**The Exhibitionist Pet**

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**The Exhibitionist Pet Pt. 01**

My name is Laura and I am a slut.

Most of you guys, think that college is a place full of cock-hungry whores. You are wrong, I am one of the only ones like that, a true exception. While I am always daydreaming about flashing or fucking, the other girls are typically being religious conservatives, or at least keeping their modesty. I am usually being judged by them because of my sex life. But you want to know a little secret? This works very well for me, because I am an exhibitionist, and the kind who gets off with exposition and humiliation.

Of course, in this kind of story everyone will be a perverted exhibitionist, at least one of the main characters have to feel a great amount of pleasure knowing strangers are getting off watching something they should not. I think perversion and sluttyness are somehow subjective. I mean, there are some religious circles where the simple act of having recreational sex with your own husband is considered a slutty thing, but I guarantee that my criteria for calling me that is pretty high.

Maybe I should present myself before I go on with the story. If you see me in the streets you will see a nineteen years old white girl with blonde hair and green eyes. You will also notice that I am 1.58 meters tall, with a big and rounded butt, big but beautiful breasts, thick thighs and, unfortunately, most of the times you will not see that I keep my pussy shaved. Other details you would miss are that I am very vain, and that if I end up noticing you looking at me, I will think about how good would be if you could see me naked.

I realized that I was a slut in high school, because I really liked it when the boys tried to do something to expose me in some sexual and vexing way. I sent nudes without my face to a high school sweetheart once, and he showed it to his friends. Kind of an asshole move, huh? Well, I thought that too at the time, but it turned me on so much that I ended up letting him be the first guy to fuck me.

I was not particularly turned on by him, not exactly. I was kind of disappointed that he had betrayed my trust and thought he was a douche by the time we had sex. What made me do it was the arousal I was getting from each look I got on the school, from thinking that each pair of eyes set on me could be one that had already seen my spread pussy and tits in his cell phone, or even have my naked body on their own devices. I realized that I wanted to receive naughty looks of people I had no intimacy with, and later I discovered that this was exhibitionism.

I also did other things, like walking around school without underwear while wearing a skirt or leggings, but these things weren't noticed by anyone other than me (I think). My exhibitionism became a problem, always demanding more exposure, and I could not fulfill his wishes.

Walking without panties and sending nudes to people were the only ways in which I could indulge in my desires, sometimes with small variations, like pulling the leggings up to make a cameltoe while walking in the streets.

It wasn't that it was totally boring. It was still better than watching a recipe program or going to church, but my sexual desires wanted exposure, or at least the risk of exposure. Fearing the consequences of something awakens a naughty side of me that pressures me to go further, and that only applies to sexual humiliation.

An orgasm is just a an orgasm, but an orgasm after sending a picture of my naked body to a random Whatsapp number adds a psychological pleasure in which I'm addicted. Because of that I even bought a new chip for my phone and used it to send pictures of my pussy to random strangers when I was alone and horny.

There's even a really cool story from me before I finished high school. I was already eighteen and it was the last month of school, and in the next few years I would go to college and never see the people of my city again. Knowing this, I decided to say goodbye to that life in style, so I set up a plan.

I printed pictures of myself where I was in the bedroom naked with my legs open to the mirror showing my pussy and my breasts, and just my face was hidden. I could still see the tip of my hair, my room and some clothes in the back, but I thought that it would not be enough to let anyone identify me.

Well, during late night, taking advantage on the fact that I lived in a calm and secure neighborhood, I left my house dressed in small shorts and a t-shirt and walked for like twenty minutes until I reached a public park close to my school. I left all the nude pictures on some benches and went home. I had no idea what would happen from there, but I was willing to take the risk for the slutty exhibitionism kicks.

Well, the other day what happened was that in school some guys were commenting some pictures they found going to school, some nice pair of tits and spread pink pussy that a pervert must have forgotten. There were even some of those pics being shared around the school, boys showing to other boys, and I found myself very aroused by knowing that people were looking my naked body without even knowing it was their hot classmate. Even better, people from outside probably had most of my pics, and I would not even know who was jerking to it.

I was even afraid that some of the guys who had seen my nudes would recognize me, but if they did, they did not spread the correct identification, at least to my knowledge. But that does not mean that my pussy did not get wet from this event. I loved it all, and masturbated furiously that night, and during many others.

This had been my biggest adventure up to that time. Practically something to celebrate the end of one stage of my life and take me to the next, where I would be in college and would have freedom to explore my desires.

In college everything was new. I was far from my parents rules and could try anything I wanted. For you to have an idea I smoked marijuana, used cocaine (once), had a threesome with two men and went to parties in the first month. It was much better than I imagined, at least for a while.

The problem with such a life is that you are no longer limited by the rules of others, but because of the consequences. Marijuana got boring for me and parties every day left me totally destroyed for classes, since I usually drink a lot. Fucking guys was still nice, but having to deal with them later was unpleasant.

About sex, I am straight, but I like cock, not men, so I ended up choosing to use only tinder and parties to find dicks, because the guys from there are the ones who typically come to my house, use me and disappear from my life.

That "use" denounced me, right? I like to be treated roughly in casual sex, like an object. I will always choose to be offended and spanked and having to masturbate later in order to reach an orgasm, then making sweet love and cumming in a bed full of petals. Also, since I would not see the guy again, I could indulge in my humiliation fetish in a relatively secure way for my reputation.

From my point of view, humiliation fits in everything that is sexual. It's kind of a sauce, you know? I have dreams and goals that need me to have a normal life, but part of me always wished to go further than the social boundaries allows, and I mean public nudity, public sex and internet exposure.

That may be why my greatest passion is exhibitionism. Having sex with an older, married guy is something that could make me be seen as some kind of victim, but posting nudes on the internet would make everyone think I'm a slut, and this negative view of society weighs heavily on how much I love exposing myself, even if not in the intensity I would like to.

I wouldn't want to be a sex worker because I imagine that, being a profession, the feeling of humiliation would go away quickly. Of course, a radical religious would still consider me a depraved whore, but I like to know that I'm risking all my social bonds when I try something obscene. I don't care if some crucifixion fetish freaks hate me because of a short skirt, but I love to be called a slut by regular people with no mental disorders, like I would if I could walk naked at daylight.

In college, more specifically at college parties, I did my bit of naughty things, but the most relevant to this story was what led me to escalate my exhibitionism to the point where I started to border on insanity. It all started at a party where I was drunk and horny (as I usually am in parties) in the end of my freshman year.

The scenario was a house full of college students drinking cheap booze and flirting, and in the middle of these people was me, beautiful, hot and naughty, kissing every handsome guy I could find. One of these was more daring and took me to a not-so-dark corner where some people smoked marijuana to spice things up.

Well, he gave a little show for the stoners there, sticking two fingers in my pussy and masturbating me in front of them without worrying about my modesty, which is reasonable, because I also didn't cared about it. All that mattered at the moment was having a semi-public orgasm while fingerbanged by a guy I met minutes earlier.

Just before my moment of greatest happiness, a girl appeared and, claiming to be his girlfriend, ended up pulling him away with my juices still on his fingers and leaving me frustrated behind.

My orgasm had been lost because I didn't had the courage to finish the job by myself, but I was still paralyzed like a deer in the light for a few seconds. Bottomless, with my shorts on my ankles and my wet pussy exposed to those guys who shared a marijuana cigarette among themselves.

I have to confess that I could have dressed quickly, but I let the stoners take a peek of my slit for a while just to get some consolation prize. I ended up getting dressed when more people entered that dark corner, and was so frustrated that I left the party, going home on foot.

