**Katie Cleans Up Nicely!**

By[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

Monday, June 10 had been another scorching hot work day for Katie, just one in a string of them this month. She had been assigned again to the greenhouse part of the business she had worked full time for every summer since she was 16; the McTavish Garden Center was one of the bigger employers in her tiny hometown, but the workforce was mostly part-timers fresh out of high school. The regulations about how old you needed to be to operate some of the machinery had been tightened since she started working there, so 18 was now the minimum age for their employees.

Most of the girls in Katie's high school weren't interested in working at McTavish, since most of the jobs there were hot and or dirty, with some risk of getting hurt doing the heavy landscaping work the company did all around the county. Katie had never minded the heavy labor; she was taller and stronger than most young women and could actually lift and carry loads many of the 18 year-old guys working there couldn't manage. Mark McTavish had taken the business over from his father during her time working there; aside from not paying very well, he seemed like a decent employer. She was working as many hours as she could to try to save enough money for a trip to Europe with her boyfriend Alec after they graduated next spring.

The work kept her toned and lean, easily making up for the dining hall food she ate most of the year when she was away at college. A couple of years ago she had put on the typical "Freshman 15" but it melted right away after a couple of months of her summer job. Having been more careful about how she ate her next two years in college, the summer-long physical labor now didn't serve as a weight loss plan as much as a season of paid weightlifting.

Katie was not conventionally sexy compared with many young women and generally favored a plain t-shirt or tank top and fairly long shorts at work. She kept her hair short for simplicity's sake, never wore makeup or jewelry on the job and generally didn't put much effort into her appearance on the job. Makeup wouldn't have held up long against either the heavy work on the landscaping crew or the triple digit, humid and breeze-free greenhouse atmosphere.

The conditions at work almost made her thankful she was essentially flat chested. Her bra size was 38aa, so she really didn't need any support and the heat made going without a bra the more comfortable option. The fact that she tended to sweat through her top before the morning was over most days was of little concern to her, as her younger male co-workers were generally too intimidated by her to make any comments on how she looked in a wet clingy shirt within her earshot. It wasn't that she was unaware that her nipples were fairly visible, but more that she didn't care what the kids she worked with thought, even kind of enjoying their flustered look when she'd catch them staring. Once in a while when working on a landscaping job she would dump a bucket of ice water from the cooler over her head, mostly to cool off but a little bit because she knew the effect it the freezing water soaking her shirt had on her co-workers!

The one worker who was an exception to the tendency to not mention Katie's appearance was the one person on the landscaping crew older than her; Ed Dugardi was the heavy equipment operator for McTavish, around 45 years old Katie guessed. Ed would often drop some reference to her "girls", but it seemed to Katie more like teasing than flirtation or harassment. Ed was way behind current standards of behavior in the "Me Too" era, but Katie knew he actually respected her - she was the only person he ever taught how to operate the heavy equipment. After several summers of his instruction she could operate a back hoe, steamroller or bulldozer.

After work on Monday Katie followed her usual routine, showering in the women's locker room and changing into a fresh set of clothes before driving home. While being hot and sweaty all day at work didn't bother her she hated making the 20 minute drive home in that state; since she'd just end up showering at home anyway she preferred to clean up before leaving.

Tuesday Katie was assigned to help out on the landscaping crew, which was just her, Ed and a new high school graduate, Dan. They were going to plant some shrubs and a couple of trees at a new house on the other side of the town. It was a nice break from the greenhouse duty she'd had lately since most of the heavy work would be done with the small boom crane mounted to the back of the truck and they'd have the AC in the truck and lunch at a diner near the job site, making for a relatively cool day's work.

As the day went on Katie thought Ed was a little off, not his usual joking self. By the time they took their lunch break she had worked up a good sweat, but he didn't make any of his typical comments; in fact, she thought he looked a little uneasy seeing her shirt clinging to her body. When Dan went off to the restroom at the diner she found out what was bothering him.

