**Casey's Fall**

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**Casey's Fall Ch. 07**

Casey slept much later than usual and instinctively reached for a cover when she realised she was naked. The events of the previous day came flooding back as her sleepiness lifted. She felt a bit relieved that at least it was now over, and was very much looking forward to that evening when she'd be back in clothes again at last. She just had the lunch mission to get through now, which would have been much easier to cope with mentally if Cassandra and her posse weren't coming. Hopefully they just wouldn't show up.  
  
She allowed herself a bath robe as she went downstairs for breakfast and coffee, figuring she could drop it quickly if she got a request for a selfie or if Greg or Amelia showed up early. It felt so good to be covered at last. It was a nice day outside so she had her breakfast on the back patio and listened to the birds.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Selfie time"  
  
Casey quickly went back inside and tossed the robe out of view. Then held her phone out, smiled, took the shot and sent it. Then she put the robe back on for the temporary comfort it offered her.  
  
After that she remembered she was supposed to set the camera up where he could watch the day's proceedings. She looked around the living room where the luncheon would be held and decided on a position on top of a cabinet. Now to disguise it. She configured her laptop to remain on with the lid down and set the camera beside it, then moved some of her mother's ornaments around it until she was satisfied it would go unnoticed without blocking the lens. Then she watched TV for a while before deciding it was time to shower before anyone arrived.  
  
Out of view of the camera, she disrobed and then came back in and turned it on. It still felt so weird to be wandering around her home totally naked and she shivered again as she recalled the previous day's events where she was naked in public. She glanced at the fake tattoo and it was still as perfect as when she first put it on. Oh well, it could stay on a little longer. Then she showered, carefully re-shaved everything and blow-dried her hair. It would have been nice, and even normal, to pick out a nice outfit then but that wasn't to be today. Today she would be naked around her best friend and her new boyfriend, and a bunch of popular girls she didn't get along with. She wasn't looking forward to it to say the least, but the alternative of having her sister go to jail and the entire circle of people in her life seeing her performing humiliating sex acts in front of a camera, seemingly of her own volition, was not an option.  
  
A familiar burbling sound came from outside her house. She looked out her bedroom window and sure enough Greg was here already. Casey excitedly ran down the stairs to greet him at the front door, almost forgetting she was naked for a moment.  
  
"Greg!"  
  
"Hi Casey!" Greg replied in just as excited tones. Casey only had the door open wide enough to poke her head around, just in case there were any neighbours watching. As he entered he saw his new girlfriend was just as naked as he'd left her the day before.  
  
"How's the nude weekend going? I still can't believe what you did yesterday. That was amazing!" he said.  
  
"Oh ok I guess. It takes a bit of getting used to."  
  
Greg started kissing her with a little too much passion and she had to push him away.  
  
"Not now. Other people could arrive any minute," she said.  
  
"Oh, we still have at least an hour," he reasoned. "Plenty of time."  
  
"Having enough time isn't all I'm worried about," she replied. "I'm naked remember, and I don't want people to see that I've been to funky town."  
  
"Ok, I understand," Greg said with a laugh.  
  
"Can I get you a coffee or something?" Casey asked.  
  
"Oh fuck. Thanks for reminding me. I have a case of cokes in the boot. Would you like one of those instead?" Greg asked.  
  
"Actually yes," Casey replied. "I didn't realise it until you mentioned it but that would totally go down a treat right now."  
  
Greg went back out to get the cokes and Casey thought she could hear him talking outside. She peaked out and saw Amelia had arrived as well.  
  
"Casey! You're naked already! I wasn't sure you'd still want to do it. I guess that's a yes then," said Amelia as she entered.  
  
"Yes, it's a nude weekend remember?"  
  
"Oh right."  
  
"I see you met Greg. Do you two know each other?" Casey asked.  
  
"Oh yeah. Kind of. We know each other from the driveway incident two minutes ago actually."  
  
Greg and Amelia laughed together.  
  
"Greg," said Greg, holding his hand out to Amelia.  
  
"Amelia. Pleasure," said Amelia, curtseying while taking his hand. They both laughed again.  
  
Amelia turned back to Casey.  
  
"So you two have been getting on I guess? Oh my... Casey you seem to be missing something!" Amelia said, gesturing to Casey's crotch.  
  
