**Turnons - A Game of Dares**

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**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 10**

The first ray of light coming through the window announced an unusually sunny day. Along with it came back the shame. As the memories of the previous night took shape once again in her head, Alex pushed her face against the pillow, in a vain effort to bury her humiliation deep into it. How could she let that happen? \*All\* of it.

As soon as she got back home Alex had thrown herself on the bed on the verge of tears. The realisation that her own body and mind were betraying her was overwhelming, more than the predicament she'd got herself into.

She just had experienced the most thunderous orgasm of her life hiding in a dark corner of an alley, spying on one of her students having oral sex.

She had let strangers ogle her in the most revealing outfit she ever dared to wear in public.

She was beyond embarrassment. She was beyond shame. And she was still so bloody aroused she had to finger herself to sleep.

Now, before her mind could go back to that foggy state, a familiar sound required her to focus on the present.

\*

Your daily report

Congratulations SluttyAlex!

You have completed 7 dares. Complete 15 in 3 days to earn the Fast Learner badge and unlock some perks!

Here's your recap for today.

Daily Dares: You completed 0 out of 4 daily dares.

Turnons Dares: You have received 1 out of 3 automated dares.

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

Active Penalties: 3

Penalty #1: For the next 8 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

Penalty #2: Your automated dares number has been capped at 3.

Penalty #3: Pictures or videos posted as proof for completed dares will be available on your feed for any user who has access to it.

Good luck out there!

\*

Good luck indeed.

Alex's schedule was pretty empty for the day. Except for the meeting with Richard she only had her Thursday night yoga class. Thank God. She couldn't bear the idea of seeing anyone today, she just wanted to stay in bed.

Although some 20 notifications that were listed right below "Turnons daily report" suggested her resolution was deemed to fail.

Among the few chat messages she received there was none from DarkPassenger. And none of the 5 dares given to her was from him either. There was an automated dare, 3 dares from users she didn't know, and one from SubtleG.

It was the first time she was getting so much attention except for the answers to her video message the day before.

She decided to start checking out the automated dare. She would've checked the other ones later, once her first penalty would have expired.

\*

New Dare

Level 3

Morning Glory

Start off the day on the right foot: send a full body naked picture to every user on your friendlist. Caption it wishing them a nice day and asking them for a dare.

Complete this dare within 9AM.

\*

It wasn't exactly the way Alex would have started off any regular day. Sending a naked pic to a dozen strangers was something she could have easily considered otherworldly no more than 48 hours before. And yet there she was considering it almost an easy way to get at least one dare done.

No, wait. It was something she had done countless times before, fantasizing about showing off for random guys from random chatrooms: she just had to find a suitable picture, maybe a girl vaguely resembling her.

There you go. With a quick search Alex easily found the kind of picture she was looking for and accepted the dare.

She uploaded the photo and thought about what kind of caption she wanted to write. She came up with something a little flirty: "I hope this will help you get through the day. And maybe you could find the time to send me a dare to complete?"

She felt safe knowing she wasn't adding any compromising material to her already compromising collection. Even more so knowing she would've received enough dares to achieve her daily goals picking the ones she considered tame enough. Maybe there was still a way to keep this thing exciting without making it too dangerous.

Maybe her mind was playing another trick on her, convincing her she wasn't so far away from her comfort zone after all. But whether she knew it or not Alex had already lost control, far more than she could imagine.

"Sorry, the picture you uploaded doesn't match your profile. Please upload another one."

Fucking thing! Alex checked the pic again. The girl was fairly similar to her in body shape and measurements. How could the app see through her bluff?

Alex checked her profile and noticed her measurements were pretty accurate and, wait a second: everything was filled in, even fields she had left empty when she created the account. Height, hair colour, eye colour. How was it even possible?

Before she could dwell on this new conundrum, a notification informed her she had five minutes left to complete the dare.

Alex couldn't afford the consequences, the stakes were already high enough without the level of automated dares rising or anything like that.

Fuck it. They have already seen me naked, and worse. She quickly got out of bed and stripped down. She took a selfie standing in front of her bed, carefully avoiding to include her face in the picture, and uploaded it.

"Upload completed."

She took a deep breath. It's ok. It's ok she kept repeating in her head when a sad fanfare informed her it was not.

"Darn you failed the dare! The level of the automated dares is now 4. The number of daily dares is now 5." What the fuck?

Her heart pounding with rage, Alex clicked on the small "i" next to the message.

"You failed to upload a picture meeting dare's requirements."

She quickly went and checked her profile. The last update on her feed was the picture she had just taken along with the caption and the message "SluttyAlex just shared a picture with DarkPassenger, SubtleG, SlutsLover, and other 11 followers."

It was frustrating enough to have the visual confirmation that everything she uploaded now went straight to her feed, but she couldn't understand why she failed the dare. The photo was there, it showed her full naked body, unless... Your head, you fucking idiot. Your head is part of your body. If she had only thought of it before, she wouldn't even have accepted the dare.

Alex would never share a photo or a video showing her face, it was the last tiny piece of modesty she felt she was entitled to.

Come on, you have to get it together and go on. Your day has become suddenly even harder.

Alex was still standing naked in the middle of her room when notifications started to come in again. Her followers liked her new post and some of them wrote a message on the chat or commented on the pic.

One of the comments was from SubtleG. It said: "Happy to see you are getting used to showing off your beautiful body, Alex. I would check my dare though before it's too late to accept it."

Alex didn't like the not so subtle reminder that SubtleG had leverage on her. He had been trustworthy, but she felt she had to do her part to keep it that way.

\*

New dare from SubtleG

Hi Alex, I can see you successfully completed your second day on Turnons. I take it you got used to the basics and you are now ready for a new challenge.

Today I want you to be excited, to be really turned on all day. You are going to spend at least 8 hours out. It doesn't matter if you will be at work or shopping or whatever. You will be wearing a dress that buttons all the way down, and a thong. You are allowed to wear a bra this time if it will make you feel more comfortable. Also you can wear any accessory you like.

Another thing I want you to do is to wear your thong backwards. It will be a little uncomfortable, I know, but that's what we want. And we want to pull that thong up, as far as it can go.

Now, your task.

You will get a notification on your phone every 30 minutes. Every time you do you have to edge. If you can't edge within 2 minutes you will have to take a button off your dress. And by that I mean actually taking it off for good, pulling it or cutting the string, so that you can't chicken out.

