**Girl on the Golf Course**

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**Girl on the Golf Course Ch. 01**

Christine got job at an exclusive, ritzy, men's only golf course. She was an attractive young girl brought in to flirt and liven up the place. She was told she would never be touched, but she should expect sexual comments, innuendos, and even propositions and this was ok because of the clientele. She would have to sign a non sexual harassment clause, non disclosure agreement, and liability forms. The money was good and as long as nobody touched her, she could take all the because advances they could throw at her. This she was used to.  
  
She starts working at the pro shop, but also fills in bringing drink orders to golfers. She finds while working that the sexier she dresses, the better the tips. Occasionally she would leave her bra at home to show off nips. This worked wonders for making money.  
  
One day while working, Christine wore a tight white shirt with no bra. That day she was told to bring a large drink order to a group on tee 6. Tee 6 was up on a hill. She drove a cart to the tee, but had to park to the side. While walking up to the group, she slipped but caught herself. However, one of the drinks spilled down her shirt, turning it partially transparent, exposing her left tit. The men gawked. They thanked her for the show and offered to wring out her shirt. She was so embarrassed. After numerous offers and great tips (she made a days salary in that one delivery), she walked away slightly horny and contemplating more ideas. As time went on she would occasionally intentionally spill drinks on her, exposing her tits. She was enjoying it so much she wanted to push herself to go further.  
  
She stopped wearing underwear and would wear short golf skirts. She would demo clubs and on the swing, her ass would be exposed. She made a lot of sales with this technique.  
  
One day while working in the course hut renting out carts, selling balls, and pouring drinks, Christine realized she could try out having an adventure. She never had to come out from behind the desk so she decided to have some fun. It was a high bar counter so she was covered from view below her chest, which gave her confidence. She dropped her skirt on the floor and decided to work bottomless. She was flush with embarrassment. For the first couple visitors, she would quickly grab her skirt and pull it up to cover herself self. She was mad that she kept chickening out. Christine decided to get rid of her skirt so she couldn't use it to cover up. While alone, she dropped her skirt and threw it out the back door onto the last cart in line. She was so nervous when she saw someone approaching and reached down to grab her skirt forgetting she hid it out back. With a nervous grin, she poured the drinks and rented a cart. Several customers later and still nobody noticed. She was so turned on, she started touching herself while alone, wishing she could do it with people around but deciding against it knowing it was too risky.  
  
When she had enough and was alone, Christine snuck out back to get her skirt back. The golf cart wasn't there. She panicked realizing she must have rented it out without realizing. She was extra nervous since golfers didn't usually return the cart to the hut, instead dropping it off to the pro shop entrance, parking valet, club house, or leaving it on the 18th hole.  
  
Christine was in a frenzy trying to figure out what to do. She decided she would work late and when it got dark, she would sneak around to find it. But then she got a call from management. They needed her to deliver a new cart to the group on Tee 13 since the battery on their cart died. She would have to drive a new cart across the course, deliver it, have them sign for it, then walk back, all without her skirt.  
  
She decided she would improvise clothing and turn part of her shirt into a skirt. She cursed herself for wearing a crop top shirt that only went to her belly button and forgoing a bra. Christine measured her shirt and determined she would have to cut the shirt a half inch above the bottom of her tits to have a short that would almost reach the bottom of her ass. This would be very risky. She ducked behind the counter and nervously took her shirt off. She grabbed the scissors and cut across. She quickly put her shirt back on. When she looked at the small mirror on the door, she noticed that the shirt was smaller than she imagined. The bottom of her tits were visible, almost to her nipples. Any movement of her shoulders would expose her nipples. Lifting her arms would expose her tits entirely.  
  
Christine pulled the bottom part of her shirt around her waist, but it was too loose. She looked around for pins but couldn't find any. She would have to tie the top, which made her nervous since it would shorten the skirt. Carefully, she tied the smallest knot she could. The skirt showed the bottom inch of her ass and just covered her pussy. She would have to be very careful. Any misstep would expose everything.  
  
She took baby steps to a cart. When she sat, her ass and pussy were completely exposed. She had to lift her arms to drive, which showed off her tits. She was only hidden by the steering wheel. She drove down the path and had to pass each hole. She could feel the eyes glued to her and heard the comments. She didn't know if they could tell she was exposing herself, but they definitely appreciated the extra skin showing.  
  
Christine ran into a problem by tee 9 when two groups left their carts on the path side by side. She would have to drive on the rough grass to go around. She sped up to account for the bumpy grass. She passed the carts and kept driving. She stopped at tee 13 right behind the broken down cart. She took a deep breath while watching the golfers walk over to her. She saw their eyes bug out as they neared. She looked down and saw her shirt was completely up and everything was on display. She was blatantly flashing her tits. It must have been from the grass detour, which made her try to remember who she passed between the last 4 tees. All the people that saw her, she was so embarrassed. She jumped up out of the cart to cover herself and in doing so, her makeshift skirt knot came undone and fell to the floor. She turned around and bent over to pick it up She just showed a foursome her tits, pussy, and ass by accident. She struggled to quickly retie the knot, apologizing perfusely.  
  
The guys made many lewd comments and it took a while for her to get them back to business. She needed them to sign the paperwork for the new rental in order to transfer the keys. When she handed the lead golfer the clipboard, he stood on the cart foot rails and leaned on the roof. "I need something to lean on the sign. Can you go over the paperwork with me?". She blushed while objecting. Doing this would certainly expose her tits and ass to the group. He wouldn't budge. She needed to get out of there before more people came. Finally, she obliged. She hopped up and explained the paperwork while keeping one hand covering her tits. Everyone stared wide-eyed at her gorgeous body. They walked around pretending to inspect the cart, clearly intent on checking out her ass. Finally she got the signature she needed and hopped down. She rushed back to the hut, and would wait the 3 hours until closing and another hour for darkness to find her skirt and go home.  
  
As she went to walk away, one of the guys stopped her. He introduced himself as Dr. Piston and stated she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen and she had the nicest ass. "Since you're basically on display anyway, I will buy your shirt from you". Her mouth gaped. "Are you crazy? I can't walk around naked. No". He countered, "I'll give you $1000 for your shirt. You only have to give me the bottom half now, and the top half when we leave. Don't worry, I plan on having some drinks before I go." $1000??? That would cover her rent. She looked around and estimated that it should only take 15 minutes to get back to the hut. She didn't see many people ahead of them, so she agreed.  
  
