**Dare Me**

by neverdoubted

**Dare Me - Chapter 13 - Hardship Study Buddy (Part 15)**

Was it cruel of me not to give my sister advanced warning of her childhood crush coming to pay visit? I don't think so. She had already traded away her bargaining chips for a mop. She was doomed to spend the rest of her dare at my mercy, even if that meant unexpectedly and nakedly entertaining Joseph Beski for the night.

I delivered the mop and bucket to my grateful sister, keeping my face blank to avoid arousing her suspicion. To put herself in the right mindset, she had done up her hair like a maid with a white scarf. As with anything she wore, she looked stunning. And I'm not just saying that because she had nothing on below her ears.

Since it was a nice day out, while she slaved away at her assigned task, I took my book outside. I spent the morning lounging on the porch. I didn't really need to study anymore. I knew every page almost by heart and had no doubt in my mind that I would pass the next time I took the test. I was really just keeping an eye out for Joseph. I'm not sure of his reasons, but he didn't come walking down the sidewalk from his grandfather's house until almost lunch time. I'm sure, if he had known about the naked girl at our house, he wouldn't have taken so long to pay us a visit.

Having never actually met him, I greeted him and introduced myself as Lucy's brother. I sized him up while chatting about his summer. Being closer to Lucy in age, he was a head shorter than me, but not unusually short. His light brown hair was parted down the middle and came down over his ears in a style that teen heartthrobs had popularized. He had boyish features and an easy, charming smile. I could see why Lucy had a crush on him.

He initially had a reserved demeanor and kept his answers short. But I chalked it up to shyness. He seemed like the type who would come out of his shell once he got comfortable with his environment. Since he hadn't brought his suitcase, I assumed he intended to go back and get it before bedtime. He ended up getting along just fine without it, but I’m getting ahead of myself.

Once we were acquainted well enough, I felt it was time to invite him inside and greet my sister. While we talked, I had been thinking up a cover story to provide some pretext for her lack of clothing.

"So, um, it's been kind of a crazy week for us," I noted, masking my nervous tension, and keeping my voice as casual as I could manage, "my mom is out of town on a business trip and Lucy's room was just sprayed for termites. With her room closed off for a few days she isn't able to get to any of her things. I'm sure it will be fine since she knows you already, but...well, she wasn't exactly expecting visitors. Plus, because of the unusual circumstances, we may have to improvise on the sleeping arrangements. I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, I can sleep anywhere," he asserted, overconfidently. Little did he know how immensely the sleeping arrangements I concocted for him would test him. I'm pretty sure he didn't sleep a wink that night.

"Great to hear it," I replied cheerily, "go on in and make yourself comfortable. I'm just going to check the mail. I'll be right behind you."

Even though I couldn't wait to see Lucy's reaction to the sudden appearance of Joseph Beski in her house, I forced myself to take my time checking the mail. What I found inside did not disappoint.

Entering the house, I strolled through the entryway, flipping through the bills we had just received. For once, they didn't bother me. They were a triviality - just a prop. Entering the hallway, I easily deduced what had transpired. Lucy had finished all her mopping as instructed. Hearing the front door open, she came running to meet me. Seeing her childhood crush instead of her brother standing there in the freshly mopped hallway, she skidded to a halt and immediately moved to cover her naked body with whatever she had handy.

I came upon the impasse and slipped around Joseph and stood between them against the wall. They both looked at me nervously. I had told Joseph that my sister was in the house, but conveniently left out the part about her being completely naked. If I were in his shoes and had entered someone else's house and stumbled upon a naked girl, only to have her protective big brother show up, I would be terrified and keen to plead my innocence.

Lucy looked to me for different reasons. She was standing in that classic, embarrassed naked girl pose, with her knees turned inward, her shoulders tensed, and her arms pulled in tight. She was holding her pom-poms strategically, one over her chest and one to prevent him from seeing between her legs. Her most private parts were covered, but her curves stuck out either side of the pom-poms and betrayed the fact that she didn’t even have panties or a bra on. Wearing nothing but her cute tennis shoes and white ankle socks, it was not hard to guess how she felt about the encounter. The blush on her face revealed everything.

A cute boy had waltzed into her house and popped her safe nudist bubble, and she desperately needed me to come to her aid. Addressing Joseph first, I raised my palms peacefully to non-verbally reassure him that he had committed no offence or faux pas and that I meant him no harm. But when I turned to Lucy, I only offered her a wicked smile.

I got to watch the reality dawn on her face that I wasn't there to offer her any reassurances or comfort. Slowly, she realized that Joseph's appearance in our house was no accident and that I had orchestrated it. As the magnitude of her plight, and her impending humiliation, settled over her, her shoulders slumped, and the most adorable blush formed on her cheeks.