As proof of completion you will post a picture of your outfit once you're ready to go out, and live stream each and every edge. If I'm not convinced you're actually on the brink of orgasm that edge won't count and you'll have to cut off a button.

Everytime you cut off a button you'll need to post a new picture of your outfit.

When the 8 hours are up you will be allowed to cum. In order to do so you will start a live streaming and film your orgasm as final proof. You'll have 5 minutes to cum but before you get to climax you will have to edge once for each button still on your dress.

Remember: I can always ask for a flash proof so don't get any strange idea and follow the instructions thoroughly.

The timer starts once you post the pic before going out.

I hope you will have a great time today.

\*

Alex moaned so loud she instantly held her breath afterwards, worried Laura could have heard her. She couldn't do it, could she? Then why her fingers were already looking for the wet spot between her pussy lips? This was only going to make things worse. She had to find something easier, something quick too. But still. Alex held back another moan as she added a second finger.

No. Stop.

She forced herself to click on the x button in the top right corner, she would've found some other way to keep SubtleG happy.

"By closing the window you will be forfeiting the dare, therefore failing it. Are you sure?"

What? Was this new?

No it wasn't, she had just never been in the position to choose between more than one dare at a time and until now she had either always accepted dares coming from other Turnons users, willing or not, or failed them. It just took her a minute to let it sink in. She had to make it work, the last thing she needed right now was another penalty, it would've been so hard already to get through the day.

Alex wasn't even sure why but she got even more wet. All of it started to look like a no way out situation, one of those scenarios she had imagined hundreds of times. There was something though she couldn't even start to imagine in her fantasies: her arousal fed on the fear of being exposed and at the same she longed for exposure, the same way she longed for an orgasm but was turned on by edging.

The point was: once the rush is over and the orgasmic feeling is gone, what will remain along with the sense of void this time? Bliss or guilt? Or worse?

\*

Her meeting with Richard was at 10.30. She had enough time to get there on foot, she couldn't risk to get the notification while on the train.

The only button-down dress Alex owned had eleven buttons, and she honestly hoped to keep them all. She tried it in front of the mirror: the neckline was pretty conservative but just the top button was above her breasts; the second was roughly at the same height of her nipples; if she'd ever got to cut off the third button her breasts would have been easily exposed. The hem reached past her knees so she was pretty safe there: 3 buttons off would have turned it into a dress with a deep central slit, 4 buttons off would make the slit end right before showing her panties.

Alex thought about it for a minute and then decided to wear a big belt around her waistline, this way she could've somehow held the dress together even with some button off, and she grabbed a bra from her laundry bag to wear it just in case.

And now the final touch. She fished a g-string from her underwear drawer and wore it following the instructions. It felt weird on her back, but of course the front was way worse: the string reached between her labia and rested uncomfortably on her clit. Walking all the way to the university dressed like that was going to be a torture.

Anyway she was ready to go out so she took her phone ready to accept SubtleG's dare, when she remembered her only option was actually to suggest an improvement. Alex couldn't afford to fail, so she sent a message to SubtleG to make sure her suggestion was going to be accepted.

SluttyAlex: May I suggest to cut off one button from the dress before I go out to fulfill my penalty?

SubtleG: How many buttons does the dress have?

SluttyAlex: 11

SubtleG: Then no. Make it 2 and they have to be both on the same end of the dress.

Fuck.

SluttyAlex: Ok, thanks.

Alex decided to cut off the last 2 buttons of the dress. It was the safest choice of course, but as she was doing it she could feel her chances of keeping her modesty throughout the day slip away through her fingers along with the cotton thread of the buttons.

\*

Alex was trying to keep a steady pace, but the g-string forced her to walk slowly. She could feel the irritated inner skin of her pussy screaming every time she tried walking any faster than a leisurely paced stroll through the park.

She decided to stop at her usual coffee place to get some breakfast and wait for the first notification so she could use their bathroom to do her first edge.

She sat down at a corner table, ordered a filter coffee and an avocado toast. While waiting for her order Alex decided to look through the other notifications. She had to find 4 more dares to complete within the day, it was not going to be easy, and she couldn't risk rejecting or failing.

Luckily enough there was another automated dare and Alex figured it would have been better than any user's dare.

\*

New Dare

Level 4

Get serious

Activate Rules. Rules like dares have instructions to follow and proof of completion, but they're not limited in time. While dares can include multiple requirements, rules can only include one instruction that you will have to follow every day until the rule stays active. They can be automated or given by users.

To activate rules go to your profile settings.

\*

There was a little information icon, and Alex surely wanted to know more about it.

"Once you accept a rule, it counts as a completed dare for every day you follow it and post the required proof. If you reject a rule or fail to follow it, the rule expires, number of daily dares raises by 1, level of automated dares raises by 1.

If you fail to follow 2 or more active rules your account gets inactivated."

It kinda looked like a solution to the high number of daily dares: if Alex could pick the right rules to follow she could get back some control. But that was not why she was tempted to accept.

\*

The word itself, "rules", triggered her. It was the same word she used in her wildest fantasies, the one her inner dominant voice had always used to push her.

When she was younger her imaginary dom made a rule that prohibited closing her bathroom door while she was having a shower. It was around the time she spent most summers at some family friends' house in the country.

She never got caught by Anthony, the 25 years old son of the Sterns.

A couple of years later she had earned the right to go with a small group of friends on a holiday in Greece. The voice suggested making a rule of not wearing a bra at home. So every morning she ate breakfast wearing just panties and a short gown that rested softly on her chest outlining her breasts, the darker skin of her nipples slightly showing through the fabric. She felt every eye on her. Every morning she ended up climaxing under the shower while her friends were talking and laughing on the other side of the door.

To Alex it never felt like innocent fun, or a healthy exploration of her sexuality. Each escapade ended in guilt and regret.

The voice though became more demanding as she felt the thrill subsiding, as her needs grew stronger. Her fantasies fed on sleepless nights spent edging reading blogs and erotic stories of shameful girls unwillingly exposed.

It kept pushing her, gentle and firm, but Alex knew she could've turned it off, she could've stopped at any moment if she felt uncomfortable, but now?

\*

Her order came as she was lost in those reveries of a life that now seemed so far away, maybe not even her own anymore. Seeing the waitress approaching Alex started quickly tapping the screen of her phone to accept the dare and activate the rules option, before locking it.

As the girl was placing her coffee on the table, the loud and red notification for the first edge came in. She nervously smiled, snoozed the notification and put her phone away. Once she was alone she got up.

She had less than two minutes.

