Spring Break

by Brent Clark Palmer

Vulpes Parvaes, Book 35

Arrival and the Affliction

The Uber pulled into the quiet suburban driveway just after four. Emma tapped the screen of her phone, killing the ride engine, and let out a long breath before glancing over at her best friend in the passenger seat.

"You ready?" Emma asked, trying to keep her voice light and encouraging.

Lila nodded, though her knuckles were white where her fingers twisted nervously in the hem of her oversized cream sweater. "Yeah. It's just... your dad really has bad allergies? Like, I'm not going to put him in the hospital, am I?"

Emma made a sympathetic face, grabbing the handle of her door. "Super bad. Like, 'one wrong detergent and he's miserable for days' bad. My mom already texted me twice reminding me to warn you. Just don't hug him too close until we know you're clear." Lila laughed nervously, unbuckling her seatbelt. "Noted. I'll try not to murder him with my hoodie."

They grabbed their duffel bags from the trunk and walked up the pristine front path. The property looked exactly like Emma had described during their late-night dorm chats: a neat, two-story house painted pale blue with white shutters, surrounded by a perfectly trimmed lawn.

The heavy front door swung open before they even reached the first step of the porch. "Emmy!" Claire called out, stepping outside with open, welcoming arms. She was a strikingly elegant woman in her mid-forties, still slender, sharing the same warm brown eyes as her daughter. She hugged Emma tightly, then turned her bright, analytical gaze to Lila. "And you must be Lila. It's so nice to finally meet you. Emma's told us all about you." Lila smiled back, shifting the heavy duffel higher on her shoulder. "Hi, Mrs. Whitaker. Thank you for letting me stay."

"Oh, please, call me Claire," she insisted warmly, waving them inside. "Come on in, both of you. Your dad's in the kitchen."

Lila stepped over the threshold, immediately greeted by the comforting scent of lemon cleaner mixed with something savory baking in the oven. But the moment the heavy front door clicked shut behind them, a loud, wet, and violent sneeze echoed from down the hall. "Jesus," a deep male voice muttered, immediately followed by another sharp, rattling sneeze. Emma winced, dropping her bag. "Dad?"

A tall man appeared in the doorway leading to the kitchen, a balled-up tissue pressed firmly to his face. Mark was in his late forties, broad-shouldered and handsome, with a neatly trimmed short beard and kind eyes that were already streaming with tears.

He looked up to greet them, but the second he laid eyes on the girls, his chest hitched. Another massive sneeze shook his entire frame.

"Shit—sorry," Mark managed to choke out, his voice thick with sudden congestion. His eyes were already a painful, bloodshot red. "Hi, sweetheart. Hi, Lila. Welcome."

Lila froze in her tracks, utterly mortified. "Oh my god. I'm so sorry."

Claire didn't panic; she was already moving with practiced efficiency. She took one analytical look at her husband's rapidly swelling face, then turned to the two girls with a calm, purposeful expression that brokered no argument.

"Girls, come with me for a second."

The Sitting Room Ultimatum

Claire led them quickly into a small, immaculately decorated sitting room just off the foyer, gently but firmly clicking the door shut behind them. The moment the latch caught, dampening the sound of Mark's continued sneezing, Claire's polite hostess smile dropped into something far more serious and clinical.

"Lila, honey, I hate to do this the second you walk in the door, but we have a bit of a situation," Claire said, crossing her arms.

Lila's stomach plummeted to her shoes. "Is it... me?"

"I'm afraid so." Claire let out a soft sigh, her sharp brown eyes darting between Emma and Lila. "Your dad started reacting the second you came inside. It's not you personally, obviously, but something you're wearing or carrying is setting him off badly. The sneezing, the runny nose—that's classic for him when he's exposed to certain fabrics or laundry products."

Emma looked entirely stricken, her hands hovering nervously in the air. "Mom, I told her—" "I know you did, sweetheart," Claire interrupted smoothly. "But sometimes these things are very specific." She turned her full, unwavering attention back to Lila. "It could be the wool in your sweater. It could be whatever detergent or fabric softener you use. It could even be something in the dye. Whatever it is, your dad's already miserable, and it's only going to get worse the longer you're in those clothes."

Lila felt a rush of frantic heat climb up her neck, her cheeks flushing crimson. "I... I can change! I have other stuff in my bag—"

Claire shook her head, her expression entirely pragmatic. "It's not that simple, I'm afraid. If it's the detergent residue on everything you brought, changing into something else from your suitcase might not help. And we can't risk washing everything right now while he's already reacting."

A short, incredibly heavy silence fell over the small room. Through the door, another muffled, agonizing sneeze rattled the walls.

Emma looked helplessly at her mother, then at her best friend. "So... what do we do?" Claire met Lila's wide, panicked eyes with a steady, unblinking gaze. "The fastest and most reliable way to stop the reaction is to remove the source. All of it."

Lila blinked, her brain struggling to process the words. "You mean... my clothes?" "Yes."

The single syllable hung thickly in the quiet air.

Lila let out a shaky, breathless laugh that sounded entirely entirely devoid of humor. "You want me to... take everything off? Right now?"

"I know how that sounds," Claire said, her voice dropping into a calm, soothing cadence. "But I've seen this before with your father. Once the allergen is completely removed from his environment, the symptoms stop almost immediately. We've had guests stay here before who had to do the same thing. It's not ideal, but it works."