Since I had proved to be no help, her preservation instinct kicked in. Her wide, unfocused eyes darted back and forth as her mind started to race with possibilities. But duty-bound by her dare, her options were limited. She soon reached the exact conclusion I knew she would. She was trapped.

The only real option was to endure whatever humiliation I had planned for her. She could only hope her exposure to Joseph would be a brief one. For all she knew, he had just popped by for a visit or maybe just to retrieve the mop. Drawing in a shaky breath, she began to steel herself to endure whatever came next even if it meant giving Joseph a glimpse of her naked body. She didn't yet know he had been invited to spend the entire day with us.

Keeping my tone suspiciously light, I revealed my sinister scheme, "Lucy, you remember Mr. Beski's grandson, Joseph! While I was getting the mop for you, I got to talking with his mom. Since his whole family came into town all at once, they don't really have enough room for everyone right now. So, I offered to let him spend the day at our house."

My words sealed her doom. Whatever slim hope she still clung to that her exposure could be minimized and kept brief, that was the final nail in her coffin.

While she processed the news, I turned to Joseph. "Lucy wants to be a cheerleader. She's going to try out for the squad next year. She has been practicing hard every day and is getting pretty good at it. Only, she doesn't have a uniform yet. So, she practices in her birthday suit. I hope you don’t mind."

I knew throwing in the mention of her birthday suit would strike a nerve. When she was younger, not long after learning what one was, it had excited her greatly to picture herself standing in front of Joseph in nothing but her birthday suit. Of course, an overactive imagination of an immature little girl fantasizing in the privacy of her own bedroom is one thing. Now, there was so much more of her body worth hiding. Facing the reality of it terrified her. Unable to control her muscles, she started to tremble, sending the adorable little tremors into her pom-poms.

Deciding those silly pom-poms had survived long enough, I took a step towards her and dropped my last bomb. "I'm going to need your help to make our guest feel welcome and at home, Lucy. After all, he's going to be spending the night with us, too! So, why don't you run and get him the mop so he doesn't forget to take it in the morning? Then maybe you can make us all some lunch, eh?"

Before she could process the news that Joseph would be staying for a sleepover, I added, "I'll hold these for you," and reached out and plucked the pom-poms from her grasp, one at a time. Instinctively, she spun in place as her nakedness was briefly revealed. I couldn't blame her body for trying to keep its intimate secrets from him. What naked girl in her place wouldn't do everything she could to maintain her modesty in the presence of a cute boy her age? With a squeak, she threw her dainty hands over her bare bottom and retreated down the hall to disappear around the corner.

**Dare Me - Chapter 13 - Hardship Study Buddy (Part 16)**

I suggested we move to the living room to wait for her return. Joseph, now much more enthusiastic about spending the day at our house, happily agreed. He made a decent conversationalist; talking about anything and everything he could think of. In fact, he was a regular a chatterbox. My interest piqued at the mention of his extensive video game collection. I listened jealously about his electronic adventures, while he kept a keen eye on the doorway for Lucy's appearance.

He couldn't stop grinning while he spoke, and I detected another sign of his excitement in the form of a lump in his shorts. I found it ironic that, if asked, he would probably trade his entire video game collection to get to experience one day with my naked sister. And I come along and arrange exactly that for him without asking anything in return. I was like a genie granting his greatest wish for free!

It gave me perspective to see him so excited. It reminded me that administering Lucy's dare was a gift, not a chore. I needed to appreciate it as such and take the opportunity to view today through fresh eyes. I was in a position to give Joseph the best damn day of his young life. Right then and there, I vowed to do exactly that!

There was only one problem. Lucy was nowhere to be found. Excusing myself, I had to go looking for her. I found the poor, naked girl sitting on the bench in the mud room wallowing in despair.

"I can't do it, Mikey, please!" she begged as soon as she saw me. "...please."

Not this again!

"Goosey, knock it off," I chided, "you already used up all your favors. I'm really starting to think you're just taking advantage of me." I drew endless amusement taking the absurd position that she was taking advantage of me when she was the naked one.

"But it's Joseph-" she started.

"I don't want to hear it!" I cut her off. "Don't tell me you can't do something I've seen you do plenty of times. You better figure it out, or would you rather just pay the consequences?"

Sensing my thinly veiled threat, she stopped moping and sat up a little straighter. Now that I had her attention, I continued, "Now, I will be giving you tasks to complete all day and feeding you instructions along the way. So, you better get used to it. If you do a good job, the next task will be easier. But every time you stall or disobey, I'm going to make the next one harder, understand?"

She gulped, and tried to nod, but failed on her attempt. I accepted it anyway.

