**The Ice Queen Cometh**

by**[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)**©

I've always been shy. When I got to college, I had to share a room with a roommate. That was torture. I wore sleeping clothes that went from neck to ankles. I dressed for bed this way even when it was hot. I went to a northern school where air conditioning was deemed unnecessary, so we had only the relief of a fan my parents gave me when it was boiling hot for two weeks in September.   
  
When I went out with boys, we usually went out in groups of girls, with groups of boys. I tried never to be alone with a single boy. That way, there was little danger of a boy trying to undress me. Unfortunately, though, I am pretty. Apparently, I am sexy, too. As if that's not enough, I have an easy and pretty smile, and I am an incorrigible flirt. It's not surprising then that boys were interested.   
  
I did love kissing and making out. I also loved it when boys would feel me up through my clothes. I was ready for sex. But it was not to be: nobody could see me nude. I was unable even to let anyone see my unclothed breasts. The rest of me was also off limits: My tummy, behind, thighs, and of course my privates. I have a phobia, and it is all-powerful. I guess it's obvious that meant a lot of sexual frustration not only for the boys, but also for me.   
  
There were several reactions to my behavior. One was simply that men considered me to be a prude. Another was that I was a ball busting tease. Another was that I was some kind of moral person, or a bit extreme due to religious beliefs. You get the idea.   
  
None of it was true. My true personality, I later discovered, was that of a flaming slut, I'm ashamed to admit. But I could not know this, since my nudity phobia kept me untouched, unviewed, and unloved. I did not even suspect my true nature was that of a slut.  
  
I had amazing fantasies. Over time, my sexual fantasies gradually became more and more outrageous. They ranged from exhibitionism, to group sex, to gangbangs, to bondage. But they were just fantasies. The reality was that of a sad, lonely, untouched, unspoiled virgin.   
  
After college graduation, I moved to New York. I got settled, got a job as a legal secretary, and - of course - met men. With my looks, my smile, and my flirtatious ways, I am a magnet for men.   
  
When I was in the dating scene, my nudity phobia was again a bit of a handicap. Here I was, a secretary in New York, trying to land a successful lawyer or banker, and I had plenty of dates with them. When it came time in the dating process to explore our bodies, just as in college I let them kiss me and fondle me through my clothes, but I balked at the next steps. I lost a lot of potentially wonderful men that way.  
  
It was frustrating: It was clear the men always wanted to have sex with me; each time it was the natural evolution of a relationship I was having with them. I desperately wanted also to have sex with them! But I could not let them undress me.   
  
Something still forbade me to let men (or anyone) see my naked body. Touching it might have been okay; I can't be sure, because nobody ever got that far. Nobody could see it; I even had to force myself to look at my own body when I was in the shower, or shaving my legs.   
  
I know in some customs the woman getting naked is not necessarily part of the sexual relationship. The woman remains covered except of course for her vagina, which is quite necessary for traditional copulation. But both the men I was dating, and also myself, conform to the traditional American seduction: kissing, fondling through clothes, loss of clothes, oral play, and naked or near naked humping. Most importantly, that too is what I want.  
  
I tried everything to get over this disability: this nudity phobia. I tried alcohol, and even got falling down drunk on one of my dates with a man I liked. But even drunk I could not do it.   
  
I went to my internist and she prescribed tranquilizers, but they were useless, and instead only made me spacy. Anti-anxiety meds made me psychotic. I went a few times to a psychiatrist, but my health insurance was not friendly and the out of pocket expense was so high I could not afford to continue.   
  
I even tried hypnosis, but apparently, I am one of those people who is hard if not impossible to hypnotize. Nothing worked. I was miserable.   
  
I knew I was not frigid. I even had been able to isolate the type of man that turned me on. It helped if the man had a hard body, but that was by far not the most important thing. A certain kind of man, irrespective of his appearance, made me wet, and made we weak in the knees.  
  
The men that turned me on were dominant men. These men tried and I am sure minus my phobia would have succeeded, to exercise some sort of control over me. I am sure I would have happily submitted to their every sexual wish for me were it not for my phobias. If it were a struggle between their wills and mine, it would have been no contest, I'm sure.   
  
I would have been putty in their hands, and doubtless would have become their newest sex toy, possibly even their sex slave. Even the thought of being a sex slave (within "reasonable" limits) made me wet. But that was too extreme for me. I did not want that to happen. I was raised to be a moral person, in everyday life, and also sexually. More than a few times, my nudity phobia had saved me from these dominant men.   
  
I was a mess of contradictions, but it did not matter: My nudity phobia controlled everything.  
  
I got respect from these domineering, controlling men. I was one of the rare women who they could tell was a submissive, but nevertheless could resist them. But the respect I garnered was false. It was my phobia that was stronger than my will or theirs. It was the ultimate decision maker, and it said no nudity. It said no to nudity every time, no exceptions.   
  
My phobia kept me pure. It kept me moral. It also kept me virginal, and for that I hated it. I wanted to have a man, and I wanted sex. I was tired of getting wet and having to finger myself to relief. I was tired of being alone.   
  
I learned how to avoid domineering men. That did not help me to get a man, or to have sex, but at least it made me feel safe. Nobody knew or understood why I was such an icicle when it came to sex. I could flirt with the best of them, but then I became known as a tease. Nobody likes a tease who never comes forth to deliver "the goods."  
  
My girlfriend Gloria was the only person to whom I confided all this. She was my confidant. I needed to tell someone, and she was a good listener, always sympathetic. Sometimes I would wonder, though. She seemed jealous of me, of my good looks, and the way men would cluster around me at parties, for example.   
  
I had this easy smile, you see. I smiled all the time, at the very least provocation. It was almost a nervous habit, like giggling, and I would do that, too. I'm told my smile alone would light up a room, making people more relaxed, and happier. That, plus my pretty face, and - modesty aside - excellent figure with largish boobs, attracted men like - as a jealous girlfriend once nastily said - flies to shit.   
  
But the smile was more than a smile. It was an inadvertent come-on, an opening for men, signaling my availability. I had this habit of running my tongue along my upper lip. It was unintentional, but I would do it mostly when I was nervous, due to the presence of men. For me it was a nervous, unconscious gesture. For the men, it was a turn-on. For sure it's a sexy gesture, to say the least. I was a non-conscient tease.  
  
Gloria was also jealous of the ease with which I climbed the corporate ladder, effortlessly advancing to become the head of the legal secretary pool. I got a higher salary, a better bonus, and power over the other secretaries. I used my power fairly and justly, but I suspect that irritated Gloria even more: We were friends, and she wanted favors.   
  