Well, in the path to my house I was horny, frustrated and drunk, which made me have a great idea when I passed a public square near my home.

Well, it was one thing to masturbate at the party, but it was another to masturbate in a dark, tree-filled place. Looking around quickly I convinced myself that there was no one around and went into that dark place to masturbate a little, just because it was in public and would be a risky and naughty thing to do.

To be honest, I thought it was safe. I couldn't be seen from the street at all, so it was a feeling of risk without any real danger.

I sat on the floor next to a tree, removed my shorts clumsily and inserted two fingers in my wet pussy while my other hand went to my tits, playing with my already hard nipples. I felt like a true exhibitionist.

The night air was touching all my body, even the pinky bits, and I closed my eyes to hear the sound of cars in the distance, although I ended up focusing only on the wet sounds of my frenetic fingers touching my spot inside my wet hole.

While I was distracted fantasizing about what had happened, the cheated girlfriend appeared, catching me in that shameful situation while pointing a cell phone at me, taking pictures with flash.

"You bitch! You destroy my relationship and then masturbate to it in the woods? What kind of freak are you?" she said, with furious eyes. I didn't know what to say, I was drunk and in a situation I would never have imagined, so I stayed in stupor while she took more compromising pictures. "Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to put these pictures on the internet with your name, you filthy whore! I will ruin your life."

I believed her, since she had everything she needed to fulfill that promise, and decided that, since I was in her hands, I would submit without resisting.

"Please, I will do anything you want, but don't show it to anyone." I said, thinking about how my life could be destroyed by that and still practically naked on the floor, with my heart beating fast as my pussy still gushing. She angrily said "give me your cell phone." and I obeyed.

She checked it for a few minutes, seeing my Facebook, Whatsapp, fetish forums, my nudes, my favorites and realizing what is obvious, I am into exhibitionism. "So you are an exhibitionist and a whore?" she said, fiddling with my cell phone while hers were making message noises. "I could expose you right now, but I want to do something even more fun, so lose your clothes."

"Please be reasonable," I said, desperate, but she replied, "If you don't undress in thirty seconds, I'll send all of this to your parents," referring to the pictures she had just taken. I obeyed, taking off my blouse and shorts, becoming completely nude while hearing more pictures being taken.

"Now I want something special. We are going to record everything, and you will act like the stupid little bitch you are, okay? I want you answering everything I ask like if you loved to be nude in the streets, because I know you do, and I want you to do everything I say with a smile in your face, and if you don't, I will just post anything I got of you in every dirty site, Whatsapp group and make sure that your name, college and address will appear in everyone of these places. Got it, Laura Moreira?" she said in a sadistic way. "Okay, whatever you say." I replied, naked and scared of how close I was to being exposed (and also how much I was getting turned on by that).

Once she turned on the camera to film she said in a sympathetic tone "Laura, are you naked in public again? Someone may see you, girl." I noticed her change of tone, swallowed any pride and dignity I had and replied, "It was such a warm and beautiful night, I couldn't waste it at home, or clothed." as if public masturbation was routine for me. "But did you really need to come and masturbate in a place like this? Imagine if wasn't me finding you there. Some random guy could be pounding your pussy. Well, in fact you probably would love that. Am I right?" she said with joy, forcing me to confirm her assumption. "Oh, girlfriend, you know me so well. I did wish for someone to see me. What is the fun of life when no one watches me fingering my pussy? And you know how much I love sex with strangers." I said, noticing my kink side taking over. "Then we should go to somewhere else, a brighter place with more people. Somewhere like that avenue I passed while I was following you." she said, determined to humiliate me and turning the switch of my exhibitionism completely on.

Once on the street she asked "What do you think we should do now, Laura? Do you have any ideas?" Trying to resist my own perverted wishes I said "Maybe I should go home," but she didn't like it.

"What do you mean? Weren't you saying you wanted to masturbate in an even more public place? There's a really cool avenue that's pretty close to us, one that should still have some cars right now, even if few by your standards." she said, inducing me.

I didn't had the strength to resist, so I accepted it, "It looks good! Shall we go?" was my words, and I wasn't as sad as I should have been in that context. "Yes, we shall, but because would be a sin to waste your idea, let's make this a two parts dare. After the avenue, you masturbate in front of your house too. Okay? I know you would like to." she made the proposal, probably thinking I would protest somehow. Well, I didn't. "That would be wonderful." was my answer to her frightening, and also exciting, idea.

I was truly afraid of what would happen, my heart was beating furiously and, while I had fantasized with something like that before, it was a completely new situation for me. We left the relatively safe square behind, along with my clothes and even my house keys, to walk to the avenue, with me completely naked on a very bright street under the orders of a sadistic stranger cheated girlfriend.

The flow of cars was small due to the time, and we didn't saw any other pedestrian at first, but someone could see me, and I was fully aware that one person with a phone was enough to make my naked body be around the internet forever. At the same time I had the perfect excuse to embrace my fetishes recklessly, well, not a good excuse for my family and friends since I don't think they would go any easy on me if I defended myself with "That girl made me do it because she caught me masturbating in public after I almost had sex with her boyfriend who I barely met." but a good excuse to convince myself nonetheless.

You see, in my mind there wasn't anything I could do, and even if I couldn't just turn off my worries about going viral, I wanted her to force me into shameful situations that I wouldn't be brave enough to get into by myself. I could try to be rational, but my pussy drooled with my feeling of shame and fear, even hoping that she hated me to the point of not giving a damn about how things might resonate and impact my personal life, as if wasn't me who would be stuck in that life later.

We both walked to the avenue, but she stopped recording the walk. I think she just wanted to save the memory for the most humiliating part of the journey. Of course, I was still drunk, at least a little, but at that moment I was living my biggest kink. The night wind hitting my exposed, wet and needy pussy reassured me that, even if I could, I would never forgive myself if I left.

The path we had to follow was about four hundred meters long, and that is not a short distance when you are naked. The girl was quiet during most of it, probably still thinking about the betrayal she suffered or what she would do to me. That couldn't be a good sign for my modesty, I thought.

A little before reaching the avenue my biggest fear and desire happened, we saw a human figure approaching us. I thought about asking to change paths, due to the risk of facing a strange man in a desert dark street, but I didn't think she would accept it, so I resigned myself to the fact that he would see and kept my degrading march in his direction.

As we got closer to each other I realized he was a boy about my age, thin, brown and kind of ugly by my standards, a guy with absolutely nothing special in him, except by his luck. When he saw me his eyes widened, and he made a shy smile that reflected how he had no idea how to behave. Me? My heart got crazy, my legs shook and I was paralyzed. I had been seen by a totally random guy.

"Why did you stop, bitch? Do you want to ask him for some fingering? Maybe beg?" the girl wuestioned me, loudly, trying to increase my humiliation in front of him by making me behave like a sub. She succeeded, I got scared, and begged for her "Please don't," but she laughed seeing my pathetic behavior. "Are you sure? Well, give the boy a show at least. I know you want to stick a few fingers in your pussy to get a taste of what you're going to do in a little while." she suggested, in fact, ordered me while laughing of my predicament.

Well, I was in no position to refuse anything so the next thing the guy saw was my legs spreading and my left hand reaching my pussy to stick two fingers in my wet and warm insides. That was so intense. I felt a little shame for how easily my fingers glided inside me, a little shame on top of how ashamed I was by my public masturbation.

"Don't hold back your moans, you retarded whore, and wish him good night as if you were a polite cunt!" was her kind words to support me in such a risky moment. And that was kind of useless, I would moan even if she hadn't told me to. My self-control was almost gone and it wasn't as if it would be a silent moment anyway. Even if I kept my mouth shut, fingering my pussy was already making wet noises that announced how much I was getting off by all that situation.

