**Claire and the Boys Next Door Ch. 05**

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That night at Geoff’s was the most intense experience I’d had yet, and whilst part of me wanted to relive it immediately I was also slightly overwhelmed. Without the heat of the moment it was so far beyond my every day mind frame that even a few seconds contemplation of what had happened made my heart race and my face flush. I never really strayed into feelings of regret, though, and even the awkwardness towards the end was mostly because people stopped paying me attention. I still had to put it right out of my mind to be able to sleep, saying to myself that I wouldn’t make plans to explore this new part of my life too quickly.  
  
I woke extremely early the next morning and once again lay in bed thinking. It was immediately a different story to the night before, I still felt the images creep into my mind all the time but now, just like previous times, the fear was going leaving just the excitement along with growing frustration that it was now only in my head. I wanted to be right back round there dancing for them, stripping for them. I was really becoming a boy’s dream, the perfect airhead or something, but I couldn’t even dwell on that particularly as the thoughts of last night crowded everything else out. I shook my head smiling to myself and figured a bit of breakfast might clear things. I was wrong.  
  
My parents had already left and as I ate a bowl a cereal I saw Tom’s Mum’s car drive past, presumably on the way to work. I should probably return the costume, I thought. I went through to the front room and checked if his Dad’s car was there, it wasn’t so he was home alone. It had been an innocent thought at first but almost immediately a further idea entered my head, I should go round there wearing the outfit shouldn’t I? It was the least I could do to thank him for lending it to me.  
  
As soon as it occurred to me I knew I’d do it, in this sort of mood it was pointless to imagine otherwise. Besides all I was doing was wearing an outfit, Tom was on his own and easily the meekest of the guys I’d shown off for. I’d take another outfit with me, show off a little and then change in a bathroom before being on my way. Maybe I’d let him see the underwear. Maybe. I quickly headed upstairs knowing that if I thought about this too much my story might begin to unravel. It was better to just act.  
  
As I started getting dressed the outfit already felt like an old friend, the stockings, the cheap frilly knickers, and, of course, the short, black fake satin dress that hugged my breasts so tightly. After those I pulled on the garter, arranging it so it sat just under my skirt but above the stocking top, tied the apron tightly around my waist and settled the cap in my hair. I looked at myself in the mirror as I had yesterday, the sight still took my breath away but I realised there was still something missing. A quick fumble in the bag found the choker and I fastened it around my neck with the bell at the front.  
  
As I stared at my boobs pressed together and straining at the fabric I wondered if I dared take a few pictures. If I did what would I do with them? I bet there are places online that would love something like that. Posting myself online was another new and very dangerous idea, I knew I didn’t want to go there yet so I shoved some normal underwear, a pair of jeans and a pretty conservative top into my bag and headed downstairs.  
  
Until I got to the front door I’d been intending to wear the same coat as last night but my new, naughty mood wanted to not bother. I again went and peered out of the front room window, the street looked as deserted as ever. I’d be round there in seconds and if Geoff saw me, who cares? I still couldn’t believe it as I headed to the door, my stomach was starting to feel the excitement and I was already in that weird state where I just did things even as most of me seemed to think it was a crazy, terrifying idea. Quick as a flash, though, I was outside a locked door wearing nothing but a french maid outfit only really fit for the bedroom.  
  
I was still largely invisible from the street at my door and I wondered which way I would go. I realised that in my heels I’d never move very fast but if I took my shoes off then I couldn’t take the short cut through the gardens. Opting for speed I slipped off my footwear and set off.  
  
I couldn’t see anyone as I crept to the end of my drive, I was going slowly at that point as I figured the only way I’d be surprised is by a car and the longer I was near my house the easier it would be to retreat if I heard an engine. At the end of the drive, though, it was the point of no return. I still hesitated, I could feel the slight breeze all over my body. I supposed I was more covered than in the bikini but that was easy to explain, I had no idea what I might say to a passer by whilst dressed like a sex fantasy.  
  
Just as I wondered if I was frozen in place I realised that numerous people could be watching from a window and I’d never realise, that spurred me into action and I set off at a brisk walk. Almost immediately I did hear a car, I sped up, even jogging a little. I felt my boobs bounce. Tom’s drive was tantalisingly close, surely I could make it!  
  
I didn’t. I heard and then saw the car pass me a few steps from the turn to Tom’s, I was treated to surprised glances from a suburban woman and, most intently, her husband in the passenger seat on the side nearest me. She was slightly outraged, he seemed delighted and I couldn’t help but pause as he craned his head backwards as they drove off, letting him have as good a look as he could. It wasn’t really much but it probably made his day.  
  
I shook my head to myself as I headed down the drive. Our estate was a dead end but there were plenty of houses and the people were total strangers. I didn’t think anything could come of it, just a good story for him at work, an argument with his wife later and an undeniable thrill for me. As I headed down the drive the thought occurred of finding his house and putting on a teasing show at the window later, assuming I could get him alone. It was a nice fantasy for a few moments but I didn’t think it would be even possible to find the window. I chuckled, I really was obsessed with the idea of showing off at the moment.  
  
I was soon mostly hidden and stood at Tom’s door. I quickly thought through again if there was any chance his parents would be home but it still seemed a tiny risk, both cars were gone and I knew they worked normal office hours. I made sure everything was in place, put my shoes back on and rang the bell.  
  
It took a little while but I heard sounds from inside, Tom was probably having a lie in. I wondered if he’d even bother to open up if he wasn’t expecting anyone but soon enough I could hear someone starting to open the door. I was briefly incredibly nervous that it would be his Dad stood there but I soon saw Tom’s face which took on a familiar startled expression.  
  
“Surprise!” I threw my arms out in a cheesy pose.  
  
“Claire, what are you.. err.” He quickly looked behind him and then turned back looking even more terrified than he often did during our ‘adventures’. He seemed lost for words and didn’t even step back to let me in.  
  
“Well, that wasn’t quite the greeting I was..”  
  
“Who is it, Tom?”  
  
I now froze too, the shout came from inside and very close. Tom continued to look scared but reached out to presumably close the door.  
  
“Sorry, you’d better get..”  
  
“Is it Jim or someone ... oh, wow.”  
  
It was too late, before Tom even got the door halfway shut another guy about my age, presumably a friend of Tom’s, stepped into view. He was staring at me.  
  
“Surprise!” I was so scared that although it made no sense I’d repeated what I’d done for Tom when he opened the door. The new guy watched bemused, then turned to Tom.  
  
“Did someone order you a strippergram?!”  
  
“I, er, well...” Tom didn’t have a clue what to say. I figured I needed to say something.  
  
“Well, messieurs, someone did ask me to come round ‘ere zis morning.” Yvette from last night came back to me in a flash, at least it explained the outfit.  
  
“Wow, did \*you\* order one or something?” Tom’s friend was sounding less shocked and more excited with each sentence. “It looks like a good idea.” He stepped back from the door and Tom followed. “Come in.”  
  
I didn’t know what to do but stepped into the house in a daze. As the new boy looked away for a moment I made eye contact with Tom, his face was pure confusion and he shook his head suggesting he hadn’t a clue what might come next. I had hoped he’d come up with some explanation but it didn’t seem as if he’d do anything. I supposed it was understandable given the circumstances being thrust on him.  
  
The new guy had gone into the front room and sat down on a sofa, I and Tom followed. I stood nervously and Tom milled about beside me.  
  
“So, er, what’s your name?”  
  
“It is Yvette, m’sieur.”  
  
“Oh, right, I’m Alex.”  
  
“Pleased to meet you, Alex.” I curtsied.  
  
“And this is Tom, the guy who organised this, or you ... I, guess.” He ended the sentence with an upwards inflexion, looking at his friend.  
  
“Oh, yes, hi.” Tom ridiculously stuck out his hand to me, it seemed he was going with this. I couldn’t quite believe it but I shook his hand.  
  
“Pleased to meet you too, Tom.” I said, turning my body slightly so my face ended up hidden from Alex. I mouthed “what are you doing?” I again got a confused silent shrug, though his nerves did seem a bit more under control.  
  
“So, er do you dance here or do we need to set something up or...” What had started like a confident sentence trailed away. “Sorry, I don’t really know what’s going on I guess.” Alex looked at me expectantly.  
  
“I am just zee maid.” I had no plan but the coy act from last night seemed best, at least I hadn’t yet said that yes I was a stripper.  
  
“Oh, right.” There was another awkward silence, after a very short time I felt the need to break it.  
  
“What shall I do, sir?” I addressed it to Tom, if he was going to pretend he’d ordered me somehow then he needed to figure this out. As he looked at me I started to become conscious of the situation for the first time, how I looked and how they were looking at me. I could see Alex running his eyes up and down my body now I wasn’t addressing him and Tom was stealing glances at my breasts even as he wondered what to say.  
  
“Well, you can just tidy up the front room for now, Yvette.”  
  
I was fairly surprised by this, as was Alex I guessed, but I was happy to comply for now. “Oui, m’sieur.” I looked about, there wasn’t much to do but there were breakfast things on the coffee table. I started to tidy them up.  
  
Alex gestured to Tom and they walked over to the other side of the room and started whispering. I carried on fussing with the plates pretending nothing was amiss.  
  
“What’s going on, is she a, y’know? Did you get her to come?”  
  
“Well, er, I guess I got her to come.”  
  
“What does that mean?” I was wondering the same thing, he would have to pick a story soon.  
  
“It’s, er.. I’m not quite sure what she’ll do. It, um, just said a sexy french maid would come round, and, well, that sounded alright.”  
  