But the bottom line was, she was my best friend. At times, I thought she was my only true friend. Nevertheless, we had our moments. One time she once told me she was sure I was actually a slut, wanting to escape the confines of my phobia.   
  
I was so offended by this that it almost ruined out friendship. I knew Gloria slept around somewhat, but she was no slut. And I was certainly not a slut! But anyway, we eventually reconciled, and then our friendship was even stronger.   
  
Looking back now I realize the reason I was so offended, insulted to my core, was because on some level, deep down, I knew Gloria was right. She had seen, buried in my psyche so deep I could not see it, that my true nature was one of a slut.   
  
I was a woman who craved sex, and would some outrageous things if a controlling man wanted me to do them. My phobia saved me from this fate. After our huge fight, Gloria never again mentioned her suspicions I was a slut, waiting to break out of my phobia. With time, we both forgot about it.   
  
Word got out among all the men in the circles I socialized in, about my inability to perform, and men stopped asking me out. I had the reputation of being frigid: an ice queen, so to speak. I was sure I was not, but hell, I was still a virgin at the tender age of 24, due to this one problem with nudity I had.   
  
I began to hate myself. Saturday nights would go by with no dates. I was at the height of my powers at attracting a potential spouse, and I was left remarkably alone. No sex seemed to mean no men, no matter how brilliant was my smile, nor how seductive was my natural behavior. It was that simple.   
  
In a way, it was my girlfriend Gloria who came to the rescue, if you could call it that. I am hoping if it was inadvertent on her part. I know now however that it was anything but inadvertent.   
  
Gloria had a friend from Chicago who was coming to New York on a business trip, and she set me up with him on a blind date. He did not know of my reputation as an ice queen, and Gloria did not tell him. We were both hoping I could triumph over my phobia with him. I always hoped, but it never seemed to work.   
  
It had been a while since a friend had bothered to set me up on a blind date, since all the men who dated me came away frustrated. Worse, some of them would complain to the friend who had set us up.   
  
But Gloria told me this man Jason, from Chicago, had his own problems, and maybe things would work out? I suspected she knew something that I did not, but she's the kind of friend a girl can trust. I felt it was worth a try: anyway, at this point I would try anything.   
  
It never occurred to me, even for a second, that Gloria had figured out a possible key to penetrating my phobia, and that she had elaborately coached Jason on just what he should do to seduce me, and to turn me into an exhibitionist, and eventually the slut she knew was hiding within me, straining to get out. I never saw it coming. I had no idea how much Gloria wanted to destroy me.   
  
Were I to become an exhibitionist slut, easily manipulated by controlling men, it's likely my career would quickly enter the toilet. I would be ruined. The law firm I worked with handled sensitive information, and anyone vulnerable to blackmail is a liability, and typically such a person is fired.   
  
Job termination is dramatic. One is fired at 9am, and escorted out of the office building within the next hour, holding all of one's possessions in a cardboard box. It's not pretty.  
  
The date with Jason began in a promising way. I liked him at once, and as far as I could tell, he liked me. He looked at me with sexual hunger, as if this was finally the blind date where he had struck gold. Seeing this in his eyes had two effects: It intrigued me, and it put me on guard.  
  
Usually I don't go to a man's apartment on the first, or even the second date. I want to get a good sense of the man before letting it progress that far. (Of course, then quite unfortunately I always freeze, and the man invariably ends up feeling rejected. He feels led on, only to be denied, and men hate that. The relationship typically ends then and there, or shortly thereafter, alas.)  
  
But Gloria had assured me Jason was a great guy, and that she had dated him when she had been stationed at the Chicago branch of our firm for a few months. I could trust him, no problem. I trusted Gloria, so my default position with Jason was one of trust, unless he proved otherwise. He did not.  
  
Since Jason was from out of town and I would probably never see him again, I let him invite me back to his hotel room, the very same day I met him. I was enthralled with him in any event. He was nice, respectful, funny, and interesting. When the time came for him to put the moves on me, he apologized.  
  
"Jamie," he said, "I need to explain something. I am shy about my body. Would you mind if I turned out the lights and closed the curtains?"  
  
"Truth be told, Jason, I am no doubt just as shy as you, probably even more so. Please go ahead," I replied.   
  
Jason first closed the curtains. The hotel had blackout curtains and he closed them, too. Then he put a towel on the floor at the door to the room to block any light entering from the hotel hallway. There was a clock by the bed with a luminous readout screen, and he unplugged it. The TV had a small red light on when it was turned off, and he unplugged the TV, killing the tiny red light.   
  
He got the courtesy terry cloth robes from the closet and the bathroom. He laid them on the edge of the bed. He turned off the lights, and it became pitch black in the room. He had memorized the route to the loveseat where I sat, and he plopped down next to me.  
  
We kissed. He kissed me tenderly, lingering and enjoying my lower lip. His hands stroked my cheeks, and I let my hands roam through his thick and luscious hair. We kissed like this, tenderly and lovingly, for a good ten minutes before he began to unbutton my blouse. This is the moment when typically I am consumed with panic.   
  
I did indeed feel panic, but I opened my eyes wide and I could see nothing. I could see nothing at all. Therefore, I knew Jason could see nothing. I kept repeating that to myself: He can see nothing. He can see nothing. He can see nothing...  
  
My body went from nervous rigidity to a relaxed state of happiness. "Let me help you," I said, and I quickly took off all my clothes, keeping on only my panties. I did it quickly, before I could panic and change my mind. I was being naked (or more correctly, almost naked) with a hunky man for the first time in my life. "You undress too," I said. Jason complied.   
  
Jason took my hand and he led me to whewre he (correctly) thought the bed was, and we both climbed on it. "Jason, I'm a virgin. Go easy with me. We can start with a blowjob if you like, but that too will be my first. Is that okay?"  
  
I could not see Jason's face of course, but if I could, I am sure I would see an expression of surprise. Perhaps great surprise: After all, here I was, a sexy, 24-year-old woman, coming back to his hotel room on a first date, and claiming I am a virgin?  
  
And to boot I was offering to give him my first ever blowjob? How often does that happen? He was quiet for a while, and then he said, "Sure. Let's start with a blowjob. I'm already hard as a rock, just from your wonderful kisses."  
  
I should explain. I was completely inexperienced in all matters sexual except for kissing, but I had watched an enormous amount of pornography on the Internet. I watched it not to get myself off, but to study what women do to please men.   
  
