**Turnons - A Game of Dares**

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**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 01**

The name of the app was surely vague.

Alex found the website almost by chance, while idly browsing her usual sites and blogs looking for some unusual amusement.

It took a little while for her to realize it, but that same app kept coming up every now and then. She first heard of it in one of Lit's chatrooms months ago, but now she had tried so many different erotic chats and erotica sites, she could hardly tell if it was on Lit chat indeed or somewhere else. She couldn't even recall the name of the user who first told her about it.

She just remembered how he pitched the app: "an intriguing way to explore your hidden desires, fantasies and limits". Sounded like something she'd like to try.

She created her account. There was a rather long privacy policy and the usual permissions you had to grant to the app to work properly. She just skipped forward giving her consent and was then presented with a profile to complete.

She used a fake name, but she didn't lie about her age or pretty much anything else. She entered her gender, selected a vague "UK" as location, then filled in the required fields about her physical appearance.

Hair colour: light brunette.

Eyes: dark brown.

Body type: slender.

Height: 5.4.

Cup-size: 34D.

Next she had to give a short description of her likes and dislikes, some were sexual some more generic such as "I like a challenging conversation" or "I don't like people taking me for granted".

After she completed her general profile came the naughty stuff - finally, she noted.

"Choose from the tag cloud at least 5 words that best fit you".

Alex quickly looked around for the first word that came to her mind, it was always the same, whenever she had to create that kind of profile, and she easily found it: exhibitionist.

The second word wasn't that easy to choose at the beginning, but if she was being honest her pick had to be: submissive.

At that point she noticed that most of the words remaining were completely unfit for her, or rather maybe too hardcore. This at least was her first thought. The little game of describing herself with heavily sexual terms though was taking a toll on her, and as she started perceiving a familiar tingle she picked the third word: slut.

After she entered the third word the tag cloud disappeared and a bunch of suggestions came up on the screen.

"Maybe you'd like to add": public whore, cum junkie, denied pussy, bimbo, fucktoy, camgirl wannabe, pornstar, anal lover, exposed webslut.

- Whoa, serious stuff - she whispered.

Apparently she couldn't type in any word that wasn't listed, nor she could change her previous selection, so she just went with it.

She liked edging, from time to time she liked to deny herself an orgasm, and sometimes she actually fantasized about not being in control of her own orgasms. So she chose "denied pussy".

The following word had to be one between public whore, camgirl wannabe and exposed webslut. She didn't really think her choice would have mattered somehow, nevertheless she decided to go with the one that seemed tamer.

- Camgirl wannabe it is.

The following step was describing a sexual fantasy. Alex didn't have to think too much about it. Her scenarios varied but the main themes were always the same, so she started typing without anything specific in mind.

What came out sounded like this:

"I'd like to say I'd try anything once but I'm often held back by myself, even when something intrigues me. I come across as a shy person. I wasn't shy as a kid, but growing up meant getting a lot of attention from the boys mostly because of my breasts, while the girls made fun of me. That's probably where my shyness comes from. (Ok you are not my therapist, the good bits are coming, I promise). Along with shyness in time I developed a fetish for exhibitionism (quite complicated, I know). I'm not turned on by bold exhibitionists walking naked in public smiling or opening their coats to show off. I'm turned on by revealing outfits, by the embarrassment, the shame (even the humiliation to some level) of being on show, and by not being in control. My ultimate fantasy is to be seduced (or maybe a little forced too) into exploring this side of me. Being made to wear revealing outfits in public, being gradually pushed towards more and more exposing situations and no way out predicaments, until what seemed impossible at first could become my new normal. And then I would be pushed to go deeper..."

She just clicked the save button without proofreading it. Just talking about that stuff was enough to turn that tingle into something more. Alex was getting turned on. Her nipples were hard. She bit her lip as something new came up on the screen of her phone.

"Hi Nina," that was the fake name she had chosen "welcome to Turnons."

After a quick loading time another message appeared.

"Turnons is a game of dares. It well help you explore your erotic fantasies and connect with like-minded people. Is there anyone from your contacts you would like to add to your friends list?"

Below the message she could scroll her phone contacts.

- God, no. - she said to herself chuckling as she clicked on "Not now".

Then there was a list of suggested users, mostly males, a lot of them didn't even have a profile picture. A classic. She quickly skipped through this part.

"Everyday Turnons will send you a dare. It could be a dare automatically generated by the app based on your profile settings, or a user generated dare, created by a user in your friend list. You have to complete at least a dare a day to keep your Turnons account active."

