

Perfect Match

Sex Chat

I was seated on my couch scrolling through my phone when a notification suddenly appeared on my screen. You know those notifications that appear abruptly and suddenly cover your whole screen? It was from the Perfect Match app I installed the previous day. I opened the app and it was an inbox message from a user going by the pseudo name Mr. D. I don't know what the letter D meant to him, maybe it was the first letter in his name or meant dick or something like that. "Hi Princess, I would like to feed you a piece of my D because I know you can't take the whole of it," The message read accompanied by a huge cucumber emoji. "From my experience, those who brag tend to perform poorly on D-day," I replied, and thank God he was still online because immediately after the message was sent, he opened it and started typing a reply. "I'm different, trust me, my last client couldn't stand my D, so I had to excuse her midway," Mr. D replied and I smiled after reading the text. An image of me running midway appeared in my mind and I don't know why it looked funny, it should be embarrassing. "How large? How long? How thick? Can you give me rough estimates so that I can have a vague picture of what we are talking about," I replied, and just like he did with the previous texts, he started typing immediately when he opened the text. "Slightly above 16cm, I guess. Thick enough to brush your lips when going through your mouth (when your mouth is wide open)," He replied and I rolled my eyes hard. I hope this is not one of those guys who just brag on the phone and turn out to be trash when given the opportunity. "That's an impressive Resume you've got, hope it's not exaggerated. Do you mind revealing to me your experience, I mean body count," I replied and calmly waited for his reply as I stared at my phone's screen in shock. While waiting for his text, I tried to draw a mental picture of this man's cock and as the image started to take shape in my mind, I felt warm blood rushing down to my pussy. I could feel a warm liquid starting to form on my pussy lips. I was starting to get wet. I was just putting on a t-shirt and no underpants, so I quickly shoved my hand underneath my shirt and started using one of my long extended nails to tickle my clitoris. The sensation was so intense that I was forced to bite my lips hard to suppress the moan that was threatening to escape my mouth. "I lost count already, but it's something crazy, like over 50 or so," Mr. D replied and I quickly replied with a laughing emoji. "That's too much. Are you doing it like a full-time 9-5 job?" I asked. "Not really 9-5 because I occasionally go on night shifts. Let's just call it a 9-9 job," He replied. "What's your body count?" He threw back the question to me. Honestly, my body count is below five and I have had a rough time with all these partners. However, I wanted to come out as a hoe, so I lied to Mr. D. "I'm currently at 10. I hope you will be the eleventh one," I replied tickling my clitoris even more using my fake nails. I then pulled the nail out of my pussy and moved it close to my nose to take in the smell. It was not a pleasant smell but it was surprisingly therapeutic. I found it relaxing. "You are lying, I can see it in your handwriting," Mr. D replied and I was surprised at how quick he was to notice that I was not telling the truth. "I am honest," I replied. "Why should I lie to you? What benefit will I get?" I added

trying to convince him that I was telling the truth. "Ok, I will take your word, but with a pinch of salt," Mr. D replied. "Can you describe just in one word your ninth experience," Mr. D added and I was surprised at how fast this conversation was changing. "Awful," I replied before passing my free hand over my shirt to touch my boobs. Because I did not have my bra on, the only thing that separated my palm from my nipples was the thin layer of the t-shirt I was wearing. I was however able to fold my boobs under the t-shirt using my right hand and the sensation just kept on building. "Why? The man didn't know how to use his tools. Or he had too small Dick?" Mr D asked. "I think the latter is a better explanation. I have been very unlucky with lengths," I replied. "You know what? I have to get some things done before it's late, we will talk later. Bye," I added and closed the app before he could even finish typing a reply to my message. I rushed to my bathroom and took out the shirt I was wearing. By this time, a lot of heat had built up between my thighs and I could see shining liquid starting to flow on my thighs from my pussy. I felt a sharp urge to finger myself but I couldn't because of the fake nails I was having on my fingers. I had no option but to pull out one of the toys from my bedroom and use it to quench my thirst. I stepped out of my bathroom naked and raced towards my bedroom to get the toys. My boobs bounced against my chest as I paced through the corridor leading to my bedroom. I smiled to myself as the image of my bouncing boobs came clear in my eyes. My boobs are probably what most women would kill for. The boobs are large, nicely shaped, and have a nice pair of large nipples. This is the main reason why I hate putting on bras, both in public and in private. I like it when men turn to have a second look at my boobs poking out of my see-through blouses. In my bedroom, I went through my stuff looking for the toys. I couldn't remember the exact place where I had stored them. I usually use them in weird places, so locating them sometimes gets difficult. I was ten minutes into the search but still couldn't trace the toys so I gave up the search and paced towards the kitchen to pick a cucumber from my fridge. I desperately needed something to go into my pussy and cool the heat that had built up there. The toys were the perfect pick for that job but now even the cucumbers would do.