I read enormous numbers of women's magazines' sex columns. I read erotic novels. Finally, I read a wide assortment of "how to" books about sex. I had probably memorized "Fifty Shades of Grey." I was an expert from the standpoint of book learning. All I lacked was having had any sex at all.   
  
The point is that intellectually I knew how to give a blowjob. Jason was amazed. "Are you sure this is your first time giving a blowjob? You have talent, Jamie. You are really good. It must be natural talent."  
  
"Thanks," I said, removing his cock from my mouth to reply. "I had a lot of practice with vegetables and dildos. I've been wanting to do this for so long, it's not funny."  
  
"You know, most women, I find, don't really want to do it. They do it to avoid doing the deed, or to please the man, or to get him hard, I always thought. At least, that's been my experience," Jason said, adding the last phrase while reflecting on his past conquests.   
  
I replied, "I can't speak for other women, but I for one love sucking your cock. I just want to save your cum for what comes later, if you know what I mean. I've been waiting so long to be deflowered."  
  
"Lie down, woman, and spread your legs," he said.  
  
"Your wish is my command," I said. "Make a woman out of me. Please."  
  
I tried desperately not to show it, but I was a Hungarian stew of emotions. I was thrilled, excited, relieved, but most of all, I was terrified. I had no idea what to expect. I told myself that everyone has sex, and most people want to discuss little else; obviously, it cannot be a bad thing. I kept telling myself that. I tried to focus on what would surely be the pleasurable aspects of -let's just say it bluntly - fucking.   
  
I spread my legs as wide as I could, making myself an easy target in the dark. Jason was experienced and he had no trouble finding my special opening. Nothing had ever been in there except my fingers. The dildo I used only for fellatio practice. I used Kotex pads rather than Tampons. I wanted my hymen to be intact for this moment, and I did not want any tampon or dildo to puncture it.   
  
Jason entered me. He was warm and hard. From the very outset, I knew that this was a good thing. I found what I had been missing for so long. All during college, all of my post college dating, everything, had led up to this very moment. Now he was inside me! It was happening. At last! Oh, my God.   
  
To put it in a word: It felt wonderful.  
  
His cock found my hymen, and he paused. I said, "Go for it, Jason. Please." That was all the encouragement he needed, if he even needed any. How many women does one man get to deflower, anyway? Not so very many I should guess. Maybe I was his first, or maybe I was doubling the total number of virgins he has ever possessed? Who knew? Who cares?  
  
He was in. A moment later he was all the way in. It hurt a little when he passed through my hymen, but not much. As he began to pump, I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I went nuts.   
  
It felt so good. It felt good in two ways: The physical sensations were wonderful, and not to be denied. But it was the psychological element that was overpowering. Finally, to be having sex, to have a man's cock inside me, to understand his raw desire to have me, to possess me. I had never felt anything like this before. Jason said, "Woman, you are fine. You are so wet, so ready for me. Jesus."  
  
Jason's timing was perfect. When he said that, I just melted. It was the happiest moment of my life up to that point.   
  
I said, "Give it to me lover, give me all you have. Take me. Any way you want me, I'm yours," and then my capacity for intelligible speech left me.   
  
I was reduced to guttural moans as he pounded in and out of me. God, he was strong. He was so masculine, using his strong cock to pleasure me, and pleasure me it did. I figure he must have rubbed my clitoris with each penetration. My ego soared to have a man inside, to want me, and yes - to put it crudely - to want to fuck me. Yes!  
  
I felt a wave of pleasure slowly building in me as he fucked me. I raised my pelvis to greet his thrusts, and that increased the pleasure. I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him deeper into me. I began to scratch at his back. I was constantly moaning in pleasure. My moans were loud.   
  
Who cares if my moans are loud? I thought. We're in a bleeping hotel! Nobody knows us here. Caution need not exist. Caution ceased to exist. I relaxed and let myself become his woman, to make his own with his wonderful cock.

My pleasure kept building, building, until suddenly it overwhelmed me. My orgasm was like no orgasm I had ever had from masturbation. No, this was the mother of all orgasms. I screamed when it washed over me like a tidal wave. As I came I grabbed Jason with my arms around his back and my legs around his ass, and I held him deep inside me while I shook, screamed, and actually cried tears from the intensity of the orgasm.   
  
I collapsed after the wave of pleasure had consumed me, but Jason was not done. He kept right on pounding me. After the orgasm, I found I was more sensitive, and every single one of his thrusts was a cacophony of sensations. It was wonderful. I got into it, and I bit his shoulder to lessen the intensity.   
  
I was still moaning loudly, and damn if he did not drive me to a second orgasm. Yet another scream left my lips and I collapsed a second time. I frantically kissed his chest and every part of his body my lips could reach.   
  
Jason stopped pumping with his cock buried deep inside me. He leaned forward, while my chest was heaving, my nipples tickling his chest with each upward heave, beads of sweat glistening on my boobs. Jason gently lifted my head up with his hands, and he kissed me tenderly.   
  
I was having none of that tenderness crap, and I kissed him back brutally, with years of pent up, frustrated passion. We kissed for a long time, with his cock deep inside me, throbbing, reminding me constantly of its wonderful presence inside me.   
  
It was not long after we finished our kiss that Jason let go with a geyser of his cum, sending it dashing up my vaginal canal, looking for eggs to fertilize. Alas, his sperm were destined to frustration, since I had been on birth control pills for the last few years, always hoping someone could melt this ice queen.   
  
I wanted to be melted, but not yet impregnated. Well, mission accomplished. I had finally let a man possess me. I had let him own me. I had let him ravish my body, and in so doing, I had let him touch my soul.  
  
It was only then, in the post-coital moments, that Jason realized that it is possible that he could have impregnated me. I told him I was on the pill, and moreover I wanted to do it again. I'm afraid I wore him out that night and the next morning. I drained him dry. I did not care; my guess is that neither did he.  
  
After we had made love three times, I asked Jason if he would deflower my other hole. I explained it was fine if he was not into that, it's just that I wanted to try everything, now that the ice has melted. He explained we needed a lubricant, like K-Y jelly or something.   
  
"How about a lubricated condom?" I asked.   
  
"That might work," he said. "But I don't have one."  
  
"Silly goose. If I can find my purse in this pitch darkness, I can root around and find one."  
  
"I'll put on the lights," Jason said.  
  
"No!" I screamed.   
  
