

Patron of the Arts

“Don’t you think you’re being disrespectful, Miss?” said another passerby on his way through the park. Like the last twenty people who’d commented, I made no response. This was art, after all, not protest. I wasn’t trying to spark dialogue, but rather to spark thinking. This was a statement.

And what a statement! I did most of my performance art here in Arthur Park. It got a lot of foot traffic, which was the main appeal, and it had the fringe benefit of being a stone’s throw from home. Today, that foot traffic was being treated to a display I called, “The Conquering Father.”

Rev. Josiah Burns was the town founder, and according to local legend, it had been he who’d decided to found the settlement in what was then a vast forest. “I’ll clear this woods with a Bible in one hand and an axe in the other,” he was quoted as saying. His statue was right here in Arthur Park, a massive foot propped up on an actual stump, that quote engraved on a plaque set into the ground nearby. The conventional thinking of my unquestioning co-citizens was that he was a hero, a pioneer Man’s Man who’d tamed the wilderness with the lights of the church and civilization.

I was flipping the script.

Visitors to Arthur Park today would be treated to a slightly different take on Josiah Burns. Gone was the wooden stump that supported his upraised foot. In its place was yours truly. Laying on my side with his foot planted on my upward-facing arm, his mighty bronze boot was planted on me instead. For my part, I was clad in a custom-made set of clothing I’d designed myself. (I’d triple-majored in art history, political science, and fashion design. It had been a brutal eight years and had cost my dad a fortune, but here I was, the perfect instrument of social justice.) The “outfit” had begun as a canvas featuring a blue-and-green pattern showing the continents on the planet earth. I’d taken it in some, filled the suit with some padding, and with the use of a little hair dye, fake blood, and face paint...

Today, the Rev. Josiah Burns stood atop a mutilated, dessicated, dead Mother Earth. An uncomfortable pouch of fake blood was resting inside my mouth, and I’d practiced using my tongue to manipulate the release to let some out. I’d gotten here shortly after sunup, scattering several bags of sand, hundreds of dried out old sticks, and, of course, the *pièce de résistance*: more than two dozen disturbingly realistic-looking imitation animal carcasses. I’d been working on them for weeks, hitting up taxidermists, hunting lodges, and even a few dog toys I thought looked close enough for the park. Add in a copious amount of fake blood and voila!

Art.

As for my most recent heckler, I didn’t respond. Talk back and you’re having a conversation, and then the art becomes both of us. Which is to say it becomes me and my carefully planned statement, along with the blubberings of Jocko the Village Idiot. I’d learned that from my dad, from years of lectures about how I ought to do something productive like get

an MBA or find a nice husband. There was nothing that frightened him more than the thought of having his only daughter wind up another starving artist. Except to accept his money, I ignored him. He didn't hear me, so I wouldn't listen to him.

After all, there was scarcely a man alive who could see a young woman expressing herself without having to interject and try to make it all about them. I pitied them even more than I raged against them. The patriarchy had made them into these slobbering, hairy brutes, devastating their planet, their relationships, their own bodies. Still, although I make it a point not to quote men – as if they need another mouthpiece! – John Lennon once summarized eloquently what women were in this world, and I had to look out for my own kind.

The man passed. Inevitably, others followed, and I made no response to them either, staring ahead with the vacant dead eyes of the planet men like Josiah Burns had helped murder in the name of the manocracy. (A little more fake blood dribbling from the eye socket helped drive the point home.) I lie there, listening to passersby.

“That’s tasteless,” said an old man struggling through his daily walk.

“Oh god, are those animals real? No, I guess not. Still, that’s…” said a woman with a shudder before pushing her stroller on down the sidewalk.

“Is this chick, like, actually dead or something?” said some idiot stoner after snapping his fingers in my face a few times. His moron friend laughed at the “super fucked-up” display as they went on their way.

“This looks like defacement of public property,” said one jerk in a business suit. It wasn't, as I of course had obtained a permit; still, his assumption bothered him so little he almost stepped on a blood-drenched fake squirrel.

“I’ll rape this earth with my false god in one hand, and my phallus in the other,” read another man, making a face. (The permit hadn't included the replica plaque I'd placed over the one displaying the undoubtedly spurious Burns quote, but I doubted most would look that closely.)

This last man, however, didn't simply keep on walking. He looked around the area, seeming to take it all in. Inwardly, I was hopeful. While the male gaze wasn't what this or any of my art was designed for, maybe I could reach this man, show him some small portion of the iniquities of his ilk.

