Twin Foe

by Another Anonymous

**INTRODUCTION**

Joan tended to take trouble more with anger than with fear. One could imagine a tougher life, but getting ahead as a bikini and lingerie model required some toughness and Joan got enough of it. Now if someone tried to threaten her, she sure was not going to give in. She fumed at the picture of her look-alike. It was true that she looked just like her. It was amazing. But Joan did not feel like being amazed. The letter that had come with the picture was a pathetic attempt to blackmail her. In short, it said that this girl was going to ruin her career if she did not pay a certain amount of money. To Joan, it was just a laugh. It was true that the woman on the picture looked just like her. But then again, it showed a gorgeous young woman, that very obviously did not feel comfortable in that kind of vulgar pose she stroke in the picture, although it actually did not show nothing, except for the fact of theirs striking resemblance.

Joan was not just a beautiful young woman working as a model. She also had brains. With the help of her agency it was quiet easy to target the woman from the picture. She simply asked them to search for a model that resembled her for a fake twin shoot. Three days later she knew everything she needed about that girl, who was part of the plot schemed against her. Katya, an amateur model, who so far had not even tried modelling swimwear or lingerie, like her. Joan was a professional, she had never gone farther, but actually she would have liked to, only her agent had told her not to pose topless and not to even think about nudes.

So nobody knew, that Joan had a wild side. And a wicked one.

She worked as a model. She was not famous, but she was doing well. Her look-alike blackmailer Katya lived in another town, quiet far away. Joan sensed her chance. Joan sensed her chance to live out her fantasies. And to live out her mean side. She would travel overseas and ruin that girls’ life, ruin that girls’ reputation, by doing exactly what they were trying to do to her. At the same time, she would live out her secret fantasy.

**CHAPTER 1 – NIP plus**

Joan had Ashley with her. Ashley was her lifelong friend with a fabulous mean character. She had to do the spying part. And the photographer Jim, who had additional qualifications. He brought in his technical knowledge, so they could trace her targets movements. He found a way to make them able to know where the car and the mobile phone of Katya was, which meant that they could always find and avoid her. Jim also was a hunk of a guy and knew martial arts, which provided protection. And he was loyal, as long as Ashley fulfilled his sexual needs, which she willingly accepted for the time of the project. They had researched that Katya was tanned all over, had no tattoos and had her pubic hair completely shaven. That information was gained by Ashley at the women’s locker room of Katya’s Fitness Club and double checked at the showers. That matched with Joan, which was important for the plan.

The first strike was simple. Joan had bought exactly the same summer dress that seemed to be Katya’s favorite. Other than Katya would do, Joan wore it with nothing underneath. It was a simple white, cotton, knee-length summer dress that contrasted beautifully with her tan. It unbuttoned to the waist. Buttoned, it enticingly bared enough of her cleavage. Joan of course unbuttoned it that a generous amount of her breasts was uncovered. Now this was going to be fun. She put on the some kind of sunglasses Katya wore and was ready to go.

They knew that Katya had just finished shopping and was returning home. So they drove to the pedestrian area where Katya had just been. Ashley drove the car, and Jim staring at her was quiet unnerving. It was not as easy as Joan had thought. She was very self-confident about her looks and her body. Flaunting it was part of her job. But still she had never posed topless or nude. And now, on her premiere, she planned on doing it in public. For the moment being it was hard to even stand Jim ogling her half exposed tits, areola and nipples deliberately on display. Well, if she could not stand him staring at her, she should not have started the whole thing. She tried her best to ignore him. Joan noticed Ashley smiling knowingly. She was a close friend, but a friend with a distinct mean side. It was obvious that she enjoyed Joan’s discomfort. And Ashley loved the effect the whole situation had on Jim. Playfully she had placed one hand on his thigh, ever so casually lightly running a finger over his crotch. Joan tried in vain not to think of the pulsating erection of Jim which was being toyed by Ashley’s expert hand so skillful right now and right before her eyes. It was terrible, but then again it was pretty hot as well. Joan started worrying where this might lead to. And she wondered about herself. After all, this had been her very own idea. She had to be crazy. Before she could ponder any further they reached their destination. Joan quickly collected herself and blocked out all her thoughts and doubts. There was no turning back now.

Joan stepped from the car and started walking past the very shops Katya had been visiting just a few minutes before. Joan immediately caught every ones attention. Everybody stared as she passed them with swaying hips and exposing her full, jiggling breasts. The first steps she felt verey shaky, but very soon Joan smiled. To her own surprise this really turned out to be her kind of fun, although she would never admit it to anybody. She saw Jim capturing her from a distance. Also did she notice some young men pointing mobile phones at her. Obviously she got well captured. This wasn’t planned, but now that it happened it seemed inevitable. Joan decided that this turn of events could actually be of help to complete her goal.

Ashley approached her and handed her an ice cream. The next steps had to be performed quickly. Joan gestured to Jim to get near. She sat down on a bench, playfully and suggestively circling her tongue around the ice cream. Jim gave her a thumbs up sign. So far it had not been difficult for Joan, although she felt her heart racing. With just one quick movement she could cover up, so far. But that was about to change. Joan had searched the internet for nude in public sites, many brave girls had done it before. She was sure that she could do it, especially under false identity. It was true that later they would take her for Katya. But for the moment being it was her, nobody else but her, who was performing the task. In a distance she saw Ashley, with her wicked, mischievous smile that Joan had learned to love and to hate during their friendship. She was not going to chicken out!

With two brisk motions she bared her shoulders. Then she let the dress slide down, leaving her exposed down to the waist right in the middle of a crowded pedestrian area. A rush of adrenaline kicked in. This was so cool! Joan felt the air on her hardening nipples – the pictures would be great. She continued to play with the ice-cream. This kept her occupied and helped her to block out her surroundings. To finally outdo herself she had to work up all her courage. Joan closed her eyes and spread her legs to offer Jim the unobstructed view up her skirt, along her long tanned legs to her clean shaven pussy. She slowly counted to ten, then opened her eyes again. Now that it was pretty obvious that they were doing some sort of nude in public photo shooting, more people had gathered, and Jim was not the only one capturing her. Joan blushed – this was really exceeding her plan. She almost felt sorry for Katya. Almost. She got up and resisted the impulse to put the top back on. It was hard, but now there was no turning back. And after all, she was a professional, and she knew that modelling sometimes was hard. Nonchalantly ignoring the stares she walked back in direction of the car. Jim and a bunch of young guys stayed close to her, capturing her from all angles. Joan approached one young guy and with her best smile she gave him the ice cream.

Still Joan was hesitant to take the next step. This had already gone out of hand with all these guys and theirs mobile phones. Should she really strip completely under these conditions? But then again, it was not her, it was just Katya. Katya, who was taking part in an attempt to blackmail her. Katya did deserve what was happening next. Smiling brightly Joan did some turns and swaying motions, while she slid the dress down past her hips and let it drop to the floor. People applauded as she stepped from the dress and struck some poses for the cameras, finally completely nude. The sunglasses were the only thing left to keep her dignity. Joan now was blushing fiery red but never stopped posing. Joan’s mind raced. This had to be her most humiliating experience ever. And at the same time it was the fulfilment of an old fantasy. Joan was sure that she would never be able to do this again, and yes, she regretted it deeply. This was so wrong! She had to stop right now!

