**The Dare MD**

by[Francisdonatien](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4513102&page=submissions)©

**The Dare MD Ch. 01**

"You're the last one here, Dr. Crawford."  
  
The nurse leaned in Andrea's office door on her way out for the night. "The lights are out in all the offices and main halls, and the door's locked. See you tomorrow."  
  
"Thanks, Lynn. I'll see you tomorrow."  
  
She looked at the stack of notes she had to finish entering and gave a deep sigh. She probably had more than an hour of work to do. She would not stay that long, but she wanted to get through at least half of it. After about 45 minutes, though, her eyes started to cross. She was having trouble concentrating, and she knew that was when mistakes could creep in and when doctors got into trouble.  
  
She leaned back in her chair and stretched. Only five days ago, she recalled, she had been lying topless on a beach in the Caribbean, surrounded by other topless women, many with children like her, all enjoying the peace and sunshine of the island. "Hardly proper behavior for a respectable physician, at least in this conservative state," she giggled to herself.  
  
She got her phone out of her purse and started scrolling through the pictures that she and Sterling had taken. So many of her being playful, lifting her t-shirt to flash her tits, playing in the sand wearing nothing but her black thong, and then that picture where he had dared her to step out onto the balcony in the early morning with nothing on at all. She protested at first, even after he reminded her that she had sucked him off on that very balcony the night before. "Come on, it turns you on, doesn't it," he said, "The kids are asleep, and there's nobody on the beach . . . yet. Now's your chance." Then she just stepped out, put both hands on the railing, cocked her hip and lifted a foot, and he took the picture. She ran back inside almost immediately. "I think I saw somebody coming," she whispered. He just laughed and held her tight, kissing her right next to the window, possibly in full view of whoever might be walking along.  
  
Andrea sighed at the memory, then realized that her hand had slid under her skirt and was gently stroking her pussy through her panties. She gave a little jump and looked around, as though somebody might catch her, then she laughed, remembering that she was in the office alone. She turned and rolled her chair back a little and put one foot up on the desk, spreading her legs open and pulling her skirt up. She ran both her hands over the smooth fabric of the panties and pressed them against her pussy lips. A deep moan came out of her as waves of pleasure floated through her body. She continued to rub, a little harder each time, and rocked her pelvis up and down while twisting in the chair. Her moans grew louder, even echoing slightly within her narrow office. Then her pelvis twitched as the waves built into an orgasm, and she rocked in the chair so much that she pushed it back and her foot fell off the desk. She wound up curled in the chair, clutching herself as the orgasm finished running through her.  
  
She giggled softly as she recovered, sliding back onto the chair and sitting up. Her panties were pretty damp, and she left her fingers resting on her swollen pussy lips, letting herself enjoy the recovery. She had pushed her skirt all the way up, and she looked down at her long athletic legs spread out before her. She moved her hands down to the elastic bands of her thigh-highs and started to slide them off. When she had worked them down to her knees, she kicked off one shoe, then the other and took the stockings off.  
  
She stood up and unzipped her skirt, then let it fall to the floor. She giggled, as she turned around, admiring her bare legs and her rose-patterned panties in the seriousness of her office. She pulled apart the tails of her shirt and started unbuttoning it from the bottom, gradually baring her flat stomach and her little matching bra. She tossed the shirt onto the floor with her skirt and danced around the office some more.  
  
There's a full-length mirror in the staff locker room, she remembered. She opened her office door, pausing for a moment to reassure herself that she was all alone, then walked down the hall, feeling as giddy as a teenager on a dare. When she flicked on the light in the locker room, she jumped in surprise, then giggled some more. Looking at herself in the full-length mirror, she ran her hands down her stomach, then turned sideways to look at her ass, which she rubbed and patted with both hands. She brought her hands up and started to play with her bra straps. "With these little tits," she laughed, "I really don't need this," and she unhooked it and let it fall. She pushed her tits together and played with her nipples. "You were so much bigger when I was pregnant," she sighed and pulled on them some more.  
  
She put her hands on top of her head and looked at herself. She looked good, she thought, fit, toned in all the right places. Some signs of age, stretch marks from pregnancy, and a few spots of loose flesh, but still good enough to feel comfortable running topless on a Caribbean beach. Still sexy enough for Sterling to feel her up and fuck her on that beach at night, away from all the lights and people. And still a cute fat little ass, she thought, giving herself a slap as she turned to go, picking her bra up off the floor as she left.  
  
As she approached her office, she heard her phone buzzing in her purse, and she ran to get it, certain that it was Sterling. "Hi, honey," she said when she saw that it was.  
  
"How are things going? You be home soon?"  
  
"Yes, I should have left a while ago, but I got distracted, thinking about our vacation."  
  
He laughed. "Were you telling people about it?"  
  
"Oh, no, I'm all alone. Hang on a second." She lifted her phone, struck a pose, and took a picture of herself, which she sent to him.  
  
"You little fox," he said when he got it. "I guess you are alone, unless your office has new rules."  
  
It was her turn to laugh. "I'll get dressed and come home. Be there shortly."  
  
"No, don't get dressed. It would be much more fun for you to head out to the car like that."  
  
"Oh, I can't do that," she said dismissively. She was reaching for her bra when he said, "I dare you" with such an authoritative tone that she froze.  
  
"Switch to FaceTime," he said. Within a couple seconds, the FaceTime signal sounded on her phone. She answered it, and there was his face, smiling at her, with a commanding look. "I dare you," he said again.  
  
"I can't walk out of here naked like this," she said, although she felt her resolve weakening.  
  
"It's getting dark, and there's probably nobody else around." She looked at him silently, feeling both fear building inside her and a tingling in her pussy. After a brief silence, he said, "Pack your clothes into your shoulder bag, and head out. Keep the camera focused on yourself the whole way."  
  
