**Casey's Fall**

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**Casey's Fall Ch. 10**

Casey woke up and immediately starting dreading the mission she had to perform that day. This time she would not only have to expose herself in public again, but she was to do it at her college in front of new people who she knew would gossip about her. She knew she would be the talk of the town if she did it, but she also knew that not doing it would have far worse consequences. Her sister would then be facing jail time, and far more degrading images of her would be circulated to absolutely everyone she knew including her parents. She felt nauseous even at the idea of carrying out this one though. Somehow she had to get a photograph of herself nude in one of the campus hallways while it was in use.  
  
She decided all she could do was to try to minimise her exposure as much as possible which included minimising her chances of getting caught. That meant wearing something she could get on and off quickly, and making sure she knew where campus security was. This would require a bold approach. No more trying to explain her actions in too much detail.  
  
She selected another of her plain dresses like the one she wore on Monday's mission, and again went without bra and panties for the day. Then she packed the butt-plug and set off for Tech on her bicycle.  
  
She heard her phone ding while she was riding and pulled over to check just in case it was him. She hoped not as there were only a few trees nearby to offer any cover if it was an upskirt request. Thankfully it was just Jolene again.  
  
"Still all good? No more word from him?"  
  
Casey thought about how to respond but thought it best to continue sparing Jolene the pain of the truth.  
  
"No all quiet here"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Good. Hopefully he's gone now. You let me know if he comes back"  
  
"I will. Ok gotta go"  
  
With that Casey got back on her bike and continued to Tech, only to find Cassandra in the locker room with Brigit, much to her dismay.  
  
"'sup nudist girl? Strange to see you wearing clothes. You're not about to strip off and strut your stuff in front of us again I hope?"  
  
"Uh no Cassandra. I have a class to get to."  
  
"Don't tell me you're chicken now all of a sudden?" Cassandra responded sensing Casey's discomfort. "You're not worried about Brigit here being in the room are you? Sure didn't seem to make no difference to you at the supermarket on Saturday, or at your folks' house on Sunday. She already seen you naked anyway."  
  
"Um... well there's a time and a place I guess," Casey replied, scrambling to come up with excuses for her recent behaviour.  
  
"Well, you around friends now. C'mon then. Gear off. Show us you legit."  
  
Casey looked up and saw both girls were smirking in anticipation. She knew for her wannabe nudist excuse to hold water she would have to exhibit no shame in being nude in front of people, and obviously Cassandra wasn't going to let this go. With a reluctant sigh she pulled her dress up over her head, not caring now that she would be showing them she had no underwear on underneath, and then stood naked in front of the pair with her hands behind her back. Cassandra immediately guffawed.  
  
"Happy now?" Casey asked.  
  
"Told you. Total fuckin' exhibitionist," Cassandra said to Brigit.  
  
"What a fucking slut," Brigit responded. "Bitch don't even have panties on under her dress. Who goes out in public like that?"  
  
"Those beef curtains too," Cassandra jibed pointing at Casey's crotch. "You ever seen a girl look like that? How much meat she seen to get all loose like that you think?"  
  
Casey was completely mortified and could only stand there and take it all while cursing her anatomy. Finally the girls seemed satisfied they had teased Casey enough and grabbed their things and left the locker room laughing.  
  
Casey quickly dressed again, remembering to insert the loathsome butt-plug.  
  
There was just one upskirt request before morning tea. Then at last lunchtime came and it was time for the mission she'd been dreading. She checked on the security guard and he appeared to be eating lunch. Then she checked the nearest hallway and there were about a dozen people milling about inside which was about the right number to fulfil the mission parameters. Now she just needed a photographer so she picked out a random nerdy looking boy on his own looking at his phone.  
  
"Hey, want to take a picture of me?" Casey asked him as she thrust her phone into his hands, not really giving him a choice about it.  
  
"Um... yeah sure."  
  
Casey looked behind her and nobody was looking at her yet.  
  
"Ok ready?" she asked the boy.  
  
"Yep," he said while looking at her image on her phone's screen.  
  
Then Casey quickly slipped off her dress and tossed it to one side, and assumed a pose leaning up the wall and smiled.  
  
"Ok now!" she said to him.  
  
"WTF?" the boy said as he lowered the phone and looked at her directly. People started to look their way.  
  
"Quick! Just get the shot before Security comes!" Casey shrieked.  
  
The boy was shocked into action and quickly did as she asked. As soon as she heard the phone click she quickly put her dress back on and took her phone back. The shot was a little out of level but otherwise perfect.  
  
"Thanks!" she said, and started to walk away.  
  
"Wait a second. What was that all about?" he asked.  
  
Casey was hoping he'd be too shocked to ask questions. She was hesitant to stop at first but then she decided it was time to break out the nudist experiment story again.  
  
"Um, well... Long story short, I've been intrigued by the idea of becoming a registered nudist and I wanted to get some pictures of me in various places so I can see what I look like and how I felt about it."  
  
"I see..." he replied.  
  
"What you did for me was really helpful. Thanks so much," she said, hoping that would satisfy him enough so she could move on and pretend the whole thing never happened. She turned to walk away again but he hadn't finished with her yet.  
  
"You know, I think you're lying," he said. "I think you like flashing your body to people because you like to shock them and see their reaction. I think you might be an exhibitionist. Not that your body is a bad thing to see, but that's not normal behaviour. Are you ok? Is everything ok at home? Is someone abusing you? I can help you get help if you need it?"  
  
Casey was on the spot now. He wasn't wrong about someone abusing her but it wasn't in the way this guy suspected, and no, there wasn't any help for her at this stage. This was something only she could deal with on her own.  
  
"Err.. No that's ok. I'm perfectly fine. Call it a prank if you like. Um... I really have to go. Thanks again for your help."  
  
"Are you sure? Ok. Look if you want to talk about it more I can give you my number if you like. I'm studying psych at Uni and just came here to do a typing course. As a student I can't help you in any official capacity but I can refer you to someone who can if you want?"  
  
"Um... that's very kind of you. I'll be fine though. This isn't something I normally do. It's just a one-of."  
  