I swung the fridge door open and chose the largest cucumber out of the ones I had there. I then paced back to the sitting room and lay on the couch spreading my legs wide. I then took the cucumber and shoved it slowly into my pussy. The cucumber was still cold as it forced its way into my now dripping-wet pussy. The cold, rough skin of the cucumber brushed against my pussy lips as the thick cucumber forced its way into my pussy tickling the sensitive nerve endings located around my pussy lips. The pleasure was tense and kept on building up as I drove the cucumber deeper into my pussy and out of my pussy. I found myself moaning profusely as I could not hold the moans any further. I rode the cucumber into and out of my pussy increasing the speed as the sensation built until I couldn't ride it any further. I remained strapped to the couch in a statue-like position as colorless liquid splashed from my pussy in quick succession. I was squirting and the feeling couldn't be any better. My eyes widened and my eyeballs rolled in my eye socket as the liquid kept on splashing until it seized after around three splashes. I lay on the couch still taking in the feeling before picking up my phone again to see if the mysterious Mr. D had texted again. "I hope the conversation continues to get dirty as fuck," I thought to myself as I opened the Perfect Match app which

had now risen to become the most frequently used application on my phone's app rank. "Text me when you are through with whatever you are doing, I will be waiting for your text," Mr. D's message read. It was sent immediately after he received my last text. "I don't know why I am starting to get attached," I texted Mr. D trying to strike up a new conversation with him. "If my words can get you attached, then I don't know what my dick can get you to do," He replied immediately after he received my text. He was more than alert, probably staring at his phone every time waiting for my message to pop up on his screen. "Can you send me a pic of the cock? You seem to be talking a lot about its capabilities," I texted back and stared at my phone's screen eagerly waiting to see the picture he was about to send. Immediately after the message was delivered, Mr. D replied with a pic of a huge erect black cock. It seemed so unreal that I instantly doubted the authenticity of the picture. This cannot be real, I thought to myself as I zoomed it to take a perfect look. "You must have downloaded this from a pornography site." "I will not waste my words trying to convince you. What about if we go on a naked date so that you can see it for yourself in real-time?" Mr. D replied and I was quite surprised by his suggestion. "You mean being naked on our first date?" I replied adding the surprise emoji to express how I was feeling about his offer. "Yes, we can go on a naked date. Something like a nude dinner in one of the fine restaurants in town," He replied. "What do you mean when you say naked? Do you mean going out in revealing clothes or innerwear or going out fully nude? Like thwart naked? I have some crazy revealing clothes in my closet, they leave almost nothing to the imagination." "Save the revealing clothes for some other day. Today we will go on a fully nude dinner date," Mr. D replied and pinned the location of one of the restaurants in town. "Nude dinner date at 8 pm today. NO CLOTHES ALLOWED. See you then," Mr. D sent the text to me before going offline. He did not read or reply to all the other messages I sent to him thereafter. I was left thinking about this invitation to a nude dinner date and everything that might go wrong if I honored it. I did a few online searches and realized that it was not something strange, some people have actually gathered the courage to go on a date naked and it went down smoothly despite earning stares from strangers who most probably thought that they were crazy. It was around 3 pm, so I had around five hours to think about this invitation and come up with the best decision. By 5 pm, I had not made a decision. This invitation was, however, still stuck in my mind and it was starting to become more tempting. "I have to go on this date," I thought to myself as I ransacked the internet looking for more information about naked dates. "I have to prove to this Mr. D that I am a slut," The thoughts kept on flooding my mind with most of them encouraging me to honor this invitation. "After all, what's the worst that can happen? Just a few stares here and there and I will be just fine," I thought to myself as I headed to the bathroom to shave my pussy. If I was going to step out of my house naked, then I had to do it in a clean pussy, I couldn't risk showing up in public with a bushy pussy. In the bathroom, I removed the shirt I was wearing and stood before my huge dressing mirror staring at my naked body. "Are you sure that you can step out like this in public?" I asked myself as I stared at my naked body down from my toe to my head. I didn't have the perfect body every woman dreams of, but I had a very nice boobs, trust me in this. I know many girls would kill to have boobs like mine. I had short hair on my head, but that was the opposite down

around my pussy because I rarely shave down there. Only on special occasions do I think of shaving my pussy and it had taken several months or even a year before a special occasion arose. My face was nice, nice enough to attract a rich man. I can give myself a six out of ten if I were to rank myself on a scale of one to ten. And I wouldn't hesitate to fuck someone like me if I was a man, although men fuck any girls regardless of their faces. My chest was where the main center of attraction lay. I had two massive boobs sitting calmly on my chest and I was willing to flaunt them any day. The boobs were not only massive but were also shaped nicely with two black nipples sitting perfectly on them. Most of the time, I used to go to school without my bra on and I couldn't fail to notice men staring at my chest any time I came across them. Most of them used to pocket me immediately after staring at my chest to hide the bulge that formed in their trousers after staring at my loaded chest. In short, my boobs moving freely under my shirt can trigger an involuntary erection. Down from my chest was my midriff with a fine belly button sitting in the middle. My belly was not perfectly flat but it was just fine. I would occasionally flaunt it in a crop top and the stares I earned were just fine. Then down from my midriff, was my pussy sitting perfectly between thighs. It was bushy because I hadn't shaved it for quite some time but many men have done many crazy things just to slide their cocks into it. I remember back in high school when one of the boys in our class gave me his school fees for the entire academic year just to have a taste of my precious pussy. The poor boy ended up losing his fees and the chance to taste my pussy because I didn't just like his vibe, but I liked his money.

