**Turnons - A Game of Dares**

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**Turnons - A Game of Dares Ch. 13**

Push two fingers inside. Now that's something entirely different. Feeling your tender flesh parting, feeling how hot your skin is on the inside, touching the moist walls of your pussy, caressing them with your fingertips, exploring, pushing your fingers deeper. It is not the same thing as rubbing an edge away while you take a look around to make sure the front is clear. Now you are really going at it in a public place. Now you could really get caught with your hands deep in the jam. And doing so for a stranger. Doing so while streaming it online. Doing so without coercion. Doing so because you couldn't stop yourself. That's something else, isn't it? You have been talked into it, you have been seduced by an idea. You were not in control before, but now. Now you have lost control over your own body and mind. You erased the thin line you were so afraid to cross. Now you have become something different from what you were until five minutes ago. You really are a slut, Alex.

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DarkPassenger: I'm sure you have imagined this kind of situation in your head countless times. Wearing that kind of outfit, almost nothing underneath, going out and about.

DarkPassenger: Be honest.

SluttyAlex: Yes...

DarkPassenger: How would you imagine it playing out if you could have it your way, no consequences.

SluttyAlex: I don't know.

DarkPassenger: Don't lie to me Alex.

Alex couldn't see where he wanted to go with this, but she knew she couldn't afford jeopardizing the completion of her task. She had given it some thought and for now the only way to get through the day was keeping DarkPassenger on her side and hopefully he would have allowed her to cum when the task required it.

SluttyAlex: I would end up with just a couple of buttons keeping my dress together. I would be high on arousal, frantically walking around looking for a place for my next edge, scared of what people could see and what they could be thinking of me. I would be risking showing my breasts or pussy with every movement.

DarkPassenger: That's better.

DarkPassenger: Would you imagine ending up looking anything like this?

Attached to the message there was a picture of a woman in a button down dress pretty much like her own, she was walking down a street, the upper part of the dress had all the buttons undone and the sides of the dress were open enough to show the inner curves of her breasts up to the darker skin of her areolas. The hem of the dress barely reached the cease of her butt, but on the front the already not so modest skirt became obscene due to a couple of buttons undone that formed a slit opening up to her pussy.

SluttyAlex: Yes...

DarkPassenger: Would you actually do it?

SluttyAlex: No.

DarkPassenger: What's stopping you?

Alex wanted to answer it was against her best judgement, it was against common sense and decency, she wasn't that kind of girl, she wasn't a girl, she was a respectable woman with a brilliant academic career that was about to unfold in front of her, that was not, she was not... Instead she was just hearing herself blabbering those things in her own head without typing anything.

DarkPassenger: Tell you what. I'll give you a chance to earn your permission to orgasm.

She hated to admit it even to herself, but given her current predicament she needed that to get through the day: once she had completed SubtleG's task she would have been off the hook, at least for a while. The fact that "getting through the day" implied live streaming her next orgasm to a dozen strangers on the internet, as she had done with all the edges of the day, was still a thought in the back of her mind, hidden by more immediate urges and issues, and yet unawarely making her uneasy and aroused.

DarkPassenger: I'll send you some pictures. If a picture turns you on you will either finger yourself for a minute or take one button off your dress. You will be streaming live the whole time. If you fail to follow these instructions you will lose your chance to have an orgasm today. And remember: no cheating, I'll know if you're aroused or not. So, do you accept?

What choice did she have?

No. She had a choice. There was always a choice but... why was a part of her eagerly enthralled by that offer? Was it the part of her that wanted to see her fail, and push her further down this spiral of depravity? Or was it her survival instinct kicking in trying to make her do whatever it took?

SluttyAlex: Yes.

DarkPassenger: start the streaming now.

Alex adjusted her laptop to make the camera frame her in the booth, roughly from her chin to her thighs, and started the streaming. It took a minute, but as soon as she was live she noticed 7 users were already watching.

DarkPassenger: I took the liberty to inform a few of your Turnons friends.

Alex felt her heart beating faster and somehow she could feel the beats pulsing throughout her body, from her temples to her clit. Her FitBit showed a Turnons notification. Arousal level: High.

DarkPassenger: Hold your horses. I haven't even sent the first picture.

Alex sighed as the picture came in. It showed a girl in a booth, just like hers, the skirt hiked up to her waist, two fingers inside her pussy, her eyes looking away as she checked out if people behind her could see what she was doing.

The red dot on the FitBit was pulsing.

DarkPassenger: We can all see your arousal tracker moving up, so I guess it's time for you to make a choice Alex.

Biting her lips but without saying or typing a word Alex spreaded her legs a little bit more, showing to the camera her pussy tortured by the continuous edging and the backwards thong. She rubbed her fingers on her lips for a second and then easily pushed them inside, with what seemed to her a loud gushing sound. It made her avert her eyes from the screen checking is everything was quiet behind her, just like the girl in the picture.

DarkPassenger: 1 minute. No less, no more. And then on we go.

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You really are a slut, Alex. All it took was being offered the chance to prove it, fuck.

