**Turnons - A Game of Dares**

by[shyexhibitionist](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3704647&page=submissions)©

**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 04**

- I was wondering if you had a spare minute for me, professor.

- Yes, Susie. - Alex answered mechanically.

Her mind though was elsewhere. Give me just a second, she managed to say with a feeble voice as her heart started beating faster again. She took the phone from her back pocket, the screen lighted up and showed a bright red banner. Another one.

The countdown had already begun: she only had 2 minutes and 45 seconds if she wanted to keep this thing going. Or she could just ignore the notification. Ignore the last crazy hours. Ignore last night. Ignore the feelings that came up as she uploaded a video or a photo. Let go all of it and go back to her ordinary life, to her ordinary self.

- Let's talk in my office.

Her office wasn't actually her own. It was a room she shared with another PhD student, right next to professor Grant's study. It was on the first floor, near to the elevator. It took them two minutes to reach the door. Then, as she was taking her key from the pocket, Alex hesitated. Could she ignore the urge that was devouring her? That she had kept under control until the night before but that now was keeping her soul awake and vigilant? Was she ready to let go of something she had just begun to experience after she had spent years just imagining it? And if the answer to all those questions was "no, God, I can't let that happen" as her heart suggested, what was she willing to risk in return?

- Would you wait me here for a minute, Susie? - she said to the girl turning the key inside the keyhole - I need to clear up my desk from some evaluation papers and I'll let you in.

Susie nodded quietly and took a seat next to the door.

Alex entered the office and closed the door behind her. Luckily enough the place was desert.

She quickly left everything she was carrying on her desk and as her life depended on it she took her cardigan and her top off. She was topless in her office. She hadn't even checked if she could somehow be seen from the windows. She had just that damn countdown in mind. She unblocked her phone as fast as she could, clicked on Turnons notification, waited a second that felt a lot longer before the camera popped up on the screen and clicked away to shoot a photo.

As the picture was uploaded to her profile she noticed the flash dare permanent notification was still there. She opened it to discover the countdown was already over by the time the picture was taken. It just hadn't stop when she clicked on it. The few seconds she still had by the time she reached her room were not enough.

"Your picture has been successfully uploaded on your Turnons profile!"

Alex wanted to cry.

She clicked on the new notification anyway and saw a glimpse of her scared face and a blurry image of her tits, in a familiar setting. She could easily recognize the room she was in and her face was clearly on sight, at least that was her very first thought.

Taking a better look it was clear that only a small part of her face was visible and, along with the angle and the fuzziness of the picture, it was improbable that anyone could knew it was her and where the picture was taken. Not mentioning how remote was the chance that someone she knew could actually stumble across that pic. And yet they were all possibilities, remote maybe, but not impossible.

She was about to have a panic attack because of all the thoughts that crossed her mind in the last couple of minutes. She was a mess. And the message she got right in the middle of that crisis was just too much.

"I'm sorry you failed, Nina. I was enjoying our game, but as I said I had to test you, and you couldn't keep up. I'm sure it's for the best. Don't worry you will have plenty of new chances to challenge yourself, I'm sure. G."

This time tears started falling from her eyes. She was angry and she felt stupid, and used, and helpless. And in that state of mind she wrote back.

"No, please. Give me another chance. Just this time. I'm really motivated to go on, don't take this from me."

Alex didn't even know where that came from. Her hands were moving on their own accord when she composed the message. Maybe she was just being honest, true to herself, and that was what it felt like: no need to think about what she was writing, because it was true. Perhaps SubtleG somehow understood it.

"Ok Nina. I'm willing to try. But this time I need a token of goodwill from you. You need to go to your privacy settings and allow Turnons users on your friends list to share your contents. I'm the only one on your list right now and I promise I won't abuse this power. I won't share a single pic or video. Unless you fail the next dare I'll give you. It's a matter of trust. You'll need to trust me and to feel accountable for your actions and your words. You said you wanted a second chance: this is it. There won't be a third. Tell me now if you want to continue or stop."

Alex wasn't in the best emotional state to take that decision. She wasn't in the most appropriate situation to have that conversation. And quite honestly she wasn't in her right mind to understand any of that.

She wrote: "I want to continue."

Her hands weren't shaking now as she clicked on her profile settings, found the option: "Allow users to share your media". She could now choose between:

- Never allow sharing - which was the current setting

- Allow your Turnons friends to share your media with other Turnons users

- Allow any Turnons registered user to share your media with other Turnons users

- Allow any user to share or download your media.