Casey looked down and realised that Amelia had noticed her lack of pubic hair since she was last naked in front of her under the bleachers on Wednesday. Was it only last Wednesday? It felt like so much longer.  
  
"Oh Um... yeah. I thought I'd try something different," Casey replied.  
  
A knock at the door interrupted their conversation.  
  
"Helloooo?" someone called out.  
  
It was Cassandra. Dammit! Casey had hoped she'd be a no-show.  
  
Greg got up and waved her in. In her wake were two other girls. All were casually dressed but it was obviously all top brand name clothing. Casey envied their style but would have settled for a potato sack to wear at the point. Anything would be better than being naked.  
  
"Holy fuck, she is actually naked," someone whispered.  
  
"I fuckin' told you," came the whispered reply.  
  
"You weren't wrong about the minge."  
  
"Toldja that too."  
  
"Oh hi Casey!" Cassandra said out loud at last.  
  
"You know Tina?" she said, introducing an Asian girl Casey had seen at Cassandra's side almost constantly around campus. Tina nodded politely.  
  
"And this is Anne," Cassandra continued. Casey had seen Anne multiple times in Cassandra's presence as well. She was a tall brunette with an unfortunate natural sneer to her smile but was otherwise attractive.  
  
"Sorry, the others can't make it but they said to say hi. Oh hey Amelia. How you doin' girl?" Cassandra said after spotting Amelia. Casey was more than a little relieved to hear there wouldn't be more of Cassandra's posse present.  
  
"I'm fine thank you Cassandra. You?" Amelia replied.  
  
"Yeah good. S'up with your girl here?" Cassandra asked while thumbing in Casey's direction. "She got a big set o balls on her I give her that."  
  
Anne and Tina giggled at that.  
  
"Who's up for a coke?" Greg asked the new visitors.  
  
"Please," Cassandra replied. Then turning to her girlfriends. "Bitches?"  
  
Both nodded in response.  
  
"I'll get them," Casey said, willing to do anything to be somewhere else even for a second.  
  
Casey returned a short time later with the drinks on a tray. Tina was unable to stifle another giggle as she accepted hers. Anne just crinkled her brow and said thanks.  
  
"Anyone wanna shot? I bought bourbon," Cassandra said to everyone. There was unanimous agreement, even from Casey. She normally didn't drink but today it was easy to make an exception.  
  
"Casey you wouldn't have some ice would you girl?" Cassandra asked.  
  
"Sure, I'll be right back," Casey replied. She remembered her parents had an ice bucket complete with tongs and she scrounged them out from one of the cupboards and then filled it with ice cubes from the refrigerator.  
  
"Would you mind?" Anne said, holding her glass up to Casey.  
  
"Sure," Casey replied and used the tongs to drop a couple of cubes into her glass.  
  
"Eww!" Casey heard from behind her.  
  
"You gotta take more care bendin' over in polite company with your naked ass out girl. I think I just saw what you had for breakfast!" said Cassandra.  
  
Everyone laughed. Inwardly Casey was mortified but she pretended to laugh along.  
  
Both Cassandra and Tina held up their glasses for Casey to bring ice to them as well.  
  
"Oh yeah. Subs," Cassandra suddenly remembered. "Anyone give a shit or should I just order a mixed platter?"  
  
No one was fussed so Cassandra placed the order on her phone. About 20 minutes later there was a knock on the door. Casey silently thanked the Gods when Greg got up to accept the delivery.  
  
The party continued on like that for an hour or so until the bourbon was gone and the conversation died down. Cassandra and her girls seemed to get particular pleasure out of having Casey fetch things for them like she was some kind of naked slave girl, and there was always a jibe anytime she bent over for anything. At last Cassandra stood up and announced they were leaving.  
  
"Well, it's been a blast but we got places to be. Thanks for the invite Casey. I guess I'll see you at Tech. Greg. Amelia," Cassandra announced, nodding to each of them. Then beckoning to Tina and Anne. "Bitches come!"  
  
Tina and Anne immediately got up and made their farewells, then followed Cassandra out to their car. Casey followed them to the door and then almost died on the spot when she saw her parents were already home and parked in the driveway getting their suitcases out. Luckily they hadn't looked up and Casey made a run for it upstairs to her room and quickly dressed.  
  
Greg was smiling at her knowingly when she re-emerged fully clothed and Amelia gave her a silent "whew" and pretended to wipe her brow.  
  