Her own erotic drive, her own depraved thoughts were subduing her conscious mind.

As soon as the first minute was over a new picture popped up, this time it wasn't on the chat, it was in the comments section of her live video. This way she was forced to look at that endless stream of degrading comments from the others watching.

Alex recognized a couple of nicknames as users she had received messages from. She had received some notifications about likes and comments to the hell of a lot of stuff she had uploaded over the last few days.

Asking for everyone to be as gracious and polite as SubtleG or DarkPassenger would have been too much. Mostly she had avoided any kind of interaction apart when it was somehow mandatory. Even so she couldn't blame any of the commenters calling her names: she was the one who added them and sent them a video where she asked them in a slutty voice to dare her, and doing so as she was rubbing her pussy and pinching her nipples. Who could she blame for that and for everything else if not herself?

MindBreaker: where are you exactly slut? Is that a bar?

SlutTrainer: You've got potential, a couple of days here and you're already streaming an erotic show in public. I should send you more interesting dares I guess.

ExposerBRT: You're a nice whore, you know that? You'd deserve a larger audience. Anyone around who can see you?

And then there was the picture. A slim brunette was wearing a skirt so short it showed a glimpse of her cheeks as she was standing. You could see the lack of panties under it, and the shiny base of a buttplug peeking out. The upper blurry half of the image showed a few people around her. They were all probably engaging in a conversation. It was dark, early evening maybe. It looked like they were on a sidewalk. Maybe outside of a pub? Maybe they were just a group friends hanging out. From another angle the same picture could have shown a completely ordinary situation.

SlutTrainer: Do you think it could be you? You could easily get to that point.

Enticer: Judging from where she is now, she could have tried it already.

ExposerBRT: We would have seen it on her profile I think. Anyway she's been here just for 2 or 3 days. Give her time and she will be sucking cock on stream.

Enticer: Well I'm sure she has tried something else before Turnons. She could even be a pro, you don't know that.

MindBreaker: Right, usually everybody's pretty tame in the first few days.

They had to be right. What kind of person was she? What the hell was she doing? What the fuck...Alex wanted to cry but instead as she could see on the screen her pussy was glistening. She hadn't even stopped masturbating, she was just going on and on, carried away by the pictures, the comments, by her own image on the screen. Only was it really her? There was a part of her brain that failed to accept it. In a way it all felt so distant from reality, just like a dream where you know it's you but you also know it is not.

DarkPassenger: Another minute then I guess. Remember: no orgasms without permission.

Another minute. Alex turned her head as she heard voices from the other room. She never stopped fingering, not for a second. It was like she was torn apart between the relentless stimulation, the upcoming orgasm and the constant fear of being caught. God what was she doing? Why didn't she just stop? Just oh God, fuck, fuck.

SluttyAlex: May I cum?

She wrote it on the chat with DarkPassenger, but her movement towards the screen got noticed.

SlutTrainer: Who are you writing to, Alex?

DarkPassenger: Yes Alex, let everybody read.

Alex whimpered but she had no choice, she could feel the orgasm approaching, she couldn't think straight and she wanted release and she wanted it to be over as soon as possible and she wanted it to go on and on forever and she was losing it. May I cum? This time she wrote it in the comments section.

SlutTrainer: Oh that's a good slut.

DarkPassenger: You may not Alex. Keep going until the minute is over.

ExposerBRT: What would you do to cum?

DarkPassenger: Be kind Alex, answer the question. I might take into account customers' satisfaction to make the right call.

Oh fuck you fucking fuck. What do you want me to say? What do you want to hear?

SluttyAlex: I'd send you all a video to thank you for letting me cum.

ExposerBRT: What kind of video?

SluttyAlex: something sexy.

ExposerBRT: better than this? Anyway I think we'll see more of you even if you do not cum so... meh.

DarkPassenger: Minute's up, as for the next picture...

Alex immediately stopped fingering. As she tried to catch her breath she took a look towards the other room to see if there was any movement. What time is it? They're going to come in any minute now and I can't be caught like this. I just can't.

DarkPassenger: so, what about this one Alex?

On the screen there was a picture showing a girl walking on a crowded sidewalk. She was wearing an impossibly short white crop top that left the lower half of her breasts exposed up to the lower edge of the areolas. She was trying to pull down the hem of a tight black miniskirt so short it could barely cover her butt on the back, while on the front two layers of stretch fabric were crossed one over the other narrowing towards the centre. The result was the girl could either choose to lower the skirt as far as it would go showing her slightly hairy mound, or show her pussy lips now peeking under the hem.

I can't.

DarkPassenger: You can't what, Alex?

Fuck she hadn't even realised she said that out loud.

SluttyAlex: May I cum? I won't last a whole minute.

She could have never brought herself to speak those exact words, typing them was easier but still it sent a shiver down her spine, her whole body felt it.

DarkPassenger: if I give you my permission this will be the only time today, think it through.

Her body was shaking now in the same way it would have if she was freezing. Cold sweat was coming down her spine. Her hand not daring to move but still touching her pussy finally gave up and softly moved upwards. Alex reached for one of the two middle buttons left.