- Ok, come on, let's see what you can do.

Alex loved the idea of being dared. Actually she loved the idea of being given instructions, and as soon as she figured how the app worked her mind had already started wondering, going places, and imagining wild scenarios. Her hand had been moving softly above her shorts for a while now, she just wanted to get the night started.

"Since you don't have any user in your friend list the first dare will be generated by Turnons."

After that for a few seconds she just saw a loader and the message "Analyzing your profile..."

And finally...

"1st Dare

Level 1

Upload a profile picture.

The picture can be either of your face or of your naked torso."

Alex looked at the screen like she expected something else. It was pretty tame. Or well, it wasn't so tame, but with a ton of pictures everywhere on the web waiting just to be used for fake profiles it would have been easy to fool the app, and she just wanted to get to the good stuff.

Anyway she spent quite sometime looking for a picture online that she liked as her profile picture. She was fantasizing about posting a nude, so she picked a girl that resembled her and uploaded the picture.

The following error message showed up: "Sorry, the picture doesn't match your profile. Please upload another picture. You have 23 hours and 35 minutes to complete this dare."

- Oh fuck, don't tell me this thing can work out the cup size out of a picture. - she thought - Ok, then. Let's go with the face.

She took another 10 minutes to look for a picture online that vaguely resembled her and uploaded it. Once again though things didn't go as smooth as she thought.

"Sorry the picture doesn't match your profile. Please click on the camera icon below and take a photo of your face or naked torso to be used as your profile picture. You have 23 hours and 22 minutes to complete this dare."

- Blow me.

The upload option was gone and there was no way to go back. It either ended there or she had to take a real picture.

Her first thought of course was to quit, but there was something too intriguing in that app and in the way it was somehow "forcing" her to play by the rules. She didn't have to take a nude photo anyway, a pic of her face was no big deal.

Well, except it was.

She didn't want anyone she knew to discover she was on that kind of app, let alone find out about her kinks. The face was out of question.

The next though springing into her mind immediately reinvigorated her excitement. What if she did take a photo of her breasts. It would be the first time she'd done anything like that. Posting a nude on a somewhat public site.

There was no way to tell it was her of course, but...

She clicked on the small "Privacy Policy" link on the bottom of the screen and quickly looked for something concerning the policy about pictures uploaded by the users. Eventually, browsing the long and intricate document, she found this:

"All the pictures users upload on Turnons belong to the uploader. They cannot be shared or downloaded by any other user without the owner's consent. Every user can edit picture privacy settings at anytime from Turnons profile settings. Turnons does not share data, including pictures, with third parties. All users privacy rights are granted as long as users do not violate Turnons terms and conditions."

Excited as she was this reassurance was everything she needed. She quickly went back to the previous screen and clicked on the camera icon; took off her tank top and bra and took a picture of her naked breasts. She didn't even have the chance to review the photo: the next thing that popped up on screen was a colorful animation.

As she was putting her tank top back on a new message appeared on her phone.

"Congratulations on the completion of your first dare Nina! You have now gained the rank of Dare Taker."

She clicked on "Continue" and she was presented with her profile page. A full screen image of her breasts welcomed her along with her name and location. Then there was a recap of all her information and some other stuff she didn't pay attention to.

She first looked for privacy settings, and set the maximum restrictions, that meant only users in her friend list could see the images she uploaded as well as her dares history. Unfortunately the profile picture highest privacy setting was "available for all active Turnons users".

Anyway she was ok with that right now, and could have always deleted the profile at anytime.

The next section she visited was "Dares". Here she could access her Dares History and see any ongoing dares. The page now showed a simple message:

"Congratulations Nina, you have completed all dares for today, check back tomorrow."

After she came all this way she couldn't wait for tomorrow. Luckily enough she noticed a little note that said "You can change the number of daily dares from your profile settings."

Alex quickly found the option. She eagerly changed it to "2 dares a day" and the page reloaded. "Settings updated: the minimum number of dares you must complete to remain an active Turnons users is now: 2."

As she was going back to the Dares List a notification popped up on her phone: it said "Turnons - New Dare available - Time to completion 24h."

She clicked on the notification and a new dare showed up in her Dares List.

"2nd Dare

Level 1

Be friendly.

Add a user to your friend list. To do so you can choose from a list of suggestions that Turnons created based on your profile settings, or add one of the contacts from your contact list."

