**Claire and Geoff**

by janscoM

**Claire and Geoff part 1**

*A sequel to the Claire and the boys next door stories.*

This time the enjoyment high from what had happened lasted pretty much the rest of the day, and the feelings of embarrassed regret that had hit me the previous times didn't really appear. Or, more accurately, my embarrassment was now a conscious part of the enjoyment of it all. Stripping for two horny high school kids or a pizza guy remained slightly shameful and scary, but that was a big part of why I loved it. I was distracted through dinner with my parents and spent most of the evening staring at a succession of pointless TV shows, my brain engaged with re-living past adventures and fantasising about new ones.  
  
The next morning couldn't come soon enough, I already knew what I was going to do. I definitely wanted to take my adventures further afield than just stripping for Tom and Jim next door. I didn't know if it would start to get boring, Jim in particular probably already had twenty or so scenarios to get me nearly or completely naked, but I was still concerned to not go too far too fast with them. Throughout all of this the thrill was me being naked for guys in slightly contrived 'everyday' situations, that was what turned me on and what I wanted to do more of, but I would have been an idiot to not imagine two 18 year olds weren't also thinking of more.  
  
I didn't want to dwell on all that, so I instead thought about what to do next. I decided I'd continue to dip my toes gently, but make sure it was also something that would give me a thrill. I thought about Geoff spotting me when I walked down my drive a few days back and how I then imagined anonymous watchers as I swung my bum down the street yesterday. I seemed to get a kick out of just the idea of showing off, so why not take advantage of that and also get used to being a bit more free with my body in public. My idea was to practice a bit of naturism in my own back garden.  
  
I once again found myself half feigning sleep as I heard my parents getting ready for work, impatient for them to leave even though I knew I couldn't sunbathe at 8:15am. After they left I ate my breakfast further lamenting that this time there wasn't even an outfit to prepare. I had nothing to do but anticipate and wait. Finally, around 10am I decided my time had come. I headed upstairs to get ready, which was accomplished easily by slipping off my dressing gown and tying up my hair into a bun. I looked at my naked body in the mirror, taking in the view that Tom, Jim and Andy had enjoyed the day before. The thrill was certainly still there and I smiled to myself before making my way downstairs to the back door.  
  
I left the door open, but all I took with me was a bottle of sun lotion. It felt important to create the situation I wanted to have absolutely nothing out there I could cover up with, not even a towel. At first I sort of crept across the patio to where I would take in the sun, but as I looked around the garden, again realising the height of the hedges and the deserted look of the woods across the valley, I grew in confidence. People still might be watching, but they weren't about to pop up and bother me. I had considered earlier that Tom and Jim could if they felt like crawling through the hedge, but that seemed unlikely when they could just watch from the skylight. It would be the idea of my hidden admirers that would give me the thrills I sought today.  
  
Clearly my first order of business was to cover my body in sun cream. I couldn't help but remember Jim doing it for me a few days before, and this time I thought about several men watching and enjoying me rubbing the lotion into every part of my nakedness. I did my arms and face fairly quickly, but then spent a good few minutes sat up on the lounger massaging the cream into my tits, squashing them one way then another and bouncing them up and down for my imaginary audience.  
  
Then I passed another few minutes tracing my hands from the tip of my toes all the way up each leg, as I sat facing towards Tom's house lifting and pointing my feet towards the hedge in turn. My legs were apart as I rubbed every inch, repeating for the foliage the show I had briefly given Jim. As my hand completed the front of me, gently putting the cream around my pussy and public hair I definitely thought about masturbating, though not particularly seriously. As I wondered how to do my back I tried to look up to Tom's house to see if I could spot any voyeurs but it was impossible to tell. The house seemed totally quiet.  
  
Making my decision, I stood up and this time faced Geoff's house. Disappointingly I realised that Geoff's was a different style house to my and Tom's, and so didn't seem to have skylights. Still, this was all make believe anyway. Looking behind me I squirted cream onto the round top of my arse and used a hand to rub it into both cheeks. In my fantasies at this point Tom, Jim, Geoff, even Andy and several anonymous someones were now treated to my glistening total nudity from head to toe. As I stood there in the sunlight and the open expanse of our yard, occupied with my work and looking down, they had no fear of being spotted and just drank me in. I was so far into the story that I even turned round to make sure everyone got the best views and once again lotioned my breasts, enjoying stroking each nipple to rigid attention. Even though they were just my own hands they felt great on my now extremely supple skin.  
  
Managing to stop with a little difficultly I finally lay down to catch the sun. Repeating the now familiar pattern I went from hyped up and horny to relaxed in the warm sun, and after about 30 minutes or so and my mind started to wander. After another half an hour or so I turned over onto my front, I imagined that, although they probably preferred looking at my boobs and pussy my admirers also wanted the variety of my arse from time-to-time. Besides, I wanted a proper all over tan to show off.  
  
"Hello there!"  
  
The voice jolted out of my day dreams about 15 minutes later. I realised that it was Geoff and that it was coming from slightly behind me and to the side, he was obviously behind the hedge in his back garden. I lifted myself up a little bit and called out back to him.  
  
"Oh, hi, Geoff. It's me, Claire, we met the other day on your drive."  
  
"Yes, I remember you quite well. I remember your little bikini even better."  
  
Hearing him say that whilst lying there naked was a nice thrill. I wondered how he knew I was here, I figured he could maybe make out a vague shape through the hedge or had heard me shift about on the lounger. I called back again.  
  
"How can you tell I'm here, I thought no one would even know I was out enjoying the sun?" I paused, wondering how daring to be. "You might enjoy my current outfit even more, actually." Turned out with the 'display' I'd put on earlier I was already feeling fairly daring.  
  
"Yes, but can you really call that an outfit exactly?"  
  
I froze. There was an obvious implication to what he'd just said. My heart pounding I instinctively brought one arm up to cover the top of my chest, even though my breasts were still squashed down and surely invisible. I had no idea what to do, there was no way to cover up and I wasn't even sure how I'd check where he was without exposing myself more. Wasn't that what I wanted, though?  
  
"I must say that's a very cute reaction for someone being so brazen. If you wait there a moment I'll show you where I am."  
  
I lay stock still and a few seconds later I again heard Geoff saying hello in his calm but firm manner. This time it was pretty much directly to my left. Keeping my body close to the plastic bed I turned my head and there was Geoff, he seemingly stood about 10 feet tall with his shoulders and head above the hedge.  
  
"How are you up there?!" I squealed.  
  
Up until now when I was naked in front of men I was only pretending to be unaware, this time it was the real deal and I did simply feel embarrassed, I was probably red all over. I uselessly reached one hand back to maybe cover part of my bare bum, but quickly realised that just threatened to make my left boob pop out and brought it back up. I wanted to shrink into the floor, but had no choice but to lie there naked whilst Geoff looked me over with a steady, if slightly amused gaze.  
  
"I see what's happened. I could bore you with all the details, but basically the level of my garden is about 5 feet higher than yours. The hedge is planted then there's a barrier holding the earth. The whole street chipped in to do this every three or four houses a few years back, it means that although the road is on a slope we all get roughly level back yards. Surprised a clever girl like yourself didn't realise something must be up, you have noticed you live on a hill, yes?"  
  
Obviously I had noticed that but hadn't stopped to wonder about our yard. It made sense, but that didn't help me now in the slightest.  
  
"Well, I must say, I was in favour of the change when it happened, but I didn't think it would bring me this much enjoyment."  
  
Geoff continued to calmly watch me blush and, now he wasn't speaking, was openly running his gaze up and down my body.  
  
"Er, well, do you think you could let me get up and go back inside? I would never have come out here like this if I'd known you could see. Sorry about that, it's quite embarrassing."  
  
"No need to be embarrassed on my behalf I assure you. Besides, I can't imagine a girl that goes out in that bikini minds too much who sees what. She probably quite likes people seeing, I'd say."  
  
I didn't feel able to say much to that.  
  
"You do look fantastic, by the way. The display you gave me with your ass the other day was lovely, but getting to properly see you now I'm not sure it did it justice. It's pert, there's virtually no sag, but your cheeks wobble quite a bit when you fidget around, not many do all of that. Really, it's gorgeous."  
  
The slightly clinical way he was talking about my body and his enjoyment of it was different again from what I'd experienced before. There was nothing cocky or timid or jockish about his pleasure in me, it was just there, open and obvious. It was also now obvious he intended to continue to enjoy me.  
  
"Well, er, thank you, I suppose. It's just I'm, er, not sure it's appropriate for me to be like this, and, y'know, for you to.."  
  
"There it goes again." Geoff cut across my rather rambling and hesitant speech, nodding at my bum. I felt helpless, any move I made just showed me off more and I was at least 10 yards from cover in every direction. "I can't even imagine how good your breasts will look, they seemed really quite big the other day. Based on your bum they could be spectacular."  
  
It seemed there wasn't much for it, either I was going to have to get up and expose myself for him or I was going to have to beg him. I racked my brain to see if there was anything I could bargain with. I was beginning to realise that I did need an element of control in my fantasies, even if they largely consisted of me acting as if I had none. I wasn't exactly scared or in trouble, but I knew that this wasn't anything like as much fun as my previous experiences with nudity. Not yet in any case.  
  
"Please, Geoff, can you let me go back to the house?" I tried to sound confident but just sounded nervous.  
  
"I'm certainly not stopping you. In fact, I encourage it."  
  
"You know what I mean."  
  
"Well, the thing is I would like to watch you and I don't think there's much you can do about it."  
  
Suddenly I knew what I might be able to bargain with, the answer was obvious, really. It also might offer a way to turn this slight horror into something more fun for me.  
  
"Well, you might see me dash across a garden quickly with my hands in place, but is that really what you want?"  
  