“Well, sure, she’s gorgeous.” I could see both boys have a look at me, I couldn’t help but make sure my knickers were visible to them as I bent over the coffee table.  
  
“But, I mean, where did you find the advert? A sexy French maid? She’s got to be a dancer, doesn’t she? Was it on craigslist or something?”  
  
“Yeah, that’s right.” Tom seized on it a bit too quickly I thought, but Alex seemed satisfied.  
  
“Well, she’s must be something, I’ve heard they have all kinds of stuff on there. How much did you have to pay?” I wasn’t sure where this was heading but kept ‘working’.  
  
“Oh, I, er, had to give a few hundred dollars. I used my Dad’s credit card, it said they were ‘discreet’ and I bet he never even notices, he uses it for everything and my Mum is always going on at him to pay more attention to finances.” He was babbling still.  
  
“Well, two hundred dollars is way too much for a cleaner, isn’t it? How long for?”  
  
“Erm, I think it was for the morning, till 1 or so.”  
  
“Yeah, way too much and she must know what she looks like, I bet she’s just waiting for us to get things started.”  
  
“She maybe just likes the act, the accent and that.” Tom was getting into it, I was slowly starting to realise exactly what was happening and what the boys were expecting of me. I picked up the dishes feeling a familiar hot, embarrassed yet delicious sensation as I walked past them to the kitchen. I could almost feel them staring at my body as I passed.  
  
“That outfit is great, Yvette.”  
  
“Merci.” I curtsied again in front of them, bending forwards so my cleavage was even more prominent, then I carried on.  
  
“So, shall I go wake Matt, he’s still asleep?”  
  
I finally realised what must be going on, Tom had had a few friends over who’d obviously stayed the night in a spare room.  
  
“Might as well.”  
  
Alex headed upstairs and I looked over at Tom. He headed over quickly and started whispering very quietly. “What are you doing?”  
  
“I thought I was just returning the outfit!”  
  
“Yeah, but turning up dressed like that, what was I to do?”  
  
“I thought you’d be pleased, it was supposed to be a thank you. Not an invitation to have me show off for your friends!” I think we both realised that was bit silly, obviously me choosing to come round dressed like this was precisely so I could show off.  
  
“He saw you, what could I say? I mean, you really do look like you’re a stripper, you know.” He stepped back looking me up and down.  
  
We both looked at each other. “So, what now? Are you really going to make me perform for them?” I was already speaking like it was out of my hands.  
  
“Well, I guess you could leave now.” Tom barely finished the sentence it was so hesitant. “If you had to, though, it’s just.. it would be hard to explain if you did and..”  
  
“What are you saying?! I have to get naked just to save you a bit of embarrassment?!” I was trying to sound as indignant as possible whilst whispering.  
  
“I didn’t really say.. er, I mean, I don’t know if you need to get naked. Maybe take the dress off and..” he trailed off again staring at my body.  
  
“Oh, well, I guess I \*could\* just dance and..”  
  
“Though, perhaps you’re right. 200 is a lot isn’t it?” Tom wasn’t going to let my good idea slip past.  
  
“You haven’t paid anything!”  
  
“No, but they think I have, and I reckon that’s probably what they’d expect from your outfit anyway.” He paused, continuing to stare at my body under the tight, black dress. “Yeah,” he continued, “your idea is best, Claire, you should take everything off.”  
  
“Oh, OK, well if you decide I need to strip for them I guess it’s fine!” I loved these conversations and of course the shock and fear was all there for real anyway, I’d never met these two guys and I was about to give them a show. I changed from angry to a bit desperate. “Isn’t there another story we can tell? Pleaseee!”  
  
Tom was looking more sure of himself by the second. “I don’t think so, Claire. I can’t think of one.”  
  
“Can’t I keep my knickers on at least?” I looked down at my already fairly exposed body, I was just whining now. “I mean, you only saw me naked for a little while the other day and I don’t know your friends at all.”  
  
“You’ll be fine.” He grinned. “We saw you for a good few minutes without your clothes on and you look fantastic. I’m sure the other guys will think so too.”  
  
It was settled, then, I was about to take my clothes off for them. “But how long will I have to do it for? It’s ages till one o’clock!”  
  
“Oh, I don’t know. We’ll see.” Tom was glancing to the stairs and seemed distracted, that wasn’t something he wanted to answer and I couldn’t blame him. It was a genuine worry on my part, though, as I’m sure we were both realising that I’d probably do it for as long as they told me to. The whole situation was almost fantastical to me even if I had just danced the night before, it was so quick and there didn’t seem a big chance of interruption. Last night my naked performance was the culmination of the evening, not simply the first act. The idea was slowly becoming real and made me feel ever so slightly sick, but it didn’t stop the excitement.  
  
As he turned back I saw a glint of the guy who smacked my arse yesterday. “Besides, there’s no time anyway.” He almost winked as he stepped back and shouted. “Guys, come on down, Yvette is waiting for you!” He then grinned as I just glared, half pretending to be and half actually quite angry with him.  
  
“Toooommmm!” I whispered his name in a groan but I didn’t make the slightest move to leave.  
  
He shouted again. “She’s ready to show you how she really does her job!” There were noises from upstairs Alex and Matt were seemingly on their way.  
  
“Off you go Yvette, there’s a good girl.” He patted my bum to get me moving back into the front room. I gave him a final look of indignation and annoyance but took my heels off in preparation to dance and went through anyway. I even let him lightly cup my bum on the way. As ever despite my inner thoughts I acted as eager to please as if I were exactly what Alex thought. I tried to get back into character as I heard them come down the stairs, from now on I would have to be Yvette the French maid again. Well, ‘Yvette’ the stripper who was dressed like a French maid.  
  
“Jesus, I didn’t believe it, but there you are!” The new guy was obviously Matt.  
  
“So, what’s going on, is it all sorted?” That was Alex again, still looking slightly nervous but hopeful. They both settled on the sofa.  
  
“Yeah, I was just checking what Yvette could do for us and I think I’ve sorted something.” I’d still been unsure exactly how this was going to go but Tom didn’t seem like he was wasting any time. With Jim away Tom was having to step up a bit more, but he was still the same guy really, even when he was more forceful he had a cheeky, goofy charm.  
  
“So, is she going to dance for us?” Matt was already sat with his arms splayed out like he owned the place and had women perform for him every day. He was possibly more one of Jim’s friends.  
  
Alex looked at him slightly shocked but was obviously pleased the question was asked. They both watched expectantly.  
  
“Well, if zat is what you would like me to do?” I looked brightly about, an obedient, willing servant.  
  
“I should think so.” Matt again, totally confident.  
  
“Yes, that’s right, Yvette. Shall I put some music on for you?” Tom was back to being as polite as ever.  
  
“Yes, please. And, er, you said you might want me to take some of my uniform off aussi?” I let some of my nervousness creep in now.  
  
“That’s the idea, babe.” Said Matt.  
  
“Err, well, yes, Yvette, I think so.” Tom was starting to sound nervous again.  
  
“OK, m’sieur. I will take off my apron and maybe my stockings, if you ‘ave the luck, eh?.” I giggled and tried to look about to start.  
  
Alex whispered to Tom. “Is she really a stripper? Is this OK?” He sounded unsure, I didn’t really know what I was doing but getting them to spell out to me what I had to do felt incredible.  
  
Tom continued. “Well, Yvette, more than that, I think.”  
  
“Everything off, even the panties.” Matt chuckled at this. “I mean, if you’re wearing them.”  
  
“Oh, m’sieur! You want me to, ‘ow you say, be nuded for you?!”  
  
“Yeah, ‘nuded’, that’s right.” Matt laughed, I guess he just thought I was a performer putting on an act. Mostly I was, I think.  
  
“Yes, Yvette, that’s why we want you to dance, really. No need to be worried, I’ll go start the music.”  
  
“But I couldn’t! I am just a maid!”  
  
“Yeah, right.” Matt sounded sceptical.  
  
Tom looked like his confidence might be shaken, I found myself wondering if I hadn’t pushed it too far.  
  
He took a moment. “Yes, Yvette, you’re the maid and we’re your employers, so I don’t think you should be questioning us.” It seemed I was wrong, Tom had had enough of this particular role play. “You can start now and if you need some help to take any of your clothes off I’m sure one of us will give it.”

Matt looked delighted at this development, I looked nervously at the floor and at this point it wasn’t much of an act. Although the thought of leaving had never really occurred to me as the moment approached I was still feeling a little bit like normal Claire in an outfit. I found myself hoping I could still put on a show feeling like this, which at least made me realise how much I did still want to put on a show for them. The sight of three guys just gawping at my body slightly entranced was starting to work its magic.  
  
“Oui, m’sieur, you are ze boss. I ‘ope you like my dance.” I curtsied for them to signal my acceptance.  
  
Alex and Tom were mostly nervously expectant whilst Matt just seemed expectant. I walked to the middle of the room, Tom started fiddling with a laptop that was hooked to the stereo. I swayed a little before the sounds of a recent pop song started, it had a fairly decent beat and was very danceable. If anything it was a bit too fast.  
  
I tried to start slowly but just following the music meant I had to move quite energetically. For now I didn’t do anything with my outfit, figuring that the tight, short dress would already make the sight of me dancing a pleasant one for them. I could immediately feel my breasts bouncing and jiggling and my skirt flipped up constantly as my body moved, the boys would soon be familiar with my frilly knickers if they weren’t already.  
  