She gave him the tiny skirt and started walking away bottomless. She was nervous and ducked behind every statue she passed. Only one group actually saw her before she made it back to the hut. She had tears in her eyes from the ordeal, but was also extremely turned on from it.  
  
An hour later, the group arrived at her hut. She served them drinks and they started to get a little rowdy. They offered her money for all sorts of things like drinking drinks off her body, her wetting her top, and allowing them to take pictures. She made another $500 off of those.  
  
She did turn down some other offers like finding out how many golf balls fit up her pussy and ass, using golf clubs as sex toys, and going home with them. When they were ready to leave, the Dr. Piston asked her for her shirt. She declined but he reminded her that he bought it and it was his. She forgot about selling her top. She didn't know what to do. He asked her again for her top and she hesitantly pulled it over her head and covered with one arm. She handed it over and they packed up. On their way out, they all agreed that it would stay between them. She had 30 minutes left until closing.  
  
She nervously watched as the last of her clothing left. She ducked and hid behind the counter. She only had one visitor the rest of the day and served him from below the counter, only popping her head up. He looked at her like she was crazy, but it was better than the alternative.  
  
The next few weeks were exciting. Riding the high of being seen, Christine would occasionally go streaking on the golf course when it was slow. She would also flash golfers while they weren't looking, all to get a cheap thrill.  
  
With all the increased drink sales, equipment sales, and membership sales that were attributed to her, the manager told her she has high potential and saw her going places. She was given a nice raise to keep her. Not too long after, the manager announced his retirement and have her a recommendation. The owner promoted her to club manager. She now had more freedom, could interact more, and could push her boundaries further. She would be in charge, only answering to the owner who only visited the club about once per quarter.  
  
To keep members engaged, she was constantly redecorating. She appealed to the male interest and bought some new statues, mainly of naked women. When they arrived, she would continuously move them around to find the best placement and views to make the members happy. The next order of statues were more realistic naked women statues.  
  
One day while rounding the course, Christine saw a particular statue of a women covering her pussy with her left hand and holding the bottom of her right tit with her right hand. She got a risky idea, one that required several weeks to set up and carry through. She took pictures and measurements of the statue. She spent time crafting thin metal supports to mimic the statue's pose. She started with ankle shackles. They'd run up the back of the legs and lock on to the waist with a rigid metal belt. A small support craddled the ass and went between the legs like a thin bike seat, almost to the front. A pole ran up the back and locked onto the neck via a metal collar. It extended up the back of the head and locked the forehead with a metal headband. From the pole, mid-back, other poles extended to mimic the arm poses and locked onto the wrists with shackles. This would essentially lock the statue in place rendering it unable to move. It seemed silly but it had a purpose.  
  
She installed them on the statue and left them on over two weeks. That Thanksgiving the course would only be open in the morning. She had the day scheduled off. She woke up early and went to the golf course 3 hours before any of the holiday staff were expected. She removed the shackled restraints from the statue and moved the statue with the forklift. She replaced it with an empty base. She then parked the forklift back in the service barn and went to the club house locker room.  
  
Today she was going to be the statue. She stripped naked and hid her clothes in a locker. She then painted herself with a dull grey marble paint that matched the statue. She then put a glue concoction in her hair and styled it like the statue. She examined herself in the mirror and compared it to the pictures. It was very close.  
  
She then walked across the golf course naked to the location. She set up a camera across the path, hidden next to a tree. This would film her and anyone near her. She could use this to see people's reactions later and to identify who saw her. She secured the shackles to the base and put the key in her pussy. It would be the only place she could hide it but still reach it. She then started securing her shackles from the ankles up. She was so nervous but so excited. Any golfer passing her would be staring at an actual naked girl today instead of a marble statue. Even more, they'd be setting a girl they have been flirting with and fantasizing about and they wouldn't even know.  
  
She wanted to really feel the excitement and the embarrassment today, so she added an extra element. Before securing her metal belt, she inserted a plug in her ass. This plug had a remote that could make it vibrate. She had the remote rigged to a rope trigger that she laid across the cart path. Any cart that touched or drove over the thin rope would activate the vibrating plug.  
  
After inserting the plug, she locked the belt on and nestled her neck and head into those shackles. Lastly, she contorted her arms into position and set them in the cuffs. She paused momentarily before locking them which sealed her fate. Though she could escape at any time, any movement would be seen by any person on the course and would expose her. She would have to stand still, exposing her naked tits to all who cared to look. She could rely on the shackles contraption to help hold her steady.  
  
It must've been an hour before the first signs of life. Golfers started coming out for a quick round. Thanksgiving was usually one of the busier days, as there was a huge morning rush. She just stood there looking out watching golfers get closer. The first cart passed her and ran over the rope. It set the plug off and she almost squealed. It was so powerful. It lasted about 10 seconds before turning off. The golfers teed off right across the path from her. She giggled internally at the thought that these golfers had no idea a naked woman was right behind them.  
  
As each cart passed, the plug sent intense vibrations. Occasionally she would see golfers she recognized looking at her. If only they knew. Later, she saw a lone golfer walking up. Some people like getting steps in so they didn't use carts. She didn't recognize him but couldn't look very long to maintain her statuesque appearance. She did see out of her peripherals that he was walking right up to her. She felt nervous and stayed extremely still. She heard clicks and realized he was taking pictures. He walked right in front of her and took a selfie with her in it. This was too good.  
  
When he finally walked back to the path to keep walking, he looked at the rope on the ground. He picked it up, which set off the vibrations, and tossed it over a bush next to the path, thinking he was helping clear the path for carts. This set off the vibrations again. It finally stopped. She was sad now that nobody else would activate the plugs. However, whenever the wind blew, the bush swayed a bit and set of the vibrations. Uh oh, she thought. This could be intense.  
  
Several other golfers passed her and it was starting to die down. She saw what must have been the last of the golfers coming and was excited for this to be over. They too took many pictures with her. One of the golfers walked up behind her and made her very nervous. The other guys were laughing and calling out obscene actions, which made her think he was mimicking spanking her. He then came around again and reached up pretending to grab her tits. She was so nervous. If he touched her, it would blow her cover and they would know she's no statue. He pretended to motor boat her pussy, getting so close that she could feel his breath. This was so exciting and good thing her hand placement was there because she could feel herself getting wet.  
  
Finally, after a few more gestures and comments, they left her alone, teed off and left. She watched for the next hour as they finished up. She saw the staff come around looking for any carts, garbage, and other general cleaning necessities. After they finished, she watched the clubhouse. When the lights went out, that was an indication that the place was closed.  
  
