**Turnons - A Game of Dares**

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

**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 07**

The feeling of shame was overwhelming. Every single step from the car to her flat door was a constant reminder of her state of undress.

Alex could feel the moisture between her legs for the whole Uber ride home. Now that she was walking around the apartment building she was almost sure little drops of her fluids were coming down her thighs. She had never been so wet in her entire life.

Walking through the courtyard made her wet. Waving at Mr. Longcross while faking a smile made her wet. Shielding her breasts with her arms and her bag, in a pose that made her look like an innocent schoolgirl, made her wet. Small talk with her neighbour Susan while they were waiting for the elevator, as the only thought her mind could focus on was twelve strangers just received a video of her masturbating, and pinching her nipples and confessing one of her most private fantasies, made her wet.

Once Alex opened the door of her flat and noticed she was alone, she sighed in relief, dropped her bag, and immediately started checking her phone again. There were a lot of notifications from Turnons.

The first one was "Your daily report".

"Hey SluttyAlex! You are doing fine but don't let your guard down!

Daily Dares: You still have 1 out of 3 daily dares to complete.

Turnons Dares: You have received 3 out of 3 automated dares.

Turnons Dares Level: You have reached level 3 for automated dares.

Active Penalties: 1

Penalty #1: 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."

All the others were messages from her new "friends".

On the way home Alex worked out the mechanics of how the requests got sent and the only option was that she failed to lock her screen when Annie exited the toilet. Then she must have accidentally hit send.

Before starting the recording she had already selected a few candidates among the users suggested by the app. She thought she would have had all the time to slim down the list before sending the video. At least that was what she thought before being carried away by her own sluttiness.

How could she be so careless? Even now, as she could rationally understand she was playing with fire, and her exposure was probably just a few steps ahead, shame and fear were overpowered by an insane state of arousal. Insane. That's what she was. She was totally mental.

Most of the messages she received were similar and probably more polite than she expected.

"Hey Alex, I'm glad you added me. I guess we can work to make that fantasy of yours a truly exciting reality. I'd like to know something about you and maybe then I could send you a dare. What do you think?"

That was honestly the kindest thing anyone could have said given the situation.

There were a few pretty straight messages, right to the point.

"I see you are pretty little slut already, but I'm sure you can do better than that. I'll send you a dare that will make you squirm even reading it. Mark."

Short messages.

"Hot vid! I see you are new here, would like to chat?"

One unusually long "opening statement"? Definitely verbose. Too long, pass.

Alex began scrolling down the chats mindlessly, not sure on what to do next, when it hit her, once again and as hard as it could: all these men weren't just contacts on an erotic chat, the kind of guys that kept her interested for a little while when she was too tired or too horny to sleep. They had all seen her naked. They had all heard her moaning voice asking to send her dares, to push her beyond her limits. And they could watch that video again and again whenever they felt like it. She had posted her tits as a public profile picture for fuck's sake.

She couldn't keep her fingers away from her pussy. She had reached her bedroom now, taken off her skirt, and put the video on the phone. She lay on the bed for a couple of minutes, masturbating to her own video. Rolled up her top and started playing with her breasts as she resumed reading the chat messages. One finally caught her eye. It was from a "DarkPassenger". Alex recalled adding him when the fumes of arousal had already taken over.

DarkPassenger: "You seem like the kind of girl with repressed impulses that I would love to train. You don't even realise how broken you already are, Alex. Most likely you think of yourself as a good girl and this just as one of your erotic shenanigans. Something that will go away as quickly as it began. But no. This isn't a itch you will be able to scratch away. I don't know if you already figured out how dangerous could this app be for little sluts like you, but be sure I can help you make that very clear. I'm positive you can be pushed far beyond what you think is your limit. You won't believe what you will be able to achieve, the risks you will take, the arousal you will feel, and the price you will be willing to pay."

This time Alex knows for certain which part of her made the decision to answer this message.

SluttyAlex: "Where would you like to lead me?"

She didn't have to wait long for the answer.

DarkPassenger: "To the point you will be so needy you will be asking me to push you further. You will do anything just for a chance of touching yourself. You will give up everything to see your old self crumbling down, to become something new, something obscene, something lewd."

SluttyAlex: "I don't think I'm ready for anything like that."

DarkPassenger: "I'm afraid you don't have a choice."

SluttyAlex: "What do you mean?"

DarkPassenger: "What are you doing right now? Be honest."

Alex didn't have to think even for a second: what was the point in lying about it?

SluttyAlex: "Masturbating."

DarkPassenger: "Show me."

The message was followed by a link: "turnons.me/streamto/user/DarkPassenger".

This man had already seen her basically naked, masturbating, spilling out embarrassing truths, what was the difference?

SluttyAlex: "I can't."

DarkPassenger: "And why is that? I have already watched you doing it, actually I have a video of you I can replay for my amusement anytime. So were you lying to me about what you are doing right now?"

SluttyAlex: "It's not that. I just shouldn't. I should stop."

DarkPassenger: "Oh but you won't. I'm familiar with that kind unstable balance between excitement and reluctance. It gets so easily thrown off. Trust me. Also I think you won't be able to accept the consequences. You would lose on every side. You would no longer have your little exciting game, nor a way to control the spreading of your pictures, videos and information. There should be enough already for a mild exposure given the number of dares you have completed in such a short time."

SluttyAlex: "You can see that? The number of dares I completed."