"I'm not sure your hands can cover up all of that." He again nodded towards my body. "Besides, yes, I do want to see all of you naked."  
  
I couldn't deny that the way he was talking about me was starting to be slightly exciting, but I still didn't want to sprint naked across the garden in front of him. At first my discomfort with the situation was because of shock and embarrassment, now, as I began to once again enjoy the embarrassment a little bit it was also about pride.  
  
"No, I probably wouldn't cover everything, but I'll be inside in seconds. You were trying to persuade me to sun bathe at your house the other day, though, that's obviously out of the question if you don't do the decent thing."  
  
He continued to stare at me coolly, but his lack of immediate response suggested he was beginning to think things over. Eventually he replied.  
  
"I take your point, but sun bathing in a bikini whilst I have to stay inside working is hardly comparable to this kind of view, is it?" He gestured towards me. I realised I'd need to say a little bit more, I tried to relax, I tried to draw on the feelings I'd had showing off when I felt more comfortable.  
  
"I maybe don't have to just sun bathe."

**Claire and Geoff part 2**

"OK.."  
  
I steeled myself, I felt like I was getting somewhere. I even found myself wondering which of my recent fantasies I might like to try out. My mind struggled to get very far, though, and all I could think of was the delight with which the guys yesterday had greeted a maid's outfit.  
  
"I have a maid's outfit. Not a real maid's outfit, obviously, you can guess what I mean. Maybe I could come round and be your maid whilst you work. Clean, get you a drink. That sort of thing, maybe more"  
  
"Maybe more?"  
  
I tried to look at him with the same detachment he was looking at me and hold his gaze. I was certainly now feeling the sparks of enjoyment peeking through the shock and embarrassment, I even deliberately wobbled my bum a little.  
  
He looked me up and down some more still not seeming to react much, but after a few seconds he did let out a sort of small laugh. "Well, just when I think I know where this is going things take another turn. You really are a remarkable girl, Claire."  
  
This time I stayed silent.  
  
"There's clearly no way I can refuse an offer like that. Especially from a naked girl. In fact, it's perfect timing, my wife is away for work till tomorrow so this evening is a good time for you to do a spot of maid work. I'll expect you at 8:45."  
  
I was imagining I'd have a day at least to prepare, but I didn't have any reason to object. I had no plans that evening and could easily give an excuse to my parents. I did have to somehow get the outfit, but I supposed I could go buy one from the same mall Tom and Jim had gone to if I had to.  
  
"Thank you."  
  
He had one lingering look at me as I continued to lie, exposed in front of him. Then he nodded a goodbye and turned and walked towards his house. His head soon vanished behind the hedge and he didn't seem to hesitate or look back. I lay there for maybe 30 more seconds before getting up and scampering into the house. I covered my pussy and tits as best I could as I went, though I felt the latter bounce almost violently about and I'm sure my efforts at concealment were wasted. I couldn't help but imagine voyeurs enjoying the show. I'd watched a few videos online of women with large breasts letting them bounce freely whilst running and it was quite a sight. It was, as ever, a thrill to think I could easily be one of those fantasies, that people would want to watch me. It did seem as if Geoff was a man of his word, however, and was by that point back indoors.  
  
I had a shower to wash off the lotion, got dressed in a pair of jeans and a top and decided my first order of business was to get the outfit I needed. Tom was the obvious person to contact, he lived next door and seemed the more likely to just help me out. I messaged him saying I needed a quick favour and waited. I figured I had a few hours before I needed to think about heading out to the mall myself. For now I was trying not to think about what might happen later, both to not be too nervous and to not get too attached to some possible fantasies.  
  
Tom messaged back about 20 minutes later and we had a quick conversation. I said I wanted to borrow the maids outfit I'd worn part of the other day. It turned out the apron I'd worn was in fact a sexy cook's apron, and truthfully all that existed of that particular get up. However, and luckily for me, they had also bought French maid's attire. That had been their original idea but Jim saw the apron on their shopping trip and had an better one, amazingly enough when he explained it later Tom had agreed. A lot of that tale was pretty irrelevant to my request, but Tom seemed to enjoy discussing how they had decided to dress and undress me.  
  
The upshot was that he rang the doorbell a few minutes after all that with a carrier bag. He stepped into the hall, explaining he'd even gone so far as to include the shoes I'd worn the other day. I shut the door and quickly glanced inside the bag, it seemed to be what I needed.  
  
"So, what do you have in mind with the outfit?" He was trying to sound casual, but was clearly very interested in my reply. I didn't want to say what my real plan was so just mumbled something about enjoying the fantasy and wanting to try it out here. I wondered if he'd ask to watch and started to consider if I'd let him. It had its appeal, but it seemed like a distraction from whatever might happen later that day.  
  
"Oh, great." He said, sounding slightly preoccupied. "Well, now I've done you this favour, you owe me one in return I reckon."  
  
"Really, is that so?"  
  
"Yeah, that's the way it works."  
  
"I suppose." I was hesitant, this seemed a fairly rehearsed little speech. "What did you have in mind?"  
  
"Well, I've a few ideas I'd like to try out with you, and, y'know ... maybe Jim doesn't have to be there as well, and we could.."  
  
"Look, Tom, I know we've got up to some things, and I can understand you getting the wrong impression, but I'm not interested in you like that.."  
  
"No, No!" He cut in, slightly shocked. "I don't mean that. I mean, you're gorgeous, Claire, obviously, but it's just stuff like what's happened before. Not that I'm saying anything has happened, but.. Honestly, I swear."  
  
"Well, OK, I guess that sounds ... OK."  
  
He looked at me, still nervous.  
  
"Is part of the idea possibly for me to not be wearing very many clothes again?" He began to grin as sheepishly as ever. "Or perhaps for me to be taking them off for you?"  
  
This conversation was exactly what I needed to properly get myself in the mood for later, I was more-or-less fully recovered from the shock of Geoff catching me unawares earlier. I found myself wanting to tease Tom more, maybe get him to talk me through one of those ideas, maybe try on whatever outfit or lack of outfit he had in mind.  
  
"I'll, er, let you know. Maybe we could try something on Saturday?"  
  
"Fine."  
  
We both hesitated a bit too long to keep things going, I was still thinking about later and Tom lost momentum now he'd secured my future participation. He said something about leaving and I went to open the door for him. As he got near me he sort of hesitated and I saw his hand nearest me reach out and then pull back. I figured I knew what was going on.  
  
"You wanted to smack my ass, didn't you."  
  
He seemed reluctant to speak, but then blurted out "I was thinking about it. It seemed like you let Jim that last time, and.."  
  
"After all you've done to me, I guess I should be flattered you hesitated." He sensibly kept his mouth shut. "Go on, then, I suppose I'm getting used to it a little bit." It was true, it was exactly the sort of casual gesture that showed guys were enjoying my body that I now knew drove me a bit wild.  
  
I cocked my hip slightly and he reached out and half patted, half spanked my jean clad backside. I turned to look at him, he still looked a bit unsure.  
  
"Not as good as you were hoping?" I asked him, trying to sound as cheeky as possible. "Maybe it's not as satisfying when I'm wearing clothes, you'll have to ask Jim." I felt a bit bad adding that part, but I couldn't resist.  
  
"I dunno." He sounded almost thoughtful now. The idea of dropping my jeans for him flashed across my mind. Before I could really do anything more, though, he took a few steps back and then started to walk out of the door, this time as he passed he drew his hand back and gave me a really solid slap across the ass, carrying on out whilst I let out a shriek, though more in surprise than pain. He turned and grinned at me after he'd gone a little way down the drive. "That one was good!"  
  
I couldn't think of any comeback so watched him leave with my hand on my arse. As with yesterday when he stepped in to make sure Jim didn't dominate all of the proceedings I decided I enjoyed this side of Tom more. There was no time to dwell on that for now, however, it could wait till Saturday.  
  
I went up to my room and took an inventory of the carrier bag. There was a satin (or satin like) black, very short dress with a sewn in white lace bunched underskirt that would fan the skirt part out quite a bit. It had lace edging around the neck line, which plunged down and surely offered a great deal of cleavage. There were two back fishnet stockings with an elastic top to stay up without a suspender belt. They also had a slight lace frill at the top and lace bows sewn into the front of the elastic band. There was also a pair of white knickers with 6 or so frills sewn across the back half. That these were part of the outfit confirmed that the skirt would probably be showing off my panties a lot of the time. There was also a black and white garter and a small white lace half apron. There was even a thin, black lace choker with a tiny bell on the front, though it didn't seem to actually ring. Then, finally, there was a small white lace cap with a black ribbon on top and two large white ribbons that would hang half way down my back. It seemed like I would have to clip it to my hair to keep it on. Along with the classic black stilettos I had all the elements of the 'traditional' outfit.  
  
I decided that I'd rather be gone before my parents turned back up, so I resolved to get dressed and leave the house around 6:45. I then figured I'd just drive around or park somewhere and read, before coming back, parking in a side road and walking to Geoff's. I got my excuse in, messaging my Mum saying I was heading round to a friend's and would be back late. Then I tried to waste the time until I needed to get ready. Soon enough it was time to dress.  
  
My first decision was whether to wear a bra. As I still didn't have any really sexy ones I figured I'd wait and see what it looked like without one. The knickers felt cheap and tight, but were pretty full at both front and back. The stockings slipped on fairly tightly too, but that also meant they were likely to stay in place. I arranged them to have the bows at the front and seam at the back and slipped the garter up above the stocking top on my right leg. Next I slipped the dress over my head and settled it into place. It fit quite snuggly, the boys had chosen a size 'small' which suited my height but not my chest size. As I struggled to zip it up at the back I felt the tension across my boobs, it seemed braless was probably not just fine but obligatory.  
  
