**Brooke Blackmailed**

by Delta Venus

**Brooke Blackmailed 0 - The Setup by Delta Venus**

Nineteen year old Brooke had a little wild in her. Now that she was attending college, she was expressing herself and taking advantage to let that wild out. Her smooth, silky skin was the color of coffee with a little cream. She wore her hair long and loose, with a little bit of wave to it, an effect that took some maintenance, but was well worth it for the end results. Her face was soft yet proud, with prominant cheekbones, giving her a classic and timeless beauty reminiscent of the old black and white movie star Lana Turner, though she would probably have preferred to be compared to pop star Rihanna rather than a white woman long dead.

Like many young women, when she looked in the mirror she focused first on her flaws, exaggerating them way out of proportion to reality. She thought her breasts could be a little bigger, a little firmer, ride a little higher. Her thighs were too thick, and her hips too wide. She had a solid self image, though, and knew she looked good, in spite of these minor imperfections. The boys (and girls!) who paid her lots of attention certainly never seemed bothered by these things, they didn't even seem to notice them. She was definitely of the opinion that if you've got it, you should flaunt it, and she had it.

Today she was wearing a light print summer dress, and a pair of strappy sandals. Nothing else, other than a light dose of makeup and a few tasteful pieces of jewelry. Underneath the dress she was completely naked. She loved the easy breezy feel of being naked beneath her outer shell, and the attention she got when she was dressed this way. She loved to tease. The fabric of the dress was just heavy enough that you could see her erect nipples through it, but you couldn't tell they were pierced. The piercings were new enough that she was constantly aware of them, the movement of the cloth against them gave her delightfully sexy shivers all day, keeping her nipples swollen and hard. She had practically been forced to get the piercings by the lady who sold her the cute little Honda she drove, but that is another story! She certainly didn't regret getting them, they looked hot and made her feel just a little wicked.

She got home from school that afternoon, and discovered that she had gotten some mail - a large manilla envelope carefully sealed with tape. She never got any mail, other than bills, so she was really very curious as to what might be inside. She took it out into the yard, where she could sit and enjoy the feel of the sun on her body while she opened it.

Inside the envelope was a a set of 5 glossy 8x10 pictures, and a short note. She was horribly shocked when she saw the photographs, feeling just as if someone had punched her right in the gut! The pictures were of her, and a large german shepard. They were disgusting! Although she felt a little naseous, she couldn't help but stare at these vile images. How was this possible? She considered herself open minded, and a little kinky, but she had never even dreamed of doing the things these photos showed her doing. She knew she never had, so how the hell could these pictures exist? She had seen the usual Photoshopped pictures the geeks made, pasting their favorite celebrities head on some porn sluts body to jack off to, but these photos looked real! Examining them very closely, repelled but fascinated, to see if there was any way to tell they had been made up, she couldn't see any indication that they were faked, even though they had to be.

/Fuck!/

Tearing her eyes away from the images, now seared into her brain, she read the note:

Sexy Brooke,

you can see that you are in a world of trouble! There is a way out, if you are bold enough. You will be given five tasks to do, and if you do them well, without question, I will destroy the originals of these photographs. If you do not do the deeds, when they are given to you I will send copies to the college Dean, your parents, your friends, and I will post them on the Internet for all the perverts of the World! There will be no negotiation, no backing down. You will never know when or where you will be given a task to perform, so be ready! Either you do as you are told to do, or I send the pictures out like I've promised. You will know the deeds are the real deal, and not just some joker playing with you, because they will all be signed like this note.

Love,

Omega [symbol]

/Oh, holy fuck! This can't be happening! What did I do? Who could this be? I need to get rid of these fucking things NOW!/

Brooke ran into the house, trembling, and put the pictures and the note into the fireplace and burned them, making damn sure they were completely incinerated. She was upset for the rest of the day, worried sick. /What will I have to do to make sure those pictures are \*never\* seen by anyone? No one will ever believe they are fake, they look \*way\* too real! Oh, fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck!/ Even more disturbing to Brooke was the fact that the idea of someone having control over her, and being forced to do God only knows what sort of kinky things, was more than a little exciting. She was still very bothered, and would rather have taken a nasty beating than have to deal with something as fucked up as those pictures, but that didn't keep her subconscious mind from reacting how it would, and being quite turned on. She finally belted a little booze, and took a hot bath to try and relax. While she was in the tub, though, her excitement pushed through to the surface, and she had to aim a pounding hot stream of water at her clit, and finger herself to orgasm. She came like never before, which upset her even more, and she wound up crying herself to sleep, disturbed, but still horny.

**Brooke Blackmailed 1 - Art Class**

Brooke had been really freaked out for a few days after receiving the blackmail letter and pictures. She was calmer now, but still worried. She thought about the letter constantly. Who had sent it? Was it someone she knew? What would they ask her to do? Would she be able to go through with the tasks demanded of her? She looked at all her friends and classmates differently now. It could be any one of them. It might be none of them. She had no way of knowing. Not knowing was torture. She wished whoever it was would hurry up and just ask her to do whatever it was they wanted her to do, so she could either do it and be done with the whole affair, or refuse, and take the consequences. She shuddered thinking about those consequences.

Even freaked out, she had still gone to class, and hung out with her friends. She didn't want anyone knowing something was the matter, and she worried that if she didn't act normal, that the blackmailer would get frightened, or pissed off, and make good on the threat to expose the phony pictures to anyone and everyone. It was hard to pay attention in class, with such distracting thoughts occupying her mind. Perhaps that is why she never noticed anyone putting a note into her statistics book. Brooke hated statistics, but it was a required course for psychology majors, and while she hadn't yet declared a major, she was leaning heavily towards psychology.