Behind my pussy is my ass drawing a perfect curve from my waist down to my thigh. My ass was noticeable, especially when I wore tight dresses, skirts, and pants. Most men usually break their necks just to have a second glance at my ass and I like it when they do that. Now that I am going out naked, people will have a chance to get an unobstructed view of my ass. Down from my ass and pussy, is my thighs. I honestly have nothing to say about my thighs and legs. They are just fine. I would rate them seven on a scale of one to ten. By the time I was done with admiring my body, it was already half past six and I was now left with less than two hours to prepare. I grabbed an electric shaver from my makeup table and used it to carefully trim the hair around my pussy and thighs. After shaving all of the hair around my pussy, I turned on the shower and took a warm bath before drying my body and heading over to my bedroom to 'dress'. I stood in front of my makeup mirror and applied some light makeup before applying lotion on my whole body, this was very important because I was about to throw my body into the limelight. After that, I grabbed a few jewelry from my jewelry box. I have 18 piercings, so I had to make sure that every piercing was filled with either a ring or a stud. Eight of the 18 piercings are on my ears, four on both sides and then two on my lower lips, two on my right eyelid, two on my nipples with one on either side, one on my tongue, one on my right nostril, one between my left and right nose, one on my belly button and the final one on my pussy. The ring on my pussy was not noticeable enough, so I took a bigger one to replace it. After filling up all the piercings with the rings and studs, I placed a silver necklace around my neck and wore a watch and a bracelet around my wrist. I then wore an anklet on my right foot, hung three waist beads around my waist, and wore white sneakers and pink socks to complete my look. I gave myself a final look in my

dressing mirror and it was perfect. Every piece of jewelry stood out and matched perfectly with the other. I didn't bring a handbag with me because I was not going to need it, so naked save for my jewelry and shoes, I stepped out of my bedroom. It was already 7 pm, so I had to get to the restaurant very fast if I was to arrive at the restaurant on time. I picked up my phone from the couch and logged in to my Perfect Match account to see if Mr. D had left me a message but he had not. Naked Date I took a deep breath before opening my door and stepping out. Because my house was on the fifth floor of the building, I had to use the lift or the stairs to descend to the ground floor. I settled on the lift because I was already running late. "I hope I don't bump into that weird neighbor in this state," I said to myself as I walked to the corridor where the lift was located. There was this weird neighbor of mine who kept on asking me out even after I had turned down thousands of his advances. I hope I won't bump into him now that I am naked. On reaching the corridor, I pressed the lift button down and stood there patiently waiting for the lift's door to open. An elderly woman who stays on the same floor as mine passed by as I was still waiting for the doors of the lift to open and stared at my naked body before turning her attention to my nipples that had nipple rings hanging on them. She gave the nipples a thorough stare before clicking loudly and walking away. "Oh My God! What have I done for this old woman?" I asked myself as I turned my eyes down to check if there was anything wrong with my nipple rings. "Can't she just mind her own business? The body is mine, the nipples are mine and the rings are mine. It's not like I am taking something away from her by rocking my nipple rings." I was still thinking about that elderly woman when a young couple who also lived on the same floor as mine appeared from the far end. They also wanted to use the lift to get to the ground floor or wherever they were going to. However, when the lady saw me, she stared at my nude body before pulling her boyfriend away. "Baby, we can't use the lift," The lady said pulling her boyfriend away towards where the staircase is located. "Why not?" The boyfriend asked pulling back to the direction of the lift. All this time, he was stealing a glance of my naked body alternating his view between my naked pussy and my boobs. "We can't share the lift with her baby; can't you see she is naked?" The lady responded trying hard to pull him away. "What's the problem with that?" The boyfriend asked still resisting. "Ok Fred, you will have to choose between her and me now," The lady said letting go of her boyfriend's hands and pacing towards the direction where they appeared from. She was probably heading back to the house, maybe going to pack her things and leave for good. I don't know. His boyfriend paused for a few seconds as he stared at my body thinking of whether to run after his girlfriend or to follow me into the lift. As he stared at my pussy, I started playing with the ring hanging on my clit and I could see a huge bulge starting to form in his pants. I locked my eyes with him and smiled seductively at him licking my upper lips. I was disappointed when he turned and ran after his girlfriend who had now disappeared into the far end of the hallway. He left me standing there in great disappointment. "I would have not fucked him anyway," I thought to myself as I turned to face the other side. I felt rejected but I brushed off the feeling and waited patiently for the lift that was still yet to arrive. On the small screen mounted on the wall next to the lift's door, the number seven was written and an arrow pointing down was showing next to the number. This meant that the lift was currently on the seventh floor and it

was traveling down. I said a little prayer as I eagerly waited for the lift to reach my floor. "God, please don't make me share the lift with weird people today. Not today God, please," There was a loud beep and the doors of the lift swung open a few seconds after I had completed mumbling my prayers. It was as if God had failed to answer my short prayer because when the door swung open, there were four drunk men in the lift together with one naive girl who was being touched inappropriately by one of the four men at the corner of the lift. At first, I thought of leaving the lift and using the stairs instead but I gathered the courage and stepped into the lift like everything was normal. "Hi, Hi, Hi guys," I stammered as I entered the lift. They did not even try to reply to my greetings. They just kept on staring at me rudely probably fucking me in their minds.

