**Lilly Learns a Lesson 1**

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When Charles Porter divorced his wife, she took nearly everything from him: The house, the car, the furniture, and, for all intents and purposes, their daughter Lilly. She even managed to take his job, since he worked for her father's company. It was a pretty dark time in his life, but he dealt with it because he really felt the alternative would have been worse. He and his wife really stopped working well as a couple fairly early on, but they tried to work it out for the sake of their daughter. That was a mistake, since all it did was make both of them more miserable, which in turn made it worse for their kid. He became more sullen and depressed and she became more bitter and bitchy.  
  
The divorce was a good thing in the end, but it had some serious down sides for him. He had to pretty much start his life over, looking for work and finding a place to live. He did find a relatively good job in the city, a couple hours away from the town his wife lived in. He also managed to find a nice, although somewhat small, place in the outskirts of the city. It was a downstairs apartment of a duplex, but it had two bedrooms and a good-sized full bathroom, so he felt lucky to have it for the price.  
  
Unfortunately, after the divorce, he was also only allowed limited contact with his daughter. His ex got custody and his visitation rights were more or less left up to her to handle. He could have fought it if we wanted to go to court again, but that would just make things worse for Lilly, and he wouldn't do that to her. His ex basically left it up to Lilly to decide when and if she saw her father, as long as it didn't interfere with any plans she already had. Through the first several years she would come visit him a couple weekends a months and some holidays, but as she aged and became less interested in spending time with family, she started to stay with him less and less. She wanted to hang out with her friends instead of her father or her mother, but the majority of her friends lived near her mother, since that's where her school was.  
  
When Lilly finally went away to school, living on campus, neither of them really saw much of her at all. When she had an occasional weekend free to come home she would choose to go to her mother's house, again due to her old friends. Because of this, it's been nearly a year since Charles has even seen his daughter at all, and even then it was only sporadically, a couple days here and there a year.  
  
That all just changed as she reached the end of her school year. She had planned on coming home to her mother's house and spending the summer hanging out with her old friends. She was rather looking forward to it, so it came as quite a blow when you mother informed her that she would have to spend the summer with her dad in the city. It seems her mother's fiancé was taking her on a European vacation for more than a month over the summer. Lilly wanted to stay at their house while they were gone, but there was no way her mother was going to let her stay there for months on end without supervision.  
  
So when Lilly came home from school at the end of the year, she was supposed to stop by her mother's house to get some things she wanted or needed, but was then to head straight to her father's place. When she got there, however, she met up with some of her old friends, goofed around, and didn't even call her father until it was well after dark. She made up some excuses and convinced him that she shouldn't leave until the next day. He wondered about her honesty in this, but didn't question her on it at the time, trying to show her some trust in hopes she would show him some respect in return.  
  
The next day he still didn't see or hear from her until late in the afternoon, which made him wonder why even bothered taking the days off from work. He wanted to make things smooth for her first few days here, so he left work early on Wednesday, when she was supposed to be showing up in the afternoon, and the next two days off, so they would have four full days together before he had to go back to work. At least that was the plan. After all of this it just felt like two wasted days he wasn't going to get paid for.  
  
When he did finally hear from her it wasn't by her showing up at the door like she should have done hours ago. She was still back in her mother's town, not far from the house. She sounded a little scared on the phone, as she explained why she wasn't at his place yet. It appears she got herself into a little accident. At least that's the words she used. "Little accident." When she described what happened to him it didn't sound so little, especially considering it made her car undrivable.  
  
It seemed she was finally heading out of town, after spending most of the morning and early afternoon hanging out with her friends again, when she somehow lost control of her car and went careening off a parked car and ending up in the ditch. She smashed up the front end pretty good, put a huge scrape down one side of the car, and actually damaged the front axel when the front left wheel hit the ditch and broke off. Luckily she was unharmed, since it was a relatively slow crash and the airbag went off, but the car was out of commission.  
  
Charles went through a whole gamut of emotions as he drove up to get her, starting with the deep worry. His little girl had just been in an accident after all. Over the course of the nearly two hours it took to get there, however, he had time to think about it and slowly shifted through red-hot anger for her stupidity and defiance and finally calmed down to a quiet, cool upset disappointment. By the time he got there he was not going to listen to any of her excuses and deal with her in a calm but stern manner. He had to put his foot down now or she'd be walking all over him all summer. That special power that daughters often have over their fathers. He couldn't let it happen.  
  
The drive back was long and quiet for both of them. Lilly was too scared to say much, sensing how upset her father was and how he didn't seem to want to hear any of her excuses, so she stopped trying and just watched the scenery go by outside the window. Charles was at a loss for words, which was probably for the best, since if he started talking it would just turn angry and get muddled in a big verbal mess. He loved his daughter, but he had no idea how to deal with this level of trouble after so long. All he could do is tell her that he was disappointed and that she would have to suffer the consequences for it, the first of which was that she was grounded.  
  
When they got back to his place she went right to her room and shut the door, wanting the whole summer to just be over already. She was so mad at her mother for leaving the country and putting her in tiny shithole apartment hours away from all her friends and everything. She was also mad at her father for being a jerk about it and telling her she was grounded for the first whole weeks of her stay here. But most of all, even though she wouldn't admit it to anyone, she was mad at herself for letting the whole thing happen like this in the first place. She knew it was her own fault, but she'd be damned if she was going to let little things like facts and the truth get in the way of her getting out of this unfair treatment. She just had to wait for the right time to push.  
  
Charles was glad she went right to her room and shut herself in the first night. He didn't want to have to deal with her with the mood he was in. It's not like he's really had much practice at being a father and disciplinarian over the last several years, especially of a girl her age. This wasn't like when they were all still together and she was daddy's little girl. Back then all he had to do was look stern and she would cower and beg for forgiveness for whatever little thing she had done wrong. But those days were now a distant memory.  
  
When she hit her early teens and was still coming to see him somewhat regularly, she would just scream in frustration and storm off, but accepting her punishment while pouting. As the years passed and his time with her grew less and less, his ability to strike this fear into her also grew less and less. Now she simply seemed to glare, not listening to a word he said, and turn her back on him to disappear into her room. He didn't know how to deal with this new style, and tonight was not the time to try.  
  
He did his best to calm down before heading to bed, hoping things would improve by morning. The struggle in his head over how to handle this, plus the fact that this was only the first day of a whole summer with her, made it very hard for him to get a good night's rest. Nevertheless, his natural body clock was still working and he woke ten minutes before the alarm would normally go off, even though he had nowhere he had to be.  
  
Knowing he didn't have to get up for work he allowed himself to lie there longer than usual before finally getting up. He noticed that things were quiet in Lilly's room still, so she was probably still fast asleep. Trying not to disturb her he walked slowly and quietly around as he did his normal morning routine of showering and shaving, but was less careful when he started making breakfast. He hoped she would get up soon on her own so he wouldn't have to wake her up to eat. After the pancakes, eggs, and sausages were finished and ready he noticed there was still no stirring from her room.  
  
He knocked lightly on the door and said, "Lilly, breakfast is ready."  
  
There was no response. After about a minute he knocked harder and spoke in a louder tone. "Breakfast. Get up before it gets cold."  
  
After a moment there was a muted and half slurred whine from beyond the door. "Lemme sleep. Get my own later."  
  
Charles was not going to have that after making something for them to share. He banged on the door and was close to yelling. "Lilly, get up. I made this for us and you are going to eat it. You need your breakfast."  
  
There was an exasperated groan, followed by an annoyed tone he did not at all like. "Fine. Whatever. I'll be right out."  
  
"Good." Charles turned to head back into the larger main area of the apartment, which was both kitchen and living room. "And hurry. Don't make me come in and get you."  
  
Charles sat down and poured syrup over his pancakes as he heard the loud thuds and annoyed groans come from his daughter's room as she got up. She stumbled out wearing a long tee-shirt with some kind of Asian looking carton unicorn riding a rainbow on it. Her head was mostly a tussled mess of auburn hair and her eyes were still half closed as she plopped down the seat across from Charles. She just stared at her plate for a minute before grabbing her fork and poking at her food.  
  
When she finished eating, which started out slow but sped up as she woke up, she got up from the table and started to wander back into the hall leading towards the bedrooms and bathroom. All she wanted to do was get in the shower, clean up, and do her hair.  
  
Charles cleared his throat loudly to get her attention. "Lilly, clear your place, please. We don't have a maid."  
  
She grumbled and stumbled back into the room, glaring at her dad through the hair hanging in her face. She picked up her plate and took the four steps over to the sink, dropping it into it. She then turned to head back towards the hall again.  
  
Charles was starting to get really frustrated again. He was starting to think she was purposely being obstinate, so his voice was starting to rise slightly and get that certain timber to it. "Clean it properly. You know we don't have a dishwasher and egg is just going to stick to the plate when it dries."  
  
She turned back to the sink and turned on the water, starting to scrub her plate with a sponge. Charles rose and carried his plate over to her too. "And since you are being so nice, you can clean mine too."  
  
She groaned and sneered, but took his plate and washed it without saying a word, or even looking over at him.

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 2**

Friday mostly passed relatively quietly, as Lilly spent most of her time in her room watching TV, playing on her computer, and listening to music. The only thing Charles had to worry about is telling her to turn it down ever hour or so as the volume slowly crept back up. If it wasn't for the fact that he had upstairs neighbors that have to deal with the sound too, he would have given up after the fifth time. As he thought more about it he realized that the whole idea of grounding didn't have the same impact these days, especially since the advent of the internet.  
  
They made their own lunches, mostly sandwiches and other easy snacks, and shared a relatively quiet grilled fish dinner that Charles prepared. She again ate in silence and went back to her room when done, but this time washed her dish when done without being asked. She didn't take his and wash it, but he was pleased to see she at least didn't have to be pushed to take care of her own mess.  
  
The odd thing was that the house was much louder than it usually was, with the music and TV noises all day, but there was a feeling of cold silence at the same time. She was obviously doing everything she could not to talk to her father, which bothered him but he also knew he couldn't exactly force her. Whenever she happened to come out into the main room he would try to start something, asking about school or interests, but at best she would only give short replies that didn't easily feed an ongoing conversation. At worst she just walks away without saying a word. Either way the place had a level of cool tension that was building every time the two of them are in the same room.  
  
On Saturday, as things kept going down this path, he realized that there wasn't going to be the happy father/daughter time he had hoped for on these extra days. She was obviously not interested in spending time with him and he knew that forcing her to would just backfire. She ate breakfast in grumbling silence again and then went right back to her room to go back to her music and internet.  
  
He had canceled all his weekend plans because his daughter was going to be here, but now he wished he hadn't. He thought he could get his Sunday game back on if the others were still going to be available. He made a few calls and luckily his friends hadn't made other plans yet, so the game was on. The three of them would come over later Sunday afternoon for their weekly game of Dominion. He figured that if Lilly was going to waste their time together doing her own thing, he could do the same.  
  
The day got hot that afternoon, so Lilly put on her cute red bikini top and a pair of jean shorts, over her matching bikini bottoms, to spend some time in the yard. Even if she was grounded, she thought she could at least get some sunbathing in while it lasted. She grabbed a book and her iPod and walked out through the main room to the front door. She almost made it out before her father snapped at her.  
  
Charles was sitting on the couch, sorting out some miniatures that got mixed up when their box fell over while he was clearing out some things he was storing in Lilly's room after her mother said she was coming over for the summer. It was just some busy work he could do while wasting the day in front of the TV, without feeling like a total slug on the couch. It's not like he actually used them much these days, but he liked to keep them sorted in case the chance came up.  
  
That was when he saw Lilly come out of her room and head down the hall toward the main room. She was barely dressed. He couldn't believe the tiny red bikini top she had on. He hadn't realized before, mostly because he didn't want to look at his baby girl that way, but her bust had gotten quite large and that thing was barely holding her in at all. Plus, it did nothing to support her and she was bouncing all over the place as she walked. She also had on the smallest pair of jean shorts he had ever seen. These were things that even Daisy Duke would be ashamed to wear. They also did nothing to hide the fact that she was wearing the matching red bottoms to the top she had on under them. From what he could see he was at least glad she had the shorts on, because even as skimpy as they seemed, the bikini bottoms looked to provide even less coverage.  
  
"What are you doing, Lilly?" He did his best to keep his voice level.  
  
She just kept walking, turning to get something from the fridge, and seemed to not even notice he said anything. That's when he noticed the white headphones hanging from her ears. Who knew what loud crap she was piping through there, so it was no surprise she couldn't hear him.  
  
"Lilly." He said a bit louder, hoping to get her attention, but to no avail.  
  
She grabbed a pop from the fridge and started to walk towards the door. At least she was partially facing him this time, so perhaps she could see him.  
  
He snapped his fingers while waving his hand and yelling. "Lilly!"  
  
She stopped, slumped her shoulders, and pulled one bud out of her ear. In an exasperated voice she said, "What?"  
  
There was that nerve going again. She really knew how to hit it with only a few words and sounds. He tried his best to keep his voice even when he spoke, but it wasn't that easy. "Where do you think you're going dressed like that?"  
  
"Like what?" She looked down at her simple cute outfit and shook her head. What was wrong with the way she was dressed. How else did the old man expect her to sunbathe, in full armor? It's not like she was going out topless or anything, like she had done a few times on the roof at school. "I'm just going out in the yard to get some sun, dad."  
  
He had to bite his lip to hold back the reply he had in mind, but he didn't want to start another fight. She was old enough to make decisions on how she wanted to dress around the house and he shouldn't push too hard right now. At least she was just going to be in the yard and the fence should block most from seeing her. Nobody walking by could see over it, so only those looking out the window in the houses near here had any chance. He had to push back the instincts to try and control her choices here, so he took a deep breath and again tried to keep his voice neutral. "Okay, but stay in the yard. You are still grounded after all."  
  
"I know." She rolled her eyes and let out an annoyed groan. Then, in a lower mumble she said, "Not like there's anywhere to go around here anyway."  
  
She grabbed the door and pulled it open, heading out into the yard. She pulled the door closed and grumbled to herself as soon as she knew she was out of his range of hearing. "I hate this place."  
  
When she slammed the door behind her Charles let out a deep sigh and just shook his head. He knew this summer was going to be hard to get used to for both of them, but he had no idea it would start off with such a struggle. He didn't want the whole time to be like this, but with her attitude he didn't see how it was going to get better any time soon. He was at a loss at how to handle it. What did she respond better to, the soft hand or iron glove? Did he have to try and win her over with kindness or would he have to really put his foot down? He really wished he could call her mother and ask, but between their not getting along so well and the fact that she was somewhere in France by this point he didn't think that option was really viable.  
  
As the afternoon drew on Charles eventually got up and started making dinner for the two of them. Looking out the kitchen window he could see Lilly lying face down on a blanket on the grass. She appears to have taken off the shorts and the bikini bottoms were even more revealing that he thought they were. Her entire round behind was pretty much on display, with only a small thread of red going down the middle, nearly disappearing into the crack. He also couldn't see the straps of her top across her back. Had she taken it off? What was she thinking?  
  
His first instinct was to race out there and yell, but he had to reign himself in. She wasn't really in any danger, since the yard was till fenced in and nobody walking by even knew she was there, much less could see her. Even if anyone in the surrounding houses did see her and she noticed them, it would just really embarrass her, making her run inside and not do something like that again. The whole "learning from your mistakes" thing is not exactly something that's easy for a parent to let happen, but Charles was going to try.  
  
He just couldn't believe she was doing this. What kind of parent has his ex been if this is how their daughter was going to be acting as a young lady? Especially with how she's grown and looks. She wasn't some little androgynous child any more. She wasn't even some childlike little pre-teen just starting to show. This was a pretty girl with a body to die for. Any guys looking at her would get the wrong idea and also most likely get rather excited.  
  
