**On Display: At Home**

by jen123jen©

It was two weeks ago today that I had one of my most intense experiences yet. In

the public library, no less!

I had been feeling really frisky and daring and He figured that out. I think it

was the midnight stroll around the whole outside of my house, naked, that I

volunteered to do that first clued him in. (It was already pretty warm that week

- it's since cooled off again.) Of course, that wasn't the end of it. Still

feeling horny (He wouldn't let me cum), He had me plan a fun assignment for the

next night (Wednesday of that week).

First, when I got home from work, I had to put on a bikini (not my most

revealing - just a plain old (a little too small, GRIN) bikini. Then I had to

take the key to my handcuffs (he made me buy handcuffs, but that's another

story) and put it in the car (parked in the driveway), behind the back seat's

head rest by the window. Of course I had to lean all the way in, with my ass

outside the car, legs stretching, for the neighbors - driving by and also just

getting home from work, to see. That definitely got the juices flowing!

Next, my house key was put on the roof. (I live in Arizona and have a

flat-roofed house.) I had to get out the tall aluminum ladder, put it along the

side of the house, and place the house key on top of the air conditioner, which

is in the center/front of the roof. All of this done with my slightly too-small

bikini.

So: the key to the handcuffs was in the car. The key to the house was on the

roof. The key to the car I was allowed to keep with me, on a string around my

neck. I was then allowed to go inside, put on my dog collar and leash, strip

naked and make myself dinner (mac and cheese). When dinner was done, I had to

take the food in my dog bowl (yet another story), go into the backyard naked

(7pm by this point, just after sunset), lock the house's back door handle lock

from inside, then close the door. Yep, locked out, naked, collared and leashed.

Next, the food put down on the patio, my hands behind my back, attaching the

handcuffs. Wondering again why I do these things for him... then remembering as

the cuffs clicked and my juices started flowing even more.

I thoroughly enjoyed eating the mac and cheese from the bowl using just my face,

his little slut puppy. Waiting as it got darker, wondering at what time I would

feel safe/brave enough to go into the driveway, in full view of the neighborhood

to get the key to the cuffs from the car...then onto the roof, still naked for

the key to the house.

Normally I don't play \*too\* much at the house - subtly, sure, but not this

blatant. Still, I was feeling really wild, and was very much into it. Until, of

course, I had an orgasm. He had (cruelly?) given me permission to cum as many

times as I wanted - as long as I said, "Please let me cum!" ten times before

cumming - and I had to scream it - even if I screamed it into the grass or my

arm, I had to really let it rip.

So the first orgasm came pretty quick. Probably by 7:30, I was in the middle of

the backyard, laying face-down in the grass, arched so my cuffed hands could

reach my clit, yelling, "Please let me cum," into the grass, praying no one

could really hear me. I came so hard, lay there, and then it hit me. I was

laying in the middle of my backyard on a Wednesday night at 7:30 with no way to

get into my house until I got up on my roof, naked, to get the key. To do that,

I'd have to go into the driveway, naked with my hands cuffed behind my back,

leash and collar on, and open the car door, then crawl inside and get the key to

the cuffs.

For a few minutes my mind was reeling. What if the neighbors saw? How could I

live here if someone did? I'd have to sell the house and move. What if someone

called the cops? What if someone was out for a late walk, saw me like that, and

raped me?

Nothing to do though but lay there in the grass and wait. Eventually, worry was

replaced with arousal, then I'd masturbate and beg to cum, yelling into the

grass, the hammock pillow (that worked the best), even one time, around 11,

yelling the tenth one right out loud and had the most intense orgasm of the

night.

Finally, sore from masturbating and a little bored, I crept out my side gate,

onto the driveway. I figured it must have been around midnight, but it was

actually only about 11:15 (I found out once I got inside). I snuck up the side

of the house, looked around. No one, most of the neighbor's lights were off. I

got the string and key off from around my neck by bending over at the waist and

jiggling around until it fell over my head, picked it up off the ground, and got

it ready in my hands behind my back.

Figuring that someone sneaking around would cause anyone to look more than

someone acting normally, I just stood up straight, strutted over to the car,

turned around (facing the neighbors!) and fiddled until the key was in the lock.

Turning it twice to open the back doors too, I moved to the back door on the

driver's side, opened it, and got a shock - the dome light! Hurrying, naked and

lit up, I scrambled into the car and contorted myself until I could get the key

from the ledge behind the seat. God, how embarrassing! Very exposed! I wish I

had remembered the dome light when I agreed to do this!

Finally, I was able to sit down on the seat and work the key into the locks,

releasing the handcuffs, yes, all while the light was on me. It's something to

sit naked in the backseat of a car with the light lights on, trying to unlock

your handcuffs!

When I was free of them, I got out, locked the doors with the key (still in the

lock), then walked quickly back to the back of the house. Around the back, to

the other side, where I got to climb the ladder, ass and everything else on

display, to get up on the roof, where I walked over to the key on the air

conditioner. Talk about even more exposed!

Once I had the key, I took the opportunity to lay down on the roof, looking up

at the stars, and masturbate one more time, this time yelling into the crook of

my arm ten times for Him before I let myself go over the edge.

Then the quick climb back down the ladder, unlocking the back door, wondering

the whole time who saw what. Then climbing into bed for a very restful night.

