**Helen's Dares**

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**Helen's Dares Pt. 01**

She was very used to his games by now. He had a devious, conniving mind and it never failed to make her wet whenever he introduced the next one.

She had finished a phone conversation with him that morning. He had introduced the idea of the next game. It had again made her wet.

Not just mildly moist, but proper, full on wet. She always found herself, especially whilst doing an abstract boring job, that she would be thinking about him. Her pussy would start leaking involuntarily and more often than not, she required clean up and fresh laundry.

She had spent the rest of the day thinking about him and the latest game.

During the phonecall, he had voiced the next idea; taken powerful command of the conversation, his bright blue eyes flashing as he spoke on the FaceTime app. A cheeky, mischievous grin obvious on his face and in his speech.

Toyed with her emotions and teased her with the idea of the next concept. The next adventure. The next risk.

Her memories of his previous ideas still pushed her buttons. The challenges he had given her. Challenges she always gratefully accepted, embraced and completed.

She was used to his games now. They turned her on. The next one promised just as much excitement, perhaps more so.

Not just being taken over the arm of the sofa, or sucking down a reasonable mouthful of his freshly pumped spunk. No, it was his ingenious mind that occupied her thoughts more than anything else. She had had a fair few erotic experiences in his company and a few under his direction, that had nothing to do with penetration or his final ejaculation.

It made for interesting private moments; it made for exciting recurrent thoughts. Her own daring exploits, encouraged and compounded by his sheer excitement and pleasure with her for her willingness to experiment.

It made for delicious memories and then powerful orgasms, more often than not with her faithful cumpot in her left hand, held at her slit in order to save the carpet and furniture from stain or possible ruination.

It seemed that most of the house had seen some adventure. The kitchen worktop where she had been told to sit as his entertainment whilst he cooked her a meal. The lounge room where she had practiced her submissive slave positions at his feet and of course upstairs, where she had relinquished all passages of her entire body for his pleasures.

In the spare bedroom, she had recently rehung her favourite jeans on a wardrobe knob. These had taken her a full morning to doctor to her particular needs, and now sported a cut hole at the crotch, hidden from view unless she held her legs open. They were the perfect frame for the pair of labia piercings he had held her hand whilst she had had done and then attached drop earrings which could now hang through. She hoped she would have cause to wear them once again. A shopping trip maybe or visit somewhere. Perhaps having them as her only lower half attire for a week on holiday. A full week walking around with a potentially exposed and extremely wet pussy.

A delicious thought.

An erotic dream.

More arousal.

She had of course worn them since 'that' evening on the bike. It had given her a nice feeling of closeness to him during lockdown, despite him being hundreds of miles away. She had worn them throughout the day and obviously spent most of it being able to feed her finger through to her clit.

Whilst completing yet another mundane chore, the simple repeated act had helped keep her sanity.

It had been his suggestion that she kept them on for her resultant squirting orgasm, but having to do it in the garden whilst tending the lawns, brought a fresh dimension when worrying about nosing neighbours over not overly high fencing.

Having to open her legs that wide that her squirt had clear passage was very much a turn on, especially with the possibility that someone she knew could potentially choose that moment to hail her from next door.

Helen hadn't dared wearing them outside the front of the house or in public without her lover but her mind drifted on occasion.

It would happen again, she had been told.

Her mind now played tricks of its own as to where he had had thought of taking her. More people around equated to higher levels of eroticism as the threat of discovery and delicious humiliation increased. She could imagine being taken to the shopping mall again; maybe the cinema or restaurant. A concert perhaps.

A happy thought.

A nervous thought.

A wetting thought.

At that moment on the Autumn Friday afternoon she was cleaning the bathroom. It was on the rota of jobs and best done before a shower. As usual she was wearing scruffy clothing in preparation for the task and hadn't bothered with underwear.

She needed a diversion; an amusement. She was feeling an itch that needed a scratch..

It seemed the most obvious solution. A quick and easy fix that took the path of least resistance and would make her chores almost a passable enjoyment. And it had been a while since she had worn it.

The butt plug took pride of place on a tissue paper bed in a box on her dressing table. The crystal disc end glinting as any shards of sunlight struck it, creating a lustrous desire that always made her fanny flutter. She remembered being presented with it in the pub and the first time she had inserted it.

