**Revenge Contest: The Date**

by \*Lady Lucia\*

**PART EIGHT**

Hallie screamed.

The brief struggle against Liv taking her towel had kept her quiet due to the surprise and shock, but a camera pointed at her naked body was more than enough to snap her out of it. “Tara!!” Hallie exclaimed. She reflexively wrapped her arms around herself; one firmly over her breasts and the other protecting her most private area. “What the hell?!”

“Too slow,” Tara chuckled. She tilted the screen towards Liv, the perhaps not so incompetent waitress. “Look at that, Liv. The arms are a tiny bit blurry, but you can see her boobs perfectly.”

“And her vag,” Liv smiled, peering a little more closely at the photo, “Fully shaved. Is it always like that, or is this a special surprise for Jake?”

“Oh, they haven’t had sex yet! Hallie’s only a slut around boys she’s stealing. She’s been putting on quite the prudish show for dear Jakey.”

By the time Tara offered the photo up to Liv, Hallie had fully protected herself with her arms, but it seemed like the damage had already been done. A smarter move might have been to grab the towel or the phone, but her desire for modesty, especially outdoors, had overridden any other idea. Before she could even get the question out, Tara had answered it for her. ‘Shit. SHIT.’ A small knot formed in Hallie’s stomach as she stood there totally naked.

Did Mark tell Tara? Is that why the two of them really broke up?

She had suspected as much when Tara announced the break-up so soon after that Christmas house party, but had quickly put the theory to bed. Hallie thought she had gotten away with it all the way up until the break-up, and had braced herself for the social suicide she had brought on herself thanks to her curiosity and lowered inhibitions. When that didn’t happen, Hallie’s next theory had been that Tara knew (or suspected) that Mark cheated with someone, but didn’t know who. But Tara and Mark were cordial around each other following the break-up. It seemed like a painless split, so Hallie had just shrugged the whole thing off and figured the ‘college is around the corner’ explanation was the truth.

Apparently not.

“Tara, please!” Hallie exclaimed. In her flustered state, she couldn’t decide what to say beyond that. ‘Please delete that.’ ‘Please give me something to wear.’ ‘Please stop showing a stranger such a revealing picture.’

And then Hallie noticed something else. That was HER phone in Tara’s hands. When did Tara get that? How did she know the password? A naked photo of her in the hands of a spiteful girl would have been mortifying enough, but combining that with access to her contacts and social media accounts made her want to throw up.

“Oh don’t worry, Hallie.” Tara said. Her amused smile had faded into an emotionless expression as she slipped Hallie’s phone into her dress, letting her bra cup hold it for now. “If you do as I say, you’ll be fine.”

Hallie only half listened to the conditional words. Her eyes had already flitted down to Tara’s chest. Tara and Liv were only a few steps away. A quick charge would be all it took. Grab the phone, grab the towel, protect her modesty. Of course, she would still be trapped in only a towel, but it was better than nothing.

Unfortunately, Tara seemed to follow her gaze and read her mind. “Eyes up here, Hallie. Before you get any bright ideas, I already sent that lovely picture to my phone and Liv’s. Do you want everyone else to see your naked body, or just us?”

“I-” Hallie’s voice caught in her throat. She was trapped. Aside from the picture, she was still stuck outside without a shred of clothing on top of that.

Apparently her silence was enough to imply her compliance. “That’s what I thought. So, you want me and Liv to see your naked body. Perfect. Now then, we’re going to do a little photoshoot. Just do some poses for us, and you can be on your way.”

That’s -

The way Tara phrased it was awful. Though she had only given Hallie two choices, saying that Hallie ‘wanted’ it made her blush and awkwardly glance away. But the next part was worse. A photoshoot?! Tara wanted to take MORE pictures of her while she was naked? No. Absolutely not.

Snapping a picture while she was unable to cover was one thing. But taking more when she was actively posing for them . . .

Hallie was a rather intelligent girl. Despite her promiscuous tendencies, she wasn’t one of those girls who prioritized boys over everything else. She was a straight A student with an active social and extracurricular life. For her, immature high school boys had just been another thing to ‘study,’ to prepare her for more mature college boys come university. The only reason Tara had been able to guide her into being naked in a towel outdoors is because she combined logic and trust.

Point is, Hallie had seen things like this before. In SO many TV shows. A damning piece of blackmail leads a character to do the villain’s bidding for over half a season until it all comes crumbling down. It had always made her roll her eyes, especially when that first shred of blackmail came to light anyway near the end. If he/she just sucked it up and dealt with the consequences of the initial problem, the rest of the issues wouldn’t have stacked up.

And yet, after all that eye rolling at fictional characters, she couldn’t find the willpower to put her foot down when asked to do something that would give Tara more blackmail against her. Besides, it wasn’t just the pictures. She was also still naked! Inside the fancy restaurant and outside in the open air were both terrible options without clothes. All she could do was beg for mercy and hope Tara gave it to her.

“Tara, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.” Hallie said. She forced herself to meet Tara’s eyes. “Please, don’t make me do this. I’ll do anything else.”

“Hmm, anything else?” Tara mused. She gave Hallie a hard look. The tone in her voice made the knot in Hallie’s stomach tighten, as did the following silence. “Okay. If you don’t want a photoshoot, then you may run home as you are.”

Hallie’s eyes widened. “T-Tara . . . that’s more than five miles!” Five naked miles. Best case scenario, she’d be seen by countless people. Walking or running, she couldn’t cover everything. Worst case scenario, she’d get arrested for public indecency.

“You said ‘anything else,’ didn’t you?”

“But-”

“No ‘buts,’ Hallie. Naked photoshoot, or naked run. Take your pick.”

Tara crossed her arms, and Liv followed suit. Both fully clothed girls glared at her in silence, leaving her to choose one of the two horrible options.

As if there was a choice. Quietly, Hallie verbally accepted the first. “. . . Photoshoot . . .”

“What was that, Hallie?”

“I’ll do the naked photoshoot,” Hallie flushed. She knew the quickest way to end all this was to just do as Tara said. Fuck! There were so many boys at that party. Why did she have to pursue Mark? Why did Tara have to tell all those sexy stories that led to such temptation? There was blame to go around, but Hallie knew (and far too late) that she had royally fucked up. If Tara had been secretly holding onto her anger for this long, there was no chance in hell that she could be talked down. And it seemed like the price to pay was to bare herself to her own camera. Hallie had lasted the entirety of middle school and high school without being pantsed or pranked in some exposed way. After all that, she was about to show everything . . . The slim silver lining was the fact that the phone wasn't pointing in her direction as she more boldly said that she would do so.

Tara just smiled. It was the first time she had done so since her scowling expression that rested on her face ever since she revealed what she knew about Mark, but it wasn’t anything like the smiles Hallie had seen since the beginning of her friendship with Tara. It was somewhere between victorious and menacing. “Good. Hands by your side, Hallie. Or would you prefer to be called ‘slut’ instead?”

