**The Blinds**

by Enf\_Kink

**Chapter 1**

“Oh no, oh god, no. No no no no no.” Emma internally screamed. “They can’t be real, they’re fake, of course they’re fake, I mean how could they be real?” She continued staring at her phone, reciting her mantra of disbelief, as she had been doing over and over for the last 15 minutes. She’d been laying in her bed watching tv, about to get ready to go to sleep when she received a text from an unknown number. The messages didn’t have any words. Only images. Several high quality images. Of Emma. Alone in her bedroom. Naked.

She couldn’t believe what she was seeing.The first picture was of the right side of a young woman, topless, looking into a mirror with a hair tie in her mouth, her arms above her head, hands in her hair, getting ready to tie a pony tail. At first Emma didn’t even realize the girl was her, she was too shocked to be receiving a photo of a naked woman from someone that she didn’t know that her natural inclination was to just quickly swipe it away. But when she swiped, the next image appeared and Emma’s eyes bulged. It was clearly a photo of her staring straight ahead, completely naked head to toe.

Without realizing it she was holding her breath, too stunned to move or blink or scream or cry. Paralyzed. When she finally let out her breath, she wordlessly, thoughtlessly, scrolled through the rest of the photos. It was an out of body experience for her. All of the photos were various shots of her walking around her bedroom naked, until she got to the last two. The second to last photo was Emma laying in her bed, on top of the covers with her eyes closed. The last image was her in the same position with her head tilted back, left hand grabbing her breast and right hand between her legs.

“How is this possible? I never leave my blinds open,” staring at her window with its closed blinds, “I don’t even remember a time when they have ever been open.” Then it hit her. A few weeks ago her parents had a company come in and clean the house, they must have opened the blinds when cleaning! Then Emma felt an immediate sense of dread when she remembered waking up the next morning at the crack of dawn, annoyed that the sunlight was coming in. She got out of bed, closed the blinds and went back to sleep right away thinking nothing of it. The pictures must have been taken the night before.

Emma’s hand holding the phone started to shake a little. “But who could have taken these photos?” she wondered. She has lived in the same house her entire life in a suburban neighborhood with the window facing her next door neighbors house, a nice elderly widow. “It couldn’t be Mrs. Shepherd, but who else would be able to see through my blinds?” Emma’s thoughts were interrupted when she received another text message from the unknown number.

“What do you think of the photos, do you like what you see?” said the unknown texter.

“NO! This is so embarrassing! Who is this and where did you get these?!” said Emma.

“I took them, I consider myself a bit of a photographer.”

“I can see that… Has anyone else seen these?” said Emma, her heart beating as if she ran a marathon.

“Nope. Just us.”

“Oh thank god. Thank you so much for not sharing them with anyone, this is already so embarrassing, I can’t imagine anyone else seeing them!” Emma said relieved, starting to calm down.

“I bet!”

A couple of minutes went by of nothing. A chill went up Emma’s spine. “So wait, who is this?” Another minute went by without a response and she started getting nervous again. “How did you get my number, do we know each other?" A few more minutes went by and Emma was beginning to sweat. Finally a message came through, but it wasn’t the response Emma was expecting, instead it was a video. A 2 minute video of Emma masturbating on her bed. She almost screamed before stopping herself from waking up her parents and she certainly didn’t want to explain the situation to them. “Nooooo. Please delete this!” Emma pleaded.

“Why would I do that?” they asked.

“Bc I asked nicely?”

“No. I actually had a better idea. How about instead I send these out to everyone at school?”

Emma’s blood chilled. “Does this mean they go to my school?” She wondered. “They must know me, because they have my phone number. Oh my god it doesn’t even matter, it just takes one other person to get these photos before everyone I know sees them. Sees me…naked…Masturbating. No no no no.”

Emma stared at her phone now shaking in her hand and typed “Did I do something to you, if so I’m sorry!”

“No”.

“Then why are you doing this?” she asked incredulously.

“Because I can”.