**Casey's Fall**

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**Casey's Fall Ch. 04**

Casey woke up naked.  
  
"What the fuck?" she thought at first, and then remembered the events of the previous evening.  
  
Oh God what had she done! She buried her face into her hands trying to think of a way to make anything positive of it. She tried to console herself with the thought that it was only him who saw it and she didn't even know who he was.  
  
"Who cares if that's how he gets his rocks off?" she thought.  
  
She made an effort to shrug it off and set about doing "normal things" like putting her pyjamas on so everything would appear business as usual to her mother when she went down for breakfast. After that she got dressed (remembering not to wear underwear this time) and went to get her bike out.  
  
Ding.  
  
"WTF? Already?" Casey thought with annoyance. She was already dreading the upskirts and whatever dreadful "mission" she would have to perform today. She guessed she was about to find out what that mission might entail.  
  
"You have earned a day off after your performance last night. Hang out somewhere until your mother leaves for work. I'll be in touch with your reward"  
  
Casey wondered just what he meant by her "reward". Knowing what things had been like with him so far she doubted it would be anything she would like. But on the plus side maybe she was due a day off anyway, especially after everything she'd gone through in the last few days.  
  
She rode her bike to a park nearby and waited until she was confident her mother would have left and then rode back home. Her mother's car was gone. Confident the coast was clear, she went back inside and took a nice long shower, then wrapped herself in a fluffy robe and settled in front of the TV with a cup of coffee. About an hour and a half later she got the next text.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Nice things happen to nice girls. You have an appointment at Gillian's salon at 11:00am to get your hair done. Treat yourself to a massage and a manicure too. It's all paid for. Text me a selfie when you're done"  
  
"Oh wow!" Casey thought. That actually did sound nice after all.  
  
She wasn't sure the price was worth it for what she had to do to earn it, but she'd take it. It was 10:00am now. If she left in half an hour she would have plenty of time to get there. It was only a 15 minute bike ride away really.  
  
On arrival she had her hair professionally washed and then she was sat in front of a mirror. The stylist asked her what she was having done today and she responded that she wanted to go blonde and whatever it took to make her look good. The stylist laughed and before long Casey's hair was being pasted with goo and wrapped in foil layers. Then she was offered a manicure while she was waiting for the solution to set. Before long she had beautiful bright red nails. Then the solution was washed out of her hair and more applied to get the remaining roots before her hair was finally washed again and wrapped in a towel.  
  
They then led her to a massage table where she was treated to a lovely back massage, and even though she was topless it wasn't a degrading experience for her at all for a change. More of a relaxing experience actually. Mmm...  
  
Finally her hair was dried, cut and styled and she saw herself in the mirror. She almost didn't recognise the beautiful blonde woman looking back at her. Just wow!  
  
"Ok you're all done and already paid for. Come back when you need a touch up. It doesn't take long if you come back every few weeks."  
  
"Thank you so much!" Casey squealed, barely able to take her eyes off herself in the mirror.  
  
She hopped out of the chair and virtually floated outside. Now what was she supposed to do now again? Oh right. Selfie. She couldn't stop smiling now if she wanted to so she didn't have to force it for a change. She took the snap and sent it off.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Very nice. Don't forget you still have the studio appointment at 4. For now go back home. There's another present for you there"  
  
Casey's heart sank a little as reality came crashing back down. What exactly would this present be? Maybe the fun was over already and there was something hideous waiting for her? There was only one way to find out, and so she biked the short distance back home again.  
  
As she approached the front door to her house she noticed a package waiting on the porch. There was nothing to indicate what was inside so she picked it up and took it inside to open it. It was a camera. A quite expensive one too by the look of it.  
  
"Wow! This was actually pretty cool after all," she thought.  
  
She decided to text back a thanks, thinking it couldn't hurt to stay on his good side.  
  
"Thank you! It's wonderful!"  
  
Ding.  
  
"You're welcome. Take it upstairs and plug it into the USB port of your computer then text me back"  
  
Casey did as he requested.  
  
"Ok, it's done"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Now turn it on and do the same thing as you did to set up the web cam, only this time you should see the new camera available as an option"  
  
Realisation then dawned on Casey that this wasn't a present for her at all. It was a better webcam for her pervert blackmailer to see her more clearly while she performed disgusting and degrading acts for him. She knew now that the incident last night wouldn't be the last. There was nothing she could do about it now though so she set up the software as instructed and texted back when she thought it was working.  
  
"That should be on now"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Yes I can see you. It's so much clearer. I want you to get right up close to the lens and then go lie on your bed again"  
  
Casey did as instructed.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Perfect. The auto focus is spot on and the resolution is crazy good. Ok, the rest of the day is yours until your studio appointment. You can switch the camera off now but be back here and turn it on again at 8:30. Enjoy your day off."  
  
Just as Casey expected, his message confirmed that she would indeed have to go through the degrading experience in front of the webcam again, and as soon as tonight, and now she would be in high definition to boot. Perhaps this time she could control herself better and not masturbate for him without being asked she wondered? She also wondered what was significant about 8:30. Perhaps he guessed what time she would be available after dinner but before she needed to go to sleep? Perhaps he had other stuff going on in the evenings and that was when he was available, or at least when he could make himself available? Perhaps it was a bit of all that. Who knew?  
  
Casey made use of the couple of hours available to her by spending more time on the couch in front of the TV. Daytime TV bored her though and she accidentally dozed off and woke to find it was 3:30 already.  
  
"Fuck!" she thought. She still had plenty of time but she had to move immediately. She quickly checked her hair. (God she looked good blonde) and got on her bike to commence the journey. Luckily she arrived 10 minutes early and used the spare time to try to calm herself down and prepare herself for the humiliation she knew was ahead of her. Casey felt she would rather stick a fork in her eye than get naked in front of someone again, especially someone with a camera. But between what the blackmailer had on Jolene and what he now had on her, she had little choice but to play along, at least until she could figure a way out of the horrible mess.  
  
Her heart was still racing in anticipation as she entered Mark's studio.  
  
"Oh wow. Is that really you Casey? You look beautiful. I told you you'd make a great blonde," said Gillian at the front desk. "Mark's ready for you now so I'll take you through straight away and do your makeup."  
  
Gillian led her around to the dressing room again.  
  
"Mark wants to do something a little different with you today so I'll get you to pop your clothes off now and you can wear one of these robes instead," she said handing the robe to her.  
  
Casey looked around for somewhere private to change.  
  
"You mean right here?" she asked.  
  
"Yes silly," Gillian replied. You're about to be naked in front of Mark and I for the next hour or so anyway. No need to be shy. Getting out of your regular clothes now just means no red marks from bra straps and so on."  
  
"Oh..."  
  
Casey felt awkward but stripped off as requested and put the robe on. She knew now there was definitely no way she would be doing anything other than posing nude today.  
  
Gillian finished Casey's makeup in much faster time today and soon was leading her out to the studio to find Mark.  
  
"Oh hi Casey. It's great to see you again. Wow! Don't you look gorgeous!"  
  
"Thanks Mark. It's great to see you too," lied Casey. Well it might not have been a lie if she wasn't about to be nude in front of him again.  
  
"Look we're going to use the bathroom set today. I have a lovely warm bubble bath for you already prepared. I'll get you to drop the robe and pop in to soak. Don't get your hair wet or ruin your makeup though."  
  
Casey knew this was coming already so she just gave a small sigh and did as instructed while Mark fiddled with his camera again. The tub was almost a spa it was so huge. As she got in and lowered herself into the bubbles she noticed jets on the sides so it could actually be used as a spa. It even had a seat embedded into it at the far corner. Off to one side of the set was a hand basin with a huge mirror, and on the other side was a shower. The tiles and fittings were all very posh. It would pass for a rich person's bathroom if it wasn't for the fact that it only had 3 walls, no ceiling and was completely open to the rest of the studio with big studio lights pointing in and overhead.  
  
"Ok, all ready?" asked Mark.  
  
Casey nodded her approval.  
  
"Ok, now look up at me and smile."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now pretend you're washing your arms and get some of that foam on them. Smile."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, just wipe some of it off your breasts so we can see them a bit better. Lovely. Smile again sweetheart."  
  
Click.  
  
Casey was very nervous and kept forgetting to smile.  
  
"Ok, now carefully roll over and stick your legs out like you're using a kickboard. Just arch your back a bit so your butt is visible. Oh Gillian would you mind?"  
  
Gillian put her video camera down and stepped forward to wipe some of the bubbles off Casey's butt.  
  
"That's great. Nice!"  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, that'll about do this scene. Casey, would you mind popping into the shower cubicle and using the handheld attachment to wash the bubbles off you now? Mind your hair."  
  
Gillian stepped forward again and held out her hand to help Casey out of the bath. Casey checked the temperature of the hand held shower until she felt it was right and then stepped in and washed the bubbles off. She was still finding it difficult to resist trying to cover herself constantly and she had the passing thought that she had already been naked in front of Mark and Gillian so it should be easier this time, but it was still every bit as horrible as the first time.  
  
"Ok nice," said Mark. "Now step back into the bath but don't get in this time. I'll get you to take a seat in that bit on the other side. Lovely. Now smile."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now we'll get you to shave. Gillian will bring you some lather and a shaving brush. Then just lather yourself up really well. Go crazy so there's heaps of lather on you."  
  
"What?" Casey thought with alarm. She didn't agree with this at all. This was going too far. Not her bush! She wasn't some slut who did that to herself. Plus she didn't want anyone seeing what she had going on down there. Surely Mark would want to see that even less than she wanted to show it?  
  
"Um... is this necessary?"  
  
"Is there a problem?" Mark asked her carefully, sensing her reluctance. "Your manager assured me that this wouldn't be an issue for you. It's even in your contract. So what do we do here Casey?"  
  
Casey sighed, realising there was no way she could get out of the situation. Her blackmailer had obviously already decided for her what she would and wouldn't do, and to refuse Mark was to defy him too and she knew that would have far worse consequences than going along with Mark's request.  
  
"No it's fine. I just wasn't expecting it today is all."  
  
"Well that was true," she thought to herself. The full reality though was that she wasn't expecting it at all. Ever.  
  
"Oh God this sucks," she inwardly groaned.  
  
"That's ok. I was just worried there'd been a misunderstanding for a moment there. Your manager told us you were literally up for anything at all. Is that not the case?"  
  
"No that's true," lied Casey. "I am up for anything, just like he said."  
  
So far Mark had been gentle with her and hadn't ask for anything too graphic so she hoped "anything" wouldn't be any worse than what she had already experienced with him. Still, she knew she had no choice now but to do whatever he asked no matter how uncomfortable she might be with it.  
  
