**Simon Says**

by[**stripgnd**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5200623&page=submissions)©

**Simon Says Ch. 01**

It was another tedious day at work. I am a full time student, but in the evenings and at weekends I work in a supermarket. I work in the offices, photocopying, filing, data input as well as taking calls from stupid people, and on occasion perverts. Between 7pm and 10pm seems to be the popular times for people ringing up and asking what colour underwear you have on. Which assumes that I wear any, I do, but surely if you are a pervert, a girl wearing no underwear is a better hand job image than standard and boring white or black or whatever. Never do the blokes get the calls, I assume they are the ones who just hang up.

I am 19 years old, female, 5 foot tall. Long brunette hair that comes to around half way down my back. I usually have it tied back into a ponytail, or on occasion plait it, depending how prepared I am before coming into work. I am a UK dress size 6 and my bra size is 28A. The uniform is a dark blue shirt with a black knee length skirt or trousers. I always go with a skirt as the office is always at a temperature that could melt lead, a skirt is cooler.

Today was Thursday, it was 8:20pm and in the office was just myself and Joan. Joan was the office manager and she mid to late 50's. I am not sure how old she is, the topic has never come up in conversation and it doesn't seem polite to ask her. Either way, I am probably her worst nightmare to work with, young, naturally lazy and back chatty. I do my work, I may have to cram for the last few hours to get it all done, but I get the work done and it is to a standard that is expected of me. There is usually another girl my age in called Steph, but she was off on holiday for this week. She was also 19 years old, 6 foot tall, blonde, although I suspect not natural (eye brows). She has a cute body, tall and slim with large breasts. She was also a dirty bitch, she will happily take it up the ass and will willingly swallow cum. As I say, the evenings were dull, and conversations got quite detailed at times.

For the record my ass is very much a no go zone, I will allow cum in my mouth, but I will not swallow it. I have tried, but the texture more than the taste always makes me gag and embarrass myself as I spray semen all over the place. Contrary to porn videos, not attractive when you are the one cleaning it up.

The phone rang and I did the greeting to be greeted by heavy breathing. I was going to hang up when a male voice said, "Hello?"

"Hi," I said, "How can I help?"

"You can suck me off," he said.

I tutted and rolled my eyes as I cut him off. "Perv," I said to myself. It was a quiet helpline, but for some reason we had more than our fair share of dirty calls. I was on the first day of a series of three late shifts, so I was on 2pm until 10pm and when the sun went down the number of idiots usually went up. "Who was that?" Joan asked without looking up.

"Wrong number," I said. If I had said it was a pervy call I would have had to fill in a form and record it somewhere and I really couldn't be bothered.

"Okay," she said, "Just going to nip to the warehouse. Won't be long."

"Sure," I said as she got up and left the office. Every day on a late shift she went to the warehouse at the same time. The time she was out of the office varied anywhere between 15 minutes up to an hour. Hanna and myself suspected some sort of work romance, but that was all just rumour and conjecture. She was married, but that just made the idea of it all the more juicy.

I took my mobile phone out of my bag and checked for any messages. Had a browse of my social media and generally took advantage of the boss being out of the room. After ten minutes or so the phone rang again. "Sophie speaking, how can I help?" I said as I picked up the phone.

"Do you have any panties on?" a male voice asked.

I almost just hung up, but for some reason I hesitated. The line was silent, but the timer was still ticking up on the display so it was still open. "Yeah," I replied, "I am at work, of course I do."

The line stayed silent and just as I was about to hang up the silence was broken. "What colour are they?" he asked.

"Green," I said, "Mint green." I could have lied, I could have said any colour and he would not have been any the wiser. As it happened though I was wearing mint green panties, no reason and no significance, they were just the ones that I grabbed first thing this morning.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Sophie," I said again. I had told him that when I picked up with the standard greeting.

"Surname?" he asked.

"You don't need to know that," I replied, "What is your name?"

"Simon," he said. The line went silent again for a few seconds. Long enough to cause me to check the line was still active. "Do you want to play a game?" he asked.

"What game?" I asked.

"Simon says," he said. I couldn't quite place his voice, I am sure that I had heard it before, but it was not someone I knew well. I did wonder if it was one of my friends being childish and ringing me at work, but as I say, I could not quite place the voice.

"Okay," I said shrugging to myself. I could still just hang up, I was not sure why I hadn't already, but I hadn't, so here I was talking to a stranger who knew what colour panties I was wearing. For some reason I found that quite exciting. Any nuisance calls as they called them should be reported and terminated immediately. As I was on a temporary student contract I am fairly sure what I was doing would be dismissal. If for nothing else I had done no work for 15 minutes now and I was being paid still.

"Whatever Simon says you have to do," he said tentatively

"Well, I am at work," I replied glancing around the room again, "So nothing too risky," I added. I was fairly sure the requests would not be to put my hands on my head or equally innocent requests usually associated with this game.

"Yes, of course," he said, "Let us start easy. What are you wearing?" he asked.

"Shirt and a skirt," I replied.

"And lime green panties?" he asked.

"Yeah," I replied.

"Do you have a bra on?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Same colour?" he asked.

"No, black," I said, again, being honest.

"Size?" he asked.

I smiled to myself. I knew that question was coming, but even so I was not fully prepared for it. "28A," I said after a moments hesitation. Again I could have lied, I could have claimed to be a 6 foot leggy blonde with massive tits, but stories are easier to remember if you tell the truth where possible, so that was what I went with.

"Simon says, take the bra off," he said.

"Erm.. no," I said taken fully by surprise by his request.

"Simon says," he repeated, "That is the game."

"Yeah, but I am at work," I replied as I looked at the door and around the room. It was a small office that was on the second floor of the building. A large window to my left gave an elevated view of the shop floor. Assuming Joan's guess of an hour was accurate I had 40 minutes. Of course if she came back early it could be embarrassing.

"Yes, you are," he said, "I am sure no one would notice if you didn't have a bra on."

"Yeah, I guess," I replied sounding unsure. I liked a bit of exhibitionism, but taking my bra off in the office was making me feel nervous. A nice nervous though, an exciting nervous which was enhanced by my assumption that if I removed the bra then the second Simon Says would see my panties coming off as well.

"Are you alone in the office?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied looking around again and double checking that the door was properly closed as a flood of bravery washed through me. "The bra off?" I asked him.

"Yes, Simon says take your bra off," he said.

"Give me a sec," I said as I wiggled my arms out of the bra straps underneath my shirt and unclipped it through the shirt behind my back. Reaching up under my top I pulled the bra away and off and placed it in my handbag. "Okay," I said holding my arms across my chest as my nipples brushed against the material of my top and reacted accordingly.

"Is it off?" he asked to which I just said yes. "Where is it?" he asked.

"In my bag," I said.

"Simon says, take your panties off," he said.

"Erm... okay," I said smiling to myself as I again checked the door, "1 sec." I stood up and quickly removed my underwear placing it into my bag and zipping it up so no one could see. I was now sat in the office with no underwear on. Although there is a uniform, I am fairly sure that not wearing underwear is not a breach of any rules. Although saying that I am fairly sure playing Simon Says in work's time and not wearing underwear probably does breach a few rules.

"Does it feel nice?" he asked.

"It feels weird," I said evasively. If I was telling the truth it did feel quite liberating and exciting. I had gone without underwear before. When wearing certain clothing any underwear shows very obvious lines under it, so not wearing any is just easier. But to be sat in the office without any on was exciting. I have always been a bit of an exhibitionist and loved the rush of being potentially caught, and yet at the same time it was terrifying.

"What do you wear in bed?" Simon asked.

"It depends," I said honestly. It ranged from just panties right the way up to fluffy pyjamas and socks in the winter.

"On what?" he asked.

"Time of year," I said leaving out the other variant of who I was in bed with which was the only time I ever really slept in the nude.

"What will you wear tonight?" he asked.

"Probably just a t-shirt," I said.

"Simon says to not wear a t-shirt tonight," he said, "Simon says sleep naked."

"Erm, okay," I said seeing no harm in that. I was just at home tonight and apart from the dog I would have no company.

"Are you in tomorrow?" Simon said.

"Yeah," I replied, "Same shift."

"Simon says don't put any underwear back on today," he said, "And simon says don't wear any underwear tomorrow. I will ring at the same time."

With that he hung up leaving me sitting on my chair holding the phone and wondering why I had gone along with it. I had no idea who he was and yet as a direct result of what he had told me to do I was only wearing a top, skirt and shoes. I hung up the phone and switched my PC back on as it had timed me out. Joan came back in five minutes later and said hello. She asked if anyone had rung and I said that no one had. She sat back at her desk and continued her evening.

I toyed with the idea of nipping to the bathroom and putting my underwear back on. To be honest the lack of panties was no concern, the skirt was long enough and anything short of falling over or someone just blatantly looking up it there was no real danger of anyone seeing anything. The lack of a bra though coupled with a thin shirt gave a decent outline of my nipples. I am not gifted with a large chest, but even my A cup breasts pressed against the material enough to show clear outlines of my nipples. I argued with myself for a while, but in the end just opted to not bother. As I said, Joan is well into her 50's, and even if she was looking at my chest her generation was not likely to bring up the subject anyway.

My shift finished and I caught the bus home. I had a coat on now, so my lack of a bra didn't matter. I got home at half 10 and let myself in. Much to my disappointment my brother was still in. I thought he was out for the night. "Hi," I said as I hung my coat up.

"Hello," he said, "Good work shift?"

"Hardly good," I said, "I was at work. Mum and Dad out?"

"Yeah, they are due back late I think," he said, "You off out?"

"No. Not tonight," I said, "Why aren't you out?"

"Just waiting for my lift," he said, "Steve is supposed to be picking me up 20 mins ago," he added checking his watch.

"Forgot ya?" I grinned at him.

"Probably," he replied, "I will ring him."

"Good plan," I said, "Gonna go and have a shower, have fun when you go." I had been offered a night out, but as I was fairly short on cash anyway plus I was so horny I had decided on a date with my fingers, a few Duracell and an early night instead.