Alex took a deep breath and clicked on the second option.

All of a sudden she was shivering as she realized she was still standing half naked in the middle of the room. Quickly she took her top from the floor and put it on. Right before her new dare arrived.

"New dare from SubtleG"

"I really appreciate your attitude, Nina, but we'll need more than that. We need proof you are suited and ready for this. For your new dare you need to start a live video and for the next five minutes you are going to masturbate. You can use your fingers, a toy, another kind of tool, and do whatever you want to bring yourself to the edge of climax. From the moment you start you are not allowed to stop until you reach the edge or the 5 minutes are up. If you manage to reach the edge during the five minutes you will stop masturbating for ten seconds and then start again, in this case you won't stop until your time is up or you reach your second edge, whichever comes last. Wherever you are now that's where you'll shoot the video. Your pussy must be clearly on show. Make sure your panties don't get in the way. Take them off if you're more confident it will give me a better view, but if you decide to do that you won't put them back on until I give you explicit permission to do so. You have 2 minutes to start the live streaming. If you fail to comply to any of the requirements of this dare I will share each and everyone of your pictures and videos with my friends here on Turnons and I can assure they're quite a lot. Maybe someone you know? I don't want to do that, but I think at this point you needed a little push. Good luck."

Fuck Fuck Fuck.

She couldn't go through with it, right? The only rational thing to do was to chicken out. She couldn't put in jeopardy her job like that. She already took it too far, now she had to shut down the crazy part of her brain that put her in this position and let it all go.

Alex clicked on her profile settings again, she looked for the privacy settings, but when she tried to change them back to revoke the download/sharing authorization the option simply wasn't there anymore. She looked for it anywhere but the fact was that now the most restrictive privacy setting for media sharing and downloading was "Allow your Turnons friends to share your media with other Turnons users".

What now? She surely had just a minute or so to follow SubtleG's directions. Was he going to do something if she failed? Was it a game anymore? Could she risk it?

The point was she didn't have time for answers. She had to make a decision. Alex will never know which part of her made the choice, the horny broken part that deep down was getting off on that no way out scenario, or the scared rational part that wanted to protect her privacy.

The only thing she knew was that she was now sitting in her chair quickly taking off her panties under her skirt. She took her phone and easily found the live streaming option on Turnons. Her frontal camera activated taking her by surprise, but fortunately enough the phone was already pointing down.

She clinched it between her thighs. She was looking for a better position for it, but in the mean time she wanted this to be over as soon as possible. The image on the screen was already showing a not so clear image of her pussy. Alex rolled her skirt up a bit and moved the chair closer to her desk trying to block the phone between the bottom panel of the desk and her seat. She was determined to show as little as possible while still complying to SubtleG's instructions.

Her hand started moving on her left thigh and reached now her pussy. A gentle stroke was enough to sense the wetness that she already felt by the time her panties were off. In a few seconds two of her fingers were already inside her pussy. Right then after two fast knocks on the door Susie walked in, uninvited.

- I'm sorry professor, can we talk now?

Alex's heart lost a beat.

It would have taken a little while for her to realize that the panel of her desk was preventing he from being completely exposed, and that Susie could hardly see anything too unusual from where she was standing. Alex prayed Susie couldn't see the panties on the floor as she was trying to pull them under her feet, sweating from the effort of keeping her thighs and torso completely still while doing so.

The teacher's silence though encouraged Susie to come in. She stopped midway to pick up something from the floor: Alex's cardigan.

- Is that your sweater?

- Uh? Oh, yes, thank you. It must've fallen off the chair

Alex's voice was hoarse. She noticed her left hand was still touching her pussy under the table. That made her focus on her predicament: her skirt was basically folded up to her waist, the phone was blocked between her thighs, her panties were still on the floor even if hidden under her feet, and... God! If she wanted to keep her adventures private she had to keep going, keep masturbating, hoping SubtleG had not already considered that pause as an unforgivable mistake.

Susie got closer to the desk and with her free hand Alex pointed the chair on the other side: sitting down the chances that the girl could actually see something were close to zero.

Come on Alex, come on, she thought, you can do it, calm down.

Her hand started to move again and to Alex's surprise she found her pussy was even more soaked than before. Her nipples had never been so hard and this stimulated yet another exciting and compromising image in her mind: the view she was offering to Susie, her face flushed, her tits tightly wrapped in a thin white top, her nipples blatantly exposed without a bra to protect them. The blond girl though seemed not to pay too much attention to any of that. She left the cardigan on a side of the table and started talking.