He looked at me as if really shocked of how low I was presenting myself, and to be honest not even I believed I could do something that degrading without crying and running home, but his look broke me a bit, and I lowered my head in embarrassment.

Well, the girl didn't want me to feel less embarrassed. "Keep eye contact, bitch, or it will be worse!" she threatened, making me look him in the eye, because my fear or obedience to her were, apparently, bigger then my self-preservation and dignity.

Now I had one more reason to be ashamed, my face showing how much pleasure I was getting from the fingers in my pussy, well, from that and the general situation.

"Good night," I said to him in a breathless way, between moans while he passed me without dignifying me with any response. The tension was palpable. Maybe he was some kind of puritan, or just really shy, but I felt just too worthless.

In my mind he didn't even thought I deserved a response. The shame made me even more aroused, and I continued with my fingers stuck in my pinky insides, moaning recklessly as he walked by his path, taking distance from what he probably thought was a crazy bimbo with no self-respect (and I can't say he would be wrong to think that). "Stop it. He's already gone. Save some for the people who will see you later!" the girl said, preventing me from cumming the third time of the day.

When we finally reached the avenue it was empty, and I didn't knew if I preferred that way or not. "You want a lighted place, right?" the girl said to me while I noticed that I was being recorded again. "Yes ma'am. That would make easier to see me." I replied submissively without even thinking. "Then that point looks perfect." she said pointing to a spot at the center of illuminated bus stop.

My next movements were totally on autopilot. My legs carried me to the bus stop, I knelt with legs spread and stuck three fingers of my right hand into my cunt while rubbing my clit with my left. "Wow, are you really eager, huh?" she said, giving me the chance to increase my humiliation. I took the bait and replied "I would do this even during daytime if I were this horny." between moans.

She was kind of shocked at how much I was joining her in this sadistic game, and decided to see how far I could get. "Let's do it this way. You have to be seen by at least three people. After that you can enjoy yourself, but there is one thing, each car counts as one person, regardless of the number of passengers, and will only count if he stops to see you." she proposed in a professorial tone, knowing that I couldn't refuse. The problem is that my most depraved persona had taken over me. I didn't wanted to refuse her idea, but to make it worse. "Can I make it five people?" I asked.

The wait for the first person was not long. Maybe a minute or two and a pair of headlights were already visible in the distance. I didn't want to leave anymore, even knowing that I should. Maybe this persona was just me trying to believe that I was in control of my exposure, but it felt more like I had gave up of trying to preserve myself. I wasn't trying to look okay with showing off, I just wanted to feel good, and showing off in a totally unhealthy way would help me in that. I wanted to masturbate and be seen, and I got my wish as the car slowed and stopped in front of me. A woman of about fifty years old opened the window and looked with disgust to the naked blonde bimbo who didn't seemed to have any problem with baring her tits and fingering her cunt in a public place.

Her look got into my nerves, judging me so low that, even in that state of arousal, a small part of me got intimidated. "Tell her that you are not a prostitute, just a cock-hungry student having fun." the girl told me to do, looking behind her cell phone. I knew being a student was somehow worse. A prostitute would at least be after money, could have financial needs or a sad story that justified the need to do something so obscene, so humiliating. Not a fetishist student, who was just a girl with no self-respect in a quest for sexual pleasure. But the idea was to make it worse, right? So why not make it even worse then the girl orders.

"I'm not a prostitute, I am just a cock-hungry normal girl who loves to show off. Take a pic if you like." I screamed a little breathlessly. The woman just responded calling me exactly what I am, "You dirty bitch." and then left me and my loud display of depravity behind. "I hope she doesn't think I'm your friend, Laura. It would be humiliating for me." the girl said, and I knew I had to agree.

It took a while for someone else to arrive, and since I was already close to cumming, I had to hold on and keep edging. The problem? I get even more reckless when I am edging. "Please, let me cum." I asked the girl who had practically become my owner. She laughed and said "No, Laura. Hold it until five people see you. You demanded that. In fact, you can only cum if the fifth person, or people in a car, give the permission after you beg him (or them) to let you come." and she paused, thinking a bit about how to make it worse, and proposed, "But let's spice up a bit, okay? The next person who sees you will hear from your mouth that you are a dirty slut who wants to come in public."

Again I would be an agent in my own degradation. "Thanks for the suggestion, I will love to say that." I answered.

When the next car came, in like two minutes, I wasn't making that much noise anymore because I was trying to slow down. That doesn't mean I changed my degrading position, my knees were still spread, to make my pussy as visible as my face and tits. The car stopped in front of me, but this time the window was dark and didn't opened, so I couldn't even see to who I was humiliating myself.

The fact that the person, or people, inside the car could see all of me while I had no idea of them made me even more aroused, to the point of forgetting my "suggestion" and just smile to it. "Now," the cheated girlfriend said to me, reminding me of my commitment, and once I was reminded I instantly screamed at the top of my lungs "I'm a dirty slut that wants to come in public."

My degrading announcement softened the heart of the people inside the car. First I heard them laughing of me and soon after that the window opened a bit, not enough to see someone from inside but just enough to fit half a phone, specifically the part with the camera lens, pointed to me.

Someone with a female voice shouted from inside "Can you repeat that?"

God, I had no idea who they were and what they would do with that, but I sure wanted to repeat myself for them, in fact, knowing that I was being filmed, I screamed "I'm a dirty slut that wants to come in public." and instantly heard they mocking and laughing even more of me as they left, but I wasn't worried. Instead I was wondering if I could humiliate myself further than that.

I also had a problem growing. Edging is so difficult when you are doing it in public and gets horny by debasing yourself. I had to stay alert to keep myself from approaching or distancing from my orgasm. If I wasn't into submission and orgasm denial I would have came even if it meant disobeying the girl, but that would be worthy, because holding it was building a really powerful orgasm inside of me. I could feel that.

A group of young people about my age appeared later. From the distance I could see that they were three girls and one boy, much likely students from my college, but they were on the other side of the avenue and pretty far away, yet. "Ask them to come closer and see you, bitch." I heard from the betrayed girl's mouth, wanting me to find true humiliation. "I was planning to," I responded, smiling to the camera.

I knew what asking them to come closer meant. If they wanted to, they could take pics and videos and show my degrading display to everyone in my university. It would be seen by people who knew me, and due to my sluttyness, there are a lot of people who would love to fill every porn site with my face and name, and since I am in public there wouldn't even be any crime in doing it.

Do I cared? No. I had no self-respect at that time. Not even a tiny bit of it. I assume I was scared, but it was the kind of fear you have before jumping to the air in hang-gliders or parachutes. Butterflies in the stomach wouldn't stop me.

"Hey, come see me, please." I shouted at them as they were closer, hoping they would accept my invite, but they just laughed instead of crossing the street. "Please. I want to be seen." I repeated, louder this time, but they didn't approached me or responded, just increased the speed of their walk, probably thinking I was part of any scam. I just watched as they disappeared in a nearby street, frustrated that they weren't interested in debase me.

"Too bad, they didn't come. I don't think they saw you properly, so it won't count. You need three more." the girl warned me.

Soon another car came, a precarious one. He stopped beside me and I saw the female driver looking, laughing and pulling out her cell phone to take a picture of me. The girl with me walked away, not wanting to appear in the picture, a true contrast with me, since I just smiled naughtly. She left right after the photo, without giving me time to say anything demeaning about myself.

