Daphne exposed. By Lady Grey

George read once more through the credit card statement and again he

couldn't believe it. She had been out and done it again, even after all

he had said to her last month. Daphne had overspent her personal budget

by over 50%, and on what? Beauty treatments, waxing, massage, tanning,

facials and other treatments, some that he did not even know existed or

what they did. My God, he thought to himself, she must be the local

beauty salon's biggest customer.

Well, this was it. He had warned her last month and now he was going to

show her who was boss in this house. He had already thought out a plan

to put her in her place, to make her realise that she could not go on

like this without facing the consequences.

He was ready for her when she came in, her arms loaded with packages.

She had been spending again. He called her into the lounge and made her

sit down. Then he showed her the statement. "It's just not good

enough," he raved, "and I'm going to teach you a lesson about how you

can't go on like this without accepting the consequences."

She smiled at him. "But darling, I need to go to the salon," she said.

"You want me to look beautiful for you, don't you?"

"Beautiful," he snorted. "When do I see the beauty? Waxing, massages,

tanning: the beauty salon sees more of your body than I do and I'm

paying for it. Well, now I intend to get my money's worth."

She looked at him, surprised by his outburst. "And how do you intend to

do that?" she inquired.

It was his turn to smile. "If I'm spending my money, I like to see what

I'm spending it on. I like to show it off to my friends so they can see

as well, so that's what we are going to do. It's my turn to host the

poker night next week and you will be the hostess."

She looked at him. "But I'm always the hostess, aren't I, darling?"

"Yes, you are my dear, but this time it will be a little different.

You've spent so much on your body that I think its time we all saw what

we have gotten for our money. So next week you'll not only be the

hostess, but you'll also be the naked hostess."

She looked at him aghast. "You're joking?"

He shook his head. "No, I'm not, I'm serious."

It was then that she suddenly realised, yes, he was serious. "You

wouldn't make me do something like that, not in front of our friends? I

couldn't."

George grinned. "That's my final word on the matter. You either do as I

ask, or I will cut your personal budget completely. You will have to

find a job, go out to work, and earn it if you want any personal

money."

Daphne whined and cajoled, but George stood firm. She could either do as

she was told or accept the consequences.

On Saturday morning, George played a round of golf with three of his

poker buddies. They were walking off the forth green when Harold

mentioned he was looking forward to Wednesday night. "Hopefully, I'll

be taking some more cash off you," he said with a grin.

George grinned. "You might have other things on your mind on Wednesday

night other than taking my cash off me." Harold stopped and looked at

him questioningly. Joe and Bert, who were walking slightly ahead, also

stopped and turned.

"You got something special planned?" Bert inquired.

George nodded and then told them about the plan. They all listened with

mounting interest.

"And do you think she'll actually do it?" Joe inquired when he had finished "I don't think she has any other options," George said with a wry smile. "Fuck me," Harold said. "Do you mean Daphne's going to be totally naked serving the drinks, and bringing round the food?"

George nodded. "But don't any of you get any ideas. It's no touching, just looking."

Joe grinned. "I don't mind just looking," he said, rubbing his hands together. "She's got a nice body on her, your Daphne. I've often wondered what she might look like naked." The others laughed.

Daphne hadn't said any more to George about the matter. She knew she

would not change his mind, but she had rung Monica, their daughter, who

was attending college in a town about an hour away. Monica was

understandably shocked. "How can he make you do something like that?"

Monica exclaimed. Daphne went on to explain about the credit card, but

Monica said that that was no reason for him to pull such a stunt.

"I'll pop over on Sunday and have a word with him and see if I can get him to change his mind."

It was just after lunch when Monica arrived. Daphne was washing the dinner pots and George was in the lounge reading the Sunday paper. "Hi, dad," she said as she walked into the lounge.

George looked up and nodded. "What do you want? Run out of money again?"

This was the usual reason for her to call.

She shook her head and flopped down in an arm chair. Her mini skirt slid up her legs exposing her thighs. George shook his head; teenage girls today: no shame, another inch shorter and she would be flashing her panties.

"It's about mom," she said.

"What about mom?"

"It's what you're asking her to do on Wednesday."

George looked at her. "It's nothing to do with you. It's between your mom and me."

"But you can't ask her to do it, to appear in front of your friends without her clothes on. It's disgusting."

"As I said already, it's nothing to do with you; you don't live here."

He lifted his paper up and started reading. The conversation was over.

Monica waited a few moments and then got up and went back into the

kitchen. George heard them talking together. He smiled to himself. He

ought to have taken a stronger line before as it seemed to work. A few

minutes later he was disturbed again. Monica stood in the doorway. "I

think you're awful, doing that to mom, and if you go ahead with it,

well, I will join her. I won't let her be humiliated on her own."

George looked up and smiled at his attractive nineteen year old daughter. "That's up to you. I'm sure my friends won't object to having two naked hostesses."