"Oh hi Mum and Dad. I didn't hear you get home. You're earlier than I expected," Casey said.  
  
"Yes, it was starting to get a bit old so we decided to call it a weekend," her Dad replied.  
  
"It was lovely though. We had a wonderful time," added her Mum. "It looks like you had a wonderful time too Casey? Oh hi Amelia. Nice to see you again."  
  
"Hi Mrs Reine. Likewise," Amelia responded.  
  
"Oh don't be silly. Call me Sue. You're a fully grown woman now."  
  
"Ok thanks err... Sue."  
  
"Mum, Dad. This is Greg," Casey said introducing him.  
  
"Michael Reine. That must be your beast in the driveway?" Casey's father asked while shaking Greg's hand. "What is it? A '79?"  
  
"'78," Greg corrected. "She's my pride and joy. A lot of skinned knuckles and one completely skinned bank account went into that."  
  
"I'll bet," Michael replied. "Well you've sure done a fine job. You'll have to take me for a spin one day."  
  
"Sure thing. I'd offer right now but I have a thing I need to get to in a little while."  
  
"No problems," Michael responded.  
  
"Casey, unfortunately I do actually have to go," Greg said turning to her. "I didn't realise what time it was already. Do you need a hand with dishes or anything?"  
  
"No it's fine. There's not that much there really. Most of it is just stuff for the trash," Casey replied.  
  
Casey followed Greg out to his car and they kissed several times leaning up against the driver's door. She eventually had to push him away and duck under his arms to get him to let go of her.  
  
"Ok, I'll call or text if I can't find you at Tech tomorrow," Greg said.  
  
"Cool. I'll be there. I have an 8:30 I can't miss so I'll probably see you at morning tea or lunch. Cafeteria?" Casey asked.  
  
"Done deal. See you then."  
  
And with that he was gone. Amelia also came out and bid her farewells.  
  
"You have more guts in your pinkie than I have in my whole body Casey. I never could have done what you did today in a million years!" said Amelia.  
  
Casey just shrugged.  
  
"So did your experiment reveal anything? Which is weirder, strangers or friends?" she asked.  
  
"Actually I think friends might have been the weirdest but I need to mull it over and get my thoughts down on paper and give it a few days I think. It's hard to think of how I felt yesterday while today is still so fresh," Casey said, almost believing her own bullshit. Both experiences were batshit fucking insanely mortifying. The only good thing was that they were finally over at last.  
  
After Amelia left on her bicycle, Casey went back in to find her mother tidying up the living room.  
  
"Oh no need for that Mum," Casey said. "I'll take care of it. Surely you have enough to do unpacking your own stuff?"  
  
"That's fine dear," Sue replied. "I'm so happy to see you had so many friends visit. You keep so much to yourself these days I worry you're a hermit sometimes."  
  
"Lol mum!"  
  
"Casey what's that?" her mum asked suddenly while pointing to Casey's wrist.  
  
Casey looked down and saw that she still had the fake registered nudist tattoo on her wrist!  
  
"Oh fuck oh no hells bells!" Casey screamed in her head. She had completely forgotten about it in her haste to dress!  
  
She glanced up at the camera and knew her blackmailer would be watching too and this would be the perfect opportunity to ask her parents for permission to become a registered nudist. If she missed it he would no doubt punish her in some awful way. Just then her father came back into the room and wondered what Casey and her mum were talking about. She tried to think of a way to stall or some other circumstance where asking this horrible thing might make any sense at all but it would never be ok. There was nothing for it but to just do it and get it over with, and pray to all Gods at once that her parents said no.  
  
"Um... Mum, Dad. Um... I've been kinda thinking about what it would be like to be a registered nudist. Um... would you guys be willing to approve it if I wanted to become one?"  
  
There was a stunned silence. Both of them just stared at her blankly for a moment but then her father's face reddened in anger.  
  
"Are you completely nuts Casey! What brought this on? And what is that thing doing on your arm? Are you some kind of pervert?"  
  
Casey looked at her mum and saw she was crying.  
  
As much as she was upset because she had made her parents upset, Casey suddenly brightened as she realised the Gods were going to answer her prayer after all. There was no way her parents would ever be ok with her becoming a nudist.  
  
"Oh it's nothing," Casey replied, trying not to smile too much. "It was just a joke at the party and they put me up to this as a dare. I'll go and wash it off now. Mum do we have any methylated spirits?"  
  
