**Casey's Ordeal: Public Orgasm Panic**

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It was your typical story, Casey was looking for an easy way to make some money. It was summer between her college courses and her receptionist job as not just enough to pay rent and go out a few nights a week with friends. A couple of her girlfriends had hooked up with younger executive guys and were 'living it up' at the beach, taking trips, getting nice clothes, etc. She knew her friends were putting out for the lifestyle, but were really not enjoying the hassle of their boyfriends' demands.  
  
Casey thought there must be a way to get paid, but not have to settle for an unwanted boyfriend. Shoot, she had a nice little body from her years of dance. She could tell that guys in the office were appreciative of her looks and fun attitude, and some of the women were envious. She even started to show a bit more leg and cleavage to encourage getting good reviews from her boss. She even tended toward thinner bras and tops to accentuate her pert nipples. She was pretty content with work, but bored. She started to scan Craigslist for side jobs and gigs to supplement her income. And her curiosity kept leading her to the adult gigs, and personals sections. But she couldn't bring herself to actually take cash for sex -- there was no way she was a whore. And she was not going to be an adult actress or stripper. But a couple of the postings started to intrigue her. Was it possible for her to do some private "shows" for someone for quick cash, but no sex between them? That she might consider. But how could she be safe? And then she saw an intriguing post:  
  
Petite SWF needed for Special Event -- No Sex: Seeking petite female in great shape for sexual adventure that does not involve direct sex and each party will remain anonymous. Simply want to know that female has followed explicit directions. Girl will be treated to luxurious spa treatment and limo transportation. $1500 for 1 afternoon. 202-555-0588  
  
Casey was intrigued, and her heart raced as she actually contemplated dialing the number. She sat in her car on her lunch break and worked up the courage. She told herself, all I have to do is make a call, I don't have to go through with anything. She dialed the number.  
  
A woman answered the phone, "Are you calling about the Special Event add on Craigslist?" she said in a soft, but professional voice. Casey was surprised it was a woman and didn't speak. "Hello? Are you there?"   
  
Casey snapped to, "Yes, yes, I'm here. Uh, yes, I'm calling about the advertisement. Can you tell me about the... the event. What would you want... from me?"  
  
"Well sweetie, can you tell me a little about yourself first? We are very particular about the girl for this event," the woman replied.   
  
Casey sarted, "Well, I am a sophomore at the University and am working as a receptionist this summer."   
  
There was silence, "Yes honey, that is nice. But tell me about yourself, your looks, your personality, you know, that stuff," the woman on the line sounded slightly more sexy and flirting now.   
  
"Well, I'm... I don't know, I guess I am cute. I'm 5'4" and weigh 104 lbs. I guess I am kinda thin. I have been a dancer since grade school. My hair is a little longer than shoulder length, brown. I have blue eyes. I love the beach, and going out. I'm pretty social. But I haven't had a boyfriend since Christmas." There was a silence.  
  
"And..." Said the woman coaxingly.   
  
Casey was embarrassed a bit, "I have... I am 32b, 23, 32. I have kinda long legs for my size. I'm....I'm a full B cup. Is that what you mean?"   
  
"Yes honey, and what do you like to wear?" said the women coaxingly.   
  
Casey thought out loud, "Well mostly I like jeans and a t-shirt, not too tight, but still kinda, you know, sexy. At work I like sun dresses type outfits."   
  
"Do you work out?" asked the woman.   
  
"Well, I mostly run. I still do dance a few times a week. And I teach a gymnastics class. But I don't work out at a gym if that's what you mean" Casey answered.   
  
"Well you sound just lovely, what is your name?" said the woman.   
  
"My... (what could it hurt she thought)...my name is Casey."   
  
"Okay Casey, let me tell you about this fun afternoon. My client wants to pay for a young woman to be treated to a spa session. He will pay for the session as long as the young woman will write about the session in detail to him afterwards. The session will be luxurious and therapeutic, but it will also be mildly erotic. Although there will not be any sex between you and another person required. There will be a surprise at the end of the session that you will find very exciting, but again, it does not require you to have sex with anyone. You will be provided a limo for the afternoon. After the spa session, you will be paid $1500 and dropped back off. Would this Saturday, tomorrow, work for you?" Casey didn't know what to say. "Umm, can I think about it?"   
  
