**Lilly's Games 2**

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**Charles Finds His Way - Part 1**

**Chapter 1: The Morning After**  
As Charles laid in bed thinking about what had just happened, he couldn't really believe it was true. At least he didn't really want to believe it. Had it all been some weird twisted dream? Hell, even his crazy dreams were never this strange and certainly wouldn't have included his daughter in that way. But if it wasn't a dream, then that means it really happened and he somehow caused it all to unfold the way it did.  
  
Even just a month ago he wasn't sure he'd even get to see his daughter much, if at all, this summer. Ever since the divorce his time with her had become increasingly less frequent. Sure, most of that was due to Lilly wanting to spend more time with her friends than she did with her old man, but that doesn't mean he didn't want to blame his ex for it. It also doesn't mean it didn't hurt.  
  
If it hadn't been for his ex-wife getting involved with that new guy–the one who then swept her off her feet and took her abroad for the summer–Charles probably wouldn't even have seen his daughter at all. But now she was staying with him for the whole summer and if last night wasn't some kind of freakish fever dream, things just got really strange. Even if pressed he would never have guessed that his highly attractive daughter would have ended the evening by giving his best friends naked hugs as they left their usual weekly game night at his place.  
  
Sure the night didn't start out with his daughter naked. Hell, the night didn't even start out with his daughter being in the same room. She was still pretty mad at him for grounding her and was spending most of her time in her room. They both knew she deserved the grounding, having crashed her car into a parked car while playing with her phone or iPod or some other gadget and then trying to talk her way out of it by lying to her father, but that didn't mean she was acting rational about it. She was still a teenager after all.  
  
Her attitude and general grumpy demeanor hadn't made Charles all that happy either. It looked like their summer together was going to be a long rough one for both of them. But Charles wasn't going to let her ruin everything and called his friends over to have their usual weekend game night at his place on Sunday. After they arrived and set up to play, Lilly tried to sneak out to go meet with her friends at some club, but didn't make it past Charles unnoticed.  
  
Even now he still can't believe she was planning on going out dressed the way she was. Especially when he discovered the tiny thong panties she had on under the obscenely short skirt she was wearing. She claimed it was normal "club wear" but to him she just looked like a trashy whore. He had been so mad that he had to punish her for it, but grounding alone didn't seem like it worked on her and it would just make both of them even more miserable for more of the summer. Plus, once he went back to work he wouldn't be around most of the day to enforce it.  
  
It was his friend James that gave him the perfect idea for her punishment, even though he didn't realize it at the time. James simply said he was going to get a refill on his drink while he let Charles sort out this personal family issues. Charles told him not to and made Lilly do it instead. For the rest of the evening she was going to be their server and get them whatever food and refreshments they required. That would both keep her home where he knew she was safe and busy doing something she wouldn't enjoy. The perfect punishment.  
  
Things just seemed to escalate from there. Before he realized what was going on, she was in trouble again and he had her bent over his knee to be spanked. In fact, he spanked her on her bare bottom in front of his friends. Soon she was baring her bottom whenever any of them wanted to look at it and eventually had it permanently on display for them. Her punishments just seemed to keep going further down a certain lane, and he can't really understand how it all happened now. At the time it seemed so natural, but in retrospect he can't imagine how.  
  
As the evening stretched on she started taking bets and earning time off of her already accumulated grounding, as well as losing other pieces of her clothing when she lost. By the end of the evening she was in nothing but her tiny skirt, although with the back rolled up to show off her cute little behind, and had earned all but around a week of her grounding off. He still can't believe he let it all happen, although at the time it all seemed to be a perfectly natural progression, and as much as he might hate to admit it, he did enjoy it at the time.  
  
The final bet was an all or nothing thing that she actually agreed to for some reason. Either she would end up naked or she would be free of all punishments. Clean slate. Unfortunately for her, she lost and ended up showing him and all his friends everything she had. She even hugged all of them and then sat on his lap to thank him and give him with hug too after they left.  
  
Thinking back on it now he still can't deny that she was beautiful, and her body was amazing, but the fact that she's also his daughter makes him wonder what's wrong with him to think that way. Especially since he didn't just have her get dressed again right then. That would have been the normal thing to do, right? The friends were gone, so the show was over, right? No, instead her made her finish cleaning up and spend the next hour or so just hanging around in the nude so he could keep leering at her.  
  
It was like something else took over his brain and had control at that point. At least all he did do was just look while having her do simple chores around the house. The thing in his head didn't cause him to do anything he would really regret. When he finally felt it was time to go to bed he sent her to her room, telling her the punishment was finally over. She didn't exactly seem relieved at that point, but it must have just been the shock of the whole experience overwhelming her as much as it did him.  
  
Now came the hard part as far as he was concerned. How was he going to face her again? After what he put her through last night, he wasn't sure he could keep himself from breaking down when he did. Plus, how is she going to feel? Is she even going to want to face him again? Sure, they have to live under the same roof for the rest of the summer, but this may have permanently broken things between them. What kind of father has he turned out to be?  
  
Hopefully she wasn't too damaged by it all and they can work their way through this at some point. And what if she tells his ex what happened? What will happen to him then? She sure as hell won't let Lilly anywhere near him again. Perhaps he even deserves that, but she could do a lot worse to him too. Would he be fighting to stay out of jail at some point? He sure hoped not.  
  
Although he seemed to sleep rather well through most of the night, these waking thoughts had all but ruined his morning. He just hoped he could get up and get ready for work before she wakes. He would much prefer getting out of the house without having to face her right now. He wanted to put off that confrontation until after he got home and had some time to think clearly on the subject.  
  
Unfortunately going to work would then mean facing one of the friends that was there last night. That too could prove to be just as uncomfortable. The man had seen his daughter completely naked and even given her a hug, after having bet on her clothing to get removed and everything. How could he comfortably face a person he allowed to do that to his little girl? He couldn't even blame the guy for having done it. If put in the same situation he would have probably done the same. Hell, he did do the same.  
  
He managed to get ready and slip out before she woke, or at least before she came out of her room. Either way he felt better to have some extra time to think about things first. But he left so quickly he didn't even make his usual breakfast. Luckily he knew he could grab something on the way.  
  
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Lily's morning started off very similarly to her father's, waking up and lying in bed for hours thinking about the previous night's events, only with a slightly different perspective. She was a young woman after all, now living with her father after many years of separation, and not a middle-aged man dealing with a new person in his previously solitary house. But it was something more than that too.  
  
Her mindset was not one of someone who thought that the events of the previous night were some kind of nightmare situation. She didn't exactly enjoy being subjected to the exposure and demeaning work, which was extremely embarrassing to think about, but there was something about the attention she garnered, especially from her father, that made her feel... something else. She couldn't actually put her finger on it, but it was something not exactly bad.  
  
The more she looked back on everything that happened, the more confused she got. If someone had asked her a week ago if she'd be willing to strip naked for her father and his friends, she's probably tell them no and get grossed out at the idea. Probably would have hit them in the arm too. But now that it's happened she realized she didn't feel that way at all. She's not sure exactly how she feels, but disgusted and grossed out isn't it. All in all, the whole thing was just confusing.  
  
She eventually heard her father get up and leave, but waited until he was definitely gone before getting up herself. She wasn't ready to face him just yet, since she had too many things rolling around in her head and she had to try and figure out what they all meant. Last night was confusing, to say the least, and that was probably the simplest part to come to grips with. Facing him would mean dealing with much more, before she even understood it herself.  
  
Once she was sure he was really gone and not going to be back until after work she got up and slipped into the bathroom. Her hair was a tangled mess of auburn around her tired looking face. Restless nights will do that to you. She stood there in front of the mirror as she slowly slipped out of her nightshirt and looked at the perky large breasts of the reflection. She then thought about how James and the others looked at them when she was made to take off her shirt last night. She remembers the excitement in their eyes and something else. Hunger, perhaps.  
  
Whatever it was, she can't deny that it made her feel good amidst all the embarrassment. She wondered if she would be able to do that again, or if it would even have the same effect. Last time she didn't have much choice in the matter, which made it easier to do, but would she be able to be so brazen on her own? The idea amused and intrigued her, but she didn't think she would be able to go through with it if she actually tried.  
  
She then pulled off her panties and stood there completely naked, which made her think about how she ended her evening last night. Standing bare before the four of them and willingly letting each one hug her goodnight was one of the hardest things she's ever done, but also one of the most exciting. When her father told her that was going to be the result if she failed she never thought she could do it, but accepted anyway. Somehow she managed to get through it and in the end it was worth it. She never felt more alive than at that moment.  
  
Pulling herself away from the mirror she got into the shower and started her normal morning routine, but her mind was still wondering about what happened to her and what it all meant.  
  
She was even more surprised by the admission of her father after the others had left. She thought her time being exposed was over and felt a sense of relief, as if she had made it through some impossible task successfully, but he extended it. He told her she was beautiful and he wanted to be able to see something beautiful for a little bit longer. That it has been a long time since he something like that in his life. She knew what he really meant was that he has been lonely for too long.  
  
She felt a pang of guilt at that moment, and it hit her again while standing there in the shower thinking about it. Sure, her he parents haven't been together for a long time and didn't really get along, but he used to have her to take care of and be part of his life. She hadn't been there for him much the last couple years, though. More than that even. He had lost his daughter as much as he lost a wife and he never replaced either of them. That more than anything made her feel even worse. That meant he still loved her a great deal and she had done nothing but hurt him by not being around. Her selfish desire to hang out with her friends for a few more days kept her from visiting on those weekend and vacations where she used to.  
  
She leaned her head against the cool tile wall of the shower and sighed. She had to be better. She had to let her father know she was still here and part of his life. She wasn't going to pull away and ignore him like she had been doing for too long. He needed her to be there. He needed his daughter and she was going to make it better. She took in a deep breath and tried to solidify her resolve to be good and not cause him any more pain. She loved him too much to do anything less.  
  
Finishing her shower she got dressed in some casual lazy day clothes and made herself something to eat. Now she just had to figure out how she was going to do this and what it all really meant. She knew the easy parts, like she wasn't going to be angry and pouty and give him crap any longer. No more silent treatments or other childish behaviors. No more mouthing off and giving snotty answers. That was all simple enough to understand. It was the things she was going to do that were harder to understand.  
  
The idea of following in the footsteps of the previous night had a certain appeal to her, but there was no way she could actually bring herself to do that. Was there? Could she strip down and be on display for her father when he got home? The idea intrigued and even excited her a little, but she knew there was no way she could actually willingly do that. How could she act so bold and take such risks? No, that wasn't really an option. Just a fun fantasy to think about when daydreaming.  
  
No, instead she would clean the house up while he was at work and make things easier for him when he got home. She would have dinner ready to go and on the table when he arrived. She would be a good girl and take care of him so he would understand. She could show him that she's sorry about how she's been acting, is ready to do her part, and that she's here for him if he needs her. If he happened to ask for more, then she'd have to see what she could do.  
  
Especially if he told her to.  
  
Part of her really hoped he told her to, but she wasn't entirely sure what that part was saying just yet.

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 2**

Charles arrived at work, his brain was still muddled with thoughts of what happened, and wandered through the main entrance like a zombie. He didn't even stop to have his usual banter with Barry at the security desk. He simply wanted to get to his desk, in his quiet cubicle, and get to work without dealing with anyone else. He just wanted to let his brain try and work through recent events.  
  
After about an hour he was just starting to be able to focus on work, more than events at home, when he was interrupted by something that brought it all crashing back. His friend and co-worker, Mark, who had also been at the game last night, had just rounded into his cubicle to chat.  
  
"How's things with you today Charles?" Mark said in a casual tone.  
  
Charles didn't really want to talk about it, especially with someone who was a party to the events. What he really wanted to do was to dig a hole and dump it deep inside it where nobody would ever find it. But he had to say something since he was standing there waiting for a reply. "Hey Mark. Something I can help you with?"  
  
Charles furrowed his brow for a moment and then set his face in an understanding kindly smile. He then spoke in a softer voice, making sure nobody would be able to overhear them. "Troubled by last night's events? Not sure how to act around me any more? I can understand that. It takes time to figure it out at first."  
  
Charles wasn't expecting Mark to speak so frankly and calmly about it. He was taken aback for a moment and was sure all the trouble and confusion showed on his face. "I shouldn't have let any of that happen. I don't blame you or anyone else but me. I just don't know what to do. How can I face Lilly now?"  
  
"There's nothing to be ashamed of." Mark said comfortably. "Your relationship with your daughter is just changing. Things are never going to be what they were when she was little, especially with all the changes and growth you've both gone through since you last spent any real time together."  
  
"But last night?" Charles showed the worry in his eyes as he looked up at his friend.  
  
"What happened last night just showed that things aren't going to be what either of you expected and new boundaries and rules will have to be found." Mark said quite matter-of-factly. "It will seem strange and sudden for both of you, but I assure you it that it's not at all wrong or even that unusual. Relationships change over time, but usually it's a gradual thing and everyone has time to grow used to it and adjust as it happens. You two haven't really had that time, so things are going to feel jarring and disjointed as they settle."  
  
"But things were so strange last night." Charles furrowed his brow again. "I mean, the things I had her doing in front of you. People she didn't even know."  
  
"Would you have felt better if you made her do them only for you?"  
  
Charles thought about it for a moment. On one hand it would have saved her some of the embarrassment, but it also would have seemed stranger if they had been alone and it played out the same way. Sure, she would still have needed to be punished and he did find her beautiful, but would he have done the same thing to her if they had been alone? The confusion must have shown on his face.  
  
"Don't let yourself think so much about it." Mark placed a comforting hand on Charles' shoulder. "Things will settle and you guys will find your path. If it ends up anything like the relationship my wife and I have with our daughters, you'll soon not worry so much about things like this in the future."  
  
Charles looked up at Mark with surprise. He never even thought about the fact that Mark had teenage daughters too. He might know more about these things than he does after all, but it still just didn't exactly sit right with him. He loved his daughter and couldn't imagine doing anything to cause her real discomfort or harm. Sure, punishing her is one thing and has to be done, but was that really all that last night was about?  
  
All he could manage to say was "I hope you're right."  
  
"I know I am." Mark said with a kind smile. "Both April and I saw it in the two of you last night. It may take you two a while to figure it out, but it will happen and you're relationship will be stronger than ever."  
  
"Thanks Mark." Charles said with a weak smile. "That helps."  
  
"Any time, Chuck." Mark said with a big smile. "But now I think we both should get back to work."  
  
Charles still wasn't sure where things were going to stand between them, but at least his mind wasn't so muddled with thoughts of harm and damage he may have done as much as confusion about the future. He didn't know if Mark was really right about things, but it was comforting to think that it may be just part of a normal transition as they try and figure out where they stand now in their lives together.  
  