"Good! Your first task is to turn yourself into a waitress, make and serve us lunch, and clean up the kitchen after. Be extremely friendly, like a real waitress would who’s trying to get a big tip. I'll give you some time to get everything ready and figure out a menu. Think you can do it all in thirty minutes? I bet you can. In fact, I dare you!"

Having assigned her first task, I left her alone to figure it out and returned to the living room. I didn't keep strict watch over the clock. I didn't feel the need to. I had confidence, from the way her eyes were fluttering as I left the mud room, that she would come up with something. Her dare demanded it.

Sure enough, about thirty minutes later, a nervous, scantily clad girl inched her way into the living room trying her best not to draw attention to herself. Joseph noticed her presence instantly and gave her his full attention. So much for keeping out of the spotlight.

Taking my assignment and running with it, she had transformed herself as best she could into the role of a waitress. She was wearing an apron which trod dangerously close to counting as clothes. But it did go with the rest of her outfit, so I was willing to withhold judgement.

The top part looped around her neck leaving her shoulders bare with a panel of fabric just big enough to cover her chest. Onto the panel, she had stuck one of those "hello my name is" stickers with the name "Barb" written in cursive. The lower skirt piece was nothing more than a small ruffle hanging down in front, which meant, other than the strip of fabric tied around her waist, her entire backside was bare. That explains why, as she approached us, she was extra careful to keep her front side facing Joseph.

Apparently drawing inspiration from waitress characters she had seen in movies or tv shows, she had pulled her hair up into a shorter do. A strip of gray cloth tied into a messy bow on one side acted as a band to keep it from falling back over her face. She had a pen tucked dutifully behind one ear and something in her mouth which I later identified as a piece of chewing gum.

For shoes, she had attempted to replicate sensible work flats. The closest analog she could come up with were a childish pair of shiny, black, patent leather shoes. They would have been more at home in Sunday School than at a diner, but I had to credit her creativity.

She held a tiny notepad in one hand and used her free hand to tug at her ruffle. Clearly, in her opinion, the apron was way too short to be worn with nothing underneath. She had a point. The lowest part didn't even reach her legs! One inch higher and she would be flashing everything. Speaking of her legs, Lucy's idea of a waitress must have included wearing pantyhose. Only, she didn't own any pantyhose. As a substitute, she had put on her longest pair of socks.

Actually, I guess they were more like stockings than socks. They weren't thigh-highs, but they were tall enough to reach just above her knees. And they weren't sheer like pantyhose, but they were made of a thinner material than traditional socks. The translucent white fabric did nothing to disrupt her cute contours. If anything, the stockings only drew more attention to her long legs, especially the unbroken stretch of bare skin beginning above her knees and going all the way up to her apron.

As a total package, she couldn't have looked any sexier if she had been trying. Everywhere you looked, there was another alluring piece of the scantily clad little waitress to enjoy. Biting her lip, she couldn't resist the urge to give her ruffle another pleading tug. And, as before, it refused to yield even another inch for her.

With a regretful sigh, she gave up her lost battle for modesty and grabbed the pen from behind her ear. Smacking the gum between her teeth and tilting her head to one side with an uninterested smile, she finally spoke.

"What kin I getcha, hun?" she asked in a strange voice. It was a phrase I had never heard her use in her life.

But as soon the words left her mouth, I realized what she was doing, and it was genius! She had been tasked with playing the role of a mostly naked waitress. By adopting a midwestern affectation and committing to the part, she could detach her senses from the humiliating reality in front of her. No longer was she a cute, embarrassed girl being forced to literally wait on a boy in nothing but a skimpy apron. No, she was Barb, a random waitress working in a 24 hour diner outside Des Moines who was nearing the end of her shift. Barb had a job to do and wasn't interested in chit-chat.

I wasn't upset in the least. After all, I had told her to figure it out. And she had figured out a way to face Joseph without having a nervous breakdown about her near nudity. Did the apron count as cheating? Maybe. I could make her take it off whenever I wanted if I changed my mind. But she looked so sexy in it, and I was feeling generous enough to give her a pass this time. In fact, I enjoyed the underdressed waitress look she had assembled for the task so much that I even made a mental note to consider integrating more sexy costumes into her future dares.

She stayed in character the entire time she took our order and even managed to get through the whole thing without looking embarrassed or tugging on her apron again. The only misstep she made was when it was time for her to head off to the kitchen. Instead of turning and walking out like a normally dressed person would, she tried to keep her naked backside from view by walking backward out of the room.

She almost made it, too, only missing the doorway by a little bit. Bumping into the wall with a loud thud, she yipped in surprise. Jolted out of character, she uttered a bashful apology in her regular Lucy voice. Then, turning her head to better locate the doorway, she made a run for it before something worse happened. She managed to give Joseph only the briefest flash of her naked jiggling bottom as she darted from the room.