**Self Bondage**

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**Self Bondage Pt. 03**

Rina's Master, friend, and lover, Dave, had a bit of a scientific mind. He understood how much she was thrilled by her self bondage exploits, and his keen mind came up with a concept. He looked at her with twinkling blue eyes and a mischievous smile on his lips as he asked, "How would you like to do some more self bondage, Rina? But this time in public. I have a challenge in mind for you."  
  
"In public?!?" She was sure her eyebrows rose so high on her forehead that they disappeared under the bangs of her dark brown hair. "Like chaining myself to a park bench, or a fence or something?" She wasn't rejecting the idea out of hand, but she was shuddering more from fear than from excitement.  
  
"Nothing like that. Listen to my idea." He went on to describe it, and the more he laid it out, the more moist her panties got.  
  
"And you'll be with me?" she asked.  
  
"Yes. Unobtrusively, of course. Sneaking pictures of you from a distance. It will seem like you're on your own, and I can't get too close, or be too obvious about the pictures, because it'd draw attention to you. But I'd be near at hand if you got into trouble."  
  
"Let me think about it, please." And she did think about it, for about a week. The planning of a self bondage session was always fun and exciting. It was delicious. He'd given her the gist, but her fertile mind was filling in details. And when Master Dave fucked her during that week, which was at least once a day, she imagined performing this challenge, and her orgasms were little less than mind blowing. It elevated her libido in a big way. For instance, one morning, as they woke up, she noticed the bed covers poking up over his groin, so she slid down under them to greet his morning stiffie with her mouth.  
  
As she started sucking him, the image of his challenge floated into her mind. Before she knew what she was doing, she'd swallowed the entire length of his dick, and was sucking so hard that he didn't last more than two minutes! That thick cream of his jetted out of his cock, zipping its way down into her tummy. The poor man had to gently pull her head away from his groin, or she might still be vacuuming his balls dry!  
  
"That was fantastic, slut!" he gasped, when he finally caught his breath. "I loved it, but what brought that on?"  
  
"I was thinking about your challenge, Master," she replied, blushing. "The thought of doing it turns me on, I think."  
  
"You think? I'm not sure you've ever sucked me like that before, my dear slut. Let me see if you're wet."  
  
"Yes, Sir," Rina replied, lifting her nightgown and straddling his chest. Her glistening pussy lips were clear evidence of her arousal. "I'm very wet, Sir, as you can see." She spread her labia apart, giving him a clear view of her intimate area.  
  
He frowned. "There's only one thing wrong, slut," he intoned.  
  
She looked worried. "Oh dear! What's that, Master?"  
  
"Your pussy is too far from my lips, girl!" he growled half convincingly.  
  
Rina fixed that problem in a jiffy, scooting upward until her pussy lips kissed his facial ones. Dave proceeded to eat her out so avidly that Rina had to clutch the headboard of the bed not to shake herself loose from his lips as she came. He drank what she offered, and continued drilling her quivering pussy with his tongue until she cried out, "Oh fuck, Sir! You're making me cum again!" At least that's what Dave thought she said, because her voice had combined a high pitch with a hoarse rasp that made it hard to understand. But the cunt juices flooding his mouth spoke volumes.  
  
While Rina was still vibrating in ecstasy, Dave slid out from under her, grabbed her ankles, and pulled her legs toward the foot of the bed. Rina let go of the headboard, and found herself stretched out, face down, on the bed. Her nightgown had ridden up to her armpits by its contact with the top of the bed as she slid. In moments, Dave was on top of her, shoving his now fully recovered, rampant erection into her wet, oozing pussy tunnel. She giggled happily as he skewered her, and began humping her magnificently.  
  
Rina loved being taken like this - pinned under him, helpless, with his pelvis smacking her ass cheeks with each hard thrust. His thighs were outside hers, shoving them firmly together. The friction this caused in her love tunnel thrilled them both! It was a race to see who could cum first. Rina won, but only by about 20 seconds. She was still shrieking her release as he held himself firmly against her, and unloaded his warm semen. They stayed joined until his dick went limp and slipped out.  
  
Over breakfast, Dave said, "I think your body is telling you that you really want to try this challenge."  
  
She grinned at him. "Am I that obvious, Sir?" She laughed. "Okay, okay. I'll do it!" She kissed him. "How about this Saturday, if the weather's nice?"  
  
"Sounds great. I'll make sure the bottle is ready for you, darling slut." He smacked her ass playfully. "I think you'll have a blast doing it, if I know you."  
  
Saturday morning arrived. Rina took a nice cleansing shower, dried her hair, and pulled it into a ponytail to keep it out of the way. She applied a modest amount of makeup. As she'd decided, she put on no bra or panties, dressing only in a thin white T-shirt, and a modest skirt that fell to halfway down her thighs. The skirt had a belt, threaded through belt loops, and a right hand pocket for her cell phone. Thoughtfully, Dave brought the ends of the belt to Rina's back, and fastened it back there, instead of below her navel. Rina took her trusty steel handcuffs, and passed one wrist piece between her skirt waistband and the belt. The open cuffs ended up dangling from her belt by their connecting chain. Finally, she stepped into high heels, and tied a sweater around her narrow waist, allowing its material to drape down and conceal her cuffs.  
  
Out in their kitchen, Dave pulled a thin plastic bottle out of the freezer. Previously, he'd loaded it with a small amount of water, but mostly with sweet almond oil. The bottle had a cap with a tiny hole in its center. When used as a normal oil bottle, inverting it would only let one drop of oil emerge at a time, since the drop created a tiny vacuum inside the bottle, and another drop could only emerge after the slow entry of a tiny air bubble to counterbalance the vacuum. Dave had tested it many times.  
  
His research had shown that, unlike the water, the almond oil would never freeze. So, he'd taped over the tiny hole, and inverted the bottle for freezing. The oil floated up and the water froze down at the bottom, in the bottle's neck, just inside its cap. Dave removed the tape, and the ice plug prevented any leakage, as he'd found with another experiment. The inverted bottle dangled from a looped cord, and, as Rina approached him, he placed the cord around her neck, tucking the bottle under the top of her T-shirt.  
  
Rina's eyes dilated a little when she felt the cold bottle nestle near her throat, but the day was a warm one, and it quickly felt refreshing. She was ready. They placed the handcuff key conspicuously on their kitchen table, locked up the house and headed for the bus stop, timing it just before the bus to town arrived.  
  
Climbing aboard, Rina and Dave presented the scanner next to the driver with their cell phones, upon which was the app to pay the bus fare. A couple of scanner beeps recorded the payments, and they found their seats. The ride into town took about 10 to 15 minutes, and not very long into the trip, Rina felt the first telltale trickle of a bead of water from the bottle. The ice plug was beginning to melt.  
  