Alex quickly reached the bathroom and closed the door.

Fuck

You should've thought this through Alex.

Finding the right spot to place her phone took her a few precious seconds. When she started the video she only had 30 seconds left.

Alex raised her dress and started rubbing her exposed pussy in front of the camera as fast as she could, keeping the string of her thong on one side with the other hand. A couple of times she glanced at the phone that showed her image along with the countdown. Alex could feel she was pretty far from the edge, but she did her best to moan and look frantic, even if her face wasn't in the video. When the countdown finished she rubbed for a few more seconds and then stopped. Her breath short more for the rush than for the actual excitement.

She stayed there waiting for a sign, her dress still rolled up before realising she had to stop the streaming. She took the phone and as soon as she stopped it she received a chat message from SubtleG.

SubtleG: I'm sorry Alex, but that didn't look like an edge to me. Try harder next time.

With a sad notification sound she was informed she had failed. Alex actually mouthed one of the many "fuck" she was screaming in her head. She then took out of her bag a pair of scissors she had brought along, and cut off the top button of her dress neatly, so that only the hole on the other side suggested its former presence.

She had already lost 2 buttons more than she had planned at this point. She had to keep up.

\*

Richard was nowhere to be found. Had he forgotten their meeting? Alex had to go all the way to professor Haller's office to ask her if she had seen him around.

- Alex, good morning. Come in.

- Professor Haller,

- It's Annie, I told you.

- Yes, I'm sorry, I forgot. Annie, have you seen Richard? We had an appointment but I can't find him anywhere in the department or reach him on the phone.

- Oh no, he's been busy all morning in some last minute meeting Grant organised.

- Great.

- Was it something important?

- He had to review the plan for the next lessons of the seminar and formally approve it, and he had to do it today.

Annie Haller looked at Alex for a second, then glanced at the file on her desk.

- Look, I have to finish here, but it's gonna take just a few minutes. It's not really my field of expertise, but if you like we can revise the plan together, I'm sure you've already done a wonderful job, so Richard just needs to approve it. And he won't say no to two women choosing the topics of a seminar on eros, he would be too intimidated to have an argumentative discussion about it, believe me.

Alex smiled and accepted.

- Thanks, very kind of you.

Alex was about to sit down when she checked the hour and noticed her second edge was due in a few minutes.

- So I'll let you finish here and come back later.

- No need, it'll really be a minute.

- Actually I need to use the bathroom, you know.

- Oh right. Well you don't want to take care of that kind of business in the public toilet, use ours, it's right here.

Annie pointed to the corridor right outside the office. Alex for a second was startled and almost convinced that professor Haller somehow knew what she was about to do. Then she remembered Annie was led to believe she just got her period.

- Oh ok, thanks.

Alex wasn't thrilled by the idea of masturbating next door, or well it kinda turned her on, still it was risky. But she couldn't come up with a decent excuse to refuse.

\*

It was easier this time to find the right way to place her phone and film her performance.

Alex also had some spare time to work her way towards the edge.

She opened her dress completely and moved the string of the thong on one side, then she started rubbing.

This time she got in the right mood.

Her mind started going places.

She would have failed again and again to edge on command, no matter how turned on she was. She would've ended up with just a couple of buttons left on her dress, incapable of keeping both her breasts and her pussy covered on her way home.

Susie would've met her somewhere on the street and convinced her that it was ok if she wanted to show off a little, especially if she wanted to draw the attention of the boys in her class.

No, no it's not like that Susie. I had no choice, I couldn't do otherwise. I'm sorry, I...

The notification sound woke Alex up and she had to use her fingers wet from her juices to tap on it and start streaming. Her image was reflected on the mirror above the sink and on the screen of her phone along with the 2 minutes timer. She saw herself "dressed" in what looked like an open gown and a pair of micro-knickers pulled aside to expose her now swollen pussy lips. One hand kept groping her right breast and occasionally pinching her nipples as the other was fucking her pussy senseless, the palm brushing on her clit as she pushed 2 fingers furiously in and out in an infinite motion.

One minute in, Alex started moaning as she felt her orgasm approaching. She was right on the edge when suddenly with a double beep the countdown ended and she forced herself to stop.

Unexpectedly the first thing she heard right after she stopped streaming was the sad fanfare that announced another fail.

What? No, it's not right. No.

A few seconds later she received another chat message.

SubtleG: I'm sorry Alex, I truly am, but that's not how you're going to win this. I don't see you getting anywhere close to the edge, not the way I mean it. You have to be a second away from that point of no return, your cunt aching to cum, your groin spasming and pushing against your hand, your moans should suggest desperation knowing you cannot have the only thing that you actually long for. This is not it. This is a pale excuse for an edge. So the button comes off. After you've taken it off pull that thong back up, as far as it can go. I promise it will help. And don't forget the picture.

Alex didn't answer. She didn't have the strength to do so. She was just frustrated and almost threw her phone against the mirror.

- Everything's fine in there? I'm ready when you are.

Annie was right out the door. Alex let out a whining whimper and answered trying her best to keep her tone straight.

- Yes, just a second.

She quickly cut off the bottom button, hoping the change would have gone unnoticed to Annie. She adjusted her thong pulling it up until part of the string disappeared between her labia, causing her a painful rush of pleasure that through her clit went straight to her head and made her moan again. Alex actually had to put a hand on her mouth to avoid making too much noise. She then buttoned up the seven buttons left on her dress and took a picture to post on her profile.

\*

Annie approved all the topics Alex had selected, and suggested a couple of integrations on the authors. Overall she was sincerely impressed by how Alex had built up her thesis.

- Your students are lucky to attend your lessons Alex. I might even be among them sometimes.

Alex blushed and thanked her. She would've loved to discuss for more than twenty minutes her impressions and ideas with Annie Haller, one of the youngest and brightest women running for a job as head of department in the next couple of years, as Richard told her countless times. The fact was she was squirming on her chair. She kept brushing her thighs one against the other, trying to soothe the itch between her legs, actually making it worse. The string tortured her clit with every light movement of her hips, and was getting her so wet she was afraid she would have made a mess of her dress.

She was about to thank Annie for the help and excuse herself when Richard entered the room.

- Oh there you are. Both of you. Alex I'm sorry, I know we had that thing but...

- Don't worry Richie, we took care of it. - said Annie interrupting him, and then passing him Alex's seminar plan added: - if you could just sign here and here.

- Right. So you took a look and you think...