DarkPassenger: that is a pretty boring button, isn't it?

She was biting her lips now, she was being transported somewhere else, the fog was coming in again. She reached higher but she hesitated. I can't, I wouldn't.

DarkPassenger: tell you what, if you cut off the top button this little game will end. You will get your chance to finish the task and have your chance to cum later.

The task, yes, she had to get through the day, she was so close now. So close. Just a little more and... Her right hand pulled the button so hard it almost ripped off the fabric and Alex let out a whimper. It was like a spell was broken but instead of releasing the tension her heartbeat got faster. The messages on the streaming were flooding in, disappointed by DarkPassenger's decision to end it. She just got a glimpse of it as she furiously closed her laptop and tried to fix her dress and her hair as she could.

Alex got up and straightened down her dress, adjusted her thong trying not to stimulate her swollen pussy too much. Breath Alex, breath. The fabric of the dress seemed drenched, she couldn't say if it was sweat or her juices soaking the skirt. She started gathering her things. It was crazy. She was crazy, completely mental. What was she doing? Another edge alert was a few minutes away, and she had to find a place, and her dress couldn't even cover her properly and the fucking bar staff was about to...

"Oh, hey Alex. Laura didn't tell me you would've been here."

"Greg... I'm so sorry, yes I should go, I just..."

"No worries, we got plenty of time, we got, I mean, me and Prisha, you know? To get the, to get everything ready."

Why is he stuttering, and why is he looking... God, Alex you idiot, you're bending over on your bag trying to fit everything inside, you're bending over you dumb slut, what a view he must have from there. The dress was so loose now that the downblouse view was unobstructed. Alex could see her full breasts from her point of view, one side of the dress open enough to let her right boob plainly into view, but it was almost certain Greg could see pretty much everything from where he was standing.

Alex froze. What was she supposed to do? Hurriedly cover herself giving away she busted him? Play dumb? Act as she was unaware of her state of undress?

She wasn't functioning at all.

The result was she kept standing there gathering her stuff, without saying anything, unable to pull herself out of that absurd situation.

Once she was done Alex took her bag and finally managed to turn her back to Greg. She roughly adjusted her dress that now at least covered her nipples, even if it left a lot of skin exposed by the deep plunge that reached down almost to her navel.

"So, you are going, would you..."

"Bye Greg."

Alex spitted out those words as she quickly walked out of the room with her eyes down, her eyes down, her face flushed. She didn't even wave at Prisha and got out on the street.

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Think Alex, think.

Just get through it, there's no time for anything else.

As she walked numbly on the sidewalk with no destination in mind, Alex used one hand to keep the bag from falling off her shoulder, and the other to keep her dress together.

Be cool. You are safe, you're not showing off anything right now, it's almost over.

Her eyes stared at the blurry mess of people and cars before her without focusing on anything in particular, until the sign emerged from it: the tube. Yes, yes, she was just one stop away from a big Primark, it could've worked. She had seen dozens of videos of girls and couples doing whatever popped up in their heads inside changing room, she would've been safe there. You are a genius Alex. If you can catch the right train you could even be there in time for your next edge.

Alex speeded up and went down the stairs. Between fishing in her bag for the wallet and quickly climbing down the stairs she couldn't keep too much attention to her dress or to the glances she was getting. Once she was down she blushed passing by a group of guys standing at the end of the stairs: the plunge was showing a generous amount of skin, the round sides of her breasts were clearly on view. Her tits must have been a sight bouncing freely inside the dress as she went down. And God what if they could get a sneak peek under her skirt?

She got more glances as she passed through the gates to the trains. A hell of a lot more. Fuck, there was a crowd coming out, and that dress seemed ridiculous now and... fuck that meant the train was about to leave.

Alex rushed through the hall and down the escalator trying to keep her dress from falling apart. It was a matter of seconds: she got off the last step just in time to see the doors closing.

Fuck!

It took her a second to realise she said that out loud as the few persons waiting for the following train turned their heads in her direction. Her skin was glistening with drops of sweat coming down her neck and chest, she was breathing hard and she was clearly losing it. The next train was to arrive in four minutes. Four bloody minutes. What now? When was her edge due? She had lost the perception of time completely but she had to brace for the worst case scenario, so she walked down the platform until she reached the seats on the far end.

Alex glanced at her watch and tapped on it until Turnons' arousal tracker appeared. Arousal level: low. Anger and weariness were taking a toll on her, but she couldn't fail again. As discreetly as she could, taking a quick look around every few seconds, Alex let her hand slide inside the dress and started rubbing her pussy while trying to face away from the rest of the platform.

The lack of any cover and the echo of the tunnels made her feel more exposed than ever. Every rustle seemed amplified, every move detectable. She was constantly looking back where the number of people waiting for the next train could only grow as time went by and... and there it was her edge alarm. "Edge alarm" that's how she phrased it in her own head. She was just a puppet, the alarm went off and her hand became a blur on her pussy. Alex couldn't honestly say if she felt more of a mess physically or mentally at that point.

