussy wetter. I wondered what the woman was thinking. She looked as if she knew what I was doing and it offended and excited her. Those looks of slight disgust always gave me overwhelming satisfaction. All I saw from her husband was lust.  
  
When they were out of sight, I snapped the shot, waited a few seconds, then removed my coat and click clacked 15 feet away from safety and waited until the camera flashed.  
  
Sharing the story with Lisa seemed to excite her more than the actual photo. It would be like that for the next several months.  
  
My adventures took me to restaurants, gyms, movie theaters, public restrooms, and even my best friends house. That one was maybe the most exhilarating of all.  
  
See, my friend had gotten married, so we didn't hang out as much. Plus, with me spending time either at work or running around trying to find a public place to snap a picture, we just didn't have the time in a day to see each other. I went to visit her one day with several other friends, and the pull to risk being caught was so strong that I excused myself to the bathroom while we were in the middle of a movie.  
  
She and her husband sat on the sofa while I took my purse with me to the bathroom. I quickly got undressed, completely naked, and stepped into their hallway. I could still hear the TV going. I tip toed into their bedroom and eased the door shut. I set the camera on their dresser and looked into the viewfinder to make sure this would be captured in perfect detail and clarity.  
  
15 seconds later, my camera was taking a picture of me on all fours, ass to the camera, my butthole and pussy lips competing with my goofy smile for most captivating aspect of the image. I joined my friend and her hubby back in the living room as if nothing strange had just happened. A part of me wished they would have walked in on me so I could have seen the looks on their faces. Actually, almost everytime I venture into public nudity, I halfway wish I become exposed.  
  
That photo and it's surrounding story got Lisa off good. It got several hundred comments on the forum. For awhile it was my crowning achievement of wanton unpredictability. But even that couldn't hit the spot everytime I masturbated. Even that moment got stale.  
  
I was an addict. I was also a damn good competitor in those monthly competitions where the goal was to take a creative picture of yourself naked in public. I won twice. My favorite was a photo of me laying in a basket at the front door of a random home, implying that my naked ass had come by delivery. It was the cutest, sexiest thing I'd ever done. I needed more.  
  
I needed to keep upping the stakes. Increasing the danger. Or better yet, it was time for me to get caught.  
  
I didn't quite know how I would allow myself to be caught in a compromising situation, but I knew it was the next step. Lisa told me a story about her first time allowing herself to get caught.  
  
"I was 19. My boyfriend at the time wanted me to meet his parents so he invited me over to a pool party on the 4th of July, " she mused. "He was a white guy. His parents were a bit taken that he was dating a black woman. I guess a little nervous too."  
  
"Were you nervous?"  
  
"I was nervous when I first met them. But they were nice enough."  
  
"When did you know you were gonna let yourself get caught?"  
  
"As soon as his mother said I could change into my bathing suit in her bedroom," she laughed. "I left the door wide open, took my time taking off my clothes and just looked around their bedroom. I knew eventually they would come looking for me. When his mother came, she screamed 'oh my' so loud, I thought the entire house could hear her."  
  
"Was she disgusted?"  
  
"She kept apologizing. She caught me on her bed playing."  
  
I laughed. How bold of her."What happened?"  
  
"You would know if you read my book."  
  
"Why read the book when I can get it from the source?"  
  
"I had my first lesbian relationship after that," she said before giggling.  
  
"His mom?"  
  
"Yep. After that, I knew I had to get caught more often."  
  
"You ever got caught and the reaction wasn't so pleasant?"  
  
"Uhmhmmm," she giggled. "Before I met my husband, I got fired from my job after letting my boss walk in on me doing something naughty on his desk."  
  
"Damn. I would imagine that would be a fantasy for the boss."  
  
"He walked in with his wife," she said with a chuckle. "I'm surprised you haven't taken your exhibitionism to your job yet."  
  
"I've thought about it. My office is a great spot for it. I could spend the entire day naked."  
  
"Why haven't you?"  
  
I paused. A part of me was embarrassed to admit it to her. But talking to Lisa had become therapeutic. I told her everything.  
  
"I'm nervous. My job is a little different than the other places I've played."  
  
"Too dangerous huh?" she said, almost as if she was disappointed that the danger wasn't exactly what I needed.  
  
"Usually Lisa, I'm all for imagining being caught. But at my job? It really hits me, like. What if I actually was caught?"  
  
"You think you'd be fired?"  
  
"I don't know. But I wouldn't want to risk it. Not being caught doing something. I mean, if they found my videos online or something, that's one thing. But to catch me in the act? It scares me."  
  
"How would it make you feel if your co-workers stumbled across your naughty collection?"  
  
I thought about it. My pussy got wet.  
  
"I dunno. But I'm getting horny thinking about it."  
  
"Me too," she laughed. "What's the demographic at your job?"  
  