Alex did her best to listen to her but the only thing she could think of was the noise her wet pussy was making as she pushed her fingers in and out, and then moved them on her lips and on her clitoris. Her strength focused on keeping the phone in place, her will on holding back the moans as her breath was becoming more frantic every second.

Could Susie tell what was going on under the desk. Was her fast breathing as ovious as it was to her? Could she smell her? Jesus why all of that was turning her on more than scaring her? What was wrong with her? She wasn't even attracted to girls and yet the mere presence of Susie in the room had heightened all her senses and feelings. Was it the risk of being exposed? Was just having an audience? Her fingers were moving faster now as Alex could feel the edge of climax approaching. She bit her lower lip while looking down for a second and then again straight at Susie.

- So, do you think that topic would be ok?

Alex honestly didn't know what she was talking about. And her mind was too blurry now to notice how the student's eyes from time to time were ogling her, trying to figure out what was wrong with her, or simply outlining her semi-exposed breasts under that flimsy top.

- Yes. - Alex almost moaned it and then gaining some composure - Yes, I don't see why not. -

- It's decided. Thank you professor Marshall. - said Susie smiling and getting up on her feet - Then I'll send you a draft before our next seminar lesson, so we can review it together next week. -

- A draft? - Alex mumbled

- Sure, of the paper you'll be reviewing. Well at least of the first chapter if that's ok.

Whatever she agreed to, it was probably too late or too complicated to back out now. And more importantly Susie was about to leave and Alex didn't have any intention to stop her. So she just nodded and Susie moved a few steps towards the door. Then she stopped for a second.

- And professor, I really would keep that sweater on. It's ok when it's just us girls around, but you know some of the boys here are real pigs. - And off she went.

Alex wanted to die. She also wanted to climax so bad she let out a long moan. The phone fell to the floor. Alex quickly retrieved it withdrawing her soaked hand from her pussy and reaching for the phone under the desk. Trying her best to prevent her face from showing on the camera, she took a look to the streaming timer. 7 minutes, 1 viewer.

She ended the live stream and sat back on the chair as sweat was coming down her spine.

A couple of notifications made her phone vibrate, but she didn't check it yet. Her eyes were lost. She was catching her breath after a long run. And a thought was starting to take shape in her head: did Susie call her professor Marshall?

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Alex had a lot to figure out.

The Turnons app was still open. It showed her feed. On top there were two notifications she had not addressed yet:

"Congratulations, you have completed SubtleG's dare. Your live streaming video is now available on your profile."

"Darn! You failed to complete a dare. Failing dares gains you penalties. Click to discover your first penalty."

Right below Alex could see her live streaming preview. The caption read:

"Nina was streaming live. The recording will expire in 23 hours and 56 minutes."

Alex clicked on play. The video started with some sudden moves of the camera and then it stabilized as she found the right position. The video showed her lifting up her skirt to expose her wet pussy. Her hand crawling down to her thigh and her trembling fingers parting her lips, finding their way inside. She was moaning ever so slightly as she heard the door opening.

- Can we speak now, professor?

Susie's voice was distant. The sound was disturbed by Alex's sudden attempt to move closer to the desk to reach with her feet for the panties on the floor. After a little while, as Susie pulled the chair making some annoying noise, image and sound became clear again. Alex saw her hand start moving again, her thighs clinching the phone as she was squirming inside.

Susie talked. A lot. She mentioned professor Hopkins, she mentioned his political science class, and of course she mentioned Alex's name, right before leaving.

Alex went back a bit as silent tears were coming out of her eyes. In the video her fingers were moving faster making a feeble squishy sound. Susie was telling her about how professor Hopkins himself suggested she would go talk to her.

"He told me to go talk to Alex Marshall of the social science department. Honestly I didn't know who you were, professor, so I decided to take your seminar, and believe me it was a mind opening experience. I'm so glad I did."

Hearing that sentence played back on her phone Alex let out a whimper. She couldn't believe what was happening. She was about to burst into a loud cry, goddamnit she was about to shout to the top of her lungs.

It was then she noticed that her left hand had returned to her pussy as she watched the video. Not moving, just keeping contact, just enough to feel her fingers getting sticky with humors. She was still wet. Still naked under her skirt. Her panties were still on the ground. She tried her best to push that thought away but she couldn't help but notice she was still turned on. By fucking what? Being on the edge of a cliff, one step away from her life being totally ruined?

Her phone flashed with another notification.