The part that was disturbing him was that he was still looking and enjoying what he saw. Yes, she was beautiful and had a great little body, with a smokin' hot ass, but she was his daughter. His logical mind was telling him he shouldn't be having these thoughts about her, but the lizard brain was drooling and saying that her relation to him doesn't mean she's not attractive. He is still a guy, after all. He finally had to shake his head to pull his gaze away and adjust his pants before going back to working on dinner.  
  
When he finished dinner he had to open the door and try to yell to get Lilly's attention again. Her damn headphones made it near impossible for her to hear anything. She had her head down, no longer reading, and was just lying there as the sun started to go down. She still didn't respond when he yelled from the door, so he grumbled and walked out onto the deck.  
  
When he stepped up next to her he kicked her foot gently and she jerked in fear, flipping her head and half her torso around to see. Charles was stunned for a second as her perky bare breasts came into view briefly. Her face was wide with shock and her eyes darted from his face up to the balcony of the house next door, where a man was standing next to a barbeque and looking down at her. She screamed and clutched her hands to her chest, falling back down onto the ground.  
  
"Dad!" She screamed. "What the hell?"  
  
Charles had to swallow hard before he could speak, especially if he wanted it to come out in a normal tone and not some high pitched squeak. "Don't yell at me. It's your own fault. I tried to call you in for dinner, but your damn headphones make it impossible to get your attention." On that he turned and walked back inside. He had to adjust his pants again before she came in and noticed.  
  
She let out an annoyed groan, mostly aimed at herself, and reached back to try and tie her top back on. She felt the red flush of embarrassment flooding her face and upper chest and didn't want to get up, but knew her dad would call attention to her again if she didn't move soon. She did her best to keep her eyes from looking up at the balcony again. She really didn't want to see how that man was reacting.  
  
Once inside she went right to her room to pull on a large shirt and calm down before coming out for dinner. She ate quickly, not wanting to look at her father right now, and retired to her room as soon as she could get away with it. She can't believe her father saw her breasts. And then had the gall to say it was her fault. She just wanted to burry her head underground and forget it ever happened.

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 3**

Lilly was actually up before Charles on Sunday morning, but didn't come out of her room until after she heard him in the kitchen starting to cook breakfast. She didn't want to deal with him yelling at her another morning to get up, so she went and took a shower while he cooked. She then got dressed again in baggy sweats and an oversized tee-shirt, still being a little self-conscious after yesterday.  
  
After eating she went back to her room in silence again. Well, relatively silence, since the music started up just minutes later. Charles saw another day of being ignored going on and was very happy to have some friends coming over to talk to and have some fun with tonight.  
  
When lunchtime came around and Lilly made her way out of her room to get something to snack, Charles realized he should probably tell her that some people were coming over for some games. He waited until she was done making her sandwich and sat down to eat.  
  
"Lilly, I have some friends coming over tonight." He said, standing next to the table. "It's our normal weekly game."  
  
Lilly looked up at him annoyed. "You don't expect me to play, do you?"  
  
"No, hon." He managed to keep his voice calm, even though her attitude was starting to grate at him again. It seemed to take less and less time each day. "I just thought I should tell you so it wouldn't be a surprise. You live here too, so it's only polite."  
  
With a causal shrug he added, "Besides, it's designed for four players and there are four of us." Charles thought this would help calm her down by taking the any possible worry she might feel that she would be pressured into playing. It was only moments later when he saw her face change that he knew he was wrong.  
  
Her eyes narrowed, her jaw set in a scowl, and all she said was "Whatever!" She was sure she knew what he really meant. He didn't want her playing games with him and his stupid friends. He really didn't even want her here. The only reason she was even here was because mom had to go to stupid Europe with her stupid fiancé. She got up and stormed back into her room. If that's how he felt, she would just have to find something else to do.  
  
The rest of the early afternoon was with the two of them in separate rooms doing their best to ignore the other. Charles was trying to be good and not get on her case too often for the constantly increasing volume and Lilly was simply trying to cause her entire existence to change through sheer force of will. Neither of them were actually that successful, but at least Charles wasn't trying to change the fabric of reality.  
  
Eventually it was time for his friends to start arriving so he finally asked her to turn the music down so as to not disturb his friends. To his surprise she didn't snap at him and just turned the music down so low he could barely even tell it was still on. He wondered how long it would stay that low, but wasn't going to say anything to jinx it.  
  
Minutes later, the first of his friends arrived. James was just over ten years younger than Charles, but they've been gaming friends ever since they first met a few years ago down at the Games' Pit during a mini-con. James was generally happy-go-lucky and always ready to play something new, but Dominion was by far his favorite, so these weekly games were something he never missed if he could help it. He was extremely pleased when Charles called him yesterday and said game was back on.  
  
As the two of them moved the table to the middle of the room and started sorting out the cards into the usual arrangement, the other two arrived. These two were a married couple, Mark and April Peterson. Charles works with Mark, so they've been friends since about three weeks after he moved to the area and they realized they were both gamers. April came into the picture a few months later when Mark started to bring her to game, since they felt they could leave their kids at home alone a few hours with the oldest in charge. They've been coming to the weekly games ever since.  
  
With the four of them present the game could start, but first the chips and drinks had to be opened. What's a game night with the junk food? It was then time to take their seats and figure out what cards they were playing with this game. They set out the ten random kingdom cards, shuffled their decks, and drew their starting hands. It was then off to the race of building points to see who wins, but the group didn't even get to make it through the first game before something caused the mood of the room to change.  
  
Lilly came out of her room with purpose and headed right through the main room, walking around the table as quickly as possible, towards the door out. It was obvious she wasn't just going out to get something from the yard or even to the corner store. She was dressed in something that would only look right in a rock video or in a pin up calendar. She had on a loose fitting white half-shirt tank top over some kind of black stretchy very tight half-shirt or sports top and a very short little black pleated miniskirt. The length of it almost seemed obscene to Charles, especially with the legs bare all the way down to her black short heels. She was also made up with more make-up than Charles has ever seen on her.  
  
"Where do you think you're going?" Charles said in a stern voice just as she reached out for handle on the door.  
  
Lilly froze, set her face, and turned to glare at her father. "Out with some friends. Figured since you got to have your dorky friends over I would go meet up with mine."  
  
"No way in hell." He heard himself saying as his tempter started to rise. He tried to reign it back in before continuing. "First off, you are still grounded, remember? Also, what did you plan on doing with your friends dressed like that?"  
  
She couldn't help but grimace when he said the grounded word, but then narrowed her eyes and shot right back at him. "Dancing, Dad. This is how cool people dress when they go out with friends. Not hanging around some dungeon with a bunch of dorks."  
  
That cut. Charles was never one of the cool kids in school, but he liked who was now and thought his friends were very cool people, so having his own daughter call him on this cut all the way back to those school days. He looked apologetically around at the group before turning back to the defiant young girl still standing by the door. "Lilly Porter, that was uncalled for. You may be mad at me, and I can deal with that, but there is no reason to insult my friends. You apologize right now."  
  
Lilly sigh deeply, before half-heartedly turning to the look at the others. "I'm sorry I called you dorks." She then turned back to her dad and tried to sound more soft and a little pleading. "So, can I please go now? My friends will be waiting for me."  
  
Charles had to shake his head in bemusement as he was momentarily caught unable to speak. She couldn't possibly think he would actually let her go out dancing after all of this. Hell, he still can't believe that she expected him to even let her leave the house dressed like that. When finally able to speak again he had to ask, "You're friends are waiting outside?"  
  
"No." She said is if it was a stupid thing to ask. "They were going to be at the club tonight. I'm supposed to meet them there."  
  
"Wait a minute." He suddenly had a whole other question for her. "How were you expecting to get there?"  
  
She gritted her teeth. She knew this was where she had been pushing the line too far, but hoped to be out of the house before he realized it. Her voice was suddenly quiet and meek. "I was gonna take your car."  
  
"What?" He couldn't believe what he heard. Before he even asked he knew it was going to be the answer, but he still couldn't believe it when she said it. "After totaling your own car just days ago you have the gall to think I would let you touch my car? Did you actually think I would give you my keys?"  
  
She didn't say a word and just looked down at the floor, not wanting to make eye contact.  
  
His face suddenly dropped. "You already took them, didn't you? Give them to me." He put his hand out.  
  
She let out a deep breath and shuffled slowly around the table, reaching into the small purse hanging from her shoulder. Stopping next to him, head still down, she placed the keys in his open hand. She knew she was defeated, so she started to shuffle back towards her room with her head still down.  
  
"Where do you think you're going now?" Charles said, grabbing her arm lightly as she passed behind him to keep her from walking away.  
  
She stopped, but didn't turn to face him. She knew she had lost and didn't want to stand here feeling worse. She just wanted to get back to her room and escape for the rest of her life. Two months wouldn't take all that long to pass, would it? Her voice was still distant and defeated. "To my room. I'll be quiet."  
  
"I don't think so." Charles pulled her arm to spin her around, but she still refused to look up. "You really stepped over the like tonight Lilly. You think I'm going to let you go sit in your room with your music and TV and computers and everything now? Does even sound like punishment at all to you?"  
  
"No." She squeaked out. "I'm sorry, dad."  
  
With the game suddenly on hold while this little family drama plays out in front of them, Charles' friends sat uncomfortably and tried to fade into the background. None of them really wanted to watch, but none of them could actually look away. It was like a drama going on live in front of them. And despite it being their friend's daughter, none of them could help but notice how good she was looking in that outfit.  
  
"So," She said, trying to break the awkward silence and hopefully allowing her get out of this room sooner. "If you don't want me sitting in my room watching TV, what's my punishment?"  
  
"That's a good question." Charles hadn't actually thought about it, other than knowing that her room sounded more like a entertainment center than a jail cell, so he sat there obviously in deep thought for a moment.  
  
"Well," James said, starting to get up from the table. "While you think about that I'm going to get myself another drink and refill the chips. Anyone else want something?"  
  
"Sit back down James." Charles said with more force than he meant to have, as the perfect idea hits him. He then turned to Lilly with a forced, pleasant smile on his face that almost looked cruel to his daughter. "Lilly here needs a punishment and she's been rude to my friends, so I think the perfect answer is to have her take care of our needs during game tonight. She can get you your drink and refill the chips and everything. This also means we won't have to get crappy delivered food or stop the game to make something, she can cook it for us."  
  
Lilly looked like she could shoot daggers, but knew she had it coming. She slumped her shoulders and walked over to the fridge. "What does everyone want?"  
  
They gave their orders, although Mark didn't ask for anything, since he still had a mostly full one. She handed them their drinks and took the chips bowl to pour more into it, before returning it to the table. Once they all their things and the snacks were refreshed, she started to head towards her room again.  
  
"Where do you think you're going?" Charles said, looking annoyed.  
  
"To change." She said, looking down at her clubbing garb. "Since I'm not going out dancing, there's no point in wearing this any more."  
  
"I don't think so." Charles said, knowing the embarrassment would only punctuate her punishment. Plus, in a darker place inside that he didn't want to admit existed, he liked looking at her in the outfit. It was dead sexy. "This was good enough for your friends, you can wear it around mine. You are to stay out of your room and out here all evening, in case we need anything."  
  
She let out a deep sigh and slumped back against the kitchen counter, crossing her arms tightly in front of her as if trying to cover herself as much as possible and hopefully collapse herself into the space of a single atom, creating a new black hole she escape through. It wasn't working. She was still here.

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 4**

"You might want to start thinking about what you're going to make us for dinner" Charles said as he turned back to the table and the game that was put on hold. "Sorry about that guys. I didn't want to have to air our dirty laundry in front of you, but I kind of had no choice on this one."  
  
"It's okay Chuck." April said with a compassionate smile. "I know how tough it can be. Ours may be a bit younger than Lilly, but having two teen girls at home more than makes up for it."  
  
"You have no idea." Mark nodded in agreement. "This almost seemed tamed compared to when our girls team up. Luckily they are usually at each other's throats, which makes it too hard for them to focus on giving us the business at their full power."  
  
"At least you guys have had years of practice at it." Charles said with a slight sadness in his eyes. "Lilly and I haven't really been close for years, as you guys know, and she's not the same little girl I used to know when we were. It was so much easier then."  
  
"You're doing just fine, Chuck." April said comfortingly.  
  
"Yeah. Kids, huh? You can't just lock them in the basement until they grow up." Mark shrugged with a smirk on her face. "What can you do with them?"  
  
James couldn't help but glance over at Lilly and ponder all the things he could think to do with this one. The pouty embarrassed thing she was currently doing somehow even made it hotter to him. He just had to be careful that Charles didn't catch him staring too much.  
  
"Enough of this." Charles said, suddenly trying to smile as if nothing was wrong. "Lets get back to the game."  
  
"Right on." Mark said, picking up his hand. "Whose turn was it?"  
  
"Mine." James said, forcing himself to pull his gaze away from Lilly. "I was about to stomp you all."  
  
"Good luck with that baby face." April smirked as she picked up her cards as well.  
  
The game went on, but the round ended relatively soon, since it seems James wasn't kidding when he said he was going to win soon. They then started another, with a new set of random kingdom cards, except for the two James got to pick. That was their reward for winning in the group. It mostly felt like a normal game night again, as they let the odd tension of the moment waft away.  
  
As the next round went on, Charles watched as people finished their drinks and snacks were cleared out, but nobody seemed to want to ask for more. He realized that his friends were being too nice, so he had to make sure that they weren't afraid to ask for refills when they wanted them, but do it in a way as to also not make them too embarrassed for not asking themselves already.  
  
He turned his head to look back at Lilly, who was now pushed as far into the corner of the kitchen as the counter would allow and looking over her shoulder out the window. "Lilly, could I get some more carrot sticks here."  
  
She seemed to jump a little at being spoken to, but then slunk over to the fridge and pulled out some more carrots from the veggie platter to put on the smaller plate at the table. She did it all with as rigid movement as she could and without saying a word, trying to just not make a spectacle of herself so she could just disappear into the woodwork again.  
  
Not wanting to let her off that easily and finish what he was setting in place with the others, Charles turned to his friends and said, "Anyone else want a refill? Just ask."  
  
"I could go for another, please." Mark said, pointing at his glass.  
  
"Yeah, I could too." James said, swirling the ice around in his empty glass.  
  
Lilly knew this was just the start of it. With dad egging them on she was going to be serving drinks and getting snacks all night. There was no escape, so she just has to stay strong and get through the night without letting him see her crack.  
  
After refilling Mark's glass she walked over and took James' from the table in front of him. She couldn't help but notice him glance sideway at her chest as she did it. She felt both appalled and very proud by this kind of look from this older guy. Plus, it's not like he's her father's age or anything. Hell, he might even be slightly closer to her age than to her dad's. And he is kinda cute... for a geek.  
  
"Oh, and Lilly." James said when she reached the counter to pour his new drink. "Can I have fresh ice in that?"  
  
Charles couldn't help but smirk at that one. His friends were starting to make the punishment mean something and doing it without being overtly mean about it. Lilly wasn't going to be enjoying herself at all and that's just what she needed to learn a little respect and humility.  
  
Lilly went over to the fridge, which is one of those over-under kind, and had to squat down and lean in a little to get into the freezer for the ice. This is almost exactly what James wanted to see. He only wished that she had bent over from a standing position. Either way, her skirt did ride up a little and got more than he expected. He figured he'd get a nice little glimpse of panties, but from what he saw it didn't look like she had any on. He may have been mistaken, it was just a slight glimpse of the bottom edge of the cheeks for a second, but it sure did look that way.  
  
"Whoah." Came a soft voice from April, sitting next to James.  
  
"What?" Charles asked, looking at April.  
  
"Nothing." April quickly glanced around and then put her cards face down on the table, trying stop fidgeting with them and not to look suspicious. She couldn't actually believe what she thought she just saw.  
  