Casey reluctantly accepted the soap, brush and a pink disposable razor on a saucer from Gillian and then set about applying a lather to her crotch. Gillian picked up the video camera again and came in closer.  
  
"I'm very glad and relieved to hear that," Mark continued. "Now I'll just get you to part your legs a little wider and you'll need to get the lather right down in there too."  
  
'Oh God. Could this get any worse?" Casey though to herself.  
  
"Perfect!"  
  
Click.  
  
"Look up at me and smile now."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, time to start shaving. Just hold the razor at the top there for a moment. That's it."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now shave a bit down from the top. Beautiful."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, um... this might take a while I think so I'll just step in for a few more shots from time to time as you make progress. In the meantime pretend we're not here ok?"  
  
"As if..." Casey thought as she continued her labour, which wasn't easy to begin with. Her pubic hair was very thick and it took dozens of swipes over each tiny bit before any bare skin shone through. Plus she had never shaved there before and wasn't confident with what she was doing. The added humiliation of strangers watching her depilating her most private area made it infinitely more awkward and difficult.  
  
"Hmm... Ok, this is a bit trickier than I thought," Mark said, noticing Casey's difficulty after nearly ten minutes has passed. "I'll do one more shot and then we might have to switch to Plan B."  
  
"Ok, look down at what you're doing and keep shaving."  
  
Click.  
  
"That'll do for now. Just wash the lather off in the bath and hop out for a moment and dry off."  
  
Casey didn't need to be told that twice. "They were quitting? Yay!" she thought to herself.  
  
She looked down as she rinsed off and noticed her bush was looking a bit tattered and sorry now but she suspected it would grow back quick enough.  
  
As she finished drying she noticed Mark and Gillian had vanished. Gillian returned presently holding electric clippers.  
  
"This will be easier if I do it for you I think," said Gillian. "Just hop up on the table over here and lay back."  
  
"Oh no!" thought Casey as she realised her bush was a goner after all. Soon she found herself spread naked and utterly humiliated in front of a fully clothed woman buzzing her pubes off with electric clippers.  
  
Gillian then fetched the shaving equipment from the bathroom set and applied a lather to Casey's mound. Soon Casey could feel the razor doing its work.  
  
"Ok I'll need you to spread really wide for this next bit"  
  
Casey spread and then felt Gillian's fingers pushing her bits this way and that and the razor scraping away at her labia and around her clit.  
  
Her labia! Casey suddenly realised with horror that they would now be visible. Her impulse was to slap Gillian's hands away and slam her legs together but instead she gritted her teeth and bore on.  
  
"Now I'll get you to roll over and get on your hands and knees like doggy style."  
  
"What now?" Casey wondered with some alarm.  
  
She would find out soon enough as Gillian began lathering around her anus and the lower part of her pussy. Then she shaved those too! Could this get any more humiliating?  
  
"Ok, all done. I'll just give you some moisturiser and give it a few minutes to sink in. Then we can do the rest of the shoot."  
  
Gillian handed her a bottle of lotion which Casey used to smear around her genitals and backside where she had just been shaved.  
  
"Mark, we're just about ready again," Gillian called out.  
  
Casey stood up and looked down at her crotch. What she saw freaked her out. She was completely bare and smooth, not a hair left anywhere. She had never felt more exposed, but worse still even from this angle she could see her embarrassing protruding labia.  
  
"Oh God, Mark was about to see them too!" she realised with mounting terror. "Oh GOD! Everyone from now on who filmed her on a mission would see them! She'd be a freak!"  
  
It felt so breezy and cold too. This would take some getting used to. She hoped it would grow back fast.  
  
"Oh, all done?" asked Mark. "Well, doesn't that look nice? Casey, you really are stunning. Ok, I'll just get you to pop back where we left off in the bath, reapply some lather and I'll get a few shots of you pretending to finish the job."  
  
She followed Mark's directions and reapplied some lather to her pubic area and picked up the razor.  
  
Click.  
  
"Just spread a little wider for me Casey. A little more. That's it."  
  
Click.  
  
"Lovely, now splash some bath water onto yourself to rinse off. There's a little more soap just there. That's it. Now look at me. Smile..."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, stand up in the bath and look down at yourself. Perfect."  
  
Click.  
  
"Keep looking down and put both hands on the sides of your pussy. A little further apart. That's it."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now hands to your sides and look up and smile at me."  
  
Click.  
  
"Hold it there and I'll come in for a few close-ups"  
  
Click.  
  
Click.  
  
"OK, that's beautiful. Let's get you dried off and we'll move to the lounge set."  
  
After she had dried off, Mark led the naked girl to a set which did indeed look just like a lounge room. He gestured to a large overly padded lounge chair for Casey to take a seat as he checked a few settings on his camera. Casey noticed the set had no sides and opened out into the main studio area which was a huge warehouse. The lights were particularly bright here too and it took Casey a moment for her eyes to adjust. The combination made Casey feel more conspicuous and more naked than usual, especially with her newly denuded pussy.  
  
"Would this never end?" she wondered. She just wanted her clothes back on and fast forward to being back living a normal life at home and finishing her diploma months from now with her bush grown back and the blackmail over, pretending none of this had ever happened. Mind you she would probably need psychiatric help by then she thought.  
  
"Hmm... Gillian can we get some heels for Casey please?" Marked asked.  
  
Gillian exited and returned with some white shoes with the most enormously high heels Casey had ever seen.  
  
"These look about your size," she said as she handed them to Casey.  
  
Casey put them on and did up the straps. She had never worn shoes with heels so high before and hoped she'd be able to balance if she had to stand up.  
  
"Ok. Just sit right at the front of the chair and lay back please Casey. Get super comfy. That's it."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now I'll get you to open your legs up wide. Perfect."  
  
Click.  
  
Casey was feeling extremely self-conscious about her dangly labia being on display but Mark didn't seem to notice them at all. With her legs spread so far apart and laying back like this there would be no denying them. Maybe he was just being polite? Casey half suspected he would call off the shoot and send her away once he saw how hideous she was down there.  
  
"Oh God. This is so humiliating," she thought.

"A little wider now."  
  
Casey thought she was already as wide as she could go but she gave it everything until it felt like she was about to split.  
  
"Perfect"  
  
Click.  
  
"That's great. Now sit up again and I'll get you to put your hands on the arms of the chair and lift yourself up and support your weight on them. You got it. Legs a bit further apart. Yes!"  
  
Click.  
  
"Now bring your legs up and put one over each side of the chair. Yes, it's a big spread. Can you manage ok? There we go. Just hold that there a moment longer."  
  
The ridiculous shoes made it super awkward but Casey managed to get into the position Mark wanted. She was suddenly glad she was athletic. This wasn't physically easy at all and the effort of it almost took her mind off how humiliating it was to display herself so openly like this.  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok now hop down and face the other way. Yes, knees on the chair and put your hands on the back. Arch your back a little. No the other way so your butt sticks out. That's it. Now look over your shoulder at me and give me a cheeky smile..."  
  
Click.  
  
"Legs a little further apart now. Super."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now I want you to reach behind with one hand and just spread your pussy lips apart a little with two fingers."  
  
"Oh God!" Casey thought.  
  
"That's it"  
  
Click.  
  
"Now just focus on one pussy lip and pull it to one side. Sweet!"  
  
Click.  
  
Casey could feel herself getting wet. "Oh God, not here!" she told herself trying to tame her arousal.  
  
Mark must have noticed or sensed it as well.  
  
"Ok, just take a seat Casey and we'll take a moment to catch our breaths. You're doing really well girl. Still my favourite model I've worked with this year."  
  
"Um... Gillian, could we have a tissue or something please?"  
  
Gillian produced a box of tissues from behind her and handed them to Casey. Casey was puzzled for a moment until Gillian nodded between her legs. She looked down and saw that she had been much wetter than she thought and there was a wet patch on the chair between her legs. Oh God! She quickly stood up and wiped it down with one of the tissues.  
  
"You might want to give yourself a wipe there too sweetie," said Gillian gesturing to Casey's crotch.  
  
Casey looked down and saw that the wetness had seeped part way down her legs. Mortified, she looked around for somewhere she might get a little privacy to clean herself up and then realised how ridiculous that thought was after everything she'd done here already today in front of these two.  
  
"Don't worry. It happens a lot. It's nothing to be ashamed of," Gillian assured.  
  
She wiped herself down, feeling even more humiliated.  
  
"This was like being watched going to the toilet," she thought to herself.  
  
"Ok, all good to go?" Mark asked. "We're slightly over time but I'll just get a few more shots. This has been one of the best shoots I've done in ages and there's a couple more poses and angles I want. Casey I'll get you to stand up now. Legs a little closer."  
  
Casey wobbled to her feet and found a position where she didn't feel at risk of breaking an ankle in the crazy shoes.  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, let's ty a squat position. Gillian, we might need a little help here?"  
  
Gillian held Casey's arm for support as she got down onto her haunches.  
  
"That's it Casey," she said "Now just put your knees out as wide as they'll go. Back nice and straight. That's it. Got your balance ok? Ok."  
  
Gillian stepped back out of shot but stayed at the ready to catch Casey in case she lost balance. Casey felt she was fine in the balance department but wasn't so sure of her feelings in the dignity department.  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, can you put your hands behind your neck Casey?" Mark asked. "Got your balance ok? Beautiful."  
  
Click.  
  
"Right, you can put your arms down again now Casey. Now I'll get you to put your hands on your legs right up close to your groin at either side of your pussy. That's perfect."  
  
Click.  
  
"And just a few close-ups"  
  
Mark moved in about a foot away from Casey's crotch.  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, lovely. You can stand up again now."  
  
Gillian quickly stepped over to help Casey to her feet.  
  
"Just a couple more. Now if you'll turn around and look back at me. Cheeky smile..."  
  
Click.  
  
"Wonderful. Now, keeping your legs nice and straight, bend over and put your hands on the chair. Good."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now, legs wide apart. Lovely. Look back at me. Smile."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now kneel back on the chair and put your hands on the back. Great. Now arch your back and tilt your head back and look at the ceiling. Sweet"  
  
Click.  
  
"Put your knees apart as wide as you can. Keep arching your back and looking up. Awesome."  
  
Click.  
  
"Hold that there a bit longer. I'll just get a few close-ups."  
  
Click.  
  
Click.  
  
"OK, I think that'll about do us for the day. That's a wrap as they say. Thank you so much Casey. You've been truly wonderful to work with today. Thank you too Gillian for your help."  
  