As they'd agreed, when she felt that, she placed her wrists out of sight beneath the sweater, and closed the handcuffs on them. As she heard and felt them ratcheting closed, a shiver of excitement rippled through her body and the hairs on her arms stood on end. Her heart started beating faster. This was why she loved self bondage - this rush. Since neither of them carried a key to the handcuffs, she was now committed to this adventure. There was no turning back. She'd be restrained until she got back home.  
  
The only help that Dave gave was to use a paperclip to depress the double-locking studs on the cuffs. No one was near them on the bus, so he took a quick picture of her sitting there, grinning, with the cuffs on her wrists before helping her hide them again. This loss of control always thrilled her, and this showed on her face. She felt flutters in her belly, like butterflies dancing in there.  
  
By the time the bus let them out near the station, there was a damp patch of water in the valley between Rina's tits. More of the ice had melted. As they'd planned, Dave moved as though he didn't know her. Sometimes he got well ahead of her, and sometimes he fell far behind her. When he could, he took pictures, documenting the spreading patch of wetness down the center of her shirt. Since she walked with her hands and wrists concealed, a few people did look at her curiously.  
  
Self bondage, with its imposed loss of control, freed Rina's mind to focus and concentrate. She had a goal, and a timetable. She had to walk to a bus stop in another section of town, where she could catch a bus to take her home. The buses only ran once an hour on that route, so she mustn't be late. But she couldn't hurry too fast, because if she tripped, she'd be unable to use her hands to block her body from hitting the ground - she had to move carefully. Some of the pavement was uneven, which made it even more difficult to walk in those heels. From time to time, she leaned forward a little, letting her 38D breasts lift the material of the T-shirt off her skin, hoping to have the water evaporate more easily. It looked a little like she was sweating after a hard session of jogging.  
  
She found that making her tits sway like that was very erotic, and the material tugged across her nipples, stiffening them. Passersby could easily see the little mounds poking forward through the thin material. As people stared, and might even nudge one another to alert a friend to have a look, Rina blushed, and the hot blood suffused her cheeks and neck. Unfortunately, the added heat in that area warmed the bottle even more, and the ice melted faster. The rivulet of water, which had gone straight down her torso, between her tits and over her navel, was threatening to wet the front of her skirt! Rina didn't want people to think she'd pissed herself, so she pressed the material above her belt more tightly against her lower belly, trying to dam the flow. Her nervousness made her heat up even more, and she was adding sweat to the wetness from the bottle, mostly in her armpits. Dave was getting some good pictures of her discomfort.  
  
When Rina was several blocks from the bus stop she was seeking, something changed. She didn't know it at first, but the water from the ice was completely gone, and the first drops of the oil were escaping from the bottle. With its higher viscosity, the oil acted differently from the water, when it touched the fibers of her shirt. With a wicking action, it found its way along the threads, spreading in all directions, slowly. That means it went horizontally, in addition to vertically. She felt the wetness moving from the center of her chest, climbing the inner slopes of her tits. Not only that - the oil was much more efficient at rendering the fabric transparent, and making it cling to her skin!  
  
As she looked down, she saw the pinkness of the curve of her breast appearing! She tried walking a little faster, but was still afraid about the possibility of tripping. The change in appearance of her shirt was drawing more attention from the passersby. Dave, who was behind Rina, saw the people coming toward him looking more sharply at her, and displaying expressions of surprise now. Ignoring her, he walked quickly by, and got far enough ahead to turn back for a look. The edges of her areolae were just starting to be revealed by the oil!  
  
Rina glanced down, shocked that most of her nipples were showing now. At moments like this, it wasn't unusual for her to almost curse at herself, "You fool! What have you gotten yourself into this time? You don't want to walk through town with your tits exposed! Why did you do this to yourself?" But she could do nothing to prevent it - she was being forced to do it - by herself! She realized that in planning a self bondage session, she was taking the part of her own Mistress. And when executing it, her role changed to that of the submissive, deriving pleasure from being obedient and pleasing her Mistress. She felt mortified and humiliated, but with her wrists cuffed, there was nothing she could do about what was happening. And that very helplessness - being forced to be on display before all these strangers was such a turn on that her heart raced, her tummy fluttered, and her cunt muscles started churning, pushing out the juices formed by her erotic lubrication.  
  
Dave stayed ahead of Rina, snapping pictures now and then, until one of her tits was showing her full areola and nipple, and the other was half revealed. It was obvious even from his distance that Rina was turned on by this ordeal. Her nipples poked forward as hard little mounds, and her tits were heaving as she panted, trying to maintain the aeration of her blood to match her racing pulse. He stepped aside, pretending interest in a shop window, and let her pass. He wanted to record the reactions of people now as they noticed all of her tits on display through her shirt. He knew that being hyperalert, those same people might notice him taking pictures, so he dropped farther and farther back, using the excellent zoom powers of his camera.  
  
The people walking toward Rina were now displaying mainly shock, followed by nudging a friend and whispering. If they weren't registering disgust at her public display, the women often smiled and the men often leered. But they left her alone, sometimes turning to look back at her as they continued on their way. She was torn between the embarrassment of being trapped like this, and the excitement of being so lewd in public. She was certain that if someone happened to rub a hand across her pussy when she was in this state, she'd cum instantly!  
  
Her walk almost over, Rina focused on the bus stop, rather than the people, and saw the bus coming around the corner, and stopping to take on passengers. Her heart went into her throat. If she missed this bus, she'd have to wait an hour for the next one! She began hurrying, heart racing and breathing ragged. Her tits were wobbling all over the place with her rapid progress, and the T-shirt material clung to them almost like a clear, glistening plastic wrap. She reached the bus doors just as the driver was about to close them and cried out, "Wait! Please!"  
  
He did wait, letting her stumble aboard, closed the door, and started driving. That's when Rina realized her cell phone was in the side pocket of her skirt, and her cuffed hands couldn't reach it! How was she going to pay? Thinking fast, she grabbed her skirt and twisted it on her hips, bringing the pocket within reach. She pried the phone out of her pocket, and activated it to the payment app. Meanwhile, the bus driver had stopped at a light, and swiveled his head to see why the scanner hadn't beeped, signaling her payment. His jaw dropped as he stared at her two breasts, now fully revealed in their glistening sheen of oil.  
  
Rina angled her body to bring the phone to the scanner, heard the beep, and hustled back to claim a seat. She took the one right behind the rear bus exit, and sat, panting with relief at accomplishing this huge milestone. "I made it!" she thought. "And I'm heading home, finally." Her relief was short-lived, though because... Dave hadn't made it to her bus! He'd been too far behind, taking pictures, when she'd bolted to climb aboard it. Now he'd have to wait another hour for the next one. She truly was completely on her own now - handcuffed, oil still spreading across and down her front, rendering her virtually topless. She whimpered softly, but also squeezed and rubbed her thighs together, teasing her clit.  
  
