**Claire and the Boys Next Door Ch. 06**

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I was surprisingly calm after my experience at Tom's house. I'd checked to make sure their curtains were still closed before leaving, I didn't want the others realising I lived next door, then, when back in the safety of my house, got changed and tried to have a normal afternoon. I even arranged to see some friends and drove out to a local mall to hang out. I wore old style clothes, we chatted and it felt like before my new life. The pictures were at the back of my mind and to think of them gave me a thrill, but I didn't want to dwell. This was a new way of coping, I think, I wasn't blasé but I was beginning to accept my recent hobby as part of me that was here to stay, but not something I needed to deal with all of the time.

This carried on for another few days and I enjoyed myself immensely. I had an outlet for everything I had previously been keeping pent up so my normal, humdrum activities had a new freshness. I was loving life. By day four, though, the curiosity about the pictures had turned into mild worry. Why had they not sent me a copy? Had they distributed them far and wide and got in to trouble? Were they wondering how to deal with it before it got back to me somehow? I didn't think Tom would let anything bad happen, apart from seeming a genuinely nice person he would have to be a real idiot to jeopardise what he had going with me, but the more time passed the more the odd doubt crept in. I really was unrecognisable in them, wasn't I?

The fifth day was a weekday, I had no plans, and without particularly thinking about it beforehand when I got up I knew I wanted something to happen. I wasn't exactly sure what I would do to help it along, but I could feel the desire slightly irritate me like an itch. I began by dressing in a tiny thong, short shorts, and a bikini top with a light shirt very loosely tied over it. No one would really see me here (though perhaps a neighbour opposite might catch a glimpse form time-to-time) but it was a statement of intent and made me feel connected to my body again after a few days of shapeless clothes. I wanted to show off.

I idly read in the front room, wondering about sunbathing but knowing that even if Geoff or Tom saw me out there it felt a bit stale. I think I was building towards going to one of the local lakes and sun bathing there, but I still wasn't ready to acknowledge it. It was almost inevitable that people from school would be at any of the well known places on a warm summer's day, but going to a secluded spot defeated the purpose. I stared at the book but it wasn't really keeping my attention.

Around 11 I heard the letterbox bang, someone had posted something through. Ordinarily that wouldn't have been very interesting, but the postman had already been about an hour before. Intrigued I got up and went to the door, I wondered if the deliverer might be able to see me but as I passed a small window that looked up our drive there was no one there.

On the mat was a small, handwritten envelope with no stamp addressed to me. I opening it immediately and pulled out a short scribbled note, it was from Tom. I was really quite confused now, why didn't he just knock like he'd done several times before? I read on.

"Hi Claire,

Tom here, from next door."

I smiled, as if he needed to add that.

"I didn't know how to send you this as I didn't want to send it via facebook, but I have to let you know. I don't think it's bad but Matt has posted the pictures on the internet. There's definitely no way anyone can tell it's you, and he blurred all our faces too. Here's the link in case you want to check. Sorry we didn't ask first, but you know what he's like. If it means we can't come round again that's fine."

Below there was a url.

Obviously I realised that this might happen though it was part of what I had been not dwelling on these last few days. Before my new life I would occasionally spend time on the internet looking at pictures of women exhibiting themselves and getting quite excited by the idea, I'd never been anywhere close to doing it myself but given recent events I'm sure it would have occurred to me at some point. I was feeling curiously not angry that the boys had acted without asking, so I hesitated only very slightly before getting my laptop and typing the url. My emotions were the usual scared excitement but also a big dose of apprehension of what I would find. I needed to look, though, and the idea of being a desirable girl on the internet was immediately appealing.

It was a well known website that I'd been on many times before but never to a NSFW part. It seemed to be a section dedicated to "Teen Exhibitionists" which was clichéd but appropriate. It was the three pictures that had been taken with a bunch of comments and seemed to have been quite a popular post. I looked at the pictures first, I found them as exciting as I'd imagined I would. There I was, or rather there was my naked body with the boys looking on delighted. Even though I knew how I had come to let my nudity be enjoyed like that it still fired my imagination. I was right back there letting things go even further in my head, I could feel myself flush and my heart race again.

When I read them, the comments were even better. They were split into three basic kinds. Some were just excited and jealous of the situation, "lucky guys!" was a typical example. Some tried to work out what was going on, or called me out as a stripper, "wonder how much she got paid?" Or something like that. Finally, and the most exciting to me, were people commenting on me and my body. Everything from quick compliments like "great tits", through more detailed descriptions of how they enjoyed seeing me spread for them, to what should have been insults, like "what a slut," but which, in my already excited state, just turned me on more. I read through them again and again, I really needed something to happen now, I started thinking about replying and posting more pictures. I wondered how the people there would react and what they might ask me to do. As I edged towards it, though, I heard my phone ring.

I picked it up and saw it was a facebook call from Geoff, more unexpected contact. There was again just slight hesitation before answering, it would be the first time we'd spoken since I danced naked while he spoke to his wife.

"Hello?"

"Ah, hello, Claire. It's Geoff, are you OK to speak?"

"There's no one else here, if that's what you're asking."

He ignored that. "Right, well, I expect this won't be of interest, but I said I'd pass it on. Brad got in touch and he has a job for you. Today, in fact."

"Brad? A job?"

"Yes, I'm sure you remember him. He wants you in your, well, shall we say 'maid' capacity."

I did remember him, he was the friend of Geoff's who seemed most similar to my next door neighbour, quite confident and aloof but then, unlike Geoff, also overly hands on and a little bit crude. Not that I could blame him exactly, I was acting quite crude myself at the time.

I didn't reply, I had no idea what to say for now. Geoff continued. "I perhaps should have not even mentioned it, but he thinks you work for an agency, of course, and I hate to lie to a friend. I've made the request now, though, and I can quite easily just call back and say it's a no go. No need for you to trouble yourself.."

I found myself blurting out, "oh, no, maybe I'm interested." I immediately regretted it, but I didn't say anything more.

There was a pause in which I imagined Geoff's expressionless stare. "Oh, I see. He will be pleased. He'll pay you, of course. Don't concern yourself with that, I'll tell him the fee and I'll make sure it's generous."

This was now going very fast. "I, er, well. I mean, I .. I need to know what the job is first, I think, and.."

"I'm sure you can guess, Claire, but I don't have all the details, I was to tell you to call him. I know it's this afternoon in town and that he's entertaining clients."

"Oh, right." I paused again, I was really quite scared by what I seemed to be doing, but I was doing it anyway. At least I thought I might be.

"So, shall I give you his number?"

"Well." We both paused. "I mean, I might as well see what he has to say."

"OK then." I heard Geoff put his phone down, a large part of me wanted to do similar. Was I really going to travel across town to take my clothes off for money? I felt slightly queasy as I waited.

Geoff wasted no time and read me the number. "Probably best to hide your number. I'll tell him it's standard practice."

"OK"

"Well, Claire, I have to say I wish I could be there, but sadly I have a prior engagement. Maybe I'll have to hire you one of these days."

"I'll just speak to him for now." I paused again, wishing I'd at least made up my mind one way or the other and been more sure of myself with him. I still couldn't add anything else, though.

"Of course, goodbye."

He ended the call before I had the chance to reply. I looked down and saw I had typed Brad's number into a text document without thinking about it, it was staring back at me. With a trembling hand, but also acting automatically I typed it into my phone. I stared at it, finger hovering over the call button, could I do it? Did I want to do it? Suddenly I realised I hadn't added the prefix to hide my number to him. I frantically edited the number, feeling very relieved for having remembered.

That relief I'm sure contributed to why I then hit call without thinking, suddenly I heard the ring at the other end. I was terrified, what had I done? I held back for a second, the sound was excruciating and I had to stop it. I reached out to kill the call when, as often seems to happen, it was answered a split second before I could.

"Hello."

I said nothing.

"Hello, is that Claire?" Brad sounded calm, I couldn't help but reply.

"Yes, hello, Brad." I put the phone to my ear, I felt sweaty and hot but I realised I needed to at least sound like I knew what I was doing to him. I could still say no.

"Ahh, yes it's you. Though perhaps I should call you Yvette?"

"Claire is fine." It was already too late it seemed, so much for Geoff protecting my name.

"Right, so, obviously Geoff got in touch, he's just texted me in fact. Thanks for calling."

"No problems." This bit was fine.

"So, shall I just give you the address? If you can make it over for two o'clock we can go through the details here."

"Ah, right." I was again locked in hesitation. I was expecting him to outline what he wanted and ask if I was up for it, instead he was just assuming I was on board. What had Geoff told him?

"I do need you to be wearing the right thing, however. Do you have a short, black dress. Quite tight, obviously, almost the sort of thing a waitress would wear, but a bit more .. you know."

"Hmmm." I tried to maintain a confident stride. "Let me think." Thinking, though, was exactly the thing I was having trouble with. My head was filled with the sound of my heart beat.

