**Blackmail**

by[Kibou32](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=934680&page=submissions)©

Karen couldn't believe she had been so foolish. She loved her boyfriend Michael so much, but letting her boyfriend photograph and film her whenever she was masturbating or fucking him, was crossing the line!? Each and every one of those photographs showed her vagina and her breasts in every position available known to man.

Worst was that Becky Winters -- who was Michael's ex-girlfriend -- had somehow gotten hold of those damning pictures and was setting her up for blackmail.

And now here she was looking at herself on the mirror wearing her usual blue jeans and her regular T-shirt, this time a yellow-white striped one. She was five foot five, had an athletic body and 34B sized breasts. She had dark gray eyes and brown hair. All in all... she was a cute girl. Too bad for her.

"Well now... since you've seen the evidence, let me tell you what you're gonna do for me if you don't want your parents to find out you're not a goody goody two shoes anymore. For the next two weeks dear Karen, you're going to do everything I tell you to do without a complaint, questions or hesitations. Either you do this, or as I just told you, your parents are going to get this nice surprise on the local news."

Karen looked stupefied. Becky smiled in satisfaction. It wasn't as if she hated Karen per se. But Becky had already learnt that she had the hots for this girl and damn if Michael -- who had broken things off with her noticing that she liked women more than she dug him -- wasn't making things quite easy for her.

"Oh... if Michael finds out about this, be sure I'll make this go completely public. You'll be seeing these pictures everywhere! And I mean everywhere." -- she emphasized the word everywhere.

Karen was blushing red again. Becky was sure this was going to be fun. She would humiliate her a little bit... well not too much really, because she was sure that by the end of the day Karen was going to be pretty much in love with exhibitionism.

"So... let's start with this." -- and then she gave her a two piece ensemble. A white see-through T-shirt with no bra and a white micro-skirt that if Karen bent down, would show off her pretty shaved off pussy or butt to anyone who cared to look.

"Take all your clothes off -- that's right even your underwear -- and put these on. And then go through your usual day as normal. I'll be keeping your clothes." -- she said quietly and did not bother to mention that this was probably going to be the last time Karen saw her usual stuff.

She fingered the key she had gotten from Karen's landlord and smirked inwardly at Karen's expression when she discovered that she had taken all her underwear with her and left her with several micro-skirts to wear for the next two weeks. No jeans and no pants.

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Karen went on to her job fighting dread. She had never been much of an exhibitionist and prior to meeting Michael, she wasn't even into being photographed naked much less when in usual clothes.

She worked at a boutique shop. Her boss had her usually fetching things and she always was -- without a doubt -- used to sell things off due to her body. Her boss always said that since she had such a hot and young body, that why not use it for their advantage.

"Oh Karen! It's so good that you're here. I want you to put these boxes upstairs." -- she signaled and Karen resigned herself to be exposed to whoever was the lucky creature who came by to shop.

This time when she found it was Mrs. Winters -- Becky's mother - and her son of 19 -- Becky was really pushing her buttons with this one! -- she wanted to cry. Under the unforgiving yellow lights of the store, the T-shirt she was wearing was nearly transparent -- something she hadn't noticed when she had put on the shirt and though she couldn't have said anything, she wished she wasn't so unlucky in matters like these.

When she made an attempt to grab a box from the ground, her boss called her and told her not to forget to squat. This forced the micro-skirt to flare upwards and she blushed from head to toe knowing what must be in plain view.

Jon -- Becky's younger brother -- whistled in appreciation. His mother only smiled.

Karen squatted and grabbed the box, then in a rush stood up making the skirt flare upwards again making her cute little butt come into sight again. Then she took the stairs and blushed heavily once again when Jon got up -- discreetly pretending to be looking at the painting on the wall below the staircase, but everyone knew that he was looking at Karen's pussy as it opened and closed with the movement of going up the stairs.

When she came back down to get the other box, she discovered that Jon was waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs holding the box.

"Where do you want me to put it?" -- he asked.

She moved out of the way and showed him the way.

Once all of the boxes were up, her boss called her down and she ended up discovering that the gentleman act had its price. Her boss said...

"Now since you've decided to be such a good sport, I want you to show your thanks to Jon. Please remove your shirt so that he can fondle your tits."

Karen almost cried out in dismay. But she figured this was part of Becky's plan and let Jon hold her breasts. Not only did he held them, but he also fondled them pretty well. It made her feel distinctly uncomfortable since the caresses made her feel wet in her pussy and she was sure that everyone was aware of that fact. She didn't look at Becky's mother for confirmation, though.

Thankfully, their visit had come to an end.

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Her boss told her she wanted her to make some errands and so this set her out of the store with the keys to her black 4x4 monster truck and told her to do those errands for her. Stepping out of the truck was as laborious as it was stepping in. She had exposed her pussy and her tits by climbing onto it to many pedestrians. As she was stepping down, she looked to the front and saw a guy with what appeared to be his girlfriend looking at her naked crotch with fascination. She blushed deeply.

Once inside the mall, she discovered that the elevator was in repairs and she had to take the stairs. Someone bumped into her and she let go of the folder she was carrying scattering all the papers in it on the floor. In her haste to get the documents before they were trampled by someone else, she ended up bending at the waist without bending her knees and therefore exposing her butt completely to anyone who dared to look, which was almost everyone coming and/or going to the mechanic escalator. Fumbling to get one paper just a fingertip away from her hand, she spread her legs to give herself some leverage and also showed the crowd of voyeurs the cleft of her naked mound. Because embarrassment usually led to her being a bit wet in between her labia and she had been wet from her prior exposure in the shop, the force of spreading her legs a bit more, forced her major labia to part completely away leaving her more than flushed inner labia to spread open and let every single spectator see her pink and wet vagina.