She fingered her pussy to get the key, and spent a little extra attention there. The wind blew and triggered the vibrating the plug, which sent her over there edge to an orgasm. She almost lost they key as she was so wet and slippery, but caught it. She unlocked her hands, then neck, head, waist, and ankles. She climbed down, stretched, and removed the plug. She picked up her camera and remote and walked back to the locker room. She tried the door but it was locked. She went grey. She left her keys in the locker room and didn't think ahead that closing time would lock it up.  
  
Christine walked around the building checking every door and window. Thankfully, the uncaring holiday staff didn't check all windows and one leading to the main hall was unlocked. She squeezed in and looked around. She had the whole building to herself and she was completely naked. She walked around and entered every room. She was reeling with ideas for her next adventure. She wanted to be naked in the building during business hours, scurrying from the hall, to the dining area, to the locker rooms, to the pro shop, and even the maintenance facilities. She would figure out a way to make it work.  
  
She grabbed her clothes from the locker room and before dressing, decided to check out the men's quarters. It was so fancy. There were elegant couches, large trophies, plaques, and many pictures of golfer greats and pinup girls. This sparked an idea. She photographed each pinup girl and decided to recreate the photos herself and replace them. People would be staring at her pictures and not even realize.  
  
She walked into the locker room and saw the steam room. Just a quick break, she thought. Turning it on, she could not see 2 feet in front of her. She sat on a bench naked and relaxed. She fantasized about being in here with other men, then realized that she could totally get away with it, she just needed to get past the quarters. This triggered another adventure idea. If she could dress as a man while on break, nobody would question her membership and she could sneak into the sauna and sit naked amongst the members to live out this fantasy.  
  
She decided to shower off in the men's shower, imaging so many men around her watching her naked body. She started touching herself and rubbed her pussy. She put the camera down in the entrance facing her and started recording. She played with herself until she came, for the second time today. She took a minute to breath, realizing she was sitting in the men's shower floor, legs spread wide, panting in front of a camera. She got up and dressed. Her exciting day ended successfully and set her up for future adventures.

**Girl on the Golf Course Ch. 02**

Since her statue shenanigans and her idea inspiring naked stroll through the building, Christine had taken a break to prevent any slips that would get her discovered. She also put her effort into ironing out all of the details of her future adventures.  
  
One of her new great ideas to improve the club was to install security cameras. She had them installed inside and throughout the course and oversaw the installation. When setting up the system, she had them give her all the passwords and super user access. This allowed her to view the club and maintain safety. It also allowed her to view her adventures on multiple cameras, download the footage to USB, and delete the evidence. Since she knew where all the cameras were, she could have a lot of fun and have it all documented. She could also lock up the new security room and lock down the system so nobody could watch her.  
  
Once completed, she thought it was time to go back to her adventures. At home, she pulled up all the pictures of the pinup girls hanging in the men's quarters. She collected numerous outfits to match the pictures and found curtains to match the backdrops. She set up her camera and used a remote to click away. After several reshoots, makeup adjustments, wigs, and costume changes, she had what she needed. She was nervous but excited. She would be hanging up pictures for all to see her in lingerie, underwear, military uniforms, and even topless. She made sure that she looked like the pinup girls and not recognizable.  
  
She didn't want it to be over, so with heavy makeup and wigs, looking completely different, she stripped completely naked and took photos of herself bending over, spreading her legs, on all fours, and in various other provocative positions, sometimes touching herself. She had all of the photos printed.  
  
Christine brought the pictures to work the next day and kept them with her all day. She was so stressed that she carried the folder with her, refusing to put it down. After everyone left for the day, she did her night routine and locked down the place. Now was her chance. She turned off the cameras and went to the men's quarters. She looked at all the photos and soaked it in, knowing that the next time this club was open, members would be unknowingly looking at her. She went to the first picture and took the frame off the wall. It was a little above her reach so she pulled up a chair. She searched her folder for the matching recreation and switched it out. She kept the original and put the framed photo up on the wall. She stepped down and turned red, looking at a sexy photo of herself. It didn't appear obvious it was her, but she was still nervous.  
  
She dragged the chair to the next picture and stepped up. She had to reach over a couch to grab it. While reaching, the chair slid and she fell, landing on the couch. The folder flew across the room, spreading her photos everywhere. She scrambled to collect them and looked at each wall photo to match them up. She grabbed all of the pornographic photos as well.  
  
She carefully replaced each additional framed photo with herself. She also hid the pornographic pictures behind paintings, taped to the back of the art. If anyone were to replace these, they would be in for a big surprise. She turned the cameras back on, locked up, and left work.  
  
The next week was uneventful and she assumed that nobody noticed that the pictures changed. She wanted to give it a week before she went back to the men's quarters, to keep the excitement and mystery alive. She liked to imagine that every golfer knew what she did and all the looks they gave her were because they saw her in various states of undress, including the two that showed her bare breasts. She also liked to imagine that they found the secret pictures and knew what she was becoming. After a week she received no comments or out-of-the-norm looks, so she felt she pulled it off. She secretly hoped someone would recognize her, but this was the better option.  
  
She used her next day off to prepare for her craziest adventure yet. She was going to live out her fantasy and sit naked in the sauna while it was occupied. This would take precise timing and careful movements, as well as the perfect outfit. She bought men's golf clothing and practiced walking and talking like a man. She tested it harmlessly in public by going to the store dressed as a man. She had her hair pulled up and wrapped under a hat. A makeup pencil gave the appearance of a manlier, chiseled face. She went shopping in men's clothing stores and made eye contact with other shoppers. She got no comments and nobody suspected anything.  
  
At home she reviewed her notes on foot traffic at the club. She wanted people there, but not too big of a crowd. It looked like 2:30 consistently had a small presence in the locker room. That's when she would go. She booked her most oblivious employee, John, at the desk at that time.  
  
When the time was approaching, she let John know she was taking a late lunch. She ducked into the security office where she hid her bag. She quickly did her makeup trick and pulled up her hair. She stripped naked and put on the men's clothes. She had to be careful since she wouldn't be able to wear a bra. She watched the cameras to see when nobody was around, took a deep breath, and stepped out. She walked across the hall towards the locker room. John barely looked up. She entered the men's quarters and headed to the locker room.  
  
Here's where it gets tricky. She would have to wait until lockers were empty to strip and rush to steam room. She would bring two towels to conceal her exit, one to cover her waist like guys do and the other to drape over her head like she's flushed, with the towel hanging down to cover her tits. Walking carefully like this should prevent any suspicion. She won't be able to wrap a towel higher, since guys don't usually wrap towels around their chest.  
  
