**Table Time**

by Lucy Morgan

**Table Time part one**

“Get out!” I screamed at Mark

Yet again he had walked in the bathroom as I was taking a shower. I hated having no lock on the bathroom door and even thought I would go to the DIY store and try and fix one on myself. He always apologized and said he didn’t mean to and how he was busy playing on his x-box and just needed the bathroom as his game was loading and didn’t know I was in there. Of course it was a lie, obviously he knew very well I was taking a shower. I was still seething with rage as I went downstairs to complain to Mum once I had got dressed.

As usual she took no notice she even thought it was amusing and had to once again remind me that just because I had smaller than average breasts I shouldn't have such a negative attitude to my body. She continued to say that Mark was just a typical teenage boy and there was nothing wrong with him trying to sneak a peek at his 20 year old step sister and not to keep making such a big deal about it. It was just a phase he was going through and the more I over reacted the more I was making it a game for him.

“Oh so what do u want me to do then Mum….walk around the house stark naked for god’s sake” I snapped in temper.

She just smiled and shrugged her shoulders and said there I go again over exaggerating everything as usual. I sat stony faced in silence not believing how she would always take his side and how he could never do anything wrong. She was getting ready to go to work and I knew I had another riveting evening on my own with the obnoxious Mark as company. I swear if he asked me why I didn’t have a boyfriend one more time I would kill him.

I was sat on the sofa absently minded playing on my phone when he came down. He gave another fake apology about walking in on me in the shower and tried to make me feel better by saying I was behind the screen so he didn’t see anything anyway. Like that made any difference. I shook my head as he switched over the channel on the TV and said the football was on soon. I was about to argue but didn’t even want to speak to him I was still so angry. I just gave him a surly look of contempt and went back to my phone.

I was looking at the latest post on youtube of this new craze that had taken off called, Table Time. A few famous actresses had seem to set it off by standing on a small wooden table in just their underwear and putting hands on head and staying perfectly still. Allegedly it was to help get them in the “zone” and build their concentration. I thought more like they just wanted to show of their fake plastic body and get more publicity. For some reason it had gone viral and lots of guys seemed to use it now to show off their hot girlfriends.

Although to be fair lots of the video’s I had watched the girls seemed more than willing to stand on display and brag how long they could do the challenge for. It was like an unwritten rule that the guy or anyone else watching for that point wasn’t allowed to touch the girl but could say or do thinks to try and get them to move. Therefor failing the task and sort of losing. Most of the guys would try to get the girl to laugh as a way to make them move or say something like, your sister is better looking that you in her underwear, to get a reaction. It was like most internet things pretty mindless but none the less entertaining to watch real people interacting.

As it had become more popular it had started to get more and more kind of extreme to the point that an hour was the average time someone could stand like that for. But not just that it had somehow gone to a much more exhibitionist level. There were now three chances where the girl could move but she had to do a forfeit and if she agreed she could stay on the table and time would still carry on. The first forfeit was to get her knickers pulled right up like a “wedgie”. the second was to have the front of her bra pulled down to show off her nipples and third was very rare to see was her knickers taken right down to her knees.

The one’s with the knickers down usually had those silly yellow smiley face emoji’s to cover them and were almost always restricted to boyfriend and girlfriend relationships but some had been posted at like parties. I had seen a few like that and could never work out what possessed a girl to be prepared to display herself like this let alone have it posted online forever. I was in a little world of my own actually imagining what it must be like to try and stand like that never mind getting slowly and lewdly undressed during it when I heard laughter.

It was Mark and his friend Brian, I had never even heard Mark go to the door and let him is so much was I engrossed in watching the pointless video’s on youtube. They we both standing behind me looking down at my phone in my hands. I could feel myself blush a little at being caught looking at such things. They giggled again as I flicked off the screen and I turned to give them a dismissive look. I was about to say something when I remembered I was still angry with Mark so just got up to go and get myself a drink.

“Oh ignore her Brian. She is sulking cos she thinks I saw her tits in the shower earlier……..mind u I would need a magnifying glass to see them”, he laughed and made sure I could hear him.

I walked back in and sat down, not even sure why I was even bothering to be in the same room as them. They sat and was just chatting idly waiting for the game to start. My eyes was caught by the little wooden coffee table in the corner of the room. It was something I had never really noticed before but now it just seemed to be the main thing in the room. I blinked my eyes and thought to myself, god Lucy you’re getting obsessed with this stupid Table Time challenge.