- It's fine. Actually it is brilliant. You should take one of those classes too, maybe you'd learn a thing or two.

Richard let out an embarrassed laugh.

- Right, right. Anyway Grant wants to see you, Annie. Alex can you come along? He wants to see you too.

- Me? Why?

- He said something about a classroom?

How could Grant know she was going to ask him for a bigger class? Anyway there was no way she could refuse and now it was almost time.

Right on time Alex's phone started vibrating.

- I'm sorry, I should take this.

- Sure we'll join you outside in a minute.

Alex exited and closed the door behind her. What could she do? What, fuck, how, the phone kept vibrating and she just wanted it to stop, she just wanted to make it all go away, the notification, the arousal, the urge that made her pussy pulse now and didn't let her think. If all of it could stop for just a minute and let her think. But there was no way, nothing she could do about it but give in. She reached for the top button of her dress and yanked it as hard as she could until the thread gave up. She looked down and saw the upper half of her breasts and the shadow of her areolas peeking out from the loose plunge.

She didn't have much time to sort it out. She was about to take the pic when she saw Richard coming out from Annie's office.

- So Alex, ready to go?

**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 11**

Instinctively Alex held the two sides of the dress together with one hand.

- I'm... I'm sorry - she muttered - I had a problem with my dress. A button... Can I, just a minute...

Richard's attention was drawn to Alex's chest: even if the fabric was thick he could say the girl wasn't wearing a bra underneath. The dress pulled together by Alex's hand now outlined the shape of her breasts on the sides pretty nicely, in a way her sweaters, shirts and loose tops had never done. Richard caught himself lingering on that view before answering.

- Yeah, yes sure. Just be quick about it, professor Grant has a thing later and he's already waiting for us.

Alex nodded and entered the bathroom as Annie was closing her office door behind her.

- Alex had some kind of malfunction with her dress. She'll be with us in a minute. - said Richard answering the unasked question on Annie's face.

\*

Fuck that was close. Too bloody close.

Alex fished her bra out of her bag. She just had to lower the sides of her dress to put it on: at least that was easier now she had lost the top two buttons.

She then adjusted the belt and did her best to keep the sides of her deep plunge from opening too much. Taking a look at herself in the mirror she could see the black full cover bra peeking out a little bit. Adjusting her dress and standing perfectly still she could avoid showing it too much, but as she moved it was easy enough to get a glimpse.

Alex couldn't help but notice that either way she was showing a lot of cleavage, or at least a lot more than she was used to. And as the bra helped her getting at least some cover, it also pushed her breasts up, making it even more obvious.

Three buttons off the bottom and two off the top. It had only been an hour and a half, she had failed every single time, and now she couldn't afford failing anymore. One more button and the slit would have barely covered her pussy. One more button and her breasts would have been covered just by two loose pieces of fabric easily falling open on either side.

With her hand on the door handle she luckily remembered she had to post a picture. She did it as quickly as she could and went out.

\*

The chat message came as soon as she took her seat in professor Grant's office.

Alex was already nervous since Grant hadn't greeted them standing up, so she had to lean over his desk to shake his hand.

He must have enjoyed quite a view from there. An image of one of those girls from downblouse galleries she used to browse at night flashed in Alex's head. The walk through the long corridors and stairs of the department had already brought her arousal quite up, thanks to the unrelenting work of the string between her pussy lips. Now that brief moment of exposure had made it ramp up: Alex could feel how warm her pussy and her face were, she was probably heavily blushing, but fortunately no one in the room was paying attention to her now.

She was sitting on a small couch in the back, while Richard and Annie were on two chairs on the other side of Grant's desk.

Alex crossed her legs carefully but there wasn't much she can't do about the dress rising up and showing a generous amount of skin on her thigh.

DarkPassenger: I can't say I didn't expect it, but I'm fairly disappointed Alex.

The fuck, she couldn't chat right there right now.

SluttyAlex: I'm sorry, I can't talk right now. brb, I promise.

DarkPassenger: That's not how it works for you now. I'm already upset, don't make things even harder.

SluttyAlex: What about?

DarkPassenger: You know exactly what about. You are smart enough to understand the motives behind the dare I gave you yesterday. You were supposed to give away all your bras. I guess you borrowed the one you're wearing now?

Shit.

SluttyAlex: I'm sorry, it's this dare, I'll explain everything. Just give me a minute.

DarkPassenger: I'm sorry Alex, but you need a firmer hand if you want to get anywhere near living out your fantasies. I'll see to it.

Alex was about to reply when she heard her name called.

- Miss Marshall, I understand your seminar's going pretty well.

- It exceeded expectations, professor Grant, - Alex answered promptly after she quickly put away her phone. - but we're still at the first lesson.

- Sure, but I hear you are in need of a bigger classroom to accommodate the participants.

- Yes sir, but how...

- You have one Susan Grant in your class, Miss Marshall, and news runs fast in our family.

Susie. Susie Grant. Holy fucking shit.

- Susan tells me she also asked you to review the paper she's writing for professor Hopkins.

- Yes sir. I'm happy to do it, she's a smart and talented girl.

Who gets her pussy eaten out on the street.

- Anyway you can move your seminar to 4E, down the hall, you just have to reschedule a couple of lessons. I guess that won't be a problem.

- No, absolutely. Thanks professor.

- It's done then. Now let me grill these two up will you?

Alex did her best to smile then she excused herself and left.

Once outside she tried to calm down. Susie hadn't told him about her not-so-academic looks right? Or that she had drinks with her the night before? No that wasn't likely. Still she had to make sure.

Alex looked at her watch. It was 11.20. Thursday. She walked to the big board in the hall. Political Theory, second floor, it was mandatory. But first.

As she was making her way to the stairs Alex checked her phone. Two notifications from Turnons were waiting for her, both read "You received a new Rule from DarkPassenger".

\*

New Rule from DarkPassenger.

You can't wear a bra.

\*

Simple as it was, that sentence freaked Alex out.

Right above the Accept and Reject buttons there was a note that informed Alex that she had just a couple of minutes left to decide or the rule would have been automatically accepted.

She would have liked to take a look at the other rule first, but as it happened for dares closing the window meant forfeiting. What if the other rule was something she couldn't accept at all?

Without thinking about it too much Alex accepted it, knowing DarkPassenger would have asked her to provide proof soon, but maybe she had enough time to read the other rule and then decide if she could afford a fail on this one.

\*

New Rule from DarkPassenger.

You don't cum without permission.