Boring. Ok let's do it fast and move on. Alex skipped at once the option to add a friend from her phone contact list and went straight to the Turnons list of suggestions. All the profiles were males, she noticed they were all quite older than her. Next to their names and ages the profile showed their ranks and tags. After a minute or so she made her pick: SubtleG, 38, Dare Master, Dominant, Sweet talker, Voyeur, Mind breaker, Sluts lover.

Turnons chat opened from an icon and Alex saw her name, or well her fake name, next to her profile picture and below the message:

"Hi, my name is Nina and I'd like to add you to my friend list. If you accept you will be able to send me up to 2 dares a day."

As SubtleG was typing Alex started wondering about the differences between his profile and her own. His profile picture was something like an abstract drawing, so the profile picture requirements were different from user to user. Maybe once you entered your gender the requirements changed, it wasn't surprising that women were pushed to show off some flesh, while guys could use whatever picture they wanted.

In the meantime the message from SubtleG arrived.

SubtleG: You have a lovely profile and you surely have some asset to show, but you'll have to do better than that to get me on your friend list.

Bold, she thought scoffing, but she decided to play along.

Nina: Oh really? I'm sorry I just logged in for the first time and I don't know the etiquette. I'd be very happy to have you as my first friend here.

SubtleG: A newcomer, it is always nice to welcome someone on Turnons. Better even if they are attractive as you seem to be.

SubtleG: Tell you what, I just have one request to add you to my friend list.

Nina: Hit me.

SubtleG: Switch your number of daily dares to 3. Since I guess this is your second dare, this way I'll know I can still dare you today. You are up for another dare, right?

Alex thought about it for a second and went for it.

Nina: Deal. I'm switching it.

SubtleG: Good. I accepted your request so once you change the number of daily dares I'll be notified and I'll send you one.

Nina: Wait, can't we just chat a bit before you send the dare, so that knowing me better you could think of something that might suit me?

SubtleG: I'm good at reading people, and I think I got just the right impression from your profile.

He left the chat without further notice. A minute later a notification informed Alex she received a new dare from a user in her friend list.

Without thinking too much about the abrupt interruption of their conversation, Alex opened the notification.

Before the actual dare she was presented with an explanation on how users' dare worked differently from dares generated by the app.

"Congratulations, you have received your first dare from another Turnons user! These dares have a higher priority on automatically generated dares. You can receive any number of dares from other Turnons users, although each day you are required to complete only the number of dares you have selected in your profile settings. You can also refuse to complete a dare given by another user, but this option comes at a cost: for every dare you reject or fail to complete you can choose either to increase your number of daily dares by one, or increase by one the difficulty level of the next automatically generated dare you will get. The dare you fail or reject will be tagged as failed on your dare history, and you will immediately receive a new dare from a Turnons user (when available) or an automatically generated dare.

When you complete a dare given by another user you'll need to notify it to him/her. The user who gave you the dare will judge if you completed the dare successfully or failed."

Alex read the tutorial and clicked on continue.

"Dare from SubtleG

Hi Nina,

Your lovely profile intrigued me but I want to test your will to know if you are ready to act on your fantasies. So this is my first dare to you:

Get completely naked and sit or lay in front of a window, blinds open, lights on. Masturbate for 2 minutes, but don't cum. Face the window the whole time. You can close your eyes or turn your head if you don't have the guts to check if someone can see you. Record your performance and post the video as proof of completion.

You have 30 minutes to complete the dare."

The countdown started as soon as she started reading.

She was now staring at the screen biting her lower lip. A part of her was already picturing the scene. Her mind was also suggesting a rapid escalation: her video posted online, passed around by dozens of men, maybe someone she knew... a tingle in her lower abdomen meant her pussy had already made the decision for her.

She didn't know what felt different about this particular night, but this was the night she would have finally gone through with at least some of her fantasies. Posting a video like that for a stranger to watch wasn't surely the wildest scenario she ever imagined, but it probably was the wildest thing she'd ever done.

Rationally there was no chance the video could be actually passed around, judging by the app privacy settings. On the other hand even if two minutes wasn't a long time, there was a chance she could have been seen from the apartment building on the other side of the road.

She opened the blinds and checked for any sign of activity. Almost any window in sight on the other side of the road was dark. Her apartment was on the second floor, so anyone from the third or fourth floor of the opposite building could see through her window and inside her bedroom pretty easily. Fortunately it seemed like the right time to put on a show like that if she didn't want to have an actual and present audience.

Laura, her roomie, was already asleep, so she just had to keep quiet and go through with it.

