**Missions - Erotic**

by**[mollycactus](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1435382&page=submissions)**©

*She wasn't quite sure why she'd agreed to do this.*  
That wasn't completely truthful. All she had to do was feel the wetness at her crotch to realize why she agreed. Because it's exciting. And the guy, Stefan, was very persuasive. After they'd gotten to know each other, and he'd zeroed in on her desires and fantasies, he proposed, "How would you like for me to suggest some 'erotic missions' for you to fulfill? They'd always be on a 'if-you-choose-to-accept' basis, of course."  
  
She'd been intrigued. She wouldn't have to do anything illegal or dangerous, because she was free to refuse. But she let the question hang in the air for a while, before saying, "OK. I'm interested. What do you propose for my first mission?"  
  
He'd rubbed his chin, thinking, scanning her up and down.  
  
As she waited to hear the mission, her breathing accelerated, matching her rising heart rate, as a frisson of excitement mixed with fear ran through her. Her hands went through her honey blonde hair, which had come forward over her shoulders, covering the top of her chest down to the rise of her breasts. She flicked that errant hair back behind her neck. Her gorgeous pouty lips, which held so many men spellbound as they gazed at them, felt suddenly dry, so her tongue darted out, wetting them.  
  
"OK," he began. "Here's the mission. The next time you go out with your friends, and I don't care what group, wear a G-string as your panties. You have one, don't you?"  
  
"Yes, I do. But I wear such things often. What's the catch?" she asked, grinning.  
  
"The catch is that you have to wear it backwards, and pull it up tight," he explained. He watched her pupils get big as she considered the implications. "That skinny string will press deep into your cunt slit, and will probably rub a bit painfully on your clit, stimulating you. Also, you need to be wearing a low cut skirt or jeans, so the top of the G-string is visible, a clear sign that you're wearing it. On top, wear a bra and a short shirt or blouse that exposes your belly button. This'll draw people's eyes to that area, and some may even notice you have the G-string on backwards. If they do, tell them that you have it on backwards deliberately, because it feels so good that way."  
  
Laughing, she'd replied, "So far, this is fine with me. I've a good idea what I can wear. Anything else?" She was happy, thinking about how great she'd look, because she had voluptuous tits, a narrow waist, and generous hips – this would leave her midriff bare for the men to ogle at, lustfully.  
  
With a naughty glint in his eye, he replied, "Oh yes. During the evening, you'll need to visit the toilet at that bar or restaurant – but slip into the men's toilet. Get into one of the stalls, and close and lock its door. Then undress completely, and start fingering yourself. Just get yourself aroused, waiting for one or more men to also enter the toilet. When someone else is there, then make yourself cum."  
  
She'd thought about that, whispering, "Oh my god." But the thought was very exciting by its very boldness.  
  
He went on, "After that, you can either dress fully again, with your G-string still backwards, or you can leave it and your bra off. Since the top of the G-string was so visible, people may notice its absence. If anyone asks, you can confirm that you decided to remove your underwear to feel more free and sexy for the evening."  
  
That was his proposal, and she'd accepted. Tonight, she was going out with her friends to a club. She put on her iridescent pink G-string, a black bra for contrast, a short, plain deep blue skirt, and a long sleeved matching top whose lower edge tied just above her belly button. The resulting deep plunge of her cleavage left the center of her bra and the inner curves of her breasts exposed. She checked herself out in the mirror. She looked hot. When she shifted her weight from one leg to the other, the string snugged between her pussy lips, sawing gently alongside her clit, making it tingle. She wondered if she'd be able to dance in this outfit without having an orgasm right there on the dance floor.  
  
Gathering up her courage, she and her friends went to the club.  
  
The next day, she met Stefan, as agreed, to give her report of the mission. First she described in great detail how she'd been dressed. She watched his face flush gently, and his eyes glaze over slightly as he visualized her in that sexy outfit. She knew he wished he'd been at the club with them.  
  
Her recounting of the evening continued. "If any of my friends noticed I arrived with my panties on backwards, no one said a word about it. And wearing them like that wasn't too bad – a little painful, but also stimulating at times, depending on how I moved. I didn't want to try any wild dancing at first, so we just had a few drinks."  
  
She smiled. "I didn't have to pretend I needed to pee – the drinks saw to that. But I didn't announce it, or my girlfriends would have wanted to go with me. I just mentioned there was someone I saw across the room that I needed to talk with. But I really was sneaking to the area of the men's toilet. I had to put the door under surveillance, trying to figure out if anyone was inside."  
  
She blushed a deep pink, recalling. "It was embarrassing to stand around near that door, but I admit I got a little excited each time a passing man gave me a strange look. Finally, I saw my chance. As far as I could tell, the room would be empty, but I planned to explain that the ladies' room was jammed, and I need to go urgently, if anyone confronted me. Luckily the place was empty."  
  