Oops - I was going to write about going to the library wearing the short skirt,

with the bells attached to the string attached to the clothespin attached to my

pussy. Sorry, I guess that will have to wait until next time!

On Display: At the Fair

by jen123jen©

I'm standing in line to use the porta-potty at the fair and I realize that I'm

probably not going to make it. I'm going to pee in my pants right here in front

of 50 other people. They're all going to see me. And I'm nearly having an orgasm

waiting for it to happen.

We like to play games. He tells me what to do, I do it and report back. He knows

that I can't push myself far enough. I need him to make me do all the nasty

things I dream about but can't force myself to do. What kind of woman makes sets

herself up to pee in front of strangers? Not me - he makes me do it.

Standing there, waiting in line, I'm still a little hopeful. I've picked a line

right in the middle. There are four lines on one side of me, five lines on the

other. I've got six people in front of me, and the woman inside is taking way

too long. I'm cramping and shivering I have to go so badly.

The first time was online. We were chatting away, me naked sitting in my chair,

a clothes pin on each nipple, Saturday morning with the blinds open and people

driving by on the street outside, me thinking that it's probably too dark in

here for them to see me like this.

I typed that I had to use the bathroom and I'd be right back. "No," he typed

back as I was up and half way across the room to the bathroom.

That stopped me. I sat back down. "Sir? May I please use the rest room?" "No."

He went on to type something about his job, while I sat wondering what this

latest adventure was going to bring. Had I mentioned to him about being

controlled, even this basic human function? Probably in one of our late night

chats I had confided about my fantasy to have every action controlled. He

already controlled when (if) I had an orgasm, and where, and how. Rubbing my

pussy against the door handle at the office late at night. The mouse at my desk

at work during lunch hour, praying no one was still in their cube. Sweeping the

garage with the large push broom, the end of the stick handle in my cunt. Things

like that.

The woman's done in the porta-potty finally, and we move a step closer. It's not

quite dusk on a Saturday afternoon at the county fair, and the day's beer has

finally gotten to people. Looking around, I see men and women, some of the men

checking me out, getting stares and whispers from some of the women. I'm wearing a tight pair of white pants that the white thong shows pretty clearly through. I also have a tight white t-shirt, and a black bra. Entirely appropriate - people wear clothes like this all the time, right? Maybe at the clubs, but certainly

not at the fair on a Saturday night when the band is a has-been country act

going on in a few hours. No, everyone else is wearing cowboy boots, hats, jeans.

I'm in sandals and this mildly slutty outfit.

Not to mention the medium-heavy chain tight around my pants that I'm using as a

belt. Or the combination lock in front, locking the ends together. I don't think

they can see the piece of paper with the combination on it - it's in the thong

pressed against my cunt. If I get to the porta-potty in time, I'll be able to

wiggle my fingers down there, hopefully, and fish it out in time to undo the

combination lock, pull down my pants and thong and pee. If, that is, it's not

too dark in the porta- potty. He plans things well. If I can't see to read the

numbers, I'm in the same place as if I don't get there in time - walking all the

way back through the fair, through the parking lot, with wet smelly pants for

everyone to see.

Sitting at the computer that day, I ended up begging and pleading for him to let

me go. He was so happy - he knew that he had yet another part of me he got to

control. Eventually, I went. That day I got to just crawl to the toilet and go.

The next time I almost lost it when he told me to go sit on the toilet and wait

for the instant message chime before I went. I sat there crying, straining to

hear the sound. Do you know how hard it is to hold it when you're sitting right

there, right where you've always gone, but have to hold it? But oh, the

satisfaction of following his orders when I started gushing less than a second

after hearing the sound. He had complete control over me.

Another person leaves, and I move up one. Lots of young men around me now,

trying hard to be subtle and check out my thong panty lines. I love the

attention and I'm dying to pee - what a delicious combination.

If I don't make it soon, I know I'm going to lose it. I've never done this

before - be so obvious. At least he's set it up so it can look like an accident.

Good thing they didn't see me chugging the 2-liter bottle of diet coke an hour

ago in the car, or the two extra large-lemonades I've had since then, all at his

order. Hardly an accident.

He had me buy the chain and the lock two weeks ago. I had to transfer the

combination to a small piece of paper and he specifically told me not to

memorize it. It didn't help that it has been so long ago now. Besides, I've

never been great with numbers. I wonder how long it will take me to fish the

paper out of my tight pants while standing in the porta-potty, and how long

it'll take me to dial the combination to unlock the lock. It would be horrible

to make it all that way and still lose it.

This is exactly what I want, the element of surprise. Had he told me to go and

just pee in front of people, lose control and let it go at the fair, I couldn't

have done it. Well, actually, if he had ordered it, I probably would have. This

has so much more flair though. Will I make it? Will the women in front of me

take a long time, or a little? There is an element of chance to this, which

makes it even more wonderful.

I love it when he takes complete control of me this way. On some Fridays, we'll

instant message from work, and I'll have to ask his permission to go to the

ladies room. Sometimes he'll make me go every fifteen minutes, prompting some

interesting looks from the others (though it's pretty quiet on Fridays). Other

times I'm practically in tears begging him to let me go. One Friday afternoon,

when most everyone had already left (but still a few of my co-workers were

around), I traded my bra for permission to pee - the only problem being that I

was wearing a pretty thin white blouse, and it was very obvious that I wasn't

wearing a bra... I walked around with my arms folded across my breasts, hoping

no one would notice.