"Katie, I've been trying to figure out a good way to tell you this, but I haven't found one yet, so I'll just tell you. When I was talking with Mark McTavish in his office yesterday afternoon, I noticed a monitor behind his desk with live video feeds from a half dozen cameras."

"That seems normal enough," said Katie, "I've noticed the cameras in the greenhouse and at the checkout in the main building."

"Yes," said Ed, "but one of the cameras was showing a live feed from the shower in the Women's locker room. Katie, you were having a shower! I'm sorry, but I thought you should know."

"Oh my God! That pervert!" cried Katie, drawing attention from some of the other diners seated near them. Continuing in a lower voice she said: "Shit! I need this job, but I can't just let this go."

"I need the work too, there isn't much else around here that pays well enough to support my family." said Ed, "But you've got every right to have him arrested or sue the asshole."

"Let me think about this a while, and keep it just between the two of us for now, okay?" Katie asked; they changed the subject as Dan returned.

Katie was more than slightly distracted that afternoon as they wrapped up their planting assignment; she couldn't decide what to do about Mark's spying on her. She didn't want to tip him off that she knew about the camera and assumed that he wasn't just watching but more than likely had been recording her showering. She thought to herself: "The damage is already done, I'll take a quick shower today and see if I can find the damned camera while I'm in there."

As soon as she saw Ed leave for home Katie headed for the locker room. Her hands were shaking as she started peeling her shirt off; she wondered how many times had Mark watched her showering without her knowledge. She took off her boots and socks, thinking it might have been better if she had never found out she was being watched. As she pulled off her shorts she wasn't sure she could maintain her composure and go through with this as if nothing was wrong. She desperately wanted to make it appear to Mark that nothing had changed and his spying hadn't been discovered, so she took a deep breath, took her panties off and stepped into the shower like she had done dozens of times before. But not like before at all.

Katie tried to appear like she normally did when having her post-work shower, comfortable and enjoying the effect the warm, relaxing spray had on her muscles after a strenuous day. The pulsating jet of water actually did still feel good, and she could almost forget she most likely had an audience.

Almost, but not quite.

She changed her mind about keeping today's shower brief, figuring her voyeur had already seen everything so she might as well enjoy herself.

She tried to remember exactly how much and how she had enjoyed herself in the shower in recent weeks; had she played with her nipples? Yes, she thought: " I'm sure I've done that, many times, so it really won't make any difference if I do this..." as she massaged and pulled them. She wondered: "Have I ever touched my clit?" Deciding that she almost certainly had done so, she saw no reason not to again today. So she did...for some time.

Katie was deep into her unplanned session of pleasuring herself, leaning against the wall of the shower, panting with her mouth wide open and head tilted back when she saw it. A small round shiny spot hidden in a line of black tile on the same wall as the shower head up near the ceiling. She tried to avoid reacting but felt a deep blush; with luck Mark would just think it was a result of her activities. Instead of stopping her masturbation abruptly she carried on, telling herself it was necessary to keep Mark from thinking he'd been caught, but only half believing the story she told herself. She felt shame and anger, but more than anything felt aroused by being so close to coming while being watched. Less than two minutes after discovering the camera she had the best orgasm she'd experienced since she last saw Alec.

Katie thought about how to get back at Mark during her drive home, thinking there must be some way of making him pay without destroying the business and throwing everyone, herself included, out of work. She was still searching for a solution as she fell asleep.

Wednesday morning found Katie still unsure how to deal with Mark, distracted by her 10 year-old brother Cooper whining about not being allowed to download some video from Amazon unless he was willing to spend his own money on it. She left for work without any plan other than a determination to NOT provide Mark with another X rated shower show. "R rated, maybe." she thought.

A few minutes away from reaching work Katie had an inspiration. She punched in and went to Mark's office to see where she had been assigned to work, forcing herself to greet him cheerfully as she entered. She was happy to be sent to the greenhouse; while she normally preferred going out on a landscaping job her new plan for getting back at Mark was better served by staying on the property.