Her blush deepened a notch as she reported, "I found an empty stall, and closed and locked its door." As a side note, she said, "It never occurred to me until I entered that the men's room stalls might not have any doors! I would've been in big trouble then!" She giggled, but then continued, "But there were doors, and I had my door locked as I undressed. Naked now, I started masturbating. I was soaking wet at that moment. You know why. I was in a 'forbidden place' and naked – and not only might some man come in to use the toilet, I was actually waiting for one to come in!"  
  
She noticed Stefan squirming slightly, and trying to subtly adjust his pants. "Is this story turning you on? If you need to fix your underwear, go ahead. In fact, if you want to play with yourself, I won't mind." Gratefully, Stefan plucked at his pants, getting his erection into a more comfortable position.  
  
She continued, "I was so horny by that point that it didn't take much for me to get close to cumming. I sat on the toilet seat, and braced my feet up on either side of the door – thighs wide open. If anyone had opened the door, the first thing they would have seen would've been my wet cunt, and my hands playing with it. Thinking of someone seeing me like that was driving me crazy with lust."  
  
Pausing, she swallowed hard. "You'd told me to wait until someone came in. It didn't take very long. I had no way to tell the time, but it felt like only a couple of minutes. I heard people coming in, all at the same time. As best I could tell from their voices, it was three guys. The knowledge that they were there was like a switch flipped inside me – I started making myself cum. I was fingering my pussy fast, and pinching and tugging at my nipples. And I came. In fact, I came so hard, that I forgot to hold my moan!"  
  
Stefan's face registered shock.  
  
She nodded. "Yep. They heard me all right. But that wasn't the worst thing."  
  
Stefan gulped and asked, "What was the worst thing?"  
  
"Well, one of the guys knocked on the door of my stall asking, 'Is there anyone in there?' sounding concerned. And, being the dumb blonde that I am, I was embarrassed and blurted out 'Yes' without thinking about it. And then he asked, 'Are you all right?' sounding even more concerned. And I had to answer, so I gasped out 'Yes' with my voice sort of shaky, because I was still feeling my orgasm!  
  
Stefan whistled long and low, and said, "Wow!"  
  
"Wow, indeed," she giggled. "So there I was, hand cupping my pussy, waiting for them to leave. But they didn't. They were apparently just standing around, talking about some sporting event somewhere. That's when I decided to just be a slut. I dressed again, unlocked the stall door, and emerged. You should've seen their faces! Walking past them, I said 'Hi guys!' as I went to the sink and washed my hands. Smiling at them, I left the toilet. The entire time from when I came out of the stall, until I left the toilet, they were completely speechless, although their mouths were open, since their jaws had dropped."  
  
Stefan was slowly rubbing his swollen dick through his pants as he visualized that scene.  
  
"I was still so excited at that moment of my triumph that I ran into the ladies' toilet, and made myself cum a second time! That second orgasm was just as terrific as the first!" she said, radiant.  
  
"That's quite a report," Stefan chuckled.  
  
"I'm not done," she chortled. "You haven't heard my choice about whether or not I put my underwear back on. I didn't. In fact, I left my bra and G-string inside the men's toilet stall that I used, for some guy to find later in the evening."  
  
"Holy cow!" Stefan exclaimed. "That's amazingly slutty on your part! You really put your heart into fulfilling this mission!"  
  
She smiled, looking pleased at his compliments.  
  
"Oh wait," Stefan said. "Did your friends notice that your underwear was gone?"  
  
Her eyes twinkled. "I was hoping they wouldn't, and no one said anything. But, come to think of it, with that tied top I was wearing, my lack of a bra must've been very obvious." Her eyes widened suddenly. "Oh fuck!"  
  
"What?" Stefan asked.  
  
"We were dancing after that, and it never occurred to me until now! Without that bra on, I bet I was flashing my tits to everyone as I danced!"  
  
They both laughed about that, but her face was almost scarlet as she imagined the show she'd given all the dancers at the club.  
  
"So what was the most arousing part of this mission?" Stefan asked.  
  
She thought for a moment. "It had to be that thought I had that one of that guys might just come in to my toilet stall somehow and see me masturbating in front of him. That really got me all hot and bothered. But a close second was the guys' faces when I came out of that stall! I know that they knew what I'd been doing in there!"  
  
"So, does this mean you're up for another mission?" Stefan asked.  
  
She actually pressed her thighs together from excitement, her eyes gleaming. "Yes, please! And make it another hot one!"  
  
Stefan had been hoping she'd ask for another. He'd been giving it some thought. "OK, here's the mission. Search for a place where you cannot be seen by others, but where, in theory, others might inadvertently encounter you. I've been thinking about houses under construction, or a place in some woods, or a quiet corner of a park. Or maybe under a bridge, or in some ruins. Remember how many tourists love to visit ruins, though. That might be dangerous."  
  
She nodded, already trying to think of potential places.  
  