Monica glared at him. "You're just a dirty old man," she said and stormed out.

Wednesday couldn't come quickly enough for George. The word had gotten

out to the other two members of the poker club: Frank, who was the

captain of the golf club, and Peter, who was an old friend from his

college days. Several e-mails had appeared on his computer screen at

the office inquiring if things were still going ahead. George was more

than happy to reply that so far there had been no change in his plans.

On Wednesday before he left for work, he told Daphne that she could use

the beauty salon today if she wished, but only if she intended to

follow his wishes to the letter. He kissed her lightly on the cheek and

drove off to work at the Acme Construction Company, the company he

managed.

He always returned home at 4 p.m. on poker nights, leaving the office

early to get things ready: sort out the poker chips, brush down the

table, and check and count the cards. Daphne was in the kitchen putting

the finishing touches to the buffet. She made no comment about what was

happening later, but he did notice she had had her hair done.

George showered and dressed casually and by 7 p.m., he was down awaiting

the first of his guests. He was more than a little surprised when the front door opened and Monica walked in.

"Where's mom?" she inquired.

George pointed to the stairs. "Up there getting ready."

She stared at him, not saying anything, and then made her way up the stairs.

It had just turned seven fifteen. George checked his watch. The guys

usually came over all together in one car with one of their wives

driving, and then shared a taxi home. He glanced out of the window; no

sign of them yet. With what was on offer, he had expected them to be

early. Suddenly from behind him there was a slight cough. He turned and

his eyes opened wide, for standing just inside the doorway were Daphne

and Monica. Apart from a small frilly apron that almost, but not quite,

hid their pussies, long black hold ups, and a cheeky little maids cap

on their heads, they were both totally naked.

George smiled and nodded when he got over the initial surprise. They

both looked delightful, especially Monica. She must have only been nine

or ten the last time he had seen her without her clothes, but now she

had grown up, everywhere. Her large firm breasts were capped with dark

nipples, her stomach was flat, and he could just see the delights of

her clean shaven pussy peeping under the bottom of the small apron.

Daphne also looked delightful in her nakedness as well, although she did

not look quite as confident about it as her daughter.

He wondered to himself if this little display was meant just for him,

maybe to make him change his mind. Could he really put his daughter

through this as well as his wife? Expose his young nineteen year old

daughter naked to his friends? But there was no chance of him calling

it off now, everyone was looking forward to it.

The silence was broken as the front door bell rang. "Would one of you

answer that?" he said with a slight smile.

The two women looked at each other. "I'll go," said Monica. "Mom, you go

and get the drinks."

George looked as Monica turned and headed for the front door. He could

not take his eyes off the long black stockings and the firm twin pale

globes of her bottom as it enticingly twitched and moved with the

movement of her body.

She opened the door and smiled as the five guests just stood there and

stared. "Won't you all come in?" she said, standing back to allow them

into the hall. "If you would like to come this way," she said smiling,

"my father is waiting for you in the lounge."

Five pairs of eyes followed her firm little bottom as she strode

confidently down the hall. George smiled as his already slightly awe

struck guests followed Monica into the lounge.

She smiled at them. "I'll just go and check on the drinks," she said.

Then she turned and made her way to the kitchen. Again, the eyes

followed her until the door closed behind her.

"That's not your Monica, is it?" Bert asked.

George nodded. "She came over on Sunday and tried to talk me out of it.

When I said I wouldn't change my mind, she threatened to join forces

with her mother, so I let her. So now you are getting two for the price

of one," he beamed.

Just then the kitchen door opened and it was Daphne's turn to make an

appearance. George was pleased to see she looked nervous. She carried a

tray with the drinks. She held it up trying to cover her breasts; well,

for a moment at least. George knew it must be a lot harder for her to

do this than it had been for Monica. For one thing, Daphne knew

everyone in the room and most of their wives. What would they think if

they found out that she had displayed herself like this before their

husbands?

The five men greeted her politely, thanking her for their drinks, but as

she moved around the room serving the drinks, she could not help but

notice that they were not looking her in the eyes. Their eyes were

elsewhere, appraising her large breasts, her trim bottom, and even

trying to get to see a just a little more of her pussy that was only

just partly hidden from their prying eyes under the short apron.

Now with all the drinks handed out, she had lost her screen. She

couldn't go around with the tray held up in front of her anymore. Now

there was nothing to prevent them seeing her breasts, and no doubt

noticing that her nipples were already extended and erect. She dearly

wanted to escape back to the safety of her kitchen, but the men wanted

to talk; well, that was their excuse. She knew they wanted to look at

her exposed breasts, and the more they stared, the harder her nipples

seemed to become.

At last she was offered some relief when Monica came in with a tray of

snacks and some of the guys turned their attention to the younger

woman. Daphne was glad when at last the socializing was over and they

all went through to the poker room. At last she was able to escape back

to the kitchen.