Fuck, she had almost forgotten to start the streaming.

Her phone chimed louder and Alex had the sense it was drawing even more unwanted attention, even though everybody else on that platform was probably minding his own business. She started the video seeing she had already wasted thirty seconds.

Bringing her left leg on the bench she opened the lower part of the dress enough to expose her pussy. My God she was trembling with fear now as one hand held the phone and the other worked incessantly in and out of her pussy.

What the hell was she doing? The image on her screen was unbelievable. Whoever was watching could easily guess where she was. Those guys before were right, she was indecent, how could this app have turned her so fast into that, that slut, that fucking silly exhibitionist cunt-driven bimbo, fuck fuck, as her hand moved faster the dress slipped off her shoulder on one side and she saw on the screen her tit coming fully into view, her breathing got harder. Then a sudden noise, the voice announcing the approaching train, Alex's eyes bolting back and catching a glimpse of the people now standing closer to her, they looked so fucking closer even if they were probably still far enough. And the train coming in bloody fuckin'... God that was it, the fear surged inside her and in a second it completely absorbed her. She glanced at the phone again and she adjusted it quickly in her hand to stop the streaming. An even greater sense of failure came upon her as she clicked and then bowed her head down and tried to discreetly fix her dress.

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As the train came in Alex was still fidgeting with the last middle button left. Soon one single button would have been the only thing apart from her belt preventing the upper half of the dress from opening completely like a loose bathrobe, and another one would be the only thing keeping the slit from reaching up to her mound. The train stopped. It was now or never if she wanted to get it done. Alex pulled the string as hard as she could as a tear of frustration came down her cheek.

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The second floor was packed with people, but so were the first and third as well.

She only had a couple of minutes before her final edge.

Alex didn't know how she felt about that. Relieved? Sure. Afraid she could get caught? Her great idea for the location seemed a little less clever now she actually saw how many people were coming and going from the changing rooms. And only now, as the goal finally got within her reach, she was realising the enormity of what she had done and what she was about to do. In just a couple of days she had shared a ton of pictures and videos on Turnons. She was about to add even more, and after she was done with her current dare she still had two more to complete before the day was over. She couldn't let herself panic though or the pressure would have become overwhelming. One step at a time, one step at a time.

Alex got as many items as she could carry and made her way to the changing rooms. The pile of clothes served two purposes: giving her a reason to spend several minutes inside the stall, and covering the current state of her button-down dress barely held together by the two remaining buttons.

As soon as she was inside Alex closed the door behind her and breathed for a moment.

You can do it. You can get through this.

She had just enough time to find a place for all the clothes, then her phone chimed.

It's the last one, come on.

Alex placed the phone on the seat against the wall, and quickly checked the quality and angle of the shot before starting the streaming. Outside she could hear the noises coming from the store, other people in the changing rooms, bits of conversation: you can totally pull that off, the other one suits you better, I don't like how it tightens on my hips. The squishy sound her fingers made as she started masturbating somehow seemed louder than all that.

Maybe she hadn't thought it through. Maybe it was more risky than she imagined. She turned her head to the door, fuck she couldn't even lock it, what if someone came in by mistake?

Alex turned back to the phone but something else drew her attention. It was her own image, furiously fingering her pussy, reflected on the full figure mirror. She had never seen herself like that apart from her tiny counterpart on the screen. It was a weird alienating sight. The girl in the mirror was one of those girls she used to masturbate to, one of those exhibitionists going at it in the changing room of a department store or in a locker room, one of those indie pornstars bringing their dildos around town and giving a show to their followers.

Maybe only then the reality of the situation was hitting her, leaving her halfway between being knocked out and being mesmerised. And God, when had she taken off her belt and opened her dress completely? She did it as she started masturbating? She was that eager to show herself in her full nudity to a bunch of strangers on that fucking perverted goddamn app?

The frustration and the excitement and the fear she accumulated all day were all flowing to her clit now, fast as an adrenaline rush. Alex opened her mouth wide in a silent scream, and just as the time for her last edge finished she managed to hold off herself and avoid an immensely powerful climax. She didn't know how. She jerked her hand away. On the screem her pussy was visibly pulsing. She wondered if they could see how hard her nipples were.

For a few seconds she just rested like that, lying on the seat, spent. For a few seconds the noises outside were far and vague.

Eventually she grabbed the phone. The streaming was still going and she was now framing her body from her chin to her breasts, obscenely filling the shot. She could see just a glimpse of her dry lower lip.

12 users are watching.

Twelve.

She had never cared to check how many of them actually saw her stuff. She just figured that every user on her friend list would have eventually watched the streams. But this, now, they were watching her now, they were hearing what she was hearing, maybe they could make out where she was, maybe they could even hear her short breathing, maybe they could hear her tongue and her lips snapping as she was trying to moisten them up again.

SubtleG: Congratulations, Alex. You made it! And it was quite a show you saved for last. Or well, almost last.

