**The Blackmail Club**

By: Hooked6

**The Blackmail Club 1**

I don't know why I joined this club. It seemed so silly and unbelievable. I mean who would take anything off the Internet seriously that was named The Blackmail Club? I must admit I was intrigued, however, when I first discovered the group while surfing one day. Here was a group whose sole purpose was to blackmail its members. I was curious about what it was all about and what stuff was on the inside of the group, so I applied for membership.

I had forgotten all about it until a few days later when I received an email from the group moderator about my pending membership in the restricted group. In order to join I had to complete an on-line application. If approved, I would be given access to the group and a total of ten individual assignments, given one at a time with a time limit for completion. I had to post a progress report to the group after each assignment. Failure to successfully complete a task as assigned or missing a deadline for a task would result in the group using the blackmailing evidence.

I was pretty confused. What blackmailing evidence? Why would a person join a group like that in the first place? What nonsense I thought. I ignored the email. Then after another few days I got another email with the following subject line: "Kathy Tolliver - Why are you ignoring us?" The first thing that came to mind was how did the moderator know my real name? I mean my screen name is "Babyblueshy" and when I registered at yahoo I didn't even come close to using my real name. How in the hell did they find that out?

I nervously opened the email and read its contents:
Kathy Tolliver:
A few days ago you applied for membership in our group, The Blackmail Club.
We think you would make a fine addition to our little club. We already know that
you are a member of the Yahoo groups Turningred, Truth\_or\_Dare and the
Embarrassed Nude Female group - ENF, so we know you have an interest in the subject matter of our club. Your job at Slade and Associates would allow you ample incentive for completing your tasks. Your apartment at Sherman Oaks is also a delightful place to live and shows that you are a female of some means. We are VERY disappointed that we have not received your completed application. Please give this matter your immediate attention. The Group Moderator

I almost fainted! How in the hell did this guy find out all this stuff about me? There is nothing remotely truthful in my yahoo profile that would even give him a hint as to my identity in real life. I mean he knew my employer and even where I really lived. I figured this guy was a whacko or something and my brain told me to delete his foolish email. Still, he was right about one thing. The groups he mentioned ARE my favorites. Though I would never be caught dead actually doing anything like the stuff in those groups, I DO like to read the posts. I kept wondering if I might be passing up maybe the best Yahoo Group of all. Against my better judgement I decided to fill out the application and send it in.

Name: Kathy Tolliver
Sex: Female
Age: 23
Hair color: Brunette
Height and weight: 5'5" and 135 lbs.
Email: babyblueshy@
"By forwarding this application, I agree to complete all of my tasks in the specified period of time and agree to hold the moderator harmless if I have to suffer the consequences of failure to perform or of any incidental difficulties in carrying out my assigned tasks."

It seemed harmless enough. I still couldn't figure out what I was supposed to be blackmailed with but my darker side wanted to know what this club was all about. I forwarded my application and waited.

I had to wait about three weeks before I heard from the moderator again with the email subject line: "Membership in The Blackmail Club Approved". I opened and read the contents and was really pissed off. Oh the email started out innocently enough. "Dear Kathy. Welcome to The Blackmail Club. You have 24 hours to complete your first assignment listed below. Failure to do so and post your report at the group will result in the moderator sending the attached photo to your boss at Slade and Associates. Good Luck."

The attachment was a clear photo of me apparently at some type of male stripper club holding onto the erect penis of a naked male dancer!! I had never been to a male strip club in all my life!! Yet there it was. It was definitely me wearing one of my dresses. The only conclusion I could come up with was that the photo was a very clever fake using some sort of digital software. But it was so realistic!! No one wouldn't believe it wasn't real!!

Somebody had obviously stalked me and took a real photo of me - and recently too because I had only just purchased that outfit a week ago, then blended my real photo into some stripper club photo. Timing couldn't be worse either. I was up for a promotion at work, which would mean a big raise in pay. The firm I work for is a very stuff-shirt, conservative company. The old man is quite religious and would probably fire me on the spot if he ever saw that photo - regardless of what explanations I might give!

I read the email further: TASK #1: Wear the dress in the photo. Park your car at the far end of the ROOF TOP level of the parking garage at your place of employment. When you leave work, take the stairs in the parking garage not the elevator. Once inside the stairwell, remove your dress and walk up the 4 flights of stairs wearing only your bra and knickers. Upon reaching the rooftop level, toss your dress into the trash can outside the stairwell and walk to your car still clad only in your underwear. You may drive home in whatever apparel left you left for yourself in your car OR in your bra and knickers - your choice. Your report is due by 9:00pm tomorrow evening. No cheating!

Whoever this moderator was went to a lot of trouble and seemed to research me pretty well. He even knew how many floors were in my parking garage at work! I didn't sleep all night thinking about what I had gotten myself into. In the morning all I could think about was what I had to do after work. I thought about calling in sick and writing the group with that excuse to buy myself some more time to build up my courage. I figured that wouldn't work though as it might be construed as cheating and the embarrassing photo of me would end up in my boss's hands.

Fortunately my schedule at work was a busy one and I didn't have much time to dwell on my task. I also thanked my lucky stars that my quitting time was 7:00pm - after much of the staff in the building had normally had left. The only drawback to having a very busy day is that time flies! It was almost quitting time before I knew it. Finally at 7:00pm, I could delay no longer. I cleared my desk and headed for the lobby. I felt like a prisoner awaiting execution. That was the longest walk I had ever taken.

As I approached the garage, Tom Garrison, a coworker went into the stairwell about 50 feet ahead of me. He usually parks on the second floor as I normally do. I didn't want him to catch me changing in the stairwell so I lingered about outside until I figured he had enough time to reach his car before I entered.

Once I heard the stairwell door shut behind me my heart almost stopped. The moment of truth had arrived! I carefully listened for any sounds above in case Tom or anyone else was lurking about. I heard nothing. I reached behind my dress and grabbed hold of the zipper and opened it. I stood there a few minutes then, deciding it was safe, stepped out of my dress. The task didn't mention taking off my pantyhose but it DID say to walk up in only my bra and knickers so I figured I had best lose those too. It was very awkward taking off my shoes and hopping around trying to get those off, all the while thinking that at any minute someone was going to walk in on me! Fortunately no one did.

As soon as they were off I ran up the stairs as fast as I could. I cowered next to the rooftop door trying to muster the courage to open it. Just then I heard a door open some distance below me. I wasn't sure if it was the door immediately below me or all the way on the first floor because everything seemed to echo in the concrete stairwell. One thing I did know for sure, someone or maybe two people had entered the stairwell and my chances of being seen just went up. At first I instinctively held my dress up in front of myself. Then I realized that was as stupid as being caught in my underwear. I still would have to explain what I was doing out of my dress!! What in the hell DOES a girl say to someone in a situation like that? Then I heard footsteps coming up the staircase. I couldn't get caught dressed like I was at my workplace. I just couldn't! I cursed myself for joining this stupid group!!! Too late now. I had to do something. I opened the rooftop door, and peered outside. I figured my safest plan was to make a dash for my car, before whoever it was reached where I was standing. Even though it was after 7:00pm, it was still daylight - damn that summer daylight savings time!

Fortunately no one was about outside. I took off running. Then I remembered I was supposed to throw my dress in the trash can outside the stairwell door. I really didn't want to do that as it cost a lot of money. I hesitated a bit, thought about just cheating, but then decided just to go through with my task and hurry up and trash it in case that someone in the stairwell was headed for the roof! I ran back about 200 feet to the trash can and tossed my dress inside. It is one thing to have the safety of a dress to put on in an emergency. It is quite another feeling when you purposely toss your safety net away. I then ran back towards my car, my high heels clicking on the concrete floor making it clear to anyone that I was running from something! I made it to my car safely and jumped inside half out of breath!

I had brought a pair of shorts and a T-shirt with me and nervously put them on while hunching down in my car! It was a good thing I had the foresight to bring extra clothing, because I wouldn't have wanted the parking lot attendant at the ticket booth to see me in my underwear.

As soon as I made it home I ran to log on and post my report. I was almost out of time as my email said I had until 9:00pm and after my long drive home it was almost 8:45pm!! I wrote up my report very short and succinct:" Kathy's Task 1 REPORT: Stripped off as instructed. Ran to my car in my underwear. Made it OK. Was nervous as hell." After all, I thought, the email didn't say how long the report had to be - only that I had to post one.

I hit the send button and went to the message section to see if my report had successfully posted! I was so nervous about making the deadline! It was only after feeling good about seeing my posting that I started to relax a bit. I then decided to check out the other messages in the group to see what the group was all about, and maybe relieve a little pent up excitement that had been building all day, if you know what I mean.

The message just prior to mine caught my eye. It was titled - K-Photo. The message part said, "Kathy's Proof Task #1". Curious message I thought. There must be a member named Kathy. I downloaded the photo and got the shock of the lifetime!! There I was running across the parking deck in my red bra and knickers!! Someone had seen me and obviously took a photo!!! The moderator or somebody in the group had followed me. At first I was very fearful that someone deliberately was watching me!! Then it dawned on me that all 65 members of the group, whoever they where, now had a chance to see me in my underwear!! I was truly an embarrassed almost nude female just like in that other Yahoo group I belong to!!! I had always wondered what it felt like to be one of those girls in the photos. Now I knew!

I tried to download other messages with photos but all I got was the "You are not authorized to view this page" message that sometimes happens at Yahoo!! I still didn't really know what else was happening at the group!!

I nervously went to bed awaiting the next day. NINE MORE TASKS to do!! I had another night of restless sleep.

**The Blackmail Club - Part 2**

I was nervous as a cat the next day at work. I just knew somebody somewhere had seen me and word was going to get out. Fortunately there are a lot of companies and offices in our building so I tried to console myself that if I was seen by someone, it didn't necessarily mean that she worked at Slade and Associates. Every time somebody smiled at me I wondered if they had an ulterior motive. I was one of the hardest days of my life. I was on my best behavior that entire day!

Once I got home I checked my email and sure enough there was another message from the group moderator with the subject line: "Warning!"

I nervously opened the email and to my surprise all it said was - in bold print mind you - DO NOT ACCESS THE GROUP - THE BLACKMAIL CLUB - UNTIL YOU ARE TOLD TO DO SO!" Signed, The moderator.

Now I was really nervous. I could just imagine a ton of photos of me being circulated - real or faked - without my consent. What other reason could there be for keeping me off the site? My first impulse was to log on and say to hell with it but there was this nagging little voice in my head that was telling me just to wait and see what happens.

Much to my disappointment I heard nothing the next day, and the next and the next! A strange realization came over me. I was desperately wanting the group to contact me. I wasn't sure why. I hated being in the position I was in and still had concerns of some kooky person stalking me - yet I had this void deep down inside me. No, it was a hunger. I wanted more. I couldn't explain it but I did.

After a whole week I was starting to get really depressed. I decided to write to the moderator and ask what was going on. Maybe even beg him to give me my next task. Fortunately I checked my email inbox BEFORE writing and there it was an email from the group!! I sat there looking at it for a long time without opening it to read the contents. I don't know, maybe it was because I couldn't believe it was really there or maybe it was because I was too chicken to find out what it said. My heart was definitely beating faster just looking at my inbox! The subject line of "no subject," gave me no clue as to what it was about.

Finally I opened it up and read further.
Kathy:
Congratulations! You have passed my little test and you have proven that you can follow instructions by not accessing the site last week. BTW, I LOVED your choice of underwear you wore for Task #1.

TASK #2. You have 48 hours to complete this task and post your report or suffer the consequences. I am sure by now you realize that we can be very creative in punishing you if we so choose. You may wish to print these instructions as you must follow them to the letter. We will know if you don't.

Wear your red blazer and red skirt to work without a blouse, bra, knickers or pantyhose. After work do not drive home but walk to the corner of your building and catch the bus # 42. When you reach 44th street, take off your SKIRT and throw it out the window! Your red blazer should provide you with some cover if you are careful. Continue riding the bus until you reach the end of the line. Get off and cross the street. Wait for bus #61. While waiting, speak with anyone who talks with you. Resist no one. After all it may be one of us! Catch bus #61 and ride it back to your building. You may return home after that. Be sure to post a more descriptive report no later than midnight 2 days from now!

HOLY SHIT! I thought. I had never ridden a city bus before and just the thought of riding one naked from the waist down sent chills down my spine. I looked at my arms and they had goose pimples everywhere. And how in the hell did this person know that I had a red suit? Was he in my apartment? What kind of surveillance was he doing? Once I regained my senses I immediately ran to my closet and pulled out my red jacket and skirt. I just had to know what I would look like. I stripped off my clothes and underwear and put on the jacket. I never really liked this outfit very much as I always thought the jacket was too long for the short skirt that went with it. Now, after seeing myself in the mirror I was glad it was tailored the way it was. The lapels, when the jacket was buttoned, covered my breasts nicely and I could easily wear it without a blouse without arousing suspicion. The length covered the essentials when I stood still and maybe people might believe than I was wearing a pair of shorts underneath. After all it was Summer. When I walked, however, the opening of the jacket revealed everything! My pussy would be completely exposed. I experimented with holding my purse in front of me as I walked and it helped. I looked at myself sitting and had the same problem. The jacket would fall open and was too short to adequately cover everything. Once again my purse was a necessity if I wanted to hide myself.

I got cold and clammy at the thought of standing on a public street wearing just my jacket! As I was mentally cursing myself I noticed something else - I was wet. I had to reflect on that for a minute. I was wet! A normal person wouldn't be caught dead doing this let alone be aroused by it. Yet, there was no mistaking it. I was definitely excited.

The next day the forecast called for rain the entire day so I decided NOT to try it then. Too many people would take the bus because of the rain that otherwise would walk I thought. Of course the extra day was shear torture for me! More time to stew over my upcoming task to perform.

When I awoke the second day I was pretty disoriented. I was almost late for work. I seemed to be forgetting things. I was out of my normal routine and it showed. I looked at myself in the mirror and thought I looked pretty professional. Only I knew I was naked beneath my outfit.

Let me tell you that little knowledge was magnified when I was actually walking the halls of my building. I was REALLY aware of my lack of undergarments. It felt weird! Still, I thought, I looked OK. After all no one could tell I thought. Then a coworker brought to my attention something that I hadn't thought of. "Gee, Kathy," she said, "You must be having an off day." I just looked at her and said "HUH?"

"Well," she said laughingly pointing to my legs, "You got dressed so fast this morning you forgot your pantyhose!" I looked down and my white legs did stick out among all the other professionally dressed women in the office. Damn it, I thought. Now what?

I just said the first thing that popped into my head. "Oh, I had a bad run in them on my way to work. They looked horrible so I trashed them." It seemed to work as it evoked some sympathy from her. I used that line several times throughout the day when other "helpful" coworkers pointed out my white legs. That is, until one helpful busybody said she had a spare pair I could use. It took me forever to politely decline her offer. I was sure she figured I was up to something by not accepting her spares. I just didn't want to risk getting caught. To make matters worse I was called for an interview with my boss to discuss my possible promotion to that new position that was opening up. Today of all days!! Of course that only reinforced how important it was that nothing happened to screw up my chances!

When my shift was done I was trembling. I wasn't sure I could do it. No one was left on my floor so I had a little time to myself to mentally prepare for what I was about to do. It's a big city, I old myself. The chances of meeting somebody I actually knew this late at night - especially on a city bus, were pretty remote. Nobody I knew actually took the bus home. Still I was scared to death and as white as a ghost.

I walked outside and as I said goodnight to the doorman for the building my voice cracked. Its funny how I noticed for the first time how many people were out and about. I come and go to this building everyday and somehow am usually oblivious as to their presence. But now that I was about to risk almost certain exposure I was keenly aware of each and every individual.

I stood at the corner awaiting the bus. As I did so I looked around to see if I could spot anyone taking an unusual interest in me - as though they might be watching me. I was determined to see if I could detect someone from "The Club." No one stood out.

Finally I saw bus number 42. It stopped and I got on. I didn't realize I need change to ride the bus! How stupid. I fumbled through my purse and came up with the requisite amount and dropped it in the machine. I looked around the bus as the driver pulled away from the curb. There were only a few passengers. An older couple in the first seat up front and a black man about 4 seats back. A girl in her late twenties was in the middle of the bus and two younger guys in the aisle opposite her. I guessed not many people ride the bus at 7:20 at night. Perhaps most of the rush hour had already passed.

I took a seat at the back of the bus so that nobody would have to pass me or sit behind me. Man was I nervous. I then remembered I was supposed to remove my skirt when the bus passed 44th street. I looked out the window and damn if we already had passed it. I looked around but nobody was paying any attention to me. I carefully undid the button on the side of the skirt and gently tugged at the zipper until it was completely undone. I was too chicken just to yank it off, so I slid the skirt part way down and let it sit above my knees just to get used to the feeling. I felt naked and the skirt wasn't even off of me yet. I then worried about missing my deadline so I lifted my butt off of the seat and let the skirt drop off of my legs to the floor. I then looked toward the bus window to see how I could throw out my skirt - but it was sealed. There was no way to open it. The moderator wasn't so smart after all I thought. I decided just to kick the skirt under my seat.

So far no one had noticed me. The bus stopped and 5 more people in business suits got on. I almost had a heart attack when they approached the middle of the bus. Fortunately they all sat together before reaching me. I tugged at my jacket to be sure I was covered and repositioned my purse in my lap. People kept getting on and off as the bus continued on. I had no idea how far the bus was to go or where the "end of the line" was, so I just kept my seat. I wasn't really in a hurry to get off anyway. Then a punk-looking guy got on and took the seat right in front of me. I was so aroused by the thought of this guy being so close and me being hardly dressed.