"Yes, thank you Gillian," Casey added politely, trying to act like she had wanted to be there and didn't loathe the experience in its entirety. "Thank you too Mark."  
  
"Pleasure," Mark replied.  
  
Casey sat back in the lounge chair to undo the shoes and take them off. She handed them back to Gillian and then momentarily forgot where she had undressed and left her clothes. Gillian must have sensed her confusion and gestured towards the dressing room. Oh that's right. Casey padded naked across the huge warehouse and soon found her clothes and hurriedly dressed again, more eagerly than usual due to the humiliation she felt about her newly shaved vulva.  
  
"Dammit, no undies," she remembered.  
  
Now she would have to cycle home without even pubic hair to cover her shame if her skirt blew up. She quickly washed most of the makeup off her face and headed out to her bike.  
  
It was a little later than usual but Casey still had plenty of time to make it home. Both her parents would be home by now though. With a momentary start she remembered she was blonde now and would need an explanation about it for her parents, but then realised her late arrival was the perfect excuse anyway. Obviously she had gone to the salon after class today.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Upskirt"  
  
"Really? Here?" thought Casey. She looked around and noticed an alley between two shops nearby. That would have to do. She ducked in behind a dumpster, looked around, quickly parted her legs and took the shot.  
  
Ding.  
  
"That's a big improvement. It stays that way from now on. Shave it every morning. If I see stubble, there will be trouble. See you at 8:30"  
  
"Stays that way?" thought Casey with horror. She wanted to scream. She had hoped this would be a once only thing and she could start growing it back ASAP. She wasn't sure if she looked like a total slut now or a child, and she loathed that her dreadful dangly labia were now fully visible.  
  
Casey mounted her bike and commenced the ride home.  
  
Her parents were home already, just as she expected, but she had her excuse already prepared.  
  
"Wow Casey! Is that where you've been?" asked her mum.  
  
"Yes Mum. Do you like it?" Casey responded as she modelled her hair.  
  
"Well, it's different. It might take me a while to adjust to it but I think it looks very nice. You look less of a tomboy now. I think my little girl is growing up."  
  
Her father was equally supportive as they sat down around the table at dinner.  
  
"Your mother and I will be away this weekend," her father suddenly announced as they were half way through. "Apparently we were randomly selected in some marketing campaign and won free accommodation for two nights at the Partytown Casino. I was a bit suss at first so I called the casino to check and it actually seems to be legit. All booked and paid for in our names for tomorrow and Saturday nights. It's a 4 hour drive so we've decided to leave straight after work tomorrow. We should be back late Sunday for dinner again. You'll be ok to look after yourself for the weekend?"  
  
"Wow, that's amazing Dad. I hope you have an awesome time. Yeah, I'll be fine on my own here no problems," replied Casey.  
  
"There's plenty of food in the fridge," said her mum. "There's frozen pizzas and pies. Lots of party type food if you get hungry."  
  
"Thanks Mum. I know I'll be fine."  
  
"There's plenty there if you want to have some friends over one night too."  
  
"I might just do that Mum," Casey responded, knowing that was fairly unlikely.  
  
Casey glanced at the clock on the wall. It was only 7:30. Still an hour until her dreaded appointment with the web cam. She excused herself and filled in some time working on an assignment in her room. It wasn't due for weeks yet but she had no other study to catch up on after having the day off that day.  
  
She looked at the new camera and reflected on the day's events. It had seemed like such a nice gift at first until she realised what its purpose was. She now realised the salon visit had the same veiled reason. It wasn't so much for her as it was to make her look better for someone else, who she didn't even know. And that awful photoshoot where she had to shave herself in front of Mark and Gillian, and then allow Gillian to finishing shaving her, even around her bum hole! And then all the degrading poses afterwards to top off the humiliation. And she had to do it all smiling and pretending that she wanted to do it. It was such an outrage. Casey was starting to feel like she was losing control of her life. She could only hope that somehow the blackmailer would lose interest in her eventually or he got caught by the police and taken to jail. Even better, hit by a bus! Casey felt that she would quite happily drive that very bus at this point.  
  
Ding.  
  
"8:30 already. Crap!" Casey cursed to herself as she realised she had lost track of time and hadn't turned the camera on yet. She wondered what the consequences would be.  
  
"Time to test out the new cam honey"  
  
She quickly turned it on and felt some relief that he didn't seem to be angry with her.  
  
"Best not push it though," she decided.  
  
"Got it. Tonight I want you to strip off straight away. You're going to be showing off your new pussy for me and I want you completely nude to do it. Use both hands to feel how smooth it is and smile for me and tell me you're proud of it"  
  
"Eww!" Casey thought.  
  
She was totally revolted at the idea of pretending to be proud of it but would do as she was asked. She knew only too well what the consequences would be if she didn't. She didn't know yet if anything had come of the picture he said he had sent to 10 people yesterday. Hopefully nothing but she didn't know for sure. Maybe she would be a laughing stock tomorrow? She didn't think that likely though. Her face wasn't in it and only Amelia had seen her pussy before and even then it wouldn't be enough evidence to know it was hers. She couldn't take the risk that he would send another picture out which might include her face next time though so she best be on her best behaviour tonight. He certainly had plenty of those pictures to choose from now.  
  
She stroked her pussy with both hands and smiled at the camera in what she thought was a proud way. Inside she was dying though. It was so humiliating for her to show it to him. Even more so pretending that she liked it shaved. She hated it, and she hated that her protruding pussy lips were now out in the open for him to see.  
  
"Look at my pussy," she said in what she hoped was a sexy way. "Do you like it all shaved? I do. It feels amazing. Do you like it too?"  
  
Ding.  
  
Casey picked up her phone.  
  
"Come right up close to the camera for a close-up and continue what you're doing"  
  
"Oh God!" she thought, but she did it without thinking about it. Her blackmailer had all the control now and her only choice was to do what he wanted. She realised he would be getting a very graphic view of her vagina right now probably taking up the whole screen. She tried not to think about it.  
  
"Do you want a closer look?" she said continuing with her best sexy voice as she approached the camera and continued stroking herself.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Get one of those dangly bits with your thumb and forefinger in each hand and stretch them down and apart. Keep doing that for a while"  
  
Casey nearly died inside at that. She hated that he could even see them and now he wanted her to make a spectacle of them? Her face suddenly felt very hot. The humiliation was killing her, but knowing she had little choice she just did it without hesitation.  
  
After a couple of minutes of stretching her labia for him she realised she was starting to get very wet. She looked down and could see drips on the floor.  
  
"Oh God!" she thought. "Am I actually getting off on this?"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Lay back on the bed now with your legs as wide apart as you can go the same as last night and continue touching yourself"  
  
She was determined to stay in control and only do as much as he asked of her and no more this time, but to her great shame her primal urges took over and her fingers were soon plunging into her vagina, and she again bought herself to orgasm for the camera. And, just like last night, she had done it without even being asked.  
  
Ding.  
  
"That will do now. If you can keep your hands to yourself for a few minutes we have some things to discuss"  
  
"Oh God, he thinks I'm a slut and he's probably right," Casey thought with dismay, and then wondered if he was about to reveal the purpose behind everything he'd been making her do.  
  
Ding.  
  
I know you'll have the house to yourself on the weekend. Let's have some fun"  
  
"Oh God!" Casey thought. "He knows about that? How? Oh crap! What is he going to make me do now?"  
  
She was about to find out.  
  
Ding.  
  
"First of all you're going to spend the whole weekend naked starting from when you get home from campus tomorrow. I'll be asking for full nude selfies instead of just upskirts at random times"  
  
She shuddered at the thought and then suddenly remembered her date with Greg.  
  
"I have a date tomorrow night. Can we possibly postpone it until Saturday?"  
  
Ding.  
  
"What sort of date?"  
  
"A boy I met wants to take me for a burger"  
  
It was a few minutes before he replied.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Your naked weekend now starts at 8:30. Be in front of your camera by then"  
  
Ding.  
  
"On Saturday you're going on a naked shopping trip. Your mission tomorrow is to find someone with a car to take you to a supermarket in Megaville. I will send you the address and a shopping list"  
  
She was to be naked in a supermarket on a Saturday? Surely he couldn't be serious? There would be people everywhere! She would be arrested for sure even if she didn't pass out from the humiliation of actually trying to do that. Her heart was racing just thinking about it. She texted back:  
  
"I'll be arrested!"  
  
Ding.  
  
"There will be a fake registered nudist tattoo for you in your mail box tomorrow along with your shopping list"  
  
She realised with horror that he was serious. He had a whole plan thought out. Was this going too far though? Could she actually do it and get away with it? The pragmatic part of her started rationalising that if she was going to do it, exactly how risky would it be? Megaville was an hour's drive away so she would be very unlikely to bump into anyone she knew, and with the fake tattoo she should pass scrutiny by any lazy security guards or passing cops... She wondered who could drive her though. She had passed her drivers' test but had no need of a car and no money for one anyway so had never got much further than that, apart from occasionally borrowing her mum's car to run an errand for her. Maybe Greg? Telling him what she was going to do and asking him to drive her there would be beyond mortifying she realised, but at least her nudist excuse was already out in the open with him...  
  
Ding.  
  
"You'll be nude for your driver when they arrive. Do not take any clothes with you and ask them to film everything on your phone. Send it to me after"  
  
Ding.  
  
"On Sunday I want you to invite at least 3 people over for lunch. Set the camera up where I can see"  
  
"Oh fuck!" Casey thought. That would mean explaining her nudist experiment to 3 people she knew, and then exposing herself to them with her newly shaved pussy as well. She realised with horror that everyone would see it like that now with her dreadful pussy lips on display, and she would have to pretend she was cool with it all. Strangers were one thing but being nude in front of people she knew and having them see her embarrassing genitals was completely another. No boy had ever even seen her naked before, let alone seen that much detail. Casey's cheeks reddened at the thought. She guessed Amelia and Greg would have to be two. She didn't know many other people and they already knew about her "nudist experiment" so she would just have to find one more, assuming Amelia and Greg didn't have other plans already. She gulped and hoped not.  
  
Ding.  
  
"You have tomorrow to get everything organised. There will be no other missions until tomorrow night's webcam meeting. Remember you have to stay nude from 8:30pm tomorrow until after your guests leave on Sunday. Don't disappoint me!"  
  