Yes, there was more, and she knew it. The whole day she kind of tried to forget it, taking baby steps, getting to the next edge and then the next one and the next one. Until now. Now it was time for the final part of her task.

The weird thing was, after all she had been through, that was not a liberation but a reward. She wanted, no, she needed that orgasm now. A part of her even wished she could lose those two buttons left on her dress to be able to skip those last two edges she was still supposed to reach.

One for every button left on your dress.

It didn't matter. It didn't matter that twelve strangers were watching her. It didn't matter that she was in a public changing room basically naked. It didn't matter she was streaming live on an app that had drawn her deep into depravity and into her wildest fantasies. The only thing that mattered was that finally she was about to release all that tension built up inside her.

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Alex was way past the line she would have never imagined to cross. Those edges had pushed her into a state of frantic excitement that blurred everything else. She couldn't tell how much time had passed since she entered the changing room. She didn't know how loud she had been on that second, well third, or bloody 7th or 8th or 10th edge. Her heart pounding in her chest, her breasts moving up and down on the screen and on the mirror, along with her breath, her face reddened: it took a minute to let the outside world back in, with its voices and all its noise.

Well done Alex. SubtleG's message popped up among the comments of her live streaming. Alex just missed most of them, or all of them, while she was focused only on herself. And now...

SubtleG: And now you are just one step away from completing your task. I'm sure you are eager to get it done. You've earned it.

DarkPassenger: I'm not quite sure.

DarkPassenger's message appeared on the screen. It was a private message. Alex's breath was cut short. She had almost forgotten about it but what else could he ask of her?

SluttyAlex: You are right. I'm sorry, I was about to ask your permission.

DarkPassenger: Do then.

SluttyAlex: May I have an orgasm?

DarkPassenger: You can do better.

SluttyAlex: May I cum, please?

DarkPassenger: Are you sure you want to? It doesn't sound like it.

SluttyAlex: Please, I am desperate I can't take it anymore, please let me cum.

DarkPassenger: so it's not about the task after all.

SluttyAlex:What?

SluttyAlex: Yes of course, I need to cum to complete the task.

DarkPassenger: It's that then.

DarkPassenger: Then you would be ok if, say, I agreed with your task giver to allow you to end it right now and mark it as completed.

SluttyAlex: No, please.

DarkPassenger: No please, what?

SluttyAlex: Please, I need to cum.

DarkPassenger: Why?

SluttyAlex: Because I need to complete this task... but also because I need it, I just need it, I've been edging all day, it's driving me insane, it's mental, I'm mental, I just have to cum and snap out of it, please.

DarkPassenger: That's better.

DarkPassenger: Still you haven't learned an important lesson yet. Do not lie. Not even by omission. I can see right through you, Alex.

SluttyAlex: I won't lie again, I promise.

DarkPassenger: It's not the first time, and I am afraid it won't be the last if I let you believe you can get away with it. So I'll give you a choice.

SluttyAlex: No please... I'll be good, I promise.

DarkPassenger: You can either cum, streaming it live and completing your task, but you'll have to show your face, or you can have a ruined orgasm, stop masturbating the second you feel you're getting over the edge. You will still be streaming it, technically you would have completed your task, but I doubt you'll get the release you so desperately want.

Alex's eyes were fixated on the message, she was paralysed, unable to answer. Her mind went blank.

DarkPassenger: To be honest with you, I'd rather see you choose the second option. I think it's a proper punishment for your actions.

He couldn't ask her that. It wasn't fair.

DarkPassenger: Also, when you'll finally show yourself in your full splendor, I think it should be a free and conscious choice.

There was no discussion on which option she had to take. So why was her brain still processing it?

DarkPassenger: And mind, I mean you will do it because just the thought of it drives you crazy, you'll be eager to do it, you'll get off on it.

Was there a part of her seriously considering it? Had she completely lost her mind?

DarkPassenger: Good lord, you're getting off on this right now, aren't you?

That's when Alex realised she was still streaming, but that was not it. Comments were flooding in, calling her names, cheering on her in a way. As she held her phone in front of her, still unable to write anything, her left hand was back on her pussy, and it was soaking wet with her juice. The FitBit was sending out small vibrations as a red pulsing dot filled its display.

DarkPassenger: What will it be, Alex? Are you even able to stop?

Are you?

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Are you with us, Lexi?

I'm sorry, I'm just...

Yeah, you're a little spacy tonight.

It's been one hell of a day.

Then you just need to relax a bit.

Laura told me you weren't sure you were gonna make it, but if this is you after a rough day, well you're hanging in way better than any of us.

By a fuckin' shitload. Tell you what. Guys, guys a toast. Here, stand up Lexi. Come on, don't be so tense. A toast! To this gorgeous girl, the youngest lecturer...

Assistant.

Youngest Assistant Lecturer at the UCL. And to getting her wasted!

They were just five at the table, but they made so much noise they drew the attention of the whole pub. Alex's face turned a bright shade of red as she was battling with Laura to sit back down.

No way. You're not sitting down. You're going up to that bar, and you gonna get us all another round of shots, and you're gonna get yourself that extremely handsome bartender's number.

