**Lily Peterson, Remainder**

by daviezwei

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 44**

Lily was startled when Tiffany invaded her shower stall again, but she only laughed and pulled her girlfriend to her for a smooch and a hug. Tiffany pulled Lily's arm around her shoulders and held her up so that she wasn't putting any weight on her injured ankle.  
  
“I heard about what that girl did to you,” Tiffany said, frowning.  
  
“It was an accident,” Lily said.  
  
“Uh-huh yeah right,” the blonde said, scowling. “They were trying to take you out of district, Lily!”  
  
“I don't know... it really did seem like an accident.”  
  
“Well, I better never see her or I'll give her a fat lip. How bad is it? I saw your crutches outside the stall.”  
  
“It's not that bad. Harriet – the nurse – she wants me to use crutches just through the weekend.”  
  
“Aww! You'll be on crutches at Bart's party!”  
  
Lily's eyes went wide – she'd forgotten about the party. Naked and on crutches? Jeez!  
  
“Anyway,” Tiffany said, “I have a special surprise for you. I was going to show you before Mr. Collins's class but you were off at the track.”  
  
“Oh, right,” Lily said. She sighed. “Tiffany... there was another accident, too.”  
  
“What do you mean? Are you okay?”  
  
“I kissed Tony,” Lily blurted out. She felt her eyes well up with tears and her bottom lip tremble. “I’m sorry, Tiffany. I’m so sorry!”  
  
Tiffany looked shocked and stared at Lily for a few long moments.  
  
“You kissed 'Bony' Tony Baskins?” she asked.  
  
“Yes! I don't know why... I don't know what happened! It just happened! I'm so sorry!”  
  
“Whoa, calm down, babycakes. It was just a kiss, right?”  
  
“Yes,” Lily said. “But... he squeezed my butt, too.”  
  
Tiffany snorted. “Well, I mean, Lily, you have a super-nice butt. So, of course he's gonna give it a squeeze!”  
  
“Tiffany, I'm serious!”  
  
“I know you are,” Tiffany said, “and I'm mad at you, I really am, but I also really like you and... I forgive you. I totally do. It was an accident, wasn't it?”  
  
“Yes! I don't even know why it happened!”  
  
“Because you like boys, too, don't you?”  
  
Lily sighed and nodded. “Yes,” she admitted. “Tony took me through the boy's locker room and there were... so many boy butts!”  
  
“Really? Their butts?” Tiffany asked, eyebrows raised. “Weird. I always thought boy butts looked kind of dumb and squarish and flat.”  
  
Lily shrugged. “Kinda cute, though, right?”  
  
Tiffany placed her hand on Lily’s ass and gave it a firm squeeze.  
  
“Nope! This is the cutest butt. This is my kinda butt.”  
  
Lily laughed and the two of them kissed. They finished washing up and then Tiffany helped Lily over to a bench where she could dry off.  
  
“Where’s your uniform?” Tiffany asked, opening Lily’s locker.  
  
“Oh. Well, I’m not wearing it. Not for a couple more weeks.”  
  
Tiffany grinned. “Really? Really?!”  
  
Lily smiled and shook her head. “Don’t look so happy about it! It’s just two more weeks and then I’m going to wear it.”  
  
“Why?”  
  
Lily briefly explained the events of that morning to Tiffany while they both dried off.  
  
“So you’re staying naked for Mr. Hartwell but you wouldn’t do it for me?” Tiffany asked with a playful pout.  
  
“No,” Lily said. “I’m just staying naked for a bit... for the school. That’s all.”  
  
“Ummhmm,” Tiffany said, mock-frowning. “Well, I really don’t think you deserve the special surprise I have for you.”  
  
“Oh yeah! What's the special surprise?” Lily asked.  
  
“Wait right here!” Tiffany said. She clutched her towel around herself and dashed away between another row of lockers.  
  
When she returned, she was wearing the 'slutty' uniform Mrs. Haverknott had tried to talk Lily into wearing: a very short skirt, a tight blouse missing several top buttons, thigh-high white stockings, and a pair of shiny black three-inch heels.  
  
“Tiffany! Oh my gosh!”  
  
“How do I look?”  
  
Lily grinned. “Really sexy. Too sexy! Wow!”  
  
“I know! I got sent to the principal's office straight away, but Mr. Hartwell and I went over the uniform regulations and it's acceptable. Well, the skirt is about an inch too short – 'cause you're so short – but Mr. Hartwell signed off on it anyway.”  
  
“Really?”  
  
“So guess who's the second sexiest girl in school now, huh? Me!”  
  
“What do you mean? You mean you're really going to keep wearing it?”  
  
“Sure I am!” Tiffany said, smirking.   
  
Lily's eyes went wide as Tiffany strutted over to her, licking her lips.  
  
“Tiffany...”  
  
“What do you think, babycakes?” she asked, standing directly in front of Lily and teasing up the hem of her super-short skirt. “Thinking of boys now?”  
  
Lily gulped. “Boys? Who the hell cares about boys...” she said in a breathy voice.  
  
Tiffany leaned over and gave Lily a soft, wet kiss on the lips.  
  
“That's the right answer,” she said, grinning.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 45**

Thankfully, due to Lily being on crutches, Mr. Doddings excused her for being tardy to class. She took her seat and diligently wrote lecture notes despite the image of Tiffany in her too-tiny schoolgirl uniform dancing around in her head.  
  
Once the bell rang, Lily made for Mrs. Wen's classroom as fast as she could given her condition. She hoped Mrs. Wen would be quick about her spankings so she couldn't have to give Mrs. Haverknott an excuse for making her wait to take her back home.  
  
Mrs. Wen ushered her inside the classroom and closed and locked the door behind her without a word. Then she asked, “What's happened, Miss Peterson?”  
  
“I was knocked down during a run,” Lily said. “Only a minor ankle sprain, Mrs. Wen.”  
  
“I see. Perhaps we should postpone your... punishment.”  
  
“No, Mrs. Wen,” Lily said, shaking her head. “I'm okay.”  
  
Mrs. Wen swallowed hard. She glanced around the room. Lily had never seen her look nervous before and seeing Mrs. Wen in this condition was both odd and intriguing.  
  
“So,” Mrs. Wen said, still looking this way and that, “would you... well... shall we...”  
  
“Would you like me over your lap, Mrs. Wen?” Lily asked.  
  
The question seemed to completely stun the teacher. She stared out of the window, her fingers tapping at the sides of her pencil skirt.  
  
“I... I...”  
  
“Um, why don't I just bend over your desk, Mrs. Wen?”  
  
A new wave of utter shock seemed to overwhelm the normally unflappable teacher. She murmured to herself and shook her head as she continued to stare out the window.  
  
Lily hobbled over to the desk, set her crutches against it, and stretched over it, resting on her hands and elbows with her bottom in the air.  
  
“Mrs. Wen?” Lily called, looking over her shoulder.  
  
“Oh,” Mrs. Wen said upon turning around. “Miss... Peterson...”  
  
“I'm ready for my spankings, Mrs. Wen.”  
  
“Miss Peterson...” Mrs. Wen whispered.  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“You have a... delightful... bottom...”  
  
“I do squats and lunges twice a week, Mrs. Wen.”  
  
The teacher nodded, apparently still in a daze.  
  
“Please spank me now, Mrs. Wen,” Lily said.  
  
It wasn't until the teacher stepped toward her that Lily suddenly felt a surge of trepidation. She was about to be spanked by Mrs. Wen! It was so bizarre! So incredibly unbelievable!  
  
And, Lily thought, biting her lip, more than a little exhilarating.  
  
Mrs. Wen's palm lightly touched against Lily's ass cheek, one then the other. Lily turned away and put her head down against her hands. She shifted her hips back and up, presenting herself for her punishment.  
  
The first swat was apparently a surprise to both of them. Lily and Mrs. Wen gasped together as the sound of the smack dully echoed in the room.  
  
Lily's right ass cheek stung and tingled.  
  
It was not an unpleasant sensation.  
  
Long moments passed, and Lily lifted her head to look back at what Mrs. Wen was doing when the second spank hit home on her left cheek, causing her to sharply suck in a breath and whimper.  
  
That was much harder, Lily thought. Though... still definitely not unpleasant.  
  
“Cavorting down the hallways, naked as a baby,” Mrs. Wen said. “Inexcusable, Miss Peterson!”  
  
It was clear Mrs. Wen had regained her bearings and had somehow, in her mind, justified spanking a student bent over her desk after school. More than only justified, it seemed, she had evidently convinced herself that it was quite necessary!  
  
The third smack on Lily’s bottom – ruthless and unyielding – was certainly evidence of that. Lily felt tears well up in her eyes and she dropped her head down, pressing her forehead against the cool surface of Mrs. Wen’s desk.  
  