Even though I'm almost there, I can't help it anymore. It no longer matters that

there are now only three people in front of me, or that there are men and women

all around me. I know I have to let go. Just a little, I thought, and out it

came. Only once it started, there was no shutting it off.

My pee quickly soaked my thin thong and pants, turning them a pale yellow right

there in front of everyone. Then, saturated, the fabric no longer could keep up

with the flow, and it actually squirted out a little before landing on the pant

leg and staining that.

"Look, she's peeing her pants," someone whispered, and everyone turned and

looked at me. It was no longer erotic, this little game we played, and I covered

my face with my hands as I stood there, rooted in place, while I emptied my

overstuffed bladder. My pants were completely soaked, all the way down to my

sandals on one leg where it had at first squirted, then eventually gushed down

my leg. I couldn't move, and around me I heard everything from concern to scorn

and laughter.

Finally, it was all out. I looked up, beet red, at the faces around me, then

started walking quickly back to the car. The tiny piece of paper with the

combination on it was soaked too, and probably can't be read anyway, at this

point. I hustled back to my car, enduring the stares of people, hearing things

like, "Looks like someone had a little accident," and "Did you see that - she

peed her pants!"

I finally made it back to my car. By then, the embarrassment was at an all-time

high for me, and I marveled at how much he knew me. He knew I needed this right

now. Sometimes I crave pain, sometimes I need to tie myself securely with a very

dull knife stationed in a far corner of the house or - better - back yard where

I would have to lay, hogtied, slowly sawing away at the ropes. This day I needed

to be put in my place, to be pointed at, laughed at, scorned, all for him.

Driving home I sat on a blanket in the car, rubbing myself fiercely through the

soaked pants, the clothes pin that he had had me bring along attached to my

tongue, forcing it out of my mouth for the whole drive, drawing a few looks at

stop lights. It's not every day you see a pretty woman in a car, rubbing her

crotch, a dazed look in her eyes, with a clothes pin attached to her tongue,

sipping water from a convenience store's extra-large drink. I wasn't allowed to

cum until I peed yet again, were his orders.

Back home in the driveway, running from the car to the house so the neighbors

wouldn't see. The large drink finished, and having to pee already again. To the

desk drawer where a copy of the combination was, then out into the back yard in

the fading dusk, still light enough - barely - to read the numbers as I undid

the combination lock and slowly stripped off my still-wet pants, thong, and the

bra and t-shirt.

Down on all fours, crawling like a good slut to the back fence, the water ready

to come out, the clothes pin on my tongue. I lay on my back, the scooted up

against the fence, my head and shoulders supporting my weight with my bare ass

up over my head, my cunt right in front of my face. I started to masturbate,

slowly at first then frantically as I felt the orgasm - and the need to pee

again - build. Finally, in a rush, just like he ordered, I let the pee loose

again, it splashing, hot, all over my boobs and face, a little getting into my

mouth, past the clothes pin on my tongue, as my fingers flicked my clit and I

came, a slut in her backyard, another assignment well done.

On Display: In the Desert

by jen123jen©

Frankly, I don't know why I do it. The risk is great - to my physical body, to

my job, everything. What would my boss think? My parents? Hell, what would

anyone think?

I'm standing in the middle of the desert, about a mile off the dirt road, which

I drove down for three miles from the highway, hoping my little car was going to

be okay the whole time. Then, hiking the mile, working my nerve up the whole

time. It's spring, about 75 degrees, and going to be a beautiful, sunny Arizona

day. I'm about to follow his orders - again. Deeper into this; every time, I go

deeper down this road of kinkiness, risk, danger, excitement. I'm dripping wet

and, if I were allowed to touch myself, could have a huge orgasm in a matter of

seconds. I'm not allowed - yet.

It started out slowly. At first, the assignments from him were easy, though

still exciting: "Don't wear panties to work today." "Don't wear panties again -

and wear the shortest skirt you own."

Hey, on casual Friday, why not? Hardly anyone's in the office, a little

excitement...

"Ask a friend - male or female - to go see a movie. Don't wear a bra or panties.

Wear a button up sweater or a light jacket. Go to a movie theater off the beaten

track, or go at a time not many people will be there. Once the trailers start,

excuse yourself. Go to the restroom. Unbutton the sweater or jacket. Unbutton

your blouse. Go buy popcorn. Lean over the counter to choose which candy you

want. Give the boy a show. Don't leave until you know he's seen your nipples."

Okay, that was harder. I did it, blushing the whole time. He saw both nipples. I

bought the popcorn and candy and practically ran to the restroom and masturbated

standing up in a stall.

I find the largest tree around - still pretty small, I know, but easily

identifiable. It's by a big boulder, near the so-called trail I've been

following. At the base of the tree, I tie the string with the car key. I now

head back to the car. Next time I'm here I'll still have on the collar and leash

I'm wearing now, but not much else.

What else has he made me do? This little hike, all worked up already, gives me

way too much time to think.

Wilder: "Go buy a plain white t-shirt in the petite department of a store. It

should be at least two sizes smaller than what you normally wear. Wear it and

tight jeans grocery shopping - you can go somewhere far from home, if you must.

No bra. Buy a full cart full of groceries. Go Friday night after work near the

beginning of the month when everyone is shopping."