\*

There was no way he could enforce that.

In a way Alex was disappointed. Orgasm control was a fetish she had toyed with for years, without ever realising her fantasies even though they seemed far easier to live out than her exhibitionistic dreams. The thing was denial scenarios always implied an active and present partner, while the closest thing Alex had was her own dominant alter ego, who whispered impure thoughts at night. A few flirts and boyfriends had come to pass since she left high school, but she had never found a connection deep enough to confess her most private thoughts. Without anyone prompt and ready to explore with her, denial as many other things was a topic Alex discussed in chat rooms, researched on erotic blogs and fantasized about when she felt like it.

This time would have made no difference, since DarkPassenger or anyone on Turnons couldn't actually have that kind of control.

All of this was in the back of her head as she clicked on the accept button. Two accepted rules meant two completed dares for now. Although she knew that DarkPassenger would have soon required a proof of some sort.

She couldn't give up her bra, could she? Only moments ago not wearing a bra would have meant showing off her full breasts to professor Grant. And even if she paid attention to every movement, just walking around in that dress, now showing a considerable cleavage, and no bra meant she would have looked like a "flirty teacher" at best, a showoff, or worse. Way worse.

God why was she getting so aroused again?

The notification came in as expected. A flash proof for the first rule. Along came a message.

DarkPassenger: don't even think about crossing me now Alex. I've been more than fair, but I can get cruel. If you don't comply with your new rules, my next rule will forbid you to wear any underwear.

Fuck shit cocksucker. She couldn't afford failing to comply with more than one rule, and she couldn't afford failing her current dare, not after all that work. And that kind of rule would have achieved both.

Nobody was around. Alex let her bag fall to the ground and reached behind her back unclasping the bra, then she pulled the straps down and finally she took her bra off pulling it from the front. One of her breasts popped out briefly into view before she managed to arrange her dress back into a decent shape.

With her front camera pointed to her chest she could see the sides of the dress generously pulled apart, showing the upper part of her breasts and the shadow between them. The first buttoned button roughly at the same height of her nipples seemed a weak defense. The belt below was more reassuring but now Alex had the impression it contributed more to pushing her breasts up than to keeping her dress together.

From the pic she uploaded the lack of bra was clear, probably more than it actually was to anyone looking at her from the front, if she stayed still. But as she moved the first steps towards the stairs to the second floor, the swaying of her breasts made her keenly aware of the attention a simple move could draw to her chest.

\*

Standing a few steps away from the door of the classroom Alex was trying to be invisible. Still her obvious anxious attitude and her reddened face didn't make it very easy.

Climbing the stairs to the second floor and walking down the long corridor had been a torture. The string kept brushing against her clit and her state of arousal had done nothing but getting higher, feeding on awareness and fear of exposure, as well as on countless erotic scenarios taking shape in her head. Her own imagination right now was a wild beast. It could smell her lust: one small mistake and it would have pranced on what was left of her common sense and pushed her down the brink.

She found the courage to come up to Susie as soon as the girl walked out the door, the only thing that pushed her was genuine fear. She could be on the verge of being exposed to her head of department, or past that, or worse, fired for misconduct maybe?

- Susie. Can I talk to you for a minute?

- Al... Professor Marshall, sure. Are you ok?

- Yes, I just needed to discuss something.

- I was about to meet the others for a coffee nearby. Can we talk as we walk?

- Yes, no problem.

They moved the first steps and Alex realised the many mistakes she had made automatically agreeing to Susie's request. She couldn't control the movements of the dress as they walked or climbed down the stairs and she didn't know what kind of view Susie could have from the side. But most of all the thong kept torturing her, brushing against her clit and the tender flesh between her labia.

- You kinda disappeared last night. Amy told me you left my purse to her and walked out in a hurry. Hope everything's alright?

- Susie, I have to ask you something: have you told anyone about last night?

- 'About last night'? What about it?

- I, - Alex took a deep breath as they were climbing down the stairs and continued whispering. - The way I was dressed wasn't appropriate, and it wasn't appropriate for me having drinks with a student.

- Gee prof, you are that old-fashioned? I thought you took things easier than that.

- It's... I don't usually dress like that, I was just taking out the trash, and...

Alex had to stop and hold back a whimper as she felt the string of her thong pushing her clit up as they reached the ground floor.

- You sure you are alright?

Alex nodded and breathed deeply once again.

- I'm just tired. I had to run through the department all morning, then went to professor Grant's office and then up...

- Oh! That's what this is about. You are afraid I'll make you look bad in the eyes of uncle Fred.

Susie chuckled and continued.

- Don't worry, we don't talk too much. And honestly I don't know what I could tell him about last night, apart from the fact that I ran into you. That's not big news.

- Thanks Susie, I appreciate it.

- No need to thank me. I don't really know why you got all worked up. You behaved like a good girl last night, if you ask me. Also, it's not like you care if people get judgemental about your outfits, if that's what's troubling you. - she winked.

Suddenly Alex felt very aware of the state of her dress. Her eyes went for a second to her breasts: she could see how barely they were covered by the loose fabric, smoothly and dangerously moving over her nipples. Swift imperceptible movements, really showing nothing from the outside probably, but still... and the curve that her breasts shaped with every slight move, bouncing free as she walked, getting pushed one against the other if she moved her arms in a certain way, falling freely forward and down if she bent over without thinking.

She lingered on these thoughts without giving full shape to them, they were more of a vague feeling, but that was enough for Susie to notice. Alex knew Susie's eyes had been scrutinizing her the whole time. She felt it, even though when she met her eyes the girl said nothing.

Alex on the other hand couldn't find the right words. To do what? Reply to what Susie's answer implied? Saying she was sorry? State once again all of it was inappropriate?

- You are alright, professor Marshall. Don't let them get into your head.

Was it? Was it all in her head? The tension, the self-awareness, that feeling of standing on the brink and that everybody was waiting to see her fall?

- I have to... - started Alex

Susie got closer, her hand moved up to Alex's chest. Alex felt Susie's finger tug lightly on one side of the dress as with the other hand she pulled a string. For a second the girl's fingertips were on the inside of the dress, less than an inch away from the skin of her breast.

- There you go. Your missing button left behind a string. - said Susie once she finished pulling away the thin cotton thread and let it fall to the ground. - See you Monday?

- Yes. - said Alex, her breath was cold.

Susie turned her back on her and started walking across the hall.