Joan was close to give in to shame and fear, but then another strong feeling started to prevail. Arousal. She thought of Jim’s throbbing erection back in the car and wondered how hard his dick might be now, at the sight of her stark naked. She cupped her tits and realized that her nipples were rock hard. She gasped at her own touch. She toyed a little with her breasts smiling at the cameras. They had more than enough material, she could stop this right here. She could just pick up the dress and go back to the car – and it was over. Pictures from the internet raced through Joan’s mind. Many of those brave girls had gone one step further. Joan scanned her audience. No kids around. The people around her had built a circle, blocking her from view. Jim was very cool, taking pictures and encouraging her with smiles and thumbs up signs, his gaze gave away his arousal. Joan had always loved to tease men, but of course never gone that far. Now she was going to give it to Jim. And the rest of her audience.

Joan lowered herself in a squatting position. Ever so slowly and deliberately she opened her legs. Spreading them she offered her open gaping pussy to the cameras. It was overwhelming. Joan felt the blood rush through her body, her heart was beating like mad. She closed her eyes. Again pictures from the internet raced through her mind. Some of those girls had even gone one step further. Joan’s hand found her pussy, and yes, it was sopping wet. What an adventure! For the moment being a quick rub would have to do. The audience cheered her on. Wolf whistles and applause from every direction. To Joan it became an out of body experience. She watched herself from above as she was toying her pussy. Rubbing it faster and faster. Not stopping. Not stopping until the end. Joan was a sensual woman. She loved sex and she had experienced great orgasms before. But that one that was ripping through her right now had to be the strongest she had ever experienced. Joan almost fainted right there in the middle of her frantic spectators. It was Jim who picked her up, throwing the white dress over her nude body. He quickly led her away, the car was near, Ashley was awaiting them, Jim pushed Joan into the back, jumped in and they raced away.

**CHAPTER 2 – Over and done, or isn’t it?**

They were silent. Joan still was naked, the dress lay crumpled to Jim’s feet at the front. Joan tried to gather her senses. She almost failed to realize that Ashley pulled in. Ashley leaned over to Jim who already had lowered his trouser, sporting his throbbing erection. That was the deal, Ashley had to fulfil his sexual desires, and obviously he did not want to hold out any longer. Ashley gulped down his dick and started deep throating Jim, giving away her vast experience. Joan was shocked and stunned. This was pretty embarrassing for her. Ashley was her friend and everything, but she had never watched her blowing a guy. Jim groaned with pleasure. He came almost immediately, and Ashley swallowed the whole load. Joan actually was impressed. Ashley raised, winked at her and licked her lips. Jim stayed rock hard. He motioned Ashley to go on. Ashley just smiled and got down on him again. Jim grabbed Ashley’s t-Shirt and easily ripped it apart. Ashley interrupted her work only for a quick hysterical laugh as he threw the remains of her shredded top on the back seat. Ashley’s beautiful tanned tits wiggled free. He started fondling them roughly. Joan was dumbfounded. This was very hot, but an inner voice screamed at her that it was wrong to stay and watch. Now Jim wildly tore on Ashley’s skirt, tearing it into pieces as well. The panties followed suit. Joan made a mental note that Ashley, just like her, was tanned all over. Great body, she had to admit. Still, Joan did not want to witness her friend having sex. Jim lowered the seat and easily lifted Ashley on top of him. She screamed with lust as he impaled her. Joan could not believe it. He was ...ing her right in front of her. And Ashley didn’t seem to mind. Very quickly Joan’s embarrassment became unbearable. She did not want to see this. But what should she do? She was stark naked on the back of a car with nowhere to go. In a split second she decided to get out of the car. Quick. Now! She opened the rear door, grabbed the remains of Ashley’s T-Shirt and stepped out.

Joan’s heart was beating as she stood beside the car. Stark naked. The moans from the car left no doubt about what was happening inside. She checked her surroundings. A small dead-end street. Apartment buildings. No one in sight. She did some uncertain steps, not knowing where to go, but just as well not wanting to stay close to the car with the noisily ...ing couple inside. She wondered how long it would take until they drew attention to them. Wasn’t it illegal to ... in public? A few meters down the road there was a garage door which was open. Having nowhere else to hide Joan went there. She examined the torn t-Shirt. The front was completely ripped apart, and most of the back as well. Joan figured that she could tie it in the front for some minimal coverage of her boobs. Still her bottom would stay fully on display. She could also rip the T-Shirt in two parts and try to tie one half around her bottom and the other around her chest. It would look ridiculous, but at least provide both top and bottom coverage. At least a little. There was no one in sight, so Joan decided to search the garage for something to put on. But it was empty, just a few tools and nothing else. She looked at the torn piece of cloth in her hand and could not decide what to do. Maybe she should just stay here stark naked and wait until Ashley and Jim got finished. She only hoped that… Voices outside! Joan rushed to the entrance of the garage again. Four guys where surrounding the car, laughing, cheering – and taking pictures with mobile phones. Poor Ashley!

Obviously Jim reacted in a wise way. He was a hunk of a man and a fighter with knowledge of martial arts. But he would not take the risk of a fight with four strangers. If someone called the police, there would be some explaining to do. Joan understood that he had quickly locked the doors, started the car, honking the horn as a warning he started the car, the guys withdrew and he sped away. Joan could see Ashley’s head beaming red as they passed her hiding. Leaving her behind. Poor Joan!

Joan didn’t have time to worry about being left behind. The four guys came into her direction, laughing and joking about the brunette and putting that stuff online. Joan went as far back into the garage as possible and hastily put on the torn t-shirt. She groaned as it did nothing to cover her boobs. Joan was desperately fidgeting with the material trying to tie it together somehow. Panic paralyzed her, when she heard a young guy exclaim “What the ...!” Next thing was that she faced four grinning guys ogling her, while she desperately tried to cover herself with her arms and hands. Of course they pulled out theirs mobile phones in order to capture her. “Wow! Katya! I can’t believe it!” Joan tried to plead, “wait…”. “She’s the arrogant prick teaser from school!” he exclaimed. Now Joan knew she was doomed. “Come on, get out of the dark, get outside with us”. Joan hung her head, “please, no…” but to no avail. They dragged her outside, insulting her. Obviously Katya was not popular among them. And it did not help at all that Joan was not Katya, because she looked just like her. And, even more important, Joan did not want anyone to know that she was not Katya. Actually it would have been a disaster if they found out about her identity. She wondered how long it would take Ashley and Jim to notice she was no longer in the car and to return to her rescue. The guys kept taking snapshots of her. Joan had to gain time. “Okay, wait boys. This situation is hard to explain, but instead of molesting me, you should come to my aid.” The just laughed. “Do you remember what you did to George? Do you want me to call him and ask what to do, now that we’ve caught you naked on the street?” Another one added, “Katya, you’ve always been a mean slut. We will not miss the opportunity to punish you now”. Joan realized that things were about to get out of hand, but… She thought it over quickly. These guys showed no intention to rape “Katya”, or hurt her. At least not physically. Considering her plan to ruin Katya’s reputation, the turn of events might not be all that unfavorable. Joan gathered her senses and calmed herself down. This was crazy, but it could be fun. She said, “Okay, you got your pictures. What else do you want from me? I’ll do it, and then let me go.” They smiled. “We are not done with you, Katya. Not yet. Since you look so hot in the nude, we should show you around a bit.” Those guys were full of ideas. “Let’s make it a game. We will give you certain challenges. If you don’t fail we will give you one item to wear for each challenge.” What a great idea! Joan was not sure if she really could do that, even supposedly being Katya. Did she have the nerve? But then again she felt thrilled. The proposal could mean that she could live out a secret fantasy of hers under false identity. “I guess I don’t have much choice. What do you want me to do?” The guys were more than happy. “You’ve started modelling, isn’t it? So the first task will be easy for you. Get rid of that t-shirt and pose with us like a pro!” Joan smiled, this way she could win time. Ashley and Jim could be back any moment. She would pose with these guys a while and then leave. “Okay, who wants to be first”, she said removing the torn t-shirt. “No, not here. This is a boring location. And I’ve got a great idea were to go. Poor Joan. When Ashley and Jim returned, missing Joan only a short moment, all they found was the torn t-shirt.