"It's no matter if not, I have time and I need you to look just right. Tell me your measurements and I'll spend an enjoyable hour at the mall. May as well use that expense account for something."

I told him my dress size as it was at least something easy to say.

"And for underwear?"

In a way it was lucky I'd spent that time shopping a week or so back, I'm not sure I would have known otherwise. Before I knew it Brad had also got my shoe size and had given me the name of a restaurant in town. It seemed I'd agreed to be there for 2. He hung up with a cheery goodbye and I was staring at my laptop wondering what had happened.

I closed the lid and sat with an empty head for a little while, then, thinking that if I was to make the appointment I needed to eat my lunch I rose from my seat. As I did so I realised what I was doing. I wasn't actually going to go, was I? As soon as I thought about not turning up I imagined Geoff, for some reason I thought he would be disappointed in me. I should call Brad back, I thought, tell him an excuse. That seemed just as intimidating, what excuse could I have? As far as he was concerned I was a professional he'd just offered an everyday job to. At least I think that's what had just happened. Best to just turn up and get on with it, I figured. As ever I knew it was a bit silly even as I acted as if it weren't.

I stayed in that state for the next few hours as I ate, changed into a normal outfit, hung around nervously and then drove to the restaurant. It was one I'd passed many times but had never gone in, it was far too classy for a high school student. I realised I was still trembling as I got out of the car, but it was way too late at this point. I felt like it was my first day at school or, I guessed, a new job.

The restaurant was pretty empty, only a few tables occupied. I briefly wondered if anything would happen out here, it seemed a very unlikely venue but what did I know? I looked around and spotted a waiter already on his way over.

"Hi, I'm here to see Brad?"

He looked me over, I was dressed very normally in jeans, a top and a light jacket but it was of course possible he knew why I was here. I shivered a little at the thought of him perhaps anticipating me being naked in front of him. It was the first time I'd really considered that's probably what was about to happen.

"Follow me." he turned and set off to the back of the room, I did as he asked.

We went out of a fire exit and into a short corridor, there were two doors to one side and one at the end obviously into the kitchen. He showed me to the first one, "he's in there." He wasn't particularly polite but wasn't exactly rude either. I nodded my thanks and as he walked back into the restaurant proper I knocked on the door.

"Come in."

I went inside, Brad was sat behind a desk in a small office.

"Claire, welcome. Right on time, I see."

"Hi, Brad." I hoped my mild terror wasn't evident in my voice. I took a seat opposite him without asking, it felt more calming than standing up. He smiled at me and I steeled myself.

"So, what's the job?"

"Right, well, in about half an hour a new client from Japan is going to arrive. I need to make a good impression, and I know the sort of thing he will expect. We don't do this very often at all these days, but this company is a big account and he's still in love with the old style of client relations. Who am I to judge?" He looked at me brightly. "I mean, you know my own tastes in private, anyway." I nodded, it was easier to keep my nerves under control if he talked.

"So, he'll be here along with an interpreter. I think he understands English at least a little but doesn't want to be bothered with it in his 'downtime'. We'll be serving a bit of food, a lot of drinks, and some, well, 'entertainment'. That's where you come in, of course."

He stopped at this point, obviously expecting me to say something. "Right, so I'll come in and, er, take my clothes off?" I couldn't help it, I sounded a bit like a lost little girl. Brad looked a bit surprised, but carried on fairly smoothly.

"I wouldn't be so bald about it, but yes, I suppose that's essentially what I'd like you to do. I've asked for a few trays of canapés to be prepared, I was thinking you could come in with the first one fully clothed, go out for a while, come back with a little less on. You get the idea?"

I nodded, it was fairly obvious.

"I can announce your entrance each time, he'd get the idea after the second tray, I'm sure, and I could use the distraction to break up the general drinking. Get to know him, have an easy source of conversation, show I know what he's about but don't care, and so on. But you don't need to hear my office politicking, do you?" I shook my head, I didn't, though it helped to know what was expected of me.

"So, after a few trays you'll be naked, of course, and over to you how you keep everyone entertained.." he waved his hand "..put on a show and so forth. Having seen you in action I know you can handle that." He smiled again, seemingly completely genuinely, "does that sound OK?"

"Yes, great." I stammered, sounding better than previously at least.

"You don't need to do the stripping actually in the room, do you? You know, to have an act, as it were?"

"No, that's fine." I was letting the nerves talk and just agreeing with him. I didn't really have an act either way.

"Great, well." He checked his watch. "All seems in order, you're sure you're fine?"

"Oh, yes."

"All in a day's work for you, of course."

I nodded, smiling I'm sure thinly. He seemed to hold my gaze for just a little longer than needed and with a more serious air, then carried on as before. "OK. I've asked the kitchen staff to keep an eye out and to stick the trays on a table in the corridor for you. Now, about your outfit."

I'd forgotten until then that Brad was choosing what I was going to wear.

"I think I've done fine, I bought a few of each in sizes around what you told me to make sure we get a good fit, it will be easy to return the unused ones."

"Sounds sensible."

"Now, we'll do the fitting here."

He had stopped talking but I just looked at him. I was slow on the uptake.

"Oh, you mean now?"

"That's the idea."

I slipped my shoes off and started to half rise from my seat, Brad stayed where he was.

"So, I should undress?"

He nodded. "Yes, I've got the clothes here." He half gestured, half reached under the desk.

"Oh." I carried on standing up and pushed the chair inwards to give me more room. I felt very strange, despite having undressed for quite a few men at this point, including Brad, this felt a little weird. Dancers didn't get changed from their street clothes in front of their clients, did they?

"It's just, I..I don't usually get changed in front of people."

"What, I thought you got undressed for a living?!" His laugh sounded good natured but still slightly fake.

"Oh, yes, of course." I sounded weirdly defensive. He looked at me more seriously, I continued, "it's, just.."

"I know it's a little unorthodox," Brad cut across me, not too forcefully but certainly firmly, "but I do want you to look just right." He lightened up his tone again as he went. "This afternoon is for fun, but it is important that it goes well."

"Right." I looked around, it was really only at that moment that I properly accepted what I was going to do that afternoon. It felt bizarre, but it wasn't anything new, was it? I tried to get in the mood, I looked at Brad, I could still feel the shaky nervousness all over my body.

"It's not a big deal, Claire, I've seen you before, haven't I?"

It was true and Brad sounded perfectly reasonable, but he did have that cocky edge that had turned me off slightly the other night. Well, not really turned me off, just made me think he was maybe a little bit of an arsehole. I had still been happy to undress for him, though, no point in denying that. I tried to imagine what an actual dancer would feel like or say in this instance, they'd be a little put out, but I guessed they probably would think that stripping was their job and that he was paying.

I tried to sound more calm and as if I didn't care that much, "OK, fine, I suppose."

"Great" He smiled up at me.

I started to channel a tiny bit of something, "you took a few liberties the other night as well."

He laughed genuinely at that. "Ahh, memories! Now get your clothes off."

The latter was fairly playful, but I responded quickly.

"Watch it, Brad."

That I had already taken off my jacket and was untucking my top probably undercut whatever anger made it to my voice. He raised his hands in mock surrender.

This casual way was how I'd undressed in front of Jim the first time I was completely naked in front of a guy. That time Jim had started off not really watching, and it seemed to be the same with Brad. As I tried to breathe properly after my mild outburst I slowly raised my top. It obscured my view briefly as I saw him take out his phone and glance at it, as if checking for messages. I was wearing a nice, black bra and realised I had already anticipated his reaction to seeing my breasts in it, but he had his head down typing as I reached for my jeans button. I realised some more anger was creeping in, why wasn't he paying attention?

He looked up and smiled at me briefly, then his head went back down. I wanted to say something but I also wanted to not slightly lose control again, so I swallowed a remark. Without thinking I carried on with removing my jeans, that's what I was there for after all.

I'd put on some black underwear to match the bra, small but not tiny and completely opaque. I figured I must still look great, but as I stood up I realised Brad was now actually calling someone. He was flicking through something on the screen as the speakerphone rang. It was quickly answered and he picked it up normally. I was stood in my underwear, ignored.

"Right, Andy, is everything going smoothly?" He looked at the wall seemingly absentmindedly. Try as I might I could not stop my annoyance, I stood still and stared at him.

"Good, good, so they're in a taxi. Is the interpreter all set?" He glanced back my way and looked down at my body briefly and then, seemingly not picking up on my body language, gestured to me to carry on. I sighed loudly in annoyance, but I reached behind my back to my bra strap nonetheless. The anticipation was building, I was about to be naked stood in a tiny little office for a man I hardly knew, this sort of thing was my cat nip and anger gave it a new, slightly dangerous edge.

As I slipped both arms out of my bra he sat back and flashed me a grin, now at least giving me full attention with his eyes.

"Oh, all good here. No problems at all."

