**Casey's Fall**

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**Casey's Fall Ch. 01**

Casey Reine was 18 going on 19 and working hard on getting her diploma in graphic design at the Bigtown Technical College in her home town after graduating high school. She still lived with her parents, Michael and Sue Reine, who were paying for her education after saving it in a college fund for her since she was little. Her parents were hardworking but contented nine to fivers living in Bigtown, a thriving but pleasant seaside community with a population of around 150,000. She was the younger of two sisters. Her sister Jolene was 4 years senior and was currently living in her own house across town while earning bachelor of business degree at the Bigtown University.  
  
Casey was a modest and unassuming girl, partly due to the hand fate had dealt being born into the suburban working class, and partly by her own choice. She was shy, preferring to fly under the radar rather than making waves, and endeavoured to tackle problems pragmatically while trying not to worry about things she couldn't change. She was kind and inoffensive but her friends were few and she was yet to have a real boyfriend. She much preferred to keep to herself and focus on her studies. Puberty had been very kind to her but she hated drawing attention to herself and hid her figure with baggy clothes and wore little makeup. At first glance she appeared to be quite plain but she was certainly not unattractive. A diamond in the rough perhaps. Many might say she would make some lucky man a fine wife one day, which was as much as she dreamed of for herself. Every day for Casey was much like every other, and that was just fine with her. Until one day it all changed.  
  
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Casey was tired but felt good after her usual hour on the track before her first class began. The water in the shower was refreshing and she was alone in the locker room. She loved these early mornings. It felt like she had the whole school to herself.  
  
As she towelled off she looked in the mirror and was pleased to see a hint of her abs coming out at last. She had worked so hard and it was finally paying off. She took in the rest of her body and liked what she saw for a change. She was tall and slender with long and well defined legs, and a petite but still athletic frame. Her breasts were small and perky. More jiggle than bounce, but that was ok. "Who needs big tits anyway?" she often wondered. They seemed more burden than anything else, particularly for a runner. Although, she had worried that her recent endeavours into fat loss might leave her completely flat-chested but so far thankfully it hadn't taken any real toll on them at all. If anything they were even perkier and seemed to be sitting even higher on her chest.  
  
While slim, her hips had an undeniably feminine curve to them and she sported a firm but shapely bottom. Her pubic hair was quite dark and contrasted sharply with her pale skin. She trimmed the excess hair sometimes in summer but only just enough to stop it poking out the sides of her swimsuit. She couldn't understand the trend of shaving it all off like some of the other girls did. To her, pubic hair was a badge of womanhood and shaving it all off was unthinkable. Gross, so slutty. Only a girl with no self-respect and aspirations of becoming some man's fuck-toy would willingly do that. Plus the hair helped hide her extremely prominent and protruding labia minora which she thought was abnormal and ugly. So far no boy had seen it and she intended to keep it that way, but if she did fall in love and decide to have sex with someone someday, knowing it was well disguised amongst the thick hair might allow her to feel a little less self-conscious about him seeing or touching her.  
  
She gave her shoulder length mousy brown hair a quick brush and then just a little lip gloss. Perfect. Modest and clean without being skanky.  
  
"Hi Casey."  
  
Casey turned to see Amelia walk in and put her sports gear in her locker. She had known Amelia since high school and she was probably the closest thing to a best friend she had, but it still felt weird to be standing around in her underwear in front of her. Casey quickly turned her back to button up her shirt and put on a wrap-around knee-length skirt she had decided to wear that day. The skirt was an awful design, attaching only by Velcro. Casey loathed it but had been putting off doing her laundry and was left with few other choices of clean clothes to wear that day.  
  
"How was your run today?"  
  
"It was awesome!" Casey replied. "I feel like I'm getting quicker at last. I even finished with a sprint!"  
  
"That's great!" replied Amelia. "I wish I had half your willpower. I might have a bit less of this fat ass."  
  
Amelia was maybe a size larger than Casey. Perhaps a little curvier but certainly not fat by any means.  
  
"Oh you're not fat by any stretch of the imagination but you're welcome to join me anytime," Casey said, secretly hoping Amelia wouldn't take her up. She so loved the solitude of her morning runs.  
  
"As if," Amelia replied. "Whoever put the words fun and run together in the one sentence had a screw loose as far as I'm concerned."  
  
The girls giggled and continued getting ready for their first class, which they shared today.  
  
"'sup bitches?"  
  
The girls both groaned and rolled their eyes at each other. It was Cassandra Bloccato, a "popular girl". Many idolised Cassandra, regarding her as the be-all and end-all. She was gorgeous, flawless and rich. As the saying goes, every boy wanted her, every girl wanted to be her. But she was also horribly self-obsessed and dreadfully condescending to girls like Casey and Amelia who she regarded as lower life forms.  
  
"I hope I didn't interrupt you two dykes in the middle of munchin' each other's rugs or nothing?" Cassandra said with a sarcastic smile while chewing gum open-mouthed as usual.  
  
Casey sighed. Cassandra's running joke about Amelia and her being lesbians had persisted since early high school and it was getting so old. Amelia was a bit braver than Casey and played along.  
  
"Why? Are you jealous Cass? Is no one munching your skanky old rug these days?" Amelia responded.  
  
Cassandra sniffed and was then distracted by several members of her posse entering the locker room.  
  
Amelia and Casey were silently thankful for the interruption and gathered their things with a look and a giggle between them.  
  
Casey jumped a little as her familiar ringtone came from her bag just as she had picked it up. With a sigh she put her bag down again and fished around inside for her phone.  
  
"Who could it be at this hour?" she wondered. Perhaps her mother with something she had forgotten she supposed, but it was her sister Jolene.  
  
"What the hell could she possibly want?" thought Casey.  
  
With a four year gap between them they were never very close to begin with, and rarely even spoke these days after Jolene had started attending University across town and had decided to also leave home for some independence.  
  
"Hey sis. What's up?" Casey said as she answered the phone.  
  
"Casey. I was hoping I'd catch you before you started class. This is kind of awkward but I need you to listen carefully."  
  
Casey could tell by the tone of Jolene's voice that she was upset and had something important to say.  
  
"It's a long story but I don't have much time. The short version is I've been doing something not quite legal... Um... let's just say I've been using my newly acquired business skills along with a chemistry major I know to create a supply chain to help pay my tuition. I wouldn't be able to afford to be here at Uni without it."  
  
Casey was shocked to hear it but let her continue.  
  
"Well, someone found out. Oh God. I'm in so much trouble. I don't know who he is but I think he's a cop, and not a nice one. He has all the evidence and showed it to me in a text. He hasn't arrested me yet but he's threatening to if I don't play along. One of his demands was for your phone number. I don't know why he wanted it and I don't know what he wants with it but I had to give it to him. I think he's going to contact you. If he does can you please play along? I'll make it up to you. I'll pay you back somehow if he wants money. Whatever. Just please don't make him mad, and please don't tell Mum and Dad."  
  
"Well ok I guess," said Casey, somewhat puzzled and shocked by the revelation. "What could he possibly want from me do you think?"  
  
"I have no idea but he said he was going to contact you today. It all happened so fast I didn't have time to call to warn you sooner. It's just lucky I caught you now so you'd at least be somewhat prepared."  
  
"Ok sis. I guess we'll find out what he wants soon enough. Look, don't worry about a thing. I'll handle it and get back to you if there's any trouble."  
  
"Oh this means so much to me. Thank you Casey. Thank you."  
  
"It's no trouble. Don't worry. You'll get through this. Um... look, I need to get to class soon. Is there anything else I need to know?"  
  
"No, that's all I know at this stage anyway. Look, I'm so sorry if he upsets you or asks you for money or anything. I'll make it up to you ok?"  
  
"It's fine sis. It really is. Just relax. I've got this ok."  
  
"Oh, I owe you big time Casey. This means so much to me. I better let you get to class."  
  
"It's fine sis," Casey repeated "Look, I better go. I still have 10 minutes but the lecturer has a reputation for kicking tardy students out so I like to get there early."  
  
Casey was surprised when her phone dinged to indicate a text message while she was still talking and wondered who it could be. Few people texted her. Then she guessed exactly who it probably was.  
  
"Ok. Thank you again. Just remember. I'll do anything to make it up to you or reimburse you if he asks for money so please play along."  
  
"I will sis. I will. Ok, see you soon. Maybe we can do dinner at home on the weekend or something?"  
  
"That sounds cool. Ok, I'll see you soon then. Bye."  
  
"Bye."  
  
Casey hung up and checked her messages. Sure enough there was a new text from an unknown caller. It said:  
  
"Here are the rules.  
  
1. You do exactly as I say without argument.  
  
2. You don't question my orders or ask who I am.  
  
3. You can use any excuse you like if you are exposed doing something I ask of you but you must never mention me or claim coercion. If you accept these rules, text back that you agree."  
  
"Um... ok then..." thought Casey. "What is this shit? Does he want me to do something illegal? What could he possibly want that I can give him? Is there something I might have access to on campus that that he wants maybe?"  
  
She remembered Jolene begging her not to make him mad. She guessed she had no choice but see where it went.  
  
"I agree"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Well done. Let the games begin. Your first task is to take off your panties, put them in your bag and leave them there for the rest of the day. As proof, put your phone between your legs and take a photo up your skirt. Send it to me. You have 5 minutes."  
  
"Oh my God! What? The guy was a perve? That's it? Who was going to see this picture?" wondered Casey. She had a million thoughts running through her head, none of them good, and no time to think about it. The guy had given her just 5 minutes and she had only 10 minutes before class. If she was going to do this she had to move fast. The mention of a "first" task sounded concerning too. Was there to be more to come? Was this just a test before he asked what he really wanted from her?  
  