Joan learnt, that there were quite a few men burning for revenge on Katya. They had lead her to a secluded area of a public park, where they were awaited by six more guys that had gone to school with Katya, leaving them with hatred against her. George, the guy that seemed to have the biggest problem with her, was the first to go. He made her pose with him in various humiliating poses, making her spread her legs and even her asshole for the camera. And as if this wasn’t bad enough, he was the first to notice that Joan had gotten wet. This set the tone for the following nine posing turns with each guy. In the end Joan’s face was beaming red of shame and humiliation, her heart was beating fast and she fought against the urge to touch herself. Despite from the poses they made her do, they treated her quiet all right, except for calling her slut. Her striking beauty seemed to daunt some of them. Two or three just made her stand at their side and smile at the camera in the nude.

None of them had the least suspicion that they were dealing with Katya. Joan doubted that Katya would have chosen to agree to play along. All these pictures would hit the internet. Katya’s reputation would be ruined. The turn of events was far better than Joan had planned, so far. If only she could release her tension. And what else was in store for her?

Finally the first challenge was completed. Joan wondered which piece of clothes they would offer her, as there was only just as much as everybody wore right now. Actually they were not that organized, nobody had brought spare clothes. Of course they had been completely surprised that the arrogant bitch Katya played along. It was hard to believe, that she even seemed to be willing to go on. If she really went on getting herself humiliated by her former schoolmates they had to find a way to organize some slutty outfits. For the moment they seemed to be lost, nobody was satisfied with the idea to just hand her a t-shirt. Finally one of them found the perfect solution, which made them all laugh a lot. He unbuckled his belt and gave it to the blushing beauty.

Joan did not know what to say. Of course the belt was “something to wear”, but it provided no coverage at all. She blushed fiery red. The guys thought it was for modesty. Truth was, that Joan realized that she got heavily turned on by the thought of cruising the place with ten horny guys being practically naked. She would never have dared to do so, but being Katya provided new possibilities to her. “Where to?” she cheerfully asked.

**CHAPTER 3 – Karaoke Bar exposure**

Joan danced on the table, eyes half closed and gyrating to the beat. The task was simple – they sang, and she had to dance. Joan loved to dance and while dancing she could easily block out her surroundings. She knew she looked hot. She had a great models body, and the belt accentuated her slim waist. The guys kept capturing her, every now and then one of them some joined her. Dancing together it was impossible to avoid hands brushing her skin eventually, but there was nothing mayor about it. They all had drinks, Joan gratefully accepted a beer, then another and another. Basically they were having a good time. “I don’t get it, Katya”, one of them shouted over the music, “why have you always been so bitchy back then?” Joan gave him her best smile, “Maybe you should just have tried a different approach…”

When one of them tried his luck singing a ballad song, George approached her for a slow dance. “After what you did to me, you should not turn me down now”. Joan had never tried a slow dance in the nude, and George was neither nice nor handsome. But spontaneously she decided to have him get his payback on Katya, which served her in having hers. Without a word Joan turned to melt back into his arms. Smiling at the silly expression on his face. Joan was surprised how naughty she could be. Pulling herself against him, she immediately felt the welling desire in George, ignited by the feel of her firm breasts and those hardened nipples pressing into his chest. She could imagine Katya vomiting at the thought of dancing slow with George, least of all in the nude. Now this was happening, and while some of the guys just stared others gathered theirs senses and captured the whole scene. Joan decided to make sure to drive this as far as she could. As far as she dared. George’s arousal was immediate, driven by the feel of her close and naked. "MMMMMmmm," she purred "That’s special, isn’t it?" Joan let him have his way, when he let his hands slide down, cupping her sweet firm naked ass. His heart raced, and Joan had to admit that she felt flattered. Joan had never even imagined doing such a crazy thing. Dancing naked in a public place, a slow dance with a stranger who got all worked up over it! When the song ended, she was determined to take things a bit further. "When was the last time, a sexy girl did a lap dance for you?" and with that she twirled around to place her backside firmly against his fully erect shaft. The music had changed to a Disco beat. Teasingly Joan shook her ass like a wanton slut, grinding into his crotch. Then she withdrew and turned around, smiling at him. "I don’t want you to cum in your pants, George. Why don’t you just sit down and enjoy the show?"

Poor George! It had taken him all courage to press on Katya to do a slow dance. He had felt great and very masculine at the start, but as the dance went on he had shrunk to a nervous bundle. Katya was just too much for him, his dream girl, but just as much a nightmare. He was intimidated by his own erection, by his racing heart and he wanted the dance to end. And now, Katya wanted more. He wished, he had never come. A lap dance! George just stared at her dumbfounded. Now things were getting out of hand. For him! As much as he wanted to have his revenge on that bitch, he felt kind of like the tables were turning. But how could that be? Katya was naked in front of everybody, they had humiliated her in various ways, and now she even was degrading herself further by offering him, him of all people, a lap dance. If this was a dream come true, then why did he feel so uncomfortable about it?

She pushed him to a seat, exclaiming “no touching, or it’s over!” George hurried to reassure, “of course, Katya, you know you can trust me…” This smile, her mischievous smile, wasn’t that her dangerous smile he had earned to love and hate. Everybody gathered around them in a small circle, it was too late to stop. George felt his throbbing erection, and he wanted nothing more than Katya to do a sexy dance for him, but at the same time he dreaded the outcome. Katya had always meant trouble for him.

Joan was oblivious to his plight. At least for the moment being. Moving in front of George now, she started to slowly swing her hips. Raising her arms above her head she had him enjoy the close up view of her perfect tanned tits. Then cupping her breasts, Joan moved in close, so close George could almost get his mouth on them.... But not quite, and then she straightened back up again, rubbing her thumbs over her nipples, which sent sparks straight to her throbbing clit. Joan found her nipples extremely erect. This was so exciting. Joan momentarily lost her place. She closed her eyes and soft moan escaped her lips.

Poor George! This was so humiliating for him! His body was betraying him. His heart was racing. All his blood seemed to have rushed into his hurting erection. When Katya pushed her boobs at him, those delicious boobs he had adored for so many years without even getting close seeing them unclad. But he had fantasized about her boobs so much. And now they were so close, so beautiful, so perfect. “Don’t show any affection to Katya” his mind screamed in a futile attempt to get into control. But he just craned his neck, stuck out his tongue, oh, those nipples. Sh1e did not let him get to them. Her smile. That mischievous smile. Please, let it be over soon. And don’t do that again, I can’t stand more of this! Then his mind went numb.