"Moreover," he added, "it should be a place where its uncomfortable to lie down, maybe because the surface is cold, or covered in stones and gravel. You want to experience some degree of pain as you lie there, because you've told me time and time again how a little bit of pain turns you on."  
  
She nodded again, her eyes gleaming with excitement, dreaming of a little pain all along the back of her body. "And what do I do, once I'm there?"  
  
"Well, before you get on the ground, I want you to undress completely. By the way, this can be early morning, noon, afternoon, evening – even night. It's your choice. Once you're in position, you make yourself cum, any way you wish. You can use your fingers, or take along a dildo or a vibrator. Of course, vibrators make noise, and that might draw attention to where you are. Similarly, you need to stay quiet, when you cum, lest people get attracted to where you are."  
  
They grinned at each other, imagining people drawn to the buzzing sound, and finding a naked woman playing with herself.  
  
"After you've had a nice orgasm, you get up, dress, and then take a photo of the spot you chose. That will make a nice memento of this mission," he said.  
  
"Should I be all alone, out in public, doing this?" she asked, curious.  
  
"Hmmm. I think you have two options. If you go alone, you should stay naked on the ground for half an hour before you make yourself cum – that increases the thrill that some random stranger may catch you doing it. On the other hand, you could take a male friend along as a sort of protector. When you're nearing the place, you can tell your friend to stay away for a while because you have to go and take a private pee. You then hurry to the place itself alone, but with a friend you can call for help, if necessary. With this option, though, you'd have to undress, cum, and dress again fast, because your friend might get worried if you're gone too long, and come looking for you."  
  
Her eyelids flew wide open. "Wow! Both of those options are fucking embarrassing, and very, very exciting! But I think I'd rather do this alone. I don't want to be rushed. Let's meet again in a week, and I'll give you my report."  
  
A week later, she gave Stefan a great big hug, her eyes sparkling with joy. "Mission accomplished!" she cried.  
  
"Excellent! Tell me about it, please," he begged.  
  
"On Saturday afternoon," she began, "I sneaked into the backyard area of an office building, where I'd seen a deserted bench. It's made of rough wood, and old, rusted metal, so I guessed it would be uncomfortable. I was praying that no one was working in the building, since it was the weekend, but I had no way of knowing, which made it all the more exciting."  
  
Stefan smiled at her, thinking of her audacity.  
  
"I was actually a bit frightened," she confessed. "But at the same time I was also out of my mind with excitement. When I took off my panties, let me tell you, they were so soaked I bet I could have wrung my juices out of them!"  
  
"What were you wearing?" Stefan asked.  
  
"Oh, yes. I had on a T-shirt and a plaid skirt, along with my panties – no bra. And running shoes, which I wore in case I needed to run away fast. Once I sat on the bench, panties off, getting ready to complete the mission, I found I was kind of scared. I decided to hide my hands under my skirt, inserting the dildo I'd brought along into my pussy. I started fucking myself with it. I didn't have to wet it with my mouth or anything, because my oozing juices made it slippery the moment it touched the opening to my cunt."  
  
"So what happened?" Stefan asked, eagerly.  
  
"As I worked the dildo in and out of my pussy, I gradually became more aroused than scared, and no one was interrupting me, so I took off my skirt. That made it much easier to fuck myself with my toy, and was even more exciting, because I could now see it plunging in and out, sticky with my juices. And my clit was feeling the fresh air now. Of course the bench was uncomfortable, with the rough wood and cold, rusting metal rubbing against my ass," she said, eyes flashing as she pictured how it must have looked.  
  
"I mentally see you as half dressed, on that bench," Stefan shared.  
  
"That didn't last long. My cunt was gripping the toy strongly now, and I wanted to be completely naked when I came. Off came my T-shirt! I was now fully naked (other than my running shoes), masturbating on that rough bench, out in public behind the office building! I was almost positive that there was no one in the building, but still... I was scared!" she reported. "Naked, and doing lewd things in public like that!"  
  
"Someone working overtime in the building could have noticed you, you know," Stefan reminded her. "It probably wouldn't matter if it was a man or a woman. Seeing you doing that would turn them on. They might start masturbating also, looking down at you from their window. A woman fingering her cunt, or a man pumping his dick. Maybe even a few of them, at different windows."  
  
"If they were looking," she said, "they would have seen everything, because the bench faced the building. They'd have seen my tits, nipples engorged, bobbing and weaving in the air as I squirmed on my toy. The wood was digging into my back a bit painfully, but I couldn't hold still. And my thighs were wide apart, showing my wet, gooey cunt to those windows, so they would've seen my arousal. Too bad they couldn't smell the sexy scent steaming from my pussy. I sure could."  
  
She shivered as she recalled what happened next. "Finally, I couldn't hold back any longer. I had to cum! My excitement had built to a fever pitch, being exposed and vulnerable in public like that. I came long and hard! The orgasm was magnificent – I screamed loudly as it washed through my body. I soaked the seat of the bench." She sighed. "After I calmed down, I dressed again, and looked at my watch. I'd been playing with myself on that bench for more than an hour!"  
  