One young man had noticed her as she walked down the bus aisle, and he was pointing her out to his friends. They were all laughing and making comments to one another that she couldn't hear, but her ears turned red with shame. The trouble was, that shame was being transformed into even more arousal, and she was startled at how strong the smell of her cunt juices had become as her lubrication increased.  
  
It didn't help her situation any as she remembered how, when she was cuffed over the railing in the meadow, she'd begged Dave to let his friends Lou and Cliff fuck her like that. She imagined what it would be like if those young men on this bus came back to where she was and bent her over a seat back. They might flip up her skirt and find she wasn't even wearing panties. Helpless as she was, she'd not be able to stop them from each fucking her, using her as a fucktoy, and dumping their loads into her cunt or ass.  
  
Subconsciously, since her hands were in her lap under the sweater, she started pressing her fingers through her skirt, rubbing her intimate valley. The bus route back toward her home took a lot longer, since it traveled along a completely different path. She had time to work herself into a minor sexual frenzy, but didn't dare bring herself to orgasm - afraid she'd be so vocal that she'd be made to leave the bus. She just simmered and stewed.  
  
As people got off at their stops, they walked right up to her, before descending the rear steps to depart. Some inhaled, wondering what the strange scent was in the air there. Rina was ogled. She was berated. She was called many different derogatory names, mostly by old people, who found her display obscene. As they departed the bus, some muttered words that she was shameless and told her to cover herself. But she couldn't, of course. Ultimately, she moved far to the rear of the bus. As she changed seats, she couldn't help but notice that she'd left a wet spot on the seat!  
  
The raucous young men got off at the next stop, but not before making loud, rude comments about her tit display. The oil had now covered her entire front, and she was pressing her hands against it above her waistband, trying to prevent it from soiling her skirt, as well. For the remainder of the ride, enough people shot penetrating looks at her that her mind was whirling with embarrassment, blended with arousal at being bound as she was. She was positive that the back of her skirt must be soaked with her cunt juices.  
  
As her bus stop approached, she had to press the signal for the driver with her shoulder. When she got up from her seat, scooting into the aisle, the movement fanned the fluids on the back of her skirt. She departed the bus, leaving behind the aroma of aroused female in a cloud that wafted into lots of nostrils. Some people were confused at what they were scenting, but most of them were appreciative, especially when they clearly saw her perky nipples bobbing and weaving under the transparency of her T-shirt as she started walking away on the sidewalk.  
  
Rina hurried home as quickly as she dared. Her eyes were darting all over the place, praying she wouldn't encounter any of her neighbors. Not only would they see her virtually topless - suppose one of them offer his hand for a handshake, or something. What could she do? Her hands were cuffed to her belt, and Dave wouldn't be with her for another hour or so.  
  
She didn't see anyone she knew. But lots of strangers stared at her curiously. She almost sagged with relief when she reached her house. Keeping her balance, she climbed up the steps to the side door. She and Dave had a special place of concealment for a spare house key there. Unfortunately, since her hands were smeared with the oil, the key slipped from her fingers, bounced once, and fell off the side of the steps into the bushes!

Almost weeping with frustration, Rina climbed down the steps again and tried forcing her way into the bushes, seeking the house key. There was a leafy ground cover all around the base of the bushes, too. Unable to use her hands, Rina tried pressing the leaves apart with her shoes, often scratching her legs against the rough stems of the bushes in the process. The task was onerous, covering little areas at a time, trying to peer inside and under the bushes, along with working through the thick carpet of plants. Rina's shirt was clinging to her chest like it was glued there, and it was disconcerting to her to try and look past her oddly visible tits to see what her feet were uncovering.  
  
After more than ten minutes of tense searching, she caught a glimmer of the key. True to her current streak of bad luck, she saw that it was lodged in a difficult place to reach. Well, it wouldn't have been difficult, if she could've freed the handcuff chain from the belt, but since Dave had fastened it behind her back, and the buckle wouldn't fit through the skirt loops, undoing the belt was out of the question. She got onto her knees and tried bending and leaning forward. Her oily fingertips fluttered ineffectually in the air over the key - just out of reach.  
  
Rina spent what must've been the next half hour carefully going from her knees onto her side, and contorting her body, trying to thread it between the tight spaces between the bushes to reach the key. Most of the time she couldn't see her hands at all, and was reaching blindly. She squirmed and scrunched, getting even more scratches on her arms and legs. Sometime in all these attempts, her sweater pulled off, so she no longer had the protection offered by its thicker material. Her skirt bunched up higher and higher as she wriggled. The good news was that the skirt was now helping to protect her waist. The bad news was that she was bare from the waist down, rubbing her ass, thighs, and legs on the ground. Worse, the ground cover plants had helped keep a lot of moisture trapped under them, so her actions were churning up mud, and smearing it on herself.  
  
She was a filthy mess by the time her fingers finally got a firm hold on the house key. Rina breathed a prayer of thanks and a sigh of relief as she carefully started squirming her way backwards, out of the bushes. During this process, at least one leaf and a glob of mud got lodged into her pussy, adding to her feeling of mortification. She was fortunate that it wasn't until much later that her busy mind conjured up the possibility that such maneuvers could've shoved an earthworm up inside her, as well!  
  
Reaching the steps, she sat down to catch her breath, not wanting to risk dropping the key again if her body quaked with fatigue. After some passage of time, she felt rested enough to struggle to her feet, and climb the steps again. This time she worked the key into the door lock, and was gratified to hear its cheerful unlocking sound. She had her hand on the doorknob, and her forehead resting against the door, feeling the relief of her ordeal being almost over, when a voice called out from behind her.  
  
"Rina! Are you OK?" Dave yelled, a little breathless from running. "I had to get the next bus, and I ran all the way here from the bus station and..." He fell silent, as Rina turned to face him, a disheveled mess. "Oh my god! What happened?" he cried out. Heedless of her oiliness and filth, he embraced her as she blurted out the details of her problem fetching the key.  
  
Now that Dave was here, holding her, she was in no hurry to rush into the house. She just wanted him to stay close, and listen. As she finished about the house key, she backtracked to talk about the bus ride home. Sharing the story with him calmed her, and she started feeling giddy as her tension evaporated. "OK, Sir," she giggled, "you missed documenting my ride home, but at least you can take pictures of the end result of this challenge."  
  
"An excellent observation, slut," he stated, grinning, glad she was recovering her composure. She posed for him, displaying the fact that the oil had done such a job that she looked more naked that she would have had she been wearing no shirt at all. He also got closeups of her scratched arms, legs and thighs, along with their filthy patches of mud. Her skirt was still bunched up around her waist, so they left it like that, and he took closeups of her ass and cunt, both of which were also matted with mud. He even pried open her labia, and got a beautiful picture of the leaf that had insinuated itself inside her, along with a small patch of mud.  
  