She found the note when she opened her book to go over some problems the teacher had assigned them as homework. She didn't read the note until later, she quickly tucked it in the back of the book, but she knew right away what it was. Did someone sneak it in right under her nose, right here in class? They certainly knew what would be happening in class that day, because the note was tucked between the pages for the homework assignment they were going over. The blackmailer could be here in this very classroom, right now! She thought she would have noticed the note if it had been put there earlier, but she couldn't really be sure. Either the blackmailer had access to her things, or was one hell of a sneak. Maybe both. Either thought was frightening.

After class, Brooke was nearly trembling when she opened up the neatly folder paper, and read:

Dearest Brooke,

Task number one is at hand. I know you have free time tomorrow, so you will go to the Art Department. You will volunteer to be a figure model for art class at 2pm. They are already expecting you. I'm sure the sketches and paintings will be lovely!

Love,

Omega [Omega Symbol]

/What the fuck?/ Brooke thought. /Is that all? I can model for an art class, no big deal. There must be something more to it than that. There has to be a catch.../

There was no catch. Brooke just didn't know what a figure model did, or she would have been a little on edge. She enjoyed teasing people with her sexy figure, but she was always wearing clothes when she did so, at the very least a swimsuit. She had never been completely naked in front of strangers, only boyfriends, and a girlfriend or two. Even then only when they were alone and getting intimate, usually in the dark. The closest she had come to being naked for a stranger was being topless in front of the woman who had done her nipple piercings, and the sexy lady who had sold her her car, who was the reason she got the piercings. Brooke had been quite embarassed and flustered, especially by some of the remarks the two of them had made, during that episode.

She enjoyed her false sense of calm for most of the afternoon, then curiosity got the better of her. There had to be something about this task, or the blackmailer wouldn't be asking her to do it. She Googled "figure model", and still wasn't getting it, lots of body builder types in skimpy outfits. She had walked around outside in stuff like that, no big deal. Then some of the links lower on the search results caught her eye. Nudes. Nude started to figure prominently in the text, and the pictures at the sites were of naked men and women in various poses. Nothing pornographic, art was a frequently used term, and a lot of it did look arty, but definitely nude. She added "art class" to her search, and all the links featured nudes.

/So that's the hook!/ She would have to pose naked for a bunch of art students to draw. The idea made her nervous, but wasn't horrifying. It wasn't something she would have chosen to do, but she thought she could handle it. It might even be fun, after all she did enjoy showing off a little, and teasing. This would be a little outside her comfort zone, but Brooke generally believed being pushed just a little was a good thing. Too bad it was some blackmailing pervert doing the pushing!

She did a little research and reading on the subject, since she was already looking. She got a few good tips for first timers, things like bring a robe for changing, and avoid poses with arms up if the pose has to be held for a long time. She read about some first time experiences, all of them shared being nervous at the beginning, but getting used to it over time. She looked at some poses to get an idea of what to do. Having the art class to focus on, she pretty much forgot that this was only the first task, and there were more to come afterwards. She slept well that night, having managed to put the blackmailer out of her mind.

Art class was a little more intense than she had planned for. It went pretty much like the stuff she had read about on the net said it would, but while everyone had said they were nervous the first time, she hadn't been prepared for just how nervous she herself would be. She showed up dressed a little more conservatively than she usually dressed, guessing that once it was over she would pretty much be done with showing off for a while. She wore a dark blue dress, a little lighter than navy, that came below her knees and showed no cleavage. For shoes she wore pair of slip on tennis shoes in blue. Underneath her dress, a plain pair of white cotton panties and matching bra, not quite "granny panties", but not far off. She brought a heavy blue cotton bath robe for when she changed clothes.

The art department was bustling, and the cute blonde receptionist quickly pointed her to a professor's office when she checked in, saying "Oh, you're the replacement. He's expecting you."

The office was typical college, slightly bigger than a closet, but not much. The walls were covered with art of various types, no one style stood out. Some was quite good, other stuff was obviously the work of students. At least that is what Brooke's untrained eye thought, and she was mostly right.

She rapped lightly on the open door, and was almost assaulted by rapid fire speech. "Ah! Your Mary's replacement. So sorry to hear she took ill. Have you done any modeling before? No? That's OK, we'll show you the ropes. The job pays $40 for the hour cash money today, under the table, or we can pay you $50 over, but it will take three weeks to get paid, and they'll deduct from it. You can decide afterwards."

The man firing words at her like a machine gun was short and skinny, mostly bald, and other than he was old, it was hard to say what his age really was. His hands were stained with paint or ink, maybe both, and so were his well-worn faded jeans and ratty looking collared t-shirt. Colored pencils flowed out of the pocket of the shirt, and paintbrushes were protruding from the holed pockets of the jeans.

"Come along, come along, we don't want to be late!" He led Brooke down the hall with rapid strides, walking faster than seemed possible for such a short man, to a classroom, and ducked hurriedly inside. He didn't seem capable of doing anything slowly. Several students were already there, setting up paper and canvas on easels, and there was room for perhaps twenty more. The room was small, but bigger than the office, and featured a small raised podium at the front, maybe eighteen inches high, where a chalk or white board would typically be in a lecture room. Her guide pointed to a door at the side of the podium.

"You can change in there, then come on out and we'll get you placed on the podium for your poses. We'll put you through a few different ones, both to keep you from getting fatigued from holding a pose too long, and also to give everyone several different things to draw. You've got a few minutes to catch your breath, but we start class promptly at two."

Brooke thought he was the one who needed to catch his breath, but was glad of the extra minute or two to prepare herself. She went into the changing room, this time it was a closet, and the only furnishing was a chair. She took off her clothes, including the shoes, placed them neatly on the chair, and put on her robe. She took several deep breaths, trying to slow her heart down, it was beating a little fast. She was nervous. She was about to be naked in front of a room full of people she had never met. At least she hoped she had never met them. She didn't know what she would do if someone she knew was in the class! That would really be embarrassing. A quick knock on the door let her know it was time.