Alex placed the phone on her desk and tried a couple of different angles until she could find the right one, framing her chair and the window from the right distance. Then she quickly got up and took off tank top, shorts and underwear. For a second she just stayed there, stark naked right in front of the window, facing the street, completely exposed to anyone who cared to look in her direction.

Then she moved, she sit on the chair and started recording with her phone the longest 2 minutes of her life.

**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 02**

The aroma of coffee in the morning was sobering after a restless night.

- Been out 'til late?

Asked Laura as she poured her a generous cup. Alex seemed distracted, it took her a second to answer the question.

- No, I just haven't slept too well last night.

Laura could probably notice her roomie's sporadic glances to the phone on the table, and when her hands quickly grabbed it as soon as a notification appeared on the screen, she smiled.

- Is there any particular reason you didn't sleep? Maybe a reason that's texting you right now?

- What? No, no. I just... God, I'm just late, I'd better get going.

Keeping a tight grip on the phone Alex walked to her bedroom, closed the door behind her, and finally unblocked the screen.

The night before, right after she clicked on the upload button and witnessed her video popping up on her Turnons profile, Alex had one of the most thunderous orgasms of her life.

Briefly after that she got the notification that informed her SubtleG had viewed the proof of completion and evaluated her dare as "completed".

This automatic message was followed by a short chat message:

SubtleG: "Hello Nina, I wasn't sure you had it in you but I'm glad you completed my first dare. Another one will follow tomorrow. Just one. This way you will have the chance to uncover more features of the app through the automated dares. Mind though I always expect you to be willing to explore. In the meantime congratulations on the brilliant performance, I'm sure many others will be absolutely charmed by your beauty and eagerness in the future."

She had been tempted to answer. What she did instead was edging to sleep while watching her own video over and over again.

From the moment she woke up, Alex had been torturing herself with one only thought: should I take down that video?

It was only visible to one user, but what if this SubtleG - that she knew nothing about - showed it to someone else? What if he lived in the UK? Maybe in her very city. What if somehow he could share the video online. Surely there could be ways to get around Turnons' security and privacy settings.

She had been so stupid.

Sure, you couldn't see her face, she payed attention to that, but her whole body was on display. And the room could be easily recognised by someone who knew her.

Her mind was quickly building tragic scenarios of her downfall when her phone chimed, she took it and almost ran to her room. Her heart pounding, her first dare of the day waiting for her behind that harmless message:

"Turnons Notification - You have a new dare. 3/3 dares to complete today."

Alex clicked on the screen and opened Turnons app. The dare she received had been automatically generated. Nevertheless she could feel her breath getting shorter, and as she read it a familiar feeling began to spring in her groin.

"3rd Dare

Level 1

Share the news.

Invite at least one contact from your contact list to Turnons."

Fuck. No way. She didn't think about it for a second and clicked on "Reject Dare". She was then presented with two options:

"You rejected a dare. Pick one of the options as penalty:

1. Increase dares level by 1

2. Increase number of daily dares by 1"

Maybe moving up a few levels will make the stupid app drop the "tutorial mode" - she thought - and will get me actual dares that won't push me to add contacts or stuff like that. So she chose option 1.

Her focus though was quickly drawn by a little red circe with a number 1 in it in her dares inbox. It was quickly followed by another notification:

"You have received a new dare from SubtleG. 3/3 dares to complete today."

Alex could immediately feel her heart beating faster. Was it excitement or distress? She couldn't tell.

Dare from SubtleG

"Hello Nina,

first of all I want to renew my congratulations for your little performance yesterday. Your video, wether short, has kept me good company last night. I showed it to a couple of friends of mine, and they liked it as well.

Just a couple, they're trustworthy don't worry. We don't want too many people to know about your escapades, do we?

About that: were you too afraid to look if someone saw you last night, or did you catch some lucky guy enjoying the view?

You can answer that later, now it's time for your new dare, if you will be once again playful and willing enough to complete it.

Whatever is your schedule today, you are to spend at least 4 hours outside. There's something I'd like you to wear, and something else I'd like you to leave at home.

I want you to wear one of these items of clothing:

- a thin, skin tight, white top,

- a sheer blouse,

- a white shirt with at least half buttons undone.

The thing you will leave behind is your bra.

Don't be too scared. You are allowed to wear something on top of that. It can be a blazer, a button-down sweater, a hoodie with a zip, or any other item of clothing you will be able to open fast enough.

As a proof of completion first of all you will upload a pic taken right outside your door, wearing nothing on top but the white item of clothing of your choosing. And to be absolutely sure you are not wearing a bra you will upload a second picture with your breasts showing.