Hallie just glanced away. Partially out of shame, and partially to take a tiny peek at the small parking lot and the grassy clearing beyond it. She wasn’t sure if the question was rhetorical or not, but chose not to answer.

No people around. It still didn’t change the fact that they were outdoors. The sun hung low in the sky, offering more than enough light for anyone walking by to catch a glimpse of her. Though she was tucked back in the mostly concealed area behind the restaurant, the corner of the deck didn’t hide her completely.

She was naked. Outside.

Without the protection of a towel or her own arms, she would be truly exposed for the first time outdoors. Skinny dipping in the dark was one thing, but this was something else entirely. In response to Hallie’s hesitation, Tara lightly cleared her throat. She held up Hallie’s phone. Even if no one nearby witnessed it, there would be very clear evidence of her doing something so shameless. And there was nothing Hallie could do about it.

Going completely against every instinct telling her otherwise, Hallie slowly lowered her arms.

**PART NINE**

“See? Was that so hard?” Tara asked. Now that Hallie was going along with this, she could be a little more condescending. Before, it was all cold and unyielding, but that was just to show her ex-friend that she meant business.

Having Hallie’s phone in her hand just made it all the better. Tara could obviously have gotten away with this on her own phone, as the threat of Hallie's naked front side being posted would have been plenty effective. But having access to everything on Hallie’s phone probably made the naked girl sweat a bit more.

Of all the steps in her plan, that access was by far the easiest part. Tara already knew the passcode just from discreetly watching Hallie type it in whenever they hung out. Most of the time, even if you blatantly watched someone unlock their phone, those numbers are gone within a few seconds if you don’t care. But Tara did care. She made a conscious effort to memorize them, and continued to watch in the following weeks to make sure the numbers hadn’t changed. That was before the restaurant plan had been established, but she figured early on that all kinds of damage could be done with her phone.

As for having it now, that part was just as easy. When she left Hallie alone in the wet dress, Tara just swung by her table to let Jake know what was going on. She had met him twice already, so it was easy to give him a reassuring smile and tell him that Hallie was in good hands. Then she picked up Hallie’s purse from the vacant seat and sauntered off to find Liv.

Aiming the ‘borrowed’ phone at Hallie’s naked body, Tara began snapping pictures. “Hallie, what are you doing? Stand normally. And smile.”

Hallie immediately regretted lowering her arms. As Tara mentioned, her arms were at least a little blurry in the first photo. Maybe other parts were blurry as well. Maybe the two girls had been lying about just how clearly her private areas could be seen. Either way, there could have been a way to explain away such a photo, though she still hated the idea of all her family and peers seeing her so exposed. There’s no way that picture would ever go away once horny teenagers had their hands on it.

But Tara was already taking more pictures. With Hallie’s phone. No matter how blurry the first picture might have been, there was no doubt in her mind that all the current ones would be crystal clear. Lightly blushing at both the camera aimed at her, and the potential of being overseen, Hallie did as she was told. She hesitantly relaxed and uncrossed her thighs that had reflexively defended her modesty along with her arms earlier, and stood completely naturally. Well, as naturally as she could get while standing without a stitch of clothing on.

After an annoyed Tara reminded her of the second thing she was supposed to do, Hallie took a nervous gulp as her blush darkened. This was her last chance. She could still call this off and concoct some story about how she ended up naked on camera. A lack of a smile at least showed some degree of unwillingness. She could still be smarter than all those fictional characters she rolled her eyes at . . . or not.

Hallie smiled.

Though she knew better, she couldn’t help it. Refusing to do what Tara said was a surefire way to have the whole world see her exposed body. As logical as it was to stop things before they spun out of control, Hallie couldn’t find the courage to do so. Giving in, she offered a soft, closed-lipped smile as she awkwardly stood there, still in mild disbelief that she was standing outside while fully undressed.

“Cute, Hallie!” Tara giggled. Her harsh attitude faded for a moment, there though was still a hint of malice behind her light laughter. “Alright, hand on hip. And a big smile this time, okay?” Turning to Liv for a moment, she said, “Grab her things?”

Liv darted forward before Hallie could even process the words. The conspiring waitress swiftly grabbed the damp dress and matching lingerie off the metal railing, then returned to Tara’s side. ‘Oh my God,' Hallie lightly gasped at the girl’s movements. Her clothes had been there the whole time! She had been so focused on the towel and the naked picture that she hadn’t noticed or remembered the clothes right next to her until it was too late.

Reading her mind, Tara just chuckled again at her gasp and realization. “Relax. They were just ruining the background of the shot.” She went on to explain how she could have just as easily snapped photo after photo while Hallie was getting dressed. Clothes or no clothes, it didn’t really make a difference. She’d have more than enough material to work with. “Now, about that pose . . . ”

Despite her hesitant cooperation, Hallie still hadn’t completely given in. Before striking a way more damning pose, she had to know. “What . . . what are the photos for . . . ?” Her soft smile faded, but she forced herself to keep her arms by her sides for the moment. As much as Hallie hated the two girls leering at her naked form, and her own camera phone pointed at herself, she knew that covering up probably wouldn’t end well for her.

“Hmm, I guess that depends,” Tara shrugged. “For now, it’s so you can feel like the slut that I know you are. Everything else depends on how difficult you are. So, Hallie. Slut. Are you going to be difficult, or are you going to do as you’re told?”

Hallie didn’t have much of a choice at this point. Not wanting to repeat Tara’s words in the cringeworthy way she did earlier, Hallie just used the pose as her answer, hoping it would be enough. She placed one hand on her bare hip, let the other one stay gently resting by her side, and smiled like she would for any other non-candid photo.

\*Click.\*

The phone had been silent before, but Tara must have decided that having the volume on for the rest of the pictures would heighten Hallie’s embarrassment. She was right. “That’s a good slut.” Tara smirked. She took a few more, and then Liv joined in on the fun. While Hallie had been careful about laying her clothes over the railing, Liv just unceremoniously dropped them on the stone deck, along with the towel. Then she took out Tara’s phone from her skirt’s pocket and began snapping pictures of her own. Hallie instantly recognized the phone case, though it’s not like it changed anything for her current predicament.

“Let’s try both hands on your hips.”

“Hands on your head, and stick that chest out.”

“How about arms crossed under her boobs?”

Tara and Liv bounced ideas off each other, and Hallie had no choice but to keep going along with it. Each new pose was a little less reluctant than the last, as it’s not like arguing would do any good for her at this point. Since standing still looked awkward, according to the two girls, most of the non ‘hands on hips’ poses had her leaning sideways against the railing or back wall to support herself, making each pose look a little more natural and nonchalant.

Like she didn’t mind being naked outdoors, or naked for the camera.