"I think there's some under the sink Casey. My goodness girl you gave me a fright. I thought you were serious for a moment there."  
  
"Sorry mum. It sounded funny beforehand."  
  
Casey went off to find the methylated spirits and scrub the offending mark off her arm. It didn't come off easily and there was still a faint shadow at the end. She decided it would have to do.  
  
Then she realised her period had come. "Oh crap! Will I still have to do the webcam meeting tonight?" she wondered. She didn't have to wait long to find out.  
  
Ding.  
  
"That didn't go as well as I hoped. Oh well, better luck next time."  
  
"There'll be a next time? Like hell I hope!" Casey thought.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Cassandra is interesting. We may have to do something about your asshole being on display in polite company next time."  
  
"Well whose fault was it that my asshole was on display fucktard?" Casey thought. "Shit, I better jump in and tell him I'm on my period so he doesn't make me do something gross and messy later"  
  
"I have my period"  
  
Ding.  
  
"That's fine. I wanted to give you a night off anyway. You've earned it. Your mission tomorrow is to get a group selfie with everyone who was there today. You'll be naked"  
  
"Um period?"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Just cut the string off"  
  
Great... As much as Casey loathed the idea of being naked with her friends again, at least they were conquered territory now she figured. The hardest part would be getting them all in one place at the same time.  
  
She waited until her parents had retired for the night and then fetched her laptop and camera from the living room to smuggle them back into her bedroom. As she curled up in bed she tried not to think about any of the awful things she'd been made to do over the weekend and focussed on enjoying the comfort of her pyjamas until she drifted off to sleep.

**Casey's Fall Ch. 08**

Casey decided the best way to deal with the turmoil she was feeling inside after the weekend's events was to do something normal and go for a run. Instead of running on campus though she decided to just around her neighbourhood instead. That way she could shower and re-shave at home and wouldn't need to shower again on campus.  
  
The run cleared her mind and she started formulating a plan to achieve the day's mission. She decided she would be bolder and just wouldn't tell anyone what she was going to do beforehand. If she just wore a simple dress that she could get off quickly with nothing on under it, then once she had everyone in position she could just quickly whip it off, get the shot and laugh off any comments afterwards.  
  
She knew where Cassandra usually hung out at lunch, and it was reasonably secluded. To get Greg and Amelia there at the same time, she decided she would invite them for a walk and just "happen" to bump into Cassandra and her crew, then ask for everyone for an impromptu group shot.  
  
The morning passed with just one "upskirt" text from the blackmailer which she managed without a hitch but as lunchtime approached her heart started beating so hard she thought she might have a heart attack. It got even worse when she had Greg and Amelia in tow according to plan and could see Cassandra and her crew in the distance. There were some boys with them and a few other people nearby. Casey couldn't come up with an excuse to get everyone to clear the area or get everyone to another location so she decided there was nothing for it. More people were going to see her nude and that was that, but hopefully she could at least pull this off fast before anyone really got a good look.  
  
"Oh hey Cassandra. How's things?" Casey asked.  
  
"Hey girl," Cassandra replied. "I see you got clothes on today. I almost forgot what you looked like with clothes on."  
  
Everyone laughed, including Casey.  
  
"Say, speaking of that. Can I get a group shot with everyone who was there yesterday?" Casey asked.  
  
Without giving anyone a chance to say no, she herded them all together and handed her phone to another girl called Brigit who hadn't been at the party.  
  
"Ok, everyone say cheese," Brigit said.  
  
"Oh wait a sec," Casey said, and then without giving herself a chance to think about it, she took her dress off and got back into position.  
  
"Ok now!" Casey said.  
  
Brigit was stunned for a moment but Casey heard her camera's shutter go. At that, she immediately put her dress back on.  
  
"What the fuck girl?" Cassandra asked. "We just can't keep clothes on you these days. Do you get off on this shit or somethin'?"  
  
"Um... err, no. I just wanted a shot for my scrap book to remember yesterday," Casey responded. She could see other bystanders had seen the whole thing as well. She was humiliated but at least thankful she had fulfilled the mission, knowing the consequences might be far worse if she hadn't.  
  
Greg high-fived her laughing. Amelia looked puzzled.  
  
"Sure you did," Cassandra added. "You sure you ain't plannin' to rub one out to this later? You got somethin' going on with me I should know about Casey-girl?"  
  