Casey's mind was spinning as she turned off the camera and computer then dressed for bed and brushed her teeth. She tossed and turned and panicked, but then she started to break it down pragmatically again and started thinking about how she was going to do it, assuming she had no choice anyway. Greg already knew of her nudist aspirations (fake as they were). She just had to get him to drop her back here Friday night before 8:30 somehow. Hopefully the timing would work out naturally. Then the shopping trip, while completely terrifying to even contemplate, would be in keeping with her experimenting with becoming a nudist. Amelia should be on board for Sunday. She just hoped both her and Greg would be available. She just needed one more guest to fulfil that mission. She wasn't sure who yet but it would mean explaining the whole nudist thing to them and hoping they didn't freak out. Maybe a boy would be easier to persuade knowing they'd have a nude girl to look at? The same thing might act as a deterrent in asking a girl to come... Then there was the reality of actually going through with all of it. Was it actually mentally possible for her to wander around a supermarket totally naked in public? Could she really expose herself in front of Greg and her friends?  
  
She knew the consequences of not following through would be far more humiliating though, so the main thing, and the only thing she could control was in the planning and preparation, so best focus on that.  
  
Satisfied with her plan so far she gradually dozed off.

**Casey's Fall Ch. 05**

Casey awoke and immediately remembered the dreadful things she had to organise that day in order to fulfil her weekend missions. Somehow she had to mentally cope with asking people for help to plan things that would mean being nude in front of them, including a new boyfriend and they hadn't even had their first date yet. What would he think of her shaved pussy and protruding labia? What if he gagged and ran away? She wasn't sure how to ask Greg if he would do it yet, or even if he would be available. They barely knew each other but at least her secret was out in the open already with him and she knew he was ok with it. More than ok really. That was way better than having to explain all this to someone else. It suddenly occurred to her that her story might make more sense to him if she just told him she was planning to spend the whole weekend naked as part of her nudist experiment so it all ties together. Yes, that's what she would do.  
  
The hardest part she knew would come after she managed to get all of this organised though. She would then have to follow through with it and parade herself naked in front of her friends for extended periods of time over the weekend, not to mention hundreds of strangers in a supermarket. Could she even do that without passing out from the humiliation?  
  
"When the time comes just remember to act normal and show people you're not ashamed Casey. Keep smiling, don't cower and don't try to cover anything, and just pretend your hideous pussy lips don't exist. You can do it!" she reassured herself.  
  
She'd need to explain things to Amelia too to make sure she could come over on Sunday to see her naked. It sounded so awful putting it like that. She'd have to come up with a better way to ask her than that. Although she wasn't exactly sure yet what she was going to say that might make it sound normal enough not to freak her out or gross her out. She supposed her best chance would be if she acted excited and enthusiastic about it, even though she most definitely was not excited or enthusiastic about it.  
  
Once she pulled that off (assuming that she did pull it off) she still had to find one more person and convince them of the same. Well she hoped it would be just one more. If neither Amelia nor Greg could come, or if they refused, then she might have to find three more, including someone with a car who could drive her to the dreadful mission on Saturday, and if they would also be willing to record her naked shopping mission. Who else did she know with a car? The only person who sprang to mind was Cassandra, and asking her was just too awful to contemplate let alone being naked in front of her, or having her record her mission. She would never hear the end of it, assuming Cassandra accepted and didn't just refuse and then tell the whole campus what she had asked. Knowing Cassandra that would be exactly what she would do.  
  
She scratched at her pussy involuntarily, suddenly realising it was very itchy. She reached into her pyjamas and sure enough it was stubbly. Her bush was starting to grow back already, but sadly she knew she wasn't allowed to let that happen. She lowered her pyjama bottoms and looked at herself in the mirror. There was a dark shadow covering her pubic area and some tiny red dots here and there.  
  
She normally showered in the locker room on campus after her morning run but she guessed she would have to start doing it at home now. There was no way she was going to risk being seen shaving herself in a public bathroom, or risk anyone seeing her bare mons while she was showering for that matter. She almost laughed at that thought. Plenty of people were going to have seen it after the weekend and she was sure there would be plenty more to come the way things were going.  
  
"Still, if it keeps Jolene out of jail and those pictures he has of me going public it's worth it," she thought.  
  
The missions he had given her were dreadfully humiliating but hopefully the evidence of them was at least contained to him and the few people she had to involve. He definitely had her over a barrel now for sure and she had little choice but to go along with everything he wanted for now. She hoped one day he would tire of her and she could get her normal life back with pubes and underpants and no awful pictures of her floating around.  
  
With a sigh she headed to the shower and grabbed a can of her father's shaving cream to take in with her. After washing everywhere and letting the room steam up, she carefully applied the foam and began shaving the stubbly area. It required several passes to get rid of the stubbly feeling under her fingertips but at last she was satisfied. She then did the same around her back passage as best she could, then rinsed off and turned off the shower. The mirror had fogged up and she had to wipe it with her hand to check the results of her work. With a reluctant sigh of relief she saw that the shadow was gone, and while there were still a few red bumps, she should pass muster when the inevitable upskirt requests started coming.  
  
She towel-dried her hair and was momentarily shocked but pleasantly surprised by the pretty blonde girl staring back at her in the mirror. Yes, blonde was her colour now she decided.  
  
Her mother was in the kitchen busy getting ready for work so the conversation didn't extend beyond saying good morning to each other and asking how they slept. Casey said farewell and then grabbed her bag and bike and departed. She was a little later than usual but in no mood for running today anyway.  
  
Amelia was already in the locker room by the time Casey entered.  
  
"Wow Casey! Look at you!" she said with excitement on seeing Casey's new hair. "I was wondering where you were yesterday. It looks like you treated yourself to a stress day with some pampering?"  
  
"Yes! Do you like it?" Casey asked.  
  
"It's gorgeous!" Amelia replied. "Blonde totally suits you. You'll be beating the boys off with a stick."  
  
"Oh, I didn't tell you. I got a date tonight!" Casey said with a little happy dance and a smile.  
  
"Really? Who is he?"  
  
"His name's Greg. I think he plays football and drives one of those old muscle cars. I'm not sure what it is. It's red and has a gold emblem of some sort covering the bonnet."  
  
"That sounds like an old Trans Am. Yes I think I know who you mean. Ooh, so where are you going?"  
  
"We haven't decided yet. We were just going to grab a burger or something. Nothing formal."  
  
"Has he seen your new blonde look yet?  
  
"No, you're the first so far, apart from Mum and Dad," Casey replied.  
  
Casey suddenly had an idea about how to ask Amelia over for the Sunday luncheon. Just as she planned to do with Greg, Casey would also tell her about her plan to be naked for the whole weekend since her parents would be away, and also tell her what she was planning to do on Saturday with Greg. That way she could say she was experimenting with what it would be like to be nude amongst a crowd of strangers and then with a small group of friends to see how she felt in both situations. It was still loony but Casey thought there was definitely an element of plausibility there that she might just be able to convince Amelia with if she gave it plenty of enthusiasm.  
  
There was no one else in the locker room yet. "Here goes everything," she thought as she took a deep breath, scarcely able to believe what she was about to say to Amelia.  
  
"Amelia, my deepest and most enduring of all friends..."  
  
"Yes...?" Amelia replied, knowing Casey was buttering her up for to ask something from her.  
  
"Are you doing anything on Sunday?"  
  
"No, not at this stage. What did you have in mind?"  
  
Casey inwardly breathed a sigh of relief to hear that.  
  
"Well, you know how the other day you helped me with my nudist experiment..."  
  
"Yes... I haven't forgotten about that yet Casey..."  
  
"Well I want to take it a step further. My parents are going away for the weekend so I thought I'd see what it would feel like to be nude for an extended period of time and try to stay nude for the whole weekend, and also try to do a few things I would have to do if I actually was a nudist."  
  
"You're a braver woman than I am Casey Reine but how can I help? What are you planning to do?"  
  
"Ok, I want to try being nude amongst a bunch of strangers and then try the same thing with a small group of friends and see how I feel in both situations. On Sunday I want to have you and maybe two other people for lunch while I stay nude. Would you be ok with that?"  
  
"I think I can manage that, but I won't hold you to staying nude if you don't feel comfortable at the time. I gotta ask though. What's with this fascination with being nude? Is it a sex thing for you?"  
  
"No, not a sex thing at all," Casey replied, trying to think of something fast. "I was just Googling around one day and read some stuff about it and it intrigued me. I wondered what it would actually feel like to be so exposed like that and if it would be a freeing experience or something else."  
  
"Oh ok sure. I've never really thought much about it myself to tell the truth, and I know I wouldn't feel comfortable with it at all, but you do you girl. Tell me, if you did decide to register one day would you move to one of those nudist towns or would you want to stay right here where you'd probably be the only nudist between here and Megaville."  
  
"Um... I hadn't really considered that but I guess I've been thinking about it in the context of living the same life I have now, just nude. I'm not sure if I'd ever actually do it though. It's a lifetime commitment after all, so it's just an experiment for the moment. But yes, I think I kind of like the idea of staying around the people I love," Casey replied, thinking that might make her sound a little sentimental and grounded, and hopefully a little less crazy to Amelia.  
  
"Oh ok, and what were you planning to do on Saturday? Can I help you with that as well?"  
  
"Well, it's a big one and I'm kind of scared about it..." Casey responded, thinking "kind of scared" was the understatement of the century. "But I want to go shopping in the nude. I'm thinking I'll go over to one of the supermarkets in Megaville."  
  
"What the actual fuck Casey! Have you lost your mind? No. As your friend I have to step in here and tell you not to do it. Just no. Something like that can't be undone again. If someone finds out, the gossip will spread like wildfire and you'll never live it down."  
  
"Well I figure let 'em talk," Casey responded. If their lives are so small that's all they can think to talk about then they should go for it. Small things amuse small minds."  
  
Other girls had started to fill the locker room so they lowered their voices.  
  
"But won't you be arrested if a cop sees you?" Amelia whispered.  
  
"Well I'm going to wear a fake registered nudist tattoo which should let me pass for a real one if anyone does stop me," Casey replied, tracing the shape of a crescent on her wrist to demonstrate where it would go.  
  
"Sheesh, ok then. Well I guess it's your life. How will you be getting over to Megaville?"  
  
"I was gonna ask Greg to drive me. Long story short, we've been talking and I told him about my little experiment so he already knows that much. I just haven't told him about my plans for the weekend yet. I only found out last night that my folks were going to be away. If he's available I'll also ask him to be there on Sunday. I just wanna find at least one more person for that. I don't know who yet..."  
  
"Well I'd offer to come with you on Saturday but I don't think I can handle seeing you do that to yourself. Are you really sure you wanna do that Casey? Like really, really sure? It sounds like something that could so easily go very, very badly."  
  