Casey reluctantly and with a great deal of trembling followed the instructions to the letter. She entered the nearest cubicle, took off her panties and put them into her bag. Then she awkwardly spread her knees apart, put the phone between her legs and pointed it up at her crotch. Her instinct was to close her legs and definitely not take that photo. She guessed there was nothing else for it for the moment though. With a quick check to ensure her face or anything else that could identify her would be visible, she clicked the shutter button.  
  
"Oh God! What am I doing?" she wondered. No one had seen this part of her since she was a very small child, not counting visits to her gynaecologist.  
  
Her finger paused over the "send" button for almost a minute before she finally hit it, but that was it now. It was done. Over. And someone, a complete stranger, now had a very graphic picture of her cooch.  
  
Within seconds she got a response.  
  
"Thank you. Keep your phone with you today. I'll be checking. Nice chewy vag by the way"  
  
"He would notice that," thought Casey with disgust. "Gulp. Checking? How? More photos I guess?"  
  
Casey had considered putting her panties back on against his wishes but now thought better of it.  
  
"Shit, better get to class. No time for worry now," she thought to herself after seeing the clock on her phone. She grabbed her things and exited the locker room, her mind reeling with what she had just done and feeling more than aware of the extra breeziness beneath her skirt. She hoped she could avoid stairs today and would have to remember to sit with her legs closed.  
  
The hallway was busy with students getting to classes. Casey joined the throng and spotted Amelia a short way down the hall beckoning to hurry up. She increased her pace as much as she could in the crowd. Amongst all the bustling she vaguely noticed someone brushing past her hip and a voice saying "whoops-a-daisy sorry" followed by giggling and running. She turned to see Cassandra running away with something waving in her hand.  
  
"Weird," thought Casey. "What is she doing?" Then it occurred to her that something suddenly felt very wrong and she looked down to discover she was completely naked from the waist down. She was momentarily confused but then screamed as realisation dawned on her that Cassandra had taken advantage of the stupid Velcro clasp, whipping off her skirt and running off with it, leaving her standing in the hallway half naked before she even felt or realised anything had happened.  
  
The scream caused everyone to stop and look straight at her, and immediately shrieks of laughter surrounded Casey. As her hand went to cover her crotch, her first thought was to get back to the locker room as quickly as possible, but her way was suddenly blocked by dozens of jeering onlookers.  
  
"Nice ass!"  
  
"OMG that's the hairiest minge I've ever seen!"  
  
"That's so hot."  
  
"Yeah baby, take the rest off!"  
  
"Flaunt it honey."  
  
"There's enough wool there for a whole sweater."  
  
"Oh her hand's in the way. I missed it."  
  
Casey muscled past them back into the locker room and collapsed on a bench sobbing. "How could this happen? How could Cassandra be so mean? What have I ever done to her?" she wondered miserably.  
  
"Are you ok Casey? I didn't quite see it but I heard what happened," said Amelia as she burst into the locker room.  
  
"Oh, let me get you a towel or something and I'll see if someone has a spare skirt. Maybe Lost Property will have one your size?"  
  
"Oh God no!" Casey thought suddenly. Lost Property was in the Dean's office and the last thing she wanted was having to explain her lack of underwear to that bitch. Her fears were almost realised though when a teacher entered the locker room. It was Mrs Daly.  
  
"Miss Reine! What do you think you're doing?"  
  
"Um... Please Mrs Daly. Someone took my skirt."  
  
"Well that may be, but why aren't you wearing any underwear?"  
  
"I err... Um..."  
  
Casey suddenly remembered the rules in the blackmailer's text and quickly scrambled to come up with a plausible excuse.  
  
"I didn't have any clean ones at home so I had to come without them."  
  
"A likely story. Perhaps you should go and explain it to Ms Bernstein?"  
  
"Oh please Mrs Daly. This is embarrassing enough. Can you please let me off this time? I promise it won't happen again."  
  
Just then the door opened to the locker room and Cassandra came in carrying Casey's skirt.  
  
"I found this out in the hallway. I don't s'pose nobody knows who it belongs to?" Cassandra said with a sneer.  
  
"Give it to the girl at once Miss Bloccato and the three of you better hop to it and get to class," said Mrs Daly.  
  
Casey quickly grabbed the skirt from Cassandra and fastened it around her waist.  
  
"Miss Reine, I better not hear of any other escapades from you for the rest of the day or it will be the Dean's office for you."  
  
"Oh no Mrs Daly. It won't happen again. I promise," Casey responded, hanging her head and clearly embarrassed by all the attention, not to mention being so exposed just moments earlier.  
  
Mrs Daly departed and the three girls set off smartly to get to their classes.  
  
"What the fuck is wrong with you? Are you some kind of slut or something?" Cassandra asked Casey as they walked.  
  
"It was s'posed to be a harmless prank. How the fuck was I s'posed to know you didn't have nuthin on underneath?"  
  
"Hmm... so now it's my fault someone ripped off my clothes in the hallway and left me exposed?" Casey thought to herself.  
  
"Look, just forget about it Cassandra ok? We're almost late for class and I don't want to talk about this with you."  
  
Cassandra huffed in disgust as she set off in a different direction for her class while Amelia and Cassandra continued on to theirs. Thankfully they all made it just in the nick of time. Hopefully this was the end of it.  
  
The class passed without further event and Casey was beginning to feel a little more settled, despite being acutely aware she was wearing no knickers and the only thing between her and another episode of public embarrassment was the stupid skirt held together with flimsy Velcro.  
  
As she sat in the cafeteria enjoying an apple for morning tea, she almost jumped when her phone dinged with another text message.  
  
"Time for another upskirt pic. You have 2 minutes."  
  
"Oh God! Again?" she wondered in disbelief. She quickly made her way to the bathroom, found an unoccupied cubicle and performed the degrading task once again, parting her legs and putting the phone between them to photograph her most private area. She wondered how many times she would have to do this today.  
  
"What was that sound? Are you taking pictures in here?" said a voice from a neighbouring cubicle.  
  
"Uh, no sorry. I was just texting a friend and clicked the wrong button by mistake," Casey quickly responded.  
  
"Dammit, I'll need to turn that sound effect off on my phone camera," Casey thought to herself.  
  
"Are you sure? It sounded like a camera to me. You know cameras aren't allowed in here. Maybe I should check your phone."  
  
"Oh God! She would see the embarrassing pictures," Casey realised with horror. She quickly deleted the images and made a mental note to do that immediately after any further pictures of that nature made their way onto her phone.  
  
"Yes, sorry. It was just a mistake. You can check if you like but there's nothing to see."  
  
"Anymore..." Casey added in her head.  
  
Thankfully the other girl gave up her pestering at that point and left as Casey sent the second embarrassing text to the blackmailer. She didn't know if it would be worse if she knew who she was sending these pictures to or if she didn't.  
  
"Dammit!" she thought, "These better not end up online or linked to me in anyway."  
  
Her next class after morning tea began with Casey so conscious of her pantieless state she was barely able to concentrate on anything else. She assumed her new tormenter would leave her alone at least until lunchtime now. She was wrong.  
  
About half an hour before lunch, her phone buzzed and sure enough it was him again with another request for an upskirt pic to ensure she was remaining underwear-free.  
  
"Oh God! How will I manage this?" she wondered. She was again given only two minutes to comply. She considered asking the teacher to be excused but knew this particular teacher would not be willing, especially with it being so close to lunchtime. In any case she wouldn't have time to make it there in time anyway. There was nothing for it. She would have to do it here. "Thank God I disabled the camera sound," she thought to herself with some relief.

She glanced around furtively to ensure no one was looking, then quickly smuggled the phone under her desk, parted her legs and positioned it between them. She took the picture, quickly checked it was ok and then sent off the text. She remembered to delete the image before secreting the phone back into her bag.  
  
She was so intent on her task she was shocked when she glanced back up and noticed a boy looking at her. Had been watching her the whole time? He made a puzzled face at her and then resumed his work. Casey hoped he was just confused imagining what she might have been doing and hadn't actually seen anything.  
  
The remainder of the day continued without issue with just one more "upskirt" request, again during class in the late afternoon. This time Casey was prepared and managed to pull it off without any real difficulty or anyone noticing.  
  
"Perhaps I'm getting used to it now?" she wondered, as if there was any level of getting used to anything like that.  
  
At last the day was over and the halls filled with students packing up their things and making their way to their cars and bicycles outside. After a quick visit to a toilet to put her underpants back on, Casey made her way to her bicycle. She had just put her bag on her back and was about to mount up for the trip home when her phone dinged again. She sighed and slung the bag back to the ground to fish out her phone. It was a different request this time.  
  
"Make your way to the West Side Park. Your sister will meet you there with further instructions."  
  
"Oh God, now what?" wondered Casey.  
  
The West Side Park wasn't far out of her way but there was nothing there apart from a walking trail through the forest. It was rarely visited these days and had fallen into disrepair. Casey couldn't imagine what she would have to do there. "Yard work maybe?" she supposed. She grabbed her bike and set off to find out.  
  
On approach she spotted her sister's car in what passed for the parking lot at the run-down park, and soon her sister came into view pacing around not far from it. She looked upset.  
  
Jolene had just turned 22 and despite being four years older than Casey, she was several inches shorter with a slightly chubby figure, much darker hair and noticeably larger breasts. They shared almost no similar features or interests and rarely spoke these days since Jolene had left home. Few would ever guess they were sisters at all.  
  
"Oh Casey, thank God you're here," said Jolene "this whole thing makes me sick."  
  
"Hi sis, so what are we doing here anyway? He said something about you having instructions for me?"  
  