Emma stared at her mother, her jaw slack. "You're serious."

"I'm very serious," Claire replied instantly, before turning her warm, persuasive gaze back to Lila. "I wouldn't ask if it wasn't necessary. Your dad is already struggling, and spring break just started. I don't want him suffering the entire time you're here."

Lila's face was burning so hot she felt dizzy. She could practically feel her heartbeat thumping wildly against her throat. "So I'd just... be naked? The whole time?"

"Not the whole time," Claire clarified reasonably. "We can get you something to wear once we figure out exactly what's triggering him—hypoallergenic options, something washed in the right detergent, that sort of thing. But for tonight, and probably tomorrow while we sort it out, yes. It would be easiest if you were nude."

Another loud sneeze exploded from the kitchen, followed by a muffled string of curses. Claire didn't even flinch. She simply raised her eyebrows at Lila, her silence an expectant, heavy weight.

Lila looked to Emma for a lifeline, but her friend just looked mortified and offered no argument. Lila looked down at her own body—the thick cream sweater, the soft black leggings, the simple matching bra and panties she knew she wore underneath. Her skin already felt stiflingly hot.

The thought of walking around a strange house entirely bare was terrifying, yet the quiet authority in Claire's voice made it feel like the only logical choice.

"I..." Lila swallowed hard, her throat clicking audibly in the quiet room. "Okay. I guess... if it'll help."

Claire's expression instantly softened with genuine, radiant sympathy. "Thank you, sweetheart. I know this is awkward. Emma, why don't you help her? I'll go check on your dad and let him know what's happening."

Without another word, Claire slipped out of the room, abandoning the two college girls to the heavy, charged silence.

Stripping Down

Emma turned to her friend, her eyes wide as saucers. "Oh my god. I am so sorry. I had no idea she was going to—"

"It's fine," Lila cut in quickly, though her hands were visibly trembling as she let her heavy duffel slide to the floor. "I mean... it's not fine, but it's not your fault. If it actually helps your dad, then..."

She didn't finish the thought. Instead, before she could overthink the sheer insanity of what she was about to do, Lila grabbed the hem of her cream sweater and pulled it up over her head. The air in the sitting room instantly hit her bare stomach, feeling shockingly cool against her overheated skin.

Emma stood completely still, watching with an expression that was half-horrified and half- fascinated as Lila neatly folded the sweater and placed it on a nearby chair.

"Everything?" Lila asked, her voice barely above a terrified whisper.

Emma swallowed, her gaze darting to the floor. "I think so."

Lila took a slow, shuddering breath. She hooked her thumbs into the elastic waistband of her soft black leggings and pushed them down her long legs, taking her socks with them. She stepped out of the pile, standing entirely exposed save for her simple black bra and matching panties.

The sudden exposure sent a sharp thrill racing down her spine. Her skin prickled with a sudden rush of goosebumps that had absolutely nothing to do with the temperature of the room.

Reaching behind her back, Lila's trembling fingers found the clasp of her bra. She unhooked it, letting the dark fabric fall forward and drop to the floor. Her breasts tumbled free, her nipples instantly tightening into hard, sensitive peaks in the cool air. Emma's eyes instinctively flicked down to Lila's bare chest for a fraction of a second before she quickly snapped her gaze to the wall, her own cheeks flushing a deep, sudden pink.

Last came the panties. Lila hooked her fingers into the delicate lace, slid them down her thighs, and stepped out, leaving herself completely and utterly bare.

She picked up her undergarments, folded everything into a neat pile on the chair, and stood up straight. She forced her arms to remain straight at her sides, fighting every deeply ingrained instinct screaming at her to cover her breasts and her sex.

Emma stared at her for a long, breathless moment, taking in the full sight of her naked best friend. "Jesus, Lila."

"I know," Lila whispered back, her face feeling like it was on fire. "This is so weird." Before the tension could stretch any further, the door handle clicked and swung open. Claire stepped back inside, took one assessing look at the completely naked college student standing in her sitting room, and gave a small, satisfied nod.

"Much better," Claire said briskly. "How do you feel?"

"Exposed," Lila answered with brutal honesty.

Claire's mouth twitched with the ghost of a smirk. "That's understandable. Come on. Let's go see if it worked."

A Bare Dinner

They walked back out into the main part of the house. Lila kept her arms strictly at her sides, white-knuckling the fabric of her own willpower to resist the overwhelming urge to cover her breasts and between her legs. Every step she took made her agonizingly aware of how naked she was—the cool draft brushing against her skin, the friction of her inner thighs touching, the soft, vulnerable sound of her bare feet padding against the hardwood floors. Mark was standing in the kitchen doorway again, holding a fresh tissue.

The second he looked up and saw Lila—completely nude, her breasts bouncing softly with every step—his expression morphed rapidly from miserable congestion to sheer,

unadulterated surprise... and then to profound relief.

He blinked rapidly, his eyes dropping to her bare torso before he quickly forced them up to her face, slowly lowering the tissue.

"No sneezing," Mark announced into the quiet hallway, sounding almost dazed by the sudden clarity in his head. "My nose isn't even running anymore."

Claire looked deeply pleased with herself. "See? I told you."