Now a familiar feeling, that time she had ridden home on the back of his motorcycle, feeling every bump in the road, each seemingly forcing it further inside. His pillion seat was awash by the time he dropped her off back at home.

Decision made. Scruffs removed. The customary sucking on the chrome egg shape first. Plenty of spit was the trick. Twisting her body to watch the act in the mirror, it took her a couple of attempts to push it home. She groaned as her anus accepted the device and rested it's weight inside her cavity.

She had made him a promise, and as always, kept it again. A quick snap posted on the messaging app to let him know she was using it once more. He hadn't requested that she insert it, but just let him know when she did. It was a minor obligation that she was quite happy to keep.

She traced her fingers over the protrusion and smiled to herself as she collected her cleaning products for the bathroom.

Her mind drifted happily to the earlier conversation and introduction of the game. An intriguing concept, it was a dare of bigger proportions than she had yet completed. Location mattered to him more than anything and she was not required to have any special equipment or attire. A dark evening was preferable.

The disc at her ass felt good against her skin. It centred her mind on her sex. The focus of the tedium altered slightly. She could be a maid at the whim of Master. A geisha perhaps? Concubine? Serving all his needs. His sex slave?

At his beck and call.

Willing to serve.

Her body was his to direct.

A dark evening, huh? He told her that he needed a dark evening in a quiet area. She thought that this was perhaps for the best considering what he was going to be daring her to do.

No shortage of those though. Autumn was well in now, shorter days and an early dusk. The roads were much quieter around the rural areas. And plenty of those not too far away. Chillier out in an evening but not too cold. When with him, she always felt that her skin was on fire, super heated just by his presence which compensated for outside temperatures.

Before the explanatory phonecall, she had wondered what he had in mind for her umpteen times. Trying to second guess him had never worked. Had never quite worked it out before hand. She had always fully enjoyed the ensuing game; lasting memories that were scored on her brain. Constantly replayed in her head on those nights she needed to feel a release. But never had managed to fully second guess that devious mind of his.

Calculating.

Erotic.

Orgasm inducing.

She absent mindedly rotated her labia rings which always produced a comforting sensation and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Brushing her hand over her belly, she involuntarily sucked her breath in to see the effect it had on her body shape. Helen had worked hard on the exercises and toning and she was determined to keep it up. It was perhaps even more important now considering the dare that he had planned for her. She wanted to look good for it.

Dare, huh?

And he was picking her up tomorrow?

Her heart was beating hard.

Apprehension and excitement in equal measure ran their icy fingers through her very soul. She always initially felt a fear or kind of dread when introduced to a new task. It always altered to enjoyment during the events and then actual disappointment when it was over.

This would be no different.

In fact... she wanted it now. Wanted to start right now. Why was time so slow?

She believed that she could complete the dare. It was just having the opportunity to make a start. The more she thought about it, having no option but to comply by doing it, the more she wanted to get on with it. Dare, huh? There was nothing he could ask that she wouldn't do.

The shower screen and bath were clean. The sink and toilet likewise.

She paused for a pee without bothering to remove the plug and thought through her clothing options for later.

She needed something long and encompassing that was quick and easy to put on and take off. Stilettos naturally. That was a given. Black ones this time. Stealth was good. Dark would work. Maybe he would allow her to rub dirt on her skin too?

She smiled to herself. That wasn't going to happen. She was going to have to stand tall and proud. Shiney and clean. Completely nude.

Looking down between her legs, she could see her pussy lips gaping in automatic readiness for her fingers to probe once more. The rings helping tug them open, the disc at her ass just visible with a flick of the hips.

Her jobs done, her thoughts on the upcoming dare, she obliged the needs of her body, deliberately directing her squirt into the toilet bowl where it resonated as loudly and for as long as if she had had a second pee.

...

She had thought he had forgotten about her dare. Turning up early evening for their date, he had brought a tasty meal and an appropriate red wine for them to share. Time for a welcome treat and a pleasant catch up.

She didn't know how to feel about it. Was he not bothered? Had he forgotten? Or was he biding his time? Conversation was not sexual and actually made her more nervous as she watched his lips move, his ready smile and the flash of his blue eyes as she shared her latest news.