“Oh, I did not get that, could you please do that again?” one guy exclaimed, remembering Joan of her audience. She smiled back at him and repeated the movement. Only that this time George stuck out his tongue, and Joan bowed just that little bit lower, that allowed him to flicker the tip of his tongue over her nipples. The guys were frantically cheering them on. Joan lifted back up again, turning and gyrating in front of George. Then she approached him again, straddling his legs, and rolling her hips. George stared at her thrilled and actually still not believing what was happening. “I can smell Katya’s arousal!” he exclaimed, “and I can see the moisture between her legs!” Joan was mortified. She felt betrayed by her own body. Did her body really completely give away her arousal? Sliding a finger slowly across her wet slit, she found proof. George’s eyes seemed to pop out of his head, he could hardly breathe. “Katya…” was all he managed to gasp. Joan found her courage again. She enjoyed the power she had over George. He just stared at her, mouth open, and yes, he actually started drooling. But Joan was far from being finished with him. An idea occurred to her. She dipped her finger in her wet pussy again. Then, keeping eye contact with George, she raised her finger to her mouth, and painted her lips with her own juices. George was paralyzed, he just let it happen. Joan now was enjoying herself, she felt completely in control. She leaned over again and surprised George completely, when she planted a kiss right on his lips, giving her a taste of her juices. She let the kiss linger a moment, before backing away. George was panting. His face had turned from beaming red to pale. He looked like he was about to faint. Or about to burst out crying. This was all too much for him.

Standing in front of George once again, Joan cupped her breasts her hands again, mockingly rocking her hips the way she would ride him. Once again she turned and bent, presenting him the view of her firm round ass and sopping wet pussy. Joan was determined not to give in to the urge to really touch herself and get herself off, although her excitement asked her to do so. For the moment being she felt in control, but she sure did not want things to get out of hand. She almost had to laugh. As if things had not gone out of hand. Far beyond that! If she really was Katya, she would have felt utterly humiliated and completely destroyed. Not being Katya made this an adventure Joan enjoyed totally. But after all she was with ten strangers. As much as the whole thing was turning her on, she had no intention to have sex with any of them. And of course if she went too far there was a serious danger that the mood was changing. Joan imagined that some false decisions might lead to a gang rape, and then it would be her and not Katya to endure it. Of course she had to stay in control or leave right away. For the moment being it was obvious that these guys admired her and were filled with glee that “Katya” had agreed to party with them and to boldly flaunt her naked body, show herself off in every detail. That was far more any of them had ever imagined in his wildest fantasies. So Joan felt pretty safe and decided she could go further.

So Joan approached George, inches away, and again slid one finger down between her pussy lips. She gasped as she finally started rubbing across her clit, and plunge into her wet hole, stroking, while George watched. He was so close! At least that’s what she thought! Joan looked back and realized that he had closed his eyes. He was clenching them shut. Stopping and leaning over the helpless George, Joan began to unbutton the poor guy’s shirt. He opened his eyes in shock. He shook his head no and looked at her pleadingly. Joan just smiled sweetly at him and whispered “enjoy!”

Poor George! It was just too much for him. Katya had humiliated him way back, and he realized she would do it again. Now. In front of everybody. Again. Everybody was clapping and cheering. His brain had stopped working. There was nothing he could do, or could he?

Joan slid down to her knees between George’s legs, pulling his shirt apart, off his shoulders, revealing his flabby paunch and chest. It was only then, with the shirt in her hand, that a new plan took shape in Joan’s mind. There wasn’t much more she could do, she had revealed herself in any imaginable way and Katya’s downfall seemed inevitable, with all these captures. It was time to leave. And this very guy, lying there paralyzed beneath her, would supply her with what she needed. For a start she had a shirt. And there was more. Oh, she was having so much fun…

Looking into George’s panicked and wide open staring eyes, Joan gently stroke the throbbing hardness between his legs. His mouth formed a “no”, which stayed unnoticed. Joan was loving the sound of his moan. She unbuttoned and unzipped George’s pants. He did not lift his hips to help her as she forcefully pulled them off, taking his boxer briefs with them.

Maybe this was the first moment in which some of the guys noticed that the tables had turned. Instead of humiliating Katya, she had skillfully found a way to humiliate George right in front of them.

Joan took a quick glance at the naked guy before her. “You should try with sports, George”, were her last words. Pants and shirt in her hands she turned and, before anyone could react, Joan simply walked to the entrance and stepped outside. The party was over, "Katya" was gone.

**CHAPTER 4 – Playing dolls**

When they had arrived at the Karaoke Bar, the guys had blocked her from view. Now, all alone, Joan caused quite a stir when she was back on the street. No wonder, she was stark naked, scantily hiding her body with George’s clothes that she still had not put on. She pressed them against her body, so that her boobs and pubis was covered, but from behind it was obvious that she was naked. This wasn’t for the streaking, Joan wanted to put a few meters between her and the guys first. She realized very fast that this decision was wrong. If they really tried to follow her, everyone she passed would be able to tell them where she had gone. This was a crowded area with many bars. She drew far too much attention. She had to put the clothes on right now and quick. She dropped the skirt and fidgeted with the pants. The boxer briefs had various stains from pre-cum, so Joan decided to forego putting them on. Dropping to the floor she raised one leg to step into the trousers. She gave a beautiful picture from behind, pushing out her tight tanned butt. Pushing out a sexy butt did not only rise attention, but also trouble. “Oh, no, you should not cover up! You’re much too beautiful not to go naked!” The comment was followed by a sharp slap on her but. Joan wasted no time to turn and look at her molester. Leaving the shirt and boxer briefs behind, pants in hand, she ran as fast as she could. Joan trained hard to keep her perfect body trim and fit. She was a good runner. It wasn’t that easy, because there were so many people. She kept running into people bumping into them. She realized, that at least one man tried to run behind her, presumably her molester. It did not take long to shake him off. Like her he had to bump into people, and other than her, he caused aggression and got into a fight. Being a naked girl had its advantages, people did not react angry if she bumped into them. Joan made a mental note, that streaking was an option. The faces of the people lit up when they saw her passing them. It was not the worst experience, and under different circumstances she might have enjoyed it. Running, Joan felt pretty safe. As soon as people realized her nudity, they just enjoyed the sight of her bouncing boobs, and it was over, she was gone. She could have just run back to the hotel, but she had no idea where she was. She had to stop and ask. But first she wanted to find a spot to at least put on those pants. She made a dash for a side street and randomly entered the first store. At the door she turned around and checked behind her. No one was following. She raised one leg to step into the pants. She gave a beautiful picture from behind, pushing out her tight tanned butt. “How can I be off help, Miss?” Joan just went on getting dressed, the clerk waited patiently. She turned around, covering her boobs with her hands, saying, “I’m a bit lost and…” She faced a guy in his twentieths. Obviously he had enjoyed the show she was putting on so far. But now his eyes seemed to pop out of his head. “Katya!” he exclaimed “holy shit!” Oh, no! Katya seemed to be known all over the place. What now? Could Joan really ask him, where to go without blowing her cover? No. But at least she could ask him for a favor. She gave him her best smile. “Er, listen, you see I’ve had some clothing mishap and I was wondering if you could be of help…” He looked at her in a strange way. “Katya, are you kidding me? You came here, of all places you came here, to ask me for clothes?” So far there was no time to look around. Now Joan did and it became clear, that she had picked a peculiar option. She had entered a sex shop. But that wasn’t all. Things got from bad to worse. The clerk was not a friend of Katya’s. Not at all! “And do you really think it is a brilliant idea to stumble in here and ask me, me of all people, for help? You could just as well have asked poor George, you stupid…” Joan tried to cool him down, “wait, can’t we…” but to no avail. “You sure remember when you told me, I would never get to see you naked?” Joan wondered what situation might have led to such a statement. Then he cooled down all of a sudden. “Katya, you act as if you don’t remember anything of this. Do you even remember my name?” What could Joan do? Of course not. She looked him straight in the eye, “Sorry, I don’t”. He looked hurt. ”And then tell me, why I should help you?” Joan realized that being Katya implicated unexpected challenges. “Listen, I am sorry. As you can see I am having some kind of minor trouble. I just need some kind of top. Anything. I’ll be back tomorrow and pay for it. And…” He looked at her sternly. A long scrutinizing look. “Why should I help you, Katya? You’ve always been a bitch. To everybody. And to me in particular. And now you don’t even remember my name. Why don’t you just turn and leave?”