I hung my bra over the back of the chair along with the rest of my outfit, I could feel a draft across my boobs coming from a vent above Brad's head. He was staring at them. It wasn't that I didn't feel the humiliation of stripping for someone taking it all so completely for granted, it was just that the combination of that plus the anger was making me feel the familiar tingle of exhibitionism. I couldn't help but want to please him despite this kind of treatment, and the only way I knew how was to take more off and to try even harder. Brad obviously had me pegged as he cupped the speaker end of the phone.

"Knickers too, Claire, I got you everything."

I had to respond to that but as I opened my mouth angrily he quickly raised a finger to his lips. "What was that?" he asked whoever he was speaking to. "Yes, she's here, pity you won't get to see." He laughed at the response and nodded downwards with his head, again telling me to get completely naked. I obeyed, swallowing my anger for now.

"She looks even better than that." He laughed again as I slipped my last item of clothing off my feet. "Keep quiet about her, though, honestly. The boss is on board, but no point going beyond need-to-know, OK?"

I straightened back up and ostentatiously half flung my knickers on top of the chair. Brad was still watching closely and even sat up straight, presumably to see my now exposed pussy and pubic hair. I had trimmed that morning in the shower, taking my time and imagining men seeing it. As I stood in front of him finishing his call with general pleasantries it was totally obvious that that's where Brad was looking. I waited, still annoyed but letting him look as long as he wanted.

"There we go, relatively painless, wasn't it?" He finally looked up at my face.

"For fuck's sake, Brad!" Even I was shocked, it was completely unlike me to use that kind of language. He raised an eyebrow, and I immediately apologised. "I'm sorry, but I'm not used to being ignored, or undressing in a tiny office."

"Not a problem." I waited a little longer, stood slightly sheepishly. And naked.

I couldn't wait forever, though. "The clothes, Brad. Come on!"

"OK, it's just." He did at last actually reach under his desk and start to pull out a few bags. "I'm not sure if these guys will go for hair, you know."

"What?"

"Your hair." He pointed at my groin and I looked down.

"I can't do anything about that now, can I?"

"No, I don't suppose so." He sounded thoughtful.

"Can I please get dressed?" I put out my hand and he finally rummaged in one of the bags, handing me an underwear set still in its packaging.

"That's the size you asked for, we can try another if needed."

I managed to unfold and unclip, under the watchful eye of Brad, and I decided to start with the bra given that was what may or may not fit. It was white, lacy and pretty small. It seemed a bit old fashioned and definitely something a guy would choose. I had seen already it was a set with suspenders and a thong.

I held it up briefly before clipping it around myself. "Guys are really, really predictable."

He smiled, "you'll look fantastic."

I nodded at him as I settled it in place. "You'll think so, certainly." Part of me was amazed at how I was getting into this.

The bra fitted me fine, so I pulled up the knickers fairly quickly. They seemed to fit high above the hip, and I tried to settle them in place for a while. They had a light frill and a white lace front.

"Let me have a proper look." I straightened up and let him have a look, then, without asking, started to turn around slowly.

"Honestly, Claire, your body is even better than I remembered it."

I turned back round and picked up the suspender belt. "Are there stockings?"

"Oh yes, of course" He handed me a pair, white to match the underwear. I started to clip the belt in place, it was basically just straps and didn't obscure the knickers much at all. I passed the straps under my thong, anticipating the order I would be asked to undress. I sat to start pulling on the stockings.

"So, have you had any other jobs since last week?"

"Just one, another maid outfit actually."

"Oh, really, is that popular?"

"Seems to be."

I could see a pair of shoes under the desk, black heels obviously. I started to slip them on as well.

"God, I wonder what you did for those people." He seemed lost in his own thoughts so I didn't reply. The shoes felt fine, and weren't stupidly high.

"I can't quite understand how Geoff found someone like you." I saw him shake his head slightly. "You don't seem like the usual performer, I'll give you that. You've got such an innocent air, but, my god, you're up for anything."

"I'm not up for 'anything', Brad, OK?" I felt I needed to say something like that, but I was mostly nervous he seemed too close to the truth.

"Of course, but, how can I put this? I'm not sure most dancers are so happy to take direction."

I thought to myself that's because I'm not a dancer, and resolved to maybe try and understand a bit more about how they operated in future. Though if he was paying me to take my clothes off I was a 'dancer' already, there wasn't anything more to it than that. The thought was quite amazing to me, I realised I felt partly almost proud. It also seemed I was already anticipating a next time.

I stood up and posed for him again, in heels and with the underwear complete. I could feel it all tightly hugging my body in the few places it actually covered. Brad stood up this time and walked round the desk as I started my spin, arms slightly out to let him see all of me.

"Fabulous." I felt him grip my waist quite firmly as I stood with my back to him. I stopped my movements, and he slowly ran his hands first briefly onto my bum, before starting back up my body to rest just below my breasts. I held my breath and wondered if he was going to cup them, I would not have resisted.

"I'm sorry, it's just you didn't seem to mind some contact the other night, and I suspect with a few drinks people might also get a bit hands on."

I again tried to control my voice, I wondered who exactly the 'people' were given how he was holding me. "That's fine." The anticipation remained as his hands moved slightly on my skin, I was barely conscious of the permissions I'd just given to him and his guests.

He let the moment pass, though, and I wondered if he'd intended to take any further liberties or not. He stepped away, letting his fingers lightly trail down my back. I turned and he reached across the desk to hand me the dress.

"The final piece of the outfit." He nodded down to my boobs. "With those I imagine it will be tight, but that's the way it will look best. I do have a bigger size, but hopefully it's not needed."

I took it from him, and stepped backwards to give myself more room. It was short, black and seemingly of very good quality. It had a beautifully soft lining, and as I zipped it up it started to grip me in a very pleasing fashion. I couldn't get the zip to the top, so I turned and Brad did the honours. It made it harder to breathe but didn't seem to cause any bulges except where it was supposed to. I had, once again, a great deal of cleavage on display.

"Breathtaking." He held up one arm and I again span round for him. "I almost don't want you to take it off again."

"But I do have to?"

He looked at me with a bit more intensity than he had before. "Yes, you do."

He glanced at my body again, then started to lead me outside. "They'll be here any moment." He looked down at his phone. "If I don't say otherwise come in with the tray in ten minutes, OK?"

As we got to the short corridor I saw there was now a folding table with a tray of prawn canapés on.

"Ahh, great, all set. We'll be in there." He pointed to the other door that wasn't the kitchen, he seemed to be locking the room we had just been in.

"Er, Brad, where am I going to undress?"

He looked around. "Well, out here."

"Seriously? And I have to wait out here too?"

"Don't worry, it's private, it's only really used to get access to these rooms from the kitchen, and no one has any reason to come out except you."

"And the guys leaving the trays."

"Well, yeah, but they'll probably do that whilst you're inside. Besides, they've jobs to do."

"Do they know what's going on in here?"

He looked thoughtful. "Actually, I guess they do. I had to let the manager know."

"Right, so you're saying they know a naked girl is going to be waiting in this corridor, but they'll just carry on chopping vegetables or whatever?!"

"Well, once you're down to the stockings and heels then just stay in with us, OK?"

"That wasn't really my point, Brad."

It was his turn to look ever so slightly sheepish.

"Come on, unlock the door, I'll change and wait in there."

He at least had the good grace to look slightly pained as he carried on. "I can't, sorry, I promised the manager I only needed it now and he'd get his keys back. They have his car on, plus he's got important stuff in there."

I hadn't seen the slightest thing of importance in the tiny, run down room.

"Brad, seriously, just take his car keys off or something."

Brad was already on the move.

"Sorry, Claire, I can't help it, there's always last minute issues. You'll be fine, honestly."

"Wait!" I was properly angry again, but Brad's apologetic grin disappeared inside the next room and I didn't have the stomach to follow him and make a scene. I looked around, it did seem private and little travelled, but there was surely no way the kitchen staff weren't going to try and see me. I wandered slowly up to the kitchen door, trying to work out how much anyone might see through the small glass part. They would have to deliberately look through, I figured, but if they did the whole corridor was easily visible.

I tried to imagine stood here waiting practically naked, it seemed pretty weird. I realised that at least the clothes I had on now would be out here, they wouldn't be the easiest to slip on but at least I could probably wiggle into the dress easily enough. I felt slightly better.

As I contemplated things I heard the door behind me. It seemed the supposedly never used exit to the restaurant was in use. I turned and saw someone roughly my age looking back, he seemed just as startled as I was. He looked uncertain and as if he wanted to immediately turn straight back round, but thought better of it and came inside.

"Hi."

"Hi." I was unsure who he was and what he knew, so didn't want to put my foot in it.

He looked around and saw the tray, he seemed relieved. "Oh, you're a new waitress or something, yeah?"

"Yeah, sort of."

"Thank god, I thought you might be a friend of Steve."

"Steve?"

"You know, the boss, thought I was busted." I let that go by, I figured I needed to keep the conversation to the minimum. "I duck in here when it's quiet, keeps me from having to do any extra work, you see." He suddenly looked worried again. "You won't drop me in it, will you?"

