**The Exhibitionist Pet**

by[Ruination](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5591381&page=submissions)©

**The Exhibitionist Pet Pt. 03**

There I was, fingering my cunt in front of a total stranger who knew my address. I was horny, but that still required a lot of guts, and the delivery guy the pizzeria sent, a teenager about my age but with a nerdish look, freckled face, skinny type and big nose, seemed to be more ashamed than me. It was almost wrong, you would think the girl whose pink pussy is wet and exposed is the one who should be embarrassed, not the fully dressed weirdo watching as she risks her reputation and future.

From all I knew, the worst that could happen to him was being recorded by someone passing while he watched me, and let's be honest, anyone videotaping it wouldn't focus on his face. I don't know if I got used to a new level of obscenity, but to me, even if people ended up knowing about what was happening, he probably would become more popular, something very different from what would happen to me. I wish I could go back in time and say "for fucks sake, enjoy the show, insult me, or touch me," I was committing public indecency in my front yard and he was avoiding to look at my naked body. Am I a bad person for thinking that he should at least show some interest about my fully exposed cunt?

Worse than that, I knew myself, and that means that I knew I was getting in the level of arousal where I start to lose control. Sure, fingering my pink soaked hole in public because of a dare made by my blackmailer and her friends is a weird concept of "staying in control", but I knew that, the worst that Amanda demanded from me could be very tame next to what I would willingly do to degrade myself if I reached the right mood, and by that point I was craving for the boy attention.

Sure, I was a little relieved. I knew that not doing any obscenities in public is a good thing once in a while... well, I mean, not doing any obscenities in public besides the ones I had to... but, holy fuck. Part of some weird slutty pride I had was really hurt by that stranger indifference. For fucks sake, I even had to beg him to stay and watch me.

"Please, sir. I must complete this dare for a game of dares I'm playing with a friend" I told him as he refused to watch me when he first appeared. He answered me saying that he needed to make more deliveries and I begged saying "Please, stay, I'm so horny right now. I promise it will be fast, I just need you to watch me cumming and I'm soaking wet."

And he stood in my front gate to watch, always complaining and never taking action on his own hands. I also didn't gave him the pizza money he was waiting (yeah, I've been bad), but I think I'm justified.

After a time I was really eager for attention, but I wouldn't command him. In fact I wanted to show him, through my actions, that he had a free pass to do anything to me. My kinkiest side wanted so much to see everything escalating to insane levels. I wished so hard that he would just forget his religion, girlfriend or whatever was holding him and start skull fucking me without even asking. I would gladly take his cock in my needy slutty mouth and suck it until the moment when all the cum it once had would be resting in my stomach. If he wanted me to eat his ass it would be ok, if he wanted to take my cell phone in which I was recording my public masturbation and send the video to everyone in my contacts I would even tell him who were the people that would make me more ashamed if they received it... at that moment I would be totally cooperate with anything, all I needed was some new level of degradation.

He wasn't even recording me. Did he consider me unworthy of being shown to his friends in the pizzeria? I was putting so much effort in looking hot.

When he arrived I was already naked and dropped to my knees right in front of him to rub my clit, but seeing his lack of interest I changed my position twice, once lying on my back with my legs lifted and spread to let him see my pink pussy better while I fingered myself and later putting my face on the floor and lifting my ass in his direction while my hand stuck three fingers in my totally exposed cunt. I didn't even tried to hide my moans just because I wanted to sound hotter for him, and believe me, I was loud to the point that I now consider a miracle that none of my neighbors appeared to check what was happening. Even a gay guy would get a hard on with that.

I was degrading myself, okay, but I like when there's someone else disgracing me too. Yet I was so turned on by the feeling of his rejection. Not a truly one, since I didn't asked him for anything else than what he was already doing. That black old priest or some of the people from the avenue would at least be recording my performance while I would hear some nice insults.

Part of me was also annoyed with my own lack of attitude, but I think I just wanted to have no control of my humiliation. I wanted it to be imposed to me, and my role on it being just to help to collaborate and obey, but never control... oh, and obviously I wanted to be the target of the humiliation too. My life should be like a boat adrift in a raging sea of sexual degradation that would eventually throw me in the rocks of the society moral judgements and make everyone know how fucked up I am.

And yet he was complaining about the time he had to deliver the other pizzas. That's the bad part of dealing with an audience, right. People are unpredictable. Sometimes they wanna expose you to everyone you know, and sometimes they just don't care at all.

On the bright side, I was masturbating, and masturbating with a stranger watching me and my most intimate places (if I can still call them that). It had been three days without an orgasm and I was allowed to have one in that dare. Three days where I managed to control myself as a good girl (or a obedient pet).

If you think I want to complain about that, I don't... the exposure and the tension that boiled my blood during those days of denial also resulted in a wonderful and intense climax, the kind you don't get masturbating in the privacy of the bathroom, and soon I was resting on the floor with my ass pointing at him... and my pussy glowing with my juices reflecting the street lights.

After seeing that he just hurried me, "Sorry, miss... I really need this job."

I had the money with me. It was in my hand all along, but instead of giving it to him I made my last scandalous act by shoving it in my exposed and lifted pussy. "Grab it, and keep the change" I said, smiling with my idea.

I know, I know... money is dirty, but I didn't care at the time... especially because it worked. He stuck his fingers in my cunt and took the money soaked with my juices. "Stupid bitch," he muttered in the process.