She stared at his image on her phone screen for several seconds, then propped the phone on her desk so she could start picking up her clothes. After stuffing her skirt, stockings, and blouse into her bag, she held up her flats. "Okay if I wear my shoes so I can walk on the asphalt?" Sterling nodded, and she put them on. Then she held up her bra with a hopeful look. He shook his head no, and she reluctantly put it into the bag. "What about my jacket? It's short and won't even cover my ass, but just in case somebody comes by? I'd leave it open . . ."  
  
He stared at her for a while. "Sling it over your bag, so you can grab it if you need to." She was about to protest, but she raised his hand to stop her. "And carry your phone so I can watch you the whole way."  
  
She stood there, feeling exposed and defeated, even though logic told her that she could easily say, "Screw you," get dressed, and head home, and life would progress as before. Yet there was an itch, not just the physical itch in her pussy that wanted to be rubbed, but also a sort of metaphorical or spiritual itch, something extravagant that wanted to be expressed and celebrated despite the risk.  
  
She picked up her bag and looped the straps over her shoulder, then hung her jacket over the top of her bag, carrying it under her arm. With a sigh of resignation, she picked up the phone, aimed it to get as much of her body as she could, smiled bravely at her husband, and headed out.  
  
When she stepped into the office's reception area, with its street-level windows and glass doors, her body quivered, and her knees felt rubbery. She took a deep breath and moved past the empty seats and reception desk to the door. She held it open for a few seconds, to see if she could hear anything, then stepped into the hallway. As the door closed behind her, she felt completely vulnerable. Again, logic did not help. She knew she could dig out her keys and get back in, but she felt totally exposed, particularly since there was nothing to hide behind in the lobby. Plus, she suddenly wondered whether there was a security guard to do rounds of the building. She knew they did not have a security desk in the lobby, but the thought of somebody checking for intruders gave her the chills. Once she saw that the main lobby was empty, she made a dash for the glass doors, which opened automatically for her and closed just as automatically behind her.  
  
Now that she was outdoors, the sounds around her changed significantly. There were traffic sounds from the street two blocks away, the sounds of the evening breeze carrying voices and other random noise. She looked left and right quickly to see if anybody was nearby, then started moving toward the corner of the building to get to the parking lot. She had goosebumps all over her body, and her nipples were throbbingly hard, while her pussy was developing new forms of tingling. And she was sweating, even though the breeze was cool.  
  
As soon as she rounded the corner of the building, a car came out from behind the neighboring office building and headed her way. She jumped back around the corner and down behind the one bush along the front of the building. She realized belatedly that it was a holly bush, and the leaves scratched her ass, arms, tits, and even her face as she sought cover. She gave a little shriek of surprise, but she hid there till the car had gone and she was sure nobody else was coming. "Hey, what's going on?" she heard Sterling saying from the phone, and she tried to get him back into proper viewing position. In the process, she shifted herself slightly, and some of the holly leaves stuck her in the ass and pricked her pussy lips. "Ow! . . . A car was coming, and I jumped behind a bush for cover, but it's a holly bush, and I'm scratched up. Now it just stabbed me around my pussy and ass."  
  
She heard him laughing from the phone. She looked at him to see that his eyes were closed from laughing so hard, so she decided that now was a good time to make a dash for the car, even if he missed it. She stood up from behind the bush, looked in all directions and listened as best she could, then set out on a run, holding the camera at arm's length as her tiny tits and fat little ass bounced with every step. She had dug her key out of her purse while she was hiding and pushed the button to open the door as soon as she was within sight. The car lights came on, and she headed right for them, pulled open the driver's door, threw her bag and jacket across to the passenger seat, and jumped in, closing the door behind her.  
  
"Damn," she said, when the dome light stayed lit for several seconds. She had forgotten about that feature of most cars these days, convenient for when you wanted to find where to put your key at night, but not so much when you want to keep anybody from seeing you sitting behind the steering wheel naked. Finally, it faded out, and, though a little breathless, she gave a huge sigh of relief.  
  
"Nice work," Sterling said from the phone. "Now, one more step."  
  
"No, I'm getting dressed and coming home."  
  
"Before you do," he continued, paying no attention to her, "put the phone on its stand on the dashboard, keep it on FaceTime, and make sure it's facing you."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because you need to rub yourself until you cum, and I want to watch."  
  
"Sterling!" she starts to protest.  
  
"You need to finish the job, princess. Aren't you horny from your topless dash?"  
  
As she stared at his face on her phone screen, she thought about her body. She was still a little breathless, she still had goosebumps, her nipples were still hard, her legs were trembling from the run, she was still titching from where the holly had scratched her, and yes, her pussy was wet and tingling. "Yes," she finally admitted.  
  
She put the phone into the dashboard holder, then moved the seat back and lowered the back, giving herself room to spread her legs. She ran her fingers over the front of her panties, pressing down onto her mound over her clit. Immediately, her pussy started throbbing, and waves of sensual joy began pulsing through her body. Her pussy had already been primed from her earlier orgasm in the office, now heightened by her daring run.  
  
With just a few strokes, she was already gasping in ecstasy and writhing in her front seat. She heard, "Pull your panties aside," from the phone, and one hand pulled the panties to the side, while the other pressed down further to rub her pussy lips as well as her clit. Her eyes rolled up into her head, and she hunkered down further in her seat as the waves built up in her pussy and throughout her body, coming together until her stomach and pelvis clenched at the same time and she gasped intensely once, twice, three times. Then she began to loosen up, her muscles and nerves relaxing, her breath drifting back to normal, her fingers gliding smoothly over her relaxing mound.  
  
When she had recovered, she smiled at Sterling in the phone and reached for her bra. "I'll be home soon," she said and blew him a kiss.