And it wasn’t just various poses with her body. After a few with the kind of smile she’d do for the average picture, Tara and Liv suggested plenty of other options to pair with the photos. The soft smile from before, a flirty smirk, a more serious and seductive expression that a model might make. Even though she was a total flirt, Hallie only had so many expressions in her repertoire. Some of the girls’ requests didn’t come as easily to her, which resulted in some amused laughter and more rounds of pictures taken until Hallie could get each one right.

“Nice one, slut.” Tara said. The new nickname rolled of her tongue effortlessly. She snapped one or two more photos of Hallie pushing her breasts together and pursing her lips, then moved onto something a lot more fun than the first round of pictures. “Okay, Hallie. You used to do a little ballet, so this one should be easy. Show us how you stretch with one leg on the railing?”

Hallie’s eyes widened.

Sure. Such a pose would be easy. If she weren’t totally naked. The short rail would normally offer an effortless stretch for her, but it was beyond obvious what Tara was really asking for.

“Tara, please.” Hallie whined. With the same opening two words from before, she forced herself to meet Tara’s eyes in another attempt for mercy. “Not that.”

“Go on, slut.” Tara's amused smile shifted back into the cold, emotionless gaze. “You spread your legs for Mark. You want to spread your legs for Jake. So be a proper slut and spread your legs for the camera.”

Hallie turned crimson at the directness of Tara’s words. She stood frozen, still unable to cover herself up, but equally unable to put herself in such a lewd and fully exposed position. “But . . . ”

“No buts, Hallie. Are you going to be difficult, or are you going to do as you’re told?”

The same question as earlier. A subtle reminder that not doing as she was told would be devastating. Not only did Tara and Liv have that first picture, but they now had dozens of her in much more compromising and ‘willing’ positions. Realizing that she was trapped, Hallie took a small breath in, then let out a shaky exhale. It didn’t help.

Gathering what precious little courage she had, Hallie raised her leg in one clean motion before the paralyzing hesitation could come creeping back in. Her left leg ran parallel to the metal railing, balanced and supported on the thin, cold surface. Before she could fully process the uncomfortable rail, or position the rest of her body, or reconsider the decision to splay her legs, Tara broke the momentary silence.

“Wow, Hallie. You really are a slut, aren't you?”

\*Click.\*

**PART TEN**

It was too late to undo the damage.

Tara had a clear shot of Hallie spreading her legs, and any hint of modesty that the former pictures may have had vanished completely. Once she was ‘comfortable’ with the ballet pose, Tara and Liv jumped right into trying multiple versions of it, capturing more and more inappropriate and mortifying material on their phones.

And it only got worse from there.

Despite Hallie’s short lived attempt to dissuade the girls from taking it so far, the next stage of the photoshoot involved them leaving the safety of the back deck. The naked girl was marched over to the nearby small field. Thankfully, it was mostly behind the building, so not the kind of spot where couples would be taking a Valentine’s Day walk. Even so, Hallie nervously glanced around, constantly scared that someone would walk by and notice her at any moment.

Now that she was clearly willing to go along with this, Tara and Liv got more creative and bold with their suggestions. They had Hallie take a straddling position on a small, flat boulder, where she had to slightly lean forward and support herself on her hands that rested between her bare thighs. Rather than allowing her breasts to hang freely, the soft V of her arms pressed them together to make the shot look more intentional and seductive. Then Liv acted like a professional photographer’s assistant, stepping forward to fuss with Hallie’s hair so that it cascaded over the front of one shoulder, only leaving a few soft curls for her neck and other bare shoulder. This was definitely a model-like pose, and they had Hallie complete the look by glancing off to the side with a more serious expression.

Objectively, it was a very alluring picture by the time everything was said and done. But Tara would never admit that to Hallie. While actual models would take pride in their craft, Hallie only felt self conscious about all the corrections, not to mention the general outdoor nudity. And they were a long way from being done.

The next pose was even worse. Tara and Liv had Hallie squat all the way down and rest her back against a nearby tree. She was instructed to balance on her toes while the tree supported her backside, so she'd be elevated enough to keep her thighs nice and splayed. Like before, her smooth crotch was blatantly on display, as were the lower curves of her bare ass. To Tara’s annoyance, Hallie’s little slit was obnoxiously attractive; a ‘perfect’ subdued coin slot that would probably make some girls jealous. Similar to the model picture, Tara at least took solace in the fact that such ‘perfection’ would be marred when framed in so many slutty poses.

Going right for it, Tara was the one who took charge of this particular pose. She had Hallie gently touch herself down there with one hand, and opted for the other hand to rest in her hair for a more unique self-pleasuring photo. It seemed like Hallie had given up on protesting to even positions this lewd, probably in her haste to return to the ‘safety’ of the back deck. To complete the look, Hallie had to close her eyes, subtly tilt her head back, and slightly part her upper lips as if she were softly moaning. This time, Liv messed with Hallie’s hair until it looked a little messy, like the exposed girl wasn’t worried about aesthetic when she was busy playing with herself outdoors.

After the amazingly slutty picture was taken to Tara’s satisfaction, she gave Hallie a short ‘breather.’ Though they stayed in the more public area, the pictures got a little more tame. Hallie leaning against a tree. Hallie holding the tree and leaning away from it for a more ‘fun’ pose. Hallie holding herself off the ground by a branch above. These pictures were all smiles and smirks, like the slutty girl was really enjoying her nudity outside. Like it didn’t bother her at all. Finally, Liv suggested a few of Hallie’s backside as the exposed girl glanced over her shoulder for the camera. ‘Yep, she’s definitely getting that promotion,’ Tara thought to herself. She had been wise in her decision to bring Liv into this.

“Okay, Hallie. We’re getting there. Just a little longer, okay?” Tara said.

For the most part, Tara had been acting like her ‘normal’ self. Like nothing had changed between her and Hallie, despite what was going on. The only times she got stern were when Hallie hesitated or attempted to avoid something, but that was getting less frequent as the naked girl dug her hole deeper. Tara figured a nonchalant attitude was the best way to put Hallie at ease, or at most as ease as was possible in her current situation.

At her latest words, Tara noticed Hallie just quietly waiting for her to continue speaking, and inwardly loved how temporarily obedient the slut had gotten. After all, it’s not like there was much to say. A flicker of relief appeared on her former friend’s face at the idea of all this being over, but ‘a little longer’ was still vague enough to keep Hallie from looking too expectant.

Tara held out Hallie’s phone. “Here.” The moment she retrieved the phone from Hallie’s purse earlier, Tara had changed the password. Even though Liv was taking photos as well, Tara trusted her own photography skills more. This way, Hallie could access the phone’s camera from the lock screen, but couldn’t successfully gain access to her home screen to delete everything. “You need some selfies too!”

Like before, Hallie had to keep going until Tara was satisfied. Pose after pose, she looked into the camera. Sometimes just displaying her upper half, sometimes positioning herself and the phone so everything above her kneecaps could be seen. Soft smiles, big smiles, smirks, pursed lips, winks, model-like expressions, and everything in between. Liv threw out the idea for Hallie use her hand to accentuate the rest; cute poses of herself holding her chin, a finger or two on her lips, twirling her own hair, etc.