"Yes, but you're not going to like it. I don't like it. It's fucking weird! If you want to back out I'll understand. I'll just have to accept my fate in front of the courts, whatever it may be."  
  
"Don't be silly sis. How bad could it be?" asked Casey. "You know the courts will probably sentence you to mandatory indenture, and no sister of mine is going to go through that. I've heard what happens to Indents, and their lives are never the same even when their sentences are completed."  
  
Some years prior the State had instated a legal form of slavery known as 'Indenture' as punishment for non-violent crimes. It was a cost-effective a way of dealing with over-crowded prisons and the burden prisoners placed on the State economy. People could also voluntarily sign an indenture, which was often used as a way to settle debts between private parties amicably. "Indents" were generally used for domestic duties and other drudgery but there was really no limit to what you could do with them. Some of the prettier ones were even kept in harems or used in prostitution.  
  
Indenture as punishment was an effective deterrent. To be sentenced to a lengthy term meant giving up careers, marriages and even family, which in many cases were unrecoverable. So it was not uncommon for those people to choose to remain Indents voluntarily for their remaining days. While that guaranteed food and a roof over one's head, the drawbacks were that Indents had no freedom, no autonomy, and no rights or say in anything at all. These factors meant that the temptation for citizens to commit various crimes was greatly reduced and society had definitely improved as a result.  
  
"Ok I'll tell you," promised Jolene "but I want you to know that if you want to back out I'll understand and take full responsibility for what I did."  
  
"C'mon sis, just tell me already. Just give it to me straight so I can at least decide."  
  
Casey was starting to feel really scared now.  
  
"He... he wants you to take all of your clothes off right here and put them in my car. Then he wants you to walk naked all the way around the forest trail and back to the car before you can dress again. He said to remind you of the rules you agreed to."  
  
"Oh. I see..."  
  
Casey's heart sank. On the one hand maybe it wasn't such a big deal but on the other she knew how mortified she would feel being naked out in the open and in front of her sister. She hadn't been naked outside of a shower in as long as she could remember. No one had even seen her naked since she was a toddler. She also had to consider what might happen if someone saw her and called the police, or what the consequences might be if someone she knew saw her. The State took a very dim view of public indecency and the penalties were often severe.  
  
"That's not all of it," Jolene continued. "He wants me to record you doing it and he said he wants to see you smiling and not trying to hide anything, like it's something you're totally up for, and I have to send him the video afterwards as proof you did it."  
  
"Um..." was Casey's only response.  
  
"No, I can't have you do this!" Jolene announced with tears forming after noticing Casey's obvious discomfort. "Not for me. Not for anyone! It's my own stupid fault I got into this mess and I won't have you punished for it. I'm texting him back now to tell him to shove it and let the chips fall where they may."  
  
Jolene took out her phone and started tapping the screen.  
  
"No wait sis!" said Casey, putting her hand to Jolene's to stop her typing. "Maybe this won't be so bad? Look around. There's no one here. If we're careful we can probably pull this off without being seen."  
  
Casey could see how upset Jolene was about all this and her heart bled for her. Surely this task wasn't that bad if that's all it would take to help her out?  
  
"Are you sure?" asked Jolene wiping tears from her face "This is too much for me to ask from you. I'll owe you big time to say the least."  
  
"Yes, I'm sure. Let's just do it and get it over with," assured Casey.  
  
The sisters went over to Jolene's car and after a careful look around to make sure they were alone, Casey somewhat reluctantly started taking off her clothes. As much as she had decided to fulfil the task of her own accord, it was still terrifying for her to be actually doing it. Soon enough she was standing in her underwear and she was a little surprised at herself that she had managed even that much. She decided to be brave and just do it without overthinking it.  
  
"Ok, here goes nothing," said Casey as she slipped off her bra and immediately bent over to slip her panties off almost in the same action. She deposited her clothes into the passenger seat of Jolene's car and then took a step back to survey the area again for anyone watching. It was difficult to resist the urge to hunch over and try to cover herself but she forced herself to be bold and stand up straight with her hands at her sides as if she was still clothed.  
  
"Um... aren't you supposed to be recording me?" she said to Jolene.  
  
Jolene appeared to be stunned that her sister was now standing in front of her completely naked out in public and was actually going to go through with it. Her sister's impressively toned physique didn't go unnoticed either. Although she did have the fleeting thought that Casey's breasts seemed a little underdeveloped and she was surprised at how much pubic hair she had.  
  
"Oh yes right," said Jolene, hitting the record button on her phone and shakily pointing it at Casey. She had to put her other hand around her wrist to try to steady it.  
  
As they stepped away from the safety of Jolene's car and her clothes, Casey felt so strange and horribly conspicuous to be naked out in the open. She suddenly remembered she was supposed to smile, so she did while looking straight at the camera.  
  
"Ok let's go!" said Casey making an effort to be cheerful, and they headed towards the start of the forest trail with Jolene leading the way walking backwards as best she could while pointing her phone at her naked sister. Casey had to take special care to walk casually and resist the overwhelming urge to cover her breasts and privates, especially with Jolene's phone pointed at her recording everything. She wanted to grit her teeth at least, but kept her mind on maintaining her smile. She was determined to show the blackmailer when he saw the video that it would take a whole lot more than this to break her spirit.  
  
From a distance they looked a somewhat bizarre sight. Two girls strolling through a public place, one fully clothed and another completely naked and smiling like it was the most normal and natural thing in the world for her. It felt far from normal for Casey though, no matter what her outward appearance might be conveying.  
  
They were barely half way around by Casey's estimate when a noise alerted them to someone approaching. It was a man on a mountain bike. He was intent on his riding and didn't notice the naked girl at first. When he did, he actually stopped, rubbed his eyes and stared with his mouth agape. He probably couldn't believe what he was seeing.  
  
Casey's instinct on seeing his approach was to jump in the bushes and seek cover but she quickly decided against it. He had already seen her and any such effort now would make it seem even weirder. She decided instead to be bold and pretend to be a nude model doing a private photoshoot with her photographer.  
  
"Take a picture. It lasts longer," Jolene said to him sarcastically, but then instantly regretted it when he took her words literally and pulled out his phone.  
  
"Don't mind if I do," he said "My buddies will never believe this. Can I get a selfie with her?"  
  
Casey had little choice but to continue the nude model ruse she had come up with and agree to it, standing totally naked and smiling beside the fully clothed stranger as he took a selfie of them together.  
  
"Thanks," he said "You two enjoy your day," at which he promptly mounted his bike and continued on.  
  
Casey dreaded where that picture might end up and who might see it, but it was done now.  
  
Soon the car park came into a view once again and Casey's spirit lifted markedly at the sight. She was extremely thankful to see her ordeal was nearly over and they had encountered no one else during the humiliating mission.  
  
Then a car approached on the road outside. They hadn't heard it coming. Casey calculated that it would pass mere metres away and her nakedness would be totally obvious to everyone inside. Her mind instinctively prompted her to seek cover again or to at least cover herself but there was nowhere to go, her clothes were locked in Jolene's car some distance away and she almost certainly had already been seen by the car's occupants anyway. So once again all she could do was resort to the nude model ruse again, maintain her position in full view and not react like she had something to hide.  
  
The driver of the car had obviously noticed her and suddenly screeched to a stop. The car had four young men inside, none of whom Casey recognised. She was momentarily thankful that at least she didn't know them. At first they all seemed to be in shock and just stared at her through the windows, but then all four doors opened simultaneously and the occupants got out.  
  
"Well, well, well. What do we have here?" said the driver.  
  
"Oh my God, she's totally naked," said another.  
  
"She's beautiful!"  
  
"That bush though..."  
  
"Guys, we're on a photoshoot. Take a good look if you like but we have places to be so we need to get out of here," Casey said, hoping the explanation would be satisfactory so she could dress again and leave as quickly as possible.  
  
"Aww, did we miss the main event? Could we at least get a selfie with you?"  
  
Casey's heart sank. She knew she could not come up with a reasonable excuse to say no. She did just admit to being a nude model on a photoshoot, but the idea of nude pictures of her being in the possession of strangers chilled her to the bone.  
  
"I guess so guys, but you'll need to be quick," Casey replied reluctantly.  
  
The boys quickly gathered around her while swapping places to take turns so each could get a shot with their own phone. Casey was beyond mortified but kept up appearances by putting her arms around the boys at either side while keeping her knees together and smiling as much as she could. They would never know just how hard this was for her to do.  
  
Then suddenly to her complete horror, as if on cue the boys on either side of her grabbed one of her legs each and lifted her up off the ground in a seated position and pulled her legs open so she was literally spreadeagled between them.  
  
In shock, and not quite understanding the full gravity of what had just happened, Casey's only thought was to tighten her grip around their shoulders to keep her balance. Time seemed to stand still as she looked at the boy holding the camera and heard the shutter clicking multiple times. She looked over to Jolene and saw that she was still filming. "Why is she not stepping in to stop this?" she briefly wondered. The boys' grip was so firm that she had no hope of struggling free, and certainly didn't want to land on her face on the hard ground even if she could. She suddenly felt more violated, and frightened, than she ever thought possible. The redness of her face must have been totally obvious.  
  
"Put me down please guys. I didn't agree to this."  
  
The boys must have sensed the fear in her voice and immediately complied.  
  
"Sorry, we didn't mean to frighten you. You are very lovely."  
  
"It's ok," lied Casey. "Now, we really do need to be going."  
  
"Oh, ok. Thank you so much. It was a pleasure meeting you."  
  
At least they seemed polite. A moment ago Casey feared she may be about to be gang raped, but they did actually seem to be nice now. Perhaps the sight of a naked girl brings out the worst in boys?  
  