"And as far as you know, no one really saw you?" Stefan asked.  
  
"If they saw me, they didn't say anything," she replied, grinning broadly. "A great mission, now fulfilled." She winked. "Do you have another one for me?"  
  
Stefan laughed. "Of course I do! These are as fun for me as they are for you! For this mission, take a pair of dice, shake them, but only throw one of them. The number you get is the minimum number of hours you'll be outside your house for this mission. It's only a minimum – I have a feeling if you throw a one, you'll be disappointed.  
  
She giggled, nodding.  
  
Stefan continued, "Take a shower and make yourself cum in it, to get into the correct mood for the mission. Take a vibrator, and slide it up inside your pussy. Put on a strong thick pair of panties to help hold that vibrator inside you. Do you have a vibrator that will do this?"  
  
She pondered a moment. "Fit up inside me while wearing panties – no. But I've seen an egg shaped vibrator that will surely do the trick. I can buy one easily." She laughed. "I'll also have to buy a 'strong thick' pair of panties – mine are all rather wispy."  
  
Stefan's eyes gleamed, thinking of her in flimsy panties – and nothing else. He had to mentally shake himself to carry on outlining her mission. "Wear your plaid skirt, and a tight shirt with no bra. Then go outside with the vibrator doing its job, and spend those hours doing what you normally do. Maybe you go shopping, study, work, or spend time with friends – it depends on the day. After the minimum number of hours have passed, search for a public place where you can sit, and where others can't see you very well or can't see below your waist. You might be in a restaurant, sitting with a table in front of you and a wall behind you. Or maybe sitting in a park with a towel over your legs. Another possibility would be while you're in your car at a busy parking lot. I'm just giving suggestions, but at such a place, make yourself cum in public. If you can, take a picture of the place you chose, showing how isolated or crowded it was."  
  
Listening to his instructions, she was squirming in her seat. "Oh, fuck! This is really turning me on! I'm so horny now, I want to rush out and do this. But first I have to make my purchases. Let's meet again in a week."  
  
Together again a week later, she began her report. "I rolled a five! Five hours outside, with a vibrator running inside me! The trouble is, you know how cold it was on Saturday. I wore my plaid skirt and a blouse with no bra, but I had to wear a jacket, when I was outside. Actually, that was a good thing, because those two layers of clothes helped to quiet the buzzing sound of that egg vibrating in my pussy." She grinned, conspiratorially.  
  
"The egg has a controller that holds the batteries, so I put a hair scrunchie high up on my thigh to support its weight. It's thin enough that the skirt hid it OK. I switched the vibrator on, jumping from the sudden sensation deep inside my cunt, and sort of staggered outside. As I walked to the grocery store, it wasn't very comfortable with that thing working inside me, to be honest. As I walked, it shifted slightly with my movements, jarring new areas of intimate tissues in my depths.

"I was in the area of the canned goods when I had my first orgasm," she whispered.  
  
"I could tell it was going to hit, so I stooped down, as if I was looking closely at the cans on the bottom shelf. But my eyes were closed, and I was hyperventilating, trying hard not to cry out. It took me about an hour to do the shopping that usually takes about 20 minutes! I had to stop every few steps and get myself under control. And the strange looks I got from other shoppers as they heard a humming sound near me, and wondered what it was. I was blushing a lot, I think. As I took the groceries home, I noticed the vibrator was getting weaker and weaker. Then it stopped. Its batteries were dead."   
  
She looked at Stefan. "I know you said stay outside for the full amount of time, but I had to go briefly into my home to put the perishables in my refrigerator, and to fetch a fresh pair of batteries – the last I had in my house. As I changed the new batteries for the dead ones, I noticed the controller had three settings – high, medium, and low. I'd been running it on high the whole time!"  
  
Stefan chuckled. "I guess it pays to read the instructions with a new toy, huh?" She giggled.  
  
"I switched it to 'low' and went back outside," she continued. "I was still very aware of the vibrations going on inside my cunt, but at least the buzzing sound could barely be heard. That was good, because I was supposed to meet a friend of mine in the park for coffee and chatting. The park was quiet around us, and she surely would've heard the vibrator if it had still been set to high. But at one point I carelessly crossed my legs, and the egg buzzed hard up underneath my clit. My head swirled and I almost came. Noticing, she asked me if I was sick. I made an excuse about being light-headed from not eating breakfast, and she made me go with her to a nearby bakery. Concerned, she watched me eat, and didn't leave me until she was sure I was OK."  
  
"If she was that close to you, caring for you, it makes me wonder if she didn't smell the juices from your arousal," Stefan pointed out.  
  
"Oh my god! Maybe she did! There wasn't much wind, to blow my scent away," she related, a bit horrified.   
  