"Really, Jamie? After our extraordinary intimacy and wild rutting, you are still too shy to let me see you?"  
  
I was silent, thinking.   
  
Jsason continued, "Jamie, I have laid quite a large number of girls and women. Close to 20, I should think. I know what I am talking about when I say I have never had sex with a woman who was as wild as you are, and just were. And before you ask, wild is a good thing. You are a marvel. You are not Jamie, you are "Jamie the Tigress!" God, you are something."  
  
After that proclamation, I decided to do the bravest thing I have ever done. I got out of bed, still naked, and did not don the robe Jason had thoughtfully laid on the side of the bed. Instead, with my arms in front of me to guide me in the pitch blackness, I walked to where I thought the light switch was. I groped around and found it. "Okay, lover, here comes the light, and my naked body for your viewing pleasure. Are you ready?"  
  
"Oh, yeah. I want to see the body of the best fuck in the land," Jason said.   
  
I closed my eyes, tight, and I flipped the switch. I could see the light through my eyelids. It took a few seconds, but Jason's eyes quickly adjusted to the sudden infusion of bright light, and he soaked up the view of my naked body, as I stood still, quivering with fright, by the light switch.   
  
"Christ woman, you have a dynamite body! The best I've ever seen! Your breasts are magnificent, especially with your dark pink, large areolas, and oh my God, your nipples are to die for," Jason said.  
  
I stopped quivering. A man was admiring my naked body. I was in shock.  
  
I opened my eyes and saw Jason staring at me, transfixed as if he were in a stupor. His eyes gradually moved down my body, taking in every curve. He stared at my cum soaked pussy. I turned around and bent over, showing off my soon to be cum filled asshole, too.   
  
"Do you really think so?" I said, needing reassurance about my body even after Jason had ravished it so thoroughly. I had begun to quiver again. Jason just smiled.   
  
Thrilled to be able to be viewed by another person, let alone a man, and let alone my lover at least for the moment, I decided to put on a little show. I jiggled my boobs for him, giggling. I caressed my boobs, fondling them and pinching my nipples. I knew some tricks from my extensive background watching of porn.  
  
I imagined some sexy music, and danced around to the music. I would bend over as I danced to jiggle my boobs, then rear up and thrust out my pelvis, presenting my pussy to him, dripping cum on the hotel's rug. I ran my hands sexily up and down my body, while Jason looked on, drooling.   
  
Next I went to a chair and raised one leg. The angle was perfect for Jason to get a great view of my pussy, now wide open for his viewing pleasure. I slowly moved one hand down my body, rubbing it as it descended, until it was at my pussy. I teased my sex, and then inserted a finger and wiggled it around.   
  
It felt good. I stuck two fingers in and it felt better. Jason was watching me tease myself. I took the two fingers out and brought them to my nose, flamboyantly smelling my sex. Some of Jason's cum was on my fingers. I licked them clean, being as lusty as I could while doing it.   
  
I enjoyed behaving like a wanton slut just then. It was about as far from my shy self-image as I could imagine. And yet, I had met Jason only that same day and I had let him seduce me. He had me begging him for sex, and giving him a blowjob. We had several romps between the sheets, and now I was asking for (and was about to receive!) anal sex.   
  
To top it all off, now I was shamelessly showing off my cum filled hole. That sounds pretty slutty to me. It's shamefully embarrassing, to be honest. Nevertheless, and I cannot explain this, just then I was thrilled with my new persona.   
  
To my horror and to my surprise, in a fit of honesty, I realized that I like being a slut. Of course, in some sense, perhaps I was not being a slut? I was just having sex with a man on a blind date. So what? No big deal. But just then, I felt as if I were a slut.  
  
My heart was beating faster than a racing railroad train. I was close to having a downright panic attack. A man was staring at my naked body; he was studying it, perhaps memorizing it. I could not breathe; I quickly found the condom in my purse and then I shut off the lights.   
  
Jason saw my obvious distress. He spoke tenderly. "Come here baby. Let me kiss you and make it better. Follow my voice, there's a good girl. Come to your lover. I may have one more roll in the hay within me. Your body inspires me. I can't believe how lucky I am."  
  
"You?" I almost screamed. "You're lucky? Shit Jason, you are the man that melted this ice queen! I was frozen solid until you thawed me. I'm afraid it is I who am the lucky one."  
  
We agreed to share the luck. Then Jason dropped the dime. "Want to do it again? Your ass beckons. Maybe in the soft glow of one of this hotel's low wattage lamps?"  
  
I giggled. "Yes, they must use 25 watt bulbs in the lamps, their light is so pathetic. Okay, lover, if that's what it takes to get one more roll in the hay with your wonderful cock, we can try it. But if I have a panic attack, you have to let me turn the lamp off, okay?"  
  
"One more thing," I added. "After you get going in my asshole, and it's all nice and fine, I want you to remove the condom, okay? I want to feel your ejaculation into my ass. I want the full, depraved, experience of sodomy."  
  
We did it one more time, and we did it with a lamp on. It turned out I was just not ready for anal sex. It hurt too much. I resolved that henceforth, I would carry a small tube of K-Y jelly in my purse for these "emergencies."  
  
We used the hole nature intended for the purpose at hand. I was amazed. And Jason was right: It was even better when I could see him. Before we did the deed, I sucked him hard as a rock, enjoying (via the dim light of the hotel's 25-watt bulb) seeing his penis in my mouth and pleasuring it as best as I could. According to Jason it was his best blowjob ever.   
  
I said, "Well, you're not in Chicago anymore, big boy. Here in New York we girls take fellatio seriously." I said this with his hard cock at my lips, looking up into his eyes. I kept eye contact throughout my blowjob. My women's magazines had taught me to do that. I think it was a column in Cosmo, but I can't be sure.   
  
"And here I thought it was just you. You mean this is standard for New York?"  
  
"Yeah," I said, licking his balls, and cupping them in my mouth.   
  
"Your amazing fucking too? Standard for New York?"  
  
"I can't say for sure," I said, "but yes, I imagine so. That is, if the woman is fucking you, the one and only Jason Jones. You doubtless inspire us New York women to new heights. You and that wonderful cock you have. And by the way, I think you're ready. I sure as hell know I'm ready. Want me to be on top? You can watch me bounce around on you."  
  
I knew men liked that position from all of my research. We fucked one last time, and I was on top. Jason enjoyed watching my boobs, and I enjoyed actually seeing his cock go in and out of me. I could not believe I was doing this, in the "bright light" of 25-watt illumination. It was amazing.   
  