Once she finally managed to get that, she stood up and watched curious as how many of the people behind her look away first before meeting her stare. She shrugged and went on to her merry way to the bank. After she delivered what she had to, to the bank; she went on ahead to go pay some things that her boss had asked her to do. On her way out of a store, a tiny thread from the bottom of the T-shirt got caught with the door's handle and began to unravel the already tiny shirt even further. When she realized that everyone was staring at her, she noticed that the top had shortened up until almost all of the bottom side of her breasts were showing. The thread had been cut just as it reached there and instead of doing the sensible thing, she squealed making everyone around her turn to look. She rushed to the ladies room to see if she could do something, the run made the T-shirt ride up leaving her tits out in the open and the running made her skirt bunch up to her waist leaving her running almost bared to the elements. Everyone had gotten quite a good look of her intimate parts and she hadn't noticed. But found that upon reaching the bathroom that there was virtually nothing she could do with it. She blushed as she realized right then and there how exposed she had been to the crowd of onlookers. How she had been running around with her tits bouncing up and down, the tiny top up and over her breasts, and her skirt bunched up to her waist. She groaned in despair! Sighing she lowered her skirt to the usual position and put the tiny top back on. She moved her arms up and watched as the tips of her nipples showed. She decided not to put her arms up from now on. She jumped a little bit and was dismayed to find that the situation was worst. If she moved too much, her breasts -- unrestrained by a bra -- would bounce a little and make the T-shirt ride up further exposing her to everyone else. She was doomed.

Once she reached the car, after finishing with all the errands her boss had given her; she wondered how she was going to get into the car without exposing herself completely. She looked around and decided to shimmy out of the skirt and take off the top and just get into the car and then put the clothes back on.

Such a thing wasn't a good idea to do when several young teenagers members from the football team at the local high school got a hold of the sight she made when she entered the car. Her butt pointed towards them, her pussy on full display and her tits hanging below. She didn't notice their appearance and just sat down and pulled the micro-skirt on and then the top and proceeded to pull out of the parking spot as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

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As if the day could not get any worst, Becky arrived at promptly eight p.m. and told her she'd be taking her home. Her boss -- kind soul that she was allowed her to leave with the other girl.

"Well... I heard from my little brother the show you put on just for him. That was nice of you Karen." -- she said whilst smiling towards her. Karen blushed as she recalled that.

"Why did you pick me up?" -- she asked instead of saying something else.

"Well... Michael just informed me -- I told him I'd let you know -- that he was going away for two weeks. And since you left your keys in the pocket of your jeans, I just thought I should give you a ride home."

"Oh." -- she said feeling sad that her boyfriend had gone away without letting her know.

"Here we are." -- Becky said once they reached the corner of the back street that led to Karen's apartment building.

Karen got a hold of her keys and prepared to leave, but not before Becky said...

"Not so fast. You have to give me back my clothes, Karen. I'm a bit sad to know you just about ruined my T-shirt, but oh well; what can we do if you had a little accident."

Karen blushed heavily and stuttered out: "Ok. If you give me back my clothes..."

Becky shook her head in response.

"No can do. I left them at home to go do an errand for my mother and when I returned, the maid had already taken them away to put it in the laundry. So, please give me back my skirt and my top. Undress here now." -- Becky said looking sorry but steely in her response and Karen felt mortified at the thought of walking that street -- which was lit completely and that any moment all of the neighbor's dogs would start barking... this was a nightmare!

But Becky said...

"Karen... if you hesitate any longer... I might be forced to punish you. And you really don't want to be punished, do you?"

She shook her head promptly fearing what kind of punishment would come but not really wanting to know.

She took off the top and the micro-skirt.

Then she opened the door and left holding on tightly to her purse in front of her naked pussy.

A couple of feet away she heard Becky honk out twice and she turned around terrified that someone else would step out to see what was going on.

"No covering your pussy Karen!" -- Becky shouted out loud and Karen just about fainted on the spot.

She bared her pussy once more and went on walking.

All was good until she reached her apartment building and found Scott Tinsdale sitting on the bottom stairs taking a swig of beer from a can. Scott was a good friend to her -- sometimes -- but today she didn't want to see him and definitively didn't want him seeing her as she was now. But she had to go in or else risk being seen by someone else, so she said hello tremulously and just made her way up the stairs feeling Scott's curious but appreciative stare at her naked body.

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The next morning found her lying on her bed naked. She woke up in time to pick up the phone and said a groggy hello.

Which quickly evaporated when she realized who was at the other end of the line.

"Hi Karen! Do I have plans for you today... okay... since you're so quiet today, I'll let you know what you have to do. You have classes today, don't you? Ok. I prepared your outfit for today, but I have it with me here at school. Come on over to the college's back parking lot near the sports track and meet me there in fifteen minutes. If you're a minute later than that... you'll be sorry!" -- and then the phone went dead.

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Needless to say, Karen rushed. She arrived just in time however. The parking lot was almost empty. Karen's class didn't begin up until 10am and it was only fifteen to 8am.

"Hi! Over here Karen! Okay... take off your clothes here and put these on."

Karen nervously looked around before agreeing to the orders and undressed completely. She hadn't worn any underwear because she hadn't managed to find one single piece of cloth in her rush to get dressed and meet the time quota.

She found the top to be kind of what it the T-shirt from yesterday looked liked, except it left her shoulders bare. The top only covered her breasts, but was so silky -- instead of being stretchy -- that it rubbed against her nipples making them stand at attention due to the friction. When she lowered her pants, she was given a wrap-around mini skirt that covered her a bit better but not much from the micro skirt from the day before.