"Well Casey, I have a girl that has already agreed to the session. But I think you are a better fit," the woman lied. "If we hang up, I will have to call her back and get this scheduled."   
  
Casey took a leap, the idea of $1500 in her hands for tomorrow night was too much, "Okay, I'll do it. But I'll be paid right there, right?"   
  
"How about this Casey, we'll pay you $100 just for meeting the limo tomorrow. If you want to back out, you can at that point. But, if you don't look as nice as you described, we will cancel at that point also. If you accept, we'll pay you $400 at the completion of your spa treatment, so you know you are getting paid. And we'll pay you the $1000 when we drop you back off. How is that."  
  
"Okay, that sounds fair," Casey replied. "What do I do?"   
  
"Meet us at the Starbucks near Grand and the beach, do you know that location?"  
  
"Yes, what time?" Casey asked.  
  
"1:00 pm sharp. A limousine will be waiting for you. Simply introduce yourself and you will be driven to the spa. Have a nice time, Casey. I think you are going to love it. And Casey, wear a nice sundress that shows some leg, please." And with that she hung up.   
  
This was crazy. Casey thought about just forgetting it and not showing up. As she drove home that evening, she thought of telling her friends about this outlandish idea. But then she thought it would be too embarrassing to even admit she called.   
  
On Saturday morning she was really nervous. But at noon, she started to get ready. She put on a little make-up, and debated which bra and panties to wear. She settled on simple cotton panties and bra, they were small and sheer athletic type, not frilly, but made her body look very sexy. She had shaved her legs the night before, and thought about trimming up down there, but then thought there wasn't to be any "sex" anyway, so she left herself alone. She left her hair down; it had a nice natural curl to it anyway.   
  
Finally, she chose a light sundress; it was fairly short, falling to her upper thigh. But most of all, it was just sheer enough that you could make out the silhouette of her underwear underneath in the right light.  
  
Casey arrived at Starbucks and parked. She seriously considered not getting out of her car and leaving, but then thought she may as well see if a limo actually showed up. She ordered a latte and sat outside trying to remain calm. OMG, a limo was actually coming down the street. She froze. It pulled up at the curb of the seating area. After a few moments a driver got out and stood near the back passenger door. Casey tried not to stare or make eye contact with the driver. She glanced up at the driver and he smiled at her knowingly. He opened the rear door as he looked directly at her. He wore a chauffer's suite and dark glasses. He looked well built, but fairly non-descript. Casey got up from her seat and walked the short distance to him, "I'm Casey."   
  
"Yes ma'am, you are," he handed her an envelope. She could tell it was a $100 bill inside. She thought for a few moments, and looked up at him. He simply smiled at her. She climbed into the limo.   
  
The limo was light inside from the sunroof, but the windows were nearly blacked out. As they pulled away, she saw there were flowers on the seat for her. There was champagne opened. And there were some fine fruits and chocolates on a tray. Wow, this was the royal treatment.   
  
Casey decided to settle in and enjoy the luxury, wondering if her friends had it so good. The limo ride was smooth, with a few turns here and there. After about 20-30 minutes, the limo seemed to enter a driveway. They must be arriving at the spa. The limo stopped and a few moments later her door opened; the limo driver offered his hand. She could tell he enjoyed the flashing of her long legs from under her sundress as she eased out of the car. As she stood, she realized she was in a large covered foyer, beyond which she could only see gardens.   
  
A woman in a white spa uniform was waiting as she emerged from the limo and immediately led her inside through a fancy entrance door.   
  
A receptionist was prepared for her, "Ms Casey, it is our honor to have you here. We thought you were arriving at noon, so your spa treatment is running late," the pleasant woman lied. It was a ruse to rush her through the release forms. The receptionist handed her a clipboard. "Please fill in your name on the top lines of each page and sign at the bottom. And follow me."   
  
Casey complied as she walked and followed the woman down a plush hall. They looked like standard forms and she didn't bother to read them. As they arrived at a door, the receptionist turned and reached out for the clipboard. Casey hurriedly completed and signed the last page.  
  
"This is your room dear. Please put all of your clothes, including your underwear and socks on the dressing bench and get into the robe and slippers. Anita and Claire will be here in a minute to take you to your mineral bath. And enjoy the champagne and chocolate cherries."  
  
