Ever since I was 11, which is when I discovered masturbation, I've had a thing

for making myself cum where I might get caught. It started in summer camp. I

remember lying in bed, with my friends Janie and Rita in the cots on either side

of me, and I just started lightly moving my fingers over my knickers while we

all whispered about the boys in camp. The lights were out, but they were just

a foot or two away from me on either side. I pulled the sheet over me and

really started to get into it. I hadn't felt anything like that before! Once

I put my hand under my knickers and found my clit, I was gone. I had heard

other girls talking about masturbation, so I thought I knew what it was, and

I had rubbed myself before but without much effect. This time, though, my body

had woken up. Before I knew it, my hips were pumping against my hand, and I

was trying desperately not to make any sound. I was terrified of being

caught, but it felt WAY too good to stop!

I kept going and thankfully both Rita and Janie started laughing about

something or other (I had stopped paying attention) when I came. And

came. I practically did a sit-up with the force of the first contraction,

and then it was all I could do not to gasp as I kept cumming and cumming.

I finally stopped myself, covered in sweat, and hoping I wasn't panting

loud enough for them to hear me. I dropped off to sleep soon after that,

but the experience stayed with me. From then on, I would try to make

myself cum whenever I could. I would race myself to see how fast I could

cum. During a swim in the lake, I'd find a way to sit in the shallow

water and sneak my hand into my suit. On the bus rides into town, I'd

sit in an empty seat and see if I could cum. When school started again,

I was even more obsessed. In the girls bathroom, if there were other

girls there, I would make a point of cumming at least once. I'd

go to football games and sit in the stands with my jacket over my

lap. I put my hands under, like I was cold, and see how many times I

could cum. I actually have a funny picture from junior high school

that was of a football game. It shows the players, and some of the

people in the stands behind them. I'm sitting there, in plain view,

with my hands under my jacket in my lap. There's a bunch of cheering

people, and this one little girl, hunched over like she's cold.

I love that picture. :-)

I became really good at controlling myself, even though I have found

that the more you have to hold back, the stronger the pleasure becomes.

One of my favorite memories is of trying to make myself cum in the

of a minivan with 6 other girls on the way back from a soccer game. I

couldn't quite get myself there, but I was really close. I thought I

was going to go crazy when we pulled over to stop for dinner at a diner,

but it worked out when we all ran in and grabbed two booths next to

eachother. I was sitting at one end of one booth, in the corner, and

immediately put my sweatshirt over my lap and snuck my left hand under

it. The tables were high and close to the seats, so nobody but Joanne

sitting next to me would have been able to see anything anyway. It

was really risky, but I was SO horny by then I couldn't stop myself.

I leaned forward into the table, and started playing with myself

again. Just gently stroking my clit through my knickers while we all

talked and laughed about the game. I didn't mean to cum when I did,

but all of a sudden I felt myself pass the point where there's no way

to stop it. I pressed down hard on my clit, and felt the wave of

pleasure rise up and over me. I know I gasped, but not so that anyone

thought anything, and then I sat there trying to keep a straight

face while my body spasmed away below the table. I'm sure I was turning

bright red, but nobody seemed to notice. I remember thinking "wow! I'm

doing this in front everyone, and they're all oblivious".

This got me even more turned on, and as the spasms started to subside

I started rubbing little circles around my clit again, which started

the waves coming back. I learned then that I'm multi-orgasmic, and

can sometimes keep an orgasm going for minutes and minutes. This hadn't

happened to me before, and I was really enjoying it. Each following

spasm wasn't as overwhelming as the first one - just little bursts

of pleasure and a quick contraction. I still had to remember not to

moan out loud and not to kick the girl across from me, but I kept

myself twitching and shuddering at that table for probably 5 minutes

or so. The last couple of spasms built up into stronger and stronger

ones, until I was afraid I really wouldn't be able to control myself.

My knickers were soaking wet and my left hand was completely

sore when I finally stopped. When I got up to wipe myself off

and wash my hands, my legs were shaking.

To this day, my best orgasms are when I'm playing with myself in front

of someone who doesn't know. And thinking about where I can do it next is

always a turn-on for me. So, now that it's 16 years later and I've got a

job and my own apartment, I can indulge myself whenever I want.