Alex was finding it hard to collect all her thoughts. The phone chimed. Alex's panic kicked in but she didn't need to think straight to notice the toilets' door a few steps away. She went in and found a stall passing by the girls at the sinks.

When she found a spot for her phone to stand and started the streaming she had some 90 seconds left. She moaned in distress while she was pushing two fingers in her mouth to get them wet and then quickly raised her dress to shove them inside her pussy in front of the camera.

As she did so, she found her pussy was incredibly wet. It was soaked. The thong was completely drenched in her juices. And as soon as she curled her fingers inside, rubbing them against the tender internal walls, she actually had to hold off the upcoming orgasm.

Alex moaned more distinctly now. She leaned forward getting closer to the phone, her hairs coming partially into view as bent over. After a couple of seconds she started banging her fingers insider her, her whole body was moving just like someone was fucking her from behind. Her nipples showed a little more with every bounce until her breasts popped out of her dress.

Please. Please please please. She found herself whispering. God, no... she whimpered and sighed and let out a trembling breath as another chime informed her the time was over and this time she successfully completed her task.

SubtleG: Good girl, Alex. That was an edge.

The chat message notification hovered just a second on the screen above the image of her body spent by the struggle. Good girl. She had let Susie call her good girl.

\*

It felt like her pussy kept pulsing. She could almost see the string of the thong parting her red and swollen lips. Her skin seemed to have acquired the same kind of tactile recognition that usually belongs to fingertips: Alex could swear she could distinguish every knot, every sewing and every thread no matter how thin, moving inside her as she walked.

Was it worth it?

SubtleG had never asked for a flash proof until then. On the other hand he was right about the effect it had on her: the string never let her take her mind off her predicament, and her arousal was always there governing her thoughts and her actions.

Alex needed a break. She could go home. No wait, she couldn't. She had to stay out as required by the dare. She had to leave the university though, it had been risky and embarrassing enough already. Even walking out of the stall under the eyes of the students made her feel like a slut. Alex felt their eyes on her as she walked to the sinks with little drops of sweat coming down her neck, and when she washed her hands, still sticky with pussy juices. She could smell sex on herself and wondered if they could too. And whether she managed or not to keep quiet as she was finger-fucking herself in the stall was a mystery to her.

Luckily she was about to leave that place, she had no other appointments for the day.

Swallowing down another whine as another mixed sensation of pain and pleasure jolted to her brain, Alex walked out and soon she was on her way outside the campus.

She was about to reach the east gate, from there it would have taken her about fifteen minutes to get to the bar where Laura worked. Her mind had come up with that plan on its own. It had to be some kind of survival mode. Sometimes she went there to work, and Laura let her use the VIP room they didn't need during the day service. There she would have finally got some real privacy.

Alex called Laura to make sure it was ok to go there. While she was on the phone a notification made it vibrate in her ear.

- Ok, then I'm going to be there in like fifteen.

- Sure Lex, no problem.

Unsurprisingly it was another notification from Turnons, actually a few, but the only one she was interested in right now was the chat message from DarkPassenger.

DarkPassenger: Do you have a smartwatch or some other wearable?

The question was odd. It didn't look like a topic that suited their chats.

SluttyAlex: No, why?

DarkPassenger: You need to get one in the next 30 minutes.

SluttyAlex: What?

DarkPassenger: You'll need it, unless you want to fail following one of your rules. You don't want to buy something too cheap. Ask for a Fitbit or some other reliable fitness tracker. I'll be in touch.

\*

The fresh breeze coming from the store's air conditioning sent a shiver down her spine as she walked in.

Alex could feel a patch of sweat on her neck and another on her chest. The fabric of the dress clinged on her wet skin, also because of the belt that had become very uncomfortable to wear.

Only part of her discomfort was due to the heat, most of it was the result of the fatigue. Walking under the sun at midday was already tiring, doing so while the thong was pushing her over and over close to the edge was even harder to endure. By now Alex couldn't swear that the wetness she felt crawling down her thighs was just sweat.

Trying to avoid any unnecessary contact with the store's employees, she looked for the right aisle and picked a mid-level Fitbit. Sometimes in the past she had wondered whether to buy one or not, she would've never imagined to buy one under those circumstances.

The store was pretty empty so there was only one guy at the checkout desk. He customarily smiled at her, cash or card and all that.

- Do you want me to set it up for you?

- What? - asked Alex, now actually looking at him.

- You know, you want me to help you sync it with your phone?

- Oh, yes, thank you.

They moved to the customer care counter, he unboxed the FitBit and asked Alex her phone. She gave it to him without a second thought. She couldn't afford this thing not to be working considering DarkPassenger would have required some kind of proof soon.

- Ok, just a minute, I'm setting it up. - said the guy tapping quickly on the screen and glancing from time to time to the watch.

Alex's mind was elsewhere, trying to take advantage of that short break to cool down a little. So she couldn't notice how the guy had his eyes fixated on her, on her slightly parted lips, on the moist skin between her breasts.

- Here, you are all set. Oh good you've got your first notification straight to the FitBit, so everything should be fine.

The smartwatch had emitted a soft sound and Turnons logo had come up. Alex mumbled a thank you and smiled nervously as she eagerly took her phone back in her hands.

As soon as she got back outside she knew she had no other choice, but... wait a second. She took the scissors from the bag and reached behind the belt to cut out one of the buttons behind it. She was still safe for now.

A thought unsettled her though: she still had five hours to go, ten edges, and only five buttons left.

**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 12**

She couldn't afford another slip.

"You sneaked out again, didn't you Lexi?"

"You know I rather spend some time with you instead of those old chaps."

"And what about professor Ashcroft, is he an old chap?"

"Oh stop it, there's nothing going on with Richard. He has a girlfriend, or well someone. And his name is just Croft."

"But he's that handsome, ain't he?"

"How old are you anyway? Pulling off cheap jokes on bands from the 90s."

"How old are you calling me out on that?"

"We are educated people."

"We are educated people. That's what it is. By the way I didn't hear you mentioning you don't fancy him."

"Shut up, it's not like I have to mention every time I don't fancy someone."

"You did it with Paul."

"That's because he fancied me."

"Anthony."

"That doesn't count, he's your boyfriend and you asked me. Not cool by the way."

"Lame Lamar."

"Didn't say I don't fancy him. Just said he's lame."

"So you do fancy him."

"No I don't."

"That counts."

"Richard is like fifteen years older than me."

"He's a little experienced."

"Now that's a clear sign you don't know him."

"Is he boring?"