"See ya tomorrow," he said as I went upstairs and into my room.

I closed my door, pulling my curtains closed before taking my top off and kicking my shoes off as well. I removed my make-up and finally took off my skirt. Naked, I went onto the landing and after a diversion into my parents room to get a fresh towel I went into the bathroom and had a shower. Directing the jet of water between my legs so it danced all over my clit I stayed in there for a lot longer than was required. I considering just finishing myself off in the shower, but I had the house to myself so was not going to waste the opportunity.

I got out of the shower and dried myself. Wrapping my hair in a towel I walked back to my room wearing just the towel on my head and pushed my door to. I dried my hair and tied it into a ponytail. I opened my bedside draw and took out my rabbit. I loved my rabbit, it had cost me far more than I ever wanted to spend on a sex toy, but wow, was it worth it. I switched it on and frowned. It also chewed through batteries and although it was not dead it was not as lively as I would like it to be. I placed it on my bed and took out my other vibrator. It was no where near as good, but it used the same battery sizes, but it was also practically dead as well. Cursing to myself I hoped we had some batteries downstairs.

The closest shop that sold any was a 5 minute walk away, and although not far, I was naked, and had hoped to stay naked, if I had to go to the shop I would have to put something on. I opened my door and the dog greeted me with his usual excitement I swatted his nose away from where he was aiming for and told him to behave. I was fairly sure he was a pervert, but he was cute and he has seen me naked a lot. The layout of our house had the stairs doing down into the living room. As was usual when my brother went out every single light possible was on as well as the TV playing to itself. "Erm... Sophie?" my brother voice said as I got to the foot of the stairs.

"Fuck," I blurted out, "Why are you still here?" I asked throwing my hands between my legs which was very much closing the stable door after the horse had bolted. The angle of the sofa he was sat on to where the stairs were would have meant that he would have seen me slowly reveal myself as I walked down the stairs from my feet upwards. Each step would have slowly revealed my nudity to him. Step one to three would have been fine, masked by the ceiling. Step four would have been my bare feet and ankles. Step five would have been my calves. Step six my knees and lower thighs. Step seven would have got very interesting revealing the very top of my thighs and my hairless pussy. Step eight was my tummy with step nine exposing my small breasts. Step ten and eleven showing my shoulders, neck and my still oblivious face with the final twelfth step leaving me stood in the living room with nothing left to the imagination.

"He is running late," he replied, his eyes not looking away still.

"At least look away," I snapped as his eyes just diverted from my now covered pussy up to my uncovered breasts.

"Sorry," he said looking away, "Why aren't you wearing anything?" he asked, his eyes now staring at the TV.

"I have just had a shower and was going to get a drink," I lied, deciding against admitting I needed batteries for a sex toy, although embarrassment levels would not have been able to get much higher if I just admitted to it. I ran back upstairs and put a dressing gown on before going downstairs again. Putting the dressing gown on took a grand total of 4 seconds, and yet 30 seconds earlier I hadn't bothered.

He looked over at me as I got to the bottom of the stairs again and just gave a shy smile with a slight shrug. "Fuuuuuuck, cant believe you just saw me naked," I groaned to myself as realisation began to set in. "I assume you saw everything?"

"Erm," he replied clearly unsure how he should answer that. He has previously never seen me naked. The most he has seen was me wearing just my panties when he walked in on me when I was changing. Judging my his nervous expression he remembered the verbal abuse he got even though I had my arms over my boobs before the door had finished opening so except the panties themselves he saw nothing.

"Did you see?" I asked again smiling at him, "I just walked downstairs naked, I am hardly entitled to get mad if you did," I added.

"Yeah, sorry," he replied.

"Fuck," I muttered again feeling myself blush, "Everything I assume?"

He just nodded slowly, "Yeah, afraid so," he shrugged, "You shave..."

"Wax," I corrected as I felt my blush intensify, "But yeah, oops. That will teach me to assume everyone is out."

A beep of the horn broke the conversation off and my brother said goodbye and went out. Where he should have gone over an hour ago. I did get myself a drink while I was downstairs, but I also raided the battery tin and managed to get the required three AA batteries. I went back upstairs and threw off the dressing gown and inserted the batteries into the rabbit. Switching it on I felt it jump in my hand as the intense vibration kicked in. It was the Jessica Rabbit model. 5 inch insertable length and a circumference of 5.5 inches. Big enough for me and still small enough for me to experiment with very light anal play, still didn't like it. Closing my door I got into bed and kicked the duvet too the foot of the bed.

I opened my legs and using my right hand I gently teased my fingers over my clit. Moaning softly immediately I arched my back and moved my fingers down further and felt my excitement coat them. I pushed the rabbit into my mouth and sucked it for a few minutes as I teased myself to make sure I was wet enough. I saw my phone light up a fraction of a second before the ring tone kicked in. "Fucks sake," I muttered to myself as I lifted it up.

Hanna, of course it was. "Hey," I said after composing myself.

"Hey babe, you coming out?" she asked.

"Nar, skint," I said.

"Aww no way," she said, "I'll buy your first, wear a short skirt and some guy will buy you any others."

I laughed at her comment. "No ta," I said, "I am in bed anyway."

"Oooo really?" she said in a pervy tone, "What ya wearing?"

"You know what I wear in bed," I replied rolling my eyes.

"Yeah I do, but you are on speaker phone and I bet Dave would like to know," she replied.

"I bet he would, you can tell him," I said, "Have a good night."

"Do you have fresh batteries?" she asked me with a giggle and I heard her say to someone else, "just a t-shirt normally," as she told Dave what I wore in bed.

"Have a good night Hanna," I said ignoring her comment.

"I bet she has fresh batteries. Hey folks, Sophie is gonna fuck herself," she said loudly, "You there?" she asked me.

"Yes, ignoring you," I replied, "Have a good night."

"Yeah, you too," Hanna replied and paused for a few seconds, "You do don't you?" she asked in a whisper.

"Night hun," I said rolling my eyes again and hanging up on her.

I turned the volume down on my phone and turned it over so I would not see it light up. I continued where I left off and sucked the rabbit. I pushed it into my throat a couple of times before opened my legs and slid it into me.

I moaned softly as I felt it penetrate me and thrust it in and out of me a few times until I felt the ears nestle around my clit. I turned the toy onto pulse and held it against myself. "Oh God yes," I moaned to myself as my body erupted with pleasure from top to toe. Clitoral stimulation did it for me and the toy was so good at it I knew that it would not be long before I went cross-eyed.

I screwed myself with it, the shaft rippling and rotating as I pushed it in and out of myself. My breathing quickly became laboured and I remembered why I didn't use this when there were people in. It was not quiet, and neither was I when I used it. I heard a growl and soft bark from outside my door. "I am okay Charlie, go to bed," I said softly but loud enough to be heard. I was greeted by a slightly louder bark that I ignored.

Pushing the toy as deep into me as it could go my eyes widened as the ears surrounded my clit. I stopped breathing for a few moments until gasping for air as I neared orgasm. "Ooo yes," I whispered to myself as I started to thrust my hips up against the toy trying to speed up the thrusting.

As I thrust though the ears shifted from around my clit losing the sensation. My pleasure distracted brain quickly realised this and I stopping thrusting as I pushed it as deep into me as it could go again. Another bark, this time louder. "Fuck off Charlie," I shouted which just encouraged him and he barked twice again.

He barked again and I slammed the toy onto the bed. "Fucks sake dog," I snapped, "Cant a girl cum in peace?" I spat as I got up and yanked my door open.

"What?" I asked staring at him as he just stared back at me wagging his tail. "What?" I repeated to him.

I gave him a quick fuss and bit of attention and closed my door again. He scratched at it and I gave up and left it unlatched. Before I was back in bed he had pushed open the door and was sat next to me watching. "Really?" I said looking at him, "You are going to watch me masturbate?"

He didn't reply, of course he didn't, he was a dog, he just sat staring and wagging his tail. "Don t tell your friends," I said smiling to myself as I got on my front and onto my knees lifting my bum into the air.

Pushing the toy into myself from behind I turned my face so I was not distracted by a dog watching me. What was most disturbing was I had let a couple of ex boyfriends watch me masturbate and their expression was pretty similar to the dog's. I held it deep inside myself, allowing the ears to vibrate my clit and after a few moments I felt my tummy muscles pulse and relax. I moaned softly as I felt my orgasm rise up between my legs as I lost control of my body. I shivered and rippled in time to my orgasm as I climaxed. Removing the toy I laid onto my side and place it on my bed side table.

Charlie took this as an invite to get up onto my bed and curl up at the foot of it. I had a king size bed so there was plenty of space for him although he was laying on the duvet so I couldn't move it. I tugged it a few times, but gave up and got up. I went to the bathroom taking the toy and giving it a wash. I dried it and went back to my room. I put it away, hiding it under my books in the draw. "In or out?" I said to Charlie pointing at the door.

He just looked at me and curled up tighter on my bed. "Okay, fine, but you stay in all night," I said as I closed the door and automatically reached for the t-shirt that was folded up underneath my pillow. I held it and and hesitated, Simon said to sleep naked as I argued with myself internally for a few seconds. "Sleep naked, go on, Simon said," I said to myself as I threw the t-shirt onto the other side of the bed and climbed in shuffling the dog further across with my feet to make space for myself.

I pulled at the duvet a couple of times, but it was underneath him and as it was warm I let him keep the duvet, I curled up and quickly fell asleep.

There was a tap at my door what felt like 10 seconds later. "Is the dog in there?" I heard my Dad ask through the closed door.

"Er, yeah," I said sleepily as I checked with my foot that he was still there.

"Do you want him out?" he asked.

"Yeah, can do," I replied, "I'm not decent though, don't come in," I added as although it was pretty much pitch black the light in the hallway would be on and I was naked with no duvet.

"Come on Charlie," he said as he opened my door for him, The dog got off my bed and I heard him go out. I heard my door close and after pulling up the duvet to cover myself I quickly fell asleep again.