DarkPassenger: "Sure, that's public. But I also have access to certain privileges. You see that little star near my name? That means I'm a premium user. I can see how many daily dares you have left among other things."

SluttyAlex: "What other things?"

DarkPassenger: "In due time. Now show me or should i dare you?"

Alex's head was light, drawn into the chat and confused by the pleasure pulsing from her pussy, but she couldn't push herself deeper down the rabbit hole. She had to get through one last dare, then she would have had the time to figure out how to end it. Lost in these thoughts she lost her chance to answer.

DarkPassenger: "Fair enough, but it will be harder this way."

"New dare from DarkPassenger"

The notification came up just a minute later. It had a little star just like the one near DarkPassenger's nickname. Alex noticed she had received another four or five dares as well. It seemed like she was far from being out of options. He thought he was in control? Well she would have taken it back. She clicked on the dare from a "GoodGirlsTrainer".

The moment she did a message popped up: "You must first answer Dark Passenger's dare". What? There was a little question mark next to the message, Alex clicked on it.

"You have received a dare from a premium user. Premium users' dares have a higher priority and must therefore be addressed before you can access other dares."

Sucker. Fuck it. Fuck. Alex wanted to scream. The most frustrating thing was that the idea of being forced to follow his rules excited her. Her excitement though went quickly down when she read the dare. She simply couldn't do it.

She could still reject it right? It would have brought her automated dares level up a... no fuck you fucking fuck, that was not an automated dare. Her only options were success or failure. Failure would have earned her a penalty.

She was getting familiar with the rules of Turnons, but it was of no comfort or consequence at this point.

"New Dare from DarkPassenger

Click on the link I sent you. Show me how you masturbate for five minutes. Do it in plain sight: I want to see clearly your body and your face. While you are doing it beg me to expose you. Don't cum."

The button below wasn't even "Accept dare" but "Suggest an improvement". Her penalty. She couldn't do it. It was as simple as that, so she chose her only true option. She clicked on the button and then wrote "I am sorry, I can't do that. It would expose me too much. Please."

For a minute she had no signs DarkPassenger had even received her "suggestion". She checked the chat but he was offline.

"Darn! You failed to complete a dare. You have received a new penalty:

Your number of dares per day has been raised to 4, effective immediately. Your automated dares number has been capped at 3."

Alex felt a single tear coming down her left cheek. It was like an infinite downward spiral.

"New Dare from DarkPassenger

Click on the link I sent you. State your full name and age. Show me your ID. Show me how you masturbate for five minutes. Do it in plain sight: I want to see clearly your body and your face. While you are doing it tell me how much you would love to be exposed, what turns you on about it, and who you would like to be exposed to. Don't cum.

Suggest an improvement"

Tears came down without anything to hold them back now.

"Please. I can't do it. Please I will do something else. I can't let my stuff go public, but I can't do this either. It would ruin me." She wrote it in the suggest an improvement box as well as in the private chat.

"Darn! You failed to complete a dare. You have received a new penalty:

Starting now pictures or videos posted as proof for completed dares will be available on your feed for all the users that have access to it."

No please, no. Fuck. No. Almost in a trance Alex went back to check her feed, she scrolled it to the video of her masturbation in the department office, with Susie clearly stating her name and a lot of other details about her life. It took her a couple of minutes but she realised it was still private, still available only to her and SubtleG.

The chat showed DarkPassenger was back online.

Alex started writing a frantic message, but she did not have the time to send it.

DarkPassenger: "So, I think you understood how you can easily lose control of the game."

SluttyAlex: "Yes, please, I can't."

Fear had taken over: Alex couldn't honestly see a way out right now and she didn't know what else she could do or say.

DarkPassenger: "Don't worry Alex. I would take no pleasure in ruining your life. I was just proving a point. I want to help you fulfill your darkest fantasies. I want the needy girl that lives inside you to come out to play. At some point exposure won't be your main concern anymore, we will be way past that. But I will just be a companion for you, you will be the one making every step. You just need a little push."

Alex's heart was beating faster now, even if she felt more at ease. It was a strange state that mixed reassurance, relief, fear and arousal. The intensity of it wasn't easy to grasp, the real nature of her feelings was ephemeral. She just said yes. She actually whispered it before realising she had to write it. And as she did Alex felt her pussy was a mess. The bed sheet showed a big humid patch. She had been that wet all along?

DarkPassenger: "You still owe me something, Alex, and I think I will take your two dares left now."

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"We need to take a few small steps before you can really dive into it."

A few steps between her and the living room. It shouldn't be so hard right? Even dressed as she is, given what she has to do. She just had to take a few steps and then everything else would have been out of her hands. More or less.

\*

Alex and DarkPassenger had been chatting for almost an hour. She didn't notice how fast time was passing by, drawn as she was into the conversation. He wanted her to describe some scenarios that would have turned her on, her favourites, the ones that pushed her over the edge. She kept tormenting her pussy the whole time, denying herself a long desired orgasm.

She was telling him about an outfit including a stretch almost transparent skirt, so short the cease of her butt would be visible as she was standing, and a crop top reaching no lower than the bottom of her breasts, when he suddenly asked her some information about her life.

Alex didn't want to give away the details of course, but she thought it would have been safe enough to tell him she had been living with another girl for two years now. For a while they spoke about Laura, her roomie, and then they moved to Alex's job.

She was pretty evasive and managed to shift the topic to her habits on clothing, going out, and sport.