"No, don't worry. I'm only here today, anyway."

"Oh, really, why's that?" His nervous but cheery conversation was growing on me, it was a nice change of pace after Brad. He was even fairly cute in a boyish way.

"It's a private party and they called me in for it."

"Why, are you a super special tray carrier or something?" It was clear from his tone it was a joke and he laughed afterwards as if it were a prize winning one. It was charming in a fairly goofy manner, I found myself being a bit more open with him.

"Something like that, yes." I smiled warmly at him, he looked almost scared again.

"Right, well I need to get back, I reckon." I carried on smiling as he backed to the door. "You, er, might be here if I come in again?"

"Yes, I might be." He smiled slightly as I couldn't resist continuing. "If you're here in ten minutes or so you might get to see why I'm so super special."

He laughed slightly. "Oh, right. I, er, could be." And with that he left, glancing back as the door swung shut.

I carried on smiling even as I realised it must surely be time to go in with the canapés, that encounter was just what I needed to lighten my mood. I was obviously already in the showing off zone given what had happened with Brad but I felt a bit more playful now too, and if I was going to put on a good show that was probably needed. I grabbed the tray and headed inside.

As I scanned the room, which had a dining table at one end with a couple of people sat around and then Brad and one more stood at a small bar, I felt someone take a canapé and move past joining those at the bar. I knew I looked good in the dress, but I imagine the men here were well used to attractive young women as waitresses or secretaries. I dithered between heading to the table or the bar and mostly did neither.

Luckily the room wasn't that big and Brad soon spotted me and beckoned me over. He stepped slightly away from the men he was talking to and put his arm around my shoulders as I got close. He glanced over at a younger Japanese guy at the table, who I took to be the interpreter, then started making a little speech.

"Guys, this is Yvette, who I'm sure I've mentioned to you before. She's our 'help' for the afternoon." His hand was already slipping down my body as he spoke, now mostly round the small of my back he pulled me in a bit closer to him. The other people in the room couldn't help but notice.

"Now, for starters she'll be handing out the food we've laid on, feel free to get to know her a little bit." He lowered his hand to my bum and squeezed lightly, "I can certainly recommend doing so. She'll come back later, and I'm sure has some exciting things planned. Isn't that right, Yvette?"

I looked across at him, not ready for a speech of my own. He carried on anyway without really giving me a chance to reply. "Anyway, off you go. Everyone else, enjoy yourselves!" With that he gave me a pretty firm pat on the bum, and I half-stepped, half-stumbled forwards. As I recovered my balance and began to wonder what exactly to do I heard the young man talking quietly in Japanese to the man at the table. It seemed the nationalities weren't really mixing freely yet, though Brad had headed that way.

I stepped across to the two guys stood near the bar and proffered my tray. They both took a canapé whilst giving my cleavage a good once over. I figured for this first pass I was supposed to act mostly like a waitress so I smiled politely, wondering whether I should make conversation or just move on.

"Thanks," said one of them.

"You're welcome."

"So, come here often?" Asked the other, making a pretty terrible joke. He didn't laugh afterwards like the boy in the corridor but didn't really seem rude.

"No, not at all." I said politely, pretending to be oblivious. It seemed easiest.

"You should probably go serve our guests, really," said the first, softly. "They're why you're here, I think."

"OK." I turned away. That was pretty awkward, but I supposed I didn't need to impress what I took to be Brad's colleagues too much. Taking my clothes off would do the job in any case. I realised that I would rather have been undressing for them than making small talk.

I approached the table from the side away from where Brad was now sat. The older Japanese man smiled up at me as he took something to eat, I moved past and as the interpreter also served himself I felt a hand lightly pat and grope my bum. I had to wait in his reach for a slight moment and he continued to explore my bum, he had definitely been observing Brad earlier. I completed the tour of the table by serving Brad, I couldn't help but notice that everyone seemed to be drinking heavily and there was an open bottle of whisky on the table. As I finished the Japanese businessman said something to the interpreter.

"Could you bring him another, please?"

"Of course."

I walked round beside him and he took a canapé, placing it on his plate uneaten. This time he ran his hand down my back to the hem of the dress, gripping my butt cheeks on the way, and ended up feeling the fabric between finger and thumb. He again spoke to the interpreter beside him.

"He says you're very beautiful, and that the dress is fantastic."

I smiled back.

"He also says that he'd like to buy the dress from you." At that Brad laughed delightedly. He said something briefly in fairly animated Japanese and the interpreter let out a brief snort of laughter.

I didn't know quite what to say, or really whether to reply at all. I laughed slightly and I would think not too convincingly and looked at Brad.

"Well, I'm very flattered." I knew it didn't totally make sense but I was flustered and still unsure whether this was all a joke or not.

There was silence for a moment, "I think he's serious," said the interpreter. The man nodded.

"Oh, well, you see it's not really mine to sell.." I started.

He spoke again and after he finished the interpreter continued, "he says that perhaps they could just rent the dress, providing he can get it immediately." Again there was laughter afterwards.

"Mr Ito, please, wallet away. Everything is on me today!" Brad grinned as he continued. "Besides, I've already bought her dress, and I'm sure I can take back possession any time I want. Isn't that right, Yvette?"

I looked from him to the others at the table, they were watching me closely. "Yes, of course." I looked back. "Do you want it now?"

"Steady, Yvette, let's let our guest settle in, shall we?" He leaned back and took hold of my posterior once again, grabbing and pushing me away from the table. "Give us some space for the moment, OK. See if the kitchen is ready for the next course." He patted me as I walked away, taking it as my cue to leave the room for now. As I left I heard him say that he had bought my underwear as well. So much for any surprise.

I headed back to the corridor, there was already a second tray of canapés waiting. I just about survived that, I thought to myself.

"Hey, Claire."

I turned back to the door, Brad had popped his head out.

"We need a bit more animation in there, OK? I thought you'd be putting on a show?"

I felt my face flush. "I thought I was just a waitress for this first pass! You said something about him not realising till I went back in!"

Brad did pause slightly. "Did I?"

I nodded. I was still embarrassed and a little scared he might work out I wasn't a real stripper, but I was also annoyed he was questioning my work.

"Oh, right. Anyway, we agree you'll be a bit more on the ball next time, then?"

He still had that cocky air. "You worry about business, Brad, I'll handle things my way, OK? You didn't have any complaints last time, did you?"

He looked at me for a little while, then went back in. He had probably already been drinking in there but maybe I did need to step up my game. I tried not to think about how out of my depth I was. I needed to calm down a little before my next entrance, I wondered at what point to take off the dress.

After a few minutes I heard the door to the restaurant open, with the excitement I'd forgotten about the friend I'd made last time.

"You're still here, then?"

"Yes."

He smiled but still seemed a bit nervous. "Must be pretty boring, standing about in the corridor."

"Wait a minute, I thought that's what you did in here by choice?!"

He chuckled. "Yeah, I suppose."

"Don't worry, I've already been in to serve some food, I'll be going back again soon enough." Without a dress, I thought. I wondered if he remembered what I'd said at the end of our last chat.

"Will I get too see why you're so super special, then?"

He did, I started to feel a little excited, his nervousness was reminding me of how it had been with Tom and Jim that first time.

"Perhaps. I do need to go back soon and should probably get ready to show my skills off first." I looked right at him, trying to sound slightly seductive.

"Oh, right." He looked down at his feet.

"Maybe you need to work, though? It'd be a shame."

"No, I think I can stay a few minutes." He looked at me again. "What do you need to do, sort out the tray or something?" He sounded genuinely interested.

"Nothing like that, in fact I think you can help me."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, it's just about me really, and how I look." I stepped away from the wall and stood in front of him, taking care to present my body in the tight dress for him properly for the first time. I pushed my chest out a little, letting him take in my cleavage and ran my hands down my stomach briefly. "For instance, do you like the way I look in this dress?"

I could see him nervously taking the permission to really stare at my body as the dress hugged my figure and emphasised my curves. I almost turned to show my ass off a bit more, but decided to not get too blatant. Yet. My excuse was that I needed to get ready for the show next door, but then I hadn't needed any excuse in the past.

"Oh, yes, very nice."

I stopped and stood still, trying to be suddenly more serious. "Well, they don't like it."

"Really?" He seemed confused.

"No, in fact, they want me to take it off." I carried on staring at him, he seemed a bit lost for words this time. I was loving the reaction.

Finally he spoke again. "Oh."

I grinned internally, I'm sure he was already kicking himself for such a weak response. Luckily for him I was going to give him what he wanted anyway. I kept a straight face.

"Maybe you can help?" I turned quickly and lifted my hair so that the zip was exposed, I didn't really need to do that but it helped emphasise what I was asking from him.

Nothing happened at first. "Are you sure?" He was almost whispering.

"Have to keep the customer happy, don't I?" I held the position. He needed to hurry up, it was probably approaching time to go back in there.