With that, they all got back into their car and waved as they departed. Jolene unlocked her car and motioned Casey over. Casey eagerly retrieved her clothes and hurriedly dressed again. It was finally over.  
  
"It'll be dark soon," observed Jolene "What's say you put your bike in my car and I give you a ride home? It's the least I can do after that."  
  
"That'd be lovely sis thanks," Casey replied, still shaken by what had just happened.  
  
Jolene's hatchback was a little small, but after removing the front wheel from Casey's bike and laying the back seats down, they managed to fit it in. Soon they were on their way.  
  
Casey rode along silently in the car and Jolene placed her hand on hers in reassurance. Casey was surprised at the gesture as the two had never been close. Perhaps some good could come out of this horrible experience by bringing the two sisters closer together?  
  
Soon they arrived at Casey's home and they retrieved her bike from the back of Jolene's car.  
  
"Wanna come in and say Hi to Mum or Dad?" Casey asked Jolene.  
  
"Nah, I really need to get back to study. Plus I'm supposed to send you-know-who this video tonight and I don't want to keep him waiting and risk pissing him off."  
  
Casey had momentarily forgotten about the video. She silently prayed it wouldn't end up online somewhere, or any of those selfies taken of her today for that matter. She couldn't stand the thought of anyone she knew seeing any of that. She was having enough trouble getting her head around the idea that she even did it.  
  
Sleep did not come easily for Casey that night. As she mulled over everything that had happened, she almost felt sick at the thought of it and was blushing even now in the privacy of her own bedroom. She could still feel the boys' hands on her legs as they lifted her up into that degrading position. Strangely, the thoughts also caused a definite wetness to form and soon her hand crept between her legs. Casey rarely masturbated. If she was honest, she had really only done so a handful of times on the recommendation of a magazine article that said women should get to know their bodies.  
  
Now though, this was overwhelming. It had an urgency. A hunger. Casey's hand increased its pressure and speed to a surprising level of fury. This was something new to her. Something beyond her control had taken over and she was unable to stop. She felt the orgasm coming on much faster than she had experienced in her past dabblings and barely had time to prepare for it. It was huge. Her body started to shake all over and she felt it all over, like every atom within her body exploding at once. Luckily she somehow managed to roll over and bury her face into her pillow to muffle the screams of pleasure she was otherwise unable to contain. It went on for so long she started wondering if it would ever subside. She wondered briefly if she would even care if it didn't. It was an amazing sensation. But finally it did subside and rationality returned to her thoughts once again.  
  
"What the fuck was that?" she wondered, disgusted with herself. Then to her great surprise, as she thought about what she had just done and why, the stirring returned to her groin even stronger than before and she found herself repeating the experience. This time the orgasm was even stronger. Casey started to wonder if there was something wrong with her. Self-disgust seemed to awaken something savage and primal in her for some reason. At the same time her rational brain was appalled and loathing every second of it but seemed unable to stop it. The cycle of disgust followed by pleasuring herself happened two more times before she collapsed and fell into a deep sleep, probably from exhaustion as much as anything else.

**Casey's Fall Ch. 02**

By the time Casey rose it was late and her mum was already up. She realised she only had time for a quick bite if she was going to make the track to get some laps in before class. The memory of everything that had happened the day before had dulled somewhat but still lingered.  
  
"Was that Jolene's car I saw last night?" asked her mum.  
  
"Yes Mum, she didn't have time to drop in though."  
  
"Oh, that's ok, I'm sure she's busy with her studies. I guess you two spent some time together yesterday then?"  
  
"Oh sure. We went for a walk in the park together and I met some of Jolene's friends."  
  
Well it wasn't totally a lie. Suddenly Casey could feel those hands on her legs again.  
  
"That's sounds nice dear. Did you find the dinner I left for you?"  
  
Casey heard her phone ding but ignored it.  
  
"Yes thanks Mum. It was delicious. OMG, is that the time? Sorry mum I have to get going if I'm going to get some laps in."  
  
"No problems Casey. Take care"  
  
She quickly fixed her hair into a pony tail, gathered her things and made her way to the garage to her bike. Once there, she checked her phone, dreading what she might find.  
  
"Your mission today is to position your phone so it overlooks the track and film yourself running a lap naked"  
  
Casey's mouth dropped open.  
  
"No way. I can't do that! How does he know I run anyway?" she thought in alarm.  
  
She texted back:  
  
"I might get seen. Is there something else I can do instead?"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Would you rather everyone saw you?"  
  
There was an attachment. Casey opened it and saw a picture of the horrible incident in the park yesterday when she was held spreadeagled between the two boys. The degrading pose revealed her hated labia minora too. Casey felt suddenly ill and wondered how he got that picture. She wondered if the boys had been put up to it by the blackmailer and they knew him. Then she realised it must be a still from Jolene's video. There was no denying it was her in the picture either. The resolution was perfect. She was even smiling and looking relaxed like it was all her own doing. She wanted to be sick.  
  
Ding.  
  
"I have the student email list and your parents' work addresses. It would only take a second to send it to everyone you know if you prefer it? Or maybe they'd like to see the whole video?"  
  
Casey was stricken with horror at the thought and knew she had little choice now. She wondered how she was going to pull off streaking on the oval without being seen. She was usually the only one at the track at this time of day but that was no guarantee there wouldn't be someone watching somewhere. The alternative of having anyone seeing that picture, let alone everyone on campus seeing it, and her parents, wasn't worth thinking about though. Her life would be over. She had no choice.  
  
Finally she texted back:  
  
"Fine I'll do it"  
  
Ding.  
  
"You have made a wise decision. I'll expect the video in my inbox before sundown tonight."  
  
Casey sighed and put her phone into her bag. Then with shaking legs and mounting dread, she got on her bike and commenced the journey to campus. While she wasn't in the mood to do anything fast now, she knew she would have to hurry to leave enough time for her "mission" before people started arriving.  
  
When she arrived the car park was still empty. So far so good. She parked her bike in the stand and made the short trip over to the oval on foot. It was also empty. She remembered that she had to film herself and looked around for a suitable spot to mount her phone. Everywhere was too low or too close to take in the whole track, but at last she found a spot at the top of the bleachers, which also gave her a great vantage point to look over the grounds and make sure she was still alone. She tried propping the phone up against her bag but her hands were trembling so much she could barely hold it still. At last she managed to steady it, then she hit the record button and returned to the track.  
  
After a final look around, she quickly slipped off her pants and top and set off wearing nothing but her joggers. Fully expecting to get caught at any moment, Casey had never run so fast in her life. An odd thought came into her mind that she should have set a stopwatch. This might just be a new record.  
  
As she rounded the far turn and entered the home straight, she started feeling confident that she might actually make it without anyone seeing her. Then dread washed over her as she saw the first car arriving. She hoped the occupants would delay exiting a little longer or at least not look over her way for a bit. Then the finish line came up and she quickly darted over to her small pile of clothes and put them on as fast as she could.  
  
She looked over at the car again just as the driver got out. To Casey's relief, they exited and walked straight towards the main building without so much as glancing her way. She had done it!  
  
She went up to the top of the bleachers to fetch her bag and phone and discovered to her great dismay that the phone was face down. Oh crap! It must have fallen over at some point. She wanted to scream. She knew there was no way she could do another nude lap now with plenty of people now arriving. There were even some walking towards the oval now. She hoped against all odds that the phone recorded enough before falling over. She hit play to check.  
  
The video played and she watched herself descending the bleachers and positioning herself where she would leave her clothes, then stripping and immediately setting off running. So far it was going well but she hated seeing herself like this. Flesh wobbling. Breasts jiggling. It was so humiliating. She watched as her naked form rounded the far end and then the scenery went crazy for a moment and everything went dark. She'd only managed to capture half of it! She hoped that would be enough for him. She obviously completed the mission. The camera caught where she had stripped and put her clothes. There was no way she could have dressed again before making it back to them. She thought it best to just get it over with and find out sooner rather than later, so she texted the video to her blackmailer right then with the message:  
  
"The stupid camera fell over half way through. I hope this is enough."  
  
It took a few moments to send and Casey had no idea if he would even be awake to look at it so she set off for the showers. She had just got there when her phone dinged.  
  
"You get a point for completing the mission but lose one for your crap photography skills. From now on you must ask someone else to record your missions for you and it has to be a different person each time."  
  
Casey was aghast. How could she possibly ask someone to do that? What excuse could she come up with that would satisfy anyone? What would they think of her? How could she keep what she was doing a secret if she had to ask a different person each time? Word was bound to get out now. What would her friends think of her? Hell, if this went on long enough she might end up asking everyone she knew anyway!  
  
Ding.  
  
"You will have a new mission this afternoon. I will be in touch."  
  
Casey was now terrified. What would she have to do now? Would it have a punishment element? Would she have time to find someone, or the courage to ask them to record her doing whatever it is she was going to be doing? Would she even have the courage to do the mission at all?  
  
Casey would obviously be kept in suspense, which was probably what he wanted anyway. She damned him to hell.  
  
She hit the showers and was happy to be dried and dressed before anyone else arrived, then dismayed when it turned out to be Cassandra.  
  
"'sup slut? You got knickers on today? You done anything yet about that hideous bush?"  
  
"Good morning to you too Cassandra"  
  
"Well, have you?"  
  
"If you're asking if I have underwear on, yes I have, and no I'm not going to show you to prove it. Regarding my 'hideous bush' as you put it, my body my decision."  
  