You are out of your mind, I'm not...

Hush. Clippety-clop. And if you're not doing it for yourself, at least do it for mama, she needs it very bad.

Laura pushed her away with a chuckle. Alex forced a smile at her and the guys, and started walking towards the bar. She felt every single eye on her, even if probably everyone was back to minding his own business.

It wasn't the fuss and the attention that were bothering her. They were her friends, and that was their way to showing support. Any other day everything would have been fine, even fun. But today.

She still couldn't believe what she was wearing. And even the guys seemed a little bit taken off guard at first. Then Laura showed up. She made everything feel ok. Maybe it was her natural sociable character, or her easygoing party-girl attitude. To some degree she was Alex's full-on nemesis, while given the right scenario they could be a perfect duo. Approaching the bar though she felt alone again, and this time she sensed stranger eyes exploring her body.

Meeting up with her friends wearing that kind of outfit had been embarrassing, a specific kind of embarrassing: she felt judged, maybe they could tell something was off, maybe they thought her clothes were inappropriate. Or maybe she misinterpreted their stares, maybe they were just surprised by her new look, even charmed, maybe she just looked sexy and they weren't used to it. Then again maybe it was too much, maybe she looked like a slut to them, maybe they were asking themselves what happened to her, chances were they were talking about her right now, maybe.

The top was surely meant to be more form-fitting, had it been the right size. It was light-coloured and definitely summery, one of those v-necks with wide armholes that would show a bit of bra on the sides and a hint of cleavage on the front. Only Alex wasn't wearing a bra, and the top was at least one size larger than it should've been.

Not quite it yet. Go fetch another.

Face the screen, ok, now give me the side view. There you go. It wasn't that hard was it? You're almost ready now.

She couldn't help but give a voice to DarkPassenger's instructions as she remembered following them in a haze of excitement and frustration. And that voice started resembling old half-forgotten memories that came up at the worst times.

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As she was facing the mirror still inside Primark's changing room, Alex couldn't bring herself to believe that was the outfit she would be wearing to go grab a beer with her friends.

The dare described it in so many details it would've been hard to cheat, it also asked for detailed pictures showing the front, the back and the sides. Not to mention DarkPassenger had personally guided her in the choice of specific items of clothing and she had been trying on a few outfits for him before getting his approval.

All of it, all of this, because she had no choice? Her certainty was starting to waver. Not that she had found a solution for the whole Turnons conundrum, no. Although was she sure getting out of it was still her motive? Now that the fog had come to stay, now that her excitement was an incessant background noise she couldn't turn off anymore, now that an orgasm, honest to God, was everything she hoped for?

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Here's the birthday girl.

It's not my birthday.

Feels like it. We're drinking, we're celebrating, you're looking swell oh my God I can't even begin to say how hot you look in that...

Ok stop it Elle, that's enough.

They both chuckled. Laura had sneaked up to her while she was waiting for the drinks and placed her hands on Alex's hips.

I like this no bra thing you're trying out.

Come on.

No, I like it. Sure it's kind of distracting for someone. Even I am not sure I can take my eyes off your boobies sometimes.

Alex brought her arms up to her chest feeling even more exposed than before, but Laura took her hands and brought them back down.

Oh come on Lexi, I'm messing with you as usual. It's just my way to say you look sexy and one day you are gonna make some man really happy.

You're an idiot.

I can't say I ain't. I like the top, maybe it's kind of risque on the sides but you pull that off brilliantly.

Yeah... I didn't, I mean, I wasn't sure, maybe I should have worn a bra but...

Don't apologize, I said you look great, just go with it. Still no plans to see the mystery man later?

I told you there's no mystery man, would you...

Talk to me Lexi, I've noticed something's different these last few days. You're always distracted, always on the damn phone. You know you can talk to me, right?

She could, couldn't she? Talk to Laura. Alex whimpered and turned away from the bar facing her friend.

The thing is...

Is it that bad? Is he a felon or something? God don't tell me he's a student! It would be great! I mean probably bad career-wise, but so exciting!

Shh, calm down he's not a student. Or a felon. Not that I know.

So there is someone.

Yes, No. Look, it's complicated. I kinda used this app...

Oh sweet Lord you're on Tinder, my baby has finally turned eighteen, they grow up so fast.

Ladies, your drinks. Should I keep the tab open or...

Yes, sure, tab open, she's a professor, you can use her card.

Laura.

What? Do I get something out of your achievements or not? And have you asked for you know what?

I, you didn't mean like for real right?

Hey lad, this nice girl's my friend Lexi, she would like to ask your number, but she's a shy little thing. Would you mind?

The guy gave Alex a not so subtle look, his eyes roamed down to her cleavage. He gave her a smile. He was handsome alright, but Alex's only concern right now was how exposed her breasts were: she was about to grab the drinks in an attempt to get some cover but Laura got there faster and winked at her as she moved away from the bar with the tray.

Alex just stood there, not moving or talking for a second.

Should I write it on your phone or something?

Oh actually I... I left my phone... at the table.