The next swat elicited a soft but sincere cry from Lily. Mrs. Wen had not only sent a pricking shock-wave across both of Lily’s ass cheeks, but she also had mildly cuffed Lily’s delicate bits – which, Lily found, caused a ticklish heat to pulsate through her groin.  
  
Six spanks later, Lily was fully collapsed over the desk, her legs shaking and her eyes squeezed tightly shut against tears and her lower lip aching from her teeth biting against it.  
  
“That should be adequate for now, Miss Peterson,” Mrs. Wen said, sounding slightly out of breath.  
  
“Yes, Mrs. Wen,” Lily said, choking a bit on the words.  
  
“This was meant to be a punitive action, Miss Peterson.”  
  
“Yes, Mrs. Wen,” Lily repeated.  
  
“Yet it’s quite obvious that your reaction is rather less than penitent.”  
  
Lily pushed herself to her feet, her knees still quivering a bit, and looked to Mrs. Wen. The teacher was holding up her hand for Lily to see. Her palm glistened with moisture.  
  
With a faint smirk on her face, Mrs. Wen said, “I suppose the both of us ought to head to the restroom to clean up.”

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 46**

Bracing her hands on the sink, Lily looked at herself in the mirror. Thankfully, Mrs. Wen had diverted to another restroom and, since school had been out for nearly twenty minutes now, Lily had this restroom entirely to herself.  
  
Which was quite fortunate, because she felt as if she might be having some sort of mental breakdown.  
  
Had she really... enjoyed Mrs. Wen spanking her? Not just enjoyed, either, but... almost... reveled in it?  
  
Yes. She had. There was no denying it. Even now that it was over, Lily felt aroused – extremely aroused, if she were being honest with herself. Her mind wandered to just what deliciously perverted things she would do to Tiffany if the poor girl were here at this very moment.  
  
Lily stared at her flushed face in the mirror and concentrated on breathing.  
  
“You are a total shameless pervert,” she told herself, something between a smile and a frown trembling on her lips.  
  
There was no use dwelling on it, though: Mrs. Haverknott would already be wondering what kept her.  
  
“This isn’t over,” she said to her reflection. “We are going to have a long talk about this!”  
  
With a nod to herself, she grabbed her crutches from beside the sink and made her way out of the bathroom to Mrs. Haverknott’s classroom.  
  
Lily found Mrs. Haverknott sitting at her desk, marking some papers.  
  
“There you are, Lils. Ready to go?” she asked, looking up. “Oh, I had heard that you took a tumble at track. It isn’t very bad, is it?”  
  
“No,” Lily said. “Just a sprain, is all.”  
  
“Oh, good! I was worried you might miss your first day at the coffee shop.”  
  
“Err...” Lily said, now realizing she could have avoided the coffee shop if she’d used her ankle as an excuse. Then she remembered that her ass was ruddied by multiple handprints.  
  
Oh gosh! She couldn’t work at the coffee shop with a spanked bottom!  
  
“No no,” Mrs. Haverknott said, standing up and gathering her things. “I see that look on your face, Lils, but a little sprain will not get you out of work today.”  
  
“I– I don’t think I’ll be able to help out any customers. With my crutches. Hobbling around.”  
  
“Oh, you needn’t worry about that. Your first few days will be mostly training, I’m quite sure.”  
  
Lily swallowed. “But...”  
  
“Now now, you aren’t trying to default on our agreement, are you?”  
  
“Tricksy...”  
  
Mrs. Haverknott’s grin faded and was replaced by a look of concern.  
  
“What is it, Lils?”  
  
Lily took a deep breath. She said, slowly, “I got spanked.”  
  
Mrs. Haverknott’s smile promptly returned and she said, “Well of course I know about that, Lils.”  
  
“You do?”  
  
“You are my ward, are you not? Mrs. Wen would never act without my permission.”  
  
Lily frowned. “You told her she could spank me?”  
  
Mrs. Haverknott chuckled. “No, you told her she could spank you. I simply offered no objections.”  
  
Lily thought about arguing but then only sighed.  
  
“I can’t work at the coffee shop today, Tricksy. My– my bottom is all red!”  
  
Lily turned to the side so that Mrs. Haverknott could see, which elicited a snort from the older woman. She put her hand to her mouth to muffle her laugh and diverted her gaze.  
  
“Tricksy!”  
  
After regaining her composure, Mrs. Haverknott said, “I’m very sorry, Lils, I really don’t see what one thing has to do with the other.”  
  
“My ass has handprints all over it! Everyone will see!”  
  
“Oh, don’t be so dramatic. The redness will subside in a couple hours time.”  
  
“A couple hours!”  
  
“Yes. I have some experience in these matters,” Mrs. Haverknott said, smiling. “I’m afraid that you will simply have to manage your condition in the meantime. As I understand it, this isn’t to be the last of your punishments from Mrs. Wen. You cannot expect to avoid your subsequent obligations every time, can you?”  
  
Lily swallowed. She said, “But...”  
  
“Hmm?”  
  
Lily could stand the thought of showing off her reddened bottom at the coffee shop. She bit her lip to keep from sobbing. She asked, “Tricksy, please, what do I do?!”  
  
Mrs. Haverknott’s expression softened. She walked over to Lily put her arm around the girl and then guided out of the room and started down the hallway.  
  
“I have a large packet of ice in the car, wrapped in a towel,” Mrs. Haverknott said. “You will sit on it until we arrive at the coffee shop and it will reduce the redness and swelling. It won’t eliminate either, of course, but it will be enough to allow you the plausible excuse of falling down on your bottom – should you choose to make such an excuse.”  
  
Lily looked over to the teacher as she crutched along beside her.  
  
“You– you already thought of all this?”  
  
Mrs. Haverknott gave her a slight smile and nod.  
  
“You are my ward, are you not?”

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 47**

Amanda immediately waved Lily around the counter when she entered the coffee shop.  
  
Lily tried to shuffle around the counter without flashing her red bottom to any of the customers – which was doubly difficult on crutches. She had thought about leaving them in the SUV and just trying to stay off her ankle as much as possible, but she’d made a promise to Harriet and she wasn’t going to break it.  
  
“Oh no what happened?” Amanda asked when Lily was finally behind the counter.  
  
Lily made sure to angle herself so that her backside was to the back wall.  
  
“Sprained my ankle,” Lily explained. “I understand if you don’t want me working for–”  
  
“Oh don’t be silly!” Amanda cut in. “Your arms are just fine, aren’t they?”  
  
“Yes but–”  
  
“Great! Don’t worry about it. Cal will be in shortly. You’ll be shadowing him, learning how to make an espresso and things like that. Don’t worry, he’s a bit of a turd but he is very good at this.”  
  
“Oh. Okay. Thank you.”  
  
“Of course!”  
  
Lily looked over the counter at the customers. They were all glancing – if not outright ogling – at her.  
  
“Maybe... I could get an apron or something?” Lily suggested.  
  
Amanda put on a little frown. “No. No, of course not. I wouldn’t want to, you know, interfere with your lifestyle and that sort of thing.”  
  
“Oh but I really think it would be fine if–”  
  
“Um, no,” Amanda said, shaking her head. “Look, Lily, I don’t actually, like, need another barista. I told your aunt we weren’t hiring but she, you know, convinced me.”  
  
“What?”  
  
“You know, have a super pretty girl, totally naked, working behind the counter?” Amanda said. “Once word gets out, business will really pick up. I mean, c’mon, you’re young, gorgeous, and naked! This shop is going to be killing it!”  
  
Lily was stunned. She opened her mouth to say something, but couldn’t get out any words.  
  
“Hey, don’t look like that!” Amanda said. “You had to kinda know already what this was about, right? I mean, sure, you’re total eye-candy, but you still have to do the job.”  
  
“Amanda...”  
  
“This isn’t going to be a problem, is it?” Amanda asked, crossing her arms. “Look, Lily, I like you – really I do – but if you’re going to be all mopey or, like, modest or whatever, then this isn’t going to work. I want a bouncy, bubbly, naked babe behind this counter. You got me?”  
  
Lily stared at her for a moment but then nodded. This or the mall, she told herself.  
  
“Good girl,” Amanda said, her expression brightening. “Now first we gotta get rid of those crutches. You can put your knee on this stool, here, see? It’s got wheels on it so you can get around on your good foot without being on your bad ankle. Good idea, right?”  
  
“Yes. Thank you,” Lily said, resting her knee on the wheeled stool that Amanda rolled up to her.  
  
After setting aside Lily’s crutches, Amanda adjust the height of the stool to suit Lily and then had Lily practice up and down behind the counter a few times.  
  
“See? That’ll work great!” Amanda said.  
  
“Yes, I think I can get around like this,” Lily said, nodding. “I’ll just need to get used to it.”  
  