After thinking it over, she shrugged. "Well, what's done is done. If she did, there's nothing I can do about it now. Since I had all this time to be in public, I went to a large shopping mall, and wandered in and out of stores. It was warm enough in there for me to carry my jacket on my arm, so the people going by might notice my stiff nipples poking at my blouse. I bought several packs of batteries in one of the stores when I felt the vibrations weakening again. The second set of batteries, being used at the low setting, lasted a little over two hours. Strolling into the ladies' toilets, I went into a stall and changed the batteries. Since I had some privacy, I briefly switched the power to 'medium' to sort of wake my pussy up, but since I wanted this set of batteries to last a long time, I switched it back down to 'low' and returned to my shopping."  
  
She paused in her narration, blushing about what she was going to reveal next. "As I continued walking through the stores, my panties couldn't hold back any more of my juices. They'd become fully saturated. I started feeling my pussy fluids flowing down my thighs. Much of it may have evaporated before going lower than the edge of my skirt, but not all. Some was definitely streaming down my legs, and I was terribly embarrassed when I realized people were noticing that! I felt so slutty! I'd been thinking about trying on shoes, but I gave that idea up. Imagine a shoe salesman sitting down by my feet, looking up my legs, and seeing and smelling cunt juices!"  
  
Stefan burst into sudden laughter, and his laugh was so infectious that she started laughing also. "You may be giving me ideas for a future mission," he said, when he caught his breath.  
  
She stuck her tongue out at him, playfully. "My five hours were finally done," she said. "I was seriously hungry by then, so I went into a nice restaurant. Inside, it was somewhat noisy, with dim lighting. Luckily, I was seated at a table for two, although I was alone. I sat on the side towards one wall, where there was a bench, rather than a chair, and I was facing the room. After giving the waiter my order, I looked around. No one was at the tables on either side of me, so I thought that this was my perfect opportunity." Her face took on a furtive expression, perhaps similar to how she'd looked as she made that decision.  
  
"I carefully switched the egg to high, and the sensations from the egg flooded my pussy. My excitement grew to its peak quickly, so I gripped the edge of the table, and closed my eyes as my orgasm hit. I rode the waves of pleasure, and when I opened my eyes, my waiter was there, placing my food in front of me, and looking at me curiously! Maybe my face flushed – I don't know if he could see much in the dim lighting – but I leaned over the plate and took a deep breath and said, 'This smells delicious! Thank you! I'm starving!' with my most innocent smile. I'm not sure he believed that's all that I was doing, because he went away with a strange smile on his face. I switched off the vibrating egg completely, and ate my meal in peace. I gave the waiter a generous tip when I left."  
  
"Quite an adventure," Stefan said.  
  
"My report is not quite done," she giggled. "You know I share my home with two other women. Well, when I got there, they weren't home and I didn't know when they'd get back. Believe it or not, after all that vibration and edging on the verge of cumming all day, my pussy missed feeling the egg's vibrations. So, I went to my room, got naked, and put fresh batteries into the egg's controller. Then I went out into the corridor that leads to all our bedrooms. I laid myself down on the floor on my back, and switched the controls to that highest setting again. If my housemates had walked in, they would have caught me, naked, there on the floor masturbating with that egg! But it really took me just a few minutes to make myself cum, the situation was so titillating. Once again, I came hard – so hard that I couldn't get enough energy and coordination to get up from the floor for the next few minutes. The most embarrassing thing of all was that I had to clean my cum from quite a bit of the corridor floor, because I squirted as I came!"  
  
Their mutual laughter lasted a long time, and when they finished both had wet eyes, imagining her kneeling naked, sopping up her cum from the floor with a towel, working frantically before her roommates came home.   
  
Stefan said, "I'm glad you're having such fun with these missions. Ready for another one?"  
  
She nodded, wiping her eyes.  
  
"For this mission," Stefan began, "you'll go to a swimming pool, either by yourself, or with friends. Take along your favorite dildo, a waterproof vibrator with its remote control, and a long shoelace. Dress in your sexiest bikini. So far, so good?"  
  
"Hey!" she said with mock indignation. "How did you know I own a remote controlled waterproof vibrator?"  
  
He chuckled. "Because I went to the same web page where you bought that egg that could be inserted, for your earlier adventure, and saw it there. I figured a sexy slut like you couldn't resist buying that one as well."  
  
She giggled and blushed a light pink. "You really know me well. Yes, I bought it."  
  
"Now you get a chance to use it," he assured her. "At the pool, in the dressing room, use the dildo for a nice cum. Then start pulling on your bikini bottoms, and place the waterproof one strategically against your pussy and clit – I noted its thin shape is designed to fit almost invisibly inside panties, so the bikini bottoms should hold it nicely. Tie the shoelace around your waist to both attract attention, and distract people somewhat from your pussy region. Turn on the vibrator, and go swimming. Let it buzz for the hour or so until its batteries die. I want you to cum, in public, while swimming – but don't have your orgasm in the deep end, because if all your muscles spasm, you won't be able to keep your head above the water."  
  