When it was over we collapsed onto the bed. He announced he had to leave; he had an airplane to catch. I did not want him to go. I begged him to stay another day and spend the entire day making love with me. But he had to return to Chicago and work. His time was not his own. I guess that's normal in the business world, isn't it?  
  
He told me that he had an idea. In the safety of the hotel room, after he left, I should practice exposing myself in the window of the hotel room. I could feel safe, with the anonymity coming from a hotel room in a large city like New York.   
  
If I could muster the courage to do that, then some very mild exhibitionism might go a long way towards capitalizing upon, and securing the progress I had just made, toward conquering my nudity phobia.   
  
I did not know, and would never have suspected of course, that this too was Gloria's idea that he suggest this to me. Gloria knew I would try anything, and do anything, to beat this horrific phobia.   
  
I got dressed. I was now a different person. Well, I was a little different. This had not been a miracle cure or anything, but I was happy that I had banished just a bit of my bugaboo. And the bit I banished was a major bit: I was no longer a virgin. I could have sex with a man, even in low light, and live to remember it fondly.   
  
As Jason left the hotel, getting into a car to take him to Newark airport, then to Chicago and out of my life, I remained in the hotel lobby, thinking.   
  
I knew for Jason this had been a one-night stand. Sure, it might have been memorable. He had deflowered another virgin, and he had added another conquest, another notch in his belt, and he said the sex was wonderful, even amazing. Good. But there was no real relationship there; we had simply enjoyed each other's bodies, mostly in the dark.  
  
I did like him, and maybe he would call me the next time he was lonely and horny and in New York, for another sexual romp; but also, maybe not. Maybe he would instead want to try to conquer yet another floozy.   
  
I knew this; I had no illusions. That's who men like Jason were. They were handsome, they were charming, but they used women. They lost interest once they had conquered us. Another day, another woman to lay.  
  
But the point was not Jason. It was me: The ice queen (me) had melted a little. Maybe I could melt some more? How should I go about it?  
  
We still had the room for another hour before checkout, so I went back to the room. I figured the problem was that I could not let anyone see my naked body. Yet I had let Jason see it! I had even fucked him with a lamp on. Perhaps I could start small, with a little harmless exhibitionism, and let anonymous strangers see my body from afar?   
  
I had a plan I had thought of as I had watched Jason's taxi speed away. Jason was now out of my life, possibly forever. I decided this was the moment, in this hotel room, to put my plan into action.   
  
I turned on all the lights, and I undressed down to my bra and panties. I took a deep breath, and I opened the blackout curtains. I exhaled, took another deep breath, and I opened the room's normal curtains.   
  
I was on the 8th floor in midtown, and there was a skyscraper right across the street. I could see men at their desks working in the skyscraper. Since I could see them, I figured that meant those men could see me. I paraded around doing things, constantly trying to suppress the panic I felt rising up from my stomach.   
  
I stood still and gazed out the window. None of the worker bees from the building across were paying even the slightest attention to me, a woman parading around in her underwear in the window across the street. This comforted me.  
  
That's when I took things to the next level. I decided to stand in the window, facing the windows of the building across, and remove my bra. I slowly, sexily, unhooked my bra. It gradually slipped down my breasts a little, and I shrugged off the straps, and it slid down some more.   
  
I slid it down even more, until it dropped to the floor, and I was topless. I walked around in the room, knowing that the human eye, like the eyes of many carnivores, primarily notices motion. I stopped after a while and stared at the building across the street.   
  
I saw a man glancing over. He had noticed me, and he stopped his worker bee chores in order to stare at me. I almost died. He had seen me! Oh, my God. I'm sure I turned beet red, and I quickly grabbed my bra to put it on to cover up.  
  
I was hurrying so much to put it on that I dropped it. I looked at the man: He was smiling! He waved at me, and idiotically, I gave up on my bra, and with my boobs hanging out I gave him my standard brilliant smile and waved back, standing there topless, dressed in only my bikini panties, and embarrassed as all hell. He pointed down, towards the street, towards his watch, and held up 5 fingers. I nodded.   
  
Was I going to meet this man, this stranger, after exposing myself to him? How could I even think to do such a thing? Was I nuts? Yes, I'm nuts, I thought. To beat my affliction, to conquer my phobia, I knew right then that I had no choice but to face him. After all, I was on a roll. I could not let this opportunity pass me by!  
  
I had to do this while my phobia was in retreat. It was a rare opportunity, and I felt I had no choice but to seize it. Also, I only had five minutes. There was no time to for me to debate the merits of my choices just then.   
  
I got dressed. There was blood on the sheets from when my hymen broke It was mixed with cum, creating a pink, sticky mess. It looked sexy to me as it reminded of my deflowering and my tryst, but I realized it might look disgusting to the chambermaid. I took a picture of the pink mess of blood and cum on the bed. I wanted to keep for posterity the image of my triumph over my phobia.  
  
Feeling guilty, I left a twenty dollar tip for the chambermaid, and went to the lobby. I dropped my room key in the checkout box so that Jason would not be charged for a late checkout. I adjusted my hair in the mirror, and then in a fit of bravery I unbuttoned a few buttons of my blouse.   
  
I was still modestly dressed, so I unbuttoned another one, then yet another one. Now one could easily get some serious glimpses of my lacy bra. I left the hotel and went into the street, ready to meet my voyeur.   
  
It had been more than five minutes, but I figured he would wait for me. What I was to do with him once I met him, assuming he even showed up, I did not know. Well, he's the man: Maybe he would have an idea? I shivered as I thought what his ideas might be.   
  
He did show up. He was actually a nice guy. He thought I was an exhibitionist, and he has a fetish for such women. I nervously giggled when he said that, but he did not understand why I thought it was so funny. I decided to be a little honest, and I told him that was my first ever "show," but I was glad that he liked it.   
  
His name was Mike, and he asked me out for the next Friday night. I told him I work until 7pm, and he said he'd pick me up at work. I said no, people might talk, but we could meet at a watering hole nearby my place of work. I work in the financial district, way downtown, and there is no shortage of watering holes with waitresses in short skirts and plunging necklines down there.   
  
"I'll be looking at you, and only at you," he said.   
  
Brave talk, but that Friday night he took every free peek down the waitress' blouse he could get, and I noticed he rewarded her with a nice tip. I like men who tip well. Even though I am a secretary, and have never been a waitress, I feel it is some kind of class solidarity.   
  