At last she managed to get away from him basically by running away. Then she went to find Greg to spend what remained of her lunch break with him. On the way her thoughts troubled her.  
  
Now people thought she was an exhibitionist? She definitely didn't want people thinking that about her. She hated showing her body and was only doing it because someone was making her. She couldn't tell people that though. She would have to think harder about her excuses and pick her marks better in future she decided, but the blackmailer was leaving her with fewer and fewer choices. It was a problem. She prayed that soon he would lose interest and leave her alone before her reputation was completely ruined. Up until now she had thought she could manage the fallout by claiming it as an experiment but now someone called her out on that.  
  
After lunch she sent the image to the blackmailer but there was no response.  
  
The rest of the day passed without even another upskirt request and she was glad of the peace. She decided he must be occupied and even took the chance of removing the butt-plug for her bike ride home. When she got home she found the mailbox was empty for once too. She hoped this trend would continue. Maybe he had been hit by a bus or something after all? She could only hope.  
  
As 8:30 came around she showered, re-shaved and re-inserted the butt-plug just in case, and then her hopes were crushed when she finally got a response from him.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Well done on completing your mission. On cam tonight be naked. Start with sucking your new toy again and play with your clit. Then remove the butt-plug and use the dildo in that hole instead."  
  
"The what now?" she thought, and then remembered angering him on Monday night just by having stubble and hesitating for just a moment when he asked her to put the butt-plug in on camera. Putting things in her butt was so much more degrading than putting things in her pussy, which was degrading enough. It wasn't even anything she would have considered doing before even in private. The whole idea made her stomach churn but she knew somehow she would have to do it.  
  
When it came time she assumed a similar position to the night before and played with her clit while sucking the dildo. As her arousal kicked in, she reached around behind her and pulled the butt-plug out. Then after covering the dildo with spit, she started pushing it against her butt hole. It accepted the dildo with no more difficulty than it had accepted the butt-plug. The main difference was there was no moment where it popped into place. Her sphincter remained stretched no matter how far she pushed it in. The sensation was not unlike going to the toilet and she hoped she didn't make a mess on her bed. At the same time, in her aroused state she sensed that while it was a little uncomfortable, and definitely degrading doing it in front of someone else, it wasn't an entirely unpleasant sensation. She began thrusting it back and forth as she increased the speed and pressure on her clit with her other hand. Soon her face was buried into her pillow as her orgasm came.  
  
Ding.  
  
"That will do. Your mission tomorrow is to go to the same hallway you were in today and walk the full length naked. Slowly. Get video"  
  
Casey's heart sank. She immediately knew she could not pull that off with any reasonable excuse.  
  
"Wait!" she suddenly thought. "I can use the 'dare' excuse for this one. Say it's a streaking dare!" Dozens of people would see her she realised, but at least they would think it was just a prank rather than anything strange.  
  
The planning though. She would need to check that the security guard and no faculty were in the area. Hopefully the number of students would be around the same as today. Wait! If she had to strip off at one end and walk to the other, she would then have to walk all the way back naked as well to get back to her clothes! Ok, she would take a second dress at leave it at the destination end beforehand. Luckily most of her dresses were simple styles that she could quickly get on and off over her head. Speed would be a factor in order to minimise her exposure and the chance of getting caught as well. She couldn't be fussing with zippers or buttons.  
  
Now for a photographer. She would select someone randomly again she supposed. She just hoped the boy from today wouldn't be there this time. He could be a problem.  
  
Fuck this sucked. It was starting to get seriously out of hand. She was already a laughing stock to Cassandra and her friends. If it didn't stop soon, her reputation would be permanently ruined and it probably wouldn't be long before it came to the attention of the faculty. What would happen then? Would she be thrown out and not get to finish her diploma? What would she tell her parents? Would Amelia and Greg turn their backs on her?  
  
Just what was this blackmailer's game anyway? Did he just get off on this shit? Why her? Did she fit some profile he had in mind or was it just a sadistic opportunity to fuck with a random young woman because of what he had on Jolene? Why not just fuck with Jolene then? Sure she was a couple of years older and could stand to lose a few pounds but it wasn't like she was ugly. On the other hand, maybe he was fucking with Jolene already and he was getting two for the price of one, and she was just keeping it to herself out of embarrassment or so as not to cause distress to anyone? If that was the case, how could she get Jolene to confess without revealing her own torment to her and causing her to worry? A problem shared is a problem halved, and maybe then they could work together and figure out who he was and how to stop it, but if neither of them was willing to reveal to the other what they were actually going through then they were at an impasse. She would have to find a tactful way to ask Jolene she supposed.  
  
What if it came to the attention of the authorities and she was arrested? Surely that would end the blackmailer's grip on her? But then her life really would be over. The charge itself could have very serious consequences, maybe even Indenture! Unless he was a cop and maybe he had the influence to get a charge like that dropped so he could continue making her do these awful things? That might explain why he didn't seem to care if she was arrested. He would still have a hold over her with all of the disgusting pictures he still had of her and what he had on Jolene after all, and that would leave her facing expulsion from the college as well as having to explain her behaviour to her parents and friends without revealing she was being blackmailed. Sigh. Getting caught wasn't an option. That had to be avoided at all costs.  
  
And what was the idea of making her get pictures and video of her missions anyway? Was it just for his jollies, to get more blackmail material or was it just proof she had done them so he didn't have to reveal his identity? Were the pictures being passed around amongst his buddies so they could all laugh at her or masturbate or whatever the fuck men did with pictures of naked women? Maybe all of the above?  
  
If she could just find out who he was to start with, that might lead to finding a way to end it. How though? She would need to find out where he would be so she could at least get a look at him. Her mailbox or front porch were possibilities but it was always possible he was paying someone else to act as courier. Even if she did get a look at him, if she didn't know him then she would be no closer to a solution, and if she cornered him then this might all blow up in her face and it would be as bad, if not worse than being caught by the authorities. It was a dilemma.  
  
For now though she just had to focus on not getting caught and planning her missions as cleverly as possible so that didn't happen. Walking a hallway on campus in the nude on the one hand wouldn't be as hard as the shopping mission was, but the bigger risk here was that people knew her here and she could end up seriously screwed if faculty caught her in the act, particularly if it was someone like Mrs Daly.  
  