Going inside, he allowed Rina the sense of fulfillment of performing the act of removing her handcuffs by herself. But then he led her into the bathroom, and adjusted the water temperature in their shower. They decided that her T-shirt was a total loss, and threw it away. Her skirt would be taken to the cleaners, to see if it was salvageable. Dave insisted that she let him pamper her now, lathering her up several times to remove all the oil from her torso. He cleansed the scratches on her arms and legs, both of them grateful that they were superficial. He carefully, thoroughly cleaned between her ass cheeks, and inspected her ass hole digitally with soapy fingers to be certain it was clean inside, too.  
  
Finally, he had Rina sit on the rear edge of the tub, holding her labia open with her fingers. Using the shower wand, he gently sluiced out all the soil that'd tried to enter her love tunnel. Once it was thoroughly flushed clean, purely as a precaution, he inserted a speculum and examined her depths with a powerful flashlight. "Can't be too cautious, you know," he said to her, smiling and winking. She shook her head, smiling and giggling.  
  
However, after the speculum was removed, Rina whispered in a husky voice, "Maybe you could sluice the outside of my pussy with the shower wand again, Sir? Just as a precaution, you know."  
  
He saw the twinkle in her eye. He adjusted the spray, and applied it at just the right angle to her labia and clit. Rina braced herself on the tub edge, thighs wide open, as the cascading spray made her clit vibrate in an amazing fashion. Replaying that lewd walk through town, and all the things that happened on the bus ride home, a wave of eroticism washed over Rina. She gripped the tub edge firmly as the first orgasm rippled through her. Dave knelt close between her knees, and before her first orgasm had fully quieted, gave her a second, more intense climax with his mouth and fingers. Rina shuddered as she rode those waves of pleasure, feeding her lover and Master with her fresh nectar.  
  
When he came up for air, Rina kissed him and murmured, "I wonder what other crazy challenges your kinky mind can dream up, Master." She was clearly ready to listen, and embellish them.

**Self Bondage Pt. 04**

Her boyfriend, lover, and budding Master, Dave, had an ingenious, kinky mind – almost as ingenious and kinky as her own. That made them a good match. Rina was glad they'd met that fateful day when she was performing an act of self bondage in the meadow, cuffing herself while bent over a railing. She could tell he was kind and solicitous, and cute, the moment they'd met. She'd found someone whose mannerisms fit nicely with her needs. Of course, the fact that he's amazing in bed didn't hurt, either.  
  
Anyway, one day, just before he left for work, he said, “Rina, I may have a challenge for you, but I don't know if it's even possible.”  
  
That piqued her interest. “Tell me about it, please.”  
  
“Well, I'd like for you to do some self bondage in which neither your hands nor your ankles are restrained. In fact, with your arms and legs completely free.” He paused, rubbing his chin. “It's just a notion, and as I said, I'm not sure it's something that can be done.”  
  
She could feel her mind whirling into action. Nothing immediately sprang to mind, which made it even more intriguing. Rina loved puzzling over things, and she felt her body signal its excitement at a new problem to ponder. She gave him a kiss, which started out sweet, and escalated into passion as her arousal blossomed.  
  
Dave's eyes flew wide open as her passion flowed into him, and his body reacted in kind. As Rina's hips came forward, the warmth of her sex was obvious, even though they were both fully clothed. Also, the rapid hardening of his cock was equally obvious. “Damn, you're one sexy woman,” he groaned. “I wish we had time to jump into bed right now, so I could ravish your delicious body.”  
  
She glanced at the clock, noting the time and estimating possibilities. Dropping to her knees, she let her lustful feelings color the tone of her voice. “We may not have time for that. I agree.” Opening his pants and working his almost fully engorged cock out, she added, “But if I do my job right, Sir, you have time for this.” Her warm, wet mouth slipped over the top two-thirds of his cock and she started sucking hard. As her cheeks bowed inward with that suction, she started bobbing her head forward and back, while her tongue got busy.  
  
Dave groaned loudly, unable to stop himself, as he felt Rina start her frenzied blowjob. The motions of her head made it feel like she was pumping him off with her lips. Her tongue was exploring the sensitive slit in the head of his cock, whenever it could. The rest of the time it was fluttering and stroking the ultra-sensitive tissues on its underside, where the head joined the shaft. He used one hand to brace himself on the table next to his hip. He placed the other one behind his back as he arched his body slightly, presenting his cock more fully to her ministrations.  
  
Rina was pleased to taste his precum begin to flow almost immediately. Dave's taste and scent were an aphrodisiac to her senses. As were his sounds, textures, and enthusiasm about all things sexual. She loved being on her knees, servicing him like this. And, since he had to leave for work very soon, she was able to pull out all the stops, and not hold back one bit. She pumped her lips forward and back with an even faster rhythm, creating the feeling for both of them that he was furiously fucking her mouth, even though he was holding perfectly still.  
  
Rina felt her pussy dampening her panties as Dave's fluids flowed into her stomach. But she wanted his cum, and she wanted it fast. Her need for it made her moan forcefully with that desire. The moan was muffled, since her mouth was full of his throbbing erection, but Dave certainly got the message. Her moan even vibrated the head of his cock, buzzing its excitable tissues against the roof of her mouth. The sensation rippled from his dick to his ball sack, and then from his ball sack back up to the tip of his cock. Actually, what rippled upward was the series of muscle contractions that accompanied his ejaculation! Semen shot from his cock in several powerful surges – so powerful that Dave shut his eyes and braced harder on the table top to keep himself upright.  
  
Since Dave's eyes were shut, he missed the look of triumph on Rina's face as she gratefully began swallowing the gushes of his seed. She drank his exquisite gift – the cream of his essence – avidly, sucking and bobbing, seeking it all. He gave her a generous amount. As his cock finally softened, she moved her head even more toward him, closing her lips at the very base of his shaft, happy to be able to orally serve all of his dick for this moment. Slowly drawing her head backward, lips compressed, she stripped the last dribbles of his semen up the shaft and into her receptive mouth. Her job complete, she carefully tucked his penis away and adjusted his pants again.  
  
Eyes shining, Rina stood up as she emptied her mouth of the last vestiges of his cum, and stepped into his embrace. They kissed tenderly now, both of them vibrating with joy.  
  
After their kiss finally ended, Dave whispered, “I feel I owe you a fantastic session of cunnilingus, once I get home tonight.”  
  
She giggled. “I'll be sure I remind you then, Sir.” They both laughed.  
  
Dave gave her a loving pat on her ass, and headed out the door, whistling.  
  
As the day progressed, Rina let her mind percolate on Dave's latest challenge. Nothing had immediately come to mind, but she didn't try to force a solution. Sometimes consciously diverting her mind from a problem freed her subconscious to work without restrictions. Besides, Dave had promised to go down on her, and the very thought of what he could do was making her toes tingle with anticipation.  
  