Casey was mortified but then realised Cassandra was actually just bemused by the whole thing rather than offended. She was just enjoying watching Casey squirm. Casey realised what Cassandra was doing and decided on a small rebuttal to show her she wasn't completely naive to her game.  
  
"Yes Cassandra," Casey answered sarcastically, "I have nothing else to get hot over than your fine ass."  
  
"Eww!" Cassandra said in response, and Casey knew she had hit her mark. She knew Cassandra was a homophobic bitch so it was an easy place to go to shut her down.  
  
As the group split up, Greg left to attend a class on the other side of campus, leaving Amelia and Casey alone.  
  
"What is going on with you lately Casey?" she asked. "There was no need for you to do that. Is there something I should know about?"  
  
"Err no," Casey replied. "I just thought it would be funny after yesterday. Was it not?"  
  
"Umm kinda, but not really," Amelia answered.  
  
"Sorry Amelia. I didn't mean to upset you. Just a sick sense of humour I guess."  
  
"I'm not upset Casey. Just confused and worried about you."  
  
"I'm fine Amelia. Really. "I'm just trying a few things on for size at the moment I guess."  
  
"Ok then. But I'm here for you if you need to talk anytime."  
  
"Thanks Amelia, but honestly I am fine."  
  
Casey hated lying to her friend but she had no other option in the circumstances. She needed to deal with the blackmailer on her own. If anyone else got involved and he found out about it, the consequences could be very bad for her and her sister, and that kind of stuff tended to follow a person around for life too.  
  
Once alone, Casey texted the group shot to the blackmailer.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Well done. There is a present waiting for you at home. Don't open it until 8:30. See you then."  
  
"Oh god, now what?" Casey wondered.  
  
When she got home there was indeed a parcel addressed to her waiting on the front porch. She gave it a shake but was mystified (and worried) about what it might contain.  
  
Just prior to 8:30 she got a text.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Get naked and cut your tampon string off"  
  
Reluctantly she complied and turned the camera on at the prescribed time.  
  
Ding.  
  
"You have 5 'clock shadow. Picture No 2 just went out to 10 people. It was your first shaved upskirt pic"  
  
"Oh God!" Casey thought. She knew she had fairly distinctive anatomy which several people had seen now. If one of those people received the image she would be unable to deny it was her and would have to come up with an explanation as for why she took that picture of herself and how it ended up in their emails.  
  
Ding.  
  
"You may open your present"  
  
Casey opened it and found it contained a silver object with a large fake jewel at one end. There was also a tube of lube. She had no idea what it was but figured it would probably be going into her vagina. She just hoped at least that she wasn't having a heavy day if she was to suffer that indignity.  
  
Ding.  
  
"That goes into your butthole, pointy end first. You may want to use the lube"  
  
"The fuck what?" Casey thought in alarm. She had never had anything in her butt before and she wasn't about to start now, especially in front of someone else. So she gave the camera a blank look.  
  
Ding.  
  
"10 more people just got a surprise in their inboxes"  
  
Casey realised she was not being given an option and she would have to comply. She was beyond appalled at the idea of touching her butt, let along putting something inside it but she tried consoling herself with the thought that anal sex must be popular for a reason. Maybe it wouldn't feel so bad?  
  
She quickly got into the spread position in front of the camera, then applied lots of lube to her butthole and also to the object. Then, holding it by the jewelled end she tried testing it against her anus. It didn't feel good. She was sceptical it would even fit. She tried pushing it in but as it started to penetrate, the sensation alarmed her and she extracted it again. She tried several more times with the same reaction. Then with a final do-or-die push and more than a little wincing, she drove it home. It was painful going in but once in it didn't feel quite so bad. Just weird. She hoped she'd be able to get it out again though.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Leave it in and rub your clit until you cum now"  
  
Casey did as requested and it wasn't long until her primal instincts kicked in again and she was rubbing her genitals with increasing fervour. She wondered about the obscene spectacle she was making now with a jewel sticking out of her butt-hole. It didn't take long for her to orgasm. Then the thought of what she had just done made her want to orgasm again but she resisted.  
  
Ding  
  
"That will do. You'll need to practice wearing the plug until you can tolerate it full time but for now it goes in before any mission. Much prettier for people than seeing your asshole"  
  
"What? No way!" Casey thought. How would she go to the toilet?  
  
