**The Safety Of Home**

by BethTheBee

*I push myself at home, and find some new kinks.*

Hi, it's Beth again.

As with my last one, this story is not going to be as wild as most of what is on this site. But I hope the fact that it is all 100% true makes up for it. There is no sex (although there is masturbation) - this story is more about discovering a couple more of my kinks, and pushing myself in new ways.

I'm Beth (Bee to my closer friends and family). 5'4. Slim but not super skinny. Brown shoulder length hair. For those who have not read my first story - a brief summary without spoilers: At the age of 19 I started to find the idea of taking public risks with less clothing exciting, acting on it for the first time I ended up in a compromising position. This is an account of what happened next for me.

\*\*Everyone is over 18. Fair warning, this contains some (very mild) pee stuff.\*\*

In the weeks after my woodland adventure, I found it hard to make my mind up about the experience. Don't get me wrong, I masturbated to the memory frequently and enthusiastically, and at the points leading up to a session I'd be planning my next excursion. But in my post-orgasm state I'd always get scared and decide something along the lines of "nope that was WAY too risky, I was lucky to get away with it. I'll never do anything like it again". Then, the next time I was horny I'd be back to making grand plans.

After going back and forth for a while, getting frustrated with myself and my inability to commit to do more, I decided that what I needed to do was to take it back a notch and do some more frequent lower risk stuff. I figured that if I could build myself up to take regular smaller risks, the bigger ones would be easier and wouldn't be stuck in the loop of scheming in my head and chickening out the next moment.

It seemed sensible to build back up to more public stuff by experimenting in the safety of my own home. I still lived with my elder sister and parents during this period. Don't get me wrong - I had zero desire for any of my family to see me naked - but a lot of the fun for me is the risk rather than being caught anyway. The way I saw it I had no intention of being seen, but if I did the consequences would likely be less dire - if perhaps more embarrassing.

STEP ONE - GOODBYE TO PJS

This was the most obvious thing that came to mind when I first thought about my new plan. My thinking was that by sleeping nude I'd get more used to the feeling of it - meaning future endeavours might be slightly easier.

I usually slept in pyjamas, maybe just a t-shirt and panties if it was hot. Like most people, prior to this I'd only been naked for limited amounts of time. Changing, baths and showers, sex or masturbation. So the thought of being naked for hours on end, even if while asleep, was pretty exciting.

The first two or three nights were the hardest. I fluctuated between getting horny from being nude, to feeling extremely vulnerable - either way I couldn't sleep. I was so much more aware of every night-time noise, creak of a floorboard, or random draft. The first night I hardly slept at all, eventually drifting off just before dawn and then waking with a shock as my mum knocked on the door to tell me I'd slept in until nearly lunch time, and I'd better hurry if I wanted to come to my favourite café with her (I did). I slumped out of bed, still a bit dazed, to hurry to the bathroom and get ready. I was actually just through my bedroom door and into the hallway before I remembered that I was stark naked. Mum had already turned away and started back down the stairs thank god, so I wasn't rumbled on day one!

It was a very hot summer, and I eventually even got to the point that I could sleep naked with no covers on either. Just me, laying completely exposed and vulnerable on the mattress. I was pretty terrified that my sister would barge in and find me like that (my parents have always been good about knocking on bedroom doors). But it was not enough to stop me and I figured that it was so hot that it wouldn't seem TOO weird. Luckily she never did barge in when I was totally exposed. A few times when I was naked under the covers, but I just lay there and chatted to her while she stole whatever top/hairdryer/book she was looking for - blaming the heat if she commented on why my face had gone bright red.

Masturbating directly before sleep really helped relive the tension a lot and meant I could get to sleep a lot faster, and I soon got in to the habit of it being the last thing I did pretty much every night. A habit I still have to this day.

Waking up sticky wasn't the best though, and I was pretty bad for forgetting to keep tissues by my bed to clean myself up with. At some point, I'm not exactly sure when, I found the solution. I must have been extra horny that night as I made a particularly big mess. I've never been a squirter, but I do get quite wet and sticky when I cum. I really couldn't be bothered to get up to clean up, but unlike most nights when I wouldn't have cared, I also didn't want to get it all over the sheets (maybe they were fresh on).

I don't know why I thought to do it, it'd never occurred to me before, but I brought my sticky fingers up to my mouth and licked them clean. I wasn't blown away by the taste, in fact I think I even gagged. I also had an intense wave of shame and disgust at myself. But excitement too. And let me tell you, when I get that mix shame or humiliation with arousal it's the most intense feeling in the world. Easily enough to spur me on to clean up the rest of my mess the same way - wiping up the stickiness with my hand and then licking and sucking my fingers clean, whilst silently and harshly judging myself.