Mark's eyes betrayed him, constantly flicking back down to Lila's naked body before darting away to the ceiling, then inevitably drifting back again. He cleared his throat loudly. "Uh. Thank you, Lila. I'm really sorry about this. I know this can't be comfortable for you." Lila tried to force a polite smile, though her lips were trembling. "It's okay. If it helps..." "It does," Mark replied quickly, his voice

a little gruff. "A lot."

Claire clapped her hands together once, her tone shifting entirely to a businesslike cadence. "Well then. Dinner's almost ready. Lila, you're welcome to sit wherever you like. We don't stand on ceremony here."

The dining room was intimately lit, the heavy wooden table already beautifully set for four with fine plates, gleaming silverware, a massive bowl of mixed greens, and a steaming casserole dish that filled the room with the rich scent of chicken and herbs.

Lila hesitated right at the threshold of the doorway. She stood completely bare, bathed in the warm light of the chandelier, while the rest of the fully clothed family moved to take their seats as though this were the most perfectly normal evening of their lives.

Emma took a seat across from her usual spot, offering Lila a helpless, apologetic little shrug. Claire commanded the head of the table. Mark took the opposite end, still occasionally stealing glances at Lila that were mixed with deep guilt and something distinctly warmer and heavier.

Moving with deliberate slowness, Lila pulled out the chair directly next to Emma and sat down. The shock of the cool wooden seat pressing against her bare ass and thighs made her gasp softly. She immediately crossed her legs tightly under the table, her skin humming as she realized how intensely exposed she was from every single angle in the room.

Claire casually picked up a serving spoon and began portioning the steaming casserole like nothing was remotely out of the ordinary.

"So, Lila," Claire said pleasantly, passing a heavily laden plate down the table. "Emma says you two have a big project due right after break?"

Lila reached out to accept the plate with both hands, focusing entirely on keeping her arms strictly positioned so they wouldn't too obviously block her bare breasts. "Yeah," Lila said, her voice shaking slightly. "We're doing a joint presentation on sustainable textile practices. Which is... ironic right now."

Mark let out a short, surprised bark of laughter, before his face immediately fell into an expression of intense guilt. "Sorry. That wasn't funny."

"It kind of was," Lila admitted softly, feeling the suffocating tension in the dining room ease just a fraction at the shared joke.

Claire smiled, radiating maternal warmth as she passed the large salad bowl. "Well, at least you won't have to worry about any of your clothes bothering your allergies while you're here. We'll figure out something comfortable for you tomorrow. In the meantime, just relax. You're family for the week."

Lila picked up her heavy silver fork. She was acutely, breathtakingly aware that everyone sitting at the table could clearly see her bare breasts, her stomach, and the way her crossed, bare legs pressed together under the ambient lighting. Mark was trying valiantly to keep his eyes glued to his chicken, but every so often, his gaze drifted upwards, lingering on her collarbones and the soft, vulnerable curve of her chest, before quickly snapping away again. Emma caught Lila's eye from across the table, leaning forward slightly as she mouthed a silent question: *You okay?*

Lila gave the tiniest, almost imperceptible nod. Her skin burned with the intense, agonizing embarrassment of her exposure... but deep beneath the blush, her stomach fluttered with something else, a strange, electric heat she wasn't quite ready to name.

Claire took a graceful sip of her ice water, dabbing her mouth with a napkin, and smiled at the table like this was the most ordinary spring break dinner in the entire world. "So," Claire said brightly, her eyes sparkling. "Who wants to tell me about the drive up?"

Chapter 2: Family Traditions

Lila was just starting to breathe normally again.

The casserole had been good, and after the first ten minutes of sitting completely naked at the dinner table, her brain had begun to accept the surreal reality of it. Mark kept his eyes mostly on his plate or on Claire. Emma kept shooting her sympathetic little smiles. The conversation stayed light — classes, spring break plans, the drive up from campus. No one stared. No one made comments about her body. It almost felt… manageable.

Almost.

She was reaching for her water glass when Claire set her fork down and smiled around the table.

“Since we have a full house tonight, I was thinking we could play charades after dinner. It’s been a while.”

Emma’s face lit up immediately. “Yes! We haven’t done that in forever.”

Mark chuckled, wiping his mouth with a napkin. “Your mother’s been dying to break out the old charades bowl since Christmas.”

Lila blinked, caught off guard. “Charades?”

“It’s kind of a family tradition when everyone’s home,” Claire explained, already standing to clear plates. “We keep a bowl of movie and TV titles in the living room. Nothing too obscure. It’s fun.”

Lila hesitated, very aware of how her bare breasts shifted when she moved. “I… don’t know if I should—”

“Nonsense,” Claire said warmly. “You’re part of the family this week. Besides, it’ll help take your mind off everything.”

Emma was already pushing her chair back. “Come on. It’s actually really fun once you get into it.”

Ten minutes later they were gathered in the living room. The big sectional had been pushed back slightly to make space. Claire had produced a ceramic bowl filled with folded slips of paper and set it on the coffee table. Mark was in his usual armchair. Emma and Lila sat on the couch together. Lila kept her legs pressed tightly together, one arm loosely draped across her breasts in a way she hoped looked casual.

Claire reached into the bowl first and unfolded a slip.

“Okay… three words. Classic film.”

She stood up and began acting. It was immediately clear she was good at this — confident, expressive, and surprisingly physical for someone so put-together. Within thirty seconds Mark guessed The Sound of Music and everyone laughed.