"Ok. Whenever you sit down today on your desk, you'll have to sit on your naked butt and let the skirt cover you like that. Be extra solicitous today to your teachers Karen... and most of all whenever you have to go to the bathroom, you'll have to get naked before entering the stall; then get dressed after you wash and dry your pussy in the lavatories to prevent the skirt from getting wet, ok? Also... I noticed you sometimes go to the outdoor pool to swim on Tuesdays, so I want you to swim in the nude. Ah... since its probable... if you're feeling horny, I encourage you to bring yourself to an orgasm. And that's it. I'll pick you at your job at nine p.m. sharp, ok? Bye bye." -- Becky said whilst grabbing on to her jeans and shirt and leaving her there standing in the middle of the parking lot wearing the outfit she had given her.

Karen was dismayed.

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On math class, she helped with erasing the blackboard and the white board showing off her nipples to the professor's help. Whenever she sat back down in class, she could see everyone turned to look back at her to catch a glimpse of her pussy.

In accounting class, she was the willing participant in all group duties. In literature, with their quirky teacher; she was forced to jump up and down most often than not showing off her tits in their entirety quite a lot. And then finally the dreaded swim at the outdoor pool. Scott had caught her on her way to the pool and would not be dissuaded in leaving her alone until she told him why she had come home in the buff.

At last, knowing he wouldn't leave her alone until she told him; she told him of Becky's treachery. He laughed at her for a full minute before apologizing and then saying that he felt bad for her. She didn't believe him even when she said she was going to swim in the nude and he just smiled.

She felt extremely self-conscious of this fact, but after awhile she forgot all about it. Then she got out, dried herself and got dressed.

"I have a petition if you'd please..." -- he said shyly.

"Yeah?" -- she shyly asked back wondering why she felt butterflies in her stomach.

"Do you think you can let me.. that is... see your pussy up close?" -- she didn't wanted to let him do it, but she did it anyway for reasons unknown to her.

She felt him spread her open with his thick fingers and touch her intimately... it raised shivers up her spine. In the end, she had to tell him to stop because she'd be late to work if he kept on going.

She left.

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Her boss once again told her to do something for her. She told her to wear a gauze and nothing else so that she could take some measurements off her body. There was a client that had the same body type as she and so she had her be her model. For the rest of the afternoon, she was forced to stand there wearing nothing underneath that white gauze that under the stage lights of the store left her bare to the gaze of any and every passerby that stumbled through the street. She was completely mortified.

Nine p.m. promptly showed Becky at the door.

"Hey Miss Sommers!" -- she said.

"Hello Becky! How nice to see you here again! Is there something you'd like?"

"Uh yes... well I came to pick Karen up. See, Michael is away and can't come pick her up as he's sometimes wont to do and well he asked me if I could." -- she said grinning at the woman.

"Oh! That's so nice of you! Yes, Karen can go now. You can change here, since we're all girls."

Karen didn't wanted to do so, but did so anyway. Her boss bid her goodbye, and she left towards the parking lot two blocks away.

"How silly of me... I forgot to tell you where we should meet. So how did your day go?" -- she asked like she wasn't showing Karen off to the whole student body.

"Ah... it was okay." -- Karen said not wanting to piss Becky off.

"Ok. I want you to take off the clothes now and walk nude with me to the car." -- she said not so pleasantly when giving out the order.

Karen flinched but did so anyway.

Thankfully it was dark outside and not many pedestrians were around. But it was cool, so her nipples stiffening due to the cold was sort of understandable. The cool air around her pussy was not making things better, though. She had been wet all day long and now this? Karen was mortified.

"Okay. Let's walk."

They arrived and Becky wouldn't let Karen in until she gave her, her backpack first. She did after awhile and then she had Karen walk side by side to the car for two more blocks before letting her into the car.

Becky didn't take her home first. Instead she took her to a local park and had her sit nude, with her legs spread completely under a streetlight on a bench.

She took a couple of pictures. Karen shivered anxiously hoping against hope no one came towards them.

After a couple of minutes, Becky said: "I want you to masturbate yourself. We're not leaving until you orgasm three times, each of them have to be completely powerful. And you have to be loud. If you have to scream, then do so."

Karen blushed again but did as Becky asked hesitant to touch herself in front of Becky. She moaned and whimpered like a whore in heat and brought herself to three earth-shattering orgasms that had her spent.

Then Becky took her home.

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Wednesday wasn't much better because Becky said that she'd have to wear a white dress that when the light hit it, it made the dress completely transparent, Karen found out dismayed. And it was shorter than the micro-skirt. Karen went to school feeling terribly anxious.

Becky met her at lunch and told her that today she was going to shorten out the dress even more by cutting off a shoulder strap.

After lunch, she met Becky again afraid of what the other girl would do. She nearly whimpered when she told Karen to take it off in the middle of the hall -- at the minute it was empty but in a few minutes it would be full -- and change into a long T-shirt. She did so. She reasoned nothing worst would come of this. She was wrong.

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On Thursday, Becky had her wear another tiny top much like a bikini top, only this one was at least two sizes smaller and made her breasts look unbelievingly bigger if it were possible to believe in anything. The micro-skirt and no underwear again. This time she had searched and searched her apartment through and through and found not one single piece of panties or bras. She decided right then that she was screwed. Becky told her that as the days progressed, her outfits were going to become shorter and more outrageous. Karen was aware of how much it would take for her to be completely exposed as since this time, the top would loosen or her breasts would pop loose if she forced it too much. Or it could break completely and running around in the street, or at school completely topless made her blush to the tips of her brows. But strangely, it also made her feel extremely excited.