“Hey Lucy, have you ever done that Table Time thing then” asked Mark.

Before I had time to answer he added that he had forgot I didn’t have a boyfriend to do it for. I sneered that you didn’t have to have a boyfriend to do it and like hell would freeze over before he ever got to see me like that. I went in to a little rant about how girls that do that have no self respect and how would anyone in their right mind want to demean themselves for the entertainment of idiots. I had my feminist hat on now and gave them both barrels, going on how women were not pieces of meat to be leered at. I sat back looking at their crest fallen faces thinking that has told them.

“God Sis, calm down, its just a bit of fun, you do know how to have fun don’t you”, he shook his head.

“And before you go off in a tantrum, you were the one , leering at the pieces of meat…..not us” he added

I screwed my face up and reminded him my name was Lucy and not Sis. No matter how many times Mum had told me to try and treat Mark as a brother, to welcome him in to the family I hated being called Sis. It was worse because he knew very well it bugged me and he would do it just at the right time to get a reaction. I don’t know how it happened but every time we had words he always seemed to come out the best. I was older than him and he was not doing all that well at school but he just had this knack of outsmarting me. Again I was left sulking and just having one of those days when nothing feels like it is going to go right.

I took another drink of my white wine and suddenly like a light bulb moment I began to have an idea. So Mark was obviously desperate to see me undressed and like all boys his age I bet he would curl up and melt if he ever got the opportunity. So I bet if I offered to do this Table Time challenge he would blush like a beetroot and not know what to do with himself. That went the same for his friend Brian who was always trying to get a quick look up my skirt when ever he could. I would have them eating out of hands like puppy dogs. I was now smiling to myself as I began to think what I could wear to make them crumple in front of me.
I took a deep breath and looked over at Mark.

“Well if you’re so clever what r you willing to bet that I can’t do a Table Time challenge…..right now in front of you both” I announced calmly.

They looked at each other then back at at me, then each other again. I sat with a fixed look on my face waiting for a reply. At first Mark shrugged it off and said I was winding them up and no way would I have the “Bottle” to do anything like that. He then asked what sort of thing could he bet with and what could I possibly want that he had. We had some negotiations which resulted in him agreeing to wash my car every week for a whole year and go to school for a month with a T-shirt saying “I am a loser” on the front. All the time Brian was just sat with his mouth open staring at me. I looked at him and told him that the same applies to him and he nodded his head enthusiastically. I stood up and officially shook hands with them both and pronounced the bet was on.

I was feeling such a rush of adrenaline as I went to my room knowing exactly what I was going to put on. I quickly stripped and took out the brand new set of lingerie I had bought to wear for the New Years Eve party in a few days time. It was a peach coloured basque with half cup bra attached to the top so was strapless. The knickers matched and everything had a black lace trim which I knew would contrast my pale skin, being a red head I never had any tan to speak of. I picked out some white hold up stockings and my best pair of high heels to really knock them out. With a generous splash of my most expensive perfume and some amber coloured lip gloss to match my hair and go with the peach lingerie I grabbed my dressing gown and went downstairs.

**Table Time part two**

I took a deep breath and tugged at the belt of my dressing gown and walked calmly inside and did a double take at what they had been busy doing. Most of the furniture had been pushed to one side and in the middle of the room was the low coffee table. In front of the TV stood a small tripod with a digital camera on it and then at one side there was an iphone pointing at the table then another iphone at the back of the table. There was even a lamp with the shade twisted to shine on the table and all the rest of the lights on in the room. Marks laptop was open on the sofa and they were busy looking at it. In all my preoccupation with getting ready I had actually forgot that the point of Table Time was to post it on the internet.

My mouth was going dry now and I had that feeling that this control I thought I had was slowly ebbing away. For a moment I considered yelling “Joke” and running back to my room but Mark smiled at me told me everything was set up and all the camera’s were set to record when he set the timer. He could see my face begin to loose its confident appearance and despite staying still I was paddling like a crazy duck behind the scenes. Oh shit I thought what have I got myself into, it all seemed so simple in my head earlier. I walked towards the table and almost stumbled as I stood on top of it. The feeling of being on display was now highlighted a thousand times now I was higher up. I looked again nervously at Mark and began to undo the belt of my gown letting then see what I was wearing.