Since then this has become the normal way that I clean myself up after masturbating (as long as I have enough time and privacy). I've gotten more used to the taste, but I wouldn't say I've grown to like it, and I still always feel that little bit of disgust at myself (the bit that really makes it all worthwhile). In fact I think that liking the taste would kind of ruin it for me. It makes me feel so much dirtier, ashamed, sluttier, and ultimately aroused, that I lick up my own pussy juices despite not enjoying the flavour...

STEP TWO - LOCKS AND LUCK

The night-time nudity was a good start. But I needed to do something that had more of a risk to it. Something with a real chance of being caught. Although the thought of my family catching me naked freaked me out, I figured that if I carry on down the path I was heading and tried more public stuff again, I would inevitably get caught (again). So practicing the risk and learning to manage the fear factor would help me in the long run.

At the same time, I knew I needed plausible deniability. Whatever happened it would need to look like a genuine accident. Nobody would be fooled by me suddenly wearing short skirts with no underwear around the living room or something like that.

I decided that I'd start to get a bit lax with the lock on the bathroom door. We've always had a bathroom with a lock. So unlike bedrooms, knocking has never been a thing. Instead you are more likely to hear the rattle of the doorhandle, followed by "would you hurry up in there!" as someone tries to get somewhere in a hurry. We only have the one bathroom in the house, so sharing with two girls must have been a nightmare for our parents!

It wasn't the ideal solution, as really the fun I wanted to have was more about the "what if?" than the "when will it happen?". Ideally I wanted the thrill of "what if someone sees something up my skirt", rather than "oh god someone WILL walk in on me in the shower at some point, will it be this time?" But it still got the adrenaline pumping and my cheeks burning with embarrassment to think about. So it scratched nearly the same itch.

I also knew that I couldn't just stop locking the door altogether. If it kept happening, inevitably someone would say something and I'd have to agree to be more careful. I did have an (I think unfair) reputation in my family for being absent minded though. So I probably had a bit of grace before people got suspicious.

I decided to make it a bit random. Each morning I would flip a coin. If it landed on tails then I wouldn't lock the door that day. Except if I was pooping, or if it was "that time of the month", then I'd always lock - lines have to be drawn somewhere. I also decided that if I got walked in on, then I'd use the lock for the rest of that day and the day after. It would help stop suspicions from growing, and also I don't think my heart could take multiple times in a day!

Specifics decided, I was pretty satisfied. The first morning of the plan I sat on my bed, still naked from the night before, and tossed a 20p. My heart was beating out of my chest, and I won't lie - when it landed on heads a felt a huge wave of relief. I got dressed and went on with my day as normal.

Day two, heads again. Phew. At this point I nearly decided it was a sign and to call the whole idea off. What sort of pervert engineers being caught in the shower by her family members anyway? But that little voice inside, the one who knows just how delicious the risk of that humiliation would be, won out - and I kept flipping that 20p each morning.

On day four my luck finally ran out. Tails. Oh shit. I took a deep breathe and told myself that there was no backing out. Deciding it would be best to minimise time in the bathroom I just threw on my long dressing gown with nothing underneath. That way there wouldn't be extra time undressing and dressing again after my shower.

I walked quickly to the bathroom and found it empty. I could hear my parents and sister talking downstairs, so now seemed like a good time. I walked in and closed the door. Realising my muscle memory had kicked in and I'd turned the lock automatically, I went back to the door and unlocked it again, heart in mouth.

I realised my mistake then. A long dressing gown was all good for a speedy escape after a shower. But it was too long - it would have to come off before I sat on the toilet. The idea of someone walking in on me having a pee, while embarrassing, hadn't been worrying me too much. After all it's not like you could see much. The idea of someone catching me peeing, sat on the toilet completely nude made my stomach flutter with dread... and my pussy get just that tiny bit wetter.

I decided to act quickly while I knew everyone was still downstairs. I threw my dressing gown in a heap on the floor and sat down on the toilet. Glaring at the doorhandle and willing it not to turn. I don't know if you've ever tried to pee while completely on edge, but it's not easy. The longer I sat there the more stressed I got, and the harder it became.

After what felt like an age (probably it was only a minute or two), the stream finally started and I started to relax. That's when I heard the footsteps coming up the stairs. This next bit happened real fast.