First I danced towards Tom, and seeing his now familiar look of contentment gave me a little more confidence. I smiled at him and bent low letting him look down my cleavage as I shook my body, it felt like a nipple was possibly already out in the open. As I straightened up I looked down and there it was stiff and just above the top of the dress. I did pop it back in as I turned my back to Tom even as with what was about to happen it was a bit pointless.  
  
I thought about approaching one of the others but I felt Tom take hold of the apron straps and tug, he obviously still thought I was going too slowly. I let him undo the knot as I danced in place and he lowered the white cloth to the floor. As he brought his hands upwards he ran them lightly up the back of my legs. In the past that might have been it for Tom but his new found confidence with me carried on as he lifted my skirt, exposing all of the thin panties stretched across my round butt. I carried on dancing and swaying my arse. As he held the skirt up for a few seconds I couldn’t help but think of Geoff pulling those same knickers down last night, I half wondered if Tom was so impatient he would do that right now.  
  
“Oh, m’sieur, you must let me take something off myself.” I looked back round at him, he let go of the dress a few moments later and I moved away.  
  
I decided I did indeed want to take my clothes off myself today, being stripped by the men last night was an experience but it was time for something new. If that was to happen, though, I probably needed to get on with it, Tom had already set a precedence and it was likely Matt at least would try and get involved with the performance. The idea of not going near him was one of those vague notions that seemed impossible in the heat of the moment, of course I would give him a bit of closer attention when the time came, that was inevitable.  
  
Alex shuffled in his seat which was enough to make me dance towards him now, I jiggled in front of him which caused him to sit up. I danced between his legs for a moment running my hands up and down my body and squeezing my tits, but at his first hesitant reach towards me I took a small step back wagging a finger lightly.  
  
“I can manage eet, m’sieur” I smiled, and, staying very close to him I reached backwards and began to slide the zip down at the back. I heard Matt mutter something to my side but didn’t pay him attention for the moment.  
  
I held the dress at the front but let go of the zip when I felt it all go pretty loose. From what I remembered it would probably drop off my breasts but stay around my waist until I, or someone else, pulled it off. I realised that what a lot of guys probably thought were my best features, my rather large boobs, were going to make an entrance very early in proceedings, but not having a bra on there wasn’t much I could do.  
  
I did try to add a bit of tease, I looked right at Alex and asked quietly “Are you ready, m’sieur?” Then I mouthed ostentatiously “un, deux, trois” and after ‘trois’ I dropped the dress but tried to keep my arms at either side of my breasts so that, for now, only Alex saw everything. The I giggled, covered both nipples with my hands and spun around away from all of them. I could feel that the dress had indeed stopped fairly low on my waist so I was still only naked from there upwards, apart from the hat and choker of course.  
  
“Oh, come on, stop teasing!” Matt sounded like he was having fun but was still impatient.  
  
I danced with my back to them for a few seconds keeping my hands where they were, then I reached up and clasped my hands above my head, I could feel my boobs swaying about freely now and the air across them. It felt great, as did the anticipation of turning to show off for the eager boys behind me. I closed my eyes and spun round.  
  
Matt was the first to react. “Jesus christ, just look at those.”  
  
I must have been close to the zone now as that comment caused me to open my eyes and turn towards him. I continued to dance slightly but looked at him, then down at my boobs, then back at the cocky boy’s face. “Do you like zem, m’sieur?”  
  
“Fuck, yes.”  
  
“‘ow about now?” I moved closer to him and as I went bounced them 4 or 5 times in a very blatant manner. I then giggled as I continued my dance now stood, as for Tom and Alex earlier, between his legs. He finally looked up at my face.  
  
“I thought you were ‘just a maid’?”  
  
“Maybe I ‘ave done something like zis before.”  
  
“I bet you have with that body. If you hadn’t it’d be a criminal waste.”  
  
I turned intending to do as I’d done with Alex and move away when he inevitably reached for my legs or ass, but Matt wasn’t Alex and within a few seconds he’d grasped me forcefully by the waist and pulled me down onto his lap. My bum plopped into place and I gasped a 100% genuine gasp.  
  
“Don’t stop dancing now, Yvette.” He said next to my ear, his hands still holding each hip firmly. He wasn’t really preventing me from getting up, but he was making it difficult.  
  
“Oh, m’sieur, I’ave not done \*zis\* before!”  
  
“You’ll work it out.”  
  
I could already feel him pressing into my bum as I started to move, still trying to keep some sort of time to the music. As I slid around on top of him the pressure grew and became pretty unmistakable, I can’t say it was unpleasant and it was pretty obvious positive feedback on my performance.  
  
After about a minute or so he shifted his hands quickly and groped both of my breasts, squeezing and rubbing before I properly realised what was happening. By then I had dropped my own arms to the sofa to support myself a bit in his lap, so I could only use my hands to stop him if I also let myself again drop fully onto his groin. From what was pressing into my bum by now I was worried that might hurt him so I let him have the freedom of my body for the moment, though I did formulate a plan.  
  
“What does m’sieur think I will take off next?”  
  
He did relax his grip on my tits a little bit to contemplate this.  
  
“Well, your dress I reckon.”  
  
“Oh, m’sieur, you are too predictable!” This unexpected response made him pause and relax even more and I was able to clamber up quickly out of his grasp.  
  
“Where are you going?”  
  
“Patience.” I said as I once again made my way over to Tom. My breasts felt incredible after the attention they’d received at the hands of Matt, the nipples stiff and almost sore with excitement. The hardness just emphasised their pertness which was still visible despite their size, the hours I’d spent looking at my body in the mirror and fantasising really let me see myself from the boy’s perspective as I did stuff like this, which just excited me more and more.  
  
I danced even more enthusiastically now in front of Tom, running my hands up my sides and lifting my dress as I went to expose the front of my knickers to him. Then I reached up and plucked the hat from my hair, shaking my hair completely loose in the process. It fell about my shoulders, and I flipped my head down and then back up to throw it around even more. It was the sort of thing I’d seen strippers do and I imagined something that guys liked.  
  
Tom lightly gripped the sides of my legs as I danced but didn’t try anything more, I imagine he was trapped between wanting to emulate Matt and fear of provoking me to move on. I asked him the same question I’d asked earlier. “And you, m’sieur, what do you think I will remove now?”  
  
“Oh, well, if it’s not your dress.. maybe your stockings?”  
  
“Wrong again.” I giggled and moved back to stand in front of all three of them. The idea had come to me earlier as I sat on Matt’s lap, I again turned my back to them and reached under my dress making sure to pull high enough to expose most of the back of my knickers. Then, with movements as obvious as possible, I hooked both thumbs into the waist band of my panties. I pulled them down just a ltitle bit, then stopped and turned my head round to the guys.  
  
“Zese are what I was thinking of, but maybe you boys are right and it is too vite?”  
  
Surprisingly Matt kept quiet and it was Alex who managed a, “No, no, that would be great Yvette!”  
  
“I thought so” and I turned my head back round. I made sure my legs were quite tightly pressed together and then I went for it, pulling the knickers down fairly quickly and bending at the waist so that the skirt didn’t hide my bum at all. I held the pose for a few seconds then straightened up and stepped out of my panties. The skirt would just about keep me decent if I stayed still, but I wasn’t really going to be staying that still.  
  
I span fairly vigorously, I’m sure giving a brief flash to the three of them as I went, then I threw the knickers at Tom who caught them. I had come round to return the outfit after all.  
  
“Get over here.” Said Matt, probably wanting to try what we’d done earlier with less fabric between my bum and him. I again wagged a finger. “It ees not your turn.” I danced over to Alex instead.  
  
My plan hadn’t really extended beyond thinking how exciting it would feel to be in a tiny skirt with no knickers, and whilst that was definitely true I did now wonder how exactly to dance for him. If he dared repeat what Tom had done earlier, for example, then the tease factor would be non existent.  
  
Alex didn’t immediately reach to expose me and I danced as I had for Tom for a few seconds, but the urge to push things further was ever present by now. I held my dress against my leg to try and stay decent-ish and placed my right foot on his knee. I nodded towards my garter which was on that side.  
  
“Per’aps I can let m’sieur remove one thing for me.”  
  
“Oh, right.” Alex looked down and seemed to understand what I meant, I smiled as he slid his hands up my thigh to take hold of it, making lots of unnecessary contact with both sides of my leg. As he started to slowly slide it down I continued.  
  
“Oh, ees my dress in ze way?”  
  
Alex stopped, not quite thinking fast enough to reply immediately. Obviously it wasn’t in the way at all, but obviously he wanted to know what I might do. I helped him out.  
  
“I will move it for you.”  
  
Keeping the skirts pressed to my body quite tightly I slipped them up even further, exposing my legs to my hips. I ended up with just one hand in front clasping it between my legs, the other holding the skirt high at the back to expose most of my bum.  
  
“Ees zat better?”  
  
Alex nodded and got back to slipping the garter down my leg, as he neared the end I repeated a trick I’d used the night before and let my stockinged foot slip from his knee to his groin. He again stopped as the garter reached my ankle, I guess not wanting to disturb the position. I moved my foot a little wiggling my toes, there was something there but nothing like Matt had been. I tried for a cheeky giggle.  
  
“I can do better zan zat.” Then I lifted my foot and arched it in front of him whilst he removed the garter completely.  
  
I moved back to the middle of the room, let my dress fall back naturally but then started to dance without paying any attention to it. Or at least without touching it, I certainly thought a lot about when I might be briefly exposed. The song had moved on to another recent hit a little while earlier, and as I moved and bounced to the rhythm I paid close attention to the feel of the frilly underskirts on my legs. Sometimes a boy’s reaction would give away that I’d been on display for a moment and a further shiver of excitement would run through me. Normal Claire controlling my actions was a very distant worry now.  
  