I asked him to set the timer and he switched on the TV, in full screen he had got a countdown clock set at one hour. In panic I yelled that we had never agreed on a full hour but he cut me off mid sentence telling me I had never specified a time and I should have thought more about the details rather than getting my self “Tarted up” as he put it. For those of you that don’t know “tarted up” sort of means dressing like a slut. My gown slid down to my ankles in one swift movement as the satin of my lingerie gave it no friction. I was desperate not to follow my instinct to try and blindly panic being seen like this by the two boys and want to cover myself with my arms. Instead I slowly lifted them to my head. I tried to remember that I had a plan and ruffled my hair a few times and tried to give them my best seductive pout and come to bed eyes. Talk about a fail, I think I manged to mess up my hair and look mentally challenged.

I tried to concentrate on just breathing and thought it was only some underwear they were seeing. No different to a manikin in a shop window all I had to do was stay still and ignore anything they tried to do. Mark and Brian meanwhile had stood up now and walked in front of me. Their eyes were burning right through me as they took in every detail. I stammered hesitantly that the did they know the rules and a movement only counted if my foot left the table or my hands left my head. I could sway a little and bend my knees to make it more comfortable and so on. I couldn’t tell if they were listening as their eyes were wide and just staring at me. I looked at the clock and the seconds seemed to be going so slowly. Just one minute at a time I told myself, sixty little minutes would soon pass.

“Hey Lucy, are those the fake Jimmy Choo shoes my dad got you…….show Brian the red soles….they look well cool”, he asked.

It was a microsecond after I lifted the back of my heel to show Brian who was now behind me that I realized what I had done. The boys fell on the floor laughing like demented hyena’s

“Oh wow you are so stupid, you haven't even been up there for two minutes”, laughed Mark.

I gave a loud stamp with my foot on the table and whined that it was unfair. They hadn’t given me time to get myself ready properly. I didn’t even knew they had began to try and get me to move and it was a cheap trick to fool me. I could feel my heart racing at the prospect of doing my first forfeit before I had hardly started. The boys stopped laughing and tried to look serious and I was really thinking about quitting right now but I knew I would never live it down if I gave up so easily. Mark then really surprised me by saying actually that was too easy and he wouldn’t count it as a move. My short admiration for him was soon changed when he added he was looking forward to some better competition from me and I better “up my game”. Oh he could be such an arsehole.

The boys now began to walk around me like circling vultures. It was now the psychological approach;
“So she hasn’t got too bad a body I guess” exclaimed Mark

“Yeah no tits but a nice arse….and her face is ok, if you go for the dumb bitch look” added Mark trying not to laugh.

“I wonder if she shaves her pussy or has a ginger bush to match her hair” smiled Brian as he looked right at my face.

“I reckon she will have hairy nipples or something….there has got to be a reason she can’t get a date”, laughed Mark

I was seething inside at the insults and wanted to scream and punch them but I was determined not to fall into their trap. More mocking comments continued and I just said as loud and a calm as I could.”sticks and stones”. and remained perfectly still. The timer had gone up to ten minutes now and I was building my confidence up again. My legs ached a little bit as did the back of my arms but I did a few little stretches and swiveled my hips a few times and felt comfortable again. The boys seemed to give up with the mocking comments and I was congratulating myself and winning that round hands down.. I caught Mark’s eye and looked back a little embarrassed.

“Hey you know it’s part of the game right……I mean you do look pretty amazing actually”, he blushed a little as he spoke and Brian agreed.

I could feel myself blush and thought wow, a compliment from my idiot step brother, things can’t be all bad. I gave a little smile back and acknowledged that I knew it was all designed to get me to move and he was forgiven. He disappeared in to the kitchen then and I heard noises as if he was looking for something then the sound of the tap filling a container of some sort. Brian meanwhile was still ogling me with a lecherous look. Mark returned with a spray bottle my Mum used to water the plants with. He had filled it with black current juice. He was grinning and walking around me threatening to spray me with it.

“Mark……don’t you dare….it will stain the carpet and if you ruin my lingerie I’ll kill you” I snapped.

He was stood pointing it to my face; ”Open wide Sis”

Just as he pressed the trigger I got my mouth open and it filled with the sickly sweet black current juice. The panic of it going on to my outfit and the word Sis just made me see red. Before he could even think about squirting it anywhere else I had leaped from the table with my hands around his shoulders and slammed him to the floor. In a instant I was kneeling astride his chest with his arms pinned to the floor. I don’t even know where the move had come from, I had never done anything like it in my life. He looked genuinely scared as I looked into his eyes.