Mostly he just hoped he would go home and none of it would have had ever happened, but he knew that wasn't really possible. The best he thought could hope for was he'd get home and things were just as they were before last night took place. That Lilly would be mad at him still, locked away in her room with loud music blaring most of the time, and they never thought about last night again.  
  
Then there was that little voice in the back of his brain that thought about her naked body, as it was seen last night in all its glory, and hoped it would get to see more shows like that. It hoped something had changed between them and she wouldn't be able to keep herself covered while in his presence. Or at least that he could get her to be that way whenever he wanted somehow. But he forced that voice back into the dark recesses of his mind and tried to pretend it didn't exist. That wasn't the way a father should think.  
  
**Chapter 2: Lilly's Realization**  
Lilly kept herself busy most of the day cleaning, organizing, doing laundry, and whatever else she could find to do. As long as she kept busy she could stop herself from dwelling on the other thoughts as much. She reorganized the whole kitchen, dusted every shelf, and even washed all the sheets and blankets. The place almost looked new by the time Charles was due home.  
  
Charles, on the other hand, had too much time to think as he made his way home. By the time he reached his door he was a ball of nerves, not sure what to expect on the other side. Was she even going to be there any more, and if she was, what would she think about him? He took a deep breath and fiddled with his keys in the lock before opening the door.  
  
When he walked into the main room of his place he saw Lilly sitting on the couch folding some laundry. He wanted to say something to her but was only able to give her a small nod in greeting. He then quickly walked through to his room. One other thing he did notice was how different the place looked and smelled. It was really clean. Everything was organized. Even his own laundry had been done, folded, and put away in his room. His bed had been made. Even the carpeting in his room had been vacuumed, which he hadn't done himself in at least a year.  
  
She had been busy while he was at work today, but why? The last thing he expected to find when he got home was this. What did this mean? The whole thing just made it all more confusing to him. He thought she might be trying to block it out or keeping herself busy to not think about it, like he tried with work, but that just meant it would come crashing back at some point. It could also be her form of an apology, for how she was acting, or just to keep him from punishing her again. Or could it be something else completely.  
  
He spent as much time as he could in his room, still trying to avoid any real contact with her just yet, changing out of his suit and slowly putting away his things from work. After about a half an hour of avoidance he heard her voice coming from the other room.  
  
"What do you want for dinner?" She said in a neutral tone. "I should start it soon."  
  
She was going to make dinner for the two of them, without being asked, and actually wanted his input on what to make. This was certainly a very different girl than the one who had been dealing with just days ago, but it bothered him that it was so sudden. He strained to keep his voice calm and said, "Anything would be fine. You choose."  
  
That wasn't the answer she wanted, but she didn't feel she could press the issue. She wanted him to choose something. She didn't want to have to choose for them, but she was put in the position where she had to, so she was going to pick something she hoped he would have preferred.  
  
While she was working on dinner he finally came out of his room and casually checked on what she was doing before sitting down on the couch to watch some TV. Something palpable was in the air was between them, but neither could really put a finger on what it meant. The only thing they did know was neither of them was exactly comfortable at the moment and neither of them was ready to broach it.  
  
When the food was finished and put on the table, they ate in silence and barely looked at each other. Lilly wanted to speak a few times, but something in the air kept her from doing it. Charles also wanted to say something and spent the whole time trying to build up the nerve to say it, but just couldn't push himself that extra foot. The tension just continued to grow all through the meal.  
  
When everything was done, Lilly rose and started to clear the plates off the table, still without a word. Charles watched her and knew he had to say something. If he didn't, this was just going to get worse and he'd rather have the angry teen back than this... whatever it was.  
  
Pulling together all of what will he had, Charles rose and walked over to where his daughter stood at the sink. He gently tugged her arm to turn her to face him and looked down into her wide dark green eyes. She stared up at him, waiting for him to say the words. Hoping they would be what she needed to hear, but not even sure what that was.  
  
Charles took a deep breath and spoke in a rough, almost cracked voice. "I'm sorry."  
  
Lilly blinked in confusion. "What?" It was all she could manage to squeak out.  
  
"I'm sorry, honey." Charles could feel it all about to burst out and thought he should let it. "I shouldn't have made you do all those things yesterday. I shouldn't have had you show off for my friends and I shouldn't have spanked you in front of them. Hell, I shouldn't have spanked you at all. You're not a little girl any more and I have to start treating..."  
  
As he spoke, she started to understand something. Something more about him than herself, but something important. He feels guilt over what happened. Guilt he shouldn't feel. And she had to help him. She didn't even let him finish his rambling apology and interrupted him suddenly. "Stop!"  
  
Charles was taken aback by the strength of the word and fell silent. Her eyes started to glisten with what appeared to be start of some tears as she lowered her head and slumped her shoulders. Her voice then continued, although much softer than before.  
  
"I deserved it." She said, "You did nothing wrong. I was the one acting badly and needed to be punished. I was the one acting out, treating you poorly, lying, and trying to steal your car. You had no choice. I was not reacting properly to the grounding and though I could walk all over you in the end. You only did what needed to be done to stop me. I don't blame you. Don't blame yourself. I was the bad one. I was punished. It's how it's done."  
  
"But," Charles started to speak. "I shouldn't have..."  
  
"Yes, you should have."  
  
"Honey. It's not..."  
  
"You had to." She looks up at him with something akin to pleading in her eyes. "You didn't do anything wrong. I did. Please accept my apology for how I acted, daddy. I was wrong."  
  
Charles wasn't exactly certain he agreed with her, but he couldn't deny it was something of a great weight being lifted to hear her say it. He leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead. He couldn't actually get any words out but he managed a weak smile and nodded acceptance.  
  
Lilly smiled back at him before turning to finish washing the dishes.  
  
Feeling better, Charles returned to the couch and sat down to watch something while his daughter finished up in the kitchen. The place suddenly felt calm to him again and the strange tension from before appeared to have dissipated with her lovely smile. She wasn't mad at him. She didn't think he was a monster. She even said she didn't think what he did was bad. He wanted to believe her, but he still had a small nagging feeling that she might also be up to something. He hated to think this way, but it all seemed a little too easy. There was still some piece of the puzzle missing, but for right now he wanted to accept it and be happy. He wanted it to all be true. He wanted it to all be over. He was willing to buy the lie, if that's what it was.  
  
When finished, Lilly came in and joined him on the couch, watching the show together with her father.   
  
At the first commercial break Charles got up and started to walk towards the kitchen. About halfway there he stopped and looked back at Lilly with a smile. "You want anything to drink, hon?"  
  
"Uh, no thanks." She wasn't sure why it came out in such a strained, unsure voice, but there was a strange feeling that came along with it. Something she couldn't quite place. Whatever it was, she could feel a strange uncomfortable knot slowly growing in the pit of her stomach. All he did was offer to get her something from the kitchen. Why would that make her feel this way?  
  
As the evening went on things continued to be pleasant and quiet between the two of them. Eventually Charles rose and said, "Well. I can't stay up all night. I have to work in the morning. Feel free to stay up as late as you want, but please keep things down. Goodnight, hon."  
  
"Night, dad." She said, watching him leave. She then let out a long deep sigh once he was out of the room. Something still wasn't right and it was starting to really bug her. He was being so nice, so she couldn't really understand what it could be.

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 3**

At work the next day, Charles was in a much better mood and sought out Mark when he had a free moment. Slipping into his office, he closed the door behind him. Mark looked up at him and smiled.  
  
"Hey Charles." He said, "You seem to be in better spirits today."  
  
"Yeah." Charles nodded. "I had a nice talk with Lilly last night and I think everything is going to be okay."  
  
"Really? What happened?"  
  
"When I got home she had gone all Susie Homemaker on me and cleaned every inch of the house while I was at work. Things felt really tense still though, but I think most of that was me though. I had no idea why she was acting the way she did. It really had me weirded out. Then I tried to apologize to her for the other night, but she stopped me."  
  
"Really?" Mark raised one eyebrow in surprise and gave a small lopsided smile.  
  
"Yeah," Charles continued. "She said she deserved it, in fact. She fully admitted to acting poorly and accepted that the punishments were warranted. I was totally taken aback."  
  
"Interesting." Mark's eyes glinted with something and his smile shifted into something a little more knowing, but he did his best to try and keep his voice even. "So she's still being punished?"  
  
"Well, she's still grounded and making dinner." Charles shrugged. "But she's being so good and things were so quiet last night that I don't think I'll have to do more than that any more. She seemed truly sorry."  
  
"We'll see." Mark said with a small shrug of his own.  
  
"You think it won't last?" Charles said, looking concerned. "You think she's going to start being trouble again? Like this is some eye of the storm or something?"  
  
"Perhaps." Mark gave his lopsided smile again. "I don't think anyone can know how this is going to play out yet, but I don't think we're close to the end just yet. Daughters aren't as simple to figure out as some seem to think they are."  
  
Charles huffs out a short laugh. "Are any women?"  
  
"Good point, Chuck."  
  
On that Charles opened the door and walked out of the office to get back to work.  
  
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After a late night watching TV, Lilly slept in until nearly noon and woke still feeling a little burry and dazed. She kept thinking about how she should feel better that her father and her are getting along again, but she doesn't. Something feels off still and she just can't understand why.  
  
Having taken care of most everything in the house the day before, she didn't really have much to do to keep her mind off things. Instead she sat around watching TV and thinking about how odd things felt. Her mind kept going over the events and how she felt at each step. It was like watching a reality TV show about her own life and trying to figure out what was going on in their heads. Only one of the heads was her own.  
  
She knew she felt better while she was busy yesterday, but that was mostly because she was keeping herself busy and not thinking about things. That one was easy to understand. But when her father got home and practically ignored her it hit her strangely hard. He hadn't even commented on how nice the place looked, much less look at her. The odd thing was, she seemed to care more that he didn't look at her than she did about his lack of comment on the work she did. That made her wonder what else was going on in her own head.  
  
She did feel better when he came out for the dinner she served them. It seemed to be going well until her father tried to apologize to her. For some reason that actually made her feel worse, even though she would have totally wanted it to happen just a day before. But then it got better when she admitted her guilt and accepted that she deserved her punishment. In fact, she had to admit to herself, that was the best feeling she had all evening.  
  
Things then went downhill from there, at least as far as her mood went. They sat together on the couch and watched TV. It just didn't feel comfortable to her. Especially when he asked if she wanted a drink. That hit her hard.  
  
Then she suddenly realized what it was. What the common factor was though the whole experience. She didn't like being treated like an equal. She got uncomfortable when she felt like she was on even footing with him. The realization hit her like a ton of bricks. She preferred it when he had the power over her. When he was the father. When she was being punished the other night, she felt that strange bond between them. It just felt right, even when she was embarrassed.  
  
She didn't want to live with him, she wanted to be told what to do by him. She liked the sense order it gave her and it made her feel comforted. Loved. But now he's playing all nice-nice and treating her with kid gloves. She couldn't really tell him any of this. That wouldn't work. It would ruin it if she tried. She had to get him to take control again without telling him anything. But how?  
  
She knew that he wouldn't just do it on his own if something doesn't change, especially in the mood he's been in. She had to force the issue somehow, but without telling him why she is doing it. The only way she could think of to that was to get in trouble again. She would have to do something to make him punish her again, but she didn't really want to do anything too bad. Just enough to make him act, so she could reset the balance.  
  
After thinking about it a few hours, knowing he would be home in less than one, she decided the best thing to do would be to dress inappropriately again. That seemed to really strike a nerve with him and it's something obvious she could do without looking like she was trying to do something. She could still act good, do her chores, and make dinner, but just dressed in a way that would make him act out.  
  
She quickly rushed into her room and looked through her things for something that would be enough to get his ire up, but wouldn't seem too obvious as to what she was doing. Most of what she looked through was her special "party" clothes that she mostly only wore when going out with the girls to tease the boys, like when they'd sneak into the clubs. But most of those things were far too over the top to seem natural for daily wear. She had to go with something a little more subtle.  
  
In the end she chose to wear something that was made to be more conservative, but that was for someone a few years younger than she was. It was one of the few things she had left here and found it while unpacking her things last week. Originally she just planned to get rid of it at some point, shoving it to the back of her drawer, but now it seemed like the perfect choice. Her father may even remember it, so that would make it seem even less suspicious for her to be wearing it now.  
  
She pulled the small button-up sundress on and had to struggle a little to get the thing into place. To say it was tight was an understatement. She actually have to hold her breath to button it up, which meant it wasn't going to fit right anywhere. That was perfect. The hem of the dress was the only loose part and it naturally fell barely two inches below the bottom curves of her behind. The top had to have at least two buttons undone to even fit around her chest, but she left four of them undone instead. This meant she had an ample amount of cleavage showing, both along the top and inside curves of her breasts.  
  
There was no way she could wear a bra with the dress the way it fits now. Not only would more bra be showing than it ever should show, it would actually pull her breasts up enough that they could actually pop out of the dress if she moved wrong. Without one, her own skin and nipples would help hold the dress in place, although if she moved enough she would still risk popping out of it. That risk just made the dress all the more appealing to her.  
  
As she moved around in front of her mirror she noticed that the dress started to bunch up a little around the waist, which pulled the hem up more than a couple inches. That meant she would be showing panties, so she had to make sure to choose something that worked well for what she wanted. She didn't want to go too naughty and give her plan away, so she had to go with something more conservative, but that would still be scandalous enough to get her in trouble.  
  
She tried on a few different pairs, but the cuter lacy ones just didn't feel like they went with the dress, while the "granny panties" felt way too conservative. Plus, they were just ugly and only got worn when it was laundry day. In the end she chose a nice simple white pair that was slightly high cut on the sides and about two sizes too small for her, making them extremely tight. Once her ass started to show, these things would hold it tight and make it look amazing. She even had to admit it to herself as she admired it in the mirror.  
  
With the outfit in place she quickly went around the house to make sure everything else was in place and ready for her father's return from work. She didn't want to make it obvious she was trying to get noticed by him, but she did want to be out there where he would see. She knew once she started making dinner she would be in view, but she couldn't wait that long. She was too excited to make this happen.  
  
She grabbed a bunch of papers and things from her room and spread them out on the kitchen table, so she could be working on some scrapbooks when he got home. She hadn't actually done much scrapbooking in the last couple years, having lost the strong interest in it as she grew, but she brought it with her since she thought she might have a lot of boring free time stuck at dad's house and wanted something to do. Now she's glad she did, but for an entirely different reason.  
  