Joan could have just done that. She had experienced enough today. And she had already been extremely successful in ruining Katya’s reputation, although she started to realize that Katya’s reputation seemed to be pretty low anyway. But it became obvious, that Katya must have teased boys and then rebuff them in her past. Plenty. But the set up was too promising not to scheme something. A sex shop, and her, wearing only pants. Joan made a decision.

“Listen, I’m sorry having told you that you will never get to see me naked. I want to make up for saying so”. And with these words, Joan slid her hands down her sides and over her hips. Keeping eye contact she unbuttoned and unzipped her pants, and slowly shimmied them down, turning and gyrating in front of the young clerk until she stepped free of them, now presenting her stark naked body to him.” Just watching, no touching!” she warned him. He just stared dumbfounded. Joan smiled invitingly. “Take your time. And when you’re done, pick something for me to wear!” He said no word. He shook his head yes, slowly went past her and locked the entrance door and pulled down the blinds. This was not so unusual, especially with female customers. So if the shop owner found out, he could always tell that a female customer wanted to try several outfits without being interrupted or seen by strangers.

He could not remember how often he had imagined Katya in the nude. And there she was, even sexier than in his fantasies. And she moved so free and cool, as if oblivious to the fact that she was stark naked. It was intimidating.

Joan noticed his intimidation very clearly. It was obvious that she was in control her. She enjoyed teasing him. He was so shy. That’s why it was Joan who finally invited him to snap some pictures. For his memories. He was nervously fiddling with his mobile phone. “Is there any pose you like in particular?” she asked. He cleared his throat and swallowed hard, but did not dare to ask her what to do. “Just smile”, he answered coyly. Joan wondered how Katya could have gotten in conflict with a harmless guy like him. Maybe she was about to find out. But not yet. It was Joan, who voluntarily squatted down and spread her legs to allow him to capture her clean shaven pussy. His hands were shaking, he just kept stammering, “Katya…, ...! Katya!” and nervously he took pictures from various angles. It was almost like with George – it was just too much for him. Joan felt marvelous and she decided to take things one step further. “Let’s spice up the pictures a little. Why don’t you hand me one of those dildos over there?” Joan laughed inwardly at the thought of Katya finding these pictures online on the next days. The pink dildo turned out to be a vibrator. Joan smiled at him and exclaimed, “Just for a quick picture”. It wasn’t necessary, but just for fun she lubricated it by performing a blowjob tease. Then she dove it right into her pussy, which again was sopping wet. He almost forgot to capture this. "MMMMMmmm," she purred "That’s special, isn’t it?"

Maybe she left the vibrator inside her pussy just a bit too long. Maybe she appeared just too comfortable showing herself off to him so blatantly. It inspired him. He had an idea. A bad one. “Wait, Katya. I think I have got something for you”. And that was when the tables started turning. How could she turn down his request to insert a vibrating egg into her pussy after that? With him at the control. Now Joan was getting uncomfortable. He switched it on, slow speed. “So. Let’s see if we find something to wear for you”. The effect of the vibrating egg was irresistible, even on slow speed. Joan could no longer think clear. She could not keep cool, she felt her arousal grow. And she noticed that he noticed. And the more nervous she got, the more secure he became. Joan was no longer enthusiastic to try out outfits, the deal was that he picked one for her anyway. But he insisted. “Let’s check which one suits you best!”

He turned to the rack and flipped through them slowly. “Okay try this, Katya" he through a red garter and fishnets at Joan with a matching red low cut fitted red halter. Joan gasped and started to shake her head no. “Come on, Katya, you promised”. Joan was no longer sure what she had promised, the egg was driving her insane. For the next 20 minutes she tried on various kinky outfits that he picked for her. Finally he found one he liked. Joan was a vision of sex. She spun around for him in thigh high nylons and high black boots, black leather panties and a black leather top that joined to the panties on each side of her body, showing off her flat stomach. He was satisfied with the result, which meant the time had come to turn the egg to faster speed. Why had she given in to that? Joan could no longer think. As the egg's vibration continued to work its magic on her pussy, Joan felt her body begin to react more and more to the stimulation and she was fast approaching an orgasm. He realized that and reduced the speed to a minimum. Unnerving still, keeping her close to the edge, but not letting her come. Joan wanted to reach down and simply take the egg out, but just could not do it. Instead she started rubbing her pussy. “No, no, not yet!” he said and grabbed her by the arms. Joan was will-less. She barely realized that he cuffed her hands behind her back. He let go, to take some captures. Joan stood on weak legs. He turned the speed faster again. “Stop it, stop it!” Joan gasped, breathing heavily. “All right, all right! No offense!” he grinned from ear to ear, lowering the speed just slightly. “Katya, I’ve always dreamed of ...ing your tits and getting a blow job from you.” He let his words sink in her mind. “Here’s the deal. I put the egg to zero, you fulfil my dream, but do your best, and then I will release the handcuffs and you can go. Just the way you are. You look stunning.” Joan fumed. But she shook her head yes. This was nothing she had not done before, and after all, she still was Katya.

He stepped towards her and clumsily pushed her top up, bearing her boobs. He helped her down on her knees and was gentleman enough to place something soft under her knees. “Pictures first!” he exclaimed as he got out his throbbing erection. Joan had never planned to go that far, but now that it had come that far, she decided to leave an impression. The posing turned out quite humiliating. Joan just wasn’t used to pose with an erect dick, and she found it very unpleasant. She made a mental note to try to avoid that in the future. The humping of her tits also resulted pathetic to her. As Joan had her arms tied behind her back, he needed to squeeze her tits together in order to ... them. His attempts on capturing this failed completely, which made him soften. This was bad news to Joan, because that meant she had to throw in extra skills when it came to the blow job. Starting with a limp dick required dedication and technique. Joan felt lucky to dispose of both. But then she realized that this wasn’t working. She just could not get into it that way. She was used to mutual stimulation. Never in her life had she just sucked a man’s dick without getting her share. Of course she would never ever ask him to stimulate her, to touch her, but… She could not believe her own decision, and when she spoke, she was convinced it was someone else, maybe Katya, just not her. Joan blushed scarlet as she asked him to put the egg back on. He had to laugh. Her question made him laugh almost hysterically, which had the unwanted side effect of his dick flagging again. But he did as she asked.

Full power! The strength of the vibration caused Joan to gasp out loud. She got to work on his dick again, and now with passion and dedication. Joan tried to squeeze off the much too fast approaching orgasm, but it was too no avail. She erupted in orgasm. But he was not ready to come. She felt sweat beginning to form on her forehead as the intensity of her orgasm began to subside, but the vibrations of the egg only seemed to intensify. As she began to approach a second orgasm, she realized, that she would not be able to finish him fast enough to avoid a humiliating and invalidating series of ripping orgasms. She tried her best to concentrate on blowing him, but the vibrating egg was merciless. Another orgasm followed suit. “Please”, she mumbled with his dick in her mouth”, the she withdrew for a moment, “slower, the egg, please, slower”, but smiling mischievously, he just pushed into her again, muffling her protest. Joan lost count how many orgasms the egg produced. It seemed to last forever. She was so glad when he finally came, that she failed to notice that he had shot his load right in her face. A final orgasm ripped through her, before he stopped the egg. Totally exhausted Joan collapsed to the floor. She didn’t even notice that he was taking close-ups of her come covered face and boobs. Then he released her arms. Joan wasted no time to get out that egg. She lay on the floor, gathering her strength as best she could. “Thank you so much, Katya”. Joan was so glad it was over, “never mind”, was all she could say.