"I find your stares rude guys. Would you mind just minding your business?" I asked trying to set the record straight from the beginning. I then started using my phone as if I was doing something serious on it when there was nothing serious I was doing. "You were free to wear something before stepped out of your house, now that you have decided to step out fully nude, we have no options but to stare at that beautiful slice between your legs," The man who was touching the naive girl replied and I don't know why I felt offended. Maybe because he was the ugliest among the four men. "Why does the ugliest have to be the loudest?" I thought to myself. "Mr. Man, this fucking body is mine and I am free to wear whatever I want even if that means wearing nothing," I fired back hoping to silence him but this only motivated him to hit back. "Mrs. Woman, these fucking eyes are mine and I am free to direct them to whatever direction I want, even if that direction leads to a slice between your legs," The man replied imitating my voice and the whole group busted into a loud laughter. I felt defeated and buried my head deep into my phone pretending to be busy when actually; I was doing nothing meaningful on the phone, I was just scrolling through the apps on my phone trying to keep myself busy. I was just scrolling through the apps and praying hard for this lift to reach the ground floor immediately. "Thank God I didn't have to spend more time with these men in the lift," I thought to myself as I stepped out of the lift. They continued staring at me escorting me with their eyes as I exited the lift and walked away from them. They were giggling and murmuring loudly about how my boobs were perfect, how my pussy looked overused, and how my nipples looked stiff. I could still hear their murmurs even after I had walked tens of steps away from them. After stepping out of the lift, the new challenge was now maintaining my composure until I reached the restaurant. I knew very well that I was going to attract stares, some lovely and some rude stares like the one I received from the boys in the elevator but through all these stares I just had to stay cool, calm, and composed like nothing was going on. As I walked to the apartment's gate, I couldn't fail to notice how the security guard was busy staring at my boobs as I approached him. Because it was already getting dark, it took him long to notice the ring hanging on my clitoris but once he noticed it, he couldn't get his eyes off it. He was still busy staring at the ring in my pussy that he did not even notice I was now next to him. "Hey soldier, please open for me the gate. I want to go out," I said to him tapping his shoulder. His heart skipped as if I had woken him up from a nightmare and he started looking around as if he had seen a ghost. "Sor-sorry-sorry madam. I mean Miss. I mean Mrs. I mean Ma'am. Sorry Ma'am," The security guard stammered as

he looked around for I don't know what. "Hey Soldier, It is me, Diana. It is Dee. Why are you behaving as if you have seen a ghost?" I asked him crossing my hands over my chest, just below my boobs to allow him to have a good view of my boobs. "I am sorry Dee, I was just not expecting you to show up like this," The security guard said driving his right hand into the pocket to conceal his boner. "To show up like what?" I asked pretending to behave as if everything was fine. However, I was low-key excited that my nude body was driving him insane. "Without clothes, you know? Like naked. The way you are," The guard replied trying hard to look away from my nude body. He thought that he was being polite by looking away but I was enjoying his stares. Frequently, he glanced at my nude body and was more amazed by the ring that was hanging on my clitoris than anything else in my nude body. I think he had never seen a clit piercing before. "Without clothes? What are these?" I asked him showing him the shoes I had on. He was still staring at me thinking about what to tell me next when I cut him short, "Just open the fucking gate for me, I have a date to honor." He dipped his hand into his pocket and drew out a bunch of keys, he used one of the keys from the bunch to open the small gate and as I walked outside, I turned to give him a final view of my nude body. "There is no need to hide that boner soldier, getting aroused is not a sin," I said to him as I walked out. "Diana Katrina, right?" the taxi driver asked rolling down his mirror. "I am the taxi driver you hailed on the app and I am here to pick you up. Get in," The taxi driver said sticking out his head to look at me. "Is everything fine?" The taxi driver asked when he saw me. "Yes, why are you asking?" I asked him faking a surprised look. "You are going on this ride like that?" He asked looking surprised. "Yes, Is there anything wrong? I mean, I can hail another taxi if you are not comfortable with my body being in your vehicle," I said stepping back and he thought for a while before allowing me to get in. He then handed me a sheet to spread on the seat so that it wouldn't get stained with feces. Honestly, I had not thought of it from that angle, staining seats with feces is a new angle brought up by the taxi driver. The ride to the restaurant was quiet with the driver taking a glance of my body occasionally from the front mirror. At times, he could just turn to stare at me blatantly before turning again to focus on the road. During the ride, I was pretending as if I was busy scrolling through my phone when in reality, I was playing with the ring hanging on my clit. This ring brought a nice sexual sensation because it was very close to my actual clitoris. When I moved it a little using my hand, it would brush against my clit sending a nice sensation throughout my body. This sensation was so nice that I was tempted to touch it all the time. With all the sensation being triggered by this ring in my clit, it means that I just wet all the time and I couldn't avoid it. The wetness built up even more when I was walking because the movement of my legs would cause the ring to come into contact with my clit sending beautiful shockwaves throughout my body. Having this ring makes you feel like you are masturbating every time you walk and sit. "Why are you going out naked? Especially at this time when darkness is already creeping in and you are by yourself?" the taxi driver asked drawing me from my little moment of masturbation. "Why are you having your clothes on?" I asked him rudely. "You know you are like my daughter and I am hurt to see you going out fully naked without even a piece of cloth to cover your modesty," The driver said to me and I was getting very much irritated by this talk. I hate it when a stranger tries

to play the role of a parent in my life. "I know one thing sir, that I am not your daughter, and never will I be your daughter," I replied again trying to shut him up.

