**Rachel's Blackmail**

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**Rachel's Blackmail Ch. 01**

Rachel wasn't wearing anything, unless you counted the expression off bliss that was a result of the intense orgasm she had just experienced. Until just a moment ago, she had masturbated furiously to one of her exhibitionistic fantasies. The thought of running around naked outside, and being caught that way...  
  
The reality was that she was in her room, door locked, shades drawn, and everything triple-checked to make sure absolutely no one could see her in her unclothed state. For all her fantasies, Rachel was a very shy girl. She had already begun to resign to the fact that her fantasies were just something she occasionally masturbated to.  
  
But then she happened upon the idea of erotic blackmail. On an erotic story board, she found a reposted and recently completed story by a genius under the alias of hooked6, featuring a heroine that got blackmailed to expose herself in a lot of inappropriate places.  
  
Being an independent-minded person, she at first objected to anyone being forced to do anything against her will, sexual or otherwise. But her mind wouldn't let go of the issue, and she began to include elements of coercion into her fantasies, placing herself as the (unconsciously willing) heroine/victim of some interesting new masturbatory scenarios.  
  
She eventually realized that it not only turned her on, but would also help to overcome her shyness, at least in so far as it was eliminated as an obstacle to making her fantasies come true. Forced nudity was definitely her thing!  
  
Some of the board's regulars had posted teasing comments about doing something like the blackmail club in real life. One of them even tried to develop a guide on how it would have to be done. While consideration of boring real-life problems was certainly less of a turn-on than exciting fantasy scenarios, it showed her one thing: This would work best if her blackmailer was someone she knew, like in the story.  
  
Finding the right person was a no-brainer: She and her flatmate Michelle told each other everything, even their sexual fantasies. Rachel got dressed and went to Michelle's room.  
  
Michelle listened to her friend's plans and agreed to help her out by giving her tasks to accomplish. Secretly, she was absolutely thrilled by what Rachel proposed to her and it was all she could do to keep from showing too much eagerness. Ever since the first time Rachel told about her exhibitionistic fantasies, Michelle was hoping she'd actually go through with at least some of them. Now, she could make sure she'd do all of them. Best of all, she'd be the one to make her do it.  
  
Michelle didn't want anything BAD to happen to Rachel, but this was something Rachel herself wanted, and Michelle intended to make the absolute most of it.  
  
Of course, she'd have to move at the right pace, making every task more daring by the right amount. She needed to do this not only to make things progress smoothly, but also to keep them fun. It wouldn't do at all if Rachel got bored with a task or was so frightened of it that she broke down and was unable to do it. Well, enough thinking, she thought to herself, let's get it started.  
  
Michelle produced a digital camera from somewhere, and told Rachel to hold her head in several different positions. Rachel did so while Michelle took photos of her. She wondered if and how these photos could be used for blackmail. However, this was soon to be explained by Michelle:  
  
"Over the next week, I'll combine your face with erotic pictures from the net, especially the kind containing strange fetishes. That'll be our blackmail material. I assure you it will be nothing you want your friends and family to see."  
  
"Won't they recognize it's not really me?", Rachel asked.  
  
"Depends. How many of them know how you really look like nude?"  
  
"Oh."  
  
"That's right. Now please undress completely."  
  
"Want some real photos as well?"  
  
"No, this is not about more photos and no, this is not a task. You don't even have to do it. But I thought that things will be easier for you if you get used to being naked inside of the apartment. You may also want to start sleeping in the nude. Whatever you do, your first task will start exactly a week from now."  
  
Despite having readily stripped for the photos, Rachel felt uneasy about getting naked without any real reason. On the other hand, Michelle's reasoning made perfect sense. Sighing, she undressed, neatly folding her clothes, but then sat on the couch, drew her legs, which were pressed tightly together, to her chest and put her arms around them.  
  
Knowing that such silly covering could not reasonably be kept up for the whole next week, Michelle didn't say anything about it. Everything was going just like she wanted it to.  
  
When Michelle had suggested for Rachel to ease into nudity (as far as the blackmail scenario allowed easing in), she really thought about Rachel's well-being. She almost succeeded to convince herself this was the only reason. But the truth was, she just loved to get the still somewhat shy exhibitionist trainee naked as often and as long as possible.  
  
Needless to say, when the girls went to their respective beds that night, it wasn't for sleeping...

**Rachel's Blackmail Ch. 02**

A week had passed, too fast for Rachel's liking, and it was now the great day of her first task.  
  
The first step was for her to acquire a set of disposable clothes. She was to get them at a clothing discounter, one of those places where they didn't waste place for changing cubicles. Normally, customers were expected to know their approximate size and to live with the fact if the fit was not perfect.  
  
Of course, Rachel was expected to try her outfit on for size. In fact, her instructions were to try at least three outfits, and to get completely naked between them. She also had to make sure there was at least one other customer in the shop when she did it.  
  
At the time of the day Rachel had chosen, there was a good chance of finding a shop with really just one customer, and Rachel indeed got lucky.  
  
She went inside, grabbed a couple of light summer dresses from the bargain bin, and checked if the young man was looking. He wasn't.  
  
"It's now or never", Rachel thought. Trying to get it over with before her nervousness got the better of her, she quickly slipped out of her flip-flops, dropped her skirt, unbuttoned her blouse and shrugged it off. She hadn't worn underwear, which was not, as one might think, because of the heat, but because it was easier to get naked without it. Plus, had she worn underwear, her "excuse" of trying clothes wouldn't have covered its removal.  
  