When Charles got home he saw that Lilly had taken over the table with some kind of art project and he smiled to himself. He was happy to see she was doing something fun for herself. That was a good sign. As he walked back to his room to dump his work things and change he couldn't help but feel relieved that things really did seem to be good.  
  
He didn't dally in his room this time, since he saw no reason to avoid her or hesitate today, and walked back out to see what Lilly was up to. Instead, the first thing he noticed was that her dress was quite open in the front and the full round curves of her breasts were mostly on display from his angle. His eyes were unstoppably drawn to the beautiful cleavage but he tore his eyes away the best he could, although part of him fought him not to.  
  
He immediately wanted to say something to her. To at least let her know that she might want to fix her buttons, that some of them must have come undone while bending over the table, but he was afraid that would embarrass her. He figured she would notice it on her own at some point and fix it. So he just stepped away and sat down on the couch to watch some TV, trying not to think about it again.  
  
Lilly acted oblivious to this but fully noticed the glances of her father and his sudden departure when he looked away. There was a moment of frustration, having hoped it would happen instantly, but she was not to be discouraged. She just had to let his see more and let his anger take over.  
  
Making it look like she was just reaching farther across the table for something, Lilly stood up from her chair, sliding it back a little to make some noise. This was very much done on purpose. To make sure she got her father's attention. She then leaned forward, across the table, and allowed her dress to ride up to give the best show.  
  
James looked up at the noise and saw Lilly lean over to grab something, but his eyes were immediately drawn to her perfect round ass. It looked as though her dress had ridden up and left it exposed. Unlike the other night, she was wearing regular panties, but they seemed to be very tight on her amazing behind. He had to bite his lip to keep from making a sound of any kind, either pleasure or warning.  
  
Again he fought himself over what to do. Part of him wanted to warn her that she might want to cover herself better, but thought that might embarrass her. Part of him wanted to yell at her for being so careless about her state of dress, but didn't want to cause new strife between them. And finally, there was another growing part of him that wanted to see more. To make her show him what he saw the other night. But he forced that part to be quiet, as he didn't want to hurt her.  
  
In the end he pushed all these desires behind walls and did nothing but force himself to pull his gaze from her beauty once more.  
  
Lilly noticed that he looked at what she did, but grew frustrated when he did nothing. She was certain he would have called her on it, but wasn't ready to give up just yet. She thought she just had to give it time and keep letting him see her dressed this way. Eventually he would break and punish her for it. She just had to be patient and not let him know what she was up to.  
  
After about an hour, during which she moved around many times to make sure her father saw her from many angles, she cleaned up her scrapbook supplies and started on dinner. This gave her new ways to pose in and demonstrate her outfit, showing just how inappropriate it was. She made sure to get things out of the freezer by bending over mostly at the waist and not the knees, showing off as much as she could in her too tight panties. She even leaned forward when serving her father, trying to let her dress hang open as much as possible in the front.  
  
None of it got him to do much more than occasionally stare. He remained composed and seemed to try and not look at her too long each time she would do one of these things. By the end of the evening she was growing extremely frustrated, but had started to rationalize why it happened.   
  
She thought she may have made a mistake by wearing a dress he would recognize. Even though it was scandalous on her now, he knew it was hers and she had worn it before. Perhaps he was worried she would argue if he tried to call her on wearing it. By the time she went to bed she was sure this must have been the case.  
  
She would just have to try harder tomorrow.

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 4**

**Chapter 3: The Unwanted Punishment**  
After her failed attempt to get in trouble wearing her old, much too small, dress, Lilly planned to be more brazen about it today. She had it all worked out. She would put on something from her club wear set of clothes, similar to what she already got in trouble for before, and see where that gets her. It has to be something her father would totally disapprove of her wearing. She no longer worried about being too obvious. She just wanted to get the balance back to where she wanted it to be. Where she needed it to be.  
  
She didn't want to wear the exact same outfit, though. Although she was less worried about being obvious, that would just be downright blatant. She wanted there to still be the chance of appearing "accidental" in the whole thing. So she put those things away and started trying on the rest.  
  
After trying nearly every combination she could with the three remaining skirts and five tops, she settled on a pink pleated micro-mini and a tight black half tee. This combination was usually worn with black fishnets and tight little booty shorts under it and some kind of semi-sheer blouse over the top. She thought it looked really cute out dancing and showed off enough to drive the guys crazy, without actually showing anything. This time, however, she would forgo the extra pieces and just go with the skimpy parts.  
  
She then went about deciding which panties to wear under it. Again she decided it would be best not to go all out with a thong, but wanted something a little more sexy than just really tight. Also, since the skirt was pink she wanted something that would contrast with it well, which pretty much meant black. In this area she really only had one good sexy choice and that was the partially sheer number that went with her black sheer bra, although she wasn't going to be wearing any bra at all.  
  
With the clothes in place she set about trying to figure out what to do this time. She didn't want to do the scrapbooking thing again, as that might seem too similar, but she also didn't want to just sit or stand around like she was posing for him. Luckily, she had hours to come up with something.  
  
When Charles got home he again found Lilly busily at work on something, but this time she was sorting through stacks of DVDs. She had them scattered all around the room in little piles. The kitchen table, the coffee table, several shelves, and even his armchair had small stacks of DVDs on them. It didn't take him long to notice that the only place that seemed to be devoid of DVDs was his large DVD rack.  
  
Lilly herself was sitting on the couch sorting some more into the piles in front of her. She looked up briefly and flashed him a quick smile before going back to her work. He then realized what she was wearing. He thought her outfit the day before was revealing by accident, but if today's was any indication, this apparently was the normal style for her.   
  
This brought up some questions in his mind. Had the oversized tees and baggy shorts she wore her first week here just been her being nervous about dressing her normal way around him? Had he broken her of that habit when he made her strip for his friends? Was this how she was going to dress from now on? The part of him that liked the idea was growing louder, but he still managed to push it down with some fatherly worry. He didn't like the idea of his girl dressing this way when out and about. Just think of what the boys would think when they see her. Did her mother know she dressed like this?  
  
He really wanted to yell at her, but he also didn't want to push her back to being angry and aloof. Maybe she was just pushing the limits and testing the waters with him. He could do this the right way still. He could compliment her when she wore something more appropriate and perhaps coax her to do it that way. Didn't they always say you got more flies with honey than vinegar? Yeah, that's what he'd do. He just had to wait for her to put on something better and work that angle.  
  
That other part of him complained and wanted to see more like what she had on now. Wanted to see even more than that, in fact. It made him look, but he stopped it from doing more.  
  
"What'cha doin' hon?" He managed to say, sounding far calmer than he felt.  
  
"Just organizing your movies." She said, again smiling up at him for a moment. "You didn't seem to have any sense of order to them at all. It made it impossible to see everything you had."  
  
"Thanks." He said, walking back to his room to drop off his work things. "That's really nice of you."  
  
When he came back out she had moved off the couch and was starting to put things on the shelves in alphabetical order, although keeping movie series together, even if their tittles didn't match up that way. Like all the James Bond movies were under B for Bond, even though their names were all over the place. Charles grabbed a drink and took a seat on the couch to watch some TV while she worked, although he couldn't help but watch her a lot too. The rack was right next to the TV after all.  
  
Lilly made sure to bend over at the waist when picking up stacks off the floor or lower tables and chairs. She also often positioned herself in such a way as to partially obstruct his view of the TV when she could. She really wanted to make sure he saw just how skimpy the outfit was. She was sure he would comment on it at some point and she would be able to get things where she wanted them. She was really starting to feel the need to be told what to do. To be told off and punished. Something.  
  
Charles did his best to hide his glances at her, but couldn't help but notice how amazing his little girl has come to look. He even had to struggle not touching himself a couple times, but did have to try and casually shift how he was sitting to keep his excitement from being apparent. He was going to have to head to bed early today and take care of that. If this continued, he could see his summer was going to full of early nights and cold showers.  
  
Even her extra work while making dinner didn't tempt him into finally laying into her about her obviously inappropriate attire. When Charles finally went to bed she was all but fed up with how her plan just wasn't working. She knew it should be, but for some reason he just wasn't biting. Perhaps she would just have to ramp it up all the way to get what she wanted, but tonight she was just going to have to live with her failure.  
  
For what she hoped was going to be her final attempt at this, she was going to have to go all out. She stood before her mirror wearing the mostly see through black shirt she usually wore over another smaller shirt and a red cotton miniskirt wrap that flared out a little towards the hem. She would have gone with the pink skirt again if she was really going for the worst she had, but she just wore it yesterday and didn't want to repeat anything. What made this combo work for the extreme level she wanted was the total lack of undergarments she was wearing with it.  
  
As she stood there she could pretty clearly see both her breasts and hard pink nipples through the shirt. It actually looked pretty good, but there was no way she would have ever gone out looking like that. She just hoped it was enough to push him to scold her finally. She then moved around and bent in different ways to see how the skirt looked and exposed her. She could turn just slightly too fast and the edge of the wrap part would flip up and show her thigh all the way up. But the best part how was it slid up easily when she bent over at all, fully revealing the fact that her panties were missing. That would be her final attack, if she had to use it. She figured there was no way he could let that one slide, especially with how upset he was when he just thought she wasn't wearing any the night she had her thong on.  
  
This time she couldn't think of anything to be doing that didn't seem forced or contrived. She thought the whole DVD thing the day before even seemed a little too much and didn't want to risk worse. After all, she had already cleaned the whole apartment and done the laundry only a couple days ago. She would have to play this one more carefully and hope for sudden shock to make it work.  
  
As the time for her father to come home grew near, she went back into her room and waited. As soon as she heard him at the door she turned on some relatively soft music, just so he'd know she was in there, and waited for the right time to make her appearance. The nerves were making it worse as she listened intently for any signs of what he was doing.  
  
When Charles came in he was half expecting to see Lilly sitting around doing something, as he had found her the last few days, but didn't see her at all. He actually felt a small pang of disappointment as he wondered what she would be wearing today, but tried to shake that thought off as quickly as it had arrived. After closing the door he noticed the sound of music coming from her room and figured she must be doing something in there.  
  
"Lilly, I'm home." He said as he walked past her door towards his room.  
  
"Okay." He heard her say from behind the closed door. "Don't worry, I'll be out in a bit to make dinner."  
  
He smiled at that and went in to drop off his things and change out of his work clothes. He then got a drink and sat on the couch to watch some TV, as was his normal routine after work. As he sat there he realized how empty the place felt at the moment. Without Lilly around doing something, as she had been the last few days, it just didn't feel the same. Odd how that happened so quickly.  
  
About a half an hour later he heard her music shut off and her door open. When he looked up to see her walk out he was completely taken aback by the sight that met him. Her shirt was practically clear, only tinted black enough to tint the color of her skin below it. Her beautiful breasts, with hard nipples standing up, were clearly on display. It was hard not to stare. She didn't seem to notice that her shirt had this effect. Perhaps the lighting was different in her room and it didn't look so sheer when she put it on. She would most likely get embarrassed once she noticed and go change. At least the small skirt she had on seemed a bit longer than the one she had yesterday. That was something.  
  
She immediately went into the kitchen to start working on dinner and busied herself. Charles tried to keep his attention on the TV, but his mind was clearly drawn to the image of her breasts being on display. He forced himself to steal looks every once and a while, but did his best not be seen by her. He wouldn't want to cause her any unwanted embarrassment or shame.  
  
When Lilly bent down to get something out of the freezer he couldn't help but look over and thought he saw more than he expected. The light wasn't perfect, so he might have been mistaken, but it looked like she was without panties under her skirt. She must be wearing another thong, like the other night. He was fooled then too. He just must have missed seeing it. She wouldn’t dare try to get away with that after the reaction just being suspected of it had.  
  
He shook his head and forced himself to look away again, before she noticed. That couldn't stop his mind from imagining the "what ifs" in case it was true. That part of him again roared with desire to act, growing stronger, but he breathed deep and forced it back down. He can't give in. She doesn't know what she's doing and he can't do this to her for something she doesn't even realize.  
  
Noticing the lack of reaction from her father, Lilly tried one last time to make him see and force him to act. She placed the mixing bowl on the edge of the counter and "accidentally" knocked it off the edge, splattering the contents onto the floor.  
  
"Crap." She loudly grumbled as she grabbed a wet rag from the sink and knelt down to clean up the mess. She made sure to angle herself with her backside towards her father, so he would have a perfect view of what she wasn't wearing under her skirt. There is no way he could ignore her now and she would finally get what she wants. What she deserves. What she needs.  
  
As she scrubbed the floor heavily, causing her ass to wiggle quite a bit, she saw her father looking at her in the reflection of the upside down metal mixing bowl next to her. She believed the moment was just seconds away as she watched his eyes grow more intense and a scowl start to cross his face. But then, suddenly it almost seemed pained and he looked away with a jerk of his head. The moment was gone and he hadn't done it.  
  
Lilly felt the strength of will leave her as all that pent up excitement and anxiety went unanswered. Her body sagged and her shoulders slumped. There were still hours to go before bed, but she knew it had failed. No matter what she did, this just wasn't going to work. Something was stopping him. She realized she'll have to either give up hope or find some other way to make him see. To make him act. To make him take control again.  
  
Having walked as far down the path of tempting his wrath with her clothing as she could, she decided to try something new come Friday. She was only grounded until the end of the weekend, so if she couldn't get him to act by then, she would have to push thing farther than even she might be willing to go right now. Too far and he might act too rashly and not in the way she wanted at all. It was a dangerous road she was choosing to tread, but the drive to make it was still strong.  
  
She would dress relatively simply, but still a little more sexy that might be normal. She didn't want to make him see her as a little girl again, so she had to be careful here. No more tiny skirts and revealing tops, but something that just looks real good on her. She would then stay in her room when he got home and "forget" to make dinner, as she was supposed to until her grounding ended. Failing to fulfill her duties while being punished was certain to cause him to step up and take charge again.

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 5**

She sat at her computer, turned on her music–a bit louder this time–and waited for him to get home. The hours until he got home seemed to take forever, but she finally heard him open the door and walk in. A few moments later she heard him in the hall outside her room loudly saying something. It wasn't exactly clear, but she was pretty sure he was just letting her know he was home.  
  
She made a loud non-specific sound of acknowledgement, keeping it vague since she didn't want to accidentally agree to anything, and waited. Although she was sitting in front of her computer, she wasn't really doing much in the way of surfing or anything at the moment. Just waiting for time to pass. It moved with the speed of cold molasses.  
  
As the clock ticked on she grew more tense and impatient, hoping it would happen soon. Then a sound from the other room broke the silence. Her father was yelling something. It wasn't angry yelling, just a speaking loud enough to be heard over her music. Again, the words weren't completely clear but the meaning is clear enough. He was asking if she was going to make dinner soon.  
  