I tied the apron in place around my waist, causing the dress to hug my figure there just as well as it strained across my tits. Finally I attached the cap to my hair which I'd bunched up on top of my head, and tied the lace choker around my neck. I had decided to wear my contacts and had also taken more care with make up that was usual, even raiding my Mum's mascara and red lipstick. I inspected myself in the mirror, the whole effect even surprised me, just like in the cheerleader outfit I looked and felt like a male fantasy come to life. I couldn't help but try and look innocently into the mirror as I turned and flashed my knickers. I didn't need to do more than lean forwards slightly to bring my underwear into view, and if I bent as if picking something up from a table it was like I wasn't wearing a skirt at all. Even stood up straight the stocking tops and garter were well below the hem line.  
  
Glancing at the clock I knew I needed to get going. I took off the cap and put on my winter coat that would easily cover the outfit. My make up and neck wear still might draw a second glance but with luck no one would see it until I arrived at Geoffs. I brought a bag with a change of clothes and my heels in and headed out to the old car my parents let me use.  
  
The next few hours passed smoothly, I drove around for a little while and then read whilst parked in a quiet part of a fast food restaurant's car park. A few cars came and went nearby but no one seemed to even notice I was there. With the butterflies very much starting to setup in my stomach I drove to the quiet side street that came off mine a few houses before Geoff's place, parked just round a corner and, after a few moments fixing the cap using the rear view mirror and wondering what the heck was about to happen, I put on stilettos and heel clicked the minute or so up the road to be stood outside his front door.  
  
At this point there was no turning back, or so I told myself, and I rang the doorbell. Geoff answered it a few moments later.  
  
"Claire, come in." I stepped through and waited while he closed the door. He turned and looked at bag. "Do you need to change?"  
  
"No, I have the outfit on under my coat. This is for when I go home, I don't think I can wear it in front of my parents."  
  
"Yes, indeed, I should have guessed with that hat. Well, you can put your bag in the kitchen and do anything you need to get ready. I've left out a tray of drinks for you to serve, just bring it through here when you can, that's where we are." He indicated a door off the hall.

**Claire and Geoff part 3**

"We?!"  
  
"Yes, it's poker night, so I have a few friends over. You'll be the maid for the evening as we agreed."  
  
"But ... I only said I'd be \*your\* maid!"  
  
"And you are. Do you think maids usually have a say in who their employers invite to the house?"  
  
I felt surprised and unsure, but I also felt like I'd been building up to wearing this outfit all day long.  
  
"Look, if you're worried about them recognising you or knowing what's going on then don't be. I've told them I've hired someone for the night, they'll think you're from an agency and there's no way they'd guess what's really going on. It's pretty unusual, and I certainly don't make a habit of it. How could I? Besides, your make up already makes you look quite different, if they saw you around town I really doubt they'd make the connection. Even if they did they wouldn't do or say anything, they're all married, like me."  
  
I didn't want to dwell on the married part or why what was about to happen was unfit for mentioning in public, though I guessed just having me there in that outfit was enough to not mention to your wife. I also sensed that trying to back out of an agreement with someone like Geoff would be tricky.  
  
"OK, OK, I guess it's fine."  
  
"Of course it is. Now, to help things even more I'll not call you Claire. How about, in keeping with the outfit I'm hoping to see soon, we call you Yvette. Can you speak French?"  
  
"Not really. I did it at school a bit, though."  
  
"OK, good. Put on an accent a bit and use a few French words. It doesn't matter if it sounds fake, the guys will probably like it better in that case anyway." He looked around. "Right, ready to get started I think. I'll see you in a moment, Yvette."  
  
He went to go through the door he'd indicated earlier and I went through to the kitchen. I could see a tray with 4 beer bottles on it and a bowl of crisps. I put my bag in a corner and took off my coat. There was no mirror, but I made sure my outfit was in place as best I could. I straightened my apron, tying it tight to my waist once more. I checked that my stockings were up high and straight, I even reached up and made sure my frilly white knickers were sitting well. I told myself that was to ensure I was all covered up, but I couldn't help but notice I also made sure they were sitting snug to my skin. I was maybe procrastinating a little bit, but I felt like I needed to look my best for Geoff and his friends. Then I picked up the tray and made my way to the room where they were.  
  
As I opened the door and walked through I found myself saying in a slightly silly voice. "Bonjour, Messieurs, 'ere are your drinks!" I started into the room and saw Geoff and three other men sat around a cloth covered dining table in the middle of what seemed like the front room. They all turned to watch me approach, the cards momentarily forgotten.  
  
The first thing I noticed as they stared, seemingly surprised by my entrance, was that they were definitely all older and around Geoff's age, which I guessed was somewhere in his 40s. They could all have been my father, and I was certainly far from my own bedroom showing off to a pair of nervous high schoolers. I ignored the butterfly somersaults my stomach was doing and slightly wobbled my way to the nearest guy and placed a beer bottle down next to him.  
  
"Voila, sir." I continued in my silly accent.  
  
"Goddamn, Geoff, you found something here." I looked up at who had spoken, it was the guy sat opposite the one I'd just served. From his eye line currently he was probably tracking my cleavage as I'd put the drink down. "Do that again, I'm begging you." He continued, still staring at my boobs.  
  
I walked round to the next man who was, in fact, Geoff. "Gentlemen this is Yvette, she'll be serving us this evening. Anything you want from her, just ask." I wasn't sure about how he'd worded that, but I carried on distributing the drinks for now.  
  
I gave Geoff and then the guy who'd spoken their drinks, all eyes were on me and I probably started to colour a little bit. I tried to keep a professional attitude, though. As I walked away to serve the final player the vocal guy called out "Don't leave me!" in a obviously put on voice, then, as I bent slightly to place the final drink I saw him lean out as if to try and look up my skirt. It was a half joking attempt really, but he may well have seen something anyway. I ignored him for now, I was pretty sure they'd all see my knickers soon enough.  
  
"Thanks, Yvette, you can go wait on the couch till we need you."  
  
"Make sure I can see you!" That was the resident comedian.  
  
"Come on, Mike, lay off for a minute will you. She's not going anywhere." That was one of the two others. I walked over to the couch whilst he now addressed Geoff. "She isn't is she?"  
  
Geoff laughed. "No, we have her for the evening."  
  
I settled down onto the couch, the skirt was so short it just fanned out around me and I could feel it was only my knickers and legs touching the sofa. I needed to sit up straight and keep my legs together to not show off too much the poker players, the majority of whom were still watching closely. The final man now spoke. "OK, back to the game."  
  
"Wait, wait." It was Mike again, he turned in his chair to face me. "We should introduce ourselves, shouldn't we?"  
  
"Ahh, a good idea. Yvette, this is Brad, Glen, and you already heard that this is Mike." The three men all nodded at me, Mike with a pronounced leer. Brad was the person who had asked how long I'd stay and Glen had wanted to get on with the game. This was still the case as he picked up the deck and began to deal.  
  
"You're a real spoil sport sometimes." Muttered Mike as he picked up his cards.  
  
I was no expert in poker but I'd seen it on TV and played a few games with friends over the years, so could follow what was going on. The game continued, they seemed to be just playing for cash. I sat primly in my uniform trying to relax a little but not really succeeding, all four of the men took most opportunities to look at me as the next few hands played out. I smiled at them as I imagined a good maid would. I tried to make a little sense of what I was feeling, there was certainly a massive thrill there even if I was slightly terrified of how these older men would react. Normally the situations I was in started with a tension, with me needing to lose some clothes to make it really exciting, but here my outfit and the situation was incredibly naughty from the off, I was a plaything for them already.  
  
On the third or fourth hand I observed from the couch it seemed like Brad lost a pot, as the cards were dealt again he looked slightly annoyed and grabbed a handful of crisps. Almost immediately he put them down again.  
  
"Jesus, Geoff, have you not got anything other than plain?"  
  
"I'm sure we have. Yvette, go get us some more snacks from the kitchen."  
  
I stood up obediently, glad to be given some more attention, and Geoff told me where to find the bowls and crisps. I was equal to the task and came back out a few moments later with the food. I served Brad and he thanked me with a smile. This time I decided to wait where I was, standing by his side. After a few moments he turned to me, showing his cards.  
  
"I'm sure someone who looks like you has a fair amount of luck, certainly more than me. What would you suggest?"  
  
I decided to play along with my silly maid persona and accent. "Oh, I could not say, monsieur! Per'aps you should put some of those little tokens into the middle of the table, the other gentlemen seem to do that beaucoup."  
  
"She does sound more skilled than you." Said Geoff with a smirk.  
  
"Why not." Brad tossed some chips into the pot. The play continued.  
  
As we waited for the action to be back to us, Brad leaned back slightly and half-whispered "You may as well play this for me, Yvette, you can't be worse." I felt him lightly place his arm around my legs and his hand just above the back of my knee, ushering me closer. I stepped in, waiting, Brad's hand lingered on my body.  
  
When it was our turn his hand had already drifted up to around my stocking top and he was gently keeping me close to the table.  
  
"The delightful Yvette is in charge of my play here, watch out boys."  
  
"I think we should throw in more tokens 'ere sir." I said.  
  
"By all means." He leaned back, giving me access to his chips, I bent forward and across him and his hand climbed up to my knickers as I did so. It was pretty much what I'd expected, it felt weird, scary and amazing at the same time.  
  
As I counted out the bet I heard Geoff speak up. "I'm not sure Yvette needs the support, Brad."  
  
"Well, we wouldn't want her to do herself an injury, would we?" He didn't move his hand, starting to actually rub across both cheeks of my arse whilst ruffling the frills on my knickers. From his perspective Geoff could probably watch it all, my skirt not really getting in the way given how far I was bent over. My mind was the familiar half blank half excited, I could feel how strong the pull was to just do whatever they wanted.  
  