We'll do it the old-fashioned way then.

He took a coaster and wrote down his name and number. Alex tried to be polite, she smiled back at him with a look on her face that was both embarrassed and scared. It had nothing to do with Clive - that was the name on the coaster.

I'll... I'll call you.

She didn't know why she said that, but it was a way like any other to end that conversation as quickly as possible and get back to the table. Nick was taking stupid selfies along with the others using her phone.

Come here, come here, grab a shot.

Why don't you use your phone?

What? Come on, everybody, say "nerd".

NERD!

And drink!

Alex gulped down the cheap whiskey, God knows she needed it.

Nick, give me the phone.

Just a sec, I'm just... look Fran you're gorgeous, eyes closed, mouth open, and is that dip on your cheek?

What? You, give me that! I'm deleting it.

Oh come on come on, that's not fair, we're not sharing it anyway, it's got a little extra that would get it banned for indecency anyway.

Your dumbass face?

Look closer.

Fran, for fuck's sake can I get my phone back?

Just let me... oh you got some alarm going off.

Chrissake.

Alex reached out, took her phone from Fran's hands and silenced the notification. Then she took her bag and went straight to the restrooms.

What was that about?

I have no idea. There's no way she noticed one of her boobs was in the picture yet.

What?

Well, both were there actually.

You're a pig.

Come on, it's just a nip-slip, I was just joking.

Calm down, calm down. It's not it. Guys I'm afraid I'm gonna have to tell you sooner or later. You would find out anyway.

What Laura? You're making me worry, is something wrong about Alex?

I'm afraid it is. Our little prude friend is not so prude after all.

Wait what?

Our dear Lexi's got someone!

Someone like a guy?

You'd rather it'd be a girl, wouldn't you Nick?

Well, you never know, it's...

Pig.

Come on Fran, let Nick have his fantasy-world. It's not like the real one has been kind to him.

Oh fuck you, Andy!

And that'd still be more adventourous than your sex-life.

Another round?

Yes, but you gotta tell us more.

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SluttyAlex: I can't wear it tonight.

DarkPassenger: Sure you can. Remember you still have two dares to complete, and if you fail one of my dares, you'll have to try your luck with someone else's.

DarkPassenger: Only at that point you're gonna be in over your head, and there's only so many hours in a day.

DarkPassenger: Admit it, my dares are not that bad. You're only afraid you're gonna get too excited even while you're out with your friends.

SluttyAlex: It's not that. But like this, this is too much...

DarkPassenger: Nonsense. I've seen far worse on perfectly respectable women. Also, it's not like you really have a choice. You'll end up showing off for your friends, your family, your coworkers. This is just who you are, this is what you like, what gets you off. It's not about what I want, it never was. It's about what you want.

The top made it perfectly clear she couldn't be wearing any kind of bra, it made her breasts stand out. From the side their full shape came clearly into view any time she bent ever so slightly. Even standing still, the thin fabric covered just the front and little more. The size being bigger than it was supposed to didn't help with that, nor with the cleavage: the armholes were wide, the v-neck left a lot of skin showing in the middle, and the fabric was so soft it outlined pretty well even the covered parts, starting with her nipples.

Then there was the skirt. Black, tight, made of synthetic elastic fabric that made it cling to her butt. It was already short, mid-thigh, but if you felt like going full-slut it came with adjustable ties on the sides to shorten the length.

SluttyAlex: You don't mean it. Making me show off for my family.

DarkPassenger: I don't want for you anything that you don't want for yourself. I'm still learning from you how to be a better guide, Alex. I think tonight will teach something to the both of us.

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Fuck you Alex. Fuck.

The notification on her phone informed her the arousal tracker had reached High again. Alex could feel her heart still pounding. It was fear wasn't it?

It was wrong. She couldn't be turned on by the risk of being exposed to her friends. It was so close, too damn close. What if Nick knew her code and saw the app? What if some notification came up, like it did, and they read it? How could she be so stupid, leaving her phone at the table?

It was ridiculous. The neverending struggle between her efforts to keep all of it private and the escalating exposure she was enduring. Right now she was inside a restroom, completely naked except for her shoes, taking a selfie she was about to post online, on that bloody app. And here it went another one, this time she was holding her tits together and taking a shot at the mirror. The only decency she allowed herself was leaving her face out, but was it really less humiliating? She was out with her friends and yet she sneaked out to do this.

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

New Dare from DarkPassenger:

Alex, watching you today convinced me even more you have a great potential, and you're gonna fulfill all your fantasies soon enough and go way beyond. I'm well aware of it, you still need to achieve that awareness. Tonight we'll work on that.

Whatever you're planning to do tonight you're going to dress sexy for it. So first of all you're buying a new outfit. I want you to find a stretch black skirt and a light coloured top that shows some cleavage and some sideboob. I know you'll choose something I like. I'll help you, and you will post pictures of your outfit.

Then I want you to go about your night like any other.