The three guys in the locker room went to the steam room. She was alone now and had to move. She stripped quickly and jammed her clothes in the locker. She wrapped one towel around her waist and carried the other in front of her. She rushed to the steam room door and, out of breath, entered. She shut the door quickly behind her to preserve steam. Scared, she was holding her towel to hide her breasts. As she looked around, she couldn't see anyone. It would be difficult to move as you could only see shadows of people when they were right in front of you. She knew that at least 3 people were there, but not how many others.  
  
She pulled off both towels to get the full effect and took baby steps to find a seat. She passed two shadows talking about their golf scores and saw another just past them. She knew that there was a group of three and assumed they must be near the back. She decided to sit amongst the front group. As she sat, she put the towels next to her. The two she passed greeted her. She kept it brief with a quick hello. She relaxed as best as she could, but couldn't help jumping with each noise. While sitting, two more people shuffled in. They were clumsy and noisy. They made a commotion with the first two people, and she heard "Watch it". This scared her. As they passed her, she noticed one was a large man. He stepped on her foot and started falling. She turned away from him and he just missed her. "Sorry dude" he said and kept stumbling past. That was a close one but at least she's still in the clear.  
  
She wouldn't be able to stay in for long, so she decided to act on her ideas now. She spread her legs as far as she could to show off her pussy. She even rubbed herself a little. She then relaxed and listened for any hints of people. She only heard the golf game conversation and the new, probably drunk guys talking about sex. She listened in on that conversation. They were describing a girl they wanted to fuck. One talked about how they saw her on all fours and wanted to fuck her from behind. They went into graphic detail. She was getting turned on and even though they were overweight and crude, she imagined being that girl. She saw no shadows, so she hopped off the bench and imitated the position they described. She was taking a big risk, but it was so exciting. She was on all fours in the middle of the steam room, sticking her ass out. As they discussed "shoving my cock down her throat" and "fucking that sweet ass" she opened her mouth and bobbed on a pretend cock while wiggling her ass. She heard a noise so she jumped up back to the bench, tripping over her towel. She paused and heard a snicker, but nothing else so she was safe. She continued listening to their conversation and one mentioned how he just visited the end stall. They both laughed. The other mentioned that's his favorite activity, he doesn't miss an opportunity. She was confused and intrigued.  
  
The guy alone near her got out, as did the two boring golf talkers, so she waited 5 minutes to give them time to shower. She grabbed her towel and wrapped it around her waist. She reached for the second towel, but it wasn't there. She felt around but couldn't find it. That drunken idiot must have knocked it away. While looking, another guy entered. He passed right in front of her, and sat down next to her. She could see his silhouette, which means he could see hers. She jumped up and made a hasty exit. She would improvise. She peaked her head out and saw a guy in the locker area so she ran to the toilets to not get spotted.  
  
She went to hide in the first stall but remembered what they said about the end stall. It was empty so she chose that one. She entered and closed the door behind her. Right there, taped to the door, was the picture of her from behind, on all fours, looking over her shoulder and spreading her cheeks. She turned beet red. Those guys were talking about her picture, which she imitated in the steam room. She was mortified. How did anyone find this? She heard people saying goodbye so she peaked out and saw the locker room empty. She quickly ran to her locker and unlocked it. She dressed faster than ever and quickly put her hair under her hat. She walked out of the door and across the hall. Seeing nobody around, she ducked into the security room and changed again. As she walked out, she realized she should have grabbed the photo. She would grab it after work.  
  
The rest of the day was uneventful. As Christine came down from her nerves, she replayed the events in her head. She realized that nobody said anything so nobody must have suspected anything. It was all so exciting and she found it oddly flattering that the members were admiring her picture. She decided to leave it up.  
  
She needed to rest a little from this excitement, but knew that she could not stay away long. She wanted to do something extreme. She wanted to do something that would expose her, that would have every guy drooling over her. She wanted them to obsess over her naked body while she appears blissful and unaware. That's when the idea came to her. It would take some time to set up, but she would pull it off.

**Girl on the Golf Course Ch. 03**

The big day was a week away. Christine had arranged a big gala at the club and she would be circulating, stopping to greet all the golfers. It would be a big photo opp. She had selected a very specific outfit for this event. It was a low cut, backless, black dress. It showed some nice cleavage, which should attract some nice attention. It was also the kind of dress you could not wear a bra with, which was crucial to her plan. She wanted to go commando, but decided against it and chose the thinnest thong to prevent anyone from thinking her actions were intentional. The reason this dress was special was a very unique feature; "When photographed using a camera phone flash, this dress becomes transparent". She tested it multiple times. With a regular camera, it was fine, but with her phone camera flash turned on, she could see right through her dress. She tried it in all sorts of lighting and the results were consistent. You could clearly see her tits and ass when using a camera phone flash, but not when using a professional camera.  
  
She searched online and vetted many photographers until she found one she could trust. She paid extra for the discretion and talent of this photographer. He would be taking the professional photo, as well as a picture with her phone. He would always offer to take one with the guests phone as well. He would always turn the flash on and wouldn't lead on to what appeared in the photo.  
  
This event would put a picture of her tits on every attendees phone who agreed to take a picture. It would be the ultimate exposure, having everyone think it was an accident and most likely keeping it secret so that they didn't have to delete it. She could use the professional photos to hang on the events board and replay a collage on the monitors, while each member had a more intimate memory.  
  
When the day came, Christine shaved every hair below her eyebrows and got dressed. She did her makeup to the nines and had her hair up. She squeezed into the tight dress and did one final experiment. Same result, the camera phone showed tits and ass and the regular camera didn't show through the dress. She was so nervous but excited. She got there early to oversee the set up. She greeted the photographer and tipped him well, in advance. She checked in with reception, dining, the bar, and valet. They did a staff photo before show time, but only allowing her phone and the professional camera. She couldn't have her staff seeing these pictures.  
  
The members started arriving. Drinks were flowing quickly. Soon the owner arrived and complimented her organization, before heading to the office to hide out. She motioned to the photographer that he was not to get a camera picture with flash. She then nervously gave the photographer her phone and the go ahead. "Let's get this over with" she said and reminded him not to use flash on any staff members phone.  
  
Christine was mingling in the crowd and the photographer followed her around. He snapped picture after picture and always offered to take one with the members phone. She snickered when the occasional member declined. They didn't know what they were missing. Hours into the event, more than half the members now had 'accidental' nude photos of her. While walking around, she would occasionally see flashes go off behind her. She now believed they were aware and were trying to get pictures of her ass. She would play dumb and pretend not to notice. She would occasionally drop items and bent at the waist to pick it up. She would take a little extra time to give any member who saw, and who knew the trick, some time to take out their phone and get a good picture.  
  