Casey had already had a glass of champagne in the limo, but what the heck, this was her day to enjoy. She sipped champagne as she changed, and had a couple of chocolate cherries while she waited. Almost immediately, she felt a little rush of excitement, a little flush to her skin, almost like she was a little buzzed, but also very excited as well.

**Chapter 2**

There was a soft knock at Casey's changing room door. She quickly snugged the belt of her robe and opened the door. Anita and Claire stood at the door in their spa uniform and greeted Casey with a smile. "We'll take you to your bath now," and Anita and Claire each took one of Casey's hands to walk her down the hall. This was a bit strange to Casey. There she was, naked under a robe in a strange spa, quietly walking down the hall holding hands with two women she didn't even know.   
  
Claire and Anita's uniforms looked like white nurse dresses; they were snug and showed quite a bit of leg. Both girls hardly looked older than Casey, maybe even younger. Anita had nearly black hair and tan skin, she looked a little Hispanic, or Asian. She was very tiny, but had a full chest held tightly under the uniform. Claire was tall -- about 5'8" -- also thin, but more small chested. Her long legs seemed to stretch out from under her uniform forever.   
  
They entered a luxurious private bath chamber, and Claire closed the door behind them. The large tub sat nearly in the middle of the room, and was overflowing with bubbles. Anita pointed to several hooks on the wall, "You can hang your robe there," as she turned to tend the bath. Casey was a bit hesitant. She would have to cross the room naked to step into the bath. This was all too new to her. She imagined that she was being tended to like a princess. Casey took a deep breath and removed her robe. She walked toward the bath trying to look as confident and nonchalant about being naked as she could.   
  
As she reached the bath, Claire stopped her and said "let us get the water ready for you." Anita was swishing the water around with her hand, and Claire fiddled with some bath oil bottles adding a few drops of this and that while Casey stood naked next to them -- her anxiety growing as they glanced at her nakedness.  
  
Casey's hair teased across her shoulders. Her thin neck, collar bones, and thin but muscled shoulders accentuated her full B-cup breasts. Casey's breasts had only filled in over the last couple of years, so they were as firm as new fruit. In fact, although only B-cups, her breasts looked almost overfull with their tightness. From under her breasts a flat stomach with a hint of six-pack definition, which highlighted the narrowness of her waist. Casey's mother always told Casey's that her toned stomach made her look too thin and she needed to eat.   
  
Her hips were only slightly flared, but her stomach and pelvis we so flat that her hip bones created slight protrusions. Casey kept herself well groomed with only a neat patch of hair above her mons, and wisps of hair between her legs. Her back had a natural arch at her hips before bouncing out into cute little her bubble butt. Her legs were long and thin, but her quads and calves had definition from years of dance before tapering into her thin ankles and dainty feet.  
  
Despite the warmth of the bath chamber, a chill ran across Casey that sent goose pimples across her chest. The faint blonde hairs on her body bristled and her nipples tightened. Claire noticed the nipples stiffen and smiled to herself. "Ok Casey, please step into the bath," Claire offered her hand to help steady Casey's entry into the tub.  
  
The water was perfect -- hot, but easy to slide into. The bubbles giving her shyness some cover. Anita laid a padded bar across the tub behind Casey, and gently guided her head back to rest in a curve in the bar. "There you go, now just relax and let us pamper you," she said.   
  
Casey felt the girls hands begin to wash her body and in a strangely unnatural way she couldn't resist a deep sleepiness from overcoming her. Even as she felt the girls hands run over her breasts and down her legs toward her privates, she wanted to panic and resist, but something has come over her, she felt to weak, but excited, almost aroused to resist. 

**Chapter 3**

The girls washed and plied Casey's body slowly, sensually, and thoroughly. Casey would have been ashamed at how their small hands had delicately, but firmly, had washed her breasts, and pushed her legs back to wash thoroughly between her legs and even into the depths between her firm butt cheeks. Casey laid back with eyes shut and was too embarrassed to speak. She had never had someone touch her there except for her doctor. All the while, the girls reassured her to relax and their hands were so soothing.   
  
When the bath was complete, they helped Casey stand, and she finally opened her eyes. She shyly made eye contact with them, and they simply smiled warmly as they helped wrap her in a plush towel to dry her.   
  