If you chose to wear a top pull it down or up far enough to take the picture, same with the blouse, while for the shirt you will need to unbutton it completely.

Since I want to be sure you won't try to cheat throughout the day, every now and then you will receive a notification. These notifications are called "flash proofs" or "flash dares" and they require you to post a picture or a video. In this case you will be required to post just a picture of yourself wearing your top, unless you give me a reason to doubt if you followed the rules. Wherever you are you will have 2 minutes to do so.

Mind that if your nipples are not clearly visible through the fabric I will not judge the pic as valid.

I will give you the chance to fail a flash proof just once. If you fail to upload 2 or more pictures that fit the requirements, the whole dare will be considered as failed. A gentle warning: I don't appreciate failure, and I don't know if I would be interested in keeping up this little game of ours if you turn out to be a quitter.

You have 10 hours to complete the dare."

Alex read the instructions over and over again. Her hand had unawarely shifted down on her crotch. The words alone had turned her on, before she could even start to picture herself in the scenario SubtleG had created for her.

She was confused by how accurately this guy pulled her strings, but she needed a moment of clarity. Trying to breath regularly she told herself she didn't have to do this. Everything could have stopped now: she would've closed her profile, and the last few hours would become just a memory. A truly exciting memory.

She read the instructions again. This time her eyes lingered on the first part of the message, where he told her how her video had been shared with "a couple of friends". She whimpered biting her lip because of how turned on and ashamed she was. It really took so little to turn her into a complete mess? She had uploaded a porn video of herself on an app! And now at least 3 strangers had seen it.

Her hand started moving again between her legs. Alex reached inside her pants to find her pussy was getting wet.

It wasn't just that. The reason she was on the verge of tears wasn't because she was making a fool of herself, and was even so stupid to like it. She was crying now because she didn't want it to end. She had been fantasizing about something like that for so long, and now she had a little taste of what it could be like, the fantasy had become a need.

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When she heard the door closing behind her Alex took a deep breath. It was silly, probably, but she felt distant from her ordinary self. Was it really her the girl that just walked out of the apartment? Was she really about to do what her mind suggested?

She took a couple of steps forward towards the elevator. No noise was coming from other apartments on the same floor. She quickly took off her cardigan completely exposing her thin white halter top. Before taking the first picture she made sure her nipples were hard enough, even if both the nipples and the areolae should have been already visible through the fabric.

Before and after getting dressed Alex had furiously edged. She stopped right before climaxing at least 3 times. She didn't want to cum, because she was sure that after the orgasm she would have chickened out. She needed the excitement to fuel her need to go on.

Furthermore the top was truly skin tight. It was a gift from Laura that she never actually tried wearing out since it was stretchy and a size smaller than hers. In this case though it was a perfect fit.

A sheer blouse would have been too revealing as well as an unbuttoned shirt. It was already blatant she wasn't wearing a bra, and her big breasts would have been swaying around the whole time if it wasn't for the top that kept them mostly still, while providing more coverage than the other two options.

Anyway she had to use Turnons' camera to upload the pictures, and as she learned the night before the app didn't give you the chance to take more than one picture. So it had to be perfect. Clicking on the persistent notification that said "Turnons: Dare from SubtleG in progress" the camera opened up.

Alex pinched her nipples a few times and took the photo. It immediately popped up as a post on her profile, right above "Nina has accepted SubtleG's task". The top clinged to her as a second skin: the outline of her nipples was perfectly visible.

Come on, she thought, and raised the top up until she was almost completely topless just a few steps from her front door. She took the picture in a hurry this time, but she was still careful enough not to include her face, just a little bit of her chin and mouth.

The picture appeared right above the previous one. Both had the caption "Nina has uploaded a new pic in response to SubtleG's dare".

Alex quickly covered up, pressed the elevator button and tried to calm down. She noticed her breasts moving up and down as she breathed. It took her a few seconds after she entered the elevator to finally look at herself in the mirror and realise she hadn't covered up with the cardigan yet. She did so just in time, right before the doors opened on the ground level in front of an older guy waiting.

Alex mumbled something and walked by him.

She had to get herself together quickly, she was supposed to attend a two hour seminar that morning, and a lunch afterwards.

Five minutes after posting the pictures, as she was walking down the block to the subway station, her phone chimed with a notification: "SubtleG has accepted your uploads and proof of completion".