"In a minute." She yelled back and stared blankly at her screen.  
  
Minutes then clicked away again.  
  
"Lilly!" Charles' voice boomed through the wall. "Shouldn't you be making dinner?"  
  
Lilly made a loud annoyed groan and yelled, "In a minute, I'm busy."  
  
It was only going to be a matter of moments now. She could feel it in the air.  
  
"LILLY!" Came another yell.  
  
She smiled to herself, but yelled back. "IN A MINUTE!"  
  
Suddenly there is a banging on her door and it is swung open without waiting for her to answer. Charles is standing there and looked furious. She looked up from her computer screen, trying to appear shocked at his appearance. She could feel the excitement rising inside her. This was it.  
  
"Lilly Porter," He said, his voice low and rough with anger. "It's been almost an hour since you said in a minute the first time. What do you have to say for yourself?"  
  
"I'm sorry." She squeaked out, bowing her head in submission. "I was bad. Do whatever you have to."  
  
This was not the reply Charles expected from her at this moment. A minute ago he was all ready to do who knows what to punish her, but in an instant he pulled back. Something about her sudden change of tone struck him oddly. Things just didn't feel right. He has to punish her, but something that fits what she's done and nothing too overboard.  
  
Charles stepped back a little and his voice became controlled and softer, but still firm. "I think the only thing that will keep you from having these problems is to remove them. You're going to move your computer, TV, and stereo into the main room. If you want to use them, you'll have to do it out there until I think you've learned to control yourself better and show respect."  
  
"What?" Lilly was shocked and horrified by this. This was totally not what she wanted or expected.  
  
"That's right." Charles continued, not understanding the true meaning behind her expression. "Your room is to be used for only sleeping and quiet reflection. If you want to do any of these noisy or distracting things that seem to keep you from your appointed chores, you can do them out here where I can monitor you."  
  
Lilly slumped in her chair and felt completely defeated. It was over. She failed. Maybe that day was some kind of wonderful fluke. Or maybe she was missing something important. Some other element that needed to be there to make it happen again.  
  
Charles was unaware of any of this and turned to leave the room. "You can bring them out AFTER you finish with dinner. Now get out here and do what you were supposed to do an hour ago."  
  
She sulked out of her room and did as she was told. Occasionally she glanced over at her father, not with glares of anger but with sad eyes of disappointment, and sighed deeply. As she chopped vegetables she was mumbling to herself about how stupid the punishment was. Saying it was all wrong and he just didn't get it. All through dinner she sat there with her head down and picked at her food, not exactly hungry any more.  
  
Charles noticed this behavior and found it odd that this would be her reaction to these new events. He slowly tried to go over what happened to try and figure out why she was acting this way. Why she didn't seem really upset with him or that she was in trouble, but more that this was the punishment she got. He thought it was a fairly reasonable punishment and very befitting of the crime. He just didn't get it.  
  
After cleaning up, Lilly went back to her room and slowly started to move things out into the other room. Her small iPod stereo was set up on his writing desk along the far wall of the living room. It didn't take up much room and it was out of the way, so that seemed the most logical place for it. Her TV was simply unhooked and Charles took the remote, but it was left in her room after all. She couldn't use it, but there was no point in setting it up in the main area since there was already a much larger one out there.  
  
Finally, her small all-in-one desktop computer was moved out onto the kitchen table, where they normally had dinner. Charles said it was small enough that it could be easily moved if they needed more room on the table, but that was the best place for her to have access to it whenever she needed to use it. She didn't argue, as by this point she had all but given up and felt drained.  
  
Once everything was moved she meekly bid her father goodnight and slunk off to her bedroom to crash. It was very unlike her to go to bed before her father and he wondered if something else was actually bothering her. He had a nagging feeling that he was missing something, but then, she was a teenage girl and most people say they can't really ever understand them anyway. Perhaps this was just normal and he just hadn't been around her enough to notice it yet. He didn't really believe that, but he wanted to. Otherwise he was just going to remain confused and worried.  
  
Lilly, however, didn't actually go to sleep until well after her father finally went to bed. She just laid there in the dark and thought about how everything had failed and fallen apart. How she discovered this exciting new part of herself, this thing that felt so right even though everything about it seemed wrong, and how much she wanted it to happen. But it just crumbled the more she tried to make it happen.  
  
Eventually she slept, but her dreams were not the ones of hope and eager supplication as they had been for the past several nights. They were dreams fueled by sadness and loss. They were dreams that didn't lead to satisfaction. In her dreams she was normal... and bored.  
  
Chapter 4: The Dare Zone  
  
Lilly was in no rush to get up the next morning. It was Saturday and that meant her father was gong to be home all day. After her failure last night, she wasn't really in the mood to deal much with him at the moment. He wasn't going to give her what she wanted and she saw no way to fix it. Unfortunately she couldn't really just stay in he room any more. There was nothing to do there any more.  
  
Around eleven she finally got dressed in some comfortable casual wear, nothing scandalous this time, just a pair of athletic shorts and a tee-shirt from her favorite band. She came out of her room, and made herself a simple sandwich. Her father was lying on the couch and reading a book, but glanced up at her for a moment.  
  
"About time you got up, sleepyhead." Charles said with a smirk before going back to reading his book. He was somewhat disappointed to see what she was wearing, but she may still be upset about getting in trouble yesterday and not in the mood to dress normally. Or, is this normal? If that's the case, what has she been wearing for the last few days and why?  
  
Lilly made a non-specific grunt in return and sat at the kitchen table to eat her sandwich and check her email, since that's where her computer was going to live for now. Nothing new came in and she didn't feel like writing anything out at the moment, so she just closed it down. Was this going to be what the rest of her days were going to be like? She sighed and walked over to slump in the armchair, hoping her father would let her watch some TV while he read.  
  
After a couple hours, Charles got up and stretched, before heading towards the bathroom. Lilly then heard the shower start and wondered why he was bothering with a shower at this time. It's the early afternoon and he's just been lounging around all morning, so he hasn't really worked up a sweat. She couldn't help but let her mind wonder what was going on.  
  
When he came out, he had a towel wrapped around his waist and quickly walked into his bedroom. Lilly couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. He was in much better shape than she expected to see him in. He was no muscle man and wasn't ripped in any way, but he also didn't seem to have much in the way of extra fat on him either. She thought it would have bothered her to see him like that, but now that she has it wasn't bad at all.  
  
The idle wanderings of her mind were broken when his door opened again and he came out dressed in fairly nice clothing, not the typical lounging around type of outfit. Her curiosity was peaked.  
  
"What are you getting all spiffed up for?" She asked.  
  
"It's my weekly game night with my friends." He said, walking over his gaming shelf and pulling down his big box of Dominion. "I have to get ready." He dropped the box on the kitchen table and headed back towards his room.  
  
That's when an idea hit Lilly. The thing that was the missing piece of the puzzle and why he wasn't reacting the way she wanted to what she had been doing. He was alone with her. There were no others here. That's what was different the first time. She needed to make him act in front of them, and then hope she could make it grow from there this time. Now that she understands what she wants, she is sure she can do it.  
  
If she was going to make this work, she'd have to get ready too. She quickly got up and rushed into the bathroom to shower too. She wanted everything to be perfect. She would shave, trim, and make ready to present anything that might get exposed along the way. She spent a good hour in the bathroom taking care of everything and making herself fresh and clean. She could feel the excitement growing inside her and hope had retuned.  
  
She wrapped a towel around herself, one on her head, and quickly made her way into her room to do her hair and choose just the right outfit. She had no idea exactly when people would be showing up, but since this is a Saturday and not a Sunday she figured the night could go a lot later than last week did.  
  
As she sat there doing her hair, naked at her desk, there was a knock at her door. She jumped slightly and said, "Don't come in, I'm not dressed."  
  
"No worries." Charles voice came through the closed door. "I just wanted to let you know I was going."  
  
It took her a second for the words to register. She then yelled, "What? I thought you had your friends over tonight for game?"  
  
His voice was more distant when he replied, as if he had already walked back into the main room. "Game's over at James' place this week. And I'll be back late, so I might not see you until tomorrow. You have a good night."  
  
Lilly slumped in her chair and felt deflated. When she heard the front door close she dropped her head down onto her desk and felt the hope that had been reborn suddenly die without a sound. It could be weeks before they had company in the house again and by then the status quo would have been set and it would be much harder to break out of it. It was over. She failed.  
  
If she wanted to experience feelings like what she had that night again, she would have to find some other way to get it. And when she wanted to find out how to do something, she usually had one source for that knowledge. The internet. She could check the internet and see if she was alone in this or if others felt the same way she did.  
  
She quickly got up and walked right out to main room, not bothering to actually get dressed yet, and sat down in front of her computer. She started looking up things about following orders, punishments, and giving up control to others. She had to sift through a lot of things talking about the military, court cases, and other unrelated nonsense, but then she found a page that really intrigued her.  
  
It was something called The Dare Zone, where all sorts of people posted ideas for dares and dared other members to do them. There were thousands of postings of stories and pictures of people doing these dares. Those accepting the dares were basically giving up control to the darers and doing what they were told, which she thought could actually fulfill that need within her. The dares seemed to range from most mundane and easy things to downright scandalous and pornographic. She didn't think she could go to that extreme, but the range covered a lot of areas she could see herself being talked into.  
  
She immediately signed up under the name FlowerGirl and started hunting around for an open dare that she thought she could do easily, but that wasn't one of those that she considered "kiddie" dares. 'Kiss a toilet seat' and 'Drink a raw egg' were not the kinds she was looking for.  
  
She finally found one that had promise. It read, 'remove your bra using only one hand, but without removing your shirt. This must be done on video and posted here to count.' She could do that, but she'd have to get ready first. She'd have to get dressed for one thing, but this could work. She put back on what she was wearing before, the shorts and band tee, and set up the camera on her computer to record.  
  
Her first attempt didn't go over so well, at least in her own eyes. She thought she looked awkward and silly. So she deleted it right after watching it. She also wasn't sure she wanted her face to be seen, since it was so clear on the video. So she set up for another attempt, but this time framed it closer in on her chest and below her chin, so she can keep her face out of it.  
  
The attempt took her less than a minute from the recording was started until she held the bra in frame while turning it off. Most of the shot was just going to be her shirt moving around while her arm was inside trying to get the bra off, but that was fine. Her other hand would be holding the top of a chair to make sure she maintained her balance and didn't move out of frame.  
  
She liked the look of the second one and held her breath as she uploaded it to the site. As soon as it posted she started to regret doing it, sure it was a mistake and worried it was going to bite her in the ass in the end. But it gave her a rush. She was loving it.  
  
She immediately started looking around for another one she could do. Something a little more daring.

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 6**

The next one she did was another quick one that required a girl to do a panty flash photo. She pulled her shorts down and let the camera snap a picture of her behind in her simple, but nice, pink panties. It wasn't a special shot, but it was nice enough because of how well shaped her behind was. She posted it and the rush was still there among the discomfort and fear, but not quite as strong.  
  
She needed something seriously more daring, but still wasn't ready to choose something that was really what she wanted to be made to do. She would have to be told to do those things if she was ever really going to do them.  
  
After surfing around and reading page after page of dares she finally settled on one of the old site standards. It required a picture of you wearing a wet tee-shirt to add to their 'Wall of Wet' collection. The rules for a wet tee were simple. White shirt, no bra, and totally soaked in cold water. The rest was left up to you. She was already in a mostly white shirt and had no bra on still, so all she needed was the wet.  
  
She used the shower to get the water she needed and then posed in front of her computer again to take the picture. The cold had her nipples sticking out hard through the shirt and it nicely hugged the soft curves of her hips as well as her nice C-cups. The picture turned out pretty good, although she thought it showed a little too much, but she posted it anyway. The rush was better, but still not perfect.  
  
This place was giving her some of what she wanted but didn't seem like a real solution. It couldn't give her the direct controls and order she wanted to have pressed upon her. There was too much searching for what you'd have to choose to do. Choice was not part of what she really wanted. Given a choice, she would have never have done any of the things that happened last weekend, but now she can't imagine not having done them. She wants to give up the control and having choices can ruin that.  
  
While she was searching the site for something to at least tide her over for now a notification popped up on the screen that said she had a message. She didn't even know the site had messaging, but then she never even went to profile page to fill out her information before starting to look for something to do. She was far too excited to get to doing. But now there was a message waiting for her.  
  
She clicked on the notification and it came up on her screen. It was from some guy named DarkMaster44 and said, "Welcome FlowerGirl, I liked your first few posts. You look like someone looking for something more. Would you be willing to do a live video dare? I have many things I would like to see you do. Let me know if you are interested. I dare you to."  
  
She just stared at the message and couldn't believe this was an option. She could have someone tell her what to do live, removing her choice problem. It sounded kind of perfect. Sure, it was with a complete stranger, but that might make it easier for her. All this took her less than ten minutes to rationalize before she was replying to him.  
  
Five minutes after that she was clicking an accept button to open the video to this stranger. She had changed her shirt, a black tee this time, and had put her bra back on, after replying to him, so she was as ready as she could be. She made sure she was just outside of frame when it kicked on, just so she could see before they did, but found out they must have been thinking the same thing. The screen showed a rather dark room with a person sitting there completely in silhouette. They must have been wearing a hood or something because of the shape they had.  
  
"Hello." She said in a small tentative voice.  
  
"Hello." A deep man's voice came back at her. "Don't be shy. I want to see you. There's no point to this otherwise."  
  
Lilly tentatively moved into frame and sat down, looking at the screen. She was nervous and it must have showed on her face. She couldn't hide it if she tried. She just hoped it didn't mess things up with her new friend. She nervously smiled at him and shrugged. "So, what about you?"  
  
"You don't get to see me." He said. "I am the Dark Master for a reason. I sit in darkness and tell you what to do. You sit in light and do what I say. That is how this works. If you do not accept these conditions, we can disconnect now. Do you accept?"  
  
Lilly thinks about it for a few seconds, although to her seemed like minutes with how fast her brain was going. In her mind this was her last chance to back out. From here on in she was giving up her free will. At least until something broke the spell and she stopped things from happening, but she wasn't thinking about that. She wanted this to be as real as possible. "I accept."  
  
"Good," He said, sounding like had smiled. "Then from here on out you will call me Master when you respond to me. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes." She said nervously.  
  
"You do not understand." He scolded. "You will call me Master when you speak to me. Do you understand now?"  
  
She suddenly got it. "Yes, Master."  
  
"Good." He nodded to her. "Now I need to know what to call you. Flower Girl is too unwieldy. I need a name. Do have one you want to use or shall I give you one?"  
  