As the men began to play poker, Monica and Daphne circulated with drinks

and snacks. Daphne was a little surprised to see that Monica seemed the

have had no problem being naked in front of the five strangers and she

joked and laughed with them. Daphne noticed that she even went as far

as leaning over against them when she placed their drinks and allowed

her breasts to brush against them.

With her own initial appearance over, she was feeling slightly more

relaxed. As Monica had said to her before they started, "Once they have

seen it all, mom, you have nothing else for them to see." Monica had

been right. She could still feel the eyes on her body whenever she was

in the room, but now it was not bothering her as much as it had done at

first. Tonight the poker game went well, but with the added attraction

of the two naked women circulating around the room, the men were more

distracted than usual, and a few bad calls were made. But this did not

in any way distract from the enjoyment of the evening.

As the night wore on, George noticed that Daphne seemed to be getting a

little more confident. She was accepting the stares, spending more time

in the room. George decided it was time to raise the stakes for Daphne.

He made a note on a piece of paper and passed it to her when she next came around with the drinks. She waited until she returned to the kitchen before she opened it. There were just five words on it. "Time to loose the aprons." She showed the note to Monica who read it and grinned. "That's no problem, mom. Let's just do it, and show him we don't care anymore." Monica untied her apron and dropped it on the side, and then she picked up a plate of snacks and headed out of the door.

George saw her come out. He saw the apron was missing. Her shaven pussy

was now open to view. The others didn't notice at first until she started offering the plate of food around. The first person to notice was Frank. His eyes bulged and then the others saw the delightful sight.

Monica smiled at them. "Is everything now to your liking?" she said cheekily.

They all nodded in unison. "Yes, everything!"

Daphne found it a little more difficult to totally expose herself. The

apron had been Monica's idea. It was only a small thing, but she had

felt with it on that she had not been totally naked; almost but not

quite. But now with the apron removed, she was again a little

embarrassed. Exposing her breasts to George's friends had been one

thing. She had gotten used to that and it had even excited her a little

to feel the eyes on her body, but now she was putting everything on

show. They would be able to see her pouting pussy lips, and the neatly

trimmed patch of pubic hair. She shook her head. As a married woman,

she shouldn't be displaying such intimate items as these to strangers.

As she made her way in with fresh drinks, her nipples were feeling rock

hard and aching. Her pussy lips were already feeling moist. She could

feel the men now looking at her down there. Could they see she was wet?

She hoped not. As she leaned over the table to place the full glasses

and remove the empties, she almost jumped as she felt a hand on her

thigh. It was George. He smiled as his hand slid up and his fingers

stroked between her legs and over her pussy. Her face was crimson. Had

the others seen his action? She dearly hoped not.

At last, the party broke up. Daphne sighed. At last the ordeal was over.

The guests all said goodnight. They thanked Daphne and Monica for their

participation in the evening's events, and with a last look at the two

naked women, they reluctantly left as their cab arrived. Daphne made

her way to the kitchen and slipped into a robe. She was glad at last to

be able to cover her nakedness,

In the lounge, George poured himself another drink and sat down in his

arm chair. Monica came in. She was still naked. "Can I get myself one

of those?" she asked, pointing to his glass. He nodded. She half filled

a glass, tasted the drink, and sank down into the arm chair opposite.

She didn't seem at all concerned that she was still naked and

displaying herself openly to her father, even to the extent of her legs

being open a little wider then was really necessary. She was giving

George an interesting view of her pussy, the outer lips now slightly

parted, showing him just a glimpse of the wet warm pink interior. She

saw him looking at her and she smiled. Her hand went down and she

parted the lips even further. Her fingers dipped inside and came out

slicked with wetness.

"I guess you'd love to fuck me, wouldn't you, daddy?" she said in that little girl voice.

George said nothing. He just kept looking at the fingers slipping slowly in and out of her delightful pussy.

"If you ever pull a stunt like that on mom again, I'll tell her you have, and I'll also tell your friends."

George smiled again. Who did she think she was talking to? She still

wasn't too big to be put across his knee, and he would enjoy slapping

that delightful bottom until it glowed red. He might even teach the

little slut a lesson and take her up on her offer.

Then an even better idea started to filter around his mind. He had

really enjoyed the evening. It had excited him, having the power over

the women to make them bend to his wishes. His friends tonight had been

gentlemen, and treated Daphne and Monica with respect. They had all

enjoyed the show put on by the two women, but what if things were

different? Maybe next time instead of his golf buddies, what about the

guys from work, the guys from his construction company? Yes, why not?

That might really be an interesting night.

Hope you all enjoyed this interesting little tale, if yo are not a fan

club member why not sign up now and get notified when my next story

hits the site.

Love to all Laura.