“No problem! Take your time,” Amanda said. “Cal will be here in – actually he should already be here. That turd! But he’s never, like, really really late. So... hey, what happened to your ass? It’s all red!”  
  
“Oh... I, um, fell.”  
  
Amanda smirked. “Yeah, looks like it. Fell right into a doozy of a spanking, maybe.”  
  
Lily’s eyes went wide and she pressed her lips together. Her cheeks – both sets – burned with embarrassment.  
  
“Aww, don’t worry about it. Looks cute on you,” Amanda said. “Boyfriend?”  
  
Lily shook her head. “But I do have a girlfriend.”  
  
Amanda grinned. “Ooh, even better!”  
  
“Huh? Why?”  
  
“Oh, come on! You sure are naive, Lily! Why do you think? ‘Come see the hot naked lesbian down at the local coffee shop!’ That’s why. It just keeps getting better and better!”  
  
Lily sighed. “Jeez, Amanda...”  
  
“I have those business brains, you know. I’m always thinking of how to get ahead! Ooh, hey, you know what you should do? I was just thinking: you should get a pixie cut! Oh yeah, that would be perfect on you!”  
  
Lily frowned. “I like my hair like this, though.”  
  
“Well, Lily, you should strongly consider my suggestion. Okay? Like, think about how much this job means to you and, you know, consider it.”  
  
“You sure are different than I thought,” Lily said, still frowning.  
  
“Hey, now, don’t be like that! I’m a really good boss, you’ll see. I’m just, you know, particular about some things. That’s all!”  
  
Lily refrained from responding to that and thankfully Amanda’s attention was taken away from her as someone entered the coffee shop.  
  
“Cal!” Amanda said, waving him over. “Come meet Lily.”  
  
Cal was a tall, rail-thin guy with a mess of inky-black hair and thick but managed eyebrows. His lips were thin and curved into a very slight smirk, although that just seemed to be his default expression.  
  
“Yo,” he said, coming around the counter and taking in an eyeful of Lily. “Wow. No kidding, Mandy, she’s smokin’ hot. Whew, girl, you look like you were built to be naked.”  
  
Lily felt a rush of warmth under Cal’s scrutinizing gaze.  
  
“Right? I thought the same thing!” Amanda said. “Now you just need to teach her the ropes and then I can fire you for being late all the damn time.”  
  
Cal rolled his eyes. “You wish.” He extended his hand to Lily and said, “I’m Cal.”  
  
Lily shook his hand. “I’m Lily. Pleased to meet you.”  
  
“All right, you two get to work already. And you,” Amanda said to Lily, “make sure to mention your girlfriend as often as you can. I mean, don’t force it, but work it into the convo, yeah? You know: ‘my girlfriend likes the butterscotch frap’ or ‘I would give you my number but my girlfriend would totally kill me’ and stuff like that. That way we get the word around! Got it?”  
  
Lily sighed but said, “Yes, okay.”  
  
“Be happy, dammit,” Amanda ordered, tapping Lily’s nose with her finger as if casting some sort of happiness spell on her.  
  
Lily tried on a smile and that seemed to satisfy her boss for now. Amanda nodded and went off to her back office.  
  
“Gay, huh?” Cal asked.  
  
“Yeah,” Lily said, because she thought that would be easier than trying to explain what she herself was still not quite sure about.  
  
“That’s cool. I mean, too bad for me, but– yeah, that’s cool,” he said, shrugging. “Well, let me show you how this stupid steamer thing works, I guess. It’s the hardest thing to learn. After that, it’s cake. I mean, literally, we serve cake. I’ll show you how we do it.”  
  
Lily nodded and wheeled herself behind Cal as he started explaining the process of getting foam into the beverages.  
  
The afternoon went by quickly and Cal was actually very considerate, taking the time to teach her everything thoroughly and making sure she understood it all. The customers, too, were quite friendly, and Lily was pleasantly surprised that not one of them seemed to take any offense to her being nude. In fact, almost everyone seemed delighted when she rang them up on the register or made their drinks – even when she messed up a bit now and then!  
  
In the end, as Lily hobbled out of the coffee shop on her crutches at the end of her shift to get picked up by Mrs. Haverknott, she found herself smiling.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 48**

Mrs. Haverknott restrained herself from asking any questions, instead finding contentment in seeing Lily smiling serenely in the passenger seat as she drove the nude girl back home.  
  
When they reached the house, Lily headed right in. Mrs. Haverknott chuckled to herself as Lily’s bottom was still a little rosy from Mrs. Wen’s spankings.  
  
Lily set about cooking some fish fillets for the two of them – old Mr. Haverknott having been finally picked up by Mrs. Haverknott’s ex-husband earlier that day – as she hummed to herself.  
  
At this point, Mrs. Haverknott could no longer contain herself. She poured a glass a wine for each of them and asked, “So, Lils, how was work?”  
  
Lily shrugged. “Fine, I guess. But my boss is kind of a monster.”  
  
“What?” Mrs. Haverknott asked, laughing. “That big sweet girl? A monster?”  
  
“Yeah. She only hired me because I’m naked,” Lily said. “And she wants me to get a haircut!”  
  
“Is that so?”  
  
“A pixie cut, is what she said; if I want to keep my job! Can you believe it?”  
  
“I certainly can. This is the real world, Lils. You’ll find, no matter your occupation, that all your supervisors will have obligations. They will all make demands of you. Even, as in this case, if the expectation is somewhat out of line.”  
  
“Huh! Well, that’s just not fair, is it?” Lily asked, plating the fillets, some cornbread, and some green beans on two plates for them.  
  
“No, it is not,” Mrs. Haverknott agreed, taking the plates and placing them on the table.  
  
Lily hopped over, sat down, and had a sip of her wine.  
  
“I suppose I have to do it,” she said, sighing.  
  
“You will look absolutely adorable in a pixie cut, Lils.”  
  
“Maybe I don’t want to look adorable.”  
  
“Bad luck for you, then. I’m afraid there’s no way for you to help it. None at all.”  
  
“Pff,” was Lily’s response.  
  
“Why don’t we go to the salon tomorrow? We’ll make a day of it,” Mrs. Haverknott said. “Of course, Tiffany should certainly come along as well.”  
  
Lily looked up from her plate. “You think... she’d like that?”  
  
“I have no doubt of it.”  
  
“Okay, then,” Lily said with a nod. She repeated, “Okay.”  
  
“Good,” Mrs. Haverknott said, smiling. After taking a bite of the fish, her eyebrows went up. “My goodness, Lils, this is absolutely delicious.”  
  
“Thank you,” Lily said, grinning.  
  
“We’ll watch a show after dinner, shall we?” Mrs. Haverknott asked, taking a sip of her wine. “I do believe I owe you a lengthy foot massage for this amazing meal.”  
  
“Hmm,” Lily said, still grinning, “I do believe you’re right. You totally do.”

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 49**

When she heard a car pull into the driveway, Lily dashed – if that could be said of someone on crutches – right out of the house to greet Tiffany.  
  
Mr. Alster chuckled as the two girls threw their arms around one another for a hug.  
  
“Hello again, Lily,” he said. “I heard about your ankle. How are you doing?”  
  
“I’m okay, Mr. Alster,” Lily said. “It’s only a sprain, really.”  
  
He nodded. “Good. Glad to hear it.”  
  
“Thanks, Dad,” Tiffany said as she took her duffle bag from him.  
  
“See you two later,” he said. “Have fun!”  
  
The two were headed back up the walkway when Mrs. Haverknott came out of the house and started towards them.  
  
“Let me get that for you, dear,” she said to Tiffany, taking her duffle bag. She handed Tiffany the keys to the SUV. “Start the car, won’t you? No use in dawdling!”  
  
“Okay, sure!” Tiffany said.  
  
The girls changed direction and Tiffany helped Lily into the back of the SUV before turning the engine over. Mrs. Haverknott grinned as she dropped Tiffany’s bag on the sofa.  
  
Lily apparently hadn’t realized she was going to the mall nude and Mrs. Haverknott had made certain to keep her busy all morning so that she wouldn’t think about it. She was certain Tiffany’s arrival would serve as a good distraction, at least until they were down the road a bit. And now, without Tiffany’s bag available, Lily would have no options – she would simply have to go to the salon exactly as she was now: bare-assed naked!  
  
It made Mrs. Haverknott feel not just a little insidious, but she was convinced it was for the best.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott slid into the driver’s seat of the SUV and glanced back at the two girls snuggled up in the back seat. She pulled out of the driveway and started towards the mall.  
  
As Mrs. Haverknott had anticipated, Lily suddenly became aware of her situation.  
  
“Wait, this salon is at the mall, isn’t it?” Lily asked, wide-eyed.  
  