"It's good to know you a little bit more, Alex. This way I can be a better travel companion."

A travel companion. He sincerely thought of himself that way? Or was it just an euphemism to shield himself behind a hypocritical definition? Or avoid scaring her away?

And why didn't he scare her away? Why was she doing this? There was another choice, right? There was always another choice, no matter how intricate the web she got herself into. If only she could just grasp it, have a single lucid moment in that blur of lust and fear.

\*

Alex was overthinking, it happened all the time when she felt the urge to chicken out of something. Once again she was trying to find a way out. A voice in the back of her head kept whispering there had to be one. It was right in front of her, behind the self-fabricated walls of her dream fantasy coming true.

Wasn't it just what she wanted all along? Being denied the chance of running away from her own desires?

The only thing Alex can see now is the corridor and the living room door. She is a few seconds away from what it looks like the first real consequence of her little game. What will Laura think of her?

Until now she hasn't done anything too obvious, right? Her everyday life wouldn't be affected by going to work braless once. Nobody knows anything about what she have actually done today or the night before. Nobody she knows could think any less of her. Nobody could imagine.

But now.

\*

"New Dare from DarkPassenger"

They had been chatting until a second before. The notification came up unexpected, and Alex clicked almost inadvertently.

"Collect all your bras in a bag. Leave out just your sexiest bra. Wear it with nothing else on top of it. Once you are ready you have to follow these simple instructions to complete the dare:

- You can't wear any other kind of top apart from that bra unless you have to leave your apartment.

- You can't spend more than 15 minutes in your bedroom until you are ready to go to sleep.

- The next time you go out bring your bag of bras to charity or to a recycling bank.

You have 5 minutes to accept this dare.

Proof of completion:

- a picture of you wearing your sexiest bra,

- a live streaming from your bedroom to show how much time you will spend there until your bedtime,

- a video of you giving away your bras.

Failing to thoroughly provide any of these proofs will result in failing the dare."

It was hard to focus on the dare and all its implications given the little time she had to answer. And there was only one possible answer: "Suggest an improvement."

Alex's mind went blank. Too many thoughts bouncing from one corner of her brain to another, crashing, exploding, making her unable to give shape to any coherent response.

SluttyAlex: "You sent me a dare."

DarkPassenger: "That's what we are doing here. Are we not?"

SluttyAlex: "I wasn't prepared."

DarkPassenger: "You better get up to speed with Turnons, Alex. Failing doesn't seem like an option for you right now."

Come on, be practical now.

SluttyAlex: "I don't know what kind of improvement I could suggest. My penalty demands I suggest something."

DarkPassenger: "I anticipated it. It's natural being your first time. I'm here to help. I'll give you 2 options. You can pick the one you feel more comfortable with, I will accept either. Next time maybe you will come up with something."

SluttyAlex: "Yes, thank you."

Couldn't she avoid this silly servile attitude? There was something subtly erotic in thanking a stranger for pushing her down a bit further. But the condescending assumption that by doing it he was "helping her", that was deviant.

DarkPassenger: "Option 1: Follow the same instructions for your bras \*and\* pants. Option 2: Follow the same instructions for your bras \*and\* panties."

She didn't reply. She was actually considering her options. Alex had to get her priorities straight. All of this would have ended. She had to think of the short term consequences. She couldn't let her arousal jeopardize her life could she? Who cared if she gave away some pants, she would have bought more, but she couldn't wear just her underwear when Laura was around. The bra part was already going to be weird enough, even if she might have found her way around it already.

Alex typed in the suggestion. DarkPassenger accepted it.

DarkPassenger: "Start your streaming now and better hurry: you don't have much time to spend there now."

Fuck, he was right.

She quickly setup her laptop on the bed facing the door and started the streaming.

In front of her wardrobe Alex didn't have to think not even for a second about what she was doing. Her sexiest bra was an open cup her ex-boyfriend bought her. She had never worn it since the break-up. She was not gonna wear it in front of Laura. She pushed it in a bag along with the others, leaving out a black bra with some sheer parts that didn't give away too much, something sexier than her regular plain bra, still she had been wearing it even for work sometimes.

There were a few bras in her laundry bag, but she decided to leave them there: DarkPassenger couldn't actually check on her, he had to trust her to some degree.

Cheating a little won't do any harm if she couldn't get caught after all.

Once the bag of bras was ready, Alex started collecting all her pants. She checked her phone: a Turnons notification said "Live Streaming 00:06:22".

She had already lost six minutes just gathering her bras? Fuck Alex, what's with the sluggish moves?

She quickly collected all her pants and threw them on the bed. Her mind kept remembering her she didn't own any pair of "sexy pants": a part of her was clearly disappointed about it, but this time it was a vastly minor part. She grabbed the bra bag and started putting her pants in, one by one. She stopped once she found a pair of low-rise jeans that could somehow pass as "sexy" given the absolute ordinariness of the others, so she set them aside and kept piling up the others.

Once she was done she took off her top to put on the bra, followed by the skirt to wear the jeans. She was buttoning them up as her phone chimed twice. Alex checked it immediately: she was sure her time wasn't up yet, but she couldn't afford to take any chances.

DarkPassenger: Nice show, I didn't want to barge in but... what are you doing?

DarkPassenger: I'm sure you must own at least one pair of shorts.

What? Her expression must have looked puzzled.

DarkPassenger: You haven't noticed you are right in front of the camera, silly?