"No, I suppose not." I saw Geoff move his gaze from my bum to my face and look at me, it felt like one of those moments where I might decide how things would progress. As ever I didn't hesitate. "I am 'ere to serve ze messieurs." I said returning Geoff's look with a smile. He gave me a slightly amused and quizzical smirk, but got on with playing his hand. I straightened up but allowed Brad to hold me close to his side, his hand now under my skirt, he continued to slide his hand through the fabric sewn into my knickers and this time gave my bum a couple of squeezes. I stood still, I was absorbed in acting like I thought an obedient French Maid would.  
  
As the game continued Brad kept lightly groping my legs and bum, sometimes letting his hand trail almost absentmindedly down to my calves before sliding it back up past the garter and onto my underwear, lifting my skirt slightly in the process. It wasn't incredibly blatant, he even let go a few times, but everyone was obviously aware what was happening. I could see Mike especially staring with a expression that seemed both jealous and extremely interested. If anything Geoff seemed least involved, but he was also the player I could see the least of from where I was stood.  
  
As things turned out we won, it was pretty lucky but Brad pinched my butt cheek in celebration. I let out an exaggerated squeak and stood back quickly, lightly brushing his hand away from my knickers. "Oh, monsieur!".  
  
"Don't worry, Yvette, you deserve a tip for that!" He picked up a small denomination chip and held it up. I started to reach out but he shook his head. "No, no, I think there's a better way of doing this." He beckoned me forward again and I obeyed. He reached up to my cleavage, hooked a finger lightly inside the neck line and very gently tugged me downwards. I went with it, bending at the waist and proffering my fairly significant cleavage towards him. He then pushed the chip down between my boobs which were bulging up towards him. They were quite firmly pushed together, so he had to use a bit more force than he'd first appreciated, but he soon enough got it in place. I looked down at it just peeking out from between my tits and then back up at his face. "Oh, Thank you, sir!"  
  
"My pleasure."  
  
"Honestly, Brad. She looks about 16, you should be ashamed of yourself." Said Glen primly as I stood up and took the chip out of my cleavage.  
  
"Yeah, right, as if 16 year olds look like that. Who are you kidding anyway, you're looking at her just like the rest of us. Why do you think she's here, exactly, to do the house work?"  
  
"I can assure everyone Yvette is of age to be our maid, aren't you dear?"  
  
I nodded. "Of course, sir, I have the 18th anniversaire last week." I'd actually been 18 for a few months, but it seemed the done thing in this role play and was likely to make them think I was even older.  
  
"As for why she's here, the agency I used did mention there might be a bit more to the service than normal maid work. I guess we'll see."  
  
Mike laughed heartily whilst Glen shook his head, I stayed nervously stood a few steps away from Brad whose turn it now was to deal. Glen tutted but picked up his cards and the game continued.  
  
That hand with Brad set the pattern for the next half hour or so. I wandered between the players, mostly going to whoever called for me at the beginning of a hand and waited by their side. I did occasionally offer my silly 'French' advice when asked, but that got less and less frequent. Mostly they had me bet for them as it meant I had to bend over and I, of course, always bent at the waist, smiling at whoever's turn it was to look down my top from across the table as I did so.

**Claire and Geoff part 4**

All four of them eventually had their way with my legs and bum. The most handsy was Mike, he pretty much never left me alone and also couldn't resist cracking terrible jokes to let everyone know what he was up to. The first time I went to him, gently pushed in his direction by Brad, he let me stand beside him, then he lent slightly backwards, said something like "Now, how did that luck thing work?", and placed his palm firmly on my butt cheek under the skirt.  
  
"Oh, yes." He grinned. "I think I'm getting my hand in now."  
  
Every move I made was accompanied by a few pats on my arse, and he at one point managed to get his hand slightly up my back onto bare skin above the panties. I briefly wondered if it might get stuck but he got it back down again smoothly enough. As he did I felt it tug my knickers down a little bit at the back and his palm brush the top my naked butt crack, it didn't seem deliberate though it may well have been.  
  
I straightened up and, without reflecting too much, reached both hands under my skirt and hitched my underwear back snugly in place. Mike obviously noticed, and I'm sure a few of the others did too. It certainly didn't slow him down, though. One of his favourite moves was to snap my garter belt or stocking top against my thigh, luckily never too hard.  
  
My mood throughout was a slightly lesser version of how I'd felt when dancing practically naked yesterday, or when I stripped completely in front of Jim. It was like I was out of my body taking in the scene of a beautiful girl showing off for some guys, the kind of scene I'd watched and fantasised about repeatedly, but even more so. It still felt scary and slightly out of control, but I had roller-coaster-ride anticipation every time I felt one of them play with my body or have a particularly blatant glance at part of me, it was the exact feeling I'd been pursuing with my behaviour the last week or so. I felt like it would be possible to just walk away from the table if I wanted to, but at the same time I was absolutely a ditzy servant who knew no better than to just do whatever her masters told her to.  
  
Brad continued more-or-less as he'd started, giving me a good feel from time-to-time and often gently holding my upper thigh, but it wasn't the constant attention of Mike. It took about ten minutes for Geoff to get in on the act, at first I thought he wanted to stay aloof from what was going on but if that had been his initial plan he dropped it. As I was making my way round the table he took my hand and guided me to stand beside him.  
  
"When in Rome." He said, very matter-of-factly. Then, after a few minutes of play I felt his hand stroking the back of one of my thighs, I looked down at him and he returned my glance. "I'm not sure why, but I feel like I've wanted to do that for some time." He had a slight grin and spoke mostly to himself. He contented himself with only a few hands with me and mostly stuck to my legs, with an occasional bum grab as I bent over. Despite that by the odd comment he made or the attitude he took it always felt like he was largely in charge, and was the one allowing me to be groped by the others.  
  
Glen outwardly ignored me and never made a move to have me help him, though I could feel his eyes on me a lot of the time. He certainly took his opportunities to look at my boobs as I bent over, though without the smile the others gave. Eventually Brad insisted I go to him for the next round, he protested but not too strongly and I took my place. At first he seemed to be ignoring me, but after I started watching the game rather than him I eventually felt a touch quite low down on my legs.  
  
He just stroked my calves, and pretty tentatively, it became clear he wasn't going to lift his hand above the level of the table, seemingly not wanting to let the others see what he was doing. I could tell how far gone into the role I was as I ended up just finding this pretty boring, and was even disappointed when the group insisted I stay there for the next round as well.  
  
As he finished dealing the cards Brad, without looking in his direction said "Glen, I swear, if you don't grab her butt soon you're out of the game." Mike again laughed his laugh and Glen looked up, he seemed on the verge of saying something but thought better of it. About a minute later I felt his hand creep it's way to my bum, and when it was time he pushed me forwards by the ass to place his bet.  
  
"Flesh and blood like the rest of us, then, eh?" Said Geoff when the hand was done. Glen again kept quiet, but from then on took his turn with the rest of them.  
  
The next step came after I'd been sent to get some more snacks. As I returned it seemed Mike was in the midst of losing a hand, I happened to serve him last and so stayed by his side when I was done, but it was too late. The chips were pushed away from him before he had the chance for even one stroke of my knickers.  
  
"Honestly, Yvette, what were you thinking. You took the luck away from me and I lost, this one's on you!"  
  
Although he obviously was annoyed about the poker, his scolding of me seemed in jest. He wasn't about to give it up, though.  
  
"I'm sure the lovely Yvette didn't mean it." Brad joined in.  
  
"Well, maybe she didn't but I lost the money all the same. I think I'm going to have to punish you, dear."  
  
"Steady on, there."  
  
"It won't be too bad, I promise, Geoff, but she needs to learn." He pushed away his chair from the table. "Come on, young lady, across my knee, you're getting a spanking."  
  
"Oh, monsieur!" I raised my hand to my face, and let out a gasp. I was playing along, the idea of getting a spanking in a maid costume in front of these men was far too much excitement for me to pass up.  
  
Mike took my hand, pulling me down towards his lap quite firmly. I allowed myself to follow, though I'm not sure if I could have resisted and I fell forwards across his lap.  
  
Mike wasn't happy with my position just yet, though. I felt his hand on my bum pushing me further over, I shuffled my body until I needed to stop myself falling by putting my hands onto the floor in front. Although it wasn't strictly necessary I lifted both my feet and bent my legs upwards at the knee, wiggling them slightly to add to my damsel-in-distress air.  
  
"Sir, please, this is too much!"  
  
"Nonsense, Yvette, you need to learn. Now, you need to hold still a moment." As I lightly kicked my legs I could feel Mike using one hand firmly on my bum to keep me in place and the other to spread out my skirts, leaving my knickers as free and out in the open as possible. He eventually settled on a position of using one forearm to press the skirts to the small of my back, with the other poised among the ruffles of my white panties. He could certainly now give me a spanking, but was content at first to just rub and squeeze my bum.  
  
"OK, here it comes." He brought his hand up and then down for the first time, hard and fast. It was a proper spank, the sound of him hitting my ass carrying across the room.  
  
"Owwww!" I cried out, making sure it sounded slightly ridiculous.  
  
I looked up, I was mostly facing Geoff and I started to protest to him but Mike's second blow landed on my arse, momentarily distracting me. It felt harder, but that was probably just because it was in the same spot as last time.  
  
"Oh, sir, you are le patron, can you not 'elp me?"  
  
"I'm sorry, Yvette, I wasn't sure if it was appropriate at first, but I think it might do you some good."  
  
"I think he's enjoying the show." added Brad.  
  
Mike slapped my butt for a third time. He really seemed to be warming up now and there was a definite sting on my ass cheek, my cry of pain was no longer entirely put on.  
  