Casey checked the time and it was after midnight. She'd been agonising for hours. How would she ever get to sleep with her brain going completely nuts with worry? She made a determined effort to block it out, and while it did pop back into her thoughts a couple more times, eventually exhaustion took over and at last she slept.

**Casey's Fall Ch. 11**

Casey woke up realising there was no way she could perform today's mission without lots of people seeing her naked. How could she walk the full length of a campus hallway in class time without being seen by dozens, if not maybe hundreds of people? The best she could hope for would be to minimise the damage. That meant planning and timing. Again by making sure campus security and faculty weren't in the area, and doing it at mid-lunchtime when most students would be in the cafeteria or outside somewhere. Her idea about taking two dresses and leaving one at the destination end so she could dress again without having to go all the way back to where she started from naked as well was a good starting point so she packed a spare dress in her backpack.  
  
One problem could be the psych student if he saw her again, but she figured he wasn't too difficult to blow off last time and if it came to it she could just tell him to fuck off and let him think whatever he wanted.  
  
Her period had pretty much finished so that wouldn't be a problem. One issue was that she would have to walk past her photographer at some point though, who would then probably be recording her from behind. Her blackmailer would be expecting to see the butt-plug so she would have to wear that.  
  
"As if being naked in front of everyone wasn't humiliating enough," Casey groaned to herself.  
  
The only other thing was she needed an excuse for what she was doing. This one she felt there was nothing for it but to claim it was a dare. She'd basically just tell someone straight out what she was doing and hand them her phone to film it before they could say no. A boy would be easier to convince than a girl too... The only problem with using that excuse was that it would work this time but it was a once only deal. If she tried using it a second time on a similar mission she would not be believed. People would just think she liked streaking for the thrill of it.  
  
And that's exactly how it played out. After dealing with just one upskirt request mid-morning, nothing else eventuated until lunchtime. Casey scouted around for faculty and checked that the security guard was eating lunch in his office, which he was. Then she put her spare dress behind a trash can at the other end and scouted the hallway. There were maybe a dozen students and no sign even of the meddling psych student from the day before. Casey picked her mark - a boy standing alone staring out the windows about half way down. Then with a deep breath she approached him.  
  
"Pardon me?" Casey said to him. "I've been dared to streak down this hallway and I have to get video evidence. Could you record me?"  
  
"What? Now?" he replied.  
  
"You betcha!" Casey replied.  
  
"Well ok, but only if I can record it on my phone as well?"  
  
"Um... errr.. well, I guess so. Why not?"  
  
And with that Casey quickly went to the starting point and waited for his signal to go. Holding a phone in each hand he gave Casey a nod to tell her he was ready. She quickly stripped off the dress and started walking. She noticed the boy's eyes got big, probably not believing she was actually doing it.  
  
So far so good she thought, but then she could hear people behind her.  
  
"OMG is she naked?"  
  
"Is that a jewel in her butt? How is she holding that in there?"  
  
"A butt-plug. Seriously? Who would wear something like that to class?  
  
"Oh wow she's shaved. I much prefer that look."  
  
"I don't. I like a bit of hair. No too much though. A full bush is kind of gross. Just a nice landing strip is nice."  
  
"Kind of small tits, but for some reason I wanna put them in my mouth anyway."  
  
"We haven't had a streaker this year, and this one's a girl! About time!"  
  
Casey tried to block it out and kept her eyes down and focussed on the next step in front of her. In her peripheral vision she saw her photographer to her right and she risked a glance up. Two more girls had appeared in the hallway in front of her but she was past the halfway point now.  
  
"OMG she's naked."  
  
"Streaker on campus!"  
  
"She's fully shaved. What a slut."  
  
Suddenly the full reality of what she was doing entered her mind and Casey's legs almost buckled.  
  
"C'mon Casey. Almost there!" she told herself.  
  
And finally she was.  
  
She grabbed her spare dress and quickly put it on, and then turned to discover there were now about fifty students watching her in the hallway. Her face turned bright red as a cheer went up from the crowd in response. She looked for her photographer and spotted him waving her phone. As she went to fetch it there were dozens of high fives, mostly from boys. Casey smiled and ran with it but was totally mortified.  
  
"That was fucking awesome!" her photographer said.  
  
"Oh, please don't put that online," Casey asked him. "If my parents saw it they'd kill me."  
  
"No worries. It won't go anywhere," he assured her.  
  
She grabbed her other dress and got out of there as quickly as she could. While humiliated beyond belief and she had a lot more witnesses than she had hoped for, she reassured herself that her plan was successful and the mission was now done and dusted. She hoped it would be the last.  
  
She got another upskirt text request just after lunch but heard nothing else until classes were dismissed and she was almost about to head to Mark's for her photoshoot.  
  
Ding.  
  
"How did your mission go? Looking forward to video"  
  
Casey hadn't had time to send it so she did it then while she was still connected to the campus Wi-Fi. Then she got on her bike and commenced the short trip to Mark's. Her phone dinged again while she was cycling but she decided she would check it when she got there.  
  
"Very good. See you at 8:30"  
  
Mark wasn't in reception when she arrived so she just said hello to Gillian who took her out to the dressing room. As usual she had Casey undress to put on a robe and then asked her to go shave again before doing her hair and makeup. She then had her put on some high heels and led her out to Mark in a hearth type set complete with a fake fireplace and a shaggy rug.  
  
"Oh hi Casey! You look fantastic as usual. Has Auntie Flo left for the month yet?" Mark asked her on seeing her.  
  
"Oh err... I guess so. Sure," Casey replied, still not really coping with a man asking her something so personal.  
  
"Ok great. I'll get you to disrobe and just stand facing the fireplace with your hands on the wall."  
  
Casey still wasn't used to taking her clothes off in front of anyone but knew better than to hesitate.  
  
"Gotta act like a pro Casey, like you choose to be here," she told herself.  
  
Click.  
  
"Lovely. Now look over your shoulder at me. Nice."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now a sultry look."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok now face me. Lovely."  
  
Click.  
  