Just to make sure everything looked good, Tara took the phone back after she and Liv ran out of ideas, carefully perusing the photos while Hallie awkwardly stood there, still at risk of being seen by anyone exploring the area. The sun was fading quickly, so Tara had to use what little light she had left. Handing Hallie her phone back, she listed off a few poses her slutty ex-friend hadn’t got quite right, making her repeat them again and again. She took the phone away and gave it back numerous times, hoping that something like that would just add to Hallie’s misery. Having the familiar feeling of her phone in her hand, but not truly having control of it.

Hallie quietly suffered through the whole thing.

She wasn’t the type of girl who cried easily, even in a situation like this. But she had never blushed so much in her life. Hallie was long past the point of arguing, as fully cooperating was the only hope she had. Putting her foot down even a little bit would result in losing all semblance of modesty. Her reputation would be obliterated. Every now and then, Tara took pictures with the blush, commenting on how it added to the shot. But more often than not, she impatiently waited for the pink to fade so the pictures would make her seem ‘naturally slutty,’ as Tara put it.

Finally, it was nearing the tail end of sunset. Though Hallie shivered from the cool breeze and the lack of clothes that would normally protect her from the cold, she was hopeful. No light meant no pictures. Weirdly enough, she had kind of accepted the fact that she was naked. Hallie still didn’t like it, but it had been long enough that she was at least numb to it. Until she heard something that turned her earlier nervous thoughts into reality.

A wolf whistle, and a male voice in the distance. “Holy shit! Dude, she’s naked!” Three boys on a dirt path a ways off were staring right at her. The whistle and voice were from two of them, and the third boy had instantly turned as well when his friends pointed her out.

For the first time since the back deck, Hallie instinctively threw her arms around herself. It was one thing for two girls to see her naked, even if revenge pictures were involved. But boys? What if one of them was from her school, or all of them?!

Just as Hallie got herself covered up, Tara grabbed the hand that shielded her chest from further exposure and yanked it away. For a moment, Hallie thought that Tara was doing it to heighten her already mortifying outdoor experience; to show off her naked body to the boys moving in their direction. But maybe her friend had some mercy after all.

“Come on, slut. Let’s go!” Tara tugged on Hallie’s hand, pulling her in the direction of the restaurant. Hallie didn’t need to be told twice. Her clothes and towel were over there, as was a door leading to the safety of indoors. Away from the boys, and potentially more cameras that would be pointed at her.

Liv, however, decided that Hallie did need to be told twice. “Yeah, slut! Get moving.” With that, she gave a HARD slap to Hallie’s bare ass. As Hallie gasped from the unexpected slap, Liv pulled Hallie’s other hand away, revealing the entirety of her bare lower region.

With each girl holding one of her hands, Hallie let out an embarrassed squeak from the surprise of being exposed all over again, but there was nothing to do about it. Between fighting for control of her upper limbs and running away from the boys, it was a no-brainer.

Allowing Tara and Liv to tug her along, Hallie began running with them.

**PART ELEVEN**

They were going to make it.

The field hadn’t been too far off from Violet Delight. Even with the awkwardness of running whilst naked and the inefficiency of being connected to both girls by her hands, they closed the distance quickly. Though the idea of one or all of the boys snapping pictures of her bare backside made Hallie cringe in embarrassment, she decided that anything without her face in it would be fine.

As they stepped onto the back deck of the restaurant, Liv let go of her hand and opened the back door.

“Wait, wait, wait!” Hallie exclaimed. She couldn’t just run inside the building naked! But she also couldn’t get dressed with the boys potentially closing the distance. She hadn’t even checked to see if they were following, but she had to assume the sight of a naked girl would lead most teenage boys to do as much. There were really no good options.

Tara was more decisive. Being fully clothed probably helped. “It’s a back hallway. Just go, Hallie.” Tara also let go of Hallie’s hand and used the now free hand to give an equally hard slap to Hallie’s other ass cheek, copying Liv’s method of ‘motivation.’ Then she placed both hands on the bare girl’s upper back, leading her inside via shoving. “Liv, grab the slut’s towel?”

Hallie gasped at the spank, facial cheeks going crimson again. Maybe some parents would have done that back in the day, but the world is definitely too sensitive these days for those kinds of punishments. Hallie had never been spanked, ever. She had always wanted to try it with a boy, but none of the ones she had been with so far were particularly into that.

As of right now, she didn’t like it. At all.

Stumbling forward as Tara didn’t give her much of a choice with her insistent shoving, Hallie felt her bare feet touch the cool laminate floor. It was only then that Tara’s instructions to Liv sunk in. “Wait, my clothes!” Hallie exclaimed. Not even thinking twice about it, she flung her arms around herself as they crossed the threshold. They were inside. Anyone could turn the corner and see her.

“You’re a slut, Hallie. You don’t wear clothes.”

Tara dropped all pretenses of being her normal self. She had gone back to the cold, unyielding attitude she had begun with. Liv appeared a moment later. She pulled the door closed behind her and locked it, just in case the boys tried to be bold enough to follow them inside.

Hallie froze. Tara’s words were awful, but that wasn’t even the half of it. She was trapped. One way led to a restaurant full of people. The other led back outside. Boys or no, she didn’t want to go back out there. “But-” She finally found her voice, but it hardly mattered.

“No buts, Hallie!” Tara rolled her eyes. It wasn’t the first time she had said that one. “You’re dressed as you should be. Besides, now those boys have some souvenirs. I’m sure they’ll take good care of your lovely lingerie.”

Hallie lightly blushed at all of it. The rude implication that ‘naked’ was how she should be dressed. The idea of pervy boys taking possession of her sexy, expensive underwear set. Her favorite bra, for that matter. 'But, my dress.’ She wanted to at least fight for that, but guessed it wouldn’t go over well. “Can I at least have the towel . . .?” Hallie mumbled.

“Not yet,” Tara said. She took the towel from Liv, folding it over her arm as she met Hallie’s eyes. Her tone was calm, but there was a slight sharpness to it. “First, admit you’re a slut.”

“I-” Hallie’s voice caught in her throat. Naked inside. Dozens of lewd pictures of herself while fully exposed. Tara, who knew about Mark. There was no getting away from this. Without argument, Hallie did as she was told. “I’m a slut . . .”

Rather than extend the towel for Hallie to take, Tara held out Hallie’s phone. “Obviously. Now say it for the camera. ‘My name is Hallie, and I’m a total slut.’”

“Do you want to fuck me?” Liv added with a conspiring smile.

“Ooh, yeah! Great idea, Liv.”

“Tara, please . . .”

“It’s a little too late for that, Hallie.” Tara glared at her, “You fucked Mark. My boyfriend. Well, my ex-boyfriend. Now do as you’re told, or the whole world will see just how much of a slut you are. And not just from these photos.” She gestured to the restaurant around the corner and down another hallway, as well as the door leading outside.