"Uh huh..," said Cassandra, not really giving a damn either way. She just wanted to get a rise, and that was enough of a rise to satisfy her. She commenced brushing her long blonde hair as members of her posse entered and joined her, taking her attention away from Casey at last.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Upskirt time. You have 2 minutes. I hope you remembered to leave your panties at home."  
  
Casey was shocked and completely appalled at the idea of having to do that again. After all, hadn't she already done that one? She felt outraged enough to text him right back.  
  
"You never told me I had to do that again?"  
  
Ding.  
  
"New rule: Skirts and dresses only. No panties at all times."  
  
Oh crap. What about riding my bike?  
  
"What about riding my bike?"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Skirts and dresses only. No panties at all times"  
  
"Ok, panties are history and biking in a dress with no panties underneath was to be it then," Casey realised with disgust.  
  
She quickly entered a stall, removed her panties and took the degrading shot before texting it back to him.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Received in time but you broke Rule 2 by questioning me."  
  
Casey shuddered to imagine what the consequence of that might be.  
  
The next text came half way through second class before morning tea but she was ready for it this time. She had taken to leaving her phone on her lap, out of sight under her desk and set to silent. When it vibrated she only needed a quick glance down to confirm it was him, then part her legs and aim the camera, then text the image back before placing the phone back on her lap. She had become so adept that she could almost do it without looking now and no one was ever the wiser. She even used the same technique in the cafeteria at lunchtime when she had access to a toilet cubicle and could have just as easily used that for the increased privacy. Under other circumstances Casey would have felt thrilled knowing what she had just pulled off in the middle of the busy cafeteria without anyone seeing. Instead she felt degraded and humiliated being forced to do it at all, but on a positive note she was determined not to let this nonsense disrupt her life any more than necessary, and to that end she felt she'd had a tiny win with her new technique and increased boldness.  
  
The rest of the day went smoothly with just one more "upskirt" to fulfil during the final class for the day, which Casey again pulled off without incident. Classes were dismissed and the halls filled with students eager to be on their way. As Casey made her way to her bike she felt herself shaking in anticipation of the text to tell her of her next mission, which she had been assured would be coming this afternoon. She couldn't imagine what it could be this time but expected it to be something awful, as if what she had been made to do so far wasn't awful enough. Then it came.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Be at 127 Centre St at 4pm. I've made all the arrangements and they'll be expecting you. Remember the rules and obey their instructions to the letter"  
  
Casey couldn't even guess what might be waiting for her at the address. All she knew was that it wouldn't be good. Centre St was downtown and completely out of her way too. Nevertheless she had plenty of time to make it so she got on her bike and started making her way there. The journey was a pleasant one, apart from trying to ride in a skirt with no underwear without flashing half the world, and the mounting dread within her of what might be in store for her at the end.  
  
"Apart from that, yeah, nice day and nice bike paths," she thought to herself.  
  
When she finally found the address, the sign on the window said "Mark Rosso Studios". She couldn't imagine what she would possibly be expected to do here. She decided there nothing for it but to go in to find out.  
  
She opened the door and saw a small reception area with a man talking to a woman sitting at the desk. The man turned to Casey as she entered.  
  
"Ahh, you must be Casey? We've been expecting you. I'm Mark and this is my assistant Gillian. Come into my office and we'll get the paperwork out of the way first."  
  
"Uhh Hi... ok," said Casey, confused and not having a clue what he was talking about.  
  
Mark gestured to a door and Casey followed. On the other side of the wall behind the reception area she was surprised to find a large area with lots of tripods, studio lighting and various props set up in different areas. Realisation then dawned on her of what she would be doing now. She was going to be photographed. She prayed against all odds that it wouldn't involve her nudity.  
  
"Do you have any modelling experience Casey?" asked Mark.  
  
"Uh no... first time."  
  
"That's ok. I'll take it slow with you today. You'll be a pro in no time, you'll see."  
  
Mark's enthusiasm was somewhat worrisome but he had a manner about him which seemed to make Casey feel slightly at ease. She wondered if maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.  
  
He gestured to another door and Casey entered and found a small room with a desk. Mark took a seat behind the desk and beckoned to one of the opposite chairs.  
  
"Ok, these are just standard consent and release forms. Just sign this one here, here and here, and down the bottom of this one here."  
  
"Umm... Can I read them first? Should I get a lawyer to look at them?"  
  
"Oh, I was assured this wouldn't be a problem for you. They're pretty standard stuff."  
  
Casey quickly realised that this had all been prearranged and she didn't really have a choice about signing them, no matter what they said.  
  
"No it's fine," Casey replied. "I just didn't realise there'd be paperwork involved and was surprised by it is all. I trust you."  
  
Casey took the pen Mark offered her and signed the forms where he had indicated.  
  
"Excellent! Thanks for that. Now on this one you need to initial both pages and sign and date at the bottom of page 2. It's just a standard contract."  
  
"Oh what sort of contract?" Casey asked innocently, trying her best to sound pleasant rather than difficult or distrusting to avoid possibly angering Mark and it getting back to the blackmailer.  
  
"Oh, your manager said you'd be available from 4pm on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons for the next two months. This just puts that in writing. Is that not correct?"  
  
She had a manager. That was interesting. Coming here twice a week for two months didn't sound good at all to Casey though. She suddenly felt a little weak but knew she had no choice in the matter.  
  
"Umm... I guess that'll be ok. Can I ask what I'll be doing? Umm... my manager wasn't clear about that," said Casey knowing full well who her 'manager' probably was.  
  
"Yes, you'll be modelling for me in some photoshoots. It's what I do."  
  
"Umm... will I be nude?"  
  
"You really haven't done this before have you Casey? That's ok. We'll take it slow. I'm very good at what I do. You'll be fine, you'll see."  
  
So she was going to be photographed nude after all. She suddenly felt flushed and hoped the redness in her face wasn't obvious. She knew she had to make it appear like she wanted to be there and it was her choice, even though in reality she wanted to scream and run as far from there as possible. Casey was already feeling trapped and humiliated, and she hadn't even taken her clothes off yet. She couldn't imagine actually going through with it in this strange place in front of a man she had only just met. It all seemed so surreal. Her head was spinning and her heart was racing now, but she couldn't figure a way out of it without blowing it for Jolene, so she forced a smile and signed the contract.  
  
"Excellent! Ok, just one more thing. I need to see proof of age to show you're over 18. Do you have a driver's license or student ID showing your date of birth?"  
  
"Uhh yes, I have both," said Casey as she fished around in her bag for her purse. She took out the items and handed them to Mark, who promptly took it to a photocopier to the side of the room. Soon the photocopier came to life and ran off two copies.  
  
"Ok, I think we're all set," he said while handing her IDs back to her. "Gillian will go with you now to help you with your hair and makeup and I'll meet you in the studio when you're ready."  
  
Casey looked around and saw Gillian at the door so she got up and followed her. She was led to a room which looked like a professional dressing room complete with light bulbs around the mirrors. Gillian beckoned her to sit in a chair in front of one of the mirrors.  
  
"Now let's see what we have here," Gillian said as she started to fuss with Casey's hair and turn her face this way and that.  
  
Gillian was a very attractive and well-dressed woman with a large and elaborate tattoo covering most of her left arm. Unnaturally bright red hair, heavy makeup and horn-rimmed glasses completed the look. She appeared to be in her late twenties. Casey wondered if she did any modelling herself.  
  
"This is my first time. Have you done anything like this before? Any tips?" asked Casey.  
  
"Oh no, I'm definitely more comfortable on this side of the camera."  
  
She continued scrutinising Casey's face. Casey realised Gillian was so wrapped up in her task she wasn't listening to her so no modelling advice would be forthcoming. Either that or maybe this was just her job and she had seen plenty of girls like Casey before and didn't care.  
  
"Hmm... I'm thinking you're an autumn. Let's try this," Gillian said while selecting a foundation base which she commenced applying to Casey's face.  
  
"Your face has a lovely shape and you have such lovely big eyes and a sweet smile. You're going to look awesome. I'm still not sure what we're going to do with this hair though," she said while lifting Casey's locks and letting them drop again. "Never mind now. We'll see."  
  
Gillian continued apply the makeup, adding blush, eyeliner and a rather bright shade of red lipstick. Casey worried she might look like a prostitute with that shade but when Gillian turned her to the mirror she was shocked by what she saw. She barely recognised herself. She was stunning!  
  
"Ok, now the hair. I'm not sure I can do much with it but let's wet it down and add a bit of a wave. Is this your natural colour? Hmm... I think you'd make a nice blonde. I can give you the number of a salon I go to who could do it right for you and give you a nicer cut too if you like?"  
  
"Um... sure," Casey replied.  
  
Casey had never given much thought to her hair. She was more interested in her studies and track performance than her physical appearance. She wondered if it might be time to quit her tomboy ways and become a woman. She decided she might just go to Gillian's salon and go blonde as she suggested. Gillian handed her a card which she accepted and put into her skirt pocket.  
  
Gillian then wet down Casey's hair with a spray bottle and commenced mussing it while hitting her with a blow dryer this way and that. At last she was done and spun Casey to face the mirror again.  
  
Casey was blown away. She could never have imagined in a million years she could look like this. She looked awesome and said as much to Gillian.  
  
"You're very welcome," said Gillian. "Now let's get you to the studio. I'll have to check which one Mark wants you in today."  
  
Gillian located Mark in the studio in front of a set that looked like a cute country cottage kitchen. It even had a fake window at the back with blue and white chequered curtains. There was a waste-high stool positioned in front and two big lights on stands pointing in from either side. Another one was suspended overhead. It seemed very bright.  
  
"Gosh, you look gorgeous!" said Mark "I'll just get you to sit here and hold this in front of you."  
  
