**Becca Exposed**

by ratios

**Part 2:**

The kick-drum-like beats of my pounding heart sent reverberations vibrating down every nerve in my body, plucking and strumming them like over-tuned guitar strings. This, combined with the fact that I had scarcely taken a breath since putting my phone down two minutes prior, finally caught up to me while standing on the cold tile floor of the showers and I had to grab the head-height partition between two stalls to keep myself upright.

Though I had never taken a drug stronger than ibuprofen before, I intuitively recognized that the feeling washing over me was that of an overdose and I briefly considered whether I had utterly lost my mind. Denial reared its ugly head, however, and so I forced myself under the shower’s stream rather than acknowledging the turmoil raging inside myself.

Focusing on individual tasks involved in scouring my scummy body provided ample distraction for a while, with the ultra-neat, borderline obsessive part of me taking over during the process. Loofah, suds, scrub, scrub, scrub, nail brush, shampoo, rinse, shampoo again for good measure, facial cleanser, conditioner, last rinse, thorough towel drying, immediate combing, hair wrap in towel… No towel. Don’t worry about it. Move on.

All the while, a voice in the back of my mind screamed and pounded on the walls of my head in panic, but I did my best to ignore it. To hear its message meant to accept what I had done, and I wasn’t ready for that. Instead, I was ready for moisturizer after the exceptionally long, hot shower I had just taken.

Usually, I would set down a second towel on the small shower bench so that I could sit to moisturize rather than putting my skin directly on the marble seat. Who knew how many other butts had graced its surface? Tonight, however, I had no towels to at all.

Because you ran here naked, the voice in my mind accused.

Focus. Lotion.

With no hot water splashing on my body, and no inherent need to hunt and seek for dirt, the task of applying moisturizer to my skin was much less engaging than showering had been. The flimsy veil of distraction that had, up until this point, allowed me to ignore my screaming inner voice lasted only from my feet to my thighs before it completely disintegrated.

Though I had had no intention of putting lotion on the area surrounding my crotch, the simple visual reminder that my puffy, twice teased and denied sex existed was enough to cause the dam of dissonance within me to crumble, allowing the wave of panic that it had been holding back to flood over me completely. Seconds later I had my hastily re-packed bucket in hand as I sprinted, nude and still slightly dripping, down the hall to my room. I don’t remember having passed any other women, but I can’t say for sure I would have noticed it if I had.

Lotion smeared fingers on shaky hands slipped and slid over my doorknob and key as I struggled to regain access to my room so that I could undo what I had done. The bucket got carelessly flung to the floor at the foot of my bed, a shampoo bottle popping open to leak and soak into the carpet, but I wouldn’t realize that until later. The only thing that mattered was getting to my phone.

Battery saver settings automatically closed any apps I left open after five minutes of idle time, so I had to pull up Monique’s text to log back into the amateur site. Quickly entering the credentials from the message, I hit the Log In button and…

INVALID PASSWORD.

Fuck!

The overwhelming volume of anxiety that was bearing down on me turned itself up a few notches. TellMeToStrip was visible in the username field, so I was sure that was correct. Only dots appeared in the password field as I rapidly re-thumbed in my information a second time.

INVALID PASSWORD.

Oh nonononono. PLEASE!

Shouting at my phone had no effect. Trembling hands, lotion slicked fingers, a dangerously elevated heart rate, and the rapid onset of exhaustion after a long day, however, had lots of effect. I stupidly typed what I thought was the password for the account in a hurry for the third time.

INVALID PASSWORD. YOUR ACCOUNT HAS BEEN LOCKED. PLEASE USE THE FORGOT PASSWORD OPTION TO REGAIN ACCESS.

GOD DAMMIT!

Forcing myself to sit on the edge of my bed, I scrolled down until I found the Forgot Password option and clicked it, re-entering my username and clicking the Reset Password button. Switching to my email, I started refreshing it approximately once every half a second while trying not to chew the fingernails down to the quick on my other hand. Seconds turned into minutes and then minutes turned into even further panic.