"Yes. I am," I whispered, not sure if he could hear.

If he did, he said nothing, just left with his bike, leaving me naked and exhausted in front of the open gate that he didn't even bothered to close.

I don't even know how much time I took to stand up and lock everything. Probably minutes that seemed like an eternity, and during that time my ass was pointed to the street as an invite for any guy that passed. Part of me would enjoy that, but being rejected while I acted like a wanton slut (or was one) really made me feel a new type of humiliation. Maybe I should thank the weird boy for not giving a damn about my gushing pussy and lack of self-respect after all. He made me feel so worthless.

Was he going to tell the other deliverers about this? I wasn't sure. Part of me wished he had a video proof to show all the others. Well, I had mine. My cell phone was strategically positioned between my plants.

I picked my phone and went inside, where I realized that, minutes after cumming, I already needed another orgasm.

I thought about sending Amanda the video and asking for permission. The video went through e-mail, but I also called her, initially only in audio, but she rejected my call and called back requiring a video talk, and I accepted.

By the background I could see that she wasn't at home, but in some bar. Some of the people in the table were in her house in the night when I got my dares, but there were new faces too, and she ordered me to position my cell phone in a distance where I could present myself properly, kneeling and naked. I got on my knees with my legs apart to make my shaved slit more visible, and as she thought it was an acceptable position she ordered me to greet everyone in the table individually, including the waiter.

My face, tits and pussy were visible as, one by one, they appeared in my screen. I always said "Good evening , sir (or ma'am). I'm Laura," and most of them complimented me with things like "Hey Laura. Nice pussy", "nice tits" and "I wish I could stick my cock in your mouth right now". I thanked all of them for the sweet words.

And about my second orgasm, Amanda said "Don't be a greedy slut, Laura, you still have another dare since I can't see anything metallic in your cunt and nipples. Haven't you liked that one?"

She was talking about the dare that would force me to put some piercings in some very naughty places and allow the studio to take a picture of it and put in the display they show to clients.

"I loved that dare, ma'am. It's just that I am so needy right now. I want another orgasm so much, and then I will make this dare..." I told her while hearing people laughing in the table and not sure how much of it was me playing the role of submissive and how much was just raw honesty.

"Well, I don't think you appreciated that, but don't worry. Those are just the minimum you must do. Feel free to surprise me by letting your sluttyness push your dares to another level, and if I am really surprised I may even let you cum more than once depending of my mood."

I always have been afraid of needles, but there was no way that they would hurt enough to make me reject two orgasms, so I decided to take advantage of that motivation that I had at that moment, and since I am a stupid slut, I fucked up.

"What you mean by surprise, ma'am?" I questioned.

Amanda loved when I creatively made my humiliations worse. I should imagine that if I had to do the piercings of the dare, the "surprise" effect would come if I made more than that, or even making some not requested effort to make my exposure worse, but I questioned it just because I wanted to know a minimum amount of surprise that would grant me the extra reward, and she disapproved.

"Well, a surprise would be if you made new piercings or, I don't know, posted your nude pics with them on some porn site. I don't know, be creative, make a tattoo, get piercings that weren't requested or whatever you feel like you should, but you know, you should be creative by yourself so, now, since I suggested it, those extra piercings are part of the dare. Okay? I even thought that dare was too prude for you anyway so, now you will do it for only one orgasm to make you learn that you should always put effort in degrading yourself. Okay?"

People in the table laughed hard, but I got frustrated from seeing that opportunity ruined. From the screen I could see how astonished and pathetic I looked, and couldn't even think of anything to say.

"You should thank me for teaching you this lesson. I'm making some real effort to let you know your place and you don't seem to have any consideration," she completed, trying to sound sad but failing to hold her laugh (and the others continued to laugh too).

Part of me, the rational one, was outraged by that. She really made sure that everything would be degrading and now she wanted me to be thankful? But, at the same time, part of me was really excited for having to thank her for screwing me and even wanted her to do more. I needed command to be really slutty, at least in a first moment.

My inner conflict was a secret anyway, I just answered "thanks, ma'am."

"Hmmm. I don't feel much thanked, I think you are sad because I didn't paid enough attention and now you think your dares may be too mild. But don't worry, there's enough time to improve them. Tonight I will check every dare in the bag and make it suit you better. Somehow riskier, somehow more degrading and, maybe, more disgusting too. You're gonna love it. In fact, I think you would look nice and the current dare would be better if you made eyebrow and bridge piercings, so that will be the extra ones. What do you think?" She said, with glee in her eyes.

What I thought was that I was expecting worse. At first I was even surprised with that choice, since I would expect her to make me do something nastier, maybe some anal piercing if that is possible, but then I realized that if I made the eyebrow and bridge, my face would be all pierced, and thus, since each piercing had to appear in the picture for the studio display, I would have my full face and my naked body exposed forever in a studio, instead of just below my nose.

"I loved your ideas, ma'am. I can't wait to make this dare." I said without even considering the consequences of what I was implicitly agreeing to, but let's be honest... in my state of arousal I would agree even if she wanted me to expose myself in more extreme ways.

I didn't mentioned, but Amanda kept our talk on speakerphone, so everyone in the table could listen and I could hear their reactions after every time I said anything. The cell phone was also positioned in a way that almost everyone was in the video call, and that probably meant that all of them could see me too (and that was three guys and five girls). Anyway, she hung up on the call without even saying goodbye. Well, it kind of bothered me, but I was already getting used to how bad she treated me at that moment, especially in front of others.