**Simon Says Ch. 02**

I didn't move all night. Curled up on my side facing the door with no duvet or clothes on I was dead to the world. I woke up slowly. Rolling onto my back and stretching my arms above my head as I did so. Day light was leaking through the gaps around my curtains and I glanced at my alarm clock. "Half 7," I muttered to myself, "Really?"

I stayed on my back, my arms above my head tucked under the pillow and my head as I dozed. Still naked I enjoyed the cool breeze washing over my bare skin from the open window that was just next to me. Smiling to myself as I felt my nipples stiffen in the cool air and stand up off my chest. Reaching up with my left hand I gently squeezed my right nipple between my thumb and index finger. Rolling it between them I squeezed and tugged at it until the pulse of pain radiated from it. Grinning I pinched my other one and opened my legs slightly as I toyed with the idea of playing with myself again.

\*Tap tap\* I heard which snapped me out of my trance and back into reality. I checked my door, but it hadn't been my door that had been tapped on. \*Tap tap\* again followed by mumbled voices. It was the wall. Morbid curiosity got the better of me and I listened, barely breathing for a couple of seconds I listened to the taboo of my parents having sex, or doing something related that I really didn't want to hear. Various soft exclamations of pleasure and encouragement filled my ears as I just stared at the ceiling. "No way," I muttered to myself as I checked the time again wishing that the walls were thicker as I listened to them.

"Suck me," I heard my Dad say which almost caused me to gag.

"Go down on me," I heard Mum reply, "Then I will."

"Swallow?" Dad asked her.

"If you want," Mum coed back to him.

"Eww eww, no way," I said quietly to myself as I got out of bed, my mood well and truly ruined as images of my parents 69'ing each other violated my mind. I threw a short t-shirt on and went downstairs. There is no way I am listening to my parents perform oral on each other. I made myself a cup of coffee and put on some toast while I sat at the breakfast bar. When the toast was done I applied liberal amounts of butter and sat at the bar again.

I was just finishing the first slice when my brother came downstairs looking less than fresh faced as he would have been out until the early hours of the morning. He would be in work which was why he was up and about so early. "Morning," he said glancing at me.

"Hi," I replied crossing my legs, suddenly aware how short the t-shirt was and how naked I was underneath it.

He saw me cross my legs and smiled at me. I assume he put two and two together, I didn't have any underwear on.

"Mum and Dad not up?" he asked.

"Dad is, hence why I am," I replied using my hand and tongue to simulate a blow job.

"Oh, gross, so glad my room isn't adjoining," he replied as he made himself a drink, "Are you in work today?"

"Yeah, not until 2 though," I said, "Crap shifts all week."

"Oh, unlucky," he replied, "I am half 8 till half 4 today."

"Yeah, crap week, oh well, nice and quiet at least," I said as I finished my second slice of toast.

He fussed around the kitchen for a while as he made his breakfast before sitting on the stool next to me. "I barely recognised you with clothes on," he teased.

"Yeah, funny," I replied sarcastically, "I cant believe I did that," I added. It also occured me that if the batteries in the vibrator had not been dead he wouldn't have seen me naked, but he would have most likely heard me playing with myself. I was not sure which was worse, after some thought I settled on the opinion that being seen naked is less embarrassing than being caught playing with yourself.

"It just didn't register in my head what was happening as you came downstairs," he said.

"A hello, or a warning several steps earlier would have been nice," I replied with a playful smile.

"And where would the fun in that be?" he smiled back at me.

"Ooo yeah, seeing your sister naked, lucky you," I said sarcastically, "How do I compare?" I grinned at him.

"Compare?" he said looking at me with a confused expression.

"Yeah, to others," I replied, but he just looked at me with an expression that I read immediately. "Oh, no way, am I the first girl you have seen naked?"

"Maybe," he said shyly.

"Ooops. I am not sure if that makes it worse or funnier. First girl you see naked is your own sister," I giggled, "Oh my God! You a virgin then?"

"Yeah," he said, his eyes flicking down to my bare legs and back up to my face again.

"Hey, eyes north you perv," I said.

"No undies?" he asked, his eyes again flicking south.

"Nope," I said tugging the hem of the shirt down as far as it would go, "Regretting that decision."

We chatted for a while longer until he had to get sorted for work. As he went upstairs to get dressed I transferred to the living room and sat on the sofa. Tucking my feet up underneath myself I turned on the TV. He went out a while later and at around half 8 Mum came downstairs. "Oh, morning," she said, "You okay?"

"Yeah thanks,"I said, "Good night?"

"Yeah, it was nice," she said as she sorted out some breakfast for herself and came in to join me on the sofa that was opposite. Dad arrived a few minutes later and sat next to her, the look on his face that all guys had when a woman had just sucked their dick. "Mum kissed me with that mouth, so wrong," I said to myself before shaking my head to get the image out of my head.

"Are you in work today?" Dad asked.

"Yeah, 2 till 10 again," I said pulling a sad face, "Two more shifts."

"Lucky you," he said as he finished his breakfast and got up.

He went into the kitchen and clattered around a bit before coming back in. "Have you taken the AA batteries?" he asked me.

"Erm, yeah," I replied, "TV remote needed them," I said thinking quickly. I didn't want to lie and say I hadn't taken them, but I also didn't want to say I had taken them and they were still in my sex toy.

"Again?" he said, "How many batteries does that thing use?" he asked.

I just shrugged, there was no answer to that one really. As an excuse it was a fairly thinly veiled one. TV remotes lasted years, I had been through six batteries in as many weeks, and the TV remote only took two at a time. "Do you mind if I go and get them," he asked, "Need them for drone controller today."

"Oh, erm," I said staring at him with what felt like obvious panic and fear on my face. Not only were the batteries not in my TV remote, but my TV remote took AAA, not even the correct size. I stared at Mum who made eye contact and using some sort of female telepathy instantly read my face and her eyes flashed in realisation.

"Oh, erm, never mind love, I need to nip out anyway, I will get you some more," she said, "Will just get dressed."

"Thank you," I mouthed silently to her. She knew that I had toys, we were really close and we had had all of the talks throughout me growing up.

She just smiled back as she disappeared off upstairs and came back dressed. "Do we need anything else?" she asked.

I went back upstairs and had a shower. I had my lunch and got dressed for work. I hesitated as I remembered that Simon had said no underwear. I reached up behind my back and unclipped my bra. Hesitating for a second longer I shrugged and took it off. Lifting my skirt I stepped out of my panties leaving them on the floor where they fell. Remembering that yesterdays underwear was still in my bag I emptied them out and went to work managing to get a lift off Dad to save me a bus journey.

As was normal work was boring. I felt so stupid sat at work with no underwear on because a random guy had told me not to yesterday. The chances of him even ringing again were so slim, and yet here I was without any bra or panties on. I worked round the corner from a supermarket and on my break I toyed with the idea of nipping out and buying some. The only thing that really stopped me was the cost. Panties were a couple of dollars, but a bra was a fair bit more and I was halfway through my shift anyway.

Joan went for her warehouse visit at the same time as normal and as soon as the door closed I stared at the phone. I laughed at myself and called myself stupid. I shrugged and had a silent word with myself at how foolish I was. I was just finishing my self lecture when the phone rang.

"Good evening, Sophie speaking," I said.

"Hello Sophie," a male voice said, "Do you have any panties on?"

I instantly recognised the voice and felt my tummy skip as I answered. "No," I said, "I do not have any panties on."

"Good girl," he said sounding genuinely impressed, "Do you have a bra on?"

"No," I said, "No underwear."

"Very nice," he said, the sound of how impressed he was carrying through his voice, "How long is your skirt?"

"Just above the knee," I replied.

"Simon says, open your legs," he said, "As wide as you can."

I hesitated for a second, but opened my legs underneath the desk and felt my skirt ride up the outside of my legs as I did so. It was fairly tight fitting, and opening my legs caused it to ride up high enough to reveal my womanly secrets. "Simon says turn around on your chair and face the door," he said.

"Legs open?" I asked knowing the answer.

"Yep," he said.

"What if someone comes in?" I asked.

"Then you get to test your reactions, too slow and someone sees your pussy I guess," he said matter of factly.

I felt my tummy flutter again and felt the rush of warmth run up and down my body. Being caught was a massive turn on, or at least the risk of being caught was a turn on. Actually being caught, as I found out yesterday, was very embarrassing. I slowly turned around on the chair so I was facing the door. I slowly opened my legs and instantly felt so exposed, the view from the door to me was unrestricted, and if anyone came in, or even just looked through the window that was in the door they saw my vagina. "Okay," I said. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest and stared at the door and window with unblinking eyes.

"How does that feel?" he asked.

"Exposed," I replied.

"I bet," he replied, "Is your shirt a button up one?"

"Yeah," I said.

"How many buttons?" he asked.

"Six," I said, "Well seven, but one is already unfastened."

"Unbutton them all for 1 whole minute," he said, "Legs still open and facing the door."

"If someone comes in they see everything," I replied hearing the nerves in my own voice.

"Best hope they don't," he replied matter of factly, "Let me know when they are all unfastened and I will start the timer."

I didn't even consider just lieing and saying I had undone them all. Or even just ending the crazy call and reporting him like I should have done yesterday. Instead I felt my hand reach up and I began to unfasten buttons one at a time. Starting from the bottom I slowly and hesitantly unfastened the six buttons, the final one allowing the shirt to fall open and partially expose my breasts. "Okay," I said.

"Open the shirt," he said.

I complied opening the shirt to fully expose my boobs. "Okay," I said.

"Timer started," he said.

He counted it down in 15 second intervals. As he started to count down from ten I was barely breathing. I was sat in the office with my legs wide open, my skirt hitched right up around my hips giving an unrestricted view of my vagina. My shirt was unbuttoned, and my breasts were also on show. The only warning I would get would be the click of the door handle less than a second before the door opened. If someone looked through the window first I would get no warning at all and whoever it was would see me pretty much naked.

"Do you shave?" he asked.