A quick kiss, an occasional pat on the bottom, a stroke of her arm. A compliment about how she looked in the red dress she had chosen for the evening and her choice of sparkly sandals; her make up and how she had done her hair. Pleasant, polite but not sexual.

A comment now about the evening temperature!

Instantaneous body heat. A flush at her neck; in her cheeks; at her groin. Fuck! What was in his head?

She could tell of course, that her body had responded in its usual manner when anywhere near him. Extreme moisture between her legs at even brushing his body whilst passing each other in the kitchen; the comment on how warm the evening was inflamed everything. Super warm now.

His cheeky smile creating a flutter at her pussy. His strong hands an alluring visual reminder of his capabilities. She did have her panties on, though hadn't bothered with a bra. He hadn't forgotten his dare.

A comment now about how dark it was getting.

She felt the nervousness of the situation even more acutely because it wasn't spoken of outright. The knowledge that the dare was imminent pervaded her entire being; her voice shaking slightly with each contribution to the conversation. The chat quickly onto a different topic. Teasing and manipulating.

The meal was tasty and consumed with enjoyment. They cleaned up afterwards and tidied away efficiently. Again, conversation quite banal and staid considering the underlying threat of later experiences.

And then it was almost matter of fact.

No request.

No permission request.

No validation needed.

Time for the dare.

She felt it in her belly. A churning, fluttering feeling that compounded immediately to a level ten of emotion. Leave the remaining dishes but just slip your stilettos on. Off we go.

Fuck!

It was here.

Time for the dare.

Helen's whole body trembled. Her nipples stiffened beneath her blouse and her pussy was already gaping in readiness. Her breathing deepened in excitement and her skin felt electrified to his touch.

She wasn't allowed back upstairs.

No need to dress.

No need to prepare.

They exited her house without any further fuss, he making a play of retrieving and putting on his quite voluminous coat, a big mischievous smile on his face, even visiting fhe toilet.

Bastard.

She was wearing hardly anything in comparison, though the car was warm and she smirked at the discomfort he was obviously trying to hide as he drove out from the house and into the neighbouring district. This was a quiet area full of larger houses and verging a green belt of land.

It was dark out by the time they pulled the car into the layby. The lights cut off as the ignition was switched off and they sat and regarded the street ahead. Essentially a country lane, large houses had their drives sweeping from it, all with front post lights that indicated their house numbers and names. Large trees, hedges and bushes adorned the majority of it's length. A street light every hundred yards emitted a weak faint glow which illuminated the ground below them a little.

Relief.

Until she was told that this was only the first stage. Stage One, so to speak. There was more planned?

Stage One. Oh my goodness. He had thought this through. Practice at his quiet end of town and progressively work through to much busier streets?She had no idea but felt her heart beating fit to burst. Not even being allowed the toilet before they left, she felt her entire bowls churn with concern. Concern alleviated by his comforting hand squeeze. His matter-of-fact tone. His reassurance that she would be all right. His smile disappeared but a benevolent calming expression appeared in its place.

Still no options.

No way of backing out.

No choice in the matter.

And they were out of the car before she knew it, her dark stiletto heels hitting the tarmac with a loud click before being asked to stand and then assisting her to peel the red dress up and over her head.

She handed it to him, the panties following swiftly, allowing the evening breeze to attack her lower rings. Instant public nakedness. A warmish evening.

Should she have left on the drop earrings?

He hadn't specified. Hadn't asked. She felt weirdly more naked without them hanging from her labia. She ran a comforting hand down between her legs and rotated a ring as she always did when she needed calming.

A very slight chill in the air swept her body and she felt her nipples stiffen a touch more. Her hands then went automatically to cup her breasts but dropped them at his warning cough. She had to be proud of her look and of her body.

The blip of the car locking mechanism.

Where was her dress?

What was she supposed to do now?

Silent night. No sounds of people around but the early evening wildlife was beginning their usual nocturnal routines. A flutter of wings in the tree to her left, stirrings of small feet in the bush to her right. She looked around her in the direction of every single sound.

Where was he going?

Strolling down the road ahead of her, she hadn't immediately noticed his first steps but was aware now of his physical bulk creating shadows further down the lane. Nervous, she started off after him, breasts bouncing slightly at her haste, the click of her heels echoing in the silence of the night.