He didn't disappoint her. He'd phoned near lunch time, informing her, “We're going out to dinner, so don't bother cooking anything, love.”  
  
“Ooo, that sounds nice,” she cooed. “What should I wear?”  
  
She could hear the lust in his voice as he responded, “When I arrive home, I'd like you to be wearing only a huge smile. I remembered what I promised this morning. After that, you can decide what to wear out to dinner.” Her heart accelerated, and she glanced at the time.  
  
The rest of the afternoon passed for her as slowly as if she were a kid on the first of December, waiting for Christmas to come. Time dragged. She decided to do an ultra slow strip tease. She put on some music at 1 in the afternoon. Dancing to it, she slowly undid her skirt, and danced her way free from it. She stayed like that, doing some dusting until the next hour.  
  
At 2 pm, she danced again, this time removing her blouse. She did this very slowly, opening one button every 5 minutes. When she finally let the blouse slip off her shoulders, her skin showed a sheen of sweat from all those dancing movements. Clad now in her bra and panties, she did the dishes.  
  
When it was 3 in the afternoon, this dancing session resulted in her discarding her bra. Wearing only her panties and shoes, she spent some time scrubbing out the tub. Her bare breasts rubbed the cool enamel once in a while as she did this, and she thought she'd have to clean the bathroom dressed like this more often.  
  
Her strip tease at 4 took quite some time, since she was removing her panties during this dance. A person might wonder why this would take so long, but if they saw how many times she lowered them maybe an inch or so, only to draw them back up again, over and over, they might understand. Also Rina found it fun to pull them even higher than normal, so that the material of the crotch was pulled up into her sexual furrow, causing it to wrap and rub her clit in a delicious manner. By the time Rina slipped them all the way to her ankles, and stepped free, the panties were quite wet with her excitement. She decided to spend some time straightening the items in the bathroom's medicine cabinet, so that the juices dripping from her pussy would fall harmlessly on its tile floor.  
  
Her strip tease dance at 5 was the shortest of them all. She only had to dance out of her shoes, which took her about 5 minutes total. But that was OK, since she then spent some time showering the sweat off her body, and drying her hair, in preparation for Dave's arrival.  
  
When he did walk in the door, a little before 6 pm, Rina was wearing only a smile, as he'd commanded, causing his eyes to light up with appreciation. She was fully nude, but she was holding her handcuffs in her hand. With a shy tone of voice, she asked, “Can I be cuffed to the headboard of the bed while you do this, Sir?”  
  
“A marvelous idea, Rina,” he answered. “Go get on the bed, on your back, with your hands holding the bars of the headboard.” She scooted eagerly into the bedroom, happy to do his bidding. He secured her wrists with the cuffs, whose linking chain went around a bar on the headboard. Drinking in the sight of his gorgeous naked girlfriend, he knelt between her spread apart legs, holding her thighs down with his hands as he brought his face to her crotch.  
  
He started out by teasing her with long licks of his tongue in the seams where her thighs joined her torso. Her tantalizing musky arousal scent grew stronger the more he licked. Nuzzling her soft pubic hairs with his cheeks, he proceeded to kiss her mound until she squirmed, making the handcuff chains jingle. “Please. Please, please, please,” she begged in a whisper.  
  
Lying down flat between her legs, Dave began eating her pussy with gusto. His tongue lapped her pussy lips apart, giving him full access to her sex. He sucked each of those pussy lips as deeply into his mouth as possible, tasting her juices. Driving his tongue fully into the depths of her cunt, his nose pressed against her clit as his tongue tip curled and uncurled, rubbing her sensitive tissues and stroking her arousal. As he withdrew his tongue to let its tip flick back and forth across her clit passionately, Rina groaned happily. But when his fingers plunged inside her and started finger-fucking her, at the same time that his lips sucked her clit into his mouth, she gasped loudly. He kept sucking and licking her clit as his fingers stroked her extra-erogenous inner tissues.  
  
When his tongue started tapping the trapped head of her clit, she shrieked with pleasure and arched her back. As her cunt got more and more juicy, Dave re-positioned himself, pulling her legs up, and bending them toward her shoulders. This let her cunt juices well up, allowing him to drink them as his cunnilingus continued. “Warn me when you're about to cum,” he growled.  
  
Rina was squirming and shrieking happily as he dined on her cunt for minute after minute. Then she felt her internal signal – that expanding ball of energy filling her core. “I'm going to cum... oh my god... I'm going to cum!” she shouted.  
  
Dave covered her vaginal opening with his lips as his finger gently stroked her clit. Those touches were almost as if he was using a pump handle, pumping up the cum from her depths! Surge after surge gushed up into his mouth, propelled by her muscular contractions. Finally, Rina gave a long sigh, and her body relaxed. Her orgasm had run its amazing course, and she was fully sated. Dave gave her body, cheeks and lips tender kisses as he unfastened the handcuffs.  
  
“Thank you, Sir,” she murmured happily. “That was fantastically amazing.” Luckily, she'd already laid out the clothes she'd planned to wear out to their dinner. Since she felt so good, making decisions at that moment would've been too much of a bother. The restaurant wasn't far away, and Dave took charge in taking her there, letting her stay relaxed.  
  
Over dinner, they spoke of this and that, and Rina's body quivered from time to time, echoes of her recent mind-blowing orgasm. She did have the appearance of a freshly fucked woman, and several of the other patrons looked her way and smiled. As she and Dave ate, a glimmer of an idea formed in her mind about his challenge. She didn't look too hard at it, lest she scare it away. But an idea was forming.  
  
The next couple of weeks, Rina had the enjoyment of planning and refining her idea. She thought about the risks. She thought about the things that could go wrong. The possible humiliation involved. Some people might think the possible humiliation would go into the 'risks' category. They'd be wrong. Rina thrived on such humiliation. It was part of her reason for doing these things – humiliation was one of the things she craved and needed in her life.  
  
As her mind toyed with the possibility of embarrassment during this challenge, Rina reminisced about a recent occurrence. Dave invited his friends, Cliff and Lou, over to their house from time to time. At first, they didn't catch on that Rina was the woman they'd fucked in the meadow. The penny didn't drop the first few times, even though Dave might have Rina standing in a corner, wearing cuffs and shackles. Or he might have her dress extra slutty, serving them food and drinks. But, during one such visit, on a whim, he decided that she should remain naked the entire time his buddies were there.  
  
The first time the now naked Rina faced away from Cliff, and bent over to place a bowl of chips on the coffee table, Cliff almost choked on his drink. “I know that ass, man!” he exclaimed. “That's the ass that swallowed the whole length of my meat! Very few chicks have ever done that! The shape of that lovely ass is burned into my memory!”  
  
Lou looked poleaxed. “Her?” he gasped out. “She's the one from the meadow that day?”  
  