“This is pretty clever. You laid the blood on pretty thick, granted, but you stayed on message, and the message is rich and complex but still clear.” He didn't even know about the thick pool of blood my suit was concealing. That would only be visible once I stood up. The man knelt down in front of me; through practice, I maintained my gaze on the same point in the distance. “What’s your name?”

I didn't respond. For a guy who'd just said how clear my art was, he sure seemed obtuse. “Right, not talking. Do you have a card or anything? My neighbor’s birthday’s coming up, and I wondered if you did kid’s parties.”

His mockery engendered no more response than his introduction. “That was a joke, of course. Well, fair enough. I’m always impressed by how well some of you artsy types can stay focused on your craft, even amidst distraction. I bet I can throw you off, though.”

At that, my eyes darted to him, conveying all the menace I could put in them. If this guy so much as touched me, he’d learn the hard way about the stun gun I had concealed under a fold of my suit. He held his hands up in mock surrender. “Whoa, easy there. I’m not gonna touch you or anything. Relax.”

I gave him the hard look a moment longer, then went back to my dead-eyed vigil at nothingness. “Here, let me just...” The man produced a little pendant from his pocket, and began swinging it in front of my eyes.

It was, in fact, pretty distracting. It looked cheap, probably not even glass but mere plastic, yet it still caught the light enchantingly. It took all my concentration to look through it. I could hear the sound of his voice talking, but I didn’t catch words. I was focused 100% on my craft, and I wasn’t going to let some jerk distract me by dangling shinies in front of my eyes.

Instead of listening to this stranger droning on, I thought about my art. Here I was, bloody and surrounded by visceral carnage. Was it reaching people? Maybe. Still, mostly the effect seemed to be to turn people away. What I really needed was some way to draw people in. But how? People only seemed to respond to shock value, but how could I shock them without simultaneously losing them? I had to find something both shocking and grabby. Something that got people’s attention, but also didn’t then repel it right back away. What was something people *liked* to look at?

Well, there was that... But no. I couldn’t use *that*.

In fact, I made it a point in my art to *de-emphasize* my body. My breasts were a powerful, beautiful expression of my womanly power to nurture life, not billboards advertising my vagina’s existence. This lumpy, shapeless outfit was tailored to prevent others, especially men, from noticing me as a sexual object, underscoring my role as an artistic one.

Only... how was I going to win the war to change hearts and minds if I didn’t use every tool at my disposal? Let’s face it, most men are sex-obsessed pigs. Maybe they hadn’t been a focus of my art, but... perhaps they ought to be? Not anything lewd or overtly suggestive, but if I at least allowed them to see I was a woman, maybe I could get them to take notice.

As for this guy who was still blah-blahing about whatever... I might be able to use him. Not that his little distraction game was helpful, but the more he went on, the more I was finding that simply having to concentrate through him was feeding my creative inner child. He was about my age, from the looks of him, and it’d be a simple thing to bat my eyelashes, flirt a little, coopt his aid. He wouldn’t even know I was using him!

What a chump.

“Wow, I guess it’s true. Some people really can’t be hypnotized,” he conceded at last.

I finally made eye contact with him. “Is that what you were trying to do?”

“Yeah, I never do seem to make it stick, though.”

I made myself smile. “Do you, um, wanna try again sometime? I’d hate to give a fan of my art only one pass at their own.”

“Yeah, that’d be nice. Maybe we could meet up – say, at that coffee shop down the block. Tonight, once you’re done with... this?”

“That sounds nice. I’m Abigail, by the way.”

“Todd.”

So we met up that evening. I went home first, cleaned myself up and all, and came back in as feminine attire as I was willing to wear. If he didn’t like black turtlenecks and matching slacks, his loss. At least it was tight enough to highlight my figure. If that wasn’t good enough for him, he’d be the first such man I’d ever met.

Not to brag on myself. I don’t think someone’s physical appearance is even brag-worthy to begin with. “Oh look at me, I happened to wind up with socially preferable DNA sequences, aren’t I special!” UGH. But yeah, it so happens I did. 5’10”, olive complexion, symmetrical features, lips that infuriatingly always kind of look like they’re slightly puckered. (Why I never *ever* wear lipstick.) Wavy brown hair halfway down my back; I let it grow out like that despite being a feminizing display because some of my performances called for it, and I didn’t like to reduce myself to grooming. As if what was growing out of my head mattered anywhere near as much as what had grown inside it, ya know?