"New message from SubtleG"

Her heart sunk just reading the preview: "Hello Alex". Two words were enough to make her feel like her world was crumbling down. Alex's first instinct was to shut it all down. It didn't matter only one guy - well and a couple of his friends, according to him - had seen her pictures and videos; it didn't matter who SubtleG was or where he was: her name been linked to the "porn" - there was no other word for it - she had posted on Turnons was more than enough to let her rational part take over and quit. Not to mention the fact that right now SubtleG could potentially share her stuff with anybody he wanted, provided they were on Turnons. There was no doubt or discussion about it. It was too dangerous.

So Alex looked for a delete account option or something like that. She found it at the bottom of her profile settings: "Quit Turnons". She almost clicked when doubt crawled into her head. She went back on her profile page and looked for a way to delete her posts and any kind of information.

She found out she could only edit her profile data and that was pretty much useless since it was mostly fake or too generic to make a difference. On the other hand the posts had only 4 options: like, comment, privacy settings and share. No delete option whatsoever. All her posts were available for "Turnons users on her friend list". She could choose to change it to users on her friends' friend lists, all Turnons users, everyone. There was no option to make her posts somehow private, visible only to herself.

Anxiety grew inside her, but she took a breath and went back to the "Quit Turnons" button. She clicked and a message came up.

"We are sorry you want to leave us! Please remember to fill in our account deactivation survey to help us improve in the future.

Before you leave make sure you remember Turnons terms and conditions regarding inactive and deleted accounts."

Alex flagged the consent box, then hesitated. For once in her life it was probably best to read the terms. She clicked on the link and started reading, even if her heart was pounding and her head couldn't really focus on anything.

"If you fail to complete your daily tasks your account will be marked an inactive. Inactive users lose..."

That was not it. She was still searching for the details on deleting the account when a new notification popped up.

"SubtleG suggested an edit to your profile. Accept or send verification to refuse."

What the hell did it mean?

She stopped reading and clicked on it.

"SubtleG suggested an edit to your profile name. We always value our users feedback and use it to improve Turnons experience for everyone. If you do nothing your profile name will be updated to 'Slutty Alex'. If you want to refuse the suggested modification you can verify your account and prevent other users from suggesting edits. To verify your account please upload a copy of your ID."

What? Wait what? This can't be right. This fucking app. Alex went back to her profile setting, to end it as soon as possible. She clicked on the Quit button. She flagged the consent and clicked on confirm. Then another warning showed up. There were 2 options.

Option 1:

"By quitting Turnons I therefore give Turnons Ltd. full rights to use my media and data on Turnons app, and as means of promotion of said app. I acknowledge my media and information will still be available for the Turnons users I allowed in my privacy settings after I deleted my account."

Option 2:

"Deactivate my account for 30 days, keep all my media and information private. (Only available for VIP users)."

Option 3:

"Delete all my information and media. (Only available for PRO users)."

Option 2 and 3 were unavailable.

No. No no no no fuck no.

Another chime. Another message from SubtleG. Her head was about to explode. Alex wanted to cry or scream, instead she froze. Unable to think of a way out, unable to do anything really, she clicked on the notification and SubtleG's messages appeared on the screen.

The last message in the chat was clearly a follow up to the message that had gone unanswered.

"Alex, try to be prompt and ready when i write to you. I was offering my congratulations for completing the task. It's always good to get a win after you failed at something, to get back on your feet right? I know, I know probably the live streaming task have brought some unintended consequences upon you. Consider yourself lucky though, I'm not the kind of guy who will exploit your weakness to make you do something you don't want. I'll keep helping you exploring your fantasies if you'll have me."

The condescending tone of the message was frustrating, but she also felt kind of disarmed, weak and angry.

"You won't push me? You just changed my username using my real name! What's that about? And you can share a video that basically fucks over any chance of me having a career."

After a short pause SubtleG resembled typing.

"Come on, Alex. Don't make me look like someone I'm not. You did it all on your own accord if I remember it right. You are the one who started it. You are the one who decided to continue. Maybe you've just been a little bit reckless and haven't thought of the consequences of your actions. I warned you."

She wanted this, she accepted the risks, she started it. It was true, all of it. She had no one to blame but herself.

"Please" she typed as her tears were about to start falling again "I made a mistake, if that video comes up somehow" she couldn't finish the sentence but she sent it anyway.