She smiled. "Thanks for looking out for my welfare. Yes, my muscles usually stiffen in waves of contraction as I cum – if it's a good one." She winked, saucily.  
  
"If you can't actually cum in the pool, go back to the dressing room, and take your top off, avoiding any area where kids are roaming. Topless, and with your door open, wipe your body with the towel until someone notices you. Act surprised, and quickly close the door. Then make yourself cum any way that you wish."  
  
She was actually rubbing her pussy slowly through her clothes as he described her newest mission. "Fuck, this is exciting to think about!" she exclaimed. "See you in a week," she said over her shoulder as she left, hurrying home to masturbate, while thinking about this assignment.  
  
A week later, she began her report. "My friend Elsa went with me to the swimming pool. She actually saw my vibrator in my bag, but didn't ask about it, because she knows I'm a rather crazy, horny woman. I had my first orgasm in the dressing room, and then put on my bathing suit and vibrator. Its sensations were delicious as I walked to the pool, and entered the water. My horniness built and built during the hour we played in the water, my vibrator humming my cunt and clit maddeningly! I finally decided I had to cum, or I'd scream – and the batteries were getting weak, so I realized I'd have to use my hand. But I decided I'd rather cum in the jacuzzi."  
  
"Oh, the pool has a jacuzzi?" Stefan interrupted.  
  
"Yes, but I couldn't enter it immediately, because there was a family using it," she replied. "You can imagine that scene – a family in the jacuzzi, while a woman in a bikini with vibrating panties stands nearby, trying not to moan."  
  
Stefan squirmed, and again adjusted the position of his swelling cock, stuck inside his clothing.  
  
"Finally, the family must have noticed something weird or wrong with me, and they rushed away. I jumped into the jacuzzi, and took off my bikini bottoms. Folding them to hide the vibrator, whose battery was quite weak now, I placed them on the edge of the jacuzzi, near my head. I started fingering my pussy fast and hard, desperate to cum, now. At that moment, Elsa wandered over in her bikini to join me, and began lowering herself into the warm water. The erotic sight of her body, more revealed than concealed by her bikini, sent me over the edge, and I came, thrashing in the water."  
  
Stefan's pants now showed a moist stain about where the end of his cock would be. He was lost in her description of what had happened.  
  
"Elsa looked at me curiously, asking why I had my tits out of my bikini. I looked down in shock. I'd been so caught up in my fingering and thrashing, I hadn't realized that my tits had popped free from my bikini top! I'm positive Elsa knew what I'd just done. I blushed and stammered a bit, not able to articulate an excuse as I tucked my tits away, and put my bottoms back on. After Elsa and I spent time together in jacuzzi I went to the dressing room. I left my cubicle's door unlocked, undressed and started masturbating. I was still so horny by what I'd done that I had to cum again!"  
  
Stefan moaned quietly.  
  
"When I dressed and went back outside, Elsa was waiting for me. She smiled broadly, put her head next to mine, and said that next time I should be quieter! My face must've turned scarlet, because she was telling me that everyone in the dressing room had heard me cum! I think I can never return to that swimming pool now." She giggled. "However, it led to another really good thing. Elsa asked me if I'd like to go to her place with her, and mentioned I wouldn't have to be quiet there at all!"  
  
Stefan's eyes grew big. "You mean the two of you..." his voice trailed off.  
  
She grinned. "We sure did! We had some wine, and then we had sex together. I guess hearing me cum like that got her quite aroused as well."  
  
"Wow," Stefan gasped. "These missions are having unanticipated consequences." He blushed a bit, because he saw her looking at the wet spot on his pants.  
  
She laughed and pointed. "I guess they are! You certainly are getting all hot and bothered, it seems."  
  
He blushed a little more. "Let's see if I can get you hot and bothered, as well. This time I wrote out the instructions for your mission. Here they are." He handed her a note.  
  
As she read the note, her eyes grew bigger and bigger. Unconsciously, one of her hands rose up, and splayed out in the center of her chest. As she continued reading, that hand drifted to one of her tits, and started rubbing it through her blouse. "So... fucking... hot!! I love this!" she moaned. "You've outdone yourself this time! I hope I can make all this happen. See you next week." As she left, she strongly suspected that Stefan was at that moment freeing his cock from his pants, and pumping himself to a furious orgasm. "Too bad he didn't ask me for help," she chuckled.  
  
When they met a week later, she was starry-eyed with triumph. "Wow! What a mission," she confided. "Elsa was indeed ready to not only go clubbing with me – she was ready to help me be really naughty, too. I'm not sure if she knows where I get these ideas, but she hinted that maybe I could challenge her to do some tasks, too. We'll see if that happens."  
  
Stefan swallowed hard, wondering what he'd started.  
  