(And yeah, the usual big boobs/wide hips/round ass deal, not that it should matter. So many less cultured woman have oohed and aahed over my chest, but I always want to yell at them – *see how YOU like having to custom order bras!* Seriously. It’s a nightmare, even aside from the way men try to objectify me on their account.)

Anyway, I had a good feeling Todd wasn’t that kind of guy. I couldn’t say why, exactly. Maybe that he’d approached me with the world’s lamest come-on – hypnosis? seriously? – while I was looking bloody and blue and shapeless and rather grotesque. Even if Todd didn’t seem the sort to see women as instruments for sexual gratification, I figured it couldn’t hurt to look like a woman.

“So do you try that pickup strategy often? Approach girls, wave your little knick-knack in front of them, wait for them to cluck like a chicken?” I teased, once preliminary introductions were out of the way.

“Heck yeah. I got a whole collection of women who’ve surrendered to my mastery of the craft. You’d be surprised how well it works most of the time,” he joked.

I rolled my eyes, but with a smile. Poor dork. “I sure would. But hey, keep practicing, and maybe one of these days you’ll mesmerize somebody.” I raised my soy chai latte to wish him well.

“Is that an invitation?” he asked, quickly producing the pendant with faux urgency.

“Hey, knock your socks off. And while you’re at it, I’ll be over here planning my next show.”

Wouldn’t you know it? He thought I was serious. I guess that was OK; once again, the way his voice acted as white noise helped me blank out everything but my own inner monologue. I have no idea what he was saying, but I started to have some amazing – and edgy! – ideas for my next show.

When I glanced up at the clock, half an hour had passed in his pitiful attempts to “entrance” me (or whatever you call it). He really was a sweet guy – hardly a guy at all, more of a kindred artistic mind. So when he asked me what I had planned, against all precedent, I told him when and where I’d be hosting it. Even on the rare occasion I’d mistakenly thought I’d found a compatible male, I’d never actually invited them to a show. This was for the women of the world, and the surest way to ruin it was having some mansplainer show up to critique what he couldn’t possibly understand.

But Todd... he’d get it. Somehow, I knew he would.

Five days later, I was ready. It was an overcast day but the forecast had promised it would stay dry. I’d wanted to do this the day before, but – and this is embarrassing – I had to wait for the nicks in my legs to heal. For what I’d planned today, I needed freshly shaven legs. I hadn’t done so in almost eight years; I’d been a bit of a yeti, to say nothing of inexperienced at the process. In the future, I’d have to make an appointment to have them waxed.

Not that I was going to keep them this way, of course. Unless I felt like it. Todd had said he thought it was a bold expression of feminism, so maybe I would.

Once more, I was under the watchful gaze of the Rev. Josiah Burns. His stump had already been replaced beneath his boot, the fake blood washed away by some underpaid parks employee who’d yet to realize they were a mere pawn of the corrupt patriarchal state. I’d backed off a little ways today, setting up my display on a nearby basketball court. Recently repaved and incredibly smooth, they were perfect for today’s performance art.

Bright and early, I’d come to the park to lay out nearly three dozen rolls of tin foil on the asphalt. In the center of it went a 5’x6’ wall mirror, reflective side up. A wooden frame wrapped in still more foil surrounded it, and atop that a sheet of clear plexiglass.

And atop that? Yours truly, in a miniskirt. (I’d gone shopping.)

The mirror blended in quite well with the tin foil. Reflecting mostly the gray sky above, it lent an effect that the the mirror was well and truly enormous. The frame and plexiglass allowed me to stand directly over the mirror without breaking it, capturing the entirety of the upskirt reflection I was providing.

“Beyond the Looking Glass Ceiling,” I called it. It was a demonstration that men only allowed women to join them in the upper echelon in order to sexualize us. Their secretaries, their

consultants, their token female managers... We were there not to be granted equal footing, but to exploit our femininity for male gratification.

It was genius.

Was I nervous? Uncomfortable? Ashamed? Hardly. This was art, after all. This wasn't about some flimsy pretext to show off my brand new pair of lacy pink panties. If anything, it felt empowering to take my sexuality into my own hands and use it as a megaphone into which to shout the rallying cries of social justice. Besides, as the day went on, it became clear that the project was an arousing – err, a rousing – success!

Admittedly, the audience was mostly men. Disappointing, to be sure, but the mere fact that the enemy had to come face to face with their own complicity in the bright pink reflection of my cute new underwear was a victory in itself. Clearly I'd given these misogynists a great deal to think about, because some of them literally stood there for quite some time to stare at my crotch and contemplate.