"Nearly there, Yvette, nearly there." He moved his arm from my back and I felt him try to rearrange my skirts again. This time he tugged the front of them from under me and used both hands to push my dress forwards up my body, exposing bare flesh above my knickers. He again used one arm to hold my dress up and out of the way, the small of my back now completely uncovered along with my knicker-clad behind. With the force he'd used to lift my dress some more I'd been pushed further over his lap and it was no longer possible to lift my head and see what the others were doing, but I'm sure they were watching closely. Momentarily satisfied he spanked me again.  
  
"How many left is that?" Chuckled Brad. "Ten?"  
  
"I think it's eleven, actually." Replied Mike, also with a laugh in his voice.  
  
"No, please, zis is pas fair!" I said, though in vain as another blow landed, Mike was now swapping butt cheeks with each spank as I wiggled about beneath his grip on my back.  
  
"I think she might have had enough correction for now, Mike."  
  
"I'm not sure." Mike did seem to pause, however, and was now back to just stroking my backside in the same spot he'd lately been paddling. "Maybe one more, just to be sure."  
  
"You know, I always thought you got spanked on a bare bottom." Brad obviously wanted to spice things up a little for the finale. I pretended to be shocked, letting out another squeal, though ever since I'd lain over Mike's lap and assumed the slightly helpless position I'd thought about him pulling my knickers down. I looked on it happening with both fear and anticipation, it seemed like the done thing.  
  
"A very good point." I felt Mike reach for the back of my knickers, I held my breath. He lifted the back away from my body and then pulled it down, hitching it behind my butt cheeks which easily held it in place.  
  
"Oh, Monsieur!"  
  
"Jesus, look at that." Mike seemed so enraptured he hadn't even grabbed or smacked it yet. From my vantage point I saw a pair of legs walk round the table, it seemed Brad had decided to take a better look. After a few more moments I did feel Mike's hand stroke firmly but fairly quickly across both of my ass cheeks and then withdraw, the final spank was coming.  
  
"Ohhhhhhh!" It was the sharpest yet, with an accompanying sound of skin on skin that I'm sure was satisfying for the spanker. It was pretty satisfying for me.  
  
"OK, up you get." Mike released his pressure on my back and gave my still exposed posterior a few encouraging pats. I gingerly rose from his lap and stepped to the side of the table. My mind was now barely processing events, I was so caught up in the fantasy of an innocent maid being taken advantage of, it felt like drug.  
  
I turned my back to the 4 men, I could feel that my knickers were still how Mike had left them, mostly in place at the front but wedged down beneath both butt cheeks at the back. I looked back over my shoulder at them and reached down with both hands to my bum, lifting my skirts and exposing myself once more to them all. I rubbed my no doubt slightly reddened butt cheeks.  
  
"Look what you 'ave done, my little bottom will be sore for days."  
  
"It looks perfectly OK from here, darling." Brad was stood a few paces away.  
  
"OK, Yvette, back to work. I think we could all do with another drink after that excitement." Geoff again took charge.  
  
"Oui, monsieur." I said in a slightly resigned voice. Still with my back to them and my skirts hitched up I pulled my knickers back into place and then turned to face them.  
  
"Ahh, Yvette, I think you may need to readjust your dress." Geoff nodded towards my cleavage and looked down, it seemed Mike's manhandling of my dress or my wiggling about had allowed part of my right nipple to start peeking out from my neckline.  
  
"Ohh, excusez-moi!" I reached down and quickly tucked that breast back in place, the nipple again a few centimetres below the neckline.  
  
"Well, that was stupid thing to say." Mike aired his displeasure as I walked out to get their drinks.  
  
As I put the beers onto the tray I did wonder about how far things might go. It was obvious to me that everyone apart from Geoff was now probably convinced I was a stripper. They were happy to play along with the maid act at the moment, and Mike was obviously finding ways to make it more interesting, but perhaps at some point they would expect me to take over and get on with things. I hoped they'd just continue to let the maid fantasy play out and not get impatient. Unlike the last few times I wasn't really agonising or worrying about if I would end up naked for them, it was out of my hands. I had promised to be their maid, after all. The thought of dancing naked for them had already flashed across my mind a few times, but I tried to avoid dwelling on it for now, it was too tempting and that realisation was a little scary. Besides I didn't want to get ahead of myself, it would only be real fun if we got there 'organically'.

**Claire and Geoff part 5**

After I served them all drinks again the game continued as before, only now if anyone lost a particularly big pot or just generally felt aggrieved they would pretend to blame me and demand I suffer the consequences. Luckily (or unluckily) there wasn't a repeat of what happened with Mike, but I would be directed to bend over and present my bum to the injured party, obviously making sure my skirt wasn't in the way. They would then deliver a few slaps to my knickers whilst I held my position and let out a few over-the-top exclamations. No one spanked me as hard as Mike had that first time, even he himself, I imagine they realised the game wouldn't be able to continue for very long if they'd kept that pace up.  
  
I say everyone took a turn, and that's true, though 80% of the time it was Mike and Brad. Although outwardly Brad was much more polite and restrained in fact they were pretty much egging each other on with me, making me stay bent over with my underwear exposed for ages before delivering their blows, or positioning me so the other could look down my top whilst they spanked me. In one instance Brad asked if I could touch my toes, I enthusiastically said that I could, and from them on that was the position I was told to assume to be slapped. Although being 18 and relatively fit it was easy enough for me to do I did start to feel it in my legs after a few times, though it didn't stop me automatically folding myself over whenever one of the guys told me to.  
  
Geoff took his turn, but only a few times in total and usually when Brad hinted he hadn't for a while. Glen, predictably, never asked himself but enthusiastically delivered a few blows to my bum when someone else told me to let him. It was impossible not to try and tease him, the second time I was sent his way I bent over but then before he could spank me I stood back up and asked him in my best innocent maid's voice.  
  
"Oh, sorry monsieur, should I not try and touch my toes for you?"  
  
He went quite red, which was a bit much given what he'd already seen and done, but nodded that I should. I turned back round and this time eased my body down into position, my hands in fact gripping my ankles as I'd found it was more comfortable. When I was like that I could feel my skirts doing their best to fall down my back, though the bunched underskirt prevented it from draping completely down my body. In any case my ass was obviously completely exposed in the now stretched quite tight knickers. Geoff delivered the obligatory 2 or 3 slaps to my ass and I squealed in a silly voice, then stood up rubbing my bum for no more reason than to prolong my exposure to him.  
  
About ten o'clock or so Geoff made the suggestion that perhaps they'd played enough poker for the night. I was surprised they were stopping so early, and it seemed as if the other guys were as well judging by their reactions.  
  
"I am a little tired of the game but I was also thinking of Yvette, I'm not sure when she has to leave." He didn't really look at me so I didn't immediately reply to the question. I didn't know what to say in any case, we hadn't discussed how long I'd stay and I was obviously caught up in the fantasy at that moment.  
  
"Yvette wants us to keep playing, don't you darling?" That was Mike, whose side I was by at the moment. I could tell he was not happy with this development as he wasn't grabbing me any where at that moment.  
  
"Oui, Monsieur. If you would like it I am 'ere to serve."  
  
"I suppose if Yvette is happy then we could continue. I am a little bored with normal poker, maybe we can think of a more interesting game?"  
  
He did seem to be addressing me directly now.  
  
"I am 'appy with whatever you want to play, monsieur."  
  
"I'm glad to hear it, Yvette, I was actually thinking about how we could have you join in."  
  
"But I 'ave no money with me, monsieur."  
  
"People don't always bet their money at poker, Yvette."  
  
"I think you might be on to something here, Geoff." Brad seemed to think he knew what was happening.  
  
"Might he?" Asked Mike. "I don't quite follow, but if Yvette is involved I'm in."  
  
"Well, I was just thinking that sometimes in poker people wager their clothing." He smiled at me. "Or, so I've heard."  
  
The tension in the room was rising and even though Geoff was speaking in a fairly light and matter of fact way all their eyes were on me. It was probably obvious to everyone now what was going on. I wondered if I'd be able to keep myself together, obviously the desire to go further for them was there, how could it not be given what I'd done already, but so now was the scary anticipation that came with not quite knowing how things would go. It was also much tougher to stay in character with the intense gazes that all the guys were now giving me and I did really want to keep my innocent maid act up, just taking my clothes off seemed like not fun and a bit seedy. Like this morning in the garden I needed the innocent tease aspect, and it was much tougher to maintain with this group of older men than with Jim and Tom.  
  
"But I, er, cannot play le poker." I tried to look unsure, which wasn't a stretch.  
  
"Right, but how about we play for your clothes?"  
  
"I do not understand.."  
  
"I still don't either, but I'm sure I'm going to like it!" Mike at this point gave my bum an encouraging pat.  
  
"It's quite simple, we'll play hands of poker and whoever wins wins an item of your clothing."  
  
"We don't have to wear it, do we Geoff?" Asked Brad with a hint of irony in his voice.  
  
"You can do what you like with it, you've won it."  
  
"Right, so you're saying we don't necessarily need to let Yvette keep wearing it either."  
  
"I doubt anyone would choose that." He left quite a pause here, but then continued in a much lighter voice. "However, who can say, it takes all sorts. Anyway, Yvette, what do you say? Shall we keep playing or call it a night, and send these boys home to their beds?"  
  
"And their wives." Added Brad.  
  
At this another shiver of excitement and fear went through me, at first I'd hated to think that they all had other women waiting for them at home, but now it was something that made the situation even more enticing to me. From the first time I'd invited the boys into my bedroom to watch me undress I was being excited by the 'wrongness' of what I was doing, and there was no way 18 year old girls were supposed to be the performer at their married neighbour's poker night.  
  
"I am not sure, but it would be a shame to stop your game, monsieur, you seem to be 'aving a good time."  
  
"Good girl!" That was Mike.  
  
"We could, er, just play a few hands.." Ventured Glen in a very hesitant voice. Everyone seemed surprised he'd joined in this conversation, but Geoff took it in his stride nonetheless.  
  