I wondered where she was going with the question. Her mind was perverse, a sexual wonderland of imagination. I could tell she had an idea. I thought about the makeup of the magazine company I worked for.  
  
"Um. Well we have the writers. The editors. Photographers. And then a few dozen or so people in my department. Secretaries. Less than a hundred. About 80 or so. We're not that big. About 50-60 men. I'm the only black woman in my department. Mostly white. Few Asians. Why?"  
  
"Just wondering," she said, knowing she had my interest piqued.  
  
"What-cha-wonderin?"  
  
"You should do something for nude day."  
  
"I am. I was thinking about amusement park exhibitionism."  
  
"No, I mean you should do something at your job."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Email me your best collection of photos. The sexiest naughty pics of yourself that you have."  
  
I laughed into the phone. "Lisa. You have hundreds of my photos. You already have the most naughty pics I have taken. I promise I haven't held back."  
  
"Still. You can send em to me."  
  
I wasn't following her. "And what does that have to do with my job? Or nude day?"  
  
"You said your co-workers discovering your naughty side got your horny, right?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
"Then when you email your photos to me. How about you accidentally mass email them to every work contact you have?"  
  
"What!?"  
  
I was shocked by her request.  
  
She snickered. "Talk about the ultimate case of being caught. That would be so hot."  
  
I had to admit, my pussy had gotten wetter. But the idea was totally ridiculous. There was no way I could purposefully send my co-workers photos of me. Absolutely no way. That was totally pushing it, even for my wanting-to-be-seen ass.  
  
"Suit yourself then lady. What amusement park you trying to go to?"  
  
Her suggestion stayed with me for the next year. After nearly being caught at the amusement park I went to, I toned down my activity and started dating a few guys. My biological clock was ticking down and I eventually wanted to settle down and have children. I wasn't going to settle though. Lisa had given me so much inspiration. One thing she inspired me to do was to find a man that would accept me, including all of my kinks. I wasn't going to settle down until I found one that could.  
  
Lisa's health was steadily declining, with diabetes, high blood pressure, and arthritis forcing her to spend most of her days in bed. She confided in me that doctors were talking about amputating her leg. Our late night talks had grown from almost completely sexual in nature, to conversations about life, our happiest moments and our deepest regrets. She led most of these conversations. I sensed that she was accepting that she might not have much time left on earth.  
  
When she officially closed her account on the forum we posted to, I felt as if an era in my life was ending. Even with hundreds of other members, the experience would feel empty without her. I called her later that week and she sounded upbeat as usual.  
  
"Child, don't chu be worried about me. I'm fine. I just decided it was time for me to move on."  
  
"Your goodbye post got so many comments. People are really going to miss you, Lisa."  
  
She laughed. "This is the internet. My naked ass will always be there. All of my videos and photos are still there. All of my stories are still in my book. I've left my mark."  
  
I didn't share the laugh. "You know what I mean."  
  
"Eventually, we all gotta move on. It was fun while it lasted."  
  
She tried to keep everything fun and sexy, but I sensed there was nothing fun or sexy about how she was feeling.

One night, we were on our favorite subject, sexual debauchery, and she told me one fantasy she wished she could have experienced was walking in public after multiple facials.  
  
"I discovered the whole bukkake thing way too late in life," she said. "Just imagine walking around running errands with warm, sticky cum all over your face? Yum."  
  
I giggled. I wanted to ask why she couldn't fulfill that fantasy, but thought against it. She probably didn't feel sexy enough to go through with it, or maybe she didn't have the stamina. One thing about exhibitionism is that it can take all of your emotional strength and amplify it, to the point where you are absolutely exhausted when you are done. There were many times I felt light headed after exposing myself.  
  
National Nude day was coming up again. I knew what I was going to do to celebrate. All I had to do was take some pictures and then find the nerve.  
  
Taking the pictures was the easy part. After work I simply kicked my heels off and freed myself of my business suit. I took hundreds of photos. Some softcore, like a classy shot of me looking out of the window without any panties on, and some a lot more hardcore like an explicit view of what my pink pussy looked like spread wide.  
  
I made sure I was captured from head to toe. Every inch of my body shown in high quality photos. After I downloaded the photos to my computer, I sorted through them and picked out the absolute best ones. Starting with over a hundred, I narrowed the number down to a few dozen. Then I went through my large collection of past photos and spent the next two hours looking for the most shocking ones.  
  
When I was finished, I had a folder of 65 images spanning the past 10 years. I thought about including some photos of me having sex, two photos in particular. One of them of me with a large cock in my ass and the other with me attempting to deep throat, but I thought against it. This was for nude day, not sex day. I wanted each photo to be of me nude, nothing more.  
  