Todd stopped by that afternoon, as he'd said he would. Not a moment too soon, either! Even overcast, the day was plenty warm and standing over tin foil and mirrors meant my privates were getting a lot more sun than they typically did. But I owed it to my muse to wait for him, so even when I could feel that my freshly shaven thighs were getting sunburnt, I waited.

"This is incredible, Abbie. You look great!" he said. Complimenting my artistic display, of course; Todd wasn't the sort of guy who'd make crude comments about a woman's body.

"It's Abigail, actually," I corrected gently, "but thanks. It's been a long day, but I feel like we really struck a blow against the patriarchy! Those stuffy, red-faced, fascists got an eyeful today!"

"Nothing like the sight of a pink pussy to make a man's face go red," he said, studying the mirror beneath me again. I shifted my feet shoulder-width apart, to underscore my message, and we shared a smile of victory for women as he admired my art.

"Damn straight. You wouldn't believe the level of engagement 'Beyond the Looking Glass' got today. A lot of them were immature men who obviously didn't get it coming up to ask me out, but every time I ignored one of their advances, every time I let them ogle me without responding, it only showed the salvageable men what deviants infest their ranks. Heck, at one point I even undid a couple more buttons on my top just to provoke more reactions!"

Todd used a finger to tug at both side of my half-open blouse. The cups of my bra were just visible from a distance, though from where he stood, he had a great opportunity to confirm that my bra matched my panties. The whole outfit was brand new, spotless and primed to be appreciated.

"This was pretty bold move. I can't wait to see what you plan next, Abbie."

"Gail. *Abigail*." I really hated that nickname. "I'll need to give my thighs a few days to recover from the sunburns, but we can get started with the planning. I'm totally available any time you want." Luckily my cheeks were a bit rosy too, once I heard the way someone could

misinterpret my meaning. I didn't want Todd to think I was interested in him as anything more serious than an admirer of my art.

Hopefully he didn't glance at the reflection again, see the damp spot blooming, and get the wrong impression.

We went out for coffee again after cleaning up the display. I was thoroughly dehydrated after standing in the heat on a reflective surface all day, so more than anything I wanted to get some fluids in me and turn my brain off and relax.

Todd, ever a sucker for a struggling artist, offered to help in his geeky way. I didn't stop him. Why not let him try? It seemed to make him happy, and it gave me a chance to zone out and let my mind wander.

He really was sweet to be helping me like this. I'd been doing my best to make myself inaccessible, repel his whole gender, but he'd seen through it and still wanted to help me. He was a real keeper. Should I ask him out? No, no, that wasn't right. He wasn't really in my league, for one, and moreover he was too valuable as the brains behind my art.

I surprised myself with that realization. I'd always prided myself on my intellect. Maybe I didn't always get straight A's, sure, but only because I was smart enough to know how to sniff out the patriarchal bullshit in the curriculum and refuse to play along. It had been a good way to show my dad I wasn't going to be his female facsimile. Still, I had to admit, Todd was a huge help in my art. I'd have to listen carefully to his suggestions and follow them. Unquestioningly.

Wait.

No, not unquestioningly. If I had questions, I should ask him. He could answer any doubts or uncertainties I might have about our artistic vision.

After all, look what he'd done today. Through me, he'd taken one of our misogynist world's most valuable commodities – the body of a conventionally sexy woman – and turned it into a shaken fist at the patriarchy. My flesh was our medium. If that had necessitated showing off my huge tits, any misgivings on my part were because I'd lacked vision. If it meant going home with sore thighs and an aching pussy, such were the wages of working women the world over. Every time my tender snatch ached, that pain was a badge of honor to have given of myself in service to the womynist cause.

Tits. Pussy. Snatch. These were words that had only been in my vocabulary to allow me to comprehend the enemy's language. Now, however, I saw they were tools in my kit. Nay, they were weapons in my arsenal! I had to see my body, the things I could do with it, for the beautiful, powerful, enviable assets they were. "Breasts" was a term forced upon women by men who denied them the right to control the nomenclature of their own bodies. "Titties" was a term women could embrace for what they alone had the right to flaunt. To flaunt like crazy. Just sitting by in this restaurant, I could hardly wait to take my trust fund to the sorts of boutiques that

were meant to showcase a body like mine. Men of the world, prepare to tremble with unfulfillable lust at the sight of an oh-so-very free and independent woman!

“Hm, what?” I asked sleepily. I really was worn out.

“Nothing,” said Todd, patting my hip consolingly. For a moment I thought to slap him, but then I remembered Todd’s hand on my body was no more scandalous than Michelangelo’s hands on David. It wasn’t merely inoffensive; it was where they belonged.