After another 25 minutes or so the bus stopped and everyone on it got off. I kept my seat not knowing what to do and I saw the bus driver looking at me in his overhead mirror. "Is this the end of the line?" I asked meekly. The driver shook his head yes and said, "Next stop, the County barn," whatever the hell that was. I had to get up and there was no graceful way to do it. I stood up behind the seat in front of me and pulled with all my might on my jacket. I held my purse with a death grip and made my way down the aisle. I wasn't sure if the driver was looking at me in his mirror because of the way I was dressed, or because I was holding up traffic. Either way it was uncomfortable so I tried to hurry along.

Getting off the bus was awful. Coming down the stairs I know I surely flashed my pussy to anyone who might have been looking at me. I wasn't sure if anyone actually saw me. If they did they didn't let on. I no sooner was on the sidewalk when the bus drove off, the breeze lifting the back of my jacket in the air.

I headed for the wall of a building and standing with my back against the wall for protection I looked around. Man was I in a bad section of town! Almost everybody looked sleazy. I got very afraid. I then remembered I was supposed to cross the street and look for bus number 61 to return to town. It couldn't come soon enough for me. I waited for the light to change and walked across the street. I took up a similar position against a wall of a building on the corner and waited, and waited. And waited some more. I didn't see any busses and people were starting to thin out. About an hour had passed and shops were closing up.

It was getting late and I was starting to panic. It was also starting to get dark and this was one neighborhood I didn't want to be half-naked in! I was about to go into a store and ask if I missed bus 61 when I heard a car lightly honk its horn. I looked around and saw a car around the corner parked in a parking space next to the sidewalk. There was a man siting alone in the driver's seat. I didn't think much of it and turned away once again looking down the street for my bus. A minute or so later there was another honk. I glanced back over my shoulder and I saw the driver waving me in his direction.

I didn't know what to do. I remembered my instructions that said I was to talk to anyone that approached me. It might be someone from the group checking on me I thought. I debated on what to do. I looked back again and the guy gave another quick wave. I carefully rounded the corner and took a few steps towards the car. Through the windshield I could see the guy seemed well dressed. He was wearing a coat and tie and the car was nice. I felt a little better so I took a few more steps and then I could see his smile. It was an inviting smile.

I approached the car on the passenger's side and as I did he hit the button to lower the window. "Hi!" he said in a friendly voice. I made eye contact and returned his greeting. "Hello," I replied.

I didn't know what to say so I just waited for him to say something in case he really was from the group. He just smiled at me and nodded his head. Maybe he was waiting on me to say something or maybe he was just admiring the view. I didn't know. I then looked down in the car and got the shock of my life! The man was siting there with his pants pulled down exposing his erect cock! I didn't know what to do. My first instinct was to run but I kept thinking only someone from that perverted Yahoo group would pull a stunt like that.

As I stood there, I couldn’t help but look at it. I mean THAT has never happened to me before - a guy flashing his stuff to me!! He then said, "Well, your waiting is over. I'm the guy you are looking for."

"You are?" I asked not sure of what he meant. I was already aroused from my bus ride over and the sight of a naked cock staring at me from the front seat of the car didn't help me any. He was sort of cute and he was nicely equipped.

"Why of course.” He said. “Get in. I'll take care of everything."

"I . . . don't think so. I mean I don't know about this," I said nervously. I couldn't believe it, but I was actually thinking of getting in the car with him. Me, with nothing on below my waist and this guy's cock already out and at attention, was actually considering doing something like that. It was so tempting. My mind thought of what adventures might be in store for me if this guy WAS from the group. I was so ready for an adventure! So much for my hormones doing my thinking. The guy's cock jumped a bit as he answered me. "Don't be afraid. I'm not a cop," He said, like that was supposed to somehow make me feel better.

I just stood there wondering. My pussy was practically dripping now and I was about to reach for the door handle to get in.

"You are 'dating' aren't you? I mean I've got money. Get in and I'll make it worth your while," he said pleadingly.

This asshole thought I was a whore!! "Hey!" I said, "I'm no hooker. Get your kicks somewhere else!" I turned in a huff and started to walk away when I heard him say, "Weeeell

**The Blackmail Club - Part 2b**

This asshole thought I was a whore!! "Hey!" I said, "I'm no hooker. Get your kicks somewhere else!" I turned in a huff and started to walk away when I heard him say, "Weeeellll EXCUSE me, Miss Priss! You look like Goddamn whore to me!"

My self-preservation instincts took over and I cussed myself all the way back to street corner. I got there just as I saw bus number 61 already at the bus stop. I saw the doors close and heard the engine start to rev up. I yelled "HEY WAIT FOR ME!!" and started running, waving my arms about trying to get the drivers attention through the rear-view mirrors. I couldn't miss this bus!

As I was running I heard a man say "Well would you look at that!" I knew my jacket had surely ridden up above my waist in my haste to catch the bus. I looked down for an instant as I was running and sure enough my pubic hair was in plain sight! I didn't care. I wanted out of there! I got on the bus and was breathing so heavy I had to stop for a second just to catch my breath!

Fortunately I had just enough change for the fare and I took my seat behind the driver. I somehow wanted his protection even at the expense of flashing others. The bus was almost empty so it really didn't matter. The trip back was uneventful and I arrived at my building without further incident.

Once in my car I fondled myself as I drove home. MY GOSH! What was I thinking? I thought.

I wrote up a report and even included my near miss with disaster and posted it on the site.
Before I logged off I checked my email and there was an email from the group. All it said was: "Nice ass!" There was also a P.S. which read, "Thanks for the skirt!"

I had forgotten that I had left it on the first bus. Now I knew for sure that someone had followed me!

**The Blackmail Club - Part 3**

The next day at work I was sorting through the mail basket at my desk. I came across a manila envelope that was addressed to Mr. Slade, the company's CEO. I thought it funny that the mail clerk had given it to me. I picked it up as was headed down the hall to give it to his secretary when I happened to notice the return address: The Blackmail Club, 66 Yahoo Way. I froze dead in my tracks!

I immediately went to the ladies room and, once inside a stall, opened the envelope. Inside were two photos, one of me at the stripper club and one of me wearing only my blazer running for the bus - clearly naked below the waist!!

An intense tingling went up my spine. WHY?? I wondered. I did everything I was supposed to do. But for that dumb mail clerk's mistake, Mr. Slade would have gotten these photos and my career would be over. Then I saw the note. It read: "Kathy, Just in case you are thinking of quitting our little club, I wanted you to know just how easy it is for us to make you pay if you don't do as we say. Signed, The Moderator."

Someone else came into the ladies room so I quickly put the photos back in the envelope and returned to my desk. I didn't get much work done though. All I could think about was that someone from the club was inside my office. I kept trying to remember if I saw anybody in here that I didn't recognize. I even asked around a bit to the people whose offices where next to mine, "Say, Tina. Did you see strangers in my office earlier?" Tina, like all the others I asked said the same thing, "No. Why?"

Just before lunch I decided to check my email and sure enough there was another delivery from "The Club." I opened it up and read it:

Kathy:
I trust you got my little warning package this morning and that have decided to stay with our little group. Task #3. After work today, take a large paper bag with you and go to the mall and enter Stacey's, the trendy teen clothing store. Take nothing else with you but the paper bag. No purse, no extra items, just the empty bag and head for the dressing room in the back of the store. Once inside, remove ALL of your clothing and place it in the paper bag. Carefully open the dressing room door and place the bag with all your clothes outside the door and wait for me. I'll be delivering an outfit to you to wear around the mall. I will put it in the paper bag and knock on the door. After hearing the knock, wait a full 60 seconds, the retrieve the bag and put on my garment. You must then walk through the mall back to your car. Post your report to the group by midnight tonight. Remember, failure to comply will result in severe consequences. Signed, The Moderator.

I smiled a bit after I finished the email. "Now I'll get you, you little bastard!" I thought. Tonight I'll finally have a chance to see who The Moderator is!! My plan was to sneak a peek through the door right after I heard his knock. Not that I wanted all this "fun stuff" to end mind you, but at least by knowing who "The Moderator" was, I wouldn't be repeating my near disastrous decision to almost accept a ride home with a pervert like I did downtown the other day! And I sure as hell would recognize him if he tried to get in my building again.

When quitting time rolled around, I headed for the mall. I stopped at my apartment first to get a brown paper bag. I had to look for a bit because I almost always get plastic bags at the store when I shop. I had some trepidation about what the outfit The Moderator was going to give me to wear. I was sure it was going to be revealing or at least very embarrassing. Normally that thought alone would have been sufficient to excite me. But my mind was on catching this guy or at least getting a glimpse of him. I had to be careful though, as I didn't want to get caught. Certainly not so that he would make me suffer any consequences anyway. I ran scenarios over in my head as I drove to the mall.

I was a bit late getting to the mall. It was after 8:30pm already and they closed at 9:00pm on weekdays. I found Stacey's and entered the store. Weird hip-hop music was blaring from the speakers. As I looked around I realized that I was the oldest person in the store and I'm only 23!! I looked over the garments on the racks. Mostly they consisted of ultra-low riders, short crop tops with nearly obscene sayings written across them, short skirts with holes everywhere - basically stuff I wouldn't normally wear. I figured that since The Moderator selected this store I would almost surely end up in one of those weird outfits. I made my way to the dressing rooms and luckily for me they all had floor length wooden doors! At least I wouldn't draw too much suspicion as I waited for my outfit delivery, I thought.

I took off my clothes and put them in my bag and rolled the bag up. I then cracked the door open and, after seeing no one close by, put the bag outside the door as instructed.
After closing the door the sudden realization hit me of how awkward it felt standing naked in a dressing room with nothing to try on. I couldn't help at looking at my reflection in the floor length mirror. Why is it that at a time like this all you focus on are the little imperfections in your body? The occasional pimple, prominent lips, you know stuff you would change about yourself if you could.

Time passed and I frequently heard people talking in the store above that stupid music, but no knock. I waited and waited. I wanted to open the door a crack to check and see if I missed the knock but I was afraid that The Moderator was watching and was only making me squirm. I decided just to wait.

Finally, a knock on the door followed immediately by a young female voice saying, "Are you OK in there? We are closing now. Please try and finish up." I heard footsteps walking away so I decided to carefully open the door a crack and look around.

The bag I placed outside the door with my clothes WAS GONE! There was no other garment or bag of any kind outside the door. I began to panic. Just then I made eye contact with a young punk-looking girl whom I took be the clerk that knocked on my door. She had a puzzled look on her face as I stood there cowering behind the door. I decided I needed to say something. "Ah . . . Excuse me," I said quietly. "Did you see a brown paper bag outside this door?" the clerk came over to the dressing room and replied, "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

I asked her again if she had seen a paper bag and she answered, "No, Why?" I explained to her that my boyfriend was supposed to bring me an outfit to try on. "Did anyone leave a bag or maybe buy an outfit for me and perhaps left it at the counter?" I asked hopefully. The clerk shook her head no and then told me that she was in a hurry to close up.

"Well, ah. This is rather embarrassing," I said feeling my face blush. "But my boyfriend was supposed to leave me something to try on and he hasn't come back yet. Are you sure someone hasn't left a parcel or something?"

"Look Hun, we've been slow tonight. There has been any guy in the store for the last hour. I'll guess you'll just have to forget about it tonight. I've got to close up now," the clerk said growing rather impatient with me.

"I can't," I said cutting myself short in mid sentence. I was mentally cursing that dumb ass moderator for leaving me stranded here naked in such a public place! I was sure that was his intention all along. There was no garment!! The full realization of my situation was now dawning on me and the rush of feelings was almost too much.

"What do you mean you CAN'T?" the clerk said as she pushed the dressing room door open and then gasped, "What the. . .?" The young girl just looked me up and down and then gave a puzzled smile as if she wasn't sure if she was enjoying her good fortune or was having a hard time believing a naked girl was stuck in her dressing room.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you. I don't have any clothes to change into." I said frantically. "Couldn't you just get me some jeans and a top off one of the racks and I'll be out of here in no time."

The clerk sighed in disgust and grabbed the first things she could reach off the rack and said, "That will be $46.00. You CAN pay for these, right?" she asked sarcastically. I hadn't thought about that. I didn't have a dime with me. NO purse, the instructions said.

"Listen, I'm good for it. I'll bring the money back tomorrow, I promise. Couldn't you just let me have the clothes, please?" I asked hopefully. "You can see that I'm in a bind here."

The clerk just laughed and called her coworker over and jokingly explained the whole situation to her while I stood naked in the dressing room trying to cover myself hoping no one else walked in the store. It was so humiliating having to stand there and it was worse listening to the young clerk re- tell my tale. It sounded so unbelievable when she told it. Now two girls were seeing me squirm and I began to realize that this whole situation could get very ugly.

"Well," the older clerk said, "I guess we should just call security and let them deal with it. We have to close. You know how the owner is about overtime and I sure as hell don't have time for this."

"NO!" I begged. "Isn't there something I could wear, anything at all? I'm not trying to cause trouble, honest. Put yourself in my position. Wouldn't you want help?"

The younger clerk looked as though she was starting to feel sorry for me and left to go behind the counter. "Oh thank you!" I called out after her.

My thanks was premature. She returned with a large white paper bag with the store's logo on it and a pair of scissors. "You can put this on if you must have something to wear. Now really, we DO have to close." She used the scissors to sloppily cut two holes on the sides of the bag and one on the top then handed the bag to me. "Slip this over your head Hon and get a move on," she said disinterestedly. How humiliating. But, it WAS better than nothing. I pulled the bag over my head and then struggled to get my arms into the awkward, asymmetrical holes in the sides. The bag did cover the essentials - but barely. I looked so stupid! I picked up my car keys from the bench in the dressing room and took a few steps outside the safety of the dressing room walls. I was hoping that the girls weren't really serious about this but from the looks on their punk made-up faces they didn't care.

The cold floor felt weird on my bare feet as they escorted me to the front of the store. "Isn't there a back way out of here?" I asked, to which they just said curtly, "Nope. Not for you." They then pushed me out into the mall and one girl flipped a button and a wire mesh started dropping from the ceiling closing the storefront.

I looked around and fortunately there weren't many people around. I decided to "get the heck outta Dodge," as they say and hurriedly started walking toward the mall exit. I got many wild stares as I walked along in my white bag with a diagonal off pink "STACEY'S" logo on the front and back. The bag made an embarrassing crinkling sound with each step I took, which only served to draw attention to me. "That's a novel way to advertise," I heard on man call out to me. I didn't even turn to acknowledge him, thought I was grateful for the idea. It gave me something to say to people if I was confronted.

I could almost feel the eyes of everybody I passed trying to see what was under the bag. The blushing of my face didn't help convince anyone that I was doing this on purpose that's for sure. I passed a mall security guy standing at the exit door. He didn't say anything, but I could tell he wasn't finding my outfit amusing. Fortunately he didn't stop me.

The asphalt hurt my feet and all those little gritty stones that I normally walk over without a care were now making their presence painfully aware to my uncovered feet. I wanted to run to my car to reduce my exposure but the tender soles of my feet had other ideas! I finally got to my car and opened the door. Then things started getting a little worse. As I sat down, the back of the paper bag ripped vertically along my spine to the middle of the back. I guess there isn't much "give" in paper bags. I realized that when I got to my apartment there would now be a gapping hole exposing my ass if anyone was out and about and there was nothing I could do about it. I couldn't reach back there and hold it closed!

**The Blackmail Club - Part 3b**

By the time I arrived at my apartment complex it had started to rain. There seemed to be no end to my bad luck! Fortunately it was dark outside so I decided just to sit in my car and wait it out. BAD idea! It only rained harder. After 40 minutes I realized that I had better get to my place because I was running out of time to post my experience at the Club's web site. Seeing no one around, I got out of my car and started for the stairs that led to my floor. By the time I got to the second floor the bag was totally wet and literally falling away quite rapidly from my body one piece at a time. I saw a neighbor lady look out her window and do a double take. Mercifully, I reached my apartment door, unlocked it and went inside.

As I sat on my couch trying to peel the remnants of my bag off of me, I thought about my last three tasks. One thing was certain, this "moderator" guy was stealing every article of clothing from me one piece at a time! First trashing my dress at the parking garage, then losing my skirt on the bus and now stealing my clothes at the mall. This was getting expensive!

I logged on and emailed my report. I was about to log off when I got an instant message on my Yahoo Instant Messenger from THE MOD201. I was about to just trash it when I thought about the name again "THE MOD201." Maybe it was the Blackmail Club dude so I took the message.

"KATHY: YOU ARE IN DEEP DooDoo NOW! Mr. Slade will get your photos in the morning. Why didn't you complete your task?"

After what I had just been through I couldn't believe it. I replied: "What in the HELL are you talking about? I did too do everything you asked!! Why did you steal my clothes you pervert?"

The conversation went back and forth. He said he waited for me for an hour and I didn't show. He left the mall at 8:30 figuring I wasn't going to do my appointed task. I of course told him everything that happened and told him to check my report. I couldn't tell if he was just jerking my chain or if he was really telling the truth. I mean those Punkers at the store could have taken my bag I guess. By now even I didn't know what to believe. The mod dude told me that since he didn't witness any of this, but my story was plausible he would give me another chance on two conditions, first I had to do another task#3 that would be sent to me later. He then asked: "What are you wearing right now?"