The next car also had dark glass, but he didn't let me have fun. I was very ready to tell the driver to grab my tits, but he only stopped a little bit. I wanted to be touched, so I got on my feet to walk to him, but before I could take a step he almost gave me a heart attack by honking loudly, and sadly, left right after it. After that I thought by a moment that someone from the nearby houses would come and see what had happened, but sadly, no one did.

Then I realized that the next car would be the one who could allow me to come. I wanted my orgasm so hard by that moment that I would do anything to get it, literally anything. If the person wanted me to post myself naked on my Facebook, I would. If wanted to fuck me, I would accept too. Anything that didn't implied in mutilation or scat was fair game for me. As I realized how much I was willing to do, I saw the headlights of a car approaching, soon I would be begging for permission to come to a total stranger, and I was so happy for this. Nothing could stop me from cumming soon. Right?

Wrong. That car came, stopped, looked at me and left in a matter of seconds. I didn't even had time to know if was a man or a woman driving.

The next one took a long time to appear. Probably something around three minutes, and anyone who tried edging know that three minutes is an eternity. I was feeling truly tortured by the waiting, ready to beg to the girl for the possibility to cum making anything else, but as if she had read my mind she said "Just one more, bitch. Then you will be begging to come in front of a stranger."

When the car finally came, he stopped right next to me. I noticed that there were two guys in it, and they appeared to have about thirty years old or more. The driver was very pretty, a bearded guy who was just my type. The other one was on the other end of specter, fat and ugly. I instantly got up and jumped on the passenger window.

"Please let me come. Please," I said to those two strangers, smiling from ear to ear as if I wasn't humiliating myself for them. "What?" the fat guy in the passenger seat said, not knowing exactly what I wanted. "I need your permission to come due to a game I'm playing right now. Please, let me come. I will do anything you want for that." I said in my desperate tone, reflecting how needy I was for the much awaited orgasm.

The passenger seat man noticed the possibilities of the "anything" and his eyes sparkled. "Would you suck my dick?" he said, making me even hornier. Without asking the girl, I said "I would love to." and I meant it, although I expected him to ask for even more.

"Will you want it too, bro?" he said to the driver, offering me as he opened the door and I jumped to his leap. Sadly the pretty driver denied me the taste of his prick saying "I can't, man. If my girlfriend finds out I would be fucked." I even insisted, saying "Please, no one will tell her. I'm a good cock-sucker, I promise.", unzipping the ugly passenger pants eagerly. "Sorry, babe, but I really can't." he said, denying me his shaft again while I was stuffing my mouth with his friend dick without even knowing his name.

Remember when I said I didn't liked man, but loved penis? That never meant that I wasn't selective about who would fuck me, after all I had very handsome options who wanted the chance to make me cum.

Yet, here I was, with the penis of a really ugly man in my mouth. His belly was big to the point of making harder to bounce my head while sucking his dick. His dick was even worst, with the taste of his glans denouncing that he was the kind of guy who don't use toilet paper, just shakes after pissing.

In another situation he wouldn't even have the guts to talk to me, but now I was pleasing him while rubbing my clit. Loving how much I had debased myself in just one night.

I wasn't even paying attention to anything else. I heard laughter and dirty comments from the guys and the girl saying my name and that I was fine with them filming me giving head, but those were only parts of a conversation about me that lasted minutes. My focus was only in bouncing my head to make him come faster, and I only stopped once, when the fat guy lifted my head to show my face to the cell phone held by the driver. I smiled to it, he took one shot, I took my tongue out and licked the head of the passenger dick, he took another, and then I was back to work as if nothing had happened.

Soon I felt his dick spurt the white milk I needed so much. "Take it all in your mouth and show us before you swallow it, Laura." The passenger said. I cleaned his dick the best I could with my mouth filled, looked at the camera and opened it, showing the sticky cum insite. "Nasty." the driver said, while laughing and taking a pic centimeters from my face. I closed my mouth and swallowed, opening again and letting him take another pic. "Good girl," the passenger said.

"Okey, babe, how about you end cleaning my dick and then start begging for permission to cum again?" he said. I didn't even responded, my mouth just went to his dick for the last time of the night cleaning it as if my life depended on that. Once he was already soft he said "Now, beg!" and I dropped to the floor, kneeling and rubbing my face on his soft dick and balls while looking at the camera, just because I thought it would be more degrading.

Now I really wanted to humiliate myself the most I could, so I started begging "Please, sir, let me cum. I want so much. Don't make me wait too much, please." kissing his dick while I waited for an answer. "Say your name to the camera and then what you thought of my dick." he ordered me, probably testing how low I could go. I wouldn't let this be over like this, so I just went with the flow.

"My name is Laura, sir, Laura Moreira, but you may call me anything you want. Whore, slut, bitch, cock-sucker... I love being called all those things because I am each one of them, except by whore because I degrade myself for free. And about your cock, he is amazing. It was a great honor for a stupid slut like me to suck such an amazing dick." I said, sounding desperate and sucking his hairy balls in the end.

"So, how about this, if you log in your Facebook account using my cell phone and beg me to post this video on your feed I will let you cum. Okay?" he said, really trying to test my limits, but I didn't chickened out.

He gave me his cell phone, still recording, and I lifted my head, logged on my account with him, gave the device back and started begging, "Please, sir, post my degrading video in my Facebook. I want everyone I know to see how much of a whore I am. Please, I not only give my permission, but I beg you to do it. Pleeeease, I want to cum so hard. Let me do it, I don't mind if you humiliate me. In fact, I beg you to expose all the things I did. May I cum now, sir?"

"Yes, go ahead. Cum knowing that everyone you know will see it." he said, making me the happiest girl alive.

I started rubbing my clit and screaming "Thanks, sir." while moaning loudly. I knew I was ruined, and I really loved that. The phones were still pointed at me, and even other cars were passing and seeing me in that situation, but none of those things were stopping me from cumming.

I lost my voice, my heart almost jumped out of my mouth and I laid on my back on the sidewalk. I was finally having my orgasm, and it was the best of my life. It probably took something around ten seconds, but felt like an eternity of joy and deagradation. A level of pleasure only made possible by all my effort to debase myself. Everything I did was worth it, at least that's what I felt until the orgasm subdued and my mind went back to normal.

I think it took me like five minutes to get up after that. Five minutes where my legs were spread in front of two guys and a girl that wanted to ruin me.

"Really nice, Laura. I loved to meet you." the passenger said, being hurried by the driver. I wasn't sure if I wanted to know the answer at that point, but I asked him "H-have you posted the video on my feed?"

He just smiled for a few seconds, feeling how nervous I was, and said "No. I just said that because seemed like something that would make you enjoy your moment a bit more. I logged out right after you came, but I added myself as friend, just in case you want to do something like this anytime soon." sound like a really cool guy.

After that he said goodbye to me and the girl. God, I didn't even knew any of their names at that point.

Well, I was a bit relieved that at least two of the people with pictures and videos of me wasn't going to post it online. The bad side was that at least four other people had enough material to ruin me, and one of them was with me right now.

"May I go home now?" I asked the blackmailer girl, tired and worried about how much I had already exposed myself. "Yeah, you may. You still have an appointment there. Don't you remember?"

God, I had forgotten that. Masturbating right in front of my house looked like a very bad idea, but also an exciting one.

I was already feeling my horniness come back, weaker then before, but pressing me to do this last humiliating bidding of the night, or at least what I thought would be the last.

This time the path was uneventful, except for the normal fear of an old lady deciding to have some fresh air or something like that. On the way I asked to get my key and clothes from the square. The girl decided that I could only get one, so I choose the keys, but she took them for herself instead of letting me carry it. Was she planning to leave me nude in the streets until the sunrise? I honestly didn't know, but wouldn't doubt that.

