**The Blinds**

by Enf\_Kink

**Chapter 2 - Water**

Emma was in complete shock, “why is this happening to me?” she wondered. She wanted a moment to get her bearings straight and take stock of the situation, but the fear of the video and pictures getting sent out into the universe propelled her to respond right away.

“Is there anything I can say or do that will convince you to keep this between us?” she messaged back.

“Hmm, that depends on how far you’re willing to go to keep me entertained,” they replied.

“What do they mean by ‘keep me entertained’? How far am I willing to go? What could be worse than everyone I know seeing that video?” thought Emma.

“What would you have me do?” she anxiously replied, staring at the 3 dots on the screen.

“Do you have wireless headphones?” they asked catching Emma off guard.

“Yeah…AirPods why?”

“Put them in, I’m going to FaceTime you,” they explained, “you have one minute or I send the video out to everyone you know.”

Emma stared at her phone stunned by this sudden escalation before sprinting around her room to find her AirPods. She quickly pulled them out of their case and put them in her ears right when the FaceTime call came through. “At least I’ll be able to see who’s holding me hostage,” she thought, however when the call connected she was greeted only to a black screen.

“Hello?” Emma said in a barely audible whisper.

The voice that came through was the female sounding text-to-speech voice from Tik Tok. She was no closer to figuring out who was doing this. “Set up your camera where I can see your whole body,” they said as if this was a normal experience. Emma looked around and decided to put her phone up on her dresser, pointing down to show her full silhouette as instructed. “Very good. Let’s not prolong this, go ahead and strip,” said the robotic voice. Before Emma could even begin to protest she heard, “you have one minute to get naked. Go.”

“Am I really going to do this?” she questioned to herself, “they’ve already seen me naked, but that was without my consent, can I willingly strip naked for a stranger? What choice do I have?” She just stood there staring at her phone.

“30 seconds remaining,” they said in a deadpan tone, lacking any sympathy.

Emma looked at herself through the camera wearing her father’s old, oversized Sublime T-shirt and gray pajama pants. She watched herself on the screen putting her hands on the lower hem of her shirt.

“15 seconds and that video goes out,” they said with more venom than they had previously spoken with. That got Emma’s attention, she slowly pulled the shirt up over her head, exposing her bare breasts to the camera and her tormentor, grateful she wasn’t wearing a bra to have another thing to take off. She then yanked down her pajama pants and panties in one swift motion, taking no time to think about it, and now stood completely naked. She couldn’t bring herself to look up at the camera this time, instead she stared down at herself, left arm covering her breasts, right hand between her legs. “Arms at your sides,” they said, Emma pitifully lowered her arms knowing she was now on full display. She stood there dejected, made to feel ashamed in her own house, her own room.

“Are your parents sleeping?” asked the tormentor abruptly.

“Wha- yes I think so why?” she whispered nervously.

“You look really thirsty, I think you should go get a glass of ice water from the kitchen.”

Emma gasped, her eyes going up to the camera for the first time and then immediately looking away when she saw the sight of herself standing bare naked.

“Grab your phone and put the flashlight on until you’ve turned on the hallway light,” they instructed.

“I-I can’t do this, I have to pass my parent’s bedroom to get to the kitchen and they’ll hear the ice maker!” she stammered, trying to keep her voice down.

“Well I guess you’d better have a good excuse ready then,” they said nonchalantly, “you have one min-“

“Yes, yes I have one minute, I get it,” Emma angerly fired back, showing attitude for the first time. She grabbed the phone, switched on the flashlight, turned towards the door and found herself staring at the doorknob. She took a deep breath, grabbed the handle, and pushed the door without taking a step. The door slowly opened out into the dark hallway, making several long creaks causing Emma to involuntarily lean forward, grab the handle, and close it again. Her forehead now pressed to the door, letting out the breath she was holding, listening for any movement down the hall.

“Time is ticking,” she heard them say. “Make sure to keep the camera pointed towards you as you walk, I want to see everything.” Emma closed her eyes, grabbed the handle and walked out. She was now standing in the hallway outside of her bedroom, basically live streaming herself walking naked for a stranger. She turned on the hallway light and froze like a statue as her entire body lit up.