"Yeah," I replied, my eyes glued on the window to the door as I expected at any minute a face to appear in it and someone to see me very exposed. Although I was not actually naked, I was still wearing a skirt and a shirt, but my boobs and vagina were clearly visible for anyone who looked.

"Fully?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said again, still staring at the door.

"Underneath as well?" he asked.

"Yeah, I wax, so fully hairless," I replied.

"Cute," he said. "Okay, time is up," he said. The words were barely out of his mouth before my legs were snapped closed and a gathered the shirt up before fastening it again. "Pay attention though, I didn't say Simon says for the unbuttoning of the shirt or opening it," he said.

"Arrr, shit, you didn't," I said annoyed with myself. It was a kids game and the rules were hardly complex. I did wonder for a second if there was a forfeit for doing something when not told to by Simon, but I assumed sitting facing the door with my boobs and pussy on show was forfeit enough. I was wrong.

"Who do you live with?" Simon asked.

"How do you mean?" I answered. I didn't want to be giving personal information out. Honestly though he knew where I worked and what my first name was, so if he was determined it wouldn't be overly difficult.

"Alone? Boyfriend's? Girlfriend's?" he said.

"Parents," I said.

"Siblings?" he asked.

"Yeah, a brother," I replied, "Younger brother."

"How old is he?" Simon asked.

"18," I said.

"May I ask how old you are?" he asked tentatively

"You may, I am 19," I replied.

"I assume you have a coat with you?" he asked to which I said that I did, "Full length?" he asked.

"Knee length," I said.

"As you will be aware doing something not requested by Simon carries a forfeit," he said, "And you did two things."

"One," I corrected.

"Two," he repeated, "You unbuttoned your top, and you then opened it up."

"Hmmm, okay," I said even more disappointed that I had missed that basic requirement, twice.

"When you go home, you forfeit your top and your skirt," he said.

"No way," I said, "I have no underwear on remember?"

"Your coat is longer than your skirt," he reasoned, "The coat fastens?"

"Yeah the coat fastens," I replied, "That is hardly the point though. Being in public with no underwear on is not an offence Being in public wearing just a coat I am fairly sure is."

"So keep it fastened," he replied.

I looked at my coat that was hung up and down at myself again as I considered the request. I felt my heart skip a beat as I played out the forfeit in my mind. I was catching the bus home, and the thought of being on a bus wearing just a coat was more than a little exciting. The danger of being caught was a massive turn on although the thought of actually being caught was terrifying. "Okay," I said.

"Who will be in when you get home?" he asked.

Oh wow, I hadn't thought of that, Once I was home, assuming I had not been arrested by then, I would be going back into my house wearing just a coat. My usual routine was to say hello to whoever was on the sofa, fuss the dog, take my coat off and go and get a drink. Taking my coat off would give whoever was there an eye full, and sitting with them having a drink would be weird if I was doing it just wearing my shoes. "Everyone will be in," I said.

"Best be careful then," he said, the tone of his voice carrying his smile.

"Yeah," I agreed.

"Simon says to come in tomorrow just wearing the coat, get dressed while there. You can wear underwear tomorrow," he said.

"Okay," I replied.

"I will ring then, same time," he said, "Best get some work done," he added as he hung up.

He hung up and I sat there for a few seconds a little dazed as to what had happened. I had just agreed to go home and come back in tomorrow with nothing on except a coat. I didn't have to do it, but the wetness between my legs indicated that I would be.

Joan came back into the office to find me sat at my desk as though nothing had happened. She didn't know that I was practically creaming myself as I sat there. It took all of my self control to keep my hands above the desk and not finger myself there and then. I was so turned on and horny and the remaining 2 hours were so slow as I planned my journey home in my head and how I would get into my own house and maintain dignity.

As it happens getting into my house would not be an issue as my phone flashed up a message and it was Hanna who was my best mate. We had known each other for as long as I can remember, and although we now go to different Universities we were very close and saw each other as much as we could. Although neither of us would consider ourselves gay or even bisexual she was my first kiss, and was the first person to go down on me. Likewise, I was her first kiss, and I was the first person to go down on her as well. Curious I guess I would label us if we had to label, but we were just friends who on occasion slept together.

I filled her in via text messages over the next hour about my current state of affairs. Most of her replies were "No way," or "No fucking way".

Sophie - So, erm, yeah, the last "Simon says" today is to go home just wearing a coat.

Hanna - Naked?

Sophie - Yeah, :-\

Hanna - Wow. You gonna do it?

Sophie - Dunno

Hanna - How long is your coat?

Sophie - Knee length, it is just my normal black one.

Hanna - Full zip?

Sophie - Yeah

"Put the phone down," Joan snapped as she caught me texting.

"Erm, yeah sorry," I said as I quickly put it face down on the desk to hide the screen and did some work.

As Joan sat down I tentatively tapped at my phone and read her last message

Hanna - Just me in here. Everyone else is out. Go on, dare ya

That pretty much sealed it. I was still practically wetting myself anyway I was so turned on. The thought of going on a bus with just a coat on was making my head go fuzzy and a little light headed with excitement.

Sophie - Okay.

Finally the day ended and I grabbed my coat. I didn't put it on I went to the bathroom and into a cubicle. Removing my shirt and skirt I stood naked for a second as I considered wimping out, but slipped the coat on and fastened it. It was a zip up coat so was fairly secure so there was not much danger of any accidents. I neatly folded my skirt and top and placed them into my bag moving my bus pass to the top so it was easy to get to when I needed it.

I checked myself in the mirror, a girl stood wearing a coat was what looked back at me. With no prior knowledge there was no indication that I was as naked as the day I was born underneath it. I left the bathroom and headed to Hanna's before I could talk myself out of this madness.

Hyper aware of every small breeze and ripple of wind as I stood at the bus stop waiting for my bus, the cool night air licking up between my legs and lapped across the bare flesh underneath.

I caught the bus that went closest to Hanna's house and tapped on the door. I heard her get up and opened the door for me. It was unlocked and I had been told previously to just go in, no need to knock, but it just felt weird going into someone else's house without knocking. "So?" she said as she eyed me up and down as she let me in. I just nodded and grinned at her. "Oh no way, you naked?" she asked grinning widely.

"Uh hu," I said nodding my head again, "Even a still night is terrifying with every tiny breeze."

"I bet," she said, "No one see I assume?"

"Not that I know of," I replied, "Never have I kept my legs so tightly closed on a bus."

"Ha, I bet," she grinned, "Go on then, take it off."

"Just you in?" I asked to which she just nodded.

I slowly unzipped the coat using my free hand to hold it together. She stared at the join as she tried to catch a glimpse. I think she was half expecting me to have a skirt on, or at least some underwear, but I didn't even have any with me to put on even if I had wanted to. I opened the coat and shrugged it off my shoulders and hung it on the bottom of the stairs as her eyes nearly popped out of her head. She has seen me naked loads of times. In addition to sleeping together, we also change together at swimming and the gym, and also when sleeping over at each others houses so we have no secrets, but still, standing in someone else's front room as naked as the day you were born still gets the heart going a little.

"Crazy fucking bitch," she said as she just stared at me.

I casually rested my hands between my legs to hide a little of my modesty, but it was a poor half arsed attempt at covering as nothing was left to the imagination. "Will just go and get dressed," I said.

"No!" she said grinning, "Stay naked. Dare ya to watch a film naked."

"I will if you will," I replied biting my lips playfully.

"Nar," she said sticking her tongue out at me, "You look so cute with no pubes," she said as she looked between my legs.

"It feels awesome in bed as well," I said not adjusting my stance to hide anything, "You should do yours?"

"Yeah, I keep meaning to," she said.

"Do you have any Veet?" I asked to which she just nodded. "That is all I use. It says not to, but meh, I just tested it on a super small area first. Works fine."

"Do you have to shave first?" she asked.

"No, as long as it isn't a wild forest down there," I replied. "Anyway, get naked. Lets watch a film."

"I'll get the drinks in," she said, "Keeping my clothes on though."

"Paper scissors stone for them?" I suggested.

"What is your wager?" she asked.

"I'll get the drinks all night if I lose," I said.

"Nudity for drinks?" she said looking at me. "Narrrr. If you win I'll wear undies. If I win, you get the drinks."

"Sure," I shrugged, "Best of five?"

"Nar, sudden death," she said, "One game."

We counted down and predictably we both went Scissors. We counted down again and both threw paper. We laughed and counted ourselves down again. She threw rock, but I went paper. "Balls," she said.

"Oh dear, lets see some undies," I grinned at her.

"Yeah whatever," she grumbled, "Still not naked though," she added as she begrudgingly stripped to her underwear.

She was nearly a foot taller than me at 5 foot 10 inches. She had long blonde hair that was down to her shoulder blades that she kept tied back in a loose ponytail. She was slim, but well toned as she played for her Universities Netball team. I grinned at her as she undressed in front of me, I have seen her wearing a lot less than underwear more times than I could remember, but there is something more significant about undressing when you have lost them and it is not entirely by choice. She was wearing a white t-shirt bra that perfectly supported her 32B breasts and a pair of white panties that were a very high leg. "Cute," I observed.

"Yeah yeah," she said, "What do you wanna watch?"

"Lets go double or quits.," I said, "If I win again you get naked. If you win I will do whatever you want."

"Really?" she said as she grinned at me and looked up and down my body. She would make me play with myself if she won. When you have been intimate with someone that seems to be the only thing that still generates a little bit of humiliation

"Yep," I said with a shrug.

She looked at me for a few seconds playing it over in her mind. "Nar," she said shaking her head and smiling at me, "Gonna quit while I am slightly ahead."

"Wimp," I said, but I knew any amount of teasing or winding up would not make her change her mind.

We selected a film and got comfortable. We sat on the two seater sofa next to each other. I was on the left side with my feet tucked up underneath myself leaning onto the arm of the sofa. Hanna was sat on the other side in a more or less direct mirror or my position. Our bare feet were touching and we occasionally wiggled our toes together as we watched the film and had a few drinks.

