**Blackmailed by Boyfriend**

by[Crevan](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1814410&page=submissions)©

"You know I have a lot of photos and videos of you that show everything." Lily blinked as she re-read the words on her screen for the tenth time.  
  
Lily had just gotten as series of messages from her boyfriend, and he was threatening to show the world what a naughty girl she had been for him in private... unless she was willing to follow his every command for the evening.  
  
"You wouldn't! Would you?" she typed back to him, her heart pounding in her chest.  
  
"Why don't you check that website we both pretend that I don't know you look at?" the answer flashed on the screen.  
  
Lily quickly typed in the URL and cursed how well he knew her. Then, there on the screen before her eyes, a picture of her in her bra and panties materialized. It didn't show her face, but she still recognized it as her. Luckily he had chosen a picture that didn't have much background and she figured no one else would be able to identify her. But still, now there was a picture of Lily in her underwear on the internet.  
  
"Do I have your attention now?" the notification chime of the instant message nearly made Lily jump out of her seat.  
  
"Yes!" she typed out quickly. "You have my attention."  
  
"Good!" John replied. "By the way, you might want to check the comments that are starting to get posted about that photo."  
  
Lily turned her attention back to the website and started to scroll down. A series of comments were starting to form.  
  
"Wow! What a hottie!" one read.  
  
"Who is this angel?" posted another.  
  
Lily continued to scan down the comments until another caught her eye.  
  
"What a hot little slut! Let's see those tits and wet cunt!"  
  
Lily immediately blushed and her heart skipped a beat. She felt a tingling sensation between her legs, and she could tell she was getting wet.  
  
"I think they like you Lily." a message from John popped up on the screen.   
  
She didn't understand it, but as she continued to read she could tell she was enjoying all these comments.  
  
"And I bet you're enjoying the attention." another message came.  
  
"I do not!" Lily shot back, then added, "I can't believe you did this! I never want to hear from you again!"  
  
"That isn't a good thing to say to me Lily. I made it very clear how this was going to work. You're going to do what I say, or I'm going to post more."  
  
"You wouldn't!" she pleaded with him through the screen.  
  
"Oh, I would." he typed back to her. "And I have." he added.  
  
Lily quickly refreshed the page, and there she was. Another photo, this one was of her bra straps falling down her shoulders the cups gaping open. Her 38B tits were almost in full view, and the tops of her areolas could be seen. This time John had also cropped out less of her face. Most people still wouldn't know it was her, but he had certainly made his point.  
  
"What do you want?" she hammered on the keyboard.  
  
"I want you to do as I say." John typed back.  
  
"Fine! Anything, I'll do it! Just stop posting!" she replied, hastily.  
  
"Good girl. I want you to remember, you said 'anything'." Came his reply. "Now, this time I want the truth from you. Are you enjoying the comments?" he asked.  
  
Lily read over the viewers' replies. A blush seeped into her cheeks, her nipples started to harden, and a slight tingling was starting to form deep in her body.  
  
"Yes." she finally admitted, ashamed of herself.  
  
"You like knowing those eyes are on your body, don't you?" the screen blinked again.  
  
"Yes." she conceded once more.  
  
"And you like knowing you made some cocks hard too, don't you?" he probed some more.  
  
Lily read the words on her screen, glancing back and forth between John's question and the comments. 3,000 people had already seen the pictures of her in her underwear. A variety of replies were pouring in, some classy praise, and others downright vulgar. She began connecting each screen name to cock starting to harden in someone's pants. Then Lily suddenly became very aware of how much she was enjoying the thought.  
  
"Yes, I do." she typed out slowly, scared by the realization.  
  
"Good girl." came his reply. Then after a long pause, "I want you to put on your best slutty outfit for me. And of course, I want you to send me pictures of you getting dressed."  
  
"I don't want to give you more pictures!" she growled the words as she typed them out on her keys.  
  
"Don't test me Lily." she could hear his voice in her head as she read the words. "There isn't much more warning I can give you before the whole internet will see you naked."  
  