The stares I got that night. Glares from women. Drooling stares from men. Me -

normally shy, showing off. Embarrassed. Humiliated somewhat. Loving it. My

nipples were rock hard and I was virtually topless, and surprised I didn't get

arrested.

"Shave your pubic hair. Keep it smooth by shaving every few days." Then, "Let it

grow in over five or so days, until it starts to itch. Wait an extra day. Then

shave and start over." He is devilish.

"Sunbathe nude in your backyard" No problem - early spring, my white skin needs

sun, my backyard moderately private unless someone looked over the fence or I

was in the wrong place in the yard. But... "Using SPF 35 sunscreen and a q-tip,

write ‘Slut' directly above your cunt." Standing in front of the bedroom mirror,

naked, shaved, with sunscreen and q-tip in hand. Hand shaking. What about going

to the gym? What if I go on a date? Get in a car accident? Writing it, then

laying face-up in the sun for two hours at noon. Skin all pink. Repeating on

Sunday. If I sunbathed naked, I redrew the word. It lasted all the following

winter - glaring out from my otherwise very tan skin. Showering at the gym was

an exercise in timing - waiting for others to leave before I showered or went in

the sauna.

Then, "Take a weekend trip to San Diego. Go to the nude beach. Strip naked and

enjoy the day (apply sunscreen ‘slut' before leaving hotel room). Be sure to

walk up the beach at least a mile, then back, past your towel, and the other

direction a mile, at least three times. Know that everyone can tell that you're

my slut."

I did them all gladly. The orgasms I had! When he let me, that is. I had to send

detailed reports of my efforts, my experiences. He'd read them, then pick them

apart, Instant Message me questioning every detail to see if I'd slip up, to

prove to him that I'd actually done the things he'd ordered me to. Then he'd let

me have an orgasm, but always somehow - or somewhere - that made it amazing.

Naked in the dressing room at the department store, naked at 11AM during the

biggest sale of the year. Fucking my cunt (he makes me call it that) with a

banana while sitting in a (nearly) deserted movie theater watching the latest

Star Wars - then eating the banana. Skirt hiked up in the car, blouse

unbuttoned, on the way home from work, stuck in traffic on the freeway. Yes,

people saw. Yes, they honked. Yes, I want more.

Today, if someone sees me, they're going to know I'm not a nature lover just

wanting to strip down and enjoy the day. Now it's black - sometimes red -

Sharpie permanent markers. Thick tips. Standing in front of the bedroom mirror,

figuring out how to write backwards. "Slut" Big - three inch big letters is what

he said, right on my stomach, in red marker. I know from last time they take two

days to wear off - if I'm scrubbing my skin red every time I take a shower.

"Whore" and "Cum lover" on my legs in huge letters. "Sex slave" - on the small

of my back. "Spank me" on my ass cheeks.

I'm back at the car - still no one around. This is a generally unused area, I

know - except for mountain bikers and rock climbers. It's taken me about 30

minutes to walk to the tree, another 30 back. Now it's 7:00AM. People will start

showing up soon. Early risers mostly - the majority won't be here for at least a

few hours.

Taking off my sundress and throwing it in the backseat. Changing shoes - he told

me I could wear shoes, but what a joke - high heels. SLOW, in the desert

sand/dirt. The magic marker obvious on my again winter-white skin in the morning

light. The leash stays on, attached to the thick leather dog collar. I wonder

idly if it will leave a rather unique tan line. No worries - it's locked on and

the key is buried in the back yard at home.

I lock the car door and stand next to the car, attach the clothes pins, one to

each nipple. I slam the car door and slowly, on the high heels, head back to the

car key at the base of the tree, carrying a wind-up egg timer, a bandana, a

small bottle of water, and a canister of mace, "Just in case," he wrote. The

leash swings between my swinging breasts, and the chain rubs against my clit as

I walk. I'm not allowed to cum until later today.

It's slow going in the heels. I'm dripping wet and wishing I could just stop and

cum, then get back in the car and go home. But he'd know. I'd have to tell him.

He wouldn't punish me - at least, not in the spanking and stuff - he'd know that

ordering me to slap my ass 50 times with a hairbrush would just turn me on

anyway. No, his punishment is harsh: no communication. That happened once. No

matter how many emails I sent, begging, pleading, offering to do the wildest,

riskiest things, he wouldn't answer until he knew I learned my lesson. I've

learned! No, I'll keep walking, every sense straining to hear the approach of

hikers, or mountain bikers (they're quiet and can sneak up on you!). I do have

permission to hide - wherever I can, in this desert area, if I must. But I

won't, I know.

Half the fun is the risk of being seen. Another 1/4 is the planning, the

dreaming before and reliving after. The other 1/4 is actually being seen, the

gasp from the person, the look of scorn from women, being called a slut or hussy

from them, or the drool, the lust in the mens' eyes, the blush that starts at my

face and quickly centers in my cunt - I've almost cum just from being caught. I

still try to avoid it - I'm not stupid. But the excitement is just delicious.

The clothes pins hurt. The first time was the worst. "Strip now." (Noon on

Saturday) "Go to your clothes line and get two clothes pins. Come back to the

computer." I had replied that that is the part of the yard where I could be seen

from two different neighbors. His reply. "Go now. Walk slowly." Walking slowly

to the backyard, praying that the neighbors aren't out in their backyards.