For all I knew, voluntarily agreeing with her proposals of increasing my humiliation wouldn't make her treat me any better, in fact she would, most likely, treat me worse through time anyway. Maybe she wanted me to rebel just to have an excuse to publish everything I did and see how I would react, and she surely could after the permissions I gave heron video, but maybe she also wanted me to degrade myself even more before putting everything online just to make the amount of content increase the chances of everything go viral.

Anyway, after she ended our talk I took a cold shower, something I really needed whenever I had to think about anything that didn't involved sex during those days, and went to my computer to check the piercing studios in my region.

My rational side was in control at that moment, so I looked for studios far from my neighborhood and college to reduce the chances of my pictures being spotted by someone I knew. Soon I found a place pretty far from them both. The place was runned by an old man of about fifty whose nickname was Chupacabra, who works with piercings, and a woman on her middle forties named Lianna, who makes the tattoos and was in the mentioned band.

My kink side liked the idea of getting the piercings from the hand of some old man. It felt even more humiliating to do it with him touching my pink pussy, nipples and face. That gave me some chills, I felt truly grossed just by imagining old people, but part of me take pleasure from my own discomfort when it involves anything that can make me feel humiliated. It is like if I was my own enemy, an enemy that hates me and takes pleasure when I do something I hate. Like if I hated what I was doing but loved to know that I hated it, and this part was cheering with the possibility of destroy my boundaries and make me disrespect myself again. I had a true addiction in humiliation, and at that moment I even fantasized with him realizing how slutty I am and sharing me with other gross men.

Well, after deciding the place I took a shower and went to bed, but took a long time before I really could sleep due to how anxious I was for the tomorrow.

The next day I returned from my classes at the sunset and immediately put a short summer dress, some sandals, grabbed my purse and took a bus to the studio (yes, no panties). The journey was peaceful and nothing happened, with exception of me getting wet by expectation. I tried to think about anything else, but couldn't change my focus.

The bus stopped right in front of the studio. The front was composed by a tall front window three meters wide who covered almost the entire wall and had the name of the studio painted and a glass door. Inside I could see a special kind of chair, and two regular ones, two desks, one who looked like where you pay for the service and other where the equipment for the tattoo and piercings would be stored. There were also two doors in the back, one with a unisex bathroom symbol. The walls were covered with pictures of tattoos and some piercings.

As I entered, I immediately looked at that giant old man whose nickname was Chupacabra. He was about two meters tall, white, skinny with a hairy chest appearing through a v-neck and dreadlocks in his beard and hair. He looked like one of those guys who is always smiling, like a cool uncle, and his clothes looked kind of dirty.

He welcomed me and I said "Hi, it's my first time and I always wanted to have some piercings. Do you have some pictures that I can use as a reference?"

He looked at me, probably thinking that I was just a spoiled brat that would get something in my ear and said "well, the types are all over the walls" he said, spreading his arms to indicate all the framed pictures hanging and then pointing to some places where there were the piercings with a "see?"

I thanked him and started checking. While I searched I found all the facial ones, the eyebrow piercings, the bridge piercing, the septum piercing (that would be the nose one) and even took some interest in the tongue piercing, but after looking a few minutes and not finding it I asked "I was looking for something more... intimate. Do you have pics of those?"

His face changed to an expression of surprise, with a touch of curiosity or satisfaction, but he immediately tried to disguise this change of humor and look as if he wasn't imagining my pussy and tits. "Well, those are the kind of stuff that people don't usually let us take pics of. Its, as you said, intimate."

I felt my arousal begin to rise, but as still in control, so I tried to sound like I just didn't minded showing some nudity and said "Well, I wouldn't mind. In fact, seems kind of hot to have something like that somewhere where people can see." And as I said that I also checked him from head to toe, noticing even more that he looked like an old hippie hobo, but also noticing a hard on starting to bulge and a wedding ring. Maybe it all went to the flirtatious spectrum after all, but it wasn't intended yet.

"Well, would be nice to have some pics to show future clients. Maybe we can even make you some discount if you end up allowing it."

I wasn't exactly thinking about money, but that was a good excuse, so I accepted without even hearing his proposition "Well, could we do that today? I kind of need them with some urgency."

I don't know what he imagined when I said that. Maybe that I was about to go to my parents home, maybe that some crush of mine was arriving in town, but probably not that I was craving for an orgasm and that was my way to be allowed to have one. Anyway, he just said that he could do it and started lecturing me about the hygiene demands of piercing your body, the healing times and showing me the jewelry.

About jewelry, I chose metallic bars for everything, except the septum where I would get a ring. Part of me even wanted some pink to match my intimate regions, but I decided for the basic silvery ones since they would be noted easily. Of course my kinks had a part in this choice, but I also thought that, if I was already going to pierce my flesh, I should at least make it look good, and I liked piercings even if I hadn't get one before day.

We made a deal about the price and, he conducted me to the non-bathroom door. As we were walking my inner slut showed up and I pointed to the chair in the front and asked "Hmmm... could we do it here?"

He got surprised again by my question, but maybe thought that I was uncomfortable with being alone with him to the point of preferring being exposed, or just assumed that I was thinking he could cover the front of the studio, but asked "well, do you want my wife to do it? I can call her and..."