Thirty yards.

Forty.

She caught up with him and instantly felt calmed by his presence.

He didn't seem to want to hold her hand for the moment and it made her feel even more naughty having a distance between them; an encouragement to embrace her nudity.

She wished she had had a pee before she had come out and remarked on it as a joke in passing.

He paused at a street light and instructed her to squat and relieve herself whilst bathed in the glow of the weakish bulb. A moan of concern on her lips was quickly silenced and there was nothing else to do except obey his instruction.

Squatting down, her knees apart obediently, a nervous look up and down the road for a stray headlight, it didn't take long for the stream to start and flood the ground before her. She looked at the expression on his face as best as she could in the light of the street lamp, and grinned at him. A pungent trickle of piss trailed away.

A light!

An engine noise.

Tyres on tarmac.

The stream immediately dwindled to a halt and she stood quickly in a panic as to what to do, the remaining droplets on her thighs as a trickle down her legs.

The car was nearing, closer and closer. The headlamps picking out the garden walls either side of the road. She was naked, would be bright white when the headlamps caught her and still dripping from her naked public wee. She started fretting and worrying and beginning to lose her breath.

What was she going to do?

She felt the agitation of indecision and contemplated making a run for it. But which way? Back the way she had come? Well her bouncing white ass would look good maybe. Towards the car? Getting a full view of her tits and pussy, the driver might crash at the unusual spectacle. She could run into the nearest driveway but they would have automatic lights and possibly a security system. Flatten to the floor? She would look like roadkill. All she needed was the car to stop to check on her. No bushes. No protection anywhere.

Fuck!

He had no such worries though.

He kept his head.

His head swivelled back to her.

He stepped up and took her in his arms and she melted at his sudden surprising kiss. She felt his open jacket envelope her chest, his arms wrapping around behind her. His wider body covering her waist and thighs.

The car forgotten for the moment.

Over his shoulder she saw the lights dip their beam as they neared, and without slowing, the car had passed, unaware of her nudity.

Cautious nervous smiles now.

From both of them.

Illuminated by the light above.

Just a smooching couple out for a nightime stroll together. With his blocking body, she could have well been wearing something miniscule. Her breasts hadn't been on display, nor her tummy or pussy. Some girls wore very little whilst out. Bare arms and legs a commonality. Wrapped in his body for a kiss, she had been safe and protected.

Confidence building now.

She let him go and thrust her arms in the air and danced in a circle, laughing at the amazed look she could just about see on his face. Giggling loudly now, she grasped his hand and pulled him back onto the road to continue the jaunt.

Naked and proud.

His hand at her pussy. Still wet. Still very much dripping wet. Was that from the recent piss or from the delirious erotic feelings that now coursed her body? There was no way to tell or distinguish. She gasped at his touch.

Please.

Her lips had formed and spoken the word without her realising it. Desperate to cum, there was no other option except to ask his agreement and contribution to her needs.

He relented knowing how keyed up she was and paused her in the very centre of the road, straddling the middle white lines. Her giggling ceased as she waited for him to make his play. Feeling his hand at her back and tummy, she obediently bent at the waist and followed his whispered instruction to touch her toes, and spread her legs.

His hand between her legs now, probing her wet place between her labia. Forcing his fingers in. One. Two. Was that three?

Gasping.

Hyperventilating.

Cumming.

It took literally seconds for her orgasm, feeling once more the cascade of squirt between her legs to soak the road as though a hose had split. She felt him step back and away to save the flood soaking his feet, but was too wrapped up in her moment to make sense of it.

Naked and bent at the waist.

Touching her stilletoed toes.

In an extremely public location.

A second cum followed the first and her body sagged against his.

...

The walk back to the car was a quieter, more subdued affair. She gripped his steadying arm and felt deep affection course through her veins. Each uneventful step took them closer to the safety of his vehicle and her clothes.

The blip of the alarm as it released the door catches and without too much delay, her dress was back in her arms and being slipped over her head.

Safety.

Comfort.

Boredom of normality once more.

She couldn't help but feel disappointed it was over so soon. The almost paralysing nervous fear of the prior events a distant memory.

Sadness even.

What more could be said?

He knew though.

He knew exactly what to say.

