Sarah's Games Ch. 01

by suggestiveness Â©

Sarah had positioned herself on all fours atop her bed facing away from

the open bedroom door. Her jeans and underwear were bunched at her knees,

her shirt and sweater disheveled around her neck, and her small breasts

were pulled up and out of her bra, hanging free, with painful wooden

clothespins gripping each nipple. Her hands were handcuffed in front of

her. The key was resting on her lower back.

"Ohmigod, what if I get caught?" She kept worrying over and over,

straining to hear if her boyfriend's car had arrived. Was that a car door?

Was someone opening the front door?

She promised herself she would wait motionless until the last possible

minute before putting herself back together. "Ugh," the thought of getting

caught brought a moan from her throat. "Mmm," why did she get off on this

so damn much?

Was I always like this? Maybe. When I was 17 or 18 I almost got caught

making out with a guy at a wedding and I remember wanting to get caught. I

was looking over his shoulder for one of the bridesmaids or maybe a

relative to catch us, almost hoping someone would see me letting him slide

his hand inappropriately up my dress. The more I worried about it, the

hotter it got me.

It's mostly little things like that. Maybe I'll leave my blinds open while

I bend over and slowly change in the fading twilight after work. I'll

glance in the mirror and wonder if I'm flashing the neighbors. It makes me

feel, I don't know, nervous? Indecent? Dirty? But in such a good way!

For the most part I am decidedly un-adventurous. No makeup, ponytail,

simple clothes, engineering degree - just a single young girl who reads a

lot and goes to bed early. I've even wear these dorky glasses at work.

But, ok, once in a while, I get these crazy fantasies in my head and I

want to act them out, just a little bit. Except, like any addiction I

guess, it starts out small but then isn't enough and you need to do more

to get the same rush, right? A lot more...

"Hello? Sarah?" Fuck, she didn't hear his car. She turned slowly trying to

feel the key slide from her sweaty back. The clothespins hurt even more

when she moved.

She had a rule that she couldn't talk back or holler anything like, "Just

a minute" or "I'll be right down." So she silently fumbled in the

bedspread for the key with her pants at her knees â€“ trying not to panic.

The adrenaline was euphoric but now she had to make sure she didn't get

caught. She managed to slip off the cuffs and push them under her pillow.

Next came the clothespins. Mmmfff. Her hazel eyes watered when they came

off but she had no time to waste in putting on her scratchy bra and

getting her jeans back up her wet thighs. When her boyfriend bounded up

the stairs and through the doorway she was adjusting her sweater and

buttoning her jeans.

"Why can't you ever be ready on time? I said I would pick you up at 6:00!"

She sighed a slow deep satisfying sigh, wiped her eyes, and squeezed her

legs together one last time. "Uhhh," she tried to apologize through her

cat-that-got-the-canary grin, "Sorry."

Most of my exploits aren't nearly as complicated as this. It's the little

things that get me off the most. Like...

I'll wear a short skirt to the store and tell myself I can only bend over

at the waist to get each thing on my list. I don't even think the skirt is

short enough to see anything, but in my mind I'm behaving shamelessly and

it really turns me on. What if someone does see? How much might they see?

Can they tell I'm getting all creamy? What does my racy red underwear say

about me? And what would they think if they knew I was doing it on

purpose! By the time I leave my nipples are rock hard and my pussy is

aching for attention.

One time I went to a popular grocery store (across town of course) and

forced myself to buy a box of condoms, two cucumbers and some baby oil.

Nothing else! Just those three things in my basket. I was so nervous. My

hands were sweating when I sized up the vegetables. My legs were shaking

when I placed them on the conveyor belt. God, I couldn't even look at the

other people in line; or the checkout clerk; or the cute bagger-guy who

had to ask me TWICE if I wanted paper or plastic. It was such a rush. I

was making a puddle in my underwear.

I left my "groceries" spread out on the passenger's seat of my car and I

sped all the way home â€“ almost hoping I would get pulled over and

questioned. Admonished. Punished for being so naughty. I made it back to

my apartment giggling like crazy.

Back in my bedroom I looked in the mirror and saw a little girl who had

just been caught doing something very bad. Tisk, tisk. I pouted my puffy

lips and unclipped my blond ponytail. I made myself drop my shorts and

gave my ass a playful swat while scolding myself for being such a tease.

Bad girl, you need to be spanked... on your bare bottom. I pouted again

and regretfully pushed my soggy underwear down. Hrmff.