"Yes, I'm positive about it. I've been thinking about it for ages and the opportunity just presented itself with my folks going away. They don't go away very often so it's now or never."  
  
"Well I'd choose never if it were up to me, but as I said, it's your life."  
  
"Thanks Amelia. You're a true friend. I'll probably see you at morning tea or lunch, but if I don't, see you Sunday."  
  
"Sure thing Casey. No worries. What time should I come?"  
  
"Oh, let's say 11:30 to 12:00? Does that work for you? I should have plenty of food and drinks so you won't need to bring anything. It's nothing formal. Just an impromptu gathering. Maybe we could make it a regular thing? Well without me being nude," Casey smiled.  
  
Well she hoped she'd never have to be nude around Amelia again she thought to herself, but then she didn't really know where her blackmailer was leading her or when he'd go away.  
  
"That sounds nice. Ok see you then at your place if I don't see you before. And remember I won't think less of you if you decide not to go through with it," Amelia said in parting.  
  
"Thanks Amelia. I'll definitely keep that in mind."  
  
"If I actually had a choice about it," Casey added to herself.  
  
Ok, one down two to go.  
  
She was only about thirty minutes into class when she got her first upskirt request.  
  
Vibrate.  
  
"Upskirt time"  
  
This one was easy to pull off. Everyone's attention was focussed elsewhere so she just had to quickly part her legs, put the phone into place between them and take the shot before texting it back. It wasn't dignified by any means but it was efficient.  
  
Vibrate.  
  
'What now?' Casey thought.  
  
"You look so much better shaved"  
  
"Ugh. Is he blind?" Casey wondered. She would be mortified enough if she was normal down there but knowing someone could now see the ugly mess she'd been cursed with was beyond bearable. Still she knew she had little choice but to bear it for now.  
  
Morning tea came. Casey looked everywhere for Greg but couldn't find him. She suddenly worried he wasn't on campus today. They didn't have a class together today so she couldn't catch up with him there but she had his number so she decided to send him a text.  
  
"Are you here today? I'd like to see you at lunchtime"  
  
It took a few minutes before he replied and it happened just as she was entering her next class.  
  
"Sure. Meet you in the cafeteria"  
  
Casey gave a silent prayer of thanks. Now she just had to hope he'd be open to what she had to say and wasn't busy when she needed him for her horrible missions. She also made a mental note to always double check who she was sending an upskirt picture to now. She would have to drown herself if she accidentally sent one to Greg.  
  
She was on her way to her locker to get her books for her next class when she passed by a noticeboard. To her horror there was a printout of one of her upskirt pictures pinned to it, obviously taken before she had shaved. Someone had written in sharpie across it "Have you seen this minge?"  
  
"OMG! He did send that picture out on Wednesday and some asshole has pinned it here!" she said to herself with alarm.  
  
She quickly looked around and then ripped it off the noticeboard, tore it into tiny bits and put it in a bin. She then couldn't stop wondering who had pinned it there and how many people had seen it. It was a far from comforting thought.  
  
The next class passed without any more word from the blackmailer and soon it was lunchtime and she set off to find Greg. She found him waiting for her at the door. They got their food and Casey chose a table away from the main crowd where she thought they might get some privacy.  
  
"Wow! I love your new hair. It really suits you. I'm looking forward to tonight. Are we still on?" Greg asked.  
  
"Thanks. Yes, I'm looking forward to it as well," she answered without lying. She was indeed looking forward to it. It was what she was about to ask him about the day after that filled her with dread.  
  
"Listen, there's something I want to discuss with you," she continued. "You know how I told you I've been thinking about becoming a nudist?"  
  
"How could I forget about that?" he replied with cheeky grin while waggling his eyebrows.  
  
"Well my folks are going away for the weekend and I thought I'd take the opportunity to try spending the whole weekend in the nude to see what it feels like wearing no clothes for a fairly long period of time..."  
  
Greg leaned forward with big eyes.  
  
"Are you taking visitors?"  
  
"Yes, but I'll get to that in a moment," Casey replied with a laugh.  
  
"Well he's more than open to the idea at least, if not a little too enthusiastic maybe..." she added to herself.  
  
"I also want to try some real world situations I would face if I did become a registered nudist one day."  
  
"Like what sort of situations?" Greg asked.  
  
"Well, I want to feel like what it would be like to be amongst of bunch of strangers if I was the only one nude, and then I want to try the same thing with a small group of friends to see if it feels any different."  
  
"Do go on," prompted Greg with mounting interest.  
  
"Ok, on Saturday I want to go over to Megaville and do some shopping in a supermarket and I want leave my clothes at home so I don't chicken out when I get there. I shouldn't bump into anyone I know so my reputation should stay safe, and I've got a fake registered nudist tattoo organised so I shouldn't attract any unwarranted attention from any security guards or police. The problem is I don't have a car to get there..."  
  
"Are you serious?" Greg asked grinning from ear to ear.  
  
"Yes, very serious," replied Casey replied with a smirk she hoped would look flirty.  
  
"And you need a ride?"  
  
"Yes I do. I don't suppose...?"  
  
"You want me to take you? Sure thing! Absolutely! Yes! What time do you want to do it?"  
  
"I dunno. What time are you available?"  
  
"Well I have a game in the afternoon. That doesn't start until 2:00 but I can't be late. Any time in the morning would work for me as long as we leave there by 12:00 I guess," Greg responded, scarcely believing this was real and not a wind-up by his buddies. He looked around to see if any were watching nearby.  
  
"That sounds perfect!" said Casey. "We can get an early start if you like and then just stay long enough to get the items on my list."  
  
"Ok super! This sounds fucking awesome if you don't mind me saying. You got game girl!"  
  
"Thanks," Casey laughed. Inwardly though she was completely mortified that it now looked like it was actually going to happen. "Oh, and one more thing. I want to get something I can look back on to remember everything and see people's reactions and so on. Would I be able to give you my phone to record me?"  
  
"Twist my arm. I would so hate doing that..." Greg said with a smile and more than a little sarcasm. "Consider it done."  
  
"And... one other thing," Casey began to add. "On Sunday I'll be doing the 'small group of friends' part at my house at lunch time. Would you also be available for that?"  
  
"Yeah sure, I can definitely be there then for sure. I had something else on but I can blow that off no worries."  
  
"That's great. Thank you so much Greg."  
  
"Wow! I'm really looking forward to this Casey. You're turning out to be a really amazing girl and I barely know you yet. I'm really looking forward to spending time with you this weekend, even if you decide to back out and wear clothes."  
  
"I won't back out," she laughed, knowing full well that she couldn't.  
  
"Oh..." Greg began. "I better get your address. What time do you want me to come get you tonight?"  
  
"Oh right. I'll text it to you," she said and a moment later Greg's phone dinged.  
  
"Well if it's for dinner I like to eat early if I can," Casey continued, knowing she had to get him to drop her off back to her house before 8:30.  
  
"I don't mind eating early. Would 6pm be ok?"  
  
"Sure, sounds perfect," replied Casey. She was pleased it was all coming together so well, although not so pleased with the reasons she was making these plans.  
  
They continued with some social banter for a while when Casey realised she still needed a third person for Sunday. She checked the clock on the cafeteria's wall and then turned white as she realised she only had minutes to get to class. She'd been enjoying Greg's company too much and the conversation with him had taken longer than she expected so she was now out of time. What was she going to do now?

As she bid Greg adieu her mind was racing wondering who she was going to ask and when, not to mention how. Her mouth was dry from having to explain it twice today already and she had a head-start with those two. Someone new would need to be brought up to speed with the whole experimental nudist thing and their reaction to that tested before she would be able to introduce the mission part that she needed them for. Oh well, she still had Saturday afternoon to find someone. Maybe Greg had a friend or sibling he could bring along? If all else failed she could ask Amelia. She was bound to know someone who could be discreet. Maybe she would text her on Saturday when she got back from the shopping mission and ask her then? She went into class feeling reasonably assured it would be ok but still worried, and she had enough to worry about already.  
  
About 10 minutes into class, you-know-who texted again.  
  
Vibrate.  
  
"Upskirt time"  
  
The teacher was talking out the front and everyone was watching him so she had no trouble getting the deed done in her usual manner. She even remembered to double check the sender before texting the reply.  
  
Vibrate.  
  
"You have 5 o'clock shadow. Not good"  
  
Casey damned her dark pubic hair and fair skin, but did he seriously expect her to re-shave it multiple times a day, and while on campus? She realised she would have to shave again before the webcam meeting now at least. It would probably be best to take care of it while she was getting ready for her date in case she was too late getting back after, and definitely tomorrow morning before Greg saw her naked. If she couldn't have a bush it was better to be completely smooth than let him see her all stubbly she figured.  
  
The rest of the day passed quickly and she was soon biking home. She remembered to check the letter box and found an envelope addressed to her. It didn't have a stamp though which meant the blackmailer was a local and had delivered it personally, or it was dropped off by a courier or something. She wondered if it would be difficult or expensive to set up a security camera to watch the mailbox and porch. Perhaps she'd get a glimpse of what he looked like, which might lead her down the path to being able to do something to stop him? Or it might all backfire and he sent all of the naked photos and videos he now had of her to everyone on campus and her parents, not to mention sending all of the evidence he had against Jolene to the authorities. It was a big risk she thought. Too big for now, but there must be some way to put an end to all of this perverted filth he was making her do?  
  
Her parents were still home when she arrived but their suitcases were in the hallway so they were set to leave, and right at that moment as it turned out. They both gave Casey a kiss good-bye and told her to be good and call them if there were any problems.  
  
Casey waved them down the road and then quickly went back in to check the contents of the envelope. She opened it with a letter opener which was a technique she learned from a TV crime drama to preserve evidence. Inside was just the fake registered nudist crescent tattoo as promised and a $100 bill pinned to a shipping list which had the supermarket's address at the top. The list itself consisted of various fruit and vegetables and other general grocery items. Nothing special or extraordinary. Casey didn't realise it but the items on the list were carefully selected to make sure she had to go down every aisle in the store. She put the empty envelope into a clean zip lock bag and sealed it up. "You just never know" she thought to herself.  
  
Vibrate.  
  
"Oh crap!" Casey thought. "I forgot to take if off vibrate."  
  
"Did you get the tattoo and the money and list for your shopping trip tomorrow?"  
  
"Yes"  
  
Ding.  
  
"You can take a purse tomorrow to carry the money but you must put it in your trolley and not carry it"  
  
Ding.  
  
"How did it go today?"  
  