"Did your parents see you getting out of the house dressed up like this?" he asked again sounding concerned. "Yes Mr. Man, they saw me getting out of the house like this but unlike you, they know people have something called freedom. I am free to choose what I want to wear. Now I would appreciate it if you just stopped asking me more questions and mind your business." I replied before turning my attention to my phone. "And before I forget, I am not comfortable with how you have been staring at me ever since we started this journey. Just stop staring at my boobs and stare at the road. It is rude to stare at a woman's boobs especially when they are young enough to be your daughter." "I'm sorry Diana, I will try not to stare at you again," The driver said as he turned to focus on the road. Although he didn't keep his promise fully, there was an awkward silence in the vehicle for the remaining part of the journey. I kept on playing with the clit ring as the driver kept on stealing a glance at my body as the journey continued. At some point, the driver stared down at my pussy and he saw how I was busy rubbing the ring against my clit, he chose not to say a word and he was wise to do so because I was ready to launch a comeback any time he commented on my actions. There was a time we hit the bump and the ring brushed against the most sensitive parts of my clit, a soft moan escaped my mouth but I was quick to compose myself again and make a serious face like nothing had happened. I pressed my thighs tightly together hoping that the sexual sensation would fade but this even worsened it because when my thighs closed, the ring was pushed dip into my pussy causing it to make contact with the sensitive parts and sending even more sensations throughout my body. Handling this ring was becoming a nightmare to me and for a second, I thought of removing it immediately. "But where will I store it if I decide to remove it? I didn't bring a handbag with me. Will this sensation build up to the point where I will squirt? What if I squirt in this weird man's car?" These are some of the questions that I kept asking myself as we continued with the journey. I was still adjusting myself in the seat trying to find a sitting position that would not interfere with the ring. After trying many positions, I found out that any time I spread my legs wide open, nothing interferes with the ring hence it makes contact with my clit only on rare occasions. I therefore decided to assume this position even though it was more exposing and humiliating. When the driver stared back this time, he found me sitting in a very suggestive position with my legs spread far apart and my naked pussy staring at him. He prepared his face as if he wanted to talk to me but refrained from saying anything and went back to focus on the road. I am glad that he did that because I wasn't ready to hold a conversation with him now. "Thank God we have arrived," I said to myself as the car pulled up in the restaurant's parking lot. I paid for the ride using my phone and started preparing to get out of the car. It was already night and the parking lot was poorly lit, so I knew I wouldn't grab much attention on the parking lot. However, there were millions of lights inside the restaurant and I knew that I would draw all the attention possible as I walked into the restaurant. I took a deep breath and drew a small cross sign on my chest and forehead before stepping out of the car and starting to walk majestically towards the restaurant's front door. I tried hard not to focus on what was going on besides

me but I couldn't fail to feel the driver's eyes staring at my naked butt as I walked across the parking lot. A group of men who were standing next to a car in the parking lot also noticed me and stopped speaking as I passed close to them. "Wow! She is taking hovering up to a whole new level," One of them exclaimed after I had passed them. I was still close enough to hear everything that they were saying but they kept on talking about me. "She is hot!" One of them said staring at my butt. "Maybe in bed, did you see that pussy?" One of them asked taking the conversation in a whole new direction. "Nice slice with a ring to complement it. I would bang that any day any time," the one who had been quiet since the start of the conversation stated and the others busted into a loud laughter. "Bro, you are a virgin. What do you know about pussies?" the other one said laughing and all of them joined in the laughter. "But I have a wife? What did we do on our wedding night?" The quiet guy protested and the bully in the group was quick to answer him. "Maybe you watched the stars, I don't know." "No, they..." Another member of the group started saying but by this time, I had reached too far that I couldn't hear how ended his sentence. However, I heard loud laughter suggesting that it was one hell of a roast. My heart rate increased as I drew near the front door of the restaurant and I could feel my knees getting weak with every step I took. "Maybe this was a bad decision to begin with," I thought to myself as I approached the front door. By this time, I had attracted a good number of onlookers who were willing to sacrifice their dignity just to stare at my naked body. My heart rate increased as I approached the restaurant's entrance. The light was growing brighter and the people who were staring had started getting a good view of my body. I was still trying hard to ignore those who were staring at me but at this time it was getting more difficult to ignore them. I had to give them a show before proceeding to sit at one of the empty tables in the restaurant. I turned around to look at all those who were staring at me and within the few seconds I looked around, I had already counted more than 20 eyes that were staring at me. Most of them already had their meals in front of them but they paused eating just to focus on my body. I felt flattered as I walked through the stares. "My body must be one hell of an attraction," I thought to myself as I cat-walked through the tables like a runway model. I even exaggerated the motion of my chest to ensure that my boobs bounced against my chest as I walked. I could feel the eyes staring at me even after I had taken my seat at an empty table near the middle of the restaurant. An old man who was sitting at a table directly opposite mine couldn't stop staring at my boobs even after I had sat down. His wife who was sitting with him couldn't hide the rage in her face. I winked at him and he hesitated before winking back. I then adjusted my boobs and I wish you could see the shock on his face. I am sure that by this time he had started developing a boner unless he had erectile dysfunction. When his wife realized that I was giving his husband a premium-only fans show in her presence, she stood up and suggested to her husband that they should leave. "We have to go now," She said pulling her husband away. No, why?" Her husband asked in shock trying to resist the pull. "I will leave you so that you can go and live with that naked girl. I guess that way, you will be seeing her breasts every day," She said to the man who was still not willing to stand from the chair. "You are overreacting honey," The man said still sitting down. He was still stealing a glance of my boobs occasionally even though his wife was pissed off. "Ok, now I am overreacting? But when you are