"No! Please, don't!" she quickly typed, hoping to catch him before he posted another. "I'll do it, I'll dress like a slut and send you all the photos you want. Just don't post anymore... please?"  
  
"Fine." came his succinct reply. Her heart started to calm in her chest at the answer, but her body was still aroused.  
  
"I'll let you off with the verbal warning this time, but the next time you don't immediately comply there will be consequences. Understood?"  
  
"Yes John. I understand." she wrote.  
  
"Today, it's Mr. Smith," the words blinked onto her screen, "and you'd better be quick about changing."  
  
Lily's head was spinning as she got up from her chair and quickly stepped into her closet. She looked over each outfit wondering how to turn her normally conservative wardrobe into something that would meet the demand.  
  
Her phone vibrated in her pocket and she pulled it out. It was John. "Be fast." was the lone text message.  
  
"Yes Mr. Smith." she replied quickly. But she had no idea what to wear. Then an idea struck her. "He wants pictures? Well I'll give him pictures!" the voice so loud in her head she had to do a double take to make sure she hadn't yelled it.  
  
She started to undress very slowly while looking through her closet. First she unbuttoned a button on her shirt and sent him a pic. Then she browsed for a few moments, unbuttoned another one and sent him another pic. Before long she had done a full strip tease for him, and had bought enough time to pull together an outfit.  
  
She started to get dressed just as slowly. First she slipped on her panties. They were a lacy black pair with a boy cut. And once they were on, she sent John a picture of her round ass, the nearly sheer fabric clinging to her delicious curves.  
  
Next she pulled on her bra. And while it wasn't officially matching, its black lace and balconette cup, went with the panties perfectly. Once snuggly secured she snapped a quick picture and sent it to John.  
  
Up next was a red button up shirt, slightly fitted and which hugged her body in all the right places. It was lower cut than she normally liked, and she hadn't worn it often. As Lily put it on she left the top button undone. This was far more than she'd normally consider, but she hoped it would meet John's requirement of being slutty, while still maintain some of her dignity. She held her camera up high and took a shot looking down at her, trying to showing off her cleavage, and sent the picture to him.  
  
Lastly she slipped on denim skirt she had bought to complete a joke outfit for an 80s themed party at her office a few years ago. It was knee length, but was the shortest skirt she owned and she figured it would have to do. She stood in front of her full length mirror and snapped a picture for John and sent it to him along with the message, "Makeup, or not?"  
  
"With." came the reply.  
  
She moved into the bathroom to start putting on her makeup. Lily picked a deep red lipstick to go with the top she wore, applied it, and then pursed her lips together. Next she picked a dark eye shadow and black eyeliner to give her that smoky eye look.  
  
The whole time she was putting on her makeup she couldn't help but wonder what John had in store for her. She was worried of what he'd do with her pictures, but at the same time she couldn't stop thinking about the comments she had read. Then when she was done with her makeup, she took a step back and looked at herself in the mirror.  
  
Her wavy black hair flowed over her shoulders onto her cleavage. The contrast between the bright red shirt and her sable hair accented the light mocha of her Indian skin. Her breasts were pressed up by the bra and coupled with the low cut shirt, showed off a more ample cleavage than she thought she had. As she turned to look over the whole outfit she saw her slender legs disappearing into the hem of the skirt and with the help of the two inch black pumps she wore, she thought her ass had never looked better.  
  
"What a hot little slut!" the comment one of the men had posted about her photos echoed through her mind as she stared at the woman in the mirror she didn't even recognize.  
  
Her attention was suddenly ripped back to reality when her phone went off in her hand.  
  
"Are you done yet?" John wrote.  
  
"I just finished Mr. Smith." she wrote back, and then attached a picture of herself.  
  
"I like what I see." said John. "Do you?"  
  
She looked herself over, and a slight smile started to curl on her lips. She knew she looked good. And the comments on her photos had given her an extra boost of confidence she wasn't used to getting.  
  
"I do." she replied, confused. Her body was responding positively, but her mind was still reeling, unable to accept what John was doing to her.  
  
"Good. I'm out front in my car. You have five minutes to gather whatever you need and get in. Any longer and I'll be showing your fans all of the pictures you just sent me. Your time starts now."  
  