The top was tied on her neck and held loosely on her tits by a small tie on her back which basically meant she was bound to be topless soon. The first misfortune happened in math class where one of her more vindictive classmates, a redhead who said she had a bone to pick with her, cut the tie on her back off. She didn't notice her predicament until she was bade to pass by a ground AC Vent that was always on too high. Her skirt rose and so did her top leaving her bare to the gaze of her old teacher. She blushed and stammered out an apology, but the old geezer didn't say anything. Instead, he waved her away and told her to go back to her sit. Thank goodness her grades were much better! Otherwise the teacher might've thought she was asking for a grade higher or something.

But even if the math teacher was such a sport, the sociology teacher wasn't. He was kind of handsome to Karen. He was at least six inches taller than her and he had a nice lean body. But he was kind of stoic and sociology wasn't her best subject so she dreaded what might've happened in class. As it was, when she came in; she was the last one in. He took one look at her apparel and frowned. By the time the class was over, Karen could feel the glare of his eyes on her head. Before she could head out to her next class -- which wasn't in reality until three hours later -- and made to escape when her teacher said...

"Miss Andrews. If you would please come into my office with me?" -- he said in his stern voice.

She was terrified. She hoped she wasn't going to be failed for her wardrobe malfunction!

What came to be was much worst.

"It has come to my attention that you aren't doing quite well in my class. So, as you've suddenly decided to wear something to -- I don't know -- incite me -- perhaps? -- to give you a better grade, I've come up with a different strategy. I'll be having you work for it."

"W-work for it?" -- Karen asked suddenly wishing she hadn't closed the door.

"Yes. Take your top off." -- he commanded and Karen fearing for retaliation, did as he said.

He smirked and then seemed to decide something on the spot and brought a stool -- it was a strange stool to be sure because it had something that resembled a dildo in the middle of it -- from a closet.

"I'm assuming you're not wearing panties, Miss Andrews?" -- he queried, but Karen just nodded flushing out in embarrassment at being found so easily.

"Take your skirt off." -- he said.

Karen did as he asked and stood before him wearing only her sandals.

"Turn around. Put your hands behind your back." -- she did both as he commanded and flinched when she heard something metallic click.

Oh! Was she in trouble now?! He had handcuffed her wrists together and then led her by the arm towards the stool that was facing a window. Since his office was on par with the ground level, she was a bit nervous to realize she was virtually putty in his hands.

She was lucky she was wet because it became easy for him to lead her to sit on the stool facing the window -- which was wide open by now courtesy of an automated system -- and felt out of her depth when he handcuffed her each of her ankles towards the leg of the stool. It offered little leeway and she realized what it was he wanted her to do as she sat astride that stool with the dildo on.

"Fuck yourself with it. You'll be surprised on what the dildo inside your vagina can do. Your task is to drench this stool with your wetness. If it isn't terribly wet by the end of the hour, you're to stay there until the next hour and so on. I'm leaving it turn on."

And then he left.

She groaned in despair and hoped against all hope that she could cum that easily and that much in the next hour. There was the random thought that at least... at least she didn't have to go to work today.

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After two hours, she managed to do that. The dildo was so wet with her juices that it slid easier in every time. Her teacher came in a half an hour after she managed to do the unthinkable and began to squirt for a full three minutes.

He uncuffed her ankles and let her raise herself off the stool. How she managed not to fall on the floor from quirky knees was a mystery even to her.

"Your grade has improved at least a 50%."

Karen groaned and timidly asked what she could do to make it raise higher. By this point, dignity had flown out the window and she was wondering what on earth would he want now.

"Well... if you suck my cock... I'll raise it another 25% or if you let me fuck you, I'll let you have a 100%."

Karen saw the monstrous cock in front of her and she nodded to the last option. She didn't like to suck cock all that much.

In the end she didn't make it to her last class of the day, but figured it'd be okay if she feigned sickness.

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Friday night found her at a club with Becky and Tim. Tim was Michael's best friend. She wasn't sure what Becky would do to her, but she hoped it was under PG-13; because Tim didn't seem to dig her that well. So much for hoping, though.

Becky had her dressed in a string bikini that left nothing to imagination. She wrapped a sarong around her hips and pushed her in saying it was ladies night and that the more outrageous the outfit, the better. In they went. Tim only stood there looking at her, but didn't frown or scowl in a disapproving manner. Karen was scared of what he might say or do, though and didn't complain when Becky told her to drink her tall glass of beer as they sat down on a booth.

She was strangely aware of how little the top covered. Only her nipples were hidden from view, there was virtually no support for her B-sized tits, but this made her all the more uncomfortable. And then, Tim asked her to go dance with him. She agreed only because she was afraid of the consequences should she deny him.

Two minutes after they reached the dance floor, she found his hands on her butt. She was nervous but after a minute began to relax and flow with the music instead of against it. She was so lost in it that she didn't notice Tim loosen the knot that held the sarong shut and take it off. Then she was left in that tiny bikini and high heels dancing on the dance floor very sexily. He began to dry hump her from behind when Becky turned up from the front and they sandwiched her between them two. Karen didn't notice anything strange for a minute due to the exhilaration of the sensual beats and the alcohol flowing through her system.

Several minutes later she moaned out loud when Tim began tweaking her nipples, she was aware that this was a public place, but she wasn't aware of how he had taken her top off and now there she was topless in a club dancing away.