"OK, well.." I felt him take a hesitant grip on the zip and, after another few moments, it started its slow journey downwards. I concentrated on not moving, letting him undress me as quickly or as slowly as he liked, using what I imagined to be his view to keep me excited. As tight as the dress was I knew it wouldn't actually fall off at any point, but, as it progressed, it would show him my bare skin, my bra straps and then, near the end, my suspender belt, thong and a part of my bum. That said, I felt him stop around the small of my back.

"There you go."

"I think it needs to go lower, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yeah, it's, er.."

"I won't be able to get it off if you don't finish." I bent forwards slightly, trying to entice him back.

"OK."

I felt the zip lower, this time to the end. I could feel that my knickers and a good portion of my ass was already on display, I visualised him looking as I stayed where I was.

"Are you sure it's all the way down?"

"Yes, that's as far as it will go." He tugged it a bit more, pulling the dress away from me slightly and I'm sure enhancing his view. He was maybe starting to take those little liberties I was offering. I waited till I felt him let go, then turned back to him. I held the dress in place at the top fairly lightly.

"Thanks, I'll just slip out of it now."

"Shall I go?" He moved very slightly towards the door.

"Do you want to go?"

He looked at me some more, I guess trying to work out what was expected. "No?" He sounded very hesitant.

"Well, stay." I was completely in the zone now.

I slipped the dress off both arms, then peeled it down to my waist fairly easily and quickly. I looked up and smiled, I could feel my breasts lower and sway ever so slightly as the bra took their considerable weight. I started to tug at the dress to get it past my hips, it resisted quite a lot, still tight around my bum as well. I felt my boobs jiggle more and more as I pulled. I'm sure my nipples were fairly visible and my dress was already below most of my knickers as I moved about for him.

"Sorry, it was quite tight on me, wasn't it?" I looked at him as I struggled, unsurprisingly his eyes weren't on my face.

"Yes." He seemed lost in thought and his face was really quite flushed.

Eventually I got it past my hips and bum and the going got easy again. With a few shakes it fell to the floor and I stepped out of it, moving it with my foot to the side of the corridor. As is my way I quickly rotated to give him the full view of me in just the tiny, fairly transparent white lingerie.

"Will they like this any better, do you think?"

"You're going back in like that?!"

I looked down at myself and then back at him. "Well, that's pretty much my job."

"Is it?"

"Yeah, I'm not really a waitress, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, right. I think I get it." He sounded very nervous and wary again.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to trick you or anything, I was enjoying talking to you and thought this might be fun."

"No, it's OK." He paused, he didn't know what to say but seemed at least slightly comfortable again. "You look amazing."

"Thanks!" I felt pretty great as well, the feeling of being out of my depth vanishing along with my clothes. I smoothed down a few creases in the small amount of fabric I was wearing and made sure the knicker strap was sitting straight against my skin. My audience was delighted to just take it all in from a few feet away.

"Well, I should be heading back." I hesitated, but there was no real doubt what subject I would raise now. "Will you be around in ten minutes or so?"

He looked up, surprised and slightly guarded but also clearly interested. "I, er, maybe."

"Well, if you are you can take this off me." I pulled a bra cup down slightly, exposing one nipple for a very brief second. "If you'd like?"

He gaped back and then nodded slightly, I wasn't going to stop there.

"And then, the time after that, well," I lowered my arms and pulled my panties down ever so slightly at either hip, "I won't be needing my knickers, could you could help with those too?"

He was looking transfixed and even more lustful, confused and timid than Tom had ever managed. He did, however, give another nod. I knew I needed to head back in now but I also needed just one more reaction from him. I pulled my underwear out at the front, opening a gap between it and my pussy.

"Want a quick preview?"

He hesitated only slightly this time and I kept still as he took a few steps and began to lean forwards. I waited till the last second before he would see everything then let my panties snap back in place.

"Now, now, don't be greedy!" I laughed, hopefully provocatively. I certainly felt provocative. "You'll see soon enough."

He straightened up. If he was disappointed he didn't show it much, still engrossed by my body. I picked up the tray and started to open the door, making sure he got a look at my backside covered by just a few straps of material. My ample bum jiggled slightly as I moved, and I'm sure continued to do so whilst I fumbled with the handle. Then I headed on in whilst flashing him a smile and mouthing, "see you soon." I hoped I could keep this going with Brad and the rest of them, this was fun.

I glanced across and saw that the tray had tiny pastries filled with a creamy sauce, not that that seemed to matter much. People were mostly still in the same configuration, though Brad's two colleagues were closer to the table as if they were joining in conversation there a little bit. Both their heads had turned as I entered and they were obviously staring as I approached, I tried to will myself to keep the confidence from the corridor. For now it felt like it would work.

"Hi, Boys."

They turned fully to me as I got near and we ended up with them standing between me and the table. They both looked as if they were possibly about to speak but neither actually did, probably hoping the other would do the difficult work for them.

"See anything you like?" I asked brightly. If they could do cheesy lines, so could I.

"Goddamn," said the joker from earlier, not hiding the way he was examining as much of me as possible. I felt completely energised by their attention, my body felt so light, bouncy and exposed to them, it was delicious.

"Very flattering, but I meant the food obviously!" He held my look for a moment, then glanced to the tray.

"Oh, I hadn't noticed that before."

"Nice."

"I'll take one, please," said his colleague. He was the older of the two, probably about 50 and was slightly balding with glasses. They both looked a bit like generic business guys off the TV, but then I didn't really have much experience with this demographic.

I turned slightly to him and he started to reach for the tray. As ever at this point I was operating on instinct and I held up a finger, "no, please, allow me."

He seemed surprised but stopped and I quickly stepped in very close to him, my legs and tits brushing his clothes. He seemed slightly unsure what was happening, but didn't move back at all. I was maybe 6 inches shorter than him which meant I was able to look up smiling at his face. I picked a pastry from the tray then raised it to his mouth, he opened it and I placed it inside. Luckily it was a small pastry so it wasn't too awkward. Afterwards I ran my hand down his chest, until it was stopped by my own breasts pressed slightly against him. I stayed like that for a moment.

"Wasn't that better?" He smiled and nodded, I stepped back.

"My turn." Said the other guy, he was probably closer to 40 and was a bigger guy, though not much taller, with shortish black hair and wearing a dark blue suit.

"Of course." But I then let out an exclamation. "Oh, but wait! I've got crumbs on your jacket." That was addressed at the first man, he looked down and then went to brush them off his grey suit but I again stopped him. "No, please, it's my fault after all."

This time, instead of stepping in towards him I turned away from them towards the bar and went to place the tray on top. Although I had no real reason to I bent over at the waist whilst putting it down, arching my back and presenting the two men with a view of my practically naked butt. I held the pose far longer than needed to make it obvious then turned back.

"OK, then." I approached the man with the crumbs, this time staying about a step away and then lightly brushed his lapel. The crumbs were dislodged easily.

"Thanks."

"Oh, a few more!" I reached down to around his belly button and brushed at nothing on his shirt. I stood back up and smiled at him, then looked down.

"I can't believe it, even more!"

I think he guessed what was happening and stood still as I brushed his crotch three or four times fairly quickly. I pressed more firmly than previously but didn't grip anything. I couldn't say it felt much different to his chest or stomach, but there was no doubt what part of him it was. I didn't know if I was doing what I wanted to or what I thought a stripper would do, the difference was probably wafer thin. As I stepped back I felt the first real sensation of fear about what I might do in my stomach, it was now a welcome companion.

The man whose penis I'd just lightly groped was grinning as I turned to the other one.

"About time!"

He mimed to open his mouth and I moved closer to him, though I again held back from pressing myself against him. I realised I couldn't help it, I had to push things further every time. I glanced to my side, vaguely running through possibilities in my head, and saw that the three men at the table had stopped talking and were watching what I was up to.

"What gives, honey?" The blue suited man still sounded like he was having fun, though clearly was slightly impatient.

I looked back to him, it was time to act. "Well, it occurred to me that I don't need the tray."

He looked confused. "Here, let me show you." I turned back round to get a pastry, again bending to give a show with my bum, then, pushing my boobs out towards him, placed it between my breasts. It nestled in my cleavage, easily held between my pert D cups.

"Think you could eat that one?" I asked, holding the pose that presented my tits to him.

"I'm sure I could try." He smiled broadly and stepped towards me, needing no invitation to grab me on each hip. He was steadying himself slightly, but also pulling my breasts nearer to his mouth. I wondered what I'd let myself in for, both immediately and when the three other men in the room took a turn. My heart was racing and the feeling of slight danger and unpredictability was definitely back.

Probably because he was first to try it he didn't take full advantage of what I'd offered. I don't think I could have blamed him whichever part of my tits he put his mouth on, or what he did next, but he contented himself with taking the pastry after only brief contact between his mouth and my skin. He also let go of me fairly quickly afterwards, righting himself and grinning in my face.