"How do I go to the toilet?"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Obviously you can remove it for that and then put it back in after you've cleaned up. You can leave it out for sleeping and sport as well"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Your mission tomorrow is to bend over for someone with your skirt up and get them to photograph it."  
  
Casey immediately started wondering about how she could pull that one off. The experimental nudist story wouldn't work this time she decided. A dare would lack plausibility. Who would wear a butt-plug and ask a stranger to photograph it on a dare? The only thing she could come up with would be to use the surprise approach like she had for the group shot that morning and not try to explain herself at all. The person would probably think she was a vulgar tramp but there was nothing else for it. On the other hand maybe she could ask a friend again? Their face wouldn't be in the picture so there'd be no way the blackmailer would know who took it, and she could lie if he asked. She couldn't ask Amelia this time. She was already worried about her behaviour. This would be too much for her. Greg? He'd probably be totally cool with it but did she want him to see it? What implications would it have for their relationship? Although, if she had to wear this thing on a frequent basis and they were having a sexual relationship, he was going to see it sooner or later and she would have to explain it eventually anyway. In many ways it had to be Greg.  
  
She had a plan.  
  
With some force she extracted the plug from her anus again but she now felt like she'd been violated in a whole new way. She could still feel it in there as she cried herself to sleep again.

**Casey's Fall Ch. 09**

Casey took extra care shaving that morning, then she wrapped the butt-plug and lube and placed them into her bag. She realised that her blackmailer would expect to see it in place when he inevitably asked for an upskirt and that meant she would have to wear it during class. At least that meant not cycling with it in her butt, but it was seriously gross just the same. As if dealing with her period wasn't enough already. Now she had to push and pull things in and out of her butt as well.  
  
Just as she arrived on campus her phone dinged. Thankfully it was only Jolene.  
  
"All ok?"  
  
"Yes fine. You?"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Yes, fine here too. I guess he's gone. Well, that was weird."  
  
Casey knew very well that he hadn't gone but didn't want Jolene to know that. It wasn't like she could do anything to help anyway.  
  
"Yes, very weird." Casey texted back.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Ok. Let me know if you have any more trouble with him."  
  
"I will. Thx. See ya."  
  
Later in class she felt even more conspicuous having both no panties and wearing the butt-plug under her skirt too. She kept feeling the need to keep everything clenched in case it fell out and embarrassed her further. By the time morning tea time came around she was feeling more than a little tired and cramped from the constant clenching, but then she found a way to relax by sitting back on it so her body-weight kept it pressed into her. It wasn't comfortable by any means but it meant she could relax her muscles at least.  
  
The upskirt request finally came and she sent it dutifully. There was no further comment so she assumed she had passed muster. Then at last it was lunchtime and the moment she had been dreading was about to happen.  
  
"Greg!" Casey shouted when she spotted him. "Come here I want to show you something!"  
  
Greg immediately went over hoping the "something" would be one of Casey's naked body parts. He wasn't about to be disappointed. No one was around so he started kissing her passionately.  
  
"What is it Casey? Another nude picture?" he eventually asked hopefully.  
  
Casey groaned inside. Her nude missions were becoming predictable by the people closest to her.  
  
"Actually, um... I'm trying some new um... jewellery and I want to see what it looks like. Can you take a pic for me?" she said handing her phone to him.  
  
"Sure! What is it? Where is it?" Greg's thoughts started going to body piercings. Maybe Casey had her belly button pierced? Maybe something else? He started feeling an erection forming.  
  
"Come here," Casey commanded while dragging him into an empty classroom.  
  
"Ok ready?" she said while turning her back to him.  
  
"Go for it," Greg replied, wondering what the hell he was about to see.  
  
After a quick look around to make sure they were alone, Casey bent over and raised her skirt. There was silence. She looked back at him and his mouth was wide open with a stunned but pleased expression on his face. "Ok, so he likes it at least" Casey thought.  
  
"Take the shot already! I can't stand here like this all day!" Casey said.  
  
Click.  
  
"Finally!" Casey said taking her phone back from him. She feigned interest in looking at the shot for the sake of appearances but was totally repulsed by it.  
  
"So what do you think?"  
  
"Well it's different..." Greg began.  
  
"Slippery Sam definitely likes it," he added, gesturing to the obvious bulge in his pants.  
  
Casey laughed. If nothing else she was at least glad that it hadn't sent him running.  
  