Claire and Anita led her into an adjacent massage room, complete with candles, soft music, and dimmed lighting. The girls guided Casey to the table and unwrapped the towel warming her. Although Casey was eager to lay down, Anita stopped her and offered her another small glass of champagne and said, "Here honey, drink this first" in a way that seemed more of a command than an offer.   
  
Casey complied so she could hurrey and lay face down. The towel was laid over her to keep her warm. She could hear the girls preparing something and then she felt them near the table. Warm oil was dripped on her shoulders and legs, and then the hands began a firm massage at her feet and shoulders.   
  
Casey felt like this was a dream, literally. She felt like it was almost an out of body experience. She could imagine the beautiful girls standing over her, worshipping her body with their tender but firm massage. One pair of hands was moving down her back, and the other pair up her legs. As they reached her lower back and upper hamstrings, she felt the towel pulled completely away.  
  
Deep down inside, she wanted to be covered, but her mind felt distant now. Her mind conjured the scene up as almost romantic, these girls massaging her sensually. She felt her body respond to the idea, through her conscious mind resisted.   
  
Then these hands were massaging her butt and upper hamstrings more vigorously. They pressed her butt and legs apart as them massaged, and Casey almost had the will to resist. The idea that the girls could see her almost lewdly splayed apart now, seeing her pussy and anus on display was at once humiliating, and for some unknown reason wildly exciting to Casey.   
  
And Casey seemed to drift even further away. Even as she felt the fingers of the girls now massaging her pussy and anus playfully, Casey wanted to resist, but instead her body responded by lewdly lifting her hips to meet the playful fingers.   
  
Casey had never had a girls hands on her like this before. She felt a finger start to dip through her pussy entrance and she felt herself clench down slightly to resist. As her mind became more distant, she felt a finger start to put pressure on her sensitive little rosebud, swirling in circles in the oil that had collect there.   
  
Just before Casey was completely unconscious from the spiked Champagne, she felt the thin delicate finger slip past her anal ring. Oh my god, that was not supposed to feel so amazing and decadently erotic. And Casey was now unconscious.   
  
The girls continued to play with their toy. Slinding their fingers deeper into the hot little body laid out beneath them. After a few minutes, an slightly older woman entered the massage chamber.  
  
"There, there girls, lets not get too carried away. Help me get her ready for her next treatment." Quietly, the girls went to work preparing Casey for the next part of her adventure. 

**Chapter 4**

Casey felt like she was in motion -- a gentle rocking back and forth a bit. She was waking from a deep sleep. As she roused from her sleep she suddenly remembered her last sensations of panic at the spa and woke up quickly, moving about defensively as she got her bearings. She was back in the limo, it was taking her somewhere.   
  
She moved quickly to the separating window and knocked aggressively on the glass, "where are we going?"   
  
A voice came over the speakers in the back. "I am taking you back to Starbucks to drop you off. You will get an explanation momentarily."   
  
As Casey's panic subsided slightly she suddenly realized there was a tightness and stiffness around her waist and pelvis that didn't make sense. And she realized she was fully dressed. She felt at her hip and felt a heavier band than her cotton underwear. Her hand followed the band over her hip bone and at the crease of her thigh and pelvis. This was definitely not her underwear. As she realized this, she also became aware that there were some subtle but odd sensations in her crotch area related to this new underwear. She squirmed quickly to raise the hem of her sundress and get a look.  
  
Casey was shocked. Her hips and pelvis were wrapped in white bands similar to thick vinyl, thin and strong. The front was open, so she could see her own underwear underneath. But the vinyl intersected to cover her mons and upper pussy area, was open at her pussy opening, and then was solid again as it proceeded like a thick g-string between be cute little ass cheeks. The white of her original underwear covering her buns were visible on each side of this thong contraption.   
  
Casey's hands immediately went to the waist band to try and remove this strange contraption. But they were exceptionally tight and well fitted, and the material was not elastic in the least. Casey whined as she tried to remove the contraption.  
  
Then the TV screen in the back flickered on. There appeared on the screen what seemed to be a 3D diagram of the thong she was wearing. It was rotating slowly like a commercial display. Her hands were still feeling around the device when they reached a thicker area of the device just above her buns and in the small of her back. She could feel that the bands around her hips latched into the device back here somehow.