After the first ten minutes or so I forgot that I was naked. Only being reminded of the fact when it was my turn to get the drinks and her eyes followed my bare ass out of the room and my bare breasts on the way back in. As she came back in with our fifth drink and sat down she sat more upright on the sofa. This left her within arms reach of me and I felt her delicate touch on the top of my leg.

I smiled, but didn't say anything or even glance away from the film as I felt her gently stroke the top of my thigh. Her hand and fingers drifting up to my hip and slowly curving around towards the cleft of my vagina. I bit my lip in anticipation as I felt her gently stroke between my legs. Relaxing my cross legged position she accepted the invite and she slid two fingers between my legs and underneath me. I heard myself gasp softly as she slid two fingers inside me.

"Ooo, bit horny are you?" she grinned as she felt how wet I was. I hadn't realised how wet I still was, I knew at work I was pretty much wetting myself, but as I felt her enter me with no resistance I guess I was still creaming myself.

"A little maybe," I replied softly, breaking my attention from the film and looking at her. "Wow that feels so good," I whispered as she teased deeper into me.

"Yeah it does," she grinned at me, "Wanna watch the end of this? Or bed time?"

"Bed time," I said pushing her hand away and standing up. I pulled her to her feet and we went upstairs. Opening her bedroom door she span me round and kissed me as she cupped my breasts in each of her hands.

Squeezing them between her fingers she tugged at my nipples until they were hard then lowering her head she gently sucked each one of them in turn. "Wow," I said softly as I just watched her suck them. I reached for the clasp of her bra and unfastened it. Threading her arms out of the straps she let it fall to the floor and came up for another kiss. Standing up right it allowed me to reach her panties and I slid my hand down the front of them running my fingers through her short trimmed pubic hair.

"Not yet," she said holding my wrist and removing my hand from down her panties. With no warning she shoved me backwards. Taken my surprise I stumbled and as my legs hit the bed I collapsed backwards onto it in an undignified heap.

Before I could react she knelt down between my legs and I had barely registered her breath between my legs when I felt her tongue lick my pussy. "Oh fuck," I gasped, "Wow," I said as she went down on me.

She was so good at it, I have no idea what she does, but she is much better than any guy who has done it to me. I am not sure if it is just because she is doing it because I like it and not doing it so I will return the favour. Or if it is just because she has the same bits so can read my reactions better and pay attention to the bits that get the biggest reaction. Either way, wow, she was good.

I reached down and stroked my fingers through her hair. She stopped licking me and kissed my fingers one at a time before going back down again. I lifted my arms above my head and just waited for the climax that was building. She saw my submission and slid her index finger into me. Squirming on my back as she went as deep as she could I felt her pull out and add her middle finger as well.

I was so wet that even though her two fingers were around my limit she easily slid inside me. "Are you cumming?" she asked me.

"Not yet," I said, "Don t stop."

"Are two too much?" she asked me as she went down on me again.

"No," I replied.

She licked at my clit and gently sucked it. Flicking her tongue backwards and forwards over it as she gently pushed her fingers in and out of me. I could hear myself moaning and gasping as she played with me. My breathing heavy and laboured as pleasure over rode my urgency to breathe on occasion. "I am gonna cum," I gasped.

"Not yet," she said stopping immediately.

"Awww, no way," I complained.

"Lets 69?" she grinned at me.

"Okay," I whispered as she stood up. I repositioned so I was more central on the bed and watched as she removed her panties. Her neatly trimmed thin blonde pubes offered little coverage as she straddled my face and gently lowered herself down. I licked at her hungrily as I tasted her pussy. She was so sweet, God definitely got that the wrong way round, and her juices quickly coated my tongue as she rocked herself against my face.

I used my hands on her thighs to stop her smothering me as she got a little too into it pushing down on my face and cutting off my air as she wished my tongue was longer. To be fair I wished my tongue was longer, pushing it into her and licking her out tasted amazing, and I wished I could fully penetrate her.

She rocked her hips above me as I licked. Practically just fucking my face she rubbed herself off on me as my tongue licked at her as quickly as I could. Pushing herself down onto my face she bent over and I opened my legs just in time to feel her tongue between my legs again. Unable to moan or even barely breath both of us licked each other out. She came first. Her licking stopped for a couple of seconds as I felt her entire body ripple above me as she orgasmed on my tongue. "Oh yes," she whimpered as she climaxed before burying her face again.

I didn't last long, my body shivering uncontrollably underneath her as she licked me to climax and kept going until I pushed my hand down between my legs and her tongue to stop her. "Okay," I said, "Wow I love you."

"Ha no you don't, you just love my tongue," she grinned at me as she shifted her position so she was kneeling above me, "Love you too though," she replied kissing me on the lips as we tasted each other.

I tasted pretty similar to her, but it was so intimate tasting each others excitement while kissing. After we had both come down from our orgasm she stood up. "Quick shower," she said, "Get the drinks in?"

"Sure," I said as I got up and went downstairs to make some none alcoholic drinks for bed.

**Simon Says Ch. 03**

I went to work as normal the next day. I was wearing a skirt, blouse, bra and panties. I was also wearing a pair of reasonably high heeled shoes that at least gave me the pretence of not being a foot shorter than most people. "Parcel for you," Joan said as she walked passed and placed a box on the corner of my desk.

"Ta," I said as I glanced at it. I got parcels all the time. One of my roles was stationery and the like, so everything came to me then I had to take it to whoever had ordered it. I had always wondered why the stuff didn't go direct to the person who needed it, but it got me out of the office for a while so I didn't mind.

As was normal I hadn't really done a lot since I had got in so I was now working hard to catch up on the things that I should have done a couple of hours ago. Joan rarely got on my back, I think she is just resigned to the way that I work and has found that moaning at me just ends up with us both ending up pissed off and snappy with each other so just leave me to it.

I broke off for my lunch, which was actually closer to evening meal time and as I got back to my desk I picked up the parcel. I had forgotten it was there and decided to open it while I ate with the intention of delivering it after lunch. Ignoring the advise on the parcel itself I opened it with a pair of scissors. "Ohmibod Compatible" I read on the very colourful box that greeted me as I unfolded the plain packaging. My eyes widened and I snapped the box closed again a lot louder than I had intended.

"You okay?" Joan asked.

"Yeah, sorry," I said, "Dropped my phone." Me using my phone on my lunch was tolerated. Joan hated any sort of fun or technology, but she tolerated me using it on my lunch.

Now I was not overly familiar with Ohmibod, but I knew enough that it was not office friendly. I opened the box again making sure that Joan was not likely to walk passed me. I read the top of the box which said that it was the Bluemotion NEX model. It was a remote controlled vibrator and I could only assume that it had been sent by Simon. Now as I say I am not overly familiar with any of the Ohmibod range and the main reason is cost. Hanna and myself looked at them a while back and you were not getting a lot of change out of 150 USD, way out of my price range.

Resting on the top of the box was a note.

"Simon says wear this from 17:00 and turn it on."

I checked the time and it was 16:30. "Back in a sec," Joan said 20 minutes later as she got up and went out of the room.

I took the opportunity to take the box out and open it up properly. It had clearly been opened before although the toy itself was resting in the packaging as new. I assume it had been paired to Simon's mobile which gave him control of it. The device itself was shaped like a tiny slipper. It was 3 inches long and gently curved along itself length, clearly designed to be nestled into a pair of panties with the domed end of the device resting against the clit and the body along the natural curve of female privates. I shrugged and dropped it into my handbag before repacking and putting the package away.

When Joan came back I went to the bathroom, with my bag and again took the toy out. I carefully positioned it in my underwear and checked myself in the mirror to make sure you couldn't see it. It was designed to be discrete, and they had got that very right. There were no external tell tale signs that I was wearing a vibrator in my panties, which was both reassuring and scary at the same time. If it wasn't discrete I would have had an excuse to not wear it, as it happens I was going to be sat in the office with a vibrator in my panties that was controlled by someone else.

I went back into the office and sat back at my desk. I crossed my legs underneath the desk and was surprised at just how well designed it was. In fact after 20 minutes or so I had forgotten that I was wearing it. Getting up and down a few times to photocopy and to do a bit of filing as I needed. It was comfortable to wear, a firm silicone texture allowed it to adjust to my shape in various positions as I sat and walked around.

I was absent mindedly sucking on the end of my pen as I finished off a letter that Joan had asked me to do when I felt a sudden jolt between my legs. It felt like I had been punched, but instead of pain an explosion that felt like an instant orgasm ripped through my entire body. "Fuck," I blurted out a lot louder than I should in an office environment. My pen clattered onto the desk and then onto the floor as my hands instinctively shot down between my legs as I tried to work out what had happened. The jolt was just that, less than a second of powerful vibration, but even so I honestly could not tell you if I just orgasmed in the office or not. I think I did. Either way, Joan was not amused by my language.

"Sophie!" she snapped as I dropped the F bomb.

"So sorry," I said feeling guilty. It felt like swearing in front of my nan, and just not the done thing.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Dropped my pen," I said, which was the truth, the bit I left out was that I was wearing a remote controlled vibrator and a stranger just made me have an instant orgasm in the office.

"Dropping a pen is no call for that language," she said sounding like my nan as she scolded me.

"Yeah, sorry," I said meekly.

She left it at that, huffed in the way that only the older generation can and turned back to her desk. "Fuuuuuck," I whispered silently to myself as I picked my pen up off the floor. I was wet, in fact no, I was not just wet, I felt like I had actually wet myself. The crotch of my panties felt like they had been dipped in water and that was just after a tiny blast of vibration.

"Do you want a drink?" Joan asked a few minutes later.

"No ta," I said as I sat with my legs firmly crossed under the desk as I considered removing the vibrator.

I felt the toy spring to life again between my legs and actually felt panic. If it was as intense as the last one I was going to literally wet myself in the office and there is no way I am escaping that with any dignity. I would just have to quit, there is no coming back from a fully grown girl wetting herself, if it is discovered that it was because of a remote controlled vibrator in her panties I would die of humiliation. The toy just gently rippled against me. Don't get me wrong it felt nice, but manageable as I sat staring at the screen while my clit got vibrated under the desk.