"Uh oh. I think we may be in trouble this round." Charles said with a smirk, oblivious to what she was really referring to.  
  
Amy chuckled and shook her finger to say she's not telling, trying to play it off like that's what she meant. She then picked up her drink and looked at Lilly. "Could I get some more ice in this please?"  
  
James glanced at April to see if she was doing what he thought she was doing. She noticed his gaze and smirked lightly, telling him that she did. They then both turned to watch Lilly as she approached the fridge again. This time she bent a little more and squatted less, making her skirt show more of the curves of her lovely behind. Both James and April couldn't believe what they were seeing, not a hint of panties to be seen yet. Unfortunately, Charles couldn't miss their stare this time and turned to see what they were looking at.  
  
"Lilly Porter!" Charles yelled, more out of surprise than anger. "I can't believe you. I thought you were acting shameless tonight with all your antics and these clothes, but I better not have seen what I think I just saw. You were not going to go out dressed like that."  
  
Lilly gulped, dropped the ice on the floor, and froze in place as she slowly turned to look at her father. She had no idea what he was talking about, but something just hit him the wrong way. "What? What did I do?"  
  
Charles couldn't form words for a moment and just sputtered. Lilly just stood in frozen anticipation and fear. James and April glanced apologetically at each other, but neither could help but smile a little at what they saw. Mark looks around a little confused, but keeps quiet to see what plays out.  
  
Finally able to speak again, Charles let his voice become steadier and not quite as loud. "Lilly, are you wearing panties under that skirt?"  
  
"Dad!" She gasped, turning beet red. "Yes! Of course."  
  
"That's not what it looked like when you were bending over just then." He then glanced over at the others. "Did you two see any?"  
  
James just shrugged, trying to act like he had no idea what Charles was talking about, but April had no problem talking. She just hoped she could keep her smirk under control. "I certainly didn't see any, but it was just a small peek, so some could have been hiding up there somewhere."  
  
Mark looked at April with a questioning look on his face and she just winked at him. The entire interaction took all of a second, but it told the both of them exactly what they needed to know. Wordlessly they both turn to watch whatever is about to happen before them.  
  
"Is that the case, Lilly?" Charles asked his daughter. "Did we just somehow miss seeing them when you went and flashed the room your behind?"  
  
Lilly couldn't be thing this was happening to her. She never felt her face burn like this before. She could only imagine how red she must look. And her dad just kept making it worse by asking questions about it that she had to answer or expect it to get even worse. Her voice was very meek and hard to head by this point. "Yes."  
  
"What was that?" Charles said, still sounding stern. "Speak up."  
  
"Yes." She managed to say in a louder but wavering voice.  
  
"Yes what?"  
  
"Yes I am really wearing panties." She couldn't believe she was being forced say these things in front of his friends like this. "You did miss seeing them."  
  
"Seems to me that three people here had that same failure then." He waved his hands towards the others, indicating their inclusion. "And after your behavior and lies not only tonight, but since you left school this week, I'm not sure I can really trust you to tell me the truth. It sure seems to me like my little girl was trying to sneak out of the house to go clubbing with her friends, wearing a next to nothing skirt with no panties under it. You have any idea how this makes me feel? The lack of respect you are showing me. Not to mention yourself."  
  
"I'm not, daddy." She pleads, her voice cracking slightly. "I mean I didn't do that. I wasn't. I am wearing them. Please don't think I'm like that."  
  
"Then show me." Charles said with a casual shrug and wave of his hand. "Prove it."  
  
The whole room stopped as Charles waited for the reply. James couldn't believe what he just heard and sat there in shock. Mark and April turned briefly to look at each other, having another moment of silent conversation with their eyes. And Lilly was just dumbfounded. She couldn't believe her father just told her to show him her panties. Especially right here in front of his friends, who were now all looking at her expectantly. She had never felt more embarrassed in her life.  
  
Charles just looked at her standing there, frozen in place with a pleading look on her face. He couldn't back down at this point and maintain control over her. If he let it slide she would be walking all over him all summer and he couldn't deal with that. He motioned with his hand for her to get a move on. "C'mon."  
  
Slowly her hands moved down to the hem of her skirt and gripped it. Her fingers clamped down so tight her knuckles were starting to turn white. Taking a deep breath she pulled the front up and then instantly back down again. In the split second it took, everyone only got a quick flash of red, but that was it.  
  
"What was that?" Charles looked up at her with an annoyed glare.  
  
"I showed you." She pleaded. "Can I please just go back to serving or anything else now?"  
  
"You showed me what?" He said with a shrug. "A blur of hands and a flash of color. I have no idea what that was. If you are going to be like that, I'm going to have to start giving you much more specific instructions."  
  
"What do you mean?" Her face actually started to drain of color as the embarrassment was pushed aside by fear for the moment.  
  
Charles sighed deeply. "Lift your skirt, but this time do it all the way up and hold it there until I say you can let it go. No more of these games. You are going to show me these panties you claim to have on and then we will see if you are going to be in deeper trouble than you already are, young lady."  
  
This time she really had no choice and couldn't limit her embarrassment. If she stopped early he would simply have her over a barrel and she would be in deep trouble all summer long. She lifted the skirt, pulling it up until none of it fell below her waist. Her choice of lacy red thong panties now suddenly felt like a really bad idea. Everyone was getting a real good look at them, including her own father. Now she was just waiting for the word, so she could let go and be covered again.

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 5**

Charles just stared at his daughter standing there with her skirt pulled up and showing off a pair of fairly skimpy red lacy panties. He could see the hints of darker pubic hairs through the fabric, but other than covering that direct area, they seemed to cover very little else. The hips had nothing more than thin bands of red. Almost strings, he thought. And if his suspicion was right the back would be even less.  
  
"Turn around." He said in a surprisingly even voice.  
  
Lilly, mostly just acting in instinct at this point, did as she was told. Her mind was pretty much lost in the embarrassment of the moment. All she wanted to do was drop her skirt back down and run out of the room, but neither of those things seemed like an option at the moment.  
  
"Oh my god." Charles said, looking at his daughter's nearly bare behind. Sure enough, the back of the panties were little more than a thin red strap that went around the waist and a string that disappeared down the crack of her rather shapely ass. It left nothing to the imagination from this angle. "No wonder we couldn't see anything. There's nothing to the damn things from back here. I can't believe you were going to go out in these things. Bottomless would almost be better, at least then you're being honest about it."  
  
Lilly felt the heat rise in her face again and spread down her chest. She was sure half her body was red with embarrassment by this point, but she just stood there with her skirt held up. Luckily she was now facing away from the table and didn't have to see them staring at her unmentionables. Or near lack of them, as the case appears from behind.  
  
The other three were openly staring at her amazing ass at this point. None of them seemed to care if Charles noticed them any more. He was the one forcing her to show it to them after all. James had to adjust himself as he sat there, since it was starting to get a little uncomfortably tight in his pants. Mark and April seemed more reserved, but were still watching nonetheless.  
  
Charles never even turned to look at any of them, keeping his eyes on his daughter and slowly shaking his head. "I am very disappointed in you Lilly. If you pulled something this stupid when you were little I would have spanked you right then and there."  
  
"What does age have to do with that?" Mark said in an understanding voice.  
  
"Exactly." April quickly agreed. "We still spank our girls when they act up and they aren't that much younger than Lilly. Sometimes it's the only thing that gets through to them."  
  
Charles turned to look at the two of them, ignoring the childless James for the moment. "Really?"  
  
"She's living under your roof and flaunting your rules and sensibilities." Mark said, "As long as that's the case then you have to set the examples and punishments appropriate for things. We can't tell you what's right or wrong in your house, only you can decide that. But as your friends and parents ourselves, we will support you no matter what."  
  
April just nodded in agreement with her husband.  
  
Lilly didn't like where this was headed. She half turned to look right at her father with worried eyes. "Dad, you can't. You wouldn't."  
  
Charles' face shot back to look at his daughter. First at her worried eyes, and then back down to her still revealed skimpy lace panties. He let out a deep sigh and shook his head in disappointment. "I'm sorry Lilly, but you brought this on yourself. Get over my knee."  
  
"This is crazy." She gasped, pleading. "You can't. I'm nearly..."  
  
"Don't make me get angry." Charles chided, cutting her off and pushing his chair back away from the table, revealing his lap. "Down, now."  
  
Lilly was on the verge of panicked tears as she slowly kneeled down, letting her skirt fall back into place for the moment, and bent over her father's lap. Her head and arms hung down on the far side, trying to hide her face as much as possible within the circle of her arms. Her legs were off the other side, too high to allow her knees to stay on the ground, but she did try to keep her legs as tightly pressed together as possible to retain whatever modicum of modesty she could in this position.  
  
Charles grabbed her skirt and flipped it up onto her back, fully exposing her nearly bare behind to everyone in the room again. He couldn't help but admire how nice and round it looked, especially with the soft curves of her relatively thin waist and round hips. It all seemed to work together to create a very sexy look from this angle. A little pang of guilt hit him as he realized his secret thoughts were causing his cock to twitch in his pants. This was his daughter. That kind of thinking just wasn't right. But she was also so pretty and he was still a man after all.  
  
Charles hesitated with his hand just inches from her round behind. He had to take a deep breath and steel himself. He glanced up and saw April nod slightly to him in a show up support. With a small, swift movement he pulled his hand back and brought it down against her tender young behind. There was a light crack as his hand struck the soft skin, but the sound wasn't very loud. Lilly winced slightly as she tensed up right before the swat, but didn't make a sound when it happened.  
  
"She's not going to really feel that Charles." Mark said with an understanding nod. "You can't be so delicate. Spankings are supposed to be punishment. I know she's your daughter and you don't want to hurt her, but the sting won't cause any real damage and will act as a reminder of how to act. Being soft only makes them consider being able to take the same the next time since it wasn't s bad."  
  
"That's why we only spank on bare bottoms and with a fair amount of force." April said, "The girls know what to expect when they are in trouble and even pull their panties down before bending over our knees to get it over with quicker. Sometimes they take them off completely, not wanting to pull them up when we are done because of the stinging. It keeps them thinking about it a while, which is the point."  
  
Lilly couldn't believe these people were discussing spanking techniques while her bare ass was pointed at the room. Sure, the one swat her dad gave her wasn't really anything that bad at all, but still, she would rather just not be here at all at the moment. Couldn't they just get this over with and have the conversation after she had her skirt covering herself again.  
  
"You're right." Charles said with a nod, before turning back to look down at his daughter bent over his lap. "If I'm going to do this, I have to do it right."  
  
On that he grabbed the sides of what she called panties and pulled the strings down over and out of her behind, leaving the taught string wrapped around her upper thigh. James couldn't believe it. This man was actually baring more of her amazing ass, and a hint of more, aimed directly at him. His pants were definitely a couple sizes too small right now.  
  
Lilly let out a little gasp and reached one hand down to try and either cover herself or pull them back up if she could. "Dad! What are you doing?"  
  
"A proper spanking." He said, swatting her hand away from her behind. "First thing to do is pull down the panties to expose it."  
  
"It was already exposed enough." She snapped back.  
  
"My point exactly." He said, swatting her hand away again and grabbing it with his other, to hold it near her head, where it wouldn't be in the way again. "The whole reason you are getting this spanking is because you obviously have no problem showing it, so why bother covering it with pointless strings. Now shush."  
  
This time he brought his hand down with more force and felt the flesh both give and tense under his hand when it struck. There was a resounding crack and she let out a yelp of pain and surprise. He followed it with a second and third crack across her bare behind before pausing again. She cried out and lurched in his lap in response to each one, making her body rub against him in a way that further taunted his growing erection, even though he was not exactly pleased his body was responding that way.  
  
With the rosy glow starting to spread across her white cheeks Charles once again looked up and spoke to his married friends. "How many is a good number? What do you usually do?"  
  
April and Mark looked at each other, again doing their non-verbal serious conversation with their eyes. It seemed a serious one and took longer than most of them seem to. Finally Mark turned to Charles and shrugged slightly. "We found that ten is a good place to start. Depends on why we are doing it though."  
  
"Ten?" Lilly gasped. "Please, no. That's too many."  
  
"Shush." Charles scolded. "You don't get a say in this. Just remember the whole reason I have to do this is because of your poor choices and actions."  
  
Lilly let out a whimper, but didn't say anything more. It seemed like every time she tried to say something it only made her father more mad right now.  
  
"Now where was I?" Charles said, getting his hand back in position for another swat. "I lost track. Was I at three or four or what?"  
  
"Four." Whimpered Lilly, not wanting any more swats than was necessary.  
  
"Three." Said April, again trying to hide her small smile. "The soft one didn't count."  
  
"Ah, yes. That's right." Charles said, bringing his hand down with another loud crack. "Four."  
  
Lilly lurched and let out her yelp as before. Everyone else just watched as her behind kept turning a deeper shade of pink, slowly turning into a nice warm red.  
  
"I want you to count out loud from now on, Lilly." Charles said, preparing for his next swat. "I don't want to lose count again."  
  
Not waiting for her to acknowledge him he brought his hand down again with a resounding crack. She let out her usual yelp, but this time punctuated with a gasp since she was about to speak. The combination nearly made her choke, but she managed to get out a strained "Five" before coughing on the air.  
  
Charles followed with another quick swat and she was more ready for it this time, yelping but then quickly saying, "Six. I'm sorry, daddy."  
  
"Are you?" He asked, pausing before making another strike. "And what exactly are you sorry for?"  
  
"Everything." She managed to get out without breaking down.  
  
"You're going to have to be more specific." He brought his hand down hard and let the sound ring through the room again. This time leaving his hand on her behind after letting the strike land.  
  
"Seven." She gasped out, again being caught off guard since she was expecting to have to answer his implied question.   
  
"What are you specifically sorry for?" He now asked, leaving his hand against the warm soft skin of her behind to let her know he was waiting for a reply, instead of winding up for another swat. He also liked the feel of the skin against his, but he tried to push that thought back inside where it came from again. Still, his dick twitched again in his pants, enjoying the sensations for the primal things they were.  
  
"Everything." She said again, her voice a little raspy. "I've been mean to you all weekend. I tried to sneak out and take your car. I've been snotty and mean. I was just mad about mom leaving when I was expecting to be at home with all my friends. It's not your fault. Please, I'm just so sorry."  
  
"I'm glad." He said, slowly pulling his hand off her behind, feeling the soft skin slide against his palm, and raising it to prepare for his next swat. "But none of that is why you are here in this spot now. Why has it come to this? Why are you being spanked?"  
  
His hand came down and the crack echoed through the small apartment. She was ready for it this, but it still made her lurch and yelp out loud. "Eight. I'm sorry I dressed like a slut." She couldn't believe she just said that. It just came out. She didn't even think about how she was dressed like that when she put it on. It was just something to wear to the club and something that would upset her dad when he would see her in it.  
  
"You should be sorry." He brought his hand down on her behind again.  
  
"Nine." She yelped, so glad there would only be one more. Her behind was starting to sting even between swats. It didn't help that her dad's hand was still on her ass, slowly caressing in small circles.  
  
"I didn't raise my daughter to be some common slut." He was gently caressing her behind as he spoke, not really thinking about it. "I hope this has taught you act better in the future."  
  
He then raised his hand for the final swat.

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 6**

"Ten." She gasped after letting out a little yelp when his final blow came down hard onto her behind. She could feel the stinging and tingling all throughout her ass now. It wasn't fading quickly now, as it did with the first few hits. It didn't help that her father's hand was still resting on it and slowly caressing around the surface, further agitating the now tender skin. Although she had to admit the feeling of the two contradicting sensations worked well together somehow. The soft caressing mixed with the sharp tingling stings created something new that she kind of liked. Not that she could let anyone here know that.  
  