Soon we arrived, and being naked in front of the house wasn't feeling as humiliating as masturbating in the avenue earlier. I didn't know any of the neighbors, except for occasional glances in the street, but the chance of one of them seeing me fully nude and tell the others made me horny and afraid.

"Hurry up, bitch. I know you want to." she said, too loud for an silent empty street. Do you know what's worse? She was right. My pussy was already drooling, even though I had just came in public. Well, I didn't want to be exposed on the internet after I literally gave permission for her to do it, so I knelt and started masturbating.

My masturbation went on with me being recorded. I felt very kinky for doing that in such a dangerous place, but not even close to how I felt in the avenue earlier. The feeling that anyone could appear and warn the neighborhood wasn't nearly as intense as the feeling of being recorded naked by strangers.

I came in something like eight minutes, and I didn't tried to be quiet about it, since I think the girl would know if I stifled my moans. This orgasm was good, but not nearly as intense as the one in the avenue.

Was I crazy by missing the sensation I had earlier? Would I like to do all that again? I wasn't sure yet. Maybe I needed psychological help instead of crazy sex adventures, but part of me really wanted just the crazy sex adventures.

I even ended up disappointed that nothing had happened. The girl noticed that, and said "Don't be sad. I promise that I will make you do all your kink bullshit in an even worst place. I am just really tired right now."

Do you want to know what scared me more? That sounded comforting to me.

"One last photo." she said, "Just get on your knees in the middle of the street and make something really nasty."

I obeyed, smiling to her while she eternalized that display of how slutty I am. When she showed me I saw my slutty smile, with my tongue out and rolled eyes, and three fingers inside my cunt. God, I loved it so much. Part of me wished I could show it to regular people.

"This one goes to your Tinder profile." she said, and seeing my eyes widen, she added "Don't worry. I will cover your face. It's just for me to choose some men for you. Someone to fuck you properly so you don't go around messing with other girl's boyfriends." I didn't know if it made it worse or better, and thought about asking her to forgive me about all the boyfriend thing, but she dismissed me shortly afterwards, indifferent to my dilemma. In fact, she just threw my keys at me my keys and said, "I already marked my number on your cell phone. We are going to talk soon. You costed a shitty boyfriend, and now you will be my naughty pet."

Later I checked my phone. Her name was Amanda, and I wasn't sure if I hated her.

**The Exhibitionist Pet Pt. 02**

Amanda was no longer angry with me because of her ex-boyfriend, who apparently cheated on her constantly, but that didn't mean she was letting me go unpunished. It wasn't about revenge anymore, was about fun, sadistic fun and the desire to humiliate me just to see how far I would go, but who am I to judge after everything I did. Right?

Three days after the daring adventure on the avenue, I was still shocked by how far I had gone and afraid to be recognized by someone, but that did not made my "owner" take pity on me.

She made me a profile in a dating app, one where I was naked in front of my house in the main photo and only my face was censored (and when I say that it is literally just my face, because even my hair was visible). To be truly honest, she made two, but the first one, on Tinder was taken down because of nudity. Even though it's an adult app, they didn't want my tits and pussy exposed for their clients, so she found a second, and more permissive, dating app. In my profile she wrote that I wanted new experiences, that I looked for different men, with little care about appearances and a series of other euphemisms for "college girl looking for ugly men to fuck her."

With the profile done, and the flashy pictures, she had a lot of options to work with, and was able to choose the cream of the crop of ugliness for me, a fat black man of seventy-three years old. Then she talked with him pretending to be me, and promised that she would do some really nasty things... I mean... promised that I would.

She didn't even allowed me to see the man she picked, just some parts of the conversation where she asked the old man to film me during sex and where he described himself. I couldn't even imagine what it would be like to fuck with with someone old enough to be my grandfather. I had even sucked a very ugly guy on the avenue, but that was different... I wouldn't be drunk this time, not with alcohol at least, but Amanda said it wasn't negotiable, and I knew she could put her footages of me on the internet with little to no problem, since I had allowed in my horny mood, and since it was all in public, so I gave in to her orders.

When the day came, she told me that I should receive him naked, walk to him and open the front gate of my house without a stitch of clothes (in my country we have gates because safety is a real issue).

I thought about complaining, but since I would already fuck a total stranger, the situation seemed surreal enough to make baring my tits and pussy a few seconds in my almost always empty street look like a small problem. I was just hoping that my street would be empty as usually is during mid-afternoon, which was the time he would meet me.

It's weird to say that, but I was kind of looking forward to his arrival. I would like to say that it was because I wanted to end it right away, but the real thing was that it was humiliating to the point that my kinky part loved it, even if I wanted to keep it controlled.

But don't think I was confortable with the situation. I surely felt self-conscious and kind of abused, but holy shit, I was about to make amateur porn with a guy I hadn't even seen. I was scared, even disgusted, but my pussy betrayed me, gushing while I waited sitting on my couch like a good girl, a naked and wet good girl.

My cell phone rang once before his arrival, and was a message from Amanda saying "don't forget to stay in character, bitch. I want him comfortable and happy with you." Well, I had no option but to obey that sadistic brat and dive even more in my troublesome situation.

In fact, I would be being dishonest if I said just that. Remember my persona on the avenue? It was like she was pressuring me to do Amanda's bidding. I knew Amanda would get the video, and this "super perverted Laura" inside me wanted to give her everything. Humiliating photos and videos starring myself, anything she could use to blackmail me and compel me into doing even worse things was fair game for this dark side of me.

Well, he arrived minutes after the scheduled time, and all my description of him seemed like an understatement. He was really fat, porky, the type with a double chin. Other then that he was black, bald, with a mustache, and his outfit was dress pants, a sweater and a shirt, an old man's outfit that screamed "grandpa" and seemed like too much cloth for the very hot weather we had at the time.

I saw him through the window and wanted to give up, maybe call Amanda and ask for anything else, but my fear of Amanda's blackmail and, in a smaller degree, my perverted side, pushed me into meeting him, even knowing that it meant have sex with a guy who was more than three times my age.

It took all my bravery, but I left my front door naked, ashamed of him and afraid of a neighbor seeing me in that kind of act. The old man smiled as he noticed, and to pretend that I was enjoying what I saw, I smiled back. Amanda had told me that "I" had promised to make any fetish of him come true, and if his fetish involve going on top I would have serious problems since, from what I could see, he weighed at least 120 kilos, maybe more.

When I opened the gate for him he said "wow, you are my granddaughter's age," as if he wanted to make it even weirder, and then he slapped my ass saying "but she isn't this hot!"

In that small time with him he managed to make me disgusted with his personality too, instead of only with his old wrinkly body. It was like I had nowhere to hold on to stay wet, but I did. I was so damn horny to be treated like an object by someone so hideous, someone who, in normal conditions, would never have a chance with a girl like me without expending a small fortune...

I closed the gate and led him to my room. There I saw that he already had his cell phone in hand, filming me, and he probably recorded me from some interesting angles as I led him upstairs. My first instinct was to complain the violation of my privacy, but then I remembered that I had no privacy anymore, Amanda had allowed him do that, well, "I" had allowed him to do that... but if he would have a record, I wanted one too. I handed him my cell phone and asked him to shoot me with both. I'm not sure why I asked that, but I think was partly to not have to speculate what he saw.

Then I started to undress him, even if we hadn't talked properly, and for the first time I smelled a strong scent of sweat. Even prostitutes ask their clients to take a shower before the sex, but I wanted to get over with it soon, so I said nothing, just knelt and took off his pants and underpants while he took off his shirt.