The men were hitting on her more and more aggressively throughout the night. She knew how to deal with this and was having fun flirting back. She received so many offers to go somewhere private and oh how she wished she could take them up on it. "Your wife wouldn't like that" was her go to response that usually got her out of it.  
  
The owner came over to discuss the event and tell her how impressed he was with the event. He talked up her performance and how much he valued her management skills. He called the photographer over and told him to take a picture of them two. He then handed his phone over asking him to take another one. She nervously grinned at the photographer and shook her head slightly. The photographer caught on and took a picture without flash. He handed the phone back and hurried away. The owner looked at his phone and called him back. "It's a little dark, can you take one with flash?" The photographer shot her a look and she slightly nodded, defeated. He took the picture and handed the phone back.  
  
She felt embarrassed. This was how she was going to be exposed. Surely he was going to say something and tell her to cover up. He might even have words with her, tarnishing her record. She wanted to run away. At that moment, though, three members came over to talk to the owner. He greeted these old friends and put the phone straight in his pocket without seeing the picture. She scurried away mortified. Her boss now had pictures clearly showing her tits through her dress. She wondered how he would react. She ran to the bathroom and into a stall. She hid out for the next 10 minutes. She picked her head up, exhaled, and rejoined the party. She made it to the last few members she missed. Her tits would surely be the talk of the club.  
  
There were thirty minutes left of the party. Many members were extremely drunk. She saw the owner across the room and he made eye contact. She had a lump in her throat. He came over and thanked her for putting this together. He said he was leaving and wished her a safe ride home. He said goodbye to a few more people and snuck out a back exit. He gave no indication that he saw the picture, but there was no doubt that he had it. She was hoping this wouldn't have consequences.  
  
She started to wrap up the party and gave a nice speech ending the year. She talked about how she valued the members and how she wanted them happy. All throughout her speech, phones were snapping pictures, of course with the flash on. She talked about the next year and how they were open to suggestions from the members on any way to improve. She thanked everyone for joining and wished them all a safe ride home. On their way out, many members asked for one last picture with her, asking others to take it with the flash on. It was blatant and made her blush, but she played along.  
  
At the end of the night, the photographer gave Christine her phone back and said he'd send her the professional pictures. He grinned and asked for a photo. She obliged and had someone take a flash picture of them. She ushered everyone out and went to her office. She flipped through her phone and saw all of the revealing photos with the high profile members. She couldn't believe she did this. All of these people had these exact same photo. You could clearly see her nipples through her dress. She pictured all of these men jerking off to her. She fantasized about doing this again but forgoing her dress. She starting touching herself to the thought of standing naked in front of everyone. She even thought about them fucking her in the middle of the club. Oh how she wished she could give it all up.  
  
She came right there in her office and was spent. She pulled her dress back down and started to lock up. She would have to think of how to top this event. Every time she pulled a stunt like this, it got her juices flowing and pushed her to go further. How far could she go without losing her job? Only time would tell.

**Girl on the Golf Course Ch. 04**

After the new year, Christine reflected on all of the events that have transpired this year and it drove her wild. She relived them in her head day in and day out. It seemed she was jamming a dildo in herself twice a day. She even wore the plug to remind her of being the statue. All these memories gave her such pent up sexual desire and frustration. In her mind she started playing the endings differently. What if those guys touched her as a statue and realized she was a naked woman. She imagined them freeing her only to take turns fucking her. She pictured herself on the floor of the steam room, but with a cock in her mouth and pussy. She fantasized about the members seeing the transparent photos at the party and deciding to rip her clothes off.  
  
All this sexual energy gave her a new resolution. She decided to incorporate more sex acts in her adventure. An adventure wouldn't be complete unless she fucked herself with a dildo and came. She racked her brain to come up with more ideas. She wanted to push herself to an inch of being caught.  
  
To start off with, she decided to stop wearing bras and underwear entirely, unless it would add value to a task. She bought new dildos and plugs and decided to leave them in her office. She made a rule that she would have to insert the dildo while outside her office once per week. She would try to pick a new place each week. She would also take a new porn picture and anonymously change out the 'end stall' photo monthly, to keep a good client experience. She would also keep a diary of her experiences and her feelings, which she did her best updating her past experiences. She would leave this in her drawer unlocked, always thinking about it.  
  
Christine also decided to visit the mens quarters more often. She wanted to be in there as much as possible, but didn't know how to do it without chickening out. She googled ideas on forced tasks and came across a self blackmail program. She researched it and learned that you had to enter a code to prove a task was completed, or else it would send a pre determined picture and message to an email distribution group. This intrigued her so she downloaded the program. She tried to think how to handle hiding the code in the men's quarters, then remembered about the old refreshing password keychains that were kept in the back. She reinstalled the software on her computer and set the blackmail program to work off of that security tool. The keychain would refresh every hour. The password would have to be entered every Thursday between 2:50pm and 3pm.  
  
After work, she turned off the cameras and entered the men's quarters. She taped the password keychain inside locker 225. She would have to enter the locker room and get the code after 2pm. She would then have to get back to her office and enter it between 2:50pm and 3:00pm. She created a new email address and saved the member email distribution list on the program. She uploaded a picture she took of herself spread wide showing off her tits and pussy. To start off with, she had something blocking her face, but the picture was revealing none the less. She left her face out just in case the program didn't work. It would be mortifying, but at least she wouldn't be recognized.  
  
She activated the program. Now it couldn't be stopped until Thursday at 3pm, when she hopefully entered the code. Even if the computer was off, unplugged, or destroyed, the program would still run. Her fate was sealed. It was Monday, so she had a couple days. On Tuesday she decided that she would do her first dildo challenge in the security room. She ducked in and sat down. She dropped her skirt and laid the dildo on the chair. She lowered herself down. She was so turned on, it slid right in. She bounced on it for several minutes all the while watching members go about their day. She bounced until she felt an orgasm building. She rubbed her clit while bouncing on the dildo until she came. It was exhilarating. She cleaned up and redressed. She went back to the office and calmed down.  
  