Dave grinned and nodded. Rina was facing them all now, and her cheeks were scarlet, and there was so much blood flooding her head and neck that her forehead broke out in a sweat. She couldn't make eye contact with anyone, but in her core she was thrilled to be so embarrassed. Goosebumps rose up on her arms and legs as they stared at her nude form. Just when she thought she couldn't feel any more humiliated, Dave said, “Crawl around the room, pet. Let them see you from all angles.”  
  
As she sank onto her hands and knees, the delicious humiliation, transforming into pleasure, almost made her climax the moment her tits dangled under her torso. She crawled around slowly, changing directions, giving them an eyeful.  
  
“Man, she's amazing... magnificent,” Cliff stated, his eyes bulging.  
  
Dave was feeling really generous that day, so he decided to have her service them sexually – after all, they'd already enjoyed her pussy and ass, that day in the meadow. Having her suck them off was trivial, compared to that. He knew Rina. Neither he nor she would feel badly about her bringing a little relief to their aching ball sacks. The air was pungent with Rina's juices... and eventually her cum... as she humbly knelt between each man's legs and mouthed their cocks.  
  
Lou's cock was easy for her. She managed to get the full length of his shaft into her mouth. She hollowed her cheeks, sucking on him as her hands went to work, stimulating his balls. His precum started flowing almost instantly, and increased in volume as his balls rose, pressing against his crotch. Since they were up out of the way, her finger slipped around his lower curve and touched his puckered hole. As she pushed there, it was like pressing his 'cum' button. He groaned and shook, spurting a nice mouthful of semen.  
  
Next, it was Cliff's turn. His big black cock was visually intimidating. Rina couldn't believe she'd had that monster in her ass, but after the friends had left, Dave assured her that all of it had gone up inside her when she'd been cuffed over that railing. Today, she had to go all the way up onto both knees just to get high enough to get its head into her mouth. And the head was all she could manage, stretching her lips as much as she could. But Cliff didn't seem to mind, because Rina took his cock's shaft in both her hands, one near its base, and the other halfway up, and pumped and pumped, vigorously. Feeling her enthusiasm, Cliff let go of any attempt at control, and came. He shot out so much spunk that Rina choked a little, and some of it leaked out of her nose. But she was grinning happily as she cleaned up that mess.  
  
The two guys watched as Rina performed fellatio on Dave. She got a starry-eyed look on her face as she worshiped his dick. She also licked his balls and tongued his ass before deepthroating him to his climax. Lou and Cliff muttered to one another what a lucky son of a bitch Dave was, having such a lovely, eager slut.  
  
After remembering that day's wonderful humbling act of triple fellatio, Rina snapped out of her reverie. She fully admitted to herself that humiliation, just its possibility, always added zest to her self bondage activities. After several weeks of planning, she took her proposal to Dave. Giving him the broad outline of her plan – omitting one critical detail which she wanted to keep as a surprise – she explained, “But this time you can't be following me, taking pictures or anything. It's important that I do this alone. I need good weather for it, and probably near midday, so you'd be at work, anyway.”  
  
Dave thought it over, digesting what she'd planned. Finally he said, “Sounds good to me. It doesn't sound like you can get into too much trouble. I'm not quite sure why you think this will fulfill the challenge, but go ahead and have fun. But I want a full, detailed report about all that happens.”  
  
“Of course, dear,” she responded, kissing him. “It will help me re-experience it all when I give you that report.”  
  
Sure enough, the day came when all was perfect. Rina felt very rested, and the weather was warm and sunny. She started getting ready. She took three sets of bicycle locks – the type that had cables with keyed locks, and put them in a backpack, leaving their keys at home. To the backpack, she added a very very short, pleated skirt, and a half camisole top with a dangerously plunging neckline. The thin material of the half cami was practically translucent, and whenever she wore it, the top of her areolae threatened to peek out along its decolletage. That was all she needed in the backpack.  
  
Standing naked in front of her mirror, she decided to wear a stretchy sports bra up on top, and a thong down below. She pulled a nice T-shirt on, and wore some fashionable slacks. Next, she stepped into some pumps with a low, sturdy heel. She was almost ready.  
  
Her hair was fairly long, striking low on her shoulder blades if it was back, and able to cover most of her breasts if it fell forward. For this challenge, she wanted to remove all temptation to use her hair as a curtain, so she braided each side into tight pigtails, securing them each with a hair scrunchy. Watching herself in her vanity mirror, she carefully applied dabs of superglue to the scrunchies and the strands they held. She wasn't too worried about this, since from prior experience, she knew she could safely remove the glue with nail polish remover, once the challenge was over.  
  
She set out on her self bondage expedition. Since she and Dave now lived in a house well out in the countryside, she hiked down her long driveway and traveled the distance to the nearest bus stop. With her small backpack, she could've been a student, on her way to classes. It was far enough to the bus stop that her leg muscles warmed up nicely, and she was grateful to plop down onto a bus seat for the ride to one of the city's bus stations. Normally, on this ride, which took almost an hour, she'd have dozed a little in her seat. But during this ride she couldn't indulge in such a rest – she was too keyed up by the thoughts of what she was planning to do.  
  
Later that evening, an elated Rina gave her report to Dave. First she handed him a nice drink, and had him sit on the sofa, so he could relax from his workday and focus on her tale. She hadn't changed her appearance since she'd arrived home, to give him the full visual impact of the scenes she'd be describing. First she described the clothes that she'd put on before leaving the house: the sports bra, thong, T-shirt, slacks, and pumps. Her hair was still in the pigtails, since she hadn't used the nail polish remover yet.

After describing her appearance when leaving the house, she stood in front of the sofa so she could enhance her report with gestures and body movements.  
  
“I got on the bus, and rode it to one of the city's terminals.” she stated. “You know that I was born in the south part of the city and grew up there. Its streets are well known to me, and I have lots of friends that still live there. Therefore, we both know that even though it's a major city, and crowded with people around midday, there was a very good chance that I might run into people who know me.” He nodded his agreement, smiling, imagining her discomfiture should that happen.  
  
“On the bus, I looked quite the normal woman heading to class or something. No one gave me a second glance, as far as I could tell. But my heart was thumping madly, its drumbeat intensifying in tempo and strength the closer the bus got to the city bus station. By the time the bus reached its terminal, I was nervously tapping my feet on the floor, restless with anticipation.” She stopped speaking for a moment, remembering that feeling.  
  
“Once I left the bus, I walked quite some distance away from the bus station. I wanted to go far into the city, actually a little past its center, to a public restroom that I was pretty sure would be clean, and rather vacant. To do the next step, I'd need some elbow room, so I used one of the toilets for the handicapped. Once I was inside that stall, I closed the door, and stripped. In moments, I was completely naked.”  
  
Dave's eyes lit up as he imagined Rina, standing naked in that stall.  
  
