**Restroom Task**

**by [Wet\_Orchid](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1162161&page=submissions)©**

'How the hell did I get into this?' the little voice inside my head asks me. 'And why are you so horny doing this?' the voice continues. People who know the real, public version of me would be disgusted and shocked. As a professional lady who has been happily married for fifteen years, with no kids and a staid sex life, I have been secretly Dominated for the past 3 months by an on-line Master, and oh how I am loving this journey, literally.

On my way to a far away hotel I have pulled in at a motorway rest stop to have a coffee and a break away from the long drive. My task was sent via email, which I read before I set off for the trip. My jaw dropped as I read the words from my Master on the screen. I was to go to the public rest room at a service station and completely undress so that I am naked with the exception of my red collar, a recent purchase which shows that I am owned by my faceless anonymous Master. I was then to pass my clothes under the stall separations to the adjacent vacant stall, then proceed to exit my stall, naked, and enter the cubicle which now stored my discarded clothing, including my extremely damp panties.

I stand there naked, nipples as hard as they have ever been, a moistness gathering between my puffed lips at the merge of my trembling thighs, and listening for a quiet moment to conduct my task safely. Stall doors open and close so often that it is almost impossible to tell if someone is at the hand-washing sinks or not, and the damned noisy hot air hand driers are not helping my senses. The noise of the driers, the doors constantly opening and closing, the noise of other women streaming into the porcelain seats, made this almost impossible, but just as I was about to give up, a moment of quietness came across the rest room. It was now or never. One final check to hear if anyone was moving about confirmed my thoughts that the public washing area was empty. I quickly bundled my clothing into a ball, placed them on the floor near the door, then quickly shoved them through the gap at the bottom of the separators.

It was at this exact moment that my mind wandered, and fear sank my heart. What if someone was to come through the doors now, thus preventing me from following my now distant clothes? Oh my God! With blatant and complete disregard to who was floating about, I unlocked the stall door, and ran on my tip-toes to the neighbouring stall, slamming the door behind me in such a rush that other users of the rest room must have thought one of the doors was about to collapse.

It was when I closed the door, snibbed the lock, and rested my naked back against the door, that I realised I was gasping with excitement and skin flushed with lust. 'Look at you' the voice returned. 'Nothing but a horny animal, filled with sexual lust' the voice stated in a disgusted voice. I ignored the voice and grinned to myself. 'You filthy bitch' I whispered to myself, and at that I gently grazed my hard nipples to reward myself for my bravery, and speed.

Knowing that I was forbidden to orgasm, I controlled my inner urge to dip my eager fingers to my wetness between my shaking thighs, knowing that if I were simply to touch the damp lips I would probably have an amazing knee trembling orgasm on my first touch.

Nervously shaking and full of adrenalin, I proceeded to redress myself, starting with my 4 inch black high heels. The relief of raising myself off the cold floor instantly relieved my body from the chill. I clipped my bra on, swung it round, and looped the straps back onto my shoulders. The blouse followed next, and then my knee length skirt. I knew my next task awaited.

For the remainder of my journey I was to drive with no panties on. I knew this would only cause a damp patch at the back of my skirt, but knew I would have to deal with this when finally got to the hotel in a few hours.

I flushed the toilet, opened the door, and went to wash my hands. The façade, just like my public life!

As I exited the service station and headed towards my parked car, the cold breeze reminded me that I was naked from my waist down, hidden only by a flowing skirt. 'Dirty slut' the voice inside my head said, as I grinned and walked away. 'Yes I am' I whisper to myself.