"I suppose I should stop bothering you and go and see your client, now, shouldn't I?"

They both nodded and let me move on after I'd picked up the tray again. I could almost feel their gaze on my butt as I passed. I tried to ignore the part of me that was wondering what on earth I could do next to top that, even as I also ignored the part of me terrified by what it could imagine. I smiled at Brad instead.

"Hello, Yvette, quite a change."

I nodded, "well, as you said, the dress wasn't really mine."

"Well, I'm a fan. Mr Ito?"

He replied briefly and had his thoughts put in to English. "He is no longer disappointed about losing out on the dress."

"How pragmatic! Now, Yvette, maybe you'd like to serve our guest?"

"Of course." I headed over, still wondering quite how to play this. Before I could decide Mr Ito made his intentions clear, he pushed himself away from the table and indicated I should sit on his knee. I didn't say no and settled in to place, putting the tray on the table. We ended up with me sat sideways on his lap facing the interpreter and Brad.

"That looks cosy."

I felt Mr Ito nod his agreement and also felt him place a hand a fair way up my thigh. I turned and smiled at him in the way I figured guys expected of me, I then moved to get a pastry. I felt him put the other hand on the small of my back as I went. I held the pastry just above my breasts, a few inches from his nose.

"Do this look OK for you?"

I didn't quite know whether to address him or the interpreter and sort of fell between the two. Mr Ito nodded again but the interpreter looked at me and also said yes. I lifted it to him and he happily took it, slightly awkwardly trying to also take my fingers into his mouth.

As he chewed he moved his hand upwards from my thigh, slightly squeezing and caressing as he went. He went to the side of my groin and then up onto my stomach, keeping it moving about and letting it lightly brush the bottom of my bra. I wondered what he might do next and if he might try to undress me further, it would be pretty simple of him to pull down a bra cup. I realised my only real concern was that that was too quick for Brad's timetable, I was supposed to leave this time with my lingerie still on.

"How about something slightly different?" I asked without really waiting for an answer and lifted myself up from his lap, but then quickly placed a knees there instead. Mr Ito didn't seem to object as I used the table to steady myself and lifted my other leg up as well, ending up kneeling on his lap with my back to him. I then bent forward, using my elbows to hold myself up on the table and sticking my bum up very close to his face. I actually hit him at first, though not very hard, before correctly judging the distances involved.

I had angled myself slightly so I was still facing towards Brad at one end, with the interpreter in the general direction of my face as well. I turned to the younger Japanese man, who seemed in his 20s.

"Could you serve Mr Ito this time, please?"

He looked confused, Brad helped him out.

"I think by that she means put on of those things on top of her ass."

I nodded at him and wiggled my bum, I could actually feel Mr Ito's breath on my posterior. The interpreter rose, took a pastry and went behind me out of view. I waited and after a few moments I felt something get perched on top of my left butt cheek. I held still to make sure it didn't fall off.

I heard talking in Japanese. "He wants to know if you're ready?"

"Of course."

I smiled at Brad, he smiled back. The idea of the two men having such a close up view of me bent over, legs slightly apart in that tiny thong was keeping my excitement levels high. I felt the hands of presumably Mr Ito grip me on either side, just above my hips and mostly underneath on my stomach, he was probably leaning forward so I anticipated impact.

When it came it was much lower on my bum that expected, he had kissed me full on the cheek. I heard him laughing slightly.

"Oh, Mr Ito!"

"He says he's sorry and will try harder this time."

"Good"

I felt his hands grip again, this time tighter and they pulled me even closer to him. He didn't miss and seemed to get the pastry, though he also was able to lick a healthy portion of my butt. I felt a shiver, it was both slightly unnerving and exciting. He patted my bum several times as he ate.

"Can he have another?"

"I think he can have as many as he likes, isn't that right?" I asked Brad.

"Certainly, but perhaps you should offer him a different dining experience?" He also got up from his seat, walked round towards me and reached to take my hand. With a slightly bemused expression I took it and he started to lead me. I thought it was to get down from the table, but he shook his head and mimed that I should just turn over, so, climbing up from Mr Ito's lap I turned over and ended up sat in front of him, legs either side of him. Brad had let go of my hand when I'd understood what was expected.

"Like this?" I was asking Brad but looking at Mr Ito who was staring down at my panties so hard I wondered if I was still covered.

"Fine, but now scoot yourself backwards." I started to move to his instructions. "That's it, now lie back and bring your legs up." I ended up lay on my back with my legs bent at the knee and my feet resting on the table just in front of Brad's guest. I was starting to understand what Brad wanted, I thought. As I looked up at the ceiling as expected I felt a hand on my knee, now move your legs apart. I did as I asked, lifting my head to see the Mr Ito grinning as my thighs parted.

"Like this?" I was slowly starting to realise how suddenly in control of me Brad and the other guys at the table had become, what started as a performance driven by my confidence was turning into them treating me as an attractive plate. I hadn't opened my legs as far as I did whilst naked with Tom and the rest of them, but my knees were at least a foot or so apart. I looked down and tried to guess how much on display I was. I was sure my trimmed pubic hair was visible and had been for some time, but there was every chance my now slightly moist pussy was easily made out by the three men looking closely between my legs. I felt that familiar feeling of being trapped and being delighted by it, what happened next was in their hands.

"OK, how about this." Brad wasn't really asking a question, it was a given that his dining companions would agree. He placed the next pastry just above the hem of my knickers on my belly. I was surprised it wasn't right on my vagina, but I suppose that was maybe a little too much.

Raising my head was a little awkward but I saw Mr Ito nod contentedly. He had been stroking my legs since just after I got into this position, and he now slid his hands up as he leaned in. I felt both apprehensive and slightly numb, holding my breath as I at the last moment wondered if he'd plant his mouth much lower like he had done on my butt.

He didn't, he landed maybe slightly on my panties but took the pastry without that much extra contact. He did, however, stay with his head just slightly above my groin, his hands had slid all the way to lightly grip either side of my bum. He grinned up at me slightly gormlessly but I returned the look as if he still resembled an important business man. The thought of his mouth so close to me and what I would probably let him do to me was making me slightly breathless, it wasn't quite that I wanted him to but the thought did excite me despite not finding him attractive.

I wanted to keep my head relatively clear, I wondered if it would be acceptable to get up and see if I could move on. As it was I didn't have to do much, Mr Ito seemed to have had his fill for now and, after a few strokes of my thighs he lightly kissed my lower belly before sitting back up. I took the cue and also sat up on the table, looking over to Brad.

"Would you like to have something?" I asked.

He didn't reply but looked at me with the same sort of momentary intensity that had briefly taken him in the office, and he sat down slightly away from the table clearly inviting me to get in his lap. I slid across and got down with my back facing him, just as I was about to sit I felt his hands grip my on the hips and half pull, half support me as I went. I felt him shuffle on the seat and guide my bum to sit straight on his groin and it was immediately obvious why. Although it wasn't the first time I had felt an erection push into my bum, it was certainly the most blatant.

He slightly pushed me forwards and moved himself at the same time, then pulled me back a little. It was obvious what he wanted so my body responded, taking my weight ever so slightly with my feet and starting to slide myself back and forwards on his cock. I hoped I was being fairly discreet, and we were still slightly behind the table with respect to Mr Ito. After a little while I leaned forward to try and get a pastry and I felt his penis slide right into place between my cheeks as I moved. I started to feel breathless again, I'm sure my underwear was now more than slightly moist.

As I reached forwards I threatened to leave his lap and I felt Brad hold me in place by the hips.

"I can't reach the pastries!" I said, turning slightly.

"Don't worry." Brad's voice wasn't very playful at all at the moment.

A large part of me wanted to give him what he wanted, but I didn't understand how the show could continue if I did and was not really prepared for the reactions of the others. I sped up for a few passes and then, taking a trick from the other day, I pushed back quickly and firmly to surprise him and then stood up. Turning round he looked surprised and maybe even a little angry.

"I can't spend all my time with you, even if you did buy my clothes. There are other people here."

He stayed sat down but seemed to be happy again after a few moments.

"Of course." He waved his hand to indicate I could leave him. I looked around, the interpreter was the only man I'd not given attention to but from his body language it didn't seem like he'd appreciate it too much. This seemed like a job he just wanted to get through and I didn't want to embarrass him. I was wondering if I should leave to get ready for the next tray, when I felt someone approach me from behind.

"Hello again."

It was the younger of Brad's two colleagues, he slid himself up against me with his hands around my waist. Brad had turned back to the table and Mr Ito and began a conversation. The Man holding me turned me to one side and we walked a few steps towards the wall. We weren't really going anywhere private, though, in such a small room.

"I'm not sure I had my fill earlier." His voice came from just beside my right ear, he slid his hands up my stomach and I felt him press into my bum as Brad had done. I pushed back slightly as a reflex, but I did think this was already probably too far. I knew I wouldn't put a stop to things, though, just try and slide out of the situation with the promise of more to come.