He was right. Stupid girl you just stripped on live stream. Not like she hadn't done far worse. Alex couldn't brood over that right now.

She didn't even know how to respond. Did shorts count as pants? Apparently they did but...

SluttyAlex: Yes, sure I have shorts.

DarkPassenger: And yoga pants. Bring them all here.

Alex had four or five pairs of casual shorts, denim and fabric, and about the same amount of gym shorts along with a couple of yoga pants.

DarkPassenger made her go through all of them, piling them up in the bag along with the other pants.

DarkPassenger: That last one is a keeper.

It was an old pair of denim shorts Alex didn't even remember, something she hadn't worn easily in five years. As she tried them on she was reminded why.

It was basically a pair of denim hotpants: the hem on her butt was so dreadfully short it left the bottom third of her cheeks uncovered, and on the front the shorts reached down just a couple of inches below her pussy. Given she wasn't nineteen anymore they were also uncomfortably tight.

DarkPassenger: Not too much time left, better get out of that room, Alex. And remember there's still one dare to go.

DarkPassenger: Now that I think about it you will get off easily on this one now that you are properly dressed.

Alex checked the live streaming timer: 00:13:42.

She bolted out of the room wearing just the shorts, panties and bra, then she took a a minute to catch her breath.

She let out a whimper as the last few minutes took a toll on her. She was so air-headed she didn't even notice she was giving a show to anyone with access to her profile? A number of people that had already grown exponentially in the last few hours.

And now she had been forced? pushed? talked into? wearing that ridiculous outfit for the rest of the day. She was so fucking wet. For a couple of minutes her mind was lost between the image of herself getting naked once again in front of a camera, and scenarios that were starting to take shape as Alex imagined Laura coming back home and finding her dressed like that.

No. Stop. There's no time for that now.

She couldn't spend the rest of the day dressed like that hanging around the apartment. Being caught by Laura coming back home in a slightly inappropriate outfit was one thing, but spending hours around her dressed like that, it would have felt really weird. Not to mention she didn't have the first idea what her following dare could be.

She just had to go out. It was 4 PM, Laura would have been back any minute.

Alex was breathing more regularly now as she was planning her next steps. She couldn't stay in her room for too long, just a minute or so. Her white top was on the bed along with the skirt. Wearing the same outfit she just took off was her best option to be quick about it. Then she had just to grab her bag and her shoes. And the bag of clothes to complete the dare.

She would have changed clothes right outside the room and leave. She would have completed the dare and waited for the next one.

A familiar sound from her phone sent a shiver down her spine.

DarkPassenger: Don't forget to upload a photo of your outfit, Alex. I'd hate to see you fail on a technicality.

Her train of thoughts made her completely forget about it. Thankfully he reminded her. Alex snapped a pic that showed her bra and her tight shorts without being too revealing and uploaded it.

DarkPassenger: Good girl. I think you are ready for your next dare now.

Alex was about to type back when the noise of the apartment door opening made her heart skip a beat.

\*

Laura closed the door behind her and walked straight to her room.

"Hey, you home Lexi?" she said coming out again.

Lexi was a nick she used to mock Alex at first, then she thought it was cute and it kind of stuck.

"There you are. Getting dressed for something?"

She found Alex standing between her room the the bathroom door, she was like frozen, completely drawn by her phone.

"Hey Daisy Duke, you alive in there?"

"What? Yeah, sorry."

"Do you think you could give me access to the loo?"

"Sure, sure, I was reading something, I didn't even notice you coming in."

"That must be some interesting read."

Laura walked right by Alex, who instinctively shielded her breasts with her arm, entered the bathroom and took off her camisole.

"God, it's hot today. I must stink like one of those sweaty suits on the train. Look at that."

She took off her bra as she started the shower and came to the door.

"Do you want me to leave it open so you can enjoy the show?" She asked Alex with a smile.

Alex blushed. Laura was clearly more comfortable with nudity, but now, as she was standing topless next to her, what troubled Alex was probably her own state of undress. She tried to smile back and said:

"Just don't spend the next hour in there, I need to get ready as well."

"Sure, sure. I'll pass on my usual \*relaxing ritual\*, but you'll have my stress on your conscience."

\*

"New Dare from DarkPassenger"

As Laura was coming in Alex had already started reading the first few words, and her breath had already lost its regularity again.

"Alex, I think you need some help and validation from the people around you to successfully progress in this journey of discovery. We will start off easy, so that you will feel more and more comfortable in your everyday life. We need to take a few small steps before you can really dive into it. Soon enough this will seem really tame, I promise.

Dressed as you are you must ask your roomie for advice. A little girls talk will surely help you bond even more.

You must ask her two questions. Both are about your outfit and both must be phrased exactly as I'm about to tell you. Her answers will affect in some way the dare you are currently performing.

Question 1: Do you think this bra is too naughty for a date?

If your roomie asks something about the date be vague about it, just make it clear you are going to wear it for a special occasion, that you are ready for something more than a simple date.

Question 2: Do you think I could wear these shorts in public? Or do they make me look like a slut?

If you get a negative answer to the first question the bra needs to go in the bag with the others, and I'm afraid you won't be able to wear one for a while; otherwise you can keep it.

If your roomie thinks the shorts can be worn in public then you will be wearing them for the rest of the day regardless of whether you're home or not. Otherwise you are free to change into any other kind of bottoms you like if you are going out.