"No. Its fine." I interrupted him. My mind was a mystery to him, and seeing his confuse face I said "let's do it."

I kind of regretted not insisting on getting my pussy pierced in a place visible to passers, but I was still holding my limits at that moment. When we entered the backroom he showed me the place to sit and, right before I sat I noticed the bulge of his trousers getting bigger. God, I was starting to imagine how humiliating would be sucking that hobo-hippie dick and it was really starting to flip my switch. Would be gross, there was absolutely nothing attractive, at least in a standard concept of attractiveness, in that old man, but I wanted to taste his cock so much just because I should hate that idea, and I wanted it to be awful and disgusting. I wanted to be grossed by the sight, the smell and the taste and still please him with all my heart and holes. But how I would do it?

"Should I get naked?" I asked, and not waiting for the answer I grabbed the bottom hem of my dress and pulled it upwards until it was above my head, throwing it on the ground and allowing him to see my full birthday suit.

"Well, that isn't necessary" he said, but never asked me to put it back.

I sat on the chair as I was and he grabbed his needle and some scissor like equipment. First his rough hands touched my nipples, making me question internally if he was enjoying the feel. I surely wanted him to, and to entice him, I softly moaned, making him smile a bit. I also was pretty sure that the usual way to get something pierced didn't involve that amount of touching, but I wouldn't complain.

He pierced my other nipple, my eyebrow and my nose (septum and the bridge one, and the bridge hurt a lot). When he was about to go to my clit hood my nakedness woke my slut and my depravity took the reins of my actions for good.

His crotch was kind of close to my face at that moment, so I just said "you know what? Forget this one for now", and as I was moving my face closer to his hard dick and touching it through the trousers with my lips (the mouth ones) I said "I wanna use it."

He got conflicted, I could see, but I wanted it sooooo bad and he didn't stopped me at first. I didn't even ask him. I just left the chair to kneel in front of him as I lowered his trousers. He didn't seemed that dirty downstairs, and immediately after I saw his medium sized cock surrounded by white pubic hair I took it in my nineteen years old slutty mouth, loving the thrill of knowing how much that would ruin me if it went public. God, I love to feel like a whore.

It took a few seconds of blowjob before he said "I-I'm sorry but I have a wife." And I know what you may be thinking. It's so nice to see a faithful couple these days. But all I wanted was that faithful dick and he denied me that. I didn't even stopped sucking as he said that, but he pulled his cock away from my warm tongue and kind of apologized for not allowing me to drain his balls by saying "I love her... I'm sorry".

Fuck, fuck, fuck... I was so horny. I even asked him if he was sure with a sad face, but it changed nothing. I went back to the chair, frustrated, and he finally touched my needy clit, and although he said nothing about, it was impossible that he didn't saw how wet I was. Anyway, he pierced my hood mercilessly. I screamed as I felt that pain, but knowing that, even rejecting me, he could have that sight that some guys would use to jerk about was my consolation prize. The only attention I would get from the second guy rejecting me in a row.

He gave me some tissues to control the bleeding and, after it stopped everywhere I looked at him and said "can you make the pictures?"

"Don't worry... it isn't necessary" he told me, "and I'll give you the discount." He probably wanted to buy me that way so I wouldn't tell anything to anyone, but I wasn't thinking about saving money.

"Please, I need it. I made a bet with some friends and I will be in trouble if my picture doesn't end in your walls." I said desperate as I noticed that I could not be able to fulfill my dare.

"Sorry, but I won't use my family business to help your weird bet." He answered with certainty.

"Please, I need it so bad. I will do anything. What do you want me to do to get it?" I begged even more.

"I can't do this with my wife and with her business. You know what, get out." He said, kicking me out of his studio still undressed and without paying for the piercings. The street wasn't crowded, but had some people around who immediately noticed me, so I dressed myself even wanting to stay nude.

That exposure wasn't even my main concern. I was afraid of what I would get from Amanda later. Even more, I didn't wanted to fail her, and fail myself, but then I saw a light of hope. The wife, Lianna, appeared and, oblivious to what happened, saw me approaching her in my summer dress.

"Hi, you are the owner of that studio, aren't you?" I asked her. She got scared, probably thinking that I would say something troublesome (and she was kind of right).

"Yes. Do you have any complaint?" she asked, making me a bit nervous and, well... it's never easy to tell a woman that you tried to suck her husband dick... but I kind of needed to.

That part took a few minutes. I tried to gild the pill the best I could, and in my nervous state I don't even remember the details, but let's face it, it was impossible to make her take that in a cool way. By her look I could see that once she believed me she just wanted to kill me right in the street, but she listened quiet and angry to my story (in which I didn't mentioned the nature of my relation with Amanda, just said that it was a bet).

"Please, it wasn't his fault, but I really need to have that picture here." I said in the end, not wanting him to have any problem, but then I realized that I could offer what she wanted and said "I'll let you do anything you want with me, just please, take the pic and use it in your display. It isn't as if you wouldn't humiliate me with that."

That was a truly weird situation and I wasn't sure if she bought my win-win proposal, but she said nothing more, just ended our talk and entered the studio. Minutes later I could hear that she was having an argument with her husband in the backroom as I waited outside.

After a few minutes he passed through me enraged and said "You fucking slut." He actually wanted to insult me more, but couldn't find the words and were about to cry, so he only walked away. "I fucked up," I thought, but then Lianna called me in.