"You can give me one, Master." She bowed her head.  
  
"Very good. Since you are a Flower Girl I will call you Rose." He leaned forward slightly, still staying completely out of the light. "Now, Rose, I think we should start with something simple. I've already seen what little you've already done on the site, but that wasn't for me. So we are going to start fresh. Stand up and step back so I can see all of what you have to offer."  
  
She did as told and stood there, framed to show from below her knees to over her head. She tried hard not to look too nervous, or cover any areas with her hands, but some of that was inevitable. She followed his instructions as they came and tried not to think too much about what she was doing, just enjoying the release of control.  
  
"Hands down at your sides." He told her. "Don't fidget. I want to clearly see what I have to work with."  
  
"Now turn around slowly." He continued as she followed his command. "Good."  
  
"Come back up and sit down again. I want to see your face Rose."  
  
She did as she was instructed and sat back down, moving her head closer to the camera to give him a good look and attempting to smile.  
  
"You're a very pretty girl, Rose." He said with a kind voice. "And you follow instructions. I think this will work out very well. Let's try something a little more difficult." His voice shifted from kindly to something with more power and depth. "I want to really see what I have to work with here, so stand back again and take off the shirt and shorts. Show me yourself in nothing but you underwear."  
  
She took a deep breath and said, "Yes, Master," before standing up and stepping back again. Slowly she started to pull down her shorts, letting them slide down her thighs and eventually fall to her feet. Her shirt was not quite long enough to completely cover her panties, but still covered the top half pretty well. She then gripped the hem of her shirt and hesitated.  
  
"Don't stop." The man said, his voice stern. "If you stop I will be forced to punish you, or will simply end this now and never speak again."  
  
She didn't want to stop, so she pulled the shirt slowly up, fully revealing the rest of her panties first. He was then shown her bare waist and belly as the shirt kept rising. She hesitated slightly again before finally pulling it over her bra and then it was quickly slipped over her head. She was now standing there in nothing but her simple cute matching pair of panties and bra, completely on display for the stranger on the other side of the screen.  
  
"Very good, Rose." He said approvingly. "Now turn around slowly again and let me get a good look."  
  
She struggled to keep her hands at her sides, remember his instructions before, and starts to slowly rotate for him. Although his image doesn't move on the screen, she could swear she felt his eyes on her skin, checking out her round ass covered only by the tight pink fabric of her panties. The fear and embarrassment welling inside her was growing stronger and she could feel her heart beating faster with excitement. It was actually working.  
  
"Stop!" He commanded, and she froze where she was, with her back directly toward him. "Bend forward and let me get a nice good look at that spectacular behind."  
  
She started to lean forward at the waist, giving him the view he asked for, and waited for the next command.  
  
"Hands on your knees." He said and waited for her to comply. "Now walk your feet slowly apart until I tell you to stop... Stop, perfect."  
  
Lilly had no idea what his plan was, but she was happily following his orders. Then she had a thought that broke the spell. She could still just refuse to do something and ask him for something else. What could he really do about it? At worst she could simply turn off her computer and end it in an instant. She still had choices. She could just choose not to stop as long as she wanted. She didn't want this to be true and was going to keep following his orders for now, but the realization was still there in the back of her mind. She could easily escape him at any moment. He had no real power over her.  
  
"Stand up and face me again." His voice snapped her out of her thoughts. She had no idea how long she had been bending over before him, but she obeyed.  
  
"Slide your hand into your panties and feel your pussy." He said, as if he noticed nothing of the change in her thoughts. She did as told. "Don't play with yourself, just feel. Tell me, are you wet?"  
  
She was taken aback by this direct question and was tempted to stop things now, but did as she told. "Yes, Master." She said softly. "A little."  
  
"Good, now take your hand out of there and sit down." He commanded, sounding pleased. He waited for her to comply before continuing. "Squeeze your breasts up and together towards the camera. Show me that beautiful cleavage."  
  
It continued like this for nearly an hour, as he made her pose in several positions and actions, but Lilly never complained or let on that her enjoyment was slipping the more she thought about the lack of real control he had over her. She was starting to get tired, since many of the things he had her do were rather physical, mostly designed to cause bouncing and jiggling.  
  
"Unclasp your bra, but don't remove it." He said, finally broaching the next level, which Lilly had been expecting to come practically since he started. "Slowly walk in place and don't try to stop your bra if it starts to fall."  
  
She started to walk and felt her breasts bounce slightly under the now loose fabric of her bra, trying to work their way free, but never quite making it. She wanted to push herself a little more to make them fall free, but didn't do that. She knew he didn't want her to and waited for him to tell her what to do next.  
  
"Stop walking. It's time for some more jumping jacks." He said. "Do not touch the bra still, if it moves, let it."  
  
It doesn't take long before the bra is riding on top of her breasts as they bounce like crazy. She knows they are on full display for this guy, but is trying to maintain her jumping and not retracting to cover herself. It's embarrassing, but she doesn't want to fail in her task.  
  
"Okay, you can stop now Rose." He says. "Unfortunately I have very little time left right now. Would you be available tomorrow to continue?"  
  
"Sorry, I can't." Lilly said, bowing her head. "I won't be alone then. My... roommate... will be around then."  
  
She nearly said 'Father' but caught herself at the last second. She didn't want him to know she still lived with her dad. Then an idea hit her. Her dad would be here. The one she really wanted to take control over her. And this could just be the thing to get him to both understand what she really wants and have reason to punish her, hopefully combining the two in the perfect storm.  
  
"That's unfortunate." The man said. "Perhaps another time. You've been a most receptive subject, Rose. I've quite enjoyed our..."  
  
"Wait!" She interrupted him, slightly excited. "Maybe I can. If you are willing to help me with something."  
  
"What would you expect from me?" He said, sounding skeptical.  
  
She started to explain her plan to him, leaving out the fact that she was talking about her father. Instead she made it sound like she wanted to tease her older male roommate, but DarkMaster44 seemed to understand what she really wanted more from the guy. That she wanted him to be her real master. He was happy to help and said he would do his part, as long as she told him how it worked out after his part ended.

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 7**

**Chapter 5: The Proxy**  
Lilly spent most of Sunday morning getting herself ready and trying to make sure her father stuck around, so her plan could play out. She subtly asked him if he was sticking around the house and he said he had no plans to go anywhere, so everything seemed to be on track. Now it was just a matter of waiting until the scheduled time after lunch.  
  
She dressed a little sexier than she did the day before, but not to the extremes she had been going earlier in the week. She had a nice stretchy black miniskirt that came down to about her mid-thigh with some rather sexy black thong panties under it. She also had a matching bra under a cute pink deep-v shirt that showed a fair amount of cleavage. All together it looked pretty good on her, she had to admit.  
  
She made soup and sandwiches for lunch, brought her father some at the coffee table as he sat there and played some game on his X-Box. She mostly just wanted to keep the kitchen table set up exactly the way she wanted it for her computer date a little later.  
  
When it was about time for her meeting, she came out and tried to make herself sound forced casual when speaking to her father. "So you're really going to sit around here all day?"  
  
"Why?" He asked, starting to get suspicious. "Is there something you want to do?"  
  
"No." She gasped, a little too over the top. "Just didn't think you were going to be here all day."  
  
"Is that a problem?" He was starting to get a little upset. "Don't want your old dad around?"  
  
"No, no, it's not like that." She backpedaled the best she could, worried she may have gone too far with that last one and really just angered him. "I was just wondering. I thought you said something the other day. Sorry, I didn't mean. It's your place. I'll just sit here and play on my computer."  
  
He glared at her for a moment and then went back to playing his game. She wanted him to think she wanted to be alone for some reason. She was happy to see it seemed to mostly work the way she wanted. Now she had to move on to the next part and play it out as if it wasn't planned.  
  
She logged into the site and waited for DarkMaster44 to contact her. She kept glancing over her shoulder, worried that her father will see the name of the site before she actually gets to start. An invitation then popped up on the screen she happily clicked on it. The site went away and her video chat with DarkMaster44 began. He was again shrouded in shadow and wearing whatever kind of hooded thing he had on yesterday. It gave him the appearance of an old robed mage sitting in a dark temple.  
  
Before he could speak, she clicked mute and opened the sidebar that had the text chat options in it. She typed a greeting, as planned, and played her part perfectly. 'I'm not alone, so I have to be quiet. Text chat only. Sorry Master.'  
  
'Understood, my Rose.' The shadowed man wrote. 'But you are still mine and will follow my orders.'  
  
'Yes, Master.' Came her reply, with a quick sideway glance at her father.  
  
Then began the dares. They had not planned what the dares were going to be, wanting to keep that part fluid and realistic. The less she knew about it ahead of time, the more her reactions would be believable. The plan just said that he would move things relatively slowly, but not as slow as they got last night. He started with his commands and she started following them right away.  
  
Charles knew his daughter was up to something on the computer, but wasn't that interested in what it was. Most likely some kind of chat thing with some of her friends or whatever. That's why she kept wanting him to be out of the house. Her old man in embarrassing to her. He doesn't want to bother her, so he's not going to bug her while she's busy and let her have her time.  
  
Although he was trying not to pay attention to her, it seemed she couldn't stay still in her seat. It was a constant distraction to see her moving around so much. Especially since she keeps moving into uncomfortable looking positions for short periods of time. Kneeling on her seat, sitting on the back, leaning far forward, lying sideways on her chair, standing up, and more. None of it made sense to him. What was she doing.  
  
At one point she was kneeling backwards on her seat with her head down on the top of the chair. This caused it to look like her ass was looking at her computer instead of her eyes. He had no idea why she did that, but assumed it was some kind of stretch. It only lasted for about a minute and she then spun back around on her chair, adjusted her skirt, and sat back down.  
  
After typing a little, she sat back in her chair and pulled her arms into her shirt. This was the oddest behavior he's seen from her yet. She wiggled around inside her shirt and he suddenly realized what she was doing. He couldn't help but watch to make sure. Then her hands appeared back out of her shirt, followed by her arms. Finally she reached down the front of her shirt and pulled out her little black bra.  
  
Charles smiled to himself, being right about what she was doing, but not sure why she did it. Perhaps it was pinching her or something. Whatever it was, her breasts were now loose inside her shirt, which meant she would bounce really nicely when she moved from now on. He felt that part of him tug as he allowed these thoughts to play out. He liked the idea of watching her do that. Of seeing her bouncing all around. He hoped he would get the chance.  
  
Charles was shocked that the next thing she did was sit up straight in her chair and do just that. She shimmied her shoulders back and forth like she was in some music video, which caused her large breasts dance all around in her shirt. It was a beautiful sight to behold. Charles had no idea why she did it, but didn't really care. Hell, if she just did it to amuse herself it was good enough for him. He could feel his boxers growing exceptionally tight. Luckily he had sweats on that were baggy enough to hide that fact a while longer.  
  
He was now just watching her, not even trying to pay attention to his game or anything else. He was confused about her actions, but was caring less and less about that the more odd things she did. Every step just seemed to make her look more attractive and exciting. She was driving him wild and he figured she didn't even know it.  
  
He pulled his gaze away for a second when she suddenly got up from her chair and pushed it back. She didn't actually leave her computer, or even look away, so he allowed himself to start watching again. She stood a foot or two back from the table and leaned forward, resting her elbows on the edge of the table. From his angle he had a fairly nice view of the shape her legs and sweet ass in her tight little black skirt. He was a little too far to her side to a real nice shot of her behind, but the curve looked amazing.  
  
He wanted to see more and had a sudden idea that could work. He grabbed his drink quickly finished it, emptying half the glass in one pull. He then rose and started to walk into the kitchen to get more, taking the chance to walk behind her and get a good look. He only hoped she wouldn't move when she saw him on the move. As he passed he saw that her feet were about a foot apart and her skirt was nearly high enough to give him a real view. He really hoped it would ride up some more and show the rest of what it was covering, but it seemed too tight to do that without lots of help.  
  
After grabbing his drink he slowly started to walk back past her again, trying to prolong his view as long as possible. When about to give up and head back to the couch he looked up at her screen for some reason and was shocked. She wasn't chatting with some school friend of hers. She had video screens open and was video chatting with some person who only appeared in shadow. Among the last few words in the chat box from him was, 'Stand up and lean forward, I want to see down that shirt now.'  
  
Charles couldn't believe it. She was showing off for some random stranger online. Taking orders from him like some love slave. This is what she does? How could she do this? And right under his nose. How long has she been doing this? He couldn't let this stand. He had to do something. She was going to be serious trouble for this one.  
  
"Lilly!" He snapped from right behind her. "What is this?"  
  
She slapped the keyboard, trying to close the window, and spun around to face her father. The window remained open and the shadowy man just sat there and watched. She gulped and looked up at him with fear in her eyes. "Nothing." was all she was able to squeak out. She felt the excitement welling up inside her, as it was the moment of truth. If this plan was going to work, it was now.  
  
Charles felt his face flush with anger. "Is this what you've been doing? Showing off for some freak on the internet?"  
  
"He's not a freak." She couldn't look up. If she saw his face she wouldn't be able to speak. "And I haven't really..." Her voice trailed off as she lost her nerve.  
  
"How long has this been going on?" Charles growled. He couldn't believe his little girl had turned into this. She was some guy's little plaything. How could she do that to herself? She was better than that. She was his daughter. She was his.  
  
"Yesterday." Lilly managed to mumble. "I found it yesterday."  
  
"Found it?" Charles said, not sure what she meant. At least it sounded like she hadn't been doing this for very long. The dark man on the screen couldn't have gotten his hands on her yet. She was still not that lost yet. "What did you find yesterday?"  
  
"This site." She said, still not looking up at her father. "It's for people to get dared to do thing. Master wanted to dare me on video."  
  
She called him 'Master'? Did she really think of him that way? It didn't register in Charles' mind that his screen name was DarkMaster44. He only cared about what she said. He can't believe she agreed to this. That she was following his orders. Someone else's orders. "And you agreed?"  
  
"I wanted to try." Her shoulders slumped and she bowed her head a little lower, feeling very low now that her father was judging her like this. It was starting to feel like he was genuinely mad and not in the 'fun' way she had hoped. She thought this might have been a big mistake.  
  
She wanted this man to command her. She wanted to be told to show herself to him. What had happened to her? What happened to his daughter?  
  
'She wants this.' A voice in his head spoke. 'She asked for this.'  
  
How could she? How could she want this? She couldn't want to be told what to do. To act in this way in front of others. Who made her like this? Who did this to his child?  
  
'You did.' It said, growing in strength. 'It's what she wants. She wants to be this.'  
  
