**Becca Takes Her Hands Off The Wheel**

by ratios

**Part 8:**

Keeping my eyes locked forward on the way back to rejoin the group, I barely registered the myriad of wide eyed stares and double takes that occurred as I passed. Luckily, or perhaps unluckily depending on which part of my brain you asked, none of the busy waitstaff noticed my quick walk through the bar, so I wasn’t kicked out for indecency. Back at the table, the food had arrived while I was busy in the bathroom and so my return wasn’t noticed until I was almost back in my seat.

“Finally!,” Deeta exclaimed, throwing down a half eaten chicken tinga taco. “You were gone for like twenty minutes and I have to pee! Before I go though, you gotta settle a bet between Monique and I… You flicked your bean in there, right?”

My face went red and I gave the task of poking the steaming salmon filet in front of me with a fork one hundred percent of my attention. The strategy of ‘ignore Deeta and hope she goes away’ failed, however, and she kept throwing questions my way with increasing loudness as I grew increasingly afraid that nearby tables would pick up on her line of inquiry.

“You did, didn’t you? We all keep asking Nicky but she just tries to change the subject. So… Did you Jack and Jill up the hill? Did you shake hands with the little man in your rowboat? Did you stick your finger in your pie to test the temperature? You have to tell us!”

Half to shut her up, and half out of obedience because she had just told me that I had to answer, I responded. Still avoiding looking at the group, I gave a small nod and then shoved a bite of bland, bar-and-grill-quality, fish into my mouth where I chewed it with muted enthusiasm.

“HA, I knew it!,” Deeta exclaimed, fist pumping from her standing position before holding her open hand out in Monique’s direction, rubbing her thumb and forefinger together. “Pay up, bitch,” she demanded, smirking.

Digging through her purse, Monique muttered, “I knew it was a sucker’s bet the second I made it. Of course Twiddle Dee here couldn’t keep her hands out of her snatch; she’s been dripping like a leaky faucet all night.”

Grabbing the outstretched twenty dollar bill from Monique’s hand, Deeta held it high. “Rich girl money! Harder to get than eggs from a rooster!,” Bringing the bill to her face, she sniffed theatrically. “Smells like success to me.”

Monique just rolled her eyes.

After tucking her winnings into her own bag, Deeta addressed the table again. “Well, that was satisfying, but now I seek a different kind of relief.” Winking at me, she teased, “No, not THAT kind of relief. Although…” Trailing off, she laughed and then stepped away but turned back again to cheerfully warn the table, “Just an FYI, if any of you touch my tacos, I will be forced to kill you upon my return.” With a flourish of her hand, she twirled and finally headed inside.

The moment Deeta was out of sight, Monique stuck her tongue out in the direction of the door Deeta had just gone through before reaching a fork across the table to skewer two big pieces of chicken from Deeta’s remaining untouched taco. Shoving the meat in her mouth, she muttered while chewing. “Take my money, I’ll take your chicken. Now who’s the sucker?,” before returning to her own meal.

The entirety of their exchange passed like a surreal experience for me. Immediately upon my return to the table I had been badgered into admitting that I had just masturbated less than a hundred feet away, and now, two minutes later, my shocking revelation was seemingly forgotten in favor of eating.

Could it be that it was really just me that judged my behavior this evening so harshly?

When I had returned to the group I had sat down with my legs at maximum spread, knees to the bench on both sides of me, without even really considering positioning myself in any other way. Nobody had commented on this. I had no idea what to do with this information.

While the table ate in mostly silence, several people passed on the street below. The more attentive of a pair of guys smacked his friend on the shoulder and attempted to covertly point in my direction, but his actions were painfully obvious, even in my periphery, in my heightened state of attention to the street level. They didn’t stop, however, and they were gone almost as soon as they appeared.

A couple walked by and the woman gave a frown in my direction before looking towards the man. The man just did a double take and then, noting his partner’s attention on him, looked in every direction but mine until he passed out of sight.

Without thinking about it, I found myself scooting forward in my seat so that I could spread myself open just a little more. Jeez, was I really that starved for attention? Despite judging myself for it, I didn’t move back or close my legs, I noted.

Upon returning from the bathroom and seeing her raided meal, Deeta yelled, “Thief!,” at Monique and reached across the table to steal a french fry from Monique’s plate. Rather than eating it, however, she licked both sides of it and then shoved it back where it came from before mixing the rest of the fries around. Sasha gave a single barking laugh at this and then covered her mouth in embarrassment. Despite my myriad of distractions, I met Nicky’s eyes across the table and we both started to crack up.

Not one to be one-upped, Monique retorted calmly, “Thanks, Deet. These damn things were too salty anyway,” before shoving a fry in her mouth and chewing it openly.

“Touché, hoe,” Deeta replied, giving Monique a respectful head tilt before returning to her meal.

