**I hate it when that happens**

by Imperfect

Britney was in shock. She could only stare at her telephone. How long had she been this way? How many time had passed since she received the message? She didn’t know. The whole day she’d been happy, but the message had changed everything. She read it again, still not willing to believe it.

I’ve seen you dance in your living room yesterday. You must have felt free, all without clothes. You looked so happy that I had to make a video. You looked wonderful. I think the video will be really popular on the internet. Maybe we’ll find out. If you don’t want that to happen, wait for my next message.

The 20-year-old girl was desperate. How could someone have seen her? She lived on the seventh floor. There was no way someone could have spied on her. But they knew, so they must have seen her. Did they use a drone? She didn’t know. But in the end, it didn’t matter anyway. She would get a message. Afterwards she had only two choices. She could let the unknown person blackmail her. Or she could let the video of her dancing naked get out on the internet.

Britney sighed. There weren’t two choices. In theory, perhaps, there were. But she couldn’t let the video get out. She just couldn’t. There only ever had been one guy who had seen her naked. She thought back at that moment, five years ago. She went with four friends to a quiet spot at the beach. She was dared to skinny dip and as she did it, the others ran away with her clothing.

But Britney didn’t really mind. She loved the feeling of walking nude. She knew she looked good and had never felt so free before. Besides, there was no one around anyway. Or so she thought. When a cute guy appeared in front of her, she just stared at him. She knew she had to cover herself, but somehow she couldn’t make her body move as he looked from her small breasts down to her slim belly and her slender legs. She felt his eyes on her pelvis, going down to her secret area, barely covered by some hair.

The guy seemed in shock too and kept just staring. Both didn’t know how long the moment lasted. Were it just seconds? Minutes? It could have been hours, or days or nothing of that, because time didn’t matter anymore. As she finally started to function again, she turned around and ran away as fast as she could, showing the guy her firm backside too. It was horrible. She never forgot the shame and humiliation she felt then.

That day she vowed that no one would see her naked again till she found the right guy. She never tried to satisfy her need for exhibitionism again. Till last night. She longed for the feeling and, living on the seventh floor, there would be no risk involved. It seemed such a good idea. She enjoyed the feeling very much, dancing nude as the day she was born, feeling more free as she ever felt before. But now that feeling was gone. She just felt sick.

Britney was scared the whole next day. She tried to deny that it was happening and she really wanted to believe it, but there was always a part of her that let her remember. That told her about the humiliation she would probably experience. She was almost happy when she got the message. Maybe it would soon be over and she could start to live her life again, leaving it all behind her. She read the text.

I’m sure you eagerly looked forward to this message, my sweet exhibitionist. Don’t worry. I won’t let you wait any longer. You don’t want your video on the internet? Fine. Here’s what you gotta do. I want you to go to the square by the Starbucks at midnight. Then you have to strip nude, hide your clothes and walk all the way to the park. I want you to walk around the park once. All this time you are forbidden to cover yourself. I’ll know if you do. After the round, you are free to do as you please. If you choose not to take this challenge, the whole world will see you dance.

She had to go nude. Outside. Britney couldn’t believe it. She wouldn’t do it, she just couldn’t. But she knew she had to. So, an hour early, she walked to the Starbucks, where she arrived with 30 minutes to spare. She took her time to find a place within the bushes where she could strip down and hide her clothes without being seen. Then she waited till she heard the clock tower strike twelve.

DING DONG

It was time. Britney slowly started to strip, first taking of her shoes, then her shirt and pants. This was the easy part. She looked around her, making sure that no one could see her. Could she continue? For a moment, she really thought she couldn’t. But then she thought about the video that could end up on the internet. No way that was gonna happen. She moved her arms to her back, took of her bra off and threw it on the heap of clothing. Her panties soon followed.

It was amazing. She knew she should have been cold, but she felt hot, almost feverish. And she felt free. But when she neared the edge of the bushes, her feelings changed. The freedom disappeared and the only thing that was left was fear. What if someone saw her? What if someone took a picture? It would be a disaster. But she still had to go on. She started to walk.

Britney looked around her, but she saw no one. She wanted to run to make sure her ordeal would last as short as possible. The message said walking though. She didn’t know if she was allowed to run, so she kept on walking. It seemed like the luck was on her side. The road she walked was usually busy, but at midnight there was no one around. She walked to the park without incidents. Maybe, she thought, this wouldn’t be so bad after all. Her tension slowly disappeared and she felt excited again, and free. She had longed for this feeling so long and now it was there, far stronger and better than she could have imagined.

Britney started to walk around the park. She smiled as she realized that the cars couldn’t see her anymore. She could only be seen by someone who was walking the same path as she. And who would walk here at midnight? By now she was really enjoying her walk and even started singing. The feeling of walking nude was like a drug and she walked like in a trance. That was probably why she didn’t saw the hobo.

The hobo was lying on a bench, trying to sleep. But sleep wouldn’t come somehow and he had nothing to do but think. Then he heard a voice of a girl. She was singing. The voice wasn’t that remarkable, but it had a wonderful joy in it. He had to look. It was dark, but there was always some light in the city and he could see the girl pretty good. She was nude. What did a nude girl do at midnight in the park? But he didn’t care. He sat up and admired her muscular body, her small, firm breasts and the place between her legs.

Fully relaxed, Britney didn’t even try to be careful anymore. She walked slowly, enjoying every single step. Then she saw movement out of the corner of her eyes. At first, she thought it was some kind of animal, but then she recognized it was a man, sitting on the bench. She hadn’t seen him earlier, because he had laid there before. Now it was too late. She yelped, and started to walk faster again to make sure she passed the hobo quickly.