I tried to vividly picture the people in the store staring at me now: the

older businessman on the phone; the soccer mom; the skater punk; and oh

fuck that cute bagger guy. The nervous rush hit me again. I tried to

imagine the things they might be thinking: "What a kinky little slut!" I

smacked my ass again. Bad girl. I squeezed my legs together and shivered.

"What kind of girl buys baby oil and cucumbers?" Smack. "What is she going

to do with them?" Smack.

I cracked a guilty grin and savored the dirty feeling as my gaze fell onto

my new pile of toys. If they only knew!

Here's another silly example from my blog:

Fucking SUVs. Does everyone have to drive a fucking school bus to mail a

letter? Sarah was wondering why her two-door Nissan had become the

smallest car left on the road when a third monster truck cut her off.

"Fucking asshole!" she was yelling at her windshield now. "Fucking shit!

God damn it!" Still fuming when she got home, she brushed her bangs away

from her eyes and felt really silly. Then she felt ... mischievous.

"That was some pretty foul language young lady," she thought to herself as

she walked into her bathroom with a shy grin. She found a small bar of

soap and stuck out her tongue. "Wipe that grin off your face; you've been

a very bad girl." She rubbed the bar of soap on her tongue and told

herself to let that sink in for an hour. Then she tried to read a book but

her thoughts kept drifting back to her "naughty soapy mouth." She shifted

her heels under her butt, swallowed again and found herself getting more

and more turned on.

Ugh. Now she would have to wait an HOUR before she could play with

herself. She kept her clammy hands on her book like a good girl and

swallowed. Ick. She shifted desperately on the couch again and looked up

at the clock â€“ waiting and waiting â€“ getting wetter and wetter â€“ such a

naughty girl.

It happens at work too. I like to tease myself by doing things that might

seem a little... inappropriate.

For a long time I wouldn't even wear skirts to work. But then one day I

dared myself to wear a boring knee length skirt and things sort of

cascaded from there.

Sometimes I have to go to the color printer down the hall from my cubicle.

And so, sometimes, I dare myself to act out. Like, I'll wait until I'm

sure no one is around and then I'll "roll" my skirt at the waist, bringing

it higher up my legs. With two or three rolls I have to be careful how I

move because (if I've been especially daring) you might be able to see the

tops of my thigh-high stockings. I suppose if I bent over you could see my

underwear. On especially naughty occasions I make myself wear a thong â€“

even though I hate the way it feels â€“ to enhance the exposure. I would DIE

if someone saw me like that. But see, that's the rush too. I get turned on

thinking about doing it. Planning just how far I might push myself drives

me crazy. And of course I get even more turned on by doing it! Lately I've

been using the color printer a lot. Grin.

So recently I brought a single 6-sided-die to work. It adds another level

of risk and removes some of my control which really makes me feel

nervous... and naughty... and wet. So, um, I'll toy with the die for a

while... and toy with it some more... and then finally... when I can't

stand it anymore... I'll let it drop!

The number I roll dictates how many rolls I have to give my skirt. One

time I had to do five rolls while wearing my thong and thigh-highs. Five!

I managed to walk to the printer ok but then I heard some voices coming

and I almost fainted. I had to grab the printer for balance; my grey

business skirt was rolled obscenely up my legs exposing the lacy tops of

my stockings. The hem was as high as the bottom of my ass - where my wet

thong was uncomfortably wedged. Fuck. I had to RUN back to my desk. I was

terrified. My skirt wasn't covering me at all! I was positive that you

could see everything.

The experience was so intense I wanted to fuck myself in my cubicle right

then and there. I didn't have time to recover because moments later one of

my managers stopped to hand me the charts I left at the printer. I caught

him looking up my skirt! I couldn't prevent it. There was nothing I could

do but sit there and mumble politely, a little out of breath, "Uh, thank

you." Mmm, I drifted in cozy dream for the rest of the day squirming in my

soggy thong trying not to leave a wet spot on my skirt.

Here is another game I played. A waiting game from my blog:

Four hour service window. Hmm, so I have to wait here for 4 hours until

the phone company comes to check on my line? 4 hours could be a really

long time. A girl could get into a lot trouble in a few hours. Maybe...

hmm, should I tease myself a little while I wait? I shouldn't but... my

body was forcing my mind to obey.

I decided to tease myself and "wait it out." The rules were really dirty:

1. Leave the front door cracked open with a note that said, "Please knock

and come in." 2. Get naked. Completely naked. No cheating. 3. Slowly play

with myself, on the living room floor, like a dirty little whore. 4. Wait.

