**Zoom Humiliation**

by callymitchell

Let this story be a warning for all those participating in Zoom meetings these days.

A few weeks ago, my parents received a letter in the mail informing them of our annual family reunion. My initial thought when they read the letter aloud was how unsafe it would be – given the pandemic and the fact our reunions typically have about 50 or so people coming and going throughout the day. But then they got to the catch. This would be a Zoom Reunion.

I rolled my eyes as my dad laughed when he was reading it. This would surely be a shit show. I had participated in enough Zoom meetings through school, volleyball, and my church’s youth organization to know that. And those were mostly with younger people who, no offense to older readers out there, I consider to be savvier with technology.

My dad laughed, but my mom insisted we participate. Myself, my sister – who is 2 years younger and a freshman in high school - and our middle school aged brother groaned.

Anyway, fast forward to the Saturday it would be taking place. My parents had left to go over to our grandparents to help them out with Zoom. My brother went with them, probably so he didn’t have to stay and get picked on by his big sisters during the event.

My sister and I share a bedroom in which we have a nice desktop that my dad just upgraded for us since we’d be doing a lot more schoolwork from home. I begged for a laptop of my own but was told not until I graduated high school. Whatever, one more year isn’t that long of a wait. Plus, the desktop was lightning fast and had a big HD monitor and a super-clear webcam on it. My Volleyball teammates were always jealous how good I looked during our meetings lol.

The morning of the reunion I was finishing up showering and exited our bathroom with a towel wrapped around myself. Once I got into the privacy of our room, I nonchalantly dropped the towel to the floor. I gazed at our full-length mirror and briefly admired the tan I was finally getting, albeit two months into summer. My parents did not make me go back to waitressing when restaurants reopened, and I had achieved some nice muscle tone from all the extra workouts I had time for.

While checking myself out, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that our monitor was on. Weird, I thought, though I figured my sister had been on the computer. She had her email pulled up. My phone was on the desk charging and had a bunch of missed messages on it from my parents and brother, as well as some other family members. This reunion shit had them all excited, I laughed to myself.

I went to close my sister’s email, but noticed the message that was pulled up. The title read:

65th Annual Mitchell Reunion Moved Up

I quickly skimmed the body of the message which essentially said our reunion had been moved up due to some unforeseen circumstances. The time had been bumped to 11:00 AM instead of 1 PM. I glanced at the clock on my computer. 11:15. Shit, we were late. Guess that explained the text messages.

“Alexis!” I called out to my sister. I heard her rummaging around downstairs.

“What!?” She replied.

“We’re late for the reunion, hurry up!”

“I know! I’m grabbing something to eat! I already started it!”

Her words hung in the air as I stood, dumbfounded and bare naked, in front of the computer. Dread crept in. And that’s when I noticed it. The light to our webcam was turned on!

I shot my arm across my breasts as my eyes furiously scanned the screen. My brain was in full-blown panic mode at this time and I didn’t even think to cover my lower half. The unmistakable Zoom logo was at the bottom dashboard. Fuck! Praying Alexis hadn’t allowed the App to access our cam I raced the mouse down to the logo and clicked on it.

The familiar bunch of small squares with different faces appeared on my screen. To my horror, at the top left of the squares, I saw myself – slight bent over, staring into the camera, with my arm across my tits and my bald cooch on full display!

You’d have thought I would’ve just ducked out of view. Nope. My lizard brain thought it was smarter to fumble around with the app trying to block the cam. In doing so, I managed to unmute my mic, as well as unmute the computer in general. Perhaps, I subconsciously wanted to punish myself by allowing my brain to process all my family member’s live reactions.

“Cally cover up!”

“What are you letting your girls get up to Robert?!”

“For God’s sake Ken, log out and give the girl some privacy!”

But the majority of their reactions was split between squeals of laughter and groans of disgust.

I continued to desperately survey the app. All the while, my expensive webcam, which I had been so thankful for in the past, continued to capture a crystal-clear view of my freshly shaved vagina for my relatives’ viewing pleasure. UGGGHH!

“Cally!?” Alexis entered the room. “Hahahahahah!” She burst out in laughter once she assessed the situation.

I turned slightly to see her. Instinctively, I moved my arm to shield my crotch from her, and my tits spilled out into view.

“Whoah!”

I noticed some of the reunions’ reaction.

“Lex, help!”

“Just get away, I’ll take care of it!” My sis said, as she continued to roar with laughter. She brushed me aside. I ran over to the bed, surely with my ass bouncing away on the screen and ducked under the covers.

Finally, my humiliation was over as my sister quickly shut the app down. Amazing what one can do with a clear mind. I stayed under the covers sobbing in humiliation for about 10 minutes while my sister granted me some privacy. I slipped on some clothes and went over to grab my phone and forced myself to read through the messages.

They started out innocently enough, my parents just messaged me about the reunion being moved up. But they quickly escalated into

“WTF are you doing?!”

“Get dressed!”

“Cally cover up!”

“Cally you’re on camera!”

They went on and on from various family members. I think the worst was seeing my brother’s message and knowing he had seen all of me. His message was simple and similar to Alexis’ reaction…

“BAHAHAHAHA!”

“Ugghhhhh!” I moaned to myself. The worst part about it is that there’s no way at least one of my relatives didn’t record the chat. I have a few creepy uncles and male cousins my age to make sure of that. There’s a small part of me that hopes this pandemic never end so I won’t have to face them!