The faint voices from the dining area just now registered to Hallie, and Tara’s words fully sunk in. Her friend didn’t just have the potential to show the entire online world her body. Tara also had the power to strand her buck naked as well.

Hallie nervously took the phone.

At this, both Tara and Liv went silent. Patiently, or rather, impatiently, waiting for her to comply.

Hallie braced herself for a moment, remembering both Tara’s phrase and Liv’s addition. Something about doing a video felt so much worse. She had taken countless selfies outside, displaying her naked self and every expression under the sun. But that was ‘fine,’ since she at least took selfies nearly every day, albeit less exposed ones.

But a video was different. It felt more real, more personal. And more mortifying, in this instance.

And yet, Hallie committed. Uncovering her bare breasts to hold the phone up in a selfie position, she tried to force her blush away, tried to remove any shakiness from her voice. If she didn’t do it ‘right,’ Tara would surely just make her do it again. Looking into the camera as bravely as she was able, Hallie said it.

“My name is Hallie, and I’m a total slut. Do you want to fuck me?”

**PART TWELVE**

“You can do better, Hallie.”

The moment Hallie finished the recording, Tara bombarded her with ways to improve. “More seductive, slut.” “Make sure your boobs are in the shot.” “Hallie, you need to smirk.” “Again, slut.” “Not quite, slut. Again.” Between each recording, Tara took the phone and played it out loud. While she and Liv ‘studied’ the footage each time, Hallie had to awkwardly stand there and listen to her own voice saying the mortifying words over and over.

In total, Hallie ended up recording herself seven times. By the end, she had the camera poised up and slightly away from herself so it was a healthy combination of her face and her bare chest. Giving a knowing smirk into the camera, the same one she always used when flirting with boys, Hallie repeated the increasingly familiar words.

“My name is Hallie, and I’m a total slut. Do you want to fuck me?” The last two words were half whispered as she stared right into the camera with a seductive gaze. She stopped the recording and handed the phone back to Tara, praying it would be the last time. Someone could come around the corner at any minute.

Like usual, Tara played it back. When Hallie’s sultry voice faded, Tara just nodded. “Not bad, slut. Here.” She threw the towel to Hallie. “Meet me in my office.” Without another word, she strutted right past Hallie back towards the restaurant.

“Tara, wait!” Hallie desperately grabbed the towel out of the air and immediately wrapped it around her bare form. She had already forgotten just how small it was. The tops of her breasts were still fully visible, and any wrong move would reveal parts of her lower half. “S-someone might see . . .” she whined.

“Better they see you in a towel than in nothing at all. But if you don’t want the towel, then-”

“No! No, I do want it. I just-”

“For the last time, Hallie. You’re a slut. You don’t need clothes.”

After the blunt, insulting reply, Tara added a final task for Liv. 'Stay at the back door until Hallie’s in the office. Then check outside and grab the dress if the boys left it.' Tara gave another stern order for Hallie to join her in the office, then turned on her heel and disappeared around the corner.

“Seriously, what kind of girl sleeps with another girl’s boyfriend?” Liv asked. “Get moving, slut. Or you’ll lose your towel privileges.”

Hallie didn’t need to be told twice. The distance between the other hallway and Tara’s office was only a few steps, but the idea of anyone looking that way and noticing her toweled self was plenty embarrassing. Naked would be a hundred times worse. She turned away from Liv and nervously followed Tara’s route. Hallie paused to peek around the corner and make sure no one was on their way into or out of the bathrooms in the hall leading back to the office. The coast was clear. Knowing anyone could be in the bathrooms or on their way to one of them, Hallie sprinted down the hall as best as she was able in the small towel.

She didn’t stop. Knowing every second was another risk, she immediately bolted for Tara’s office. The moment she placed her hand on the doorknob, Hallie had a mini heart attack at the thought of being locked out. Considering how bitter Tara seemed, she wouldn’t put it past the girl.

Thank God. It was unlocked.

Hallie burst into the office and hastily closed the door behind her. She found Tara comfortably seated behind the desk, looking smug and in control with Hallie’s phone in her hand. “Drop the towel, slut. Time for more photos.”

More.

Photos?!

Hallie wanted to argue. Wanted to scream. She had done SO much already. Why hadn’t Tara just slapped her in the face, and/or told everyone what she did? At this point, Hallie would have preferred even the second option to this. Somehow, outdoor photos had seemed like the worst thing ever. Turns out, being indoors didn’t help much. The idea of being naked and doing a photoshoot when there were dozens of people on the other side of the office door was just as bad, if not a little worse.

It’s not like she had much of a choice. “Any particular pose you want, Tara?” Hallie sighed. She removed the towel, bunched it up, and threw it onto the ground. Maybe if she acted like this didn’t bother her, Tara would get tired of it.

“Glad you asked.” Tara said, “Let’s start by spreading those legs, slut.”

For the next few minutes, Hallie basically suffered through a reprise of everything she had been through outside. Various poses of her standing, leaning, sitting, squatting, and everything in between. Aside from the poses and facial expressions, Tara utilized the room to its full potential. She had Hallie pose in the office chair, on the short filing cabinet, and on the desk in a number of ways. And, like outside, she rounded out the photos by making Hallie take countless selfies throughout the office.

“Hmm, what would dear Jakey think of you?” Tara mused. She took the phone back to browse the most recent round of selfies.

‘Jake! Oh my God.’ Hallie had completely forgotten about him. This was supposed to be an amazing date night with her boyfriend. They were supposed to sleep together for the first time after dinner. Hallie had been so lost in her nudity and the mortifying tasks that she had temporarily forgotten what led up to it.

As if reading her mind, Tara leaned back in her chair with a smirk. “Don’t worry, Liv is taking care of it. He thinks you’re waiting for your dress to dry. Such a patient boy! Do you think he’d leave and never call you again if he knew how much you sleep around?”

Hallie didn’t answer.

Like outside, she was made to repeat a number of selfies that weren’t quite up to Tara’s standards. And again. And again. Finally, Tara deemed them “good enough.” Then she carefully looked around the office for any last minute photo ideas that might work in the limited space.

By the time Tara had exhausted all her creative ideas, it was painfully obvious what kind of story Hallie’s phone would tell - that Hallie was a slut both indoors AND outdoors. And not a single of inch of her body would be left to the imagination if Tara chose to do anything with the enormous collection of photos.

And Tara knew it.

“Okay, slut. Just one more little thing, and you’re free to go.”

A million thoughts raced through Hallie’s mind. ‘What am I going to wear?’ ‘What are you going to do with all these photos?’ ‘Do I get my phone back?’ ‘Seriously, what are you going to do with all these photos?!'

But she didn’t ask any of that. With her hands by her sides like Tara constantly reminded her to do when not posing, and with her entire body exposed like it had been ever since Liv yanked her towel away outside, Hallie just nervously asked “What thing . . .?”