There was something inevitable about me taking the skirt off in front of Matt, I told myself it was just the way it had worked out (it was his turn) but I’m sure it was all part of what drove me. I wondered what he might do as I approached, I didn’t want to be pulled on to him immediately so I kept a small distance and thought about how to lose my last piece of covering. There was something to be said for simplicity but also for continuing to involve the boys with questions.  
  
I stopped moving, grasped each side of the dress about my waist and wiggled my hips a few times whilst looking right at Matt who returned my gaze incredibly seriously.  
  
“Do you want zes off?” I tried to enunciate each word separately.  
  
Matt didn’t change his expression much but said quickly. “Yes”.  
  
I then tried to sound casual. “OK,” and I tugged the dress down which fell quickly to the floor after it cleared my hips. I stood still for a few seconds, hands on hips and still staring at Matt as his eyes lowered to my neatly trimmed public hair and exposed pussy.  
  
As he finally looked up I turned to Tom. “OK m’sieur, as you can see I have danced until I am nuded.” I did still have the stockings and choker on but I figured they wouldn’t mind, I liked the way they made my nakedness look and I guessed the guys probably did too.  
  
To his credit although Tom had been gawping at my body as much as Matt he answered quickly. “Don’t stop there Yvette, you can carry on dancing.”  
  
“Oui, m’sieur.” It was the answer I’d expected and I carried on, this time mostly sticking to the space between all three and not giving any special attention. I found dancing completely naked for them amazing. Without having to worry or think about which parts of me were or weren’t exposed or how I would be removing the next item, I was able to just move to the music. Also, whilst earlier I’d been worried about this performance being only the beginning and not the finale, it seemed that that fact also relaxed me. Being totally nude for them was just as exciting as it always was, but if the few other occasions had felt like something that needed to be ended very quickly to preserve its mystique, this time I knew there was no way that was happening so I could really explore the sensation.  
  
There was also the purely physical side, feeling my body move without clothes, seeing and feeling the bounces and poses that the boys were enraptured by. I bounced my tits blatantly again a few times, making eye contact with one of them as I did so. I even turned and bent at the waist very briefly a few times in a way that I know left me very exposed. It was just for a second or less but still the sort of thing I’d even been nervous about including in my fantasies as it was so revealing. It made my heart race and my stomach plunge, but after I’d dared to do it once I couldn’t help but repeat it a couple more times.  
  
After two or maybe three songs of me dancing naked an advert came on breaking the mood, it seemed Tom was using some free music streaming service. I stopped again and the boys relaxed a little bit from the attentive poses they’d held whilst watching me. We all seemed aware of our surrounding again and I laughed nervously.  
  
“Was zat OK?”  
  
Tom got up to stop the annoying advert, whilst Matt responded on all their behalves. “It was great. It’s not over, though, is it? I hope not.”  
  
Alex cut in. “Well, Tom said he’d paid till one o’clock, so we’ve still a few hours I think.”  
  
“Er, yeah, that’s right.” Tom was still by the laptop, I realised he might soon start another run of music. I didn’t imagine they were about to let me get dressed, but I did need a break.  
  
“But I cannot dance like zees all zat time, I am tired!” Although this was exactly how I really felt I still channelled the slightly bratty persona I seemed to like using in these situations.  
  
“Too bad,” said Matt, “and maybe you want to dance a bit closer this time.”  
  
I stuck my tongue out at him, even then he didn’t really smile. It seemed he absolutely did just expect me to keep dancing.  
  
I could see Alex from the corner of my eye still running his gaze up and down my body. I was standing without covering anything of importance, I was trying to seem natural but was finding there wasn’t really too natural a way to be naked in a room with three guys. I shifted my weight and looked at him.  
  
“You will let me ‘ave a rest, won’t you, m’sieur?”  
  
He looked up at my face for the first time in a while. “Oh, yes.” He looked at Tom. “She probably does need one.”  
  
Once again I couldn’t quite leave things there. “Can I put my uniform back on, or must I remain like zis?” I looked at Tom expectantly.  
  
“Oh, I think you should stay like that, Yvette.”  
  
“Oui, m’sieur.” I sighed slightly exaggeratedly. “It is a good thing it’s warm in ‘ere.” I walked over and sat next to Alex, Matt was on the other side of the right angled sofa. I fanned my face with a hand I’m sure causing my boobs to move about. “I am so chaud, after that!”.  
  
“Just look at that body,” said Matt, doing just that. “It’s amazing, how big are those? D cup or something I bet.” He whistled. I felt his gaze on my nakedness and I looked down at what he was looking at, without the music and the dancing a bit of the reality of situation was creeping back and I felt the embarrassment that was always there rise a little. Part of me wanted to cover up but part of me wanted to show him more closely what he’d just described.  
  
He continued, though. “And that waist, it’s tiny, you can even see your ribs when you stretch up. Fuck, how do you end up a door-to-door stripper with a body like that?”  
  
I smiled nervously still fighting the competing urges. “Merci, m’sieur.”  
  
“Her bum’s awesome too, isn’t it?” Said Tom enthusiastically. “So round but firm, I love the way it looks when she’s in heels.”  
  
“Eh, she’s not wearing any?”  
  
“Oh, right, just when she came in earlier. I saw it under her skirt.” He trailed off a bit. “It was awesome.” I figured he’d get away with it just because how could you expect the others to guess the truth?  
  
Tom sat down next to me on the other side to Alex, I smiled at him. I wondered what we’d do now, would we just make small talk with me naked till they managed to persuade me to dance again? How long could I hold out? How long did I want to?  
  
Alex chimed in “Well, two hours. We should maybe invite some other people over, they’d be gutted to miss this.” He looked at me nervously as if I was maybe about to object.  
  
“Yeah, I suppose so, she could do another full performance.” Matt was talking himself round to it. I didn’t know how I felt about this but didn’t know how to object. Presumably dancers didn’t get to pick their audience.  
  
“Is Jim about?” Alex asked Tom.  
  
“No, he went away with his folks this morning, it’s why he wasn’t here last night.”  
  
“Too bad, he’d have loved this.”  
  
“Oh yeah, definitely”, said Tom. I laughed internally, that was probably an understatement, though I also started to consider how annoyed he’d be sharing me with some many of his friends. I wondered what the fallout of him hearing this story might be.

Although they talked as I weren’t there the boys were mostly looking at me. I tried to seem self absorbed but also would smile at them if we happened to make eye contact, I was still mostly enjoying the situation.  
  
“Well, we need to ask Paul for sure, he’d love it.” That was Matt.  
  
“I’ll call him,” said Alex, standing up. “Ha, remember what he always used to say when we’d come round here and play GTA 5.”  
  
Tom laughed and cut in. “Yeah, it could almost happen today. It would blow his mind.” The guys laughed about their in joke. Then Tom continued enthusiastically. “In fact, why not, we could set it up.”  
  
“Well, yeah, I guess, but why would we play video games with her here?” Matt pointed at me and I smiled for them.  
  
“I know how.” Tom turned to me and said, “Yvette, you must have brought a change of clothes with you, didn’t you?”  
  
“Oui, m’sieur, for going ‘ome afterwards.”  
  
“And you’d be OK pretending to be, er, just a friend for a while would you?”  
  
I had no clue where this was headed now, but nodded.  
  
“Right, well, Alex get him to come over and Yvette go put your other clothes on.”  
  
“Wooah!” Matt wasn’t pleased. “Why on earth would you ask her to cover up?”  
  
“It won’t be for long, and it’ll be fun. Besides, I’m paying.”  
  
“Fine.” He waved an arm to signal aggrieved acceptance.  
  
I stood up as Alex went out to make the phonecall, I’d left my bag in the kitchen.  
  
“At least let me see that ass again on the way out.” I smiled at Matt and turned to show him what he wanted, making sure to move it about as I walked out. I heard Matt give a few claps as I shut the door.  
  
Alex was stood on the phone in the kitchen, he watched me closely as I walked in and found my bag. Someone obviously answered at the other end as I looked about for a place to change. As Alex started small talk with his friend I decided to just dress where I was in front of him. First I pulled off each stocking then, as he continued talking nonchalantly, I pulled out my knickers, a white thong, and held them up. I smiled at him and then started to put both feet in and pull them up. I could feel him staring intently as he vaguely asked his friend what he was up to, paused and then added, “oh, nothing much”, in reply.  
  
I turned and let him watch my ass as I tugged on the tight jeans, needing several goes along with a few bounces to get them in place. At that point he was telling Paul to why not head over, there was a bunch of people here and they might get up to something, maybe. Then I turned back round to give him a final view of my breasts before putting on a bra. He hung up just as I picked it out of the bag. I stopped, holding it in one hand and asked if his call had been successful.  
  
“Yeah, he’ll be here in 5 minutes or so. He just lives a few streets over.” He was dutifully trying to keep eye contact but failing, stealing glances at my still exposed tits every second or so. I didn’t mind, of course, but figured I’d end his torment for now. As I snapped the bra in place Tom also headed into the room. He nodded to Alex as he left, then turned to me.  
  
“Wow, Claire, that was great!”  
  
“Well, I would hope so, but what’s going on now?”  
  
“Oh, well, I figured this would be more interesting than just having you do a repeat show. Not that that wouldn’t have been great, but..”  
  