staring at that girl's boobs you are not overreacting?" The woman asked her husband with her hands crossed over her chest. Her breathing was rapid and you could see her chest moving in and out as she took deep breaths in and out. "She is naked honey, she is not only naked for me but naked for everyone. I am not the only one staring, everyone is staring at her because it is normal for one to walk in public naked." "Just stare at her all you want. After staring at her, come and sign the divorce papers you will find on the coffee table," The woman said and started pacing out even before her husband could talk back. "Oh My God! My boobs are now causing divorce," I thought to myself as I turned in shock to watch the woman pacing out of the restaurant. As the old woman was pacing out of the restaurant, she suddenly fell on the floor and started struggling to catch her breath. She was stretching on the floor and someone had to rush to her rescue before she could pass out. I was the one who was closer to her than the rest of the people in the restaurant. The thought of rushing to assist her crossed my mind but I brushed it off quickly because I was naked. And then I had her husband shouting something about lung disease and I just found myself rushing towards her. I could feel the ring on my clit sending shockwaves through my body as I rushed to assist the old woman but I tried my best to ignore that at this moment. "I am going to remove this ring hanging on my clit immediately after I am done with helping this grannie," I thought to myself as I rushed to where she was lying on the floor stretching and groaning in pain. When I went to attend to Grannie, I could feel my pussy exposed to the world from behind. The men who were present in the room had to choose between rushing to help me with assisting Grannie, or sitting back and staring at my pussy from between my thighs from the back and my boobs hanging in the sky as I bent down to attend to Grannie. I was giving the guys in the restaurant a free-only fans show, a premium one in this case. I ignored the exposed pussy and the hanging boobs and decided to focus my mind on helping grannie. I attached my mouth to hers and started pushing air into her mouth using my mouth. The shiny lipstick I was having on smeared on Grannie's face as I struggled to do the CPR, but this was not the major concern now. "I think you are perfectly fitted for a blow job, not a fast AID procedure," A man who had drawn closer said to me as he pushed me aside. "At least I was trying my best," I said as I stepped aside to let him handle the procedure. "I know, but you should look for clothes fast. You can't climb on top of an old woman without your clothes on," He said still pushing me away. His right hand was across my chest and I felt a little bit turned on when it made contact with my bare boobs. He also realised that his hand had come into contact with my bare boobs and he quickly withdrew it. "Real men are not afraid of touching boobs," I said to myself as I stepped back. By this time many people had gathered around Grannie looking keenly to see what would happen next. Thank God no one was taking pictures or videos because they would have captured my naked body somewhere in the process. I crossed my arms across my chest covering my bare boobs as I watched the man conduct first aid for Grannie. He was not even five minutes into the process when the sound of an ambulance grew louder and louder before stopping in front of the restaurant and two nurses jumping from it. They took over from where the man had reached but not before giving my naked body a thorough inspection. "What is a naked woman doing at a restaurant?" One of the nurses asked while staring at me. "Maybe she is a hoe looking for

customers. There is a red light street not far from here,” The other nurse replied and I felt obliged to respond to them. “Hey nurses, I am not a hoe as you think. I am about to graduate with a degree in finance and soon I will land a good job. Better than the one you currently have,” I said in a rough tone looking to put them into their right position. I was eagerly waiting for their response so that I could fire back but they just looked at me and failed to say a word. “Oh My God! I now sound like a crazy woman to strangers. I must look for something to wear before onlookers take me as a mad person,” I said to myself as I stepped out from the crowd. As I maneuvered my way through the compact crowd that had formed around Grannie, I could feel my bare boobs brushing against the bodies of those who were staring at Grannie. “Nice boobs hoe,” One of them commented as my boobs brushed against his chest. He was smiling broadly as the boobs brushed against his chest. He then stretched his hand to touch but I was quick to slap it away. “You can’t touch my boobs without my permission,” I said as I created my way out of the crowd. “You would have covered them if you didn’t want us to touch them,” The man fired back before I could even make one step from him. “They are mine and I can choose what to do with them, I can choose to cover or not to cover them,” I said pointing a middle finger to him. After making my way out of the crowd, I went ahead to pick up my phone at the table where I was sitting and I was surprised to see a notification from the Perfect Match app. I had even forgotten about Mr. D who had made me go through all this rubbish. “Hi, I hope you have listened to me and paraded yourself naked at the public restaurant as I told you,” Read the text from Mr. D and I was frozen at that point with little drops of sweat starting to form on my forehead. By this time, the nurses had done their first aid process and they were now lifting Grannie to take her to the hospital. The attention was now shifting back to me because I was the only one who was naked. There was another lady who was wearing a short that was closer to a thong than it was to a normal short but no one had even noticed it up to this moment. I mean how can you stare at a person who has her pussy tucked peacefully in her shorts when you can stare at another one who has her pussy exposed for the whole world.