First, I love to masturbate while on the phone. Anytime I know I'm

going to be on the phone for a while, like when buying plane tickets

or calling the bank, I have a vibrator handy. If the person on the

other hand has a has a sexy voice, it's a pretty sure bet that I'll

manage to cum once or twice while I'm talking to them. This is always

fun, because you can be as sexy as you want on your end. I wonder how

many people I've spoken to on the phone realize that I'm just as

likely to be wearing nothing but rubber knickers and a rubber bra

when I'm talking to them as I am to be in jeans! And how many would

picture me lying splayed on the bed, holding a massager on my clit

with one hand and the phone in the other while we talk! I absolutely

love the challenge of having a body wrenching orgasm in the middle

of a conversation and trying desperately not to let on what's

happening.

My new favorite thing is to do this on work time. My company

allows me to work at home two days per week, and I take advantage

of that by having my various vibrating toys close to my computer.

I will often sit at my desk, with a vibrating butterfly or scorpion

strapped against me. I wear tight rubber shorts over the vibes

to hold them in tight, and I love the smooth look and feel of

the rubber on my skin. There are certain people with whom I work

that I would love to sleep with, and whenever I know they're

going to call me, I turn the vibe on and have fun knowing that

I'm doing something so shocking while we're talking about work.

These conversations are usually pretty short, just a quick

question or two, so I don't usually cum while talking to people

I work with. It's fun to think about, but I've always considered it

a bit too risky.

I love to wear the vibes when I go out, too. I'll sometimes put

a pair of jeans on over my rubber shorts, and wear a long sweater. I

put the vibes remote control in my pocket, and because of the

sweater nobody can see the wire or the bulge of the control. I move

the control knob through the fabric of my jeans, so I can turn the

vibe without being overly conspicuous. I'll sometimes put my ben-wa

balls inside me, too, when I go out like this. The rubber shorts

are great because they keep everything tightly in place, and they

keep me from soaking through my jeans! And believe me, after being

out in public like this for a while, I am soaking wet. Without the

shorts, I would be a squishy mess and I'm sure my scent would

be very noticeable.

I have worn this outfit out to all sorts of places. I love to go

shopping with the vibe on. I've cum in just about every aisle in my

local supermarket, sitting in a crowd of people at the car wash,

in line at the ATM. I love it when some young guy is staring at

me in my tight jeans, sneaking glances at my crotch while I'm

trying to keep my legs still. I love to see guys and girls looking

at me while I've got the vibe on. It's such a rush to be feeling

that kind of stimulation while they're watching. When I'm close to

cumming, it's hard to keep my hips from pumping into the vibe. I

love to wear the vibe out to bars, because they're often dark and

loud, so I can turn the vibe up high and rock my hips as much as

I want. I've had some wonderful, shuddering, twitching, back arching

orgasms in bars. There's nothing like being chatted up by some cute

guy while you're on the verge of cumming. Or having a girlfriend

come over and sit next to you just as you go over the edge and it's

all you can do to keep from moaning and gasping with the pleasure of it.

Which brings me to last week, when I got my first wireless remote

controlled vibrator. It's a butterfly like my regular one, but this

one has a little keychain sized remote control and it only has one

speed - high! Fortunately it's really quiet, so even on high it

can't really be heard unless I'm in a very quiet room. Anyway, I

had sent away for this butterfly and it arrived in the mail on

Tuesday. I usually work at home Tuesdays and Fridays, so I was home

when the mail came, but on this Tuesday I had a meeting in the

afternoon at my office.

The mail came just as I was leaving the house to run to the

meeting, but I got so excited when I saw the box that I had to

run back in to see how it worked. I unpacked it and put the

batteries in and was very happy at how quiet it was. It was also

pretty strong, especially with the new batteries, and just holding

it in my hand was enough to start my juices flowing. After

a second, I knew I had to wear it to work. Now, I've done

this before, but I'm always careful not to get too carried

away. I've cum at my desk when nobody is in my office, and a

couple of times in the cafeteria, but I don't like to risk getting

caught when the stakes are so high. I couldn't resist \*trying\*

it though! Not with this new wireless control! I wouldn't have

to hide the wire or anything. It looked like a car remote, so

I could just put my house key on it and carry it in my hand, turning

it on and off at will.

I quickly stripped and strapped the butterfly on. When I had it

adjusted the way I liked, I slid my rubber shorts on, and then

put on a pair of black jeans that I often wear to work. Since

this vibe didn't have a wire to the controls, I didn't worry about

the long sweater. I took a quick look in the mirror to see if anything

showed, and there was a little bit of a bulge but I didn't think

anyone would notice.