Emma went next and nailed Titanic in under a minute with some dramatic boat-sinking mime that had her dad groaning.

Then it was Lila’s turn.

Lila was still trying to catch her breath from the last round when Claire reached into the bowl again and handed her another slip of paper.

“Your turn, sweetheart.”

Lila unfolded it.

Bare Ass

She stared at the two words for a long moment, her stomach tightening.

Emma leaned over. “What’d you get?”

Lila didn’t answer right away. She just looked at the slip again, as if the words might change if she read them a second time.

Claire smiled patiently from her seat. “Go ahead, Lila. Take your time.”

Lila slowly got to her feet. The room was quiet except for the soft hum of the ceiling fan. She could feel everyone watching her — Mark trying (and failing) to keep his eyes respectfully elsewhere, Emma looking equal parts sympathetic and fascinated, and now Sophie, still naked and sitting on the floor nearby, staring at her with wide eyes.

Lila turned around so her back was to the group.

She hesitated for a second, then bent forward at the waist, keeping her legs straight. Her hands rested on her knees at first, but the clue was very clear. After a moment, she reached back with both hands, gripped her ass cheeks, and slowly pulled them apart.

The position left nothing to the imagination.

Her bare pussy and asshole were completely exposed to the entire room. She could feel the cool air against her most intimate skin. Her face burned as she held the pose, heart hammering in her chest.

Behind her, the silence stretched for a few seconds.

Then Claire spoke, her voice calm and thoughtful, like she was genuinely trying to guess.

"…*Bare Ass*?"

Lila let go of her cheeks and straightened up quickly, her face flaming. She turned back around, arms instinctively coming up to cover her breasts even though everyone had already seen everything.

Emma nodded. "Yeah… that was pretty obvious."

Mark cleared his throat and looked down at his lap. "Good one."

Claire just smiled and reached for the bowl again like nothing unusual had happened.

"Nice job, Lila. Very clear."

Lila sat back down on the rug, legs tucked tightly to one side, trying to ignore how wet she felt between her thighs. Sophie was still staring at her, cheeks pink, like she couldn't quite believe what she'd just witnessed.

Before anyone could say anything else, there was a knock at the front door.

Claire stood up. "That'll be your aunt and uncle."

She disappeared down the hallway. A moment later, voices filled the entryway — cheerful greetings, the sound of shoes being kicked off, and the rustle of bags.

When Claire returned, she had four people with her.

Aunt Diane and Uncle Robert came in first, followed by their two daughters — Madison and Sophie. Madison was already in the middle of pulling off her cropped hoodie when she stepped into the living room and saw Lila sitting naked on the floor. She paused for half a second, then kept going like it was the most normal thing in the world.

Sophie, the younger of the two cousins, was still fully dressed in a soft pink sweater and black leggings. The second Mark laid eyes on her, he sneezed. Hard. Then again.

Claire's expression shifted immediately.

"Oh, Sophie…" she said gently. "I'm so sorry, but you're setting your uncle off already."

Sophie froze in the middle of the room. "Me?"

"It's probably your sweater or the detergent," Claire said matter-of-factly. "You know how sensitive he is. We can't have you triggering him all weekend."

Sophie looked around at everyone — at her parents, at Emma, at Lila still sitting bare on the rug — then back at Claire.

"You want me to take my clothes off too?"

Claire nodded toward the woven basket that had been placed by the front door at some point.

"Everything in the basket, please. We'll sort something out for you tomorrow."

Sophie stood there for a moment, clearly mortified, then slowly began to undress. Her pink sweater came off first, followed by her bra. She hesitated when she got to her leggings, but eventually pushed them down along with her panties. She folded everything neatly and placed them in the basket, then stood there completely naked, one arm across her chest and the other hand covering her pussy.

Claire smiled like this was all perfectly routine.

"There we go. Much better. Now come sit down, girls. We were just playing charades."

Sophie walked over on shaky legs and sat on the floor a few feet from Lila, knees drawn up, trying to make herself as small as possible. Madison, still fully clothed, dropped onto the couch next to Emma like nothing strange was happening.

Claire picked up the bowl again and held it out toward Lila with a pleasant smile.

"Your turn again, sweetheart."

Lila's stomach dropped as she reached in and pulled out another slip of paper.

Lila was on her hands and knees, ass raised slightly as she pretended to be a lion for The Lion King, when there was a knock at the front door.

Claire stood up immediately. "That'll be your aunt and uncle. They said they might stop by." She disappeared down the hall. A moment later the front door

opened and voices filled the entryway — cheerful greetings, the sound of bags being set down.

Lila quickly sat back on her heels, trying to cover herself with her arms as best she could. Claire reappeared a minute later with four people behind her.

Aunt Diane was a tall, stylish woman in her early fifties. Uncle Robert was broad and friendly-looking, carrying a small overnight bag. Behind them were two girls around Lila and Emma's age — clearly sisters. One had long dark hair and was wearing jeans and a cropped hoodie. The other, slightly shorter with lighter hair, was in a soft pink sweater and leggings. "Everyone, you remember Aunt Diane and Uncle Robert," Claire said. "And this is Madison and Sophie."