Her mouth dropped open. Five minutes? She was flooded with thoughts and emotions. What was she even going to need, she had no idea what John had planned! And the pictures? How could he use those against her, it wasn't fair! He had made her take them! She was scared, and angry, but her body was telling her she was also somehow excited. She was so confused and her heart started to thump loudly in her chest.  
  
"4 min left." her phone went off, as she got the message from John. She hadn't even moved yet, had it really been a minute already? She quickly looked at the timestamps on the messages, it had been. She had to hurry!  
  
She sprang into motion, quickly hopping down the stairs. She looked around the entry room searching for any ideas of what she might need, for any items to trigger a thought. She bolted into the kitchen, no what was she thinking she didn't need anything there. Her phone chimed in her hand. "3 minutes" she thought to herself hoping John had continued to send the messages every minute.  
  
She darted into the living room scouring for any signs of what she might need but nothing gave her any ideas. Then as she was moving through the dining room and back towards the entry the phone came to life again. She needed to get to the car!  
  
Then the closet caught her eye. She flung the door open and pulled a coat from its hanger quickly pushing the closet closed as she made for the front door. Again her phone went off. She rushed out the front door and hurried down the drive to John's car as fast as she could in the heels she seldom wore.  
  
Click! Clack! Click! Clack! Her heels smacked on the pavement as she raced towards the waiting vehicle. She grabbed the handle, yanked the door open, flopped into the passenger seat and slammed the door shut just as her phone went off.  
  
"You made it." John said smugly. "Well done."  
  
Lily, her heart still racing, sat in the car trying to catch her breath.  
  
"I nearly killed myself getting out here in time." she said when she finally had oxygen to spare.  
  
"Nearly, but you didn't." John said as he put the car in drive and started off down the road.  
  
They sat in silence as John maneuvered through the residential streets. It was 10pm on a Thursday so there wasn't much traffic and it was fairly easy going.  
  
Then John broke the silence.  
  
"Tell me Lily, you say you liked the comments on your photos. Did it make your pussy wet?"  
  
Lily was taken aback by the question, and her mouth suddenly dropped open.  
  
John looked at her sideways as he drove, a smirk starting to form on his face.  
  
"Did it?" he pressed again.  
  
"Fine John, it did a little." she finally admitted, turning slightly red. Partly from anger towards John, and partly due to embarrassment of what she just admitted.  
  
"Mr. Smith." John said plainly.  
  
"Fine. It did, Mr. Smith." she said, sarcastically emphasizing the Mr. Smith part.  
  
"What did what? Say the whole thing." he replied, ignoring her tone.  
  
Lily rolled her eyes and sighed, and then said, "Yes Mr. Smith, my pussy got a little wet from the comments."  
  
"Good girl." John said. Then as he pulled onto the freeway he added, "Show me."  
  
"What? Here? Now?" Lily asked with concern in her voice.  
  
"Yes. Here. Right now." John dryly replied.  
  
"But.." she started to protest as John turned to her, a stern look on his face, which stopped her mid-rebuttal. She looked down sheepishly. Lily knew the cost of refusal and hoped she had stopped fast enough to avoid paying that price.  
  
"Yes Mr. Smith," she said quickly, "Right here, right now."  
  
Lily looked around nervously, but it was dark out and there weren't many vehicles on the road so she decided she didn't have anything to worry about. She reached under her skirt and, hooking her thumbs in the waist of her panties, she pulled them off. Then she hiked up her skirt and parted her legs ever so slightly.  
  
"See?" she asked.  
  
"Mr. Smith." John said plainly. "You will address me as Mr. Smith any time you speak to me tonight."  
  
"Yes Mr. Smith." Lily said. "My apologies. Can you see my pussy Mr. Smith?"  
  
John smiled and looked over at her. Whenever they would pass under a street light the interior of the car would quickly illuminate for a brief moment. It was in these quick flashes that John could see the hairless pussy she had displayed for him.  
  
"Yes Lily," he said coolly, "I see it. But I can't tell, is it wet?"  
  