Britney was shocked. She hadn’t been seen nude since that time when she was fifteen. It was horrible. She kept looking over her shoulder, to look if the man was following her. Therefore she noticed the woman on the bike far too late to find some sort of shelter. The woman shouted something to her, but she couldn’t understand. Now she had been seen nude by two people within just one minute. She started panicking.

Britney realized she was losing it. She was just running now, completely in panic mode. She needed to settle down again. She sat down in the bushes, making sure that no one passing her could see her, and just tried to breathe. After a few minutes, her heart rate was approaching normal. Her thoughts became clear. She started walking again. The rest of the walk around the park, she was very careful. Twice more she encountered someone, but now she heard them in advance, so she could hide in the bushes.

Britney couldn’t believe how happy she was when she saw had rounded the park. She could go back to her clothes! She started to run back as fast as she could. Then she heard a car coming. She looked around, but there was nowhere she could hide. She could see now that it wasn’t just one car. It were three. They came nearer and all she could do was cover. When the drivers saw her, they slowed down and started honking.

The honking startled Britney so much that she turned around, fearing she didn’t cover her bits good enough. She didn’t even realize that she flashed her backside at them. When she stared after the cars, she saw a group of people coming her way. She heard one of them singing. If the rest was as hammered as the guy she heard, there was a tiny chance she could slip by them without them noticing. But the risk was just too high. There was no way she could take the same route back.

When Britney tried to figure out what other way she could take to reach her clothes, she realized that she could just as well go straight home. It was a short walk from where she was and she had done everything that the stranger asked her to. He hadn’t said she had to return to her clothes. She could pick them up tomorrow. For the first time that night she felt confident again. She could make her own choices, she wasn’t powerless anymore.

For a time, it seemed like the luck was on her side again. Britney was almost home as she heard voices in front of her. Crap. It sounded like a group of men. She tried to go back the way she had come, but when she approached the corner of the street, she heard voices from that direction too. Many voices. She couldn’t go back either.

Britney started looking for a hiding place. There was none. She started walking forward again. It was better to be caught by a few people than by a whole group. She moved her arms to shield her breasts and pussy from their glances. But when the guys were almost in sight, she realized something. When she covered, they probably would laugh and try to see what she was hiding. That would be very humiliating. There even was a chance that they would follow her. But what would happen if she didn’t cover herself?

Britney had only seconds to decide. If she just showed herself, maybe they would be so shocked and dazzled that they would just let her pass. It was a gamble, but it could work. She could see the guys well now and she stopped covering. It took them a few moments to noticed her. Then they just stopped and stared.

Britney felt their eyes burning a hole in her small, beautiful breasts and her pussy. The urge to cover was unbearable and almost more than she could handle, but she used all the power she had left to keep her arms next to her body.

Britney smiled seductive, winked and said: “Hi boys”. They didn’t react and just kept staring with their mouths wide open as she passed them. She started to walk faster, knowing the guys were staring at her butt now. When she thought she was out of sight she started to run again.

Britney entered her building, pushed over a baffled guy and ran to her room. Crap, she thought. She knew that guy. He wasn’t the first one who saw her naked that night, but this was the first one that probably recognized her. She could only hope he didn’t see too much.

Britney took the stairs, because she knew almost everyone took the elevator. Besides, it felt better to move than to just stay still, waiting till she could leave the elevator. When she was seen then, it would be even more humiliating. With trembling hands she tried to push the key into the lock of her room. After a few attempts, she succeeded and entered. Finally, her ordeal was over.

Britney lay down on her bed, still gasping for air from the running. Her weariness slowly disappeared, but there was one feeling that stayed. An overwhelming tingly sensation in her loins. She felt her hand move to her pussy. She couldn’t have stopped it if she had wanted to. But she didn’t. She had never felt like this before and she needed release. She slid two fingers in and started to move them. Wow. She was wetter than ever.

After only a few seconds she came with a loud cry, not caring that her neighbors could probably hear her. But it wasn’t enough. She continued and came again. Only after her third orgasm, her sexual excitement slowly subsided. She fell asleep, deep and dreamless.

The next morning, Britney woke. She couldn’t remember if she had ever slept this good. Her memories of the last night slowly returned. She still couldn’t believe the things she had done and just thinking of it made her aroused all over again. It had been horrible, but amazing at the same time. Suddenly she realized why she was awake. She had heard a noise.

Britney grabbed her phone and saw she had a message. She opened it and read:

My message was pretty clear, wasn’t it? I gave you a chance. You did NOT what I asked you to do, so now you have to face the consequences.

Britney was shocked. Would he post the video anyways? But then her anger took over. Who the hell did this guy think he was. She would not let someone treat her this way. She quickly sent a message back.

I did exactly what you asked. I walked the Douglas Boulevard to the park and then walked around it. I walked more than 5 freaking miles naked. Several people saw me nude. It was the most horrific experience ever. That means were done. If you post the video, you’re dead meat.

Britney kept staring at her phone, waiting for an answer. She started to doubt. Should she have been nicer? Was her answer to harsh? But she couldn’t change it now. All she could do was stare at her phone and hope she would receive a message. An hour passed. Another hour passed. After almost three hours, finally she heard the sound of an incoming message.

Douglas Boulevard? This is not Tiffany Braxton, Broadview Illinois?

Britney couldn’t believe it. Was this all some stupid misunderstanding? Had she showed her nude body for nothing? With trembling hands she wrote back, praying that it was her he meant to blackmail, that she did all this for a reason.

No. I live in Roseville California.

A text came back immediately. Never before had three words made her so angry and feel so powerless at the same time.

Oops. Wrong number.