The idea of all the trouble she was going through just to complete a dare given by a stranger, the fact that she was basically sending him nudes, and that he had to approve them, was diminishing. It made her feel like a stupid and slutty teenager screaming for attention.

Alex climbed down the stairs to catch the train at the last second. She remained in the middle of the wagon catching her breath. Her chest moving rhythmically up and down catched the eye of a couple of younger guys sitting in front of the door smiling. Playing the scene in her head Alex realised she must have been quite a sight, running on the platform and inside the train with her breasts bouncing unprotected by the bra.

Her face was already flushed because of the run, so the guys couldn't tell how embarrassed she felt. One thing was being exposed to an anonymous guy, possibly hundreds of miles away, another thing entirely was giving a live show to two smirking boys right off high school. She was thankful she could at least wear something over the top.

She was thankful. What was wrong with her?

Unfortunately there was no seat available, even if the wagon wasn't packed as it used to be at that time of the day. She had to stand, so she kept an arm around her chest, preventing her breasts from bouncing too much because of the train's movements. Nevertheless the boys kept their eyes on her the whole time.

Eventually she found a seat when her destination was 3 stops away. As they were approaching a station, Alex heard the familiar vibration of her phone. A red notification on the top of the screen, right below "Turnons: Dare from SubtleG in progress", informed her there was a flash dare to complete. There was a 120 seconds timer that had already started.

Her heart skipped a beat. She clicked on the notification and Turnons' camera opened once again. A line at the bottom of the screen read "Upload a picture showing your top and your nipples clearly visible through the fabric".

Fuck.

She wasted about 30 seconds on thinking, or, well, letting her mind go blank. Her breathing getting faster again as she pictured what she was about to do in a crowded subway train. Nothing too scandalous a voice kept repeating far back in her head. It's a free country, a girl is entitled to wear whatever she likes. But showing off her clear lack of bra wasn't the thing Alex was the most embarrassed about.

Trying to be quick and subtle at the same time she reached inside her cardigan, finding her right nipple and gently pinched it, while shielding her move with the other arm. Her eyes widened looking for someone nearby who could have noticed the scene. Sure enough nobody was paying attention to her, or simply out of time, Alex repeated the same move for her left nipple.

Then, without thinking too much about it, she took off the cardigan. Doing so made her top stretch and her breasts push even more against the fabric. The guy next to her was deliberately watching in her direction now, even if not directly at her; and another standing in front of her was looking down trying not to be too obvious. She couldn't overthink it anymore though, the time was almost up. She pointed the phone and took a picture that got uploaded automatically on her feed. A fullscreen preview of the picture stayed on for a few seconds before a message appeared on it: "Congratulations! You have completed a flash dare!".

The picture showed more of her face than she intended, including her lips and the tip of her nose, but the main focus was clearly her chest. Her breasts and nipples were clearly outlined by the skin tight white top, and the darker skin of the areolae could somehow be distinguished.

"You got the wrong angle for that selfie, I guess." said the guy next to her smiling "or quite the right one, depending on who you sent it to."

Nosey smartass.

Alex would have liked to reply something like "mind your own business", or better "fuck off, peeper", but she was too embarrassed to do anything but getting away from that train as fast as she could. She got the cardigan in her hand and quickly stood up. She almost hit the guy standing right in front of her seat. Her breasts pushed against his chest. She didn't look up, she just said "I'm sorry" moving towards the door.

The train stopped right after she managed to squish through the rest of the passengers, and finally she got out, her cardigan still in her hand. The fresh air of the station making her even more aware of how hard and unprotected her nipples were right now.

**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 03**

The subversive potential of sexual desire will become a major theme for Marcuse. He finds that society tends to repress sexual impulses in order to keep a tighter grip on individuals, defining what and how they should consider appropriate when it comes to pleasure and satisfaction. And in this way keep them part of a properly working capitalist society. Today we'll focus on how this mechanism of repression works according to Marcuse.

Trying to focus on the topics she had to go through in the following two hours, took Alex's mind off Turnons for a while. She was standing in the middle of the classroom. It was an ordinary day, but the students seemed interested for a change. It was probably due to the name her professor had chosen for the seminar: "The erotic impulse as a mean of liberation in Nietszche, Freud and Marcuse".

And it wasn't just the usual suspects who decided to take her seminar. It was a pretty big class actually. The small room was made to accommodate about twenty persons, but today the attendees were thirtytwo. A few of them grabbed some spare seats from the corridor and were now sitting behind the last row of desks. Alex had to offer her own desk to a couple of students who couldn't find anywhere else to stay, and she promised that she would have asked professor Grant to arrange for a bigger classroom.