I looked at him trying to resurrect the aggrieved person from earlier, but after what I’d just done for them I found it difficult. “So, I guess I need to stay till one o’clock, do I?! You know, for your ‘story’.” I sounded more slightly ironic than pissed off.  
  
“Yeaaah..” Tom hesitated, looking at me, trying to gauge how much I really was annoyed. “I mean, you’re doing fine, they love you.”  
  
“Tom, I was always pretty sure that three teenage boys would enjoy watching me strip for them. That wasn’t really the issue.”  
  
“I guess.”  
  
“How have I got myself in to this?! I mean, I’d have to go tell them some story now if I wanted to leave!” As ever Tom didn’t point out that that wasn’t really true, if I walked out the door no one would stop me. “So, what do I need to do next, strip again I suppose?”  
  
Tom outlined his plan, which was pretty simple. It seemed his friend Paul had been a massive fan of the game, so, whilst the rest of them usually only wanted to make their avatar go to one of the in-game strip clubs (they \*were\* 14 year old boys when it came out), he always complained about them not playing properly.  
  
“He’d get pissed off and always say we were pathetic, and that even if some woman came into the room naked he’d just want her to bring him a snack and a drink, that’s how much he liked playing it.”  
  
I didn’t say so but the plan really appealed to me, much more so than just repeating what I’d already done. Though the upshot of it was the same, obviously I was to be the girl bringing him a snack and a drink whilst he played.  
  
A few minutes later Alex popped his head in to say that Paul was almost there, we went back through to the front room where the playstation had been set up and Matt was already playing. He looked up and showed surprise at how I looked, I suppose it was quite a difference now I was in normal clothes.  
  
Paul came in a few moments later and sat down offering greetings. He stared at me but didn’t say anything to me until Tom introduced me as Chloe, a friend he’d met at some art class his parents made him go to. Apparently I’d come round to borrow some supplies. Alex looked pretty nervous but Matt just kept playing. Paul still seemed pretty amazed by my presence, but turned his attention to the game.  
  
“Wow, GTA V! I haven’t played it in years!”  
  
The boys then reminisced about it at length, though didn’t get on to the subject of strippers and naked women just yet. I did want to sell the idea of just being a friend so I tried to join in a little bit, but video games were never really my thing. I got a glance from Matt when I first spoke, presumably letting me know he’d noticed I’d dropped the accent.  
  
It didn’t escape Paul’s notice that I was wearing fairly tight clothing. All of them stole glances at my top which showed a bit of cleavage and probably the outline of my bra, but Paul probably looked more than the others. I began to anticipate what would happen soon enough.  
  
The conversation carried on and I wondered what Tom was really waiting for, maybe he was getting nervous again. In my excited mood I decided to move things on and stood and crossed to the window. The curtains had been drawn throughout my performance but I peeked out. I bent over slightly as I did so, knowing that this would let them watch my bum in the tight jeans.  
  
“OK, I think I might head out.”  
  
“Really?!” Said Matt, more-or-less the first thing he’d said in a while.  
  
“Oh, no, don’t go Chloe,” said Tom, he looked a little unsure, then continued. “Besides, Paul hasn’t told you his favourite GTA observation yet!”  
  
“Oh, really, what’s that?” I looked at Paul, whose face was pretty surprised and blank.  
  
“Oh yeah, I remember,” said Alex, joining in, “you would always say it when we, er, went to the sleazier parts of the game.”  
  
From his face Paul did now remember. “Oh, I, I mean. I’m not going to talk about that with Chloe here.” He looked pretty embarrassed.  
  
“Go on, Paul, I’m sure Chloe will love it. You always made it very clear you weren’t interested in all that degrading of women, didn’t you?” Matt chuckled and I continued to look at Paul expectantly.  
  
“You can tell me, Paul, I won’t be offended. I know there was some stuff in the game with strippers, it can’t be that bad, it’s just a video game.”  
  
“Oh, it’s nothing. It’s just it was all these guys wanted to do, go to the clubs, it was childish. I don’t know why I’m the one getting ganged up on, though.” He looked sullen now, and not like someone about to tell a story.  
  
“Well, if you won’t say.” Matt looked at me and winked. “He used to make big talk about how pathetic we were, and that even if some real life girl came into the room naked like the dancers he’d still just play GTA. He even had some line about how he’d just want her to bring him a drink and a snack, he loved repeating it to give himself airs.”  
  
“Shut up, Matt!”  
  
I laughed along with the joke though this was pretty much my cue to act. The other boys stayed silent, I wondered if Paul could sense the expectation as he sat looking angry. I walked a little bit closer to him, causing him to look up at me.  
  
“Well, maybe we could try it out?” I tried to sound friendly and enthusiastic but also as totally normal as possible, as if this was just an every day suggestion.  
  
Paul looked up, slightly startled. “Er, sorry, try it out?”  
  
“Yeah, it’d be pretty easy, I think. You could sit and play the game just like old times here and I’m sure there’s a drink and a snack in the kitchen, isn’t there, Tom?”  
  
“Yeah, no problem.”  
  
“OK..” Paul seemed utterly confused, but the other guys were staying out of it and just letting the two of us speak. “But, erm, we’d need someone.. a girl who’d..” He trailed off, not knowing what to say or not being able to actually say it.  
  
“Well, I’m a girl aren’t I?” I gestured up and down my body, trying to angle it so my curves were as visible as possible. At this point it looked like it might be a bit much for him, he just sort of stared at me.  
  
“I could easily just go into the kitchen for some stuff and do it for you, couldn’t I?”  
  
I waited a few beats, willing Paul to think about me naked. Then I looked around the room as if I needed support to explain things to him, the tension between us was growing. It felt great to have another nervous boy obviously lost in lust for me, at that point I honestly couldn’t wait to strip for him.  
  
He also looked around at the rest of them trying to find support, they tried their best to appear surprised but keeping their cool so as to not make me realise what a big deal this was. Alex gestured to Paul with his arms as if to say ‘get on with it!’  
  
He turned back, trying to sound casual but failing. “Err, yeah, you could?” His voice rose weirdly at the end but I ignored it.  
  
“Shall we try it now then? Matt can you pass Paul the controller, may as well make it as real as possible.” I laughed still trying to sound normal and started for the door, none of the boys moved a muscle, especially not Paul. I made sure to walk slowly wiggling my arse as obviously as ever.  
  
At the door I turned back to the room. “Oh, would you like me to have anything in particular on when I come back?”  
  
Paul almost visibly slumped, but at the same time looked sort of relieved. “Oh, right. Well, I dunno, do you even have any other clothes here?” He paused for a moment, shook his head and laughed a nervous laugh. “You know, Chloe, I don’t mean to offend you, but I thought for a moment you meant you’d actually come out naked! Sorry about that.”  
  
I let him laugh weirdly for a moment. “Yes, that’s right, it sounds like I can’t test your theory with my clothes on, can I?” I laughed as if it were a casual gag, then carried on. “I just meant I could put my heels on or maybe borrow some stockings from upstairs quickly. Most of the time strippers do have something like that on, don’t they?”  
  
He was again agog as I waited patiently smiling at him, he just stared.  
  
“Or don’t you want to do it?” I looked down at my body and ran my hands quickly over my breasts. “Do you not think I’d look good enough naked or something?”  
  
Matt whispered in his direction “Fucks sake, if you blow this for us, god help me.” That snapped Paul out of it.  
  
“Oh, no, you’d be great. And, no, nothing in particular. Thanks.”  
  
I smiled a full smile again at him. “OK, well I’ll be back shortly. Enjoy the game!” And with that I left for the kitchen.  
  
I could hear a minor commotion break out once I shut the door. I couldn’t quite make out the words, they were ‘whispering’, but I figured I shouldn’t hang about. I doubted we’d keep the charade up much longer, but it’d be fun to go back out before someone told Paul that this had all been planned for him.  
  
I stripped off quickly, stuffing my clothes back into the bag as I went, I decided that I couldn’t resist putting my heels back on after Tom’s comment about my bum earlier. Once naked I looked at myself and took a moment to reflect that again things had moved on, last night I think I only ever served the guys topless. Tom had set up a tray with a can of coke and some crisps whilst we’d talked earlier so the whole process had taken maybe a few minutes at most. Pretty soon I was back at the door, I decided to knock.  
  
“Are you ready?” I called out.  
  
There was a pause as the muttering stopped. “Yes, come in.”  
  
I held the tray up in one hand and pushed open the door confidently, striding in. I saw their faces turn towards me, they all looked pleased to see me but Paul’s was a picture, I don’t think he ever really believed it would happen until right then. It seemed the cover story about Chloe was still holding.  
  
I crossed over to stand near Paul, not quite straight in front of him so I didn’t block the TV. To his credit he did try and continue playing, though he wasn’t really looking at the game. I smiled at him and held the tray against my midriff, then bent at the waist so it was presented to him with my boobs practically hanging in the snack bowl.  
  
“Can I tempt you?”  
  
He did still hold the controller but had stopped any pretence of playing, he let his eyes rove across me and then reached out and took a few crisps. “Thanks.”  
  
“Is that all you can say?” Matt was indignant.  
  
“I, er.. I don’t know \*what\* to say.”  
  
I looked about the room and pulled an exaggerated sad expression. “Oh dear. It seems Paul really was all talk in the end. Well, if you’ve stopped playing your favourite ever game just to pay me some attention, I guess I should let you see everything.” I put down the tray and then slowly started to spin round in front of him, it took me a good 30 seconds or so to complete the rotation to face him again.  
  
“Is this better than a video game, then?”  
  