The two cousins smiled and waved. Sophie — the one in pink — took one look at Lila sitting naked on the floor and her eyes went wide for a split second before she quickly looked away. Mark stood up to greet them, but the second Sophie stepped further into the room, he suddenly sneezed. Hard. Then again.

Claire's expression shifted immediately into that same calm, purposeful look she'd had earlier.

"Oh no," she said softly. She turned to Sophie. "Sweetheart, I'm so sorry, but your uncle is already reacting. It's probably your sweater or the detergent again."

Sophie's face went pale. "Seriously?"

"I'm afraid so," Claire said gently but firmly. "You know how bad it gets for him. We can't have you setting him off all weekend."

Sophie looked around the room — at her parents, at Emma, at Lila still sitting naked on the rug — then back at Claire.

"You want me to…?"

Claire nodded toward a woven basket that had suddenly appeared by the front door. Lila hadn't even noticed it being placed there.

"Everything in the basket, please. We'll figure out something for you to wear tomorrow." Sophie stood frozen for a moment, then slowly pulled her pink sweater over her head. Her bra came next. Then her leggings and socks. Finally, after a brief hesitation, her panties. She folded everything neatly and placed them in the basket by the door, then stood there completely naked, arms at her sides, cheeks flushed deep red.

Lila stared.

Sophie was petite, with small perky breasts and a neatly trimmed patch of light brown hair between her legs. She looked even more embarrassed than Lila felt.

Claire smiled like everything was perfectly normal.

“There we go. Much better. Now come sit down, both of you. We were just playing

charades.”

Sophie walked over on shaky legs and sat on the floor near Lila, knees drawn up to her chest. Madison, still fully clothed, took a seat on the couch like this was all completely ordinary. Claire clapped her hands once.

“Alright. Whose turn is it?”

She reached into the bowl, pulled out a slip, and handed it to Lila with a pleasant smile. “Your turn again, sweetheart.”

Lila unfolded the paper with trembling fingers.

Lila hesitated before reaching into the bowl. Her fingers brushed against the folded slips of paper, and for a second she considered just refusing. But everyone was watching her expectantly — including Sophie, who was now sitting naked on the floor a few feet away, arms wrapped around her knees.

She pulled out a slip and unfolded it.

Spread Eagle

Lila felt her face go hot immediately.

Claire smiled encouragingly from her seat. “Go ahead, sweetheart. Take your time.”

Lila stood up slowly. The room was quiet. She could feel every pair of eyes on her bare body — Mark trying to be respectful, Emma watching with a mix of sympathy and fascination, Madison looking curious, and Sophie staring openly now that she was in the same situation.

Lila moved to the middle of the rug. She knew what the clue wanted. There was no subtle way to do this.

She sat down first, then slowly leaned back until she was lying flat on the rug. After a brief pause, she bent her knees and let her legs fall open — wide. Her hands rested on her inner thighs as she held the position, completely spread open in front of everyone. Her pussy was fully on display, and she could feel how wet she was. The cool air against her exposed skin made her shiver.

No one said anything for a moment.

Then Emma spoke up, voice slightly higher than usual.

“…*Spread Eagle*?”

Lila nodded quickly and closed her legs, sitting up. Her face was burning. She couldn't bring herself to look at anyone as she moved back to her spot on the floor.

Claire nodded approvingly. "Very clear. Good job."

Mark cleared his throat and reached for his drink without commenting. Madison was staring at Lila with wide eyes, while Sophie looked like she was trying very hard not to stare at all.

Claire picked up the bowl again and held it out to Sophie this time.

"Your turn, honey. Since you're staying the week too."

Sophie looked startled. "Me?"

"Of course," Claire said warmly. "You're family."

Sophie hesitated, then reached into the bowl with a nervous hand. She unfolded the paper and read it. Her expression shifted from nervous to mortified in an instant.

She stood up slowly on shaky legs.

Lila watched her, curious what kind of clue she'd gotten.

Sophie took a breath, then turned around so her back was to the group. She bent forward at the waist, keeping her legs mostly straight, and placed her hands on her knees. After a second, she reached back and pulled her ass cheeks apart — just like Lila had done earlier.

The position left her completely exposed from behind. Her pussy and asshole were on full display to everyone in the room.

Lila felt her own face flush in sympathy.

Behind her, Claire spoke in that same calm, thoughtful tone.

"…*Bare Ass* again?"

Sophie let go and straightened up quickly, her face bright red. She turned back around and sat down fast, pulling her knees up to her chest again.

Emma guessed anyway. "Yeah… that was *Bare Ass*."

Claire smiled. "Two in a row. The bowl must be in a mood tonight."

She passed the bowl to Madison next, who drew a normal clue (*Jaws*) and acted it out standing up like a normal person — no bending, no spreading, no exposure.

The game continued like that for a while. Madison and Emma kept getting regular, upright clues. Mark's turns were the same. But every time the bowl came back to either Lila or Sophie, the clues forced them into increasingly lewd

positions.

Lila's next turn was **Doggy Style** — which required her to get on her hands and knees, arch her back, and look over her shoulder. Sophie's following turn was something that had her lying on her back with her legs pulled up and spread wide while she pretended to be "opening a gift."

Through it all, the family treated everything as completely normal. No one laughed at how exposed they were. No one made comments about their bodies. They just guessed the answers like this was any other family game night.