Charles couldn't believe this had happened, but it was all starting to make sense. That other part of him–which now had a real voice inside him–was helping him see the truth of what's been happening. The way she's been dressing and acting was creating a picture. It had all started after what happened last weekend at game. When he had made her show off for his friends. Something happened at that time. He broke his daughter.  
  
'You freed her.' The voice said. 'It's what she wanted. What she needed. You just showed her what was already inside her. You set her free.'  
  
Charles has been quiet for nearly a minute as he stood over her. Lilly hadn't moved, fearing what was about to happen. Slowly she raised her eyes and looked into his. She saw him looking back at her with a strange look on his face. Something she had never seen before. He wasn't angry, or excited, or anything she could recognize. He almost looked lost, like he didn't even see her, then his gaze suddenly locked onto hers.  
  
Charles suddenly realized he was looking into his daughter's eyes. They were filled with fear and what almost looked like pleading. He had a choice to make. He had to decide what path he was going to follow. He couldn't sit on the side any more and hope it was going to change or fix itself. She was either going to be locked away for the rest of the summer, grounded and kept off the internet, or set free to do whatever she pleased, no matter how depraved.  
  
'Or you could control.' The voice pleaded. 'You could become the Master she craves. You are the one who really knows her. Knows how to do it.'  
  
Charles narrowed his eyes and spoke in a controlled, but stern voice. "Is this what you've become? Do you enjoy being made to shame yourself like this?"  
  
She gulped and didn't know how to answer.  
  
"Well," He growled. "Do you?"  
  
"I... I... I dunno." Her meek voice stammered.  
  
"Either you do, and you're doing this because you do," He cut over her. "Or you don't and you're being forced into this somehow. Which is it, Lilly? Do you enjoy being told what to do? Do you like being someone's little puppet?"  
  
"Yes." She lowered her eyes and felt a blush come over her face. She had admitted it. He pushed and she told the truth. It was out there. There was no more backing out. Whatever happened now was the way it was going to be. Either he took control or he pushed her away from this. She had never felt more nervous.  
  
"Yes?" Charles said, his voice lowering but becoming more commanding with the question. It was true. She did want this and has been going out of her way to make it happen. "Speak up, Lilly. Do you want this?" There was more put into the question than the words themselves.  
  
She looked up at him again, eyes filled with the answer. She was totally giving herself over to him. "Yes, Master."  
  
Charles no longer fought the voice. The path was chosen and now it was just time to see where it led. "I'm not your master. I'm your father. You will call me Daddy."  
  
"Sorry, Daddy." She lowered her head, more to hide the smile crossing her lips than in sorrow.  
  
"You've been a very bad girl, Lilly." Charles said, allowing the moment to grow. "You've been acting up, dressing slutty, and now doing this for strangers." He points to the screen. "You know what this means, don't you?"  
  
"I'm in trouble?"  
  
"You know it." He stepped back from her and looked her up and down. "And now you have to be punished. First you're going to tell your friend there a little message from me."

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 8**

"What?" Her eyes went wide. "And say what?"  
  
"You are going to tell him that you are in trouble." He said. "You are going to tell him that you have to keep this up for two hours. Follow every command he gives. And make sure to tell him not to hold back any more. You are to do ANYTHING he tells you to... as long as it's just you. Make sure you tell him all that. And I'm going to watch."  
  
She looked dumbfounded at him. She wanted him to take control, but didn't think he would do that by handing control to someone else without restrictions. She was just glad it was over the internet and not in person.  
  
"Get to it, Lilly." Charles said, snapping her out of her moment. "And if you fail to follow his commands for two hours I will have to further punish you. Do you understand me?"  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She turned and started to tell DarkMaster44 what was going on, still leaving out the part about it being her father giving the orders and forgetting to mention the time limit of two hours. He agreed and began by telling her to push the chair aside and start dancing for him. Charles took the chair and sat down next to the table to watch, just outside of the camera's view. Lilly found a song on her iPod and started a playlist playing before starting her show.  
  
Charles was mesmerized watching Lilly dance around the floor, her great breasts bouncing around inside her shirt and her tight little miniskirt slowly rising up. Within a minute he was seeing flashes of the black panties below when she would bend her knees and swivel her hips. He couldn't help but enjoy every second of it.  
  
Another message came up on the screen and she leaned forward to read it. Charles didn't even bother to look at the screen. He was too busy looking down her shirt as it hung open, revealing the soft round globes of her breasts with hard pink nipples within. She was amazing and he knew no matter what she was being told to do next he would enjoy it.  
  
She stepped back and started dancing again, but quickly started to pull the hem of her skirt up to fully reveal the skimpy black panties she wears under them. When she slowly spins around Charles is actually pleased to see they are a thong and her incredible round behind is completely on display. He is still amazed at how perfect his daughter's ass is and can't take his eyes off it as she dances before him. Soon her skirt is little more than a thick belt bunched around her waist.  
  
When another message popped up she let out a little laugh before returning to her dance. Charles was tempted to look, but decided to be surprised instead. Lilly started pulling her arms into her shirt and Charles was sure it was coming off next, excited to see her lovely breasts fully exposed.  
  
She suddenly thrust her arms out the bottom of her shirt and gripped the edge of her skirt, shimmying it up under her shirt. She struggled for a little while and the strain really showed on her face, but finally she dropped her hands again flipped her shirt off in one quick furry. The shirt hit the floor, but the skirt was stretched to fit around her chest, binding her breasts within it like a tube-top. It looked far too tight to be comfortable, but she managed to keep it on as she continued to dance.  
  
Charles let out a booming laugh that caught Lilly off guard and caused her dancing to falter for a moment. As the laugh trailed off he said, "This guy's creative. I like it."  
  
Lilly danced around a little in her skimpy, somewhat makeshift, outfit and waited for the next command to come in. Over the next several minutes she was made to dance around in various ways and even do some calisthenic exercises before him. Charles was enjoying every minute of it, especially when she was finally made to lose the top and expose her gorgeous breasts. She was only topless for about five minutes before he had her taking off her panties too.  
  
Charles was in heaven. His beautiful daughter was naked before him and being made to dance and pose in various sensual and embarrassing ways for his pleasure. He noticed she had even neatly trimmed the small brown strip of hairs above her pussy so that the surrounding skin and bare lips below them were smooth. She was even made to bring out a chair and sit back on it with her legs spread, holding open the soft pink lips to give them a view of everything.  
  
Lilly couldn't believe she was doing this in front of her father and for a stranger over the Internet. It was the most embarrassing thing she had ever done, and that includes what she did last weekend, but she was in heaven. This was everything she had hoped for and wanted to start playing with herself right then and there, but knew that she would get in trouble for not following orders.  
  
It was then that the message popped up on the screen that said, 'Thank your father for this, but I have to go. I hope to see you on here again.'  
  
She couldn't believe he knew Charles was her father. This embarrassed her more than anything she had done this evening. He figured it out just from what he saw, without any audio or text telling him. She re-read the text several times, hoping it would change. For the first time since this ordeal started, she typed back, telling him goodnight.  
  
"What's going on?" Charles said, pulling her mind away from what she was reading.  
  
"Dark Master has to leave." She said, closing the window before he could see what DarkMaster44 wrote. She didn't want her father to know he knew, for some reason. "He said goodnight and thank you for letting him do this."  
  
"What do you mean he left?" Charles said, annoyed.  
  
"He had something he had to go do or something." She shrugged, causing her breasts to bounce slightly. "I dunno. He just said goodnight and left."  
  
"But I told you this was to last two hours. It's only been an hour and twenty minutes. That means you failed to follow my instructions."  
  
"But he left, not me." She turned to look at her father, worried. "I didn't fail."  
  
"You failed to follow him for two hours, like I said you had to." He said with a wicked smile. "That means you need to be punished. Come over here and get over my knee."  
  
Chapter 6: The Fork In The Road  
  
Lilly wanted to argue, but knew that would only make things worse. So she knelt down next to her father's chair and bent over his lap. She had to raise her knees off the ground to get into the correct position. She then waited for it to begin, feeling her heart start to beat faster with anticipation.  
  
"You're going to get ten of these." Charles Said as he rested one hand across her back to hold her down and placed the other on her bare behind, ready to go. "Do you remember what to do, Lilly?"  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She gasped breathlessly.  
  
Charles smiled as he raised his hand and prepared to bring it down on the fresh young round ass before him. He brought it down hard and the sound echoed through small apartment.  
  
"One!" She yelped, feeling the sting tingling from the point of impact.  
  
"Two!" She could feel the tingles linger longer this time.  
  
"Three!" The burn started to grow, building on each strike.  
  
"Four!"  
  
"Five!"  
  
He was halfway there and stopped to gently caress her reddening behind with his hand, carefully soothing the area in preparation for the second half. The skin was soft and he was tempted to let his hand wander further, but instead raised his hand to get ready for the rest of the swats.  
  
"Six!" The stings came back in force after the brief reprieve she have been given.  
  
"Seven!"  
  
"Eight!" Her voice was strained with pain as the heat spreading well beyond the impact point.  
  
"Nine!" She gasped, fighting to keep from screaming, but Charles again didn't raise his hand after the swat. Instead he gently ran it over the surface once more, only this time is was less soothing and made her skin tingle with the fine pain of needles everywhere it touched.  
  
"Only one more to go." Charles said, his hand still making small circles around the reddened cheeks. "Are you ready, Lilly?"  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She managed gasp out between stilted breaths. Her heart was pounding in her chest, which only seemed to make the burning on her backside throb, as she awaited the final blow.  
  
The hand came down with little more force than any of the previous blows, but the sound somehow seemed much louder as it echoed through the room. Lilly let out a small cry before being able to gasp in a raspy voice, "Ten!"  
  
"Very good, honey." Charles said, again resting his hand upon her bright red bare bottom. "You took that very well. I won't have to punish you more for this now. All will have to do is finish what you were supposed to do and we can be done with it."  
  
"What?" She gasped, turning her head to look back at him in astonishment. "Finish what?"  
  
"You were supposed to follow orders for two hours." He said, sitting back and lifting his hands, so she could get up from his lap. "You still have half an hour before your time is up. I'll just have to be the one giving the orders from here on out."  
  
Lilly slowly got to her feet, her behind still burning with the pain from the spanking, and stood there facing her father. Part of her wanted to scream and run away to her room. To hide away from him and the embarrassment of putting on this show for him. But also knew she had to see this through, because the rest of her was telling her how much she needed it. The burning on her ass was nothing compared to the burning desire she felt for more.   
  
Charles just let her stand there in her own discomfort before him for a minute, not moving or saying a thing. His mind was racing, trying to figure out what he was really going to do now, but while he did that he wanted to see how long she could stand there and do nothing without questioning it. He watched as she fidgeted slightly, but did not move from her spot before him.  
  
Lilly just wanted her father to do something, but she kept standing before him waiting. After a couple minutes she started to wonder if he was just going to have her stand there naked before him for the whole half hour. Even if that was the case, she wasn't going to fail to follow orders and tried her best to stand still. She couldn't help but fidget slightly, as standing still was not one of her strong points. Especially when naked.  
  
"Let's see, where did we leave off." Charles finally said, "I believe you were sitting down and showing me something in depth. You should go back to that, so we can continue."  
  
Lilly felt her nerves starting to tumble around inside her again as she pulled the chair back out to the middle of the room and sat down. She took a deep breath and spread her legs, once again revealing the entirety of her pink pussy to her father. She then slowly slipped her hand down over her belly and onto excited space between her legs, using her fingers to spread the lips open. This was the show she was doing when things ended before. This was where Charles said he wanted her to go back to before starting the next part. She was tingling with excitement as to what the next part could be, but horrified by knowing it would build off of this point. She was already much farther than she ever thought she would be able to go, but things kept going. She just held it and waited to find out what he was to have her do.  
  
"I think the next step is fairly obvious." Charles said with a strange smile crossing his lips. "There is only one thing you would do in this position when alone. You are going to do it for me now. Do you get what I mean, Lilly?"  
  
She thought she did know what he meant, and she wanted very much to do it, but the idea of doing it as a performance before him was hard to imagine. Her loins ached to be touched and she wanted to release the tension growing inside, but she was afraid to do it like this. If she hesitated too long she would have to suffer another punishment, and she could still feel the last one under her, so she mustered all the strength she could and began.  
  
Slowly her hand slid down over the lips of her pussy and started to rub gently, feeling the wetness starts to spread around with her touched. She slid two fingers between the lips and started slide them up and down, rubbing them against clit as it started to twitch and throb. That was when her mind exploded and she no longer cared who was watching her. Her hand started moving faster and her fingers were going deeper into her wet depths. She closed her eyes and moaned softly as the growing crescendo of pleasure continued to increase.  
  
In her mind she was no longer spread eagle on a chair in her father's kitchen, as he watched her diddle herself. She was riding a huge sexual wave of pleasure, high above a volcano of bliss about to explode. Nothing else mattered. She didn't even know what her hands were doing any more, only that they were bringing her closer to the edge of exploding.  
  
Charles couldn't believe what he saw. When he said the words, he expected her to nervously touch herself and plead to be done soon, or even to refuse and accept another punishment, but never this. Seeing her drive her fingers into herself like this, closing her eyes and appearing to lose herself in her own bliss, was one of the most unbelievable things he had ever seen. As one hand worked her nethers into a sloppy mess, her other hand almost floated up to knead her breasts and pinch her nipples.  
  
Her moaning started to grow in volume, but lower in tone, becoming throaty and base. Her hips thrust forward in time with her fingers and her whole body seemed to start bucking as her moans grew to their end. Then, with a sudden clench and a final deep throaty groan, she stopped and went mostly limp in the chair. Small shudders hit her a few times in the following moments, but her body mostly just sat there covered in a thin layer of sweat and her fingers still hooked deep into her pussy.  
  
Charles almost didn't want to interrupt her rest, thinking she had more than deserved it, but also knew he only had a few minutes left on his time. Her amazing display ate up more than twenty minutes of her remaining time. As soon as he saw her slowly blink open her eyes he leaned forward to speak. He smirked when he watched her face blush pink as her eyes went wide starting at him. "Did you enjoy yourself?"  
  
Lilly's had just opened her eyes, after this overwhelming masturbatory session, and seen her father smiling down at her. The embarrassment she felt so strong it not only caused the heat to spread through her head and chest, but robbed her of her voice. Her voice was stuck somewhere deep her throat and she had to struggle to get it out, so all she could do was nod softly to him, while fighting the urge to run and hide.  
  
"I can't hear your nodding." He said, trying not to laugh at her reaction. "I asked you a question. Did you enjoy touching yourself just then?"  
  