"All organised. I just need one more person on Sunday"  
  
Ding.  
  
"What time are you doing tomorrow's mission?"  
  
"Morning"  
  
Ding.  
  
"What excuse did you use to convince everyone?"  
  
"Why does he care about that?" Casey thought. "I guess nothing's as good as the truth. I just hope he doesn't sabotage me so I can't use it in future. I have no idea what else I'd be able to say to people then."  
  
"I told them I was thinking about becoming a registered nudist and wanted to try some stuff to see what it felt like"  
  
Ding.  
  
"I like it. As a matter of fact I like it so much I want you to ask your parents for permission to make it reality as soon as possible"  
  
"Oh no!" Casey thought. "What if they say yes and I have to be nude forever even after this wretched blackmail thing blows over? He surely can't expect me to go through with that?"  
  
"Please. I'll do anything you want but please don't make me do that"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Take off your clothes and switch on your camera and tell me you'll do it. Show me you're happy and excited about it"  
  
Resigning herself to her fate for now and hoping she'd find a way out the nightmare very soon, with a sigh Casey did as he requested. She took off her clothes and turned the camera on, then gave a pretend squeal and happy dance saying "I'm going to ask my parents to become a registered nudist. I hope they say yes."  
  
She now knew that he really did expect her to do it. She shuddered at the thought. The idea of even asking her conservative parents to allow her to do something like that terrified her enough, but far more terrifying was the possibility they might say yes. What would she do then?  
  
Ding.  
  
"Very good but you still have 5 o'clock shadow. Make sure you remedy that before 8:30. See you then for the start of your nude weekend"  
  
Casey checked the time on her phone. It was approaching 5 o'clock. Time to get ready. She hopped into the shower and re-shaved everything, then did her hair and makeup and selected a pretty dress and a pair of comfortable pumps with sensible heels.  
  
Shortly after she was finished, there was a burbling noise outside and she checked out the window to see Greg's car in her driveway.  
  
"Hi Casey. Are you ready? You look smashing!" said Greg as he came to the door.  
  
"Thanks Greg. Yes, let's do this."  
  
Casey got into the passenger seat and jumped when he started the engine again. It was really loud and vibrated through the whole car.  
  
"This is an interesting car Greg. What is it and how long have you had it? Sorry, I don't know much about cars."  
  
"It's a 1978 Pontiac Firebird Trans Am. Dad and I salvaged her from a wrecking yard and we spent most of last year fixing her up. It was a lot of work and a lot of money but it was worth it."  
  
"I've never been in a car like this. It sounds really powerful."  
  
Greg suddenly gave the throttle a squeeze. Casey felt herself pressed back into her seat and was overwhelmed by the sound of the engine roaring and tyres scrambling for traction. Then just as suddenly he backed off again, throwing her weight forward against her seatbelt.  
  
Casey was momentarily speechless.  
  
"Holy fuck!" she eventually blurted.  
  
Greg was grinning from ear to ear.  
  
"So where are we going? Assuming we get there in one piece?" Casey asked as she fought to regain her senses.  
  
Greg laughed out loud at that.  
  
"You're in safe hands here Babygirl. I'd never let anything happen to you. Um... your choice. I was thinking we'd go down by the waterfront. There's a bunch to choose from down there. Burger joints, hot dogs, salad bars. We could grab some takeaway fish and chips and eat it on the beach if you like?"  
  
"I choose that one," Casey replied. "Fish and chips on the beach sounds awesome!"  
  
Soon they had ordered and were waiting in the queue for their number to be called. Greg offered to pay and also ordered two cokes. Their order arrived wrapped in white paper and they crossed the road to a small park with picnic tables on the water front. The sun was just setting over the water as they sat down but the picnic area had plenty of lighting so they would be spared from complete darkness once it set.  
  
"Are you excited about tomorrow? Still going through with it?" Greg asked as they were eating.  
  
Casey still had a mouthful and almost choked as thought of having to do that tomorrow brought her back to reality. She took a swig of her coke and swallowed.  
  
"Umm yes, still going through with it. A little nervous I guess," Casey replied.  
  
"It's ok if you decide not to do it, but if you do I'll be there with you every step of the way."  
  
"Um... thanks. Do you have Mrs Daly in anything? What a dragon!" Casey said, changing the subject.  
  
They talked about Tech and the various characters in it for some time, both enjoying each other's insights and company. Then Greg raised the subject again.  
  
"So what time do you want me to pick you up tomorrow?" he asked.  
  
"I guess it opens around 8:30 and it'll probably be better to get in early before the rush. It's about a 60 minute drive. What's say around 7:30-8:00am or so?"  
  
She glanced at her phone to check the time and was shocked to discover it was nearly 7:30pm already. She would need to get Greg to take her home very soon.  
  
"I don't suppose you'd mind taking me home soon? I'm having a great time but I have some stuff I need to organise for tomorrow."  
  
"Yeah sure. Do you want to get an ice cream or something first?"  
  
"Oh crap! What-do-I-say? What-do-I-say? What-do-I-say?" thought Casey, trying to come up with an excuse for why she needed to get home for her 8:30 appointment with the webcam. She would have loved to spend more time with Greg but if they went for ice cream she would almost certainly be late, and she didn't want to think what the consequences of that might be. Then an idea came to her.  
  
"You know..." she started, nonchalantly looking at her fingernails as if checking if they needed a manicure, "the sooner I get home, the sooner my nude weekend starts..."  
  
"Hell, he's going to see me naked soon enough anyway. May as well get it over with so it's less awkward tomorrow," she thought.  
  
Greg immediately stood up and held out his arm for Casey. Soon they were back in his car and Greg laid rubber as they left the parking spot, which made Casey laugh.  
  
Greg almost screeched to a stop in Casey's driveway, stopped the engine and then ran around to her side, opened her door and bowed to take her hand. She put her hand in his in return as if she was a princess and he gently pulled her to her feet. As they walked to the door he clicked the remote lock for his car and it answered with a chirp.  
  
"Well now..." Casey said as she stood awkwardly in the hallway inside trying to stall. "Would you like a coffee or something?"  
  
"I have an idea," Greg responded, sensing Casey's awkwardness. He then strode up to her and took her into his arms and gave her a huge open-mouthed kiss. Casey had kissed a boy romantically before but it was nothing like this. This filled all of her senses at once and made her knees feel week. Instinctively she pushed her tongue into his mouth and he returned with the same. After a few moments she kicked her pumps off, and in between kisses managed to blurt out "zipper".  
  
Greg knew what she meant and reached around to find her dress's zipper and unzipped it for her. Casey worked her arms out of the sleeves and let it drop to the floor. Then she undid the catch at the front of her bra and did the same with that. Without pausing to think about it, she worked her panties down her hips and kicked them off. Now she was completely naked in his arms and the kissing had not relented. She felt that familiar ache in her lower abdomen again and was soon guiding him up to her bedroom.  
  
Once there they both sat down on her bed and kept kissing. Then he gently pushed her back and made his way down to her neck and then her breasts, kissing and sucking gently at her nipples. It was something Casey hadn't felt before and gave her a whole new set of sensations. Soon he was kissing her stomach which felt to her like hundreds of tiny but pleasant electric shocks. Then his mouth was on her pubis and Casey was in ecstasy. She was powerless to stop him as he gently lifted her around and positioned himself between her legs as his mouth worked its way lower until she felt him sucking at her labia. She felt a momentary twinge of alarm at that, wondering if he would be turned off by her anatomy but it was soon forgotten as waves of pleasure overtook her. His tongue worked from deep inside her vagina and up to her clit, stopping in between to draw her labia minora into his mouth once again. It soon became too much for her then and she felt the orgasm rising. She grabbed his head and drew it deeper into her crotch, letting her screams of pleasure out into the world for the first time.  
  
As her senses returned she looked up to find him standing up and taking his clothes off. Soon he was naked with an obvious erection. She was momentarily concerned that he might be too big for her but it was quickly forgotten as he returned to kissing her again. She briefly realised she could taste herself on his mouth and breath but in her heightened state of arousal and anticipation it only excited her more. She offered no resistance as he positioned himself above her and willingly opened her legs. A moment later her virginity was gone. She had expected pain for her first time but there was none. Soon she was having another orgasm and he climaxed at the same time.  
  
They were lying sleepily together later after their third time when Casey heard her phone downstairs ding. Her eyes immediately went big.  
  
"Oh fuck!" she thought, suddenly terrified. She glanced at her old alarm clock and it said it was 09:10. "Oh fuck! I completely forgot the time!"  
  
"OH FUCK! I FORGOT TO TURN THE CAMERA OFF EARLIER!' she screamed inside her head as she noticed its red power light indicating it was on.  
  
"Back in a minute," she quickly said to Greg and ran downstairs. She was briefly aware that it felt strange to be running downstairs naked in her parents' house, and also of a wetness between her legs she realised was Greg's semen. Luckily she had been on birth control for some years to help with a cramping issue.  
  
She almost dropped her phone in her haste to pick it up.  
  
"Another fine performance for your file. I'm looking forward to your video tomorrow to see if you can do an even better one"  
  
Casey suddenly realised he must have recorded all of the webcam sessions she'd done with him, and the more she did, the more he had on her. She was digging herself in deeper every day, and now whatever thoughts she had of not going through with tomorrow's mission were definitely over.  
  
Well, he didn't sound mad at least Casey thought, but the idea that he had just watched her lose her virginity and might send it to her fellow students and parents filled her with revulsion and pants-wetting fear, let alone all of the other ones. Casey brought to mind the previous night's webcam session where she was made to proudly show off her newly shaved pussy and stretch her labia out and then masturbate spread out as wide as she could go, and she orgasmed! It would totally look like she was into it and not being blackmailed.  
  
Casey then also realised she had just given it up on her first date. Was she actually a slut? It hadn't felt slutty to her, and it still didn't she decided. There was definitely a chemistry with Greg that she'd never felt before.  
  
Realising there was no changing either situation now, and suddenly feeling exhausted, she went back up to her bed. Greg was already asleep, still naked, so she turned off the camera and nestled up beside him. He grunted and put an arm around her. She felt better there and soon she dozed off as well.

**Casey's Fall Ch. 06**

When Casey awoke she instantly realised she was naked and groped around automatically for a gown or her pyjamas. Then she remembered that wasn't allowed today. She had to stay naked until tomorrow evening. She rolled over and Greg was still where she left him the night before. She watched him sleeping and enjoyed having a cover over her body for what might the last time for the next two days.  
  
She looked at her phone and saw it was just on 7:00am. Dammit. If they were going to leave by 7:30 it was time to get moving, and fast.  
  