Switching back to the porn site, I looked for any indication of what I might have done wrong, and then I noticed the small red text that had appeared at the bottom of the page after I did the Forgot Password thing. It informed me that a message with a link to reset my password had been sent to mb3706 at Proton dot mail. This confused me for a moment as I didn’t have a Proton Mail account, but then it hit me…

M B.

Monique Bonnaire.

Of course.

With me having been in the bathroom at the bar while Monique was creating the TellMeToStrip user, she would have had to use her own email for the site. That meant that I had no access to the email address associated with the account. That further meant that I would have to talk to Monique if I wanted to actually reset the password and take down the album full of naked pictures of myself that I had stupidly made public while high on arousal. It was now nearing midnight.

To put it succinctly, I was fucked.

Staring at Monique’s contact in my phone didn’t actually cause it to dial the number, and that was both a good and a bad thing. In no scenario that I played out in my mind for what would happen after I hit that little green call button on my screen did anything go well. At best, Monique would be pissed that I called her so late and would chew me out for making her cater to my dumb needs in the middle of the night. At worst, she would ask me why I needed the password reset and I, the terrible liar that I was, would invariably tell her the whole story and the proverbial shit would then proceed to hit the proverbial fan. Words could not describe how much I did not want to have that conversation.

Considering that my choices were to leave a bunch of nudes of myself in the public eye forever or to suffer Monique’s teasing for an approximately equal amount of time, the private humiliation eventually won out over the public and I made the call. After three rings, I was sure she was sleeping and wasn’t going to pick up, but she surprised me in the middle of the fifth and answered.

“Hello?,” she asked. Her voice sounded tired and irritated. Considering the time, she had likely at least been in bed, if not asleep.

Crap; I realized I hadn’t planned beyond the calling part.

“Uh, hey, Monique… It’s Becca.”

“No, really? Becca? I didn’t realize that, considering that your name is on my phone screen right now.”

It was going well already.

“Um, listen… Is the email mb3706 at Proton yours?”

The irritation in her voice was mostly replaced with curiosity when she asked, “Yeah. Why?”

“That’s the email you used to create the TellMeToStrip profile, right?”

“Yeah, you weren’t around so I used a burner address that I use for shit that’s likely to get me spammed. Feel free to change it if you want. I don’t give a crap.”

“About that… I kinda locked myself out of the account.”

The sound of a yawn filtered through my phone’s speaker.

“Too bad. You’ll have to wait 'til tomorrow to be a goonette. We can mess with it when you’re over here again. I’m hanging up now.”

Tomorrow was Sunday, and the study group had planned to meet at Monique’s again in the afternoon. That was over half a day away, however. Far too long for my privates to remain public.

“Wait, wait, wait!,” I shouted before she could end the call. Taking a deep breath, I decided to come clean. “I may have… accidentally posted some… stuff. Now I’m locked out and I can’t take it down.”

Curiosity gave way to disbelief on the other side of the conversation. “You accidentally did WHAT? I gotta see this.”

The words got quieter as she spoke and the sound of tapping overlapped the last few words. Too late, I realized that she was going to the site on her phone to see what I had posted.

“No, wait-,” I started to shout, but was interrupted.

“Holy shitballs, girl!,” I heard as if from far away. “These aren’t the pictures I stuck in a draft as a joke. What the… There’s new stuff in here! Did you take pictures in your dorm room? What the fuck?”

Tinny laughter pealed across the connection and I briefly wondered if it would be better if I just went outside and found a ditch that I could sit in until a heavy rain came through and washed me away. Eventually, Monique got a hold of herself and started talking to me rather than at me again.

“Wow, Bex. I mean, WOW. This one already has ten comments on it! Your snatch is pop-u-lar!,” she teased, emphasizing every syllable of the word. All I could do was mewl in response as my free hand crept its way between my legs again. “I knew you were a needy slut, but this is hilarious.”

Her humiliating words hit the slumbering embers of horniness within me like a rush of pure oxygen and I couldn’t help but touch myself as she taunted me. The running commentary she was delivering as she reviewed my photos didn’t end there though.