"Now now Alex, don't worry, you are still a lucky gal. You could have ended up in a much worse situation than this: I'm a reasonable man and I'm really interested in you and in your well being. I think we are at the beginning of a wonderful journey. Don't tell me you are not even a bit excited about it. Touch yourself again, tell me how your body reacts to all of this."

Once again her mind was brought back to reality. She was sitting in her office, panties on the ground, her skirt folded up, her pussy virtually on show and she was wet. There was no denying it. It was unbelievable. Was she so broken? Was she getting off on her own disgrace? It was hard to admit even to herself.

"Don't lie to me, Alex" added SubtleG, like he could somehow sense her thoughts. And she didn't lie.

"I'm wet."

"See? Look on the bright side. There's something liberating about all this. You can live out your fantasies and I have the means to give you a little push, hoping you won't chicken out. Will you, Alex?"

Alex wanted to write that she couldn't, that she was trying to, but she thought it would have been better to keep that to herself. She would have found a way out later. It was better to play along right now, keeping SubtleG "on her side".

"I won't. But please can you change my screen name back?"

"I'm afraid I can't do that. As you might have figured most of the changes on this app are permanent. Once I suggest an edit I can't suggest another for 24 hours. Also if a user suggests more than a single change for a specific field he has to post verification that the info he's suggesting are correct. So I guess you are stucked with your new name for now. Anyway don't worry, I don't think anyone could understand your identity by reading that nick. And I won't be showing your video to anyone, so your secret is safe with me."

"Thanks." What else could she answer?

"Now I have to go, but I'll be in touch later. I guess that anyway you will be busy on your own since you should have still 2 dares to go for the day and a penalty from failing your first dare. I'll leave you to it." A second after he sent the message SubtleG logged off.

Every step she took on Turnons, every action, seemed to push her deeper and deeper down. Penalties? What was he talking about? She felt like she had not even begun to understand the kind of trouble she was getting herself into. Then she remembered she still had a notification on her profile, a notification mentioning a penalty.

Stop. Do not try to figure everything out at once or you will fail. First of all calm down. That day had already been an emotional roller-coaster and she couldn't take it anymore. Once she had set her mind straight she would have figured out everything about how Turnons worked and found a way out.

Alex put her phone away and got up, straightening her skirt down. She reached down for her panties that were still on the floor. She was about to put them back on but getting up she noticed something was missing. She took a look on the desk, then walked around it. Where the hell was her cardigan? Is it even possible that...

Someone opened the door unannounced.

- Oh good, you are here, I was looking for you.

Alex's legs turned to jelly, a feeling she was used to when she was younger and more easily embarrassed than now. Richard had not payed too much attention to her at first, but now seeing how she stood frozen in the middle of the room he gave Alex a questioning look. She held tight on her panties and tried to conceal it inside her fist.

- Are you ok? You look gobsmacked.

- Yes. What? Sorry. It's just - Alex mumbled and tried a fake laugh - I was distracted.

- So, you remember we have to revise your seminar plan over lunch?

- What? Lunch? It was today, wasn't it?

- Hello professor Marshall, you got your matcha tea this morning? Or whatever gets you girls going lately?

- Coffee. But that's not the point. Look Rich, I have a ton of work to do, I have to talk to Grant about the seminar, and this girl Susie from Hopkins' class asked me for a review.

- I got it, sure, don't worry. Just don't let it overwhelm you. I'd say you could use taking your mind off things for a little while. We don't have to talk about work, but I'm going to grab a bite anyway with... oh there she is. Annie!

Richard stepped next to the door calling someone passing by. Alex shaked off that numb feeling of impotence and moved quickly to her desk, opened the first drawer and pushed the panties inside, closing it right before Richard turned back to her.

- Alex, you already met Annie right?

- Ehm I don't think we have ever been properly introduced, hi.

- Ok then, so Alex Marshall this is Annie Hall.

- Wait, really?

- No, he's joking. The name's Haller.

Annie had the looks of a witty free spirited girl from another age. That brunette, thin, bold Jane Birkin style and character that made Alex think: God that's what they mean when they say 'empowered'. Alex never had that aura, and honestly it didn't suit her.

Annie Haller was a senior lecturer of Behavioural Economics. Alex didn't know anything else about her, except that Richard was definitely into her, even if he thought he wasn't give it away.

- So what do you say Alex, coming with us? - said Annie

- Actually I'd need to work on...

- Nonsense, - intervened Richard - as your boss I demand you come along.

- Technically wouldn't Grant be my boss?