"Yes, excellent suggestion, Glen. We'll just play for your cap first."  
  
"I think I rather want her to keep the cap on, actually." Said Brad, thoughtfully.  
  
"Who cares, let's get on with it!" Mike wasn't pleased with these negotiations.  
  
"Fine, the first hand will be for her apron. Whose deal is it?"  
  
I realised that at some point in the last minute or so, without me actually saying a clear yes, the men had decided to start playing for my clothes anyway. I didn't object, but kept my spot at the side of the table. Amazingly the gravity of the game meant that Mike was still leaving me alone and I ended up drifting around the table as the hand progressed. The guys were watching me quite a bit as it went on.  
  
It was a fairly big hand, Mike turned out to have been bluffing and Brad eventually won quite a sizeable amount. Mike uttered a few curses as Brad gathered in the chips.  
  
"Right, I suppose I should claim my real prize." He turned to look at me and I reached behind my back to untie my apron.  
  
"Not yet, Yvette. Given it's mine now I think I should be the only one touching it going forwards."  
  
"Oui monsieur." I walked over to Brad, as happened yesterday I could actually feel my legs tremble a little though I doubted it was noticeable. As I approached him I turned round so he could untie the knot in my apron strings. I felt him reach up and a few moments later it went loose around my waist. I turned back to him and curtsied, I could feel that the dress was a little looser without the tie around my waist.  
  
"Lucky bastard." Mumbled Mike.  
  
"I'm not sure her apron is the real prize, here, though it was fun to win it. Thank you, Yvette."  
  
"Merci." I said as I walked over to now stand by Geoff who it was clear now was in charge. He looked up at me. "Well I think it has to be the shoes next."  
  
"Boring."  
  
"Well, Mike, I'm not sure we can play for the dress quite so soon, I suspect we've all noticed Yvette here isn't wearing a bra."  
  
"I am sorry, monsieur, but it is not possible with my uniform, it is too tight." I looked down at my cleavage as I said this and placed a finger in the neck line pulling it away from my body slightly as if to demonstrate the obvious. I could see all 4 pairs of eyes were on me.  
  
"No need to apologise, I'm sure we'll cope. OK, deal away, Glen." They started to play the next hand.  
  
As they played I wondered how they would proceed through my outfit. I did have quite a few accessories like the choker and my stockings, but in terms of actually covering me up it was pretty much just the dress and my knickers. It seemed clear that the game was probably going to get pretty serious quite quickly. As I thought about this I realised I had already accepted I was going to be stripped naked by them, it was no longer just an exciting possibility but an inevitability. I briefly couldn't stop myself from thinking what might happen then, but was still way too much, so I quickly instead pondered how they would want to take my shoes off. I wasn't sure what exactly I'd be asked to do, but, as was now almost normal for me, I would just wait for the guys to tell me how to undress.  
  
This time Glen won a fairly straightforward hand, Mike again stayed in longer than he should have but soon enough tossed his cards away with a sigh of frustration.  
  
"I swear, if I don't win one of these hands.." He chuntered to himself as Glen looked up at me in expectation.  
  
"Would you like to take them off yourself, monsieur." I asked Glen as timidly as I dared, I expected he'd prefer that approach though it was fairly easy for me to be nervous and unsure at that point.  
  
Glen nodded, and I walked round to him. He turned his chair to me and at first it looked like he would reach down to me, but he actually started to lift my foot up. I quickly shifted my balance and allowed him to place my foot on the edge of his chair between his legs, a few centimetres from his groin. The shoes had a small strap across the top of my foot, Glen fumbled with it for a few moments but then again lifted my foot slightly and slipped the shoe off. He held onto my stocking clad foot for a few moments, then ran one hand quickly up my calf as he used the other to place it back on the floor.  
  
Before he could start to lift my other foot I brought it up myself and hovered it slightly above the gap between his legs and the space he had cleared on the chair. It certainly hadn't been my intention as I began, but I found myself then bringing it down so that the ball of my foot actually rested on his groin. I saw Glen's small but shocked reaction, but I'm not sure anyone else would have. I was also fairly sure the other guys couldn't see because either the table or myself was in the way. As I rested it there as Glen began to undo the strap I certainly hoped so. The instinct to do it had been overwhelming, but it was again something I didn't want to think about too much.  
  
Glen took longer undoing this strap, I realised that through the shoe he felt like any other object and relaxed a little bit. He then started to slip it off, holding my ankle as well and not moving my foot very far at all from where it had been. It was slightly awkward for him to get the shoe off and out of the way in that position, but he managed it. He still held my now only stocking clad foot where it was, a centimetre or so from his groin. He looked up at me and I carried on as I'm sure he wanted and pushed my foot forwards, holding it in place. It was immediately obvious what I was feeling with the sole of my foot, my stomach did another somersault, that was a first for me and it was with a 40 year old married man. I stayed in place for a few seconds and then pulled my foot back, Glen still held my ankle but offered no resistance.

**Claire and Geoff part 6**

Once I was stood properly I again curtsied and made my way back to Geoff's side. My heart was beating very fast now, I tried to keep my mind blank and avoid looking back at Glen, but I couldn't avoid scrutinising the others faces to see if they'd seen anything. I didn't think so, but I didn't really have a frame of reference for this situation. In my nervousness I realised I'd missed a question Geoff had directed at me.  
  
"I'm sorry, monsieur, I did not catch that."  
  
"Unlike you to not listen to us, Yvette. Anyway, I said that given your stockings are so delightful then the next round would have to be for your dress. Unless you're going to stop our game?"  
  
There was obviously no question of the latter and I realised they were unlikely to give up easily anyway.  
  
"I am nervous but I am only the maid, monsieur, if you 'ave to play then it is comme ca."  
  
Geoff looked at me carefully, he was probably wondering what had changed so much from this afternoon. He didn't question it, however. "Well, gentlemen, I think we'll carry on playing, don't you?"  
  
"I swear, I had better win this one." Mike sounded like he really meant it.  
  
"Get in line, my friend." Replied Brad as he started to deal.  
  
As I stood there watching the hand unfold I tried to take in that these men were playing for the right to strip me to my panties. Just a few weeks ago I was a confused and frustrated girl with strange thoughts and fantasies that I was terrified to properly explore, with a voluptuous body I was in slight denial about. Now I was living one of those fantasies, using that body to act like a male fantasy myself. On the one hand I was exploring exactly what I wanted, on the other I was a naive young girl quite probably being taken advantage of by men who were easily old enough to be her father. Obviously being taken advantage of and my body objectified was exactly what I wanted, but knowing that didn't make the feel of it very different. I'd soon be just in my frilly kickers, my breasts again on display for some guys I hardly knew. I was behaving exactly like an innocent young maid who'd been stripped practically naked for their enjoyment when she thought she was just there to serve some drinks. The different between that situation and what was in fact true was very small indeed. Was there even any difference? I imagined every girl in my situation thought they were slightly in control, and judging by their initial reactions I don't think I was the first girl to appear at their 'poker' sessions.  
  
Those thoughts whirled around in my head even as I tried to ignore them and the steady thump of my heart pounding in my chest. I watched the guys, and they obviously watched me, no doubt each anticipating being the one to take my dress off. Despite the confusion, fear and nervousness I knew this was a situation I would relive over and over again.  
  
Again it was a big pot, I guess everyone thought you couldn't win by folding. Finally it came down to Brad and Mike, Geoff had folded a little earlier. Brad showed a decent hand fairly cockily, but Mike reacted by slamming down his cards and letting out an exclamation.  
  
"Goddamn, yes!"  
  
"Are you kidding me!" Brad seemed to have momentarily lost his cool.  
  
I can't say I was delighted that Mike had won, I think I would have preferred any of the others but I was still mostly just anticipating what would happen next. He took a moment to rake in the chips, but then looked up at me.  
  
"Get over here, Yvette, I've been wanting to see this all night."  
  
"Oui, monsieur." I walked over to him and he looked me over. "I'm going to savour this, I think."  
  
Mike got to his feet, it seemed he wasn't going to let this pass of without ceremony.  
  
"Is there just the zip at the back?"  
  
"Oui, zat is all."  
  
"OK then."  
  
Staying in front of me he reached both arms around my back and fumbled for the zip, then without any ceremony he yanked it down to my waist whilst keeping hold of the back neck line with his other hand. It was a wonder the dress didn't break. I could feel my clothing suddenly go slack even though I was still fully covered thanks to the short sleeves holding the dress in place.  
  
"Now then let's get this show on the road." He fairly gently pulled my left arm straight and slipped the dress off it at the same time, probably getting a quick view of my boob as he did so. Then he repeated the process for my other arm. At this point he held the dress more-or-less in place, but that was the only thing keeping it up. I found myself putting arms slightly out from my body to make sure they wouldn't stop the dress from falling down and waited. He looked down at my body then up at my face again, then he let it drop.  
  
Instinctively I couldn't help but bring one arm up a few seconds after I was exposed, my mind was the familiar whirl now I was half naked again. It wasn't covering much and Mike was just staring at my tits, I heard Brad ask him to move to one side and he replied that Brad's time would come but for now to shut up. He reached out to take my arm, again very gently, and moved it away and to my side. He then very lightly ran his fingers down my left breast, it seemed an almost unconcious gesture on his part.  
  
He sat back down, my dress was staying up at the waist but my top half was totally uncovered.  
  
"OK, Yvette, give the rest of them a look too."  
  
I turned towards the table and I could feel my boobs sway slightly with the movement, all eyes were on me. After a few seconds I carried on turning round giving them a 360 view.  
  
"Jesus. look at those." Said Brad, quietly.  
  
"Yvette, those are the biggest tits I've ever seen in my life." Mike sounded slightly in awe.  
  
"Merci, monsieur."  
  