She came out of the changing area, and the first thing she noticed was that the room was now full of students, and they were all staring at her! /Calm down, they aren't staring, they are just looking. Of course, you are what they will be drawing, they need to look at you, quit being silly!/ she thought. It didn't help. They still seemed to be staring, checking her out. She walked to the middle of the podium, and stepped up on it.

"OK, OK. Class, this is our model for today, Brooke. If you need to get a closer look at her, please feel free to do so, but stay off the podium. No touching. If you'd like to see her in a different pose, please ask, and we'll have her change things up. OK? OK. I know you all know the rules, but I've got to say them each time, regardless. Now, Brooke, please remove the robe, and pose for us standing up. Keep your feet about shoulder width apart, cock your hip to one side, like this, and put that hand on your hip. Keep the other loose and out of the way. Thank you."

Brooke dropped the robe, very aware that every eyeball in the room was now focused on her naked body. She was about to get into the pose the instructor had told her to when he burst out talking again.

"No, no! This won't do. I'm sorry, but we need you natural for these poses, you can't be wearing any jewelry. I should have made that clear, yes I should have. No matter! Please remove it, and then assume the pose we need. Thank you!"

Jewelry? Brooke wasn't wearing any jewelry that day, except... /Oh, shit! My nipple rings! He means my nipple rings!/ Her hands were trembling as she removed the rings from her nipples, there on display for the whole class. She was blushing fiercely, although with her color of skin it didn't show too much. Her nipples got hard as rocks, and the rest of her body also responded to the stimulation of fumbling the rings out of the holes, and the embarrassing situation. She could feel that her pussy was puffy, the inner pink quite likely protruding just a little, and she was quite moist. /Oh, God! How am I going to handle being like this for an hour?/ She put on a brave face, placed the rings into the pocket of her robe, and assumed the pose. She was sure everyone could see that she was excited. Her legs were just far enough apart to reveal her pussy, especially with her hip cocked, and even if they couldn't see that, her nipples were sticking out like fat pencil erasers, and easy for all to notice.

This was far more intense than wearing revealing clothes, giving a quick flash of intimate parts quickly covered up. She was totally exposed, thirty strangers could see every part of her. There were maybe ten girls in the class, the rest were guys. Not only were they looking at everything she had to offer, they did so with openly critical looks, and they didn't just stay in their seats, either. They walked up to the podium, and stared right at whatever part of her they wanted to, and it seemed like the part they were most interested in was her swollen, puffy pussy. Her breasts and erect nipples were certainly looked at, too, but it felt like every guy came up as close as he could, and stared right at her squishy slot.

She was wet, and could feel the juices glistening on her inner lips, which were now definitely peeking out from between her outer labia. /Fuck, they are getting one hell of a show!/ thought Brooke. /I can't wait until this is over. I'm mortified! I've never been so embarrassed in my life./

After about 15 minutes, the instructor had her assume a new pose. This one was worse. She was reclined on a sofa bench he hauled over from the edge of the classroom, leaning on her side, facing the students. One leg bent at the knee, and raised, touching the back of the sofa, the other dangling off the sofa to the font. She didn't think she could have been more exposed if she had just laid down on her back and spread her legs as wide as they would go. With this pose her pubic area was well exposed, and totally on display. Brooke had tried to keep her eyes focused on nothing, somewhere at the back of the room, both to avoid eye contact with the students, and so she wouldn't see just how much of herself was being displayed. She had accidentally taken a peek while she was getting into this pose, and saw that her inner pinkness was very visible, and that she was indeed glistening. That was the only word for it, under the bright lights of the art classroom, her pink parts were glistening like early morning dew on the grass under bright sunshine.

She kept hoping the nervousness would either go away, or at least keep her from being excited. It didn't. In fact her level of embarrassment kicked up a notch when she felt a drop of juice slide from her pussy lips, and trickle down to hit the sofa. /Oh, my God!/ She breathed slowly and deeply, trying to think of anything else but her arousal and embarrassment. Just when she thought she might be getting some control of her body, a dorky looking guy walked up from his easel, and stood right in front of her, obviously staring right at her honey hole and the juices that were leaking from it. He kept his face still, not giving away what he was doing, but he blew a sharp, hard breath right on her pussy! /Motherfucker!/

The cold sharp evaporative power of the breath made her lips swell even more as blood flowed in to try and combat the cooling. She almost flinched, but she was concentrating so hard on not moving, and trying to ignore all the people looking at her, that she never budged. She did quickly think about ratting this nerdy asshole out to the instructor, but the sudden thought that he might be the blackmailer kept her from doing so. When she didn't react, he blew again, a little longer, but just as strongly, and her pussy couldn't help but react. She could feel her clit starting to peak out of its hiding place, swollen and very tender. The dork sat back down, but other guys came up to take his place, and stare. Even two of the girls approached, and looked her over carefully, and she would swear that their eyes all lingered quite a while on her exposed, now very engorged and sensitive, private parts.

The next pose, which turned out to be the last, wasn't as bad. She was on all fours, her side to the students. Her pussy was still visible, but only when they walked around to the side of the podium to look. This didn't happen as often, but it did happen. One of the other guys knew the breath trick, too, and blew on her exposed pussy and anus with considerable force. It evaporated some of her juices, which kept her very sensitive and swollen, and tickled her puckered asshole, too.

When the class ended Brooke was still nervous, very aroused, and quite embarrassed. She threw her robe on quickly, and was in the changing room in a flash. She had never dressed so quickly in her life. When she emerged, the students were all gone, but some of the artwork was still on the easels. Most of the likenesses were quite good, but Brooke only noticed that they had indeed captured her arousal, and the drawings, and one roughed in painting, clearly showed her very erect nipples and her puffy pussy with its protruding pinkness. She was blushing hard as she practically ran out of the art department, so flustered she forgot about getting paid, and the cute blonde receptionist had to flag her down.

"Miss, Miss. Miss! Your money, don't forget your money! We need you to sign these forms, too."