“I'd taken three cabled bicycle locks with me. I took the first bicycle lock cable, and threaded it down one leg of my slacks, and up the other leg, bringing it to the other free end inside the seat of the slacks, leaving it unlocked. Taking the second cable, I threaded it from the neck of the T-shirt down through the short sleeve, and then back up through the armhole of the other sleeve. These ends approached each other at its neck. The final bicycle lock cable had to do a double duty. I threaded it back and forth through the several openings in the sports bra. But I alternated its journey through the bra openings with passing it through one or the other of the openings in my thong, intertwining the two garments in a tangle. Are you mentally seeing the placement of the cables?”  
  
Grinning, Dave answered, “Yes, I think so. And you were naked during all this?”  
  
“Yes, Sir. I was. I probably had the tip of my tongue poking out of the corner of my mouth as I concentrated on getting the cables placed right. And after that, I did step back into these shoes.” She displayed her feet to him.  
  
“That must've been quite a sight. You, wearing only those pumps, standing in a toilet stall. How did you feel at that moment?”  
  
“At that moment, my stomach was fluttering like a hundred butterflies were trying to start their migration south,” she replied. “I stood there, hands trembling a little, trying to gather my courage. It was a delightfully scary feeling, Sir.” She paused, a little dramatically.  
  
“Then I clicked the locks shut,” she whispered, her body viscerally re-experiencing that moment. Goosebumps sprang up along her arms and legs, and she got a faraway look in her eyes, 'seeing' that scene again. “That was the point of no return. I was committed. This was the result.” She pulled out her cabled garments from her backpack and let him examine them.  
  
“I see!” he said, now completely comprehending what she'd done. “You'd now rendered the clothing that you'd been wearing unusable. The locks were closed, and the only keys were back here at our house. This is an amazing twist on the concept of self bondage. Your arms and legs were completely unrestricted, and it was your clothing itself that was bound! This ingenuity really meets the criteria of the challenge I laid out! The only things remaining in your possession with which you could cover your naked body were the almost obscene top and short pleated skirt I see you wearing now,” he pointed out.  
  
“That's true,” she confirmed. “And what went through my mind at that moment was 'oh shit – what have I gotten myself into' or something similar to that. As you can see, all that I was left with was an outfit that looked quite slutty. Even though the city has a 'red light district' where the prostitutes work, even they wouldn't be walking around the streets dressed like this. They have the decency to dress in normal clothes on their way to and from their workplaces in that district.”  
  
“So you knew you were going to be very conspicuous as you walked along,” he commented.  
  
“Absolutely. Hence my fluttering tummy, and my shaking hands as I put on the skirt, and pulled this half camisole over my head. I tucked my cabled, useless clothing into my backpack, and stepped out of the toilet stall. Going over to the mirror, I had a good look at myself. I think my cheeks blanched as I stared at the woman I saw. She looked like a hooker or something.”  
  
Dave interrupted. “Turn around slowly, pet.” As Rina did so, he said, “I have to agree. You do look like a woman willing to sell sex for money.” He chuckled, and Rina giggled and blushed.  
  
She went on, “And remember... I know lots of people from that area, and they know me. If they recognized me, I'd be mortified. I might die of shame.”  
  
“Die of shame?” Dave questioned. “My dear, knowing you, and knowing how much you crave humiliation, I think it much more likely that you'd have a spontaneous orgasm, instead!” He laughed.  
  
Rina playfully stuck out her tongue at him, but then leaned over and gave him a hearty kiss. “With my hair stuck in these pigtails, there'd also be no way that I could hide my face behind a curtain of hair.”  
  
“I assume you did that to your hair for that very reason, didn't you?” he asked.  
  
“Well, yes. I did. But in hindsight, at that moment, looking at myself in that mirror, I really regretted doing that. Now I knew that if I ran into any friends, I'd have to do things like the men do in the red light district if they don't want to be recognized. Things like keep my head down, and not make eye contact, or hold a hand up to my nose as if I suddenly had a nosebleed, or had to sneeze, or maybe stoop to tie my shoelaces.”  
  
Dave laughed merrily. “First of all, my love, those shoes have no shoelaces at all. And second, go ahead and stoop down as if tying them.” She did so. “Yes. As I thought. Your skirt lifts up and hides nothing when you do that. I'm sure everyone would've seen your pussy and your ass if you'd stooped down. So how long did it take you to get enough gumption to leave that public toilet?”  
  
“Perhaps ten minutes or so,” she admitted. “When I went out, I immediately headed for that far away bus station, praying no friends would be nearby. I really didn't want to be seen. I was walking fast, and taking large steps, until I realized that was not a good idea.”  
  
“Why?” he asked.  
  
“Watch,” she replied. She walked rather briskly around the room.  
  
“Oh lord!” he exclaimed. “Your tits are popping up into view as they bob up and down! And those pleats flip up, giving occasional glimpses of your ass and sex when you walk like that. And as the side panels slide up the sides of your thigh and hip, it's pretty apparent that you're wearing no underwear.”  
  
“That became clear to me from the pointed looks a few strangers gave me as they approached,” she confirmed. “Add to that the fact that it was a windy day, and... well you get some idea of my dilemma. I tried to walk much more demurely, with smaller steps after that, but some of the damage had already been done.” Her face took on a gentle flush. “One guy that was passing me actually turned around and started following behind me. A moment or two later, a second guy joined him, trailing behind me.” She swallowed hard. “I actually got a little scared.”  
  
“What did you do?” he asked.  
  
“I was near a large department store, so I went inside,” she replied. “Once inside, I went to the lingerie department. I admit the saleswomen gave me curious glances, but they left me alone. However, the saleswomen turned suspicious eyes on the two men that were following me. Those were the looks they reserve for creeps that are obviously not there to buy things, but are just hoping for a chance to ogle the women. The men got the hint, and left. I looked at the goods for about ten minutes, then smiled at the saleswomen, and left.”  
  
Dave grinned, admiring her resourcefulness.  
  
“After that, I walked much more carefully. It was a long way to the bus station, and I actually saw people I knew four times along that walk,” she reported.  
  
“Four times?” he said, sounding a little startled. “What did you do? Did they recognize you?”  
  
“The first two times, my friends were on the other side of the street. Both times, they were preoccupied, either chatting, or looking at their cell phones, so they never noticed me. But the next was a friend walking right toward me. When she was close, I put my hand up over my nose, closed my eyes, and faked a sneeze, letting me bend my body forward and duck my head as she passed. I don't think she paid much attention to me.” As she related this part of her report, Rina mimicked her hand and body movements that she'd done during the fake sneeze.  
  
“However, my luck rather ran out during the fourth encounter. Two of my friends, Olivia and Mila, came around the corner of a building just as I was crossing the street, and they happened to fall in behind me, crossing the same way. I think they'd seen my face only from the side – not a really good look at it. But they were close enough behind me that I heard them whispering to each other.” Her face turned a darkening color of red as she recalled what she'd overheard.  
  