Charles again was absentmindedly stroking his daughter's behind as he held her across his lap, even though he just finished his tenth and final swat. Taking a deep breath and trying to make his voice sound even, he said, "Have you learned your lesson, Lilly?"  
  
"Yes, daddy." She whimpered out. "I'm so sorry. It won't happen again."  
  
"Okay then." He said, lifting his hands off of her to let her move again. "Get back to you job and see about making dinner."  
  
She started to work herself up off his lap but felt something as she moved. She hadn't noticed it while she was lying there, but when she moved it moved against her. Her father had what felt like an erection. It had been pressed into her side while she was lying there, but now her arm bumped it briefly as she slipped off his lap. Had he been enjoying doing this to her? Lilly wasn't sure how to process that.  
  
Charles slid back up to the table as soon as Lilly was out of the way. It looked like he wanted to get right back to the game as soon as possible, putting that unpleasantness behind them, but the truth was he wanted to use the table to hide his body's shame. He still couldn't really believe that he had gotten excited while spanking his daughter, although it was less the spanking and more the looking and touching that really did it to him. He just wanted to hide it until it died down and getting back to the game was the best way to do that.  
  
April had immediately noticed the erection as soon as Lilly moved out of the way and Mark, who had been too busy watching Lilly, did catch Charles adjusting himself after he was back at the table. This lead to another quick knowing look between the married couple, again communicating without words. They recognized the looks and reactions Charles was showing and couldn't wait to see if this lead where they thought it might.  
  
James simply was enjoying watching this lovely girl get exposed in various ways. After she had crawled off her dad's lap, her skirt fell back into place, covering her fantastic ass again, but her panties were still pulled down below the hem of the skirt, at least in back. She had to reach down and pull them back up, which caused her to lift her skirt a little again, once against giving a nice peek at her still quite rosy behind. She even winced as the string waistband of the panties rubbed up her cheeks. He just hoped he got to see more peeks like this through the night. He almost wished she would get in trouble again so he might get another show.  
  
After turning her back on everyone, Lilly realized she had to pull her panties back up into place, which would give them another peek. She had no real choice in the matter, since the only other option was to pull them off. She did it as quickly and carefully as she could, not looking back at all so she never had to see reactions, but she new they had to of seen something since it caused her skirt to rise when she pulled them back into place.  
  
Between the embarrassment and the reactions from the others, including her father, she doesn't want to have to think about what happened at all. She tries to push it all aside and just focus on what she can make for dinner. She wasn't the best cook, but as long as there were some simple things in there she thinks she could handle it. She notices he has some bratwursts and cans of beans, which is totally within her range of cooking skills. She might even be able to throw in some corn on the cob if what he has is still good. Since they already have the chips it's all set to have a nice outdoor cookout style of easy meal. It's just too bad he doesn't have any macaroni salad or coleslaw. If she had more time she could also have made some brownies, as she found he had some mix and stuff for it.  
  
Before starting on the meal, she figured she would have to ask if these choices were okay, but right now she just wanted to remain off the radar as long as possible. So she kept looking around and keeping pointlessly busy, doing everything she could to not look back at the table. It only lasted for a little while, as her attention was called back to the others by her father's voice.  
  
"Lilly, honey." Charles said, as he waved his hand at the table. "Don't shirk your duties while taking stock of our dinner options. Our chips are empty, I need more carrot sticks, and I think James could use another drink."  
  
She turned back to the table and saw that a couple of them were casually looking at her, but the others seemed to be involved in the game, looking at and sorting their cards. She immediately saw the empty chips bowl and poured some more into it, finishing off the bag, and then went to get more carrots from the fridge. She then walked around to grab James' glass, so she could refill it.  
  
"Fresh ice, please." He said with a small smile.  
  
She let out an audible groan, knowing why he asked for that again. No matter how she bent down to get into the freezer, she would be showing more than she wants again. Sure, not more than she was forced to already, but still more than she wants to ever show again. Before walking away she glared down at him, wanting to see his head explode, but just shook her head when it didn't happen.  
  
"What was that?" Charles said, looking at Lilly. "I don't expect you to be happy about your punishment, but you can at least be nice about it. James hasn't done anything to you. You brought this all on yourself. So why give him that kind of look and attitude."  
  
"It's okay, Chuck." James said, waving his hand to show he didn't care. "I wouldn't be happy if I was her either."  
  
"No, it's not." Charles said, waving off James to keep him from arguing and turning to look at Lilly again. "Her punishment for all she's done was to be a servant for the evening. Part of doing that is being polite and doing what the served want, despite her personal feeling. Snark, glares, and attitude are not allowed."  
  
"He doesn't need new ice." Lilly holds up the glass, showing several still rather large cubes.  
  
"But he wants new ice." Charles said, starting to get a little annoyed again. "So get him some."  
  
"He doesn't even want new ice." The words barely came out through her gritted teeth, but at least it kept her from yelling it like she wanted to.  
  
"Then why would he have asked for it?" Charles countered her response.  
  
She clammed up, took a deep breath, and looked down, not wanting to say what she really thought. She could feel the red flush starting to return to her face. Although she was pretty sure she knew why James wanted her to get him more ice, she doubted her father would like her saying it and just get more upset with her.  
  
After waiting patiently for her to reply, Charles swallowed and turned to look at James. "James. It seems she's not going to speak up easily. For some reason she's embarrassed by you asking for ice. Do you have any idea why? I'd like to know what I'm going to have to punish her for."  
  
"What?" Lilly suddenly blurted out, looking at her father. "Your friend wants to look at my ass and you're gonna punish me?"  
  
Charles blinked, taking a moment to process what was just said. A rush of things went through his mind all at once, not the least of which was that part of him that he wanted to deny. The part that also wanted to see her ass again. The immediate feeling was a little anger towards James for looking at his daughter that way, but then resolving that as normal. Hell, he was looking at his own daughter that way, so how could he get mad at a younger guy who was no relation of hers doing it? It was only natural.  
  
All of that happened in a split second, but long enough for it to register on his face before he could speak. He turned to look back at James. "Dude. I need to know if she's telling the truth here. I won't be mad at you at all if she is. I mean, I couldn't really blame you. But it will affect what I decide to do with her punishment."  
  
James looked around nervously at everyone and saw both Mark and April nodding him on supportively. After swallowing uncomfortably he looked back at Charles with a weak apologetic smile and shrug. "Yeah, I... umm... kinda do. I mean, we all saw it when you spanked her and all, so... umm... yeah, I thought I might get another peek if she got ice and what not."  
  
Charles could tell James was very nervous saying all that but was happy he did. He didn't want James to feel bad at all, since he was just being honest and was a man in a room with an attractive young lady. "Thanks James. That's exactly what I needed to know."  
  
Lilly was actually happy that James admitted it. Her dad couldn't be mad at her now. Sure, he would be polite to James, can't really punish his friend. Plus, it was kind of nice to hear him admit he liked how she looked. She was actually feeling a little smug.  
  
"Okay, Lilly." Charles turned back to his daughter. "You were right. James did want to see your ass again. That still doesn't excuse you from denying my guests their requests. Your punishment was to serve food and drinks and when needed and as requested. You've been slipping in both areas now."  
  
Lilly's shoulders sagged and her good feelings evaporated. Instead of him letting things slide because his friend wanted to scope her out she's still in trouble for not letting it happen. That's just great. The worry then started to seep in quickly. "You're not going to spank me again, are you?"  
  
James couldn't help but smile a little at the idea of her ass being on display for that long again.  
  
"I don't think so." Charles said. "That was for you choice of dress. This is for not doing what you're supposed to be doing. Your job is simply to serve. You talked back because a reasonable request for service. Sure, there was another reason for the request, but that doesn't change the fact that the request itself was reasonable and you talked back instead of simply following it."  
  
Lilly was now confused. She wasn't going to be spanked, but she was going to get punished more. She had no idea what that could mean, but she was sure she wouldn't like it.  
  
Charles turned back to James, with a friendly smile. "So, James, when you were asking for more ice you were really asking for a peek at her ass, which you had already seen in full?"  
  
James looked uncomfortable still, but simply shrugged and said, "Yeah, I guess. In a way."  
  
"That's it then." Charles swiveled back around to look at Lilly. "You chose to wear something that would give people these possible peeks at your derriere while dancing all night, and ended up doing just that to my friends here. Then, when caught on it, was forced to show the whole thing while being spanked. That means everyone here has already seen your pretty little behind, yet you refused to do something that might show another one of those potential little peeks. There seems to be some kind of inconsistency here. You obviously want people to see, but act like you don't."  
  
Lilly was confused as to where this was going, but it was making her more nervous the longer he went on. She especially didn't like how often her ass was getting mentioned and talked about in the room. She could feel the blush spreading and growing hot again. At least her dad did call it pretty, but the thing about her wanting to be seen bothered her a little. Sure she had enjoyed some of the looks, but she certainly didn't want anything to get exposed. This was just how you dressed for dancing. A part of her started to question these very statements. Asking if she really believed that this was normal dress and being seen wasn't really part of the plan. At least she could hold onto the fact it wasn't part of the plan to be seen by these people, especially her dad, no matter what that other part of her mind started asking.  
  
James was also confused, but at least he felt relieved that Charles didn't seem at all upset with him. Sure he asked an uncomfortable question, but seemed more interested in simply using his reply to further the point he was already trying to make. The fact that he had not only enjoyed looking at Lilly's sweet ass, but also actively tried to see it again, didn't seem to bother Charles at all was a great relief.  
  
Mark and April, who had been sitting in silence and simply watching this whole thing play out before them, couldn't help but glance at each other and smile knowingly. This was going exactly where they hoped it would. The only thing they didn't know is how far it would go, but the night was still young.  
  
Charles was unaware of any of these things going on, especially since he was on a roll. "Since you seem a little torn on this I think that your punishment should take some of the ambiguity out of it for you. Your job tonight is basically to serve us, both from requests and just when you see something that needs refilling. Since James here had a request to see something that you not only obviously meant to at least show parts of to tease the boys, but also have already shown in full once tonight, I think it's only fair that you should fulfill that request."

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 7**

"What!" Lilly screamed. She couldn't believe her ears. Did her father just tell her she had to show his friend her ass? "You can't be serious."  
  
"I am serious." Charles said, starting to look stern again. "You obviously have no problem with this, since this is how you dressed, so I think it's only fair that if someone requests to see what you have already shown, you should show it. Lift your skirt and let them see your behind until you are told to let it down. Don't make me tell you again."  
  
James about fell out of his chair. Not only was Charles not upset with him for looking at his daughter, but he pretty much just told him that he could ask to look at her fantastic ass any time he wanted. Without pretence or any kind of trickery. Just a simple demand to see it.  
  
Lilly felt weak, her shoulders slumped and her whole body went numb for the moment. Her father did just tell her to show off her ass to everyone again. At least she wasn't going to be spanked, as long as she did this. If she refused, she was pretty sure she would. Slowly she reached behind her, turning away from the table, and gripped the back of her skirt again. Although she had to do this very thing just minutes ago, it wasn't any easier now. She took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and pulled the back of her skirt up above her waist again.  
  
Everyone else in the room, including Charles, was watching as the beautiful nearly bare behind came back into view. The strips of the red thong barely visible. Her round hips and nice buns looked amazing together with her strong, but shapely thighs. The pink glow from her earlier spanking was still quite evident across both cheeks in a very distinct pattern that faded from darker here the hands most often struck out to the simple natural flesh tone of smooth skin farther out. There was also the faint tan-lines from a skimpy bikini bottom, although not as skimpy as the panties she had on.  
  
She was forced to stand there for about thirty seconds, although it felt like closer to forever to her, before Charles finally said, "Okay, you can let it go."  
  
She happily let the skirt drop back down to cover her behind, but didn't turn to face others again. She could feel the embarrassment rising up in her face again and didn't want to have to actually see them leering right now. Instead she went back to looking through cupboards and the fridge for more dinner options.  
  
"Honey." Charles said, "Weren't you getting James another drink when this sidetrack started?"  
  
"Oh yeah," She sighed, picking his glass up off the counter and going about getting him set up again. "Sorry."  
  
"It's okay." Charles said, with a small smile. "Understandable why you might have gotten distracted. We certain did. But now we should get back to the game and you should get back to work. Any ideas for dinner? Oh, and don't forget, he wanted fresh ice."  
  
She rolled her eyes, which none of them could see, and dumped the old ice into the sink. She then walked over to the fridge and opened the freezer. Knowing that they wanted to see more and would be watching she didn't even try to be careful this time. She simply bent down, mostly at the waist, and grabbed a few cubes from the tray. She was sure this put her whole behind on display again, but what was the point of trying to hide it any more if people can just ask to see it. After getting the ice and pouring the drink she had to face the table again, at least long enough to deliver the drink.  
  
She then walked over to talk to her father. "I looked around and could make some bratwursts and beans and corn-on-the-cob. With the chips and stuff it would be a like a nice simple cookout dinner. Everything else I saw was beyond my cooking skills. So, would that be okay?"  
  
Charles nodded. "Sounds good. Why not head out on the patio and fire up the grill to get it warmed up, so we can have some real barbeque brats. Should start getting things moving so we can eat soon."  
  
She nodded wordlessly back and walked out the door to the patio. She had a fleeting thought of taking off as soon as she was outside, but knew that wouldn't work since she didn't have his keys or even her own purse on her any more. Instead she simply started up the grill, so it could get warmed up, and headed back inside to start the other parts.  
  
While she was working on shucking the corn, Mark spoke up after a brief interaction and urging from Charles. "Lilly, it's been a little while. Would you please let us see that lovely behind of your again?"  
  
Lilly sighed deeply, but didn't let them hear her grumble. She simply reached behind herself again and pulled up the skirt, exposing her nearly bare behind again, holding it there. She couldn't believe she was doing this so willingly now. The mere idea of doing this when she was first told to was total torment, but now it was just annoying and slightly embarrassing.  
  
After a few moments April spoke up. "Something's not right."  
  
"What do you mean?" Charles said, looking his daughter up and down. Her ass was on full display and she was holding her skirt more than high enough. He couldn't understand what April saw that he didn't. "She's doing what she was asked to do."  
  
"It's not much." April said with a furrowed brow, as if thinking hard. "It's just you said she would be showing us what we've already seen when we ask."  
  
"Right." Charles said, still confused. "That's why she's lifting her skirt."  
  
Lilly didn't want them to have this conversation right now. At least let her put her skirt back down and get back to preparing food while they hashed this out. She knew she was doing what she was told, but this talking about it was just making her awareness of the strangeness of it grow again, which only served to make her more embarrassed.  
  
"Yes, but," April said, finally pointing to Lilly's behind. "When we were getting to see this before there weren't those annoying red straps in the way."  
  
Lilly jerked slightly in fear. That woman was talking about her thong panties being in the way. They weren't really covering anything, so how could they be in the way? And why would that woman be the one to mention it. Why was she doing this to her. She should be the most sympathetic here, but thinking back, it was also this lady who talked about taking down her panties when spanking too.  
  
Charles raised an eyebrow and thought about it a moment. He did pull her panties off her behind when he was spanking her, so they did see her without the straps before. And he did say she would have to show them what she had already shown them. Could he do this? Would this be too far? That same hidden part of him clearly wanted to, and he could feel his cock twitching in his pants at the thought of it, but how would he be able to justify it?  
  
"Yeah," Mark said, nodding along with his wife. "You're right. Those weren't there before. At least not while she was being spanked."  
  
This was all the encouragement Charles needed. "Lilly, when someone asks to see your behind, please pull your panties down off if it so they can clearly see it."  
  
Lilly audibly groaned with annoyance at this, but the second after she did she regretted it. This could only make things worse.  
  
"What's the matter?" Charles said, trying to sound like it was just a normal request. "Do you have a problem with this request?"  
  