His body was even worse naked. He obviously didn't shave in ages, his pubes smelled sweat even harder and he looked even fatter. His dick was small, not following the stereotype of a black guy, and he had that fat groin that makes the dick look even smaller, you know? He even had tits bigger than mines.

But that didn't stop me. I got on my knees, took one last look at that depressing sight and started to suck. The taste of his cock was bad, a bit sour at first, and with the smell of sweat that was impregnated in that hairy groin the situation became even more disgusting. "I came right after my work, as you asked," he said, making me realize that the lack of hygiene was intentional, and he thought I had asked for it.

The problem is, I was getting more excited about it. It was humiliating, degrading, and, despite that, or even because of that, part of me loved it. Maybe it was harder for my perverted side to take control when I'm sober, but at least a little part of him escaped and I said, looking at the cameras he held "yummy."

It was risky, I know, but I was so horny by doing that in front of cameras, specially while they were recording my face. I didn't even know what Amanda had promised him, but I was sucking and licking his dick heartily for a few minutes, until he sat on my bed, with that stinky body soiling my sheet, and pushed my face down, leaving my mouth on the level of his balls.

If the dick was already unpleasant, the balls were even grosser because of the hair, but I understood his message and did what he wanted. My lips opened and my tongue went out, licking his scrotum and sometimes sucking an entire testicle. "You really like that, don't you, naughty?" he asked me.

"I don't like it, I love it, sir." I replied submissively.

The worst thing is that I don't know if I was really faking it at the time, and understand that it means that I didn't know if I was enjoying that gruesome situation that I should hate under any circumstances. Was I discovering that I love to do disgusting things? It seems like the kind of thing a psychologist would study, or a philosopher, but I didn't have time to be conflicted, I had an old pervert to pleasure.

Well, maybe I don't have the morals to call someone a pervert. What hypocrisy on my part, especially with what happened shortly after that. Almost like a final test he laid on his back on my bed. I innocently thought about getting up and riding him but then my surprise came. He raised his legs and looked at me in a very special, almost romantic way, while saying "eat my ass, bitch."

My eyes widened. Did Amanda promised that for him? God, it was grotesque, disgusting, hideous... and yet I wanted to put my mouth there. I wanted to eat his ass looking at the camera and in the most humiliating way possible. Part of me was trying to resist, remembering that I didn't even know his name, that in that embarrassing situation he had barely spoken to me... but I had an urge to humiliate myself further, and this urge kept getting my face close to his ass.

"Smell it before, bitch," he said with the delicacy of a horse... but the delicacy of a horse worked well with me. I had already felt the smell from where I was, confirming that it stank, as expected. Not in an eschatological sense, but it was still disgusting anyway. Still, I wanted to make a scene, so I took a deep breath with my nose touching one inch above his asshole, looked at the camera and smiled.

"Did you like it, Laura?" he asked, mocking me while saying my name on video.

"yes, sir." I replied

"I'm proud of you, my asslicker slut." He said then, not trying to be gentle, but offensive.

I knew his intention, it was clear, but damn, when he said he was proud of me, I smiled, and it was a sincere smile caught by the cameras.

That unconscious smile made me question my sanity, but I still consciously answered "Thank you, sir," and was kind of sincere. Was I proud to be an asslicker slut? I wasn't sure. All I knew was that I was eagerly exploring his buttcrack with my tongue and lips, and I wasn't sure if I would stop even if Amanda herself walked through the door and said that I didn't need to.

"I would be very ashamed if I were your father," he said after every hair around his butthole was already wet with my saliva, and that made me feel really ashamed, he had made me think about my father in that situation, my father who was paying me my college and my house rent, but that lasted a few seconds.

"I don't mind embarrassing myself and my family if I can lick your tasty hairy ass, sir." I replied looking at the cameras right after the initial shock subdued and the excitement took over.

I was feeling good just seeing how low I was going for him, a stranger I was fucking right after meeting and who saw me as a sex toy that didn't deserve respect. I stretched out my arm and started jerking him off, being careful not to obstruct the view the cameras would have of my face tucked between his buttocks, and the feel of his cock hard and covered in pre-cum sent jolts through my body. He thought I was a dirty slut and I was flattered by it, and also obsessed with proving not only that he was right, but also that it was an understatement.

Then he told me he wanted to fuck me. I got even more excited and jumped on my bed, staying on all fours while facing the headboard, but he took some time to film me, especially to film my ass, and when he was satisfied with the records of my anatomy, he turned me over to face the closet. Why? Because he wanted my face to appear in the closet mirror in the footage, and I liked the idea.

He wasn't even wearing a condom. His small cock also weren't the most effective thing, but the humiliation was turning me on so much that I think I could cum even if he was using only his little finger to penetrate me. He was also slapping me, choking me, spitting on me... he even stuck a finger in my ass and moved it to my mouth once, and I sucked that finger, loving how he didn't even consulted me to do that. In fact, I accepted everything he did, joyful with the opportunity to be a real slut, moaning and deliberately humiliating me even more by repeatedly saying that I loved that dick while begging for more.

But then I had an idea. My room is on the second floor and have a balcony higher than the surrounding houses. The railings also wouldn't prevent anyone on the street from seeing me and, oh God, I really wanted to turn my degrading fuck in a public degrading fuck. I wanted that to the point of, without thinking properly, propose to him "what if we go to the balcony?"

"What?" he replied incredulously, and added, "Someone can see us."

"I want to be seen ... pleeease, let's fuck on the balcony." I begged.

"I can't even risk to be seen, girl. I am a priest and I'm married."

Holy fuck (literally), I was having sex with a married priest. Knowing that sent me jolts of joy through my spine and made me even more daring, which culminate in increasing my desire to be seen being fucked by that old man. And knowing he wouldn't expose his face, I remembered that I had one of those horse masks that I bought for a party in my freshman year.

Without warning him I got out of bed, leaving his dick behind, wet with my juices. Imediatelly after it I opened my closet and showed him the horse mask.

"Use this. Nobody will recognize you with it, sir." I begged, hoping the anonymity would make him help me fulfill my wishes.

"Okay," he said, giving in, but questioned, "but what about you? Won't you hide your face?"

I smiled, unable to hide my joy that he accepted to take part on my exposure, and said "I don't want to use anything except your dick, sir."

"As you wish. It is your neighborhood and your reputation in check anyway," he said, liking my lack of self-respect and putting on the mask.

Once we all agreed, I went to the balcony without even checking if there was anyone on the street, but it was empty, then I leaned on the railings and a few seconds later he penetrated me from behind, fucking me hard while grabbing me by the tits. He seemed to like the exposure too, at least when I was the only one exposed.

Our fuck continued as a rough one. He grabbed my tits so hard that it hurt, but the pain was tolerable, and even enjoyable for someone dirty as me. He also alternated sometimes. Once or twice he slapped my boobies mercilessly, and some other moments he tried to choke me again while banging my cunt. As before, he didn't ask my permission at any moment. I think people usually would at least give a warning before hitting the tits of a girl on the first date, but my opinion about what he did to me didn't seem to matter, and I preferred it that way.

I kept my moans loud. Not caring if anyone would hear it and approach to check the origin of the sex noises, not at that moment at least.

Soon my desire for exposure was fulfilled. A girl appeared right in front of my house and noticed me as if God was sending someone to test how resolute I was about letting people see me in that obscene display.