“Lookin4Puss1972 says your tits are on the small side but that he’d still smash if he was drinking. Isn’t that nice of him? HA.”

My fingers were now moving steadily in and out of my pussy as I lost myself to the hopeless depravity of the situation.

“This last pic you included has a ton of likes already. You can totally see your face from the nose down in the mirror, though. What, are you saving your eyes for your future husband?”

A moan escaped my lips and I started pumping two fingers in and out of myself faster. Monique must have heard something as she immediately focused in on the sound.

“Oh my God, you dirty ho… Are you masturbating on the phone with me right now?” This stopped me in my thrusting and I froze in place as the realization of what I was doing came over me. My silence apparently gave Monique all the answer she needed as she shouted, “What the absolute fuck?,” in response.

Ashamed, embarrassed, afraid, and pulled emotionally in a dozen different directions at once, I just muttered, “Sorry, sorry, sorry,” as I tried with all my might to keep my fingers out of my dripping vagina. Laughter sounded from her side once again.

“Jee-sus, B. You are something else.” She giggled for a little while longer speaking again. “Okay, here’s what we’re gonna do. You ready to listen up and be a good girl?”

“Yes, please. Anything,” was my immediate response.

“Right. I’ll reset the password for you, but that favor comes with a new order. Are you in the mood to do some more obeying?”

Having no idea what I might be agreeing to, I hesitantly replied, “I guess?”

“Good. It’s not so much a completely new order as it is a tiny expansion of an existing rule. You know you’re already going to be naked whenever you’re at study group, and you know you’re not allowed to touch yourself at my house without permission. The new order just modifies that second one a bit: no touching yourself at all until study group tomorrow, and then only with the permission of one of the other members. You need to save all the really embarrassing shit that you do for when we’re all around to watch and laugh.”

Staring at my glistening hand and oozing sex, I could only whimper.

“Oh, now, none of that sad shit. You obviously make bad decisions when you’re left alone and horny, so this rule is really there to protect you from being a dumbass and thinking with your twat.”

The accusation was ridiculous, offensive, and entirely accurate. She kept pushing when I hesitated.

“Besides, who is even going to know if you follow the rules or not? It’s not like anyone has a gun to your head. I mean, we both know that you will, because you’re a submissive humiliation junkie that can’t help herself, but it’s all really just fun and games, right?”

Sarcasm and mocking dripped from every one of her words.

The part of me desperate to take down my nudes agreed with Monique that her idea was for the best; I was out of control and needed an enforced break from being stupid-horny. The part of me that just wanted to immerse myself in humiliation until my pussy melted and flowed away wondered what it would be like to deny myself completely unless I was being observed. Really, the idea was intriguing for both my conflicting halves, but that didn’t mean that I had to feel great about the proposition.

At some point during my contemplation, I fell back onto my bed and just laid there, wondering how I had gotten to this point in my life.

Things had been so normal yesterday, but now yesterday felt like so long ago.

“Hello? Did you get lost in your puss again or something?”

The question snapped me out of my self-recrimination and I replied, “No, I’m still here.” After another moment of brief thought, I added in a quiet voice, “Okay.”

“‘Okay’ what?,” Monique asked teasingly.

“Okay, please change my password and I’ll… keep my hands to myself until tomorrow.”

“What’s that mean? You know how much I like specificity. Better lay it out for me plainly.”

In true Monique style, she was going to make me humiliate myself one last time before she was done with me. Sighing in surrender, I indulged her.

“I mean that I won’t masturbate again without permission.” Squeezing my eyes shut, I added, “Can you just reset the password now?”

After a brief laugh, she replied, “I reset it ten seconds after you asked the first time; don’t you check your texts? I just wanted to give you some shit for interrupting my beauty sleep.”

Flipping to my texts, I found the message with the new credentials immediately. The timestamp showed it was almost five minutes old at this point. The new password was ‘iamawannabepornstarwhocanttype’ and then some random punctuation. If I hadn’t already felt dumb before, I certainly would now.