At the end of lunch they reluctantly parted again, and she sent the image to the blackmailer.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Very good. Don't forget to wear it for Mark later"  
  
"Oh crap! Mark and Gillian were going to see it too? What would they think of her? How would she explain it?" Casey wondered with dread.  
  
She passed a group of students looking at their phones and giggling to each other.  
  
"So there's two girls doing it now? I wonder who they are?" Casey heard them say.  
  
"Yes this one's shaved while the other one was really hairy."  
  
"I dunno. They could be the same girl. Maybe she just shaved it. Look, they both have the same kind of meaty lips. Although it's hard to tell in the first picture. You can't really see anything through the hair. OMG what a Wookie!"  
  
"What's it all about though? What are they trying to say by sending pictures of their cooches out to everyone?"  
  
"Yeah, it's weird. It must some kind of joke or dare maybe?"  
  
Casey realised they were talking about her and started blushing like crazy. She just hoped the wrong person didn't see the pictures and link them to her.  
  
"Casey have you seen these?" one of them asked her. "We're trying to work out who they belong to and what their game is."  
  
"Err... no. No idea," Casey replied, and then pretended to be in a hurry to get to class.  
  
The rest of the day passed with her unable to concentrate on her classes as she frantically wondered what to do about the upskirt pictures of her being circulated around campus. She couldn't come up with anything at all by the time she had to cycle to Mark's, and that presented another embarrassing problem. She couldn't decide at first whether to remove the butt-plug before she got on her bike or just leave it in. Since putting it back in once she got there might seem the weirder of the two options to Mark, she decided she would just keep it in and see how he reacted. The drawback in that was the fear that she might drop it while hitting a bump, but she got around that by sitting on it. Now it just pushed harder into her with each bump. Sigh, and ouch.  
  
On arrival Mark was his usual self.  
  
"Hi Casey, good to see you again. All ready for another shoot?"  
  
"Hi Mark. Hi Gillian. Yes. Um... I have my period though..." Casey announced.  
  
"Oh ok. Um... No problems. I think we can work around that. We'll just avoid the big spreads this time I think. Um... I have an idea. Gillian could you get Casey ready with a micro bikini and we'll shoot outside on the pool deck today."  
  
Gillian led Casey out to the dressing room and got her to undress. She noticed the butt-plug right away.  
  
"Ooh, nice butt-plug. Mark was thinking about getting you to wear one of those maybe in another week or two. He'll be thrilled to see you already have one. Oh...we might need to give your shave a touch up. We'll need to shorten the string and tuck it away so it's not so obvious too. Will you need help with any of that?"  
  
"No I got it," Casey replied, embarrassed out of her mind to be standing naked in front of someone while discussing her pubic hair growth and her menstruation.  
  
Casey quickly took a shower and gave her pubic area a re-shave, then she took a pair of scissors she got from Gillian to cut off her tampon string. That was going to be fun getting out later she thought. Then she returned to the dressing room wearing a borrowed robe.  
  
"All clean? Ok we're running a bit behind. Let's quickly get your makeup done and then pick out a bikini."  
  
After her makeup was applied and hair dried. Gillian took her to a rack and picked out a blue bikini for her. Well she called it a bikini. The material in the cups would barely cover her nipples, and the bottoms... well Casey decided she might look less naked without it. There was only enough material to cover her inner pussy lips. Her outer lips would still be clearly visible.  
  
Once she had it on (well she hoped she had it on correctly and hadn't accidentally put it on backwards or something), Gillian led her outside to their pool area. It was basically just a spa but impressively decorated with nice wood panelling and stainless steel rails and wires.  
  
"Ah Casey," Mark said on seeing her. "Wow that looks sexy AF! I'll get you to stand over there in between the rails and put a hand on each one. Ooh, nice butt-plug. It even matches the bikini."  
  
Casey smiled, not knowing how else to respond to someone being pleased to see a foreign object in her butt.  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now knees together and just kind of twist down like a go-go dancer. That's it."  
  
Click.  
  
"And back up again. Lovely."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now turn around and stick your butt out."  
  
Click.  
  
"That needs a few close-ups. Hold it there.  
  
Click. Click.  
  
This went on for 15 minutes or so until Mark asked her to remove the bikini and she was being photographed nude again. He didn't ask her to spread quite as wide today but there was still plenty of normal spreading. Casey loathed every moment of it, and loathed having to smile through it all even more.  
  