I even thought about hiding, but my exhibitionist side stopped me. The impulse to hide was even stronger when she took her phone out and pointed at me and my horse-headed partner, but my kinky side got even stronger and I lost any modesty I still had. I loved to know that I was being filmed in broad daylight at my house while a fat elderly man fucked me. I could even see her face very well, so she probably could see mine too, and from what I know about smartphones, the camera of the one in her hand had a pretty good camera.

The priest must have liked it too, since he shouted "I'm cumming, bitch," right after the girl started filming. He was even forcing a fake voice, I guess to avoid being recognized if the video ended online.

Hearing that warn, shouted "cum inside," wanting my dirty demand to be caught in her records of that wonderful moment.

Well, he came moaning loudly, and filled my pussy, but I wasn't satisfied yet, even though I was almost there. The old man left the balcony after being satisfied, not caring about my orgasm, and laid on my bed breathing heavily. I even thought about checking if he was fine, but I wanted to cum so hard for the bystander that I started to masturbate eagerly while screaming obscenities about myself, nothing too creative, just declaring things like "I love to finger my wet pink pussy in public" and more generic stuff. If the girl wanted to shoot, I was going to give something that was worth filming... well, filming and sharing.

I used my hand to take a bit of the cum that oozed out of my pussy and licked it while playing with my clit, and when I did it I could see the girl laugh from catching that on video.

"You like seeing me eating cum for your video? Please, keep shooting me eating this filthy cum from my cunt," I said, grabbing a bit more and putting in my mouth.

That the last thing I made before a wonderful orgasm get me, making my eyes roll, my body tremble and my mouth shut. I almost fell to the ground due to it, but I loved each second.

After that mindshattering experience I leaned on the railings to rest as my common sense and breath were returning, and I began to feel the shame and fear of what I had done. I don't know how long it took me to recover, but the girl was already gone when I did, along with any chance of me asking her to not share the video.

I even tried to see her from the balcony, but she wasn't on the street anymore or, even worse, she had entered one of the houses of my street. Still, I looked to the side and saw the phones, mine and the old man's, supported on my plant pots and positioned in a way to record the whole balcony scene. I hadn't even thought about it while we were fucking.

When I entered my bedroom things got awkward. I wasn't sure if I should ask for a second round, but I wouldn't get one anyway. The priest wanted to leave as soon as possible, especially when I told him that the girl was no longer there. He was really worried about police appearing to investigate complaints of public indecency.

More than that, he asked me to go to the gate and check if the street was empty before he left. Me, the naked girl with cum running down her pussy, was being asked to go to my fully visible front yard, where I would be fully visible for anyone passing, to see if my street was clear because an old man fully dressed was afraid of being seen. By the way, I did it, and there wasn't any living soul there.

When I went back inside to tell him that the coast was clear I offered a goodbye kiss, but he refused, probably not wanting to kiss the mouth that was in his ass or swallowing his cum minutes before. That was kind of impolite in my opinion. "Always kiss the mouth that sucked you dick" should be an unspoken rule in society, but I didn't complain. I just opened the door and the front gate, allowing him to leave while taking a record of my obscene acts on video with him.

After all that, I went into a crisis. Once again I had lost control, and once again it had been wonderful. I loved it, but I knew it was a russian roulette. I didn't know the chance of someone sharing it on the internet, but if I did it many times, someone surely would, especially since I was a hot college girl.

At the same time, a part of me wanted to take more risks. I don't know if it's endorphin, oxytocin or whatever my brain used to dope me during my moments of humiliating exposure. All I know is that it was addictive, and even though I knew it was stupid and that I was ignoring a number of problematic issues, from female objectification to the risk of my parents disowning me and getting an STD, part of me wanted to continue.

The worst thing I noticed was that a part of me even wanted everything to go viral. Part of me was disappointed the day after the adventure on the avenue for not arriving at college and discovering that everyone was talking about what I had done, about my body... part of me fantasized about the idea of asking someone for hours and the person shows the phone screen to let me check it while I also would see as a background picture, myself naked on the sidewalk.

Another part, also problematic, did not want me to be exposed yet just because it wanted that, when everything leaked to the internet, there would be more material. It also wanted the fear of being discovered to continue, because I thought that if I ended up becoming a camgirl, or a sex worker for example, all the humiliation thrill would be gone because it would become routine... and deep down I wanted the humiliation to be harsh and the fear at its maximum intensity.

Anyway, after my little crisis I went to see the video that was on my phone and I was surprised. I knew that I had degraded myself, the recording point of view made it ten times worse (or better). Maybe I had a gift for acting, because even at the beginning of the "date", when I wasn't very comfortable, I looked like an eager slut.

Anyone gazing what I was watching would see me as a girl craving for cock, in this case, that of a man whose face didn't appear at any time in the footage, but whose obese old body made it clear that he was not handsome, and whose lines proved to be a hateful person. Not only that, our dirty talk could be heard in its entirety, including my name. Even when he fucked me in front of the closet mirror, his face didn't show up because my mirror was too short. But do you know what was showing up all the time? My face, which would be easily recognizable to anyone who knows me, and more than that, it was possible to see my pussy shining so wet from the start, but especially when I was on all fours. That video was probably more humiliating than the one on the avenue, and I wasn't even sure which was the worst part, me asking him to fuck me on the balcony like a child begging for a toy or my face stuck in his ass with my tongue working and joy in my eyes.

But that didn't matter much. What truly mattered was that no one would believe me if I said that I wasn't doing that willingly. If I denied it, or defendeded myself accusing Amanda of blackmail, the footage would unquestionably count against my version.

Then I realized that I wanted to send the video to Amanda, even if only to find out what she was going to say about it. She hadn't asked for it, I didn't even needed to record it for myself, but before I could change my mind, it was done. I contributed, willingly, one more time with her her collection of degrading porn and with her blackmail.

The answer to the video came a little before midnight, and when I saw my cell phone my heart almost exploded. I already thought she would answer the next day by the time, but when I saw it was her, not telemarketing or a family member, a smile from corner to corner came to my face... the kind of cheerful smile that someone in my position shouldn't have.

"Hi, little slut. I just saw your video and holy shit, I thought you wouldn't surprise me anymore, but I was wrong, you're insatiable when it comes to being a dirty whore," she said, sounding a little shocked, " but I liked that you were excited because I decided to try something new... a new way of giving you dares. Wanna know how it will be? "

My mind tried to imagine what this new form would look like, and ideas came to my head... some very nasty and risky, but why wonder about it if I could know?

"Yes, ma'am. Please tell me."

She made no suspense and said "well, I was having a creative crisis, so I hope you don't mind that I showed your videos to my housemates," and I minded, but kept quiet about it while could hear laughter in the background, adding to my embarrassment, "but the good thing is that we got together and instead of creating a dare, we created thirty... all just for you. Aren't you excited? "

I tried to hold the truth to myself, but I was... so I said just "yes, ma'am," trying to sound like it was an insincere answer.

"Some of the dares are kind of hard, but I think you can handle it. You always surprise me. Anyway, I think it's a good boost to our game, so we decided that you should have a drawback too, and by that I mean some rules to make you more willing to do the dares, so... now you can only masturbate after doing a dare, and only one orgasm for each dare... but if the dare involves masturbation then it counts for itself."

My god, denial of orgasms have a huge effect in me, and that scenario was something I had fantasized about in the past. I could feel the "perverted Laura" taking control.

"So let's do this. I have a bag where the dares are, and every week you'll get one of them, unless I say otherwise. After getting the first one (or two), you only get a new one if you finished the others, but during one week you may repeat the same dare more than once if you want to masturbate more, understand? "

"Yes ma'am." I said a bit scared but truly excited with her ideas.

"And you have to accomplish the dares every week, or Dad and Mom are going to get some dirty videos of her princess. Got it?" she said with glee.