I expect you to send me on the chat a vocal message with the recording of the whole conversation. This will be your proof of completion."

The button below the dare read "Suggest an improvement."

Alex was lost again.

\*

After having her shower Laura went back to her room to get dressed. Alex entered the bathroom and closed the door behind her trying to figure out how to go about the new dare she had to complete, and how not to make a total ass of herself while at it.

She spent there something like twenty minutes thinking, then she decided to ask for DarkPassenger's advice.

SluttyAlex: "I can't think of anything to suggest."

That was all she typed. She didn't try to bargain, she didn't try to talk him into canceling the dare - if that was even possible. She was just asking for help.

DarkPassenger: "That's a though one. Tell you what: you need to get better at this, so this time I'll give you just one option I will accept. Maybe next time you will be more motivated to think of something.

DarkPassenger: "Here it goes: if your roomie thinks that bra is not naughty enough, then you have to take it off right away. The order of questions stays the same, so you still have to go through the entire conversation to complete the dare."

Alex didn't know what to type back. Her first reaction was panic at the idea of undressing in front of Laura, but then again the rational part of her mind tried to ease her into it.

Wasn't it just normal for two girls to see each other naked in a locker room, for instance? Yes but they weren't at the gym, it wasn't appropriate. And what she had to ask her about... Just ordinary girls talk, she was too easily embarrassed by that kind of intimacy. Laura just got topless in front of her like five minutes ago. Was it weird?

Laura woke her up from her trance.

"Hey Al, I'm about to leave, do you wanna come along by any chance? I'm gonna have a few beers with Sadie."

A few beers with Sadie meant she was going to stay out all night. It was now or never. Alex quickly typed the suggestion and got a notification as DarkPassenger accepted it. She opened the door of the bathroom and noticed Laura was gathering her smokes in the living room and getting some other stuff in the bag before leaving.

"Soon enough this will seem really tame, I promise."

\*

"So... I have kind of a date coming up."

"What? Today?"

"No, not today."

"Is it last night's guy?"

"What? There's no last night guy."

"Come on, Alex, it's two days you don't leave your phone for a second. Who are you texting? Or it's more than that, uh?"

Laura had set her bag back on the armchair and was now sitting on the couch looking straight at Alex, with an interested smile on her face.

"I'm not texting anyone." answered Alex looking down.

"Oh my God, you got a Tinder date! How is he? Let me see him!"

"Come on, I have an embarrassing question to ask you and you're not making it any easier."

"Ok, ok don't get all worked up. Hit me."

"I was wondering..."

"You have to pinch the point, and then unroll it down the shaft. That's if you can't do it with your mouth."

"Oh fuck, nevermind, forget I asked you."

Alex backed down a little but Laura got up and grabbed her hand.

"Come on, Lexi, I'm just teasing. Ask me whatever you want."

"Ok but... behave. Do you think this bra is too naughty for a date?"

Laura's eyes widened a little for the surprise. All that fuss was about that? Well, she knew Alex and her were very different, but boy she needed to loosen up a little.

"Look, darling," she started taking Alex's other hand in hers "with that body of yours anything would look naughty. Look at those, they make \*me\* want to motorboat them."

Alex blushed.

"You will look great whatever you'll wear, but if you ask me you can be a little more daring, you know? That bra is fine for like dinner and a movie. What kind of date are we talking about?"

"\*That\* kind of date"

"Oh oh!" laughed Laura "So that's no bra for that. And if you don't have anything that'll do nobody says you have to wear a bra after all." she winked.

"Ok then." muttered Alex hesitating.

She took a deep breath and she reached behind her back

"I'll try something else."

She unclasped her bra and turned her back to Laura, taking a step towards the door, like she was about to get back to her room. When she reached the living room door she took off her bra completely.

Meanwhile Laura was looking at her phone.

"I should get going."

As she was taking the bag from the armchair, Alex turned to her. Laura was somehow startled by the sight of her breasts. Alex had never been at ease with her own body, or at least with showing it. Maybe this guy was finally getting her to be more confident, even bold.

"Hey Lau..."

"Yes?"

Alex tried her best to keep a light tone of voice, almost playful.

"Do you think I could wear these shorts in public? Or do they make me look like a slut?"

"Oh God Lexi, I told you, everything makes you look like slut with that body of yours." answered Laura with a smile "But hey, I've seen worse out there. Be safe and send me a pic of the lucky bloke for fuck's sake."

**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 09**

The closest clothing recycling bank was a few blocks away.

Alex had been sitting for a few minutes in the living room working out the fastest and most secluded root on Google maps. She was still too mentally involved in completing this last dare and get some well deserved time off Turnons, so she didn't have the time to drink in the subtle feeling creeping up inside her. That awareness of being topless, hanging around the apartment as it was the most ordinary thing in the world. Yet it probably \*was\* ordinary for lots of people, but not for her.

The awareness would have easily surfaced if she realised the window was open, and in broad daylight anyone from the building on the other side of the street could have peaked inside. It would have easily turned into that familiar combination of fear, embarrassment and arousal that pushed her through the last couple of days.

Oblivious to all of it, Alex planned her next moves and decided to wait a couple of hours to avoid streaking around the streets in her flashy outfit with a larger audience around. After all she had some work to do as well.

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It took a few minutes to focus on work after she sat at the table. It was probably the first time in her life that she had been sipping tea and working completely topless.