Without pause, Rachel slipped one of the sundresses over her head. Of course, there was no such thing as a mirror to check her appearance. But this was the last thing on Rachel's mind, as she finally realized that she had just been very naked, in a very public place, in a very inappropriate situation.  
  
Rachel checked around nervously for any newcomers, and to make sure "he" was still occupied otherwise. She then took the sundress off again. With her being so nervous, it took noticeably longer than the first stripping. She then quickly donned the next dress. Looking up again, Rachel noticed with a slight shock that the young man was looking in her direction. How long had he been watching?  
  
That question quickly was answered when he pointed out, not unkindly, that it was not customary to try on clothes in such a shop.  
  
Rachel had gone her task over in her head several times since she was told about it, and she knew her best chance was to try to brazen it out (which is not easy when you've just blushed as red as a tomato).  
  
"Well, erm, yes, I know. It's just that I saw the shop's almost empty, and I wanted to see how it looks."  
  
"I think the yellow one would look good on you."  
  
Damn! Now she had to change in front of him again, or she was busted! Of course, she could have told him not to look while she changed, but given her state of mind, she just didn't think of it. Well, she had to try another dress anyway.  
  
Her until then suppressed exhibitionist tendencies, her plan to brazen it out and the knowledge that Michelle would want her to do it combined to prevent her from turning away as she changed dresses again, feeling his eyes on her naked body in the process. The feeling of being looked at naked and unable to do anything about it started to turn her on immensely.  
  
The yellow dress found the approval of both Rachel and the young man. Of course, she couldn't wear it out, so she had to give him a second show, which he seemed to appreciate.  
  
Once she had bought the dress, she went back to her car, where she changed back into the dress. Actually, because of the confined space in the car and the emptiness of the parking lot, she changed out in the open, behind the cover of her car.  
  
It was now time to move to a mall, where her main task was about to happen.  
  
Walking from the parking lot into the mall, Rachel felt the air moving under the thin, short summer dress. Not only was this pleasant on a hot day, it also made her pussy become wet in anticipation of what was to come. Rachel wandered around the mall, familiarizing herself with its layout and waiting for it to fill with people.  
  
When a sizeable crowd had gathered, Rachel, as ordered, went to a bathroom on the far end of the mall. Once there, she went into a stall, lost her flip-flops and dress, and moved her hand to the door handle. But then, she hesitated. Over the past week, she had been naked in her apartment and in front of Melissa. She had been naked while and after shopping for the dress, even when a stranger had seen her. But now, she was about to expose herself to dozens of people, without any excuse or pretext. She couldn't do it.  
  
"Come on, you must do it, think of the photos, think of the photos", Rachel tried to encourage herself. Finally, she managed to open the door and started to run. She ran straight through the mall towards her car, past a crowd of shouting people. She couldn't hear whether it were shouts of disgust, encouragement, or plain surprise. There were probably some of each, but Rachel didn't care, she was just running.  
  
She started her streak in a nervous mood, panic barely suppressed, but with the adrenaline flowing, she was shifting to excitement, which began to take on an erotic tone.  
  
Rachel had almost reached the exit when she saw the mall security man beside it. With only moments to decide, she quickly dashed into some kind of clothing shop or boutique, with a young, mainly teenage clientele she hoped would not give her away.  
  
Once inside, Rachel spotted a changing cubicle and hid there, not being able to do anything except not going out again.  
  
After a short time, the curtain opened, and a teenage girl, identified by her nametag as "Lisa" but otherwise indistinguishable from the shop's customers, entered. Rachel was semi-relieved it was not mall security, but remained wary.  
  
"Okay, seems some killjoy alerted mall security of your little streak. Everyone here thinks it was way cool, so we'd like to help you. You look young enough to be a customer here, so we'll lend you an outfit, complete with boots, so you won't stand out. We'll get your clothes if you tell us were they are, so you can leave with them."  
  
Rachel gratefully accepted their help. Mall security actually entered the shop, but could find no naked person, nor any witnesses. They soon gave up their search.  
  
Meanwhile, Lisa returned. Mall security had not bothered to look anywhere else but the area where the streaker was last seen, and apparently no one else had used that particular stall, so Rachel's "disposable" outfit was returned to her.  
  
Well, not exactly "returned" just then, as Lisa held on to them for the moment. She asked everybody to proceed to the staff room, where she informed Rachel that since she was so fond of streaking, she surely could change in front of everybody as a little thank-you show.  
  
Rachel was still frightened from her near run-in with security, and in no mood to expose herself, but she saw no choice.  
  
Taking off and carefully folding her loaned outfit, Rachel was soon birthday-suited and held out a hand for Lisa to hand her her dress. But Lisa didn't  
  
"I think she should give us a real show and masturbate for us. Who's in favour?"  
  
Everybody except Rachel signalled agreement. After a look at Lisa confirmed there was nothing to be gained by begging or refusing, Rachel complied, unenthusiastically at first.  
  
But there obviously was a lot of pent-up arousal, since her rubbing soon made her wet. Closing her eyes, Rachel furiously masturbated to the fresh memory of the day's events, which seemed to be a lot more arousing in memory.  
  
Rachel came heavily. Opening her eyes again and realizing where she was, and with whom, suddenly made her very embarrassed.  
  
Epilogue:  
  
Rachel returned home without further incident. While somewhat glad she had done it, she decided she had had enough adventure for this lifetime . However, when she talked to Melissa about it she was informed it was too late:  
  
"You should have thought of this before the pictures. I gather that in your internet story, the heroine was free after ten tasks. I think I'll give you the opportunity to quit after every six tasks. I'll also let you go if I think you can't take it anymore. Other than that, you're mine."