The morning of, I was very nervous, but the excitement dwarfed the fear. For years I had imagined what it would be like to have every pair of eyes in the vicinity seeing me exposed before them. For years I have wondered what it would be like to stand on stage naked, with nowhere to run, and nothing to hide myself with. It thrilled me to know that I was finally going to get the opportunity to humiliate myself to such a pleasurable degree.  
  
I logged into my email and stared at the screen for minutes. I thought about shutting the entire idea down, but my body wasn't cooperating with any reason. I wanted to do this. I needed to do it. I attached the folder of photos to the email I was sending Lisa.  
  
"Hope these photos brighten up your day."  
  
I hovered the mouse clicker over the send button for a moment and sighed. I clicked into the recipient box and added the contact that listed every email for the people at my office. I looked over the names.  
  
Bob Jamisan, a 45 year old senior editor with wife and kids that I met at our office Christmas party. Jennifer Lindsey, a 25 year old writer who had just been hired a few months ago.  
  
Derrick Sutton, a 30 something year old black man who worked in marketing with me. We were in each others office fantasy football league.  
  
Fred Maquire, the C.E.O of the company.  
  
So many people. So many personalities. So many reactions. So many eyes. An overwhelming amount of eyes, all about to view my most private assets.  
  
I held my breath and hit send. The email sent like usual. No round of applause. Nothing but a thumbs up from my email account, signaling that the mass email was received by each and every person. I was officially on stage in my underwear.  
  
I dressed conservatively. A modestly long skirt. Matching jacket. Short heels. My long hair was tied back. I wore my glasses instead of contacts. I wanted my appearance at the office to juxtapose the photos.I wanted them to see two different people. I wanted it to look as if it was just another day, and that I really had sent the photos on accident.  
  
I pulled up to the office earlier than usual. I wanted to observe the parking lot. I sat in the car and listened to the morning talk show of the local urban contemporary station. I tried to keep my mind off the email. That didn't last long, because I got a call from Lisa on my cell.  
  
"Hello?"  
  
"I cannot believe you did it." She sounded like a kid about to thank her parent for her happy Christmas morning.  
  
"Only live once."  
  
"Oh my God. I saw all of those names you sent it to. Wow. You are incredible. Are you at work yet? Anyone say anything?"  
  
I laughed. "I'm sitting in my car. I haven't went inside yet. I'm trying not to cream my panties."  
  
"You shouldn't even be wearing panties. I know I wouldn't."  
  
I shook my head. "Hold on." Off went my panties. In came the urge of wanting to touch myself. I stayed strong.  
  
"You happy?" I spat.  
  
"I am HORNY," she responded. "I'm so excited for you. Today is going to be so fun."  
  
"I hope. But I will call you back later and give you updates. Okay?"  
  
"You do that honey."  
  
I hung up and smiled to myself. That was exactly the reaction I wanted from my friend.  
  
There was a very strange silence that swept over me when I walked into the office. I don't know what I expected. I just didn't expect nothing. Nothing happened as I walked inside to the elevator, passing half a dozen people and then riding up the elevator with a few people to floor 2. A few morning hellos. But no pressing stares. Nothing obvious that let me know that I was officially exposed.  
  
I walked to my office, left the door open and sat in my chair. I logged into my computer and signed into my email. It was still early. It was likely no one had even read their emails yet. That made it even worse. The anticipation of them seeing my photos was killing me.  
  
I played solitaire and kept refreshing my email browser, thinking maybe someone was going to email me about the photos. I expected someone to ask if I was hacked. Or apologetically tell me that I had accidentally sent my private email to everyone. I expected some sort of acknowledgement. After an hour of nothing, I started to freak myself out even more.  
  
I wanted to take back the email. Unsend it. Knowing that it was sitting unopened in peoples inbox was scarier than I thought it would have been. I had no control anymore. It was even more frightening than being nude in public, because at least then I could attempt to run somewhere. Now I was at the mercy of people checking their email.  
  
The title of the email was "For your eyes only." I thought that made it obvious. I wondered if maybe the email had gone into the spam folder for some. I wondered if people would assume it was just another chain letter joke. Lord knows I never looked at the chain emails that my co-workers sent me.  
  
But even in 99% of the people I sent the photos to didn't look, there was bound to be one who did. And that one person was likely to forward it to someone, who would forward it to someone else. The probability that this would grow exponentially was 99% in my eyes, even if only 1% of the people I sent the emails to actually clicked it.  
  
My nerves were working me into a headache so I got up from my desk and decided to walk around the office. I was the manager of the department. At some point, everyone on the floor had to report to me during the week. At some point, I'd have to come face to face with everyone of these people.  
  
I walked up to Derrick. He had his email account opened. My heart dropped as I scanned his inbox. I saw my email hadn't been read yet. His voice broke my concentration.  
  
"Good morning," he said, waving his hand in front of my face to get my attention.  
  
I blinked away my trance. "Oh good morning. How are you?"  
  