The conversation around the table was limited for a while, with more chewing than speaking going on. The subject matter turned banal as well; how we were prepping for an upcoming test in one of the classes that three of us shared, or theories about how a TV show that the rest of the group was obsessed with might end its season.

After hours of focused embarrassment, it looked like the spotlight was off me. Breathing a sigh of relief, I began to enjoy my crappy fish more. In my good mood, I even found the courage to smile at a cute guy that passed on the street below. Some combination of my provocative display and inviting look must have scared him off as he just put his head down and speed walked past me. The thought ran through my head that, at least for the sake of that small interaction, I had displayed more bravery than the other involved party, which was a rarity for me. My good mood elevated even further.

Like the saying goes, however: all good things must come to an end.

Once Monique’s sliders were gone and all that was left to do was to pick at her remaining french fries, her attention turned back to me. Glancing down at my lap, she gave me a big, dimpled smile when she found that I was as, or possibly even more, on display than before I had left the table. While still seemingly focusing on participating in the conversation with the rest of the group, her right hand snuck its way from her lap to my left thigh, a small sideways glance and sly wink the only otherwise cues that she was up to something. Having completely forgotten that the last few bites of my fish and rice still existed, I could think about nothing except the feeling of her hand sliding across my bare flesh as it found its way to the front of my panties.

Every muscle in my body was tight and my lungs were only able to draw air in tiny, strained gasps as I wondered what intentions her wandering hand had. One of my friends had already fingered me to orgasm within the last half hour; was that number about to double? With my hands grasping the back edge of the bench for dear life, I held on and leaned back a tiny fraction, signaling to Monique that she was free to do with me what she willed.

Assisted masturbation wasn’t her goal, however… at least not in this particular case. Once the fingers of her hand reached the lips of my sex, split by the bunched up fabric of my panties, there was no slow tease and no gentle fondling. As soon as her hand was on station, her fingers dove in and she quickly extracted the scrunched up gusset from between my lips and pulled it to the side, working the entire front of my underwear out and to the left until the fabric stayed where it had been relocated. Once her work was complete, she wiped her now damp hand off on my leg before giving my thigh a squeeze and then pulled back from my lap completely. No words were spoken; the squeeze was enough to deliver her message and I heard it in my mind, clear as a bell.

Good girl.

I didn’t have to look down to know what the people of the world would see if they happened to turn their attention my way. This was no longer a case of me putting on a teasing tableau down below; this had transcended to straight up nudity. Nothing stood between me and anyone who happened to pass on the street below except the rapidly cooling night air. I took a big gulp from my water glass, gripping it tightly to steady my nerve, and tried to stop my mind from wondering what it might feel like to be seen in this way.

While I was distracted and in my head, apparently Monique somehow notified Deeta of my modified state of undress because I found Deeta staring at me with a smile on her face from across the table. Picking up the unused spoon from her napkin wrapped bundle of steelware, she held it daintily by her pinky and thumb out to her side before letting it drop to the wooden deck with a loud, bouncing clank sound.

“Oops,” she declared innocently, “my bad.”

Monique laughed at this, but Nicky and Sasha were confused by it; they hadn’t been read in yet, apparently. Deeta getting up off her bench and squatting down next to the table didn’t help their confusion either. When Deeta pulled out her cell phone and put it on flashlight mode, the message finally got through and the other two ducked their heads down beneath table level to see what had changed. Sasha’s head came up fairly quickly, her cheeks beginning to blush at my tawdry new display. Nicky’s head came up a few seconds later and she gave me a look that clearly said, “Guess you’re still horny and stupid,” before rolling her eyes and chuckling to herself.

It wasn’t until after the bright light illuminating the underside of our table flashed several times and I heard the repeated telltale clicking of a phone camera snapping pictures, that Deeta finally stood and returned to her seat.

“That’s some grade A roast beef you’ve got there, Bex; put it on a bun and I’d eat it,” Deeta brazenly declared. The rest of the group laughed at the absurdity of the comment while Deeta busied herself on her phone. Both Nicky and Monique’s phones buzzed a few seconds later and I saw Monique grab her cell and pull up her notifications. The latest line was a push notification from the forum that Sasha had created earlier letting the subscribed members know that there was new content. Noticing me leaning in to see her screen, Monique tilted the phone towards me and tapped the notification and suddenly we were presented with a zoomed in image of what could only be my pussy.

Not a vagina, not a sex, not a crotch: that was a pussy. Closed off from the world as I was, I still had internet access and had dabbled with watching internet porn from time to time. It wasn’t something I did often, as I felt that it wasn’t something that my parents would like me doing, and I always felt guilty after. Nonetheless, the picture on Monique’s screen was as pornographic as anything I had seen before, and I couldn’t call it anything other than what it was.

I had a pussy, and it was currently on open exhibit.

If I had any sense at all, I knew I should hastily straighten out my panties, untuck and unroll my skirt, and wrap Nicky’s shawl around me like a poncho until there wasn’t an inch of bare skin visible on me past my wrists, ankles, and face… but I didn’t. Nobody had told me to cover myself, so I remained uncovered.