Although something so natural but also so inherently dangerous was happening in her mind. She was coping with it. In order to function properly and focus on the task at hand, her brain had turned that weird situation into something normal. She was sitting at the table. She was working. She was having tea. It was any other afternoon, preparing for a workday.

For the next two hours Alex worked on the draft of her seminar plan. She would have discussed it with Richard the following day, and she noted on her agenda to go talk to professor Grant to get a larger classroom for the lesson scheduled in two days.

She wasn't too hungry but she ate a sandwich anyway and then, around 8 PM she decided it was time to go.

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She tapped her phone and a wall of notification appeared. Almost all of them were messages from Turnons users, and a notification on her current dare.

It was like hitting a switch. The rush came back to her.

She had about a minute to spend in her bedroom to get everything she needed. She couldn't be sure on the exact number of seconds, so she mentally recalled the location of all the items she had to take before exiting the room again.

Her shoes were by the door, the bag with bras and pants was next to the bed and her top was on the bed. Even if she wasn't allowed to wear a bra to complete the dare she decided risking failure to get a different top from her wardrobe wasn't worth it. After all, the top wasn't that obscene, and it was just a short walk to the recycling banks.

Alex stood in front of her bedroom door for a second and went for it. In like thirty seconds or so she was already out. She got her shoes and her top on and gave herself a long look in the mirror by the front door. She came across as a much younger woman, maybe even a high-school girl, in a tight outfit. Her nipples were hard and visible, and no matter how hard she tried to pull the hem of the shorts her perky cheeks were at least partially on show. After a minute she accepted it was time to go.

She took her phone, her keys, the bag of clothes and exited.

While waiting for the elevator she went through all the notifications, discarding most of them, then idly answering a message from her mom and swiping away a couple of notifications from apps she didn't even use anymore.

At the bottom of them all there was another Turnons notification.

"DarkPassenger has added a new requirement to your current dare".

"Hey"

The voice took her completely off guard and made Alex jump a little as the elevator arrived. It was Rudy, their neighbour, coming out of his apartment.

"Hi." said Alex almost whispering.

God, why does he have to see me dressed like this?

"Going down?"

"Uh? Yes, yes of course."

They both stepped inside the elevator.

The narrow space and the lights on the ceiling made Alex feel more exposed than ever. She was wondering if her nipples were more visible through the tight white fabric due to the change of light.

"Laundry?" Asked Rudy pointing at the bag.

"Yeah." nodded Alex without actually paying attention to the small talk.

Rudy was dressed in a casual/fancy outfit: black pants, tight shirt, leather shoes, probably going to hit some bar or on a date or something. He didn't strike her as a playboy but he had his charm.

"Sorry for peaking but I think you forgot soap."

"Have I? Oh yes, no actually I'm going to give these away. Sorry I wasn't paying attention."

"You surely have a big surplus of clothes." he noted.

The irony wasn't explicit and probably not even intended but Alex felt it like a sting.

When they reached ground level Rudy let her go first. Alex thanked him and slowly walked out of the elevator. Then blushing she figured the kind of show Rudy had witnessed and stopped abruptly.

"You need help with that?"

"Oh no thanks."

"Ok then, see you."

And off he went.

Alex noticed her breath was short but she quickly turned her attention back on the phone and clicked on the notification she had left behind.

"DarkPassenger has added a new requirement to your current dare.

Since your outfit has changed from the last picture, it's only fair that you show me what it looks like. So before the end of the dare you need to upload another picture. You must take it outside, after you have dropped off your bag but before you go back home.

Oh and yes in case you are wondering: adding requirements to dares is one of the perks of being a premium user. A little thought for the future: you better be quick at completing my dares, I can get quite demanding as time goes by."

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The walk to the recycling bank was pretty thrilling for Alex. More than once she changed side of the road to avoid walking too close to other people. But other than that she was good, she was going to get away with it.

Nevertheless it felt weird. The familiar streets of her neighbourhood seemed unusual, her footing was unstable, her pace was slower than she would have liked due to the big bag of clothes she had to carry, but it was more than that. An uncomfortable sense of awareness creeped up her back with every step she took. Every step took her further from home, further from the private safe space of her apartment, where all her fantasies used to be concealed. If only she could see herself now, walking down the street in a skimpy pair of denim shorts and a flimsy top, she would immediately recognize herself as one of the girls on the tumblrs she used to lurk. She could imagine standing in one of those nonchalant poses, an interested crowd behind her, as she casually smiles at the camera almost unaware that her body is nearly naked.

As she reached the spot Alex took her phone and started filming: she showed her bag full of clothes, her hand taking it and then the short walk to the bin where she dropped the whole bag.

That was it.

She uploaded the video and then she had to upload the picture. Another picture of her outfit. It didn't scare her but there was something else that struck her. Until now there was no proof requested that could prove she had been spending the whole afternoon topless, nor that she had not worn a bra to go out.

There was some easy way around the requirements of the dare that would have made it less risque, at least when it came to that little night walk in that tight revealing outfit. And yet she hadn't thought of any of them. She had gone straight for the gold. Nice call Alex, you should be awarded a medal for the most zealous slut on Earth.

She scoffed and took the picture, ready to walk back home.

A group of people was talking outside one of the houses on the street she came from, so she decided to change root, passing through a street with a few pubs that were all basically empty at that time on a weekday.

Alex was walking slower on her way back: her attention was back on how to get a hold of her situation. Once again she was checking Turnons' rules, terms and conditions on her phone.