“Please tell me you are joking sir. You made me come from my house to this place thwart naked only to tell me that I was not supposed to listen to you. What the hell do you mean by that?” I replied hoping that he would read it with the angry tone I used to write it. I was still waiting for Mr. D to reply when I heard someone tap on my shoulder. It was one of the restaurant’s waiters and he started staring at my pussy when I turned to face him. It looks like he was dumbfounded by the ring that was hanging on my clit. “So you tapped on my shoulder to stare at my clit?” I asked when he failed to say a word to me in almost 20 seconds. “No ma’am, I just wanted to let you know that we don’t allow naked people into our restaurant. We have a strict no shirt, no service policy in here ma’am,” The waiter said still staring at my pussy ring. “Sorry I didn’t know about that, I will just be on my way out. Thanks,” I said as I turned to look at the phone’s screen to see if Mr. D had replied to my message. “You can’t convince me that you are currently sitting naked in a restaurant that has a strict no shirt no service policy,” Mr. D replied. “So you knew perfectly well that this restaurant had strict regulations regarding nudity but you still made to come here naked?” I asked accompanying my text with a sad emoji. I turned and saw the waiter coming to me for the second time to remind me about the

restaurant's policy. This time, I didn't allow him to come closer because immediately I saw him approaching, and I started walking away towards the restaurant's exit. I could feel the ring in my clit making contact with my clit again as I walked and this time the arousal was more intense. By the time I stepped out of the restaurant, I was feeling an intense urge to pee. I tried to press my thighs together while I scanned around for the nearest washrooms but the urge grew even stronger when the ring made contact with my clit leading to more sexual arousal. I was still doing a quick calculation on what to do next when I felt a warm liquid forcing its way from my pussy in quick succession. This was not pee as I thought earlier. I was squirting, right there in public, in front of the restaurant and front of onlookers who were keenly staring at my pussy ring. "Oh My God! She is peeing," One of the onlookers said as he stared at my naked pussy. "No, that's not how pee looks like. She is squirting. Our eyes have turned her on," Another member of the group said and the whole group busted into loud laughter. My legs froze as the cum kept on gushing out of my pussy. To make matters worse, the ring was still brushing against my clit, so the arousal was still not cooling down. I had to get the ring out as fast as possible I didn't want to continue having that feeling of masturbation. I couldn't wait until I got to the washrooms to get the ring out so I sat down right there in front of the restaurant in front of all the tens of eyes that were staring at me and opened my legs wide apart before carefully removing the ring and throwing it away in the trashcan that was right next to where I was sitting. I then stayed there waiting for the arousal to cool down before heading to the road to hail a taxi. By this time the temperature had dropped and I could feel a very cold breeze hitting my skin. I was catching cold fast so I had to wrap my hands across my chest to retain some warmth to myself. Although the area around my chest and boobs were kept a little bit warm, my midriff, pussy, ass, thighs, and legs were still exposed to the harsh weather and I was feeling the impact to the point that I was shivering profusely. "What was I thinking when I left the house without clothes?" I asked myself as I made my way across the streets to go and catch a taxi home. I could hear men whispering, whistling, cursing, and exclaiming whenever I passed near them. Although my boobs were safely hidden under my hands, my pussy and ass were still in full display and they didn't shy away from doing what they do best, staring. "How much for one shot? Back shot," I heard one man asking me loudly as I passed near him. I felt the urge to fire him back but I restrained myself and kept on moving as if everything was fine. I took my phone and hailed a cab from the app but when the driver arrived and saw that I was naked, he quickly cancelled the ride forcing me to hail another cab. The subsequent drivers also canceled their rides with many of them claiming that they could not carry a naked woman at that time of day, it was around 10 pm. I was left with no option but to take a public bus back home. I took a deep breath as I turned to start a walk to the bus stop. It was not a long distance from where I was, but it was right through the center of the main streets. This area of the street has an active nightlife. I knew that I was going to meet many people on my way there, so I had to look for a way of covering myself to avoid attracting unnecessary attention, especially at this time of the night. People could easily mistake me for a hardcore prostitute because I was wearing nothing except my shoes. At this point, all I could use to cover myself were my hands. I, therefore, crossed my right hand over my chest to cover my boobs