“You know, I think I might be a little beat,” I admitted. “Do you think we could meet another time to brainstorm for our next project?”

“That sounds great. You head on home, and I’ll be in touch. Good work today, Abbie. You looked amazing.” He kissed my forehead as he stood up.

“Abigail,” I corrected softly.

How the time flew! Together, Todd and I became the scourge of the patriarchy, twin beacons of truth and hope. Over the next few months, we took Arthur Park by storm. While even Todd would concede that we didn’t always succeed in upping the bar from our previous performance, we were on a steady upward trajectory.

After “Beyond the Looking Glass Ceiling” came “Human As You.” With some help from some cosplay websites and my own art school background, Todd and I created a special suit. It took weeks of attaching lustrous plastic sequins together one by painstaking one to create. Todd kept me company oftentimes, holding my titties in place while I molded the chest piece, let me know if it succeeded in form-fitting every inch of my naked body, and of course to help relax me with more of his silly hypnosis games. In the end, I paraded through the park in a costume that, in my own humble opinion, perfectly hit the mark we were aiming for: a naked, scaled humanoid alien, my hair slicked back and dyed aquamarine as a complement. Without saying a word, the crowds of men following along behind my swaying hips; others admired my bobbling boobs jiggling freely as I approached them; all saw that form meant nothing. I was sex personified, even without being of their species. If a busty blue-skinned fish woman could possess such allure, all women could. If such a creature didn’t need to subscribe to societal beauty norms, no woman did.

“Open Secret” was one I came up with almost entirely on my own. I was blowing Todd one day – he was good enough to let me sharpen every weapon at my feminist disposal – and I thought... why are women ashamed of this? “Cock-sucker,” “blowjob queen,” even idioms like “well that sucks dick” – all seemed to imply that giving a man oral sex was somehow low, or wrong. But I *loved* sucking Todd’s cock, and he reassured me every time I asked that he appreciated my doing it. (I wasn’t paying him, after all, so I wanted to be sure he was satisfied with my chosen form of reciprocity.) So one day, I put on some “normal” clothes, the kind of thing I used to wear that didn’t do anything to celebrate my sex appeal and walked around

chatting up strangers on banal topics like the weather. All the while, I had a semi-dried sheen of Todd's cum plastered on my face. We kept it subtle (and it grew subtler every time I took a break to coax a fresh application out of him), letting people wonder whether this seemingly normal woman was, in fact, an insatiable cock-gobbler. Thereby, we normalized the act itself.

For "I'm Every Woman," we hired a sketch artist to do dozens of nude sketches of me over several weeks. Some of them we modified, altering the depiction of my body to show different versions of my body. In some my titties were inflated even beyond their actual massive size; others featured my cunt shaved bare; in some I was fucking myself with a giant dildo, visibly climaxing; others added tattoos ranging from poetic to simply whorish. We scattered them on easels around the statue of Josiah Burns and I sat in the middle with a bed sheet over me, covering everything but my face. It allowed passersby to recognize me as the subject of the sketches while not knowing which one represented the truth beneath the sheet. I was completely naked beneath it – Todd's idea, and it was a master stroke – but even that they had no way of knowing. I was the simultaneous personification of every type of hot, sexy babe viewers could see. I humanized all sluts everywhere.

"Bum Boxing" was a crowd favorite. The sun rose in Arthur Park that morning on my naked body laying face down on a metal bench. My only covering was a disheveled cardboard box that barely managed to cover from the top of my ass crack to just beneath my fuckholes. (Can you believe Todd had to remind me I didn't just have *one* fuckhole? The man was Rembrandt reborn.) I lied there as if sleeping, arms folded beneath my head and titties crushed under my chest, as people took in the horrific deprivation of homelessness. During a lull, I rolled onto my back and used a rolled-up newspaper to cover my jugs. (The nipples, anyway.) While the people couldn't seem to stop staring, I worried that I'd muddled the message by trying to both show the plight of vulnerable, destitute cunts while also calling attention to how the indigent did indeed have something very appealing to offer society.

All the while, Todd used his connections to keep me from serving time for "indecent" exposure. (As if my body was somehow unworthy of being highlighted for the hot, wet, soft, yielding, fuckable, always totally available commodity it was!) I guess I did get arrested the one time, but that was by design. In "Legalize It," Todd helped me disguise myself as a streetwalker – not the bullshit version sorority skanks did at pimps and hos parties, but a real authentic gutterslut. Big jangly earrings, thigh-high faded white leather boots, a ratty jean skirt that showed my leopard print thong top and bottom, and a corset-like top we bought off a real hooker. My honkers barely fit inside it, nipples peeking out in obvious fashion. Then I went around Arthur Park and invited every man I saw to come to my house to fuck me, being sure to pointedly tell them every hole, every fuckable crevice on my body was absolutely free for the taking.