“God, Chloe.” He said, still sounding shell shocked. “I can’t believe it.”  
  
“Let me have a look too ‘Chloe’”, said Matt. I could hear the quotes around my name, but I dutifully walked over towards him anyway. We were moving in to uncharted territory again now but I knew I’d do whatever any of them asked, male attention was my drug it seemed. I started to rotate as I had for Paul, but I’d barely begun before he’d taken my hand and pulled me towards him. As earlier I was not really able to stop him even if I’d wanted to, but it didn’t feel violent just authoritative.  
  
At first I thought he’d sit me on him as before, but instead he soon placed his other hand on the small of my back and half pulled, half pushed me down onto him. I ended up laying across his knee, my bum presented on his lap with an arm across my back stopping me from getting back up. After the spankings I’d received last night it was a position I was slightly familiar with, though I’d usually been fully clothed for it.  
  
“Hey, Matt, I’m not sure that’s cool.” Paul seemed a bit hesitant, but I did like him for saying something. Matt’s actions had taken my breath away and certainly set my heart racing even if I had no intention yet of trying to stop him, and to Paul out of context it had to look fairly over the top.  
  
“Oh, come on Paul. Haven’t you worked out what’s going on yet?”  
  
He looked around, confused. “Erm, no.”  
  
“Honestly! This isn’t Tom’s ‘friend’ is it? You think Tom knows girls that look like this? She’s a stripper, before you got here she spent fifteen minutes dancing for us just as naked as she is now.”  
  
“Is that true, are you OK?”  
  
I looked up as best I could, using an arm to support myself on the floor. “Yes, sorry, we weren’t trying to make fun of you.”  
  
He sat down. “Wow, this morning is certainly nothing I’m used to. Did you hire her, Tom?”  
  
“Yeah. You should have come last night, then you’d have been here when she arrived.”  
  
As Paul stared slightly gormlessly, Matt got on with things. “So, Chloe, or Yvette, or whatever, time to carry on the act.”  
  
“Yes, but what are you doing to me?” I pretended it wasn’t completely obvious what his intention was.  
  
“Well, one thing I remember reading in some forum was that there was a way to get to spank one of the strippers. I could never do it and I’m pretty sure it was a lie, but, well.. now I can!”  
  
“Oh, you can, can you?” I tried sound in control but Matt was having none of it, he brought his hand down fast smacking my bum cheek. It was hard but not really hard, I yelped.  
  
“Yes, I can.”  
  
“Come on Matt, I don’t know about this.” Tom also felt the need to step in.  
  
“What, are you saying you don’t want a go?” He had him there, I don’t think Matt had spanked me as hard as Tom had himself the day before. Not that Tom could admit that at the moment.  
  
“It’s a nice view, I can assure you.” I guessed he was probably referring to my round arse, he may have even been pointing for all I knew with my face down near the floor.  
  
“Anyway, let’s continue.” He patted my bum a few times then slapped fairly hard again, I cried out and this time tried a halfhearted struggle kicking my legs a little bit. It wasn’t really an attempt to break free of his hold on me and it certainly didn’t succeed. When I stopped he rested his spanking hand against my backside. “To be honest you look even better when you jiggle around like that, feel free to continue.”  
  
“Look, if any others might have a go at this then only a few each, deal?” Matt answered me by smacking my butt again, the hardest yet.  
  
“Starting from now?”  
  
“That’s not fair!” I struggled again for a few moments, still getting nowhere.  
  
Matt spanked me again. “You know, we still don’t have a deal yet”.  
  
My bum already stung. “OK, fine, starting now.”  
  
“Very good”, said Matt. “6 each, I reckon, it’s the traditional amount, and I’m glad we could all be so adult about this.”  
  
In the end he wasn’t that bad with the rest of his allotment, he didn’t ever really smack as hard as he had that third time and alternated butt cheeks which I was beginning to realise was key in avoiding too much lingering pain. As with last night I ended up loving it, the slaps themselves hurt but I could handle it once the initial sting wore off. Against that the feeling of being held naked across his knee, waving my legs whilst he did what he wanted to my bare bottom was incredible. It was the closest yet to a pure sort of enjoyable embarrassment, the sensation which seemed to drive a lot of what I was doing.  
  
As Matt helped me up I could feel I was sweaty and slightly dishevelled, and when I stood and composed myself a little bit I could see him inspecting my ass which was still just a few feet in front of him. I bet it was fairly red, I think I was a little bit flushed all over.  
  
“I think I can see my hand print,” he said proudly. I snorted a little and turned to face the rest of them. “So, anyone else? Let’s get this over with.”  
  
Surprisingly Alex was shaking his head nervously and Paul was staying silent, I suppose it was fairly full on to spank a naked stranger. I could see Tom looking at me intently though and it was certainly the sort of thing he enjoyed.  
  
“Go on, Tom, you know you want to.” Matt reached up and turned me by the hips so my ass was facing Tom, he bounced one of my butt cheeks from below briefly with his hand. “Just look at that ass, it needs another seeing to I reckon”  
  
Matt kept me held in that position, taking the opportunity to study my pussy from up close whilst we waited.  
  
“See anything you like?” I asked sarcastically, trying to call him on a bit of ogling so blatant even I was a little embarrassed by it.  
  
“Yeah..” He looked up at me. “You could maybe do with shaving again, though.” He dropped his eyes back down. “I can see a little bit of stubble up close, I think.” It seems Matt wasn’t bothered by my interruption at all and he went back to checking my grooming intently.

I shook my head and decided to concentrate on Tom, I figured his only hesitation could be that he thought I might be annoyed with him. I wasn’t, at least not now, but if he did think that I could maybe use it to my advantage later. The mood I was in, though, I was definitely hoping he’d decide to continue my ‘punishment’.  
  
He did eventually speak. “OK, but I don’t want you lay across my lap.”  
  
“I guess..?” I wondered what he meant. He smiled at me and took my hand, Matt let me follow and he lead me to one of the walls. “Nothing complicated, we’ll just do it with you standing up. Or, well, bending over, really.”  
  
I wasn’t about to say no, though as Tom indicated a spot about breast high on the wall where he’d like me to put my hands I realised I might be fairly exposed. I complied by standing fairly close to the wall and just reaching out, that way I didn’t need to bend very much at all.  
  
“No, no”, said Tom. “You’re not getting it.” I did know what he really wanted but as ever I preferred to be shown in more detail. He grabbed my hips like Matt just had and shuffled me backwards till I was a good few feet from the wall, I’d lifted my hands off as I moved backwards but as he stopped I started to bend in to place. I could feel my back arch and my bum stick out, I was making sure to keep my legs close together.  
  
I could see Tom step back, contemplate the scene then step back in again. I suddenly felt his hand very low down on my stomach pressing upwards. “You need to arch you back more.” I complied. “Right, that’s it.”  
  
I could feel my boobs hanging down and the tightness in both legs, I arched my back as hard as I could, powerless to resist pleasing Tom and the others, my bum felt like it might be higher than my head. I could only imagine the sight I must be presenting to the boys, naked and in heels presenting my ass towards them and practically begging to be spanked. As I waited for the first stinging slap I wondered if this is really what happened with strippers. I suspected not, but I also suspected none of us there had any real clue.  
  
“If you two aren’t going to have a go, can you give your 6 to me, please?”  
  
“Er, yeah, sure.”  
  
“Hey, that’s not fair!”  
  
“Why not? What difference does it make to you who slaps your bum.” Matt joined in to support his friend.  
  
I looked up as best I could without losing the position Tom had placed me in. “Eighteen is way too many!”  
  
“Matt got ten or more.” Paul weighed in, a little surprisingly. He tailed off as I glared at him from beneath the hair hanging across my face. “I’m just saying,” he muttered.  
  
“How about a compromise?” Asked Tom. There was no way I could move my head to look at him so just put my head back down as he continued. “I’ll stick to six, but not with my hand. I think that’s fair, after all I could just insist Paul and Alex took their goes.”  
  
“But what would you use?” I tried to sound a little whine-y again.  
  
“Nothing bad I promise.” I heard him cross to the cabinet against the far wall and open a drawer. “Just this.”  
  
I had to look to answer him so straightened up and turned, Tom was brandishing a normal looking plastic, 30 cm ruler.  
  
“Am I at school, then?”  
  
“If you like.”  
  
I figured a ruler couldn’t hurt that much more than a hand, and I did prefer keeping this between me and Tom rather than involving relative strangers. “Let’s get on with it, then.” I resumed the position, sticking my butt out and up without needing to be told this time.  
  
I heard Tom approach and then felt the cold plastic get pressed against my bare bottom, it wasn’t the first spank but just Tom finding his aim. I felt the ruler get pulled back and I started anticipating the strike, I moved my head around nervously and shifted the weight on my feet, it seemed to be taking ages.  
  
“Well, get on with it.”  
  
A few seconds after I complained the ruler landed hard, fast and right across both of my ample ass cheeks, there was a loud crisp crack followed by my cry. It was really sharp and painful for a good few seconds, I couldn’t help but lose my position by standing up and instinctively rubbing my bum whilst slightly hopping up and down.  
  
“Ow, Tom!” The pain eventually faded to a sting, I felt like I could still feel the ruler pressed against my ass even though I could see it in Tom’s hand. He was grinning a bit gormlessly whilst watching me jiggle and bounce. “That hurt!”  
  
“Well, it’s supposed to I guess. Anyway, one down five to go.” He carried on grinning and waved the ruler at the wall indicating I needed to get back into position.  
  