“I said don’t you dare……….Now put it back in the kitchen before you seriously ruin something”

I was almost trembling as Brian laughed “Oh wow Lucy….what an awesome take down……Hey Mark whats its like get your ass kicked by a girl”

I was feeling quite proud of myself as I let go of his arms and struggled to my feet. It was only when I stood up and glanced down to see my nipple was poking out of the top of my basque and hardly the look of a super heroine. Quickly I pulled the bra cup up to cover it and looked around to see if they had noticed. Mark went to the kitchen with Brian in tow and I took the time to walk around for a few seconds. I could hear the boys talking and overheard Brian saying Mark had spoiled it now and why couldn’t he had just used water like they had agreed. I stood back on the table and did a few little stretches and put my hands back on my head. The boys returned and mark looked at me a little apprehensively.

“Oh so you are still playing…I mean ….I thought……..but you did move right….. so you know what happens”, he looked amused.

I blushed and nodded my head. “Yes I know the rules…..just get on with it”

Marked stood in front of me and Brian went behind me. They both reached out and took hold of the waistband of my knickers. Mark had his hand at the front and the back of his knuckles were precariously close the top of my pubic hair. Brian was more at the side and slightly to the back. I almost wondered if they had rehearsed this before. I closed my eyes and didn’t want to look at Mark’s grinning face one second longer as I waited for the dreaded moment. One two three and then they pulled my knickers up so hard I am sure my feet left the table for a split second. I gasped at the sudden jolt between my legs and my bum cheeks and winced at how uncomfortable it was.

Mark and Brian were laughing and walking around me again. Then without warning “Smack” a really hard slap landed on my practically bare bottom. I shouted that he had no right and he was breaking the rules as my skin began to sting. He was still laughing and said it served me right for pushing him to the floor and we were quits now. I pouted that it hurt and he better not dare do it again. Brian was now laughing telling Mark to move out of the way as he knew what happens when I tell him not to dare do something. In spite of the absurd situation I joined it with their laughter and was for the first time ever was actually having fun with my step brother.

**Table Time part three**

The boys went to laptop and said all the camera’s were working fine and then I blushed as they added that my ass looked totally bare now my knickers were so far between my cheeks to even see them. I was still uncomfortable with them so far between my legs and I could feel them pressing tight on my pussy. The boys came to stand and look at me again and told me to smile as lots of people would see me on the internet soon and I wanted to look like I was enjoying myself. Up to now I had tried to block out the thought of that and images flicked through my mind of some other Table Time video’s I had seen. I looked right at the camera in front of me and even managed a smile, oh god what was happening to me.

Mark had got that mischievous look on his face again and I wondered what my next ordeal was going to be. He walked past hardly containing a smile and hinted that I was going to really like this next part. The next thing he walked out of the room and opened the front door and went outside. I was looking back over my shoulder to try and make sure I could not be seen from outside. Even though Brian reminded me thousands of people might see me online this was different. These were my neighbour’s and friends of my Mum for gods sake. The air was actually cold now with the door wide open and I asked Brian to tell me what was going on and he better not be going to bring anyone else in to see me like this. He was laughing and said oh don’t worry it wont be a person he brings in.

“Close your eyes Lucy and stay really still…..I don’t think it will bite” he was hardly containing his amusement.

I looked as he had his hands cupped and was obviously going to drop some kind of insect on me. I wasn’t really afraid of spiders or anything but then I didn’t exactly relish the idea of something crawling all over me either. He hovered his hands on my shoulder and I was craning my neck to try and see what it was. He opened his hands and for a moment I thought it was just a joke and their was nothing inside. Then I saw it, it was some kind of horrid looking beetle with a shiny black body and spiny legs and two pincer like arms at the side of its head. It stayed still and I began to panic and breath harder and faster. This just could not be happening what a choice it was either stay still and let this thing crawl where ever it liked or my tits were coming out to the whole world.

Then it moved quickly down my neck to my cleavage; “Shit NOOOOOOOOOO”, I yelled.

I flicked it off just before it disappeared into my basque and I jumped off the table flicking my hair and dancing around. I didn’t care about showing my tits now and pushed both the bra cups down trying to look for the awful creature. I was still dancing around and squealing like a banshee. I knew my breasts were bouncing up and down and Mark and Brian were hooting with laughter. I pleaded with them to help me make sure it wasn’t on my body any more and before I knew it both the smug little shits were flicking my bare breasts and making sure to catch my nipples a few times before I could get out of their way. I slapped their wandering hands and climbed back on the table and both boys stopped instantly.