Getting the two clothes pins. Back at the computer, putting them on. Then

walking slowly to get two more, then back again, him pushing my buttons, knowing

the risk of neighbors seeing me naked, then with clothes pins decorating my

nipples.

From there, wearing them under my loose blouse grocery shopping. Wearing them

under the tight t-shirt to the movies, or out for a walk at sunset. Then ordered

to wear them outside the shirt, pinching my nipples, while filling up the car

with gas, going inside to pay, cringing at the security cameras and the late

night cashier staring, his eyes almost bugging out.

I get to the tree with the key. I have to wind up the egg timer to 15 minutes

and place it on top of rock a ways away, which I do. Then back to the tree and

tie the leash to it, getting down on all fours like a good slut puppy. A drink

of water to finish the bottle, then setting it aside... and the final touch, the

bandana as a blindfold. There I wait, legs spread, my cunt juices dripping down

my thighs I'm so wet, wearing high heels, a dog collar and leash, and a

blindfold, with magic marker all over my naked body, waiting for someone to

discover me and going out of my mind with excitement.

The fifteen minutes drag by. Is the timer broken? Is that someone coming? What

if it is? No, it's no one. Half hoping someone comes along, half dreading that.

How to explain what I'm doing?

I relive buying the dog collar and leash while tied there to the tree, his slut

puppy. I had to get dressed up in a little black cocktail dress, complete with

high heels, thigh highs, no bra. I spent an hour just on my hair and makeup - he

had written that I was to make myself look stunning, as if going out to the

fanciest restaurant in town. I knew something was up in that it was only 1:00 in

the afternoon on a Saturday.

When I was done, I was to check my email. My assignment: go to the large pet

store in the stip mall. Look for a nice leather dog collar for myself. Try on at

least ten collars, right there in the store. After picking one out, leave it on

to try on at least five leashes, connecting them to the collar around my neck.

Select one. Remove the leash and collar and take them to the most talkative

seeming checkout clerk, who I knew would ask what kind of dog I had, which she

did. I replied, blushing deep red in my fancy, completely inappropriate outfit

for a Saturday afternoon, "Oh, these are for me."

Of course, she didn't get it. "No, I mean, what kind of dog?"

Two people in line behind me, an older man and a younger man, both wide-eyed

looking at me. "No, really, they're for me to wear, not for a dog. I guess I'm

the dog."

I was rewarded by coming home and checking my email, where I was told to go out

in the backyard wearing the new collar and leash, get down on all fours in my

fancy clothes, in the middle of the yard, and masturbate. I was allowed to cum

while barking like a dog, wondering what the neighbors could see, wondering what

if they could hear me barking, wondering if they thought it was a dog or could

tell it was me barking while cumming.

It's almost impossible to keep from touching myself, but I keep my hands away

from my cunt and nipples, as one touch would send me over the edge. Finally the

timer goes off, such a foreign sound out here, and so loud. I tear off the

blindfold, stand up and get over to it as quickly as I can, shutting it off.

Anyone within a mile would have easily heard that. Grabbing my key, I headed

back. I'm to head back to town and a self-serve car wash, where I'll be allowed

to cum - after washing the car, and myself.

The walk back to the car was uneventful, thank goodness, but very exciting, now

that it was the time for more people to be using the trails. Once in the car, I

put on the clothes for the return trip: an extra-large white t-shirt with "I

swallow" written in red marker on it by me the other day, and I keep the heels

on. The t-shirt hides the words on my chest, and it does come down to barely

cover my cunt, but it leaves the lettering on my legs exposed, and "I swallow"

isn't much better than what else I have written on me. Still, it's safer while

driving, and it's what he ordered.

Just as I finish pulling the shirt on, an SUV approaches, down the so-called

road to the parking area. As I drive away, four men look down on my car as I

pass, probably seeing my cunt peeking out from beneath the shirt, the words

"Whore" and "Cum lover" big enough for them to read . Had I taken another five

minutes along the trail...

On Display: Slut at the Library

by jen123jen©

Hi again, it's Jen, back after a while. I recently had a really fun time I

wanted to write about, and I'm going to try to get through this quickly, without

playing with myself too many times!

Several Saturdays ago here in Phoenix was really windy, warm but not hot yet

(thank goodness!). My boyfriend of a couple years was out of town again (he

travels for business) and I was left on my own... not a good thing for me!

I've always really gotten turned on by exhibitionism, especially forced stuff

(see my other stories about what I've been "made" to do). But with the boyfriend

out of town, I didn't have anyone to get me to do the things I crave, so I had

to come up with my own ideas. This one came in part from a story I read a while

back, combined with one of my favorite places for playing here in Phoenix, the

big public library.

It's right in downtown Phoenix, and it's a big, relatively new building of glass

and concrete. Lots of windows (grin).

I had Saturday off and I knew I was going to want to play, so starting last

Wednesday I played with myself every morning and every night, but without

letting myself have an orgasm. This was especially tough for me as I'm very

easily turned on thinking about things to do to be exposed in public, or

humiliated in some way, and that's what I was doing - planning my Saturday,

thinking about all the things I wanted to make myself do.

So by Friday afternoon at work (wearing a short skirt with no panties, just to

continue to turn myself on), I was pretty high strung. My hand went right to my

pussy once I got into my car in the parking lot, and I almost went over the

edge, especially thinking about who might be looking down on me from the tall

office building, but I made myself stop, breathing hard, and wait.