In his defense, the waitress had great tits, and she was dressed as if she were hot to trot. I didn't care if he enjoyed the view. He was a man, after all. All I wanted was for him to be primarily interested in me. He was, too.   
  
I like the analogy: If I were an artist, and went with a man to a gallery and he admired the art of another artist, should I be jealous? Of course not: It's simply nice to be with a man who can appreciate art. I was with a man who likes to view sexy women, that's all.  
  
I did not know it, of course, but Mike too was a former lover of Gloria's. She knew he liked to control women when he could. He had gotten Gloria to do outrageous things and he had almost turned her into a flaming slut. She had rebelled, and she somehow broke his spell through force of will. She walked away from him to save herself. She felt she had to stay away from him: It was even dangerous for her to be in the same room as he.   
  
A long time passed with no contact between Mike and Gloria, since Gloria knew if she saw him again she would once again fall under his spell. But she wanted to destroy me more than she wanted to continue to protect herself. So, she had set the whole thing up. She had even chosen the hotel for Jason, and she had him request a room with a southern exposure, so as to overlook Mike's office building.   
  
Jason had texted Gloria when he left for the airport. Gloria then texted Mike. Mike now knew it was time to scan the windows of the 8th floor of the hotel looking for me. I had been easy to find, parading around topless in the window. Gloria was Machiavellian evil.   
  
"I know you dressed for work today, so I took the liberty of bringing you a change of clothes," Mike said.  
  
"You did what?" I asked. I was incredulous. I needed him to repeat what he said.   
  
"It's to help you become a full-fledged exhibitionist, little lady," Mike said.   
  
"How do you even know my size?" I asked.   
  
"My Dad is a tailor. He can make a form fitting dress for a woman after simply looking at her for five minutes. If she's naked in the window, it's even easier. I can't do that, but he trained me some, and I sure as hell can tell what size clothes a woman wears," he replied.

This was all bullshit, a story Gloria made up. The facts were that Gloria knew what size clothes I wore because we were friends. Sometimes we even traded clothes. She had picked out the clothes for Mike to bring. I of course did not know any of this.  
  
"You're talking about that one time in the hotel window?" I asked.   
  
"I've been thinking about it all week," Mike said.   
  
"And beating off to it?" I stupidly asked.   
  
Mike looked at me, surprised. "That's a bit personal for a first date," he said.  
  
"Yes, yes, I'm sorry!" I quickly apologized, hoping I had not already ruined things with this nice man.   
  
Seeing my distress, Mike laughed, "That's okay, Jamie. Now why don't you go to the ladies' room and give these clothes a try?"  
  
"Mike, I'm scared. I'm actually very shy. Truth be told, I'm horribly shy about my body. Until this weekend, no man had ever even seen my body. You are only the second man ever to see my breasts, unless other people in your building also saw me that morning," I confessed.   
  
"Really? You're 24 and no man had ever seen your boobs until last weekend?" Mike was truly surprised.   
  
"Yes. I wanted them to see my boobs, and plenty of men tried, but I just could not do it. Men know me as an ice queen. Last weekend I melted a little, and even had sex for the first time in my life," I said, being brutally honest with this man I barely knew.   
  
The fact I barely knew him somehow made it easier to be honest with him. Also, he seemed accepting, and nonjudgmental. These are great qualities in a man for a girl like me.   
  
"But you were almost naked in the hotel window," Mike said, clearly confused.   
  
"It took tremendous courage for me to do that. You have no idea. It was my first attempt at self-melting. And I am being richly rewarded: I met you. I like you, Mike," I said, taking yet another risk.   
  
"Given what you've just told me, the clothes I brought for you will not work. Let's just skip that part, and continue our date. I like you too, Jamie. But I do happen to have something that may help you. I have a friend who works for Johnson and Johnson across the river in New Jersey. He gave me these pills, since he knows I have a friend with many phobias."  
  
"What are they for?" I asked, quite reasonably.  
  
"It seems they act on the brain to reduce and sometimes eliminate a person's phobias. The phobias need to be extreme. You seem to qualify. They're experimental, but they appear to be harmless. Johnson and Johnson is confident it will get FDA approval. These pills will change the landscape of pharmaceuticals. Here, try one. The proper dose is two."  
  
Mike handed me a dark brown bottle. I looked at the bottle. The label read "Dyrenatrene, 10mg." I said, "Why is the bottle dark brown?"  
  
"Too much light can alter the chemistry of the drug," Mike said, with no hesitation. This was of course more bullshit. Gloria had bought placebo pills online, made up the name Dyrenatrene, printed out some labels, and slapped them on some small, dark brown bottles. The light sensitivity angle was just Mike being creative, but it's this kind of little detail that make such a lie convincing,  
  
"Are there side effects?" I asked.   
  
"A small percentage of people complain of dry mouth, and an even smaller percent complain of dizziness. And in an interesting twist, alcohol makes the drugs more effective, so participants are encouraged to drink!" Mike said.   
  
I took two of the pills. "How long does it take to have an effect?" I asked.  
  
"It's quick acting, but like many drugs, it depends on the individual. They say between 10 minutes and a half hour. And before you ask, the effect lasts a full 24 hours, often longer."  
  
We sat there, gazing at each other, waiting for the "drug" to have an effect.   
  
Mike leaned over to me and said, "May I kiss you?" He did not wait for an answer. Right there in the bar he leaned over and kissed me tenderly. I kissed him right back, equally tenderly.   
  
"Mmmm," I purred. "You kiss nice." I got up and grabbed the bag of clothes and walked to the ladies' room. I felt a little dizzy when I stood, and my mouth was very dry. I figured the drugs were kicking in. I had a newfound courage that I had always lacked. These drugs were amazing!  
  
The ladies' room in that bar was not great, and a little dirty, but it was okay. It did have a small couch, so I spread out the clothes. Wow, I thought. I decided not to think, and I took off my clothes and put on the clothes Mike had brought.   
  
The top was a halter-top that was indeed perfectly designed for my boobs. But you could not wear a bra under it without looking stupid. I removed the halter-top, removed my bra, and put the halter-top back on. I looked in the mirror and I could see my large and dark areolas, and my nipples poked at the fabric. My nipples too were clearly visible through the thin cotton.   
  
It was as though I were wearing pink colored saran wrap. I was completely on display through the thin fabric. The air conditioning of the bar had hardened my nipples, and the effect on my boobs in the nearly transparent halter-top was almost obscene. I did not care. I blamed the drugs.  
  