As I obediently stretched back out, I looked over to my right and saw Paul and Alex absolutely rapt by the spectacle of me offering up my naked body for Tom to do what he liked to. My ass was still feeling the effects of the first ruler strike and I felt almost weak kneed with excitement, images swam in my head of what I must look like stretched out naked, my body taught and on display. I bit my lip in anticipation and waited.  
  
The slapping noise rang out again, Tom didn’t hold back in the slightest and registered another blow across both cheeks on the meat of my ass. Again I lost position slightly letting out more of a yelp than a cry, this time throwing my head down and back up but only reaching back with one hand.  
  
I rubbed the cheek I could reach whilst mostly staying bent over. “I can’t believe I’m letting you do this”, I moaned almost to myself. The sentiment was partly true and partly an act, I couldn’t quite believe that, thanks to my new life, a normal morning could lead to this, but given how great it felt there was no real confusion as to why I was letting it happen.  
  
I felt the ruler gently tapping my hand, “next one, Chloe”. I moved my hand back to the wall and shifted my weight to balance again, a few seconds later the third blow fell, this time just on one cheek. Tom must have changed his angle of attack. I let out a small cry and breathed in through my teeth.  
  
The fourth blow landed, this time on the other cheek, the last two seemed like he may have eased off a little. I again managed just a small noise and stayed in place, though I did then choose to straighten up and rub my ass a little before the next one.  
  
“She’s getting used to it.” Matt seemed almost disappointed. Then I heard him whisper something to Alex and Paul, and as I again waited to be spanked I could see them moving round to be behind me with Matt and Tom.  
  
“Still two to go, remember.” Tom was still grinning.  
  
“Yes, I know, let a girl have a little break though.”  
  
“Break’s over.” Said Matt from behind me. I turned my head and glared at him, though I still began to get back in place. As I bent down I realised why the boys had moved, as I’d stood up that time I’d moved my legs apart in my stance, I knew exactly what view I might now present to the four of them behind me. I shivered a little as I relaxed in to place, closing my legs again. Part of me wanted to keep them open and was imagining the view. If anything I stretched out even more in compensation, I knew what the guys wanted and I was still mostly happy to provide it.  
  
The penultimate blow landed and I stayed fairly rigid, just shaking my head a little bit. The stinging pain was still there and the throb in between blows grew stronger with each one, but, as Matt had observed, I was used to it now and only had one more to go. I could feel the ruler pull back as Tom readied himself.  
  
It was the hardest yet, Tom obviously wanting to make the final one count. I let out a little yell, more as I thought the guys would appreciate it, then held the position for a moment before standing up. I stayed half turned from the boys so they could still see the state of my bum, I rubbed it a little bit. “Well, that was certainly something.” I said, letting my gaze go across each of them. “I’m not sure I’ll be able to sit down for a little while.”  
  
“Thanks, Chloe.” Said Tom, sounding 100% genuine for the first time in a while. I smiled at him and he looked back for a few moments before letting out an exclamation. “Oh! I know what will help.” He headed for the kitchen.  
  
The other boys drifted back to their seats and I stayed stood in front of them. I hoped Tom wouldn’t take too long on his errand as I wasn’t quite sure what I would do next, and wasn’t certain I wanted Matt suggesting something.  
  
“Is Chloe your real name then?” Alex hesitatingly asked. It seemed he was trying a bit of nervous small talk.  
  
“No, but it’s fine to use it.” I tried to sound friendly, but also imply I wouldn’t welcome being asked my real name.  
  
“Right.” It sounded like he’d taken the hint. “So, how often do you do this sort of thing?”  
  
“Well, whenever someone hires me and I can make it. Not that often, really.” I’m not sure why I wanted to keep my lies to the minimum but I did, I guess so as to not get trapped in something that was obviously false.  
  
“Working your way through college, I bet.” Matt chimed in. “I always wanted to meet someone like you, it’s really hot to imagine you in school with your classmates not knowing what you do, or what you look like naked.”  
  
I ignored that for now and stayed looking at Alex.  
  
“And is this, erm.. typical?” He waved his hand vaguely around himself, not quite knowing how to characterise what ‘this’ was.  
  
“Not really, I usually do maid stuff for a lot of the time and only, well, take some clothes off towards the end.”  
  
“Oh, right. So you’re not a stripper then?”  
  
“Not exactly.” It probably seemed a strange thing to say as I stood naked in front of three guys, but was the truth.  
  
“But you do usually take off your clothes for the guys that book you, don’t you?”  
  
“They usually ask me to act sexy or remove some item, and”, it was now my turn to gesture vaguely with my hand, “things go from there. I do normally end up like this, it’s true, guys seem to like it.”  
  
“I can see, I mean, you look amazing.”  
  
“Well, if all they have to do to get you to act like this immediately is ask then they’re mugs.” I was learning that Matt always had strong opinions.  
  
“I dunno”, said Paul joining in. “If you needed your house cleaned wouldn’t you prefer her in that uniform to some random cleaner?” He sat back staring at me as he said this.  
  
“I’d prefer \*her\* doing it like this?” Matt was once again pretty emphatic, pointing at my body. I obviously hadn’t been covering anything up as I stood chatting to them.  
  
“In fact, I’ve a bunch of chores to do, how much would you charge to come round and sort them out? Without your uniform, obviously.” He laughed and I took that as an excuse to not treat the question seriously. In any case Tom came back a few seconds after he finished speaking.  
  
“Here you go, Chloe.” He was brandishing a bottle, it looked like some kind of lotion.  
  
“What’s that for?” I asked, genuinely a bit confused.  
  
“Well, your bum is quite red so I thought you’d maybe want something to soothe it. This is a moisturising cream for damaged skin, or so it says. I borrowed it from the bathroom.”  
  
This was very much like his idea about the aftersun cream last week. “Oh, thanks.” I turned so my bum was facing him then looked down over my shoulder. “I guess I can still feel it, is it pretty sore looking?”  
  
Tom and the rest of them had a good look. “It does still seem quite red”, he confirmed.  
  
“OK, well I’ll put some on.” I reached out for the bottle, I could see Tom hesitate before handing it over but it seemed he thought doing it himself was a little too forward in this company. I made to squeeze some into my hand.  
  
“Need any help?” Matt laughed again.  
  
“Good idea!” I said, not wanting to let him always have the upper hand. He looked fairly surprised and excited, but instead of walking over to him I instead approached Paul.  
  
“Why don’t you help me, Paul. I should make it up to you for the trick earlier.”  
  
“Oh, there’s no need to..”, Paul half spoke this to himself as he sat up to take the bottle from me, his politeness was not going to stop him from accepting the invitation.  
  
As I turned to present my ass to Paul I looked defiantly at Matt for a few seconds, then at Tom with a slight cheeky smile. He looked rueful, realising that his hesitation had cost him. I bent slightly. “Is that OK for you?” I asked over my shoulder.  
  
“Well, I think I’ll manage.” I looked back and could see Paul shuffling in his seat, the sofa was fairly low so he had to move to perch on the edge to reach.  
  
“Oh, never mind, I’ll get on your lap like when Matt spanked me earlier, that’ll be easier.”  
  
Paul sat back and I knelt beside him on the sofa. “Ready?” He took a moment to look down at my breasts up close then nodded. I laid out across him obediently, sliding my body against his into place.  
  
Paul squeezed the lotion into his hands and then started applying, he moved his hands fairly tentatively but paid good attention to rubbing each part of my butt. I rested my head on my hands and stared at Matt and Tom, Alex was next to Paul the other way so had the view from behind. I waited patiently letting him take as long as he liked, his strokes getting more confident as time went on, kneading and squeezing my butt cheeks.  
  
After a few minutes he stopped, I looked back and asked if I could get up, he nodded so I did, once again kneeling beside him to show off my breasts. As he looked down at them I couldn’t resist. “Would you like to do those as well?”  
  
He looked surprised but obviously nodded again, without thinking too much I lifted a leg across him and ended up sat on his lap facing him with my legs tucked beneath me on either side. I leant back and supported myself with my hands on the edge of the sofa, my boobs hanging a foot or so in front of his face. “Will this work?”  
  
“I think so.” He sounded nervous but got on with the job, this time first sqeezing the lotion amply across the top of my chest. He used two hands and, with just a moment’s hesitation, rubbed down and onto my boobs. I sighed in pleasure to encourage him and, as with my ass, he started to make sure every inch of them was well covered. My nipples had been stiff already but responded even further to Paul’s touch. As I leant back enjoying the sensation I wondered why I’d chosen Paul for this and realised that it was simply because he was nearest when the idea occurred.  
  
After a while I noticed Paul had started straying from just my tits, rubbing down my sides down to my hips and across my stomach. As he slid one of his hands across my belly button I opened my eyes and looked down to what was going on. It was a shock but shouldn’t have been, with my legs stretched to either side of him I was offering him a very intimate glance at my pussy, which was visibly moist with its lips spread open. I’d inadvertently been offering a view I’d been trying to not give, my stomach plunged as I could tell that that’s exactly where Paul was now staring as he trailed his hand just short of my neatly cropped (despite what Matt had said) pubic hair. I imagined what he might be thinking but I was fairly certain he wouldn’t go any lower, though I wondered how I’d react if he did and if I’d let him? Quite possibly, though it would have again been just because he was there.  
  
After a good few moments like that Paul looked up and jumped a tiny bit when he realised I’d been watching him.  
  
“All done?” I asked breezily, I felt the need to let him know that I was still fine with everything, even though I wasn’t absolutely certain I was. It was my own fault, though, I got in to the pose and I did feel great showing off for Paul.  
  