"No, he's not boring. Doesn't strike me as an overly confident guy, that's all."

"Mmm, what kind of name is Justcroft anyway?"

Alex and Laura bursted out in a laughter that turned the heads of the couple at the nearby table.

"Sorry, sorry." said Laura, still trying to regain her composure, and then to Alex "So, luv, you know the way. I should be out of here in a couple of hours if you want to grab a bite later."

"I'm not sure, I've got like a ton of work to do."

"Anyway, you can stay if you want. Greg and Prisha have the next shift, so they won't bother you. But then they'll need to..."

"Of course, don't worry I'll be out by the time they need to get everything ready."

\*

"The power of tradition: how mainstream feminism endorsed a male-led society in Western democracies. By Susan Grant."

Tough one.

By the end of the first page Alex's feelings towards Susie had shifted from the unease, due to the conditions of their first encounters, to a weird form of intimidation. Some of it was surely reverential: to some degree it was the same sense of discomfort she had felt once she learned Susie was professor Grant's nephew. Although there was something more now. Alex had to admit to herself that Susie's looks and ways had led her to underestimate the girl, at least from an academic standpoint.

Still, whenever she lost focus and drifted from the topic of the paper, her mind wandered to the night before, to the ally and the image of Susie's body pushed against the wall as Charlie was going down on her.

Alex tried to push that thought away, but it wasn't easy since her left hand was mechanically and constantly rubbing her clit. Now that she was sitting alone in a secluded booth, she had to actively keep her level of arousal up in order to be ready for her next edge that was due in minutes.

She kept reading the essay.

On the laptop screen Susan Grant was brilliantly arguing how a swift change of perspective in the public discourse allowed the sexualization of the female body to change its status from a patriarchy trademark to an empowerment device. Of course it depended on who was perceived as the active subject, but still: wasn't it internalizing a foreign concept instead of creating a new one? Were sex and gender the first frameworks to appeal to for a new feminist reading of social interactions? And even if it was so, should the mainstream views on sex and gender of this day and age be allowed to define what's empowering and what not for each and every woman in the world?

In Alex's head Susie was looking over her shoulder as she felt the overwhelming spasms of orgasm coming up, she was looking in her direction, straight at the small patch of dim light outside the club's door, her gaze fixed on the crouched girl furiously rubbing the crotch of her shorts. Their eyes meeting as the fog of pleasure was blurring their vision. Susie's lips were slightly parted to let out the steam she couldn't breath out through her nose, her tongue almost imperceptibly moving as she mouthed the words. Good girl.

The loud vibration from the phone abandoned on the table made Alex jump in her seat.

Fuck, come on, come... here you go, start the streaming. The image was poorly lit but still clear enough. Holding the phone up Alex turned around to make sure she was still alone: nobody around, distant sounds coming from the bar, Laura's voice asking a customer if he wanted a side with his avocado toast. Alex's hand was already opening the dress to expose her pussy to the camera. Her fingers easily making their way inside. The moaning, the troubled breathing, the fast ascent, the verge of climax, the mewling, and...

Hands off. It's all over too soon. Well done Alex.

\*\*

DarkPassenger: Sorry I'm late.

As if she had the chance to keep track of time. The whole day had been a blur of scenes from a dream, and the only sense of time Alex could grasp in that whirlwind was measured in edges. Just giving shape to that thought made her squirm.

DarkPassenger: I hope you've got your fitness tracker now, you're going to need it.

Alex was puzzled but she answered anyway that she had bought a FitBit and synced it with her phone.

DarkPassenger: Good. Now you just need to switch on the "activity tracker" on Turnons. This way the app will be able to read your FitBit data.

SluttyAlex: What is it supposed to do then?

DarkPassenger: You'll see. Be quick about it. I will require a proof in a minute.

Still not imagining where this new gimmick was leading her, Alex switched on the option on her profile. She was then welcomed on her activity dashboard.

It was something that resembled a fitness tracking app: it showed her current heart rate, number of daily steps, sleep monitor and so on. Alex scrolled down the list until she reached the very bottom, where the fitness tracker appearance of this new feature took an erotic detour on the wild side.

The last three tools on the list were the "Arousal Tracker", the "Sex Tracker" and the "Orgasm Tracker". It was way too soon to think of all the implications those names could involve, but still in the state she was now it wasn't hard for Alex to start imagining all the depraved scenarios those names evoked.

"DarkPassenger has requested a proof for Rule #2"

Alex clicked on the notification right away.

\*\*\*

Hi SluttyAlex,

DarkPassenger has requested a proof for your Rule #2: "You don't cum without permission".

The kind of proof requested is passive. It means you don't have to upload any content, but you have to respect established parameters on your activity tracker to succeed. The parameters provided by DarkPassenger are:

- Orgasm count on the Orgasm Tracker = 0

If by the end of the day you have met the parameters the rule will be considered fulfilled. Remember: as long as a rule stays active it contributes to your daily dares count. If you fail following a rule that rule expires and it doesn't count as a completed dare for that day anymore. If you fail to follow 2 or more active rules your account gets inactivated.

This is your first passive proof. If you want to know more about it and learn more about Turnons activity trackers please click here.

\*\*\*\*

DarkPassenger: Let's see how it works, shall we?

Alex was still startled.

DarkPassenger: I'd like an answer Alex. A polite one.

SluttyAlex: Sorry. Yes, we can try.

She was typing but her expression was completely blank. She was still unable to name the feeling blossoming in her chest, growing along with her heart-rate.

DarkPassenger: Now please, edge for me Alex. You don't need to film it for now. I'll know.

SluttyAlex: Yes.

Alex's hand moved on its own accord, quickly finding the swollen tender flesh of her pussy. A familiar wetness welcomed her fingers inside. She had the feeling that same wetness was starting now to ooze out, a continuous stream, impossible to stop, forming a big wet patch between her thighs and on her dress. She had never been "messy", what was... her fingertips caressing her clit were too much. Alex let out a long moan as she curled a finger inside gently scratching the insides of her pussy, and she grunted softly as waves of pleasure unexpectedly reached her brain.

Her left wrist vibrated.

DarkPassenger: Stop. We don't want any accident, right Alex?

DarkPassenger: Alex? Are you there?

SluttyAlex: Yes, I'm here, I'm sorry.

DarkPassenger: I think you understood how it works, right? From now on whenever you need to cum you just need to ask me. Unless of course you decide to break the rule I gave you. But we know that wouldn't be a smart move, right?

SluttyAlex: Right.