Brooke quickly scrawled her signature on the forms the blond showed her, collected the $40, and had to force herself not to run as she left the building in a hurry. She was hoping and praying she wouldn't bump into any of the students on her way off campus, and felt lucky and relieved when she didn't. /At least I don't know any of them, none of them share any of my classes!/ she thought.

She drove home, a little too quickly, but she got there fine. She had a glass of wine to try and relax, then a belt or two of booze when the wine didn't do the trick. She wasn't much of an early drinker, but she really felt the need to have something steady her nerves. It helped a little, but she was still aroused, which bothered her. /How can something that made me feel so nervous and embarrassed turn me on so much?/ she wondered. It finally took a hot bath, and more importantly, a hard spay of water focused on her swollen clit wringing a few really strong orgasms from her body, to finally unwind the tension. She fell asleep that night, still a little disturbed by the day's events.

The next day, on returning home from school, she found a long cardboard tube with the mail, the type that blueprints and posters are put inside to keep them from being damaged. She pulled out a rolled up sheet of paper to find a very well done color copy of what was probably the best drawing done in the art class, and a small note. The drawing was top notch, the artist had captured her perfectly. The face was flawless, showing her nervous excitement well, and was almost photographic in quality - there was no mistaking who it was a drawing of. The rest of the drawing was just as well executed, you could even make out the tiny holes in her very erect nipples where the rings she wore would go. Needless to say the pussy was just as well done, with her inner lips prominent and her clit just peeking out from under its hood, and juicy, it was obvious she had been quite wet, and the drawing showed it perfectly.

The note was short.

Sexy Brooke, I copied the best drawing from the class. It turned out even better than I had hoped. Task two soon!

Love,

Omega [Omega Symbol]

**Brooke Blackmailed 2 - A Signature Event**

Brooke tossed and turned all that night. She never woke all the way up, but she never really settled into a solid sleep state either. She was tired when the alarm went off, but struggled out of bed instead of hitting the snooze button, knowing an extra few minutes just weren't going to do anything for her. She dropped the oversize t-shirt she wore as a nightie, and ducked into the shower. The hot pulsing water helped get the blood flowing, and she felt almost human when she got out to towel off, and started to work on her hair.

It was then that Brooke had a sudden realization! She had replaced one of the models for the art class, that was why they had let her do the job, they had been expecting her. That girl, the one whose place she took, must know the blackmailer! All she had to do was find her and drag it out of her. Maybe she could talk to whoever was doing this, and come up with some other arrangements. Maybe she could find those fake-ass filthy photographs herself and destroy them. Maybe trying to find out anything would get her into more trouble if she was discovered. Fuck it, she had to try!

She went to the art department later that day, right after statistics class. She still wondered if one of her fellow students in statistics was the blackmailer. Maybe she would find out! The cute girl was still playing receptionist, and smiled at her when she approached the desk.

"Want to apply to model again? It is easy money, a lot of girls come back when they need a few bucks. You sure seemed nervous last time, though, I didn't expect to see you in here again."

"No, I just wanted to thank the girl whose place I took, but I seem to have lost her phone number..."

"Well, normally I'm not supposed to give out personal information, but since you did her a favor, I don't see the harm in it. You're not a stalker, are you?" She laughed, wrinkling her button nose when she did. It made her look even cuter.

"No. Not a stalker," Brooke chuckled along with her, humoring the girl, even though she didn't think it was at all funny. Nor did she think the girl should be giving out anyone's personal information, but she wasn't going to bitch about that now since she was the one asking for it. The girl looked in her files, and scribbled the information on a scrap of paper.

Mary Beech 555-4062

She handed it to Brooke. Brooke felt lighter than air. She knew who the girl was now, and she was that much closer to finding out who the blackmailer was, and maybe ending this nightmare. She would call her tomorrow, and find out what the girl knew if she had to beat it out of her. For now she would play it cool, hang out with some friends at the coffee shop, just like any other Wednesday, and then do her homework. If someone was watching her, it was bad enough she had gone back to the art department, she wanted to leave no other clues that she might be trying to find out who the blackmailer was.

She was distracted the rest of the day, but her shallow minded coffee buddies never noticed, they just chatted on and on about the same meaningless stuff they always did. Clothes. Boys. Teachers they hated. /Did I ever find this entertaining?/ Brooke thought, in between thoughts about who the blackmailer might be, and what the art class girl, Mary, might be able to tell her. /What a bunch of mindless, boring, useless garbage./

After school, she arrived home, changed into some lounge around the house sweats, and did homework until it was time for bed. For the first night in many, she fell asleep fairly easily, untroubled by the events that had swept her up like a raging current against which stuggling did no good. She would find out who was doing all this to her, and make it stop. With that comforting thought, she drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

Brooke awoke fairly refreshed, but a little apprehensive. What if Mary wouldn't talk? /Fuck that! She'll talk, or I'll rip her tongue out!/ What if she couldn't get hold of Mary until after Saturday? That thought troubled her more. She was nervous dialing the number, and almost hung up when she got an answering machine.

"Hello. You've reached Mary's place. I'm out in the world, so you'll have to leave a message. You know what to do.... BEEP."

"Ah, uh, Mary? This is Brooke. The girl who replaced you as a model for the art class? Uh, ah, I need to talk to you... its sort of important. Please call me back." She left her number, and hung up. Now she had to wait. /This sucks! What will I do if she doesn't call me back? I'll find out where she lives, somehow. I need to know who is doing this to me! But how? Fuck. I'll give her a chance to call, but if she doesn't call soon, I'm going to go out of my mind!/

Time slowed. Brooke fretted all that day, waiting for her phone to ring. Every minute was torture, as she thought about having to do some other task soon, and God only knew what that task might be. Finally, around dinner time, her phone rang! She hoped it was Mary, and sure enough the screen listed Mary's number.

"Hello!" she answered in breathless excitement.