"Nothing. I just got back." I replied. I got very aroused at the realization that I was telling this stranger that I was naked. I somehow felt that he could actually see me or something, so I instinctively covered my breasts with my hands.

"You are naked then?" he typed.

"Yes," I answered becoming more embarrassed and more aroused with each response.

"The second condition is that you must fulfill a punishment task as a goodwill gesture. Agreed?" he asked.

I swallowed nervously and just stared at the computer monitor.

"AGREED?" he typed again.

I took all my will power to answer him but I did finally manage just to type, "yes."

"Yes what?" he asked.

"Yes I will do a punishment task." I typed. I felt like back when I was a little girl and I got caught by my mom doing something I shouldn't have done. This line of questioning was similar to the way my mom would talk to me.

"Good," he typed. "Are you wet?"

"Not much any more now that the wet paper bag is off of me I'm drying pretty well." I responded.

"No, no, no. Is your pussy wet?" he asked. I was really embarrassed now. I couldn't admit to a perfect stranger that I was so horny that I was literally making wet spots in my computer chair. I just couldn't tell him the truth, so I lied and answered, "no."

"Well it will be. Here is your punishment task. Get in your car JUST AS YOU ARE NOW and drive to the pedestrian overpass that crosses the expressway. Do you know where that is?"

I told him I did.

"Good. Get out of your car then and walk to the center of the bridge and, facing the traffic, play with yourself until you orgasm. You can't leave or cover yourself until you have a real orgasm. NO FAKING IT either because I WILL be watching. You must have a real orgasm. If it appears like you are faking to me, or if you fail to show up I'll ruin your career for life. Got it?"

I almost fell off my chair! I had to appear naked in front of traffic and masturbate??!! And he was going to be watching from some hidden vantage point?! I had to think long and hard about that. "How are you going to tell if I faking it." I asked smugly.

"You had better hope for your sake that I can" he said. I thought about that last statement for a minute. I AM pretty demonstrative when I come. I mean I am pretty vocal and my body jerks pretty noticeably. I thought about what that would look like to people driving under the bridge if I really did climax. I almost came just thinking about it.

"Are you still there?" he typed after several minutes.

I eventually asked if I could do something else but he was insistent. I had to choose between my career and my hormones. The hormones won I agreed to his demands.

"You had better post a report on this at the group as soon as you return home. Got it?" he asked. I agreed and signed off.

My only hope was that it was almost midnight now and by the time I got to the pedestrian overpass perhaps there wouldn't be much traffic.

**The Blackmail Club - Part 4**

I carefully crept along the walls of my apartment complex and made it to my car without being seen. I heard voices outside but fortunately I never saw anyone and I was hoping that whoever it was didn't see me either! The sidewalks and asphalt of the parking lot were still wet from the recent rain. There was a little fog forming but not enough to provide significant cover to hide my nakedness if I were seen.

The drive to the pedestrian bridge was nerve wracking but uneventful. I cheated a bit and played with myself the entire trip. I wanted to be ready and on the verge of climaxing when I got to the overpass. I was already pretty excited by the thought of what I was going to do and I had to be careful not to overdo my rubbing. I didn't want to get off before arriving!

It was an entirely different story when I finally reached my destination. I parked the car along side the road and shut off the engine and suddenly my nerve was gone! It was like somebody had turned off a switch and my arousal disappeared. From my car I could see the bridge and the cars zooming by underneath. "What was I thinking when I agreed to do this?" I thought.

I reflected upon the consequences of not completing my punishment task and decided to just carry it out. After all, the bridge was high over the road and it was dark out. I could pick a spot on the bridge that was mostly in the shadows and do what I had to do.

Let me tell you that naked walk in that damp night air was difficult. I got to a spot about 1/3 the way on the bridge overlooking two lanes of traffic below. I tilted my head up and looked at the night sky because I didn't want to give my face any unnecessary exposure to the traffic below and proceeded to touch myself. I wanted to get this over with! I tried to be invisible. The invisible naked woman. What a joke!

I rubbed and fingered and pinched and played and I couldn't even get new wetness to flow much less have an orgasm. I was too distracted by all the cars and the fear of getting caught!! The harder I tried the worse it got, After 5 minutes I was almost completely dry!! I decided to try and fake it and started jerking and bobbing my head as though I were actually climaxing. I hoped whoever was watching thought it was genuine!! Maybe no one was watching. I didn't have a clue. I then ran back to my car just as I heard the blast from an 18-wheeler who must have spotted me!! Funny - the sound of his horn and the realization that I had been caught made me wet. Really wet. Instantaneously wet. I stopped outside my car door before getting in and got myself off for real this time and yes, I made a bit too much noise for safety.

I hurried home and had to hide in the bushes for a few minutes as there were some teenagers hanging around the staircase to my apartment. I was worried that, if I didn't get back to my place soon and post my report, all of my efforts would have been for naught!
Finally they left and I ran back to my place.

I didn't even bother to get dressed. I immediately sat at my computer and logged on and wrote up my report and emailed it to the group. I was about to log off when I got another instant message from THE MOD201:

"Nice job." The message said,

"You saw me then?" I replied.

"Yes. You have a nice body." The moderator typed. I wasn't sure he REALLY saw me so I decided to test him.

"Did you like my car?" I asked, figuring if he really did see me he would have known what I drove to the bridge.

"Not bad. It's a good thing you stopped outside your vehicle and finished the job properly or we wouldn't be chatting right now." he said.

SHIT! He did see me!! I thanked my lucky stars that I had taken the time and extra risk to really get myself off before I had left. I was grateful for the trucker that aroused me too!

"Oh you saw that too, did you?" I asked.

"Yes. On a scale of 1-10 how would you rate that orgasm?" he wrote.

I had never really thought about rating them so I had to think for a minute.

"I guess a 5," I replied.

"ONLY A FIVE?! We'll have to work on that," he said.

It dawned on me chatting online with this stranger that I was getting really aroused all over again. It was very exciting talking to this fellow who seemed to enjoy making me do such perverted things all the while sitting without any clothes on at my computer desk. It was as if he owned me. I guess, in a way, he did. It was a novel feeling!

"I've decided that for your repeat Task #3 I want you to chat with me for the next hour. Are you still naked?" he asked.

"I am," I admitted, instinctively covering my breasts with my hands after responding.

"Good. Go open the drapes of the window opposite your computer desk - and leave the lights on. Tell me when you're done." He commanded.

My eyes widened. "You don't really mean for me to sit here naked with the lights on and drapes open chatting with you at my own apartment building do you?" I asked.

"I NEVER kid around. Just do it!" he said.

All the ramifications of getting seen by my neighbors started flowing through my mind. I tried to console myself with the thought that I was on the second floor and it was almost 2:00am. Most people would be asleep by now. My computer desk was against the wall perpendicular to the window, which was almost floor to ceiling. It was one of those long windows. My desk sat about 5 feet from the window itself. If anyone did look in from the building opposite mine they would see my nude profile from head to toe! Though the mental image of a naked "me" sitting at a computer was pretty erotic, I really didn't want to actually be seen. Certainly not by my neighbors! Such a wicked mind this fellow has!!

"OK. I've opened the drapes and the light is on in the bedroom. Now what?" I asked.

The Moderator proceeded to ask me all sorts of personal questions, sort of like an adult version of Truth or Dare. He asked me things like: What do you dislike most about your body? Have you ever given a guy a blow job? Did you swallow? Do you like to masturbate? What was the most number of orgasms I had in one day? What was my biggest erotic fantasy?

The more questions he asked the more flushed in the face I got. I hardly ever talk about this stuff with anyone. The fact that I was answering truthfully to all these very personal questions all the while sitting naked made me feel very vulnerable and admittedly also very intimate with this unknown person. It was like I had formed a bond with this individual.

"Are you ready for Task #4?' he finally asked.

I paused. I wasn't sure. It was almost 3:00am and I was whipped. My mind wondered over a thousand things that could be demanded of me.

"OK," I eventually responded, "What do you want me to do?" Boy, was that ever hard to type. To submit oneself to the perverted will of another human being not knowing what was expected was very hard. I feared this person, but I didn't really want him to go away.

"Task # 4: You will remain naked the entire day today. You will not get dressed for ANY reason whatsoever. Understood?" he asked.

"I CAN'T DO THAT!" I replied. "I have to work today. I have reports that MUST be finished and distributed. There's no way I can call in sick. How about the day after? It's Saturday and I can do your bidding then?" I asked.

"Who said anything about not working?" he inquired.

"Yeah, right! Like I can go into work naked! Get real! The whole reason I'm doing this is to save my job, remember? Not lose it!" I typed.

"I'm sure you can figure out a way to work at home just this once. Otherwise there will be some very surprised people at Slade and Associates!" He said. "I expect you to remain just like you are - NAKED - until midnight tonight and then submit a report to the club. There will be NO exceptions! Remember I have ways of making sure you comply so you had better not fail me. Goodnight!" After that, I saw that he signed off giving me no chance to protest.

I thought about how I could pull this off. I figured I maybe could get someone from work to bring my files and notes over to my apartment and then work on them at home saving my work to discs. I still would need someone to come back after the completed discs and print copies and distribute them to the appropriate people. But that would mean two people I work with would see me naked at home! Hell, what excuse could I give to explain that?! It was going to be a LONG night - and it was already only 5 hours until I was expected to be at work anyway.

**The Blackmail Club - Part 5**

Think, think, think! I sounded like Winnie the Pooh. How am I going to pull this off?

It was now after 8:00am and time for the office to be opening. I hadn't slept a wink all night. How could I? I decided to call the only person I felt somewhat close to at the office - Denise. She sat two desks from me at work and I figured if anyone would go out of her way to help me, it would be her. Besides she owed me a couple of favors as I had helped her do some pretty exhaustive research on my own time for a presentation she had to make not two weeks ago. The thought of her seeing me without clothes though would be oh so humiliating to say the least. Still, it could be worse, I thought.

I made the call and explained I had a family emergency to take care of and desperately needed her help in order to get my reports done on time. It took some doing but she eventually said she would see what she could do about getting the stuff I needed over to my place.

I decided I needed to take a shower and clean up. I felt that a good hot shower would help erase some of the tension that had been building up during the night. So, after two cups of coffee and a bagel, I retired to the bathroom.

I had barely gotten out of the shower when the doorbell rang. I froze, towel still in my hand, wondering who it could be. My first instinct was to cover up. I had second thoughts though as I figured it might be a test from the moderator. The doorbell rang a second time. I decided that I needed to stay true to my instructions. I hesitated for another minute then tossed the towel on the floor and, with my wet hair still dripping down my back I opened the bathroom door and turned the sharp corner to the living room.

There standing in my apartment almost as shocked as I was were the apartment manager, Sheila and a guy in a uniform coverall that said, "FirstSource Fire Protection."

I just froze dead in my tracks. "I'm so sorry," Sheila said very apologetically. We rang the bell twice and you are usually at work by now. I just assumed that you were gone so we let ourselves in. You did get our official notice didn't you?"

"Ah, that's OK," I said trying to sound as though I was perfectly fine with the two of them stumbling onto me coming out of the shower. "I forgot that you were coming. I did get the notice you sent out about the smoke detector survey." It is so hard to sound dignified when you're standing naked in front of a muscular blue-collar guy and a professionally dressed lady.

"We could come back if this is an inconvenient time," Sheila said.

"No, that's OK." I replied. I figured there was no use in covering up or sending them away as they had already seen everything anyway and for all I knew that fire guy was the Moderator. So, not wanting to take any chances I just sat down at the kitchen table as they went about checking the smoke detectors and stuff. Sitting there I began to get wet and aroused. It was all too weird in an amusing sort of way, If I had tried this on my own I would have been caught or chastised but somehow this moderator guy has been able to place me in the most awkward positions all the while stimulating my sexuality!

I got up as they started to leave. They thanked me for my cooperation and the guy apologized for intruding, though his voice certainly didn't sound as though he had any regrets! I walked a few steps behind them as if to escort them to the front door. No sooner had Sheila opened it to leave than I saw, Kimberly, from my office standing at my door with a bunch of manila folders in her hand!!

My eyes must have popped out of my head because she said in a very sarcastic tone, as if she caught me doing something very naughty, "Well, did I come at a bad time, Hmmm?"

I tried to explain what had happened as Sheila and the fire guy left. All Kimberly could do was stare at my nakedness and smile, which made me VERY uncomfortable. Here I was exposing myself to a coworker, someone who sees me everyday! It was very humiliating indeed!

"What happened to Denise?" I asked finally, trying to change the subject. Kimberly explained that Denise had a meeting with her manager and it seemed Kimberly owed her a favor so they worked it out where Kimberly would deliver my stuff to me. She also said she would be back later in the day to pick up my stuff and take it to the quick print place up the street to be printed, collated and bound.

I started to usher her out the door trying to get rid of her when she spoke up, "Oh! Is that coffee I smell? I could just murder a cup of hot coffee right about now. Mind if I have some?" What could I say? I was at her mercy. I needed her help later in the day so I showed her into my kitchen and poured her a cup. I couldn't wait for her to go away but she seemed hell bent on nursing that cup of coffee until I was sure it HAD to be cold!

Finally she smiled and went on her way! I really did have a lot of work to do and if I was going to get it finished on time I had to get to it. I gathered up my folders and took them to the kitchen table and to my horror saw a small, white envelope with my name typed on the front. "That hadn't been there before," I thought.

I nervously opened it and read the short typewritten note. "LEAVE ALL THE DRAPES COMPLETELY OPEN TODAY," was all it said. Then I realized that the moderator had been in my apartment!! It HAD to be that fire guy. I KNEW IT! He was way too cool seeing a naked woman on the job. Damn it! If only I paid more attention. I tried to remember what he looked like so I could place him if I ever saw him again, but I couldn't seem to fix on his face clearly.

I tried to work on my reports but my files were disorganized and I was missing some stuff on my computer that I had at work. I was already nervous as a cat having to walk around my house without clothes. Every time I passed an open window, I covered myself and several times caught myself almost crouching down under the window as if to avoid any possibility of being seen from the outside. How ridiculous! In my own home too! I did my best but it wasn't easy with that fire guy invading my thoughts. My only consolation was that he WAS sort of cute and was built very well. If I had to be manipulated and blackmailed by somebody, he wasn't so bad. Of course I figured out that working around the complex like he did he was bound to know stuff about me, and my wardrobe! He probably had been in my apartment many times poking through my clothes and OMG! My underwear!!! A strange man had been doing God knows what to my personal things. I felt violated! I was felt angry, I felt, yes, aroused, damn it!

I had barely finished my report when the doorbell rang. Not once mind you, but a bazillion times like a kid horsing around. I peeked through the peephole and it was Kimberly.

She was giggling as she asked, "Are you about ready?"

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "I guess I'm finished. It will have to do." I ejected the disc with my report and picked up my files and folders. Once I got them organized I turned to hand them to Kimberly and thank her for being willing to come to my rescue. I was interrupted though by Kimberly when she said matter-of-factly, "I see you got my note."

An electrifying tingle ran up my spine and the fine hair on my arms stood up on end. "YOUR note?" I asked hoping that I misunderstood what she had just said.

"Yes. MY note. I see you left the drapes open like I instructed. Good for you. I'm pleased. Very pleased."

I was visibly trembling. "YOU! You're the MODERATOR?!" I asked incredulously.

"The one and only, sweetheart." She said half-mockingly.

"But I thought, I mean who was . . . You CAN'T BE!" I protested. "You're a GIRL! I was sure the person I was chatting with was a guy!" At that Kimberly looked down and pulled her blouse away from her chest as if to be sure she still had breasts. "Yep," she said, "I'm a girl! AND I'm also your blackmailer!!"

I dropped my folders and things to the floor in disbelief and just stood there trying to take it all in.

"You know," she continued. "As System Manager for the IS department, I have access to everything. You really should be more careful about visiting porn web sites at work. Did you know I can read every keystroke you make, every email you send, every site you visit? How else could I know what yahoo clubs you belong to? I knew from watching you that you would be a perfect mark for this. Go on admit it? You loved every minute of it didn't you?"

I just couldn't believe it. Could she really see everything I did on my work computer? I hadn't thought about that. My thoughts were interrupted when Kimberly spoke again, "Are you going to admit that you LOVE the things I make you do?"

I shook my head "no" very carefully.

"You mean to tell me that you aren't dripping wet right this minute having to stand before me naked?" I continued to shake my head in defiance.

"You want that I should come over there and feel your pussy for myself to see if you're telling the truth?" she said authoritatively.

"ALRIGHT!" I said finally. "I admit it, I'm aroused by my nudity in front of you. But I'm also damned embarrassed about it too." Kimberly walked over to me and looked me over as she made a circle around my body. When her hand touched my shoulder I shuddered!

"What happens now?" I asked. "Are you going to ruin my career?"

Kimberly just sighed. "That's up to you my dear. You have only completed 4 tasks. You have SIX more to go! Surely you realize that I can make or break your career. The right word from me in my position and that job you want is yours and maybe even more! Of course . . ." she paused for emphasis, "The wrong word and you may never work in this industry again. BUT, that's not my goal. My goal is to bring you happiness - an INTENSE feeling of sexual arousal and excitement that you never thought possible. From what I have seen so far, you were perfectly willing to carry out my instructions to the letter and you seemed to enjoy yourself too. Isn't that so?"