"Your work isn't finished yet, Mike."  
  
"Quite right. Back towards me, Yvette."  
  
I turned back to face him, from that position I was also facing Glen who looked almost astounded. Mike reached up almost to my boobs, then ran his hands down the sides of my body to push my dress down at the hips.  
  
"Jesus, this waist is tiny." Mike sighed with his hands gripping it as I wiggled a little bit the help him, he watched my tits wobbling as he continued to push downwards and soon enough the dress was pooled around my feet. As I'd foretold I was now stood in my stockings, cheap frilly knickers, choker and lace hat in front of them. I had gone from a French maid in a silly fantasy to a French maid in a porn film.  
  
Mike reached down to pick up my dress and I stepped out of it to allow him. He tossed it onto the couch behind him.  
  
"Won't be needing that for a while, will you Yvette?"  
  
"No, monsieur, I suppose not." I was slightly amazed that I was still keeping up the act.  
  
"I think I can speak for us all and say you look fantastic, Yvette." That was Geoff, again taking charge to signal the end of Mike's time with me. I walked round to stand beside him, I made extra effort to sway my bum as I went now it was slightly more exposed.  
  
"What is next, monsieur?"  
  
Geoff addressed the rest of the table. "Well, I could do with a drink after that." They all seemed to agree and Geoff sent me off to the kitchen with a pat on the bum. I could almost feel their eyes on me as I made my way to the door, a topless maid with my breasts gently bouncing and my ass swinging as I went to get them their drinks. I felt amazing.  
  
As I sorted out their beers I was very aware of my state of undress, doing chores in the kitchen like I'd done a thousand times only this time practically naked. I glanced out of the windows, it was dark outside so I couldn't see anything but like this morning I wondered what someone watching me would think. A young girl, bare breasts on display in silly underwear setting up 4 beers and glasses on a tray with a bowl of crisps. I both wanted to keep busy to not dwell on things, but also to savour the scene.  
  
I'd anticipated my entrance again, and this time I tried to hold the tray with one hand up by my head like I'd seen waitresses do, I imagined it would make my body look pretty good too. I did need to steady the tray with the other hand as well as I made my way towards them, from that position I found myself deliberately sticking my tits out as if they needed any more emphasis.  
  
"'ere are your drinks, messieurs, and I 'ave brought you encore de crisps as well." I placed the tray on the table, bending deeply at the waist, and then carried a beer to each one and pouring it into their glass whilst bent over beside them. No one really spoke as I completed my work, they were content to just take in my body, which I was getting more and more comfortable to just be displaying for them with no effort at concealment.  
  
As I poured Mike's drink he reached out and grabbed my bum as normal. This time he ran his hand up my back rather than down my legs, I wondered if he would try to grope my boobs, which were hanging down slightly whilst I lent over, but he contended himself with just again running his hand down my side. It lingered around my knickers and this time instead of snapping my garter he snapped their waist band. It made me properly consider that the next thing I would loose would be them.  
  
"Oh, monsieur, you will make me spill your drink!"  
  
"Nonsense, Yvette, I'm sure you're a professional. I wonder if this is the first time you've served a bunch of guys dressed like this?"  
  
"It is my first time working like this, 'onestly. Zey did not say that this is 'ow a maid works, but I am sure Monsieur Geoff knows best."  
  
"Monsieur Geoff certainly does know best. I really am going to need to number of this agency afterwards." Brad continued to try and sound slightly aloof, though just as interested in me.  
  
I wondered what Geoff would say about the number of the agency, but he ignored Brad's request for the moment. "OK, time for the next hand." Mike was again eager to continue.  
  
No one asked me anything or said what it was for, though Geoff did look me in the eye for a little while as the cards were being dealt before turning to play. I wasn't considering ending things, that had left my mind a while back, I was mostly thinking it would be fitting for him to win this one.  
  
As they played I wasn't really anticipating anything, I was just enjoying the moment. Most of the time the guys were taking glances at me, I decided to try and look as involved in the hand as possible so avoided eye contact, but definitely tried to present my body for them. I bent over keeping my shoulders back a few times as if trying to follow the action, but actually just allowing my tits to swing more freely for them. I also walked round the table a few times, letting them all get close ups of my bum as it moved, both Mike and Brad patted and groped it as I passed though I didn't linger beside them.  
  
The hand was actually relatively short, Geoff was betting big throughout and even Mike uncharacteristically backed down fairly early. I wondered if some arrangement had been reached when I was out of the room, but in any case he actually won without even having to show his cards.  
  
"Congratulations, monsieur." I said, I knew I sounded incredibly nervous but I actually meant it.  
  
"Thank you, Yvette. Now, before I claim my prize, I think it would be best if you gave a little performance for us, maybe a dance. It would be a shame for us to not properly appreciate you whilst we have you like this."  
  
My stomach flipped again, although I was getting more comfortable being half naked whilst they played cards and I acted as if all was normal, Geoff was now essentially asking me to be their stripper. It felt like the culmination of everything that had happened that evening, obviously, but it also was another step well out into the unknown.  
  
"Oh, sir, but I am a maid, not a dancer. I do not know what to do."  
  
It was a pretty weak excuse, obviously they wouldn't care in the slightest how good a dancer I was. Besides, I was actually OK having spent a good portion of my middle school weekends dancing with friends in their bedrooms to silly pop songs.  
  
"You'll be fine, Yvette, now off you go."  
  
"D'accord, monsieur"  
  
I gingerly stepped away from him more to the centre of the room, my performance was about to happen.  
  
"Maybe some music.." Said Brad, stepping over to the stereo that was in the corner of the room and had been playing old rock music quietly throughout the evening. He turned it up, it was some song I half recognised but didn't really know, but it had a decent pace and beat. I started to dance, trying to ignore the situation for now and pretend I was at home or at a friend's house. I felt my body start to move and sway to the music, I had my eyes closed and moved my arms around, sometimes holding them above my head and at other times moving them down and around my body. I started to move a bit more freely, turning with my back to them at times and bending slightly, I also began to linger more with my hands on my body and slightly grab and push my breasts and ass. At some point I had moved from dancing somewhat normally to mimicking stripper moves.

**Claire and Geoff part 7**

After a minute or so I was mostly keeping my eyes open, even daring to make eye contact with the guys from time to time. They all seemed to be enjoying the show. Mike, obviously was the most demonstrative letting out a few wolf whistles and encouraging me to "shake that ass" a few times. I started to relax a little bit, and my movements began to seem more natural rather than an affected style. I certainly wouldn't have said I was comfortable, but it felt like a situation in which I knew what to do. Though, being a half naked girl in front of some guys asking her to dance, it didn't take a genius to work that out.  
  
I found myself walking a few steps over towards Mike, and then continuing my moves stood almost between his legs. I was completely acting out a lap dancing fantasy now and, as I'd imagined a few times over the last year, I bent and squeezed my boobs together from the side just inches from his face. He was quiet for a few moments, then as I straightened up and turned to present and wiggle my bum for him he let out another loud whistle. After a few shakes I felt and heard a loud smack land on my ass, I carried on moving and another one followed.  
  
I took that as a cue to move on and made my way around to Brad on the opposite side of the table, he had already pushed his chair clear as I approached and widened his legs, so I took up the traditional position. I danced for him a short while, then turned and bent over fully as I had been doing to receive the spankings earlier, I held the pose and after a few seconds the temptation was too much for Brad and I felt both his hands land on my butt cheeks. They moved around a bit, then ran down both thighs before sliding back up with this time his fingers actually underneath my knickers.  
  
"My god, that ass is like a pillow."  
  
"Careful, Brad, don't damage my prize."  
  
"Of course, my apologies." He gave me a last squeeze and removed his hands, I stood back up and turned to face him again, continuing to dance and slightly grope my body in front of him. It was time to move on, but as I went I couldn't resist letting one leg brush lightly against his groin and then along the inside of his thigh. I was still acting, but the desire to get right into the role was strong indeed.  
  
"Well, that was invigorating." He said as I swayed over to Glen.  
  
Glen nervously shuffled his chair into the open. He didn't, however, spread his legs particularly wide so, as I got near I placed one leg between his and then used it to push open a space for me. I didn't need much force as Glen immediately moved with me, but the small sense of power it gave me felt great. I repeated the move with my tits I'd done for Mike, but this time letting one nipple brush his nose the tiniest amount. Glen continued to seem even more scared than Jim and Tom that first time, he almost gulped like a cartoon character.  
  
I swayed some more then turned and bent slightly, then, without totally considering how it would turn out let myself move backwards pressing my bum against Glen's chest. I pushed back fairly strongly and I could feel my round butt cheeks squash into him, I moved myself up and down slightly a few times, keeping up the pressure, then I reached back, supported my weight slightly on each of his thighs and let myself sink into his lap. Unlike with my foot earlier I couldn't exactly tell what was what beneath me, but it felt incredibly naughty and Glen's continued timid reactions kept spurring me on, he still hadn't moved to touch me himself in the slightest.  
  
I removed my hands, now sitting firmly on his lap, and reached down taking hold of both his arms just below the wrists. I'm not sure anyone really believed I would do it until it actually happened, but without much hesitation I placed his palms on my tits, pressing them against my hard nipples. I held them there for a few seconds and Glen eventually began to grip them himself, I raised my arms above my head and wiggled about on his lap, he left his hands in place for only a short time and few squeezes, but then returned them to his sides. I carried on for a moment, but then stood up.  
  
"Jesus, Glen, that's criminal." Brad seemed disgusted by his lack of gusto, but that was probably part of why I'd felt able to do it with him and not the others. If I'd done that with Mike I imagine he would have pawed my boobs until they bruised. There was also the way his hesitant nature made me feel more like with Tom and Jim the first few times, where it really seemed I was driving the pace to show off more.  
  