“Time to start moving,” the tormentor reminded her. She began to creep down the hallway taking tiny steps, every little noise sounding 100 times louder than usual. Slowly moving passed her bathroom door on the left and moving towards her parent’s room, she caught herself holding her breath again before she walked by. She stopped for a moment to listen for any kind of sound or movement, when she was satisfied, she started walking through the living room towards the kitchen. When she approached the kitchen cabinets, she was startled from seeing her naked reflection in the glass, maybe more jarring was seeing her left arm fully extended up, holding her phone, to capture her whole body in the shot.

Emma reached into the cabinet and pulled out a small cup, when she heard through her AirPods, “no no, grab a large cup, you’re really thirsty after all,” rolling her eyes she grabbed a 32oz plastic cup and walked to the fridge. This is the part she was dreading the most. Putting the cup up to the ice dispenser, she braced herself, but even so the noise of the gears turning in the ice machine immediately made her recoil, she was certain her parents could hear it, that even her neighbors could hear it.

It always takes a few seconds before ice actually comes out, but at this moment it felt like an eternity. Emma was staring at her parent’s door when the first few cubes landed in the cup, “all the way to the top,” the tormentor instructed. Halfway there and Emma was certain her parents were going to come out demanding to know what all the ruckus was. When the cup was finally full to the brim with ice she paused, holding completely still to see if she could see or hear any movement. Relieved to seemingly be in the clear, she filled the cup to the top with water not even bothering to half fill it to avoid hearing her tormentor speak again.

The walk back to her room was even harder, because now she not only had her left arm all the way extended holding the phone, now her right arm was holding a large cup of ice water. Not to mention with both hands occupied, her body was completely exposed. If her parents came out now, they’d see their daughter naked with her arms outstretched like a mummy, she’d have no way to cover up in time. She slowly moved her right arm holding the full cup of water in front of her, just in case. She was surprised her tormentor let her do this, her elbow now covering her right breast and the cup of water up against her left nipple. As she continued walking towards her parents room she began to pick up the pace, figuring if her parents heard her now she would be able to get back to her room before they came out. Now only foot from their door, the unimaginable happened. She heard a loud \*BANG\*, that made her jump and let out a yelp. When she jumped the water and ice flew into the air landing all over her naked body making her shudder and drop the phone and the cup, causing more water and ice to come crashing down onto the tile floor.

Emma couldn’t even comprehend what just happened. She was shaking, from both the cold and fear of being caught, too scared to move. Then she heard snickering through her AirPods and she understood. “That noise didn’t come from somewhere in the house, it came through my AirPods! That’s why they let me cover up, this was a set up to spill the ice!” she realized. Right when she was trying to decipher if the snickering was coming from a boy or girl, she heard her mother’s voice.

“Emma is that you, is everything ok?” her mother asked through the door.

“Yes it’s me,” Emma responded trying to keep her voice from shaking, while she stood a foot outside her parents door naked and dripping wet. “I woke up thirsty and went to get a glass of ice water and accidentally spilled it everywhere.”

“Oh ok,” her mother said sleepily, “do you want me to help you clean it up?”

“NO!” Emma said much too loudly, “No no, I’ve got it, don’t worry about it, go back to sleep.”

“Ok honey, grab some of the kitchen towels to soak it up, then put them in the laundry room.”

Relieved that her mom didn’t come out, Emma replied “I will!”

As she started heading for the kitchen, her tormentor vindictively said, “aren’t you forgetting something?” Emma turned around to grab her phone and without a thought, held it up to show her whole body again and sprinted back to the kitchen. Her breasts were bouncing in the movement and water was dripping everywhere, but at the moment she didn’t care, she just wanted to get this done as quickly as possible. As she raced back to her parent’s door, she realized it would be too difficult to only use one hand, so she got down on all fours and set up her phone on the ground, leaning it against her parent’s door. It was not lost on Emma that if her mother, or worse her father, opened the door they would see their daughter facing them buck naked on her hands and knees filming herself.

She finished her task as quickly as she could, hearing no movement from her parent’s room. She then picked up the towels and brought them to the laundry room, across from her parent’s door. As she grabbed her phone (adjusting to be back in frame) and now empty cup she started walking back to her room, relived she didn’t get caught, when she heard her mother say, “Emma?”

“Yes Mom?” she replied instinctively covering herself up with her right arm and crossing her legs.

“Don’t forget to refill your water or you’ll get thirsty again.”

Emma sighed, “Thanks Mom, I will.”