"Feet a little further apart. Arch your back a bit. Yep, butt out that's right. Lovely."  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, now one hand on your tummy and look down."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now two hands. Yes."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now put your hands either side of your pussy. Gorgeous."  
  
Click.  
  
"Press a little harder"  
  
Click.  
  
"Now can you grab your pussy lips and give them a little pull. Yes both hands. Lovely sweetheart."  
  
Click.  
  
"A little harder. Yes! And look up at me and smile."  
  
Click.  
  
"Hold it there and I'll get some close-ups."  
  
Click. Click.  
  
"Ok, now turn around and bend over slightly. Yes same pose darling, just from behind."  
  
Click.  
  
"Oh my, that butt-plug totally suits you. Now just pull your pussy apart a little more."  
  
Click.  
  
"And can you put a finger inside? Oh that's great."  
  
Click.  
  
Casey could feel that she'd become very wet already and was feeling a little weak-kneed. She cursed herself for reacting like this when she was humiliated. It went totally against everything she was actually feeling.  
  
"OK, Gillian has something for you. Just hold it so I can get Gillian's hand in shot as well. Yes, right there. Now look pleasantly surprised. Awesome!"  
  
It was a dildo slight larger than the one she had at home. Casey was mortified knowing what Mark was almost certainly going to ask her to do with it.  
  
Click.  
  
"Ok, can you lick it and put it in your mouth?"  
  
Click.  
  
"Gorgeous. A bit more."  
  
Click. Click.  
  
"Ok, now put it between your breasts. Show me you're almost in ecstasy. That's perfect darling."  
  
"Ok, now drag it slowly down your tummy."  
  
Click.  
  
"Now touch it to your pussy lips."  
  
Click.  
  
"Hold it there. I'll get some close-ups."  
  
Click. Click.  
  
"No when you're ready darling can you put it inside you? Amazing Casey. Amazing!"  
  
Click. Click.  
  
Casey's knees were beginning to give out.  
  
"I might need to sit down Mark," Casey said.  
  
"Sure, just sit on the rug right there. You seem to be comfortable with the dildo. You just go right ahead and pretend we're not here. Legs wide apart sweetheart. A little wider. Beautiful!"  
  
Casey was starting to moan as she worked the dildo in and out of her pussy. In the background she could hear the camera clicking constantly but she was barely aware of it now. Primal Casey had the reins again and the conscious part of her brain had taken a back seat.  
  
Soon she orgasmed loudly and everything went black for a while. Once it finally subsided she opened her eyes to see Mark beaming and even the unshockable Gillian had her eyebrows raised. Casey couldn't believe what she'd just done in front of them. She hung her head in shame.  
  
"Um... sorry about that," she said to her audience.  
  
"Are you kidding?" Mark replied. "That was fucking amazing! With each shoot you just get better and better Casey. You have star potential!"  
  
Casey didn't like the sound of that. She wasn't sure what Mark did with the pictures he took and she preferred not to know. She just hoped they didn't go too far, or anywhere anyone who knew her might see.  
  
"Ok, that's a wrap I think. We're a little early today but I got everything I needed. I guess see you next Tuesday Casey!"  
  
"Ok thanks Mark. See you then."  
  
"Have a good weekend."  
  
"You too."  
  
Casey rode her bike home still appalled at what she'd just done in Mark's studio. Did she have no self-control at all? What was wrong with her? She hated being naked and hated displaying herself in such vulgar poses but for some reason her body betrayed her by becoming extremely aroused in those circumstances. It was a different sort of arousal than she felt with Greg as well. With Greg, the orgasms felt warm and came on like waves of pleasure washing over her body. These orgasms felt like her body wasn't hers anymore and every cell was exploding into millions of tiny fireworks at once while she was just an observer looking in from the outside. They were borderline painful too and she often finished with tears in her eyes. She suddenly realised she was getting wet replaying the experience in her mind and decided to focus on her bike and her studies instead.  
  
Her mother was home again as Casey expected. Thankfully there were no more packages for her today to have to explain. Few good things seemed to happen in her life these days so she tended to appreciate the small blessings that came her way like that. She also appreciated the irony of being overjoyed at not getting presents and smiled to herself for a moment.  
  
After dinner she retired to her bedroom to study as she normally did.  
  
A text came just after 8:00pm.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Mark says you were outstanding today. Keep it up. For tonight I think you've learnt enough now to go solo. Surprise me"  
  
After Casey switched on the camera, she put on a show using the dildo in her mouth and then her pussy. She laid back spread out wide and even came up close to the camera. The humiliation of having an orgasm led to her having a second one before she stopped and tried to catch her breath, not to mention attempting to exercise a little self-control.  
  
Ding.  
  
"Well done. Tomorrow's mission I want you to perform a strip tease to music in the cafeteria at lunch time. Dance naked for at least 5 minutes. Get video"  
  
"I'll get caught and arrested"  
  
Ding.  
  
"Faculty meeting at 12pm. Just check on security guard."  
  
Casey started to cry and tossed her phone onto her pillow in despair. What he was asking her to do was beyond what she thought she could handle. This mission seemed impossible. Maybe it would be better if she got caught and arrested? So she might end up an Indent. At least she could maybe stay dressed then and not have to do all this degrading stuff, but then on the other hand it was always possible that whoever bought her might use her for prostitution, and she would lose her future career as well as a chance for love. Plus there was always the possibility he was a cop and had a plan for this, which in that event would change nothing from his perspective but she would lose everything she loved. Jolene seemed to think he was a cop too so that was a strong possibility.  
  
Ok, so she needed to come up with a plan to make sure she wasn't caught. What this time though? There would be hundreds of students in the cafeteria. At least faulty would be occupied in their meeting so there was just the security guard to worry about, and he always had his lunch at 12.  
  
Unfortunately that was as far as she got in her plan as the lack of sleep from the previous night took over and she was soon out like a light.