"No." Lilly meekly said as she gripped the edges of her panties and slowly lowered them until the waistband was just below the cheeks of her ass. She then took another deep breath and lifted the back of her skirt again to show off her now truly bare behind. Although nobody was in front of her, she was careful to make sure the front of her skirt still covered her. It just made her feel better to know she was, especially since her panties no longer did under it.  
  
"Thank you." Charles said with a small smile. "But you wouldn't have groaned like that if you didn't have a problem. Either tell me what it is or I'll just have to take it as your complaining again and do something about it."  
  
She knew she had to say something. If she didn't he would very likely spank her again. But, at the same time, she didn't want to say something that would lead her to get into even more trouble. "It wasn't anything important. I just thought it was a lot of extra work to have to pull them down and back up every time, especially since they really didn't cover much of anything to start with. You already said as much."  
  
"You're right." Charles said, sounding almost compassionate. "That does seem like a lot of extra work to have to do each time. Don't you guys agree?"  
  
The others looked at Charles and saw the look on his face, knowing he was asking them to agree with him on it.   
  
James, who actually enjoyed seeing it quite a lot, reluctantly agreed. "Yeah, it is a bit."  
  
Mark just nodded.  
  
And April smiled and said, "It does seem like a lot of extra work for very little change between the two."  
  
"I agree." Charles said with a smile and a nod.  
  
Lilly let out a sigh of relief, but didn't fix her panties just yet. She was sure doing that would upset things at the moment and she didn't want to do that. She could just straighten them out once she was allowed to put her skirt back down and be happy with that.  
  
"Okay Lilly." Charles turned back to look at her. "Just take the panties off since they don't really matter anyway."  
  
Lilly couldn't believe her ears. She just stood there frozen in place with her skirt pulled up in back and her panties around her upper thighs. Her father just told her to completely remove her panties. All the way. In front of these people too. This couldn't be happening. This couldn't be real. She had to be having a nightmare of some kind.  
  
"Sorry." Charles said after a moment of her standing there frozen. "I didn't mean to leave you stuck there. You can let your skirt down. Then remove your panties. Just hand them here."  
  
She realized he was serious. She lowered her head, giving up the hope she had gained there for a second, and dropped her skirt back into place. She then sensed up as she slowly gripped the sides of her panties and started to push them down. She really didn't want to show too much now, since any coverage she may have had under her skirt was now gone, so she carefully bent at the knees into a low squat. Balance was hard, since she was keeping her legs rather tight together, but she managed to get all the way down and slipped the panties to her feet.  
  
She had to rock a little to get them out from under her before standing back up, but managed it by holding onto the counter for support. She never even bothered to look behind her to see if everyone was watching. She was pretty sure they would be, but just didn't want to see it. Seeing it just makes it worse. Once back on her feet she placed the skimpy red panties in her father's hand and just stood there with her face down and burning red.  
  
Charles took the soft lacy piece of fabric and wadded it up into a small ball, amazed at how little of it there actually was. He could feel a tiny bit of moisture on the fabric as he did this and wondered if his daughter was actually being turned on at all by this treatment. He then sat the wad on the table next to his draw deck and turned back to the game. "Okay, whose turn is it?"  
  
Luckily the attention was off of her for the moment, so Lilly went back to preparing the corn and everything for dinner. She had to start some water on the stove and get the beans ready to heat up in another pot. The last thing that needed to go would be the brats out on the grill, but once everything else was going she would get to them. She also made sure to pull out enough buns for everyone, which made her chuckle softly to herself. Like they weren't getting enough buns tonight.  
  
"James, you keep glancing at this." Charles said, patting his hand on the balled up panties. "Why are you so interested in them?"  
  
James blushed slightly and looked down at his cards. His voice came out a little strained and softer than usual. "They're panties. Slightly worn by a beautiful girl. Who wouldn't be interested in them?" He shrugged and blushed a little again.  
  
Lilly also blushed, but mostly because she was just called beautiful.  
  
"Okay then." Charles said with a little smile. "Sounds like we have something to bet on the next game. Winner gets the panties."

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 8**

Lilly couldn't believe what she just heard her father say. He offered to give her panties to whoever wins his stupid game. Those are her panties. She actually spent money on them. Her own money. He can't do that. She could feel actual anger rising up and this time she knew she was actually in the right, not just some game she was playing to try and beat her father. He actually has no right to give her things away.  
  
"You can't do that." She gasped out, glaring down at her father.  
  
He looked shocked back up at her. "Excuse me? Who's the father here?"  
  
"But those aren't yours to give away." Her eyes defiant and serious, with no signs of doubt within them for the first time tonight. "I paid for them with my own money and you don't have the right to give them to anyone."  
  
James nods and looks at Charles. "She has a good point Chuck. I wouldn't feel right taking them from you if she paid her own money for them. Forget the bet. Not like I really need panties, I just wanted to feel them and stuff."  
  
"Okay, you guys are right." Charles said looking back at his daughter. "I don't have the right to give them away. But since she's definitely not getting them back tonight, I can bet them for the evening. If you win the next game you get to have them for the rest of the evening."  
  
Lilly sputtered, but couldn't think of an argument against this that her father wouldn't shoot down. Even if she grumbled he would get her for something. Giving up, she simply turned around and went back to working on her food. Next was putting the corn into the water and starting the beans.  
  
"Okay, you're on." James started to clean up the cards in preparation for the next game. Nodding towards Mark and April he said. "But what about the two of them? They haven't shown any interest in this, so what if they win?"  
  
Charles looked thoughtful as he turned to address the married couple. "He's right. In fact, there seems to be a lot of people being right going around right now. So, hopefully, I can be right too. What do you guys want to wager for here? Are the panties good enough or should it be based on who won?"  
  
The two of them looked at each other, again without words, and both started to smile lightly. April is the first to look away and speak to Charles. "I think panties would be a good start. Perhaps we could play for different things each game. Make it extra fun than just for more than just one game. That always was the one thing our card night was missing, the gambling aspect."  
  
Charles smiled as a million ideas raced through his head, but most of them were not something he could really do. That hidden part of him was struggling to get out a little more, but there was no way he would let it get that far out. But just some simple fun couldn't hurt. "Okay then. Panties are on the line for this game, then we'll figure the rest out when we continue after dinner."  
  
Lilly tried to guess what that could mean, but didn't like most of what she came up with. Hopefully the others would have to put things on the line, since her dad already did one. She mostly just tried to ignore the game finish making the meal. Stepping outside to put the brats on the grill is when her lack of panties first really hit her since she had to take them off. The cool evening air swirling around her thighs and up her skirt smacked right into her now exposed lips and sent a shiver through her body. The cooling sensation made her realize that she was actually wet down there. As much as she didn't want to admit it, the attention was getting to her and excited her a little. The embarrassment was not fun, but something about the looks and attention she got from the exposure actually was on some level.  
  
When she went back in to check on the pots on the stove, she noticed that the game was actually rather serious. Everyone was concentrating very hard on their cards and each hand seemed extremely carefully played. Most of the evening had been very casual, but this was a very different level of game. Was her panties being temporarily on the line really that much of a deal?  
  
The items on the stove were doing well, so she removed them from the heat and left them to simmer while she went out to get the brats. She had to care for them a little longer, but soon enough was loading them onto a plate and turning off the grill. When she walked back in she noticed there was much activity at the table and the game seemed to be over.  
  
"Enjoy." Charles said, handing the panties to James. "They are yours for the evening. I just can't believe you pulled that out in the end, and by four stinking points. I thought for sure that April had that one in the bag."  
  
"So did I." April chimed in, laughing. "I was looking forward to working a deal with James for those things."  
  
"Really" James said, looking at her quizzically. "What kind of deal."  
  
"I dunno." She shrugged, still laughing. "I hadn't thought that far ahead yet. I guess it might have depended on what you might have won later."  
  
They all laughed and none of them, with the exception of Charles, seemed to notice Lilly coming back in and finishing up in the kitchen. He turned to look at his daughter and said. "Looks like things are about ready. Make sure to ask everyone what they want on theirs so you can serve them. I'd start with James since he just won."  
  
She closed her eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. She didn't really want to do this, but had little choice. All she managed to say in response was "Okay." She then finished up by draining the corn and pulling down five plates for them all.  
  
Holding the first of the plates she turned to face the table and saw James with her panties on his head and everyone else trying not to laugh. She had to wonder what age these people were again, because they sure weren't acting like it. Pushing down the snarky remarks she put on a pleasant, although very fake, smile. "So, James, what would you line with your brat?"  
  
"What are my options?" He asked in a serious tone, while looking at her through the leg holes of the panties, with the triangle front over his nose and mouth.  
  
"Corn on the cob, baked beans, and one or two brats with whatever condiments you want."  
  
"That all sounds good." He nodded, still with the ridiculous thing on his head. "And two brats would be wonderful."  
  
"No problem." She said, still trying to be serious, even if they aren't. "And what condiments do you want on them?"  
  
"What what's now?" James asked, sounding confused.  
  
"What do you want on your buns?" She asked, starting to get annoyed.  
  
Everyone busted up laughing at this and it only got worse when James said, "More than you have on yours, that's fort sure."  
  
Lilly went red and gritted her teeth, trying hard to hold back the anger that was wanting to come flying out of her mouth. Instead she just stood there with her eyes closed and breathed in and out slowly to stay calm.  
  
After what seemed like a couple minutes James gave his serious answer, although with a little bit of a chuckle as he said it. "Mustard, lettuce, relish, and onions would be fine. Brown mustard if you have it."  
  
She quickly turned away from the table, so she wouldn't have to look at the idiot with her panties on his head any more, and set to making his plate up. The rest of them picked up the cards and returned them all to the box, clearing the table so they could eat without messing anything up. When she turned back to deliver his plate, the place was clear of all gaming supplies and her panties were no longer on his head.  
  
She then set about asking each of the others, in turn, what they wanted and filling their orders. She made careful use of her words through all of this, so no more mentions of buns popped up. She finally finished by making her father's plate, who also wanted two brats, but didn't want any corn. She set it down in front of him and went back to make her own plate up, which she planned on eating on the counter, away from the others.  
  
"Thank you, honey." Charles said, picking up his first brat. "Why don't you join us at the table for dinner. We can all eat and have a break."  
  
She didn't really feel like it, but knew it would be worse if she didn't do as her father asked, so she walked over and placed her plate on the table next to him. She looked around, but didn't see another chair she could use. It seemed the only ones he had were all in use.  
  
"Oh, yeah." Charles said with a small grimace. "I only have four chairs. You'll have to grab the stool in the corner and drag it over to sit down. Sorry."  
  
She looked where he angled his head and saw a tall white kitchen stool, mostly designed to sit at a high counter. She carried it over to the table and set it down, but didn't exactly like what that meant. The seat of the stool was about two inches taller than the table itself, which meant that if she sat on it, nearly her whole body would be above the table. It also meant that she would have to sit very carefully, with her legs tightly together, or she would be flashing these people a lot more than her ass tonight. Hell, just getting onto it without letting a peek slip was going to be a challenge.  
  
She finally realized that the only way to do it was to get on the stool backwards, risking them getting a brief peek at her behind again, and then swiveling around once already seated. The part she was not prepared for was how the cool wood was going to feel against her bare skin under the short skirt and how difficult it was going to be to swivel around, since her skin wanted to stick to it. It took a lot of finagling and far too long, but she finally managed to do it and reached down to pick up her own brat.  
  
She had to carefully maintain balance on the stool, while keeping her legs locked tight together, which lead to a couple wobbly moments, but she managed to do it. As she was finishing up her corn, everyone else was already done and just waiting for her. Charles had used a subtle hand signal to tell them not to rise, as Lilly was to clear the table when she was done.  
  
Getting off the stool was far simpler than getting onto it, as she could simply slide forward slightly and let her feet touch the floor. The back of her skirt would catch the seat and flip a little in the process, but the important part, the front, would remain in place. She then preceded to clear the table of all the plates and started washing them in the sink while the others set back up for their game.  
  
"So," James asked as he was sorting out the cards again. "What's going to be up for grabs for the winner this time?"  
  
"Before we get to that, can I make one small request?" Mark said, cutting off Charles before he could speak.  
  
"Sure, what is it?" Charles said, looking at him.  
  
"I would just really like to see Lilly's ass again." Mark said with a small smile. "It's been a while and I think we would all like that."  
  
"You heard him, honey." Charles said, turning to look at his daughter at the sink.  
  
"Can it wait a little bit?" She said, trying not to sound like she was at all complaining. "My hands are all soapy and wet at the moment. Just let me finish washing these first. Please."  
  
"Not to worry." Charles said, getting up from his chair. "I'll take care of it. You just keep washing."  
  
Before she could even reply she felt him grab the hem of her skirt and pull it up over her waist again. She also felt the front rise a bit as he did. Luckily she was facing the counter, so nobody was in front of her to see what was most likely now exposed. He held it there for a moment and then seemed to have a brainstorm. He folded parts of the skirt over and then tucked it into the top of her waistband, leaving nearly her whole behind on display without him having to hold it. The front also seemed to fall back mostly into place when he did this too, which made her feel a little better about it.  
  
"There." He said proudly, returning to the table. "Now it can stay on display and nobody has to hold it up. And nobody has to ask to see it any more either. It will just always be there."  
  
Lilly was not happy about this new situation, but she had nobody to blame but herself for him figuring this out. If she had just used wet hands and not questioned it, this never would have happened. Now she's going to be spending the whole night with her behind on display.

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 9**

Standing there with her ass out in view, Lilly finished washing the dishes. She was no longer in a hurry, as she didn't really want to turn and face the rest of them, even though it meant her behind staying on display. She was, however, carefully listening to them talk, since she was seriously interested in what they were going to do next.  
  
"Nice job." James said, smiling at the new view.  
  
"So." Mark said, "What's on the line for the next game?"  
  
"Not sure." Charles looked around at the others. "What do you guys think?"  
  
"I think this one can't be James' choice." April glared at him with a smile. "He already got his wanted prize."  
  
James blushed slightly and waved the panties in front of him. Everyone snickered a little, which only made James blush a little deeper.  
  
"So, what, then?" Mark asked.  
  
"Well, what I would want wouldn't be up for grabs." April said with a shrug. "The whole reason the panties were even on the table was because Lilly wasn't allowed to wear them any more."  
  
Everyone at the table looked at her with surprised faces. Well, almost everyone. Mark did look, but his expression wasn't one of surprise as much as amusement. She just sat there looking at Lilly's lovely ass, and ignored the looks from the others.  
  
"Okay, then." Charles said and raised an eyebrow. "What would you have wanted if you could?"  
  
"Oh, that's easy." April said, still looking at Lilly. "I'd want that cute little black gym top she has on."  
  
Lilly felt her heart skip a beat and then start pumping like a jackhammer. At least that lady was right. She certainly couldn't be forced to give up her shirt, especially not the black one that actually fit and covered her well. Besides, like she said, it wasn't something that was up for grabs. She did wonder why April wanted it in the first place, though. Did she actually just like the top, or was it something more? Did the woman want to see her topless or just wanted to torture her more? At least she would never have to find out.  
  
Charles turned to look at his daughter and, after a moment, raised his eyes from her well-formed ass to check out the black top she was talking about. It was a small stretchy half shirt that clung to her body and really showed off the curves of her large breasts. Even with the loose white half-tank over it, enough was seen to tell what it looked like. He pondered what to do as those two parts of his mind argued over what's allowed. It's his daughter, but he is a man and she is a highly attractive young woman.  
  
"Lilly," Charles said, waiting for her to turn around before continuing. "How would you like to lessen the length of your grounding?"  
  
Lilly knew it was a trap, but had to at least hear him out. She could always so no to whatever he offered. "Depends on the deal. How much am I getting off?"  
  