It honestly looked like a hopeless task. Either she failed to complete the given number of dares for a day and therefore she became an "inactive user", or she quit Turnons, either way she would have lost rights over everything she uploaded and any chance to keep it all private.

Her rational mind was still struggling with her own lust reminding her how revealing was her outfit, how exposed she was in public, dressed like she only imagined in her fantasies, and how much she now needed an orgasm she had been denying herself all day. With every step her brain was about to lose the battle with her pussy. Feeling the breeze on her barely covered nipples and in the gap between her naked thighs, as her pussy was getting wet again, in this precise moment did she want a way out?

VIP/Premium users had the chance to set their account on "holiday mode", this way deactivating it for 30 days and keeping their media and content private for that time frame. That wouldn't have been a permanent solution, still it would have been something. Although in order to become a premium user Alex had to complete at least 100 dares, or assign 100 dares and get them completed by another user. Still she hadn't found any way to be the one giving a dare instead of taking it.

PRO users could do basically anything, but in order to achieve that status she had to verify her profile and pay a subscription. The fee was pretty high, £199/month, but yet it wasn't the money that held her back but the verification process. Verified users needed to add a profile picture including their face, and send to Turnons a request including full name and address so that they could receive a pin code via regular mail to confirm they were who they claimed to be and acquire a PRO user badge.

It was like a summary of all the things that Alex would have never shared on Turnons no matter what. There's no way this is legal. Let's see if there's some information about the company.

"Professor Marshall?"

Alex's mind was somewhere else, and moreover she hadn't yet got used to being called that, so she didn't turn.

"Alex!"

Susie's face appeared right in front of Alex out of the blue.

"Sorry professor, you seemed distracted so I thought it was ok to call you by name."

"It's ok." she stuttered "Hi Susie."

"What are you doing around here? You live close by?"

"Yes, yes I live in the neighbourhood."

"Oh nice, it's a quiet place, I'd like to live around here. I'm just having a beer with a few friends."

The girl pointed to a group of guys outside of a club a few steps away.

Alex was holding her arms in front of her breasts and her legs were pressed tight together. She had to get away.

"Look Susie, I need to get going, send me that draft as soon as..."

"Nonsense. Let me buy you a drink to thank you for your help with the paper."

"Oh no, there's absolutely no need to do that. Also I'm not dressed properly to have a drink."

Susie gave her a good look.

"First of all you are absolutely gorgeous. I wish I could sport that look, but there's no way I could fit in those shorts. But you don't even have to get inside, look."

Before Alex could answer Susie turned around and called out for one of her friends.

"Hey Charlie, would you mind getting something for my friend?"

And then to Alex: "What do you drink?"

"Gin and tonic but..."

"A gin tonic and another round for me."

The guy nodded and got inside.

"Look Susie..."

But the girl was already a few drinks ahead of her and didn't seem very perceptive. Although she was shorter than her, Susie had a larger build, she wasn't chubby but she wasn't slender either. For sure she had a firm grip, 'cause she took Alex by the hand and almost dragged her in the group.

"Hey all, this is Alex Marshall, she's one of my teachers."

"She makes me want to go back to class right away!" answered a guy and the rest of the group laughed.

There were three guys plus the lad named Charlie who was getting their drinks, and two girls including Susie. The other girl looked at Alex smiling and said.

"Don't mind Troy, he's as gay as you can get."

"Word, girl," answered Troy "but she could make my straight twin come up to play anytime!"

He then greeted Alex and apologized.

"Sorry professor, just trying to break the ice. You are truly a vision in this sad sad night."

Alex smiled trying to regain her composure, meanwhile the drinks came, so she had to use just one arm to shield her torso as she held the glass with the other hand and started drinking.

"So I know you're my teacher and all, but I guess you're not that older, you look pretty young to me." started Susie.

"I'm 24."

"Well congratulations, I couldn't be a PhD student in a million years and you made it in what five years? And you're not even one of those nerds, I mean, you are cool."

"As I said, she's a vision. A dirty vision." barged in Troy "You don't get away with that Miley look at \*my\* school, and I hate it. I'd love to pull that off" he laughed.

Alex laughed nervously. She was passing as some kind of floozy who liked to flaunt her body to students. That wasn't her, that was outrageously out of character, that was... exactly what she was doing just standing there? Who was she? Why wasn't she walking away?

"You never know the opportunities that will come your way. You are working pretty hard in Hopkins' class right?" she tried regaining a pinch of her status at Susie's eyes.

"Yeah but to be honest I don't feel like academic career suits me. Actually if I can be completely honest, looking at you right now, you don't strike me as the academic type either."

There you go. "Not the academic type" along with the looks she was getting from Susie's friends, the whispered words they were surely exchanging, and the ones they would have poured on her once she left... Oh my god have you seen her? What was she thinking when she got out dressed like that? We don't have bimbo teachers at \*my\* school. Does she teach class in that kind of outfit? What does she do next, blow students in the toilets?

"Oh, I, well I wasn't planning..."

"No need to apologize, everybody deserves some time off. And if you are more comfortable in skimpy outfits who cares? It's a free country. And don't mind us, everyone here is pretty decent, even if Charlie there will give a glance or two to that perky ass of yours."

"Susie!"

"Oh I'm sorry professor" she said in a mocking tone "I meant he could be interested in your show of sensuality through a choice of clothing that transgress the cultural standards of appropriateness given your role."