“It should be easy enough for a slut like you,” Tara said. She twirled Hallie’s phone in her hand, leaning back against the foggy glass wall. The edges of her lips curled up as she blatantly gave Hallie a once-over, taking her time with the dramatic pause. And finally, she answered.

“You’re going to spread your legs. And then, Hallie, you’re going to play with yourself on video.”

**PART THIRTEEN**

For a moment, Hallie was frozen.

No gasp of surprise, no eyes widening, no jaw dropping. Nothing but letting Tara’s words wash over her. Nothing about her mortifying task was subtle or vague, but Hallie still felt as if time slowed down as she attempted to process what was being asked of her.

It was so personal. SO personal. Despite her numerous flings and one-night-stands, Hallie had never touched herself for a guy’s viewing pleasure. They could touch her and penetrate her all they wanted, but self pleasure had always been limited to her own bedroom. But Tara was suggesting (well, demanding) that she do it not only in an almost-public space, and in front of her, but also for the camera . . .

Before Hallie could even begin to find the words to protest or beg, Tara broke the silence. “Sit on the desk, slut. Spread your legs. Don’t you dare try to fake it. And Hallie? You are not to touch your chest.”

As she stood there naked and speechless, Hallie’s cheeks turned crimson. Tara was referring to a ‘Truth’ that Hallie gave during a girls’ night a year or two back. They had secured some alcohol from a friend’s older cousin, and the ever flowing drinks led to a more intense ‘Truth or Dare’ game than the girls normally played. One ‘Truth’ Hallie ended up answering was “What’s your favorite way to play with yourself?” And, in her drunken state, she answered more honestly than she might have if asked in a different setting. “One hand between my legs, one hand fondling my chest.” Hallie probably used a less proper word than ‘fondling,’ but half that night was a bit of a blur.

Tara obviously wanted it to be more difficult for Hallie to succeed, as if a camera and a one person audience weren’t enough pressure. Or maybe Tara just wanted Hallie’s bare breasts in the shot throughout the whole video. Probably both.

“Tara . . .” Hallie looked at her friend with pleading eyes. Truthfully, Hallie had already halfway given in. Not only was there all the blackmail, but there were also Tara’s recent words. ‘Just one more little thing, and then you’re done.’ Daunting as the given task was, it was paired with a glimmer of hope.

And then Tara began counting.

“One.”

“Two.”

Hallie didn’t even realize what was happening until “Two.” The classic parental counting only goes to ‘three,’ so the first two numbers were enough to get Hallie moving. “Okay, okay!” she exclaimed. In one not so smooth motion, she scurried over to the desk and hopped onto it, immediately wincing at the unexpected feeling. The wooden surface was smooth and cool underneath her bare ass cheeks, and not at all the kind of thing she would normally find herself on while naked. Being photographed on it earlier clearly wasn't enough for her to get used to such a texture.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

It was one of the first poses Hallie was made to do in the office, but the demanding, demeaning way in which she was now ordered caused Hallie’s blush to darken again. Nevertheless, she complied with no further argument or resistance. Per Tara’s instructions, Hallie scooted back a little on the desk and spread her legs as wide as they could go, bending them up and out to fully offer herself to both her hands and to the camera.

Tara snapped a few more photos as Hallie adjusted her body for the video, then positioned herself and the phone for the main event. “Close your eyes, Hallie.”

Hallie nervously sat on the desk with her legs splayed and her breasts bare to the world, taking a nervous gulp as Tara was fiddling with the phone. And when Tara said that step, Hallie closed her eyes without objection, albeit hesitantly.

And then it was time. “Go on, slut. Get started.”

Despite her closed lids only showing darkness, Hallie could still visualize the phone aimed at her naked body. She knew that she had to start somewhere, had to do something, or she would suffer the consequences. Normally, Hallie would tease herself by trailing her hand down to her lower region, letting her bare stomach and waist feel the temptation of her warm hand dropping lower and lower.

In this uncomfortable setting, however, all she could manage was immediately reaching down with her left hand and subtly rubbing herself. Hallie’s other hand kept a casual grip on the side of the desk, as she decided that holding something would help her avoid the habit of reaching up to grab at her breasts. Not really having a line between pleasure and ‘performance,’ Hallie was fairly quick to slip a finger inside herself, alternating between little rubs and strokes like she normally did.

With her eyes closed, and her finger hesitantly ‘exploring’ her most sacred space, Hallie couldn’t stop herself from taking a shaky inhale when she hit a good spot. ‘Oh God,’ she thought to herself. That was a twitch of pleasure. She wasn’t enjoying being filmed, but she was also intimately familiar with her own body, and was perfectly adept at pleasuring herself. Even that little touch was enough to make Hallie realize that Tara’s presence wouldn’t be enough to keep her from reacting to certain feelings.

If there was ever a time to stop, it would be now. While she was still somewhat grounded and aware of what was going on.

But she didn’t.

Somehow, Hallie managed to keep her eyes closed after the first twinge of lust. Seeing Tara with a phone in her hand would ruin her momentum, and that ruined momentum would lead to her reputation and dignity being destroyed via hundreds of photos.

Instead of opening her eyes and slamming her legs shut to protect her modesty, Hallie gave herself another tentative rub. Bare legs still splayed as she sat on the desk, she unfroze the rest of her hand from the momentary hesitation and let her finger slide back inside herself. For an agonizing minute or so, Hallie awkwardly touched herself, trying to focus on the feeling of her hand, rather than the camera on the other side of her closed eyelids.

Finally, she found her rhythm again, and a breathy, involuntary moan escaped her lips before she could hold it back. Hallie gripped the edge of the desk more tightly with her other hand, lightly blushing as pleasure met mortifying reality once again. ‘And Hallie? You are not to touch your chest.’ Even in Hallie’s mild haze, Tara’s words came back to her. Frustrated, Hallie added a second finger and slid them both a little deeper, touching herself in just the right way in an attempt to will all other thoughts to go away so she could focus.

It worked.

Hallie took a more sharp inhale as her fingers shifted against another perfect spot, and she let out a faint, audible moan as she stayed there and worked the area, tilting her head back just as involuntarily as the sounds that she elicited. Little by little, Hallie’s inhibitions and awareness slipped away as she lost herself in her own little lust-filled world.

She didn’t know why, but her other hand felt attached to the wooden desk amidst the growing waves of pleasure. Hallie gripped it like she would grip sheets on a bed, though it had none of that soft give. As she increased her speed and intensity, her voice began catching in her throat, only allowing shallow breaths and short gasps in response to the sensations. Disjointed thoughts swirled through her mind; of Jake, of Mark, of the latest online video she had seen.

Hallie couldn’t stop. Not now. It was all too much, and she was too close, and going the rest of the way was the only option her body gave her. Nearing her peak, Hallie's mouth was slightly open, her facial lips perpetually parted in the most slutty visual from her little gasps. Going faster and faster, Hallie tilted her head back, and finally cried out and fully moaned from the thrill of release.