"For this mission to work, I knew I had to get a vibrator that I could insert in my pussy, but it had to have no wired controller – only a remote. I got one that fitted snugly inside me, with only a string loop hanging out, so I could remove it when the night was over. Before I inserted it, I showered to make myself clean and fragrant, and then gave myself a lovely orgasm to make my pussy all nice and slippery. The vibrator slid in with little effort, and I could hold it with my cunt muscles, so I didn't need any panties."  
  
Stefan pictured her standing naked, cunt gleaming, with only a small string loop hanging between her thighs. His cock stiffened again.  
  
"Braless, I stepped into a long, silky dress," she continued. "It had no straps or sleeves – only elastic that held it partway down my breasts, about to here." She pointed to a line that must've been just above the top edge of her areolae. The hem went down to about my mid-calf, or lower. Its silky texture made it swirl attractively as I danced. I looked in my mirror, and my nipples were evident as they pushed out at the soft fabric."  
  
Stefan moaned quietly, wishing he'd been there.  
  
"I met Elsa, as planned, at the entrance to the club. Before we entered, I took her aside and passed her the remote control to the vibrator, and explained how to switch it on and off, and how to adjust the intensity. Her eyes seemed to glow with happiness, since I was giving her control of my arousal. That playful minx blasted me with full power for about 3 seconds, just to see if she could make me jump. I jumped, much to her delight. Then we entered the club."  
  
Absentmindedly, Stefan was rubbing his thighs as he listened.  
  
"The club was a pretty wild scene. Flashing lights, loud music, people dancing and drinking. It wasn't long before some guys were chatting us up, and buying us drinks. We sat at a table, and had to lean close to hear each other over the noise. I didn't realize that Elsa had her hands under the table, playing with the remote control. She set it on low, and the sudden vibrations made me gasp slightly. I think the guy I was talking to just thought I was fascinated by the story he was telling. Under the table, I crossed my legs, trying to dampen the vibrations in my cunt, and my foot brushed his leg. He must've thought I was coming on to him, because he smiled broadly at that."  
  
Thinking about her sitting there at the club, legs crossed, pussy vibrating, made Stefan smile, too.  
  
"I breathed a sigh of relief when Elsa switched off the vibrator. Around that time, the guy asked me to dance, so we joined the crowd on the dance floor. The beat of the music made me bounce up and down, and my tits gyrated and wobbled under my dress. My nipples stiffened as they rubbed on the material, of course. I think the guy's attention was focused on my tits, and that was good, because Elsa hit my cunt with a blast of vibrations that momentarily made my eyeballs roll up sockets! She'd cranked the controls to the highest setting, and I danced more wildly than ever before! Some people even moved back away from us a bit, as I whooped and leaped like a crazy woman. Elsa switched the vibrator off, and I calmed a bit, making a face at her. She smiled such an innocent smile in reply!"  
  
Stefan had a vivid imagination. His cock stiffened even more, and pressed at his pants, making them tent upward.  
  
She ignored that as she continued, "Elsa really had fun with me. She'd turn on the vibrator at the worst possible moments. Sometimes the bursts were short – other times they were so very long that I thought I'd go insane! She turned it on when I was hugging a woman friend I saw there at the club. That poor woman probably wondered why, mid-hug, I suddenly squeezed her tight and rubbed my chest against hers. There wasn't any way to explain that, so I just blushed a deep red and hurried back to our table. At another point, I was telling this story to a guy, leaning close to him, and Elsa turned it on full blast, and left it running. My mouth fell open, and I couldn't speak! I had to fight not to close my eyes in ecstasy! The guy asked if I was all right, and I gasped out that I needed to pee, and rushed toward the toilets."  
  
She blushed anew, remembering that moment, and Stefan thought she looked marvelous like that, with her glowing pink cheeks framed by her honey blonde hair.  
  
"Did you make it to the toilets?" he asked.  
  
She giggled, "Well, my knees were buckling, and I looked so desperate that the woman at the front of the line waved for me to go in ahead of her. I raced into a stall, and closed the door, and the intense vibrations were relentless! I pulled my dress up, and straddled the toilet, just as my orgasm hit! My legs clutched the edges of the toilet, straining, as my cum juices started dripping down. I lowered myself, riding the waves of that climax, and as it eased, I also held my labia open, so I could actually piss. Elsa left that vibrator on full power until I finally emerged from the ladies room. I made a playful gesture with my hand, signaling what a bitch she was being. She, in turn, flicked the vibrator on and off, on and off, over and over, as I walked back to our table."  
  
Stefan laughed heartily. "Sounds to me like you found the perfect person to control that remote."  
  
"Yes," she agreed. "Elsa was inspired, that night. But the best is yet to come."  
  
Stefan's eyes sparkled. "Yes? What else happened?"  
  