At last it was over.  
  
"Thanks Casey. Same time Thursday?"  
  
"Sure Mark. I'll be back," Casey replied, knowing damn well that she didn't have a choice about coming back.  
  
She started putting her ordinary clothes back on while Mark was still talking.  
  
"Tell me Casey. Does you period usually last a long time?"  
  
"Oh ahh. Nah not really. Usually 3 or 4 days. It should be gone, or close enough to it by Thursday."  
  
Casey found it abhorrent to talk about her menstrual cycle with a man she barely knew, and who wasn't her doctor or boyfriend.  
  
"Oh that's ok. That'll be good. I was going to come up with another plan B for you but that should be great. Ok see you then."  
  
"See ya. Bye Gillian!"  
  
Gillian waved from her desk.  
  
Casey got back on her bike and found the butt-plug was getting seriously uncomfortable now after wearing it for such a long time, not to mention the bike trip to Mark's.  
  
"Fuck this!" she thought and looked around for a suitable spot she could remove it without anyone seeing. There was nothing except for a few trees on the side of the path. She decided that would have to do and quickly ducked out of sight, extracted it and stuffed it into her bag before continuing her journey. Thankfully no one saw her and the relief to her poor butthole was instantaneous.  
  
Finally she arrived home and her mother was there already too.  
  
"Hi Mum. How was work?"  
  
"Oh same old same old. How was your day Casey?"  
  
"It was fine too."  
  
"Apart from being forced to wear a plug in my ass all day and having it photographed by various people," she added in her head.  
  
"Oh, there was a package for you. I left it in the kitchen," her mum remembered.  
  
"Oh thanks Mum, I'll check it out."  
  
Only one person sent her packages these days and after yesterday's "present" Casey knew better than to open it there so she took it up to her room. Just as well. It was a dildo about the same size as a banana.  
  
"What was it dear?" her Mum called out. "Anything from anyone you know?"  
  
"Nah just some stuff off eBay I ordered for Tech," Casey lied.  
  
"Oh ok. I was just curious," she called back.  
  
She wondered what new hell she would have to endure now at the hands of her blackmailer. She had to wait until after dinner to find out.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Did you get your new present? Bring it with you at 8:30 and no 5 o'clock shadow this time!"  
  
"Crap!" Casey thought. "I'll have to take another shower."  
  
She texted back.  
  
"I still have my period."  
  
"I know. Yesterday's present was for your butt. Today's is for your mouth. I want to see a good show with a good finale."  
  
At least Casey now knew what it was for, not that the knowledge made the humiliation of what she had to do with it any easier to bear.  
  
She was ready, shaved and naked with the butt-plug inserted by the time she turned the camera on at 8:30.  
  
"He really has me trained well now," she thought to herself in disgust.  
  
"I got a new present," she said to the camera while licking and kissing the dildo with what she thought was her sexiest smile. "What shall we do with it I wonder?"  
  
This time she tried kneeling with her back to the camera and her legs spread wide. Then she turned the top half of her body to the side so he could see the butt-plug while she sucked the dildo and rubbed her clit with her free hand at the same time. She felt so degraded and humiliated doing these things, which was a feeling she realised she was becoming all too familiar with.  
  
She noticed her hips had started moving seemingly of their own accord in time to her rubbing. She responded by thrusting the dildo further down her throat but accidentally made herself gag several times which caused tears to stream down her face. She realised she probably looked like a complete slut with a dildo in her mouth and mascara running down her face but that was probably what he wanted. At last she threw herself into her pillow and screamed out her orgasm. It was a particularly powerful one this time too.  
  
Ding.  
  
"That will do. Tomorrow's mission is to get a naked picture in one of the campus hallways in between classes or at lunch. I want to see at least 3 people I don't recognise in the background."  
  
"I'll get arrested"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Not my problem"  
  
Casey knew this time there would be no avoiding new people seeing her naked. The only plan she could come up with was to make sure she knew where campus security was and then use speed again like she did for the group shot on Monday. She'd need a simple dress she could get on and off quickly again, and someone teed up to take the shot. Then just do it quick so it was all over in seconds, hopefully before anyone could get a good look at her.  
  
Her final thought before going to sleep was the awful realisation that planning her own humiliation was becoming as familiar to her now as her friends were getting with seeing her nude.