"I don't know what kind of freak you are and what you gain with your bet, but if you want that so much I will give it with one condition. I want to tattoo you in three places that I will choose, and tattoo whatever I want."

I not even considered the possibility of saying no. "Fine. Tattoo whatever you want wherever you want." I said, sealing the deal without even questioning it, and also feeling my pussy gush with the idea.

"Get naked," She sharply said, and after I obeyed she took me to the chair, and guess what. It wasn't the backroom one, but the one facing the front window. Then she told me to lie on my stomach while she worked on my right butt cheek.

Through a mirror I could see a small crowd gathering in front of the shop, and they had their cell phones in hand to take pictures of me. She just kept making her art as I felt the pain of being permanently marked by a cheated and angry woman. Then she told me to lie on my back again, and suddenly I was facing the crowd of onlookers from outside.

As you probably imagine, that flipped my switch again and I opened my legs to allow them a better look and, as I did that, Lianna noticed and calmly approached her tattoo gun to my pussy and stinged my clit.

I gasped. That totally surprised me, and was truly painful. The most sensitive part of my body had just been perforated in front of an audience, and there were people laughing at me. Outside, by the window, I could see a bearded guy of about my age, and among so many comments, I could hear him telling his friend with excitement "Man, I can't believe that I got that on video."

A girl with punk look also commented loudly enough to let me hear: "Check her smile, I think the bitch loved it," and only then I noticed that I was smiling by noticing that my pain and humiliation turned me into laugh stock for so many strangers. God, I am such a pervert. I wanted everyone to mock me, everyone to see me punished and treated like trash.

"You fucking slut. You are enjoying this now, but you will regret later," Lianna said as her needle went to my upper middle chest region and the crowd reached the maximum size the sidewalk and the front of the studio would allow to see my predicament.

The crowd wasn't that big since the studio was small and about twenty people was enough to prevent any distracted transient from noticing me getting marked, but there were enough people to be more than the number who had seen me naked before that moment, and I could see them all. Their cell phones were pointed at me, their expressions were of disgust, lust or laugh and I could even discern some dirty comments. I was probably being shared in internet too, one guy even showed me his screen to let me see one video uploading, and I heard some guys could inviting friends to come see me in person.

Finally, after that, she finished with something on my upper left arm. It all took some time, and I don't even know how much people passed through the crowd during the entire event, but I greeted them all, and their cameras, with a grin from ear to ear. Most of the crowd was men, but there was some women too and there were a constant flux of people leaving and joining so a much higher number must have seen me.

After that Lianna turned the chair (and me) to face the back of the studio and dragged me closer to the front windows, then took her distance and told me "make your pose and smile."

I obeyed, smiling with glee as I lifted my legs in a "M" shape to make my cunt be open and exposed. She used the opportunity and took lots of pictures of my naked body with a crowd behind.

"I will make sure that these pics are printed in the biggest size I can, and I will frame them and hang it on that wall," she pointed to the wall that faced the front door, "to make sure that anyone who enter my studio knows your slutty face and what a fucking disgusting cunt you are."

Then she grabbed my hand and threw me on the floor forcefully. As I tried to understand what was going on she placed a mirror in front of me, and said "lift and spread your ass and keep your legs apart. This one will also go to the wall just to show your new tattoo and make sure that no part of you is private anymore."

I obeyed, taking the demanded position and saw through the mirror as she was taking the pictures. I knew my asshole, my pussy and even my face would be very visible in those, and I knew that because I could see her clearly by the reflection of the mirror. Well, her and some of the onlookers.

But what I could also see in the mirror was a joyful expression, my joyful expression. I wasn't even trying to disguise that I loved that situation, as anyone could see. I was humiliated, and I knew that everyday someone would see those pictures and that, from what I know, Lianna would never put any effort in stopping clients from taking pics and posting them online, maybe Lianna herself would do that, but as I felt degraded, disrespected and ashamed, my slutty side wanted it to get worse (and don't worry, it will).

I even made some sexy faces while she (and the onlookers) was shooting me. My face changed a few times, from the joyful smile to biting my lower lip, then licking my lips with my eyes closed and I even tried an ahegao face (if you don't know what is, search for it). I don't know exactly what passed through my mind. Maybe I wanted to provoke Lianna into doing worst, maybe that was just my old way of act when I want to be degraded, exposed and pathetic at the maximum level that I could. I could hear the laughter intensifying, I could hear people talking low of me and I could see Lianna face of disgust with how eager I was to prove that I was totally unworthy of any respect.

Finally she finished the pictures. I saw her put the camera on a desk, the one for payment, and think about what to do next. If this was a cartoon that would be one of those moments when you see a bright lamp appear right above the head of a character. She walked to the second desk and stepped on my dress on the floor in the way. Guess what, another bright lamp moment. She grabbed it and took with her, sticking it in a drawer of the desk while she grabbed a marker pen. With that in hand she approached me again and made me stand up.

I rose to my feet and stood still, enjoying while she increased my humiliation by writing obscene stuff on my body. In my pelvic region she wrote "I love the taste of cock", in my left thigh "ready for a face fuck", in my right one "Slap my cunt", right below my tits "I drink dog's cum", and she wrote some stuff in my back and ass which I couldn't read, then she stopped a bit.

"Hmmm. What is your name?" she asked me. That moment I knew it was a bad idea. I knew that I should say Karen, Jessica or something like that, but holy fuck, I wanted her to disgrace me.