A reminder about me for those who haven't read about my other adventures. I'm in

my early 30's, 5'7", about 130 pounds or so, with decent size boobs-C cup). Most

people call me "cute" and I guess I have a girl-next-door look about me, though

with my short black (dyed) hair, I think I look a little tougher than the girl

next door! I work out a few times a week and I'm pretty fit, especially since

I've been getting into even better shape by working out more the past few weeks.

Anyway, Saturday dawned and I was "hot to trot!" I played with myself a little

before getting out of bed and getting breakfast - nude, of course. I usually

leave the blinds on the windows facing the street slightly open before I go to

bed, so in the morning as I wander around, I always wonder if someone can see

me. Especially the religious people who tend to come knock on my door on

Saturday (maybe they're on to me!). In fact, a few weeks ago I was in the shower

and heard a knock at the door. I wasn't expecting anyone, so I just kept

showering. Then I heard a more insistent knock, so I thought it might be someone

I knew. I hopped out of the shower and grabbed a towel to hold in front of me

and opened the door a bit. It was two young men from a religious group who

frequent my part of town. I told them I wasn't really interested and that I was

in the shower, all while their eyes were wide (and I wasn't even showing

anything!). They wanted to leave me some reading material, so I opened the door

more, grabbed the towel with just one hand, and reached for it. I was really

careful not to show anything (I think they were hoping!), but just took it and

thanked them. The one turned around, and as soon as he did, I dropped the towel

to my side, smiled and closed the door. The other guy was blushing like crazy!

That didn't turn me on that much though. It was fun, but it would have been

better had my boyfriend been over... then he might have yelled, "Don't let your

hair drip on the carpet!" and I would have had to apologize and slowly wrap my

towel around my hair, standing there naked. See, I like the idea of having to do

something naughty, being forced to, not just choosing to flash some poor guy!

Anyway, back to Saturday. It was windy in the morning, so I knew what I wanted

to do. First though, I sat outside in my backyard, naked again, to get warmed up

(both in the sunshine and also "down below"). Normally this isn't a big deal,

but on the weekends, everyone is out. My next door neighbor is redoing his

house, so he's frequently up on the ladder fixing things, and could easily see

into most of the yard. My other neighbor has a yard service come on Saturday

mornings, and they could easily have seen through the gaps in our fence. But I

took my toast outside and sat in a chair, legs wide, drinking in the sunshine.

No one was out - that I knew of at least, but it definitely got me going a

little, especially when I crawled into the middle of the backyard on my hands

and knees and peed like the little bitch that I am, squatting like a dog.

After crawling back inside, I got up and took care of business. I showered,

shaving my pussy of what little stubble I had from a few days before, dried off,

and set out my clothes. I chose a frilly sun dress that comes down to just above

my knees, cute sandals, and nothing else. Before getting dressed, I went to my

full length mirror with my pencil and my big thick permanent magic marker. Using

the pencil, I sketched out (in reverse so everyone could see it): SLUT on my

pussy, just above my lips and WHORE on my stomach above my belly button. (Both

had nice thick letters, and WHORE took up my whole stomach, though SLUT had to

be smaller due to the smaller space - still, it was very visible!) I'm getting

pretty good at making it look good, as I do this a lot for fun. It makes me feel

so dirty to having writing on me! Then I traced the pencil lettering with the

marker, knowing it would be on there for at least a few days, even if I tried to

scrub it off!

Finally, it was time to load up my small purse, gather up the library books (I

had a big stack), and decide if I was really ready to do this, especially to do

it to myself! I had decided that I could only have an orgasm under certain

conditions: 1. That I was completely naked. 2. My dress was at least five feet

away from me. 3. I was in a public place. I had a plan and it both thrilled me,

ashamed me, and terrified me - perfect!

I grabbed my keys and a spatula (you'll understand later) went outside, holding

down my dress, unlocked the door, then went back inside for the books. I ran out

to the car but still my dress blew up, and with the books there was no way to

hold it down, as the stack took up both hands! I don't like to be too blatant

around the house, in case neighbors see, but this was okay, and a good warm up.

I knew that there was no way I would be able to hold the dress down in the heavy

wind on the way to the library, and it made me blush and gush!

The drive there was uneventful, as I was "saving myself" for what was to come.

I had planned to dare myself to park the car a long ways from the entrance, but

when I got to the library, it was already busy and there were no parking spaces

close by, so I couldn't wimp out! At our library, there's a front entrance close

to the street, where few people go, and the back entrance that everyone uses. I

knew that I didn't dare to use the busy entrance on my own, no matter how

naughty I was feeling, so I parked near the street entrance and got ready.

I stepped out into the breeze and felt it lift my dress, just standing by the

car. There was no one around, except at the bus stop about 50 feet away, and

they were all facing the other direction. So before I got my books out, I stood

by the open door, got my spatula from the front seat, lifted my dress (facing

the rest of the parking lot, leaning against the car) and spanked my bare ass,

as hard as I could make myself, first five times on each cheek, then ten,

finally a total of twenty. I did it until my ass was bright red and on fire.

Breathing hard, I threw the spatula on the seat, grabbed my purse, then the big

stack of books with both hands (all the while leaning into the car with my skirt

still partway up and ass half on display), then swung the door shut with my hip

and started walking.