Tim didn't know Karen well enough to say that he hated the sight of her. But he did know free game when he saw one and he was sure Michael wasn't going to be the least bit upset if he fooled around with his girlfriend. So he massaged Karen's decent sized breasts and left her feeling aroused. He felt around one of the lower bikini's knots and began to loosen it up knowing Becky was also doing her job of denuding Karen at the dance floor. They had an ongoing bet with the DJ that if they managed to get Karen naked on the dance floor and orgasming before everyone's eyes without her noticing what they were doing in the first place, he'd set the 'table' up for them.

Karen was already glistening with sweat and Becky saw her pink inner pussy lips engorge even more with blood. She nodded to Tim and he bent Karen back towards him making her spread her legs and let Becky do her dirty work. Tim was surprised Karen was this malleable. She was orgasming three minutes later. Everyone noticed and began to look in avid attention at the sight.

When Karen came to, she realized dazed that she'd orgasm on the dance floor and that she was wearing virtually nothing! She wanted to shriek and leave the dance floor, but the hands holding her captive from behind stopped her from doing so. Becky beckoned her off the dance floor and up to their table and bade her to sit down. She wanted to cover her tits knowing that at least her pussy was covered by the table, but she was also stopped from doing so by Becky's order.

Then Tim showed her a dildo. An even bigger one than her sociology teacher had presented her with and she blushed.

"Fuck yourself with this one." -- Becky said.

Karen didn't even protest. She nervously slid the dildo into her wet pussy and realized she was a bit turned on from the high exhibitionist streak she had done on the dance floor even though it wasn't rationally consented.

Soon she was given the indication to sit on the dildo and let it do its own magic. Apparently it wasn't only a dildo, but a vibrating dildo. She began to moan in quiet earnest hoping no one else saw her doing so, but letting the lust and the sexual release get to her and soon she was eagerly touching her boobs, massaging her nipples.

Becky turned to Tim and grinned. Tim smiled maliciously as he looked at the high tv screens that were settled all over the club and watched as Karen's vagina showed in deep detail how the dildo went in and out.

Soon Karen was putting her legs up on top of the table, giving herself some leverage to push the dildo up deeper.

Becky ordered Karen to touch her clitoris whilst the dildo went in and out with her other hand. Karen eagerly complied. When she went through her second orgasm of the night, Tim told her to get half on the table facing Becky. She did so leaving her fully exposed on the back, her legs spread wide open giving everyone staring at them a good view of her butt and her pussy from the back. Tim took the vibrator out and put his fingers in at first playing with her. Then he took his tool out of his pants and pushed his 11 inch hard on in. She groaned and whimpered like a bitch in heat. All the while everyone got a good look at her being fucked in the open space of the club.

Becky began to touch her nipples, pulling, caressing them and then finally, sucking them into her mouth. Karen was so lost in the sexual frenzy, she didn't realize when this turned into an orgy, with her as the prime target.

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Saturday at noon made Karen discover she was nude as the day she was born on her bed with Tim's dick nestled deep inside of her fucking her slowly.

She might've freaked if it wasn't for the fact that she was well in over her head and decided that there wasn't a way she could escape from this unscathed.

"Tim! It's enough, you know. Oh Karen, it's good that you're awake. We're going somewhere today after you eat some lunch."

Karen only moaned ashamed that Tim was still fucking her so slowly and she was enjoying it whilst Becky watched.

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They didn't let her get dressed. They took her out in Becky's convertible fully naked and drove with the top down. She was afraid of cops, but Tim laughed and said that if she covered her tits, she'd have to give something up. She nodded agreeing to his game.

"Okay. Then, you can cover your tits from being seen, but you have to switch seats with me."

Karen did so still nervous of being found by a cop and taken into custody for public nudity.

"Karen... in exchange for us letting you cover your tits with your hands, you'll have to spread your legs up on the dash board." -- Becky said.

Karen went white with fear. And then began to say she changed her mind and that she would lowered her hands.

"Too late. You made a deal Karen, abide by it." -- Tim cheerfully intoned his smile and his eyes mocking her as she spread her legs up on the dashboard.

They weren't stopped by any cops, but any car they passed by, hooted back at them when seeing Karen's exposed pussy. Then Becky said she had to get gas. Karen began whimpering in dismay.

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Tim said they were changing the rules as soon as they were ready to go, Karen was able to go to the bathroom, although she was deeply ashamed to have had to go there naked and being watched by all those truckers... she was so flushed that she resembled a ripe tomato. When she returned to the car, clean and refreshened, the heat was getting to her and applied a little bit of sunscreen at Becky's insistence. That sort of experience she didn't like because she was used to doing that all by herself and not someone else. With her standing in the middle of the gas station's parking lot, Becky began to rub softly but in earnest the sunscreen all over her body so she would not burn. She even made her thrust her butt at her by bending over and spreading her legs. There were hoots all around and Karen was once again forcefully reminded -- not that she had forgotten for one moment -- that she was fully naked and fully at the hands of her torturers.

Tim handcuffed her hands from behind the seat and Becky -- before getting into the driver's seat -- handcuffed her legs together to permit them for the next position they were setting her up in. Sitting straight wasn't so bad, but now, they had put a butterfly vibrator on her clitoris on a low hum. It drove her crazy and she moaned and pleaded for it to be either taken off or to turn it up higher and let her cum. Since she could get no visible way of getting off by moving up and down, she resigned herself to her plight.

And then... Karen's eyes widened when they met up with a police car.

"What seems to be the problem officer?" -- what Karen didn't know was that the police officers -- a guy and a woman -- were friends of Tim's and that they wanted to play a little with her.

"Well... lookit here. Officer Joshua, there's a little lady naked here." -- she heard the other police officer say.

Tim made a face and signaled that they begin their little game as soon as possible.