“I think so.” He took his hands away and looked at his work, my breasts pertly sticking out and my body glistening from the lotion.  
  
I let him have a few more moments but then got up, this time also getting off the couch to stand again near the centre of the room.  
  
“You tease.” Said Matt, clearly annoyed I hadn’t chosen him.  
  
There was silence for a few moments and I decided it felt like the right time to end this. “Well, I’m pretty sure I’ve given you two hundred dollars worth this morning, so if you’ll excuse me..”  
  
“Is it one o’clock?” Asked Matt immediately.  
  
“It is still about quarter to, actually.” Alex seemed to be the official timekeeper.  
  
I looked at Tom, trying to let him know that the fun was over. “I think she’s right, guys, I don’t feel like I’ve been ripped off. Thanks, Chloe.”  
  
Alex started to get up from the couch. “OK, but we should get a picture before we go, shouldn’t we?” He was taking his phone out of his pocket.  
  
Although I’d fantasised about having photos of me earlier that morning I definitely didn’t want them in the hands of others to decide where they’d be sent. “No photos, guys, I would have thought that was obvious.” I looked at Tom seriously, hoping he’d step in if needed.  
  
“Oh, yes, of course. Sorry, Chloe, I was thinking any we took we’d make sure no one could tell who you were.”  
  
“OK”, I said, softening my tone a little.  
  
“You could turn your back, or put your hair across your face, or we’d just take one where it was out of shot.” He was sounding more excited as he carried on, which was a little infectious. Pictures of women naked with clothed men was something I’d found online at some point and it usually excited me, it even had a name, CMNF. The idea of being the star of one of those shots definitely appealed.  
  
“OK, but my face can’t be in it at all and you have to promise that I can delete any I want to afterwards.”  
  
“Yes, definitely.”  
  
I smiled at him again. “OK, I guess I can stick around for that. What are your ideas?”  
  
“Well, I figured one way your head could be out of the shot was if we were sat down and you were stood up, so how about one with us sat round the table and you stood nearby.”  
  
“OK.”  
  
We all heading into the kitchen where there was a good sized dining table. The boys fussed a bit about who should sit where and who would take the photo, then Tom had an idea.  
  
“How about if you put the maid’s dress back on and hold the tray, that way it looks like you’re serving us.”  
  
“Er, I think you’re kinda missing the point of this photo.” Matt was his usually cheery self.  
  
“Well, she can leave it open or even pulled down at the top, and it doesn’t have to be the only one.”  
  
“Sounds like fun”, I said, “though you’ll have to get me the dress from the front room.” Tom went on the mission and I was soon enough pulling it on. I left it bunched around my waist leaving my boobs out then picked up the tray which still had the drink and snacks from earlier and had been mostly forgotten since.  
  
Alex took the shot on his phone, I was stood at one end with the boys at either side of the table. They put glasses and plates in front of them and were told to look normal, I stood still and Alex snapped a few shots till he was happy.  
  
“Yeah, that looks great.” I decided to wait till the photo shoot was over before looking so it was on to the next.  
  
“How about one with you \*on\* the table?” Asked Paul.  
  
“Fine, I think, though I’ll be right out of shot won’t I, stood up?”  
  
“I was thinking you could be on all fours, and leave you dress like that, and then if we take it from behind..” He slightly trailed off here as we all considered the view. Certainly it wouldn’t be my face in the picture.  
  
At this stage despite still feeling apprehensive about such a potentially exposed pose I didn’t think I could possibly say no on grounds of modesty, besides I did have the skirt on. I answered by climbing in to place, I could feel that was mostly covered at the back despite the shortness of the skirt.  
  
Alex and Paul swapped, with him being the photographer this time. I stayed on all fours and arched my back a little. I could hear Paul shifting about but he still wasn’t announcing that the photo was taken.  
  
“What’s the problem?”  
  
“Oh, it’s just that in my head your skirt was more fanned out around you waist, you know, and we..”

“Saw my pussy, is that it?”  
  
Paul didn’t answer that immediately and Matt stepped in. “What about this?” I stayed stock still as I felt him tug my dress up on either side so the waist was around my belly. He then pulled the back of the skirt up and held it there for a few seconds before tentatively letting go, it felt like it held where he left it. He sat back down and looked at me. “We’ve seen you before.”  
  
I couldn’t quite believe I’d been exposed like that but kept my position, my mind going blank as I could feel myself on display at the back. Still Paul hesitated.  
  
“Er, Chloe, I..”  
  
I managed to speak “Yes?”  
  
“Do you think you could, er, move your legs apart a bit?”  
  
“Like on the couch, you mean?”  
  
“Well, yes.”  
  
It seemed inevitable, I still was barely thinking but dutifully shuffled my knees further apart until I could really feel air hitting my pussy then arched my back again. I felt light headed, almost dizzy, all my awareness was focused on the sensation of my fully exposed slit and how it would look on Paul’s picture. Eventually he said he was happy and I relaxed, closing my legs.  
  
“I think we should all have a go at taking that shot.”  
  
I again ignored Matt, it seemed the best way to handle his ‘jokes’. “OK, just one more I think.”  
  
“Well, how about still on the table but this time we’ll be playing cards, only we’ll use you.”  
  
“Right, well you’ll have to explain it.” I sat up and faced Tom who would be the artistic director of this final project.  
  
“OK, so first take off the dress.” It wasn’t easy on the table, but I managed to get it off over my head after turning to be sat upright. I was once again naked for them apart from my heels, it felt if not normal then ‘correct’ but was still a thrill.  
  
In the meantime Tom had returned to the table with a deck of cards. “Right, I’ll just deal out a few hands to everyone and, Chloe, if you could lie on you back in the middle, please.”  
  
“OK.”  
  
I lowered myself down as Tom distributed the cards. “Guys, you may as well put a bit of money down in front of you to make it look like a game, doesn’t matter how much though, obviously.”  
  
“Now, I’ll just put out the action cards.” I was lying on my back with my legs together and my knees slightly bent. I had my legs facing Paul who was still to act as photographer, it seemed. I raised my head slightly to watch Tom, he starting placing cards on my belly starting below my tits and running towards my pubic hair. He managed to put 4 down before he ran out of room, he then hesitated.  
  
“I need to put out five. Could you put your legs down, please?” I lowered them flat to the table, it opened up space to lay a card on top of my pussy but Tom didn’t seem to want to do that.  
  
“I don’t want to cover you up, Chloe, I think I’ll have to put the fifth one on the table.”  
  
“That’s fine.”  
  
“It’s just it needs to be next to the other four, so at the moment your legs are in the way.”  
  
I should have known what was coming, obviously he wasn’t going to take a tamer picture than Paul. “So I need to spread my legs again, do I?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
I took a deep breath and again raised my knees, then, still slightly amazed at what I was doing I started to move my feet apart and let me knees splay outwards. Despite my state I managed to say “tell me when to stop”. Tom let me carry on for ages till I felt a real tightness in my inner thighs, I didn’t trust myself to look up so had laid my head back and was staring at the ceiling. I could once again feel the air on parts of my body that very rarely got into the open. As Tom put the final card between my legs I felt almost obscene.  
  
“What’s it look like?” Asked Tom.  
  
“Oh, it’s good, it’s just..”  
  
“What?” I was only barely listening to them speak but despite all I was experiencing that I knew I’d hold the position till they told me to relax.  
  
“Well, you don’t see her boobs or that much of her body really, you know, just her..”  
  
“What’s wrong with that?” Matt again.  
  
“Ahh, right. Maybe if you took it from closer in and slightly above, you know, that way you could look down her body.”  
  
“Wouldn’t her face be in it?” Even then I didn’t relax or respond, I lay exactly how they’d posed me with my legs spread as far as was comfortable. If Paul had stepped in a took the shot of my face I would have let him.  
  
“Well, what if we..” I saw and then felt a cloth cover my face. “It’s just a piece of green baize we use to shuffle on. Is that OK, Chloe?” I nodded under the fabric, anything they asked would have been fine.  
  
It was another good thirty seconds or so before Paul said he had a shot and Tom confirmed that it would do. I shut my legs, still in a daze and then sat up, the cards falling off my belly. I looked at Tom and he extended a hand to me to help me down, I smiled a little, the first bit of proper emotion I felt since I’d opened my legs for them. He mouthed “you’re amazing” as I climbed off.  
  
I looked about at the goofy grins on the faces of Tom, Paul and Alex. Even Matt seemed happy enough and not about to make a bad tempered wisecrack, I thought ridiculously of just staying naked with them all day but it was definitely a natural pause and my instinct to always leave them wanting more kicked in.  
  
“Well then, if you’re happy with the shoot I’ll get changed in the bathroom and be on my way.” I picked up the bag with my clothes in.  
  
“Oh, don’t you want to check the photos?”  
  
“Do you promise my face isn’t in any of them?”  
  
Alex looked at Paul who nodded. “Yes, promise.”  
  
“I know you’ll show them around, but be careful, OK?” I was trying to sound serious, even though my face was covered it seemed I had to say something like that. I didn’t mind too much at that point, though, I was still naked in front of 4 boys after all.  
  
“OK”  
  
“I’ll trust you, then. I would like a copy of them, let Tom have them and he can email me.” I wondered how hot I’d find them, probably incredibly so, I was looking forward to enjoying them at home even as I lived the experience. With that I smiled at each of them and walked to the kitchen door, making sure to swing my bare ass for them one last time as I headed to get changed.