5. Orgasm only ONCE and only AFTER hearing someone knock.

Ohmigod, what if I got caught? So wet. Mmm so wet. God it was so hard not

to go over the edge but I needed to stay close so I could cum and still

get dressed in time. Mmm, such a dirty girl. Every little noise threatened

to make me cum. What if someone came in and saw me here, naked, in a

sweaty heap on the floor?

My hands were soaked and my wrists were getting tired. I was on my back

with a small pillow under my ass and my feet spread lewdly on the edge of

the couch. Such a dirty girl. Teasing my clit.

And then, when I heard the loud, "Knock! Knock!"

"Ummmm! Ummmm!" It went right to my pussy. I plunged my fingers in and out

as fast as possible. Squish. Squish. Mffff. I knew I might be really loud,

so I stuffed my knickers in my mouth to muffle my moaning. Mmmfff! The

whole room vibrated! Mmmfff! The problem wasn't cumming quickly enough.

That was trivial and mmmff fantastic.

The problem was stopping quickly enough! Shaking uncontrollably, trying to

composing myself enough to coordinate getting dressed â€“ it was like being

drunk! It took a lot longer to get dressed than normal. I almost got

caught.

I was flushed, dizzy and sweating when the repair man stepped into the

living room. I was barefoot with my jeans barely on and my sweatshirt on

backwards. My underwear and socks were tossed on the couch. I'm sure he

saw them.

And of course I couldn't shake his hand because my hands were soaked; and,

what's worse, I'm almost positive he could smell me. Fuck. Had he heard me

moaning too? He leered at me curiously. God, I was so embarrassed. It was

euphoric. I crossed my creamy legs and blushed hard looking down at my

feet with a cute guilty grin.

Ok so now it's Friday night, 5:32pm. My boyfriend said he would pick me up

at 6:00. So... should I? I could never let him see me like that. But... my

hands were already unbuckling my leather belt and playing with the zipper

on my khaki pants. Teasing the zipper up and down. Should I? Up and

down... up and down. And down. Then, slowly pushing my tight pants over my

ass. This is so wrong. And then all the way down to my knees, I glance in

the mirror. I give myself a wicked grin through the bangs hanging in front

of my eyes.

The blinds have been left open and it won't be completely dark for another

hour. With my simple black knickers on and my pants at my knees I feel

really embarrassed. Naughty. Getting wet. I know it will only become worse

now. I can't stop. My eyes water when I arch my back suggestively and

glance outside. So naughty. Then I bring my hand down on my ass, hard.

SMACK. Damn that was loud. Mmm, bad girl.

I look behind me at the open bedroom door and pause. Oh God, I shouldn't.

But the rush is consuming me so I can't stop now. I reluctantly push my

knickers down my hips a little, starting to expose my ass, over my ass,

then, yes, I keep pushing all the way down to my knees. I pause and with a

guilty shiver I look over at the clothespins on my desk. Very bad girl. I

smack my bare ass again, hard, twice. It starts to turn a little pink. I

smack it again. Is it pink enough yet? I'm being very naughty, so... no...

not nearly pink enough yet. Fuck, what if I get caught with a red spanked

ass? How will I explain that! Maybe just a few more... before... I look

around for the handcuffs. Smack. Bad girl. Mmm, getting redder.

My mind is racing. I grab a big red pen and a piece of paper and then

crawl onto my bed with my clothes tangled around my knees. I glance once

out the window and once more over my shoulder at the open bedroom door. I

want to close it, but I'm burning up and soaking wet. I can't stop myself

from a flurry of nasty thoughts.

I write, "Sarah has been a very naughty girl. She needs to be spanked and

fucked." And then my mind pushes me to make it even dirtier and I add,

"Fucked hard... in every hole." My eyes are watering now. I would never

let anyone do those things to me. I'm not that dirty! I smack my ass again

and leave the note at my feet facing the door. Mmmm. I'm sucking on the

pen now. Oh God, please don't let him come over early.

I push myself even further. I'm still sucking on the pen when I find the

handcuffs. Fuck. I can't do this. But I can't stop myself either.

I try to think of the dirtiest pose to force myself into for the next 20

minutes of agonizing anticipation. On my back, blindfolded? No. Standing

in the corner rubbing my naughty ass. Mmmm maybe. No, not dirty enough.

Then I picture myself submissive and humiliated. Like a total slut. Khaki

pants and black knickers at my ankles. Head down. Ass up. My hands

cuffed... mmm... behind my back. Pink spanked ass on display. Dirty note

at my feet. The pen, oh God, shoved in my pussy? Or maybe... no! Not in my

ass! Umph. Key in my naughty mouth? Oh God I can't do that! What if

someone sees me? What if I can't unlock the handcuffs behind my back? But

then I run one hand down between my legs and almost cum when I slap my

pussy, scolding myself, "Do what you're told you dirty girl."