I felt the intensity click up a speed and I opened my legs under the desk so that my crossed legs were not pressing the vibrator harder against my clit that was starting to feel like it was dancing under its own control. "Wow," I whispered to myself as the consistent vibration slowly started to overwhelm my self control.

"Sure you don't want a drink?" Joan asked as she came back in.

"No, good ta," I gasped as best I could.

"You okay?" she asked sounding a little concerned.

No I wasn't, I was going to cum. "Yeah," I lied, "Bit of cramp," I added hoping that the suggestion of lady stuff would satiate her concern.

"Oh, okay," she said, "Take five minutes if you want, go for a walk."

"Thanks," I said as my orgasm rose up between my legs while she sat back at her desk.

It stopped, as suddenly as it started it stopped and I breathed an actual sigh of relief. I was moments away from pulling my panties down in the office. "Back in a sec," I said as I stood carefully on shaky legs.

"Yeah, no prob," Joan said.

I went out of the room and into the toilets. I didn't remove it, but I did switch it off. I composed myself in the mirror and went back into the office. "Okay?" Joan asked as I came back in.

"Yeah, sorry," I said, "You know how it is."

"Yeah of course," she said smiling at me warmly, "No need to be sorry."

My phone rang. "Sophie speaking how can I help," I said as I picked up the phone.

"Simon says turn it back on," the voice on the end of the phone said before instantly hanging up.

"Oh," I said the tone of genuine surprise carried in my voice. The immediate thought was concern how he knew I had turned it off, but logically I reasoned that he is controlling it off an app and it probably lets him know when connected.

"Who was that?" Joan asked.

"No idea," I said, "Just said hi then hung up."

I adjusted the way that I was sitting and lowered my chair slightly. This gave me easier and more discrete access to my underwear so if needed I could get to the vibrator and remove it, or at least move it away from me. I felt for the on switch and clicked it back on again. Seconds later I felt a series of gentle short pulses start between my legs. "Fuck me I have got to get one of these," I said to myself as the sequence silently continued under the desk. It fit so well and felt so nice that if I had one of these I would never leave my bedroom again.

The pulses were not intense, not like the first one, but they were persistent. They were manageable with a bit of controlled breathing and the occasional strategic repositioning of my sitting position to adjust the position of the toy. Don't get me wrong though, it felt good, really good and when it stopped it was a strange mix of relief and frustration. I was wet, physically wet which would be visible on my underwear if anyone saw them, not that I was planning on them doing so.

I sat doing my day to day work in wet panties. Wet enough for me to check when I had to stand up that no marks were left. I went to the bathroom and my underwear looked exactly like you would imagine when an overly turned on girl sits creaming herself for the best part of an hour. Occasional soft pulses reminded me that I was wearing the vibrator and I soon got used to them. They were on an automated timer, either that or Simon was sat meticulously with a stop watch and buzzing me every 120 seconds. So nice, a pleasure that warms you deep inside, the sort of pleasure you get from a long term boyfriend who caresses you lovingly and not entirely just for sex.

"Have you got a sec?" Joan asked.

"Erm, yeah," I said as I stood up, swept my hand down the back of my skirt and walked to her desk. Half way across the room one of the pulses went off and my standing position held the toy tighter against my clit causing me to breath in sharply and stumble ever so slightly.

"Still bad?" Joan asked.

"Yeah," I replied.

"Do you need to go home?" she asked looking genuinely concerned.

"No, I will be fine," I said feeling so guilty that I was lying. It was nothing to do with period cramps, it was a vibrator and here is a caring woman who is genuinely nice and concerned for me.

She chatted for a while and I braced myself for the next pulse which I managed to hide any effects from. I went back to my desk and sat down as she got up and went to do her warehouse rounds. I watched the door close and stared at the phone as for some reason I expected it to ring instantly. It of course didn't, but five minutes later it went off. I almost answered it very unprofessionally, but I didn't, which was lucky, it was a genuine call.

As I hung up it rang again and this time it was Simon. "Hi," he said.

"Hi," I replied smiling to myself

"Why did you turn it off?" he asked.

"Because," I said glancing at the door and lowering my voice, "It made me... you know... climax," I said.

"Really?" he asked sounding surprised, "That short?"

"Yeah," I whispered.

"How are you handling the pulses?" he asked.

"Okay," I said.

"Simon says... cum," he said while at the same time I felt the device explode into life between my legs.

I dropped the F bomb again, snapping my legs closed as a reflex with the room blurring as my eyes physically crossed in my skull. I orgasmed intensely, biting my lip and hearing myself struggling to keep my volume down I sat on my office chair at work and orgasmed. "Wow, you are sensitive," Simon said as the toy switched off again.

"Not at work," I said blinking my eyes so they rolled back from the back of my head as I regained what was left of my composure. Most of my composure was long gone and currently soaking through my underwear.

"You would have to give me your personal number for me to not call your at work," he said.

"I would," I agreed as a few alarm bells went off in my head. Mobile numbers are fairly easy to trace and no matter how turned on I was I didn't want to end up dead or raped or both, in any order actually.

"But you wont," he said, the tone in his voice carrying disappointment.

"No," I said, "Sorry."

"That is fine," he said as he recovered his decorum, "More respect for you being safe than reckless," he added.

We chatted for a while, about nothing in particular. Again the alarm bells were ringing as he tried to befriend me. Was he an old perv who was grooming me? He was a perv, that much is obvious, and he does have a voice that sounds older than me. That isn't really difficult though, as I am only 19. He didn't ask for any personal information or anything that could help locate me. All the time the 2 minute pulse between my legs kept happening. "I guess that concludes the game," he replied, "This is your last late I believe?"

"I guess," I said, "Thanks for the fun," I said wracking my brain for if I had told him how many shifts I was on or not. It still niggled me that I knew his voice, a distant memory that was just out of reach.

"No, thank you," he replied warmly.

"What about the vibrator?" I asked.

"Yours," he said, "Pairing to your phone will remove it from mine. Enjoy it."

"I cant accept that," I replied, "They are so expensive."

"I have no use for one," he said with a laugh, "And plus the fact, me giving you my address would place me at risk. Potentially."

I was not sure whether to be offended or what. Statistically I am way more likely to be a sex attack victim than him, was he saying it just to have a dig? Was the toy traceable? How did it work? I assumed it had some sort of SIM card in it to work across mobile networks. "Have a good evening," he said, "Maybe do this again some time," he added as he hung up before I could reply.

I placed the phone back down and stared at the desk for a few moments as I processed the events of the past few days. I also noted that the toy had stopped pulsing. I went to the bathroom and removed it noting that a blue light was flashing rapidly on the side of it. I checked the instructions and it was just saying that it was not paired with any device in range. "In range," I said to myself as I thumbed through the quite substantial instruction booklet. I was looking for wireless communication standards looking for cellular. None, just Bluetooth. I quick check online gave the range of Bluetooth of 100m at best and that is assuming it is Class 1. Taking into account walls and the like, Simon was in the building and likely worked here. I knew I knew the voice, but that knowledge terrified me as he likely knew me and what I looked like.

Joan came back in as I sat back down again and we continued to work in relative silence. After ten minutes I got up and went to the bathroom to remove my panties. They were uncomfortably wet to be sat in and it felt horrible. I spent most of the remaining time googling Ohmibod apps and seeing if it had a factory reset, which it did, which I did to make sure no trace was possible. Fairly sure it wasn't, but I don't understand technology on that level to be 100% sure, so it made me feel better.

The day ended and I put my coat on, said night to Joan and headed to the bus stop. The bus was amazingly on time and I got on flashing my student bus pass at the driver to which he just nodded. I sat on the bottom level four rows behind the driver, slid across the seat next to the window and crossed my legs away from the aisle. It was unlikely anyone would see up my skirt, but no point taking the risk as if they did I had no panties on. On a connected note the choice of seat was the optimal view up the stairs of the bus. It is amazing how many girls either don't wear underwear and short skirts, or wear very unsuitably large underwear and a skirt. Many an hour of a boring bus ride can be wiled away on the fourth row behind the driver on a double decker bus. Although it is a lot more fun if you are with a mate so you can bitch about the sights.

I rang the bell and got off the bus and headed towards my house. The streets were poorly lit as a large number of the street lighting needed replacing which was an ongoing and very boring subject. Long shadows were cast along the road from distant street lights and a criss cross of mottled light danced over the pavement with the light shining through the trees. I put the key into the door and let myself in. "Hello?" I shouted.

"Hey," my brother replied immediately.

"Hi, only you in?" I asked.

"Yeah, mum and dad are having a dirty weekend remember," he said.

"Oh yeah, eww," I said smiling at him, "You out later?"

"Nar," he said, "Old films and a few beers. Wanna join me?"

"How old are the films?" I asked smiling at him.

"Fairly old," he smiled, "One of the original star wars at the moment."

"Gold bikini one?" I asked with a wry smile.

"Maybe," he grinned at me.

I rolled my eyes and took my coat off making sure my skirt didn't do anything stupid while I removed the coat, "I'll just go for a shower then I'll be back," I said, "Vodka and coke please."

I disappeared off upstairs and went into my room to grab a pair of panties and a mid thigh length t-shirt. I stripped in the bathroom, showered and got dressed into the t-shirt and underwear. The panties were none descript, plain white cotton, high leg, but no where near a thong cut and maintained full coverage no matter what I did in them, which was mainly sleeping. Basically they were underwear, not sexy, but not granny style while maintaining my indifference if anyone gets a peep at them.

I went back downstairs and sat on the sofa. A drink was waiting for me and we finished the film while chatting about nothing in particular. He was wearing a dressing gown and I assume some sort of underwear. Although he did sleep naked, I assume he was not bold enough to only be wearing a dressing gown that was only held together by a wrap around belt. Vodka is nice after a day at work and it slipped down easily. One became two and then three. He kept up with beers, but they were significantly less alcohol than a generous shot of vodka and coke. Feeling the effects I slowed down, mainly because I didn't want to be ill as opposed to doing something stupid due to alcohol consumption.