I didn't even get two steps away from the car when the wind gusted and lifted my

dress up in back. Knowing I was on display to anyone looking out the windows of

the library, or driving by on the road, or at the bus stop made me so wet. I

didn't look over at the bus stop - I was both afraid of and turned on by the

possibility of people watching me. I pretended not to notice that time, but a

few steps later it blew up both the front and back, the wind was so strong. I

paused and tried to lower my elbows down around my side to try to keep the dress

down. That helped make it go back down but it was still whipping around, blowing

up a little, and I couldn't walk like that and not drop the books. So I took a

few more steps, the dress blew up, I stopped and tried to hold it down, and

repeated that all the way to the front door.

I was so wet that I felt it on the insides of my thighs - I was actually

leaking! No one hooted or hollered, but I expect several people saw as they

drove by on the street.

Inside, I was safe from the wind... but not from myself.

Pretty self conscious (since I go to that library a lot), I dropped my books off

in the book return and tried to decide what was next. I knew that I had to get

to the fifth floor, and the choice was to take the stairs and have people be

able to see up my dress, or to take the glass elevator that overlooks the lobby

area and have people see me that way!

I decided... both! I slowly walked up the stairs to the second level, and was

red as I heard a teenager below me say, "Oh God!" as I walked past him and he

turned around to see me. I know he must have seen up the back of the sundress.

When I got to the second level, I waited for the elevator, then when it came I

stepped to the very back, facing the glass and out of it the lobby, and, since

no one seemed to be looking right at me, raised my dress up above my boobs and

then quickly back down. Knowing that people could have seen not only my boobs

and shaved pussy, but also the WHORE and SLUT written on me had me almost

cumming right there.

I resisted the desire to touch myself - I would have cum right there in the

elevator, and instead stepped out of the elevator a few seconds later when it

got to the fifth floor. One down, four to go. I had decided to do a full frontal

flash at least five times before ending my plan and letting myself masturbate

according to the rules I had decided on earlier.

Before I would allow myself to carry out those rules, though, I had decided I

would flash my entire front by lifting my dress up above my boobs at least four

times in the library. One was done - the elevator. Three more to go. I wondered

if I could get so turned on that I could orgasm without touching myself!

Next was to the far end of the fifth floor. I faced the parking lot where there

was a lot of activity and full-length glass windows. They were tinted, so this

wasn't very risky - not too many people would be able to clearly see inside, I

didn't think. What was risky was anyone behind me glancing my way while my dress was raised up. Even though I was just doing my front, I knew that my ass would be exposed briefly while I lifted the whole dress up in front. With a quick

glance over my shoulder, up the dress came... a count of three then down again.

I quickly walked towards the book stacks, just in case someone had seen me

(safety first).

Two more to do. I wondered the stacks for a while, blending in and getting the

courage up for another flash. Being so turned on, I decided that the last two

should be more daring, riskier, dirtier. So I took two clothes pins out of my

purse, stood against the far wall of the stacks and faced the main part of the

library. I could see a row of workstations (long tables with little screens), an

open area, and then stacks on the other side of the floor. People were walking

by the end of my long row of stacks - about 35 feet away, but most not looking

down my row. There was a person about every 20 seconds or so - not too busy, but

still, this would be risky.

Taking a deep breath, I raised my dress up and held the material bunched in my

teeth, completely exposing myself as I quickly put the clothes pins on - one on

each nipple. I love it - it hurts so good!

Still practically naked, I quickly slid two fingers right up inside of me - I

was so wet that I almost came again, right there. But it wasn't time yet, so I

slid my fingers back out, and stuck them quickly in my mouth to clean my juices

off them as I let my dress slide back down me.

By this point I was literally trembling I was so turned on, scared, and wired. I

love the thrill of possibly getting caught. I've never been one to love just

flashing myself to people - that seems too easy. I've done it, and it's a turn

on, but it's not nearly the rush of doing something really naughty when someone

could just stumble upon me doing it.

That said, I wanted to try something fun. I found a young guy, maybe in his

early twenties, reading off to one side of the long study tables. The clothes

pins were starting to hurt, and the idea I had would be great to get them off. I

knew the outline of them could be seen a little through the thin material of my

dress, but probably no one would figure out what they were (unless they were

kinky like me!).

I grabbed a book at random (an art book, as it turned out) and went up to near

where he was sitting. He looked up and I gave him a little smile. Standing

there, with him still looking (I think), I pulled the chair, out, flipped my

dress up in back and sat down on the cold chair, letting out a little

exclamation as my bare rear touched the cold chair.

Looking over at him, I smiled again and said, "Brr!"

"I'm sorry, I just have to get these things off." With that I reached into the

sleeve of my dress on his side (not showing anything) and unclipped the one

clothes pin. It caused that pain that comes when it's removed, and I gave a

little "Ouch."

Then I reached into the other sleeve and unclipped that one too. I put them both

down on the table and sighed. "That's so much better!"

He eyes were wide and he was practically drooling, and the only thing I'd really

shown him was a very brief (if any) flash of my butt sitting down. And, of

course, that I was a completely kinky slut wearing clothes pins on my nipples!

Standing up, I said, "Gotta run!" and walked away. So much for him studying the

rest of the day!

Finally, I was ready for my last flash. Almost not caring at this point, I was

in the rows of books and just turned around, already raising my dress up, and

flashed the middle common area - without looking. There were people around but

frankly I didn't care if they saw me.