“Yes,” Mrs. Haverknott said, trying to sound nonchalant. “They’re running a special for new customers and we certainly should take advantage of it.”  
  
“At the mall...” Lily said.  
  
“What’s the matter, babycakes?” Tiffany asked her, kissing her on the shoulder.  
  
“Tiffany, I’m naked!”  
  
“Uh... yeah?” she said. “So?”  
  
“I only have to be naked at school!”  
  
“Oh. I didn’t even think about it,” Tiffany said. “I mean, it’s so natural for you to be naked. I dunno... I can’t even think of you in clothes. It seems silly and weird.”  
  
Lily frowned and said, “But Tiffany, we’re going to the mall!”  
  
“Hey, it’s no big deal, hotstuff.”  
  
“But...”  
  
“Look, if you get uncomfortable, I’ll buy you a t-shirt or something. Okay?” Tiffany said.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott didn’t like the sound of that, but she held her tongue. She had to trust Tiffany. After all, they had come to a mutual understanding about Lily’s nudity.  
  
“Really?” Lily asked her. “You’d buy me something to wear?”  
  
“Of course!” Tiffany said, giving her another smooch on her bare shoulder.  
  
Lily sighed. “Okay. Okay... I guess.”  
  
As it turned out, Mrs. Haverknott was right to trust Tiffany. Once they reached the mall, she kept Lily chatting about anything but her lack of clothing. The girls were laughing all through the parking lot and Tiffany had Lily giggling, holding her arm-in-arm, as they walked through the front doors into the mall proper.  
  
Lily hadn’t even noticed how many people had stopped to stare at her – which was near everyone that saw her.  
  
Tiffany made a bee-line for the salon, keeping Lily enraptured with a story about how she had once accidentally knocked over a huge display of lotions in a bath soaps store here in the mall and subsequently caused the clerk trying to clean it up to fall down and absolutely slather himself with perfumed lotion.  
  
They were both still snickering as they stepped into the salon.  
  
“Hello,” greeted an older woman with perfectly coiffed hair. “I’m Rhonda! May I help you?”  
  
“Yes,” Tiffany said. “My gorgeous girlfriend wants a haircut: a pixie cut!”  
  
Rhonda smiled. “I see. May I ask... why are you naked, dear?”  
  
“No,” Mrs. Haverknott flatly said.  
  
The woman blinked several times, looking at Mrs. Haverknott.  
  
Lily looked back and forth between them, biting her lip and blushing.  
  
Then Rhonda regained her smile. “Well, of course. Of course! Won’t you come in, dear? A pixie cut, yes? Oh my, I think that will be darling on you! Will it just be the hair-styling, then, or might I interest you–”  
  
“We want the full works,” Tiffany said, pulling a wad of cash out of her jeans and waving it about. “Both of us, the whole... shebang! Manicure, pedicure, makeup, and all that. We have to be stunning, the two of us. We’re attending a party tonight and we want to make a splash!”  
  
Lily gulped. She had yet again forgotten about Bart’s big party!  
  
“Of course!” Rhonda said, beaming. “I have two chairs over here together for you.”  
  
“Very good!” Tiffany said, sounding rather stately. She threaded her arm back through Lily’s and guided her to the chairs Rhonda pointed out.  
  
As soon as Lily sat down in the reclining chair, another woman came over and started tending to Lily’s toenails after a brief hello. Rhonda herself began to brush out Lily’s hair and Tiffany was already getting a similar treatment in the chair next to her by yet another well-styled woman.  
  
They certainly seemed to be efficient! Lily relaxed back in the chair when Rhonda placed a warm facecloth over her eyes. She felt herself smiling as the ladies attended to her – this was very nice, indeed!  
  
And although she wouldn’t have said she was tired in the least, Lily soon drifted off into a nap.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 50**

Like drifting off to sleep, drifting back to wakefulness had almost always been a nice experience for Lily. She smacked her lips and smiled as she gradually became aware of the world around her once again.  
  
She was still in the reclining chair of the mall salon, but there was nobody tending to her now. She glanced over to the empty chair that Tiffany had been in. When she turned her gaze towards the front of the store, she saw Tiffany and Mrs. Haverknott talking and laughing with Rhonda at the salon counter.  
  
Lily slid out of the chair and stood up. Then she stopped, stunned, as she caught her reflection in the large mirror opposite the chair.  
  
The girl in the mirror looked very cute. Heart-breakingly adorable, actually! Her short hair was immaculately styled, with her bangs swept to the side over her forehead, and strands of her hair had been highlighted, giving her a “fun-in-the-sun” type of look. Her makeup was very well done, though subtle, and her glossy lips looked full and totally kissable.  
  
“Wow,” Lily heard herself say as she stared in the mirror.  
  
“Heya, babycakes,” Tiffany said, sidling up beside her and slipping an arm around her waist. “What do you think?”  
  
Lily turned to look at her girlfriend and grinned.  
  
“Tiffany, you look gorgeous!”  
  
And she definitely did. Her long blond hair framed her face perfectly and her ruby-red lipstick made her look incredibly sexy.  
  
“I meant you, silly!” Tiffany said, blushing.  
  
“Oh. I like it. I look...”  
  
“Darling!” Tiffany said.  
  
“Well, yeah. That’s the word for it, I guess.”  
  
“Ummhmm!”  
  
“You don’t think I look a little, you know, young?”  
  
“Huh? No. What do you mean?”  
  
“I mean, is anyone going to believe I’m a senior?”  
  
Tiffany laughed and kissed Lily on the cheek. “Oh, my hot little jailbait baby!”  
  
“Stop that!” Lily said, although she couldn’t keep herself from giggling. She sighed and shrugged. “I guess this is what Amanda wanted, though, isn’t it?”  
  
“I dunno. I haven’t met her. Hey! Why haven’t I met her? I’m jealous!” Tiffany said, pouting.  
  
“You shouldn’t be. I don’t know if I much like her.”  
  
“Oh, well that’s good!” Tiffany said, grinning again. “Hold on, I’ll get your crutches.”  
  
“Oh yeah! I forgot about my ankle! It doesn’t even hurt at all, really.”  
  
“Stay there a sec,” Tiffany said. She rushed over, grabbed Lily’s crutches from where they were leaning against the wall, and handed them over to Lily.  
  
“Thanks,” Lily said, wedging them under her arms. “Hey, I was thinking, you know, when I said thanks just now, that I should have maybe said... more.”  
  
“Yeah? Like what?”  
  
“Like, I dunno... honey? Could I say ‘Thanks, honey’ if... that make sense?”  
  
Tiffany smooched Lily on the cheek again. “Of course! Try it out.”  
  
“Thanks, honey.”  
  
“Yeah, I like it!”  
  
Lily pressed her lips together and shrugged. “I like it, too.”  
  
“Ooh, try ‘babe’ now!”  
  
“Babe? Oh, okay: Thanks, babe.”  
  
“I love it!” Tiffany squealed, clapping her hands.  
  
“Me, too,” Lily admitted. “I really like it, calling you babe.”  
  
“Ummhmm,” Tiffany said, stepping close to Lily. She whispered in her ear, “It makes me horny.”  
  
Lily giggled and bit her lip. “Jeez, Tiff!”  
  
“Hey, I want to get you something. C’mon!”  
  
Tiffany took Lily’s arm in her own as Lily hobbled alongside her on the crutches. They passed Rhonda, with Lily giving the stylist a proper thank you, and Mrs. Haverknott followed them out.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott smiled, seeing the naked girl being lead out into the mall proper without apparently caring – or at least not noticing – that she was completely exposed.  
  
Tiffany lead the group to a jewelry store and guided Lily over to a display of necklaces.  
  
“Tiffany, these are all really expensive!”  
  
“Shush, you. I’m getting you a necklace and there’s absolutely nothing you can do about it.”  
  
“But–”  
  
“Shush it, I said,” Tiffany ordered, playfully scowling at Lily. “Now, how about this one with the silver heart? It matches your belly-button pendant and it’s very pretty.”  
  
“It is,” Lily admitted.  
  
“And it comes as a set! It’s perfect!”  
  
Tiffany purchased the silver heart set, which came with a silver chain necklace, bracelet, and anklet – all with little silver hearts attached. Tiffany insisted that Lily wear the jewelry immediately and helped her clasp the items around her neck, wrist, and ankle.  
  
“I dare say that jewelry looks marvelous on you, Lils,” Mrs. Haverknott said, causing Lily to blush.  
  
“Thank you,” Lily said.  
  
“Hungry?” Tiffany asked her. “I could use a corndog!”  
  
“Sure,” Lily said, smiling. When Tiffany took up her arm again to lead her to the food court, she said, “Thanks, babe.”  
  