I'm on my knees, moaning and sucking on the pen in my mouth. I slide a

finger in and out of my greedy pussy. Fuck, I'm going to do it.

I reach around and tease the pen down to the pucker of my virgin ass. I

make myself to push it in. All the way in. In one slow painfully tight

shove. Ummmmmph. I'm lost in ecstasy now. I've got the key in my mouth as

I drop my head down and toss the cuffs behind my back and then I pause one

last time to savor the indecency. Oh God, please don't let him come over

early. I clench my ass around the pen... mmmph... and lock my wrists.

Click. I'm bound. I'm a slut on display.

Oh God yes. I almost cum when squeeze my thighs and turn my head and look

at the clock: 5:48. Such a dirty girl.

I clench my thighs over and over again and begin working myself into a

sweaty mess. I turn my head the other way and see myself in the closet

mirror. What a whore. I make myself watch. My face turns red. I squirm

again and again, uungh, uungh... uungh!

Head down, pants down, wrists bound, ass stuffed. It's so naughty! I keep

clenching on the pen and flexing my slippery thighs, uungh, uungh, so

dirty...mmmmm... I convulse into my first ever no-hands orgasm.

"Aaaahhh," I moan and the key slips from my mouth into a puddle of drool

on my bed. It's 5:55.

The scene before me in the mirror is shameful. Maybe I should get myself a

digital camera to capture my degradation?

Oh God, no, I couldn't!

Sarah's Games Ch. 02

by suggestiveness Â©

Hmm... what to wear... what to wear? It will have to be something sleazy

won't it? A mischievous smile crosses my face.

I'm fumbling through my underwear drawer and I pull out my white

thigh-high stockings. Sleazy, huh? White thigh-highs are always a good

start. Now for underwear. Or maybe no underwear? Hmm, could I? No

underwear? And let's see. A skirt. A thin skirt? A short skirt? An old

short pleated skirt? Blue plaid. Grin.

T-Shirt. No. A blue sweater maybe? I have a loose v-neck knit sweater I

like. What if I don't wear a shirt underneath it? Oh God that's so

revealing. You can almost see through it! The room is getting warmer now.

I slowly turn in front of the mirror. I tug at the bottom of the skirt

trying to make it cover the top bands of my stockings. It's really close.

Hmm, I walk to the window and back looking in the mirror. When the skirt

moves you can definitely tell I'm wearing stockings! I try to pull them up

a little more. It's getting really hot in here.

I face the mirror and look at my chest. You can see my pale chest through

the knitting but not my nipples. Not yet anyway. I give each one a hard

pinch and things become more disgraceful. The scratchy sweater heightens

my sense of awareness. I would never normally expose myself like this.

I spin around in my Keds and watch my skirt float up enough to catch a

glimpse of my bare ass! God I hope it's not windy. I bite my bottom lip

and reconsider my outfit. I'm sweating and my eyes start to water.

I toy with the hem of my skirt one last time and plunge out the door into

my car and race to the mall. To the middle of the mall. To the really nice

camera store in the middle of the crowded mall! I swallow hard and realize

that I can't feel my feet as I walk into the store. I'm certain everyone

is staring at me. I hope I don't bump into someone I know. I would die.

I stumble, winsome, into the store. "Can I help you with something?" Thank

God it's a woman about my age. Her plump figure is hidden behind her

designer suit. Her name tag says, "Melissa. Store Manager."

"Um yeah, thanks Melissa. I need to get a small digital camera, um,

something like this," I hand her the clammy newspaper clipping of a

specific model I want.

"Sure, we have a few of those left over here... blah blah... but you might

like... blah blah." I have a hard time concentrating on what she is saying

when we walk past a glass display cabinet and I catch the lacy tops of my

stockings under my skirt. I realize I look like a total slut. And then I

see that she is also looking at my reflection in the glass! Gush. She's

probably thinking the same thing â€“ what a slut!

I start to fumble with my questions and then I get more nervous and, um, I

start feeling and sounding like a silly schoolgirl. And then it gets

worse.

I have to ask her how to use the automatic timer. She smiles. Fuck, she

knows. I know she knows. Is she looking at my chest now? My nipples feel

itchy. I'm blushing.

My checks get really flushed and splotchy when I'm nervous or when I'm...

emotional... or when I'm... totally desperately turned on!