"No complaints," he smiled. "You okay?"  
  
"Oh yeah, I'm fine. Just kind of tired. Was up late last night and early this morning."  
  
He turned and grabbed something from his desk. I couldn't see what it was from my position. He turned back to me and I noticed his extremely white teeth. He was a very handsome man.  
  
"Want my cup of Joe?"  
  
"Ion drink coffee."  
  
He laughed. "Me neither."  
  
I put my hand on my hip. "Then why do you have it?"  
  
"I always get the McMuffin meal out of habit. I don't drink sodas so I get the coffee to see if anyone here wants it."  
  
"Why not just get orange juice?"  
  
"Don't like orange juice."  
  
"You're picky."  
  
He grinned, signaling that he was changing the subject.  
  
"You regretting the decision to keep Adrian Peterson?"  
  
He was referencing our office fantasy football league. I had kept Adrian Peterson on my team despite the fact that he was coming off an injury. Plus he had recently been arrested.  
  
"You just don't regret your decision to keep Michael Vick. I don't think he's going to have a good year."  
  
We ended up talking about the upcoming football season, giving slick insults to each other back and forth. The chatter in the office was picking up. I noticed almost everyone at their computers clicking around. I got extremely nervous. I didn't want to be there when someone pulled up my naked ass on those 20 inch monitors. I left Derrick, spoke to a few more of the workers and returned to my office.  
  
I checked my email again. I had new emails. None from the people in the mass exposure of myself.  
  
I ended up responding to one of my emails, and somehow was able to forget about the embarrassment of my predicament for some time. Hours had passed, and when I got a text from Lisa it reminded me that today wasn't an ordinary day. And then I paid attention to the silence of the office outside of my door. Unusually silent.  
  
I stood up from my desk and walked to my door. Many heads turned towards me and then quickly turned away, pretending like they were in the middle of work. I knew then. I knew they were seeing me naked.  
  
For some reason, I didn't feel nervous or embarrassed right then. I felt empowered. It was funny to me that they looked so embarrassed, even though I was the one being exposed before them. I wanted to see if any of them was going to bring it up. I wanted to fuck with them, so I walked outside of my office and tried not to smirk at the clicking I heard from all around me. They were minimizing their browsers or clicking out of photos as if their mom had walked in on them watching porn.  
  
Even Derrick was trying to appear absolutely casual as he stared straight ahead at his computer. I walked around and watched as they all tried to ignore my presence. I asked a few people questions about work, and they responded professionally, way too professional. I had a casual relationship with most people in my department, but all of a sudden they had to 'yes ma'am' me. It was crazy.  
  
Around noon, some started leaving for lunch and I returned to my office. I closed my door and called Lisa.  
  
"Tell me ALL of the details," she said as a greeting, skipping hello.  
  
"Honestly. There isn't much to tell right now. Aside from everyone in my department is acting absolutely robotic and boring."  
  
She laughed. "They are all shocked prolly. They don't know how to tell you. You know the weird feeling you get when you are around two people arguing? That you're not suppose to be privy to this feeling? I imagine that's how they feel. Times 100."  
  
"Times a fucking million, Lisa."  
  
"You haven't heard anything from the higher ups?"  
  
"Not a peep. But anytime I send them an email, they don't usually respond back till the afternoon. So I doubt they have even seen it."  
  
"Isn't that exciting?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"The fact that they might not even see it today. Might not see it tomorrow."  
  
It hit me that she was right. I had prepared for a day of this, but hadn't really thought about the lingering aspect. I was going to be waiting for a long ass time for this to really hit the fan. That meant prolonged danger. I knew that excited her. I wasn't sure how it made me feel yet.  
  
"Well, I do have a little more planned for today," I said coyly. "I have to make a speech at 5."  
  
"Child, What do you have planned?"  
  
"Just be ready. I'll be posting about it tonight."  
  
She laughed into the phone. She wasn't hiding her excitement at all. She put me in a good mood when I hung up. I wasn't exactly horny yet, which was slightly disappointing considering I had been waiting most of my life for this kind of excitement, but I figured it was coming soon.  
  
When I walked out of the office again, people were talking amongst themselves so low, that I knew it was because they didn't want me to hear. Men were showing each other their cell phones. Women were biting their lips and I assumed their tongue. All of them staring at me, yet still avoiding eye contact. These were the looks I had been waiting for.  
  
I went to the vending machine and saw people from other departments looking hard at me. One man even pointed me out to co-workers. That was when I started to feel embarrassed. No more subtly. No more wondering if people saw me in a different light yet.  
  
I thought about the different kinds of photos were in the email as I tried to smooth out my wrinkled dollar bill.  
  
There was one of me in the tub, legs spread wide with a finger deep inside of my pussy. I loved the look on my face of that one. The lustful stare into the camera was what made me include it.  
  