Tiffany grinned and gave her a kiss.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott smiled as well. Tiffany was doing an amazing job of keeping Lily comfortable – or at least pleasantly preoccupied – while nearly everyone in the vicinity stared, mouth agape, at the attractive young woman’s brazen nudity.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 51**

The three of them sat at a round plastic table in the mall food court, with Lily and Tiffany munching on a corndog each. Mrs. Haverknott had opted for a soft pretzel with mustard instead.  
  
Lily was giggling at Tiffany’s relentless amorous advances when suddenly they were interrupted by a middle-aged woman with a young teenaged girl in tow.  
  
“Excuse me,” the woman said, stepping up to the table.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott immediately threw her an unwelcoming glower, as she was sure that this woman was intending to comment on Lily’s lack of attire.  
  
“Yes?” Tiffany asked around a mouthful of corndog.  
  
“I’m Elisa and this is my daughter Samantha,” the woman said.  
  
Lily, having been raised in the habit of good manners, said, “I’m Lily. This is my girlfriend Tiffany and my... aunt, Beatrice.”  
  
The woman smiled and nodded. She said, “Pleased to meet you all. I’m sorry to interrupt your lunch, but as soon as I saw you I knew I had to ask if you’d be interested in some work. My husband and I own a modeling company – nothing large, mind you, just a local family business – and I wondered if you’d be interested in contracting with us?”  
  
“Me?” Lily asked, eyebrows raised. “I’m– I’m not a model,” she said, feeling herself blush.  
  
“Oh, you definitely can be, dear!” the woman said. “We’d be more than happy to teach you. Samantha wasn’t sure she wanted to try it at first, but she’s quickly become one of our most popular models. She was featured in two young adult fashion magazines just this month, actually.”  
  
Samantha, the pretty teenager next to Elisa, smiled shyly and shrugged a bit.  
  
“Why would you want me?” Lily asked. “Is it because I’m naked?”  
  
Elisa put on a friendly smile and nodded. “Actually, yes. That’s the very reason. You see, we sometimes have requests for bathing suit shoots or other skimpy attire and even sometimes full nudity. Unfortunately, we don’t currently have any models interested in that work but you quite obviously have no qualms about the beauty and allure of the nude female form.”  
  
Lily frowned. “No, I don’t think I want to do naked pictures.”  
  
“Oh! Naked pictures!” she said, chuckling a little. “You make it sound so scandalous! Still, I didn’t mean to imply that that was the only reason I wanted to make you the offer. Of course it would be grand for us if you’d consider accepting those jobs but even if you’re not interested in that particular work we’d still love to contract with you.”  
  
“You would?”  
  
“Of course! We’re always on the hunt for new talent and you have a unique look, dear. We could certainly use you at the agency. Here, please take my card,” Elisa said, plucking a business card from her purse and handing it to Lily. “If you’re interested, please give us a call and we’ll set up an interview to go over the details.”  
  
“Okay. Um, thank you.”  
  
“Of course. It was nice to meet you all. I look forward to your call, Lily,” Elisa said. She gave everyone a farewell nod and then her and her daughter went off into the passing crowds.  
  
“Wow! Modeling, huh? Dang, babycakes, you’re gonna be famous!”  
  
“Oh, stop it,” Lily said. “I’m not going to do... that. I’m going to be a teacher.”  
  
“You could do both! Hot model teacher!”  
  
“No way! I wouldn’t be taken seriously.”  
  
“It is good to be cautious about your reputation,” Miss Haverknott agreed. “This offer,” she said, tapping her finger on the business card Lily had put down on the table, “seems rather suspicious to me. Modeling is as challenging as any career, despite the prejudiced consensus that it is simply a task of sitting and looking at a camera.”  
  
Lily frowned a little. “Hmm, I guess I did think it was an easy and silly career. That was wrong of me. I bet it does take a lot of practice and focus to be a professional model.”  
  
“I mean, you gotta work out and eat right,” Tiffany said, “but c’mon – most of it is just good genetics! If you look good, you can be a model.”  
  
“You and I disagree on that point,” Miss Haverknott said, taking a nibble of her pretzel.  
  
Lily smiled at her girlfriend. “You could be a model, Tiffany.”  
  
“Oh, probably!” she said, laughing. “But I doubt they’d be interested in me like they are you. They probably got loads of blue-eyed blondes working for them. They’re interested in you because you’re different – I mean, like, exotic.”  
  
Lily laughed. “I’m not exotic!”  
  
“Erotic?”  
  
“Tiffany!”  
  
Miss Haverknott chuckled at the two laughing girls.  
  
Lily took a large bite of her corndog to stifle her giggling. She picked up the business card from the table and said, “Hmm. Maybe I will call. Just to see.”  
  
“You should!” Tiffany said.  
  
Miss Haverknott bit her tongue. She didn’t like the idea but it was Lily’s decision. And even though she had reservations about Lily modeling, it did seem to indicate that the girl’s nudity was becoming quite commonplace to her. So, hopefully, keeping her that way would be all the easier to accomplish.  
  
Lily gazed at the business card and nodded. “Maybe I will.”

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 52**

It was the night of Bart’s big party and Lily, having been nude in public for the last few hours seemingly without a care, was suddenly chock-full of consternation. She sat on the sofa pouting as Tiffany spoke with her father on the phone about picking them and driving them to the party. Mrs. Haverknott said she would do it, but she had an awful lot of paperwork to grade and quickly relented when Tiffany assured her that Mr. Alster didn’t mind.  
  
“I don’t know, Tiff,” Lily said after Tiffany hung up the phone and sat down next to her.  
  
“What is it, babycakes?”  
  
“Being naked at the party. I don’t know.”  
  
“You were just naked at that mall, Lily! And you’re naked at school every day!”  
  
“I know. But a party just seems... different. I’ll be a naked girl at a party! What will people expect?”  
  
“They better not expect anything or I’ll punch them in their gobs!” Tiffany said, scowling.  
  
Lily looked over at her, trying not to smile. “Their gobs?”  
  
“I think it means mouths. Big fat mouths. Anyway, that’s where I’m gonna punch them.”  
  
Lily laughed and shook her head. “I don’t want you punching anyone.”  
  
“Too bad! I gotta protect my girl,” Tiffany said, squeezing Lily’s thigh. “I’ll bash anyone at that party. Well, except for ‘Bony’ Tony Baskins, I guess.”  
  
Lily frowned. “I’m sorry, Tiff. It wasn’t his fault. Not... all of it.”  
  
Tiffany smiled. “No, that’s okay. We already talked about it, babe. But if you want to kiss him some more, you’ll just have to involve me, too.”  
  
“Tiffany!”  
  
“Yep! The three of us! Kissing and touching butts! We’ll be a hot, gross, sweaty mess of boobs and bums and one really lucky wiener.”  
  
Lily snorted and put her hand over her mouth.  
  
“Aha!” Tiffany said, pushing Lily over on the couch and clamoring on top of her. “I knew you were a pervert!”  
  
“Hey! I’m not a perv–”  
  
Lily’s objection was overruled when Tiffany planted her lips onto Lily’s. Lily put her arms around Tiffany and pulled her close, sighing happily into the kiss.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott stood in the doorway of her office, eavesdropping. She was grinning. Lily had resolved to go the party naked and Tiffany, true to their pact, hadn’t reminded her that she could wear clothing if she so chose. Mrs. Haverknott might have thought it odd that a young woman as smart as Lily would fail to remember the limits of her obligation to nudity, but the naked girl had indeed forgotten those limits several times now – most recently by going to the mall just this morning without so much as a pair of socks. In fact, it seemed to Mrs. Haverknott that Lily was either forgetting that she didn’t have to be nude outside school or work entirely on purpose.  
  
And that was a deliciously delightful thought for Mrs. Haverknott.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 53**

“Oh, dang! I need to make sure I have everything I need for the party,” Tiffany said.  
  
The two of them were now riding in the back of Mr. Alster’s car on the way to Bart’s party, Tiffany dressed in a short denim skirt and flattering blouse and Lily dressed not at all. Save for the jewelry her girlfriend had gifted her (and her ever-present belly-button chain from Tricksy), the petite young woman’s tanned skin was on full display from head to toe.  
  
“It’s a little late for party planning, isn’t it?” asked Lily.  
  
“Just help me get through the list, will you?” Tiffany said, putting on a serious look.  
  
“Okay.”  
  
“First on the party list,” Tiffany said, pretending to consult an imaginary checklist in her hands. “One ridiculously adorable girlfriend with the cutest butt ever and a smile that makes my toes curl.”  
  
“Check!” Lily said, grinning.  
  
“Hmm. Good,” Tiffany said, pretending to put a checkmark on her imaginary checklist. She feigned scrutinizing the list and then nodded. “Well, I’m all set then.”  
  
“That’s it?” Lily asked.  
  
“That’s all I need,” Tiffany said, smiling.  
  