She swallowed and forced her voice to squeak out. It sounded tired and raspy, like it hadn't been used in years. "Yes."  
  
"Yes what?"  
  
"Yes, I enjoyed touching myself." She flushed a deeper shade of red and tried to avert her eyes.

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 9**

"That's good." Charles said, smirking slightly. "But that's not what I meant. Yes what?"  
  
Lilly was confused. She had no idea what he was asking. She didn't want to mess up and say the wrong thing again, but she had to know what he wanted her to say. "I don't know what you mean, Daddy." But that's when it hit her. "Oh! Yes, Daddy."  
  
Charles smiled and nodded to her, letting her know she got the right answer, even if it was a little late. He sat back in his chair again and said, "We have about five minutes left on your time, but I don't think anything will be able to top what you just did."  
  
Lilly didn't think it was possible, but she felt herself blush even darker and her skin seemed to burn with the heat of a million suns. She also had to admit to herself that it felt pretty good.  
  
"So, instead of trying," Charles continued. "I want you to fall back on something we already know you can do pretty well. Put on some music and spend your last five minutes dancing for me, but make it as sexy as you can. Don't be afraid to use your hands. We both know you know how to do that now."  
  
She couldn't help herself, she smiled as she lowered her head and averted her eyes from him. "Yes, Daddy." She then rose and walked over to her iPod, to start another song. This time it was something with a strong beat and not much in the way of lyrics. Something she knew she could dance to, because she had danced to it many times before, but never like this.  
  
She came back and stood before her father, starting to sway her hips to the rhythm of the music and waiting for the main beat of the music to start. As soon as it kicked in she started to really move, shaking and wiggling every inch of her body as sexily as she could. She watched enough music videos and practiced alone in her room enough to know how to do it for the most part. Only this time she was starting to run her hands up and down her body, not quite allowing herself to touch certain areas. At least not yet.  
  
She turned her back on him and bent slightly forward, slapping her ass as she wiggled it and trust her hips. She even bent at the knees and dropped to a squatting position a couple times, slowly rising back up to show off as much as possible. The song drew to an end, which she knew was about two minutes longer than the time she was told she had left, but she felt a pang of sadness knowing it was nearly over. On the final beats she fell to her knees in front of her father, lifting her breasts with her hands, and licked both her nipples as if presenting them to him.  
  
The song ended and Charles smiled broadly down at his daughter before him. He knew her time was up, but didn't really want it to end. Her smile and the look in her eyes only made his desire to keep things on this path stronger, but he couldn't do that. He set the rules and his time was up.  
  
"You did well, Lilly. I'm proud of you." He said, still looking down at her.  
  
She was still kneeling before him, but all the way down to where she was sitting on her own feet. Her hands were down at her sides and resting on her thighs. Her head was turned up to let her look up into her father's face. Her whole posture was one of someone resting comfortably before someone they were a subject of. Before someone they worshipped. She smiled at his words.  
  
"So," He said, sounding casual, but smiling mischievously. "Is that what happens when you go out dancing with your friends?"  
  
Lilly laughed. It was a deep and joyful laugh. She wasn't even sure where it came from, but it felt good. With a chuckle still in her voice she said, "No way. Not at all. I can't believe I even did it here."  
  
"Good." Charles laughed lightly, feeling caught up in her obvious moment of joy. "I wouldn't want my little girl out there doing that. That's not how good little girls act."  
  
Lilly beamed at him, feeling that everything was perfect at that moment. She couldn't imagine being happier. Although her time was up and she was free, she wasn't even thinking about ending the perfect moment by moving.  
  
Charles liked the idea that his little girl was still a good girl, even though she had been such a naughty one this evening. He liked that she had only ever danced like that for him. She was his very good girl. And his alone. If she had ever been at the club dancing like that for others it would ruin the idea for him. He's been to some of the clubs when he was younger and knew what the guys thought of those girls. He didn't like the idea of her being one of them.  
  
Then it hit him. The clubs. She goes to clubs. How can she go to clubs? Most of them are 21 and over and she's not even out of her teens. His face shifted from a pleasant calm smile to a questioning glare as he turned to look down at her again. "You said you were going to meet your friends at the club last week?"  
  
"Yeah," She said, not yet noticing the change in his expression. "But I wouldn't have danced like this."  
  
Charles waved his hand dismissively, to shove her reply aside. "How were you going to get in?"  
  
"What?" She said, suddenly confused by the change in conversation. "I was meeting them there."  
  
"No, you aren't old enough to get past the doors." He said, and then repeated. "How were you going to get into the club?"  
  
"Oh!" She suddenly realized what he was asking. Her face lost some color and she lowered her eyes from his, not wanting to look directly at him when she replied. "We use fake IDs."  
  
"You have a fake ID?" Charles barked. "Get it. Bring it to me. Now!"  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She meekly mumbled as she rose and walked back to her room. Moments later she returned, standing next to his chair, and handed him two small plastic cards.  
  
Charles looked at the cards and saw one was a fake university ID for Upstate College, stating she was a junior. The other was a Driver's License from another state, which would make it harder for them to identify as a fake. According to them she was a 22 year-old student from out of state who was going to a local college. As far as setting up a fake identity, these were pretty solid and would fool most bouncers around here. He just couldn't believe she had them, and could have been using them for over a year (at least since they said she turned 21).  
  
He realized he was at a turning point and had a choice to make. She had done something that warranted a real punishment. He could handle this like a real father, truly punishing her for the real crime she has performed, or he could use this to set something new into motion. Something longer. If he chose this second path, there would be no going back. Their relationship would become something new or break forever, if she refused to follow. From recent events, however, he doesn't think she would refuse.  
  
To give himself a moment to think he said, "Kneel."  
  
She lowered her head, not looking at him, and returned to her kneeling position before him. She said nothing and waited.  
  
Charles stared at the cards in his hands and slowly looked up at the beautiful naked girl kneeling before him. With his mind finally set, he looked down at her and said, "You are in serious trouble and this time it's going to last."  
  
Her eyes snapped up to meet his, a mix of fear and excitement dancing inside them. She swallowed nervously and listened intently as he continued.  
  
"Your grounding is not going to end today. In fact, not any time soon. You are going to stay here, in the house, and keep it clean. There will be no talking back or trying to get out of the work or there will be more punishments. If you ever step out of line, I will punish you. Do you understand all of that?"  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She said, staring at him breathlessly.  
  
"You are going to do what I tell you, when I tell you, and how I tell you to do it." He said. "No matter what it is, you will do it without question. You are no longer some sweet little girl living with me. You now a servant of the house. You are now mine to command. Do you understand that, Lilly? You are mine."  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She said, still looking deeply into his eyes, trying not to seem too pleased. "I am your to use as you will."  
  
Charles couldn't help but smile when he heard those words. She had accepted his new path willingly. He no longer felt the need to try and keep that part of his mind quiet. It was pleased. His new role was set, and so was hers. Things were about to change quite a lot around here. But he truly believed the change was going to be fantastic.  
  
As for the rest of this evening, Charles simply stood up and said, "For now, clean this mess up and then clean yourself up. You could use a shower. I then think it will be time for you to make dinner, it's getting late and I have to work tomorrow."  
  
She simply stood and nodded, before starting to clean up the kitchen and put her computer back against the wall. Charles returned to the couch and just watched her do her work, happy to have made this choice. She tosses her clothing in the hamper in her room and when everything was cleaned up and back in place, Lilly walked into the bathroom and started the shower.  
  
After showering she dressed in a nightshirt and returned to the kitchen to make dinner. She worked in silence, pleased with how recent events had played out and just wanting to bask in it. Charles simply watched her and couldn't wipe the smile off his face. It remained in place all through dinner and was still there when he faded off to sleep, after sending her to bed and telling her she was to make him breakfast in the morning.  
  
When Lilly heard her father get up and start the shower she got up herself and immediately went into the kitchen to start breakfast. She didn't even bother to change out of her nightshirt first. She would have time to take care of all that when he was at work. Right now she wanted to have everything ready for him when he came out. So she cooked the eggs and bacon as fast as she could.  
  
He came out, dressed for work, and smiled at his daughter as she placed a complete breakfast on the table before him. He sat down and started to eat, but she just stood there waiting. He looked up at her and said, "Aren't you having any?"  
  
"I'll make something after you leave." She said.  
  
Charles nodded and kept eating, not saying another word. As soon as he finished, she swooped in and took his dishes away and placed them in the sink. He liked the way she was so eager to serve him. He wished he could skip work and stay home all day to enjoy it more. Instead, he had to leave, but wanted to tell her something before he left.  
  
"I must go." He said. "Do whatever you want while I am at work, but when I get home we will go over your duties and what I want you to do."  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She said, nodding to him.  
  
-  
  
Although the workday progressed fairly quickly, Charles was excited to leave and go home. When lunch came around he stopped in at Mark's office to see if he had some time. The two of them slipped off to a quiet corner of a coffee shop to talk.  
  
Charles was a little nervous talking about it, but wanted to tell Mark the gist of what was happening at home. He skipped over some of the details, but told him how things happened.  
  
"So I had to spank her again, of course." Charles said, coming to the meat of his story. "I then picked up where her online friend left off and had her show off and dance for me some more. She seemed to get lost in it and enjoy it until her time was up and it snapped her out of it. That's when she fell to her knees and seemed to get embarrassed again. Very strange to see her go from lost in bliss to extremely embarrassed so fast."  
  
"It's not that strange actually." Mark said knowingly. "Both often seem to exist on top of each other. So what happened next?"  
  
"I teased her about the way she was dancing and then realized something." Charles leaned forward, speaking seriously. "Can you believe she had fake IDs and has been sneaking into 21 and over clubs? Here I though she was this innocent little schoolgirl and she's been doing this for who knows how long."  
  
"So you had to punish her." Mark smirked.  
  
"Exactly." Charles said, "Only something changed. I didn't just punish her like I had before. I ... not sure how to say it. Everything changed at that moment. Our whole relationship changed. I didn't exactly set a new punishment. I set a new standard for how we are to interact. Without any time limit. And she agreed to it without even complaining at all. Then, this morning, she made me breakfast and acted completely subservient without me having to mention the new rules at all... It's hard to explain."  
  
"I think I can understand." Mark said and nodded. "The two of you had a revelation and discovered your true natures. We kind of thought this was going to happen. We saw the signs, but couldn't really say anything."  
  
"What do you mean you couldn't say anything?" Charles felt a little upset. If his friend knew something was coming, it would have been nice to be warned. Perhaps he could have been better prepared for this. Could have handled it smoother.  
  
"Think about it Charles." Mark said, speaking very calmly. "If I had told you anything along these lines two weeks ago, how would you have reacted?"  
  
"Good point." Charles had to admit it. Even after that strange game night with everyone there, he was still struggling with things. If he had been pressed at that time, or even just presented with the idea, he would have pushed back hard against it. None of what followed would have happened. It had to be something he gradually came into. "I never would have accepted it. Hell, I probably would have hit you."  
  
"Exactly." Mark said, rising up. "You had to grow into it naturally. It's a road you can't take a shortcut on. But now, we need to get back to the office."  
  
"Yeah," Charles got up and walked out with Mark. "I still have a lot to get done on the Fredrick's Account."  
  
"And I bet you can't wait to get out of here and head home tonight."  
  
Charles just smiled.

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 10**

**Chapter 7: Charles In Charge**  
When Charles got home he was greeted by Lilly at the door, who was dressed in a cute little sundress. She simply stood next to the door and said, "Welcome home, Daddy. Is there anything I can get for you?"  
  
Charles smiled at her and gave her a hug. "Not right now, honey. I'm going to get out of these work things and we can get you started when I come back out."  
  
When he returned to the main room, she was still standing in the same spot and smiling at him. He couldn't help but smile too. He walked over and sat in his favorite armchair. He patted his lap and said, "Have a seat, honey."  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She said and plopped down across his lap, putting her arm around his shoulders. He put one hand across her thighs and the other around her waist, resting the hand on her hip. She looked down at him and waited to see what he was going to do next.  
  
"So," He said. "What have you been up to today?"  
  
She blinked, not expecting this question. In fact, she wasn't really expecting any questions. She was expecting to hear what her duties were going to be. She hoped this wasn't another slide backwards in their relationship. She recovered her composure quickly and said, "Not much, just watched some TV and played on the computer until I knew you were going to come home."  
  
"Good, you were waiting for me." He smiled at her. "Just like I told you to. Now we need to go over some of the things I expect from you. I liked the waiting by the door for me. That was nice. You should do that every day. You should be like a greeter. That means you have to be ready no matter what time I get home. You understand that?"  
  
"Yes, Daddy."  
  
"Very good." He patted her on the hip. "I also want you to make all the meals for the house, unless I specifically say I want to make something. I might want to barbeque or whatever. It's a man thing. But that means you have to be up every morning to make breakfast for me and have dinner on the table at seven. When you start working on dinner would depend on what you are making, but I want to be able to sit down and eat at seven every night. When I'm home during the day, you should also make something light for lunch. Around noon or so. The exact time is not as important. You got all that?"  
  
"Got it, Daddy."  
  
"You will also have other chores to take care of throughout the week, but those aren't the same thing every day. I will have to figure out what you should take of and when, but for now I will tell you when to do something. For starters, I think you should do the laundry. At least get it started before you get dinner going." He then patted her on the behind to coax her off his lap.  
  
She gave him a quick hug and hopped off his lap. She went into his room to grab his laundry basket and started to sort them out on the kitchen floor, since the laundry cupboard is just off the kitchen. She then grabbed hers and did the same, mixing them into the two piles. She started the first load and placed the other pile into a basket to get it out of the way. She was then able to start working on dinner. The whole time she felt content, but wondered if this was going to be it. She kind of hoped her life would be something more from now on.  
  
Charles watched his daughter working, cooking and swapping out laundry, and liked the way it felt. He told her to do things and she did them. But there was something not quite right about it to me. He wanted it to feel different, but didn't want their life to be nothing but him telling her to strip and do naughty things all the time. That just wouldn't feel right, but then neither did this. He had to find a balance.  
  
Just before seven, Lilly came over and told him dinner was about ready. She then held out his chair for him, so he could have a seat at the table while she served him. It was very nice having her wait on him, but the best part was that she joined him for the meal after making sure he had everything he needed. It was just like a nice family meal together, without arguing or attitude or anything unpleasant, but the feeling of something being off was still there. As he finished up he thought of some things that might help.  
  
"Things seem to be going well." He started, pushing his plate away. "But I think we need to make some minor changes."  
  
