**I Take It You Forfeit**

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Daphne shuddered visibly. It was hard to believe that she'd allowed him to dress her up like this in public. She felt like she was naked. Every inch of her flesh felt like it was covered in goose bumps while a swarm of butterflies were migrating between her throat and stomach so frequently she was sure she would vomit soon. "That's a good Kitten."  
  
His voice was cold and condescending but the shivers it sent of up and down her spine were mostly lustful quivers. There was an anger that he would treat her like this and fear that he might do something worse but the predominate emotion was lust. "Why do I have to do this?" She felt so helpless in the clothing he had graciously allowed her wear to his silly Magic tournament.  
  
"Because you're a good girl." Arthur said without looking up from his cards. He was probably the only person in the room who's eyes were glued to her mocha colored skin. Of course that was probably his plan. He was the type of man who liked his trophies and liked putting them on display so others could see what he'd accomplished and normally Daphne enjoyed it as well. Nobody else had ever treated her like something to be proud of instead of just a hanger on to be tolerated. He was actually proud of her so she tolerated the indignity of being dressed up like some kind of trollop for his friends. "Now go get me a drink."  
  
The box of beers was in the car which was just outside the comic shop they were in but it meant she was going to have to climb and squeeze past at least a dozen males all of who had been eye fucking her since she walked in the room. How could they not she was wearing a short skirt that didn't quite come down beneath the delicious curve of her ripe rump. Beneath it was a pair of bright yellow panties that did more to call attention to how short the black skirt was than to give her any sense of modesty. Fishnet stockings extended to mid thigh out of a pair of knee high stilettoed boots that set a steady rhythm when she walked. To top it off Daphne's generous cleavage was forced into a nearly transparent halter top that stopped about a hand's width shy of the low slung skirt leaving her flat belly and pierced naval on display.   
  
It was a bit of a struggle but she managed to force what could have been mistaken for a smile at the back of her inattentive boyfriend's head and started her journey across the room. She had to ignore the dozens of 'accidental' hands brushing up against her thighs and groping her buttocks. One of them tried to slip his fingers in her ass, another leaned back and buried his face briefly between her breasts before retreating with a half assed apology. All in all it probably took her less than a minute to make it all the way across the room out from the jungle of shamelessly groping hands. Daphne looked back hoping she could identify at least a few of the perverts who'd groped her but they were all back to focusing on their cards.  
  
A moment was wasted tugging her skirt back down into position that at least seemed presentable before she sashayed out of the room. The usual crowd was standing around outside the store, most of them smokers huddled around a single ash trey but there were also the people who'd already been eliminated. The door chime might as well have been a dinner bell considering the barely concealed hungry glares Daphne felt gather on her.   
  
To make things worse it had started raining while they were inside and nobody had bothered to bring an umbrella. It wasn't a particularly huge parking lot but she couldn't run in the heels she was wearing and if she didn't the trip would definitely turn her already flimsy outfit totally transparent. Daphne did an about face and peered through the window until she could spot Arthur hoping he'd chance his mind then stopped herself. There was no way he was going to change his mind, she knew how good his hearing was. He could hear her closing her door when he was in the house playing video games. He sent her out knowing full well that it was raining. She was staring at the back of his skull and she could still see him grinning.  
  
"You want all these guys looking and pawing me? Fine." Daphne reached up and pulled her hair free ponytail she had arrived in and stepped out into the rain. There wasn't much point in even hurrying; she was as wet as she was going to be by the time she passed the first row of cars. Her hair was plastered to her scalp concealing her left eye by the time she got back.  
  
When she'd left the store the boys and men had kept their admiration silent but when she replaced by raucous catcalls instantly confirming something she'd suspected for a while. It wasn't just Arthur who liked a woman fresh out of the shower with wet hair. Her lips mirthfully curled when she whipped her hair back earning a chorus of cheers from the guys. Normally she didn't strut but a dozen men hooting forced Daphne to stand tall and strut. Her now damp skirt rode up just a little higher with each step and by the time she was at the door it was just around her waist. Her equally damp, for different reasons, undergarments were snug enough against her body to give a clear outline of her swollen lips and trimmed nest of curls.  
  
Daphne looked in at her boyfriend. He didn't miss her, he either didn't notice that she was gone or he was pleased to have dismissed her for a few minutes. A few more seconds wasn't going to matter to him at all. Making certain that all eyes were on her she sat Arthur's beer down on a bench and turned her succulent backside towards the crowd. Her fingers hooked into the waist band of her panties. She bent over and peeled them down her legs stepping out of them to another roaring applause. "I'll be right back boys." Daphne promised tugging her skirt back down into a presentable position before opening the door.  
  
The dinner bell rang again turning several dozen pairs of eyes towards her. Outside the lights were dim and the men had been mostly paying attention to her silhouette. Inside under the bright lights they had a much better view through her wet and transparent top to her hardened nipples. It took a moment before she realized what they were all staring at but when Daphne figured it out she just smiled and walked through the crowd. She reached the row where her boyfriend was sitting stubbornly refusing to turn his head to find out why exactly everybody in the room had suddenly gone silent. "Excuse me." The moment she spoke two rows of men and boys scooted in tight to the table only ogling her as. Daphne strode to her boyfriend, placed the beer beside him and leaned over so her lips were pressed against his ear. "If you need me I'll be outside with guys who appreciate me." She lightly kissed him on the cheek then plopped her panties down on top of his head and walked back out.  
  
"I take it your forfeit?" Arthur's opponent said trying his best to keep a straight face and avoid letting his eyes wander to Daphne's bare ass walking away.