After Sophie finished a particularly revealing turn (lying on her stomach and reaching back to spread herself again), she sat up and looked over at Lila with wide, disbelieving eyes.

She leaned in a little and whispered, voice low enough that only Lila could hear:

"…Is it always like this?"

Lila shook her head slightly, cheeks still flushed.

"No," she whispered back. "It started when I got here."

Sophie swallowed, glancing around at her aunt, uncle, and cousins like she was seeing them in a completely new light.

Before either of them could say anything else, Claire reached into the bowl again and held it out to Lila with a pleasant smile.

"One more round before we call it a night?"

Lila stared at the bowl, heart already beating faster.

She slowly reached in and pulled out another slip of paper.

Lila slowly unfolded the slip of paper.

Spread Wide

She stared at the two words for a second, her stomach twisting. There was no graceful way to act this out.

Claire smiled at her from across the room. "Whenever you're ready, Lila."

Lila took a slow breath and moved to the center of the rug again. She could feel everyone watching — especially Sophie, who was still sitting naked nearby with her knees pulled up to her chest.

She lay down on her back. The hardwood floor felt cool against her skin. After a brief hesitation, she bent her knees and let them fall open to the sides, then reached down and hooked her hands behind her thighs. She pulled her legs up

and out, spreading herself as wide as she could.

The position left her completely exposed. Her pussy was on full display, lips parted, and she knew everyone could see how wet she was. The air felt cool against her most sensitive skin. She held the pose, face burning, trying not to look at anyone.

The room was quiet for a few seconds.

Emma was the first to speak, her voice a little softer than usual.

“…*Spread Wide*?”

Lila nodded quickly and let go of her legs, closing them and sitting up. She kept her gaze on the floor as she moved back to her spot, too embarrassed to meet anyone’s eyes.

Claire nodded approvingly. “Very good. That was clear.”

Mark shifted in his chair and reached for his water glass without commenting. Madison was staring openly now, while Sophie looked like she was struggling to process what she was seeing.

Before the tension could settle, Claire passed the bowl to Sophie again.

“Your turn, honey.”

Sophie looked nervous as she drew a slip. She read it, then stood up slowly. Her clue apparently required her to get on her hands and knees, arch her back deeply, and look back over her shoulder while reaching back to spread herself. She did it with shaky movements, her face bright red the entire time.

“*Present*?” Emma guessed after a moment.

Sophie nodded quickly and sat back down, pulling her knees up again.

The game continued for another two rounds. Madison and Emma kept getting normal clues that let them stay upright and fully clothed. Every time the bowl came back to either Lila or Sophie, the actions became more explicit — more spreading, more bending, more time spent with their most intimate areas on display while the rest of the family guessed like it was any other game.

After Sophie finished another particularly revealing turn (lying on her back and holding her legs open in a wide V), she sat up and glanced sideways at Lila. Her voice was low when she spoke.

“…Do they always give you two the worst ones?”

Lila gave a small, helpless shrug, still flushed. “Seems like it.”

Claire reached into the bowl once more and held it out to Lila with that same pleasant smile.

“Last one for the night, I think. Then we’ll get you girls settled.”

Lila hesitated, then reached in and pulled out another slip. She unfolded it slowly.

This one read: **Face Down, Ass Up**

She felt her stomach drop.

Claire was still smiling at her expectantly.

Lila swallowed and slowly got back into position on the rug.

Lila slowly got down on the rug again.

She positioned herself on her hands and knees first, then lowered her upper body until her chest and cheek were pressed against the floor. She arched her back and pushed her ass up high, just like the clue demanded. After a second of hesitation, she reached back with both hands and spread her ass cheeks apart, holding herself open.

The position was deeply exposing. Her face was turned to the side, so she could see the others while they watched her. Her pussy and asshole were completely on display, raised and presented toward the room. She could feel how wet she was, and the cool air against her spread skin made her shiver.

No one spoke for a moment.

Emma was the first to break the silence, her voice slightly careful.

“…*Face Down, Ass Up*?”

Lila nodded against the floor, then quickly let go of her cheeks and pushed herself upright. Her face was burning as she sat back on her heels, arms coming up to cover her breasts.

Claire gave a small, satisfied nod. “Very good. That was clear.”

Mark cleared his throat and looked down at his phone for a second, though he hadn’t been using it all night. Madison was staring at Lila with wide eyes, while Sophie looked genuinely shocked.

Claire set the bowl down on the coffee table and smiled around the room.

“I think that’s enough for tonight. You girls have had a long day.”

She stood up and looked at Lila and Sophie.

“Since both of you are going to be staying with us for the week, we’ll get you set up in Emma’s room. There are extra blankets and pillows in the closet. You can sleep however you’re comfortable.”

Emma stood up too, stretching. “Yeah, it’s a queen bed. Plenty of room.”

Lila and Sophie both got to their feet. Neither of them made any move to cover themselves anymore — it felt pointless after everything that had just happened.

As they followed Emma down the hallway, Sophie leaned in close to Lila and whispered, voice barely audible:

“…Does this family always play charades like that?”

Lila shook her head slightly, still flushed.

“No,” she whispered back. “This is new.”

Emma opened the door to her bedroom and flicked on the light. It was a typical college girl’s room — posters on the wall, a desk with a laptop, and a big queen bed with a soft blue comforter.

She turned to face them, her expression somewhere between apologetic and curious.