"Secretly, I undid one of the straps on my shoe. I danced through two more songs before a guy noticed that. We were dancing on the crowded dance floor, and he leaned close to tell me about my shoe. I looked down and acted surprised to see the loose strap. Stooping down right there, I started fixing it, while the guy waited, and the crowd moved away a little to give me room. But while I was down there, sneakily I carefully planted my other foot on the hem of my dress. With my shoe fixed, I stood up again. But my dress was trapped under that other shoe, and it was suddenly yanked down to almost my waist! Topless now, I stood there a moment, as if I was in shock – as if I couldn't believe that my dress had caught, and that my breasts were now exposed! The guy I was dancing with, and the people nearby all got a good eyeful of my partial nudity before my hands flew up to cover my tits. They were laughing at what had happened, as I was looking down at my feet, trying to move my shoe off the bottom of my dress. Then I had to stop covering my tits, so my hands could grab my dress top, and pull it back up into place."

"That must've been very embarrassing," Stefan commiserated. But that wet spot again appeared in his pants, near the location of his swollen cock head.  
  
"It was humiliating," she agreed. "Mortifying. I was thrilled at the feeling coursing through me from that humiliation, of course. And it increased as Elsa again hit my cunt with high intensity vibrations. I grabbed the guy's arm, and begged him to take me back to my chair. He probably thought my knees were weak from shock and embarrassment. I was actually on the verge of another orgasm! You know how much being humiliated turns me on, Stefan. Standing there on a crowded dance floor, half naked, was such a turn on that I almost didn't need the vibrator to cum. The guy helped me to my chair, and was patting my back, trying to reassure me. But I'd crossed my arms on the table top, and pillowed my head on them, hiding my face. I moaned and shook. The guy thought I was doing that in dismay, but I was having an amazing orgasm, right there in front of everyone. Elsa switched off the vibrator, to let me rest, finally."  
  
"Wow. Half naked in a crowd, and then having a cum at the table, with some guy you barely knew patting your back? You must've been in heaven!" Stefan crowed.  
  
"Oh, I was! I was!" she agreed. "After that, we sat for a while. I couldn't get up right away, because, as I whispered into Elsa's ear, the part of my dress I was sitting on was very wet. We let it dry before thanking the guys, and leaving the club. We decided to go to Elsa's place, where she took this picture of me in that dress, yanked down to where it was out on the dance floor." She showed Stefan the picture with her cell phone.  
  
He groaned at it, appreciatively, and the wetness in his pants spread. Her story was driving him crazy with lust, and that picture was bringing it to a peak.  
  
She took pity on him. "I think your cock must be begging to be freed, Stefan. I think you're close to cumming. My report is almost finished – would you like me to help you cum as I tell you the rest?"  
  
"Oh my god, yes! Yes, please!" he begged. "I'm going nuts!"  
  
Kneeling swiftly, she undid his belt, and opened his pants. She pulled his pants and underpants down to his ankles, and cupped his balls with one hand, grasping his throbbing dick with the other. Starting to pump him slowly, she continued, "After she took the picture, Elsa pulled my dress off completely, and made me show her my body. I had to give her a good look at my tits, and my ass. I had to open my pussy lips and let her see the vibrator loop hanging out of my cunt. Making me get on her bed, face up, she put her lips on my clit, and set the vibrator to its highest setting again. She started giggling since my clit was buzzing against her lips, tickling them. But she stopped giggling as another orgasm washed through me, because she was busy sucking at my cunt."  
  
She was massaging Stefan's balls, and still pumping slowly. Her hand was getting wet because his precum was streaming down the shaft of his dick now. "After I recovered, Elsa made me undress her, and kiss and lick her tits, and even gently bite her nipples. Her cunt was wet when she pressed it against mine, scissoring our legs together. She moaned loudly when she turned the vibrator on again, because her cunt was feeling the vibrations that were being generated in mine! We started grinding together, pulling hard on each other to press our wide open cunts together. The swollen pussy lips of our cunts mashed together, like we were kissing each other down there! When Elsa came, she squirted, and her hot spray shot against, and into, my cunt, triggering my cum to blend with hers! It was the start of a long, sexy, magical evening for us."  
  
Stefan could hold back no longer, especially since her pumping hand was moving faster and faster as she remembered her shared orgasm with Elsa. He gasped, "That's it! I'm..." With a long, keening cry, he gripped the arms of the chair as his dick spewed a white, sticky glob of his semen about eight inches straight up out of the head of his cock! That glob then fell, splatting on his cock as a second blast launched. Then a third. His cock and balls became coated with his spurts of cum.  
  
She watched this wonderful sight, inhaling the scent of his fresh semen, spicy and arousing. She pumped until his dick softened and went limp in her hands. He was slumped back in the chair now, eyes closed, and smiling a wide smile of satisfaction. She lifted her T-shirt, and rubbed some of his cum on her tits, which were not enclosed in a bra. After she smeared enough to make them gleam with a lovely seminal coating, she rubbed the rest into his groin, lower belly, and thighs. Resting her head on one of his knees, she looked up into his face, awaiting her next mission.