"I guess that would depend on you." Charles said, trying not to smile.  
  
She looked confused. "How?"  
  
"We have at least three games still in us." Charles said, looking back at the others briefly. He then steeled himself and said the thing he knew there was no stepping back from. "And you still have at least three things on. How much are you willing to knock off your time?"  
  
Lilly was in complete shock. Her own father just asked if she would be willing to strip in front of him and his friends. At least that was the pretty obvious insinuation he just made. She also was in shock that she found herself actually considering it. Had anyone said this was going to happen, and she somehow believed them, she would have thought her response would have been an instant refusal.  
  
She then realized there was one piece of information she didn't have. "How much time? You never told me how long I was grounded for." How could she decide if she didn't know how long she was getting for it?  
  
"That's a fair question." Mark said, nodding. "She does have a right to know that. King of surprised she didn't already know. Our girls would have wanted to know the minute they were grounded how long it would last."  
  
Now that she thought about it, Lilly was surprised she hadn't asked before now. Sure, she had been giving her father the cold shoulder and quiet treatment for the last few days, but she should have at least found out how long she was going to be stuck in the house.  
  
"You're right." Charles said. "I should have told you before now, but you never asked. Not like we've been sharing much the last few days. I was going to say for the month, which at this point is just over three weeks."  
  
"That sounds like sound math to me." April said with a big smile. "Three weeks. Three games left. Three pieces of clothing. That's perfect symmetry."  
  
"No way." Lilly blurted out, this time not letting her brain have a moment to consider it again. "The math is totally not sound. Sure, three equals three, but when we are dealing percentages here it mean 100% chance of me ending up naked. I don't see how that adds up. There is no way I'm doing it. Have your little fun, but keep me out of it."  
  
"I can't really argue with that." Charles said. "There is no way I can force her to do this. She would have to agree to it. All I can do is hold up the punishment she is already stuck with. She will remain grounded for the rest of the month with no internet or television and her behind will remain in our sight for the rest of the evening. Other than that, she does not have to do anything else she doesn't agree to, unless she breaks another rule and ends up getting punished again."  
  
"There is no way I'm gonna let that happen now." Lilly said, waving her arms dramatically before her to emphasize it. "After seeing what you are now doling out for it. No way in hell. I will just quietly sit in my room and wait."  
  
"That doesn't sound too fun." April said, looking almost comforting. "What if we gave you a chance? We could make a game out of it for you too, and if you won you got to keep what was on the line AND still got to have the time reduced. Wouldn't that be fair?"  
  
Charles couldn't help but smile. He figured the real fun game was over and he would have to be satisfied with what he got to see already, but April seems to have something else up her sleeve that just might work.   
  
"I don't think so." Lilly said, shaking her head. "I don't even know this game. You guys would kick my ass every time if I played. How would that be fair? Besides, didn't you tell me it only played with four people, dad?"  
  
"Yeah." Charles said, not sure where this was going. "But I'm sure somebody would be happen to sit out each round. Hell, you could team up with somebody and get their help."  
  
"No way." Lilly snorted. "Even if I just let them tell me what to play, how could I trust they wouldn't be trying to lose just to see me naked?"  
  
"I wasn't suggesting you played this game." April said, still smiling. "I was thinking you would play a game of your own, layered on top of ours. You choose who you think is going to win and write it down, keeping it secret. We choose what the game is being played for, like that cute black top. If the person you chose wins, you get to keep the thing and still have a week off your grounding. If you loose, you lose the item but still get the time off. No matter what, you win something just for playing."  
  
"I dunno." Lilly said, but it was obvious that she was on the line about it. That other side of her own mind was thinking about how exciting it would be to possibly have to show off, and it wouldn't really be her choice. She, of course, would want to win, but losing would at least be tolerable. Perhaps a little fun, in a naughty way. "One in four odds, three times over is pretty crappy for me."  
  
"Okay." April nodded in agreement. "How about increasing odds each time to you lose. The first game, for the black top, would be choose one person. If you lose, you get to choose two people for the second game, giving you even odds. If you happen to lose again, you get three people on the third one. If you ever win it all reset, of course, and at these odds you are very likely to win one of the games at the very least. And no matter what, you'd be down to only a few days left on your grounding. That is if your father agrees to these terms."  
  
Lilly did like the idea of only being grounded for a few more days, but she still wasn't sure. The odds did sound better, but it was still pretty clear that she would be taking a pretty big risk. From what she noticed most of the night already was that James was good at the game, winning the most, but her dad was also pretty good. April has yet to win anything. So she would never have to bet on April, which makes the odds a little better for her, but still not great. She was still pretty sure she was going to loose at least two games and end up nearly naked.  
  
Everyone could see that she was still leaning towards not doing it. Her face and body language made it pretty clear. Mark suddenly stepped in with a smart idea to try and push her the other way. "How about we give you the chance to change your mind about halfway through the game? When the first Province or Colony is purchased, you have the option of changing your choice. If you choose to do that, however, you forfeit your week off of your grounding for that game. Think of it as a safety net, but at a cost."  
  
She had to admit those increasing odds did go pretty high, especially with the late entry chance of changing her mind. With one game at least at even odds and another at 75% in her favor, more if she took out April as an option, the likelihood of her winning was really good. She figured worst-case scenario was ending up topless for the rest of the night, but most likely will get to keep at least one top and her skirt, if she guessed well. She may have to give up on some of her grounding time if things look bad, but at least she would get to save her clothing.  
  
"I think that sound more than fair." Charles said, looking at Lilly for her answer.  
  
She mulled it over a moment longer, letting her mind dawdle on the idea that she might have to show things to these strangers, and finally nodded. "Okay, but I can stop between games and leave the winnings and everything where they are at that time if I want. I have to agree before starting each game. Okay?"  
  
"Sounds good to me." Charles said with a smile. "Let's start the first game. Write down your winner and fold it up so we can't see it. Then put it under the chips, so nobody can mess with it."  
  
Lilly took the pad of paper from her father and wrote down James' name. She almost wanted to write down April's name, but that would be throwing the game and would feel too much like she wanted to loose. She didn't really want to lose, but the idea of losing was growing in fascination for her. She folded the paper over twice and then in half sideways before sliding it under the nearly empty bowl of chips. Then, without actually thinking about it, she walked back over to the counter and grabbed another bag of chips to refill the bowl.  
  
She had never paid that much attention the games before, but now she couldn't help but stand there enthralled by it. At first it seemed kind of boring, as they just put down money and bought cards before passing to the next person, but soon they were doing all sorts of things as those cards they bought started to come into play. Unfortunately, she had no way of telling who was doing the best as it all still made little sense to her as far as what the goal was. Sometimes they would play a whole lot of cards and other times only one or two, but both seemed to get them similar results in the end. It was like knowing two ways to drive somewhere, one that cut through town and one that went around along the coast. They both got to the same place, but just at different speeds.  
  
Suddenly the game paused as James purchased a green Province card and everyone turned to look at her.  
  
"James just started the usual end game rush." Charles said, looking at Lilly. "Now it's all down to whose engine will get them the most points the fastest. Do you want to give up your week off and change your name?"  
  
She had written James' name down and he started the rush, so that should be good. He wouldn't have started it if he didn't think he was ready and able to win, would he? She wasn't so sure any more and wished she knew the game better now. Why hadn't she paid more attention earlier? She figured she would just stick with her gut and hope for the best.  
  
"No." She shook her head. "I'll stick with it and keep my week off."  
  
"Alright." Charles said, starting to put down his cards for his turn. "Let's see how this plays out then."

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 10**

With the endgame now in process, the way each person played changed drastically over the next couple hands. Suddenly they were buying a lot of the green cards and nearly none of the other cards they were getting before. Lilly guessed the green ones were the points they needed to win, since they had different numbers on them that went up with their costs. After several more rounds her father bought the last Province card and that seemed to be how the game ends.  
  
"Who won?" Lilly asked, eager to know her outcome.  
  
"Won't know until we all count our points." Charles said, sorting out his cards into piles.  
  
April was the first to finish counting. "Seventeen, no way I won."  
  
"Thirty-one here." Charles said with a smile. "Not sure that's enough."  
  
"Beat me." Mark said with a shrug. "I only have twenty-four."  
  
"So close." James groaned. "I was one off. Thirty. Shedding those Estates actually killed me."  
  
Lilly also groaned. Everyone looked at her. She knew it was likely to happen eventually, and most likely on this first game, but that didn't make it any easier for her. She pulled her paper out from under the bowl and unfolded it to show James' name on it. Now she knew she had to give up one of her shirts. "I guess I lost too."  
  
"I guess you did." Charles said, trying to hide his smile and look a little sorry. "At least you have the white shirt too. You only have to give up the black one."  
  
Lilly looked down at her white shirt suddenly felt really small. It would barely cover her at all. She gulped. "Can't I give up the white one first? It's on top and easier to remove."  
  
"We said this game was for the black one when we started." April said. "If you had a problem with it you should have said something then. We would have been happy to change it at the start."  
  
"She's right." Charles said, still trying to look sad. "Not really fair to change the bet after the game is over. Just get it over with and we'll move onto the next one."  
  
Lilly knew there was no way to get out of it and putting it off would only make it worse. She looked around, as is hoping to see a changing room or something to hide behind, but nothing materialized since she last looked around the room. She had to somehow get the tight black shirt off from under her white tank without accidentally revealing anything she didn't want exposed. She wasn't sure she could do it. She wasn't sure it was possible. She really didn't want to do it, but she did agree to this and it was far too late to back out now. At least she knew her grounding was down by one week. That was some kind of a relief.  
  
Everyone turned to watch as Lilly stood there, preparing to remove her shirt, but she just looked around nervously. Charles waited a few moments, but then had to say something. "Come on Lilly. Don't waste so much time. The faster you get it over with the easier it will be for you."  
  
She took a deep breath and started by turning her back on the others. Sure this put her bare behind back on display, but at least it gave her better coverage for her front as she worked. She first pulled her left arm in through her shirts and let the back one slide up onto her shoulder, while holding the white tank down to keep it in place. She then put her arm back out through the tank's armhole. She then pulled the shirt over her head, while holding the tank in place again, so she could slide it down her right arm, through the armhole of the tank. Once it was off she adjusted the tank to try and cover as best as it could, but she had ample cleavage and side-boob showing. If she raised her arms, she was sure she would also be showing some serious under-boob.  
  
She slowly turned around and faced the group, handing her father the black shirt and trying to move very carefully. She felt as if any sudden movement could cause her to show something she didn't want to. She was already quite aware of how much extra flesh was on display and the nipples were creating obvious points in the front of her tank top. Everyone happily looked at her for a good minute, making her even more self-conscious as the seconds ticked on. Her father finally broke the quiet stall in the room.  
  
"Let's get set up for the next game." He started gathering the cards from the last game, clearing the table in preparation for the next one. "I think this time we should let Lilly choose what's on the line since she was upset with the choice last time. So what are we going to play for this time, hon? Tank or skirt?"  
  
Lilly gulped. "I get two choices this time, right?"  
  
"Yes." April said, helping with the card now. "And you still have the option of changing at the midpoint if you want."  
  
"Right." Lilly said, now looking down at her own ample cleavage with worried eyes. "Okay. I think I will put my skirt up next."  
  
"Alright." Charles said as he started choosing the cards for the next game. "Pick your two names and write them down so we can start."  
  
Lilly thought about it and just saw her dad win another game. That puts him nearly even with James for wins. So she figured it was a pretty good bet that one of them would win again. She wrote down James and her father's names and put the folded paper under the bowl again. She could feel her heart beating a mile-a-minute as she did.  
  
This was the point of no return. Even if she changed the names later, this was her last chance to back out of this bet and leave it be. Sure, she would be stuck with all the weeks of grounding and was still going to be mostly on display the way she was now if she didn't, but this was the last chance. She took a deep breath and let it go. She was going to do this and she was certain she was going to win.  
  
This time she really paid more attention to how the game worked, even though it had a whole new mix if cards to buy. It looked like they were each trying to figure out the best cards to buy to give them the most money each turn by the time the buying started. They also had larger money and points on the table this time too. When the point buying started it was Mark who purchased the first Colony, which was worth a whopping 10 points.  
  
"Stop!" Lilly immediately said. "I want to change my names."  
  
"You know that means no week off for this game." Charles noted.  
  
"Yeah, but not doing it could mean no skirt." Lilly said, grabbing the paper from under the bowl. "I do not want to lose this one."  
  
"Okay," Charles said. "Everyone wait until she makes her changes. Remember, honey, still only two names."  
  
"I know." She crossed out her father's name and wrote in Mark's instead. After seeing how he was building his deck and was able to buy such an expensive card to fast, she thought he might actually beat everyone this time. So now either James or Mark had to win for her to keep her skirt. She then refolded the paper and slipped it back under the bowl. "Okay, ready."  
  
The game then picked back up with James taking his turn and it going around the table again. Pretty soon everyone was buying up as many of the expensive cards as possible and Lilly thought she made the right decision. It was hard to keep track of all the points, but she watched both Mark and James buy at least three of the ten point cards each, while her dad only seemed to get two of them before the game ended. She knew April didn't get any of them, so she wasn't worried about her winning. The only spoiler would be if her dad somehow managed to win in the end. He did buy some of the other point cards, so she guessed it was possible, but she really doubted it.  
  
After a few minutes of card sorting and counting Charles said, "Thirty-five here. I think I made up for the lack of Colonies I got with the Provinces."  
  
"I know I'm out again." April said, placing some of her cards back on their original stacks. "I only got twenty-seven points. Just couldn't get enough money for those Colonies when I needed it."  
  
"Damn it, Chuck." Mark said, grumbling. "How did you pull that one off? I only got thirty-three. I thought for sure I had you at least."  
  
Lilly suddenly felt a cold shiver pass through her. Her father had actually beaten Mark. If she hadn't changed her note she would have been better. She realized she might actually have given up her week off of grounding and lost her skirt in the same move. She was about to start chastising herself nastily when James finished his counting.  
  
"Suck it, guys." He said with a smile. "Thirty-eight. Another win for the J-Man."  
  
Lilly felt a huge sense of relief. She actually pulled it off. The one name she never changed was the one name she needed to win. She was going to get to keep her skirt after all. She quickly pulled out the paper and unfolded it to show everyone. "I called it. I win. I get to keep my skirt." Everyone else seemed to have slightly disappointed expressions, but Lilly didn't care. She got to keep her skirt.  
  
Everyone started to clean up the cards and Lilly, feeling much happier than she had, tooled around, filling the chip bowls and getting drinks for anyone who had empties. She didn't really even think about the fact that her bare behind was still on full display and every time she moves people got lovely visions of her large breasts bouncing around inside her loose fitting white tank top. Nobody else seemed to fail to think about and notice these things.  
  
After letting everyone have their little break, watching his daughter, Charles got their attention. "We still have one more game to go. Lilly, are you still in for this one too? White tank is all that's left for grabs."  
  
Lilly stopped and looked down at her limited coverage, suddenly realizing how little it was covering again. If she won this next one too, without chickening out, she would have only about a week of grounding left and would still be dressed like this. Plus, this was the third round, the one she said would be the easy one to win. "Yes, I'm in."  
  
"Alright." James said, starting to set out his choice for cards this round and smiling.  
  
"Choose your name." April said. "Who are you betting on this time?"  
  
"You mean three names." Lilly said, grabbing the paper.  
  
"No, one name." April said in a serious tone. "You won the last one, so it resets."  
  
Lilly started to panic. One name was a lot more risky than three names, like she thought it was. She totally forgot about the reset thing. It never even crossed her mind. She contemplated backing out, but she had already agreed and she knew that wouldn't be good for her to back out now. Well, she would be able to, they haven't actually started yet, but a part of her didn't want to. She could already feel her heart beating faster and the endorphins starting to pump through her body because of the fear. A part of her wanted the risk. So she grabbed the paper and wrote down James' name on it, sliding it under the bowl again. This time she wasn't going to change it.  
  