The story was that they'd have to search Karen and be certain she wasn't hiding something. Karen stammered that she couldn't have been able since she was naked. The woman -- who was actually an ex-girlfriend of Tim's -- said that there were other places she could have hidden things and they bade Becky to unlock the handcuffs on Karen's ankles to allow her to step off the car.

Out came Karen. Since they weren't the only ones on the road, many cars passing by slowly got the sight of Karen's nude body being positioned on top of a blanket on the car's front hood. There, the woman used a gloved hand to put her hand and begin searching Karen's pussy in plain view of everyone passing by.

"Aha! What's this?" -- she exclaimed feeling in triumph.

"Well... I wouldn't know what it could it be officer. I don't think I've seen that at all in my whole life." -- Becky exclaimed in a matter of fact tone of voice and Karen looked at Becky incredulous as if saying that it was Becky herself who put that butterfly inside of Karen.

Becky ignored her pleading visage. The woman -- whose name came out to be Pam -- said: "Well then we'll have to take it with us. We'll have to take her too as she is to the police station for questioning on the strange device. Who knows what it actually is inside this... thing." -- she said acting her role just fine.

"Now... maybe we don't have to do that." -- Tim said cajoling.

"Well what would you have us do, sir?" -- Officer Joshua said.

"Well you could..." -- Tim made suggestive motions with his hands and Pam grinned.

"That would be a good idea. I am kinda tuckered out from a night of work." -- she took her pants off deliberately and put her hairy pussy in front of Karen's mouth.

Karen didn't like women and she liked this woman even less, but she only looked in dismay at Becky's lack of help and resigned herself to eating that woman's pussy.

Becky took out a video-camera and began filming Karen as she did that act. She found herself totally entranced by it. Whilst 'Officer Joshua' got serviced, Officer Thomas made Karen slip off the car's hood and knelt down without breaking away from her task. He positioned her and began to prepare her butt. Karen -- at first -- thought he'd be preparing her on her pussy and wanted to tell him, she was already more than ready, but she didn't expect him to begin pushing in a finger up her ass and then two. She wiggled her ass away from his fingers in attempt to move away, to negate the process, but 'Officer Thomas' kept going on until he could fit four of his knuckles in. And then he positioned his dick -- his lubed dick, courtesy of Tim giving him a water-based lube -- towards her tight pucker and pushed in. Pam kept her head in place, resting her back against the convertible, and refused to let her go to keep on continuing her task.

This was Karen's second time doing anal sex. The first time, because Michael had asked; she had agreed but found she didn't like it all that much. Only, 'Officer Thomas' had a long length and none of Michael's thickness and managed to push his dick into that spot that made anal sex lovers crumble... even women. She began getting wet again and the pussy juice dripped to the floor.

Tim was excited about this. He liked to watch people having anal sex, but he himself didn't like having or doing it. So hearing Travis -- for that was Officer Thomas' real name -- panting and exclaiming that the bitch was tight but that she was good, had him bringing up a real hard on. Too bad Becky preferred girls, otherwise Tim might've coerced her into having sex with him whilst they watched Karen perform once again in plain public view of this situation.

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They let them go with a warning. Officer Thomas and Joshua cleaned themselves up and laughed out loud. Now out of the roles they had taken up to, Travis said...

"How on earth did Tim get that bitch to comply?!"

"Michael. Michael likes sharing his bitches with his friends, or didn't you know that he fixed this whole gig up?" -- Pam said as she brushed her hair.

"Did he now? Does the poor girl know she's been set up?" -- Travis wondered.

"No. Becky -- I heard from Tim -- blackmailed her with pictures Michael took of her whilst she was masturbating. Of course... what the bitch doesn't know is that Michael has set up a web page and connected it to her profile at a local meeting cyberspace and well... she's made a lot of money for him. She's naturally submissive, the poor girl." -- Pam said smiling wickedly for a second.

"So... this is all to train the girl into liking public nudity?"

"Yup!" -- Pam exclaimed as she settled down inside the car as Travis hooked the machine up and took off from where they had been standing.

"Man! Michael sure is lucky!" -- Travis exclaimed.

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Karen thought that -- after the ordeal with the cops -- they'd be going to a nude beach only to find there were a lot of adults going about, but they were all DRESSED! She couldn't go there looking ravaged -- her ass hurt! -- and naked!

So she pleaded out loud this time around, knowing subtle cues didn't work last time.

"Karen... what did I tell you that first time? I told you that if you'd question me, I'd have to punish you. Well... this is your punish."

Karen regretted ever saying anything at all. For what did she have to do? Proposition an older man to letting her suck his cock.

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Becky found having Karen as her bitch was so much fun! She watched as the girl forced herself to say the words she had relegated her to say...

"Please sir! I wonder if you would help me out, I'm low on my calorie uptake and I need your cum, may I service you?"

The unsuspecting man who looked old enough to be her grandfather, looked at her naked body and said...

"And what do I get in return, girl?" -- Becky laughed inwardly at the look of fear in Karen's eyes. Served the girl right for not learning her place fast.

"I'll do anything you want." -- she said quickly and sad.

"Well... I think I want you to let me fuck you. I'll explode inside of you, though. I don't like wasting my cum." -- he said.

She nodded.

So he fucked her first and then let her lick his cum off his penis after he did so, but didn't expect the man to want another round again and so soon. Becky's eyebrow lifted in surprise, but was pleased that Karen got used so thoroughly.

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After lunch, Becky made Karen -- also in punishment, this time for letting the man take her twice without Becky's and Tim's permission -- go to the bathroom with the door wide open for anyone who passed by to get the sight of Karen either urinating or cleaning her pussy lips carefully with water and soap. Karen was humiliated to see so many people coming and going, some stayed where they were and watched. Others, more bold; came closer towards her and took pictures of her stretched open pussy and of her tits and her face.