The skirt was little more than crotch length, but I could handle short skirts. It was tight, too, and it hugged my behind, outlining every detail, even the crack back there. Mike had thoughtfully included lace panties that hid nothing. They were not thongs, but were basically see-through panties. I would need always to sit correctly. But I was good at that.   
  
Before I could think (and therefore panic) I left the ladies' and headed back to our bar stools. My old, much more conservative work clothes were in the shopping bag that previously held these new clothes. Fortunately, knowing I would meet Mike after work, I had worn high heels, so I had on appropriate shoes for the short skirt.   
  
I could tell by Mike's face as I walked to the table that he liked my new appearance. I have large hips: They are what my friend Gloria calls "child bearing hips." Probably as a consequence I have a pronounced wiggle in my walk. Heels make the wiggle very pronounced. This just makes everything sexier. Even without my sexy clothes, in heels and with my natural wiggle, I have a sexy walk.   
  
In the context of that bar, wearing a hyper sexy "drop dead," exhibitionist outfit, and wiggling my hips something fierce, the effect was stunning. Most if not all men in the bar watched me as I strutted back to the bar stool. No doubt I flashed my "barely there" panties as I climbed up on the barstool.   
  
I was breathing rapidly and close to a panic attack as I looked at Mike and tried to smile. Mike just leaned in and kissed me again. It worked: his kiss distracted me, and the pleasure from a man's loving kiss overwhelmed the panic urges. I'm sure the meds helped, too. The threat of an imminent panic attack faded.  
  
Mike kept me constantly engaged in conversation, which was a distraction from how I was dressed. It was not a total distraction, as every man in the bar, coming and going, checked me out. I was not used to so much male attention. I mean I'm pretty and have a nice figure and do nothing to hide it, so I get my fair share of male attention normally.   
  
But this was a different kind of attention: the clothes, especially the top that was made of thin cotton, made me look cheap. I looked easy. My boobs are on the large side of the spectrum. They pushed at the fabric, as if they were begging to be released. The effect was that one could see a lot of boob through the fabric, including all of my areolas and of course my nipples. Hell, one could see, in essence, all of my boobs.  
  
The fact that my areolas and nipples were easy to make out gave me a slutty appearance. The kind of attention such a look inspires from men I was not at all accustomed to. Still, Mike's constant attempt to engage me in small talk was enough of a distraction to keep my panic urges at bay.   
  
I was learning a lot about Mike. He was a paralegal and going to law school. He had a working-class background, but he worked hard and was trying to get ahead. He was older, 27, but I did not see that as a problem. I could tell he knew his way around a woman. He was an experienced man.   
  
He looked me in the eye when we conversed, but his eyes would frequently wander to my halter-top and my exposed boobs. I ignored his wandering eyes, keeping my own gaze centered directly at Mike.   
  
When we left the bar, I needed food. I had drunk too much on an empty stomach, and my head was spinning. The drugs were making me dizzy. I'm sure my drunken state accentuated the effects of the drugs. All this made it easier to walk around when men could plainly see my boobs right through my halter-top.   
  
I could not believe how openly exposed I was! Me, the famous ice queen. I had escaped from the deep freeze prison of my own making, and fallen into some exhibitionist cauldron.  
  
We grabbed some dinner. It was just simple but delicious Vietnamese sandwiches. The fast food staff stared at my boobs and my long legs beneath my mini skirt. The food did not work to sober me up. I was plastered. As the sun was setting on the warm spring evening we walked around alongside the Hudson River. Nothing is ever deserted in Manhattan, but Mike took me to a small riverside park where we were pretty much alone.   
  
"Want to melt some more ice?" he asked me. I nodded. He pushed my top up over my boobs, exposing them completely. He began to caress my boobs. I gasped. This was not what I thought Mike meant when he had said, "melt some more ice." It was bad enough feeling exposed in the clothes, but to have a man openly fondle my boobs in public? This was too much.  
  
"No," I said. "I can't do this."  
  
"Yes, you can," Mike said, and he kissed me. His kiss melted my resistance, and as he kissed me and I got lost in the pleasure of his wonderful kisses, his hands returned to my boobs. It was dark out, but not that dark. But to be honest: to be kissed and to have my boobs fondled at the same time, well, that just felt great. It was a first for me.  
  
I saw a couple of men some distance away. It was maybe twenty yards. A woman was with them. She looked a bit like Gloria, but her back was to me. Anyway, she began to walk away, but of course the two men stayed.   
  
Would they see me acting as a slut? Yes, yes, they saw, and they were staring. Oh, no. Oh, shit. I broke the kiss, "Men are staring at us," I said to Mike. He kept right on fondling my boobs.  
  
"Good," he said, to my shock and surprise. "You're learning to be an exhibitionist, remember?" With one hand still on my boobs, he rapidly unzipped my skirt and slid it down, so that I was standing there only in my halter-top pushed up above my boobs, and panties, and with his hand on my left boob. Mike resumed kissing me.  
  
I don't know why. Maybe it was his confidence, or perhaps his quiet authority. He spoke with definite clarity, as though he knew exactly what he was doing, and that he had thought out everything.   
  
Maybe that was it. But in any event, I decided to leave him in charge. I'm not sure what came over me, but suddenly I simply gave up my will. I became a slave to whatever Mike wanted. As it turns out, he wanted a lot.   
  
Mike detected the change. Nothing was said: It was all body language. I began to get wet, being exposed not just to Mike, but to the two men some distance away. But my body relaxed. I was now pliant. I was submissively giving myself to him. I think I could never have done such a thing without the meds.  
  
Mike took full advantage of my entry into a submissive state. His fingers went down to my panties. His fingers slipped underneath them, caressing the outline of my pussy. I gasped, and my breathing changed. When his fingers stroked my labia, I moaned. Mike now knew that he had me. I was his, to do with as he pleased.  
  
Mike pushed my panties down and I stepped out of them. He told me to get on all fours on the small lawn. I complied immediately. I felt his hard cock at my entrance only moments later.   
  
At this point I said, "Really? Here? In a park in downtown Manhattan, with two men watching?"  
  
"Jamie, you are as wet as the Hudson River. Brace yourself, I'm coming in," and before I could even try to stop him, his cock was inside me. He probably knew, he understood me so well: I was not going to try to stop him. If Mike wanted open-air sex in downtown Manhattan, potentially visible to the multitudes, right then it was fine by me.   
  