“You are such a sappy goober!” Lily said, still grinning. She took Tiffany’s hand in her own and cuddled against her.  
  
Once they reached the address for the party, Mr. Alster told the girls to have a good time and to call him if they needed absolutely anything.  
  
“Thank you, Mister Alster,” Lily said.  
  
“No problem, Lily. Have fun now. I’ll be back at ten to pick you two up but call me if you need a ride before then. Got it, Tiffany?”  
  
Tiffany nodded. “Thanks, Dad.”  
  
“No drinking!” he ordered as he pulled away.  
  
“Really!” Tiffany said. “Does he think we’re alcoholics?”  
  
“Well, you are a wino,” Lily said.  
  
“That was one time!” Tiffany protested. “And I swore off drinking because I couldn’t get my boobs out for you. That will never happen again! I will always get my boobs out for you, Lily Peterson!”  
  
“Good,” Lily said, giving Tiffany a kiss on the cheek. “Get them out right now.”  
  
“Lily!” Tiffany said with a devious grin. “Really?”  
  
“No no, I’m only joking,” Lily said, smirking. “But you are definitely getting them out for me later.”  
  
“Yes, ma’am!”  
  
They made their way up the sidewalk into the house where they were immediately greeted by almost everyone at the party. They seemed to be the most popular ones there. Everyone seemed especially happy to see Lily and she hoped it wasn’t just because she was naked.  
  
Lily, still being on crutches, made her way to the spacious and cushy living room couch. She plopped down with a satisfied sigh and Tiffany went to get the two of them some punch. She talked to several of her classmates – and even students that weren’t in any of her classes – until Tony Baskins came over and seemed to muscle everyone else away with his mere presence. The others excused themselves or simply drifted away and Tony sat down on the couch next to Lily.  
  
“Hey, Lily. Super-hot outfit,” Tony said, smiling.  
  
Although she felt herself blush, she quickly said, “I just couldn’t find anything to wear.”  
  
“Well, good! That’s your best outfit if you ask me,” Tony said, grinning. “Some party, huh? Bart’s parents have locked themselves away in their bedroom but they keep coming out to check on everyone every ten minutes. Wasn’t like this last year.”  
  
“Last year I heard they were on vacation and everyone brought beer.”  
  
Tony laughed. “Yeah. I’m surprised they let him have another party this year. I think everyone expected it to be like the last one. But, wow, this is lame, right?”  
  
“It seems okay,” Lily said, shrugging, “but I only just got here.”  
  
“I like your new haircut.”  
  
“Oh, yes. Thank you.”  
  
“And it’s super-hot that you’re still naked.”  
  
Lily gave him a playful frown. “Thank you, but I believe you already mentioned that.”  
  
Tony sighed. “Lily, do you like me?”  
  
“What? Tony, I’m with Tiffany. And I’m sorry about–”  
  
“Tiffany said you liked me.”  
  
“She... she did?”  
  
“Yeah. She said you liked my butt, which is, you know, weird but... okay.”  
  
“I... no... what... where is she?” Lily asked, looking around.  
  
“Um, she’s giving us time to talk.”  
  
“What?” Lily said. “Tony, she’s my girlfriend. We’re together. Officially.”  
  
He shrugged. “Maybe you want a boyfriend, too?”  
  
“Tony!”  
  
“She’s cool with it,” he said. “She told me so.”  
  
“What? No. No! I need to talk with her.”  
  
Lily quickly stood up, not bothering with her crutches, and limped off to find Tiffany.  
  
“Lily!” Tony called after her.  
  
She pushed through the crowd, ignoring those trying to talk to her, and found Tiffany in the kitchen chatting with two guys that Lily didn’t know.  
  
“Tiffany!”  
  
Her girlfriend whirled around and looked at her, then immediately rushed to her side.  
  
“Lily, why are you off your crutches?”  
  
“What did you say to Tony?” Lily demanded.  
  
Tiffany pressed her lips together and looked guilty.  
  
“Well?” Lily pressed.  
  
“Can we talk? Like, upstairs?”  
  
Lily looked around the kitchen – at everyone staring at the two of them – and nodded.  
  
Suddenly Tiffany leaned down and hooked her arm under Lily’s knees and lifted her up, hoisting Lily into her arms.  
  
“Hey!”  
  
“Oof! Wow, you really look so much lighter!” Tiffany said, struggling to carry Lily out of the kitchen.  
  
She made it as far as the living room, where she stumbled and pitched forward with a squeal. Tony Baskins lunged from the couch and just barely managed to catch Lily before she tumbled to the ground.  
  
Lily found herself gazing into his bright blue eyes as he held her in his arms. Tiffany showered Lily with apologies, kissing her cheek and stroking her fingers through Lily’s hair.  
  
“Are you okay?” Tony asked.  
  
“Yeah,” Lily whispered.  
  
“Can you carry her?” Tiffany asked.  
  
“Sure.”  
  
“We should all talk,” Tiffany said. “Upstairs. In Bart’s room.”  
  
Tony looked back and forth between the two of them and said, “Okay.”

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 54**

Tiffany closed the bedroom door behind them, muffling the music from downstairs. Tony carefully placed Lily on Bart’s bed and took a seat in Bart’s desk chair after he wheeled it next to the bed. Tiffany sat beside Lily on the bed.  
  
“So...” Tony said.  
  
“I guess I messed up,” Tiffany said, sighing. “I’m sorry.”  
  
“I don’t understand what’s even happening, Tiff,” Lily said. “Tell me what’s going on.”  
  
“I know you like Tony and I thought, you know, we could all make it sort of work together.”  
  
“Tiffany!” Lily said. “You’re my girlfriend. And I’m your girlfriend. Why would you think you needed to get Tony involved at all?”  
  
“Hey, I mean, c’mon... I’m right there,” Tony said. But he clamped his mouth shut after Lily shot him a look.  
  
“I don’t know,” Tiffany said. “I wasn’t really thinking about it. I just... want to make you happy.”  
  
“You do make me happy, stupid,” Lily told her, taking Tiffany’s hand in her own.  
  
Tiffany smiled. “I am your big stupid dummy,” she said. “Do you forgive me?”  
  
“Of course I do. Just... talk to me about these things first, okay?”  
  
“I tried... sort of. At the house before we left. I kinda mentioned it. Or I tried. Lily, I like Tony. He’s a good guy. And I just thought... we could both make you happy.”  
  
Lily frowned. “I didn’t know that’s what you were saying. I don’t even know what to think about that!”  
  
“So,” Tony said, scratching his head, “I guess I’m out?”  
  
Lily glanced at him and then back to Tiffany, who gave her a little smile and shrug.  
  
“Not... necessarily,” Lily said, biting her lip. “But my first time is going to be with my girlfriend.”  
  
“Oh, okay,” Tony said. “That’s totally cool.”  
  
He got up but instead of leaving, as Lily assumed he was doing, he merely dimmed the lights low in the bedroom.  
  
Suddenly, Tiffany pounced on Lily, mashing their lips together. Tiffany’s hands groped Lily’s naked body and her tongue invaded Lily’s mouth.  
  
When she finally came up for a breath, she said, “I can’t control myself anymore, hotstuff. I want you. I want you right here, right now.”  
  
Lily looked at her wide-eyed. “Tiff,” she whispered, her heart racing.  
  
“Don’t worry, it’s cool,” Tony said after turning on some soft music and resuming his chair. “Tiffany already talked to Bart about it. He even washed the sheets for you two.”  
  
“And Tony’s going to watch us?” Lily asked Tiffany.  
  
“You can tell him to leave,” Tiffany said, smirking. “But... I know you like people looking at you.”  
  
“Tiffany...” Lily said, finding no words for an argument.  
  
“Naked,” Tiffany said, kissing Lily’s jaw. “Vulnerable,” she said, kissing Lily’s throat. “Exposed,” she said, licking and nibbling down Lily’s neck. “Can I have you, Lily? Can I make you mine?”  
  
“Yes,” Lily said in a heavy breath. “Please...”  
  
She turned her head so that she could see Tony. And he was looking at her. Staring at her.  
  
Tiffany started kissing Lily’s shoulders, her hands sliding down Lily’s stomach and hips, and she caressed Lily’s skin with her soft fingertips. She kissed all around Lily’s collarbones and chest in such as way that made Lily feel like she was being worshiped.  
  
Lily let out a whimper when Tiffany’s mouth found her nipple. Her girlfriend sucked and licked and teased the hard little nub with her teeth. Tiffany’s hot mouth kissed over to Lily’s other nipple and did the same. Lily felt like she was out of breath.  
  
Tony just watched, a little smile on his face, and Lily watched him watching.  
  
Tiffany’s lips continued downward. She kissed and licked Lily’s tummy, her hips, her thighs, and then kissed her gently between her legs.  
  