He turned in his seat and whispered it into her closest ear. Her breathing intensified in response and the smile returned to her lips. Throwing her arms around him as best as she could in the confines of his car, she sighed in contentment.

Stage One complete and yes, she was ready for Stage Two.

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Stage Two.

The very words insinuated a planned progression. The numbering meant a level up in expected emotional response. The whole construct was indicative of further stages of dare with only him knowing the extent of the numbers, and the increment expected each time.

Her body was still wired.

On edge.

Strung.

Seated back in the warmth of his car, though the world seemed safe and secure once more but his whisper to her ear threw a spanner in the works.

When?

Now?

Shit!

She had not long cum and that meant her body felt alive and her entire sex was throbbing, her clit pulsating and both her nipples still stiff to the point of agony.

The cuddle in the car was a calming few moments. Being handed her drop earrings from his internal jacket pocket ended them. He still had her panties, most likely balled up by now in a pocket but chose to hand her the labia jewellery instead that he must have retrieved from her bedroom before they had left the house.

In the poor light of the interior cabin bulb, she reattached the drop earrings to her labia rings; the familiar tug once more a comfort to her, a shaking accomplishment to the increasing beat of her heart.

His encouragement for her to disrobe once more.

She willingly complied, pulling it up around her waist from under her bottom with one movement, and then up her torso and over her chest and then her head with a second and third.

The red dress was unceremoniously thrust onto the back seat, leaving her naked and trembling with excitement in the front.

A last kiss; a comforting stroke? No. No physical contact at all. Not even a brush of her nipples or a squeeze of a breast.

Out of the car!

She released the door catch and once more clicked her heels to the ground outside feeling like she was being kicked out... after use...discarded even.

What was turning her on though?

The humiliation?

The lack of personal control?

A look up and down the road. No lights. Relief flooded her as the earrings tinkled against the door sill. She rose up and out of the car, closed the door behind her, and looked for him to join her.

He didn't.

He started the engine.

Bastard.

In her heart of hearts, she knew he would do that. A feeling of concern; of excitement.

She grabbed for the handle but it didn't give. Instead, the soft purr of the electric window started and it smoothly descended to allow quiet conversation between the two of them.

One hundred yards!

How far?

Her pussy gave the biggest flutter yet and she felt the wetness fill her slit. Her skin felt like a million goosebumps had erupted and her nipples could almost have burst.

He was joking?

He was not joking.

Not by a long stretch of the imagination.

The window rudely whirred up as the car pulled out of the layby and she watched with incredulity as he tooled it down the lane to pull up alongside the second street lamp and heard him turn the engine off.

She was fucking butt naked except for the sky-high stilleto heels and two drop earrings attached to her pussy. She felt more naked than before when at least she had the comfort of his presence. Here, she was alone and naked. Precarious and exposed.

Glancing up and down the lane, it was too dark to pick out details of many features, though as the evening had worn on, the cloud cover had thinned somewhat. Now she could see the outline of the vicinity; could make out a general idea of what awaited her.

A little moonlight.

A certain glow.

Some help.

It was instinctive to want to just run. Leg it down to the car, wrench open the door and throw herself in as quickly as possible. But in heels that was not possible. She could of course remove her shoes first! Would that incur a penalty perhaps? A rerun of the dare? She would probably take a tumble in the ungainly footwear on uncertain ground and twist an ankle. Not a good idea. Might be better to do it right the first time.

To the left about half way between her and the parked car destination, she could make out a tree on the lane verge. It was between two driveways and of reasonable trunk girth. If she could get that far, it could offer a certain protection. A pause before the final stretch. Had he planned it that way or was it an accidental respite point?

Decision made.

Drawing on inner strength.

Pussy flooding still.

Fuck, she was turned on. Why did this almost ritual humiliation turn her on so much? How did he know how to push all the right buttons to affect her so? Every single fucking time!

Helen started the walk to the tree. One step steady in front of the other, hyper alert for sounds of people or cars. Trying to soften the click of her heels; noises of nocturnal wildlife ignored now. As she walked, she traced the finger of one hand around her nipples, down over her breasts, across her tummy and ended between her lower lips. Fully open for anyone to see and bloody wet yet again. Damn him.