**Casey's Fall Ch. 12**

As Casey woke up and the fog lifted from her brain, she remembered the mission she was supposed to do that day and realised she must have fallen asleep last night in the middle of her thoughts and still needed a plan. She knew there was no hope this time of stopping hundreds of eyes seeing her naked body if she were to strip in the cafeteria at lunch time, and she could not think of any way she could excuse her behaviour if she went through with it. Perhaps not going through with it was an option this time? For this mission, the consequences of doing it seemed almost as bad as if she didn't. Almost. The blackmailer still had pictures and video of her engaged in sex acts, masturbating and doing all sorts of things which he was threatening to send to her parents as well as everyone on campus. That would be far worse actually. So she was going to have to go through with it. But how?  
  
Could she at least mitigate its effects perhaps? That would mean ensuring that she wasn't caught to start with. The blackmailer had said there would be a faculty meeting at midday so she only need worry about campus security. Could she create a distraction to minimise the number of people in the cafeteria maybe? She considered setting off the fire alarm as one possibility. That would do it but then her video would not show any other people present in the cafeteria which would mean she would fail the mission. She now knew only too well now that getting her to expose herself in front of people was what got his rocks off. Plus the consequences of getting caught raising a false alarm could be worse than if she were caught for public indecency.  
  
Another problem was that Greg would also be present and he would see her behaviour as well. What would he think? He would think she was a dreadful exhibitionist and it could mean the end of their relationship she decided. But, what if she pretended she was doing it for him? He would think she was a little crazy perhaps but hopefully in a good way.  
  
She would start out by presenting it as an impromptu dance for him set to Joe Cocker's "You Can Leave Your Hat On", then pretend to get carried away in the moment and take everything off. She had a suitable hat in mind too. People witnessing her dance might also accept it the same way. Sure, they might assume she was an exhibitionist but they might also accept it as just a bit of fun between a girl to her boyfriend, and just smile to themselves and go about their business afterwards. That was it then. She would present it as an impromptu gift to her boyfriend and ask him to video it as well. The blackmailer again would have no idea who did the recording and she could just lie if he asked.  
  
The next issue, assuming she pulled off this mission without getting arrested, was to start working towards uncovering the blackmailer's identity so she could hopefully put a stop to it. Jolene was the starting point. Should Casey confess what had been happening to her in the hope that it would get Jolene to open up if she was going through the same perverted nonsense? If she wasn't though, that would mean causing her grief and worry when there wasn't anything she could do to change it. There must be some way to get her to open up though. Casey decided there was nothing for it but to ask her straight out so she texted her.  
  
"Hey sis, how are things at your end? Any more trouble?  
  
Ding.  
  
"No, all quiet here"  
  
"So he hasn't been making you do things?"  
  
Ding.  
  
"No, nothing. Why? Has he been making you do things?"  
  
Fuck! Jolene hadn't revealed anything so now it was back on Casey to decide whether to tell the truth or not. She decided to try revealing a little bit of the truth and hopefully that would trigger Jolene to also reveal something.  
  
"He's asked me to strip off at school"  
  
Casey's phone immediately started ringing. It was Jolene.  
  
"What do you mean strip off at school?" Jolene asked the moment Casey answered.  
  
"Oh hey sis," Casey replied. "Um... well he wants me to streak in the cafeteria or he'll send the evidence to the police."  
  
"Are you fucking serious? You can't do that!"  
  
"Well, I've been thinking about it and I think I might be able to pull it off," Casey replied, watering it down a little. "All of the faculty will be in a meeting and if I'm quick, hopefully too many people won't get a good look."  
  
"No, you can't do that! What if your friends see? What will they think? What if you get caught?" Jolene replied in alarm.  
  
"Well I figure the students will be cool and just assume I'm on a dare, so I just have to worry about faculty and they'll all be occupied. So you really haven't heard from him all this time?"  
  
"No nothing," Jolene replied. "I thought he'd been leaving you alone all this time as well. I can't ask you to do this Casey. Just forget about it. I'll just have to hand myself in."  
  
Drat. It sounded like she was telling the truth and he was only targeting Casey with the blackmail. Why though?  
  
"You're not asking me to do it Jolene. He is," Casey stated. "It's my choice."  
  
Jolene was silent and then finally spoke.  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"Yes, I'm sure."  
  
"Oh my God Casey. I owe you for this big time. I don't know how I'm going to repay you. You make sure you call me and we talk about it if he bothers you again after this ok?"  
  
"I will sis. Look don't worry. I can do this. It'll be all over soon and hopefully we never hear from him again," Casey replied, wishfully thinking.  
  
"I don't like it at all Casey but good luck with it ok? You call or text me afterwards so I know you're ok. Ok?"  
  
"I will Jo," Casey assured. "Look I better get moving. I was just about to get on my bike. I'll catch you up soon ok?"  
  
"Ok Casey. Good luck, and don't feel you have to go through with it on my account. I'd rather just take my medicine if it comes to that."  
  
"I'll be fine," Casey replied. "I have a plan and I've thought it through."  
  
"Ok then. See ya'."  
  
"See ya'."  
  
But as lunch time approached she was feeling less and less confident with her plan. She was about to strip off totally naked in front of her fellow students on the flimsy premise that she got a bit overexcited showing off for her boyfriend. It sounded appalling on every level. People were going to think she was nuts. But on the positive side, Casey decided that might just set her up for future missions. Once crazy, always crazy maybe? Maybe people would even lose interest in her after a while and she would become invisible again by becoming too visible. The downside of that was that it would then mean that so many people would have seen her naked so many times that it had become old news. "Just another day at Tech. Oh yeah, that's naked Casey. Just ignore her," people would say.  
  
And then she was doing it.  
  
After starting the song, she shoved her phone into Greg's hands and then with a cheeky smile she said "record me." Then she pulled out her hat and started dancing around him with her hand holding her hat on. Greg looked on with a bemused expression and others had formed a circle clapping in time around the couple. She started with showing a little shoulder and then pulling her hem up to show her hip. Next thing, before she thought too hard about what she was doing and chickened out, the dress was off and she was dancing naked. The onlookers whooped and hollered egging her on. Casey was almost having fun with it (as long as she didn't think too hard about being naked) when suddenly a hush fell over the crowd. Only the music played on.  
  
"MISS REINE!"  
  