I hated to admit it but she was right. I didn't want it to stop. "OK, you win. I'll do my SIX more tasks and try to carry out your instructions. Will that satisfy you?"

"Satisfy me? Satisfy ME?" she asked. "It is YOU that will be satisfied. YOU were the one that joined my Yahoo club. YOU did it VOLUNTARILY, remember? There's a hunger deep inside of you, young lady and only I know how to satisfy it."

I lowered my head and looked at the floor. She was right. I WANTED her to control me. I would probably do anything to feel that satisfaction she talked about.

"What is my next task?" I asked.

She smiled. "That's better." She said. "All in good time, my dear. Remember you haven't completed Task number 4 yet, have you? The day is still young. I think the next order of business is to get these copies made, don't you?" She reached down and picked up my disc and turned toward the door. "Coming?" she asked sweetly.

"LIKE THIS?!" I protested. "Where are we going?”

"Three places. First the quick copy place to get your reports printed and bound. Second to the office so we can get these reports distributed and lastly to my place." With that she opened the door to my apartment and beckoned me to follow her.

I shook my head but she tried to calm my fears by saying, "Listen, if you trust me and do EXACTLY as I say you won't get into trouble and everything will be OK. This is your last chance. Are you coming or not?"

**The Blackmail Club - Part 6**

I couldn’t believe what I as about to do. Kimberly opened the door to my apartment wider and the sudden influx of daylight made my heart pound. My legs became heavy and it was all I could do to make them carry me toward the door. “Look, Kimberly,” I said meekly. “I don’t know if I can walk outside naked in broad daylight. Running around without clothes at night in the fog is one thing but doing it in the middle of the day is another! I mean I LIVE here. Some of my neighbors might see me!”

Kimberly just smiled and said softly, “They might see you, but then again maybe they won’t. It’s only 3:30 in the afternoon and you do live near the staircase. I’m parked close by. You can do this . . . trust me. Besides, what choice do you have?”

She was right. She held my future in her hands. “Ok, I trust you,” I said with a nervous laugh and quickly exited my door before I could change my mind. Kimberly casually strolled along the walkway and down the stairs. I stuck to her like glue keeping myself covered with my arms. The wait while she unlocked her car was almost more than I could bear. Once inside the cover of her vehicle, I let out a deep sigh of relief!

“See! I TOLD you that you could do it.” Kimberly said reassuringly as she started the engine. As we drove along, the full weight of the fact that the IS department could actually SPY on me sank in. I recalled all the humiliating posts that I had made to my other Yahoo groups and wondered who else had seen them. I consoled myself with the thought that Kimberly must surely be the only one who knew otherwise I would have been fired already. Never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined that something like that was possible – shows you how much I know about computers! Talk about an Embarrassed Nude Female!

Suddenly I remembered where we were going – to Binko’s, the quick print store. Before I could fathom my fate, we turned into the parking lot. Binko’s was located in a strip-type shopping center and my captor parked quite a distance from the front door.

“We’re HERE!” Kimberly shouted excitedly as she looked at my naked body slumping in the front seat. My heart was literally pounding out of my chest as I wondered what she was up to. A long moment of silence passed between us as we sat looking at each other. I was sure she wanted me to say something but I wasn’t about to make things worse, so I kept quiet.

Kimberly reached over and grabbed the disc from the tray between us and opened her door, exposing me to anyone who would have happened to be looking our way. I could have kissed her right then and there when she said, “I’ll be right back. I’m just going to get your copies made. TRY not to wonder off, will you?” she added with sarcasm as she slammed her door closed and headed for the store.

“What a relief!” I thought to myself. For a moment I was convinced she was going to make me walk into the store without my clothes! Maybe I could trust her after all, I thought. I then realized that maybe the fear of the unknown, the lack of control of my own destiny was what she was after. I had to admit it was very effective as I was very aroused.

Time passed slowly and I grew more concerned, as various cars entered and left the shopping center that my chances of being seen were increasing with each passing moment. I slouched down into my seat making sure I was as covered as I could get in her car. If I acted calmly perhaps I wouldn’t be conspicuous.

According to the clock on the shopping center sign an hour had passed. It was now almost 4:30pm and I had a deadline of 5:00 o’clock to get those reports to my boss! A different kind of fear overtook me. Finally I saw Kimberly carrying a box of folders heading toward the car! At last! I thought.

The drive toward my office building did little to calm my nerves. I almost panicked when the parking garage came into view! Kimberly drove past the garage and went around the block to the back of our office building. She parked in the street and shut off her engine. I was amazed she could get such a convenient space this time of day. I had never tried parking here in the back before so I wasn’t sure where exactly we were. The main road in front of the building was a major 6-lane thoroughfare but this back road was only two lanes and mercifully, traffic was hardly apparent.

Kimberly opened her door once again exposing me as she sat there in the driver’s seat. I was nervously looking around thinking that the potential for getting caught here as I waited for her to drop off my reports was a bit greater than at the shopping center. There were office buildings everywhere. I was jolted back to reality when I heard her say, “Let’s get a move on! It’s almost 5:00 o’clock!”

“Huh?!” I replied totally confused.

“You don’t think I’m leaving you here naked in my car in this back alley do you? It isn’t safe! No, you’re coming with me.” she said calmly.

“WHAT?!!” was all I could muster.

“TRUST ME,” she replied forcefully.

I looked around and to my relief saw no cars or activity of any kind. I reluctantly put my hand on the door handle and left it there as Kimberly exited the car and shut her door. She walked around to my side of the car and opened my door, causing me to let out an audible squeal!

“Look, if it will make you feel any better you can carry the box of folders.” She said as she took me by the hand and pulled me out of the car! She shoved the box against my belly and I instinctively grabbed hold. The box did cover much of me in front but mentally I felt totally exposed! My head went back and forth scanning the street as we approached the solid back door. Kimberly punched a bunch of numbers into the keypad on the wall and the door opened with a buzz. “It’s a staircase!” I said to myself as I peered inside. I felt relieved as the door closed behind us.

“Where are we?” I asked nervously.

“This is the back entrance to our building. The stairwell will take us to the second floor where my department is located.” She said instructively. “No one uses this much as it’s too inconvenient to the main parking garage located two blocks in the other direction. But, it does open up right next to my office which is where we are heading!”

I had never been to the IS department before but I imagined that the possibility of being seen by my coworkers or worse yet, my boss, was VERY high! The sound of Kimberly’s shoes clicking on the concrete steps echoed throughout the stairwell drawing unwanted attention to the fact that we were in it! I couldn’t believe what I was doing!!! I was completely naked at my workplace! SHIT! What if I was caught?!!

When we reached the landing on the second floor, the sudden shock of seeing Kimberly actually opening the door, caused me to loose control and drop the box of folders I was carrying sending them scattering all over the place. I was as nervous as I have ever been in my entire life! She just smiled, turned around and helped me pick them up. She gave the box back to me to carry, with a reassuring pat on my shoulder, and stepped out into the hallway. I was frozen with fear and didn’t move and inch. I just stood there clutching my box like my old Teddy Bear that gave me comfort during the night when I was a little girl.

Kimberly smiled again. “It’s OK. You’ll do fine. Just take a deep breath and follow me.”
She said calmly as she waved her hand beckoning me towards her. My legs started moving even though my brain was saying “NO!”

To my surprise the hallway was completely Spartan in appearance with solid walls on both sides of the corridor. Unlike my floor, there were no large glass windows, no reception area, nothing that seemed designed to appeal to visitors. After a few steps we were standing in front of an unmarked door with another keypad on the wall.

“See, I told you that you could do this,” Kimberly said with satisfaction. As she punched in a bunch of numbers she explained, “The IS Department takes up this entire back section of this floor and we are very security conscious. Nothing is marked so as to draw unwanted attention.” A buzzing sound was heard and Kimberly pushed open the door. “This is my office. The programmers and the file servers are down the hall.” She ushered me into her domain and let the door close behind me.

“So, what are you feeling right now?” she asked gleefully.

“Truthfully, I’m scared to death,” I answered with my voice quivering a bit.

“AND?” she quickly interjected.

“And . . . well . . . maybe it’s all a little exciting too. . . I don’t know.” I muttered.

She took the box from my arms and placed it on her desk. The sudden exposure caused a tingle up my spine. “And now what are you feeling?” she asked.

“A little naughty,” I answered truthfully.

“Think of the cutest guy on your floor.” She instructed.

“OK,” I responded as I closed my eyes and did as she asked. To my amazement I felt a wave of moisture well up between my legs – like somebody flipped a switch or something.

Kimberly must have sensed my arousal because she said with a giggle, “That’s better.”
She left me standing there for a few minutes before breaking the silence. “Listen, I’ve got to get these printed reports to your boss. You go wait in the storeroom behind that wall over there and I’ll be right back.” I opened my eyes and looked over to my left. She ahd a big office and the wall she was talking about was one of those padded, half-walls that surround cubicles like the ones on my floor.

As I rounded the corner I saw a chair next to stacks of storage banker-type boxes. I sat down. Kimberly’s demeanor seemed to change suddenly as she appeared next to the wall.
“I just want you to know that I have been extraordinarily patient with you this afternoon because this is all new to you, but make no mistake. I won’t hesitate to turn over what I have if you cross me. Is that understood?”

I nodded my head in understanding as she turned to leave. This sudden change of events left me confused and a bit afraid. She couldn’t have taken two steps back into the room when I heard a buzzing and the sound of the door opening.

“Ah, Kimberly, there you are.” I heard a man’s voice say. “I just wanted to let you know that I have reviewed the documents you sent me last week and I’ve decided to approve your request for those additional on-demand file servers you requested.”

**The Blackmail Club - Part 6B**

It was Mr. Slade, the President and founder of the company! He was right outside the wall I was hiding naked behind!! I tried desperately to keep perfectly still and not make a sound though my instinct was to run like hell! If he found me like this I would be fired for sure!

“Why THANK YOU, Mr. Slade. I’m sure our efficiency will double thanks to those new servers.“ Kimberly said in a most professional tone.

I heard footsteps and then Mr. Slade spoke again. “By the way, Kimberly, That was a good job you did getting the goods on Jack Donovan. I can’t believe somebody would do such a thing at work. I won’t TOLERATE pornography on MY company’s computers. No sir, not at all! He’s pursuing career opportunities somewhere else right now, I reckon. Thanks to you,” he said with a chuckle, “Keep up the good work, Kimberly.”

“HOLY CRAP!” I thought to myself. Kimberly got Jack Donovan fired for looking at porn on the job!! I was in a world of trouble. There was no doubt now in my mind that my blackmailer was absolutely serious and would use her evidence on me if I didn’t obey her orders. I heard it with my own ears from Mr. Slade himself! I gasped half-under my breath when I heard the door close. I sat there shaking in silence as I tried to grasp all of this.

“AAHHHHHH!” I shouted as Kimberly startled me as she came around the wall.

“Sorry, Kathy.” She said “I didn’t mean to scare you. I’ll be right back after I deliver these reports.” As I calmed myself, I saw Kimberly turn to leave. After I heard the door close I pondered my options. I could quit before I got fired, I thought. That way I could leave with my reputation intact. But then my mind turned to the fact that, despite the risk, I WAS having fun. I was doing things that were really having a profound effect on me, things I would NEVER ordinarily do myself and I wasn’t so sure I wanted it all to end. Of course I could get into other trouble outside of work and there was always the possibility that I would have to do something I REALLY didn’t want to do – the fear of the unknown! My argument with my rational self came to a halt when Kimberly finally returned.

“Ready to go?” she asked gleefully.

“Did you get my reports to my boss on time?” I asked now concerned that I might be in trouble with him.

“Yes and the big dope even forgot that he had asked for them today- all that work and worrying for nothing. That’s the way it is sometimes I guess.” She said philosophically.

“Thank you for your help. I really do appreciate it – even if the deadline wasn’t real, I thought it was and I’m grateful.” I said, trying to score a few brownie points that might come in handy later.

Now the moment of truth, I had to get back to Kimberly’s car without the aid of my box! My captor opened the door and confidently strolled outside. I, on the other hand, peeked around the corner to make sure the coast was clear before I left her office. I felt really vulnerable without my box for cover. After reaching the bottom floor we exited the building. Mercifully I saw no traffic to my right as I took a few steps on the sidewalk. I was about to turn my head the other direction when – HONK! A loud blast from a truck’s horn made me practically jump out of my skin! I turned and saw a FEDEX truck on the other side of the road. I WAS SPOTTED!! I dashed toward the passenger door of Kimberly’s car and pulled on it, desperately trying to get in. It was locked however and she took her sweet time coming over to unlock it.

“Wave to the nice man,” she said wryly. I did as instructed. “That’s the way. Just act naturally. It’s your best defense you know – confidently going about your business as if nothing is wrong.” She finally got my door unlocked and I jumped inside covering myself as fast as I could as I slumped down into the seat. This was going to be a long night!

**The Blackmail Club - Part 7**

After Kimberly got into the car she leaned over and said, ‘Here, put this on.” Hearing her words I thought that I was finally going to get something to wear. I looked over at what she had in her hand, however, and it was only a large handkerchief.

“What am I supposed to do with this?” I asked a bit confused.

“I’m taking you to my place and I don’t want you to know where I live just yet. Wrap that around your head like a blindfold. And you had BETTER not CHEAT or there will be hell to pay.” She said emphatically. I folded up the material like a large headband and tied it around my head covering my eyes. I wanted to leave a crack to see out of but I decided against it after an image of Mr. Slade popped into my mind. After I was through, Kimberly instructed, “Now, lean your seat back a bit so people won’t think I’m kidnapping you.” I did as she requested. “That’s it. Now put your right arm up on your forehead covering your eyes – you know like when you’re sleeping and it’s light out. Good. Now your blindfold is hidden and I have extra insurance against you cheating!”

The drive was so weird. Every time we stopped I almost fainted as I was sure somebody was looking down at my naked body. To make matters worse, every now and then Kimberly let out a little chuckle making me very anxious that something had happened that I wasn’t going to appreciate – like somebody I knew seeing me naked! There was no way to tell. All I could do was lie there and hope for the best.

Driving like that, a person loses all sense of direction. I had no idea how far we had traveled or what route we took to get there. After a while we finally stopped and she shut off the car’s engine. She must live closer to work than I had thought as it hadn’t seemed as though we had been traveling for very long. I figured that we would get out of the car but instead we just sat there in silence.

Finally I spoke up, “What’s wrong? Why are we just sitting here instead of going inside? Is something the matter?”

I guess she detected a note of panic in my voice as she responded. “Relax. Nothing’s wrong. I just want to sit here a while and talk a bit.”

“OK . . .” I said a bit apprehensively.

Kimberly giggled a little and then let out a spell of honest laughter. She was obviously amused at something. Finally my curiosity got the best of me.

“What are you laughing at?” I asked impatiently.

“Wouldn’t YOU like to know?” she replied with genuine pleasure.

I might as well face the facts. I was being ogled and there wasn’t a thing I could do about it. Trying to figure out who it was only made it more stressful for me. I figured I needed to just resign myself to the situation and just put it out of my mind. Maybe she was only playing mind games with me anyway.

She finally quit giggling and asked, “So . . . what’s going through your mind right this second?”

“I’m mortified by the thought that there are a bunch of people – maybe even people I WORK with – all staring at my body and making fun of its imperfections.” I said sincerely.

“Does that excite you?” she asked in a sweet tone.

“I’m . . . I’m not sure. . . No actually, I feel humiliated.” I finally said.

“Hmmmm,” She said, “We’ll have to work on that. Are you SURE you’re not aroused by all this?” I didn’t answer.

“Take your finger and rub yourself a bit and then hold it up for me to see. I’ll bet you anything that it’s wet.” She instructed in a serious tone.

“I . . . can’t do THAT!” I protested.

“Maybe you want ME to do it FOR you, is that it? She replied with sarcasm.

That was all the incentive I needed. There was no way another girl was touching my body so intimately! I slid my finger between my legs knowing full well that I was wetter than I can ever remember myself being and then embarrassingly held it up for inspection – inspection by her and ANYONE else who happened to be peering through her window.

“My, MY! Is it raining outside? Look how wet that is!” Kimberly remarked sarcastically. “I KNEW you were into this. You’re just going to have to let go of all those inhibitions you have that are holding you back. Life’s too short to waste it on waiting until you’re too old to have fun.”

There I was still stupidly holding my wet finger in the air. I could actually smell my own sexual scent. THAT was weird in itself! She made me keep my finger pointed toward the car’s ceiling as we talked.

“Have you ever masturbated while someone else was watching?” she had the nerve to ask me.

“NO!” I snapped back. “I don’t –“

“Don’t think I’m so stupid to think that you don’t get yourself off now and then.” She interrupted.

I was humiliated at her remarks . . . and the fact that I now had to admit to a coworker that I actually played with myself! I felt my face grow red and I felt flush as I tried to explain. “No . . . that’s not what I meant. I mean, I have never had . . . you know, someone watch.” Man, did it ever get hot in her car all of a sudden!

“You mean to tell me that not even your BOYFRIEND has watched you diddle yourself?!” She said incredulously. “I find that hard to believe!”

“I . . . I don’t have a boyfriend.” I answered her sheepishly.

“How about when you attended sleepovers when you were in high school? Surely you got all worked up then?” she persistently pursued her line of questioning.