She dreaded what they were about to make her do next.

Becky put sunscreen on her once again and then told her to go swimming.

When Karen returned from the 'refreshing' swim, because if anything it wasn't refreshing at all. Many men and women came to touch her, whether a finger or two. She didn't like it one bit, but she endured. After all, she was naked and everyone at the beach knew it. It was if she was asking for it.

Then Tim came up and said that she was to lie down and get some sun on top of the sand, no beach towel for her, and spread her legs wide open. Everyone who hadn't seen the spectacle of her being taken twice by an old man like a whore, could see her pussy lips in all its detail. Then Tim himself put the sunblock on her skin and even on her pussy lips forcing her major labia to open again due to the stimulation of his fingers' massage. She hoped that whatever was coming next wouldn't hurt her ego so much.

She should have known by then, there was nothing she could do to stop herself from being humiliated once again.

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At one point in time she fell asleep and then half-awakened by Becky, she was given a dildo again and told to fuck herself silly with it. Once the lust made her fully awaken, she wished she hadn't opened her eyes to find a crowd looking at her masturbate herself with a dildo. She blushed once again, but she found she couldn't stop.

She heard the murmurs of the women in the crowd and felt deeply humiliated. They called her slut, whore. Someone however said that maybe she was being made to do this, blackmailed and that's what all the prompt Becky needed to order her softly to say...

"Say: 'I like doing this.' Say: 'I love to exhibit my pussy to everyone around.' Say: 'I am a slut because I want to be a slut.' Say these things now and very loud Karen. Look at them in the eye when you say it, make them believe you." -- she whispered to her.

"Sorry people, but my friend is a bit of a sex fiend and can't go without fucking herself at least once a day. So sorry if it offends you." -- she heard Becky say out loud.

"I-I like doing this a lot. I'm an exhibitionist at heart. I'm a slut because I want to be a slut. I'm a slut because I like being a slut." -- she heard herself say and forced herself to look at the women in the eye. And then she forced herself to say the one thing Becky was subtly pushing her to say: "I'm not ashamed of admitting I love doing this in public."

Her reputation was in shambles now. There was no going back now.

There were some stares of admiration, others of pity. More women turned their heads away from the spectacle she presented. Many men began to take pictures with their cellphones left and right. And she let go of her inhibitions knowing she'd regret doing so later. She moaned and acted like a slut. She touched her tits the way she did whenever she had privacy and she was horny. She fucked herself silly right then and there.

The wave crashed on her like a hammer truck and she was surprised to feel that she ejaculated. And she felt so boneless and sleepy that she didn't see anything else after that.

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On Sunday night, Tim dropped Karen off on her bed and shook his head grinning. He saw Becky getting every single bit of Karen's clothes and putting them in a bag. She even denuded the bed she was lying on. He wanted to see how Karen would deal with this on Monday morning on her way to school, since she had virtually nothing to wear.

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The school was informed by a letter to the dean about Karen's decision of becoming a nudist. While there wasn't a uniform to be had in the school's regulation and procedures legal handbook, this sort of thing was unheard of. But the letter Karen 'wrote' was so matter of fact that the dean was forced to accept to let the girl do as she pleased. She had basically good grades so far.

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Karen was stupefied to see her apartment bared of anything resembling clothes. There was a phone call and then she knew who had done this.

"Karen... you're going to be late for class you know. By the way, I can't come and pick you up today so you'll have to take the bus. If I don't see you in school at lunch Karen, there will be consequences to be had." -- Becky said as she gave her ultimatum and hung up.

Karen was forced to take her books, after having a bath and drying herself up with a tiny kitchen towel and leave her apartment despite wearing nothing at all. She shivered lightly at the cool air that signaled fall was just around the corner and wondered what would she do then not to catch a cold.

The walk to the bus stop was harsh, because despite wearing socks and sneakers, she was in pain. She was in pain, because everyone and their mother scowled at her walking around in the nude. Only she wasn't just nude, she was naked. Her pussy opened up a bit wet due to the exhilaration she felt -- due to her acute embarrassment -- and her nipples were so hard they hurt. Worst was that the bus was filled to the brim and she could feel that a couple of people cupped a feel of her tits, her butt, and one daring man dared to put his finger inside her wet pussy -- she was even further humiliated to realize that the man knew this excited her! -- and finger fucked her until his stop came by, in which he grabbed her clitoris and pulled sharply making her orgasm just by the sheer surprise of being violated in public like that.

She was lucky however, that no one raped her. Although it did come close to that.

When she had to stop, she was unlucky enough that she was way in the back and that even if she called the stop three blocks early, she still ended up having to walk two blocks back. Which was worse since she had to pass a gas station where there were lots of customers filling up their tanks. What a luck!

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Her first teacher of the day, looked at her from head to toe and then said: "I've been notified of your predicament. For being made to suffer this, I'm going to make you do something at the end of the class for the viewing pleasure of all of your classmates here."

She blushed heavily at that. She couldn't imagine what on earth the old man would do.

At the end of the class, she found out. She was made to bend over at the waist without bending her knees and open her butt cheeks so everyone -- again! -- could see her pussy in all its detail. And then... what was worst, the professor hit her pussy twelve times with his open palm!

It hurt! It really hurt.

But what was more humiliating was how he made her lick his wet palm due to the juices on it. And then the teacher communicated her that everyday she'd be made to do something like that, to show her that even though she wanted to be a nudist; others didn't have to be imposed upon her wants.

Most of her classmates snickered at her, some girls called her a slut. She felt humiliated.