A voice came over the speakers, "Casey my dear, this is the grand finale and surprise of your spa day. We are going to treat you to an experience you will never forget, and pleasure you have never felt before. But dear, this may be a little stressful for you also. But a las, that is the part of the bargain that is the most fun for me."  
  
"What are you talking about!" Casey retorted in a raised voice. "I didn't agree to anything like this. You said no sex!"  
  
"Casey, sweetie. There won't be any sex required. But I didn't say there wouldn't be any sexual pleasure involved. Mainly for you, my little honey. You have been just exquisite all day. I enjoyed watching your spa treatments in all their glory."  
  
Casey was stunned to silence as her mind raced. He had watched her all day. Oh my god, how embarrassing. But her mind quickly returned to the issue at hand with these damn underwear. "So Casey, let me tell you about our grand finale. After your massage, we took the liberty of fitting you with this wonderful little device. Here is how it works." Casey continued to struggle and squirm to remove the underwear.  
  
"This ingenious little device is fitted with wonderful technology that can be remotely controlled or respond simply to the wearers reactions and bio-feedback. Let me demonstrate." "There is a stimulating probe connected from the device directly to you clitoris."   
  
The word caught Casey's attention and she looked at the screen. The 3D diagram on the screen highlighted a small wire hoop coming from the inside of the device at the cross band over her mons area.   
  
"With a simple command, I can send stimulation directly to your clit." At that moment, Casey felt a powerful pulse through her clit that made her nearly jump out of her skin.   
  
"Yes Casey, right like that." OMG, that felt like electricity, but also a very powerful vibration that sent a wave of pleasure through her whole body. And she realized that he must be watching her right now in the back of the limo.  
  
"It can be gentle," -- and she felt a mild pulse of pleasure start to swell in her clitoris -- "Or it can be overwhelming," -- and she felt a pulse that made her eyes roll back in her head and her entire body tense. Casey involuntarily thrust her hips up to meet the wave of pleasure.   
  
"So Casey my dear, this lovely device can do so much more," the man said. "There are probes that have been implanted directly to your g-spot" -- Casey felt a pleasant tingle trace down from her clit, curl through the channel of her pussy, and send a swell of pleasure on the roof of her pussy."   
  
She had only been stimulated there once in her life by accident -- or at least she thought it was by accident, all through it was awfully persistent. Her female gynecologist had pressed her fingers into this zone and rubbed persistently as she checked her vaginal walls. Casey had finally succumbed to a moan at the stimulation before her doctor relented. When her doctor withdrew her fingers, Casey almost felt bad it stopped and felt so empty inside.  
  
"And Casey, you may not know it yet, but you have a bundle of nerve ending at your back door that shouldn't be neglected," -- and with that Casey bolted upright as she felt a pulse of pleasure at her anus. OMG, she felt the pleasure tingle around her anus and even inside her passage. My god, they had implanted something inside her ass.   
  
"The beauty of this stimulation is that it can make you feel like your anus is being pressed open or squeezed tightly shut"—Casey felt a sensation as if something was being pressed into her anus and squealed, and then felt her anus contract tightly, which oddly sent a contraction through her pussy as well. It felt like her contractions around her boyfriend's cock as she neared orgasm. This was devious beyond belief.  
  
Casey was beyond panic, "So, so what do you want with all this! You want to manipulate me to orgasm while you watch. You are a weirdo! Let me out of here!!"   
  
"Casey, honey, calm down. I was afraid you would react this way. I don't want you to fight me. After all, can't you provide me with a little fun after I treated you to a spa day?" "But if you are going to fight me, the device has a downside too. If you break the rules, there are punishments" -- Casey felt a shock in her ass that made her buckle over and squeal; then a shock just above her butt at her lower back that made her whole body tense as she thrust her hips forward.  
  
Casey was shaking and whimpering now, desperate to get out of this nightmare.  
  
"Okay honey, Casey, get yourself together now. We are almost done. So Casey, here is the deal. We know you are a shy girl, but you are going to have to overcome this to make our deal complete. We are going to drop you back at the Starbucks. You are not to leave the Starbucks until your task is complete. If you attempt to leave, you will be shocked so severely that you will collapse into a convulsion and piss yourself. That would be humiliating.  
  