“No, nothing like that ever happened. Honestly.” I replied.

“Well . . . I DEFINITELY think I need to correct THAT little problem. I’ll set it up and that can be your TASK number 5 – to get off while a stranger watches.” She said.

My heart skipped a beat at the thought of having to do such a private thing in front of a witness. Then, I felt a sense of relief as I realized that if others WERE watching me out the window at that moment, she surely would have made me get off right then!

To my surprise she started the car and we started moving again. “Where are we going now?” I asked nervously.

“To my place,” she answered casually.

“You mean we aren’t already AT your place?” I asked a bit confused.

“Nope. We were sitting in the parking garage at our office!” she said directly.

“No way!” I said to myself. If we had been at the parking garage we would have had to pay the attendant on the way out and we . . .”

“That’ll be $2.00,” a lady’s voice said as we came to a stop. I then heard some snickering both from the lady and Kimberly. SHIT! Now someone is DEFINITELY looking at me naked in the front seat! I wanted to cover myself but I was afraid.

As we drove off I exclaimed, “SHIT! I’m dead! It will be all over the office now! How could you do THAT to me?!!” I was really pissed. Thoughts invaded my mind as to how many people I worked with came by our parked car and caught a glimpse of me and MY STUPID WET FINGER!!

“I COULD JUST DIE!!!” I yelled in a panic.

“Relax . . . your face was covered. Nobody will recognize you.” She explained. When it was obvious that her explanation didn’t work, she burst out laughing and confessed that we weren’t really at the parking garage at our office but rather one many buildings down the road. My heart began to slow down and I almost vomited at the thought of what COULD have happened.

The rest of the drive was conducted in silence. Eventually we came to a stop and she once again turned off the engine. I wondered where she had taken me THIS time. I didn’t have long to dwell on that thought as Kimberly opened her car door and I heard her getting out. “Come on, we are here. I’ll help you walk. Don’t even THINK about removing your blindfold until I tell you.” She instructed in a serious manner.

I awkwardly got out on my side of the car. The sudden rush of air on my bare skin acutely reminded me of my nudity. Being unable to see where I was caused my other senses to be enhanced. Kimberly took me by the hand and led me onward, eventually climbing some stairs and finally entering what I took to be her home.

Once inside she removed my blindfold and told me to make myself comfortable while she changed out of her work clothes. She had a nice place and her furniture was much more elegant than mine. When she returned I couldn’t help but notice how little she was wearing – just a T-shirt that came to mid thigh. I never realized through all her professional clothes what a nice looking figure she had.

“I think it’s time for you to visit The Blackmail Club. It’s been a while hasn’t it?” she asked. I nodded as she led me to her computer room. I felt weird sitting at her desk without anything on. Standing behind me, she reached over my shoulders and logged on. She then directed me to check out the “files” section of the club. To my horror I found several files labeled: “Kathy1.jpg”, “Kathy2.jpg” and so on.

“Go on, check them out,” she instructed. “I know you want to.”

**The Blackmail Club - part 7B**

I clicked on the first file and saw an image of me running to catch the bus with my naked butt clearly visible below my jacket! The next was a picture of me running in the parking garage wearing only my bra and knickers! But the last one almost made me piss myself – it was a picture of me completely naked in my own apartment!! Someone must have been outside my window!

She had me read some of the messages that had been posted about me and to say that I was embarrassed by the comments about my reports and my body would be an understatement. Some were very complimentary while others were crude, really crude. Through it all though I felt a strange pull deep inside of me – a satisfaction really that fed a hunger that until recently I didn’t know I had.

She logged off and then told me I needed to fulfill Task Number 5 now. My eyes got huge as I realized that I would have to “diddle” myself as she put it in front of a stranger.

“I’m not ready for that. Not yet anyway. Can’t we do this later on?” I pleaded.

She just smiled at me and said, “Well, you DO have a choice, you know.”

I knew what she meant. I really had NO choice. “Spread your legs and put them on the computer desk.” She said. I looked at her with confusion but did as instructed. I then saw her messing around with an egg-shaped thing on the shelf in front of me. She hit a few keystrokes and before I knew it there was a picture of my pussy on the computer screen!

“Aren’t webcams wonderful?” she asked as she adjusted the image. “I want you to get yourself off while I watch. This way I can get a close-up of all the action. Get going.” She commanded.

Reluctantly I started rubbing my fingers around my clit and in between my labia. I was soaking wet in no time. I closed my eyes and recalled all that had happened to me that day. Soon my breathing became labored and I felt my muscles tense up and explode into a fabulous orgasm! I took a while for me to calm down after that!

When I finally opened my eyes I saw Kimberly smiling from ear to ear! “On a scale of 1 to 10 how was that one?” she asked playfully.

“Ah . . . a seven, I guess . . . I don’t know. I’ve never had to rate them before.” I confessed.

“Hmmmm, still have some work to do I see.” She mused.

She tossed me some Kleenex and thanked me for being such a good sport. I got up to use her restroom and upon returning saw Kimberly busily working at her computer. “Want to see something?” she asked. I nodded not knowing was she was on about.

To my horror I saw a motion picture – an instant replay of sorts of me playing with myself!!! What a bizarre thing to watch – knowing it was ME!! I never realized how much I jerked when I came. I usually have my eyes closed.

“How did you?” I asked, but my thoughts were interrupted when I saw her typing away at her computer all but ignoring me. I then saw a file labeled “Kathycum1” flash on the screen with the words “SENT to LIST.”

“WHAT DID YOU JUST DO?” I demanded to know.

“I sent that file of your orgasm to all the club members. You reached a milestone today, Kathy. You not only climaxed in front of another person – you did it for all the members of the club!!” Kimberly said gleefully.

I hid my face in my hands I was so embarrassed. At least no one actually saw my face!!
I really need to get a better understanding of how computers work – especially those webcam things!

“Now Kathy, since you know that I am the Moderator, I can’t really be as effective as I was when I was anonymous. Therefore I’ve decided that your next task will come from a member of the club. I picked out ‘Dareseeker2’ as the person who will give you your next assignment. It will come via email and like before there will be a time limit to complete the task and submit your report. The possibilities are wide open and once again you’ll have no idea who your new taskmaster is. Failure to do as you are told will immediately result in me using all the blackmailing evidence at my disposal, but I’m sure I don’t need to remind you of that, do I?”

I shook my head and looked at the floor.

“I guess you can go home now. I’m through with you. Don’t forget to post your report of today’s happenings and be sure to include ALL of the details. I can’t wait to read it.” She said laughing.

“How am I going to get home?” I asked innocently, “If you aren’t driving me?”

Kimberly walked over to large window and pulled open the blinds. To my shock I immediately knew where I was – my own apartment complex! I then noticed that I was looking right into my own apartment across the parking lot. So THAT’S how she knew where I lived and got that photo of me!

All I had to do was run naked across the pavement to my place without getting caught! At least it was dark now!

**The Blackmail Club - Part 8**

I made it back to my apartment without being seen. It took me a while to write up my report. A variety of emotions kept running through me – anger, fear, embarrassment, self-pity at my own stupidity for even signing up for that Yahoo group in the first place and yes, lastly, excitement. I must be the perfect case study for a psychiatrist’s research paper. I could hear it now: “And this year’s Nobel Prize goes to Dr. Pantywatcher for research into the Kathy Tolliver Syndrome.”

I finally sent the report out and went to bed. I tossed and turned wondering if any of the members of the Club actually knew me. Mental images of me getting off before their eyes haunted me. What if these guys send that file to their friends and they send it on to other friends? I just couldn’t stand it! Kathy Tolliver – the Porn Star! Why am I like this? I mean women aren’t supposed to be into stuff like that, are they?

All too soon the alarm clock went off and it was time to get ready for work. At least I could wear some clothes today, I thought.

I was a jumpy as a cat at work the whole day. Every time I saw someone smiling I wondered if they knew about me or had seen me naked somehow. I wouldn’t put it past Kimberly to have REALLY taken me to our parking garage yesterday and only said she didn’t to calm me down. I wanted so badly to check my e-mail but I didn’t dare try at work – not after what I learned about the IS Department.

It was almost 5:00 o’clock. I just about had a stroke when the FEDEX man came into the office. He’s usually all business but today he actually came over to my cubicle and politely said “Hi, nice day isn’t it?” I mumbled something about rain in the forecast tomorrow while he was sorting through stuff he had in his hand. Fortunately he soon left. It may have been just a coincidence that he stopped by my desk today of all days, but I was absolutely SURE that it was the same man that waved at me yesterday when I was crossing the sidewalk naked trying to get to Kimberly’s car! I worried myself sick that he would say something about it to others in the office before leaving!! He didn’t seem to though as things were pretty normal after he left.

When I got home the first thing I did was race to my computer and to my horror, there it was: Dareseeker2, staring at me from my inbox. Task number 6 was surely about to be revealed.

I couldn’t bring myself to open it. I just stared at it. I guess subconsciously hoping that it would go away. I fixed supper and tried my best to put it out of my mind. Knowing that it was there however eventually drove my curiosity to fever pitch and I reluctantly logged on and read it:

TO: babyblushy @....
FROM: Dareseeker2
Kathy:
I have been given the honor of assigning you your next task. I must warn you in advance that I have been waiting for a long time to get the chance of being a taskmaster – an honor that must be earned at the club. So, I intend on making the most of this opportunity.

Tomorrow night, Friday, you will shower and put on a one piece dress with buttons down the front – any type or length will do as long as it’s a button down dress. You are not permitted to wear ANYTHING else except shoes. No bra, knickers, slip or pantyhose, just the dress. This will enhance your senses. Do not bring a purse. At precisely 10:00pm, you are to leave your apartment and head for the nightclub, ZINGER’S downtown. It will be crowded so you may have to wait a while before getting in.

Once inside you will look around and find a young blonde with shoulder length hair who will be wearing a formal-looking, long red dress which ties at the neck. She is ALSO a member of the Blackmail Club.

Now pay attention as you are to follow these instructions precisely. Once you locate this blonde you shall immediately, without so much as an introduction on your part, go up to her and start an argument. Doesn’t matter about what – that’s up to you but it had better be convincing. Pretend she slept with your boyfriend or something equally drastic. Don’t waste too much time as your task is to strip her right in the club and I mean COMPLETELY STRIP HER! You must be quick so as not to allow bystanders to interfere. This blond must end up naked in order for you to complete your task. Just shoving or shouting is not sufficient. She must be stripped by your angry hands and her clothing tossed into the crowd. You must write up your report by 6:00am Saturday morning.

Oh and by the way, I’ll be watching! Any failure will result in the Moderator using the evidence against you. Since I like you, I will let you in on a little secret – she knows what you are going to do to her – that’s HER task to complete. She’s been given complete instructions. She just doesn’t know who you are or when it will happen.

Signed,
Dareseeker2

“HOLY COW!” What a twisted mind this man has! I sat for a moment, thinking about what I had to do. I’m not very big and I’m certainly not the violent type. Could I be convincing in the role of the angry other woman? How embarrassing for the other girl too – ending up naked in a room full of people! Dareseeker2 said he had EARNED the right to be a taskmaster. Maybe after all I have been through I have EARNED this opportunity to assist. As bad as it seemed, it sounded like fun.

Friday night came all too slowly. After my shower, I practiced arguing with my image in the mirror. Should I make my case first then start to physically fight with her or just start stripping her as I shouted? Should I approach her while she is dancing or wait until she is seated at a table. No – the instructions clearly said I was to immediately approach her as soon as I spotted her. I need to re-read that e-mail again just to be sure I’ve got it straight in my mind, I thought. I finally put on my dress without undergarments as instructed. It wasn’t exactly club-wear but it was the only type of dress with buttons I owned. It came to mid-thigh and was a solid green in color.

At 10:00 o’clock my stomach had butterflies as I left my apartment. Finding a parking place downtown on a Friday night close to the club was a little challenging but I finally got lucky and ended up with one on the street only two blocks from the club’s entrance.

He was right. There was a line - a long line. I waited for about an hour and watched as the gatekeepers let in a few people at a time. I almost panicked when I saw the sign that said “Cover Charge: $20.00” As instructed I didn’t bring a purse so consequently I didn’t have any money to get in. I could just see me failing this task because of a stupid oversight like that! I was about to leave to get some cash when I heard someone in line say that on Friday’s the cover charge was waived for unescorted ladies. I wonder if Dareseeker2 knew that.

As I got closer to the front of the line my pulse raced. Skipping over other couples ahead of me, one of the gatekeepers came up and asked me, “Are you alone?”

“Yes,” I answered meekly.

“Go on in,” he said with a smile. I stepped out of line and entered the club. The music was loud and fast. It was brighter than most clubs I’ve been in with yellow, green and red colored lights everywhere setting a mood rather than flashing strobe lights in the darkness.

I had come this far, now it was time to do what I had to do – find that blonde in the red dress. I had to make my way through the crowd for quite a while then I spotted her. A lump grew in my throat. She was standing on the dance floor with her back to me moving with the beat of the music. Doubts raced through my mind – was this the right person? I asked myself. Blonde, wearing a red, formal-looking dress and yes it tied at the neck. It was her! She didn’t appear to “be” with anyone but rather just enjoying herself on the floor alone. It was now or never. I had to make my move as instructed – before some guy asked her to dance and maybe come to her rescue later on. I kept reminding myself that she was a member of the same Blackmail Club and this was her task to complete. She knew what was about to happen. For a brief moment I imagined myself in her shoes, knowing that at any time a stranger was to come up and strip me naked in front of all these people and I immediately got goose-bumps all over my arms. She must have nerves of steal I thought!

Once on the dance floor I took a deep breath and marched purposely toward her. Upon reaching her I grabbed her arm and spun her around shouting as loud as I could, “HOW DARE YOU STEAL MY BOYFRIEND!”

The girl had a puzzled look on her face – not the frightened one I was expecting. “KATHY?” she asked in a surprised tone.

“DENISE?!” I immediately said as I suddenly realized that it was Denise, my friend from work – the one I had called to come to my aid when I was home naked all day but instead got Kimberly! We stood frozen for a second – both of us in total shock. Did I get the wrong girl? I asked myself. But then I saw her expression change to one of fear – the type of look that said “God NO – YOU are the one who’s going to strip me?!!”

I immediately went on auto pilot – right girl or not, I knew that MY career was at stake if I didn’t follow instructions to the letter and that my taskmaster was watching my every move. I had to trust that I had the right person.

“HOW DARE YOU SLEEP WITH MY BOYFRIEND!” I shouted convincingly as I shoved her back a bit. Her eyes got huge and then she shoved me hard, almost knocking me to the floor! I regained my balance and made a dive at the front of her dress grabbing it with both of my hands and, to my complete and utter surprise, it easily came loose from her neck and fell to the floor! There she was, naked as the day she was born. She wasn’t wearing bra or knickers either. Her pubic hair shown clearly in the lights drawing immediate attention to the fact she was naked! That was easier than I thought it would be! Remembering my instructions, I quickly pounced on the dress around her feet and wrestled it away as she stood there screaming in earnest. Once I had a hold of it I tossed it way into the crowd.

Task complete, I turned to leave when I was slammed to floor. I was startled to find Denise on top of me shouting angrily, “I DIDN”T SLEEP WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND, YOU BITCH!” I wasn’t expecting this at all!! We struggled and she managed to turn me over on my back and started ripping my buttons apart. Despite my best attempts at defending myself, she had the advantage and soon my breasts were exposed. SHE WAS STRIPPING ME?! She wasn’t supposed to do that! I managed to shove her off of me and I tried to get to my feet – which was a big mistake. She came up from behind me and pulled my dress apart – popping all the remaining buttons. It wasn’t long before she managed to get my dress down my arms and finally off of me completely. Denise then tossed my dress into the crowd!! There I was completely naked in front of several hundred laughing and shouting people in a downtown club!

I panicked and tried running after it in order to get it back but people were obviously enjoying this and began a great game of keep-away. I eventually lost track of it and Denise was nowhere to be found. I decided just to run for it. I ran into the arms of several guys and was groped by both guys AND girls as I tried to make my way out of the club! That was a rush I can tell you! I was felt up on almost every inch of my body – my breasts, my ass and even a few managed to work their way in between my legs!!! It’s amazing what drunk people will try and get away with, that they ordinarily wouldn’t try when they are sober!

**The Blackmail Club - Part 8b**

I finally succeeded in getting outside the club and started running down the sidewalk towards my car. I heard several people shouting, “ARE YOU OK?” I heard laughter coming from everywhere, but I kept running. Cars passed on the busy street and many honked their horns - some almost continuously! I was too scared to look back. Running as fast as I could I reached my car and discovered it was locked and I didn’t have my keys! “DAMN IT!” I thought to myself, they were in my dress pocket. There was no way I was going back after them.

Fortunately my dad years ago talked me into using a magnetic “hide-a-key” box. I reached under the fender and retrieved the spare key to my car in record time. I squealed my tires as I speed off as I was in such a hurry. My heart was racing and all I could think of was getting away from that crowd.

On the drive home I tried thinking of what had just happened. Was Denise the right girl? Did I strip an innocent person? She sure acted surprised. “SHIT” I wrongly stripped a coworker. This will be all over the office now! I’m doomed!

Then I thought. No maybe that was part of the plan. Denise was supposed to strip me as well and we would both end up naked. I really had no idea what Dareseeker2 had told her. It dawned on me if that was the case, then Denise is as kinky as I am – being a member of this Blackmail Club! Now THERE’S an interesting thought!