Still mildly lost in the height of her own pleasure, Hallie gradually slowed down her movements and lightly panted as she finished things out. As the jolts slowed to a dull pulse, and the wet feeling on her fingers and hand reminded her that self pleasure isn’t the most clean activity, Hallie became keenly aware of her bare ass touching cool wood. Her eyes slowly flitted open, and the reality before her made any lingering pleasure vanish immediately.

Her own phone filming her, and a smirking Tara holding it.

**PART FOURTEEN**

When Tara saw Hallie’s eyes trained on the phone, she immediately stopped the video. If her temporarily lustful ex-friend were a porn star, she’d have the instinct to smirk into the camera or say something sexy afterwards. But she wasn’t. Tara couldn’t count on Hallie to not ruin the video with a lame reaction or a little freak out at the end. Instead, she stopped it in a way that would show a girl pleasuring herself and coming back to reality, and that’s it.

“I can’t believe you just did that,” Tara said, her own smirk still present. Stuffing the phone back into her bra, she walked right up to Hallie. Tara’s amused smile vanished, leaving a scowl in its place.

\*SLAP\*

Hallie was still coming to grips with the fact that she had not only fingered herself to completion while naked on Tara’s desk, but that the whole thing was caught on video. But before she could fully come down from the self-given pleasure, Tara struck her hard across the face.

Hallie gasped at the shock and the pain, but Tara wasn’t done yet.

“That’s for sleeping with Mark,” she said. Her voice was cold and emotionless, despite the roughness of the slap and her fierce, narrowed eyes. Hallie opened her mouth to say something, anything, but never made it that far.

\*SLAP\* Tara slapped her just as hard, if not harder, on the same cheek. “You’re a total slut, Hallie.” \*SLAP\* “You’re a shitty friend.” \*SLAP\* “And that was the only pleasure you're going to get tonight. Your date is over."

Hallie prematurely winced, bracing herself for a fifth slap on the same side, but it never came. Instead, Tara gently cupped the rosy cheek that had been struck four times in a row. She looked right into Hallie’s eyes, almost in a position for two people to kiss if it were any other situation. “If you want to keep your precious dignity,” Tara whispered, though it was more aggressive than seductive, “Meet me out back. NOW.”

Then Tara stepped away as quickly as she had arrived, leaving Hallie sitting naked and alone on the desk, legs still partially spread. Tara snatched the towel off the ground where Hallie had thrown it earlier, gave Hallie one last threatening look, and then left the office without another word.

Tara had opened and closed the office door quickly, though it was enough to make Hallie reflexively cover herself with her arms. When the door closed, no one was there to see her or to take pictures of her any more, but Hallie still felt the need to keep her arms in place to defend her private areas. Willing herself to take the arm away from her bare chest, she tenderly rubbed her sore cheek, eyes watery from everything that just happened. No one had ever spoken to her like that, and she had certainly never been slapped in the face.

Pleasuring herself. Camera. Struck over and over on the cheek.

In the midst of processing everything from the last few minutes, Hallie finally registered Tara’s parting words. If she didn’t want the damning collection of pictures and videos to go out into the world, she had to move. She had to move now. Without the towel to defend her, Hallie got up from the desk and tentatively placed her hand on the doorknob, blushing deeply at what she was about to do. It was only a few steps from the office to the hallway with the restrooms, but those few steps left her totally exposed to the whole restaurant.

Taking a shaky breath in an attempt to calm herself, Hallie went for it. Cracking the door just enough to slip her naked body through, she ran for the hallway. The white noise of the restaurant was enough to mask anyone at one of the tables potentially pointing out her naked self, but it didn’t save her from the tween girl around the corner waiting to use one of the bathrooms.

“It was a dare!” Hallie blurted out.

She sprinted past the younger girl, knowing full well that her bare ass was impossible to hide as she ran away. Thankfully, no one else stood between her and the back door. Arms still covering her front half as best as she was able, Hallie burst out onto the familiar stone deck, suddenly eager to be naked outdoors again compared to streaking where people were for sure all around. It was darker now, which meant a much lower risk of being seen.

\*SLAP\*

She was greeted with Tara’s hand striking her across her face again. “Took you long enough.” Tara glared at her for a moment, then stepped back and pointed out towards the field. “Okay, Hallie. I’m done with you. Go home, slut.”

Hallie’s heart dropped, and her eyes widened. ‘What . . .?’ There was no towel to be seen. No dress or spare outfit.

Tara couldn’t possibly mean . . .

“T-Tara! I need something-”

“No. You don’t. What have I been saying this whole time? A slut like you doesn’t need clothes.”

“But- That’s- That’s not-” Hallie fumbled over her words. She had never been so inarticulate in her life. All she did was sleep with a few boys! Hallie didn’t even consider herself a ‘slut’ in that regard, let alone one who was a crazy exhibitionist. “Tara, please. It’s . . . that’s- that’s five miles! Maybe six . . . Wait!” she suddenly exclaimed, “No, you said I didn’t have to! You said if I did a photoshoot, I wouldn’t have to go home naked!”

“Wrong, Hallie.” Tara crossed her arms. Her tone was just as cold, and her eyes showed no mercy. “I said you could run home if you didn’t want to do a photoshoot. I never said it was one or the other.”

“Th-that’s not fair!”

“You know what else isn’t fair? Fucking someone else’s boyfriend.”

“Tara, please! I’m sorry!!” Hallie exclaimed. This couldn’t be happening to her. She had posed in the most promiscuous, inappropriate, and revealing ways. She had- she had touched herself and moaned on camera! After allowing herself to be photographed and filmed like that and having nothing to show for it . . . well, it wasn’t fair! If she knew, she would have just run home earlier and let Tara post that single blurry photo. But now . . .

Tara reached into her bra and pulled out the phone. “Weak apology, Hallie. How about this?” She snapped another photo with the volume on for effect, even though Hallie’s arms protected her for that particular shot. “Spend those five miles thinking about what you did wrong. Give me a proper apology tomorrow. And then we’ll talk about whether these photos will ever see the light of day or not.”

“But-”

“No buts, Hallie. If you leave right now, I promise not to show you to anyone. Sound fair?”

Hallie nervously gulped. Five to six naked, barefoot miles. Tara keeping possession of her phone and everything on it. Standing Jake up.

She became keenly aware of her nudity all over again, the feeling of her bare breasts on her left arm making her feel more nervous than safe, despite being covered. No matter how long Hallie had been without clothes, she never really got used to it. Every new step of Tara’s plan just brought on wave after wave of embarrassment.

“Okay . . .” Hallie muttered, glancing away.

“That’s a good slut.” Tara took Hallie’s shoulders and turned her towards the edge of the deck, placing an assertive hand on her bare back like she did when guiding her inside a while ago. “Go, Hallie.” Unbeknownst to Hallie, Tara wound up with her other hand. Then she brought it cracking down on the naked girl’s bare ass with a resounding \*SMACK\* “Run!”