Mark motioned to the stool and handed her a card with different shades of grey and white on it. Casey was sure her heart was about to jump out of her chest it was beating so hard. None of this seemed real and she felt she couldn't process what was happening to her. She considered she might be dreaming, then decided that if she was it would be a nightmare. She almost felt like she might vomit but she remembered the rules again and forced out her sweetest smile. Mark continued fussing around with the lights and kept looking through his camera. At last he seemed satisfied and took the card back off Casey.

"Ok Casey, I'll just get you to sit facing me. Yes that's it. Now sit up tall but relax and let your shoulders fall a little. Perfect. Now just a little smile... yes!"  
  
Click.  
  
"Now gently run both of your hands through your hair behind your head and fluff it out. Big smile..."  
  
Click.  
  
Casey noticed Gillian standing to the side pointing a video camera at her and realised she was being videoed as well.  
  
"Lovely! Now throw your head back a little and laugh."  
  
Click.  
  
"Perfect! Ok, now look angry. Snarl a little."  
  
Click. Click.  
  
"Roar like a tiger and shake your head."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now put your hands behind your head and give me a sexy look. A little more pout. Yes!"  
  
Click.  
  
"Now turn to your left side. Lovely."  
  
This felt like it went on for 15 minutes and Casey had started to relax and was almost enjoying it. Then Mark started trying to go a bit further with her.  
  
"Ok, can I get you to stand up now? Beautiful! Just turn slightly to the side. Yes! Ok, can we undo a few buttons on your shirt?"  
  
Casey's heart started to pound again but she complied without argument.  
  
Click.  
  
"Very sweet! Ok, can we undo the rest? But keep your shirt closed with your hands. That's it. Now give me a cheeky smile and flick your hair. Awesome!"  
  
Click.  
  
"Now open your shirt just a little so we can see some of your stomach and bra. No, not that much. We want just a hint of what's underneath. That's it! Ooh nice abs by the way!"  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now hold it closed again and give me an 'oh no you don't' look. A little frown and shake your head. That's it!"  
  
Click.  
  
"You're doing well. Ok, would it be ok if you took off your shirt?"  
  
Casey nodded, her heart beating faster now.  
  
"I'll get you to do it nice and slow as if in slow motion."  
  
Click. Click. Click.  
  
Gillian changed position and moved in closer.  
  
"Ok, now turn your back to me and look at the camera over your shoulder. Cheeky smile. That's it."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now, are you ok to take your bra off? Once again, slowly and keep your back to me. Beautiful. I wish every model who came in here was as easy to work with as you are, and as pretty as you. You're a natural darling."  
  
"Ok, now turn around slowly and stop when you're almost side on. That's it."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now face the camera, but cover your breasts with your hands."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now lower your hands and laugh at the same time"  
  
Casey was shaking so much now she was sure her legs would give way, but she did as she was asked.  
  
"Ooh you're lovely Casey. You have such a perfect figure."  
  
Mark stepped in closer with the camera and took several close-ups of Casey's breasts.  
  
"Can I just get you to arch your back a little and push your chest forward? That's lovely,"  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now clasp your fingers together behind your neck. Keep your back arched. Nice!  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, can we drop the skirt? Is that ok?"  
  
Casey had been dreading this moment.  
  
"Uh, I don't have any underwear on."  
  
Gillian moved in closer with the video camera.  
  
"Um... ok. No problems. We won't focus on that just yet. I want to get the skirt first. I just want you to undo it and let it fall. Don't step out of it just yet. I want to get a few close-up shots of it at your feet."  
  
The moment of truth had arrived. She would be totally exposed in front of these two strangers and the whole thing was being captured on camera forever. She felt sick but she did as she was asked anyway.  
  
As Casey's bush came into view, Mark momentarily lowered the camera from his face as if not believing what he was seeing.  
  
"Oh my. There's something you don't see very often these days. A full bush."  
  
Casey wanted to vomit and her legs felt wobbly again having someone not just seeing her naked body but critiquing it as well.  
  
He quickly regained his composure and returned the camera to its position in front of his face as he moved in closer and got on his knees to photograph her skirt around her feet.  
  
Click.  
  
"While I'm here I'll get you turn around and face away from me please? Nice. Wow I bet you're a runner. You could crack walnuts on that ass."  
  
Casey blushed even more as the camera clicked several more times behind her.  
  
Mark backed away again.  
  
"Ok, now turn around slowly but keep a hand covering everything. That's it. Perfect."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now I want you to hold both hands up while keeping our elbows tucked into your sides. At the same time look down at your stomach as if you're surprised."  
  
Gillian backed up for the full shot again.  
  
Click.  
  
"Beautiful. Now I'll get you to turn side-on and keep your arms at your sides. Very nice!"  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok face the camera again. This time put your legs about shoulder width apart and look at me. Um... maybe put your hands behind your back? That's it. Smile. Lovely."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now put your hands behind your neck and clasp your fingers together again. Keep your legs the same distance apart. That's it. Smile again."  
  
Casey cursed herself. She was feeling so overwhelmed and humiliated that she kept forgetting to smile.  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now hold that same pose and face away from the camera. Excellent."  
  
Click.  
  
"Look back at me over your shoulder. Smile. Nice!"  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now turn around and pick up your clothes. Hold them to your body and give me a wave as if you're saying good-bye. That's it."  
  
Click. Click.  
  
Mark checked his watch.  
  
"Ok, it's getting late. I think that'll about do for this session. Thanks Casey. It's been a pleasure working with you. You can get dressed again now. Ok, same time Thursday. I'll see you then."  
  
Casey didn't need to be told twice. She quickly gathered her clothes up and put them on as Mark and Gillian busied themselves packing up the equipment and turning the studio lights off. Strangely even the act of getting dressed in front of strangers felt odd and surreal, not to mention two strangers now knowing that she wasn't wearing knickers. She felt sick again.  
  
Casey then thought about having to return on Thursday to do it all over again and was dreading it already. She tried consoling herself with the thought that the damage was now done anyway. Her body had now been photographed nude from every angle and there was no taking that back, and as awful as the experience was, it could have been a lot worse. These two had been very kind and professional with her and she felt sure if it was anyone else she may not have been able to go through with it, or would have passed out from the anxiety.  
  
She bid farewell to Mark and Gillian and made her way to her bike. There was still plenty of light for her to make it home in time.  
  
As she rode she took stock of the last two days and could barely believe she'd gone from no one ever having seen her naked to becoming a nude model, and all against her will to spare her sister a jail term or being sentenced to Indenture. She hoped it was worth it. A gust of wind blew her skirt up yet again and she quickly pushed it down with her hand.  
  
Casey arrived home in time for dinner and joined her parents at the dining table. It felt really wrong to be sitting there with her parents without underpants on under her skirt.  
  
"So how was your day Casey?" her father asked casually. "You seemed to get home later than usual?"  
  
Casey hadn't considered she would need an excuse and scrambled to think of one.  
  
"Oh, I stayed back at Tech to finish some homework. I needed access to some resources and the librarian was kind enough to allow me access," she lied.  
  
"Good, good. You always do your mother and I proud."  
  
His attention then switched to the TV in the corner.  
  
Ding.  
  
Casey jumped, remembering her phone was still in her bag.  
  
"Excuse me mum and dad. I better go see who that is."  
  
Casey took the phone to her bedroom and sure enough it was him again. She wondered if anyone else would ever text her.  
  
"Upskirt time"  
  
Without underwear under her skirt, Casey was able to part her legs and complete the degrading act standing up without any fuss. The difficulty lay not so much in the physical act of doing it though but in the mental toll it took on her each time she did it. She realised it was no less degrading now than the first time she was asked to do it.  
  
She went back to the table and finished her dinner before excusing herself and retiring to her bedroom. She messed around on the Internet for about an hour when unexpectedly there was another text from him.  
  
"I hear you did well today. Keep this up and you might just keep your sister out of jail"  
  
Casey didn't bother responding. The whole thing made her feel sick.  
  
She thought about the day's events. She had streaked around the campus oval, she'd taken photos of her privates during classes and texted them to a stranger, and then finished the day with the humiliating photoshoot. God only knew what Mark planned to do with those photos or where they might end up. Hopefully nowhere where anyone she knew would ever see.  
  
She then started worrying about tomorrow's mission, and there almost certainly would be one, and how it was probably going to involve someone she knew now. How would she ever find the courage or the excuse to ask someone to photograph her naked? Just thinking about the process of having to ask someone to do that and then actually letting them do it was too much. Then on top of all that she now had to go back to Mark's studio for another nude shoot on Thursday, and do that twice a week for the next two months? It was more than she thought she could stand.  
  
Suddenly there was that tingling sensation in her lower abdomen again and she could feel the wetness forming. "Oh God not again. Do I actually like being humiliated? What the actual fuck?" she thought to herself. Her hand almost involuntarily crept under her skirt and her fingers found their mark. Oh God it felt good. She was so wet it was almost running down her leg. The orgasm came hard and fast. She barely made it to her pillow to contain her scream.  
  
"Casey, are you ok?"  
  
Her mum was just outside her room and must have heard her. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck.  
  
"Yes Mum, I'm just mucking about with friends online. Sorry," Casey called out.  
  
"That's ok. It sounded like you were in pain is all."  
  
"Lol Mum. No I'm fine."  
  
"Ok dear. It's 9pm. You're usually in bed by now."  
  
"Thanks mum. Great minds think alike. I was just going to brush my teeth and hit the hay."  
  
"Goodnight dear"  
  
"Night Mum."  
  
"Whew! Close call," Casey thought.  
  