When I got to my apartment complex I came to another realization. I didn’t have a key to my apartment. No “hide-a-key” for that! I was trapped naked in my parking lot. Then I had another horrible thought – I wouldn’t be able to post my report and all of this would be for nothing! I sat in my car for a while trying to think of what to do. For no particular reason I looked up and saw the lights on in Kimberly’s apartment. I decided to see if she would help me.

I carefully got out of my car and crept along the other parked cars until I reached her staircase. Quietly I climbed the stairs and knocked on her door. No answer. I knocked louder. I didn’t want to bang on her door as I was sure I would attract attention. Still there was no answer. Maybe she wasn’t actually home. Maybe she was out and had just left her lights on. I knocked again without success.

“OK,” I said to myself. “She has to come home sometime. I’ll just hide until she does.” I crept back down the stairs and found some bushes to hide behind. Hours passed and still no Kimberly. Finally I heard a car approaching and I got as low to the ground as I could to avoid being seen. It parked and, to my relief, it was Kimberly!

My relief was short-lived, however, as she had a guy with her. Must be her boyfriend, I thought. I waited until after they entered her apartment working up my courage to go and ask for help. Hundreds saw me naked tonight, what was one more person I rationalized. That sounded good in my mind but I was still uncomfortable with actually doing it.

Need triumphed over modesty and I made my way back up the stairs and knocked once again. This time she answered, opening the door wide. She burst out in genuine laughter and seemed surprised to see me.

“Why KATHY?! What are you doing outside like that? You know you don’t have to remain naked ALL the time” she said teasingly, “Just when I tell you to!”

I wormed my way inside her front room without invitation and said, “Kimberly, I need your help. I lost the key to my apartment and I’m trapped outside. Can I stay here tonight?”

“Ah, it’s awfully inconvenient just now. I have Steve over and . . .”

Just then Steve walked into the room and his eyes about popped out of his head. “What’s going on?” he asked a bit unsure of himself as he looked me over. I blushed with embarrassment and tried to cover myself, not very effectively I might add, just enough to seem to be making an effort. Confidentially, Steve was cute and as worked up as I was, I liked his attention to my charms.

“Look I won’t be a bother. I have no where else to go. I’ll hide in your computer room. I need to get my report out anyway. PLEASE help me,” I begged. She must have decided to take pity on me and figured something must have gone wrong with my task, because she relented and introduced me to her boyfriend. Mercifully she didn’t let on about the club or why I might be outside naked at this time of night. She just told him I locked myself out.

“I can break in for you through your window if you want?” Steve said helpfully. “You can get it fixed tomorrow – when you’re dressed.” He added, making me blush all the more! Now THAT was a clear-thinking gentleman, I thought. Maybe he offered just because he didn’t want me ruining his chances of getting laid with Kimberly by hanging around. Maybe he was just a nice guy.

“That would be GREAT!” I replied. And so it came to be. Steve managed to break a part of the glass and raise my window and then crawled in and unlocked my front door. I was never so glad to be in my own home as I was right then!

I hurriedly wrote up my report and went to bed. Yes, for those of you who MUST know, I took care of business first. It was going to be a long painful weekend wondering what awaited me at work Monday morning!

**The Blackmail Club - Part 9**

When Monday rolled around I could hardly make myself get out of bed. I was terrified at what might happen as I encountered Denise at the office. I really didn’t have much of a choice as I needed the job and had a mountain of bills to pay. I persuaded myself to play the role of the eternal optimist and trust that things would all work out well.

When I arrived at my cubicle at work I was grateful to find people going about their usual tasks, gripping about hating Monday’s and speculating about who might have taken the last cup of coffee without making another pot. No one, it seemed, cared about me or was particularly interested in how my weekend was. I took that as a good sign and proceeded to dive into the pile of work waiting for me on my desk. Though my mind was filled with apprehension at what might happen when the two of us finally met, I did my best to stay focused.

Around mid-day it occurred to me that I hadn’t seen Denise all morning. Was she avoiding me? Was she in Mr. Slade’s office filing a complaint? My curiosity was taking a toll on my sanity and I had to find out. As a coworker walked by I called out, “Kim, have you seen Denise this morning?”

“No, she called in sick today. Is there something I can do for you?” she asked helpfully.

“No, that’s all right. I can manage.” I said as I pretended to continue working.

So she wasn’t here this morning. That could only mean one thing: I had really stripped the wrong person! I was doomed, I thought. She was probably at her lawyer’s office or worse yet, the police department. All sorts of terrible thought ran through my mind. I hardly got any work done the rest of the day and when quitting time finally rolled around, I felt guilty as hell. I would have another sleepless night worrying about how things would go when the two of us encountered each other.

As it turned out, Denise wasn’t at work Tuesday or Wednesday either! I was really panicking now. Of course she could have gotten raped or kidnapped at the club that night and who would know? After all, I did strip her naked in front of a couple of hundred drunken people. It was not that far fetched that I was the only one who made it out alive. My mind recalled all the groping and fondling I had to endure trying to get out of there myself! Maybe I should call the police and confess! Being the coward that I was I elected to do nothing – nothing but worry.

The following morning found me once again trying to work when out of the corner of my eye I saw someone approaching my desk. It was DENISE! The moment I had dreaded for so long had finally arrived. We looked at each other in awkward silence. My mind went completely blank. I had spent so long worrying about what might happen to me that I hadn’t given much thought about what I was going to say when we actually met! Eventually she broke the silence and spoke.

“Please, I’m so sorry. I don’t know WHAT came over me last Friday night. I mean I thought I could do it, I wanted to do it, but when it came right down to being naked in front of all those people something snapped.” She then leaned forward and said almost in tears, “Please, PLEASE don’t do anything to me. I’m really sorry. I NEED my job. I’ll make it up to you. I promise. Just give me another chance!”

I was so confused! “What are you talking about???” I said in almost a whisper.

She sniffled a bit and wiped a tear from her cheek and continued. “I didn’t mean to attack you. I know I wasn’t supposed to and it’s all my fault. I’m really sorry. “

Oh, so THAT’S what she was so worried about - that I was mad at her. I wasn’t supposed to end up naked after all. She called in sick these last few days because SHE was worried about what I would do to her! I stood up and reached out to touch her hand. “That’s OK,” I said trying to sound empathetic. I then noticed what she was wearing. “Denise,” I said cautiously, “Why are you wearing such a short skirt? Don’t you think that’s a little inappropriate for the office? I mean I can almost see . . .”

I was interrupted in mid-sentence by Denise, “You mean you don’t know?”

“No,” I responded innocently.

“You don’t have to play dumb with me,” she said a little directly. “You’re the Moderator aren’t you? You made it clear that I HAD to be at work today wearing this or else.” She then walked around my desk and stood next to me. “Please just don’t humiliate me at work. I know I deserve it and I’ll try my best, but don’t make me lose my job!”

I was shocked! She thought I was the perverted Moderator!!

“Denise, I’m not the Moderator! SHE IS!” I said as I pointed to Kimberly who was at that very moment walking toward my cubicle.

“Kimberly?! SHE”S the MODERATOR?” Denise said in almost total disbelief.

“Well, well, well. Isn’t this just perfect?” Kimberly said sarcastically as she joined our little discussion. “I was hoping to run into each of you at some point today but now I have you BOTH at the same time.” She looked at Denise and said “I’m glad you decided to follow instructions. I was ready to turn this over to Mr. Slade.” She said shaking a plain manila envelope at her menacingly. “Don’t try my patience again! You’ll get no further leniency from me, understood?” Denise looked at the floor nodding her head.

“That was quite a display the two of you put on Friday. I was most pleased.” Kimberly continued giggling. “Because of the fact that you exceeded my expectations, I’m willing to forgive and forget. Now that everything is out in the open, I guess I can speak freely. Denise, your next task must be done today. I know what you’re thinking, but it won’t come from me. – it will come from Kathy here.” She said. Then turning to me pointing her finger she continued, “And you had BETTER come up with something REALLY spectacular before the day is out! If you don’t there will be hell to pay!”

Denise and I stood looking at each other nervously. ME? I couldn’t. She was my friend! How embarrassing! I couldn’t do anything like that to her deliberately. Kimberly then spoke up again, “That seems like fair punishment for deliberately disobeying instructions and attacking Kathy here at the club. SHE can make you atone for her embarrassment. But there’s more. Kathy, YOUR next task will come from Denise. I mean after all I AM a fair person if nothing else.” She then laughed at her own wit. “But I WARN you, each of you had BETTER come up with something good. If it’s too lame I’ll reap havoc so horrible you’ll both wish you had never met me!” She then reached into her pocket and pulled out a digital camera and tossed it casually on my desk. Of course the two of you must photograph your exploits and return the camera to me. Naturally I’m going to post the best at the club. You have until 9:00pm to post your respective reports.” Then, without so much as a goodbye she left, leaving us both standing there.

What a dilemma! If I didn’t come up with something “spectacular” as she put it for Denise to do, I would be in serious trouble. And if I did, Denise would surely give me something equally awful to do in return.

Denise must have been having the same thoughts as I was. She came closer and said, “Do what you have to do. I am not sure how you are involved with her but I’m sure that you have a lot to lose if you don’t do as she says. I understand. I only ask that you don’t humiliate me at work. I’m in enough trouble as it is.”

I wanted so badly to learn more about our common situation and how she ended up a pawn in the same game I was in. But, I didn’t dare risk it now. Not when I might offend her when she had the power to make thing really miserable for me assigning my next task.

“Don’t worry, I won’t. I don’t have any idea what to do anyway. Listen, why don’t we meet up after work? Maybe by then I’ll know what to do. I know that doesn’t leave us much time to complete our tasks and get our reports in but at least neither of us will have to do anything here.”

“OK, See you then.” She said nervously and left.

I sat at my desk wondering what to make her do. I could make her flash her knickers a few times say at the food court. She DID have on a short dress already. No, that would be too tame. Flash without knickers then. No, still pretty lame. After being stripped at the club already there wasn’t much I could think of to top that stunt that didn’t involve out right nudity. Of course I knew what that meant for me. I just HAD to come up with something else - but what?

I made a list of things but by the end of the day I had already scratched most of them off my list. I wasn’t the creative one like our Moderator. This was hard for me! I had to make it “Spectacular.” I couldn’t just settle for mundane. Denise is going to hate me for this but I really have no choice.

All too soon my friend came round to my cubicle. “I guess it’s time,” she said resigning herself to the inevitable.

“Yeah, I guess it is.” I replied with remorse.

“How about we take only one car?” I suggested. “I live the closest so perhaps you can follow me home and we’ll leave from there.” She agreed and we proceeded to leave work and begin the journey to my place. After arriving I parked my car and got into hers.

“Now what?” she asked visibly shaken and voice trembling a bit.

Wanting to maybe protect my interests before tipping my hat, I responded with a question of my own, “Have you thought of what you would make ME do?

“Yes,” she answered.

“Well? Would you care to share what you came up with? I asked hopefully.

“No . . . I’m sure you wouldn’t do that if our positions were reversed. I think it’s best to just follow Kimberly’s instructions, don’t you?” she answered carefully.

“Yeah, I guess so.” I said a bit disappointed. I was hoping to learn my fate and thereby maybe modify my task for Denise if I needed to.

“So, now what?” she asked again meekly.

“Start the car. I going to have you mail a letter.” I informed her.

As we drove along she asked, “I suppose I’m going to have an accident with my clothes in the process.”

“No,” I replied.

“I’m going to mail a letter in my underwear?” she asked probingly.

“No,” I again responded.

“NAKED?!” She asked with a look of fear on her face. “Oh Kathy, NO!”

**The Blackmail Club - Part 9b**

“NAKED?!” She asked with a look of fear on her face. “Oh Kathy, NO!”

“Look, after the nightclub incident what else can I come up with that’s spectacular?” I replied hoping to get her to understand my reasoning.

“Where am I mailing this letter?” she asked.

“At the Riverdale post office,” I answered. “It’s out of the way and you are unlikely to run into anybody you know there.”

“But there will certainly be people there at this time of day!” She protested.

“I know I have taken that into account. I just think that I need to get a picture or two of you mailing this letter with others in the background. I figure if you time this right you can run in and out in a flash. By the time people figure out what had just happened we’ll be gone!” I explained. “Besides we don’t exactly have the luxury of waiting until late night when everyone’s sleeping. We’ve got a deadline you know.”

“I guess that will work,” She said reluctantly.

She managed to find the Riverdale Post Office without getting lost and pulled into the parking lot. “MY GOD KATHY! Look at all these people here!”

“What did you expect? It’s only 6:00 o’clock. People are just stopping by to pick up their mail after work. Anyway, it’s not that bad. There are only a dozen or so cars. It could be worse – like the middle of the day when the Post Office is open!” I said in a calm voice. Admittedly, I was surprised at the numbers myself and secretly had doubts as to whether we could pull this off.

“What do I have to do?” She asked.

“Pull around to the edge of the lot away from all the cars and I’ll trade places with you.” I instructed. Denise drove around and found an isolated place as far away as possible to the other vehicles in the lot.

“This is good,” I said, “Now change places with me and I’ll drive.” Denise got out with the engine running and swapped seats with me. Once she was inside I said, “Now go ahead and get naked while I watch out for anyone coming too close.”

Denise reached behind her and pulled up her blouse over her head revealing her naked breasts. “Don’t tell me – you’re not wearing any underwear are you?” I asked not really expecting an answer.

“No, that was Kimberly’s instruction for today.” She said as she pulled off her skirt leaving her only in her shoes. Seeing her naked form in broad daylight was quite different than seeing her in a darkened club. I had to admit she was VERY pretty and I had to keep myself from staring at her too much lest she become suspicious! I was surprised at my own body’s reaction too. I wasn’t sure if I was aroused more by the anticipation of what Denise was about to do or the sight of her body!

“OK, this is what will happen.” I said coming to my senses. I reached into my purse pulling out a bill I had to mail. “I’ll pull around in front of the main entrance and you hop out of the car and run into the lobby. There’s a postal slot right inside the door. Just drop it in and get the hell back outside. As soon as you’re in the car I’ll high tail it out of here.”

“Sounds good,” she said apprehensively. “Don’t forget to take those pictures. I’m not doing this twice!”

“Thanks for reminding me, I almost forgot!” I said.

I put the car in motion and drove around to the front entrance. One car was leaving so I paused and let it go by. I stopped out front according to plan and looked over at Denise. She was white as a sheet! “Are you ok?” I asked.

She didn’t answer me. Instead she just opened the door and took off running. I aimed the camera out the passenger window but she had left her door open and the frame was blocking my view. I had to quickly jump out of my side to stand up and shoot over the roof of her car. I as lucky enough to get a picture of her backside as she opened the main entrance door! What a cute little ass she has I thought to myself. I kept shooting pictures as fast as the digital camera would take them – which wasn’t very fast, as it turned out. My old 35mm film camera could fire off a whole roll of film in no time.

I felt bad for her as I saw her run into a surprised gentleman as he rounded the corner unaware of the naked beauty trying to mail a letter! I was pretty sure I captured that shot! After mailing the letter, she quickly turned and began running toward the front door. Even from my vantage point I could see her boobs bouncing as she raced along. As she opened the door two more people were walking inside and I got their expressions as they looked at her nudity! For some reason I got caught up in the moment and kept shooting as she ran up to the car and got in.

“KATHY!” she yelled from inside, “What the hell are you doing?”

I came to reality and climbed back into her car and drove off! Denise was panting so hard you would have thought she just ran a marathon! “DAMN THAT WAS WILD!” she yelled after we were safely out of harm’s way. “I mean that was REALLY AWESOME!”

“You enjoyed that? I asked.

“Ah . . . no of course not!” she replied letting her rational side take over. “Who would enjoy something like that?” I happened to glance over at her and notice where her hand was subconsciously located – resting between her legs!

“Ah huh,” I said to myself. I understood how she felt despite what denials were coming out of her mouth. I was a little surprised, however, that Denise didn’t really start to get dressed immediately. Instead she just fiddled with her blouse and slowly unfolded her skirt for quite some time before making any effort at actually getting dressed. I was beginning to think that she and I had a lot more in common than I first realized.

I was driving but I didn’t really know where I was going. Her task done, it was now my turn and I wasn’t really sure what I had to do.

**The Blackmail Club - Part 10**

I continued to drive aimlessly as Denise collected herself. Trust me that took a LONG time. “Ok, what do I have to do?” I asked, not sure if I really wanted an answer.

Denise just sat there not saying a word.

“You HAVE thought of something, right?” I asked again.

“Yes,” was all she answered. The suspense was killing me! I began to think that after what I had her do she was re-thinking her task for me. Maybe what she had selected for me wasn’t originally that bad. “What have I done?” I asked myself.

Denise finally spoke. “You know I had to come up with something pretty ‘spectacular.’ I hope you won’t get mad or take it personally. It’s just . . . it’s just that I’m afraid of that bitch. I can’t take any chances.”

“I understand,” I replied growing impatient at the delay in finding out my fate. “Neither one of us are doing this just for fun.”

“Well, I’m sorry to say but I came up with a task that involved nudity as well,” she said.

“I figured you might. I understand. It’s all right. What do I have to do?”

“Just turn here and head toward the mall,” she said plainly.

“The MALL?! You’re going to get me naked at the MALL?” I exclaimed.