There was another of me laying on my stomach. It was a difficult shot to get, as I had to tape down my camera to a lamppost which became my makeshift tripod. And then I had to hurry and get into position before the 15 second timer went off. It got a great view of my ass from an overhead position.  
  
One of the more unique shots was from a visit I took to a public laundry mat. I came there dressed, undressed until I was naked, and then tossed those clothes in the washer. I sat in a chair and read a book while my clothes washed and then dried. Though I had taken a few dozen photos and posted them online, the one I included was of me with half of my body in the dryer. The slit of my pussy was the highlight of that photo.  
  
My dollar wouldn't take in the slot of the vending machine. Someone that stepped off the elevator saw me struggling and came over, digging into his pocket. He handed me a crisp $5 and said for me to keep the change.  
  
"You work in marketing right?" he asked, as if he didn't know. We had seen each other many times before. But I guess he had never seen me, seen me, before today.  
  
I nodded and pressed the number to the candy bar I wanted.  
  
"You look really beautiful today," he said, unsure of how it would be received. I gave a half-smile, and gave him his change. I walked away feeling the heat of his stare. God, there it was. I was horny now.  
  
It was made worse because I could feel the wetness of my arousal between my legs. With no panties, access to my pussy was easy. I thought about rubbing one out in my office, but wasn't ready to put myself out of my misery. I needed my misery to remain overwhelming. I still had more to do.  
  
The chocolate bar ending up being the only thing I would eat while at work. My stomach was doing too many flips for me to think about eating. Hell, the chocolate only helped in making my predicament even more tantalizing. I see why chocolate is an aphrodisiac. As I ate the milky goodness, all I could think about was sticky cum.  
  
Finally, someone got the nerve to admit that they had seen me butt ass naked in an email. And predictably, it was the only other black women in the company. She came to my office from floor 3 with another co-worker and sat down as if she was preparing to tell me my mother had died and my dog had rabies. She looked absolutely distraught.  
  
"Miss. I don't know if you are aware," she paused, I guess waiting for me to interrupt. I smiled softly instead. She continued.  
  
"But you sent a private email out this morning. But I believe you accidentally sent it to the entire office."  
  
"Private email?" I asked.  
  
She looked over at her co-worker and then back at me.  
  
"Yes ma'am. Nude photos."  
  
"Really?," I put on an act. "The...the nude photos?"  
  
She nodded her head solemnly. I think she felt satisfied knowing she was the first person to tell me. I think she wanted a cookie. Instead I gave her apathy.  
  
"Oh well. Guess I have to be more careful."  
  
I think my pleasant tone startled her. She looked at her co-worker and then back at me.  
  
"Is there anything else I can help you ladies with?"  
  
When I walked them to the door, I noticed everyone in my department staring our way, completely enthralled. Maybe they expected me to be weeping. Maybe they thought I'd come out there demanding that they all delete their emails and any photos that they saved. I'm sure they expected something other than me telling them to get back to work, in a non-hostile, casual manner.  
  
Back at my desk, my arousal, on a scale from 1-10, was approaching 9 at light speed. I checked my watch and saw that it was a little past 3pm. I couldn't believe it had been nearly 8 hours. I figured the next two would be more intense than the past 8.  
  
I grabbed my purse and headed out of my office. I had a meeting at 5 with board members where I was going to be discussing our projections for the next few months. I wanted to be ready.  
  
Everyone stared at me, or tried to pretend like they weren't as I walked past them. My knees felt weak when I bumped into Derrick. He looked directly into my eyes, and I knew from his glance that he was deeply embarrassed for me.  
  
"Going to lunch?" he asked. His voice wasn't as assertive as it usually was.  
  
"Yep. I'll be back in about an hour. Don't you leave around now?"  
  
"Yeah, but I gotta stay until the board meeting is over."  
  
"Oh yeah, that's right. Well I'll see you in a few." I know my cheery attitude confused him. I was confusing myself with how I was acting.   
  
Colliding emotions ranging from fear of losing my job to never wanting the moment to end. I felt like I was at the center of attention, and that feeling was so fucking powerful. Even though I was clothed, dressed like the conservative business woman I was, I felt liberated like I normally only did when I was walking around naked.  
  
I ended up driving to a diner I knew a lot of men frequented, including my younger brother. My ex boyfriend had once taken me there for lunch, and I remembered a bunch of construction workers there stuffing their face. It was a place I figured would be full of willing and ready male participants.  
  
I practiced my approach in the car before checking my watch. 3:40. I had to make this quick.  
  
I brought my briefcase with me, I guess to appear more business like and sexy. Sure enough, when I walked inside, there were dozens of men stuffing their face with the days special of meatloaf and mashed potatoes. I did a look around the joint before deciding to sit over by a young man that looked like he was in his mid to late 20's.  
  