Alex was probably too modest or too naive to admit, even to herself, that half the male students attending the seminar were doing it just because she was the lecturer.

Seminars in May were always crowded, full of guys trying to earn a few extra credits. Little she knew of how often her name came up in private conversations in the boys room or in locker rooms. Since she had started covering teaching hours for professor Grant, social science classes drew more students by the week. And this seminar, the first she was allowed to do without someone from the department nannying her, seemed to be bound for success judging by the number of show-ups at the first lesson.

Alex didn't want to build her self-esteem too much, but she had to be good at this. Teaching suited her after all, it brought out the best of her: as soon as a lesson started, all of a sudden she was absolutely brilliant and charismatic, none of her shyness or indecisiveness was there anymore. Never in the world she would have imagined her popularity among students had anything to do with her looks. She missed the malice to perceive how attentive guys got when she walked by their desks, or how they followed the gentle swaying of her breasts, and the harmonious movements of her legs and butt.

That was also the kind of thinking her uprising and years of study tried to eradicate, making her focus on hard work, intellectual gratification and knowledge as the only means - and reasons - to be appreciated. Even more so in the academic circles, where the number of men in leading positions, whether lower than before, was still high.

At 25 Alex was one of the youngest PhD students of the campus, she was the youngest woman in the department and the youngest teacher considering all bachelor degree courses. She had to be proud of all that, but she also felt the burden of living up to the expectations.

One hour into her speech on Marcuse she stopped to take a few questions. After answering concisely a request for further explanations on Marcuse's take on Freudian psychoanalysis, she noticed Robert Brooks, one of the students sitting at her desk, raising his hand.

- Yes, Bobby? - He was one of Grant's students. She knew all of them by name, since she had to attend classes and tests even when she was not directly involved.

- Your phone's buzzing. There's a red notification with a timer or something. It says Turn..

Fuck

- Yes Bobby, thank you. - Answered Alex getting to her desk in a hurry. How could she be so stupid to leave her phone there?

She took a quick glance at the screen. There was no way she could do anything but dismiss the notification and so she did. Immediately Turnons app opened up showing a red screen that read: "You failed a flash dare! You have 0 attempts left. If you fail another flash dare your current dare from SubtleG will be considered not completed."

She hoped he wasn't too upset.

Why? Why would her mind even shape that thought?

- Sorry guys, let's get going. Anyone else has a question?

The lesson kept going for another fifteen minutes before her phone, now safely in her pants pocket, buzzed again. It was a chat message this time.

Susie, a first year from professor Hopkins' political science class, was reading an abstract from "Eros and Civilization". Alex got to back of the class, near the door, and took another look at the message.

SubtleG: Sorry to see you stumbled already, Nina. As I said I'll allow you failing just this once. But let's raise the stakes a little bit, shall we?

Nina: I'm sorry, I really couldn't take a picture within the time limit.

SubtleG: Well, that's what our little game is about: giving up control. If you are not ready we can always stop now. There will be no second chances though, remember.

Nina: No.

That's all she had to say and it came from her heart, that was now pounding. Was it because she was chatting on a NSFW chat while in the midst of a class? Or was it for the fear of losing the chance of fulfilling her fantasies?

SubtleG: Good. Flash Dares will change requirements: from now on when you get a notification you will be asked to upload two pictures. The first one must show your current outfit as before, the second must show your naked breasts. You will have 3 minutes to complete the flash dare, I'm reasonable after all.

SubtleG: And Nina, since I don't want you to try and make it easier for yourself, every time you complete a flash dare you will have to do so in a different place. Make sure I can tell the setting has changed, or I will consider it a failure.

Alex wanted to reply something, but Susie had already finished reading, and the whole class had noticed she wasn't paying too much attention. They were all staring at her.

- I'm sorry. - she started trying to regain her composure - Thank you Susie, what do you... - but her phone vibration interrupted her thoughts again.

"Turnons: Dare from SubtleG in progress" read the first notification, and right below that: "New flash dare: 175 seconds left".

What? Now?

The way her mind and body reacted was confusing. All she was able to do was mumbling for a few seconds and then finally state:

- I apologize but some issue just came up. I need to sort it before we can continue. Let's get five and then we'll resume the comment on the abstract.

She left the class and quickly walked towards the stairs. As she was moving fast across the corridor Alex took a look at her phone: 100 seconds left. There was no time to reach the toilet reserved to professors and staff on the first floor, so she went for the women restrooms down the hall.