**CHAPTER 5 – Losing top and panties again**

Joan had to admit that this wasn’t her greatest experience yet. The whole thing had started out as a kind of a revenge against a woman that obviously was part of a plot schemed against her. It was supposed to be fun, a little wild adventure, with the side effect that she could live out some secret fantasies. Now she was forcing herself to keep a stiff upper lip as she sashayed along the sidewalk in a slutty fetish outfit. Its top still smelled a bit of sperm. The young clerk had just unceremoniously pushed her outside. All Joan could do was to wipe as much as possible away with her bare hands. And get going. She was completely exhausted from the series of orgasms she had just experienced. She felt like she rather staggered than walked. She had been so worn-out that she failed to realize that the young clerk had cum right in her face. Actually, the scent of sperm she perceived did not only come from her boobs and the slinky top, but mostly from the dry remains of cum in her face. Joan was completely oblivious of that, but nobody who saw her would have believed that she simply walked around with her face cum stained in public. So she got away with it practically unnoticed.

Joan still had no idea where she was. For the moment being, she was much more troubled figuring out what just had happened to her. KIND OF she had just been forced to sex, but she knew very well that her own sultry attitude had started it all. And, far worse, although she was quiet exhausted now, she had really enjoyed it. The domination, the humiliation and the crazies and roughest series of orgasms she had ever experienced left her with mixed emotions.

Anyway. Because of the annoying smell she decided to use the restroom of some bar. And she needed a drink. Having no money on her and needing a drink was not her favorite choice. Especially running around in sexy fetish wear that left little to the imagination. But at least she was no longer naked.

On to new adventures!

She noticed a bar that appeared quiet nice and decided to enter. Something happened, that she had never experienced before. Joan got rejected! In all her modeling life she had been subserviently guided into any place she went. Everybody loved gorgeous young women around. But tonight was different. With that slutty outfit she could not just walk in into any location! Joan was stunned. The bouncer was the first one to really notice her state. “Sorry, you still got cum of your last client on your face – and with that outfit I just can’t let you pass. I’m really sorry” – and he meant it, because Joan still looked ravishing, of course.

That’s how she ended up in a rather seedy beer tavern. She headed directly to the toilet rooms and was shocked and surprised when she saw herself in the mirror. She removed the top and exhaustively cleaned her hands, boobs and face. The water was refreshing, she drank some of it, and her mood was climbing.

Then the door opened and a fat woman in her fifties walked in. Joan had no idea that it was the barmaid. But she realized right away that this was a tough one. With a gruff voice she exclaimed, “Listen sweet one, I know a hooker when I see her. All I want to tell you is, don’t mess with my clients. Will ya?”

In life, it is important to understand that there are people with whom one can discuss and others not. Joan made a big mistake by not considering that. Instinctively she crossed her arms above her bare chest and tried to explain, “I am not a hooker, it’s just…” The fat woman just yelled “ha!” and shoved Joan against the back wall. Then she turned, not without taking the top with her. “Get lost, whore!” and standing in the doorway of the women’s toilet room she exclaimed to everybody in the tavern, “Look what I took of her!” waving the top over her head. The tavern was bursting in laughter, applause and cat calls. BOOM. The door fell shut behind the barmaid.

“Shit!” Joan cursed. Without the top, her leather combination looked even more provocative. It was obvious that everyone out there was waiting for her to come out topless.

Joan saw her reflection in the mirror and had to admit, that she really looked like a hooker, a slutty one. Wearing thigh high nylons and high black boots, black leather panties and no top, she considered herself looking amazing. Sexy as hell. But all wrong in a place like this.

The people in the tavern were preparing for her to come out, one joke followed the other and the mood was great among the guests. But Joan decided not to let them have their fun with her. There was a small window in the back, and she managed to get it open. It was just big enough for her, sporty as she was, to reach up, jump and pull herself halfway through it, her legs dangling down inside. Perfect! Outside there was a dark courtyard. Exactly what she needed to compose herself, she might even find something to cover up there! Just one big pull and… Oh, no! Somebody grabbed her legs and held her back! They were trying to pull her back in! Joan pressed against the frame of the window as strong as she could, screaming out, “shit, shit, shit…”

Her words did not remain unheard. She woke up a sleeping homeless man nearby. He turned to see what was going on and was rewarded with the sight of a pair of marvelous tits. Now homeless people have learned to value other things, so he was not too impressed. He realized right away that he had encountered a damsel in distress. And that he could be of help.

Joan was mortified. She could not hold out much longer, the pulling got too strong. And as if this wasn’t bad enough they had started removing her leather panties and fingering her pussy. “Stop!” she screamed, but to no avail. It was like in a zombie movie with different rules. “Please!”

And then her words were answered. Answered by action. Strong arms gripped her shoulders and with one forceful motion she was free, losing the leather panties on the way. Joan was speechless, she looked at her savior, who just bowed his head and withdrew.

And there she was. Clean and refreshed. But pretty uncovered. Joan was completely nude safe for thigh high nylons and high black boots. The dark courtyard offered several opportunities to go on. Joan knew she had to decide quick where to go next, because it seemed possible that people from the tavern tried to chase her.

This was so ridiculous, Joan just had to laugh. And that’s really what she did before heading on. She laughed heartily. This was crazy, this was impossible – THIS WAS FUN! What an exciting adventure!

Joan felt like a porn comic super heroine in her high black boots. That’s why she opted against the easy way out, leaving the courtyard simply by stepping out on the street. Of course there was a risk that people from the bar tried to chase her. And once again she was completely naked. But now, after she had experienced so many crazy situations in a row, Joan felt completely at ease. This was all fun, and whatever happened would in the end be credited to Katya.

Anyway. Joan opted for the roof and climbed the fire ladder. This gave her various insights through the windows. Joan even rested a while peeping on a couple making out, before she went on. She was more than surprised that after her terrible series of orgasms in the sex shop (chapter 4), she could get aroused so heavily again. She had almost reached the roof – without really knowing where this could lead her – when she overheard a telephone conversation through an open window. “Katya? I can’t believe it! In the middle of the pedestrian area? She would never…You’ve got captures? Send ‘em over, yes, right now!”

Of course Joan was curious, and she stayed. A moment later, she spied the guy inside watching his monitor, looking at today’s captures, when Joan was performing as Katya at the pedestrian area (chapter 1).

They even had videos. Joan saw herself on the guys monitor, masturbating in public. Joan blushed scarlet. What had she done? How could she have done that? The guy picked up his phone again. “I can now confirm that this really is Katya. We’ve been fooling around for some time some years ago, and there is no doubt.” He hung up. Then he pulled out his dick and started jerking to the pictures. Joan decided it was time to leave. She turned away and climbed the ladder.

Joan was very satisfied with herself. People really took her for Katya. This was amazing! She realized, that she had done more than enough to destroy Katya. She could just head directly back to the hotel and leave tomorrow.

But Joan did not want to.

This was too much fun!

Joan decided to give that guy an extraordinary experience. She climbed back down. He was occupied with the pictures on his monitor. Joan stepped through the window inside his apartment. Consumed by the sight of “Katya” masturbating in public he failed to hear her enter. He jerked his dick like mad. Joan took just the right moment, in the very moment he came she stepped into his view, naked safe for her slutty thigh high nylons and high black boots. Smiling at him. She would never forget his silly face as he realized her standing beside him. Then he came, closing his eyes as the orgasm hit him. When he opened them again, “Katya” was gone. Strong orgasm, crazy fantasy he thought.