"Laura, ma'am. Laura Moreira." I said, revealing my name as it is on my social network accounts. She smiled sadistically, probably surprised by the unrequested last name, and started holding my nape to give stability while she wrote something on my forehead and cheeks.

"This will be really hard to wash off," she said as she grabbed her camera and took more pics of me with the pen writings, most of which I didn't even knew what said. I was truly horny with all that, truly astonished, to the point that I was caught unaware when she, right after finishing her shooting, caught me by the wrist and threw me out, right on the street and among the crowd, totally naked.

While Lianna locked the door the crowd took more pics of me, close up ones, and some hands got pretty daring. I got groped everywhere, my cunt, my clit, my piercing, my tits, my asshole and my mouth were invaded by fingers of strangers. I could also hear the laughs and comments about my body...

"She's really wet," a guy loudly commented after removing two of his fingers from my pussy and parting them to show a thread of my wetness to everyone.

"Those guys from work will love this," another said to a colleague.

"I bet this is some kind of porn shoot," a girl told another.

I think that would easily become a gangbang if I wasn't desperately begging for my clothes and purse in the glass door. Hands were reaching my clit and tits while I was so horny. The only thing that made me stay barely focused on retrieving my things were my fear of being a homeless girl raped to death through the night, and by that I mean that I kind of liked the small crowd abusing me at that moment, but I didn't wanted it getting to some brutal level were my life would be in danger. I even lost my focus a few moments, one when a woman spat on my face and called me "attention whore" and other when I sucked a finger that entered my mouth, but then I controlled myself and resumed to beg to Lianna again.

She was looking something on my cell phone in no hurry, but after I got ravished a few minutes she walked to the locked door and, through the mail opening she said to me.

"I'll let you choose, your dress or your purse, Laura Moreira." She said as I was leaning on the door with both my hands and strangers were fingering my ass, pussy and mouth.

I had to make a choice, but I couldn't think properly with all that stimulation. I looked around and one girl was horrified by what was going on. Other guy was sticking his hand in his underwear and then brought his hand to my mouth, making me taste his pre-cum.

Lianna witnessed all that, but mercilessly said "Tick tack. If you don't choose I will let you go without any of it."

"My purse, please." I answered, knowing I couldn't go back to my house without it and hearing the wet noises of my pussy getting finger banged by people whose I hadn't even seen the face. God, could I end that day in a public gangbang?

Lianna gave me my purse and I felt hands forcing me to kneel. Since I already was with my purse and I wanted so much, I stopped resisting to the crowd and to my urges. I kneeled on the sidewalk without thinking and kind of regretted it as my pussy lost all those fingers. But, on the bright side, there were dicks now. I stopped counting on the sixth guy because one of them took the initiative and stuck his cock in my mouth roughly. I sucked a bit and he forced even more inside, holding my head when it was all in. I could even lick his scrotum, but I couldn't breathe. His dick wasn't huge, but was enough to fill my mouth, and as I was deep throating him he said "look as the camera, Laura."

I obeyed, and saw his face for the first time. Was a white bald and bearded guy, probably around his middle thirties. He held his cell phone pointed to my face, but I could see other cell phones too. Then he released my head and I pulled it back to take some air, but right after it I was back to blowing strangers, another one this time since my mouth had become a public plaything that should be shared.

I sucked five dicks in a row without even looking up to see the face of the owners. People laughed, joked about me and I masturbated to that. I wasn't even paying attention to the colors of the dicks, and many of them held my head like the first one.

"Don't worry, she is loving it," one guy said to someone "she is even masturbating."

I smiled to that guy and said "Yes, I am," with my mouth drooling a mix of saliva and pre-cum.

I could taste so much in those dicks. Some tasted urine, some a bit sour or bitter, some were rancid. I even felt some pieces of toilet papers once or twice, and I owed it all to the fact that I happened to be their plaything as they were leaving after a work day. Well, I was happy to help them release that tension.

During one moment a guy took the writings serious and kneeled at my side, moved my hand away from my clit and started slapping my pussy hard, really hard. There was a dick in my mouth from a guy on the other side, but I could see people loving to see that and a third guy said "Thank him, bitch."

As the dick finally left my mouth I looked at my tormentor's face for the first time, a brown guy shorter than me on his late twenties, and said "Thank you for slapping my cunt, sir."

He laughed and said "you are welcome," and kept slapping me in my most sensitive place while some other guys squatted in front of me to film that. It only stopped when after sucking two other cocks, the slapper stood in front of me and I sucked him hard while my hand went back to my slit.

I went close to cum, but decided to orgasm only after all those men, and I wanted them to cum in my mouth just to see me swallow it. There were ten or more guys jerking around me that I could see, most of them had one hand on the dick and the other holding a phone with its camera pointed towards me, and they were a very diverse group in age, body, race... the only thing that was truly absent was beauty. Maybe the pretty ones would rather get a girl only for themselves then share me with all those strangers.

Soon a few guys couldn't hold anymore and approached me. I even got my head pulled from a dick, but I wouldn't hold any grudge for that. I just opened my mouth, put my tongue out and felt his warm gland rest on my taste buds while that tiny hole in the tip spurted the white liquid direct from his balls on my currently second wettest hole. I loved to see all those cameras recording it, and happily swallowed and sucked him a bit more to keep it clean before he hid it in his trousers. On the other hand, I knew that my fun would be over soon. Luckily one of the guys, a black skinny one with really big ears, wanted his sperm to be earned.