Her heart sank when she heard what Mary could tell her, which wasn't much.

"I know why you called. The note said you would. I'm supposed to tell you that calling me shows you aren't doing what you should be doing, and if you keep it up it won't be good. I'm also supposed to tell you how you took my place. I got a note telling me to call in sick, tell them I had a replacement lined up, and give your name. The note came with two left halves of hundred dollar bills, and said I'd get the other halves if I did this. I'm sorry, but I really needed the money. The note also said you would call, like you did, and that I was to tell you all this, and nothing else. I did get the other halves, so you really did me a big favor. Again, I'm sorry, but I have to go now."

Click.

/FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!/ Brooke slammed her phone on the table, and threw her books across the room in utter frustration. /The blackmailer knew!/ Not only was it all planned out so well, but her moves had been anticipated, and arranged for, like a chess game you've lost but haven't finished, with no options but to go through the motions or topple your king and surrender. "FUCK!" she screamed out loud, instead of just in her head. It didn't make her feel any better, but she had to let off some steam or explode.

Finally she calmed down. /Maybe I won't get another task, it has been a few days.../

No such luck.

After another night of tossing and turning, filled with horrible dreams she couldn't quite remember that left her sweating and anxious all the same, Brooke woke to find an envelope shoved under the front door. A Valentine's Heart card /That sick fucker!/, with a neatly folded note inside:

Lovely Brooke,

Your next task is at hand! Nothing difficult. You are to collect a few autographs is all, Saturday, in the park. Of course, to make things interesting you won't be using an autograph book, or a notepad, or any paper at all. You will be what the guys will sign! One signature on each of your breasts, one signature on each of your inner thighs, and one signature on the panties you will wear that day. You must take the panties off in front of the person that signs them, keeping your skirt up until they are done, then you can put them back on. When you have all five signatures, go to the photo booth at the North end of the park, and pose for a self portrait. All the signatures must be visible in the picture, and you have to be holding up the panties, not wearing them. Someone will use my name to collect the photo afterwards. You have until 2PM, or you know what! Here's a list of vendors who are expecting you, or you can collect autographs from anyone else in the park if you wish... but all five have to be different people, no repeats.

Kisses!

Omega [Omega Symbol]

There was a list of ten names, three women and seven guys, along with their locations in the park, like the Banana On A Stick place in front of the Aviation Museum. The park wasn't just a little patch of dirt with a swingset or two, it was acres of gardens and musuems and other cultural sites, a major showplace and destination for locals and tourists alike. Being so popular, it was usually very crowded, which meant that Brooke would be collecting her autographs very much in public. No small classroom with twenty or thirty bored students mostly used to naked women, even the less crowded spots were likely to have hundreds of people milling around. The feminine names were a tease, she was sure. A trade off - expose herself only to another woman, but the locations given for these women were of course the most crowded spots in the park, one was right next to the signature fountain that everyone and their uncle wanted to have their picture taken in front of, there wasn't a place in the park with more people night or day.

/Oh, fuck ME! This is bad, very bad... how can I do this? I \*have\* to. I'll just go early, and get the autographs as quickly as possible. There will be a shitload of people, but if I'm quick about it, not too many will see me. It won't be as bad as letting those art class assholes stare right at me for an hour.../

Brooke tried to psych herself up, convince herself this very public outing wouldn't be so bad, but it was a hard sell. She'd been in the park, even on bad days, and it was always packed. Always. There was no way she wasn't going to be seen by loads and loads of people, even if she was quick. And who were these people who were expecting her? They'd be in on the blackmailer's plans to humiliate her, they weren't going to let her do things quickly and cover back up, they'd surely make her stay exposed and show her off as much as possible. If she had looked in the mirror right then, she'd have seen that her fair, pretty face was already blushing fiercely.

/Fuck!/

She had all that day to think about it, and was very distracted in her classes, dreading her day in the park. One of her teachers really reamed her out for not being prepared when she couldn't correctly answer some questions about that days assignment, even though she had done the work and had it right there in front of her. She wound up bailing on her last class of the day, because she just couldn't deal with it. Instead, she went home, and broke out the now familiar bad-habit bottle, and got stinking drunk. Not the smartest move. It did allow her to sleep, or at least pass out, without having any horrid dreams, but she woke up late, and hung over.

/Oh, great! So much for my early start... dumb! Dumb! Dumb! I deserve this headache.../

Already past ten, she hurried through a quick shower, and got dressed as quickly as her aching body would let her. She picked out a loose blouse, that would let her expose a single breast at a time if she was careful about it, and cover back up quickly. A plain pair of panties that would come off easily, and a skirt that came down just short of her knees. It could be pulled up in front while still hanging down in the back, keeping her ass covered, and her exposure to a minimum, while still obeying the rules she'd been given. She added a pair of flat sandals, and figured that would do for the day.

She scurried out to the kitchen, to prepare something quick and easy to take with her, but her stomach roiled and protested at the thought of food. /Fuck it, I need to get going anyways!/ She grabbed her keys, and headed out the door, head still pounding, and in such a hurry she almost forgot the list of names. She was getting in her car when she thought about who she would get to sign first, and where she should park, when she realized she didn't have the list. /Damn! That would have been fucked up. Get it together, girl!/ She hurried back inside and snatched the list, and practically ran back to her car. Seconds later she was flying towards the park, driving much too fast.

Luck was with her, and she avoided any run-ins with the law, and didn't crash into anyone else, although she had a few close calls. She never noticed. The parking lots were fairly full, but she found a spot not too far from the North end of the park, where she would have to finish her task at the self shot photo booth. /Lot of people here today... duh, it is the weekend. Don't think about it, just do it!/

She attracted more than a few looks as she strolled rapidly through the park towards her first destination. In spite of taking no time to do up her hair, and wearing almost no make up, she was still quite a looker in her loose, casual outfit. Her long legs were shown off to great effect by the above the knee skirt, her muscles working smoothly as she kept up a quick pace, her ass carrying a sexy wiggle back and forth from her momentum. Her tits bounced freely as she moved, obviously unrestrained, showing off nice glimpses of dark cleavage and promising swells as they shifted under the relaxed fit of her blouse. Even the hair was working for her, the tousled just out of the shower look coming off as a little wild but carefully styled, an effect many pay big money at top salons to achieve.