As I walked out to my car I started playint with the remote. I was

wonderful to be able to buzz myself so casually. I was already soaking

wet just thinking about the fun I would have with it. It was definitely

a strong vibe, and I found myself pumping my hips against it as

I started the car. I figured I should savor the feelings, so I left

it off as I drove. It only took ten minutes to get to work, but I

was dying to turn it on again when I arrived. So, I gave myself a

treat on the way to my office. I had it on for the walk across the

parking lot, and across the lobby (saying hi to 4 people!), and was

getting pretty close to cumming when I reached the elevator. I

hit the button a couple of times and was trying not to pump my hips

back and forth while I waited for it to arrive. I knew if I turned

it off now, I'd go crazy so I wanted to cum and get it over with.

Thankfully, the elevator emptied out when it arrived and I could

fell myself starting to cum as I quickly walked into it and hit

the "Door Close" button. I doubled over with the first spasm, and

I leaned against the wall, bucking my hips and grunting softly with

each contraction. I was only going up 6 floors, and as I felt

the elevator slow I turned the remote off and straightened up. I had

just regained my composure when the door opened and I stepped onto

my floor. I waved hello to a couple of people as I walked by, trying

to keep my legs from shaking they way they do after a really strong

orgasm. This new butterfly was a little thicker than my old one,

and the combination of my tight jeans and the rubber shorts were pressing

it tightly against my clit. I was still sensitive from just having cum

so hard, and as I walked the stimulation was taking me back to the edge.

I started to worry I wouldn't make it to my office without having

another orgasm, this time in the hallway. There were a lot of people

around, too, and the mix of risk and pleasure was intoxicating. I

imagined myself cumming, my legs collapsing under me, ending up lying

on the floor in the hall, shuddering uncontrollably with everyone

running to see what had happened. My fear of getting caught was rising,

but so was my orgasm.

I made it my office and walked around to the back of my desk. I leaned

heavily on it, wanting to finish the orgasm that was so so close. I

looked up and saw that nobody was nearby. I still had the remote

control in my hand, and thought I'd give myself a quick buzz to push

myself over the edge. Within a few seconds of turning it on, it

hit me. I came hard, again, still leaning on my desk, and looked

up quickly to see Lisa and Tom, two of my coworkers, walking down

the hallway toward my office. They weren't looking at me, but I knew

they were coming to get me for the meeting. I looked down again just

as quickly, pretending to be looking at the papers on my desk. Knowing

that they could see me, standing here in the office, while I

was having a gut wrenching orgasm was incredible. I spasmed again and

again, holding myself as steady as I could.

My orgasm finally started tapering off, but then turned into a stream

of little orgasms, those little bursts of pleasure and quick contractions

that happen sometimes when I'm really turned on. I had a few seconds

left before they reached me, so I left the butterfly on for just a little

longer to enjoy the feelings.

I was just at the point of turning it off when Susan, our admin, walked

in. She startled me and I fumbled with the control, dropping it under

my desk before I could turn it off.

"Do you have a minute to go over this schedule before we go to the

meeting?"

"Uh... sure." Another tiny orgasm rocked through me. I had to look

down to make sure I wasn't pumping my hips against the desk. Another

orgasm, slightly stronger built up and washed over me. And of course,

Tom and Lisa had arrived and were waiting for me outside the door.

Sue walked around to the side of the desk to show me the schedule she

had just printed. Thank god my chair was between us, or she would

have come right up next to me.

God! Another orgasm shuddered through me. I stared at the page she

was holding up. She was looking at it, too, fortunately.

"Uuhhm!", I breathed out as it passed.

Shit! Did I just gasp? No, she didn't look up.

"Those look... uh! mm... like what we talked about."

I was trying desperately to keep my voice steady and my hips from

moving. I noticed I was standing stiff legged and tried to look

more relaxed. Another spasm, stronger. Then another.

"Yea..(unh!)... It looks fine."

"Ok, I'll go make copies. Meeting starts in 5 minutes."

Unh! Oh my god, I didn't know how long I could hold on. Another spasm,

and I know I shuddered visibly.

"Lisa, Tom - you go ahead, I'll meet you... (gah!) in a minute."

They were coming faster now, each one rippling up my midsection. I

could barely keep myself still, the waves of pleasure were dancing

over me and I just wanted to let myself go with them.

As they turned and walked away, I ducked down and picked up the remote,

then collapsed onto my knees with the next set of contractions. I

savored them, knowing I would fantasize about what had just happened

for the rest of my life.

I finally turned off the butterfly and let my hips buck against

the last of the fading spasms. I was shaking all over.

Whew.

I was a few minutes late to the meeting, but I think it went well.