All day Thursday she was distracted. She kept thinking about her task. She checked the program a hundred times, making sure it didn't prematurely send. Everything was working as expected so far. At 1pm she locked herself in her office. She had to get ready. She dressed in the men's golf clothes from her previous adventure. She put her hair up and a hat on. At 2pm she walked over to the men's quarters. She entered and the locker room was busy. She ducked into the bathroom. She entered the end stall and saw her picture. It was worn and wrinkled, having seen better days. She guessed the members got a lot of use out of it. It reminded her to switch it out.  
  
As she heard people saying goodbyes, she went over to the locker. She saw someone using the locker next to 225, so she waited, facing away from them. She fumbled around with her shoes, pretending to get undressed. She needed to get in and out. When he finally left 5 minutes later, she opened the locker and got the code. She closed the locker and ran out. She ran to her office in a hurry. She didn't want to be late. She sat at the computer and saw the time, 2:25pm. She was so early. She paced around unable to get any work done. As soon as 2:50 hit, she entered the code. 'Congratulations, you have successfully completed your task' it read. She exhaled. Even though it was nerve wracking, it ended too quickly and easily. She would have to push the boundaries.  
  
Christine decided to up the ante. She decided to run the program for 5 consecutive weeks, so she wouldn't be able to stop it for a month. She would take 5 increasingly revealing pictures. She stripped down right there in her office. She took out her dildos. Photo for week 1 was her from behind on all fours, fingering her pussy. Week 2 was similar but she was using a dildo. Week 3 was her neck down facing the camera inserting a dildo in her pussy. Week 4 was her from the nose down, standing holding her tits and her legs shoulder length apart. Week 5 was the big one. She pulled a few strands of hair over her face, without blocking it completely. She was sitting spread eagle with a dildo under her visibly impaling her ass. Although she wasn't completely recognizable, a comparison next to a photo of her could be revealing. She uploaded them and started the program.  
  
Over the weekend, she took new photos for the end stall. She mimicked her wig and makeup to match how she looked in the current end stall photo. This time she upped her game. The photo she chose was her laying on her back with the camera between her legs. She was knuckles deep with 3 fingers in her pussy. Her left handed was squeezing her tit. There was also a dildo next to her. Monday after work, she turned off the cameras and replaced the photo. She kept the first one in a folder in her office, hidden in her growing diary. She also decided to move the password keychain. She wanted a little challenge that would prevent her from running in and out. She looked around and decided, although risky, to put it in the steam room. She entered the steam room once before, so she could do it again. She put it against the back wall by the left bench. She secured it to the wall in the lockable clear thermostat box. With the steam on, she would have to put her nose to the wall to read the numbers, but at least others wouldn't see it. If she was sitting, she could fumble around to find it and nobody would know. She hid the keys under a random golf cart, so she wouldn't be able to find them easily.  
  
On Tuesday, she decided to do her second dildo challenge. She chose the hut, where her adventures began. She relieved Jess, the girl at the hut and asked her to do a lap around the course to check for garbage. As soon as Jess left, she got to work. She dropped her skirt and rammed the dildo into her. She was pounding away when she saw someone approaching. She stopped, but didn't have time to put the skirt back on. The golfer ordered a drink and cart. She helped him quickly to get back to her task. She then decided her next dildo challenge would be on a cart while driving.  
  
She pounded her pussy in a hurry. She needed to finish before Jess got back. She finished and made a little mess. She got dressed and hid her dildo in her bag. Seconds later, Jess came back. There were puddles on the floor and it smelled of her juices so she acted quick. She poured a drink and 'acidentally' dropped it. She bent to get towels and clean it up. On all fours, she wiped it up, trying to show her team that she's not afraid to get dirty. Jess coughed and said "Ummm...Your skirt is rising". She went to pull it down and realized that when getting dressed in a hurry, she didn't adjust it properly. Her whole ass and pussy was on display to Jess.  
  
"I'm so sorry. I didn't have time to do laundry and ran out of underwear. I'm so embarrassed." She kept apologizing. "I get it" Jess replied. "We've all been there. Sometimes you just don't have enough time in the day to get everything done.". Christine finished up, and ran out of there. Back in her office she broke out laughing. She just showed her ass and pussy to her hut worker. She wondered if that would be the trigger to set Jess on the same path she is on. She pictured Jess commando and blushed.  
  
Come Thursday, Christine was a nervous wreck again. She got ready by 1:30 so she could leave time to get in and get her spot. She went into the men's quarters dressed as a man. This time she used a robe and waited until the locker room was empty. She stripped and ran to the steam room. She entered and heard several conversations. She carefully stepped past several people and moved to the back. She plopped in her seat. She disrobed and sat there naked amongst the men. She listened to them drone on about golf and finances and business. They had no idea it was more exciting in there. She wished she could reveal herself to them. She started touching herself. This was so exciting. She could orgasm with 5 men around and nobody would know. She kept going until her climax was building. She bit her lip and rubbed herself over the edge. It was an intense orgasm. She laid back for a minute to gather herself. She then viewed the code and made her way to the exit. She put on her robe and peaked out. It was empty. She ran and dressed quickly. She went back to her office and opened her computer to see 2:45. She was close but still made it early.  
  
On Tuesday she decided to do her dildo challenge on the golf cart. She wore an extra short skirt that day. She took a cart from Jess and said she was rounding. As she turned the corner, she quickly hiked up her skirt and set the dildo under her. She gyrated on it the whole trip, flush red when she passed golfers who greeted her. She was almost done but still hadn't gotten off. There was nobody at tee 17, so she stopped the cart and rode the dildo to orgasm. She then drove back and returned the cart. She knew she'd have to up this next week, as she set a new bar.  
  
On Thursday, she practiced her usual routine. Come 1:30, she was ready for the lockers. She stopped into the end stall and checked on her photo. It was looking a little worn, which made her happy. She undressed and walked to the steam room. She heard no voices so she decided to leave the robe on the hook outside the room. She was completely naked with no immediate covering. She pranced around the room pretending to show off. She laid down about 5 feet in the room facing the door. She went nuts on her pussy, rubbing furiously. She came so quickly. 'It's too bad the door didn't open, they would've gotten a great show', she thought. She went to the back, got her code and left. Week 2 was over easily.  
  
For her week 3 dildo challenge, she wanted to use the steam room. She would do it when she got the code. On Thursday she prepped as usual. Again, the men's quarters were vacant. She was feeling extra frisky so she left the steam room door open while she got undressed. This let a lot of steam out. When she went in, she could see all the way to the back wall. She knew it wouldn't last like this, but it would be exciting. She went to the back and set the dildo down. She sat on it and bounced. She could see the door still, which means if anyone came in, they'd see everything. As she bounced, the steam again overtook the visibility. She moaned loudly as she came, then grabbed the code and left. She knew it was risky but so badly wanted someone to see her.  
  