Nonetheless, I was arrested by some jerk for – you guessed it – prostitution! When I had explicitly promised *not* to charge!

(The arrest wasn't anything that went on my permanent record. Todd had this sexy little cop friend who let me out before they'd even IDed me; as his way of saying thanks, he bent her

over the hood of her cruiser and fucked her fascist brains out. I sat on the back end and diddled myself; while he was plastering her face, I took my lipstick to the trunk and wrote “Blue Lives Splatter” with a little doodle of a cock spurting on a lady cop’s face. Serves her shapely authoritarian ass right.)

Besides that, I was also enjoying the best mental health I’d been in for years. I had more fans and patrons than I’d ever dreamed; my social media followership numbered in the thousands and I’d never even promoted my accounts! (I hadn’t even signed up for them, actually, but then Todd showed me how he’d been posting pictures of my shows, the preparations, even some really dirty shots of us doing prep work with my huge slut titties wrapped around my muses’s dick. It was really tasteful and poignant, I felt. An artist at her easel!)

My shows had people turn out in droves, and there was a diverse mix. There were men who got it, who really appreciated a sweet slice of T&A like myself for the fuckfest my body promised itself to be. There were men who didn’t, who told me I was embarrassing myself, who tried to diminish my worth. (Some figuratively by telling me to conceal my body; some literally, by offering to pay me well below the market rate for prime pussy like me.)

And of course, there were the protesters, repressed men and women who came to heckle, obscure and jeer. (Along with a few pretenders using the protest as an excuse to ogle me. Perverts.) As they stood by chanting, “Keep your eyes shut! She is a slut!” my cunt swelled with sticky wet pride to know I was creating controversy, forcing people to confront and examine their ideals. It was every artist’s dream come true.

Sometimes, I’d come just from listening to them boo.

The big uptick in my sex life probably contributed to my well-being, flooding my brains with dopamine and my pussy with steady deliveries of Todd’s cum. It was like my cunt was the garden of my creativity, and he was there to keep it good and watered. I tried to find little ways to thank him for nurturing my imagination, like learning all the ways he liked having his cock sucked, giving him total control over my ass, mastering the art of the tittyfuck, and making out with his cute neighbor girls while he watched or filmed. (I could never tell if they were sisters or mother/daughter, and if the latter, which one was which.)

Replacing my entire wardrobe, while expensive, had been incredibly liberating. Looking back, I can hardly believe I’d let some well-disguised patriarchal values deceive me into hiding away my body. I’d realized one day while Todd was adorably attempting more hypnosis that sexuality, especially female sexuality – most especially my own jugsy assy sucky fucky cum-crazy brand of female sexuality – was its own art. Now, everywhere I went, my attire came from my new collection of flashy jewelry, halter tops, short shorts, mini skirts, stiletto heels, string bikinis, and all the miscellaneous mouth-wateringly sexy outfits I’d picked up.

Like any art, the key was to have a personal style as well as variety within those limitations. One day I might go out in my knitted rainbow-colored strapless crop top, a pastel blue vinyl micro mini skirt, thigh-high rainbow socks and a pair of chunky platform sandals. The next I might squeeze into a pair of cut-off shorts I’d fashioned out of a pair of jeans I’d outgrown

in eighth grade, slip on a pair of 5-inch crimson red heels, and let a semi-transparent bikini top do the heavy lifting. One was slutty hippy, one was pure attention-seeking whore; both proclaimed to the world: Abigail.

(Todd still called me Abbie, but I allowed the guy that one vice.)

Today, on the last official day of summer, Todd and I had planned our boldest display yet. I'd been looking forward to it all week. I must've begged Todd to fuck the passion out of me more times than I could count. I was beside myself, constantly dripping wet and so horny I'd sometimes start jilling myself off without even realizing where I was or who was around me.

The preliminary work was done, and as much as my twat was drooling in anticipation of the finale, part of me was still sad it was over. My last three shows in Arthur Park, I'd asked some patrons to distribute invitations to an online art show I was doing. It had turned out great, thanks as ever to Todd. He'd called an old friend of his who was an instagram celebrity. (He claimed once was a weather forecaster, though to hear her talk I'd never believe the girl had the brains to finish college. Which was fine – bimbos were women, too.)