- Well you can be his PhD student, but you really want to work side by side with Grumpy Grant or would you prefer the herestanding Richard Caulfield, who, by the way, is also in charge of planning your activities for the next two months?

- Your name's not Caulfield.

- Not the point, Marshall. The point is you are coming to lunch.

In the few minutes that took them to walk out of the building and to the joint on the other side of the road the atmosphere changed completely, at least for Alex.

Walking among the students made her very aware of the glances she was getting. It felt like everybody knew she was wearing nothing but two pieces of clothing: a skirt that now felt awfully short and a thin white top, stretched over her breasts and nipples, blatantly poking through the fabric.

Her mind had already created an image of herself in a see through top, drawing unwanted attention from everyone crossing her path. With every step she took the hem of her skirt felt dangerously closer to revealing more than it should have. If she didn't pay attention she would be easily exposed. Well, of course her mind was playing tricks on her. Her clothes were not even near to indecent, right? Then why she felt so damn aroused, he nipples hard as fuck were pushing the thin white top to the limit, and the damp from her pussy seemed a second away from sliding down her thighs.

Alex left her panties in the first drawer of her desk. With no chance of getting them back anytime soon. Now she was trapped in a scenario she had dreamed about many times, but never thought she would experience, not like that, not all of a sudden. What happened? One minute before she was in her room browsing the same old erotic blogs and now she was walking around without wearing any panties under her skirt.

She was going to lunch with two senior professors dressed like that. And the only solid thought that came up in her mind was that she was so desperately horny she would have given anything for two minutes inside a stall.

They arrived at the little place Richard had picked for lunch. There was a line but it was not a long one, fifteen minutes or so said the waitress. So they waited. Richard and Annie were chatting about something and that gave Alex time to check her phone again.

Penalties, penalties, there: she opened Turnons notification and a sad face appeared on the screen, with a message below it:

"Darn! You failed to complete a dare. Failing dares gains you penalties. You first penalty is...

...for the next 24 hours you will have to suggest an improvement for every dare you receive from a Turnons user. Careful: if he or she doesn't accept your suggestion you automatically fail the dare."

And below that:

"Note: users cannot see the details of your active penalties before they send you a dare"

Fuck it. She simply would not take any more dares right? That stuff got her in enough trouble already.

Yet, when her eyes fell on the permanent notification on her profile saying 'Daily Dares: 1 completed out of 3' Alex felt something like a spasm down inside her, and it was like she could feel a big drop of fluid coming down from her pussy.

- You spend too much time on that phone. Come on that's us.

Richard pointed a table in the middle of the room. It was a tiny place with tiny tables, so there was not much privacy and they actually had to squeeze in their seats without much room to move. The guy behind Alex was sitting so close that his chair pushed hers forward, so close to the table her breasts were basically pushed towards Richard.

A waiter took their order as Annie started a conversation.

- So Alex what's your seminar about?

That was the worst possible question and the worst possible time.

- Alex's seminar is about sexuality. Or well perception of sexuality and erotism in modern society. - Richard had the bad habit of answering any question he heard.

- Well I guess the girl can speak for herself, Richard.

- Yes, - Alex tried to focus on what she did best, know her shit, and keep everything else in a corner of her brain - it's about transgressions really, as the only means to achieve freedom.

- Well, interesting topic. But are there any real transgressions left after several sexual revolutions, so to speak? - asked Annie.

- Depends on how close you look and how deep you are willing to go.

- Oh the girl's wicked! - She said looking at Richard who just smiled, inattentive.

His eyes were roaming somewhere else. The sunlight coming from the windows was making Alex's lack of bra even more obvious: her nipples and areaolas were more evident than ever under the top. Richard's knee inadvertently touched Alex's under the table. The girl's instinct was closing her legs even tighter, and it all came back to her. The hem of the skirt had raised sitting down, it came up to about mid-thigh. Her pussy was inches from showing, even if she knew that could never actually happen. The length of her skirt would have been perfectly acceptable, if only she had panties on. The sharp certainty of her answers to Annie's questions was already gone. And as a dog who could sense fear, Turnons app chimed with a new notification.

"New Dare. 2/3 dares to complete today."

- Excuse me, I have to make a call. If the waiter comes back I'll get the club sandwich.

Alex went back outside to check the notification.

"4th Dare

Level 2

You can do better than this.

You have only one user in your friend list. Before the day ends add at least 5 more."

Like she could afford more people to see her profile. She clicked on reject and then chose to increase dares level by 1 as penalty. The next thing she saw on the screen was a warning:

"You have refused 2/3 automated dares today. Remember: you will receive a number of automated dares up to the daily dares number you selected. If you fail to complete your daily dares you will be considered as an inactive user."