For her week 4 dildo challenge, on Monday, she decided to use the front desk. She relieved John and asked him to tend to the proshop for restocking. While at the desk, she did the same as the cart, gyrating and bouncing on the dildo. She had to stop frequently when members arrived, but in the end, she was able to orgasm in the middle of the building. She waited for John to come back before documenting everything in her diary.  
  
Thursday came and she spent most of the day in her office doing the books. She almost worked too long but remembered her task. It was 2:05pm, so she immediately rushed to the men's quarters. She walked in confidently, but froze as the men's quarters were busy. She was confused. She stepped out to avoid detection. She paced nervously until she looked out a window. It was raining. This wasn't predicted in the forecast, it was a freak flash rain storm. She would have to take chances. She avoided the lockers and went straight for a stall to dress. She put the robe hood up and walked with her head down. She tossed her clothes in a locker and went to the steam room, keeping the robe on. 'In and out' she thought. She carefully scooted past more men then she felt comfortable. She wasn't even going to disrobe. At the back, there was a group of 3 in the corner blocking her password. She sat across from them nervously waiting for them to leave. Some time went by and they were still talking about business. She was getting nervous. She tried to think of a way to get them to leave, but any action might reveal herself. She just had to outwait them.  
  
She could hear more people entering and someone sat right next to her. She couldn't see his face but did feel his elbow nudge her arm. "New here?" He asked. "I can tell the new ones because they wear towels in here. No need though. It's counter productive and frankly just weird. I've seen people overheat because of them. It's better not to wear them, and I think it's policy as well." She wanted this to end. She responded with her male voice impression, "Thanks". A couple minutes later and his elbow accidentally nudged her arm again. "Sorry" he said "but are you still wearing that. You're going to overheat and get sick." She guessed she was in here for about 30 minutes and was feeling a little light headed. She looked at the guy next to her intently, but couldn't see who it was. She didn't want him drawing more attention, so she carefully disrobed. While doing so she accidentally nudged him back. "Atta boy" he said as he put his hand on her shoulder. She froze. This was too close for comfort. "I'm Hank" he said. He removed his hand from her shoulder and it appeared in her view, extended in front of her. He missed her tits by inches. She recognized his voice and name. He was Dr. Hank Piston. He was a regular and the guy who actually saw her naked back when she delivered the cart with her clothing fiasco. He bought her clothes from her. She shook his hand firmly and said "I'm Chris". This was getting too close for comfort and the guys across really needed to leave now.  
  
Some more time passed and she was getting nervous. Eventually, Dr. Piston said he was leaving and it was nice meeting. He patted 'Chris' on the shoulder again and said, "Don't stay in too much longer, you'll pass out. You don't want to be like Joe and gang over there and melt your brain cells away." The guys across, sitting in her seat, said "Oh shove it, Hank. An hour is nothing in here. We're only halfway into our cleanse." Hank left. She panicked. 'half way?' she thought. 'Oh shit, I'm not going to make it. She didn't know what to do.  
  
She turned to the corner group. "I heard it stopped raining and they are opening the course again. You going back out there?" She said in her deep voice. "No thanks, we're good. We got the front nine in today that's enough for me. Just here to relax now. Enjoy though." Joe responded, clearly not interested in leaving or talking further.  
  
She decided to make one more effort. Knowing that they couldn't identify her, she closed up her robe right and stood up. "Have a good one" she said and 'accidentally' tripped forward. She leaned her head to the wall to try to get the numbers but one of the guys caught her. "Watch it, man. Get off me." he said pushing her back, towards the door. She tripped and fell to the floor. Her robe swung open. She got up and rushed out. She put her hood up and ran to her locker. There were several people there so she grabbed her clothes and ran into a stall. She changed as fast as possible and left.  
  
She hurried to her office and ducked in. She would Google how to stop the program. There had to be a back up. When her monitor turned on, it was 3:07. The computer showed a message "You failed your task. Your message has been sent. This is your only warning. The next message will include everything. Please do better." Her jaw dropped. She didn't remember which photo it was. She checked the program. The email sent. She realized she never changed the message from the trial run, when she was much more confident and fooling around.  
  
"Dear golfer,  
  
I am so impressed by your incredible talents. I wish I could show you how much I appreciate watching you. Maybe if you invited me in, I'd get to show you my gratitude. Tell me what you think.  
  
Love,  
  
Your secret admirer"  
  
Attached was the picture of her from her nose down, showing it all.  
  
She was mortified. She can't believe that was just sent. She wanted to be done with this game. She was also concerned with the program fail message saying 'include everything'. She signed back into the program and reviewed the terms. Under the failing section, it read that one failed task sent the associated message. For further encouragement, any future fails would send all associated messages, as well as the users sign up information. She went to her account and it had her full name, email address, phone number, and all of the pictures she took, including those she didn't select for the message. She couldn't change any of the information. She looked through the photos and they included face shots. Some were while trying to get the camera angle right, others when using too far away, and some were taken rapid fire to get the best picture. There were pictures of her fingering herself, fucking her pussy with a dildo, and even doing anal, with her face in the picture.  
  
She started crying. If she failed next week, she would be exposed. She just wanted to stop, but would have to do this again. She didn't even want to think about all of the people who now had a revealing photo of her. At least you couldn't tell who she was because her hair and eyes were cropped out, at least that's what she hoped. She did the bare minimum the next few days, mostly keeping to her office when she could. She watched people's faces and looks when she passed them, trying to see if anyone identified her. Nobody looked at her weird and, oddly, nobody reported the email to management.  
  
By Tuesday, she was feeling better and actually horny again thinking how many people have seen her naked photo. She decided to get back into things. She got over her failure and wanted to do a grand gesture to make her think Thursday's task would be possible. She selected the hot tub for her last dildo challenge. She thought this wouldn't be so bad since you can't see under the water. She prepared her things on her break and dressed in her bikini. She should probably be more conservative, but she did enjoy showing off. She walked over to the empty hot tub with her bag. She got in and relaxed a minute. With nobody around, she untied her bottoms and pulled her dildo out of her bag. She raised up and inserted the dildo.

While watching the door, she bounced on the dildo. She would have to go slow and steady to avoid suspicion from anyone walking by or entering suddenly. It prolonged the challenge but it felt so good. While bouncing on the dildo, she caught sight of Dr. Piston walking over. Why was he always around when she took her risks? She had a lump in her throat while he walked up to the hot tub.  
  