All I ask is that you stay at Starbucks while the device runs through its paces and brings you to orgasm. The device is programmed to respond to your arousal, whatever it does that increases your arousal, it will continue and increase. It will progressively tune itself to your biometric feedback to increase your arousal. It shouldn't take more than a few minutes for you to reach an orgasm.  
  
Your challenge is to remain calm in public and let the orgasm occur. Once you reach an orgasm, the device will unlock, and you are free to leave the premises. Understood?"  
  
Casey couldn't believe this was happening. She must be dreaming. This couldn't be possible. She snapped out of it as the limo turned into the Starbucks parking lot.   
  
Oh no. OMG, no. "I can't do this, please don't make me do this. You don't understand, " she pleaded. She felt a mild shock in her back. "No seriously, an orgasm in public can't happen. Please, please, please."  
  
"Casey, settle down. We've had several girls really enjoy this. Several have even returned for repeat performances they have enjoyed it so much," the voice commanded.  
  
"No, no, no, you don't understand," Casey tried to reason with the voice. "Ummm, I get very wet down there when I orgasm -- very wet. It would be too embarrassing. People will know." There was a long silence.  
  
"Casey, are you a squirter?" The question hung in the air. Casey was embarrassed, tears rose in her eyes. She had never admitted this to anyone besides her boyfriends.   
  
"Yes," she said very quietly, "I can't have an orgasm in public; that would be humiliating. My legs shake and I nearly pass out. Please, please don't make me do this."   
  
The door of the limo unlocked with a thump. "Please get yourself together and exit the car then Casey." She was so relieved. The nightmare was over. She wiped the emerging tears from her cheeks and straightened her dress and hair. She wanted to get out of the limo immediately. Her door opened and the limo driver extended a hand again to help her out.   
  
"Miss, please take a seat inside," he said.   
  
"Will it stop, can I take this off now," Casey asked as she stepped from the car.   
  
"I don't know miss. I just drive." He handed her a thick envelope, and she knew it was her $1000. She wondered what he must think of her, or what she did for the envelope.  
  
Casey walked inside and sat down in one of Starbucks cushy chairs. She watched the limo drive away and waited. What now? When would she feel the latches release? She felt her phone vibrate in her handbag and pulled it out quickly.   
  
A text appeared, "A contract is a contract. The pleasure is better than the pain. It's only a little embarrassment for you. Enjoy." And with that she felt a tingle start in her clitoris and begin to build. Her body tensed instantly as she sat more upright.   
  
Her mind raced. She glanced around at the crowd. Nobody seemed to notice her anxiety. A pulse hit her g-spot, and a tingle made her anus tighten slightly. She held her breath. This was not fair; this thing was really turning her on quickly. She started to panic, she wanted to cry, and she wanted to ask someone to help her. But it was too embarrassing, how would she possibly explain this to someone. The bathroom, she could hide in the bathroom. She picked up her phone and bag and headed to the bathroom. As she approached the door, the pleasure switched to a stiff shock in her back and anus. Was that a warning for something?   
  
Her phone vibrated. She checked the screen, the message was clear "No bathroom, SIT BACK DOWN."   
  
Was he here? How was he watching her? She looked around to see who was watching her. Nobody was paying any attention to her except a couple of teenage boys checking her out. A girl her age smiled at her.   
  
She stood there. Should she press through the pain to the bathroom? She moved quickly and turned the door handle -- it was locked. Instantly a stronger shock hit her pussy and ass at the same time. She nearly buckled over and gasped in some pain.   
  
She collected herself and hurried back to her chair. The pleasure pulses returned as she settled back down. This was the only darn chair in the whole place -- out in the open. The low seat made her long tan legs stand out from underneath her short sundress.   
  
The pulses between her clitoris, g-spot, and anus started to cycle rhythmically. OMG, this was torture. The sensations were so precisely what she yearned to feel, but at the same time she was fighting them. This was so unfair she wanted to cry. She could feel the wetness in her pussy explode forth. The stimulation along the probe from her clitoris to her g-spot started to cycle to create the sensation of a cock sliding in and out of her pussy channel.   
  
The combination of sensations was rapidly becoming overwhelming. If she wasn't in the middle of a Starbucks she would have capitulated to this amazing arousal. She felt her will fading and her body giving itself over to this arousal. She closed her eyes for a moment and rocked gently with the sensation. She could feel the heat from her arousal wash over her skin, particularly around her neck and chest. Her cheeks flushed.   
  