“Well . . . yes . . . and no. You’ll see,” she said with a giggle. It was the giggle that said it all. I was in for it now. At least I carried out my part of this with a bit of empathy and regret.

Upon reaching the mall, she told me to head for the West entrance. She had me park a bit away from other cars and shut the engine off. “OK, now what?” I asked.

“I think you should get down to the bare essentials.” She replied.

“I have to get naked already?” I muttered a bit confused. “What are you going to have me do, streak the mall?”

“No, not exactly. I didn’t mean to get naked. Just take off everything but your dress and shoes.” She said with a laugh.

I took off my dress and then my bra and pantyhose and finally my knickers. I then put back on my dress, but not before I caught her checking out my tits. I don’t have much but it’s always nice when people look. When I was finished I sighed and stated. “I’m done,”

As we walked toward the mall Denise filled me in on my task. “Unlike what YOU had me do, my plan is for you to be seen but in a manner that makes it appear it wasn’t your fault.”

“So far so good,” I replied. “How are you going to do that?”

We entered the mall and headed toward the second store from the entrance – “Rapunzel’s” It was a trendy club wear store that also sold novelty items and gag gifts much like the chain store Spencer’s Gifts with a little more accent on clothing. She stopped before actually going in.

“Here’s the plan.” She said almost whispering as if we were secret agents or something. “You’re going to go into the dressing room and take off your dress. This is the part where you need to call on your acting skills – you know, like you did at the club last Friday. You did so well then, I figured you could pull this off convincingly.”

“So what am I acting about?” I said a bit bewildered.

“Well, once you’re naked, you are to scream at the top of your lungs – really loud like you’re panicking or something. Then, while you continue to scream, you are to run out waving your arms shouting that there’s a rat in the dressing room.”

“Then what do I do?” I inquired.

“Well, here’s where you have two choices – you can either wait until they check it out and make sure the rat is gone before going back and getting dressed again OR you can continue to run out of the store like a crazed person and I’ll drive you away.”

“HOLY CRAP!” I exclaimed. “Some choices!”

She looked at me waiting for me to say something.

“OK, I get the idea. Let’s get this over with it’s almost 8:00 o’clock now! We’ve only got an hour to get back and post our reports!” I stated.

Nervously I walked into the store and was surprised that there were so many people hanging out. Most weren’t shopping, they were talking. I guess this store was the local meeting place for young people! Shows you how out of the loop I am as I didn’t even know that! Maybe that’s why I’m not that popular and don’t have a steady boyfriend yet. I don’t frequent the right places!

I headed toward the dressing room but realized that I needed something to try on. It didn’t matter what because I wasn’t really going to check it out. It was just a prop; an excuse for going in there. I grabbed the first thing I saw off the rack and headed back toward the dressing room area.

“I’d like to try this on,” I said to the girl guarding the rooms.

“Are you sure you want to try that on?” she asked me a bit embarrassed. I looked down and saw that I had grabbed a dress that was at least three sizes too big for me.

“Oops!” I said. “Wrong size.” I had to go and re-select a more appropriate dress, which only served, I’m sure, to arouse the staff’s suspicions. Once again I returned to the dressing entrance and this time went inside. The dressing area was actually a series of four rooms – two on the left (ladies) and two on the right (for men) with a mirrored area in the middle. The area was empty as I seemed to be the lone shopper that evening while everyone else just socializing!

Once inside I closed the door. My fingers were trembling as I removed my dress. I decided that I had better leave it resting on the bench inside rather that taking it with me in my hands to use as a covering when I ran out. Had to make it “spectacular” you know. I couldn’t resist checking myself out in the mirror though before doing anything else. After all, people were going to be seeing me. I guess the girl in me wanted to make sure I at least looked good. I primped my hair and, I am ashamed to admit it, but I used my fingers to also fluff my pubic hair a bit to shape it a little.

Satisfied with my appearance, I worked up my courage, then took a deep breath and SCREAMED!!!!!!!

“AAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!” I shouted and did it again once more as I ran out into the mirrored area. “AAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!” I then darted into the main store area where already everyone’s attention had turned to my direction upon hearing the screams wondering what on earth was going on.

“THERE’S A MOUSE IN THE DRESSING ROOM!” I shouted jumping up and down, “THERE’S A MOUSE IN THE DRESSING ROOM!” I then went up to a young man and pleaded with him, “DON’T JUT STAND THERE! DO SOMETHING!!!”

He of course ran back into the area followed by a couple of other gallant guys bent on saving this damsel in distress. Of course the really perverted ones stayed behind in the store and looked me over like a pack of wolves who hadn’t eaten in a week. I continued to nervously hop first on one foot then the other. I decided earlier that I wasn’t going to choose the option of running out into the parking lot naked. Of course I continued to ask, “IS IT GONE? IS IT GONE, YET?” I was also aware that by hopping my boobs, such as they are were bouncing up and down – probably making me look pretty ridiculous! A punk-type chick came over and surprised me by trying to comfort me.

“Calm down. It’ll be OK.” She said soothingly.

I had no idea what was taking so long. I was still in the middle of the store completely naked and I wasn’t sure my ‘acting’ skills would continue to be convincing. I decided to try and calm myself for the benefit of the ‘audience,’ figuring they wouldn’t buy prolonged hysteria. “Do you think it’s gone?” I asked the girl next to me.

“I have no idea. I’m not going to find out either!” she said with a nervous laugh. I went up to another boy and asked the same thing. He told me he’d go and find out. Of course the whole time other people kept entering the store and were oblivious to the reason a naked lady was standing in the center of the store!

“What’s going on?” someone asked.

“There’s a rat in the dressing room,” another replied helpfully.

Another couple walked in. ‘Why are you naked?” the girl asked me.

“There’s a rat in the dressing room,” another girl informed her.

“SHIT! Let’s get out of here!” the girl in the couple told her partner.

Eventually something had to give! I couldn’t stay out in the store nude forever! However, I just couldn’t walk back into the dressing area without some sort of “all clear” as people would really get suspicious then. I inched my way back towards the dressing area a little at a time. In so doing I was getting surrounded by what crowd there was in the store. I must have been naked and exposed to everyone there for about 5 minutes while people kept coming and going. I was really aroused and VERY wet. I was afraid that someone would, you know, detect my scent. I felt as though a thousand eyes were piercing every inch of my body – looking at my ass, imagining what lied between its crevices, checking out my pubes and drinking in my tits. Did they like what they saw or were they mentally making fun of me? The effect was almost more than I could stand almost climaxing right in the store I was so worked up! I had to consciously work at keeping that from happening!

A college girl came up to me and, after looking me up and down, said “I don’t blame you for running out naked. If I saw a rat, I would have been out of the store for sure clothes or not! I HATE those things.”

“Thank you,” I said appreciatively. “People must think I’m crazy. It’s nice to know someone understands.”

“Naw,” a guy said butting into the conversation. “No one’s going to complain. Besides, it’s not every day you get to see a cute girl’s pussy right in the middle of the store!”

**The Blackmail Club - Part 10b**

I must have blushed crimson in color because I heard another guy remark, “Aw, she’s embarrassed!”

Mercifully at that time I heard a couple of the original guys who went into the dressing area to get the rat come out and saying, “Your screaming must have scared it away. It’s gone now.”

“Oh thank you! Thank you so much!” I said as I actually hugged one of the guys – just to make it look convincing mind you, not that he was the cutest one in the store and I was as horny as I’ve ever been! I turned to the other fellow and asked, “Are you sure he’s gone, now?” He looked down at my boobs and then, after swallowing, answered. “Yes ma’am. I’m sure he’s gone. I’ll stand outside the door while you change back if you’d like.”

I wasn’t too keen on that idea but I thought it would make things look more convincing so I said, “Yes . . .that would be lovely. Thank you.”

He followed me back and waited patiently while I slipped my dress back on. When I re-entered the store I got a round of applause which caused me to blush yet again. I wasn’t sure if they were thanking me for the show or congratulating me on getting through such a trying ordeal. The girl at the counter apologized and said I could take 10% off anything I bought. That was a nice gesture for a fake rat. I might have to try that at Macy’s, I chuckled to myself.

Denise met me at the door and we left the mall and headed towards her car. “THAT WAS A RUSH!” I said exuberantly.

“Now you know how I felt!” Denise said smiling.

We were almost to her car when I remarked, “I’ll bet you got some GREAT pictures. It’s too bad that Kimberly is going to send them to all the club members!”

Denise stopped dead in her tracks. “Pictures? OH SHIT! I forgot the camera!”

“Oh PLEASE tell me you’re joking.” I said looking at her serious expression. “I just can’t do that all again. I JUST COULDN’T DO IT ALL OVER!!!”

“I’m so sorry. I just wasn’t thinking!” Denise said quietly. Before I could reach over and choke her to death she busted out laughing “KIDDING! I WAS JUST KIDDING!” She said laughing hysterically and then held up the camera. “I filled the entire memory disc. Just wait until you see these!”

**The Blackmail Club - Part 11**

Denise and I returned home and I walked the camera back to Kimberly’s place. We each wrote up our respective reports and emailed them to the club.

So much had happened recently. I discovered that not one but TWO of my coworkers had similar interests. I was a complete jumble of emotions. I was aroused, excited by the risk taking, fearful of getting caught, distrustful of Kimberly, ashamed at what I had stooped to, aroused, humiliated, embarrassed, aroused, had a strong sense of guilt, and did I say, aroused? It was all so confusing but if given the chance to quit without consequences, would I? I didn’t know.

Then it hit me, I had already completed 7 of the 10 tasks I had to do to get out from under the group’s control. Only 3 left! I was elated but yet, at the same time, felt a strange sense of impending loss. It was going to be another long and restless night.

The next few days at work were quite boring and uneventful. I didn’t get to see Denise or Kimberly as work had really started pilling up. It was all I could do to keep up. I continually checked and re-checked my email though, but there was nothing from the group. I felt like a school girl checking her phone every few minutes to be sure there was still a dial tone because a certain new boyfriend hadn’t called.

Finally it happened. Friday around noon there was an email from The Moderator. Why Kimberly just didn’t come and tell me face to face what she wanted was beyond me. I guess she really had a flair for the dramatic. The Email was entitled TASK #8. My fingers were trembling a bit when I clicked my mouse to open the letter.

“Be at Stacey’s, the clothing store at the mall by 6:30pm tonight.
(You remember the store where you screwed up Task #3 . . . )
I’ll give you your assignment then.”

That was all it said. No indication of what I was to wear or bring. No hint of involvement by anyone else. Being at the mall by 6:30 meant I would have to leave work early and there wouldn’t be time to change. In the absence of specific instructions that morning, I had worn my usually conservative professional office attire to work. I wasn’t sure if that was a good thing or not.

As I drove along the highway after leaving work, thoughts of my last experience at Stacey’s flooded my mind. Leaving the store wearing only a paper bag was just plain awful! I could only imagine what Kimberly had in mind for this evening.

I managed to get to the store exactly at 6:30pm. The store was much more crowded on a Friday than it was during the middle of the week. Finally I spotted Kimberly walking towards me. She wasn’t carrying anything which at first I took to be a good thing.

“I see you made it,” she said and motioned me to follow her into the store. I knew better than to ask what she had in mind but I was scared to death that it involved more nudity.

She went up to a punk-looking chick at the counter and asked for someone named Morgan. After the girl disappeared, Kimberly turned to me and said, “Tonight will be, if all goes well, the most humiliating night of your life so far.” She then grinned from ear to ear. I didn’t like the sound of that and I began to get a truly uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach. There were so many people, not only in the store but also in the entire mall!!

Finally my nerves couldn’t stand the suspense and I asked, “You’re not going to get me naked in the mall are you? With all these people I’ll get arrested for sure!”

She looked at me with kind eyes for a change and said, “Normally I wouldn’t answer such a question but you’ve done so well up to now so I’ll indulge you just this once. No you aren’t going to get naked and streak the mall. What I’ve got planned is much more humiliating than that!” She then giggled to herself and turned her attention towards a girl about my age walking towards us from the back of the store along with the punk-looking clerk.

What in the world could be more humiliating than being naked in front of all these people, I wondered silently to myself?

The girl approached us and extended her hand to me, “Hi, I’m Morgan,” and then turning to Kimberly said, “This must be the girl you told me about.”

“Yes,” Kimberly answered, “This is Kathy. Kathy this is Morgan, the owner of Stacey’s.” We exchanged pleasantries and then Kimberly finally said, “Right, let’s get going, shall we?” Kimberly then turned to me and continued,” Kathy, your task this evening is to model the store’s “Outfit of the Month” in the store window out there. You’ll be there until closing. All you have to do is act like a mannequin. Sounds easy enough doesn’t it?”

“I . . . ah . . . I guess so,” I answered dreading what I was going to have to model.

Morgan took me to the back dressing room and handed me a small, neatly folded pile of garments. “Put these on and locate me when you are through. I think these will fit you perfectly.”

No sooner than I got inside the dressing room, Kimberly knocked on the door. Since I hadn’t started changing yet, I opened the latch. “Yes?” I said.

“By the way, I almost forgot, just wear what she gave you, nothing else. OK?” she said giving me a knowing look.

I re-shut the door and began taking off my work clothes. I was surprised when I unfolded the garments. They weren’t as bad as I had thought. The shirt was a tight-fitting, white tube top which more than adequately covered me and the bottom was a brown solid colored skirt, albeit rather short - more like a micro-mini than a regular skirt. It still was much better than I had feared. I looked at myself in the mirror and a wave of relief came over me. This didn’t look half bad. I was covered. The material wasn’t sheer or see-through as I had dreaded. Modeling this was going to be a cinch, I thought.

I opened the door and Kimberly was standing right there to great me. She checked me out and then smiled her approval. We stood looking at each other for a brief minute then she led me to the store front window display. In the window on the floor were several square mirrored boxes, some small and others stacked two and three high on which stood black plastic poles containing hangers which artistically displayed various items of clothing. There were bright lights everywhere. Kimberly led me next to an empty mirrored box to the left side of the store window and had me face the glass. She then directed me to put my right leg up on the mirrored box next to me. Taking my left arm she placed it on my left hip and then put my right arm on my right knee – the one that was stepping on the elevated box. I felt stupid but she assured me that this pose would make me look like a mannequin. Kimberly then stepped back to admire her handiwork. She then returned and made some minor adjustments to the way I was standing, separating my legs a bit more, moving my right arm higher on my right leg, etc.

“PERFECT!” she announced with glee and came to stand next to me. “All you have to do is stand here and look cool. The clothes will practically sell themselves!”

“I don’t get it,” I said in a soft voice. “That’s all I have to do?”

“Yep,” she replied confidently.

“But you said this was going to be the most humiliating thing I’ve had to do so far. This isn’t anywhere near as dreadful as being stripped in a club,” I said regretting my words as soon as I heard them.

“Anyone can make a mad dash through a crowded club or across a busy street,” Kimberly explained. “At best someone might catch a brief glimpse of naked flesh, but THIS is much worse.”

I was so confused. “How is this worse?” I asked looking at the small group that had gathered outside the window watching the two of us. “What else are you going to do to me?”

“Why nothing,” she said with a smile. “You’re already doing it!” she then laughed out loud.

She must be losing it, I thought. Doing what? I wondered. Then I figured it out. As I looked around I saw that the floor was mirrored and my naked pussy was clearly visible
It was there on the mirrored floor . . . AND on the walls . . . AND reflected on the countless mirrored boxes that were strewn about the display!!! In fact, angled as they were, some of the boxes seemed to actually magnify the reflection such that my ... lips were larger than life!!!

My eyes widened as I looked around. I was dressed but completely exposed. The bright lights really highlighted the area under my short skirt. There was no question that I was flashing everyone!!

“You just stay put until I come and get you, understand?” Kimberly asked. I just meekly nodded my head and then blushed big time. Now I understood. When I had streaked the club before people may have had a few seconds to see me. Here people could actually study me in great detail for as long as they wanted. And it was all so innocent. I mean I was dressed and well covered and at a distance I looked just like a professional model or mannequin but if one came to the window and looked around . . . well they would certainly get an unexpected treat!

I carefully looked out into the mall. There were two boys and a girl about my age smiling back at me. My heart began to race. The one thing a girl hates to do is have someone checking out her most intimate of places!! Maybe they were just admiring the clothes I was modeling, I thought. Surely my charms weren’t really that obviously displayed to passersby as I perceived them to be.

All doubts were removed however, when one of the boys stuck out his tongue and made a licking motion like he was eating a lollipop! I knew then that they all were looking at my secret place!!! That thought, however embarrassing it was, actually made me get wet. When I looked directly into the eyes of the girl standing next to him, her smile almost brought me to my knees! I knew that she knew that she like what she saw and it made my heart flutter. Why? I have no idea. It was like we were sharing an intimate secret.

What made things more surreal were all the people strolling past the shop in the background having no idea what they just missed as the three stood there checking me out!

Eventually they left. A couple of teenage girls came by and also took notice. One girl said to the other, “I want an outfit like that!! It’s perfect for clubbing!” The others all giggled at her remark and the three of them came into the store. Later, I saw them leaving each carrying a bag presumably containing copies my outfit!

The longer I stood there, the wetter I got. Each time someone would pass by and then quickly do a double take I felt myself get more aroused. When that happened I knew they
had spotted me.