She was close to crying when her literature teacher made her sit down on the teachers desk with her legs wide open and bade to read out loud each and every time the teacher wished her to do. Being forced to expose herself like that and it only was the second period, made her feel really self-conscious. It was made worse by her own reaction to the conditioning she had been forced to serve the week before and her pussy immediately began to drip pussy juice on the floor. The teacher -- disgusted and fascinated at the same time -- told a student to get a janitor and get him to clean up.

The janitor, a lecherous old guy got an up close view of her vagina and her pussy lips and her standing at attention like a tiny cock, clitoris. He left the rag on the floor and left with a smile on his lips. She blushed even further than before.

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On her way to the library, she was met with several voyeurs. And then when she saw the steps... she almost cried. Everyone saw her opening up her legs and climbing up the stairs, providing a view most guys almost died for. A nerd who was putting books back on the shelves decided to squat down right next to her when she was looking for a book. When she tremulously asked him where she could find the book, he directed her elsewhere. When she came back and found the book she wanted was on the bottom of the shelf and that she had to squat, she became even more nervous at the idea that as she would do this, everyone who was at the other side of the shelf -- which was empty except for the book she wanted -- would be given the view to her pussy. Not that everyone had already seen her, but it was the principle of the thing.

Later, when she went to the photocopy machine, someone pushed her from behind and forced her to go down on her knees and fetch her change. She was blushing the whole time she spent on the ground gathering her change, because she was sure everyone was focusing their eyes on her naked butt.

After finally managing to get what she needed for an assignment, she left the library and went down to the cafeteria.

When she found Becky, she was shocked to see Michael sitting next to her and wanted to hide, but found she couldn't since they had already seen her.

"Hey babe!" -- he called over and once again drew attention to the naked chick. She was deeply embarrassed.

He motioned her over and smiled charmingly.

"Becky told me you said you liked being naked. I went to the dean this morning to get a absence permission slip and he told me about your letter."

Karen despaired. What letter? She hadn't written any letter!

"That must have taken guts Karen!" -- Becky said in an extremely sweet voice.

She was incredulous of Becky's behavior. She acted like she didn't know what was going on as she sat down next to Michael. Michael decided he wanted to get frisky with her and began to part her legs. She decided that she didn't wanted that, but a glare from Becky told her to once again resign herself from getting used.

She didn't say anything, but she could tell that everyone -- even if they weren't directly looking at her -- could tell what she was doing or rather what Michael was doing.

"You like this, don't you? You little heathen! You should've told me you loved to be naked this much. I would've supported you all the way!" -- Michael stage whispered in her ear.

And then he began to finger fuck her all the while eating his salad like this was an everyday occurrence. Karen was dismayed to realize that there was nothing she could say or do to change Michael's mind about her anymore. She was seriously screwed.

She must have orgasmed at least three times -- two quietly and the other one not so quiet with all the moaning she gave at the end -- and realized that she was a slut. There was no way around it. She was a slut and she enjoyed doing this for real!

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The day ended when Michael took her home. He came in and she was surprised to find that her clothes, her towels, her bed sheets, everything were all there! Nothing was out of norm. she looked fearfully at Michael as he seemed to be thinking hard about something. She wondered if she could go back to wearing the usual clothes and forget all of this happened in the first place, but Michael sat down and pulled out a thick folder. She wavered for a minute wondering what that could be.

"Babe, would you sit down a minute? I was expecting to not come back until next week, but Tim called me and said that you had decided on being a nudist."

Now with Becky out of the way, she could finally say the truth...

"No... it isn't that. I... I... was being blackmailed by Becky with a couple of pictures you took of me naked." -- she confessed, hoping against hope that Michael would stay true and become the gentleman she always suspected him to be.

"Karen. I don't know if you remember but, that first time we slept together, we were drunk as skunks. And you said whilst I was fucking you that you wished you could be like all the girls who weren't as self-conscious of their bodies as you were with yours. So, I asked you if you liked being naked in public... you said yes to all my questions... including public nudity. Now you may have been drunk, but that doesn't mean you were lying." -- he said as he began to pull out a tape recorder, and a bunch of incriminating photos.

Her heart broke briefly. Her mind almost shattered instantly after her heart broke. She couldn't believe her boyfriend. He had deliberately used her.

"You used me." -- she said.

"Maybe. But it was all you. You could've protested and stood up for yourself, but you let yourself be manhandled by Becky. It's obvious to me that you hate touching girls. But you love exposing yourself to the crowd, to everyone and their mother. You love being put in an humiliating position. You can't have it both ways Karen. Either you like being a slut or you are prim and proper. There's no in between. So... here it is. Your confession. You confessed to a crowd that you loved to do this, that you liked being exposed to everyone and their mother, that it was your choice to be a slut."

He played the tape for her and she was horrified to hear her husky voice saying what she had said the day before about liking to be naked in public.

She sat down on the couch.

"So, here's what we're going to do. I hold your life in your hands now. You'll do as I say or risk your parents and love ones learn about how much of a slut you are. You'd kiss your freedom and respect good bye, you know." -- he stated as a matter of fact.

She felt deeply regretful. All this stuff for trusting her boyfriend with her body.

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Four years later

Becky was bitter. After Michael had come home, she was surprised to learn he held the ultimate card over her head. She couldn't blackmail Karen anymore. Karen didn't like lesbian acts. Karen doesn't like women period. He said it so definitive that it broke Becky's heart.

He had gotten hitch with the lovely girl and had a slave at his beck and call. He was successful. And he had gotten to her the same way she did Karen. He blackmailed her with a photo of her going naked for a whole day at a place where most would get arrested for public indecency. Poor naïve her that thought she could beat Michael with a poorly made blackmail.

The end.