Lily bit her lip and closed her eyes. Her fingers clenched the bedsheets into her fists. She felt Tiffany coax her legs apart and then her girlfriend put her hot, wet mouth on Lily’s most private place.   
  
“Hhhoh!” Lily gasped as Tiffany’s silky tongue teased her delicate bits. Her back arched. Her toes curled. Her legs trembled.  
  
Tiffany’s fingertips caressed Lily’s flat tummy and Lily opened her eyes to take her girlfriend’s hand in her own, interlocking their fingers.  
  
Lily’s turned her head to see that Tony was still watching. Smiling. His eyes roamed Lily’s naked body as she writhed breathlessly under Tiffany’s attentive affection. His gaze made her feel exposed. Vulnerable. Desired.  
  
And really, really naughty.  
  
Their eyes met. Tony whispered, “You’re so sexy, Lily.”  
  
Lily felt a smile tug at her lips but it was interrupted when Tiffany did... something. Something amazing! Lily felt like the breath had been knocked out of her. She whimpered and squirmed as Tiffany worked some sort of wicked magic on her.  
  
Seconds or minutes or hours later, the orgasm hit her like an eighteen-wheeler. It crashed against her and sent her flying, up up up into the sky and flying through the clouds.  
  
She could actually see stars.  
  
Her hands flew to Tiffany’s head and her fingers tangled in Tiffany’s hair. Her hips moved all on their own as she rode out bubbling wave after bubbling wave of ecstasy. This raw, obscene, unbridled pleasure took control of her, head to toe, and she felt like nothing more than a starving animal finally given nourishment.  
  
Slowly, the residual waves of utter bliss faded away as if from the onset of a low tide. As her mind, body, and soul calmed, Lily uncurled her fists from Tiffany’s hair.  
  
“Sorry,” she said, panting and feeling more than a little embarrassed at having manhandled Tiffany in her moment of euphoria.  
  
Tiffany moved forward and rested her chin on Lily’s stomach, grinning up at her.  
  
“I hope you were paying attention in class, Miss Peterson,” she said. “Because it’s totally your turn now.”  
  
Lily bit her lip and nodded. She beckoned Tiffany to her and the blonde complied, crawling up over Lily for a long kiss.  
  
“Aww, hell!” Tony said, laughing. “I gotta watch that again?”  
  
“You’re free to leave,” Tiffany told him, smirking.  
  
“What? No freakin’ way! I bet Lily gets you off way faster than you did her.”  
  
“Me, too,” Lily said, wiggling her eyebrows at Tiffany.  
  
“Oh! Oh, really?” Tiffany said, putting on a playful scowl. “I’ll take that bet!”

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 55**

Of course, being as competitive as she was – and a quick learner besides – Lily won the bet. As it happened, Tiffany, upon seeing her dreamgirl’s face nuzzled between her legs, couldn’t even pretend to hope to hold out for very long at all.  
  
The two girls, now both naked and not just a little bit sweaty, cuddled in one another’s arms in Bart’s bed as the party went on downstairs. Tony, for his part, somehow managed to maintain some light conversation with the couple while they snuggled and kissed and cooed.  
  
But the question was sure to arise sooner or later, and so it did now when Tony asked, “So, am I going to be involved in this at all or what? I mean, hey, I’m definitely not sore about tonight but...” he trailed off with a shrug.  
  
“What do you want to happen?” Tiffany asked, taking a break from kissing Lily’s neck and shoulder.  
  
“Well, I mean... I like Lily. I mean, I really like you, Lily. And I would be really, really happy if you might consider, you know, being my girlfriend.”  
  
“What about Tiffany?” Lily asked him, frowning a little.  
  
“Are you kidding me? Tiffany’s beautiful! And she’s a great girl, of course. I mean, I guess I should have said that first but, c’mon, she’s really beautiful. But I don’t think she wants much to do with me.” He quickly added, “Which is fine, really! I got no problem with that. I promise.”  
  
“Aww, don’t be like that, Tony. I like you,” Tiffany said.  
  
“Yeah, no, I get that. And I like you, too. I think you’re awesome. But we both know that, you know...” he said, trailing off again.  
  
“That we’d really be sharing Lily,” Tiffany said, finishing his thought.  
  
He slowly nodded.  
  
“Sharing me?” Lily said, looking back and forth between them with a frown.  
  
“Oh, please, Lily!” Tiffany said, giggling. “You know you’re more than enough girl for both of us!”  
  
“Yeah,” Tony agreed. “Tiffany would be your girlfriend, and I’d be your boyfriend.”  
  
“I don’t know about that,” Lily said. “It seems... weird. And selfish.”  
  
“I want to be your boyfriend and I have no problems at all with Tiffany being your girlfriend,” Tony said.  
  
“I AM your girlfriend,” Tiffany said, kissing Lily’s collarbone, “and I have no problems with Tony being your boyfriend.”  
  
“So it’s not selfish at all,” Tony said, smiling. “It’s something we both want. But yeah, it’s up to you, Lily. You have a girlfriend already so if you don’t want me as your boyfriend just tell me. I won’t be mad. I am, I’ll be totally heartbroken and depressed and all, but not mad.”  
  
Lily pressed her lips together and stared at the ceiling for a long while, deep in thought.  
  
Finally, she said, “Okay. We can be boyfriend-girlfriend, Tony.” She looked over at him. “But if it becomes an issue – at all – then I’m sorry but Tiffany will always come first to me.”  
  
Tony nodded. “Hey, that’s fair. She’s waaay hotter than me!”  
  
Tiffany and Tony laughed and, after a moment, Lily joined in with them.  
  
“So, um...” Tony said, rubbing the back of his neck, “can I get in on some snuggles?”  
  
“Yes!” Tiffany immediately replied. “Get over here, you stupid boy.”  
  
Tony slid into bed on the other side of Lily, nuzzling his head against her shoulder and placing his hand on her stomach over Tiffany’s hand.  
  
Lily couldn’t keep a grin off her face. What a strange – and exciting! – development.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 56**

A knock on the door startled the three of them. Tiffany rushed to get dressed and Tony went to block the door from being opened.  
  
“Hey,” called a voice from the other side of the door. “My parents are getting suspicious, man. You guys gotta get outta there and come back to the party.”  
  
“Okay,” Tony said through the door. “We’ll be right down, man.”  
  
“Cool. Just, like, hurry up!”  
  
Once Tiffany was dressed and the girls straightened up their hair, Tony opened the door and they all crept down the stairs back to the party. Lily insisted on carefully limping down instead of being carried again. She hated to break her word to Harriet but she reasoned that this was an extenuating circumstance and worthy of an exclusion.  
  
It became evident immediately that everyone there was aware, at least to some degree, of what the trio had been up to upstairs. Sly smiles and winks went all around.  
  
Lily felt more embarrassed than she had ever felt before. So much blood had rushed to her head that she started to get woozy. She clutched against her girlfriend to stay upright. Tiffany smiled at her and lead her back to the couch.  
  
This was way worse than being naked. Everyone seemed to know exactly what they’d done! They knew Lily had an orgasm. And they knew Tony watched it happen!  
  
“Everyone’s staring,” Lily whispered when Tiffany sat beside her.  
  
“They’re just jelly, babe.”  
  
Lily felt herself trembling. “Oh gosh, Tiff, look at everyone – what will they say at school?”  
  
“They won’t say anything,” Tiffany said, squeezing Lily’s hand. “And even if they do, so what? It’s really none of their business, anyway.”  
  
“This might have been a mistake, Tiff!”  
  
Tiffany frowned. “I don’t think it was a mistake. Not at all.”  
  
“No, I didn’t mean it like that,” Lily said, looking to Tiffany. “I’m sorry... babe.”  
  
“It’s okay, I know what you meant,” she said. She gave Lily a kiss on the cheek.  
  
“Maybe we should go?” Lily whispered to her.  
  
“You want to?”  
  
“Yes... I think? I think so.”  
  
“Lily Peterson!” a grumpy voice suddenly called.  
  
Lily startled and clutched against Tiffany’s arm.  
  
The voice was not unlike the one she had heard oh so long ago when Mrs. Haverknott had browbeat her into nudity – although maybe ‘browbeat’ was perhaps a little too harsh of a term considering how easily she had ultimately given into the idea.  
  
“Mrs. Castigan...?” Lily croaked out, looking up at Bart’s mother. She was a matronly woman with her hair in a tight bun and her hands on her wide hips. She looked awfully unhappy.  
  
“Well! I had heard, of course, but I hadn’t believed it! Lily Peterson in the altogether, right here in my own house!”  
  
Lily opened her mouth to say something but nothing came out.  
  
“Come with me at once!” Mrs. Castigan demanded, holding out her hand.  
  