She felt her nipples tighten and grow like never before. The thought of her nipples piercing her sundress brought her back to reality. Her eyes flashed open. The crowd didn't seem to notice her much. But she realized she had the full attention of the teenage boys who had eyed her earlier. They looked amused and a little puzzled.  
  
She tried to look normal, but it simply meant her expression looked vacant and distant. She dreaded where this was rapidly headed, her rational mind tried to prevail. She knew she had to prepare for the inevitable. Weak kneed she went to the counter as quickly as possible and grabbed a bunch of napkins.  
  
Back in her leather chair, she closed her eyes again to try to ignore the world. She turned to the side and curled her legs up to her, and pulled her head into her knees. While this allowed Casey to curl up from the world around her, it left a lot of her sexy legs showing. The orgasm was building and she just prayed she would not make any embarrassing sounds or convulse obviously. She worked on suppressing her orgasm, to make it as mild as possible.   
  
This was much like when she had sex for the first time with new boyfriends. She had to suppress her orgasms for fear of embarrassment. Sometime she was successful, often times with good lovers she was embarrassed beyond belief when her orgasm flood hit.   
  
The sensations were cycling now through her clit, pussy, and ass. This was unlike anything she had ever experienced. There was no way she was going to be able to suppress this orgasm. As she felt the wave building, she squeezed her eyes shut, forcing out tears. With her arms around her pulled up thighs, she snuck her hand under her sundress and pressed the napkins to her crotch to try and catch the flood that was coming. The pressure itself, the tickle of the napkin on her bare thigh sent her right near the edge. She held her breath.   
  
A sudden simultaneous pulse hit her clit and g-spot. She felt her pussy clench and hold its tightness -- she knew it was inevitable. She whimpered audibly, drawing the concerned looks from people around her.   
  
And then the wave of pleasure pulsed through her body, her nipples tightened, her neck strained. She could feel the waves in her pussy and her anus started to clench rhythmically. OMG, no, that sensation of peeing rushed through her and she couldn't stop it. One strong clenching in her pussy and felt the wetness explode forth in her panties. Her leg started to shake uncontrollably and one foot slammed down to the floor.   
  
She uncontrollably let out a long, soft groan; a groan that almost sounded like she was in pain. She finally gasped in a deep breath. She could feel the device rapidly wind down into a subtle tingle, then a couple of final pulses in her ass that almost made her yelp. Her hand full of napkins was wet, along with her underwear and thighs. She could feel the wetness draining down her ass crack and panicked about how to resolve her predicament.  
  
She felt dizzy, like she was about to faint. She could feel the heat and perspiration on her face and neck. She didn't want to open her eyes. She could hear that the Starbucks was a bit quieter than it was a few minutes ago. Casey felt a soft touch on her shoulder and almost jumped. "Miss, are you okay?" came a soft voice. Casey's eyes fluttered open, teary from the intensity of the experience. The girl her age was bending over her, a sweet and concerned look on her face.   
  
"Yeah," Casey answered with a raspy voice. "I'm okay. I just....I just need to catch my breath." Casey wondered whether she could now go to the bathroom. Yes, she must be able to. She had done what they asked. Casey tried to wipe herself as privately and discreetly as possible as she shifted in her seat. As she rose, the girl helped her.  
  
Casey heard her phone vibrate and picked it up to see a message, "Wonderful my dear Casey. Our bargain is complete. You may keep the device or throw it away now." With that, Casey felt the bands loosen slightly.   
  
She picked up her bag and hustled to the bathroom as many of the patrons watched her. She tried to hide the napkins in her hand as best she could. The girl watched Casey head off to the bathroom, and looking back at the chair noticed a wet area on the cushion. It dawned on her that the embarrassed girl may have just been sexually aroused. Did that girl just bring herself to an orgasm in public? Was that even possible? What would possess such a timid looking girl to do such a thing?  
  
The girl returned to her seat wondering about Casey in the bathroom. She looked down at her laptop and there was a business card sitting on it: "Amateur model types needed for special event. Free spa afternoon included. $1500 for 4-5 hours of work. Call 202-555-0588"