Casey couldn't believe she was actually going to go through with it but she also knew she didn't have the choice not to. That would have far worse consequences than a few strangers seeing her naked. She felt so odd being nude right now even in her own house. What would it be like outside amongst fully clothed people going about their business? She also realised Greg hadn't got a good look at her yet and he might be revolted seeing what she actually looked like in the light of day.  
  
Time to wake him up. She rolled over onto her stomach to try to delay letting him see her body and her ghastly protruding labia minora just a little longer and started pushing him in the shoulder.  
  
"Wake up sleepy head. Gotta get going. What do you want for breakfast?"  
  
Greg opened his eyes and took stock of his surroundings for a few moments. Then he smiled and pulled Casey close to him and began kissing her.  
  
"Ew, dragon breath!" Casey said, feigning disgust. "Look, I'm gonna take a shower. Then I suggest you do. We need to get going if we want to beat the crowds."  
  
"Yeah, that's fine. I can be ready in about 10 minutes. Oh crap, I better text my mum to let her know I'm ok."  
  
"You can do that?" asked Casey. "My mum would have me drawn and quartered if I didn't go home one night and didn't tell her where I was."  
  
"Yeah, it's not unusual for me to stay out and she's used to me. It's not like I'm in high school anymore. Now let's have a look at my cute little nudist," he added with a smile.  
  
"No!" Casey said and ran out of the room before he could grab her and see her clearly. Remembering her 5 o'clock shadow problem, she wanted the chance to at least shower and shave before that happened.  
  
She locked the bathroom door behind her so he couldn't follow and then took care of business. Afterwards she went to wrap a towel around her body and then realised she was being silly and hung it up again.  
  
When she got to her room she discovered Greg wasn't there anymore so he must have gone downstairs already. She took a deep breath and headed down to find him.  
  
"Did you find the coffee and something to eat?" she asked, trying to appear as normal as possible.  
  
"I found the coffee. Not sure where the corn flakes are yet," Greg replied, trying his best not to stare at the naked girl in the room with him.  
  
"Top shelf. Pantry," Casey pointed out to him.  
  
Greg looked where she pointed in an effort to be polite and try to look at something other than her. Her beauty literally took his breath away and he didn't want to do anything that might make him appear anything less than a gentleman.  
  
Casey went over near him to make herself a coffee too.  
  
"We better put that tattoo on too," said Greg.  
  
"Oh shit yes," remembered Casey. "I'll go get it."  
  
They quickly read the instructions on the back which said to wet it first. Casey held her arm out on the table while Greg applied it and held it down. Soon he peeled off the backing paper and they checked it out.  
  
"Well, I couldn't pick that from the real deal," Greg said.  
  
"We better hope not or this day is going to get a lot more interesting than I expected real fast," Casey responded.  
  
"You'll be fine. If it comes to it I'll bust you out of the hands of any cops and do a runner with you."  
  
Casey laughed.  
  
"Ok, do you need a shower?" Casey asked.  
  
"Yeah, I s'pose. I'll just be a minute."  
  
Casey used the time Greg was in the shower to put the money, the shopping list and her phone into a small hand bag and then took a moment to take some big breaths to try to calm her racing heart. She checked and re-checked the tattoo and looked out the window at least a dozen times to see if any neighbours might be about. She was pleased to see that her street seemed to be still asleep and hoped Greg hurried up before that changed.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Selfie time"  
  
"Jesus already?" Casey thought to herself.  
  
She quickly took the shot and texted it back.  
  
Ding.  
  
"What time are you leaving?"  
  
"Why does he care as long as I get it done?" Casey wondered.  
  
"Very soon."  
  
Greg reappeared dressed in his clothes from the day before and with wet uncombed hair. Casey thought it must be great to be a guy.  
  
"Ok let's do this!" Casey said, mustering all of her strength.  
  
"Yes, let's do it!" Greg repeated reassuringly. He was amazed his date could be doing a thing like this. He'd never known a girl like her.  
  
Casey breathed a sigh of relief once she was seated in Greg's car, but after feeling the upholstery on her bare buttocks she remembered she was naked and the involuntary response that humiliation tended to induce in her nether regions.  
  
"Hold on a moment," she said.  
  
Greg looked on amused as she quickly ducked back inside to grab a towel which she laid on her seat.  
  
"Ok, let's go!" Casey said as she sat back down and buckled up.  
  
The engine rumbled to life and soon they were on the motorway to Megaville.  
  
"So where are we going?" Greg asked.  
  
Casey pulled out the shopping list with the address.  
  
"Um... it's a chain supermarket inside a place called Southern Meadows Shopping Centre. Grey Street towards the southern end," Casey replied.  
  
"I think I know the place," Greg responded. "Well I know where Grey Street is anyway. I'm sure we'll find it from there."  
  
"You don't want me to look it up on MAPS for you?"  
  
"Nah, we'll be fine."  
  
Casey tried to take her mind of what she was about to do and started thinking about the night before. She was a woman now! Oh my God he had sucked her protruding labia. How embarrassing! Although, if he sucked them he can't have been too disgusted right? And he hadn't bolted this morning after seeing her in the light of day? She tried to find a subtle way to ask him but then decided she'd just come straight out with it.  
  
"Um... Greg..."  
  
"Yes Casey?"  
  
"Last night... Um... When you went down on me. You didn't notice anything unusual about me?"  
  
"What do you mean Casey?"  
  
"Um... Like I have a lot more going on down there than most girls have?"  
  
"Oh. Arr... Um... No. Let me put it to you like this. We live in the Internet age and a young man gets the opportunity to see naked ladies in all shapes, sizes and colours. You haven't got anything I haven't seen before. I kinda like it in fact. Kind of a lot in fact. I don't suppose you'd mind pulling over a while? I got kind of an uncomfortable stirring going on right now with a beautiful naked girl in my car talking about me going down on her beautiful pussy."  
  
Casey slapped him and smiled.  
  
"Well at least he seems to like it," she thought to herself, "assuming he's telling the truth and isn't just being polite, or that most other people wouldn't still think I'm a total freak show..."  
  
Eventually they arrived on Grey Street and were looking for the Southern Meadows sign. Soon it came into view and Greg found a parking spot close to the supermarket section. He turned off the engine and Casey suddenly found she couldn't move her legs. She was naked, in a car, miles from home. Could this really be happening? Could she actually be about to step outside and walk across the car park and in through the front door? It was just past 08:30 and there were already a lot of people about. Old people, young people, mothers with children. Children! And all of them were about to see her naked with a shaved pussy and her dangly labia on full display!  
  
"C'mon Casey. Just get it done!" she said to herself, trying to summon the courage for what she now had to do. "Remember you're a registered nudist with the tattoo and everything. Just walk like you're not doing anything out of the ordinary. Don't try to cover anything. Just act normal and walk!"  
  
Greg came around to her door, opened it and held out his hand like a gentleman. Casey wasn't ready yet. Then she also remembered it had to be recorded so she got out her phone and handed it to Greg.  
  
"Ok, record me. I want everything. Good and bad. Don't miss a thing," she said to him.  
  
"Your wish is my command milady," he said, smiling reassuringly.  
  
Casey took a deep breath.  
  
"Ok, let's do this!"  
  
And with that she stepped out into the open car park and closed the door.  
  
She took the first few steps and so far no one had noticed her. Hopefully it stayed that way. Another few steps and she'd made it almost half way to the door, but then she could see that some people off to her right had noticed her now and had stopped to stare.  
  
"That's ok Casey," she said to herself. "Just keep going."  
  
Then she made it to the automatic doors and they opened but she heard a clicking noise behind her. She turned around to look for its source and came face to face with a man staring openly at her and taking pictures with his phone!  
  
"Holy fuck!" he said "A real life nudist. And a pretty one at that. We don't see that sort of thing around here very often."  
  
"I should hope not!" said a woman, probably his wife who physically had to push him away. He was unable to take his eyes off Casey as he reluctantly ceded to this wife's goading.  
  
"Excuse me," said a male voice behind her.  
  
Casey turned and it was a security guard. White-faced and unable to speak, she could only hold up her tattooed wrist to show him.  
  
"Sorry ma'am. As you were."  
  
The tattoo had passed! One problem down.  
  
Now Casey needed a trolley. She found the trolley corral and put her purse into one as she was instructed to do and then pulled out the shopping list.  
  
"Let's see now. A banana, a carrot, a cucumber, some cereal, a loaf of bread, some salsa, a bag of boiled lollies, a frozen pizza, a small carton of milk, some chicken wings, a bottle of coke. This stuff is all over the place! I'll have to go down every aisle!"  
  
With her mind spinning with what she was doing, she surveyed the shop layout and set off to find the items. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Greg filming her.  
  
"For Godsake don't miss anything Greg. The last thing I need is to piss this guy off after going through all this," she thought to herself.  
  
Everything felt surreal. She almost felt like she was watching herself from somewhere far away. She tried hard to project forward to when she would be back in Greg's car again. Even better, back at home. Even better than that, back at home wearing clothes again like a normal person.  
  
Robotically she continued collecting the items and putting them in the trolley, all the while conscious of the people stopping and staring at her with stunned expressions and gaping mouths all around.  
  
"Why doesn't she have any clothes on Mummy?"  
  
"Not very buxom is she. No pubes either. Is she old enough to be doing this?"  
  
"That is one of the most perfect asses I have ever seen."  
  
"Should someone tell her she seems to have forgotten something?"  
  
"Good for you love. More young ladies could take a page out of your book."  
  
"Nice tits!"  
  
"Well, I never. You should be ashamed of yourself!"  
  
Casey ignored it all, gritted her teeth and kept smiling while keeping her mind focussed solely on getting the items on the list.  
  
"Get the items. Nothing else matters. Don't listen to them," she reassured herself. "You're not naked. Just shopping like a normal person on a normal day."  
  
Suddenly she heard her phone's ring tone. Seriously? Now? Here? She took it out of her purse and saw it was Jolene. She answered.  
  
"Hey sis what's up?" asked Jolene.  
  
"Oh nothing much. You?"  
  
"Nah, nothing much either. I just thought I'd check in and see if you'd heard any more from that bastard. I haven't heard from him since Monday. Sorry I haven't called sooner. Study this week has been murder. Whatcha doing?"  
  
"Just some shopping. He's sent me a few texts. Just some purvy stuff. Nothing major," Casey lied.  
  
"Oh, I was hoping he would have given up and gone away by now," said Jolene with some sadness in her voice.  
  
"No, not quite but hopefully soon," wished Casey.  
  