Joan easily escaped through the door of the flat. Even more, leaving his place she had snatched a coat.

Now with that coat, Joan was safe to go anywhere. No longer displaying her body. Before she left the apartment house, she noticed that she even had stolen the guy’s wallet. She dropped it to the floor after taking the cash. Now she could easily get back. All she had to do was hail a taxi.

But Joan wasn’t done yet. She wanted more.

**CHAPTER 6 – Clubbing**

It happened all very fast and very naturally. Joan, practically naked under her coat safe for her thigh high nylons and high black boots, entered the club without any hassle. Her beautiful face even spared her to pay admission. She hadn’t even started to get a general idea of the place, when a gorgeous young woman handed her a drink. “Listen, Katya, we might have been rivals back then. But let’s face it, we were the two hottest girls. And we still are. Let’s forget about the past and just party together!” Joan of course accepted the drink. Her new friend went on, telling her that she had heard about today’s events, and she found it way cool that Katya had abandoned her arrogance. After all her adventures, the drink took strong effect on Joan immediately. She could not tell whether it was strong or she was just exhausted. Anyway, she was game for another walk on the wild side.

It was obvious, that Joan’s new found friend wore no bra. She wore a short backless gown that bared her beautiful long tanned legs. Only two pieces of clothing on a bombshell. Joan decided to take action for some double exposure of Katya and her former rival. One thing that was remarkable about that place was the dancing pole above the dance floor, which was accessed over some stairs. If Katya was a local celebrity, it would be fun to dance up there in her attire. Best of all with a rival from the past.

It all came pretty natural. They started dancing together. It was a bit ridiculous, the sexy girl in the sexy backless dress dancing with a beautiful young woman in a rather shabby coat. But that was about to change. “I dare you to go up there and dance with me!” Joan challenged. “I heard what you did today, and I am not sure whether you have gone crazy or not. But count on me – I’m in!” How could Joan know that her drink was spiked with some heavy drug? Well, actually the real Katya would never have accepted a drink from her past rival.

People were cheering them on when they went for the pole. Joan knew pretty well, that for the moment being they were much more excited about her companion. From below they should have a good view up her dress. But that was about to change. They gyrated a bit, moving in circles around the dancing pole. Then Joan simply and unceremoniously dropped the coat, shocking everybody around at the sight of her practically naked, safe for her thigh high nylons and high black boots. Katya’s former rival stared at Joan in disbelieve. Before she could gather herself, Joan acted. She jumped at her, slid her hands up her thighs and grabbed the waistband of her flimsy panties. Before she could even react, Joan broke the thin material and deprived her rival of her panties. Joan waved them above her head, at the same time exposing her naked body at the crowd below her. They were laughing and cheering.

Joan felt great. She was in control. Her opponent was blushing scarlet. Joan threw the shredded panties down to the crowd. Her opponent seemed to cringe in embarrassment. Joan waved at the people down below, deliberately jiggling her boobs. Then she felt a firm grip on them. Her opponent whispered into her ear, “let’s give them what they always wanted to see…”

So they circled around the pole, sexily gyrating to the beat. Although her opponent only wore a very revealing dress, and some people might get glimpses up her thighs, Joan was very aware that still it was her who was the naked one. Whatever it had been she had aimed at, all of a sudden she felt like it was time to quit. Joan was tired and she felt the effect of the drink.

“Do you remember when you told everybody that I was working as a dancer in a club? I had trusted you, and it had been you who had asked me for a way to earn some easy extra money.” Her rival mounted her from behind, slamming her hips into hers, which aroused more cheer and laughter. Joan felt shaky. Something was wrong. Joan wanted to leave. She bowed to grab for the coat on the floor, which helped her opponent to get her on all fours. “I’ve always wanted to do this!” she exclaimed and grabbed Joan’s boobs from behind. The crowd was roaring. Then Joan felt a hand between her legs. “What… NO!” she managed to say, but her rival just laughed. “You’re sopping wet. Just admit it that you’re enjoying this.” So far Joan did not have any lesbian experience, but now she found herself in front of a raging crowd below, with a female hand expertly teasing her clit. And soon it was replaced by her skillful tongue. Joan’s head swirled. Now that was crazy! And once again Joan felt like losing control. But it was too late. The drug in her drink started working its magic, and Joan felt light and relaxed.

“Do you notice them pointing theirs phones at us, Katya?”

“Oh, you like it, that was a strong series of orgasms, Katya, wasn’t it?”

Joan was lost. She was in kind of a daze. Her rival toyed with her any way she liked. Joan was tired and drunk and horny. Orgasm after orgasm rushed through her as she helplessly endured all kinds of pleasuring from her skilled opponent. Right in front of everybody.

First Joan did not realize the change of hands. A different person had taken over. Various men and women wanted to have their go at Katya’s sensitive body. The drug had taken its full effect. Joan was in a sexual frenzy and barely recognized that she was surrounded by the crowd that had entered the stage above the dance floor. Katya’s rival was nowhere to be seen. How come nobody intervened? Well, after all it was Katya, a local celebrity. A well known local snotty bitch. Naked on all fours safe for slutty thigh high nylons and high black boots. She was squirming right in front of them, most sensible to anybody’s touch and begging them not to stop.

The effect of the drug did not last too long. Joan finally fended of those hands and raised to her feet. The coat was gone, at least that’s what it seemed like. But then a guy emerged from the crowd and handed it to her. “Katya, this was incredible. But now let me take you home, I think that was enough for now” Joan stared at him uncertainly. “Come on, I’m your neighbor. I know we’re not friends, but you should at least remember me. Just come with me, I’ll take you home.”

Joan threw the coat over her body and followed him. Three of his friends were with them. That’s how Joan got into a car together with four guys. Joan did not bother to button the coat, she had to smile when she noticed all four young men tried to ogle at her cleavage. After all they had helped her to get away from the club and behaved like gentlemen. Joan decided to reward them by letting the coat slide open and incidentally expose her chest. “Concentrate on the road!” she warned her savior, who was driving.

Joan realized that things might get pretty complicated now. They would stop right at Katya’s place. But she could of course not go inside. Before she could figure out a plan, the car stopped. “Here we are! It was great to meet you again. Wait, I’ll accompany you to your door, you should not go alone dressed like this”, Katya’s neighbor said in a friendly tone. Joan was unable to cope with the situation. Of course this was dangerous. By no means could she run into Katya. All today’s events would backfire on her. Joan had to think quick, had to act right away. She came to no better idea than pouting her lips and smile invitingly, “listen, why not party a little more at your place?” Her four escorts were more than enthusiastic.

**CHAPTER 7 – Gone too far**

Next morning Joan awoke on the alert. She found herself lying stark naked on a bed. Her body was sore and her mouth tasted of sperm. An ugly naked fat guy was snoring beside her, accompanied by a skinny naked nerdy guy. A camera tripod stood right next to the bed, causing worst worries in Joan’s aching head. No camera in sight, so she could not retain what was captured. Later she was going to find out via posts on the internet what had happened, and she was more than happy that it was “Katya”, not her. But after all it was nobody’s but her very own body and mind that went through that adventure. And there was no drug involved, Joan had to admit to herself that she had willingly thrown herself into that situation. Later, in her sexual frenzy, she no longer knew what was happening, only that her body was tingling all over and her arousal was beyond control.