"you wanna taste my seed, bitch?" He asked me while his hand held the phone close to my face and his black hard dick was being jerked inches from my face.

"Yes, sir, Please. I want it so bad," I answered submissively and softly moaning.

"I liked this 'sir' thing, but you are a cum addicted whore, aren't you? You should beg for cum like a cum addicted whore would. Right?" he said, loudly, directing the "right?" to the men around us, who copiously agreed.

And you know what? I also agreed to it. As a cum addicted whore I shouldn't think that I was being nice to them, I should be grateful, and trade any self-respect and dignity for the chance to please them enough to convince them to fill my belly with their hot milk. Maybe other girls would hate that, but I'm not the other girls, so I must show them how much I want all that liquid that, to me, worth more than gold. Once I realized that I decided to prove myself.

"Everyone, please, let me to savor all your sperm. I want you all emptying your balls in my mouth. Cum right in my tongue and record me swallowing it all. Use me like a toy and treat me like the worthless slut that I, and everyone of you, know that I am. I beg you, give me everything, every drop of cum, fill my mouth and stomach and put me in my place as the lowest and more degraded woman in the world. I am your bitch, your whore, your slut," I begged, really inspired.

"Fuck," the black guy said, liking my spontaneous speech and rewarding me with his black cock entering my mouth and delivering his warm milk right where it belongs. But he took it away too soon and one drop landed on the sidewalk. I said I wanted every drop, didn't I? So I would not waste that. Everyone saw me as I crawled back a little (still on my knees), put my head close to that drop, lifted my ass with my legs apart (to increase the spectacle) and put my tongue out to lick that small amount of cum from that dirty floor where hundreds of people steps daily. All while I could count at least four cell phones pointed at my face.

Those drops came to my mouth with some dirt that felt like sand, but I didn't cared. It was cum, and I swallowed it properly.

"We wanna cum too, you lazy whore." A guy said behind me, slapping me so hard on my pussy that I gasped in pain while the laughter intensified and some other guys started insulting me too.

"Sorry, sir and thank you for reminding me of my place." I said as I arose to my knees again and the new slapper approached my face delivering sprays of my favorite drink.

They all approached me, all spurring in my mouth. I always would open my lips and show the white content before gulping it down to let them have it recorded when they wanted to show to their friends, and they loved it. Some still came on my face, especially when my mouth was occupied, but I directed the cum to my mouth with my fingers and swallowed it too.

In the end, after every nut willing to take a part in my public blowbang had left its sperm inside of me, I came, and OH MY GOD, it was the best one so far... everything was worth it. I moaned loudly with all those cell phones recording it, and I was in bliss. I don't even know how many cocks I sucked or how many videos were recorded, and I love that I didn't even knew how much I had degraded myself or how much proof there was of it.

Some guys were still joining to get their dicks sucked, probably invited by others. I think mostly gave up when they saw my state, grossed by how many cum was over me, so just the dirtiest ones were still trying to get my blowjob, and even after cumming my switch hadn't flipped to normal, so I still welcomed everyone wanting to get some relief from my mouth... for a few minutes.

Minutes after I came someone said that the police was coming and they all disbanded, almost all of them not caring about what would happen to me. All the blowbang must have endured something like fifteen to twenty minutes.

As I looked the studio I noticed that Lianna was still there, by the window, with her camera in hand. She probably caught everything I did, and her camera was one of those professional ones.

Anyway, as almost everyone left a fat guy in his late twenties approached me and asked if I needed a ride. What a gentlemen, right? I accepted it and he took me to my home in the back of his pickup (because he didn't want me to stain the seats). Of course he said that I would pay for the ride another day when he would visit me for another rough fuck (maybe bringing some friends). I had been reduced to a whore who trades sex for transportation, and even as my senses were coming back, part of me still loved it.

As we entered my street one of my neighbors was on the sidewalk next to my home, and the fat pickup guy didn't even tried to avoid him. Well, he probably didn't thought I cared much about modesty. The result was that I didn't even had a chance to hide, so my neighbor witnessed me totally degraded leaving that stranger's car.

I didn't greet him because I was truly ashamed again, and he just stared as I entered my house in what made every other walk of shame in history look like a nun procession.

The first thing I did at home was check my appearance in the mirror. I had cum, dried cum, all over my body, my face totally covered in it, most of my hair was glued by it and there was a trail of dry cum from my face to my pussy, with marks in other regions too. My eyes were red, probably from all that deep throating and cum. The pen writing in my forehead had "Slutty Laura M" wrote, probably by the lack of space to complete "Moreira", and the one on my cheeks said "WHORE" written in a way which my mouth was the letter "O" . My back had "Fuck me like you hate me" on the upper portion, "I love bestiality" in the lower portion and a "piss in my mouth" on my left butt cheek. My right butt cheek tattoo was a "cocksucker slut" with a penis inside a red heart (everything else was in black ink) right above it, my upper arm one was a "I ♡ Eating Ass" in two lines, "I" and the heart in the first and "Eating Ass" in the second, and my middle chest tattoo was "Cum Addicted Whore" in big letters with smaller ones below saying "please, degrade me."