and placed my left hand over pussy to cover it. Even though the rest of my body was still exposed, at least the most important areas were covered and for a moment, I could feel a bit safe. I started walking towards the bus stop carefully with my hands over my private parts as I tried as much as I could not to draw any attention. The lights from the numerous buildings located along the streets and the light from street lights lined along the streets brought my naked body under the spotlight giving the onlookers a perfect view but I walked on as if everything was fine. I was around three minutes away from the bus stop when someone spanked my bare ass from the back using their hand. "Urgh!" I exclaimed as I turned to look who it was. "What's wrong with you pervert?" I asked as I turned to face the stranger who had spanked my bare ass without my permission. "Nothing is wrong with me hoe, what do you expect when you have left your ass out in public for us to see?" The stranger replied smiling and I felt like slapping him hard across his face. "Just because they are not covered doesn't mean that you should touch them without my permission," I shouted at him as I continued to walk to the bus stop. The stranger, however, continued to walk behind me staring at my ass as I made my way to the bus stop. He just turned and walked away when he saw me hopping onto the next bus. The Window Seat I scanned for the perfect seat on the bus before settling on the window seat located in the back row of the bus. The seat was located in just the perfect spot where not many people on the bus could see me. Those who were already in the bus however continued staring at me as I made my way to the back seat. This time, however, they could not see my boobs and pussy much they tried because I was hiding them behind my hands. I was just settling in my seat when I saw a very hot guy getting into the bus. He was around six feet tall and had a nice face complemented by nicely trimmed beards. I felt my pussy starting to send weird signals to me as I stared at him with my mouth wide open. "Oh My God! Did he have to find me like this?" I asked myself as he continued to walk towards where I was seated. I watched him with a smile plastered on my face as he came and took the seat next to me. I think he had noticed that I had no clothes by now because the smile he wore earlier had faded and now there was only shock painted on his face as he stared at my naked body. There was an awkward silence between us before I decided to break the silence. "Hi, I am Diana. Sorry you found me this way, but I hope you don't mind. I hope you are comfortable anyway," I said to him offering my right hand to him for a handshake. I had even forgotten that this was the same hand I was using to cover my boobs and by taking it away from my chest, I was leaving my boobs exposed. This mysterious cutie stared at my now fully exposed boobs before opening his arms to embrace me in a hug. "That was fast," I thought to myself as I stared at him thinking about whether to accept or decline the hug. I have never declined a hug offer from anyone, even strangers and I was not going to decline this too. So I removed my left hand from my pussy and the right hand that I was offering him for a handshake and opened them widely to accept the hug. At first, it was a bit awkward because we didn't stand from our seats, we just hugged while we remained seated. As my naked body came into contact with this stranger's clothed body, I felt hormones rushing all over my body turning me completely on. This man was making me wet and I had mixed feelings about this fact. One side of my brain was trying to calm me down reminding me that I was on a public bus while the

other side of my brain was telling me to just go ahead and fuck this man right here right now. After all, it is not illegal to fuck in a public bus. As we remained embraced for a few seconds, I pushed my chest hard against this stranger's chest making sure he felt the brush of my naked nipples on his chest. As I revealed to you earlier, my boobs have always been my strength and I had to use them now. After the brief erotic hug, I glanced at this stranger's pants and could see his cock already growing large inside his pants. I was almost getting there. I turned and smiled at him cheekily biting my lower lips softly in the process to send him clear signals but still, he was not picking up my signals. I winked at him and suggestively licked my lips but still, he was either not getting my signals or he was just acting dumb. "I hope you are not uncomfortable," I said to him as I stretched my hand to touch his lap. "I am not," This stranger replied forcing a smile on his face. I was however getting very impatient because the bus was about to start moving and he had not made any advances despite the clear signals that I was sending him. Time was running out and it was running out very fast, so I knew that I had to make my moves very fast or else time would cut me short and I would have myself to blame for the opportunity blown away. I know this move sounds desperate but I had no any other option left. I just grabbed his hand and placed it on my naked lap. "Be a man," I whispered to him while I moved his hand slowly to caress my thighs. At first, he hesitated but as I moved his hand close to my pussy, the devil inside him was awakened and he took it over from me. He moved his hand softly around my thighs and dragged it up to near my pussy lips. My thighs are very sensitive, so very touch felt nice as he worked his way up to my pussy. He started opening my pussy using his fingers like someone opening the pages of a book and at this point, I was losing my mind. I bit my lips hard to prevent soft moans from escaping my mouth but no matter how hard I tried, I still couldn't prevent myself from breathing loudly. I guess those who were seated in the immediate front row and back row could hear how awkward my breathing had turned but they either chose to mind their business or they just chose to ignore it all altogether. After teasing my pussy lips for some seconds using her fingers, the mysterious cutie decided to do what I have been yearning for since minute one of our foreplay. He dipped his finger into my pussy and started pumping slowly. At first, he dipped just his middle finger but after pumping for some seconds and watching my numb reaction, he shoved it out and joined his middle finger with his index finger before shoving them again into my now dripping wet pussy. The pleasure intensified and I found myself releasing one loud "Ouch!" sound that prompted everyone who was on the bus to look in our direction. I moved quickly made a smiley face and pretended as if everything was fine before looking away. When the stares had faded, the stranger went back to what he was doing earlier and this time, instead of two, he shoved three fingers. I could feel one of his fingers brushing against my clitoris as it forced its way into my pussy and I couldn't hold my moans again. I found myself releasing loud moans that prompted everyone to look in our direction again. They clicked loudly and murmured amongst themselves as I pretended as if nothing was going on. The stranger also wore a stone face next to me and stared at the window to avoid the stares that were coming our way. "You know what? You can just fuck me in here and there is nothing these people can do," I whispered to the stranger and he smiled at me. "Let's stop at that for now, I will give you more

than you have bargained for when we reach home," The stranger said to me with the smile still plastered on his face. "When we arrive home? Whose home? My home or this stranger's home?" These are some of the questions that kept ringing in my mind as the journey continued. The stranger offered me his sweater and for the first time since I left my house earlier that day, I had something to cover my body.