“What….like….you are going to keep going Lucy…..I mean u still have thirty minutes left for us to try and get your knickers down” announced Mark.

This was getting out of control now but I was just hooked into finding out how they were going to do it. I stayed still and gradually got my breathing back to normal as Mark and Brian were whispering to each other.

“smack” “That is for getting your own tits out and spoiling our fun”, hissed Mark

“Smack” “Yeah behave now or your going to get a proper spanking when we do get your knickers down” spat Brian.

I was almost in shock at the sudden change in their attitude and the fresh slaps did sting my bum cheeks again but I just seemed to nod meekly and accept it without any protest. They both left the room and I was left to stare into the camera in front of me. Well I guess my plan had failed totally, so much for dressing up and putting on a little show for like ten minutes as I thought. I knew my knickers would end up coming down now but why was I still just standing like a robot and not putting a halt this this stupid game. The boys were giggling and laughing and Mark brought in an extension cable and plugged it in and left it at the front of the table.

“Mark…what the hell…..you can’t electrocute me for god’s sake”, I said in panic.

He laughed and held up my hair dryer to my face; “No but we can warm you up a bit”, he grinned

The Brian walked in holding a mini air conditioning unit, “Yeah and cool you down”, he smiled.

I looked wide eyed and could only admire their inventiveness. Mark plugged my hair dryer in and set the temperature to the hottest. Brian meanwhile got the air-con unit on the coldest. It didn’t take me long to work out what part of my body was going to suffer this torment. Mark aimed for my left breast and Brian took the right. The contrast between the hot and the cold was almost like I had been electrocuted. Both my nipples were so hyper-sensitive and I was squirming around instantly. After about thirty seconds they suddenly changed places and I gasped at the intense feeling running not only on my bare breasts but all through my body. They changed again two more times then Mark told Brian to stay until I moved.

I was pushing my hands so hard into my head and gritting my teeth determined not to move when I looked down and saw my left breast a bright red colour. I could see Mark look back up at me and then over to Brian but he didn’t move. All he did was flick the hair dryer from side to side a little and smiled. Oh god he was a sadistic git but yet he knew all I had to do was move. I let out a long gasping squeal and closed my eyes praying they would have sympathy for me and stop but it was no use. I couldn’t stand it any longer. My left breasts was burning like hell and my right was totally numb. I thought the secret service must get the copyright for this torture to make people talk because it would make me do anything.

I put my hands down and pushed the hairdryer away and frantically ran into the kitchen, my tortured tits bouncing as I did. I ran some cold water on a cloth and then yelped as I soaked my burning breast with it. All the time I was reaching behind to unfasten my basque so I could throw more cold water on myself. I got it undone and off and literally threw a glass of cold water on my chest. I was gasping and then began to rub my right breast to try and get some feeling back into it as it was so cold. Mark and Brian were just watching almost transfixed.

“Oh Lucy ….err are you ok……I mean its your fault….you could have just moved”, Mark sounded a little hesitant.

I walked back to the table and climbed on making my heels bang; ”Right since your so desperate to see between my legs, take my knickers down then”. I hissed.

My hands were once again on my head and my feet at the edge of the table so my legs were wide apart. I stood up straight and looked right at the camera with a defiant look on my face. Mark stepped in front of me and before any of the hundreds of voices in my head made any sense to me he had dragged my knickers down, pulling them hard to stretch them tight between my knees. My little fluffy strip of pubic hair above my slit was shining a glowing ginger almost orange in the bright light. My pink swollen labia clearly viable. I was breathing hard as Brian came to have a close look and knelt between my legs, his face millimeters from my bare pussy.

I had a picture in my mind of what I would look like with one of those silly grinning yellow and black imoji’s between my legs to hide my exposure on the internet when I heard mark gasp.

“Oh god, Brian get here…….Lucy oh I am so sorry…….I don’t know what has happened here”, his voice was highlighted by a cold chill in his tone.

I was still standing when Brian ran over to the lap top and then looked back at me with a look of panic on his face too.

“Oh Lucy …I have messed up…..this has gone out as a live feed by mistake”.

The timer suddenly gave out a sickening ringing sound as I heard the boys say something about ten thousand hits and a live link to their facebook page had opened so all their friends could see it. Then I just began to cry as they looked at me and said it had linked to all my friends on my facebook page as well.