A glance into the first drive. No sign or sound of life. Lights behind curtains in the windows but no prying eyes. Phew!

On the opposite side of the road, there looked like more rooms were occupied judging by the lights around the edges of their windows, but still no inquisitive faces despite the steady, though quiet, click clack of her heels on the tarmac.

A glance at the second house.

The sound of a car being started in its drive, the automatic headlamps flaring into life, lighting up the double garage door on the house front. It was pointing away thank goodness, it meant she had time to act to preserve her dignity.

Helen's heart was beating faster.

What to do?

Assess the situation.

The person wouldn't have seen her, the partition hedge between them and their neighbour was too high and the drive too long. Sat in the car facing the wrong way, it would only be a few moments before it was reversed onto the road. She had seconds to decide on what to do.

The tree.

Only one thing for it

She sped up.

Taking no notice of the sound of the heels on the remaining tarmac, she made for the verge and felt them now dig in slightly to the grass which created a slight drag on her speed.

However, upon reaching the comforting bark of the trunk, she found she could stand up easily beneath the lowest branch. That was helpful; one less worry; no need to bend.

She circled the tree to the opposite side and watched aghast from around the trunk as the car very slowly reversed onto the lane and come to a pause in its manoeuvre.

Tucking her head back so it couldn't be seen she willed herself to be thinner than the trunk, almost side on to it as if this dimension was smaller than her width and then sucking her belly in to help as much as possible.

She prayed she wouldn't be seen.

Keeping her breasts and belly tucked in.

She promised herself that she would diet like crazy after this.

The headlights were on the tree and illuminating the entire area all around her, a thin shadow created by the trunk the safe ground in which to stay. The hedgerow illuminated behind her and also a remnant little stone wall that bordered the property.

As still as a mouse, she felt it was a weird out-of-body experience. A kind of serenity where her life was out of her hands temporarily and all she was doing was having to wait with no other decision to be made. She was within a submissive space in her head where her body was no longer hers to control and entirely at the whim of others.

One arm strapped across her breasts pulling them in, the other at her belly with her little finger at her pubic mound she stayed bolt upright and completely aware of every aspect of her body.

The stress in her calf muscles.

The width between her thighs.

The curvature of her buttocks.

Had she been seen? The car hadn't moved for what seemed like a lifetime. What would happen if the stranger came over to her? How would she explain herself? How could she keep out of trouble? Would she trade herself for any problems to go away? Could she offer her body?

What if the driver was female?

Would she accept the same favours?

What was she thinking?

Would her man come to save her?

It might draw attention to her presence and create a problem. Confusingly she hoped he would stay in the car.

Curiously, perplexingly and puzzlingly, without need for any direct stimuli, her pussy disgorged a familiar squirt down her leg. A gush of liquid that luckily her covering finger directed straight down over her shoes, rather than allow to spray out into the lit area.

Her eyes closed.

It was all too much.

Her body shuddered.

It was all she could do to keep her chest and buttocks from revaling themselves on either side of the trunk and therefore exposing her presence to the random car driver. Having to cum silently was an ordeal that actually seemed to compound the emotions and feelings. Not being allowed to tremble or shudder or bend at the knee or in any other way.

She breathed out calmly and opened her eyes to complete darkness.

How long had she been there?

Seconds?

Minutes?

Hours?

Peering her head cautiously around the tree, she quickly ascertained that the car had gone. It must have driven off just as her head had exploded with the eroticism of being stranded naked under the threat of discovery. She rested her buttocks against the tree bark took the opportunity to rub between her legs a few times to clear the itch that had flared up.

No one around.

One last stroke.

Gingerly she made her way towards her man's car, the tug of the drop earrings on her labia lips gently taking her emotions back down to tolerable, as she did so.

Her heels cleared the verge and she was once more on tarmac. She strolled. In control. All was good.

The door clicked open for her and she sank gratefully into the seat, hearing the clatter of the earrings at the sill as she swung her bottom in, distantly aware of his praise and smile and his remarks on her soaking wet legs.

Enough for now.

Time for home and a spooning in bed. No doubt she would be obliged to take mouthful of his before she could drift off judging by the bulge in his trousers. She looked forward to that and would most likely go on to sleep well afterwards.

Stage 3?

That's another time he revealed to her grateful smile.