"It isn't any more Mr. Smith" Lily replied meekly, concerned that John would be angry and post another picture as retribution.  
  
"Well then, you need to fix that." John said with a chuckle.  
  
"Yes Mr. Smith." she said quickly. And though she was scared by the direction, she hoped her fast reply would make up for her earlier hesitation.  
  
She closed her eyes tightly hoping to block out the fear that was beginning to flood into her, and then with a deep breath, she began to caress her pussy. Lily was slow at first tracing her finger along the mound of her shaven pussy, and then brushing over the sensitive folds of her lips.  
  
As she continued to lightly rub her pussy her mind began to wander. She couldn't believe she was doing this. Here she was, in John's car on the freeway, skirt hiked up, touching herself. Why was John blackmailing her into doing this? She thought back to how it started, with John posting her pictures online, and of all the comments that she read. Her mind was reeling, but she couldn't deny that her body was responding to it.  
  
She opened her legs a little wider and began to rub her finger up and down her slit. Finding the juices that had formed she spread them along her pussy, enjoying the sensations as her digit began to slide easily over her skin. Between the attentions of her hand and the feeling of doing something she shouldn't, Lily was starting to get very turned on.  
  
"Very good." John's voice broke into her thoughts, shattering the silence. "Are you enjoying touching yourself?"  
  
"Mmmhmm..." Lily moaned as her finger found her clit, then added "I am Mr. Smith."  
  
Though her eyes were closed, Lily could feel John's gaze flashing from the road to her, and back again. She didn't know how she felt about him watching her masturbate in his car, but she knew that something about the situation was making her pussy very wet.  
  
She spread her legs a little bit wider, which caused her skirt to hike up rudely around her waist. With this increased access she slipped a finger into her pussy. The tight lips of her cunt gripped her as she slowly began to fuck herself, and her moans were coming more frequently.  
  
"Lean your seat back and open up wide Lily." John growled, the lust clearly audible in his voice. "I want to see everything as you finger yourself like a slut in heat."  
  
She moaned loudly as John's command echoed in her ears. There was no denying that something in what he had said turned her on. Was she really a slut in heat? Maybe she just liked being told what to do? Or perhaps it was the just the break from her normally safe sex life, which took place behind closed doors. She wasn't sure, but her pussy was tingling and she could feel that she was building towards an orgasm.  
  
"Yes Mr. Smith." she said between gasps. Lily quickly did as she was told, her eyes still tightly shut, trying to keep her from having to confront the reality of the situation. She reclined the chair most of the way and put one leg up on John's dash. Then she pressed her finger back into her hot, wet pussy.  
  
"You sound very wet. I think this is making you very horny. You're really enjoying this aren't you Lily?" John asked as he could hear her finger squishing loudly in and out of her cunt as she fucked herself.  
  
"Mmmhmm," moaned Lily, "I am Mr. Smith. " Her pussy began to throb as she admitted it.  
  
"Good." he said and she could her the delight in his voice. "Because I think that trucker is really enjoying it too!" John added with a laugh.  
  
Lily froze for an instant, unsure of what to do. Then slowly, she opened her eyes. She could immediately feel the sting of light and was alarmed to find that John had flicked on the interior domes at some point. Her heart began to drum in her chest as she realized she was fully illuminated on the dark road. Then she slowly started to turn to look out the passenger window, and there he was just as John had said. Even in the darkness of his cab Lily could see the shit eating grin on his face as he tried to keep his rig on the road and look at her exposed pussy.  
  
"You bastard!" she screamed at John.  
  
"Excuse me?" he said. "Do you remember what's going on correctly Lily? Do you really want me to post the rest of those pictures online?"  
  
Lily paused for a moment, considering the situation.  
  
"Besides," John started again before she could reply, "You might not have noticed it, but your finger is still buried deep in your dripping wet cunt and your legs are still wide open. I think you like him watching. And I think that like the horny little slut you are, you're going to finish as he watches."  
  
She glanced from John, back to the driver. He was giving her an encouraging look. John was also right about the situation, she had left her legs wide open and had a finger deep inside her pussy. It had never occurred to her to stop what she was doing. But the most surprising part was, even though she had just gotten quite a shock, she was still very horny. She turned to look back at John.  
  