Brooke was aware of the looks. Normally she cultivated them, liking very much to be noticed. Today, though, she really wished she were invisible. Old habits die hard, though, and she unconsciously added a little more swing to her hips, and she flushed a little with pride, and just a touch of excitement at being attractive enough to cause roaming eyes to focus her way. Being found sexy by others made her feel sexy, even when she was dressed like shit, nervous to near panic, and hung over as hell. The conscious part of her very much wished they'd stop noticing her, though. She knew she had things to do she didn't want to be seen doing, and having all the male heads swivel as she went by was not helping her nerves at all.

The hot dog stand she picked for her first signature gathering wasn't the most secluded spot on the list. Her thinking was that early in the day, before the crowds swelled, it would be better to get a more populated area out of the way, saving the places likely to have fewer people for later in the day. It was situated at the lesser used side entrance to children's zoo, an inconvenient way in, only used by people forced to park in the overflow parking lot when the main lot was full.

There were a few cars in the lot, but it looked like she had made a good choice, as it was only a few, and there didn't seem to be many more piling in. She slowed her pace as she approached the stand, getting more nervous the closer she got. The pimply teenager manning the stand had a big grin on his face. With stringy red hair, and a complexion combining the worst of acne and freckles resembling a bad case of chicken pox, he looked like Howdy Doody in the throes of puberty. Brooke hoped for his sake that he had guessed who she was, and that the stupid grin wasn't his usual expression, because it really made him look like the 50's wooden puppet, except stupider.

Brooke took a deep breath. /Get it over with girl. No one is here!/

"Hi. I hope you are expecting me. I'm supposed to get an autograph..."

"Sure! I was hoping you'd show up here. I have a pen right here, as a matter of fact!"

Brooke didn't think it possible, but his grin got even wider. She quickly pulled her blouse aside, baring her right tit, and leaned in towards the hot dog dork so he could sign. To her surprise, he only ogled her for a moment before signing her tit in magic marker with a flourish. The whole thing had taken less than a minute, and she hadn't been exposed for half that time, and then only to the teenage vendor - there wasn't anyone else around. It had been easy! The relief of getting it done was a rush, and she felt a little dirty for showing off to this young guy, she normally didn't tease teenagers, and the combination left her feeling tingly.

"Damn! You have nice tits, Brooke. I'm glad you picked me. I wish I could stare at you all day. Thanks for the show!"

The praise was a little embarassing, but also flattering, and added to that tingly feeling. Wanting to run off, and get the rest of this day over with, she still felt a little obliged to the guy for being so cool about it. He could have been a real ass, and he hadn't.

"I'm glad it was you. I'm sure you'll land a sexy girlfriend to look at all the time, you are such a nice guy. I appreciate you not making this awkward for me, you're a sweetie."

With that said, Brooke trotted off before the situation got too weird. She felt kindly towards the guy for not being a jerk, but didn't want to encourage him too much, or give him a chance to change into an asshole. Even nice guys can make that switch given the right stimulus. No reason to push her luck, and the clock was ticking anyways.

The next destination she had decided on was the balloon stand, almost all the way on the other side of the park. Again she attracted many roving eyes as she hurried across the lush acreage, her fine figure and easy athletic motion just drew eyeballs the way a flame draws moths. It was enough attention that the tingly feeling she had leaving the hot dog stand did not go away. It didn't grow, but it stayed constant, a warmness and excitement that was familiar, normally quite enjoyable, but today a little disturbing. /I don't need these distractions! Get a grip, Brooke, and get this shit over and done with.../

The balloon stand was the complete opposite of the hot dog stand. Normally a fairly empty part of the park, there were a few people wandering around when Brooke arrived, and while they mostly left with hanging around long, new faces replaced them at a fairly constant rate. This autograph session wasn't going to be witness free. The guy running the stand was probably around 25, and quite good looking, in a GQ sort of way. Wavy black hair with greasy pomade, a lantern jaw with just a touch of shadow, and a very athletic build. He was slick, with a sly smile. He also turned out to be an asshole, or at least Brooke thought so.

"Ah, Brooke. So glad to see you. Of course I haven't seen as much of you as I might, now, have I?" he chuckled at his own humor.

Brooke was nervous. She didn't like having anyone around, but there didn't seem to be anything to do about that. She'd waited a few moments, scoping out the scene, before approaching, and had seen that the crowd was fairly steady. Waiting longer might only make the numbers go up. She also didn't like the way this guy was acting, he seemed a little too smooth, the type of guy she would brush off at a party, sure he was just acting the Playa.

"So you are expecting me? Good. Let's get this done with, OK?"

"Fine, fine, girl. No problem. Always eager to please," he said, his smile looking as greasy as his slicked back hair as he waved a Magic Marker.

Brooke pulled her blouse aside, baring her left tit. As she did, one of the passing strollers noticed, looked shocked then pleased, and stopped to watch. /Fucking great! Now I've got an audience. I hope no one else notices... hurry up, asshole!/

But hurrying up was not on the asshole's agenda. He just sat there waving the Magic Marker, and admiring her bare breast.

"Come on, come on," pleaded Brooke. "People are noticing, and I need to move on!"

"Relax, babe. Just admiring the view. No big deal if a few people get a view, you're a lovely sight." He paused, drawing things out some more, before continuing. "Besides, you didn't ask me nicely, and I think I'd rather sign your thigh than your tits. Better put that away and raise your skirt, before I change my mind, and don't sign at all."