He slid his chair out from the table and turned to face his daughter as she picked up the plates from the table. "Take this outfit, for example." He waved his hand up and down at her like a game show presenter. "It's a cute dress and all, but it doesn't seem to fit the jobs you do around here. You should dress appropriately for each job. Like when you were serving dinner here and cleaning up. That's kind of a waitress job, so you should have been dressed like a cute little waitress for me. A little black or khaki skirt and a simple button-down blouse. Something that looks like a restaurant uniform, only cuter."  
  
She nodded, but said nothing as he continued. "And when I have you clean up around here, that's like a maid's job. I'll have to get you a real maid outfit at some point, but until then you should dress in a simple button-up dress, like motel maids wear. Only cuter again. Not quite as frumpy. You must have things that work for this."  
  
She knew she had several things that could work for this. Plus, he said he was going to get her a real maid's outfit. She hoped it would be one of those really sexy black ones. She always wanted to wear one of those.  
  
"And if you are doing something and you don't know what the proper thing to wear is, ask me." He shrugged. "Don't guess and be wrong. Just come to me and ask. I will either tell you what you should put on or help you find something that works for it."  
  
She liked the sound of this, especially since it meant she would have to be changing clothes multiple times a day. She would get to parade around in front of her father wearing all sorts of things. The idea made her feel so sexy.  
  
"Tonight, I just want you to finish up." He said, coming to the end of his speech. "You should go through your things while I am at work tomorrow and figure out which ones will work for this and set them aside, so you can get to them easily. Then, when I get home tomorrow, I want to see you using them to dress correctly for whatever you are doing at the time. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes, Daddy." She nodded.  
  
The rest of the evening passed relatively uneventfully, as Lilly finished the laundry and made sure Charles had a fresh drink whenever he wanted one. Most of her time was spent standing in the kitchen, folding the laundry as each load came out of the dryer and putting them away where they belonged. Her items she sorted into two piles as she folded them: the one she might use for uniforms and the rest.  
  
Charles couldn't wait until the next day to see how his new plan was going to work and let all sorts of ideas dance around inside his head. He wants to see what she comes up with for outfits, but hopes she asks him his opinion for some of them. He likes the idea of getting to have her dress up for him.  
  
The next morning Charles walked out after dressing and Lilly was already there with is breakfast ready for him. She was still dressed in her nightshirt, having just gotten out of bed, and not eating herself. When finished, he thanked her and gave her a hug before leaving for work. His mind was mostly thinking about what it was going to be like when he got home and what outfits she might be wearing.  
  
"Daddy," Lilly interrupted his train of thought. "What should I wear when I greet you? I don't really know what a greeter dresses like."  
  
Charles thought for a second and smiled. "Greeters, Doormen, Bellmen and the like are usually dressed in some kind of fancy or formal outfits. At least in nice buildings. And, being that they are traditionally men, the uniforms are generally centered on male formal attire. Do you have a nice vest of some kind?"  
  
Lilly thought for a moment. "Yeah, I have a neat little black one that goes great with my white button down blouse."  
  
"Just the vest will be enough." Charles said, stopping her from going on. "Wear it with a nice black skirt. Together they will give a sense of the formal, but still look good on a cute girl like you."  
  
Lilly couldn't help but smile, but also lowered her head as she blushed. "I will wear that. Thank you, Daddy."  
  
Charles said nothing more and left for work. Lilly just eagerly waited the day out, looking forward to the time when her father returned. She laid out the outfits she thought she might need on her bed. She had the vest and skirt ready to go first, with her black thong under it. Next to it was her khaki skirt and pink blouse, which she would wear as a waitress for dinner. She also had a simple blue button-up dress, in case he wanted her to do any maid work. If anything else came up, she would have to put something together, but this was a good start.  
  
As the afternoon wore on she put on her Greeter outfit, wondering if she should button up the vest or let it hang open. She liked the idea of wearing it open, as it covered her just fine as long as she didn't move to quickly, but if she did it would slide off her breasts and expose them. She tried wearing it both ways, but grew more nervous about leaving it unbuttoned as the afternoon drew on. She finally decided to button just one button, low on the vest, by the time he got home.  
  
Charles walked in and saw his daughter standing there dutifully, dressed in the cute little black vest and miniskirt. She looked very good, especially the way her ample cleavage looked in the deep-V of her vest. He liked the look a lot, but thought one thing could make it a little better.  
  
"Welcome home, Daddy." She said, stepping forward to give him a hug.  
  
He hugged her back and then stepped back to look her up and down appraisingly. "You look lovely, my dear. But I think you should wear the vest unbuttoned. It would look better that way."  
  
Lilly nodded and undid the button, leaving the vest open down the whole front, but looked up at her father for approval. Her breasts were still covered, but the cleavage went all the way down the front, showing the full inside curves of each breast. He smiled, nodding his approval, and left to put his things into his room and change.  
  
When he returned, Lilly was still standing there waiting for him. He smiled at her and said, "Until it's time to start dinner, why don't you do a little dusting and cleaning around here?"  
  
Lilly left the room to change into her "maid" outfit before starting to clean. She didn't bother to change her panties or put on a bra, simply swapping the skirt and vest for the dress. She spent about forty-five minutes cleaning around the room, while Charles just watched her and never ever turned on the TV. When it came time to make dinner she started to walk into the kitchen but suddenly stopped.  
  
"Daddy," She turned to look at her father. "I have a waitress outfit ready, but do I wear it to cook too?"  
  
Charles smiled. "No, a cook is not a waitress. While you are cooking you should dress more like a cook."  
  
"What does a cook wear?"  
  
Charles thought about it for a moment and dismissed the idea of some large white jacket or smock, but then it hit him. "Aprons. Cooks always wear aprons. So, that's what you should wear. I have one in the laundry closet if you need it."  
  
She nodded and went over to grab the apron. It was the long bib kind that ties around the back. She carried it into her room to change. She slipped off her maid dress and hooked the apron over her head, around the back of her neck. It hung down to about mid-calf, a little long on her, but the top wasn't the best coverage. She could tell, even before tying the back, that she was going to be sliding out the sides of the top relatively often. She considered putting on a bra, but knew that wouldn't work with the apron and could get her in trouble with her father. She tied the back, which was basically only strings that tie past the sides of the hips. She knew her whole back was going to be uncovered and realized there was one more thing she had to ask her father.

**Lilly's Games 2: Charles Finds His Way - Part 11**

When she walked out to the living room her father smiled at her, but she spoke before he could say anything. "I have another question about this outfit. Should I wear it with panties under it or not?"  
  
As Charles thought about it he nodded his head sideways, back and forth for a moment. "I dunno. Let me see it both ways and I'll decide. How do you have it now?"  
  
She turned her back, showing him her nearly bare ass in her black thong, and said, "With."  
  
"Okay, now take them off and show me without."  
  
Lilly thought about going back to her room to change, but then realized she was just going to come back here and show her bare behind to him anyway, so she grabbed the sides of her panties and started to pull them down. Her body slowly spun as she pulled her panties down, until she was facing her father with the black fabric around her ankles. She stood up and stepped out of the panties, leaving them on the floor for now.  
  
Slowly she turned her back again, this time showing her completely bare ass to her father. "This is without."  
  
Charles nodded his head side to side again, acting like he was thinking hard, but mostly just taking the moment to revel in the glory that is her amazing behind. "I think without works better. Panties aren't really supposed to be seen, and they showed up to well with this outfit."  
  
Lilly nodded and walked into the kitchen to make dinner. Charles enjoyed watching her in the apron, especially the way her large breasts kept falling out the sides into view and her incredible ass through the open back. She was definitely more fun to watch than the TV, especially in this outfit. After appearing to finish making dinner she left the room and came back a few minutes later dressed in a small khaki skirt and pink button-down blouse. He figured this was her waitress outfit, and it looked pretty accurate, only the skirt was a little shorter than they usually are.  
  
The rest of the evening went pretty well, and Lilly changed back into her "maid" dress after dinner to finish the cleaning she started before. When Charles finally went to bed he had to take care of himself. The amazing views of Lilly around the house had him quite worked up and he needed to release some of the tension.  
  
The next morning, his daughter met him dressed in her waitress outfit when she served him breakfast. He felt a slight sense of disappointment as he had gotten used to her being dressed in her sleeping clothes the last couple days. He liked the idea of the new rules, and some of the outfits were very nice, but he thought he might want to start tweaking things before it all became too set in stone.  
  
"Lilly." Charles said, looking up at her. "I think you should keep wearing your sleeping clothes when you make my breakfast. The whole job uniform thing should be for later in the day."  
  
"Do you want me to change back right now?" She asked, slightly leaning towards her room, as if ready to walk at a second's notice.  
  
"Nah." He shook his head. "Go back to it tomorrow."  
  
"Okay, Daddy." Lilly nodded and stepped back to wait for him to finish eating, so she could give him his hug goodbye before work.  
  
Charles found that he was starting feel comfortable with this new life, and this was only the third day it really existed. His workday passed fairly quickly and his stress level was fairly low. He couldn't help but think things were going well for him, and the path looked to keep going that way for a while.  
  
When he got home he was greeted by Lilly standing there by the door in her vest and skirt again. She looked radiant. After giving her a hug hello and changing out of his work things, he went back to the main room to give her the day's assignments.  
  
"Today will be floors." He said. "Vacuuming and sweeping the whole place. Pretty soon this place will be so well cared for I may have to find other things for you to do, but for now, get to work."  
  
Lilly walked back to her room to get her "maid" outfit, returning a couple minutes later to start her work. Charles put his hand up to stop her and she walked over to stand in front of him.  
  
"This isn't as efficient as I would like." He said, his face screwed up with thought. "Every time you have to change into a different outfit you leave for a few minutes. I don't want to do away with the changes, but there has to be a way to speed things up."  
  
"I can go faster." Lilly said, looking eager to show him.  
  
"Okay, try." He said with a nod. "Change into your waitress outfit."  
  
She did as asked and was back in front of him in under two minutes. She was slightly out of breath, but seemed eager to show how good she can do.  
  
Charles looked her up and down and frowned. "You were still out of the room for two minutes and the outfit is a little off. It looks rushed and not straightened and clean as it should be. No, it's just not working. I don't want to have you gone for so long, especially when you have to change so often in one evening."  
  
"Sorry, Daddy." She lowered her eyes and tried to straiten her outfit as she stood there.  
  
"Don't fret, honey." Charles said, smiling sweetly at her. "You haven't done anything wrong. I'm just trying to figure out how to handle this, and I think I might be onto something. Bring all your outfits out here so I can take a look at them."  
  
She placed them all out on the coffee table and stood there waiting to see what he would do.  
  
Charles looked up and down the line of outfits and said, "Okay, now change into the cooking outfit."  
  
Lilly quickly stripped out of the waitress outfit, even removing the panties, and stood momentarily naked in front of her father again. He smiled as he gazed upon her again and had to adjust his sitting position slightly to accommodate the change it made in his pants. She then grabbed the apron and pulled it on, tying it off in the back. She then did one small turn to show it off from all sides, which once again displayed her perfect round ass to him. He was liking this so far.  
  
"Okay, Not bad." Charles said with a nod. "Now let's see you get into your maid outfit."  
  
She untied the apron and quickly rendered herself naked again, before grabbing her blue panties and slipping them on. She then grabbed her button-up dress and slipped that on too. Now dressed again, she did another quick spin and stood before her father. She was quite proud of how fast she did it this time.  
  
"Not bad," Charles' expression was mixed. "Changing out here in front of me is nice. I no longer have to wait those two or more minutes for you to return. That should remain part of the process. You can keep your things out here on one of the lower shelves. But I think the panties are slowing you down. You should just ditch them. You don't need to wear them with any of these outfits, just like you've been skipping wearing a bra."  
  
"Yes, Daddy." Lilly could feel the excitement of the idea inside her. She would have to strip in front of him several times a day, sometimes without him even having to tell her to, and the idea of always walking around without panties on was so naughty. She liked the new rules and wanted to start right away.  
  
"So clear off half that shelf down there." Charles pointed to one that had a few of his gaming figurines on it. "You can stack your outfits on there. Then you can get to work on the floors, since you are already dressed for maid service. At least until it's time to make dinner."  
  
She did as she was told and happily went about her chores. Charles even followed her into the other rooms when she went back to vacuum them, standing in the doorway to keep watching her. When it was time to make dinner she stripped down, folded her dress, placed it on the shelf, and then got out the apron to put on. When she was done with dinner she went back in and took off her apron, folding it and placing it neatly on the shelf. She then turned to tell her father that dinner was ready, letting him get a good look at her, before she got out her waitress shirt and skirt and slipped them on. She liked the idea of prolonging the nude state as long as she could dare to. Charles didn't seem to care that changing outfits actually took longer now.  
  
This continued over the next couple days and the two of them seemed to get into a very nice rhythm about how it all worked. Mornings were sleepwear and evenings were constantly changing outfits in front of him, until Friday came around she was assigned the job of laundry.  
  
"Wait." She said, having stopped herself before walking over to change into her maid outfit. "Is laundry the same job as maid or do I need a new outfit for laundress?"  
  
"Hmmm." Charles pondered the question for a moment and then smiled broadly. "I think laundry has to be special. Laundry day is important and with all these outfits of yours, in addition my clothes, you will have a lot of laundry to do. But you can't wash what you're wearing, so that presents a little problem. I think I need to declare Friday as Laundry Day and on Laundry Day there will be special rules."  
  
Lilly stood there and stared at him with rapt anticipation. She would do anything he wanted of her, he just had to tell her what it was.  
  
"You are not to wear anything while doing laundry." He said, still smiling. "You have to wash all of your outfits, so you can't wear any of them as you normally would. To make this rule simple, I will just say that from the time I get home on Laundry Day, until I go to bed, you are to remain undressed. You will greet me undressed. You will do your chores undressed. You will make dinner undressed. And so on. Even when the laundry is done."  
  
She had liked the idea of showing off while changing clothes and the way her father looked at her, but the idea of being naked all evening had her a little nervous. She would do it, since it's what he told her to do, but she couldn't deny that slight buzz of trepidation. She also couldn't deny the excitement that buzz brought with it. She quickly stripped out of her greeters uniform and started her evening of nakedness. What was going to be the first of many, from how it sounded.  
  
Charles watched his naked daughter all evening, even spending some casual time watching a movie and playing a game with her when she wasn't busy doing chores. He was thoroughly enjoying the beautiful sights he was getting every day, especially today, but was also increasingly getting frustrated with how often he had to take care of himself since it started.   
  
Not that he would complain at all. He wouldn't give up having her at least half naked and walking around the house all the time for anything. He would just have to take a few more cold showers and become much better acquainted with his hand. He figured it was just the price he had to pay for this life.  
  
THE END... for now