“Thanks, Monique,” I managed to mutter, more out of politeness and habit than actual gratitude.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever. Hey: you’d best be super careful entering that new password, ‘cause if you call me to reset that shit again, I’m going to send you the new creds by way of a post on Instagram tagging everyone you know.”

The call ended.

I lay there staring at the ceiling and thinking about my life for a bit before realizing that the gallery I had been working so hard to take down was still very much up. Triple checking every character, I entered my new password and logged into the account.

Immediately, I went to the compromising album I had created and looked for a way to hide it. At the top of the album there was a counter that showed that just over a thousand people had already viewed it and that the album was already forty five minutes old. A thousand people had seen almost every inch of me naked. Dozens of pictures, dozens of poses. How many of those thousand people had downloaded some or all of the images? How many strangers had masturbated to my likeness?

Breathing became difficult.

Forgetting my need to hide the album temporarily, I instead started flipping through picture by picture. It seemed that every semi or completely naked picture of me had garnered more likes and comments than any social media post I had ever made before. All on my first outing.

The dopamine was real.

I’m not proud to say it, but I read every single comment. Some of them more than once. A few were spam bots trying to draw me to other porn sites, but most were people connecting with me in a way that nobody had ever done so before. Sure, it was mainly about my nudity, but attention was attention, and rarely got any to speak of.

Men who wanted to hook up, or to simply fuck me like an object. Women who wanted to tie me up and sit on my face. People of every kind both deriding me and praising me, sometimes in the same breath. Slut, whore, fuckhole, cunt, pussy, meat, goddess, slave… To these people I was all of these things and more. They presented me with a twisted cocktail of all their lust and anger and jealousy and vitriol, and I couldn’t help but drink deeply of every word. By the time I was finished, I was cursing myself for ever having agreed to Monique’s new, cruel restriction on my freedom. Still, I obeyed and just leaked on my bedspread like a good girl.

Done torturing myself with the words of others, I came to my senses and realized I had left the album public the entire time I was reading. Immediately feeling dumber than ever, I resumed searching for a way to take the posting down. Sure enough, there was an Edit button that revealed two new options: Delete and Hide.

My thumb hovered back and forth between the two for what felt like far too long. The depraved voice in the back of my mind warned, “Just in case,” and I ended up tapping the Hide button, causing a new twinge in my already aching pussy. Jumping to the main page of the site, I searched and checked and tested and could not come up with a way to find the post any more. Only then did I take my first full breath in what felt like an eternity.

Checking the album again, I saw from the main page that the “final” count sat at one thousand six-hundred and twelve views over the course of sixty six minutes. I stared at those numbers for a long time.

Before I finally logged out, I went to my profile settings and changed the email address associated with the account to my Mackinaw U student email. It wasn’t until I had gone and clicked the requisite confirmation link in an email they sent me that I realized that I had just gone to a porn site link from a university provided account. An account that my parents could also see… and that was probably also monitored by my school’s IT staff.

Panicking yet again, I deleted the confirmation message in a hopeful attempt to conceal the evidence of my latest stupidity, and then went back to my TellMeToStrip account to change the email again. When I tried this, a popup appeared that politely informed me that I could only change the email associated with the account once every thirty days for security purposes. This created a new little bundle of anxiety that went and settled itself alongside the rest of the quivering mountain in the pit of my stomach. More through desensitization than anything else, I somehow managed not to cry.

With nothing new left to focus on, my body picked this moment to remind me of how completely exhausted I was. Briefly, I considered changing out my top blanket, which now had smears of dirt and several wet patches, but a giant yawn quashed that idea. Instead, I turned off the lights and slipped under the sheets to settle down and wait for sleep. With nothing but the quiet and darkness to keep me company, my brain decided that the best way to pass the time until I passed out was to alternate between berating myself for being such a dumb slut and wishing to cum and cum again until I became a puddle. Luckily, I don’t remember any of the dreams that followed.