"Mind if I join you?" He asked, already entering the water. "Might as well" Christine replied. She was stuck here now. He started making small talk, but it was just background noise as she tried to figure out how to get out of this. She watched him glance at her chest periodically, almost lustfully. As the conversation went on, Dr. Piston kept moving closer. As he got almost next to her, she scooted to her right, away from him. As she did, her bottoms floated to the surface. 'Shit' she forgot about those. She reached for them but Dr. Piston grabbed them first.  
  
"You really enjoy not wearing bottoms, don't you"? he asked. "No, give those back. They accidentally came off." "Just like the last time? I'd love to add these to my collection."  
  
"Please, Dr. Piston. It's not like that. Please, give them back."  
  
"I'll tell you what, you can have them. You just need to get them." He got out of the hot tub and grabbed her bag. He put the bottoms on top of her bag and placed it on the hutch across the room by the entrance. He returned back to the hot tub and relaxed. "Ahhhh, I love hot tubs. I can stay in here all day". He taunted. She complained but he only replied "You know, you gave me a show once, what's wrong with a repeat? Nobody else is around...yet."  
  
She was stuck. She knew he already saw her naked, but he didn't know that she currently had a dildo in her. She pleaded again for him to return her bottoms but he just smiled and pointed to them. "I don't have them. They're right over there." She contemplated all her options. She could call for help, but most likely another member would come and side with Dr. Piston. She could try to outlast him, but he made it clear he's staying for the show. She could make a run for it, but then he'd see her dildo and possibly tell others.  
  
She didn't have much of a choice. She decided she would have to make a deal with him. She offered him 6 months free membership to leave. "Sweetheart, I make that money in a week. I'd much prefer to watch you walk out of here". He sat back with a smug look on his face. She was at a loss. She would have to expose herself and her dildo. She looked him in the eye. "I'll tell you what. You'll get to see me, but no matter what, this stays between us."  
  
"What, and miss out on the guys reactions to our favorite girl stripping again? Why would I keep this to myself, unless, you know, you want to take it further..." She knew what he was implying. She thought about it and, with a pit in her stomach, decided that a different secret show might just keep him quiet.  
  
"What if I told you I had a secret and would let you in on it?" Christine asked. "What if I let you see something that nobody else saw?"  
  
"We've already seen you naked, dear". He responded.  
  
"But what if there is more. Would you keep that our secret?" She asked?  
  
Dr. Piston looked at her intrigued and said "Make it worth my while and you're secret is safe with me." She was shaking but reached under the water and held the dildo in place. She finally stood up and his eyes bugged and jaw dropped. A smile overtook his face. She pulled the dildo out and went to get her bag. She was completely humiliated. He stopped her, "Wait, that can't be it. If you have that thing, surely you must've planned on using it. Finish up and your secret stays here." He patted the side of the hot tub next to him. Wobbly, she walked over and sat on the edge of the tub with her feet in the water. She hesitated and just sat there.  
  
"Well, let's see what you've got" he said sternly. With a shaky hand, she inserted the dildo into herself. She slowly pumped it in and out, all under his gaze. She kept going and lost herself in the moment. She started pounding her pussy with the dildo hard and fast until she tossed her head back and came. She caught her breath, then realized her situation. She got up and ran to the hutch. She shoved the dildo in the bag and pulled out her towel. She put it on and ran to her office. She got dressed and stayed in there all day until closing.  
  
She locked herself in her office all day Wednesday and Thursday morning. She still had to go through one final ordeal. She prepped and decided to go in early, at 1:30. She couldn't risk missing out on her spot in the steam room. She walked in and it was empty. She changed and went into the steam room. She went to the back only passing two people. While waiting, several members came in. It was getting a little crowded. Somebody mentioned it was raining hard. She stayed in her corner, waiting to feel confident enough that it was after 2pm. More and more people came in. There was now someone next to her and across from her. She put her robe back on, she couldn't risk it.  
  
She waited a little while longer. She checked the password and memorized the code. As she stood up, the lights went out. The generator kicked in and the emergency lights went on. The steam stopped producing and someone propped the door open so everyone could see their way out. The steam started evaporating and visibility increased. She covered up and couldn't get past everyone else who was filing out. She decided to let everyone else go first, so nobody would be behind her. She was last in line and could now start making out people's bodies. She could see the bare ass of the person in front of her. She wrapped up well in the robe and kept her head down. She had to get to her locker.  
  
When she got out of the steam room and went to the lockers, there were so many naked men. She was surprised how many people were there and how many didn't care to cover up. She could see everything. She scurried to her locker and grabbed her clothes. She ran to the bathroom stall to get dressed. She narrowly avoided being seen multiple times, only saved by the chaos of the situation. After getting dressed, she ran out and to her office. Her computer was off and wouldn't turn on.  
  
She checked her phone, it was 2:30. She was panicking. If she didn't enter her code in the next half hour, she would be exposed beyond repair. She tried unplugging and replugging, but no response. While trying to get her computer on, there was a knock on her office door. It was John, stating that the owner was on the phone. She took the call and was informed that a transformer blew. He asked Christine to talk to the members and reassure them. He told her she could offer them free drinks if they wanted to stay, and to do whatever it takes to keep them happy. He also asked her to check the breaker in the mechanics room and to check on the generator when she got a chance.  
  
She did her rounds to talk to members, telling them what happened and that they'd be back in business shortly, not to worry. She kept checking her phone for the time. She decided she would leave right at 3pm to avoid embarrassment. One of the members took her up on drinks, mentioning that everything in his house down the road is plugged into a generator, so he didn't have to worry. 'That's it'. She asked John to tend bar and told him to only server beer, wine, and shots, since he didn't know how to bartend.  
  
She ran to her office and unplugged all her computer wires. She grabbed her whole computer and ran to the mechanical room. She plugged her computer into the back of the generator and the computer light went on. She turned it on. It was now 2:55. She waited for the boot up, then signed in. She opened the program and signed in. It was 2:58. She went to type in the code but couldn't remember if it was 6524 or 6254. She panicked and froze. It ticked to 2:59. She racked her brain but couldn't remember. She guessed, 6254. She typed it and submitted. She closed her eyes and tensed up. She held that position for probably 2 minutes before being able to open her eyes. Through blurry, teary eyes, she read:  
  
"Congratulations, you have successfully completed your task"  
  
She went back out and gave so many free drinks to those who were staying, often taking shots with them. She was safe, she was free, so she celebrated. She decided to take some time off from these tasks.

**Girl on the Golf Course Ch. 05**