She suppresses the smile. I think she's trying not to laugh at me. I feel

like a naughty little girl caught in a lie.

She shows me how to set the timer and I try not to look too embarrassed

thinking about the naughty poses the camera might catch me in. I can't

wait to get home and... bend over and...

"Is there anything else you need?"

Oh fuck. I give an audible whimper. I can't look her in the eye. I glance

down and confess, "Um, yeah, um, do you sell, um, tripods?"

"Sure!" She grabs my hand a pulls me to the back of the store. I lurch

forward using my free hand to barely hold down the back of my skirt.

She bends down and fumbles around in the bottom shelves. "We had some on

sale..." she's on her knees reaching way back.

I know it's wrong but I can't stop myself from shuffling closer to where

she is kneeling. I pretend to reach up to investigate things above her,

above both of us, on the topmost shelves. Then I compel myself to be

really bad.

I spread my legs a little. I'm hovering right over her - terrified of

what's going to happen. I know. I'm going to get caught and I know it's

wrong but I have to make myself act as naughty as possible. I stand with

my feet unnaturally apart. It makes me so wet.

Finally after an eternity of rummaging she scoops out a pile of gear and

turns and slowly looks back up. Up my pleated skirt! I can feel her

looking up my legs past the tops of my thigh-high stockings. And I'm not

wearing any underwear! I've never done this before. I can't make myself

look, but I know she can see my dripping wet pussy. The store gets

incredibly hot and perfectly quiet. I hold my breath and I feel my nipples

getting hard under my scratchy sweater.

She doesn't do or say anything! Silence. My whole body is tingling. More

silence. Fuck she's probably still looking up my skirt. Why won't she say

something or shift around me? Oh God, I can't move. Finally when I feel my

pussy literally dripping down one of my legs I give up and step a bit to

one side and peek down at her. She looks me dead in the eyes and grins. I

am soooo embarrassed. The heat in the store converges between my legs. I

wobble.

At last she says, "Want me to give you a quick demo, for using the whole

setup, before you go?"

But her tone is more like, "Want me to give you a quick spanking, for

being such a naughty girl, before you go?"

My eyes are watering; I nod and try to swallow but my mouth is dry. "Uh

huh."

So right there, at the back of the store, Melissa arranges the tripod for

me. Her voice seems more commanding and I'm doing what I'm told. She makes

me attach the camera and I have to bend over to zoom and focus and then,

for practice, "click," I take her picture.

"Good, that's right. Make sure you can tell where the picture cuts off,

ok? Now, leave some space right here next to me." She has me fiddle with

more of the settings which kills me because I have to bend over to look

through the camera and I'm sure my little skirt is riding up my bare ass.

I can feel strangers looking at me but I'm too afraid to check.

I'm told to set the timer and come around and stand next to her. She puts

one arm around me. 10, 9, 8... every second seems like an eternity. The

little red light is blinking red, counting down, and her arm is sliding

down my back. Oh God. I feel her hand brush across my butt. Mmff I bite my

lip and shudder. Her hand travels down my ass to the hem of my skirt.

"Click."

"Go see if you got that and we'll do one or two more, ok?"

I shuffle to the camera and check everything and set it up again and then

return obediently back into place. I wait. I want her to touch me. To make

me feel dirty â€“ even dirtier than before. I'm a dripping eager mess now.

Blink, blink, ... and then... oh God... I feel her hand at the edge of my

skirt. I arch a tiny bit forward onto my toes and she drags her nails up

one of my legs, under my skirt, up towards my naked ass. I want her to

keep going. I'm blushing deep red now, mmmff, my eyes are squinting. I

don't even hear the camera click when her fingers come to rest between my

wet folds. So naughty. I can't believe I'm letting a total stranger feel

me up! In the back of a crowded store.

Back in front of the glass counter, I make myself pay with a personal

check (which I would never normally do) â€“ so I have to give her my address

and telephone number. I still can't look her in the eye. I feel so used

and humiliated. But in such a satisfied way.

I mumble, "Thanks for helping me. I'll, um, try to come back if I have any

questions, from now on."

But really I'm thinking, "Thanks for violating me. I'll, um, try to be a

good girl, from now on."

Gush. My legs are slippery. I can't wait to get home and look at the

pictures. Especially the one with my eyes closed, my mouth slightly open,

my feet apart, and Melissa looking at me knowingly â€“ with her hand up the

back of my skirt.

Mmmm... so naughty. I'll recreate the scene dozens of times in front of my

new camera...