Together, in front of a live audience of over two thousand viewers, the two of us gave a full-on performance art showcase!

When Todd first explained it, I admit it: I scoffed. The idea, as he explained it to me, was little more than a two-hour long lesbian camgirl show. Not art, but mere pornography. I was comfortable with my body, but that was because my art had always had meaning behind it. In his words, Grace the instagram ditz (another term I'd reclaimed as one of empowerment) and I would "fuck like bitches in heat" and ask for feedback and donations.

I didn't even need the money, I'd pointed out.

"Maybe you're right," Todd had said. "Why don't you take a moment to think it over and see if there's an artsy angle you haven't considered, and I'll give my own craft a go?"

Sure enough, his pointless yammering gave me time to stop and reconsider, and by the advertised time, I couldn't wait to fuck Grace raw. This was deeper than I'd gone before by far, and it was groundbreakingly exciting. What could be a bigger statement than fucking just to be seen fucking? Than to debase oneself by panhandling for microdonations, achieving life's necessities as a modern spin-off of the world's oldest profession? To bare everything for anonymous strangers, to let them see me fuck and be fucked by a girl I didn't even know solely for their sexual gratification?

I mean, there would be money, sure, but Todd and I had agreed Grace should keep it all. Not like I was saving for a boob job, for obvious reasons.

The bimbo was an incredible fuck. We giggled to one another about how she could have such big boobs, but sitting next to me she still looked petite. Although I wasn't bisexual, I'd already learned to enjoy exploring the female body as an artistic enterprise. We were so naturally

sexual, made for pleasing and being pleased, and Grace's body was so very enjoyable. Airhead or no, she ate pussy like a pro (which Todd later told me she was, as a side deal to help pay rent). I tried to give as good as I got, slurping that sweet little cunt of hers like it was candy-coated. We even got competitive at times as we remembered Todd was watching, whispering a plan to get so frisky he'd be overwhelmed with the need to come over and fuck our brains out.

(He did, but only after the show was done. I didn't even notice or care when the recording ended; by then, offering to let Grace spank my fat ass like the naughty bitch I was if someone would just donate another dollar felt all too natural.)

Needless to say, the show was a big success as preparation for today's performance. For the next three days, armed with a heap of hundreds of post it notes, I pored through the chat log from our cam show. I couldn't believe how many men had watched us, but when it came to the number of comments, I was floored. To be given so much fodder for my show... this could be my life's work.

I strode into the park that day with my head held high. Everywhere, people turned to gape. Unlike previous shows, I hadn't announced this one, so my crowd of horny admirers and angry detractors was not in attendance. This was merely the sincere reactions of people being treated to the sight of a piece of performance art I called, "Proudly Cloaked in Shame."

I was naked. Not one stitch of clothing touched my body. Todd helpfully removed the stump from beneath the domineering foot of Rev. Josiah Burns. I stood atop it, hands on my hips, and provided the right to the world to leer at what lay beneath my concealing canopy of post its. They were stuck to every inch of my body, from my face to my feet. They were on my back as well, and I'd even used a mildly stronger adhesive on to stick them to my hair to add another expanse of surface area. They were on the underside of my tits, two on each of my labia, over my smoothly waxed snatch, along the crack of my ass, and every other part of me. The only thing I left uncovered was my eyes, and those only barely.

On them, I'd transcribed the comments of the people who'd watched my cam show.

slut

nice tits bitch

fuck that big-titted bimbo slut

hot-ass freak

slut

chow that dumb cunt baby

what a whore

slut

lol horny much you cocksucking tramp?

slut

you filthy fucking whore

slut

slut

slut

On and on it went. I'd run analytics on the chat log. The word "slut" occurred individually and in context of longer comments 514 times. "Whore" came in second at 328. "Stupid" 58, combined with other insults at our intelligence put it up to 87. Comments on our titties, depending on how strictly one interpreted them, came in just over 300. Our pussies got a mere 186, asses only 44. (Disappointing, but fair by comparison. We had *amazing* titties.)

These words were now the only covering on my otherwise naked body. Between each post-it a sliver of bare girl flesh provided the profile of the artist's nudity. I'd used a chemical I'd picked up at a costume shop to help the post its stick even if I got a little sweaty; they should stay on unless physically removed.

Which, of course, was the point.

Chauvinism. Misogyny. Sexism. Call it what you want, but it was my calling in life to keep lopping heads off the male hydra until it lie fangless at my feet. Today, I wore a coat of intended insults as a thousand badges of honor. Anyone who looked at me now could see only the choose-your-degrading-epithet; I was nothing but a slut, a stacked-ass whore, a cum-starved lezzie bitch with daddy issues. The signs all said so, literally.