It was obvious, that it had not just stayed four guys partying with her. They must have called all theirs friends. Of course this was a sensation! The hottest and snottiest girl around was offering herself to everybody. Joan would of course never have taken part in a gang bang, although she had certain fantasies about that. But as “Katya” she was ready to let go all her inhibitions. Joan was shocked and surprised. And very satisfied with herself. She was a true adventurer.

Everybody was snoring. There were several other guys scattered around the apartment, and Joan instantly knew she had to leave but quick. She found the bath. The mirror showed her face and hair in a mess. Dried cum. Joan could not believe the state she was in. She absolutely required a shower. Although she had to leave in a haste, she could not go outside in that state. The shower was warm and Joan quickly regained her energy. She was about to relax completely, when a fat guy entered the bath room. “I always knew you were a slut, Katya. But a great one…” He brazenly grabbed her by her shoulders. “Let me just ... your tits one more time, slut”, he said and moved her hands to her boobs, in order to cup them so that he could slide his dick between the orbs. To her own amazement, Joan complied. She was so tired. Two humiliating minutes later, he came between her tits, the still running shower washed his cum away. “You look so great, soaking wet from the shower, Katya. Wait, I’ll get my phone to capture you once again…” he said and left. Right away, another one appeared, “let me have you one more time, Katya. You make me so horny, I could ... you forever…” Now Joan knew things had gotten out of hand. Before she knew what was happening, he pressed her against the wall and swiftly shoved his – at least – lubricated index finger right into her pussy from behind. Joan squirmed to escape, and miraculously he withdrew. “What is it, Katya? Sorry, I thought… you did us all in every imaginable way and…” Joan blushed scarlet. WHAT HAD SHE DONE? She just left the bath room. Avoiding the returning guy who had just ...ed her tits, she turned right. Another room, more guys, spread out on the floor, sleeping. One of them raised his head and smiled at her. “Oh my, I can’t believe I had your ass, Katya, let’s do it once again”. Joan felt hands at her ankles, “suck me off one more time…” – Joan had to flee. It was almost like in a zombie movie, only that the zombies wanted sex. Joan turned, only to bump into the fat guy, who had come between her tits in the bath. He pointed his phone at her. “Just one more picture of you sucking my dick, please…” This was crazy! A Nightmare! Joan squeezed past him and hurried to the next door. Another room filled with sleeping men. Could it be that they all had had their way with her? With “Katya”? Joan felt hands on her thighs and butt. She scurried and reached the front door. Joan had to get away as fast as possible. She hurriedly stepped outside stark naked. A neighbor, an elderly man, stared at her in disbelief. “Are you all right?” Before Joan cold answer, one of the sex crazed Zombies stepped behind her and grabbed her tits, grunting like an animal. The elderly neighbor was shocked and stunned. The guy behind Joan forced her on all fours. The neighbor composed himself, “You’re Katya, you live next door… Listen, shall I call the police?” The guy behind her entered Joan from behind, exclaiming happily, “Yes, that’s Katya, the hottest and most arrogant chick around. And he is game for everything! Try for yourself! Why don’t you ask her to suck your dick? I promise you, that slut will do it!” He started ...ing Joan from behind, at least he had his dick well lubricated. The neighbor stared in disbelief, and repeated his question. “Katya, shall I call the police?”

Joan of course did not have the least interest in the police intervening. This would blow her cover. Before long everybody would know that she was not Katya and the consequences were biggest trouble. Joan could not even imagine what that would mean for her life and most of all for her career as a model. That’s why she braced herself and bravely agreed to the guy mounting her from behind. “No, no, everything is all right. We are just having fun. No need to call the police…” The neighbor shook his head in disbelief. “But you should not have that kind of fun out here in public…” He watched with a mixture of fascination and disgust, at the gorgeous girl getting ...ed from behind right before his eyes, early in the morning. Joan noticed the lust in his eyes as he said, “Maybe I should just call the police, this is sick…” The guy ...ing Joan just laughed, “Don’t be a fool! Come on! Just push it in! You will never get the chance to ... such a hottie again!” Joan knew it was vital to keep this man from calling the police. She gave her best smile and purred, “come on, you won’t regret it, I will do my very best.”

So that’s how Ashley and Jim finally found Joan. Stark naked in a front garden next to Katya’s house. Joan was on all fours, trapped between an old man ...ing her face and a young guy taking her from behind. After Ashley and Jim had lost Joan, they had figured out that they had to prevent Joan from running into the real Katya. In order to do so, they decided to stick to Katya as close as possible. That’s why they had taken post next to Katya’s house this morning. They expected that Katya would soon start her morning jog, when suddenly Joan appeared in the neighboring front garden. Stark naked. The problem was, that Ashley and Jim were not sure whether it was the real Katya or their friend Joan.

Ashley and Jim discussed the matter as the scene outside unfolded. They watched from the car in disbelief. Before long they realized, that if this was Joan, they had to take action quick. It was a question of minutes until Katya would go on her daily morning jog – if that nude outside actually wasn’t Katya. From what they knew about Katya, it was not very likely that it was her, getting double penetrated in public, of course. But they would have never expected something like that from Joan either.

So finally they acted. They split. Ashley went to the front door of Katya’s house. If the real Katya appeared, Ashley would try to divert her from Joan. Jim sped towards the threesome.

“Stop it!”

Joan turned her head letting go the old man’s prick from her mouth. In the very moment he came, shooting his cum on her face. “Jim, finally”, Joan thought, as she received another load on her butt and back from the young guy who groaned with lust. Jim grabbed her by the shoulders and raised her up. Before the two men ...ing Joan could react, he had her pulled up and pushed her towards the car. “Quick!” he exclaimed. Both ran to the car. “In the back”, he ordered, “and down!”

And that’s what Joan did. Ashley had seen them and came over to the car as well. The young guy who had ...ed Joan from behind quickly got inside the house. The neighbor also walked off in a hurry. Just a moment later, the unsuspecting Katya stepped from her house in her runners outfit. This had been extremely close. Katya started jogging and ran past the very front garden in which “she” had been ...ed by two guys just moments ago. And Katya had no idea of it. Not yet.

“Are you crazy Joan? Did you see her? That was the closest possible to total disaster” Ashley fumed. Joan was too tired to answer. “Let’s just leave”, Jim said. And that’s what they did.

**EPILOGUE**

Joan never heard of her blackmailers again. Of course she found all the new material on Katya on the internet much too soon. Katya was destroyed. She left her home and changed her name. Katya did not have the slightest clue what had happened. From one day to the other everyone seemed to have lost all respect of her. Former classmates called her and asked for a .... He neighbor grabbed her ass and tits. It didn’t last long until someone sent her the links to the first uploads of many. Katya broke down. She was not able to give account of what had happened. She agreed that the woman in the pictures and in the videos was her. At least she looked exactly like her. In every detail, and all those captures showed her in deepest detail. Of course she realized, that there was kind of a resemblance with the evil scheme they had plotted against the famous model Joan. But it did not occur to her, that it might have been that very Joan that was doing her part in those captures. The reason is simple. She knew that she looked a lot like Joan, but she had no idea, that they really looked exactly the same. Joan and Katya were identical twins, separated postpartum. It is a bit tragic that they did not meet during this adventure, it would have become a whole different story. Anyway, Katya left town and took a new name. Joan continued her career as a model. The more famous she got, the less rumors about her having a wild side came up. Much later those captures of “Katya” became known, and it was a big scandal. Joan never modelled nude or even topless, so it was great for most of her fans. Joan never commented on that “leaked” material. When the captures really started affecting her blooming career, she started searching for Katya. But that’s another story.

THE END