“You two okay?” she asked quietly. “That got… pretty intense.”

Sophie let out a short, nervous laugh and sat down on the edge of the bed, still completely naked.

“Intense is one word for it.”

Lila didn’t say anything at first. She just stood there in the middle of the room, very aware of her bare skin and how exposed she still felt after holding those positions in front of everyone.

Emma looked between them, then spoke again, softer this time.

“My mom’s always been… practical about my dad’s allergies. But I’ve never seen her go this far with it before.” She hesitated. “You don’t have to keep playing along with the game stuff if you don’t want to. I can talk to her.”

Lila glanced at Sophie, who was watching her quietly.

After a moment, Lila shook her head.

“It’s fine,” she said, even though her voice came out a little shaky. “If it keeps him from sneezing all week… I can handle it.”

Sophie was quiet for a second, then nodded slowly.

“Yeah,” she said. “Me too.”

Emma looked at them both for a long moment, then gave a small smile.

“Okay. Well… bathroom’s down the hall if you need it. Towels are in the cabinet. I’ll grab you both some extra blankets.”

She left the room, closing the door behind her.

Lila and Sophie were left alone.

For a few seconds, neither of them spoke. They just stood there — two naked college girls in a quiet bedroom — listening to the faint sounds of the rest of the family moving around the house.

Sophie finally broke the silence, her voice low.

“…You think tomorrow’s going to be worse?”

Lila let out a slow breath and sat down on the bed beside her.

“I don’t know,” she said honestly.

She looked over at Sophie — at her flushed face, her bare body, the way she was still trying to make herself smaller.

“But I guess we’ll find out together.”

Lila lay on her back in the dark, staring up at the ceiling.

Emma had gone to sleep in the guest room so Lila and Sophie could share her bed. The house was quiet now. The only light in the room came from Lila’s phone screen as she held it above her face, thumb scrolling slowly.

She had dozens of notifications.

At first, she thought they were from friends back at school — people reacting to her “finally made it to spring break” story. But when she opened Instagram, her stomach dropped.

She had been tagged in a post.

Posted by **Claire Whitaker**.

The caption was simple:

Family Game Night

There were over thirty photos.

Lila’s thumb hovered for a second before she started scrolling.

The first few were relatively tame — her standing in the living room, looking nervous. Then they got worse.

There she was, bent over with her hands on her knees, ass spread. Another of her lying on her back, legs pulled wide open in a deep split. One of her on all fours, back arched, looking over her shoulder while she held herself open. And the last few — the ones from the final round — showed her face-down on the rug with her ass raised high, hands pulling her cheeks apart while she presented herself to the room.

Every single one of her most exposing moments had been captured in clear, well-lit photos.

Lila’s face burned as she kept scrolling. The post already had hundreds of likes. The comments were flooding in.

@jessicalee92: Is that Emma’s friend?? She’s adorable

@megan.townsend: omg the poses?? This family is unhinged lmao I love it

@katie.miller: She’s so pretty. Tell her she did great!!

@auntie_sarah_w: Claire you always host the best game nights

@brittany_xo: Wait… is she actually naked the whole time?? This is so funny

@danielle.r: I need to come to one of these game nights lmao

Lila kept scrolling, her heart pounding harder with every comment. Some people were clearly shocked. Most, though, seemed to think it was hilarious or even cute. A few of the comments were more direct.

@tyler.b98: Damn. She’s got a really nice ass.

@sophia.rivers: The last few photos… girl was really going for it

Lila’s thumb froze on one particular comment near the bottom.

@madison.whitaker (Emma’s cousin, who had been fully clothed during the game):

“Sophie looks so cute too You two are such good sports”

Lila’s eyes widened. She quickly switched over to the tagged photos and realized Sophie had been tagged in several of them as well — including the ones where she was bent over and spreading herself.

A soft voice came from beside her in the dark.

“…You okay?”

Lila turned her head. Sophie was awake, propped up on one elbow, watching her with a concerned expression. The glow from Lila’s phone lit up half of Sophie’s bare chest and face.

Lila didn’t answer right away. She just turned the phone so Sophie could see the screen.

Sophie’s eyes scanned the post. Her expression shifted from confusion to shock as she saw the photos of herself mixed in with Lila’s.

“Oh my god…” she whispered. “Your mom posted these?”

Lila nodded slowly, her voice quiet.

“Not my mom. Emma’s.”

Sophie kept staring at the screen as more comments loaded in real time.

@lauren.p: This is actually kind of hot ngl

“Lila and Sophie were such good sports tonight ”

@emma.whitaker (commenting under her mom’s post):

Sophie let out a shaky breath and looked at Lila.

“…Are you going to say something?”

Lila stared at the post for a long moment, thumb hovering over the comment box. Her face was still burning, but there was something else twisting low in her stomach — something warm and confusing.

She didn’t answer Sophie right away.

Instead, she kept scrolling through the comments, reading every single one.

Lila was still staring at the photos on her phone when Sophie spoke again, her voice low and surprisingly calm.

“Hey,” Sophie said softly. She shifted closer on the bed, her bare thigh brushing Lila’s. “It’s okay. I know it feels like a lot right now.”

Lila let out a shaky breath. “Your aunt just posted pictures of me with my ass spread open for the whole internet to see.”