"Want a lesson in Mario Kart?" he asked.

"Yeah, I will show you how to win," I replied as he got up and handed me one of the controllers.

We gamed quite a lot. Racing games I was fairly close and it was fair unless it was a simulation one where I ran out of talent often. Sport games I was okay at, not quite as good as him, but if he had a bad game I could beat him. We usually balanced out football games by him using a team from a league lower than what I used. Mario Kart though and we were even.

One race became a couple of hours as the clock slowly ticked around to half 1 in the morning. Although we had both slowed down with the alcohol we were both in no fit state to drive and the times and skill got lower and lower. The verbal abuse also got more and more harsh as we got drunker. At one point he actually called me an f'ing "c" word as I fired a rocket at him on the finish straight to grab the win. In truth I had fired it in a sulk as I thought I had lost, the hit was entirely luck and not at all skill based. I of course claimed that it was skill and basked in the glory for a while.

After that I must have crossed the line of coordination and my wins became more and more sporadic. After a streak of 8 wins for him and zero for me I threw the controller onto the sofa. "Oh come on," I exclaimed as he lapped me on a five lap race, no way.

"Sorry sis, you are just shit," he shrugged as he knew how to push my buttons.

"Yeah fuck off," I snapped as I picked up my drink. I was competitive and wanted to shove his smugness down his throat, but I knew I was far too pissed to beat him and if we continued I had may as well metaphorically bend over and let him fuck me up the ass for the rest of the night.

"You done?" he asked, his face all smug and so punchable

"Yeah," I muttered, "Bum is sore enough," I said flashing him a look that we used when we were done and to back off.

"Eh?" he asked.

"You just lapped me on a 45 second lap in a five lap race," I said, "Figuratively speaking an eight race ass humping."

He just grinned at me as he placed his controller down and switched the console off. "Do you do anal?" he asked.

"Erm, no," I said.

"Fair enough," he said as he got up, "Drink?"

"Nar, I am okay," I said holding my still half full glass up.

He came back in and sat on the sofa again. I couldn't help but watch him as he sat, curiosity had got the better of me. I hadn't seen his underwear all night as he sat and stood so carefully, and I was starting to wonder if he was naked under the dressing gown. I started being careful, but I had bikini's a lot smaller than these panties so as the vodka went down my caution decreased. "What do you wanna do?" I asked him as I tucked my legs up underneath myself and rested on the arm of the sofa.

"Dunno," he shrugged glancing at my bare legs and back up to my face again, "You?"

"Not Mario Kart," I grinned.

"Football?" he asked.

"Nar, too drunk for video games I think," I said.

"Cards?" he asked.

"Sure, not for money though," I said.

"Okay," he said shrugging, "What instead? Matchsticks?"

"Yeah, anything," I said, "Back in a sec," I added as I got up and went to the bathroom.

I collected the cards on the way back passed my room and placed them on the table. He took them from the pack and shuffled them before dealing. "Black Jack?" he asked.

"Sure," I said throwing in two of my 20 match sticks.

It didn't go well, Black Jack was just maths and playing the house, but as there was no house as such and any draws we just carried over the stake to the next game you felt compelled to take another card when you statistically shouldn't. He spanked me, pants down ass red raw I quickly lost my matchsticks and he just grinned at me. "Yeah yeah, shush," I said before he even said anything, "Give me them back," I said as I took the sticks and counted them between us.

I was more cautious this time and the game was a lot closer. It quickly got stale though with just two players and we both began to start to lose interest. "Lets spice things up," he said looking at me.

"How so?" I asked as I threw in two sticks and took a card.

"What are you wearing?" he asked me.

"Shirt and pan..." I began as I stopped mid word and looked at him, "No way," I said as I saw his expression.

"Dressing gown and boxers," he said, "Even."

"Really? You want to play a strip game with your sister?" I asked him unsure whether to be excited or disgusted.

"Yeah, why not," he shrugged trying to be nonchalant.

"I dunno," I said staring at him, "Isn't it a bit... well... weird?"

"After seeing you the other day it is just... I dunno," he said looking at me.

"You have a crush on me?" I asked, "That doesn't help the "weird" thing you know."

"Ew, no, nothing like that," he said, "Just, curious, you know, what is what."

"You want a show and tell?" I asked him, still unsure if I was totally weirded out or turned on.

"Yeah, show me yours I'll show you mine," he said.

"Go on then," I said which took him by surprise. "You first though," I added.

"Really?" he said looking at me.

"Yeah," I shrugged, "You first and I will go second," I said.

He looked at me and hesitated for a second or two. He was playing the situation over in his head as he worked out the likely outcomes and potential tricks. Worst case was he got naked, I laughed and teased him for weeks while not keeping up my side of the bargain. Best case, he saw me naked again and this time without hands covering the good bits.

After a few seconds he must have come to the conclusion that the gains outweighed the potential pitfalls and he stood up. He took off his dressing gown and dropped it to the floor. He was wearing loose boxers and nothing else. His stomach could do with a few more hours in the gym, but he didn't have a bad body. He looked at me, and I just looked back at him giving nothing away in my expression. He hooked his fingers into the elastic of his boxers and much to my surprise he slid them down. "Oh wow," I exclaimed as my eyes locked onto my brothers cock, "I cant believe you just did that," I said as I tore my eyes away from him.

"Your turn," he said as he covered himself with his hands.

"Nar, show and tell," I said, "What is what?"

"You know what is what," he said as he stood with his hands firmly cupped in front of him.

"Yeah, I do," I shrugged, "But show and tell."

He uncovered himself again and pointed out his penis and testicles as well as his scrotum and pubes. I couldn't help but giggle, it as so childish, it is what curious kids do when they first discover the opposite sex is different to them. Yet here we were, late teens and doing a show and tell of our bodies. "Your turn," he said.

"Yeah yeah," I said as I stood up. I lifted my t-shirt off and exposed my breasts for him. With no hesitation I slid the panties to the floor and stood back up with my hands by my side. His eyes went on stalks as he saw me naked again.

I am not body shy and didn't mind showing it off. I didn't tend to do it in situations like this, but I looked after myself and did ample exercise so I did look pretty good naked. My petite frame with the slight curves that come with being female were for all to see. My breasts were small, but pert. Even totally unsupported and exposed they held easily against the pull of gravity, my small dime sized areola tightening in the cool air as my small nipples stiffened and stood off my chest. My flat stomach ran down to my hips and being hairless there was no where to hide. Even with my legs firmly closed the natural bridge between them perfectly outlined the shape of my vagina and the slit between my legs.

My brother just stared, he didn't say anything, he just stared at me as I stood in front of him with nothing on. Even though I was his sister his body reacted how any teenage male does when he sees a naked girl and I watched his penis twitch and begin to rise up. "Not that drunk then?" I grinned at him as he looked down and covered himself up.

"Let it," I replied, "Lets see it, I'm not covering."

He hesitated for a second, but removed his hands from in front of his semi erect penis. I watched him get harder, his soft member slowly filling and rising up to its full size. He was a grower, barely three inches long when flaccid he grew to a decent 7 inches in less than a minute. "Nice," I observed noting that he was not circumcised. I had never seen a real one that was not circumcised and the extra skin was intriguing.

"Small?" he asked.

"You? No way," I added as he nodded his head, "Isn't like 5 inches the average length?"

"Dunno," he shrugged.

"Bigger than I have ever had," I replied honestly. I had never had any complaints with ex boyfriends with size and none had been over 5 inches.

All the attention on his erection zapped his confidence and he lost the erection, quickly shrinking back down to resting size of a few inches. They were so awesome, in a very pervy way I would love to have one of my own just to play with. "Do your nipples get hard?" he asked me.

"Yeah, if excited or cold," I said as I pinched my left one and pulled it slightly. It reacted instantly and stood to attention.

"Is that as big as they get?" he asked watching me intently.

"Yeah," I said as I smiled at him, "Unlike those dirty videos, I would look pretty weird with inch diameter nipples standing off my tiny tits."

"They are nice," he said as he looked at them.

Now it was my turn to get a little shy. He knew that my breasts size has always been one of my body hang ups. I am no where near as self conscious as I was about them as I was quite badly bullied at school by the girls who were more gifted in that department, but I am still aware that I don't have the biggest of boobs. I cupped them in my hands and looked him in the eyes. He was genuine and not taking the piss. "Thanks," I said,"Wish they were bigger sometimes."

"Nar, perfect on you," he said still looking at them through my hands, "What size are they?"

"28A," I said.

"Okay," he replied looking more confused, "What actually does 28A mean?"

"28 is the measurement in inches around where the bra band goes," I said as I showed him just under my breasts where you should measure, "The A is the cup size, but that varies make to make and even with different sizes. In some I barely register and can get away what is practically a bra shaped vest, in others I am closer to a B."

"Okay," he said, clearly not really fully getting it, but he didn't ask any further questions so I left it at that.

"So..." I said looking at him, "Naked girl... ask away I guess," I said moving my arms to the side for an unrestricted view.

"So.. erm," he said, "Pussy?" he asked pointing between my legs.

"So to speak," I replied, "Unlike guys who wear it all on the outside, most of the female things are underneath."

I pointed at the labia and the pubis, all clearly visible due to me being hairless as he watched. I sat on the sofa and took a deep breath and opened my legs. I pointed out all the of the various bits of female anatomy while he watched intently. I did note that he was erect again and almost looked like he was throbbing. "It doesn't look very big," he said looking at my vagina opening.

"Thanks," I grinned, "It is pretty elastic and as a girl gets turned on it gets wet and easier to penetrate."

"Are you wet?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "Not really," I added. I was a little bit, I was still horny from my day at work and the memories of that toy that incidentally was still in my bag, but I would not describe myself as wet.

"Not really?" he asked glancing between my legs again that I had now closed.

"Yeah, little bit, but not super turned on," I said, "Unlike you," I added glancing at his very healthy erection.

"Yeah, sorry," he said as he blushed, his penis rock hard and bouncing in rhythm with his heart beat.

"It is fine," I said, "Would be more weird if it wasn't I guess."