She got up and listened at her door for a moment to make sure the coast was clear. Her disgust with herself for being so wanton that her mother heard her cries of ecstasy, not to mention what had inspired it in the first place, led to intense feelings of arousal again.  
  
Oh God not again! As if of its own accord, her hand had already started its work again before she even made it back to bed. My God what was wrong with her? She orgasmed again, and just like the night before, the cycle repeated twice more before she finally collapsed and dozed off.  
  
She slept fitfully and woke up sweating at one point with a dream she was having still fresh in her mind. She had found herself naked on campus. She didn't realise it at first and was only alerted to it by a crowd of students who had gathered around her jeering. She looked down and realised she had forgotten to dress. Instantly mortified, she looked for a place to run but there was nowhere. She was stuck. Then strangely she got angry and confronted the crowd with her hands on her hips, not trying to hide anything, and shouted "What's the matter? Haven't you ever seen a nudist before?"  
  
That was it! That was the excuse that might just work when she had to ask someone to photograph her on her next mission. She would pretend she was thinking about becoming a registered nudist and the photos were a way for her to see what she would look like, like sticking her toe in the water before she committed to it sort of thing.  
  
"Oh my God, am I hearing myself?" she thought. "This is fucking nuts! But if there's no way out of this mess what else am I going to use as an excuse? I can't say I'm being blackmailed or coerced. Maybe I'm on a dare? That would work maybe once or twice but then what? It would also make me look like kind of a cheap slut if I accepted a dare like that, but there's nothing slutty about being a nudist. It's just someone who doesn't want to wear clothes. There's no real sexual connotations at all really. I guess that's it then."  
  
The State had made nudism legal some years ago, but there was a catch. To become a nudist you had to be registered, and registration was a full time and lifelong commitment. A tattoo in the shape of a crescent would be placed on your left wrist and you were expected to never wear clothes again for the rest of your life, other than shoes or protective equipment if your job required it. Being caught wearing clothes after registering meant harsh penalties, even jail time or a term of indenture. Casey assumed the level of commitment required was meant to act as a deterrent, and it appeared to be an effective one. Few people, even practicing nudists actually registered, so they were an extremely rare sight in public. Most practicing nudists preferred to just visit nudist colonies where they could dress again and return to their normal lives afterwards. The only registered nudists Casey had ever heard of were weird extremists who occupied a small village down south somewhere. She saw pictures of it in a magazine once. They were mostly fat old men. Gross!  
  
Luckily for Casey you had to be 21 or over to register so there was little risk of her having to go through with it eventually even if she wanted to, which she most certainly did not. Just the thought of it alone was horrifying enough. 18 to 20 year olds could be granted special approval but only with parental or guardian consent, and she knew hell would freeze over before her parents would agree to anything like that.  
  
Casey still felt terribly conflicted that she had to do all these humiliating things against her will and needed a plan of this nature at all, but the plan seemed fairly foolproof and gave her enough comfort to get back to sleep.

**Casey's Fall Ch. 03**

After Casey had her breakfast and dressed, she stared at her underwear drawer and wondered if she should take a pair of panties with her just in case. She guessed it couldn't hurt to be prepared, and they wouldn't take up any space anyway. She couldn't take the chance of putting them on before class though. While she could pull off an upskirt pic in class without anyone noticing now, there was no way she could get away with taking her panties off first to do it. She bunched up a pair and stuffed them into the bottom of her bag anyway.  
  
She arrived on campus and parked her bike, then put on her running outfit. It was a perfect morning and if felt good to be alone. After the run, she had just finished showering when the first ding arrived.  
  
"Upskirt"  
  
There was no one else around and Casey only had the towel around her, so without missing a beat she dropped the towel, spread her knees apart, took the shot and sent it.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Nice tits. Thanks!"  
  
Confused by what he meant, Casey checked the photo she had sent and realised she had accidentally angled the camera out a bit and because she was nude it captured her whole nude body! Oh God! He hadn't even asked for that and she had sent it anyway!  
  
Ding.  
  
"Your mission today is to get someone to take a photo of you completely nude somewhere on campus. I don't care where. You have until end of day."  
  
Casey's face suddenly felt very hot while at the same time a chill went down her body. She guessed it was time to find out if her wannabe nudist excuse was going to hold water. Where could she go to get enough privacy so no one else would see though? Maybe under the bleachers at morning tea time? Lunchtime there would be students everywhere on the oval playing sport. Who would she ask?  
  
She finished dressing just as Amelia walked in. Amelia! She would have to be her first candidate. "Who better than a friend right?" she thought.  
  
"Morning Amelia."  
  
"Morning Casey. What's happening?"  
  
"Oh nothing much."  
  
Now was the time. "C'mon just do it Casey and get it over with," she urged herself.  
  
"Listen I have a kind of strange favour to ask..."  
  
"Oh?" said Amelia.  
  
"This is going to sound kind of weird..."  
  
"Yes?" questioned Amelia.  
  
"I mean really weird..."  
  
"Just tell me already Casey! The suspense is killing me!"  
  
"Um... I've been kinda thinking about becoming a nudist and I want to get some photos of me in day to day settings so I can see what I look like. Would you be willing to take a photo of me?"  
  
"Fuck, that sounded completely nuts," Casey sadly thought to herself.  
  
"A nudist! What the fuck Casey! Would your parents even allow it?" responded Amelia.  
  
"Um... I don't know yet, but I want some photos of me before I make the decision to ask them. Will you help me out?"  
  
"Holy crap! Well I guess so. I don't think we should do it in here though. If we get caught with cameras in here we'll probably get expelled."  
  
"Oh no, not here. I was thinking under the bleachers at morning tea time?"  
  
"Under the bleachers? Are you crazy? Someone might see you."  
  
"I thought about that but I think if we do it at morning tea time and make sure no one is looking we should be ok. It will only take a minute or so."  
  
"Well, it's your body and your reputation, but if that's what you want I guess I can do it for you."  
  
"Oh thank you Amelia. This means a lot to me. Please don't tell anyone about this."  
  
"Don't worry. I won't. I'm kind of implicated as well now if you get caught anyway."  
  
Morning tea came around faster than Casey would have liked and her heart was pounding as she quickly darted back to the locker room and put on the spare panties she had packed in her bag that morning. She was so glad now that she had decided to pack them. How could she explain to Amelia why she wasn't wearing any when she stripped off in front of her? Then she considered that the wannabe nudist thing could kind of work for that as well. 'The feeling of freedom' or whatever. She made a mental note to remember that in future if she had to strip off in front of someone and couldn't put panties on beforehand for whatever reason. She felt weird having to think along these lines. As if stripping off in front of someone and pretending it was of her own accord wasn't humiliating enough already without thinking about what clothes she should have on beforehand.  
  
She located Amelia already at the bleachers, and after a quick look around they ducked underneath.  
  
"Are you sure you really want to do this Casey?" said Amelia "It's not too late to back out."  
  
"No, I'm sure," replied Casey "This is the only way I can think of to find out if I really want to become a nudist."  
  
"Ok then... I guess you asked for it."  
  
Casey handed Amelia her phone and after another quick look around she quickly stripped off and took up a position with her back against the bleachers and her hands on her hips.  
  
God she felt awkward. The middle of campus during the day was no place anyone should be naked, least of all her.  
  
Click.  
  
"Do you want me to get a few more in case it doesn't work out?" asked Amelia  
  
"Ok sure!" said Casey brightly, hoping her response sounded enthusiastic but inwardly loathing being naked in front of her friend, or that any pictures had to be taken at all.  
  
Click. Click.  
  
"Ok done," said Amelia.  
  
Amelia handed Casey her phone back and she quickly checked the images were ok and then gathered her clothes up and hurriedly put them on again.  
  
She'd actually managed to pull it off and the wannabe nudist excuse had totally worked! She took some comfort in that as crappy and humiliating as it was to have done such a thing at all.  
  
Once Casey had finished dressing they ventured out from under the bleachers.  
  
"You two ladies. What are you doing there?"  
  
It was campus security.  
  
"Nothing," replied Amelia "We just needed to discuss something privately away from everyone else is all."  
  
"Good old Amelia. That sounded totally plausible," thought Casey.  
  
"Ok then. I hope you weren't smoking or vaping under there were you? You know those are illegal on campus grounds?"  
  
"Eww gross! As if we'd do anything like that. Disgusting habits," said Amelia.  
  
"Ok..." he said with a look of suspicion.  
  
Casey suddenly realised she had minutes to get to class and she still had her knickers on and no time to get back to the locker room to take them off and put them in her bag again. "I bet that asshole texts me for another upskirt pic soon too," she thought. She had no choice but to go to class and try to figure out a way to get them off without anyone noticing, and that turned out to be easier said than done.  
  
She took a seat in the back row and picked a moment during the lesson while everyone was writing and the teacher's attention was elsewhere. Carefully and silently she worked the panties off her hips and down to mid-thigh where they were still hidden by her skirt. So far so good. No one looking. Everyone was still concentrating on their work. Then she feigned having an itch, and with one hand she quickly pulled them down and off. She then bunched them up into her hand and returned upright to stuff them into her pencil case. The only thing remaining was to put her phone onto her lap at the ready in case a text came, which she did and then pretended nothing had happened.  
  
She looked up and saw a boy staring at her. She remembered his name as Greg. He slowly mouthed the words "what the fuck?" to her and kept staring at her with an aghast expression.  
  
Casey suddenly felt her face get hot and that cold chill roll down her body again.  
  
"Oh God! He saw everything!" she thought. "What will I say to him if he questions me? Maybe he won't ask? Oh please let him ignore me after class and go about his business. I don't want to have to explain this to him, or anyone else for that matter. What if he does ask? I guess I'll have to use the nudist excuse again. I can't think of anything else. Oh God I'm going crazy!"  
  