Casey turned around to see Mrs Daly with the security guard standing behind her. Her heart immediately went into her mouth and her arms and hands to her breasts and crotch.  
  
"What are you doing? And what is that in your bottom? In all my years I have never seen such a vulgar display by a young lady, and I have seen some pretty bad things let me tell you."  
  
"I-I'm sorry Mrs Daly. I-I was just having a bit of fun with my friends," Casey stammered.  
  
"Fun? How is this even remotely fun? You're dancing around stark naked in front of everyone with something in your backside in the middle of the cafeteria!"  
  
Mrs Daly turned to the onlookers.  
  
"And you all should be ashamed of yourselves! Anyone with manners would have covered her up or at least turned away. Be gone now. All of you! Go about your business. Shoo!"  
  
The crowd reluctantly dispersed while looking back to see if they could hear or see anything of Casey's fate. Casey went to gather her clothes and dress again.  
  
"No leave those Miss Reine. You're evidence now and you can explain your state of undress to the authorities. I said LEAVE IT! Now, will you come quietly with me to the Dean's office or do I have to ask Mr Stephens here to drag you forcibly?"  
  
"Here take your phone Casey," Greg said while pushing it into her hands. Call or text me as soon as you know something."  
  
Casey blindly took it from him and allowed herself to be led away naked by Mrs Daly and the guard while trying to cover herself with her arms and hands. She felt like she was about to pass out from the shame.  
  
Soon they were in the Dean's office.  
  
"Dean Bernstein?" Mrs Daly called out. "We unfortunately have a little tramp in our midst to deal with. I found her dancing in the cafeteria in the state you see her in now."  
  
Casey was mortified and started to cry.  
  
"Turn around Miss Reine," Mrs Daly continued, grabbing her arm and forcing her to turn. "Look, she has something in her bottom. Have you ever seen such a thing?"  
  
Mrs Bernstein looked Casey up and down.  
  
"Come into my office Miss Reine," she said with no amusement whatsoever. "Take a seat over there and I will deal with you shortly."  
  
"Leanne," she said, turning to her personal assistant. "Please call her parents and the authorities."  
  
"No problems Mrs Bernstein," Leanne replied.  
  
"Well Miss Reine. What do you have to say for yourself?" Dean Bernstein asked Casey.  
  
"I-I was just having a bit of fun with friends. I didn't mean to offend anyone," she replied, now sobbing.  
  
"Well, your fun is going to cost you a lot. We take a very dim view of public indecency here and I intend to see you prosecuted to the full extent of the law. The authorities are on their way and you will answer to them."  
  
Casey had no words and just sobbed harder. She could feel her life slipping through her fingers. She so desperately wanted to tell the truth about everything that had happened to her. She didn't care who knew what she'd done now but there was still Jolene to consider. She still couldn't let Jolene fall. Everything she had gone through would be for nought then.  
  
Dean Bernstein had Casey stay where she was seated as she tended to other matters. After a surprisingly short time she could hear her parents' voices in the reception area. She guessed they must have been called at work and came on the double.  
  
"Yes, she's right through here. I'm afraid she can't go with you though. We're currently waiting on the police to arrive. She is to be formerly charged with public indecency."  
  
"Oh Casey what have you done?" asked her mother as she saw Casey hunched over naked in the chair. Her father just grunted in disgust.  
  
"I'm sorry mum. I'm sorry!" was all Casey could say in response in between sobs.  
  
"I don't know what's got into you girl," her father finally responded. "But you leave me no choice. Our doors are closed to you now. If you avoid jail you can come and get your things but after that I don't want to see or hear from you again. Are we understood?"  
  
"Oh no Dad! Please!" Casey cried.  
  
"You have brought shame upon all of us this day Casey. We cannot forgive this. You are not our daughter anymore."  
  
And with that he put his arm around Casey's mum and led her to the door. Casey overheard them speaking to Reception outside in between her sobs. Her mum was crying too.  
  
"Mr and Mrs Reine, we have the contents of Casey's locker and her phone and bicycle here for you. Are you able to take them away? I'm afraid Casey won't be welcome back here any time in the future, assuming she avoids incarceration anyway."  
  
"Have someone bring them to my car please," she heard her father grunt.  
  
Casey sobbed even harder.  
  
As her parents departed she then heard the sound of heavy boots and keys rattling as two uniformed police were being led into Dean Bernstein's office. One was male and one female.  
  
"Well, well, well, what do we have here?" the male one asked as he looked Casey up and down. "Your name is Casey Reine correct?"  
  
Casey nodded.  
  
"Casey Reine you are being charged with violation of State Penal Code 314A, section 3 governing the laws of public decency. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in court. You have the right to talk to a lawyer for advice before we ask you any questions. You have the right to have a lawyer with you during questioning. If you cannot afford a lawyer, one will be appointed for you before any questioning if you wish. If you decide to answer questions now without a lawyer present, you have the right to stop answering at any time. Do you understand your rights?"  
  
Casey just nodded. Despair had ceded to cold fear now.  
  
"Ok please stand up and turn around."  
  
Casey did as instructed and was shocked when her hands were cuffed and she was being led still naked back out through reception and then out into the waiting squad car in the car park.  
  
"What's going to happen to me?" Casey asked in tears as the squad car turned into the main street.  
  
"Haha, well I don't like your chances," the female office responded. "Streaking would be a fairly petty offence on a campus and maybe earn you a rap over the knuckles. Maybe community service at most. But dancing naked in public, especially with that thing in your ass. That raises it to a fairly serious offence. I'd say you're facing at least 5 years of indenture. Maybe 10. Depends what mood the judge is in."  
  
Casey started sobbing again.  
  
Eventually they arrived at the station and Casey was led still naked with her hands cuffed behind her back up the front stairs and into the building. People everywhere were looking at her. She then spent half an hour shivering on a bench before being led out to a room where she was finger-printed and photographed. They were particularly interested in photographing her butt with the butt-plug still in it. Casey asked if she could remove it but they told her it was evidence and had to stay. Once processing was completed she was led to a cell to await trial, and was asked if she would like to call a lawyer or family.  
  
Only one person could help her now she knew, so she called Jolene.  
  