"How do you get wet?" he asked.

"Same way you get hard," I shrugged, "Physical attention, thinking about naughty stuff, watching dirty videos. Stuff like that."

"Really?" he said, "Do you watch porn?"

"Sometimes," I replied honestly, "Not loads, but yeah, sometimes. I bet you do."

"Hell yeah," he grinned. "So... will you make yourself wet?"

"Erm," I said hesitantly and looking around the room nervously.

"Don't if you don't want to," he said when he saw my reaction which made my mind up for me. He was so nice, no guy I knew would offer a get of jail free card in this situation, and yet he just had.

"Yeah, I will," I said as I sat back on the sofa and opened my legs again. He didn't say anything, he just watched as I gently stroked myself between the legs slowly working my way up to my clitoris. It didn't take long, I was fairly turned on anyway and the small bit of attention quickly got me excited.

"Okay?" he asked looking at me.

"Yeah," I said opening my legs wider for him which allowed him to see the slight glisten of my wetness.

"What does it feel like?" he asked.

"Warm apple pie," I grinned at him remembering the scene in American Pie where the guy had sex with an apple pie.

"No really," he said looking at me, "What does it feel like?"

"One way to find out," I shrugged which took him by surprise. He stared at me for a full 30 seconds and didn't move. Me sat on the sofa with my legs wide open as he just stared at my face and then between my legs again.

He didn't say anything, he just sat next to me and looked at me. I sank my weight down slightly for an easier angle and watched him as he slowly and cautiously moved his fingers between my legs. He touched me, so delicately and softly, his finger tips stroking through my natural lubrication before he carefully pushed his index finger inside me. I just watched his face, I didn't watch what his finger was doing as the expression on his face change from intrepidation, to surprise, to a strange satisfaction.

"Wow," he said, "It does a bit."

"When was the last time you fingered an apple pie?" I laughed which felt weird with his finger in me. I stared at his penis for several seconds as I considered taking hold of him.

"I would imagine," he clarified disturbing my thoughts of what he felt like. "Does it feel nice?"

"Not really," I replied being honest. "It doesn't feel not nice, but I guess it is just like if a girl holds you. It doesn't feel nice as such."

"I wouldnt know," he said with a look of hope.

I smiled at him and down at his erection. I hesitated for a second but reached towards him and gently wrapped my fingers around him. His breathing stuttered as my fingers wrapped around him. I didn't move my hand, I just held him. "Does that feel nice?" I asked him, "Like.. you know nice?"

He stared at my hand for a second before he looked at me, "Not really," he said, "Not not nice, but not nice as such."

"Yeah, same," I smiled at him as I stared at his cock that looked so big in my small hand.

It was then he decided to slowly curl his finger inside me and move it in and out slightly. He watched intently what he was doing as he gently fingered me on the sofa. I watched him for a few seconds before taking hold of his wrist urgently. "Yeah that feels nice," I said, "Weird you doing it, sorry," I added looking into his eyes apologetically as I let go of him as well.

"Sorry," he said as he instantly removed his finger from inside me and stared at it for a while.

"Doesn't taste too bad," I said, "Go on."

He did, tentatively licking his finger and tasting my juices as he did so. His expression indicating a surprised acknowledgement of my assessment of it not being too bad. We stayed naked for another 30 minutes, just talking and laughing with each other. "Any other questions?" I asked.

"Just the pervy ones," he grinned at me.

"Go on," I replied rolling my eyes and sticking my tongue out.

"What do you wear in bed?" he asked.

"Honestly it depends on time of year and the temperature," I replied, "Tonight I will probably just wear some panties."

"Do you ever sleep naked?" he asked.

"Not often. Only if it is really warm or if I am with someone," I replied to which he just grinned, "Do you still sleep naked?" I asked.

"Usually yeah," he said, "I just find it more comfortable."

"Fair enough," I replied.

"Do you spit or swallow?" he asked.

"Spit," I said.

"Have you ever tried anal sex?" he asked.

"Yeah," I replied.

"Do you not like it?" he asked me.

"It isn't too bad," I said, "It just feels weird. I will loan you a dildo, stick it up your own and see how you feel about it."

"Pass," he grinned, "How many dildos do you have?"

"More than one," I replied with a smile which he read correctly as there was no further detail being shared on that subject.

"Have you ever been with a girl?" he asked.

This question took my by surprise. It shouldn't have, but for some reason I was not expecting it. Being blind sided made me hesitate for a couple of seconds and he instantly picked up on it. "Who?" he asked, "Hanna? Oh wow, please say Hanna."

I just nodded, "Yeah, Hanna," I said quietly.

"Fuck off?" he said staring at me, "Seriously?"

"Don't tell anyone,"I said, "Please."

"Yeah, shit, course not," he said, "Fuck me that is so awesome. How far have you gone?"

"Pretty far," I said feeling myself blush.

"Full on licking?" he asked to which I nodded, "What does she look like when she cums?"

"Now that that is none of your business," I smiled at him.

"Any videos?" he grinned at me.

"Surprisingly not," I laughed although we have each done a Beautiful Agony type video of each other, a copy of each being on our phones, "Perv," I added.

"Fucking hell, you and Hanna," he said staring at me, "Are you two like together?"

"Nar, nothing that that. To be crude I guess we are just fuck buddies, nothing serious," I said, "Are you not curious?"

"With guys?" he asked to which I just nodded. "Not really," he said shrugging.

I stood up and put my panties back on as he continued to grill me on Hanna. He has always fancied her and a common male fantasy is girl on girl, so I guess he would be cumming over that image a little bit later. "Do you want a drink?" he asked when I refused to give him any intimate details of Hanna with no clothes on.

"Sure, milkshake please, bedtime I think," I said as I got up and checked the front door was locked. It was, but we maybe should have checked that before we got naked in the living room.

We went upstairs and into our respective rooms. I so wanted to watch him play with himself, which I was 99% sure he would be. The only thing that stopped me was not that he was my brother and that would be really weird, but the fact that if I asked and he let me, the same would be expected of me, and I really didn't want him to see me have an orgasm. I don't know why, but it just felt like a step too far, not that him fingering me wasn't a step too far, but watching each other masturbate seemed a little too weird.

I laid on my bed and opened my legs. I stroked a finger between my legs and then inside me. Adding a second finger straight away I went as deep as I could. Squeezing hard on my nipples I gently rubbed at my clit with my thumb as I fingered myself. The walls in our house were thin, but our rooms didn't share a wall, so unless I screamed the house down he wouldnt hear anything. I was going to use a toy, but I didn't last long enough. The build up from earlier plus the evening events overwhelmed all of my self control and I came quickly. Gasping for air as I rubbed furiously at my clit, it was not romantic or sensual, it was just a hard and fast orgasm and I loved it. Moaning softly to myself I shuddered and twitched on my back to climax feeling my excitement against my fingers as I came.

"Wow," I whispered to myself as I laid on my back with my legs wide open and fully naked. I stayed in that position until my breathing returned to normal when I rolled onto my side and got up. I put a pair of panties on and opened my door. I listened for a few seconds and when I was satisfied that my brother was asleep, or at least in his room I rushed downstairs. I grabbed my bag and more importantly the Ohmibod and ran back upstairs again. I unpacked it and slid it into my underwear as I downloaded the app to my phone. Easily pairing the device to my phone I tapped the random function. "Oh yes," I whispered to myself as it sprang to life between my legs.

Clitoral stimulation was what did it for me, I would happily never get penetrated again as long as I had ready access to a vibrator and the more I used this vibrator the more I loved it. Ripples of pleasure danced across my clit and across my entrance as it pulsed and buzzed in my underwear. It was so quiet, I couldn't work out if it was really advanced and quiet, or if the location of it was so direct it could achieve such pleasure with less intense vibration. Either way, fuck me, it was nice. I flopped onto the bed before my legs gave way and I ended up in an undignified orgasming heap on the floor. Laying on my back I rubbed and squeezed my nipples as I slowly lost control of my own body.

The random was so infuriatingly awesome, bringing me so close to orgasm and then fading away to a less intense buzz just before I tipped over the edge almost felt like it was sentient. Squeezing and pulling at my nipples until pleasure turned to pain I heard myself cry out in frustration as once again it denied my climax. Aware of how loud I had been I checked the door urgently, but ripples between my legs blurred my vision as I felt my eyes roll up into the back of my head. "Fuuuuuuuuuuck," I breathed as an almost silent breath.

My back arched and my legs twisted together, my hands squeezing my nipples as I climaxed. I heard myself gasp and moan audibly as I shuddered to an intense orgasm. Rocking my hips in time with the waves of my own pleasure I humped against the invisible force that was between my legs. It didn't stop, it was set to random, normally at orgasm I stop and let myself come down, but set to automatic and random it kept going and so did my orgasm. Gasping for air and control I flopped onto my back, my arms outstretched to each side of me as I laid on my back in a starfish position and came again.

I felt the warmth between my legs as my excitement rushed out of me and soaked into my already wet panties. "Shit," I whispered as the vibrator dropped to a less intense speed and pattern and I took the opportunity to push my panties down which allowed it to fall away from my clit and onto the bed.

"Fuck," I whispered as I laid on my back, my panties around the top of my thighs and a still vibrating sex toy rippling against the bed sheets. I reached for the toy and turned it off which caused my phone to light up to indicate the lost connection. "Wow, I think I just wet myself," I said to myself as I regained a grasp of reality and gently touched between my legs.

My clit felt like it was still vibrating between my legs and my tummy felt like I had been on a roller coaster for three hours straight. It didn't know which way was up and down and my orgasm fogged brain didn't care either way.

I laid like that for the best part of 30 minutes, stunned and so sexually satisfied I dozed off a couple of times, only waking up when the wetness of my panties touched my bare skin. I kicked them off and onto the floor where I heard them land they were that wet with my excitement. I rolled over towards my bedside draw and took out a clean pair and just rested my eyes for a few seconds. I fell asleep and only woke up with the rising sun shone through my window. I was still holding the pair of panties and laying in a very unlady like position on my back.