Without hesitation, Lily took the woman’s hand and allowed herself to be hoisted to her feet. She all but forgot her injured ankle as Mrs. Castigan tugged her along down the hallway.  
  
“Lily!” Tiffany called.  
  
But Lily knew there was nothing even her wonderful girlfriend could do now. She was here, in Mrs. Castigan’s house, without a stitch of clothing on! She had invaded a home, indecent and shameless, and now she was prepared to endure whatever punishment Mrs. Castigan might have for her. It was only fair, wasn’t it?  
  
Bart’s mother closed the door to her bedroom after she pulled Lily inside. She ushered Lily across the room and Lily dutifully sat down on the bed at Mrs. Castigan’s instruction. Thankfully, Bart’s father didn’t look to be anywhere about.  
  
Mrs. Castigan paced back and forth in a huff. She seemed to be struggling with the situation and Lily couldn’t blame her in the least.  
  
Finally, the woman stopped in front of Lily and, oddly enough, sunk down to her knees. She took Lily’s hands in her own and, looking up into Lily’s eyes, she asked, “What is it like? Please tell me. What is it like?”  
  
“Um...” Lily uttered, confused. “What is... it like?”  
  
“Such freedom! To have such confidence and poise and... my goodness, Lily, you must tell me!”  
  
“You mean... being naked?”  
  
“Oh, yes! Oh yes! Oh, sweet girl, however do you do it? Your lessons, your work at the coffee shop – I have heard! – and... do you... perhaps... cook in the nude?”  
  
Lily nodded slowly. “I... made lasagna?”  
  
“Goodness!” Mrs. Castigan trilled, squeezing Lily’s hands. “Please tell me all about it!”  
  
“Well, it was a bit messy,” Lily admitted.  
  
Mrs. Castigan sighed and nodded for Lily to go on. So she did.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 57**

All in all, it took Lily over half an hour to recount the time she had made lasagna while nude. It might have taken as little as fifteen minutes if Mrs. Castigan hadn’t periodically interrupted to request the most minute details.  
  
It seemed the woman was quite taken with the idea of being naked around the house – especially while cooking, for some reason! – and Lily couldn’t help but candidly answer the older woman’s every question.  
  
Finally, Mrs. Castigan seemed satisfied. She kissed Lily on the forehead, told her she was a very sweet girl, and allowed her to rejoin the party.  
  
Lily stepped out of the bedroom and shut the door behind her at Mrs. Castigan’s request. She walked all the way back to the couch before she thought of her ankle again. It didn’t hurt at all, actually, but she made a mental note to admit to Harriet that she hadn’t honored their agreement. It made Lily frown but she wouldn’t lie to her friend regardless of the consequences.  
  
“Lily, you’re okay!” Tiffany shouted, wrapping her arms around Lily and repeatedly kissing her neck and cheek.  
  
“Stop that, you goober,” Lily said, giggling and putting up a trivial struggle against the fervent kisses. “She just wanted to have a talk with me, that’s all.”  
  
“About what?”  
  
“Well... I don’t think I should say. I’m sorry, babe, it’s not a secret! It’s just... personal to her.”  
  
“No no! I don’t care,” Tiffany declared, smiling. “I understand, Lily. As long as she wasn’t mean to you!”  
  
“She wasn’t mean to me,” Lily promised.  
  
“Good!” Tiffany pecked her cheek a couple more times. “Do you still want to leave?”  
  
“Hmm,” Lily murmured, looking around. Everyone was sneaking glances at her – if not outright staring – and she felt her cheeks flush at all the attention. “I suppose we can stay a while longer?” she said, biting her lip.  
  
“Okay! I’ll get you a drink.” Tiffany gave her a quick smooch before skipping off towards the kitchen.  
  
Tony, sprawled out comfortably in the corner of the couch, said, “You like to get looked at.”  
  
“Well, you like to look,” Lily shot back with a playful sneer.  
  
“Hey, we both know what we like, then.”  
  
Lily sighed. “Maybe I like the attention but I don’t want to be naked to get it. Isn’t being an excellent student and the top track star enough?”  
  
“I’m the top track star,” Tony said. “And no, it’s not enough! Look, Lily, you’re very pretty in your school uniform or a nice dress, but you’re gorgeous without them. You were made to be naked!”  
  
“Ugh,” Lily half-laughed half-grunted. “I’ve heard that before – Cal, my coworker, said I was built to be naked.”  
  
Tony smirked. “That man knows what he’s talking about.”  
  
“I think you’d say that about any naked girl.”  
  
“Nope, I wouldn’t. I really wouldn’t! Take Tiffany, for instance.”  
  
“Watch it,” Lily warned.  
  
“Hey, no, she’s beautiful – beyond beautiful! But she’s not bare-naked-Lily beautiful. Not by a long shot!”  
  
Lily bit her tongue to keep from making an embarrassing noise. “Stop. You stop it right now or we’re breaking up, mister.”  
  
Tony smashed his lips together and made a zipper motion across his lips with his fingers. Then he dramatically tossed away the imaginary key.  
  
Lily nodded. “Good. You think I look better nude? I think you look better with your mouth shut.”  
  
Tony smiled but, to his credit, said nothing more.  
  
Tiffany returned with two plastic cups and handed Lily one of them.  
  
“What did I miss?” she asked, looking back and forth from Lily to Tony.  
  
“Nothing much,” Lily said, taking a sip from the cup, “just Tony trying his hardest to keep me out of clothing.”  
  
“I knew I liked him!” Tiffany said, shooting him a wink.  
  
“Ugh! Both of you are allied against me!”  
  
“For you, babe,” Tiffany corrected, leaning into Lily to hug against her. “We’re both FOR you.” She nipped her teeth against Lily’s earlobe, sending a shiver through the naked young lady.  
  
“Well,” Lily said, trying not to titter like a love-struck doof, “I suppose that’s okay then...”

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 58**

“How was the party?” Mister Alster asked as Lily and Tiffany climbed into the back of his car.  
  
“It was actually... pretty nice,” Lily admitted.  
  
“That’s great! To be honest, Lily, I was a little concerned about... you know...”  
  
“Me being completely nude at a high school party?”  
  
Mister Alster snorted and slowly nodded. “Yeah... it’s just, you know, boys that age...?”  
  
“They were perfect gentlemen, Mister Alster,” Lily said. “It was only your daughter that was a bit handsy, really.”  
  
Mister Alster laughed and shook his head. “Tiffany, looks like you and I are going to have a talk about respecting boundaries in the morning.”  
  
“Dad!” Tiffany squealed in humiliation.  
  
“Oh please don’t,” Lily quickly said. “I’m totally fine with it!”  
  
Mister Alster laughed again. “Well, if you say so. You let me know if she gets out of control.”  
  
“Oh, I can handle her. She’s just awful at wrestling.”  
  
“Hey!” Tiffany said, playfully punching Lily in the shoulder. “You want a rematch? Huh?”  
  
“Tiffany, please don’t,” Mister Alster said. “Lily has been kicking your ass since elementary school.”  
  
Tiffany crossed her arms and tried not to smile. “Whatever! I wear the pants in this relationship.”  
  
“But you’re not wearing pants?” Lily said, poking her finger at Tiffany’s denim skirt.  
  
“I sometimes wear the pants in this relationship,” Tiffany corrected. “Which is way more times than you wear pants at all.”  
  
“Well, I suppose you got me there!”  
  
“Speaking of getting someone somewhere,” Mister Alster interjected, “am I dropping one or two of you off at Mrs. Haverknott’s house?”  
  
Lily gulped and looked from Tiffany to the rear-view mirror and back. “You don’t mind if she stays the night?”  
  
“You’re both grown women,” Mister Alster said with a shrug. “In all honesty, I trust Tiffany with you than with anyone else in the world, Lily.”  
  
“That’s... very sweet, Mister Alster,” Lily said, choking up a bit.  
  
“It’s only the truth.”  
  
“Jeez, Dad, just give me away, why don’t you?”  
  
“To Lily? Sure. No problem.”  
  
Tiffany tried to fake a frown but utterly failed. “Thanks a lot, Dad.”  
  
“You’re welcome.”  
  
“No,” Tiffany said, pressing her lips together and squeezing Lily’s thigh, “I mean it. Thank you for... being so, you know... understanding. About this. About how things have... about how my feelings for Lily have... just... about everything.”  
  
“You’re welcome,” he said again, this time his words catching just a bit in his throat. “I love you no matter what. Both of you. No matter what.”  
  
Lily felt her lip quiver. “Thank you, Mister Alster. You’re... a really good father.”  
  
“Speaking of which,” he said, waggling his finger in the air over his shoulder, “I heard your father will be back in town tomorrow!”  
  
Lily’s jaw dropped. “What? Are you f\*\*cking serious?”

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