I was kind of amused and shocked at the same time, but took some pics and sent it to Amanda, even a close up of my clit where I thought I could see a small black spot that I to me was the result of that painful clit punishment.

While waiting for an answer, and a bit calmer, I remembered that I should check my social networks to see if anyone found me there. As I looked at it there were three friendship requests from strangers and one of those used the chat to send some videos, lots of them, with the message "Thought you would like to see."

The first one was me in the chair getting those tattoos and smiling to the crowd until Lianna passed the tattoo needle in my clit. I made a pain face and then looked even happier when I noticed people's laughter.

The second video was me begging Lianna to give me my stuff, and then a girl whose face wasn't recorded would stick her hand in the back of her panties (probably her butthole) and put her fingers on my mouth. We could hear her laugh and then she would approach me and spit on my face, saying "attention whore" while I laid on the door begging.

The third one was me sucking the dick of whoever was filming. My face up close with my name on it and I could hear him saying "this whore just want to suck some dicks... she loves it, most of these guys are stinking and she seems do not give a damn about it," then he would focus on my hand on my pussy and say "but she surely is enjoying."

There were also videos of when that guys slapped my pussy and I thanked him for it and from the moment I licked the cum from the floor, and in this last one you could hear the sound of my pussy being beated right after I swallowed the sperm and before I thanked the guy and started sucking him.

There were many others, most of them depicting things I already described with the benefit of actually hearing people talking low of me and seeing how much I looked like a slut. Seeing how I acted I could understand why, no matter how I serve people, they will always consider me trash for doing it.

I thanked the guy who sent that, accepted the friendship requests and downloaded all videos, sending it to Amanda. Then I changed my profile pictures to one in which I was hard to recognize to avoid most people searches.

After that I took a bath and noticed that Lianna wasn't lying when she said that those pen writings were hard to wash. They were a slightly more faded, but not enough to be even a bit harder to see. I probably would have to skip college for some days if I wanted to keep my adventure as a secret (if I can call it that after so many people saw me).

The warm water was so comfortable, and, at first, wherever my hands roamed I could feel the cum becoming slimy with water and then washed off. I wanted to masturbate again, but I didn't want to violate my rules. I even touched my pussy a bit, thinking about what I saw in those videos, how people saw me, but I stopped before I reached a level where I wouldn't be able to contain myself. Looks like Amanda's discipline was working.

Amanda called me right after I left the shower. As I answered the phone she said "Holy fuck, Laura. You are something really above any of my expectations."

I kind of got happy with that compliment, even if it was just her way to say that I was disgracing myself more then she would imagine.

"Thank you very much, ma'am." I answered, ashamed and proud of myself at the same time.

"I wish I wasn't alone right now, because my friends could really enjoy some blowjobs during a movie session with your dare. Later I will go to that studio and check if they hanged your picture, but for now let's do like this. You have two options. Stay free until the weekend..." which means two days at that time, "...or come here and grab a new dare if you want to cum another time this week. I won't let you repeat a dare because those were too mild for you."

Fuck, if I took another dare I would have to make it in two days, and that meant while the writings on my body would still be evident to everyone. On the other hand, I wanted to cum again, and I wanted it so bad...

My mind wanted to avoid the risks, but my kink side thought about how any dare would be much worse with those writings and I said "I want to pick a new one, ma'am."

Amanda laughed of the last part and said "okay, slut. Come here and grab your dare, but I'm doing my homework, so you'll have to be fast, alright?"

"Yes, ma'am."

As she hung up I rushed myself and left my house still naked. I wasn't sure if I needed to, but since she asked it the first time I thought she would want it this time too. I didn't even took much care in the walk, and due to that I've been seen by two cars in my path to her home. Was I ashamed? Yes, but I wanted to know my new dare so much.

As I reached her home I ringed the bell and Amanda appeared in some pajamas like clothing with the bag of dares after a few minutes. She didn't even care about my public nudity.

"They have been improved, ok?" she said to me, smiling with the thought that nothing I would get would be easy to do.

I put my hand in the bag and got a folded paper. Immediately I regretted getting it, but Amanda said "go on, read it for us. I'm curious." And I unfolded it, seeing a text that was too long to be something that I could do easily.

"Call your parents in a public place during the day. You may use a cropped shirt whose bottom hem cover no lower than the bottom of your tits (just in case they want a video call), but can't wear anything else. The call must last at least ten minutes, and you must be seen by at least ten strangers during the dare. You bring someone to record you in video during the dare and also record the call with your parents, but the person with you must be discrete and avoid to intervene if any stranger interacts with you. If someone sees you and stop to stare you must walk to the person and guide his hand to your cunt unless the person refuse, and if there's more than one person you must guide the hands of the others to other parts of your body (ass, tits, inner thigh or mouth, and in the case of mouth you must suck the finger). You must pose to anyone recording you and show happiness and willingness as you do it."

I read it again and again. That couldn't be real, could it? It was a whole new level of risk, this time taking my humiliation so close to the last ones I would want to find out. Amanda knew it, and couldn't hold her smile as she saw my frightened expression, not that if she could she would hide the joy she got from my discomfort.

"Did you liked it?" she asked.

I wasn't sure. Maybe I should tell her that it was too much, or that I needed some time to think about it... but I kne she wouldn't take it well, and after a few seconds in shock I answered "Yes, ma'am," resigning to my fate.

"Good..." she answered, smiling with my predicament. "Now get the fuck out of my street before anyone sees."

4