"Jolene! Something terrible has happened! I got caught doing that thing in the cafeteria! The college expelled me on the spot and had me arrested for public indecency! I'm being held at the Bigtown main branch and they won't even let me put my clothes back on. They're saying I could get 5 to 10 years indenture for it! Please, please help me!"  
  
"OMG!" Jolene replied. "Casey you just hold tight. I know a lawyer. I'll call her right now and we'll be right there. Don't worry. She's really smart and she's an expert in these things. I'm sure she'll find a way to get you out. Ok? You hold tight girl. We're coming!"  
  
Casey dried her eyes at that and started to pray that Jolene was right. This couldn't be happening! She was sitting in a jail cell naked and facing serious criminal charges! Her worst fears were realised. It just couldn't be real! She started having visions of being forced into prostitution by whoever decided to buy her indenture or maybe spending the next 10 years wearing rags and scrubbing toilets. So much for a career in graphic design and all the work and money she'd put into getting her diploma. Oh what about Greg? Would she ever see him again now? Would she ever find love again? Amelia. She missed her friend already. When could she at least take this thing out of her ass?  
  
About an hour later an officer came and got her out of her cell. She was led to a room with glass all around and she could see Jolene inside. An older woman she didn't recognise was sitting beside her.  
  
"Oh Jolene," she sobbed. "I hope you can help me? I haven't been telling you the whole truth of what's been happening. He's been making me do these terrible things almost constantly and now I'm in terrible trouble because of it. It's such a mess! I don't know what to do! They won't even give me something to wear or let me take this stupid thing out of my butt!"  
  
"It's going to be ok Casey," she assured her sister. "This is Monique. She's a lawyer and she thinks she can get you out and even back to school."  
  
"Really?" Casey asked Monique, brightening slightly.  
  
"Yes, I think so but you have a fairly tough decision to make," Monique replied. "The only sure way I know of to get these charges dropped is to get you registered ASAP and plead the leniency of the court."  
  
WTF? Did she mean register as a nudist? Here? Right now? Surely she wasn't serious?  
  
"You mean register as a nudist? So I'd have to be nude for the rest of my life? You can't be serious?" Casey asked with a mixture of astonishment and terror at the prospect.  
  
"Yes, very serious. Look, I can see you're upset at the idea but don't be too quick to count it out. It does open a lot of doors for you. If we tell them you were merely expressing an innermost desire to become a nudist and meant no offence to anyone, and we back it up with evidence that you now are one, I can tell you right now that the charges will almost certainly be immediately dropped and you can be out of here and on your way home again tonight. Your college also cannot legally deny you entry on the basis of being a nudist. I think with the same explanation and a suitable apology to the school there's a reasonable chance we can get the expulsion overturned as well."  
  
"I-I'm not sure I could deal with being nude all the time though," Casey replied, not believing she was facing a decision like this. Becoming a registered nudist was her worst nightmare.  
  
"It takes a bit of getting used to but you do get used to it," Monique replied sympathetically. "I've helped a lot of nudists out in the past, many who started out in similar situations to yours. You're by no means the first person to register as a nudist who didn't really want to and you certainly won't be the last. It's not so bad now anyway. It's not like it used to be in the old days. I played a role in the State formulating the registered nudist laws nearly a decade ago now. Prior to that we really only had religious exemptions and they were fairly limited to certain establishments within certain shires so nudists were constantly being questioned and even arrested just for being in the wrong place. Now they can legally travel anywhere nationally and we even have anti-discrimination laws to protect their rights wherever they choose to go."  
  
"I told you she was an expert," Jolene added, attempting to cheer Casey up a little.  
  
Casey took little comfort from it though. She hated the idea intensely, but she was also terrified out of her mind at the possibility of being sentenced to indenture. She weighed the pros and cons in her mind. If she was sentenced to Indenture she would have no control over her life. She would lose her career and friends, and being a pretty young woman she may very well end up doing sex work or being kept in a harem or any number of disgusting and degrading things. Taking Monique's advice would mean she would be permanently nude but it would at least mean she could get her life back for the most part and maybe even finish her diploma, even if she had to suffer the humiliation of doing it naked. Could she get used to it? Almost everyone she cared about had seen her naked now already anyway... It sounded awful beyond reason just the same though. Surely there must be another way out of this?

"What about if I told the court I'd been blackmailed?" Casey asked. "Wouldn't they take that into consideration?"  
  
"Um... if that's true then I sympathise with you but it's unlikely to make much of a difference," Monique continued. "You still broke the law, and justice is blind. And for them to accept it you'd also have to prove the blackmailer existed and who they were, which would also mean revealing what you were being blackmailed for. I assume that was something you wanted to keep quiet which was why you went along with their demands?"  
  
Casey looked at Jolene and noticed she was white-faced and looking down at her feet. Dammit, even now that she had been caught he still had the evidence against Jolene up his sleeve. Revealing the reason for the blackmail wasn't an option even if she had any idea who he was. She couldn't do that to Jolene. Any other ideas Casey? Wait, she'd already asked her parents for permission and they were most definitely against it then, and now they had kicked her out of the house they were unlikely to even speak to her. Maybe registering as a nudist wasn't even an option?  
  
"Yeah ok..." she started slowly. "But I'm under 21 and I know my parents won't approve it. They disowned me today too. I doubt they'll even speak to me again. I don't even have anywhere to live now."  
  
"Ok, well that's where Part B comes into play," Monique responded. "You aren't of legal age to register as a nudist but you are old enough to voluntarily indenture to your sister, which would also make her your legal guardian. She then can approve your nudist registration for you."  
  
"So I'd be Jolene's Indent and I'd be nude?" Casey asked, scarcely believing her ears.  
  
"That's right Casey," Jolene pitched in. "I know it's awful but this way I can give you as normal a life as possible and get you back to Tech and with your friends again. I know becoming a nudist is a horrible thing to have to do but I'll look after you. I'll open my home to you and I'll give you a life. I feel like I caused this and I owe you big time for what you've been through if it's been as bad as what you're saying. Let me repay you as much as I can."  
  
"I err... I need to think about this," Casey said.  
  