"I'm right, aren't I?" John asked her, a wry little smile forming on his lips. "You can pretend you're mad at me, or you can acknowledge I'm right. Either way, if you don't want those pictures online you're going to make yourself cum while that driver watches."  
  
Lily didn't know what to do. She had always been raised to be such a nice girl. Neither of the other two guys she had seriously dated had ever talked to her like this before. She had never been called a slut, never been threatened, never had her pictures posted on the internet.  
  
She looked back to the driver. His eyes were pleading with her now. She could see the longing on his face as he looked from her pussy then to her, and back to her pussy. As he looked at her shaven cunt she watched the expression on his face. He was looking at her as a piece of meat, unbridled passion lighting his eyes. And then something came over her, and she winked at him. His face lit up immediately, and her pussy began to pulse around her finger. She liked the way he looked at her, and loved the control her body had over him.

Without a word Lily began to fuck her finger in and out of her pussy. She kept her eyes locked on the driver next to them watching his face. His eyes quickly flashed from the road and back to her. He took one of his hands off his steering wheel, and though she couldn't see it, she knew he was rubbing his cock. She moaned loudly as she slipped a second finger into her wet and ready cunt. Lily picked up the pace, fucking herself quickly as she quickly neared orgasm, never taking her eyes off the truck driver.  
  
John reached over and grabbed one of her breasts through the fabric and Lily let out a moan.  
  
"That's it." he said. "You fuck that shaven little pussy while we watch. I'm sure you've got his cock quite hard."  
  
Lily moaned again loudly as her mind flashed to the driver's cock.  
  
"You like that don't you? Making his cock hard?"  
  
"Yes Mr. Smith." Lily blurted out. "Oh god yes."  
  
John tugged gently on her nipple through her shirt, rolling it slightly between his fingers as he did.  
  
"Oh John, I'm going to cum!" she cried out.  
  
"Good. Spread those legs wide and rub your clit for him, let him have a great view of that slutty cunt of yours as you cum."  
  
Lily didn't hesitate. She pulled her fingers out and using the same two she had just been fucking herself with, she pressed down hard on her clit and rubbed quickly.  
  
Somehow John had unbuttoned another button on her shirt and had slipped his hand into her bra. He tugged hard on her nipple as she gasped loudly.  
  
"That's it little slut. Cum. Cum hard for that driver. He'll be jerking off to this for months."  
  
And that's all she needed. Lily screamed as her body started to convulse. She shook violently as her orgasm overtook her body. Her legs bucked wildly, spreading even wider as her fingers continued their hard gyrations on her clit.  
  
"Mmm... good!" John moaned back at her, clearly enjoying everything. "Now, I want you to cum again for him. I want you to cum again like a hot little slut as he watches."  
  
"Oh god," Lily moaned having barely come down from her first orgasm, "yes Mr. Sm.."  
  
And Lily started to cum a second time. She could feel her juices coating her thighs and her fingers as she moaned and growled. She looked up at the truck driver again and as the passion came over her, she licked her lips at him. He shuddered and his eyes flickered closed for a moment before he turned them back to the road.  
  
"Had she just made him cum?" Lily wondered to herself as she plunged her fingers back inside her pussy deeply, fucking herself hard.  
  
Then the driver's eyes quickly found her again and he mouthed, "Thank you."  
  
She had made him cum! She felt so dirty, but so proud at the same time. She also felt hot, and sexy. She continued to fuck herself slowly as she started to come down from her second orgasm.  
  
"You do realize that you just proved what a slut you really are." John said to her, a hint of lust in his voice. "And besides that, I own you now. You're going to do whatever I say, and you're going to love it. Lastly, as the truth of what I'm telling you sinks in, and you realize you're my owned little slut, you're going to cum again."  
  
Lily's mind was racing. She thought about what she had just done, and how much she had loved it. She knew that she loved John telling her what to do, and making her be his little slut. And then, as the reality of the situation started to hit her, she came again. Hard.