"Oh, well, I should really be going out for some more, now."

"No rush, is there?" He moved his hands up onto my breasts, slightly hesitatingly at first, but when I made no move to stop him he started to squeeze them like other parts of my body. I started to wonder exactly what the men here expected of me and if this was still just normal behaviour for a dancer at a private party. As I felt the older man take advantage of my body, his large hands now going pretty much where they wanted, I knew I was powerless to some extent, I was lost in the fantasy of being a plaything for whoever wanted me. My body felt like it was doing what it was made to, but I tried to concentrate on that more businesslike part that knew I needed to end this particular visit.

"This would be more fun if I were naked, wouldn't it?"

He stopped moving his hands, though still held me close. His hands were near my panties.

"Is that an invitation to take these off?" He lightly pinched my thong strap.

I laughed and took the opportunity to slip forwards out of his grasp, turning towards him.

"Maybe next time, watch this space." I looked down at my pussy, then looked back at him grinning. He returned it.

"I'll be back." I headed to the door and was soon enough back in the relative safety of the corridor. I breathed a sigh and tried to calm down. For a few seconds I didn't think anything. I felt my body was covered in sweat, and I could still feel the men pressed against me. It felt wrong and scary and something I craved more of. Suddenly I heard Brad's voice, he had again popped his head out of the door.

"Amazing."

I caught my breath. "Was that better?"

"You know it was. At least, I hope you do." I just smiled. "Anyway, next time just come back naked, OK? No need to prolong things any more."

I saw him look at my body as he spoke and I felt a little thrill at how casually he ordered me to bare everything for them. I nodded in reply.

He smiled. "See you shortly."

I looked around the corridor, I saw the door and realised that covering up for the chefs was the now the last thing on my mind. I tried to remember how I'd felt earlier when it had seemed important, but it was impossible. Let them look, I thought. It did still give me a thrill though, and the idea of a man carrying some food suddenly, unexpectedly catching sight of my naked body was a exciting image that occupied my mind. I felt myself reaching for my bra strap, but then I remembered my friend from the restaurant, I should wait for him of course. I wondered what he'd make of me in this mood, even more happy to strip than before. I hoped I wouldn't be too much.

After a few minutes I began to wonder if he'd make it. This time I was somewhat impatient to get back into the room, though I think that was partly so I wouldn't have time to dwell on what I might do there. I resolved to give him a few more minutes.

Finally, just as I was gaving up on him, the door opened slowly. He peered inside, saying faintly, "hello?"

I waited till he actually creeped inside, "hello."

"Ah." He actually jumped a tiny bit. "I thought you weren't here." He seemed very timid again, barely looking at me.

"Why would I not be?" I was feeling more confident than I ever had felt whilst practically naked in front of a guy.

"Oh, er." He looked up a little bit, immediately sneaking a glance down my body. I stood still inviting him to look.

I softened my voice. "It's not every day some girl wants you to take her clothes off, is it?"

"No."

"And I guess you were worried I'd changed my mind or was having a joke or something?"

"Yeah, I guess." He was spending more and more time looking at me rather than the carpet.

"Well, here I am." I gestured up and down my body, letting him take as hard a look as he wanted at my white, skimpy underwear. "I'm sorry, though, I do need your help but it's not as I expected." I tried to look at him with concern.

"Really?"

I pouted harder. "I'm afraid they don't want me to go back in topless."

"Ahh, right, so you don't need.." He tailed off, he had a slightly weird tone probably trying to not show disappointment.

I kept the disappointed tone. "No, you see, they just want me to be naked straight away."

There was a pause, I didn't move. "So, er, you want.."

"Yeah, you'll need to take them both off." I held my arms out slightly to the side, offering my body to him but otherwise standing still. I looked at him expectantly.

"Now?"

"Yes, I have to go back pretty soon."

Again I just waited and after a moment he took a few slow steps towards me, I smiled, I'd decided I wasn't going to help him at all. Or stop him doing whatever he felt the need to.

He approached from the front but then quickly walked round behind me. I heard him cough then I felt him take my suspender belt in his hands and pull it out. I let him fumble with it for a few moments. "Oh, not that actually. Guess I shouldn't have said naked, just take off my bra and knickers, please."

"Right." A few more moments then finally he took hold of my bra. I felt it strain even more at the front as he held it away from my body and messed with the clasp, it took a few goes but came undone without too much trouble. I felt it go loose but as I still held my arms at my sides it stayed in place. He let it sit there for a few moments, then, when it was clear I wasn't doing anything started to peel one strap forwards down my arm. I moved that arm slightly but still didn't really help, it was soon a little awkward from his position behind me and he came round.

I could feel that one breast was now free and as he looked down at my chest I could see his nervous, blushing face full of concentration. It felt wonderful to have him doing exactly as I told him, completely different from the powerlessness I'd experienced in the other room but just as exciting. He again tried to pull the bra completely off one arm, but I had still left it hanging down by my side preventing him. Eventually he took my hand and lifted it, I let him and it was suddenly much easier to slip off. He repeated the manoeuvre and I was topless in front of him, I watched him look at me making no effort to cover up. I could hear his breathing slightly, it seemed he might just stare forever.

"I still need you to take off my panties."

He looked up to my face for the first time in a while. "Right." I smiled, still unmoving. This was his job.

He looked down, I could see him wondering how to play it. As I hoped he decided to take full advantage, he crouched so his head was level with my pussy, and put his hands up to my body. "Is this OK?"

"Whatever you want." I said casually, not responding as I felt his hands take hold of my thong. My legs were slightly apart and I had only gotten wetter down there since we started this performance. I wanted him to see all of me.

"Right, so I'll.." He pretty much whispered that as he started to pull my knickers down. It didn't take too long for me to feel them slightly spring from within my ass and pussy. He continued his steady downward pace, tearing his eyes from my vagina as they reached my knees and he needed to pay more attention. He guided my thong off each foot and put it behind him, I still stood near him and he didn't get up yet, taking full advantage of his view. I'd resolved to let him do anything, but after a few moments I knew I needed to say something just to break the silence. I said the first thing that came in to my head.

"They were a little annoyed by my hair, actually. What do you think?"

He looked up startled, as if surprised the thing in front of him could talk.

"Your hair?"

"Here. Where you were just looking." I reached down and framed my neat, small trim of pubic hair with my hands either side of my pussy, not covering but presenting. I felt myself open ever so slightly with the pressure of my hands, it was the most brazen thing I'd ever done completely of my own accord.

"Er..." He hadn't much to say, though was observing me quite closely from a few inches away. We stayed like that for a few moments, he was happy for the excuse to stay down there it seemed.

"Excuse me."

We both jumped, completely startled as someone cleared their throats behind us. My companion almost bolted through the door, but took a few steps back as I turned trying to recover. A man I'd not seen before in a chefs outfit stood there with a tray of champagne.

"I need to put this out here for you." He addressed me, all business like and as if I weren't completely naked.

"Oh, thanks."

He placed it on the table, still acting as if things were normal.

"I was just about to go back in," my friend almost squeaked. "I heard a noise and wondered.."

"It's OK, Nick, I'll keep my mouth shut." I smiled at the chef as he stood up and headed back the way he came. He took one quick opportunity to glance down my body but then was gone. I turned back to Nick and giggled.

"That was unexpected!"

He still looked like he'd seen a ghost and was leaning against the wall seemingly trying to relax.

"God, I thought I was in so much trouble." He looked at me. "I need this job."

"Oh, am I not worth it, then?" I tried to be serious again, gesturing up and down my naked body as he stared worriedly.

"Of course, you're amazing, it's just I should be working!"

I laughed. "Don't worry, I'm joking." I leaned against the wall with him. "There's no naked bimbo break, is there?"

"You're not a bimbo!"

"No? I think I might be, a little bit. I am pretty naked here and I really didn't need to be. For you, at least."

He took that as another opportunity to look me over. "Yes, but, you seem, you know ... nice to me."

"And bimbos aren't nice?"

"I don't know." He still looked slightly like he feared I might be playing a joke on him.

"Well, thank you, I'm not sure what made me do this with you, but I had a great time." He smiled. "I do need to go back in now, though."

"Your super special tray carrying?"

"I guess." I picked up the tray of champagne and held it up high, conscious of what that did to my naked body.

"Will I, er, see you again out here?"

I wondered what to say. I'd enjoyed my time here but I wouldn't have any reason to be back and I didn't know what we'd do next time anyway given I was already naked.

"No, I'm staying in there now. Till I'm done, at least."

"Oh, right." He looked crestfallen again.

"Maybe I'll be here afterwards, though. I did leave my things in your managers office, actually."

He brightened up. "Oh, really? Maybe I can put your other stuff there and then after I can take you through, and.."

"You have a key to his office?"

He seemed confused by the question. "We all do, I think, but he never locks it."

I muttered under my breath, though it all made no difference now.