Now I could go finish my grand finale, and let myself cum!

I headed towards the bathrooms and sat down on a chair at a desk where I could

see the entrance to the men's room. For a few extra kicks, I lifted the back of

my dress up again and sat down on the cold plastic on my bare ass. I loved

playing the slut and being so naughty!

I waited nearly ten minutes, barely able to sit still, the blood still pounding

through me, still completely turned on. I saw two men go in and come back out

pretty quickly - men have it so easy. My big concern was making sure the men's

room was empty... and it looked like it was, unless someone was really taking

there time in there.

Looking around to make sure no one could see (like it really mattered any more!)

I strode purposefully towards the women's room entrance... then veered off

course right into the men's room.

Now my heart was really pounding. There were three stalls - just like the

women's. I went to the first one, stood in front of the door, took a deep breath

and went in. I closed it, locked it, hung my purse on the hook on the back of

the door, then stood there a second, working up my nerve.

It was now or never. I was so horny I knew I'd go through with it. So, taking my

time, I slowly stripped the dress of me, letting slither down my body and drop

to the floor, which wasn't nearly as dirty as I thought. (Note to self - have to

find a dirtier place than the library for next time - someplace they haven't

mopped in a few days!). So I stood there, in the men's room in a stall right

next to the urinals, naked, with the words written on me, my shaved pussy nearly

dripping, my nipples rock hard.

I opened my purse, took out two clothes pins, then hung my dress up on the hook.

I pinched my already hard nipples a few times to make them even bigger, then

clamped each one with a clothes pin sticking straight down. For what was next, I

knew I couldn't have them poking straight out.

I was about to start the next task when I heard someone coming in. I quickly sat

down on the stool and pulled my feet up - no sense trying to explain my sandals

to someone!

He peed using the urinal farthest from me as I breathed as quietly as I could

sitting there naked, clamped and turned on. Finally he left (didn't flush or

wash his hands) and I was ready for the next step.

From the stool, I got down on my knees on the floor, then flattened myself down

all the way, contorting myself so my feet were actually sticking out toward the

urinals and I was laying fully flat, my nipples and the clothes pins pressing

into the bathroom floor, my face inches from it. Now I noticed it wasn't quite

as clean as I had thought, but still not nearly as dirty as I had hoped it would

be. But still, the shame and humiliation welled up in me and I almost stopped

myself right there, but then it moved down and I almost had an orgasm, thinking

about being caught like that.

Then I started to crawl. Not quickly. Slowly, making it last, I crawled under

the divider between the stalls, into the next stall, leaving behind my purse and

dress, my nipples hard and cold against the concrete floor, my belly pressed

into it, my pussy too, my knees probably getting bruised, ears straining to hear

anyone coming in. Through the second stall, under the divider for the third,

resisting the impulse to just reach between my legs and cum. Finally, into the

third stall, twisting around to stand up, naked, about five feet from my clothes

and safety. Trembling, knowing I could now finally let myself have my reward and

cum, but wanting more, more, more of the feeling, so opening the door and

walking into the men's room, turning towards the door and praying someone would

walk in and catch me, the slut that I truly am.

When no one showed, I turned back into the stall, leaving the door unlocked, and

sat down on the toilet, spread my legs, reached out with one hand to hold the

door open, then reached down with my other and touched my clit, pinched it,

nothing gentle about this, and came. I had the most intense orgasm I've ever had

- I nearly blacked out. It kept rolling through me and I kept spasming. It was

absolutely incredible.

As I "came down," I realized what I had done and where I was, and it really hit

me how risky it was (that always happens after I cum and realize what I've

done... but even that is a great feeling on lonely nights, teasing myself with

the timer set, not allowing myself to cum until the half hour, or hour, or two

hours are up!

I closed the door to the stall and contemplated my situation. There were two

ways to get the dress and purse - over or under. Climbing over the stalls looked

a little scary, so under it was!

Leaving the clothes pins on my nipples, I got back down on the ground and

crawled, quicker this time, back to my stall, now really terrified that someone

would come in and catch me. Thinking about that, and the crawling, just got me

going though, and before I got all the way to the stall (actually, my head was

in my stall and my feet were in the third stall), I gave in and reached down

and, laying face down, my head tilted towards the bowl, cheek on the floor where

I'm sure men had dribbled, snaked my hand down under my body, between my legs, and fingered myself right there, cumming again after about 30 seconds.

My legs were jello as I finally scooted my way into the stall and stood,

slipping my dress back on. I knew I smelled of my own cum, but that was okay. I

took off the clothes pins as I put my dress on, which brought that delicious

pain of the blood coming back into them.

Then, not hearing anyone, I grabbed my purse, opened the stall door, and walked

out. No one saw me leave, and I walked straight to the door, back out to the car

(holding my dress down in the wind - now I was suddenly shy again!).

But on the way home, I started planning again. Next time, I would find somewhere

with dirtier bathrooms. Probably not a rest stop - again, I'm not into getting

raped or anything. But maybe a no-name fast food place, or a gas station with a

few stalls... Or maybe the library again, but leave my dress in the women's

bathroom, then sneak out and around the dividing wall into the men's room for my

fun! Or maybe a men's room at a movie theater, right before a summer blockbuster

is about to get out... having to sit in a stall naked and masturbating while men

came and went, and waited in line to use my stall, not being able to leave until

the movie rush had cleared out... maybe next time!