The words "inactive user" were linked, and this time Alex wasn't in the right mood to skip on details. She clicked and her eyes widened as she read the conditions for inactive accounts.

"Inactive users do not have access to their Turnons accounts anymore. By inactivating their accounts, users give up their rights on info and media contents, which therefore become legal property of Turnons Ltd. and can be used for any purpose linked to the Turnons App. Inactive users' profiles are set to "public" and therefore available for any other user on Turnons as well as search engines' indexing."

This was a fucking nightmare. She had to find a way out. She had to. But in the meantime she had to do everything in her power to protect herself.

Her phone chimed again.

"New Dare.

Level 3

Be bold.

It seems like you are not getting the attention you deserve! Add at least 7 Turnons users to your friend list and send them a video message where you ask them nicely to please send you some dares to complete. Try to be friendly. To verify it's you in the video please state your Turnons username and include your face, or wear the same outfit you are wearing in your profile picture."

Seven. Basically the app was asking her to post a topless video of herself begging seven strangers to give her naughty dares to complete. Her heart was pounding in her chest.

She could reject this one too, right?

She had no automated dare left after this one. And then what? She would have asked SubtleG to send her two more dares. That was it. She would have asked him to be understanding. That would have prevented her profile to go public, and that night or the following day she would have figured out a way to end it. Why, why all of it felt so damn exciting? Why was she so turned on she was actually picturing what she would have said in the video, how she would have played with her nipples while begging, how wet her pussy would have been.

Alex decided to send a message to SubtleG right away. Luckily enough he answered immediately.

"Hi Alex, I'm glad you asked me for more dares, but I'm afraid I have run out of dares to give. There's a cap for dare masters too, you know? And it seems like I'm pretty popular around here. I guess I'll hear from you later. But hey, there is always tomorrow! Take care."

Fuck fuck fuck. She was trapped. Think Alex. Come on.

"Hey G" she tried to be as cool as she could "just one last question: do everybody see all my contents on my profile or just you?"

"Don't worry pet, proofs of completion are shared only with the user who assigned you a dare. Unless you decide to share it as a public post, or if he does (when allowed, of course). Your secret is safe with me."

One dodged bullet at least. Still taking the dare meant getting more and more exposed. But what choice did she have? She clicked on "accept dare".

- Alex! Come on, your sandwich's here already.

- Coming.

Richard waited for her to come back inside and closed the restaurant's door behind them.

As she walked to the table, Alex kept her eyes on the phone: after she accepted the dare, as she was answering Richard's call, the timer had already set off. She had 30 minutes.

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- Hi, I'm Alex, it would be nice if you could add me to your friend list.

No. She that was not her nickname. She trashed it.

- Hi there, I'm Slutty Alex, why don't you add me to your friend list? I'm new on Turnons and I'd like to get some dares.

She felt a shiver down her spine as she said her nickname out loud. The camera framed perfectly her topless torso, her breasts, pushed together by her arms posture as she held the phone, looked even bigger. They were not that big were they? That prominent. God what must they look like with that thin top on? What kind of show had she been putting on?

Without her lips moving in the shot it still looked like a fake or something. What if nobody answered? What if she failed the dare and get another penalty? What if she couldn't get anyone to add her and send her dares, and her account went inactive? She had to be convincing, so she tried just to add some more details.

She trashed this video too and started over again. This time Alex lifted up the camera, just enough to get her lips inside the frame. Just like that it became more personal already.

- Hi, I'm Slutty Alex, I'm kind of a closet exhibitionist.

Her breasts were still the centre of attention. Her trembling lips though made it all look hotter, even to her.

- I like to fantasize about being gently but steadily pushed towards more and more daring situations. I would like to add you to my friend list, if you'll accept this request, that is.

The image on the phone shaked a little as she pulled her left hand closer to her body, and then started moving it softly over her breast. Almost without noticing it, Alex started torturing her nipple. She was recording a video message she would have sent to strangers. She would have asked them to give her tasks, dares. She was going to be more and more exposed. She couldn't control the flow of her thoughts, as well as the flow of the words that now were coming out of her mouth on their own accord.

- I would like you to send me dares that help me explore my fantasies. Even push me beyond. I would like to be seduced into giving in. Follow the downward path - Alex became to moan as her hand reached under her skirt finding her naked wet pussy - until what now seems obscene and outrageous will become my new normal. Until I'll have no chance but consider myself just an exhibitionist slut. Until... - she was on the verge of an orgasm so quick and unexpected she couldn't hold back much longer.