Some people were very subtle about the whole thing pretending to admire the other outfits hanging in the window. Others were blatantly ogling my exposure. Young, old, male and female they all seemed interested. Only one person actually gave me a scowl as if to express displeasure. Most people, I thought, just assumed that the fact my pussy could be seen was just an innocent mistake – something I must not be aware of! Some seemed to actually feel sorry for me, though no one tried to point out my error to me.

After about a half an hour I got up the nerve to turn my head slightly to see the box that seemed to magnify my anatomy. There was no mistaking my arousal. My lips clearly were shinning with my moisture. As time went on and more people stared at me, that wetness grew! Soon I could tell that it was slowly but surely dribbling down my leg – a fact that several boys took pains to indicate to their friends by pointing to my reflected image. The expression on their faces was almost too much for me to handle when they realized what was happening.

Kimberly came back to check on me and then frowned a bit. “It’s time you took a break,” she said seriously and dragged me off my perch. She took me to the dressing room and asked coyly, “So how’s it going?” I just blushed.

“You seem to be enjoying yourself out there – perhaps a bit too much! You’re dribbling all over the place. This IS a respectable mall, you know.” She said with a laugh. She then reached between my legs and I suddenly felt her push something inside of me.

“What the hell is that?” I asked nervously.

“It’s just something to keep you from leaving slime tracks all over the place. It’ll help, I promise,” she said with a giggle. I figured it was some type of tampon or something. She told me to move around and stretch my muscles as soon I would have to go back out there. She said didn’t want me getting muscle cramps. Then she led me back out to the window and positioned me as before.

**The Blackmail Club - Part 12**

Once again I was standing in the store window with my intimate anatomy exposed to anyone who cared to look. I heard Morgan come up to Kimberly and said excitedly, “Keep it up! Sales are really booming because of her!!!” I was flattered.

The mall was busier than ever and many, many people passed by the window and each time someone took notice of me, I almost lost it. The feeling is too hard to describe.

Then it happened. All of a sudden I felt a shock . . . no a strong vibration!! It was coming from my vagina! I had never felt anything like that before. It lasted only for a second or two but it was enough to almost make me lose my balance. The jolt was gone as quickly as it had arrived. That was odd, I thought as I collected myself.

Nothing further happened until a couple of boys stopped by the window and started to take note of the sight before them. Then it happened again, buzzzzzzzzzzz! I gasped at the feeling coming from inside me, then it quit. The change in my expression must have startled the boys because they too stepped back from the window for a brief moment before moving closer once again.

Buzzzzzzzzz . . .Buzzzzzzzzzzz! Twice in rapid succession. I looked over and saw Kimberly laughing her fool head off! She then opened her hand to reveal a small pad with a button on it. When she pressed it . . . I felt the awful Buzzzzzzzzzzzzz! It continued as long as she held down the button!

Each time she did it, my body convulsed a bit and I had to force myself to maintain my composure. Once I realized that she must have put some kind of vibrator up my vagina rather than something to absorb excess moisture, I blushed immensely once again. She toyed with me waiting until just the right moment when people were gathered then Buzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz! My legs were growing weak and I felt a slow building of energy down between my legs!

Moisture flowed freely and it was more obvious than ever that I was aroused. I had to try and pretend that I wasn’t aware of what I showing or what was happening to me in order to maintain the innocent façade of being ignorant of what they were looking at.

I must have looked silly whenever Kimberly activated the vibrator. Electricity seemed to flow from my pussy up my spine and to my brain! It was unbelievable. Then she stopped and my body relaxed desperately wanting more! All the while people stared. Did they know what was happening, I wondered? Surely they must have known. All the tell-tale signs were there – my labia were swollen, my clit was protruding out from under its little hood like large button. The ever increasing amounts of glistening moisture between my legs, my nipples poking through my white tube top like pencil erasers – it was all there to see! I could see it easily! I pretended that no one could tell, however, as it was way too humiliating if I figured they actually knew!!

With each new gathering of people, Kimberly treated them to watching my convulsions as I tried to ignore the pleasurable sensations emanating from below. On, off, on off! She brought me close to orgasm and then would back off. It was as if she knew my body better than I did!

A group of three girls and two boys appeared at the window. I prepared myself for the eventual shock but nothing happened. I desperately wanted her to push the button! Perhaps it was because I was so worked up and needed relief. Maybe it was because the guys were really cute. Nothing! They eventually left as others had before them. I was so disappointed.

Then to my horror two men from my office walked by and did a double take and came over to check me out. My heart pounded and my throat got very dry! Of all people to be shopping and accidentally happen upon me!!! I silently wished they would just keep going, but they didn’t. Their smile told me they were enjoying the view. I wanted to just die right there on the spot!! Then BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Kimberly held down the button continuously. PLEASE NO!!! NOT NOW!!! NOT THEM!!!! I looked over at her and pleaded, no make that BEGGING, her to stop but she gave me that evil grin that said, “Not a chance!”

Buzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz! I couldn’t help myself. I wanted to look away but my eyes were driven by my unrealistic hope that they would walk away and not witness what I was about to do and I stared directly into their eyes. First, my clit started pulsing followed by a gush of wetness. My breathing became rapid and deep. Then my vagina spasmed over and over and over again – each time more violent than before. I had never experienced a “vaginal” orgasm before as most have been the clitoral type and the effect was over-powering. My body shook all over and I felt beads of sweat appearing on my forehead.

Then it happened! To my horror and absolute total shame, the vibrating ball expelled itself from my vagina right before the shocked eyes of my coworkers and landed on the mirrored floor!! It rolled about 6 inches or so and then came to rest, still vibrating visibly!!! Both men began laughing hysterically and almost fell to the ground in an uncontrolled fit as the moist ball sat there jiggling in plain sight! There was no way to deny the obvious. My face grew flushed and after my hormones subsided I almost fainted! I was mortified! Kimberly had been right – tonight was THE WORST, most humiliating day of my entire life of 23 years!!!!

The boys eventually walked away as both Kimberly and Morgan came to carry me off to the relative safety of the store. As I tried to make my way to the dressing room, the punk-looking clerk came up to us and said, “Two guys are wanting to buy the outfit this chick is wearing.” She pointed right at me. “They said they’d pay $200.00 for it.”

Morgan replied excitedly, “Tell them they can have it!” and she started to unfasten my skirt right there at the back of the store!!

“What are you doing?!!” I exclaimed trying to stop her. She had managed to get the button undone and the side zipper down before I could do anything about it and the skirt immediately slipped to the floor. I instantly ran back to the dressing room and slammed the door. I heard several people laughing as I must have looked foolish flashing my naked butt as I scurried for cover.

“I’ll need the top, sweetie!” Morgan said through the closed door. I pulled it off and tossed it to her as she waited outside. As I stood naked in the dressing room Kimberly came bringing my clothes.

“You did GREAT!” she said. “Now tell me, on a scale of one to ten, how was it THAT time?”

Despite it all, I had to laugh and reluctantly admit, “I think it was a 10!” I said smiling.
“For the first time, I had an orgasm that rated a 10!”

Kimberly watched me as I got dressed and then said, “Just think, only 2 more tasks to
Go!”

Many people standing amidst the racks of clothing smiled at the sight of a now professionally dressed young lady as she left the store, who only moments before had revealed her bare soul for all to see.

“Don’t forget your report!” Kimberly shouted out as I headed for the nearest exit.

As I walked the mall corridor I spotted the two coworkers that saw me climax. They were carrying a bag – a STACEY’S bag. My worst fears overcame me. “Don’t tell me they were the two men that bought my outfit? I asked myself. It was going to be a long weekend!

Saturday night I checked my email and to my surprise there was another from The Moderator. It was titled: TASK # 9.

Task #9 requires you to go to the house whose address is
listed below by 1:00pm tomorrow. The house is for sale
and is currently unoccupied. There is a Hide-a Key under
the planter on the front porch. Upon arriving you will
remove your clothing and enter the house. At precisely
1:30pm a potential buyer will arrive alone. The buyer has a
Key provided by the Realtor. Your job is to have this buyer
accidentally discover you naked. It doesn’t matter how this
occurs. You may be swimming nude in the pool, sunning
yourself out back or just simply answer the door naked. The
catch to this task is simple – you must convince this buyer to
make an offer on the property. Use whatever feminine skills
you have at your disposal but the buyer must be convinced to
make an offer. Failure of the Estate agent receiving such an
offer will result in YOUR failure to complete this task. Good
luck!!

Holy crap! I thought. How in the world was I going to convince this buyer to make an offer? She didn’t really expect me to . . .? Of course not, I argued with myself.

I tossed and turned all night and worried about it the next morning right up to the time I had to leave. The address was across town so I had to leave early to insure I could find the place in time.

I was amazed at the ritzy neighborhood. There was a Realtor’s sign on the front lawn and the address and the description matched my email. Homes in this community must sell for a fortune, I thought. I parked my car in the street and shut off the engine. I studied the area for a while before deciding to remove my dress. All was quiet. I hurriedly stripped off and made a mad dash for the front porch. I thought about knocking just to be sure that no one was really at home but decided against it, not wanting to prolong my exposure on the front porch. The key was right where she said it would be. I unlocked the door and nervously went inside.

“Hello!” I called out. No one answered. “HELLO!” I shouted again and to my relief all was still quiet. The house was luxuriously furnished. I finally worked up the nerve to explore my surroundings checking out everything inside and the backyard swimming pool too. I wouldn’t have minded living in such a nice place myself. It felt weird walking around a stranger’s house without a stitch of clothing.

I thought about what I was going to do. Should I pretend to be related to the owner? If I did that, sunning myself out back would be a logical choice. My mind drifted over a myriad of things. One thing that kept reoccurring to me was how Kimberly was going to know if I actually went through with it as instructed. There was no obvious camera and I wasn’t out in public for her to spy on me from a hiding place. It seemed to me the biggest hurdle wasn’t the fact that I had to be naked, it was convincing this person to make an offer. Heck I could do that completely clothed, I thought. I decided against it, however, as I was so close to finishing all this nonsense I didn’t dare risk screwing things up now.

I wondered if the buyer was a man or a woman. If it was a man I could flirt a bit and maybe persuade him to make an offer. If it was a woman, I felt I had no chance at all!
I sucked as a salesperson.

Just then I heard a car pulling into the driveway! CRAP! I wasn’t ready. What was I going to do???

**The Blackmail Club - Part 13**

In a panic, I re-locked the front door and then spied the open bathroom and immediately took off down the hall. I shut the door and jumped into the shower. AHHH! The water was freezing. I didn’t have time to let it warm up. My plan was to quickly get myself wet, hair and all and then shut off the water and wait quietly until I heard this prospective buyer moving about. I would then walk out and act surprised at finding someone in the house! I didn’t have a clue what I was going to do then. I was too busy trying to get myself wet.

As soon as I shut the shower off I heard the front door opening and then slam shut. I listened carefully and heard footsteps milling about. I began to get that funny feeling as I realized that once again I was going to display myself to a complete stranger. The adrenalin rush was addictive! I decided, or rather my hormones decided for me that I wasn’t going to cover up or even take a towel with me. Deep down inside I WANTED this person, whether it was a male or a female to get a good look at me.

Finally I heard footsteps coming a bit closer and decided that it was now or never. I stepped out of the tub and opened the door, took a deep breath and began walking around the corner.

“MR. SLADE!!!!!” I screamed half startled out of my wits. My own boss, the one I lived in mortal fear of seeing the blackmail evidence was actually standing not two feet from me looking me up and down. I was too overcome by the sudden surprise that stood frozen in my tracks. It took a bit before I had the presence of mind to cover up as we both stood there in silence!

There I was bent slightly at the waist, one arm trying to cover my boobs and the other making a feeble attempt at hiding my pubic hair.

“Kathy Tolliver!” He finally said seriously. “What on earth are YOU doing here?”

I knew I couldn’t pretend that I lived here as he was well aware of what he was paying me. “ I . . . I . . . I was . . . just house sitting,” I said almost not believe how plausible that actually sounded.

“Ahem,” he said clearing his throat, “I see. Well . . . I came to see the house. I was thinking of buying it, but . . . now I don’t know.” He suddenly paused and began fidgeting with the change in his pocket.

I remember my task was to get him to make an offer and I didn’t want to screw that up.

“Oh no Mr. Slade! This is a REALLY wonderful house. Let me show you around.” I knew I couldn’t get dressed as my clothes were still in my car. So I turned to go back into the bathroom, unfortunately showing him my still dripping wet butt. I grabbed the first towel I saw and wrapped it around me.

He cleared his throat again and mumbled something unintelligible. I took him by the hand and led him back out to the living room. I pointed out the features of the house that I was taken with, the things that really made it special. I tried to sound enthusiastic about everything and my voice was full of excitement as I proudly displayed the kitchen and how it was the perfect layout for entertaining. He didn’t say much and frequently cleared his throat. He was such a conservative old man. I couldn’t imagine what he was actually thinking. I was worried that he was becoming annoyed with me so I tried to talk less.

Then to make matters, when I opened the back door to the pool area and stood there politely holding it open for him, it happened! After he made it past the door, my towel fell to the ground in real life! Honestly, I had absolutely nothing to do with it. I quickly apologized and bent over to pick it up. To my embarrassment, I realized as I was bent over that he had the perfect view of my increasingly moist pussy! My face flushed and I immediately stood up and re-tucked the towel. I was so aroused. For heaven’s sakes, I thought. This was my own boss!

I was so nervous that from then on my voice kept cracking. I was sure he could tell how edgy I was and that embarrassed me all the more!

When I was through, I suggested he take his time to look around. I sat on the couch and he lingered a bit looking around all the while standing in place.

Finally he said, “Well, um, Kathy. I thank you for taking the time, you know, to show me around.”

“Do you think you’ll buy the place, sir?” I asked hopefully.

“Well, thanks again,” he said curtly after clearing his throat a final time. With that he left.

I was furious with myself after he was gone! How could I have been so stupid?! Then I turned my anger to Kimberly. She surely must have known that it was Mr. Slade who was the buyer. I sat there fuming for quite a while then I began to get depressed. Surely my career at Slade and Associates was about to come to an end.

Monday morning found me anxiously sitting at my desk. The two male coworkers who had witnessed my orgasm at the mall were all smiles as they passed my desk. They each gave me that knowing look that said, “We know what you look like, down there!” I heard several outbursts of laughter throughout the morning and although I couldn’t be absolutely certain, I was sure in my own mind that they were talking about me!

Then my phone rang. It was the Ms. Stewart, the Executive Secretary. “Mr. Slade would like to see you, right away, Ms. Toliver.” My heart almost stopped. This was it, I thought. I was doomed.

I had to use all my strength to make my legs move and walk to his office. The stress was unbearable! “Mr. Slade will see you now, Ms. Toliver.” She said and pointed me toward the mahogany wood door of his office.

“Ah, Kathy. Sit down please,” he said plainly as he got up to shut the door. He went back to his desk and sat in silence all the while shuffling some papers and signing a few others. It was a power thing, I thought. Keeping me waiting and making me suffer the inevitable was his way of exerting control.

“So . . . Kathy,” he said as he looked at me from above his glasses. “I’ve been hearing things about you,” he continued as the paper shuffling got more focused. Here it comes. I was sure the whole office was a buzz about my behavior.

“I see that you’re up for a promotion. I think you would make an excellent choice for this position and I’ve decided to give it to you,” he said still sorting papers.

I could hardly believe my ears! Did he just say he was giving me a promotion??!!

He looked at me and then smiled. He DID say that, I thought. He then took off his spectacles and offered me his hand. “I think you have a lot of fine assets and I would like to see you put them to good use here with us.”

“But I thought . . .” I stammered, “That after yesterday . . .”

“Yes, well,” he interrupted, “That was mostly my fault. I should have announced my presence. BUT, what convinced me to give you this job over the other fine candidates was your ability to face adversity head on. You didn’t run away or quit when the going got tough. If you can manage to convince me to buy a house while wearing . . . practically nothing, I believe you could handle any problem that comes your way in this new job.”

“Why THANK YOU, Mr. Slade!” I said excitedly. Then, after realizing what else he had just said I asked, “You actually made an offer on the house?”

“Sure did! After that excellent presentation you made, how could I not?” He continued looking at me and then I detected that same knowing smile that the guys gave me earlier that said, “And I too know what you look like down there!”

My face turned crimson at that thought. We BOTH knew what he was thinking. I could actually see his gaze drift off as he pictured in his mind’s eye my most intimate parts! I stood to leave. “Thanks again. I’m sure you won’t be disappointed.”

Later after I got back to my desk, Kimberly came up to me and said, “Congratulations on completing Task #9. So, you got the job, huh?”

“Yes, how’d you know? I only just came from his office.” I asked confused.

“Kathy, Kathy, Kathy! Why on earth did you think that I set you up like I did? I knew what it would take to get you that job. I know what’s best for you. You’ve just got to trust me. After all, I’ve been good for you, haven’t I?” She asked. It was true. A lot of things have changed for the better since I joined the Blackmail Club.

She smiled at me and said as she turned to leave, “Don’t forget, you still have ONE MORE task to complete.” She said and added as she walked away, “Better check your email.”

Sure enough there was a message from The Moderator.

Complete this task and there’s no end to how far you can
go. Task #10 – find and recruit another total stranger to
join the The Blackmail Club and insure she completes
10 tasks that you create especially for her! Good Luck.

Oh MY! I thought. I get to be on the giving end for a change! This was better than I had hoped. I not only got my promotion, but all my fun didn’t have to end! Life is good!
Now let’s see, who would I like to see naked and embarrassed?

THE END!