It was actually a pretty slow day in the greenhouse, allowing her plenty of time to prepare for her confrontation with Mark. He checked in a few times, checking to be sure his staff was finding ways to be productive despite not having many customers. He was pleased to see Katie hard at work preparing small signs for the various seedlings and flowers. She looked up and smiled at him, then got on with her work.

When Ed came back from today's landscaping job she asked him for a favor: "Can you hang around a few minutes after closing time? I'm planning on letting Mark know I'm on to his spying; I don't expect he'll get violent or anything but it might be better if he knew there was another adult on the grounds."

Ed said, "The front loader needs a little maintenance before I take it out tomorrow, so I can hang around and work on it tonight instead of coming in early tomorrow. Am I likely to see you at work after tonight?"

"You will if things go the way I expect them to. By the way, I want you to be around, but I'd like you to avoid Mark's office tonight." Katie said, "I'll explain later."

After the last customer left and all the teenage help had punched out and left for home Katie made her way to the women's locker room, noticing Mark still working in his office. She set her fresh clothes out and started undressing. Though this was part of her plan she found it even harder to get naked than it had been the day before, this time knowing for certain she was about to step naked into view of a camera. Yesterday she had still held on to some hope that Ed had somehow been mistaken; today she had no doubts - Mark would be getting to see her nude. Again. She took longer than usual but eventually the last of her sweaty work clothes were off. She reached in and turned on the water, stepping into the shower and into Mark's view.

At first Mark enjoyed watching Katie's shower just like the many times he'd done before, maximizing the camera's feed to fill the screen; he never got tired of watching her naked, soapy and occasionally horny. He congratulated himself yet again for coming up with the idea of installing the shower cam. After she did her usual washing up he saw her reach out of the shower, but instead of grabbing a towel he saw her holding a plastic bag.

Mark started to grasp the trouble he was in when he saw Katie look straight up at the camera, smile and hold up a small sign; one of the signs she was working on this afternoon, he guessed, waterproof for use in the greenhouse or a shower. The first sign was enough to tell him he had a problem, in big bold letters it read:

HI MARK!

Katie held up one sign after another, giving her audience plenty of time to read each before moving on...they read:

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING ME.

YOU DO KNOW THAT'S ILLEGAL, RIGHT?

DID I EVER MENTION MY UNCLE RAY?

HE'S AN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY

FOR OUR COUNTY

YOU HAVE A FEW CHOICES...

OPTION 1:

YOU CAN BE ARRESTED

AND EXPLAIN WHY TO YOUR WIFE

MAYBE YOU GO TO JAIL

OR MAYBE YOU'LL BE ACQUITTED

EITHER WAY YOUR BUSINESS CRUMBLES

OPTION 2:

YOU CAN GIVE ME A RAISE

FROM MY CURRENT $9/HR

TO $19/HR...AND...

REMOVE THE CAMERA...AND...

TURN OVER ALL COPIES OF

RECORDINGS YOU'VE MADE OF ME

IF I EVER SEE MYSELF ONLINE

YOU'RE BACK TO OPTION 1

OPTION 3:

YOU CAN GIVE ME A RAISE

FROM MY CURRENT $9/HR

TO $30/HR

IF I EVER SEE MYSELF ONLINE

YOU'RE BACK TO OPTION 1

TOMORROW IS PAYDAY

LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR DECISION!

After she was done with the final sign Katie dried herself off, dressed quickly and went straight to her car, taking her collection of signs with her. She saw Mark coming towards her, but when he noticed Ed still working on the front loader at the edge of the parking lot he stopped, turning back towards his office as Katie drove off.

The next day, Katie looked at her paycheck and smiled; her co-workers' jobs were safe, she didn't need to have an awkward conversation with her uncle Ray and best of all she would definitely be able to afford that trip to Europe with Alec next summer.

Mark hated paydays for the rest of the summer, but was thankful that Katie still liked to clean up before going home; it seemed like she spent more time in the shower than ever. Option 3 had turned out pretty well for everybody.