/Fucker!/

Brooke covered herself back up, and seriously considered just leaving and getting a signature from somewhere else, but time was slipping by at an amazing rate, racing towards her deadline. When she noticed the guy who had stopped was now moving on, figuring the show was over, she decided to go ahead and get the thigh signature from the balloon selling jackass, and at least get something for her troubles.

"OK, OK, please, just sign, OK? Will you sign my thigh?"

The GQ jerk acted like he was thinking about it for a moment before saying yes.

Brooke pulled up her skirt, and raised her right leg some, so he had a clear shot at her thigh. She was relieved when he actually signed with the Magic Marker, although she could have done without him rubbing the back of his hand across her mound when he got to the end. She quickly dropped her skirt, and ran. She noticed several people had been watching, and heard a wolf whistle as she fled. What would they think had been going on? She felt so embarrassed! She was flushed, blushing, and hated to admit that the brief touching of her pussy the jerk had done felt good, but it had, and both the rush of blood from blushing and the touch had heightened the tingling that had started at the hot dog stand. She was turned on, although not exactly happy about it. She felt a little like her body was betraying her.

She finally stopped running, and sat on a bench to catch her breath. No one seemed to have followed her at least. She had no idea what she would do if someone did. After she calmed down a little bit, and her pounding heart had slowed some, she looked at her watch. /Fuck! It's one O'clock. I've only got about an hour left!/

Brooke quickly decided to hit another balloon stand, this one near to the Modern Art Museum, because that area was usually a little less attended than other more popular spots in the park. She dog trotted off that direction, afraid to just walk because time was running out to get this task done, plus she really wanted it to be done and over with. Failing to meet the deadline would have such bad consequences, but she was also really nearing the edge of freaking out. The public exposure, combined with the time pressure, was giving her the worst case of nerves she had ever had, and the teasing by that last prick really hadn't helped matters.

Her gut felt like it was about to explode when she saw who was manning the balloon stand. She hadn't known the name from the list, but she sure recognized him. It was one of the guys who had been in the art class! /Fuck!/ A quick look at her watch, and Brooke knew she had no time to go pick someone else, she needed another signature right away! Almost trembling, she quickly approached the balloon vendor and wanna be art student.

"Uh, hey, uh..."

"Ah, Brooke! I was told you might be in the park today. What luck! I assume you need my autograph, right?" he chuckled.

"Yes, yes that is right. Would you please sign my breast? I hate to cut things short, but I'm sort of on a deadline, so could you make it quick? Please!?"

"Anything for a lovely lady. Where should I sign?"

Brooke steeled herself to not look around. She knew there were people watching, but she was trying very hard to pretend they weren't there. She opened her blouse, and popped out her breast to be signed. She heard a gasp and a couple of chuckles, which made it really hard to pretend she was unobserved, but she kept her head locked straight ahead, and tried her best.

This prick had seemed like he might just sign and be done with it, but it wasn't to be. He started making a little doodle first, and with every stroke of the pen his hand kept brushing against her nipple ring, giving it little tugs and flicks. After he had drawn a small cat at the inside of her cleavage, and labeled it "sweet pussy", he signed his name with a flourish. Then he gave a quick, sharp breath right at her nipple, already throbbing and erect from his earlier tweeking. The breath shot a shock right up Brooke's spine, an instant flashback to her bare pussy getting the same treatment in front of the art class. Her body pulsed, her nipples grew even taughter, and her pussy actually began to drip.

"There! A real work of art! And the drawing ain't bad, either!" he sniggered at his crude joke, but by the time he had started laughing, Brooke had her breast tucked away, and was making rapid time away from the stand. She flushed so fully with embarrassment she got light headed, for as she turned away, she saw that at least twenty people had been doing nothing but watching her get a drawing on her bare tit, some a little shocked, but most of them giggling and laughing about it.

/God! They must think I'm such a slut.../ Brooke moaned almost out loud, even giving out a little squeak as she once again ran away.

/I've got to get through this, and fast, or I'll never finish. Where to next? It's all going to be crowded now. I'm so \*FUCKED!\*/

As she hurried off, she saw a frozen banana stand that was tucked out of the way of the main thoroughfares. /Bingo! That one is on the list, and there is hardly anyone around!/

She threaded through a hedge and a set of benches to the stand quickly.

"Hi! You've been expecting me, right? I need your autograph!"

Her skirt was up, and her thigh stood exposed, ready for a signature, before she had even caught her breath, or the semi-stunned guy behind the stand could even answer. He was quick on the uptake, though, and whipped out a marker.

"Now, come over here where I can do a good job."

He proceeded to move her this way, then that way, obviously delaying and prolonging her exposure. What had seemed like a good location quickly proved otherwise, as she hadn't gone far away fast enough to keep many of the people who had seen her get her tit signed by the balloon man from catching up to enjoy another show and tell session. Mostly guys, but a few girls too. Her audience had grown! Now there had to be fifty people looking at her raised skirt and exposed thigh, and with considerable embarassment Brooke realized that there was an obvious damp spot on her panties! Nothing to do but grin and bear it, she patiently waited for the bannana vendor to sign her thigh, with her heart pounding so hard and fast it felt like it was about to explode out of her mouth.

When he finally did sign, Brooke immediately exploded into a sprint, and ran away from the crowd as fast as she could. She was so full of adrenaline it had been hard to hold still long enough for the signature. A couple guys tried to jog along with her, sure that something else was bound to happen with this hot girl, but they gave up as she really left them in the dust. A final comment she heard just before she ducked around a bathroom was "Must be some kind of Sorority prank or something. She sure seemed to be enjoying it, though!"

/One last signature!/ Of course it was the worst one, her panties. She wouldn't just be exposing a tit, or showing off her legs this time. Everyone around was going to see her bare snatch as she had to remove the panties to be signed, and hold up her skirt, staying completely exposed to one and all, until they were signed and she put them back on. She had been saving one of the girls on the list for this one, thinking that another girl would feel bad for her, and not make a huge scene or embarass her further. Unfortunately she didn't know that the girl she had picked was a lesbian, and quite fond of humiliating other girls for fun and excitement.