Luckily enough she found an open stall, entered and closed the door as girls were coming in and out.

This time without thinking too much about it she took her phone out, clicked on Turnons' notification and took her cardigan off letting it fall to her waist. She snapped the first picture with her top still on, then quickly she lifted her top all the way taking it off and snapped another pic. Both were automatically uploaded to her feed on Turnons.

Were her nipples visible in the first picture? She hadn't checked. As soon as her the photo appeared on her feed she clicked on it to see if it met SubtleG's requirements. Unsurprisingly the image wasn't too neat, Alex took it in a rush after all. She was still trying to distinguish her nipples through the thin fabric of the top when her attention was drawn by another detail: taking the photo in a hurry she hadn't noticed she was showing more of her face than she meant. She could clearly see everything up to her nose and just a glimpse of her light green eyes. It wasn't enough to recognise her probably, but that vision made her heart lose a beat.

She had to be more careful. And that meant she wasn't supposed to stand in a stall in a public bathroom completely topless. Get dressed silly girl.

Alex straightened the top still balled up in her hand and put it on. Her chest moved up and down as fast as her breath that was still pretty irregular.

From the pictures it was clear she was in a public toilet, but there was nothing giving away where the toilet could be. If someone she knew somehow came across those pics would he be able to know it was her? Would he figure out they were taken inside a faculty building?

Oh no, stop. She knew where her mind was going, and that was not thinking straight. Nobody she knew could possibly see her profile on Turnons. Her privacy settings were strict, and the only recipient of her - she could as well admit it - porn pictures was some random guy God knows where. She was safe, if she wanted to keep this going she had to pay attention to her own actions and set some boundaries.

Right now though she had to go back to her class and finish the seminar. Where the fuck...

Her cardigan was lying on the floor. Not quiet a clean and dry floor. Alex picked it up and looked at it. The right sleeve was a little bit humid, but most of the damage was on the back: the blue fabric showed big darker stains. She was lucky since it seemed to be just dirt and water, but still how could she show up like that in front of the students?

Alex made sure the coast was clear and exited the stall with the cardigan in her hand. Her breasts pushing against the thin white fabric were clearly outlined by how tight the top was, she could clearly notice it in the mirror as she reached the lavatories. Her nipples were harder than ever, and even her areolae looked more obvious under the cold light.

Nobody was around so she just had to be fast, try to do her best to fix the cardigan, get dressed and back to class. She managed to wash off some of the dirt on the back of the cardigan using as little water as possible, and she was now holding it under the hand dryer when a voice startled her.

- Professor, here you are. We were all wondering if everything was ok.

It was Susie, the blonde girl from the seminar.

- Oh yes Susie, thanks. - answered Alex barely turning her head, trying to shield herself as she could, getting closer to the cardigan and the hand dryer - I was about to come back but I had a little accident with my sweater. I got some dirt on it and I'm trying to clean it a little.

- Well, let me see if I can help.

Before Alex could say anything the girl moved next to her and took the hem of the cardigan in her hands.

- It's still pretty wet, maybe you should just let it dry and wear it later. It's warm outside after all.

Alex couldn't find the words to phrase her answer in the right way. She could swear Susie's eyes lingered on her chest as she spoke.

- No... - mumbled Alex - I feel cold just with the top. I'll sort it out, don't worry.

- Yeah, I figured maybe that kind of thing is meant to be worn under a sweater or something. Well, I'll let the others know we'll resume the seminar in a few minutes.

- Thanks, Susie.

That comment, along with the stare, left no room for doubts. Susie had surely noticed Alex wasn't wearing a bra. Moreover her breasts and nipples in the well-lit bathroom must have been blatantly on show. Damn Alex, you just showed off to one of your students, in a public bathroom. What if she said something? And whatever she could say she would have been probably right. Even if all Alex said was true, why would a professor use the students' restrooms to get changed? Unless said professor is an exhibitionist slut not thinking straight.

Alex genuinely formulated those exact words in her head, but instead of getting angry at herself she felt the urge to get back inside the stall and let her hands roam under her pants. She resisted. The situation, as tame as it could seem at first, was already messing with her head.

She sorted the cardigan issue and went back to her class, where she resumed the seminar. Everything went smoothly until the end of the second hour. She dismissed the class and warned the students they would have been updated on where the next lesson would take place, after she spoke to professor Grant.

Alex then collected her things and got out of the room herself. As she stepped outside she noticed Susie was there, apparently waiting for her. In that same moment her phone chimed again.