She continued weighing up the pros and cons in her mind. Even if she got out of this mess right now, her parents had disowned her so she didn't have a home to go back to now, and she would also never be allowed to finish her diploma either. Chances are she wouldn't get out of the charges though and she would be sentenced to indenture. That would mean effectively becoming someone's property, probably a complete stranger, who would make her do God only knew what, and she would probably never see Greg or Amelia again, or even Jolene for that matter. On the other hand Jolene was her sister and was offering to look after her. Giving up wearing clothes for the rest of her life was an awful price to pay, but as painful as it was to even consider, it was her only chance at retaining friends and family, finishing her diploma and getting her life back. If nothing else at least she would have a home. It was an agonising decision to make but there really was only one option.  
  
"Um... how long would I need to be an Indent for?" Casey asked, still not believing she was actually considering this at all.  
  
"Well, you're probably facing 5 - 10 years if it goes before the court," Monique replied, "so we really need to pre-empt that by having you indenture to your sister for at least 10 years. That effectively also makes you her property so even if it did end up going to court they could only release you into her custody anyway."  
  
"10 years??" Casey repeated, horror-struck.  
  
"It's ok Casey," Jolene butted in. "You'll be with me, not some random stranger. I'll make you a nice home and I'll look after you."  
  
She was out of options.  
  
"Ok, wh-where do I sign?" Casey said at last. She was visibly shaking with a noticeable tremor in her voice.  
  
"Ok," said Monique. "First I'll get you to sign this one. This is the 10 year indenture agreement that will make Jolene your guardian so she can approve your nudist registration. That should be long enough to satisfy the court and get you out of trouble."  
  
While she had made her decision, Casey still paused trembling with her pen hovering above the document where it indicated for her to sign.  
  
"This is it Casey. There is no other choice. Everything else is worse. Just sign it," she said to herself. And then she did.  
  
"Ok thank you," Monique continued, taking the paper from Casey. "Now this one is the nudist registration form. We just need to have a representative of the court present. Hold here for a moment."  
  
Monique left the room for several minutes and came back with an officer carrying a large briefcase.  
  
"Casey Reign," the officer started. "I am informed you wish to register as a nudist. Do you state that you enter into this registration of your own free will knowing it is permanently binding? If you agree say I do".  
  
Casey paused again, still trembling noticeably.  
  
"Um...ok, I do. Yes. I do. Ok?"  
  
"OMG, what did I just do?" she thought with more than a little alarm.  
  
"Ok please sign here."  
  
Casey signed. She could barely hold the pen steady though so it wasn't very neat.  
  
"Now please give me your left arm."  
  
Casey shakily held out her left arm. The officer produced a box connected by a wiggly cable into the briefcase. One side of the box had a padded surface which he pressed against her wrist. Suddenly his grip tightened on her hand and there was a painful burning sensation where the box was touching her skin. She cried out but then he removed it and the pain started to fade. She looked at her wrist and saw the now familiar crescent tattoo surrounded by reddened skin.  
  
Casey Reine was a registered nudist.  
  
"Ok, I just have to go speak to the judge," said Monique. "Hopefully this won't take long.  
  
As she left the room, Casey and Jolene faced each other.  
  
"Oh my God Casey. I don't know what you've gone through but you're going to be ok now. I'll look after you so you don't have to worry about a thing."  
  
"Thank you Jolene," Casey said between sobs. "I can't begin to tell you how awful the last two weeks have been and I can't believe I can't wear clothes now after all that. I'm not sure how I'll ever get used to it, but it could have been a lot worse if it wasn't for you. Can I take this thing out of my butt now already for fuck's sake? It's been driving me crazy with everyone looking at it and making fun of me."  
  
"Yes of course," Jolene replied with a sympathetic smile.  
  
Casey had given up on modesty after everything she'd been through in the last few hours and just reached around and pulled it out right there.  
  
"Um... do you see a bin or anything anywhere?" she asked Jolene.  
  
"Um... no. Just give it to me," Jolene replied, producing some tissues. She then wrapped it and put it in her bag.  
  
Monique returned and said they were all clear but the judge just wanted to have a word with Casey before he officially released her.  
  
Casey was led to his chambers where a steward standing outside knocked on the door and she was motioned to enter. The judge looked up from his desk at the naked girl before him.  
  
"Miss Reine. I am told that the offence you committed was due to acting out of a desire to become a registered nudist against your parents' wishes. Is that correct?"  
  
Casey felt tremendously embarrassed and awkward standing naked in front of this man in these surroundings. She tried to keep her knees together so her genitals would not be so visible.  
  
"Yes, your honour," she replied meekly.  
  
"I trust matters are now resolved to your satisfaction and I won't be seeing you back here anytime soon?"  
  
"Yes your honour."  
  
"Ok, I'm releasing you into the indenture of Ms Jolene Reine, who you will answer to for the next 10 years. Are you clear with your responsibilities as an Indent and as a registered nudist?"  
  
"Yes, thank you your honour."  
  
The judge paused for a moment to let his eyes take in Casey's beauty.  
  
"Um... may I go your honour?"  
  
"You may go," he said with a smile as he waved her away. Some days his job was just too good. He had been planning to give her 30 days of community service, which no one would have batted an eye at for a prank like dancing nude in a college cafeteria. So she could have been back to her normal life and doing her webcam shows again in no time as if nothing ever happened. She was so good to watch too. It was such a curious combination of innocence and sluttiness. Now she had given up her right to wear clothes for the rest of her life and signed up to be her sister's servant for 10 years. It was so deliciously ironic, especially for someone as young and beautiful as this one. Eye candy indeed, and now the whole world was welcome to it.  
  
Soon the sisters were in Jolene's car making their way to what would be Casey's new home. Casey was suddenly very tired.  
  
"I have a spare room for you sis'," Jolene said. "I only had time to make the bed up. It might need your touch to make it more homely."  
  
"Thank you Jolene. Um... I really appreciate what you did for me today. I'm not sure how I'm going to cope without clothes but I guess it's better than it might have been."  
  
"I know Casey. I'm sorry this happened to you."  
  
Casey was soon asleep in her new bed in her new home.