Brooke made her way to the West end of the park, where the girl on the list sold sunglasses. This was also not too far from the photo booth at the north end she had to finish this event in. /Damn! I know what to do in the booth!/ Her sudden insight of what she was going to do about the final picture eased her mind a bit, but her heart was still pounding in her chest, and she felt flushed, almost woozy. Turned on, nervous, flushed from exertion, and embarrassed all at the same time had her entire nervous system sizzling. She approached the sunglass hut darn near a complete wreck, and if she had known what the cute redhead working there was about to do, she would have said "Fuck It!" and run away.

The redhead was cute, too, the kind of girl Brooke would normally have quite a bit of fun flirting with.

"I need your autograph!"

"What exactly am I supposed to sign?"

"My panties."

"Ohh. I don't know... we could get in a lot of trouble!"

"Come on, you've been waiting for me. Please help me, I don't have much time left!"

"OK. Take 'em off. You do know the rules, right?"

Brooke nodded, bit her lip, raised her skirt and tucked it so it would stay up, then peeled her panties down and gave them to the girl. She was naked from the waist down, and a sharp, loud wolf whistle made her jump and almost faint. She had at least as much of a crowd as she had at the banana stand, and the comments were flying.

"Look at her!" "What is she doing?" "What a slut!" "Look, she is shaved clean!" and many more lewd, insulting, and humiliating things were being said, some right to her - "Turn around so we can get the whole view!"

The redhead made a show of waving the panties around for all to see.

"I need to dry these out before I can sign them, they are too wet to take any ink. What exactly have you been doing today?" she winked. "Must have been some fun! Oh, I don't have a pen, wait right here..." and before Brooke could say or do anything, she had disappeared with the panties through a door right behind the sunglass hut, and was gone!

/Oh, \*SHIT!\* What can I do? I can't put my skirt down, I can't just run away, but I can't just stand her half naked and wait! \*FUCK!\*/

Brooke was a trembling wreck, standing with her skirt up, her wet pussy totally exposed for a large crowd of strangers to stare at, not knowing what to do with herself. Someone started to clap, and it caught on, and Brooke was now being assaulted by loud applause and whistles. "When is the next show, babe?" "Take the rest off!"

Brooke was about to run lest she faint when the girl finally took mercy on her, and emerged from the back room with the panties signed. It looked like the whole thing was over, until it became obvious that the girl wasn't going to just hand them over, she wanted to put them on Brooke herself. Brooke couldn't do anything but step into them, and let the girl pull them up until they were snug tightly against her mound, shifting them around and rubbing her pussy in front of the applauding crowd. She pulled her hand back, showing off the obvious moisture there, and then made a show of smelling and then tasting her fingers.

"God damn, that's some tasty pussy!"

The crowd roared!

As soon as the girls hands were off her, Brooke had her skirt down, and this sprint made her earlier runs look quite amateur. The photo booth was all she could think about now, even as she ran she could feel her juices soaking her panties, her heaving chest made her throbbing nipples ache, and the nipple rings were no help as they caught on her blouse, tugging and teasing them even more. But there was the photo booth! Brooke dived inside, and it seemed she had gotten away from her admirers. /5 minutes to spare! I did it!/

Now Brooke put her hastily conceived plan into effect. She really had been dreading having to take this picture, with her breasts and pussy exposed, but the worst of it was her face. She didn't need any more blackmail material out there, although it was obvious that her tormentor could create much worse. But why provide fuel for the fire? Brooke undid her blouse, exposing the two signatures and the little drawing on her chest, took her panties off, and making sure the signature side was showing, prepared to take the picture she was required to take. Legs spread wide, showing off both of the signatures on her thighs, and her now very sloppy slit, she held the panties up as the camera flashed, catching everything in its winking lens - except her face! She kept that little secret hidden behind the panties. She might have to show off everything else, but there wasn't going to be any way they could tell for sure who was doing the showing!

She felt almost victorious over her blackmailer. She had followed the rules, but kept a little something of herself back. She had a tinge of fear that the blackmailer might get pissed, and do something in retaliation, but she had followed the rules... /Fuck it! I had to do something.../

Brooke quickly put her panties back on, and covered up. The printed picture, with its typical four frames, was ready in the pickup slot, and it was perfect. All four shots clearly showed all the signatures, and all of Brooke for that matter, except her face. The panties covered it almost perfectly. Her pussy was prominently on display, pouty and puffy; her nipples, adorned by the rings, were obviously swollen and tender; but you could not see her face behind the wet panties with their slightly smeared signature.

Brooke had hardly emerged from the booth when the girl from the sunglass hut strolled up.

"Omega sent me. He thought you might pick me, so he did too. I need the picture, it is time."

Brooke reluctantly handed over the picture.

"Nice! I see you covered your face without technically breaking the rules. Clever. I'm sure Omega will let you get away with that, but he'll probably also make you regret doing it. I'm impressed, though. Keep up the good work, you get through this soon."

The girl gave Brooke a quick peck on the cheek, turned away, and was gone in the crowd. Brooke turned as well, and practically limped out to the parking lot. She felt like she had run a marathon, and the let down was intense. She napped in the car for half an hour before she felt like she had enough strength to drive home. She moped around the house the rest of the day, and tried to go to bed early. Sleep wouldn't come, though, as a few thoughts ran through her head again and again.

/What are they going to do with that picture? And what will I have to do next...?/

And

/Why did that girl seem to know so much? She has to know Omega, or be in on the whole thing. Maybe \*SHE\* is Omega! Fuck, it doesn't matter, does it? I almost wound up fucked when I tried to find out anything from that art model. It isn't worth it. Like she said, it is almost over...

But is it?/

DV