"I hope so too. I can't believe he hasn't yet. I'm still not sure what he wants from me or why I haven't been arrested yet. You let me know if he makes any threats or demands, or tries anything nasty won't you?"  
  
"I will Jo. So far it's ok and I'm holding up," lied Casey.  
  
"Have you heard from Mum and Dad? I tried calling the house just now and there was no answer."  
  
"Oh, they won a weekend at the Partytown casino. They went there last night. Should be back Sunday night. I haven't heard from them yet either so they're probably having a ball."  
  
"Oh wow!" Jolene exclaimed. "I hope they're having fun. They so deserve it."  
  
"Yes, yes they do," Casey replied. "Listen sis. I'm kinda busy so I better go. Is everything ok at your end?"  
  
"Yes all good here. Ok, I just thought I'd check in. If that guy comes back and gives you any trouble make sure you tell me."  
  
"Ok Jolene, I will. Gotta go."  
  
"No worries. You have fun shopping. Catch up soon!"  
  
"Ok bye!" Casey hung up before Jolene could start again. She hated having to lie to her sister but better to spare her the burden of what she'd been going through, and what she was going through right now for that matter.  
  
She consulted the list and to her relief she was more than half way through. Just a few more items to go. It wasn't pleasant going through the frozen section but more because she could see her naked reflection in all of the freezer doors rather than feeling cold.  
  
Soon it was complete and she headed to the checkouts. The cashier kept glancing at her but thankfully kept any comments she wanted to make to herself.  
  
"That'll be $64.50," she said finally. Casey thought it would be more but was glad it wasn't over the $100 she'd been given. She had no other money with her and wasn't sure what her blackmailer might think if she had to return some of the items. She suspected he didn't care though and it was more about humiliating her in public. What that achieved should couldn't guess. He was probably just some kind of perve she assumed.  
  
The items were bagged and soon she was back out the automatic doors heading towards the car at last. She could see it and relief started to wash over her even though people were still commenting around her.  
  
"Look at those tits."  
  
"Forget the tits. Look at that pussy. Have you ever seen one like that?"  
  
"She looks like she runs or something. Nice and fit. Even a touch of abs. With that face and body she could be a model."  
  
"I dunno. Her knees are kind of knobbly."  
  
"Casey? Casey is that you?"  
  
"OH FUCK!" Casey thought in sudden panic. "Someone who knows me is here!'  
  
Casey turned around to see Cassandra coming towards her. "Oh God! Could it at least have been someone other than her?" she wished to herself.  
  
"It is you. Oh my God! What the fuck do you think you're doing girl?"  
  
"Um... It's kind of a long story and I don't really have time right now. Um..."  
  
"I see you finally shaved that cunt of yours, but now I can't work out if it makes you look sluttier, or with those tits you look more like a thirteen year old. And what the fuck is with those beef curtains? You look like you seen more meat than a butcher shop. Oh. My. Fucking. God. Casey Reine parading her ass around naked in public. I knew it. You are a massive slut after all."  
  
"Shut the fuck up Cassandra!" said Greg, coming to Casey's rescue.  
  
"Greg, you here too? Have you seen this slut?" she asked him while gesturing to Casey.  
  
"I'm here with her you stupid bitch!" Greg retorted. "And you should probably shut your mouth until you know what's really going on here."  
  
"Ok, tell me. What is really going on here? This I gotta hear," said Cassandra, completely unperturbed at being called a stupid bitch. She knew when she had the upper hand.  
  
"Ok, if you must know," Casey began, suddenly feeling braver due to feeling more than a little pissed off with Cassandra's insults. "I'm conducting an experiment to see what it would be like to live life as a registered nudist. I want to know why people do it and what they get out of it."  
  
"But you're at a supermarket girl! Oh my God. You could be arrested or somethin'. Are you stupid?"  
  
"Well I have this fake tattoo," Casey responded holding up her wrist.  
  
"Ok, but why the supermarket? Why not a beach or somethin'?" queried Cassandra.  
  
"Well I wanted to try a normal everyday thing amongst a bunch of strangers, and they were all strangers until you showed up and blew it."  
  
"Yeah, and tomorrow is the other part of the experiment where she's gonna try to be around people she knows to see if it feels any different," Greg chipped in.  
  
"Shut up Greg!" Casey thought to herself.  
  
"Oh, and who are these people she knows?" asked Cassandra.  
  
"Well I'm gonna do lunch at my place. I wanted to get at least 3 people there. So far I have Greg and Amelia..." Casey quickly stopped mid-sentence realising she'd accidentally just given Cassandra an opening to invite herself. She hoped Cassandra didn't pick up on it but it was too late.  
  
"Oh hell yeah. Sure I can come girl," Cassandra piped in with an evil grin before Casey could change the subject. "I can bring my girls too. That'll make six to make it more real for you."  
  
"Oh God, oh fuck, no way! How do I get out of this?" Casey thought to herself in horror.  
  
"Um... I don't think I'll have enough food and drinks," Casey tried.  
  
"Don't you worry your naked ass about that. I got you covered. I'll hook us all up with subs and enough drinks to go 'round."  
  
"Oh wow Cassandra. That's really sweet of you," said Greg, the big dumbass, not understanding this was just a big game for Cassandra at Casey's expense.  
  
"Ok, gimme your address and what time we should be there."  
  
Casey sighed in defeat. The best she could hope for now would be to somehow convince Cassandra to keep this to herself around campus.  
  
"Ok, what's your number and I'll text it to you," Casey said. She considered for a moment sending her a fake address but figured there was no point now. Cassandra had already seen her naked in a public place and there was no living that down now. She texted her address to Cassandra's phone.  
  
"And what time?"  
  
"I dunno. Lunchtime. Eleven or twelvish?" Casey replied.  
  
"Done deal. Ok, laters," said Cassandra as she walked away. She turned back briefly and openly laughed at Casey as she stumbled trying to get the trolley moving again on the course asphalt in the car park.  
  
Greg popped the trunk and they loaded the groceries in. Soon after she was finally back in his car and they were making their way home. She'd been waiting for this moment since she first realised she would have to go through with this awful mission yesterday. She tried hard to keep back the tears because she still had to keep up appearances for Greg, so she rode along silently for a while. It wasn't to stay that way for long.  
  
"Wow! You were fucking amazing!" Greg blurted, suddenly realising he could contain himself no longer. "You totally did it girl!  
  
When they got home, Greg couldn't contain other parts of himself either and they made love again in Casey's bedroom. While Casey wasn't much in the mood to start with due to the humiliating task she'd performed that morning, she felt comforted to be in his arms and enjoyed his attention.  
  
Afterwards Greg couldn't stop praising what she'd done and he couldn't take his eyes or his thoughts off Casey for a moment. My God she was beautiful, and so open with her body! Greg started thinking this one was a keeper.

Afterwards they heated up the frozen pizza from the shopping for their lunch and were underwhelmed to discover it tasted exactly as crappy as a frozen pizza does. Still, Casey was starving and practically wolfed her share down, probably from her heart rate being at its peak for the last few hours.  
  
Greg then with great reluctance had to go to his game saying he wouldn't be able to make it back after but would definitely be there for the luncheon tomorrow, probably earlier if he could swing it.  
  
At last Casey was alone with no one looking at her for what felt like the first time in a day. Her shoulders visibly relaxed and she lay on the couch and just stared at the ceiling for what seemed like an hour. Then she lazily picked up her phone and texted the video to her blackmailer without even looking at it. She had no desire to ever re-live that experience and just wanted to try to forget about it as soon as possible.  
  
She thought about tomorrow's lunch mission. She had been hoping it might be easier to bear with just Amelia and Greg there, and maybe one other person, but now all the "popular girls" would be there and she knew it would be hell. She feared it would probably be harder to deal with than the horrible shopping mission now.  
  
It was a good half hour later before she got a response from the blackmailer.  
  
Ding.  
  
She blankly looked at her phone. She had nothing left to give at that point.  
  
"Outstanding! You have done yourself proud. Have the rest of the day off. See you at 8:30 you know where"  
  
"Sigh. Whatever," Casey thought as she went back to staring at the ceiling.  
  
Eventually she got up and ate a couple of slices of the frozen pizza that Greg had left and then turned on the TV for a while. She watched a comedy channel which lifted her spirits slightly but as 8pm approached, she got another text message which brought her back down again.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Bring the fruit and veg you bought today with you at 8:30. You might want to wash them first"  
  
"Oh so he does want to see if I got all the items," Casey thought at first. Then realisation dawned on her what he meant. "Oh..."  
  
She thoroughly washed the banana, carrot and cucumber then didn't hear from him again until she switched on the camera at 8:30.  
  
Ding  
  
"Good to see you're still naked. Tell me what you bought today and show me. Then lay back on the bed in your usual position, get yourself nice and wet. Then you know what to do from there"  
  
Casey's anxiety again began to rise. It was bad enough she'd exposed herself so graphically to him already, and voluntarily masturbated herself to orgasm several times in his full view, but to now be expected to insert produce items into herself was a whole new level of degradation. She wished she was 1000 miles away.  
  
"Hi, look what I bought today," Casey said to the camera smiling while holding up the items. "I wonder what I could do with these..."  
  
She then lay back on her bed and spread her legs as wide as possible as he had ordered. Even just getting into the degrading position and knowing he was watching, she could feel the involuntary wetness building and the ache in her abdomen returning again. She started applying pressure to her genitals robotically in circles at first, then dipping one or two fingers inside, and then her instincts began to take over. She could feel that she was so very wet now and she wanted nothing more than to put more fingers in and thrust into herself harder. Instead, she forced herself to stop and select the carrot, beginning by rubbing its tip around her open vagina wherever it felt the best. Her hips instinctively rose up towards it and she put it inside her. It was ok but it felt kind of cold and lifeless and soon she swapped it for the banana. It also felt lifeless but was a better size and shape. She continued with it for a while until she could feel an orgasm approaching. Again she forced herself to stop and swap for the cucumber. Thank God she had chosen a fairly small one she thought, but then it was still much bigger than the banana. At first she wasn't sure it would fit but then with a bit of muscle and a wince, she managed to push it in. Oh God! She'd never felt so full before. She instantly orgasmed and screamed out loud.  
  
As the orgasm subsided, she pulled the cucumber out of her again and felt more ashamed than she had ever felt. Even worse than when she was standing naked in front of Cassandra that morning. She just lay there breathing for a moment, still with her legs splayed for the camera.  
  
Ding.  
  
"That will do for tonight"  
  
She got up, switched off the camera and then the tears finally came.