“Mila said, 'Isn't that Rina in front of us?' in a quiet whisper.  
  
“Olivia answered, 'No, it couldn't be... not dressed like that.'  
  
“Mila said, 'It's funny how much that woman looks like her. But I agree. Rina wouldn't ever be walking around dressed that much like a slut' she said with disdain.” Rina paused to observe, “I certainly thought they couldn't be overheard. Imagine them even talking about a stranger like that.” She continued, and her embarrassed flush deepened even more.  
  
“Olivia next said, 'Very true. That woman ahead of us thinks nothing about showing off her ass to everyone as she walks. The very idea of wearing such a short skirt, with no panties.'  
  
“That was all I heard, other than their giggles as they turned to enter a store, falling behind me as I continued walking. Thankfully, I met no other friends on the rest of the way to the bus station, but I did get many looks from people, some showing disapproval, and a few leers. When I reached the station, I had to stand around, waiting for a bus, trying to look inconspicuous, as if that was a possibility.”  
  
Dave chuckled. “No chance. Not with you dressed like that. All eyes would be on you.”  
  
“Finally a bus for our route arrived, and since it was still early afternoon, not many people got on, since ours isn't a densely populated destination. Once I took my seat, I breathed a sigh of relief, since I was finally safe. Or so I thought.”  
  
Dave's eyebrows rose. “Or so you thought? There's more?”  
  
With a small voice, and not daring to meet his eyes, Rina said, “Dave, you know that along our bus route is that center for psychiatric patients?”  
  
Now his eyes themselves seemed to grow large. “Yes, but those people that are free to come and go from it are harmless, aren't they?”  
  
“Oh yes. Nothing like that. But one of their patients also got on the bus, riding back to the facility. And even though the bus was virtually empty, he just had to come and sit in the seat next to me. And there was nothing I could do, since I was trapped against the window.”  
  
“You poor thing,” he commiserated. “What did he do?”  
  
“He sat down, blatantly stared down at my lap and started telling me in a very loud voice that his girlfriend also wears such short skirts! He also asked me, loudly, if I like being exposed like that! And of course, heads of those in the bus turned to look at us!”  
  
Dave laughed a little.  
  
“Oh, there's more. He added that, with such short skirts on her, he can finger his girlfriend when they're in the movies together!”  
  
Dave laughed louder.  
  
“But he only does it if it's a bad movie. Boring or something!”  
  
Dave was now holding his sides, he was laughing so hard. His laughter was infectious, and Rina started laughing too.  
  
When she got control of herself, she continued, “Meanwhile, the bus is taking on more passengers, and there I am, all red cheeked and blushing. I think the newer passengers were asking what's going on, and the others were whispering an explanation, helping them catch up to the story. And for these questions, the guy is continuing to push for answers... like... whether I'm wearing anything under my skirt, because his girlfriend never does, and that's why its easy for him to finger her!”  
  
Dave had tears streaming down his cheeks from his laughter now. He managed to gasp out, “And did the guy try to peek under your skirt?”  
  
“No, he didn't,” she answered, and a very careful listener might've detected a small inkling of regret in her answer, because given Rina's excitement when being humiliated, a person could guess that at that point in the bus ride she was probably clenching her thighs together to keep from leaking. “He was basically a nice guy, otherwise he would not have been able to enter and leave the institution – he was just what might be called slow mentally – not clever. Which was why I didn't want to try to shut him up.”  
  
“Oh come now, Rina,” Dave chortled. “That wasn't the reason. It wasn't because he was basically a nice guy that didn't know any better. It was because the embarrassment was turning you on so much that you didn't want it to stop!”  
  
Rina grinned shyly, but didn't deny that at all. In fact, she felt a tiny trickle of pussy juice inching its way down her thigh right then, just recalling her emotions on the bus. Dave inhaled sharply, getting a whiff of her intimate liquids. She cleared her throat to continue. “Well, that, plus I wanted to be nice, and I hate to see people get harmed – especially when they're harmless. Anyway, this talk lasted until some big guy stepped up and said to him, 'Don't you see you're annoying the lady?' and followed that with 'Please shut up!'  
  
Rina shook her head. “I immediately told them both, 'Oh... it's OK.' But the damage was done. The guy next to me pouted with anger... waited a minute, and then changed seats. Minutes later, he got off the bus, still angry looking, and it wasn't even his stop, the poor guy. I imagine he didn't exactly know what he'd done wrong, and how to process what had happened.”  
  
She sighed. “But also the big guy was just trying to be nice, as well – helping out a lady in distress.”  
  
As she became silent, Dave asked, “Is that the end of your report?”  
  
Rina giggled. “Not quite, Sir. As the journey continued, the bus was becoming more empty as people reached their destinations. And I was near the rear of the bus. And I was really, really aroused...”  
  
“Let me guess,” he said. “You masturbated? Right there on the bus?”  
  
The redness from her blush crept partway down her chest, clearly visible in the deep cleavage revealed by her half camisole. “Yes. I bunched up the middle of my skirt, and reached under to finger myself to a wonderful orgasm! I couldn't wait until I got home... I just couldn't!”  
  
“Did you scream, like when you cum for me?” he asked, grinning.  
  
“Oh, no! There were still a few people on the bus. I was silent, but it was still a toe curling release. I wiped myself with my skirt. Maybe five minutes later, the bus reached our stop, and I went to the front door to get off, figuring the bus driver might like a look at my shapely legs – it might make him happy, too.”  
  
“Most generous of you,” Dave agreed.  
  
Rina dimpled a smile at him. “But as I was getting off, the bus driver said something and I didn't quite hear him. So I climbed back up the steps and said something like 'What, please?' shrugging to show I didn't understand what he'd said. So he repeated, 'I sure hope you didn't leave a wet spot on my seat, girl.' That caused me to look to the very rear of the bus, where I saw a large parabolic mirror! He'd watched me! I'm sure he couldn't make out any details, but he must surely have seen the movement of my arm as I fingered myself.”  
  
Dave's jaw dropped. “What did you do then?”  
  
“I surprised myself, because I told him, 'No... I always wipe my seat afterwards – I'm a neat girl!' and I turned quickly to climb back down the steps. I'm sure my skirt swirled up since I turned so fast, and he probably got an eyeful of my bare ass at that point. As he closed the door and started to drive off, I shouted 'Drive safely!' hoping I hadn't distracted him too much!”  
  
Laughing with joy, Dave stripped off his shirt and shoved his pants down to his ankles. He opened his arms and said, “Take off those clothes and climb on my lap. Such an amazing adventure surely deserves a good fuck as a reward. And Rina got a good, joyful fucking, bouncing on his lap with her arms around his neck, and his warm, loving arms embracing her and holding her close against him, after they both came. Still coupled, they snuggled and kissed.