- Alex, you in there?

Shit, she hadn't even heard the bathroom door opening. Annie was now in the anteroom. Before the situation could get out of hand like it happened earlier in her office, Alex stopped the video recording at once.

- Yes, yes I'm here. - she stuttered with a blatantly shaking voice.

- Is everything alright?

- Yeah, uhm, just you know it's not my best day.

- I figured something like that. If you need a tampon I have one.

- Uh? Oh yes thanks.

That worked as a cover up, but looking at the screen there wasn't too much to be happy about. She only had a few minutes left, and she still had to send the video. Then god knows how long it would take for users to answer her request. She had to record a new video though, she clearly couldn't send the one she just recorded.

- It's gonna be hard if you don't open the door.

Gosh, she quickly put her top back down to cover her breasts, and opened the door.

- You must be really unwell, uh? You look really flushed. - said Annie giving her the tampon. - Look, you do not need to stay here with me and Richard. I'll make up an excuse to him so you do not have to explain yourself. I guess it could be a little embarrassing discussing this kind of stuff with your boss.

- Thanks, you are great.

- I need just one favour to ask in return.

- Sure.

- Would you let me pee before going back in? Just a minute, I've been holding it forever. - said Annie laughing.

Alex tried to smile and nodded. As soon as the door closed she looked at her phone again. Four minutes. There was no way she could get back in there, record another video and get seven users accept her request in so little time, right? It took her too long to select the users to contact and then she was so stupid to get carried away and now what?

The preview of the request with her video attached was still showing on the phone. A tear of frustration and excitement came down her chick as she considered the idea of clicking "Send".

She couldn't, it was too much, that video was exposing on a whole other level. Only on her worst (or best) nights she came to confess that kind of stuff, and it was always to strangers on random erotic chats. With no real consequences. But now? Alex couldn't even make sense of the last twelve hours. Twelve hours for fuck's sake. That app was turning her world upside down.

No. She let out a whimper.

She was turning her world upside down on her own. Like her father used to tell her she was very good at self sabotage. Why was she so dumb? Even a minute before, she just couldn't help it, it was like her own body was betraying her. Her own mind.

All of a sudden Annie was back out. Alex flinched a second and turned the phone down immediately.

- All yours, I'll get back to the table.

- Yes, thanks again.

Alex waited for Annie to leave and went back in. There wasn't much time. There was no time at all. She unblocked the phone and was welcomed by a wall of notifications.

"You have a new friend on Turnons"

"You have a new friend on Turnons"

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"You have a new friend on Turnons"

"You have a new friend on Turnons"

What. The. Fuck.

\*

- You know, I thought that girl was a little bit more... liberated? - said Annie as she seat back.

- Who Alex?

- Yes, tackling that kind of topic for her first seminar, and the way she talked about it. That and the obvious lack of bra. I thought she was a badass feminist. Even a bit of a spoof.

- Yes? I honestly didn't notice.

- Oh come on, fuck you Rich, you couldn't take your eyes off her tits.

Both laughed a bit. Then Richard looked at Annie and smiled.

- You must admit it was a challenging view.

- I'll give you that.

- Why did you say that, anyway? The liberated thing.

- Oh nothing, she has her period and she was probably too embarrassed to tell you she didn't feel like having lunch out. Girls should be more open about it, it's not like we should be ashamed of our biology.

- Who's the spoof feminist now?

- Got me. Oh there she is. Act like I made up an excuse for her leaving.

Alex came up to the table with a fake smile on her face and collected the bag.

- I'm sorry I have to leave, I received a call and...

- Yeah don't worry, Annie told me. I'll see you tomorrow, then. And don't forget we still have to discuss your seminar plan.

- I won't. Thanks. And here's for the...

- Nonsense. The department is paying this one. Go get some rest.

Alex waived goodbye and walked towards the exit without worrying too much about what Richard was saying.

- You are bad at this. - said Annie as soon as she left - Go get some rest?

- Sorry. I AM bad at this. So... you don't wear a bra either when you're on your period, or..

- Oh shut up, wanker.

They both laughed again as Alex got finally to the door.

She used her bag and arms to shield her breasts. Her nipples were so hard they could have poked a hole through the fabric. Her breath was erratic.

She checked her phone: her Uber was just a minute away. Once home she would have figured out what to do next.