"Yes ma'am."

"And you have to come to my house to get one, but since you like to show your body so much, let's do the following. You live a few blocks from me, so get out of your house naked. If you take more than thirty minutes you will take one more dare. Understand? "

I replied more excitedly, "Yes, ma'am."

"So you like the rules?" she said faster.

"Yes ma'am." I answered, kind of ashamed of how truthful this answer was.

"Do you want to follow them?" she asked even faster.

"Yes ma'am."

"Do you think it's too easy?" she said following the rhythm.

"Yes ma... oh, sorry ... no, ma'am" I said, realizing that she managed to trick me.

Even though I didn't mean that, and everyone knew it, as the laughs made clear, she decided to increase the challenge.

"Oh, too easy? Let's do this then. I want you to write the words 'cocksucker whore' and 'dumb slut' on your body, one on your forehead and one above your tits, okay? And use a marker pen or something that makes it very visible. Can you do that for us?" And the background laughs continued.

"Yes, ma'am. I have an appropriate pen." I said, accepting the increased challenge.

After that she basically gave me her address I searched my house for the pen. In fact, not only I wasted time in the search, but I also had to check online where her house was, since I wouldn't take my phone with me in that already risky walk.

This alone made me think that I would already have to take two challenges, but I still wrote "dumb slut" on my forehead and "cocksucker whore" above my breasts, and looking in the mirror, decided to make a ponytail to prevent my hair from covering it my forehead writhing, throwing away any possibility of reducing my humiliation, even if just a bit.

Leaving the house naked is always a unique, exciting, humiliating and scary experience, but it was not new. I even managed to run to her house without being seen by anyone. Not that I wanted to avoid taking two dares, that would be a lost battle due to the time I took to prepare myself, but I didn't wanted to keep Amanda waiting.

When I arrived at her house I rang the bell and a group of five people, two men and three girls, including Amanda, went to the front yard, but they didn't open the gate, they just talked to each other and took pictures of me.

"This doesn't seem like an appropriate position for a slut. Try a more submissive one." a girl I didn't know spoke to me, making others laugh.

"Thanks for the advice, ma'am." I said to her as I knelt on the sidewalk. Legs wide open, breasts forward and hands on the back. I thought about looking at the floor, but I preferred to look up so they could see my forehead.

The boys approached with their phones in hand to film me up close.

"So, girl, I have a poor sight, so help me out. What's written on your body?" one of them said to me, wanting me to humiliate myself more, and testind if I had any self-respect. Surprise surprise. I had none.

"It's written 'dumb slut' on my forehead," I said smiling, pointing at my forehead, "and 'cocksucker whore' right above my tits," I added, pointing too.

"And why this is written on you? By the way, did you write it?" he said, giving me even more space to debase myself, a space I gladly took advantage of.

"It's because I'm stupid for everything that doesn't involve sucking a dick, and because I love showing off my pussy in public, as you can see." I stuck two fingers in the pussy, raised my hand towards the camera and aparted my fingers showing the string of my own wetness. "And I wrote it myself. Did you like it, sir?"

One of Amanda's friends, seeing this, told her "I doubted you, but she really is a bimbo," and Amanda looked at her with an expression of "I told you."

Meanwhile the guy had told me that he liked what I had written, and, said "so you like this?" showing me his dick.

I saw that and bit my bottom lip, trying to look sexy, needy and pathetic. "Try to get it," he said, approaching the gate.

I leaned my face against the space between gate bars, keeping my mouth open and my needy expression.

"You want to taste it, right?" he said, laughing with the others.

"yes, sir. I want it so much," I replied in a desperate tone.

"Try to reach it," he ordered, moving closer to the gate. I tried to reach it with sticking my tongue and the tip touched his glans, and I smiled by feeling the slimy pre-cum that covered it. He then started to move his penis towards me, just enough to rub his glans on my sticked tongue, but not enough to let me take it between my lips (and I mean the mouth ones).

Then one of the girls, wanting to see more action, approached saying "don't you want to get in the gate and suck them properly, you dumb slut?"

"More than anything, ma'am," I replied, eager.

"So let's do like this. I open the gate and in return you will let me shoot a very cute message for your daddy and mommy, okay? One very nasty, to send to them with your videos if you fail to accomplish our dares." She seemed curious as she said this, wondering if I would give so much to be used against me.

"Deal," I said, willingly agreeing to trade my dignity for the chance to suck two guys who didn't care about me.

She opened the gate, her expression was still skeptical about me going so far, so low... but when she pointed the phone at me I made an expression of joy and said, "hey mommy and daddy, I know you raised me like a princess, but your little princess grew up and discovered that she loves to bare her tits and pussy in public, specially while being fucked by people she doesn't even know the name, and that includes some nasty skullfucks. In fact, I love being a sex toy for any man that wants to stick his penis on my wet, pinky and most cunt. A man of grandpa's age, maybe a bit older, fucked me on my balcony today, and he did it because I asked him to. Why? Just because I wanted someone to see me fuck that old man. A girl even filmed me, and I don't even know her, but I hope she share the footage with everyone... I would even give her the video where I eat the old man ass if she wanted to share it too. Anyway, this is just to let you know that anything about me that ends up on the internet have my permission to be shared, and that I willingly took part in it."

I looked at the boys. They got even harder with my speech and I approached them while saying "and just for you to see how much your little girl Laura grew up I will swallow these two cocks," and deepthroated one by one.

"And cut," the still unnamed girl said. I saw it as a chance to focus on the boys again, but Amanda caught my eye as she approached.

"Before you have your fun, Laura, take the dares out of this bag. Two of them," and the bag of dares was offered to me.

I grabbed two folded pieces of paper inside, opened them and readed out loud to let everyone there know what I got. The first one said "get nipples, clit hood and nose piercings, and let the studio take pictures to put it on display" and the second was "order a snack or pizza to be delivered at your home, and masturbate for the delivery man in your front yard."

"You are such a lucky girl. These were some of the easiest ones," Amanda commented, making me wonder what else lied in that bag, but that would be trouble for later. I had some hard cocks to please at that moment.

Anyway, to make things shorter, I went to the boys still on my knees and sucked both at the same time.

Later, when they were about to cum, Amanda told them to spur it all on my face, and they covered me in their milk, but not only my face, some of it ended on my tits, belly, legs and even my crotch too. I even got some drops in my mouth, which I swallowed, but most of it was visible for anyone, including them.

"Smile for the pics, bitch," one of the girls said, and I posed for their pics and videos as if it was a normal thing to do.

"Wait a minute," one of the girls said. "I just wanna make one question for you, Laura. Do you know the names of any of the guys whose cum is on your face and tits?" she asked me, knowing how debasing my answer would be. But I didn't ditch the question, in fact, decided to answer it like a good slutty girl would.

"I don't know, ma'am. All I know is that I liked to have their hard cocks in my wet slutty mouth," and I smiled at how dirty it sounded.

"Ok bitch, I expected that answer, but now it's kind of late so go to your house, in fact, go to wherever you want, but leave ours." Said Amanda.

"Ok, ma'am." I said to her, and then looked the others and said, "Thank you all for the wonderful night."

"Just to make it clear for whoever end up watching these videos, you will walk to your home naked and covered in cum. Right?" Amanda said after I was already in the street.

"Yes, ma'am. But don't forget about the writings in my body." I answered, keeping an expression of joy in my face.

"Oh, that's true. I had forgotten. Well, have a nice walk."

"Thanks, ma'am," I said, walking to my home as a totally degraded whore. A whore that knew she was about to have a busy week.