As he fucked me he untied my halter-top and it fell off. My boobs bounced around freely, dangling beneath me. I was now naked, save for my high heels, and being magnificently fucked, right there in a park.   
  
As he fucked me, I thought about things. Last weekend I fucked a man I had just met. I rode him for all I was worth, as much as I could, in his hotel room. Then I exposed myself in the hotel window. Now I was fucking a man on our first date, naked, outdoors in a park.   
  
This was a little too much melting! I had become a flaming slut. The ice queen melteth. I was not just melting; I was transforming the water from the melted ice into a burning fire. Burn, baby, burn.   
  
I had to stop thinking and to pay more attention to the pounding my naked body was getting, right there at the bottom of Manhattan. I could feel the cool sea air breeze rustling around, caressing my exposed flesh as Mike held me in place with his hands on my large, child bearing hips, his cock pounding at me furiously. His passion was extraordinary.   
  
I glanced at the two men to see if they were still there, watching, and of course they were. Worse, though, three more men had joined them.   
  
I did not cum during the fuck, It was too, too weird to be fucking outdoors, while being watched, to boot. I was still way too uptight to relax enough to cum in such a situation. This was not a problem for Mike, however. He unloaded deep inside me, and then he pulled out continued to squirt all over my back. He had a lot of cum.  
  
I collapsed onto the lawn, lying on my back, my legs open to let my pussy dry out a bit. I squirmed on the lawn, hoping the grass would absorb some of the messy, sticky cum on my back. Mike stood over me, pulling up his pants, getting dressed. It gradually occurred to me I was still naked, and very much on wanton display, on my back, legs spread, in a public park in Manhattan, of all places!  
  
Mike gave me a hand and pulled me upright. Now I was standing up, naked. Eight men were twenty yards away, now staring at me. My pussy was engorged with blood. It produced some kind of an after-sex swell. My boobs were sweaty. I was quite a sight to see. I did not care. I could not believe it! I, Jamie Cappiano, did not care! How liberating this feeling was.   
  
I guess I was also quite a sight to be photographed. I realized this to my horror, as multiple flashes went off, capturing my just-fucked wanton nudity for posterity. Shit, I thought, in my most elegant English. I belatedly realized I had barely noticed similar flashes while Mike and I had been rutting, down on the grass.  
  
Gloria, from a near perfect vantage point on the second floor of a fast food place close to the park, stopped filming the action with her telephoto lens Nikon video recorder. She smiled, as she dumped her uneaten fries and large Coke into the trash and left the restaurant.   
  
I moved slowly, much too slowly. I had moved slowly after my sex with Jason, too. I was too inexperienced to know if it is a general thing: sluggish movement for a woman after sex. I suspect it is. As if in a daze, I picked up the halter-top and put it on, covering my boobs at least. Well, as much as the halter-top does cover them; it's fairly see-through, as I've said. I found my "barely there" panties and began to pull them up.   
  
"Leave your panties off," Mike said.  
  
I looked at him. How could I walk around Manhattan in a very short skirt, dripping his cum, with no panties? Mike looked back at me with an icy stare. Well, I thought, he's in charge, so I handed him back the panties.  
  
I found my skirt and soon that was on too, and zipped. Now dressed, or at least resembling someone who was dressed, and freshly fucked, I looked like a slut. I had also acted like a slut. I felt like a slut. Maybe I actually was a slut? Maybe I had always been a slut, just protected by my phobias?  
  
I looked around and the men were still there, still smiling at me. We had to walk right past them to exit the park. There was no other way out. The alternative was to swim in the Hudson. Mike took my hand, and we walked up to the men, and right on by them. That's when my world ended. Right then, right there.  
  
One of the original two men there, one who saw the entire seduction and the entire and glorious fuck, I recognized as Bob Mason. As a legal secretary, I am assigned to three lawyers. Mr. Mason is the alpha male of the three lawyers. He is my primary boss.   
  
I stopped. I turned around to look at the men again. Yep: It was Mr. Mason, alright. "Hi, Mr. Mason," I said.  
  
"Good evening, Ms. Cappiano," Mr. Mason said. He looked me in the eye, and next his gaze wandered down to my boobs, essentially completely visible, nipples and all, through my tight fitting, saran wrap like halter-top. He then looked up again at my eyes. "Have a good weekend. You're having a great start to it, I should think."  
  
"Yes. Yes, it is. A great start," I said as Mike pulled me away. My life was about to get very weird. The legal pool knew Mr. Mason as a sexual predator. I now had "target" written all over me. I could imagine the word target tattooed on my boobs, those same boobs so clearly revealed through the thin fabric of my halter-top.   
  
I wonder if Juicy made shorts with the words Juicy Target written on the ass? Maybe for the Target chain store? If so, I would have to get a pair.  
  
As we walked away, Mike put his hand on my ass. He raised my skirt, exposing my naked ass to the world behind us. I knew he was doing this, and I did not care. I was proud of my smooth and soft milky white bubble butt, and if Mike wanted to share the sight with the world, well then, it was okay with me!  
  
This was a huge change from my nudity phobia behavior. But I was on these amazing miracle drugs, and I was carefree. Of course, our eight voyeurs had turned around to watch us (well, really me, I suppose) walk away.   
  
I was not thinking about the view for the voyeurs right then, and I misinterpreted what Mike was doing. I said to Mike, "That feels nice. I have K-Y lube in my purse if you want to take my asshole cherry. But if we do that, we do it indoors." I saw Mike get a big smile. I guess he is an ass man.   
  
Mike said, "Turnaround and wave goodbye to the voyeurs, my little pretty slut."  
  
I shivered when he called me a "pretty slut." I turned around and waved, and as I did so Mike lifted my skirt, showing the voyeurs my pussy, too. Good thing we were some distance away; the distance made it hard to see details. Nevertheless there was a cell phone camera flash while my skirt was up.  
  
The eight men were still standing there. They were watching us as we walked away.   
  
I thought about the many flashes going off while Mike and I so flamboyantly did the deed on the grass in that tiny park. Probably they meant there was now a picture sitting on Mr. Mason's phone. Maybe he had a whole slew of pictures. Maybe he would use them to get me to do things for him? To do things to him? To do things with him? My work life was going to be hell. But my nasty pussy was once again getting wet at these thoughts.  
  
I'm sure there is a more elegant way to express how I felt just then, thinking about my workplace future, but the phrase that came to mind was, "Shit. Shit, and double shit. I am so fucked."  
  
I had no idea how prescient would be my thoughts just then.