I'm sure the outfit will take a toll on you. Imagine the skirt, so tight it outlines perfectly your shapes, making it so easy to guess what kind of panties you're wearing. Actually, tell you what, you will try on two skirts, one skirt your size and the other one size smaller. If it fits we'll go with that.

And the top. The lack of bra made so obvious by a thin fabric, your breasts swaying in it, constantly on the verge of showing too much. We will choose something that will assure you'll get all the attention you deserve.

And now your actual dare.

While you're out, anytime, if ever, your arousal tracker reaches the level High you'll need to take a couple of selfies. You will receive a notification giving you specific instructions on how to take them, but mostly they'll be just naked selfies, nothing special given what you've already achieved.

Here comes the important part: you'll need to share each picture here on Turnons of course, but each time you do upload a picture you'll also have to click on one of the following buttons:

Set as lock screen and wallpaper on your phone

Send to a random contact

Share on Instagram

Choose a contact and send

Share on Facebook

Set privacy as public

Set as profile picture on Turnons

Share on Imgur

Share on Pornhub

Have fun.

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This is a journey of self-discovery. I trust you to make it.

That's what DarkPassenger told her in the chat right after she accepted the dare. And as she read the notification for the first picture Alex knew he was right to some level. The instructions were not too wild, a full naked shot and a close-up of her holding her breasts together. She was just being honest with herself: with all she had been through the last few days that felt like nothing. And this was something she had learned about herself: she was able to endure it, to bargain and compromise with her rational mind, even to ease herself into it.

The second thing became more evident as she was presented with the choice on where to share the pictures.

The first pick was easy, she set the close-up as her profile picture on Turnons. One more picture of her tits, it was no big deal. The second choice had to be setting her full frontal as her wallpaper. And that choice made it clear that, despite everything, she was still confident she was going to make it: soon enough Turnons would have been just a kinky memory to bring back up to her mind on one of those nights. Where did that confidence come from Alex couldn't be sure, but right now she knew that eventually everything would have been alright. It had to.

As she clicked on the button a message showed up: Turnons is asking to control your display settings. Alex allowed it and chose her naked selfie as the background picture for lock and home screen. Then as she saw it coming up she felt a familiar warmness between her legs. She couldn't resist indulging her hunger for stimulation and lightly caressed her pussy. She was soaking wet. In her head the image of her friends grabbing her phone and looking at it in disbelief was starting to take shape when someone knocked on the door.

Right.

Just a second.

Alex quickly got her clothes back on. Dizzy as she was she spent one full minute looking for her panties before remembering she wasn't wearing any.

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DarkPassenger: If my math's right I should still have another dare.

SluttyAlex: Yes, I need one more to complete my daily dares.

DarkPassenger: What about a rule though? I doubt you will be able to carry out two dares in one night. Not yet at least.

SluttyAlex: Thank you, that would help.

Alex took a look at the fitbit and sped up. She was already late, and honestly she was starving, she just realised she hadn't eaten a single thing after breakfast. And she had quite the day.

DarkPassenger: Ok then. No panties it is.

Alex's face turned to a paler shade and she stopped dead in her tracks. She was almost unaware of her own actions when the notification came in and she accepted the rule. Her heart pounding once again, her legs feeling weak.

DarkPassenger: no need to remind you I might require proof soon, so remember the rule is already effective.

Alex looked around, she spotted a less trafficked road between two tall buildings and walked that way. When she was fairly sure no one was around she leaned against the wall and reached under her skirt. The skirt being so short made it easier to take off her thong. The skirt being so short made it even more mental not wearing underwear.

That was probably her most cliché fantasy coming true. Going out in a short skirt and a revealing top, no bra, no panties. All it took was a few days, the right buttons being pushed, and a complete loss of control that in that moment seemed overwhelming, but not as much so as her arousal spiking up again. No, she had to resist, she had to keep it under control. At least this one thing still depended on her. The pub Laura picked for the night was just a few minutes away now. A couple of drinks with her friends, something to eat, chitchat, jokes, it was going to be easier to forget about everything else.

But it was so hard. It was so fucking hard to forget about it as she walked around with her thong, drenched in the juices she had been leaking all day long, now safely hidden in her bag; her tits swaying around in that top; her mind messed up by excitement and fear, and her pussy screaming for attention.

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

Back when she was still looking at herself in the changing room's mirror Alex couldn't recognise the girl staring back at her: her flushed face, her obscenely exposed body, trembling hands, forcibly jerked away from her swollen and pulsing cunt at the last second.

SubtleG: Alex, I must congratulate you on the completion of your task. Still the arousal tracker shows a ruined orgasm.

SubtleG: And we all saw you abandon it.

SubtleG: You would've deserved a mind-blowing climax after all those edges. Is that some other kink of yours? Maybe there's more to you than the eyes can see?

SubtleG: And mind, the eyes can see plenty.

Chat messages kept coming in as users started leaving the streaming.

As Alex took the phone and closed the app her fingers clenched it in a grip so hard her fingertips turned yellow. The girl in the mirror let out a whimper, something like a resigned moan. That. In that frustration Alex could see herself. Right now she was that girl more than any other thing she had been in her life.

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