I sat in the chair directly next to his, and ordered a diet soda while I looked over the menu. I wasn't hungry at all. Too many butterflies to eat. Too cognitive of what was about to go down. I studied his face out of the side of my glasses. He had stubble across his chin. His eyes were red. He was sweating, even though the place was well air-conditioned. He looked like he was in need of a lucky day.  
  
Though I'm a very sexual woman, I hadn't slept with too many men. Only five, and three of them were long term relationships, one of them my ex husband. I had experienced a lot of freaky sex in my life, capturing most of it on film, but this was by far the craziest moment. Lisa had inspired me to take a step that even she had never taken.  
  
"Do you eat here often?" I asked the man, who had only glanced my way once.  
  
He seemed shocked that I even noticed him. I halfway expected him to look around to make sure that I was talking to him. Maybe it was because I was black. Maybe it was because I was dressed as if he couldn't afford me. But conversation from me seemed like the last thing he expected.

"Uh. Yeah. For lunch sometimes."  
  
He seemed as if he didn't know what to say next. He didn't have to worry about it though, as I wasn't expecting to chat long. I had to be back at work.  
  
"This is my first time here," I lied. "I past it all of the time. I notice that alot. I see some places every day, but never take the time to actually stop there."  
  
He nodded and smiled softly. "Yeah. I'm like that too."  
  
His awkwardness was cute. The waiter brought me my drink and asked if I was ready to order. I told her I was still looking. I decided to cut to the chase.  
  
"What's your name?"  
  
"Chad."  
  
"Well Chad. I know this might sound weird. Or maybe even rude," I said, double checking his hand and seeing no wedding ring. "But would you please cum on my face?"  
  
He stared at me. I think he expected there to be some kind of punchline. Or maybe he doubted what he heard and was trying to make sure he wasn't going insane. He wasn't smirking or anything. Just looked at me dumbfounded like I had asked him if he would cum on my face or something. Ha, I guess I had.  
  
"I'm sorry, I don't think I heard you correctly?" He seemed to be looking for something that made sense at that moment. Clarity. Or for lightening to strike twice. I straightend up in my seat and focused on him so that there would absolutely be no mistaking my words.  
  
"I'd like for you to Ejaculate on my face, Mr. Chad."  
  
He exhaled an ugly laugh. Disbelief I guess.  
  
"Is this a joke or something?" he grinned.  
  
I wasn't smiling. "No joke. I really, really need someone to cum on my face. Why not you?" I checked my watch. "I don't have much time, so..."  
  
"Right now?"  
  
"Right now."  
  
"Where?"  
  
I looked toward the bathroom. He followed my eyes and then watched me take a sip of my drink. He still wasn't believing me.  
  
"You're going to give me a blow job? I...don't have any money."  
  
He was whispering like a little kid in class.  
  
"No," I said keeping my voice natural. "I don't want your money. The rules are you don't touch me. I don't touch you. I just want your cum. I need your cum on my face."  
  
I knew he would have wanted more details, but I didn't have time to answer all of his questions. Sure this was nonsensical to him, but it was as simple as it sounded. I needed cum. And I needed it fast. No questions asked. No strings attached. No condoms even needed. A very fair exchange I thought.  
  
I grabbed his hand, stood up, and began walking towards the bathroom. He didn't put up any resistance. I wondered briefly if he had a girlfriend, or if he was a religious man, or anything else that would complicate this for him on a moral level. I thought about it for maybe three seconds total. When the forth second came, I was looking towards the diner at the owner. He definitely saw us go in together. But he didn't say anything, which was all I needed for the go-ahead.  
  
The door closed behind us, and I looked around. It was a generic bathroom. No stalls. Just a toilet and a place to wash hands. I didn't even think twice when I dropped to my knees. I had doing freaky shit in worst public restrooms than this.  
  
But those times were with committed boyfriends. Men I couldn't wait to fuck, so we went into a fast-food restaurants bathroom and got it in quickly. This was obviously different. When Chad looked down at me unsure of himself, I quickly took things into my hands and unzipped his pants.  
  
He was fully erect when he pulled himself out. His cock wasn't that big, but it was still exactly what I wanted at the time. Exactly what I needed. A working cock.  
  
He started to stroke himself slowly, still seemingly in disbelief. I needed him to know he could relax and give me his cum. I needed him to hurry the fuck up too.  
  
"Uhm. Yes, baby. Give me your hot fucking cum."  
  
"Oh my God," he whispered to himself. He closed his eyes and began stroking himself faster. I placed my hands on my lap as I sat on my knees and waited. There wasn't any air condition in the bathroom, and it was quickly getting hot in there so I removed my jacket, and set it to the side as he continued jacking off right in front of me.  
  
"Beat that nice fat cock Chad," I seduced with my tone and my eye contact. "Beat that cock until you cum on my fucking face."  
  