At least, that was the excuse I used on myself so that I could continue to let it all hang out. I was really blameless in all of this, and I had no choice but to suffer through it. Right?

“Here, let’s add this one to your new collection,” Monique said, confusing me. The picture of my naked pussy was already added on the forum, wasn’t it?

That wasn’t the collection that Monique was talking about, however. Flicking between apps on her phone, she pulled up an incognito browser that was already logged into the user profile page of a website. The URL wasn’t visible, but it didn’t need to be to tell me what kind of a site this was; the banner ad across the top had a series of naked women in various public places and what I saw below it caused the blood to drain from my face.

The Username of the profile was TellMeToStrip.

The ‘About Me’ section read, “A burgeoning new subby bexhibitionist who likes to do what she’s told ;p xoxoxo.” It did not escape my notice that the nickname, Bex, that Monique had given me soon after joining the study group, was masquerading in plain sight in the description as a common typo, while secretly acting as a trail of breadcrumbs towards my real identity.

The User Avatar was a neck down picture of me in just my bra and modified miniskirt, shaking my butt towards the camera, happily flashing my panties to the camera as I danced around Monique’s living room earlier.

The Gallery section showed thirty-something pictures and two videos.

Oh lord. Oh fuck.

My heart felt like it had stopped beating in my chest and my lungs felt like they were trying their best to claw their way up out of my throat. Struggling to hold a straight face, Monique let me squirm for a few agonizing seconds before she explained.

“You ran off to the bathroom to diddle yourself so quickly earlier that we never got to decide what pics of you to share on the net. Good friend that I am,” she said, her voice dripping in irony, “I decided to take the initiative while you were gone and set up this profile for you on an amateur site. Deets and Sash helped me pick out a nice variety of pics and vids to include. We’ve got everything from some anonymous teases with no identifying features or goodies, all the way to a couple of nip slips and upskirt lip shots with your cute little face included.”

Whimpering and having a full blown panic attack, I felt like I might just expire on the spot.

“Of course,” Monique continued casually, “the profile isn’t public yet except for the username and avatar…”

Whipping my gaze from the phone to her face, I had a front row seat when she finally broke and let out the laugh she had obviously been holding in. When I had fully processed what she had just added, the breath that had been locked in my throat escaped and I suddenly felt like an overfilled tire with my air being let out.

“Holy shit, Bex… You should see your face!,” Deeta called from across the table, and everybody broke down laughing. A single relieved bark was all that I could manage before I returned my gaze to Monique’s phone and the amateur exhibitionist porn profile there, chronicling the misadventures of the day my world turned upside down.

“I sent you the site link and the credentials we created for you so you can go live and post at your leisure. Your password is W@nn@be$lut with at symbols and a dollar sign because, well, you know…”

Yeah… I did know.

What a difference a single evening could make. The contents of the porn site profile waving around in front of me on Monique’s phone painted the picture of how all my friends now apparently saw me. Worse still, it was beginning to match up with how I saw myself. Despite having just achieved two clandestine orgasms in the restaurant bathroom less than an hour previous, I felt an urgent need to run away and rub myself off once again.

By now, our meal was officially over and the preferred after dinner discussion topic was, apparently, which of the many pictures and videos of my ongoing debasement was whose favorite. While the other ladies casually discussed the particulars of my semi nudity, I couldn’t take my eyes off Monique’s phone screen until she eventually pulled it away to upload the latest photo that Deeta had taken of my wet, open pussy. After that, all I could do was sit there powerless, listening to my four friends make suggestions about what and how I should post once we returned to Monique’s place and I had my phone in my hands again.

Sasha was silent on the subject and simply observed, as I did. Nicky suggested restraint, either not posting anything, or just posting nameless, faceless images with as much clothing as possible if I absolutely had to put my pictures on blast to the world, making it seem as if putting myself on an amateur site in the first place had been in any way my idea. Monique and Deeta were both the most supportive and the worst influences, continually talking about how good it would feel to go nuts and just put everything out there, and how unlikely it was that anyone I knew would ever connect the dots between the shy woman I was in my private life with the shameless slut from my pictures.

Buried in embarrassment as I was, I just sat there and took it all in, only half hearing the litany of ways my closest friends in the world were suggesting that I might further my public humiliation. For several minutes, I fervently wished for nothing more than for the group to just drop it and change the subject. Then, I got my wish, and it was so, so much worse.

“Hello, Rebecca,” a voice from the street interrupted, causing me to jump in my seat and bringing silence to the table. “That’s a rather bold outfit you’re wearing.”

The lump in my throat returning and threatening to make my vocal chords burst, I forced myself to swallow and turned slowly to face the woman standing on the sidewalk below me, looking amusedly beneath the table at my completely uncovered pussy.

“Hello, Professor Mayfield,” I croaked, feeling every bit like a criminal facing down a firing squad.