"Please no, please no, PLEASE NO." I thought. I wasn't ready to be caught. What is WRONG with me?! I don't WANT to be caught. The idea of my mum or sister, or even worse, dad, seeing me like this made me feel sick.

I had really needed to pee, and now that it had started it wasn't stopping for anything. I urged myself to finish so that I could retreat behind the relative safety of the shower curtain.

As the footsteps got closer I broke. Jumping up, still mid-pee, I scampered across the room to get into the bath and behind the shower curtain. I was vaguely aware that I was still pissing, and had left quite the puddle on the floor. What I didn't realise was that my lovely soft dressing gown that I'd so carelessly discarded was also in the splash zone and got a soaking.

The door didn't open, and the footsteps passed - all that panic over nothing! I was breathing heavily, my heart was thumping in my ears and I had pee all over my legs. I did a little stress-laugh to myself and put the shower on and tried to calm down. Suddenly remembering that I wasn't out of the woods yet, I got the shower gel and had the fastest wash imaginable so I could get the hell out of there!

I got out of the shower and started to dry off, surveying the mess I'd made on the floor. It wasn't too bad and after drying myself I used the towel to mop it up before throwing it into the empty laundry basket. It's then that I realised about my dressing gown. Picking it up, it was slightly damp with pee across the bottom left side, but a good part of the left sleeve was absolutely dripping wet. Utterly grossed out I wrung the sleeve out into the sink and then, with no other option, put it on.

Feeling the now nearly cold piss-soaked fabric against my bare skin made me shudder as I slunk back to my room to get dressed. I felt unclean all the rest of that day, but was too scared to have another shower on my no-lock day! As I hadn't actually been caught, the no-lock rule still stood. And I was determined to stick to it.

Throughout the day I kept suddenly remembering that I probably still had a little piss on me. Every time this hit me I got a little wave of nausea and shame. "What the fuck was I doing all this for? Why am I such a dirty bitch? Something has to be wrong with me!" - each time these thoughts hit me I felt a little flutter in my stomach and I knew my panties were getting a little bit wetter.

That night I couldn't resist wearing the still dirty (but now dry) dressing gown to masturbate in. I came extremely hard, but felt pretty weird about it afterwards, and a little bit worried that I'd awoken a REALLY gross kink... I must have subconsciously decided to file it away after that, as I stayed in denial about that one for a while longer.

After that first day I got a little wiser, and didn't get myself into a situation where I was nude on the loo again (at least not when everyone was around). I carried on with the coin tossing for a few more weeks, but not much of note happened. I was walked in on a number of times, but you really can't see much when I'm sat on the toilet (clothed), or behind a shower curtain.

The typical reactions I got were; "sorrysorrysorrysorry" while backing straight back out (dad), "ew for fuck's sake lock the door" \*slams door closed\* (sister), or "Honey be a little more careful" while pausing in the door and giving me a stern look (mum).

Amazingly I only got walked in on while in the process of dressing (and most on show) once, unfortunately by dad which left me feeling weird. I was just in my panties when he blundered in. I screamed and covered up, and he was back out of the room like a shot, but he definitely saw my tits.

I felt really bad about it for about a week afterwards, and didn't return to the coin-tossing during that time. The whole bathroom thing had started getting boring, but being caught made it feel risky and exciting again, so I started back up after about a week. At the same time I was very conscious that I'd involved my father in something for a sexual kick, which I did not feel great about. I still guiltily masturbated over the memory of the event a couple of times though.

Eventually I made my peace with it, I had to admit that on the whole I was glad it happened (you know, in that "OH MY GOD I'M MORTIFIED, but I also kind of got off on it" way). I also figured that either he'll have not given the incident a second thought, or he had enjoyed a moment of eye-candy. After all, I did have pretty nice tits. This thought gave me butterflies in my stomach (mostly, but not exclusively, in a bad sense). Either way there was not really any harm done.

I carried on with the lock game for another couple of weeks, with no other major events. We had some bad news from the extended family that summer (I won't go into it), but I stopped doing it at that point. We had a lot of visits from and to aunts and uncles and cousins and it didn't feel right. I continued to sleep naked when not sharing my room with a visiting cousin, as I had gotten pretty used to it - but the coin toss game stopped, and I never started it up again. Although it wasn't long before I started up again with some new challenges for myself. Stories for another time!

Thanks for taking the time to read. I hope you got something out of it. I have other, maybe more exciting adventures to recount in the future (both in and out of the house). But as this all happened pretty much directly after my first story I thought it was worth sharing now.

Beth x