DarkPassenger: so I guess I'll hear from you later.

Later. If she managed to get through SubtleG's task she still had to ask DarkPassenger's permission to have an orgasm as the task required. She had to ask permission to be allowed to cum. Alex glanced at her watch: a small red dot glowed on the screen, below it a message read "Arousal level: High".

Soon the red dot was replaced by a notification. Her phone started to vibrate as well. It was time for another edge.

\*\*\*\*\*

For another two hours Alex kept working and edging. She had some trouble focusing, but had managed completing the review on the first chapter of Susie's paper. She had also made the preparations for her next seminar lesson and updated her schedule according to the available slots of her newly assigned classroom.

She had found that getting to the edge was easier now, even if she focused on something else for a while, it took her just a couple of minutes of rubbing to make her arousal spike up again. Even if she neglected it, her pussy seemed to be wet all the time. It was like a latent erotic energy permeated her whole body, ready to be awaken at the slightest touch, at the first remotely arousing thought that took shape in the back of her head.

"You still got a lot there?"

"Good Lord Laura, do you always sneak up on people like that?"

"What are you talking about? Look at you! You're so stoned by looking at that screen you haven't even noticed you got your boobs out."

Alex suddenly looked down and heavily blushed as she noticed that the sides of her dress had fallen slightly apart showing some skin and a hint of a nipple.

"I, I'm sorry, the dress."

"Relax, don't be all st-st-stuttering, it's cool. Just don't roam around the bar topless. It's not that kind of bar."

"I wouldn't..."

"God, I'm just teasing you Lexi. I thought you stopped being so uptight. Nice touch that neckline anyway. Meeting mister Morning Texts later?"

"I told you, there's no one."

"Sure. So I'm meeting up with the lads tonight, wanna come?"

"Mmm."

"Come on Lexi, just a drink, or a couple. Nobody gets to see you around anymore. They're your friends too."

"Ok ok, you don't have to get all teary and whiny, I'll come."

"Cool. Gunners at 7. Now I gotta go or they'll make me do the next shift too."

"Ok. Later."

That was... fuck. Yoga. Alex thought about canceling the night out right away, but then another thought came up to her: how could she go to her Yoga class now that she trashed all her yoga pants? Christ she hadn't thought about it for a sec.

Well at least that problem was sorted for today. Anyway she had to do something about it. What though? She didn't want to get DarkPassenger angry at her again, look how that played out. She could've asked him permission to have at least one pair of yoga pants to... Oh fuck you Alex Marshall. Asking permission for everything, that's what it has come to?

The sudden frustration that thought provoked couldn't let Alex see it clearly, but yes, it was exactly what it had come to.

\*\*\*\*\*\*

SubtleG: So you have an activity tracking device now.

SluttyAlex: Yes.

SubtleG: Too bad data isn't public, it would be easier for you to track your edges and for me to have a confirmation you're completing the task. Even if by now you are almost done.

It was true, only three edges left and the next was due in a few, hopefully she would have completed it before they asked her to leave her booth to get the VIP room ready for the night. Alex didn't know yet where to go to complete the next two edges and the final part of the task though, and being spared from filming her efforts could only help her at this point.

SluttyAlex: I guess I can change the privacy options if you cannot see them right now.

SubtleG: Oh that would be great. Since I'm not a premium you'll need to share them with all the users on your friendlist.

SluttyAlex: I guess that will be alright.

I've done worse haven't I?

Alex had to wait just a couple of minutes for her edge countdown to start again. Since she was done with work she spent them casually rubbing herself, keeping an eye on the entrance. She figured it was a matter of minutes now before one of the guys from the new shift came in. That was another good reason not to be found taking an openly pornographic video. Tracking her edges through the FitBit was pretty useful she had to admit.

This time the wave came in softer. Maybe she was getting used to it, or the fear of being caught had grown stronger, or... or not filming it, not seeing her image on the phone screen as she was frantically masturbating in a public place, or knowing nobody would have seen a video of her doing it, a video that would have stayed online possibly forever, maybe that was the kick she was missing and yes, yes there it was, the edge of climax along with that realisation, God Alex it took you just two days to turn yourself in this exposure seeking needy slut? Fuck.

Alex gasped for air and swallowed hard as her breathing was getting back to normal. No, no that was the arousal talking. Just something to get her going. Just that.

The sad fanfare of failure took her by surprise. That was not possible. Her wet fingers tapped the screen until they found the tracker dashboard where a spike in her arousal graph was labeled as "edge".

SluttyAlex: There's a mistake, I just completed the edge.

SubtleG: I saw that on your activity tracker data.

SluttyAlex: Then why did I fail?

SubtleG: You have not uploaded any video. If you thought you were relieved from that duty I'm sorry I misled you, but I've never mentioned such a thing.

Sucker. He did that on purpose. And she had been so stupid, so fucking stupid. She had to admit to herself that her judgement was clouded at best, but she couldn't see past arousal, anger, and frustration.

SubtleG: Alex, don't worry you will learn to always play by the rules. In time. Now don't forget a pic of your outfit after you take off another button.

Steaming with rage Alex took off another button in the middle. That left her with three buttons below her deep cleavage, then a hole left by two missing buttons well concealed for now by the belt, and just another button below that keeping the dress from falling apart and showing her wet and swollen pussy lips to the world.

Alex took the picture that showed the state of her outfit and uploaded it. Her hands were trembling as she adjusted the dress in a way that didn't give away too much.

Just two more edges and that nightmare would have been close to an end.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

For a while Alex browsed a list of nearby cafes, bookshops with a reading room, libraries, bars, looking for some familiar place she could go to. Not too crowded, the less the better. Or maybe a park? No, that was her mind playing tricks on her wasn't it? Trying to set her up for one of those scenarios she was so used to fantasize about, the ones populated by naked women striking through crowds, or subtle exhibitionists showing the lack of underwear under their clothes while having a walk in the woods.

She had some time before her next edge but if she wanted to go somewhere else she had to pick a place not too far and leave now.

The chime of her phone drew her attention to Turnons' chats once again. There were a few messages piling up now, but she didn't have the time or even cared to check the ones from unknown users. She discarded a few in an attempt to dig out some of her old ordinary notifications: missed calls, unanswered whatsapps, her mom's texts. But what she was left with was a new message from DarkPassenger.

DarkPassenger: By your uploads and your arousal tracker I can tell you maybe getting a little bit bored by this task you're currently carrying out, aren't you? Why don't we spice it up?