Hallie yelped. Cheeks turning crimson one last time by Tara’s hand (literally, this time), Hallie felt like she had no choice but to obey. Not wanting to be spanked again, and definitely not wanting the damning photos or videos to be seen by anyone else, Hallie began running.

Arm over chest, hand over crotch, Hallie fled from the restaurant with her bare ass and all the non-private parts of her body still perfectly exposed for the world to see.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Conclusion**

**CONCLUSION**

Tara let out a deep exhale.

As bitter as she was towards her former friend, keeping such a bitchy routine going for so long without cracking was still tough. Part of her still wanted to scream at Hallie, but she somehow managed to keep it all in. She was cold and ruthless. Hallie was helpless and naked.

Tara watched Hallie’s bare backside with a smirk at as the nude girl sprinted across the edge of parking lot, then raced for cover in the trees. “Slut.” Tara muttered. Fuck promises. The moment Hallie’s pale ass was out of sight, Tara leaned back against the metal railing and pulled out Hallie’s phone. A few swipes and uploads later, and the damage was done. Hallie totally splayed as her Facebook profile picture. A whole album of her nudes uploaded alongside it. A status about how she wanted the world to see every inch of her. Rinse and repeat on Instagram.

To kill two birds with one stone, part of Tara’s scheme for the night involved handing Liv the Assistant Manager reins. That way, her accomplice could get some much needed leadership experience to pair with Tara’s future recommendation, and Tara was free to finish things up with Hallie. Considering Liv hadn’t bothered her in the office or on the back deck so far, Tara had to assume things were still running smoothly.

Just for good measure, Tara posted every pic and video on a handful of random online sites as well. Most amateur girls wouldn’t give a real name, but Tara didn’t give a shit about Hallie’s privacy. She tagged each album with both first and last name. It took nearly a full 30 minutes to upload the enormous collection. Thankfully, Tara had done her research, and had already found all the dirty sites that allowed her to upload full albums of pictures, so she could select every photo from Hallie’s photoshoot at once, rather than doing them individually.

And, finally, she sent out the “Do you want to /fuck me/?” video to every guy in Hallie’s phone, and the masturbating video to every boy AND girl in her contacts. Except for family. Tara knew Hallie never friended relatives on Facebook and Insta, as she’d rather keep those platforms exclusive to friends. Saves worrying about what some people will might say or think about bikini shots, revealing party outfits, etc. It definitely saved Hallie this time, for now.

But Tara liked the idea of not sending anything to family. Not because she had any mercy for the slut, but because it would be fun to make her squirm. Once Hallie saw what all was out there, she would constantly be sweating about relatives possibly seeing it.

No matter what, the girl was fucked. Plenty of people would be able to save the social media pics before Facebook and Instagram took them down, and definitely before Hallie got home. There was more than enough out there online on top of that for the pics to circle like wildfire without Tara needing to get more involved.

“Sorry, Jake.” Tara said, humming the words to herself as she typed them out on the final text. The only boy NOT getting nudes or videos. “My ex called. He was lonely tonight, and needed someone to be with. You understand, right?” That should do it. Aaaand ‘send.’

Once she saw that the text had gone through, Tara turned off the phone’s Wi-Fi and cellular data and sauntered back to her office. Closing the door behind her, she grabbed a hammer from a nearby drawer and slammed it into the screen a few times. As good as ruining Hallie via uploaded pictures felt, the physical act of taking several whacks at her expensive smart phone was wonderfully satisfying as well. Aside from being the icing on the cake, it was also to cover her own ass. Tara doubted her ex friend would come after her for this, as Hallie would be much too busy being mortified and hiding from the world, but she had to be prepared just in case.

Aside from everything happening at the restaurant, there was nothing tying Tara to Hallie’s soon to be scandal. Everything had been done on Hallie’s phone. All the posts were typed in the way Hallie typed. Half of the photos were selfies, so it could be assumed the other half were posed while the phone was propped on a timer. Or taken by a slutty friend who was with her. If the backdrop of her manager’s office was claimed as ‘evidence,’ Tara could point out that Hallie merely snuck back there the same way she snuck outside to strip. She’s clearly an attention seeking whore, after all.

All that considered, it probably wouldn’t come to finger pointing, but Tara did have her future to consider. No connection on the phone meant no ‘Find my iPhone,’ though that would hardly matter anyway. Tara planned on chucking the phone into the river on her way home. Not only did a myriad of shows and movies teach her little serial killer notes about not keeping the evidence around, but Tara also had weeks to plan this revenge. She had all the time in the world to consider the ramifications of her plan, and now she was certain that everything would solely fall on Hallie.

Just one more thing to do. This was more for personal satisfaction. Tara doubted Hallie would find out, but she still couldn’t help herself.

She brushed back her hair and smoothed out her black dress, taking off the name tag for now. Everyone working tonight knew who she was, and nothing was more unattractive than a cheap piece of plastic pinned to your chest. Letting her victorious smirk fade into a more nonchalant smile, Tara left the solitude of the back deck and strutted back into the dining area of the restaurant. There he was. Jake Hawthorn, looking classy in his vest and handsomely brushed hair. Looking a little forlorn as he gazed at his phone.

“Hey, Jake?” Rather than stand above him like a waitress, Tara sat down across him in the booth like a friend. “I just ran into Hallie. Looks like you got the news too.” She placed a hand on his, meeting his eyes with a consoling expression. “I know. It’s an awful thing to do. I tried to make her stay, but she’s kind of a shitty person.”

“I didn’t even know she was still talking with an ex,” Jake muttered. Thank God. He looked more frustrated and annoyed than sad.

“She always does this,” Tara lied. She gave a light squeeze to his hand. “You don’t need her, Jake. Any girl would be SO lucky to have a guy like you.” Pause for effect. Tara waited until he glanced back from his phone to her eyes, then continued. “Hey! There’s still plenty of night left. How about this? My shift is over in a few. Let me take you out somewhere more fun than this stuffy place!”

“Says the one who works at this stuffy place,” he chuckled, then glanced back at his screen for a second. “I don’t know, Tara. I might just call it.”

“Hey, I only work here so I can make enough money to treat boys in need to a night out!” Tara winked. Knowing that it was best to leave a guy wanting more, she slid her hand off of his and stood back up, only to lean back down and prop herself up on the table with one hand. The perfect way to show off a little cleavage while keeping the friendly facade. “Ten minutes, Jake. No ‘buts.’ I’ll meet you out front!”

Not waiting for a reply, Tara stood back up with a smile and turned on her heel, heading up to the front podium to check in with the girl in charge of hosting, and to double check that things were running smoothly for Liv. And, of course, to give Jake a view of her ass as she lightly swayed her hips while walking away. The cute boy had already got an eyeful of her chest, so it was only fair he got to see the rest.

Who knows? Maybe Jake would get lucky tonight after all.