Vibrate.  
  
It was an incoming text from you-know-who and Greg was still staring at her. Casey started to panic. She needed him to look away fast. She tried pretending she was concentrating on her work while watching him in her peripheral vision so she could take the first opportunity to do what she had to do. At last he finally looked away and Casey quickly took advantage of the moment to part her knees and take the shot, but he too must have noticed Casey's movement in his peripheral vision and looked back while she still had her legs apart. Thankfully she already had the shot, and using her pencil case to shield her hands, managed to send the text just in time.  
  
Class was dismissed and Casey quickly gathered her things and headed towards the door.  
  
"Not so fast Casey..."  
  
"Oh Crap!" Casey thought.  
  
"I saw what you did back there. What the fuck was that about?" asked Greg.  
  
He was a fairly rugged and rough looking boy but not ugly by any means. Definitely fit with nice arms. Casey thought she had seen him with the football team a few times and that he drove a nice car.  
  
"I uhh... what do you mean?" Casey replied, as if she had no idea what he was talking about.  
  
"I saw you take your panties off and put them in your pencil case. Are you wearing no panties right now?"  
  
Casey gave him a silent shoosh gesture and took him aside.  
  
"Look it's kind of a long story," Casey started to explain "but they were digging into me and making me feel uncomfortable."  
  
"Oh, where did that excuse come from? That totally works," she thought.  
  
"I'm not so sure about that," said Greg. "Weren't you the girl caught with nothing on from the waist down in the hallway the other day?" he asked with a grin.  
  
"Fuck. I guess it's time to break out the nudist excuse," she thought to herself.  
  
"Look if you must know, I've been thinking about becoming a registered nudist and I like to feel the freedom of wearing as little as possible sometimes to imagine what it would be like."  
  
"No shit?" Greg said, stepping back to allow his eyes to take in her figure and imagine what Casey might look like naked.  
  
"Well I think you'd make an awesome nudist. You should totally do it," he added with a cheeky smile.  
  
"That actually went well," Casey thought with relief. She thought about adding something that would pave the way for her to ask him to be a future photographer on one of her missions but she wasn't sure she could handle being naked in front of a boy. Still, he knew her fake secret now so she could approach him if necessary. In many ways it would be easier than having to explain all this to someone else.  
  
"Maybe I will one day," Casey laughed, cringing inside at the thought of it. "But for now can we keep this between you and me?"  
  
"Sure," Greg replied.  
  
He started to walk away but then turned back.  
  
"Say, are you doing anything Friday night? Would you like to grab a burger or something?"  
  
Casey was slightly taken aback.  
  
"Oh ok. I guess so."  
  
"Great! OK let's swap numbers and I'll call or text you on Friday to figure out what time and whatever."  
  
They exchanged numbers and quickly rushed off to their next classes.  
  
"OMG! I have a date!" Casey thought with considerable excitement, but then her mood dropped as she remembered her current situation. She hoped it wouldn't get in the way of having a bit of fun, at least just this once.  
  
They rest of day passed without incident apart from two more upskirt texts to deal with.  
  
As she made her way to the bike rack she wondered if there would be another stupid mission tonight.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Where is the proof of today's mission?"  
  
Oh crap, she had almost forgotten. She quickly selected one of the pictures that Amelia had taken and texted it back.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Well done. Your mission now is to set up a webcam in your room as soon as you get home and send me the link"  
  
"Oh God. Now what is he going to make me do?" she wondered nervously.  
  
There was a webcam built into her laptop but she had never used it before. She hoped it was working. She greeted her mother and then went to her room to study as she normally would. After a short search around her room she managed to find the manual and figured out how to set the webcam up and how to share it with friends.  
  
"Yeah right. Friends..." she muttered to herself.  
  
She texted back the link to him as requested. It was a few minutes before he replied again.  
  
"It's working. The resolution isn't fantastic but it'll have to do. Be back in your room by 08:30 for further instructions"  
  
Casey's heart was pounding again wondering what she would have to do then, but on the plus side at least she didn't have to ask someone to hold the camera for whatever this was going to be.  
  
For now she joined her parents for dinner which was the standard meat and three veg with the usual polite and frivolous banter regarding the weather and current news. In the back of her mind the whole time though Casey couldn't shake the feeling of mounting dread or stop her heart from beating so hard. She wondered if veins were visible on her forehead.  
  
She was back in her room well before 08:30 and took the precaution of locking her door behind her. Whatever she was going to be asked to do, she could be sure it would involve her nudity and it wouldn't be pleasant. She had the thought that she may as well just strip off already but then thought better of it.  
  
"Just wait and see first, Casey," she said to herself.  
  
Ding.  
  
"I see you. I want you to lie on your side on your bed and face the camera. Take your phone with you"  
  
Casey did as she was asked. She looked up to where her laptop was and wished she could at least see the man's face at the other end instead of a blank screen. Then again, maybe she didn't.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Ok, I want you to keep looking at your phone. Surf the web or read something on it. Whatever. I will text you with further instructions."  
  
Ding.  
  
"Don't forget I have the student email list. Each time you hesitate to follow an instruction I will send one random photo from your file to 10 random people."  
  
Ding.  
  
"If you refuse to follow an instruction, I will put Monday's video online and send the link to all of them including your parents."  
  
Casey gulped and her heart sank. She knew this wasn't going to be good at all now with such severe threats. She remembered the photo of her when she was spreadeagled between the two boys again and felt sick at the thought of anyone seeing it, and especially not everyone she knew including her parents. She resolved that she would just do whatever he told her to and hoped it would be over as quickly as possible.  
  
She didn't hear from him again until a few minutes past 8:30.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Keep looking at your phone and take your right hand and start fondling your left breast"  
  
Casey immediately obeyed. It was a fairly tame request for her though compared to other things he had made her do lately.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Keep fondling but start undoing your buttons and work your way to taking off your shirt and then your bra. Keep looking at your phone not the camera"  
  
Casey immediately started following the request. To her horror she was starting to feel that growing ache in her groin again.  
  
Her shirt and bra were now off. Her skirt was now the only item of clothing remaining. She knew it would be next but he had already seen everything she had anyway so she wasn't too concerned. Degraded and humiliated yes. Concerned or surprised no.  
  
Ding  
  
"Keep doing what you're doing but lift up your right knee until your foot is near your left knee"  
  
Casey immediately followed the direction but instinctively dropped her leg again when her skirt fell open to reveal her pantieless nether region. She tried again, smoothing the skirt out so it stayed in place better.  
  
Ding.  
  
"I just sent the first picture to 10 random people. I chose your very first upskirt pic this time. Which one will I pick next time?"  
  
Casey was sure her face just turned white but she did her best not to react and continued her task. At least her face wasn't in that pic and she would be impossible to identify.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Start caressing your pussy area. After a minute or so, lose the skirt and continue the caressing"  
  
Casey did as directed. Now she was completely naked and effectively masturbating for the man watching her. She was disgusted with herself for doing it but she dared not do anything that might upset him further.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Now sit on the edge of the bed and face the camera. Then lay back, spread your legs as far as they will go and continue caressing yourself."  
  
Casey obeyed without thinking after propping a pillow up against the wall. It was only once she was in the degrading position that she realised what she had just done. Her labia would probably be splayed with her legs so far apart and she was probably revealing her open vagina directly to the camera! As she continued stroking her mound, her concern got the better of her and she allowed her fingers to check to see if she was open and creating too graphic a display. She hadn't figured out what she might do if it was the case though. She tried touching the area as nonchalantly as possible and her worst fears were realised. She was indeed open. To her further horror, an involuntary moan escaped her lips at her touch. She was so wet she could feel it on the outside of her vulva and all through her pubic hair.  
  
"My God Casey! Are you enjoying this? Are you actually a slut after all?" she wondered.  
  
The now familiar ache in her lower abdomen had returned with a vengeance and she could contain herself no more. Her primal animal brain had taken over. She plunged several fingers inside herself at once and commenced the furious masturbation technique she had recently acquired. Her conscious brain knew he was watching all of this but she was unable to stop it. She felt the orgasm coming a mile off and it was going to be a big one. Somehow in the back of her mind somewhere she retained enough sense to realise she would probably scream as usual and would need to muffle her cries, but she also knew she would be expected to maintain her position on her back with her legs wide open as she had been instructed. What could she do? In the last moment she was able to think fast enough to use her free hand to grab her other pillow and put it hard over her face. She was just in time.  
  
As the orgasm finally subsided, she took stock of her splayed position in front of the camera. Instinct told her to close her legs again but she dared not until she was told to do so. Suddenly the ache in her abdomen returned even harder. Soon she was repeating the experience for the camera.  
  
As she lay sweating and panting after her second orgasm she could feel the tension building yet again, but she was physically exhausted now so she made an effort to keep her hands away from herself while still remembering to keep her legs wide apart. She couldn't decide if it was more difficult resisting the temptation to get off for him again or just going ahead and doing it. She so desperately wanted to have another orgasm.  
  
Ding.  
  
"You have excelled. Your sister stays out of jail another day. Give me a smile and blow me a kiss then you can turn the camera off. Don't forget your studio appointment tomorrow afternoon."  
  
Casey did as requested and blew a kiss to the camera with a smile. Then, not bothering to cover herself, "what would be the point now?" she thought, she got up and shut down the webcam and the laptop.  
  
She thought about what had just happened. She had royally disgraced herself and she hadn't even been told to do the last part.  
  
"Maybe I am a slut after all?" she wondered.  
  
It was a troubling thought but exhaustion soon took over and she fell soundly asleep without even remembering to put her pyjamas on.