Except one sign. The one I hung around the neck of Rev. Josiah Burns.

It read, quite simply, *love us for what we are*.

There I stood, letting the gaping crowd grow. I could hear the words on my body murmured on the lips of the people of Arthur Park. I could hear them asking each other, "Who is this girl?" "What does she think she's doing?" "You think she's as hot as she looks under that?" "Are those tits even real?"

As I had in performances past, I fixed my eyes on a point in the distance. Today, that was the clock tower atop city hall. Seconds became minutes became hours as I stood, waiting to see if these people were ready. To see if they could appreciate what I was trying to do. To prove that I'd been wrong about them all along.

Finally, after over five hours of standing there in the middle of Arthur Park, someone at last acted. He was an older man, probably around my dad's age, walking with a bit of a limp as he approached me. All eyes were on him, waiting to see what he would do. If I would react, and how.

He stood in front of me for a long moment, studying me. No one else had dared get this close to the naked statue on her stump pedestal. "You know," he said at last, "you may be one crazy slut, but... maybe that's not such a bad thing."

The man reached out to take hold of one of the post its on my left arm, and with a little tug, pulled it off, crumpling it up and tossing it aside. Faint as it was, the feeling of moving air on that square of skin felt divine. More than that, though, that this man saw me for the slut I was and saw it as something other than an insult...

This was my Sistine Chapel.

He walked away then, but after a moment another man walked over, gave me a little smile, and removed the post it over my right nipple. He winked as he gave it a little pinch; it hardened immediately before he even rejoined the crowd. Then came a pair of high school age boys who gaped as they uncovered my pubic mound, giggling delightedly at me as they darted back to safety.

Soon after, the crowd descended on me. Like a butterfly emerging from her cocoon, hundreds of strangers hands plucked at the scraps protecting what remained of my modesty, many treating themselves to gropes of what had lain beneath. I only came once, when a man pulled a post it off my lower back. "What a cunt," he read aloud, inflecting it as the pejorative it had been meant to be. He walked around to the front of me then, grinning bashfully. I gave him the barest of nods, and in it, he read my permission. His fingers slipped between my legs and up inside my pussy. He fingered me for a long moment before pulling back, blushing.

"And boy, what a cunt," he repeated, then shuffled away with a rapturous sigh.

Some people took more than one note, but really, once my tits, ass and pussy were revealed, most seemed content to take only one and allow their fellows to enjoy the same privilege. The final scrap of paper clung to my forehead for nearly ten minutes after the previous one was removed; the gathering at this point seemed not to want it to end. At last, seeing my energy was flagging and I might not be able to keep standing in place much longer, it was Todd who came to the rescue and discarded that last post it.

He showed it to me after he removed it. *I could stare at this fine-ass slut all day.*

I pulled him to me and kissed him. One hand thrust itself down his pants, the other maneuvering his hands to my ass to hold me against him. I was a slut, yes, but first and foremost, I had a duty to my art, and I owed all that I had achieved to this man. I was the clay he molded into his masterpiece. Todd's slut.

Before shuffling wordlessly out of Arthur Park together, our hands grasping each other's asses, I removed the sign from Rev. Josiah Burns and climbed up to give him a kiss on his bronze lips. He was a symbol for me. Once, a symbol of the oppressive patriarchy, a witless thug from a bygone age. Now, I think I understood him better. Like me, he was only doing the best he could to blaze a trail, pioneer a way through uncharted wilderness and forge a better world for all men.

I bet his cum would have tasted delicious.

"I can't believe your slutty cop friend didn't arrest me. I was standing naked in the park for hours," I said as I settled into the front seat of his car, parked on a street adjacent to the park. Strangers on the sidewalk gasped at the sight of the busty naked hottie.

"Yeah, I'll owe her one for this. Maybe get her some flowers, or let her use those cuffs like she's always asking." He turned to me. "There's a bottle of water in the cooler in the back seat, if you're thirsty."

"I'm not thirsty; I'm hungry," I replied while undoing his belt and fastenings, then leaning down into his lap and giving him a few licks. I sucked him off as he drove away, and

again while he hosed my sweaty body down in his back yard. And again after my nap. And again to wake him up the next morning.

I ate nothing but Todd's spunk that weekend, but as plentiful as it was. I could never get enough. I guess I'd turned out like my dad had feared – just another starving artist.