Sophie gave a small, sympathetic smile. “Yeah… she does that sometimes. It’s weird the first few times.” She hesitated, then added, “But you get used to it. Mostly.”

Lila looked at her. “Mostly?”

Sophie nodded. She glanced toward the closed bedroom door, then back at Lila.

“Emma’s really good at… calming people down after nights like this,” she said quietly. “She knows exactly what helps.”

Before Lila could ask what that meant, Sophie raised her voice just enough to carry.

“Em?”

A few seconds later, the door opened. Emma stepped inside and quietly closed it behind her, already in a loose t-shirt and nothing else. She didn’t look surprised to see both girls still awake.

Sophie met her eyes and gave a small nod.

Emma didn’t say anything. She just walked over to her closet, reached up onto the top shelf, and pulled down a small black bag. She set it on the desk, unzipped it, and took out a harness and a thick, realistic silicone cock. She stepped into the harness like she’d done it a hundred times, tightening the straps around her hips with practiced ease.

Lila watched, wide-eyed, as Emma adjusted the thick cock so it jutted out in front of her.

Sophie didn’t hesitate. She crawled to the middle of the bed, got on her hands and knees, and looked back over her shoulder at Emma.

Emma climbed onto the bed behind her, one hand sliding down Sophie’s back.

“There’s my good girl,” Emma murmured, voice low and warm. “Already so wet for me after showing off that pretty little pussy all night.”

She rubbed the head of the strap-on along Sophie’s slit, then pushed in slowly. Sophie let out a soft moan and dropped her chest to the bed, ass up.

Emma started fucking her with steady, deep strokes, one hand gripping Sophie’s hip.

“Look at you,” Emma said, voice turning filthier. “Bent over with your cunt dripping while your cousin’s best friend watches. You love this, don’t you? Love being the family’s naked little toy.”

Sophie moaned louder, pushing back against every thrust.

Emma kept talking, the words flowing easily, like she’d said them many times before.

“Such a good little slut for me. Spreading your ass for everyone earlier like a desperate little whore. Now you’re getting fucked like one. That’s it, baby. Take it deeper. Good girl.”

Sophie came with a muffled cry into the pillow, her body shaking. Emma slowed down but didn’t pull out, gently stroking Sophie’s back as she caught her breath.

After a moment, Sophie lifted her head and looked at Lila. Her cheeks were flushed, eyes glassy.

“Your turn,” she said softly.

Lila’s heart was pounding so hard she could hear it in her ears. She should have said no. She should have been shocked, or at least hesitant.

Instead, she found herself nodding.

Emma looked at her, something darker and more intense flickering in her expression.

“Come here, Lila.”

Lila moved to the center of the bed on shaky limbs. Emma gently pushed her onto her back, then guided her legs up and apart. She rubbed the head of the strap-on against Lila’s pussy, which was already embarrassingly wet.

Emma leaned over her, one hand braced beside Lila’s head.

“You’ve been thinking about this all year, haven’t you?” Emma said, voice low and filthy in a way that made Lila’s stomach flip. “Walking around campus like a good little girl while you were secretly hoping my family would strip you naked and use you.”

She pushed the thick cock into Lila in one slow, deep thrust.

Lila gasped, back arching.

Emma didn’t give her time to adjust. She started fucking her with long, deliberate strokes, eyes locked on Lila’s face.

“Look at you,” Emma murmured, voice turning meaner, more intimate. “Finally getting what you’ve been aching for. Naked in my bed with my cousin’s cum still on the sheets while I fuck this greedy little cunt. You were dripping during charades, weren’t you? Every time you had to spread your ass and show everyone your holes, your pussy got wetter.”

Lila whimpered, overwhelmed.

Emma fucked her harder, the filthy words pouring out like she’d been holding them back for months.

“You’re such a desperate little exhibitionist slut. I saw the way you looked at my dad when you were bent over with your cunt on display. You wanted him to see how wet you were. You wanted everyone to know what a filthy girl you really are under all that shy bullshit.”

Lila’s hands fisted in the sheets. The combination of the thick cock stretching her and Emma’s cruel, intimate words was overwhelming.

Emma leaned down closer, voice dropping even lower.

“Next time my mom posts pictures of you like that, you’re going to thank her. And when people comment on how pretty your spread pussy looks, you’re going to get wet knowing strangers are jerking off to you. Because that’s what you are now, Lila. Our pretty little family toy.”

Lila came hard, a broken moan tearing from her throat as her whole body shook. The orgasm crashed through her in long, intense waves. Emma didn’t stop fucking her through it, drawing it out until Lila was trembling and gasping.

When Emma finally slowed and pulled out, Lila lay there panting, staring up at the ceiling with wide, glassy eyes.

Something had shifted inside her.

The shame was still there… but it had twisted into something else. Something warm and addictive. She understood now — why Sophie seemed so calm about all of it. Why she hadn't fought it.

She wanted more.

Sophie reached over and gently brushed Lila's hair out of her face, smiling softly.

"See?" she whispered. "Told you Emma was good at calming people down."

Lila turned her head to look at her, then at Emma, who was watching her with a knowing, satisfied expression.

Lila swallowed, her voice quiet but certain.

"…What happens tomorrow?"

Emma's smile widened, slow and dark.

"Whatever we want, Lila."

Lila felt a deep, hungry throb between her legs at those words.

She was already looking forward to it.