She most intently watched this game more than any of the others. She didn't even notice that her leaning on the table to get closer to the action was causing her shirt to bow out, letting everyone get a nice look down it and in through the sides. Her lovely large round breasts were nearly on complete display for part of the game. It was a little distracting, especially for James. Her father also had to fight not to stare, but did a little better job of it since he had that part of his brain that could keep telling him it was wrong, even if the other side that told him he was a man and she was a gorgeous girl was gaining strength.  
  
By the time the first Province was bought this time, Lilly had a pretty good grasp on how this round of cards worked together. Unfortunately, most everyone seemed to have it too, so she couldn't tell who had the best mix. All she knew was that her father started the buying spree, but she declined to change her vote.  
  
The point buying rounds started to go heavily around the table. James seemed to be able to buy more of the Provinces than anyone else, which Lilly was happy to see. Everyone teased April when she actually bought a one-point Estate on one turn, not having enough money for even a Duchy. She only ever managed to get enough to buy Provinces twice, while everyone else had at least three.  
  
It seemed to take longer than ever before, but eventually the last Province was purchased and the game ended. Then the counting and sorting began, to see who won. Lilly was on the edge of her preverbal seat.

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 11**

As everyone was sorting out their cards and counting up their point, Charles was the first to speak up. "Twenty-seven. Not sure that's gonna do it, with James and his four Provinces, but not bad."  
  
James didn't say anything. He stacked all his points in one pile and just went about cleaning up and sorting the rest of his cards back into the supply.  
  
"Wow." April said, looking at Charles. "I actually beat you this time? I have Twenty-eight points. I guess buying all those Duchies paid off. And that one Estate put me over you by one. Ha! Laugh at me now will you?"  
  
"You beat me too, babe." Mark said. "Not that it's that unusual. I only got twenty-six. Just couldn't get my engine revved up fast enough. Now it's just to see how much James beat us all by."  
  
"Yeah." Charles said, looking at him. "What's the damage? We know you got more Provinces than the rest of us."  
  
James spread out his point cards and there was a moment of silence. All he had was four Provinces and an Estate. He looked to be half in shock himself and his voice came out a little distant. "I was so focused on getting the Provinces I didn't bother to get anything else. Even one Duchy would have been good enough."  
  
"Twenty-five points?" April said in a shocked voice. "You only have twenty-five points? You mean I actually won a game? I beat everyone? I love when this happens."  
  
Lilly realized what this meant for her before anyone else seemed to. She had lost. The one person she figured would never have won, did. Even if she had three choices on her page she still would have lost. She was going to have to give up her shirt. Everyone in the room was going to see her breasts. She couldn't believe it. She just wanted to fade into the woodwork and hope nobody would notice.  
  
"Enjoy it while you can." Mark said with a smirk. "It's so rare, after all."  
  
"I will, losers." April started to do a silly little victory dance in her seat.  
  
"What the hell happened James?" Charles said, looking at him as he finished clearing up his cards. "You usually have the little points covered when you start sweeping up the big ones."  
  
James let out a big sigh and shook his head. "I was a little distracted. We aren't usually playing with a pretty young girl leaning over the table in a loose tank top. It was kind of hard to concentrate."  
  
Everyone turned to look at Lilly at this point. She groaned as she realized all attention was again on her and there was no way she could escape it now. She did like being called pretty but she also realized that she was probably showing too much when she leaned over the table. Not that it mattered now. In a few moments she would be showing a lot more than whatever James saw.  
  
"So, Lilly, who did you think was going to win?" April said with a big smile. "I bet it wasn't me."  
  
Lilly lowered her head and spoke softly. "No. It was James."  
  
Mark and James laughed, while Charles just shook his head and April simply smiled. James then said, "You shouldn't have been distracting me with those great tits of your then."  
  
Lilly couldn't help but blush and pull her hands across her chest. That made everyone laugh this time. She just wanted to crawl into a hole and die. At least that was her top-most reaction. A smaller part of her liked the fact that he complimented her breasts. He called then great. She was always pretty happy with how they looked, and loved to tease the boys with them, but knowing this man probably saw more of them and then said they were nice enough to actually distract him into losing felt kind of good.  
  
"Speaking of which." April said, smiling again. "I want my prize, so lets see those things."  
  
Everyone turned to watch Lilly again, adjusting their chairs so they could comfortably sit facing her, just as before. She stepped back into the more open space of the kitchen and took a deep breath. She then turned her back and gripped the bottom hem of her shirt. Everyone watching couldn't decide if they wanted to try and see something as she pulled the shirt off or just simply state at her bare ass while she was facing this direction.  
  
She pulled the shirt off and then brought her hands down to cover her breasts, even though she was still facing away from the group. She had her shirt still held in her hand and pressed against her chest when she turned around to face them. Although her back and shoulders no longer had anything on them, her breasts actually seemed more covered because of the way she was holding her hands and the shirt before her.  
  
"Give April her prize, honey." Charles said, not taking his eyes off the beautiful form of his daughter.  
  
She carefully pulled the shirt out with one hand, making sure the other was still pressed tightly across her chest. Although she was able to cover the nipples this way, the nice round curves of her breasts were more than visible around her single arm as she reached out with the other to hand April her shirt. As soon as April took the shirt Lilly clutched her arm back against her and tried to get more coverage.  
  
"Put your hands down." Charles said, trying not to sound too firm. "You know the rules. No covering up for the rest of the evening.'  
  
Lilly could not believe this. She was going to be standing topless in her dad's kitchen with three of his friends staring at her. And worse still, she was doing it willingly, since she got herself into this. She lowered one hand and then struggled to pull the other one down, fighting her own instincts to keep hiding.  
  
Everyone liked what they saw when her arms went down. The room fell silent as they gazed upon the amazing young globes of her breasts. They weren't overly large and ungainly, but they were large enough and looked amazingly perky for their size. The nipples were hard as rocks and bright pink, as they stuck out from the softly fleshy mounds. She was breathing slightly heavily, so they their whole forms slowly rose and dropped as she stood there and let everyone look upon her.  
  
All the guys had to adjust their sitting posture at this point, even Charles. April couldn't help but smile a little at this. She was also getting a little excited, but she didn't have to show it in such an obvious way as these guys. She did, however, want to break the silence in the room.  
  
"Can I have another drink please?" April said, holding up her empty glass and shattering the frozen silence.  
  
Everyone else snapped back to the present and started picking up cards and things again, although taking several chances to glance back at the nearly naked young woman in the room. Lilly reached across the table to take the glass and went about refilling it. She then walked around the table to deliver it, so she wouldn't risk spilling it on the game.  
  
"It's too bad she got to keep the skirt." James said as he glanced at Lilly walked back around the table.  
  
"Fair is fair." April said. "She won the second round, which was for the skirt. Wouldn't really be right for us to take it from her now."  
  
"Yeah, I know." James said. "But it's still s shame. Would love to see the whole package."  
  
"The lure of the unknown." Mark said in a faux spooky voice.  
  
They all laughed, but Lilly blushed again. It was bad enough that she was nearly naked, but having them talking about her like that just made it worse. She wished they would just ignore her and let her do her punishment in silence. Besides, she wouldn't want them to see what's under her skirt. They would be able to see that she's a little excited because of all the attention. That would just make the embarrassment grow tenfold.  
  
"So what are we gonna do now?" James asked. "We still have time enough for a couple games, but they are going to seem kind of weak without the betting. You sure you can't put the skirt on the line again?"  
  
"Yes. That was the deal." Charles said. "She got to keep what she won. Only way it's coming off now if she chose to give it up. Just be content on playing the game with a beautiful nearly naked young lady serving us. Is that really so bad?"  
  
"Oh, it's not bad at all." James said, looking at her again. "Just makes me wonder what we're missing."  
  
Lilly was back against the counter again, trying to blend back in. Unfortunately there was nowhere she could face to avoid them this time. She would either be showing them her breasts or her ass, and her father wouldn't let her cover it either one. If she tries, he would most likely use that as an excuse to punish her again. Possibly taking her skirt away as James' wanted. It was nice hearing her dad call her beautiful though.  
  
"And Lilly," Charles said, looking back over his shoulder at her. "Come up here and stand by the table. No hiding in the back of the room. People want to see you, so you need to stay up by the table unless you are getting something."  
  
She quietly groaned and walked up to stand at the table, where she had been when she was watching the last few games closely. She was standing right between her father and April, with James right across from her. She really wanted to cover up, but knew that wouldn't be allowed. Instead she just stood there stiffly and let the man stare directly at her while the others set up the game.  
  
"James does have a point, though." Mark said, placing the cards his wife was choosing on the table. "The game is going to seem less exciting without something on the line now."  
  
"Yeah, you're right." Charles nodded. "But we can't force Lilly to do anything else. She is being good and doing her punishment willingly, so it wouldn't be fair to her."  
  
Lilly couldn't help but smile as she looked down at her dad. A warm feeling spread through her as she realized how fair and good he was being towards her. She also felt bad about how she had been treating him the last few days. It really was mostly her fault and he was just doing his job as a parent. She didn't have to be so mean to him. Even though she still had just over a week of grounding left, she was certain she would try to make it pleasant and not be the spiteful mean petty girl she had been. She loved her dad and he deserved better.  
  
"Is there something else we could bet on?" James asked, casually looking around the table, but letting his gaze mostly fall on April.  
  
"Don't even think about it." April shook her head. "I'm not paying off some punishment and there would be no incentive for me to play then."  
  
"I guess we just play a normal game then." Mark shrugged sadly.  
  
"Lilly," Charles said, turning to look up into his daughter's eyes. It was hard not to stop at her amazing breasts, but he managed it. "Is there anything you would be willing to do or risk in exchange for possibly winning something? I can't fairly make you do anything, but we can ask if you'd be willing to."  
  
Lilly couldn't believe she was actually considering it. The warm feelings towards her father, the kind way he was asking, and secret excitement of the evening's events seemed to override her rational brain. She wasn't completely going to let it all go, but she was actually trying to think of things that would work. Not coming up with anything, she said, "Like what? And I'm not giving up the skirt."  
  
"Even if we gave you the chance to win back other pieces of clothing?" Mark said, holding up the white tank his wife just won.  
  
She would love to get a shirt back on, even the tiny tank top, but she just couldn't risk losing the skirt again. The idea of being completely naked in front of these strangers was just too much right now. She had to think of some other way to get to the shirt back. "I'd love to get them back, but I'm not giving up the skirt."  
  
April looked thoughtfully for a moment and then said, "What about upping the stakes another way?"  
  
"What do you mean?" Lilly asked, looking down at her now.  
  
"You choose a champion who has a piece of your clothing. If they win, you get it back. If they lose, the winner gets something else from you. Like you have to stand by their side or sit on their lap or something through the next game and be their good luck charm."  
  
"Ooh." James smiled big, obviously excited by this idea. "Like a lap dance?"  
  
"No." April said before Lilly could. "Just a good luck charm. A nearly naked pretty girl on your lap for a game seems like prize enough. Plus, each piece of clothing she wins, she becomes more covered each time."  
  
"I like it." Charles said and looked back up at Lilly. "What do you say, honey?"  
  
Lilly wasn't sure she liked the idea, but the idea of getting a shirt back made her very happy. The best part was she would get to choose which shirt she would get back if she won. April had her tank, but her dad had her black stretch one that covered more. She would just have to choose her dad until he won.  
  
"I'll do it." She said and was surprised by how certain her voice sounded.

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 12**

"Make your selection." Charles said with a smile he couldn't hide. "Who are you going to pick as your champion? And since Mark doesn't have a piece of clothing, we'll let his count as your skirt. If you choose him and he wins, you get to lower your skirt and don't have to raise it any more."  
  
"I'm not going to say." Lilly said, grabbing a piece of paper and starting to write on it. "Don't want anyone playing better or worse because of it."  
  
"Arighty then." James said. "Let's get going so I can get my prize."  
  
Lilly quickly wrote her father's name down, but then thought about it. She really wanted to get her shirt back, but James wins the most. She might end up sitting on his lap with no panties on. If she chose him, however, she might end up sitting on her father's lap topless. Really, the only chance was to choose her dad. So she kept his name on there and stuck the paper under the chips.  
  
The game then went on fairly quickly and there was no chance for Lilly to change her mind halfway through, so it just kept going through to the conclusion. Lilly watched carefully and knew it was down to either her father or James again. Both of them were pretty close on points and the others weren't even in the same ballpark. James snatched up the last Province and ended the game.  
  
When the scores came in things played out just as Lilly has thought. Mark and April were both more than twenty points lower than the other two, but James managed to beat her father by four points. It all came down to who bought that last card. With the winner determined they all turn and look expectantly at Lilly. She groaned and pulled out another piece of paper, starting to write something on it.  
  
"What're you doing?" James said, confused. "I won. Either you picked me or you better get over here on my lap."  
  
"Yes, you won." She grumbled. "I'm just picking my winner for the next game."  
  
After writing down her father's name again she pulled her old piece of paper out from under the bowl and replaced it with the new one. She then crumpled up the old one and tossed it in the trash before walking around to stand next to James. He scooted his chair back a little and patted his lap with a big smile on his face. With a small sigh she turned her back on him and sat down across his lap. Everyone chuckled at the smile that came across his face.  
  
After she is seated and still, James moves his hands around her to try and reach the table one way and another. He doesn't seem to know where to put his hands. "This is really awkward. I can't really touch her, so I don't know where to put my hands, and leaning in to play my cards is going to be tough."  
  
Lilly was enjoying watching James squirm. His nervousness actually made her almost feel like she was the one in power here. Knowing he couldn't touch her, and it was making him squirm, made her feel great. She could also feel his erection pressing into her thigh through his pants. That was the best compliment he could give. It was something that couldn't be faked or a lie.  
  
"That is a problem." Charles said with a smirk. "I guess you'll just have to let yourself touch her if you have to."  
  
"What?" Lilly gasped. "You can't let him do that."  
  
"He'll be careful." Charles said, then looked seriously at James. "Won't you? Not touching under clothing or moving things aside to uncover anything. Don't abuse the situation, but don't freak out because you're afraid to touch her."  
  
"Don't worry." James said with a nod. He then let one hand rest across her bare thighs, gently rubbing the side with his fingertips under the table. With his other hand he reached around her back and leaned forward to sort his starting cards on the table. This pressed his face against her shoulder, looking down at her amazing breasts. He then sat back and let that hand fall slowly down her back to rest against her exposed round behind.  
  
Lilly jumped a little each time he touched her, but was soon enjoying the feeling. She tried to not let it show on her face the best she could, but an occasional glimpse could be seen. April obviously caught one of these slips and gave Lilly a small smile and a wink, but said nothing.  
  
As the game progressed, Lilly realized she could be much more of a distraction from his lap. She didn't want him to win, so she would turn to "look" at something and accidentally swing her chest towards his face. She would wiggle her bottom on his lap when he was trying to figure out his next move, under the pretence of getting comfortable. It was working like a charm. He was far too distracted to play well and was obviously well behind the others. Unfortunately she was too busy distracting him to pay much attention to how the others were doing.  
  
The game finally ended when Charles bought the last Province and Lilly said. "Should I get off his lap now, so he can add up his points and see if he won again?"  
  
"That's okay." James quickly said, reaching around her. "I can count fine with you here."  
  
She couldn't help but giggle as he pressed his body hard against her as he sorted his cards. His face was pressed against her shoulder and upper breast, looking down over both the lovely globes. He also seemed to take longer than anyone else to count his up and sort the extras out. She was almost sure he was doing it on purpose to have as much time with her pressed against him as possible.  
  