Susie tried to hold off but then she let out a laughter, and even Alex had to admit her current predicament was prone to that kind of joke. She tried to smile and relieved tension with a big gulp from her glass.

"You want another one?" asked Susie after a little while.

Alex was already light-headed, but she had her priorities straight.

"No thanks, I really need to go home now."

"Alright. Time to go for me as well."

With a little chit chat the whole group decided it was time to leave and they got inside to pay up their tab. Alex said her goodbyes and was left outside with Susie. As she was about to leave Susie asked:

"Would you mind holding this for a minute, I need to use the bathroom real quick." and handed Alex her purse.

Alex not knowing what else to do took it. She scoffed as the girl went inside and then moved away from the bar entrance to avoid giving a show to anyone coming in or out.

What a fucking situation. What did Susie think of her now? That she enjoyed going around in skimpy outfits flaunting her ass and tits around, having drinks and hoping to get lucky?

God knows what she was gonna tell to the guys in class. Fucking idiot daft twat couldn't you just walk away like any normal person would have done? Why can't you say no to anything? That's mental illness you know?

And where was Susie? Maybe there was a line.

A couple of guys who were talking a few steps away got closer.

"Hey"

"Hey" she said already stepping away "sorry lads, gotta go."

Alex went straight inside.

The club was dark and packed. She could see a few booths on the side, and across the crowd of people in front of her there was the bar. In the corner some guy was playing some music on a console with blue lights and smoke around. She hadn't imagined that kind of place from the street. It was loud. A tiny dancefloor, if you could call it that, was right next to the dj, and beyond that Alex spotted the toilets. Damn you Susie.

Pushing herself through the bodies of people pushing to get to the bar, Alex managed to reach another compact group of people tightly dancing one against the other. Passing through seemed almost impossible.

She tried to draw the attention of the guy next to her, asking him to let her pass, but he didn't seem to notice her until she tapped on his shoulder and spoke in his ear. He then turned around and gave her an explicit look, his eyes stuck on her chest.

"You can ask me whatever you want." He said giving her some space.

Alex moved past him trying not to press her body against his, but it was impossible. The guy smiled doing nothing to avoid the contact.

She managed to squeeze herself between two other small groups, and found herself behind another young man moving his ass around and wooing to the music. Once again she tapped his shoulder. It was Troy.

"You go girl!" he shouted straight at her face, and started dancing in front of her.

"No, Troy, I was looking for..."

What was the point? It didn't seem like he was hearing her or paying attention. Nevertheless he leaned forward to say something.

"You are one daring teacher!" his eyes pointing at her breasts, and his hands reaching her hips to draw her into the dance.

Alex looked down and discovered to her horror that the club lighting made her lack of bra even more evident: she could easily make out the darker shadow of her nipples and areolas through the thin white fabric as well as the whole shape of her breasts.

Troy dragged her in the middle of his group, where she was greeted by another guy and the girl she met outside, all dancing one against the other and now pushing their bodies against hers.

Alex was flushed. Her right hand was holding tight on Susie's purse like it was a stress reliever, her mind was rushing, her whole body was sweating due to heat and tension.

Troy had placed his hands lower on her hips and he was now basically moving her butt around. The other guy moved closer, placed a knee between her legs and grabbed her arms wrapping them around him. For a second Alex was in a hot sandwich between two bodies, feeling completely naked and exposed. The men slowly moved their hands on her body, she could feel their breath on her, and she was about to give up and let it all go when she felt distinctly a couple of fingers sneaking on her tummy, raising the hem of her top. It was like a wake up call, she pushed back and slapped the guy in front of her who backed off as did Troy.

"Hey! Don't you dare slap my boyfriend!" shouted Troy in an angry tone. "I'm the only one who can do that." he then added with a naughty smile, as he came closer to the other guy muttering something in his ear and starting a long kiss.

"Boy, who knows how far would you go if you ever meet a couple of straight guys." the other girl mocked her "I'm Amy, by the way."

Alex's face was a mixture of anger, fear and excitement.

"I'm just messing with you. Cigarette?"

Amy motioned her head to the toilets, Alex nodded and followed her. There was a long line but no trace of Susie.

"Look, I was just looking for Susie to give her purse back. Can I give it to you?" said Alex keeping her arms crossed in front of her chest.

"I think she's out back with Charlie."

There was a backdoor right next to the toilets. Alex mouthed a thank you and went straight for it.

She exited in the alley behind the main street. It was poorly lit but she made out two silhouettes in a corner. One of them was leaning against the wall and the other was kind of crouched.

Alex didn't dare getting closer, as her eyes got accustomed to the light she could see Susie standing with her hand on the wall, while the guy behind her was almost kneeling and moving and oh my God he was eating her out there in the middle of the street. It was so silent she could almost hear Susie's breath getting shorter and her mouth moaning, or was it hers?

Alex's left hand had reached her crotch. All the underlying excitement, all the sexual tension built up during that crazy day was finding its way out. Her pussy was a mess, Alex could feel it pulsing, aching for release. This time she couldn't stop. Her hand moved furiously on the crotch of the shorts. She didn't even have the time to use the other to unbutton and get a couple of fingers inside. She came just like that, brushing the crotch of her shorts, completely soaking her panties in pussy juice. She kept cumming for a bunch of seconds that lasted forever, then she found herself crouching against the club door, her heart beating fast, her lips dry, gasping for air.