His knees startled to wobble. I knew he wasn't going to last much longer. His stroking became uneven and sporadic. I hoped he had good aim.  
  
I wanted to rub my pussy badly, as I thought about how slutty I was being. Every touch of my skin tingled. I was overly sensitive from being so aroused for so long, and capping it off with a strangers cum.  
  
"Call me a slut," I demanded. "Call me your fucking slut."  
  
"You fucking slut," he said, his reserve all but gone.  
  
"Cum on this fucking slut. Cum on my-"  
  
He interrupted my sentence with a huge grunt, and an even larger release of sticky cum which rained on me. Since he was so tall, his penis wasn't close enough to my face to shoot directly into it, so instead drops began hitting me on my chin, eyelids, neck, shoulders, and I noticed some of it going in my hair. I wanted to grab his penis and aim it for him, but I was trying to make sure I didn't touch him.  
  
He continued grunting and getting his release as I let my tongue fall from my mouth to taste a bit of the cum that had landed on my upper lip. He was salty. I looked up at him and he was grinning. He looked so drained, but entirely happy to be alive.  
  
"Gotdamn," he said before taking a deep breath. "That was amazing."  
  
"Can you do me one more favor?" I asked him. I knew I didn't have a lot of time do accomplish this.  
  
"Anything you want, lady."  
  
"Can you go out there and bring in someone else to cum on me?"  
  
For a second I think I saw displeasure on his face. Maybe his thoughts of feeling special were crushed. It didn't last long though, as he looked down at me smiling up at him with his milky white cum decorating my soft brown skin.  
  
He left without a word and I sat and waited. I thought about Lisa, and how this was a huge fantasy for her. It was as if I could feel her arousal inside of me. I had the excitement of two women building in-between my legs.  
  
Chad soon returned, but not with one person. Two men stood looking down at me in a strange look of amazement and pure lust. It's not everyday you see a put together black woman on her knees waiting for you to cum on her. Well, except if you are watching porn everyday.  
  
The two men looked at each other in disbelief, then back at me. I didn't have time to go through the Q&A period again. I wondered what Chad had told them to get them to come.  
  
There is a black woman in there that I just busted a nut on.  
  
There is some slut in there that wants people to cum on her.  
  
Guys, you gotta see this.  
  
I thought about different phrases and one liners he could have said. I thought about what he could have called me. Bitch. Slut. Whore. Maybe he even called me a nigger. Surprisingly, every unsure thought made me even hornier.  
  
"Just cum on me please. Hurry up," I told them.  
  
Both men had pulled out their cocks and were going through the motions of masturbation as I readjusted myself so that I was closer to the action. I wanted the cum to find it's spot this time more cleanly.  
  
"Um. Yes. Two nice, juicy dicks. Giving me their fucking hot cum."  
  
They stroked faster as I talked to them. Predictable. But it was what I was counting on.  
  
"Suck it," one of the guys said, attempting to grab for my head.  
  
I backed away quick.  
  
"No," I barked. "No touching. Do not fucking touch me. All I want is your cum. On my face."  
  
Both guys seemed confused, but didn't let it stop them from beating their dicks like they were working out with Shake Weights. Chad stood lookout or something, as I cheered my sperm donors on.  
  
"You know you wanna give me your cum. You know you wanna," I teased. "Give it to me baby. Shoot it all-"  
  
Guy number one was already done, as he cringed and blew his load on my lips. Some of it even got up my nose. I guess the visual of it got guy number 2 over the edge, as he followed right along in cumming on me. It was a new experience. I had never felt two guys cumming on me at the same time. I closed my eyes so that they wouldn't get any in my eyes, especially since it seemed as if that was where they were aiming.  
  
"What the hell is this?" I heard, though I couldn't see anything. Careful not to wipe my hard earned cum off my face, I used my pinky as a windshield wiper and brushed a small bit off my eyelids. The owner of the diner was looking down at the sticky business woman that sat on her knees; me.  
  
"More cum?" I purred.  
  
I left the diner 10 minutes later coated in the cum of 5 or 6 men. I wasn't sure if the last guy had actually cum or not. Chad asked for my number, but all I gave him was my camera so he could snap a picture of me. I posed with the guys, as they asked "is this going on the internet or something?"  
  
Obviously they were nervous about being seen, but none of them had the fortitude to actually forbid me, or heavens forbid, not participate. I hurried to my car aware that the cum seemed to already be drying into my skin. I wiped my eyes again and checked the time. I still had 40 minutes before the meeting started.  
  
I ended up stopping at a gas station to get me some gum. And to show off my new makeup, hehe.  
  
Funny thing is, a guy asked me out while I stood in line with obvious signs of slutty behavior on my face. I guess men didn't really care.  
  
Driving with cum on my face was torture. Not because it felt disgusting, though it did in a very naughty way, but because I kept having the urge to lick my lips. I kept looking in my rearview and wondering how I had become so fucking slutty. So fucking awesome. So much like that fucking Lisa.  
  