After all was said and done, James definitely didn't win, but her father was also not the winner. To her surprise, and everyone else's for that matter, April managed to win another game.  
  
"Two in one night." April said, doing her little victory chair dance. "I think I might finally be getting the hang of this game after a few years. Or something else is spurring me on to victory."  
  
"I think it's more about others being distracted." Mark said with a smirk.  
  
"Don't ruin this for me." She snapped back, but with a smile. "A win is a win. Ooh, and now I get my prize."  
  
Lilly leaned her head down and kissed James on the forehead, before sliding off his lap. His hands slide across her bare behind and soft belly as she moved away. He then had to adjust his pants again, since she was no longer sitting there and pressing it hard against him. She then walked around Mark and moved in next to April, who slid her own chair out a little to let Lilly sit down. Lilly happily sat down, thinking that sitting on a lady's lap would be far less uncomfortable and she would be less likely to be groped a lot.  
  
"Look at the time." Charles said in an almost sad voice. "I think we only have time for one more game. Some of us have to work tomorrow. So no point in betting on this game, as there isn't another one for Lilly to pay off during."  
  
"What if we let her pay it off next week?" James said hopefully. "Kind of pick up where we left off at."  
  
"No way!" Lilly gasped. "I am not going to be your guys' naked plaything next week too. Tonight was bad enough."  
  
"Can't really make her do that." Charles said, still sounding a little sad. "This is the last gasp of our little fun. So let's just enjoy it while it lasts."  
  
"How about we find some other last minute thing to bet on?" Mark said with a shrug. "Something that can be done while we clean up and get ready to leave."  
  
"What will I get out of it?" Lilly said in an even voice. "I'm not going to agree to some stupid bet if I don't get something really good out of it. Just a piece of clothing doesn't really mean much if everyone leaves right after I get it back."  
  
"She has a point." April said, looking out from behind Lilly's chest. "It should be good on both sides."  
  
"Okay, how about this." Charles said. "If you win, you are no longer grounded after tonight. But if you lose, you lose your skirt and spend the rest of the evening completely naked, bidding everyone goodnight that way."  
  
Lilly couldn't believe it came down to this. She could be totally free of her grounding. She could go out tomorrow and spend time in the city while her father was at work, without risking getting in trouble. She could get together with her friends if they can make it to the city again next weekend. She would be free. But if she failed she would have to show these people everything. Not that they haven't already seen nearly everything as it is. Would it really be that bad to go the final step? Would it really be any worse? And isn't it really worth the risk if she can be free?  
  
"I'll do it." She said with a level of force she didn't expect to come out of her own mouth. She grabbed a piece of paper and thought about what name to write down. The usual choice was always James, but her father does pretty well also. She decided to write down her father's name, thinking that she could still distract James enough to make him slip up a little. The odds of April winning again was pretty slim, so Mark was the old wild card, but she figured it was a safe bet.  
  
"We have a game." James said with a big smile. "Let's get to it."  
  
They all set up the cards and started to play. The final mix of cards included some kinds that Lilly had never seen before, but the others seemed familiar with them. Some kind of orange card, that otherwise looked like a normal card, plus there were mixed cards that gave points for odd reasons, like the number of cards in your deck, or that did something in addition to giving points. It meant she really had no easy way of tracking points people had in her head. She would be blind on this one until the end, unless somebody did exceptionally well.  
  
Lilly was surprised right away by how much physical contact she was getting from April. The lady was playing the game with pretty much only one hand, and then only when she had to handle cards. Her other hand was actively caressing and squeezing Lilly's exposed ass the whole time. This was not some casual grazing or cautious touching, this was full on sexual groping. This lady was having a good old time playing with Lilly's hindquarters. And her other hand wandered when it was dealing with cards, cupping breasts, caressing her belly, tweaking nipples, and stroking her thighs.  
  
It was also pretty obvious that everyone else was noticing April's ramped up activity too. James was openly gawking half the time and even her father couldn't help but watch when she really did something overt. At first Lilly was going to stop it, but then she noticed how much it was distracting James and figured she would have to work less to do so. Plus, it kind of felt nice.  
  
About halfway through the game, when the first Province was purchased, Lilly was shocked when April leaned forward to play a few cards and licked her erect nipple. She let out a little gasp and looked down at the woman whose lap she was sitting on. April simply smiled back up at her and gave her a little wink. The next time it happened, April added in a little nibble and Lilly didn't jump at all. It really did feel good.  
  
James simply could not believe what he was seeing and knew there was no way he could concentrate on the game. He actually just hoped that Lilly had bet on him because he was totally going to lose this game and didn't care. Although watching what April was getting away with made him wish he had been more forward when he had his chance. Neither Charles nor Lilly seemed to care at all that it was going on.  
  
Charles was simply in shock that he was getting so turned on by watching his daughter being molested by this woman. The wife of one of his closest friends, and a good friend of his in her own right. He would have normally thought something like this would enrage him, but all it really did was get him really hot and bothered. Watching April's hand go to town on his daughter's bare ass was nearly too much for him to handle. He really wanted to see her lose the game now. He could no longer deny that he wanted to see that skirt come off and her full naked body become open to view. He actually hoped she bet on him, because he was pretty sure he wasn't winning this one.  
  
Mark knew exactly what his wife was up to, but it was still hard not to watch and get distracted by it. He wanted to win this game, just as his wife wants him to, but she was being really good at distracting the room. Concentration on the game was definitely at an all time low, even from him. He kept having to buckle down, especially when his turn came around, but it wasn't easy. Overall he thought he was doing well, but with the constant distractions he couldn't be sure.  
  
As the game grew closer to a close, April pulled out all the stops and spent even more time groping Lilly's supple young breasts and nibbling openly on the erect nipples. The hand on her ass was practically kneading the soft white flesh like it was bread dough ready to set out to rise. Lilly was starting to let small moans of pleasure escape as this woman seemed to work magic on her. Nobody even noticed the game had ended until April mentioned it and stopped the majority of her play.

**Lilly Learns a Lesson 13**

"Looks like it's time to add up scores." April said, pulling her mouth off Lilly's tit with a smacking sound. "Mark just bought the last card in the third emptied stack."  
  
"Oh, yeah." Charles said, looking at the table for the first time in several minutes. "Look at that. Time to see who won."  
  
"And if we all did." James said, smiling at Lilly.  
  
As the scores come in it's exactly as April wanted them to: Mark won. The rest didn't matter to her, but James didn't come in last as she kind of hoped, as April herself did. Second was Charles and third was James. Unless Lilly either played a better game than she did before or was incredibly stupid in her decision, she should be naked in just a few minutes.  
  
April patted Lilly on the behind and said. "So, who did you pick?"  
  
Lilly stood up, letting April's hands slowly slide off her bare flesh, and walked back around the table to stand next to her father. She pulled out the paper from under the bowl and unfolded it. She read it again, hoping that somehow it changed since she wrote it, but the name was as she put it. She slumped her shoulders, lowered her head, and crumpled the paper. "I lost. I picked James."  
  
James couldn't hide his glee and didn't even attempt it. Mark seemed happy about both winning and the show he was about to see. April looked almost smugly pleased with herself. But what surprised Lilly the most was the smile on her father's face. He had a sense of childlike glee in his eyes, like he was about to get a rare prize or a Christmas present he's always wanted.  
  
Lilly didn't wait for anyone to tell her what to do and started to fiddle with the clasp on the side of her skirt. Everyone else simply sat in their seats and watched. When the clasp pops open and reveals the top of the zipper there seems to be an almost audible gasp of excitement from the room. Lilly felt a tingle go through her body in response. She had all these people focused on her every movement. She was the one who really had the power, no matter how they thought it looked. It was all about her and she loved the feeling.  
  
Slowly she lowered the zipper and could actually hear the slow intake of air from the guys watching her, especially James. Her father was seated at just the right spot to get the best view at this point, seeing the flesh of her thigh coming into view between the teeth of the spreading zipper. His eyes almost seemed to be popping out of his head.  
  
It was then the moment of truth. Within the next few second Lilly knew she would be showing a group of near strangers, and her father, every inch of her naked young form. She took a deep breath, causing her breasts to swell and distract the others from their focus on her skirt for the moment, before letting go of the skirt. It slid down her legs and hit the floor in a ring around her feet.  
  
She was so glad she kept up her grooming down there, especially since she was now being ogled by four people in her birthday suit. They were getting a first hand view of her handiwork too. The brown hairs were carefully trimmed and shaved into a near little stripe above the lips of her pussy, which she kept completely shaved. She had to fight her instinct to cover and just stood there, letting it all hang out.  
  
She didn't dare look down at herself, or even move at all. If she did at this point she would have most likely freaked out and lost it. Instead she simply looked around the room at the others and drew strength from their uncontrolled stares. She was their whole focus and it seemed to feed her power and strength she could use to steel herself. She was naked, but she was in control. Even her father couldn't take his eyes off her.  
  
The first to break the silence was James who simply said, "Nice." His voice was distant and a little breathless.  
  
This broke the stillness and everyone laughed, even Lilly, although hers was accented with a blush.  
  
With the moment of awe being over, everyone started to get up and mill around, cleaning up the game and getting ready to call it a night. None of them wanted to leave the room and loose sight of the beautiful naked girl, but each had to take their turn in the restroom except for Charles or Lilly herself. Lilly was mostly just asked to clean up the food and drink messes and make sure she was always on view.  
  
April had no issue openly touching Lilly whenever she was close enough. These were not accidental grazes or simple comforting pats. April made sure to grab her ass with a good squeeze, rub her belly softly, or even cup her breasts and tweak her nipples. The only other person who seemed to even attempt anything like this was when James gave her a nice pat on the ass, but he seemed a little nervous when he did it.  
  
Charles simply stayed seated most of the time and watched as everything happened in the room around him, without saying a word. He did like what he saw and enjoyed the way Lilly allowed the touching to happen without saying a word. She seemed to be getting more used to being undressed and was letting things progress much farther than he ever could have guessed she would have.  
  
"I think it's time we should get going." April said, looking at Charles with a smile and a nod towards Mark. "We have to make sure the girls are in bed. They still have school for another week. Plus, we have work."  
  
"It was good to see you guys." Charles said, standing up. "Glad you could make it after all."  
  
"So am I." Mark said with a big smile and glanced at Lilly. "I would have hated to have missed this."  
  
"Lilly." Charles said, looking at his daughter but nodding towards Mark and April. "Why don't you thank our guests as they leave and give them a little hug."  
  
Lilly's first thought upon hearing that request was that she wasn't freaked out by the idea. She was sure that had he of been told to do this even a couple hours ago she would have cried, or at least panicked. Her only feeling about it at the moment was one of relief that the evening was over. No thought at all to the idea that she would be hugging these people while she was completely naked.  
  
April stepped up first and Lilly happily faced her for her hug. She was, after all, the one who was closest to Lilly's height – Only a few inches taller, in fact – so she could actually face her. She wrapped her arms around April and squeezed gently into her, placing her head on April's shoulder. April, on the other hand, slid her hands up and then down Lilly's back, ending on her fantastic read end, which she gave a big squeeze.  
  
"I know you liked this." April whispered in Lilly's ear. "I hope we get to do it again sometime, so don't be a totally good girl now."  
  
Lilly was a little taken aback by this, but didn't say anything about it. Instead she simply waited until April let go, so she could step back. "Thank you for coming. Maybe I'll see you next time you come over."  
  
"That would be lovely." April said with a wink and a smile.  
  
Mark then stepped up as April opened the door to leave. He put his arms out and Lilly stepped forward to hug him as well. Mark was taller than Lilly, by more than half a foot, so her eyes looked him right in the throat. He was a little round around the middle, although not so much that she even noticed until she hugged him, but it felt nice. He was like hugging a large warm pillow. He hugged her back, but his hands didn't wander down to her ass like his wife's did.  
  
When he pulled back from her, he took one last chance to slowly look down and back up her body to her face, focusing on her dark green eyes. He smiled and said, "Thanks for all the games. You were great."  
  
Lilly simply nodded and stepped back, to let him follow his wife out the door. She found herself actually smiling now. These people were very nice and for some reason she didn't feel at all weird standing here naked as they left.  
  
James then stepped up, but glanced over at Charles first. "Great game Chuck. I look forward to next week. Have anything special planned for that one?"  
  
Charles simply shook his head slowly and said, "Not at this time. Just a normal game day. I think today was just something special." He then shrugged and smiled.  
  
James then pulled Lilly into a big hug. He was a little shorter than Mark, so Lilly was only looking him in the mouth or chin. She rested her head on his shoulder, almost nuzzling in, as she hugged him tight. His hands did a little wandering, but didn't actually grab her behind, settling more on her hips and waist.  
  
"Thank you." Was all he said, quietly into her ear, before separating from her. He did let his hands slide up her sides a little as they pulled away, grazing the bottoms of her breasts.  
  
She smiled to let him know she wasn't upset he did this and stepped back to let him walk out the door. As he stepped out onto the patio she said. "Thanks for coming. Have a nice evening."  
  
She closed the door and leaned up against it, suddenly feeling the rush that comes with the end of achieving something very difficult. She let out a long sigh and looked up at the ceiling, while her arms dangled at her sides. She had actually felt pretty good there towards the end, but she was glad it was over nonetheless. She made it through something that she would never have thought she could ever do if you had asked her yesterday. Now she was done.  
  
Charles, still sitting down, although out from the table a ways, patted his lap and said, "C'mere honey, have a seat."  
  
The implications of the request didn't even register in her moment of relief, so she slowly walked over to her father and sat down on his lap sideways, putting one arm behind his back so she could rest against his shoulder. It wasn't until he actually placed his hand on her thigh and started speaking that the fact that she was still naked even registered in her mind.  
  
"I just want to thank you for being so good this evening." Charles said, letting his hand gently caress her thigh. "I know it was difficult, but you handled your punishment like a trooper and everyone had a good time. With all the time you won off and for being so good, after next weekend you will be free from your grounding."  
  
Lilly leaned in and hugged her father. His body actually felt pretty nice and he seemed to be in pretty good shape, at least from what she could tell while squeezing him tight. His hand slid up her thigh to her hip and his other hand wrapped around her back to return her hug. With her face pressed into his shirt she managed to get out a few muffled words. "Thank you daddy."  
  
When she pulled out of the hug his hands also lowered. One slid down to rest on her upper thigh this time, near her hip, and the other landed right on the outer curve of her ass, which he gently squeezed. She could also now feel the hard lump in his pants against her thigh again, just like before. It all caught her a little off guard and she didn't know how to react, so she quickly jumped off his lap and stood up.  
  
"Where are you going?" Charles sounded a little surprised.  
  
"I need to relax." She said, starting to walk around the table. "I was thinking I would go put something on and lie down."  
  
"But you're not done yet." Charles said, feeling that other side of him start to tug again.  
  
"What do you mean?" She said, slightly shocked as she looked around the room. Everything was picked up and clean, so there was nothing left to do here. "Everyone's gone. It's over."  
  
"No." He said with a sly smile. "The deal was you would remain this way and in view for the rest of the evening. It was for everyone to have something nice to look at as a way of saying goodnight. I am still part of everyone and I am not going to bed just yet."  
  
"You mean you want to have me stand around naked so you can look at me?" She was less shocked at the words that came out of her mouth and more by the fact that the idea made her feel pretty good.  
  
"You are a very pretty girl." He said, looking her up and down again. "And I am still just a man. A man who's been alone for a while now. And it sure has been nice to have something beautiful to look at around the house again. Can you blame me for wanting it for a little bit longer?"  
  
Lilly couldn't help but blush. She also couldn't blame him. She would wait until he went to bed. She might even tuck him in if she wasn't too tired by the time he decided to hit the hay. The way she was feeling at the moment, she might even do more if asked.  
  
Perhaps she could do something wrong and be told. She might just need another punishment.