There was only one person left, and I knew what was going to happen when I danced for Geoff but at this stage it seemed both inevitable and desired. As I approached him, though, he got up from his chair rather than move to allow me to dance for him and I neared him slightly apprehensively.  
  
"I thought we might do the finale with you on the table, Yvette."  
  
He reached out to take my hand and I realised he was going to have me use his chair as a step up.  
  
"But, monsieur, will it be safe for me up zere?" This wasn't just my ingenue maid act, I was fairly unsure about dancing on a table.   
  
"Oh, certainly, this is solid wood. Up you get." He was absolutely no longer seeking my permission and raised my arm to guide me onto the chair, I climbed into place.  
  
Once I was up there it did seem like a solid table, and I began to dance again though now without moving my feet too much for fear of stepping off the edge. Geoff watched from where he was stood for a few moments before moving forwards and gesturing for me to approach him. I took one small step closer to the edge, a thrill ran through me as I thought about what he was about to do.  
  
"OK, Finally." Said Mike, no doubt a little put out at the attention I'd been giving to the others.  
  
I continued to slightly sway to the music as Geoff placed his hands on either side of my body, I kept my arms up slightly and to the sides, moving them as well, I wasn't making any effort to cover myself. Geoff began to tug my knickers down quite slowly, I felt them slide down, my big round ass offering resistance for a while before the band slipped quickly off and over it all of a sudden. I felt them bunched at the top of my thighs, I looked down unsure if I was already completely on display.  
  
Geoff had let go of my knickers for the moment, and now brought his right hand up to the front of them and pulled them out and down slightly, giving himself a private view of my neatly trimmed pubic hair and pussy from a few inches away. I continued to perform for him. Brad and Mike had both stood and drifted slightly round the table but still wouldn't have been able to see yet, though Glen was sat directly behind me and may have had some sort of view between my legs.  
  
"Don't be greedy, Geoff." Brad has his usual half mocking tone, but I'm sure was serious in his intent. After a few more seconds Geoff let my knickers snap back to where they'd been, just about concealing my pussy, but then again starting pulling the down at each side. I brought my legs closer together to make it a little easier for him and they were soon around my ankles, and then, as I lifted each foot, off completely.   
  
My eyes half closed again I went back to dancing more demonstratively, I imagined the scene as it might look to an observer, my matured teenage body accentuated rather than clothed in black stockings and garter, a small lace choker, the frilly, ribboned hat and nothing else. I could occasionally feel the two ribbons from the hat brushing across my back, it was the only article of clothing that I was aware of, the tight stockings long since just seeming like part of my skin.  
  
As I started looking again I could see that Mike and Brad were now also stood more-or-less on the same side of the table as Geoff, and all three were watching me dance naked for them. I decided to turn around, which would show them my ass and allow Glen his first glance at everything I had. He had indeed stayed in his chair and still wore a startled expression, but there was also a sort glassy eyed daze as he watched me slightly transfixed. This was pretty much the situation I'd imagined that morning as I rubbed the sun cream into my whole body, even if Glen looked half like he didn't want to be there he and the other three men weren't making any secret of how closely they were watching my nudity.  
  
I again started to run my hands over my body, at one point reaching behind me and squeezing and slightly separating my ass cheeks. I'd done it before, but it was only afterwards I realised that now I was totally naked I was probably offering a fairly intimate view to the men behind me. I was so far gone into the fantasy that it didn't slow me down in the slightest, the part of me that thought about it seemed so disconnected to my body's movements it was almost irrelevant.  
  
I turned back to face Geoff's side of the table again, needing my tits as I turned and thrusting my hips to one side and then the other. Various ways to display my body were brewing in my head when the atmosphere was pierced by the sound of a phone ringing. I stopped dancing, slightly startled, and everyone looked down at Geoff's mobile which was sat on the table by his chips. He picked it up, stepped over and muted the stereo and then took the call.  
  
"Hello, dear, how are you?"  
  
I stood awkwardly on the table, still naked as Geoff began a conversation with what was obviously his wife. Brad and Mike looked slightly embarrassed as well, though continued to mostly look at me as they drifted back to their places. Geoff was staring right at me with a serious expression as he continued to chat, seemingly talking about her journey to where ever it was she had gone and if her meetings had gone smoothly.  
  
I was slightly trapped, I was too high to easily get down unless someone offered me their chair and there was nothing to cover up with. As the seconds passed I became more and more embarrassed by my nudity in the now very ordinary and incongruous situation. I had unconsciously clasped both hands to my boobs, but as I noticed that I also realised that that pose still left my pussy on display for everyone. I shifted to one hand covering down below whilst the other tried to cover both breasts.  
  
Then, as the conversation went on some more I started to get slightly indignant and also embarrassed by my new embarrassment. How dare he suddenly become interested in his wife again, or so my slightly ridiculous thoughts went, and why should I be the one bothered by the situation if I hadn't been before. I tried to stand up a bit straighter and look like I was waiting impatiently but mostly comfortably, I dropped the hand from my tits though left the other in front of my pussy. I placed my now free hand on my hip and shifted my weight mostly onto one leg to try and stand more comfortably. All four men continued to mostly watch me, though I was now just a naked girl and not performing for them.  
  
"Yes, the guys are over, just playing a bit of Poker." Then a pause.  
  
"No, nothing too exciting, I think I've won a few small things here and there."  
  
Incredibly at this point he held up my knickers, which had been on the table by his phone and winked at me. His expression didn't change apart from that, though. Mike chuckled a little and I could feel the heat rising in me, if he carried on like this I was in danger of slightly losing it like I had with Tom and Jim after the pizza guy left yesterday. I knew I had to keep control as I'd probably give away the real situation to the rest of them if I did start a rant.  
  
I decided to turn round and see if Glen would help me off the table. He was still sat where he had been, I tried to whisper to him to say help me down but he didn't seem to understand and held a finger to his lips nervously. In exasperation I tried to gesture what I meant, pointing at his chair and then at the door out of the room towards the kitchen. Eventually he understood, but at this point I was once again not covering anything up much. Despite my now burning desire to get off the table and put my clothes back on it didn't seem to matter much who saw what of me in the process.

**Claire and Geoff part 8 (final)**

Glen got up and put his chair into a position I could use. I could see Mike in the corner of my eye making furious gestures at Glen to not help me, but he ignored that and held my hand as I stepped down. As I regained the floor I placed my hands on his shoulders and kissed him on the cheek in thanks, pressing my boobs into him in the process. My instincts to show off weren't completely gone. Then I gathered up the parts of my outfit that were around the room, my shoes and then the dress off the couch. I was vaguely aware of the view I must have presented as I did so, a naked girl in stockings gathering her once carelessly discarded clothing still on display for her audience even though the show was long since finished.  
  
I held the dress in front of my body, covering at least half of my nudity and approached Geoff who was still on the phone. I held out my hand for my knickers. He hesitated, but then gave them to me and I headed out to the kitchen where my change of clothing was. Thankfully no one followed, I had half expected Mike to do so.  
  
I quickly pulled on my new outfit, underwear and some normal jeans and a sensible top, and then took off the garter, hat and choker, stuffing them, along with the rest of the maid's outfit into the bag. As I'd hastily unclipped the hat I caused my hair to fall down loose. I also realised I hadn't taken off the stockings, but that didn't seem to matter now as I wouldn't undress again till I was back in my room. I slipped on my change of shoes too and thought about leaving.  
  
As I got back into the hall I wondered if I should say goodbye. My innate desire to be polite and my new found thrill to show off warred with the rising urge to bring this experience to an end. I tried to listen to see if the phone call was still going on, I could hear voices but not Geoff's which suggested it wasn't. I realised I couldn't just walk out so hesitatingly opened the door.  
  
"Well, look at that. Quite a transformation." That was Brad, looking at me thoughtfully.  
  
"Ahh, Cl.. I'm sorry, Yvette, nice of you to join us again."  
  
Brad now gave Geoff a quizzical look as I stepped just inside the door but didn't go any further.  
  
"Er, hello, I think I'll be going now." I was perhaps more nervous now than at any point, though possibly it's just that now all I was was nervous rather than nervous and excited.  
  
"She's not French!" Said Mike, in a mock astonished voice. At least I presumed it was a joke.  
  
"Amazing" Said Brad, sounding anything but amazed at that 'revelation'.  
  
"Yes, I suppose that's probably for the best. I'm sure you understand why I had to take that phone call, couldn't be helped I'm afraid."  
  
"Do we not need to pay this young lady?" Asked Brad.  
  
"No, that's all sorted already, isn't it Yvette?"  
  
"Yes, mons.." I stopped myself using my idiotic cod French. "Yes, it is."  
  
"I see, well, I hope we see you again, are you a regular for this 'agency'?" I don't know what Brad thought exactly, but I could definitely hear the scare quotes around the final word in his tone.  
  
"Oh, well, I suppose I do work for them from time to.."  
  
"I'm sure if we want Yvette to make another appearance I can get in touch." Geoff cut across me, though in a light, friendly voice as he walked towards the door presumably to show me out. Brad just nodded and let the topic drop. As I turned to leave I saw Glen still sat in his chair staring and Mike blowing me a kiss.  
  
In the hallway Geoff opened the door for me and I stepped through. I hesitated on the doorstep not quite knowing how I should say goodbye in the situation. Geoff behind me said goodnight and I turned and said it back. He looked at me for a moment then added. "Yes, really quite a remarkable girl. I'll be in touch."  
  
I nodded in thanks and nerves, still not knowing how to reply to that and started to make my way back to my car. I waited there in the side street till the other cars that had been on Geoff's drive passed by the end of the road, then gave it another ten minutes before driving slowly to my own house. My parents were already asleep and in ten more minutes I was in bed. I was exhausted but already beginning to get over the awkward ending and looking forward to hopefully reliving the whole night in my dreams.