The days rush had given me so much confidence. I marched from my car back into my office like the diva I was, and pretended not to notice the stares of awe that came my way. I could still feel the cum sliding down my face as I rode up the elevator to floor 4 where the meeting was being held. I tried not to laugh out loud as the two 60 year old men looked straight ahead, trying not to look at me. So stiff and boring they were, I thought as they exited on floor 2 looking like they had sticks stuck up their ass.  
  
Inside of the meeting room, I gathered my papers and made sure they were all in the correct order. Though I was playing my part of show and tell slut very well, I still had a job to do, and I was going to do it to my best ability.  
  
"Is everything going alright?" one of the ladies asked me as she looked over my face.  
  
"Yes, why?" I was all business.  
  
"What's that on...your face?"  
  
"Just a new makeup I'm trying," I smiled.  
  
She nodded her head as if that explained it. I struggled not to laugh.  
  
I delivered my speech without any problems and didn't have to imagine anyone in their underwear. The cum even started to feel a bit natural on me, like it was apart of me.They gave me a hand clap and after the meeting, I shook hands with the CEO, Vice President, and various other gray haired men.  
  
They all looked at me strangely. But no one would dare mention the elephant in the room. That they received nude pictures of me. And that I appeared to have cum smeared into my face. They just went on as if everything was normal. And know what? So did I.  
  
The day had been long. I was ready to go home, get naked, drink a class of wine, and enjoy the orgasm that I was anticipating. I was going to call Lisa and let her watch me have that mind blowing release. I was sure she would get off several times from it.  
  
As I walked to my car, the emptied parking lot still had a few stragglers, one of them Derrick. He had been waiting for me, apparently. He met me by my car, and his eyes lit up when he saw the sex juices on my face. I wasn't sure if he KNEW what he was looking at. I bet everyone that saw me wanted to think it was something else, just because it didn't seem rational that cum would really be all over me. I smiled and made sure to appear normal.  
  
"Wassup?"  
  
"You have to know that your pictures are floating around," he said. He seemed concerned.  
  
"The naughty ones? Yeah, I was told they got accidentally sent."  
  
He seemed taken back. "You're not tripping over them getting out?"  
  
He looked at my face, the cum that covered it, and then tried to hurry back to my eyes.  
  
"No crying over spilt' milk," I shrugged.  
  
He nodded. The milk comment definitely made him give my face another hard look. My pussy was on fire. He was one fine ass man. Tall and chocolate like I liked them. I always felt like he had a crush on me, but I doubted his ability to accept me. As I stood before him, I felt him processing me. Most men would have judged the shit outta me. Most women would have too. I didn't have the time or energy for those that did.  
  
"I wanted to ask. You think I could take you out some time? We could maybe go have a drink or something. Go watch the game or something."  
  
I looked at him. Was he serious? I had cum on me. Sure I had been asked out several times that day, probably because of the cum on my face, but he wasn't a stranger. Why was he asking me all of a sudden? I figured he just wanted some ass.  
  
"So you see my naked pictures, and now all of a sudden you are interested in asking me out?"  
  
He shook his head quickly. "Not at all. I've always been interested. It's just," he paused. "I know this seems like I'm being opportunistic."  
  
"Very," I said. "And although I get down. I don't get down like that."  
  
"It's not like that," he insisted. "It's just today. I saw you in a whole new light. Wait."  
  
We both started laughing.   
  
"I bet you did, punk ass."  
  
He smacked himself playfully. "I'm just saying. The way you handled yourself. Your confidence. It's so attractive."  
  
"You've never seen me confident before today?"  
  
"I have. But not like this. Seeing you handle your shit today even though, you know, it just made me realize that I needed to find the courage to finally tell you that I've been feeling you for a long time. And I would like to take you out. Start things slow. No pressure. No promises."  
  
He seemed so sincere. He seemed so sweet. Almost as sweet as guy number three's cum. I had to let him know what he was really asking for.   
  
"Derrick, I'm not a regular girl. I'm weird. I'm different. I'm a bit of a loon."  
  
He grinned and looked at my face once again. "I can see you are different. I don't care. I want to get to know you. Past this office. Get to know how loony you are."  
  
I looked at him looking at me and still respecting me, despite how fucking ridiculous I looked and decided to give it a try.  
  
I decided to take his offer. In fact, I decided that we should go out right then and there, with the cum still on my face.  
  
If he could take me serious for the date, maybe he would be worth something deeper. Then again, men did do anything for the pussy.  
  
Hell, Lisa had found someone willing to deal with her adventurous ass. Maybe I could find the same.  
  
"I gotta ask, though. What the hell is that on your face?" he asked.   
  
I laughed.   
  
"I'll give you two guesses."