"Sorry?"

"Nothing. I guess I may see you later then." He smiled at me as I headed back to the door.

Once again as I scanned the room I tried to get back into that mindset whilst retaining the sense of fun and confidence my corridor adventure had given me. All five men were now gathered round the table and watched as I strode over. Brad's two colleagues and the interpreter has somewhat gobsmacked expressions that fired my enjoyment even further. Brad smiled and gestured for me to join him so I stood by his side as he handed out glasses. All eyes were glued to my body.

Brad took the tray form me and then put his arm around my waist. "Well, Gentlemen, have we finally found the right outfit for her?"

"Jesus, just look at that." Brad's younger colleague sounded lost in thought, but then acted slightly embarrassed when he realised he's spoken out loud. Brad laughed.

"Well put, Pete." I saw the interpreter quickly let the Mr Ito know what had happened, he also smiled.

"Sorry, I.."

"Don't worry, she's here to get looked at, aren't you?"

"Yes." I said brightly. Brad took my hand and raised it up. I took the cue, turning myself round slowly to let the men really study my naked body. I still felt breathless, tingly, slightly scared and completely alive.

"So, what shall we do with her?" Brad scanned the room. I had been imagining that I'd be in charge like last time and had vaguely imagined I'd dance for them, so this was a slight surprise. I was a little worried about what they would come up with but of course stayed silent and still.

No one seemed to offer any immediate ideas. Brad seemed just about to address me when we heard Mr Ito speak up.

"He has a suggestion for a game he has played with, er, performers before. He worries if it might be a little too much, though."

"Mr Ito, are you saying we're not adventurous enough for you?" Brad sounded playful but also had his typical slight edge.

Mr Ito held his gaze smiling for a moment and then spoke quickly to the interpreter. When he finished the young man seemed very nervous and hesitant, but his boss gestured slightly impatiently for him to get on with it.

"Well, he says it's a game to get to know one another, and also one of bravery and honesty. You each write down your names in the order you think of who has the biggest, er," here he paused again, seemingly lost for words. Mr Ito smiled at us.

"Really, sir?" Said Brad, seemingly amused. Mr Ito let out a laugh. I had no idea what was going on and wondered where I came in to things.

The interpreter continued. "Those remain a secret and then you each go somewhere private with, er." He looked up at me worriedly, I was getting more and more worried myself but still helped him out.

"Yvette."

He smiled momentarily. "With Yvette, and she, well, you know." He paused, I was trying not to think too much but could feel everyone looking at me even more intently.

"And then afterwards she confirms the, um, real order, and whoever was closest to correct is the winner."

No one else replied immediately, the interpreter looked down sheepishly at the floor whilst Mr Ito burst out laughing again. He looked around the room and then spoke.

"He says not to worry, it is probably just a game for Japan. He apologises for embarrassing you."

There was another pause and then, as I already knew he would, Brad spoke. "Oh, I don't know, I think we can handle a little game from time to time, can't we?" He looked around the room, his colleagues slowly and with not a great deal of confidence started to nod.

Mr Ito spoke again.

"He is glad to know that perhaps he did not misjudge things after all."

"Oh, certainly, there's no misjudgement."

I wondered if I needed to speak, I was still mostly not thinking but things were slowly filtering through my veneer of a naked, compliant stripper. Could I really go into a room with a series of men and then. Well, and then what exactly? It wasn't completely clear, though the broad outline was obvious.

"And, Yvette, are you up to the task?" It seemed to me Brad's tone was at least slightly in bluster, but I had to take him at his word.

I held my breath slightly, it was a genuinely terrifying idea but I had already started to realise that the sheer wrongness of it was appealing even if the detail maybe was not. "It's an unusual request." I tried to sound neutral, I realised I was once again waiting for them to tell me to do it so I was absolved of making the decision. As I paused and looked at them, though, I saw the hesitation that Brad's two colleagues were clearly feeling. The idea of perhaps turning the tables on them began to also appeal.

"Perhaps having you lot strip for me might just be fair play?"

Pete looked up at me with a flash of worry whilst Mr Ito laughed and almost clapped his hands.

Brad did start to sound a little worried then. "I'm not sure we'll be stripping for you, exactly, Yvette."

"No? So how will I be measuring you all, exactly?" I found myself warming to the power I was taking, it was irresistible.

Brad held my gaze.

"I suppose I'll need a tape measure as well." I said, smiling back at him.

"Oh, come on," said Pete in the background.

The game's creator spoke up again. "He says that we don't really need a tape measure, the lady's own opinion is more than good enough."

I pouted. "Fine, I suppose."

There was silence again for a moment, it felt as if the game may have been decided on without anyone quite saying yes. No one seemed that happy about it apart from myself and Mr Ito, with Brad looking serious and the other two apprehensive or slightly outraged. I kept still, wondering how this might turn out and whether I wanted it to go ahead or not. My act just then was one thing, the reality of it something else.

Brad slightly cleared his throat but still didn't actually speak, and then Mr Ito started to rise from his seat. He looked at me and, in heavily accented English, said, "I will go first."

I looked at him and then at Brad. The interpreter saved me for the moment, however.

"Don't you have to write your guesses first?"

Mr Ito bowed in acknowledgement and sat back down, he started to write on a notepad that was on the table. The others looked warily at Brad who, ignoring them and after just a moment's hesitation, also sat and took up a pen. I watched as the four men then got to work, I was still naked but for the moment slightly forgotten. I found myself taking a drink from a champagne glass, I needed fortification, I was about to go quite a bit further than I had before. I tried to reassure myself, I didn't need to do anything more than look. I realised I might enjoy looking, they would surely be pretty nervous and the idea of them exposing themselves and perhaps wanting to impress me was an interesting one. The power shift really was attractive to me.

The older Japanese man finished fairly quickly and again stood up. He looked at me expectantly and I realised that no matter what my fantasies might be reality was about to overtake them. I turned to Brad and asked for the key to the office, it seemed the obvious place.

"Well, Yvette, I hate to say this, but I would imagine it's unlocked by now."

"Yeah, I already guessed that." He grinned at me, his first smile for a few minutes. "Honestly, Brad, you're pleased with yourself for that?"

I saw Pete looking at me weirdly. "Ask him to explain." I said, turning to lead Mr Ito out of the room.

The Japanese man followed patiently, not attempting to make conversation or even to walk beside me. There was no one in the corridor and it was only as I pushed open the door to the office that I realised I'd not even thought about being out in the open naked.

After we got in the room I turned towards him and smiled. I had no real idea what to do next or even how much English he could understand. He seemed to have a plan, however, and walked past me to bring the seat from the desk out before sitting in it facing me. From the position he'd chosen it seemed he might want me to dance for him.

"Should I dance for you first?" I asked, trying to speak slowly and clearly. At least all this confusion was stopping me from thinking too much.

He smiled up at me and I got the impression he didn't quite understand. "You are very beautiful," he said, and reached out to lightly grasp each of my hips. I figured my plan was as good as any and started to dance a little bit, swaying my body for him but keeping largely in place. It was a little awkward but after a few moments I started to get in to it more.

I soon felt Mr Ito try to turn me around so I went with it, turning and continuing to dance with my bare bum facing him. I felt him move his hands to grab it and I stepped closer to let him reach more easily. He helped himself to as much groping, squeezing and snaps of suspenders against my butt as he liked. I was still fairly distracted and let him do as he wished with me, it hardly seemed that serious compared to what would come next.

Soon enough he let go and I turned back to face him. "I am ready." He said and smiled contentedly.

"OK." I still didn't know what he expected and we looked at one another for a moment. He gestured down to his suit trousers, after a few small hand movements it seemed obvious he wanted me to do the work.

I already felt out of my depth, but asked nervously, "you want me to..." He nodded vigorously. I smiled, it appeared unlikely he would understand any efforts on my part to change the logistics. I slowly knelt between his legs, this didn't feel quite like the fun, naughty scenarios I'd been imagining in the other room. I reached up and began to undo his belt buckle, at least there were still a few layers before things got overly serious.

His belt came loose easily and I unbuttoned and then unzipped his fly. I wondered if this was how the men who had undressed me felt. I spread out his fly and could see he was wearing tight coloured briefs. I felt him lift his hips slightly and realised he wanted me to slip his trousers down, so I obliged. I didn't pull them that far before he sat again trapping them around mid thigh. I looked up, he still had a grin on his face.

"So, I'll.." I looked down again, wondering what exactly to do. I gingerly placed either hand on the band of his briefs, I looked up again and saw Mr Ito enthusiastically nodding. I held my breath and peeled them down.

Suddenly there it was, his penis springing up as it was freed. I stared for a moment not quite believing I was seeing my first erect cock in real life. His briefs were now just above his trousers and they stayed in place as I let go. His penis didn't seem particularly big and also still seemed slightly droopy. I looked up at his face, hoping to covey by my smile and slight nod that I'd seen what I needed to.

He didn't seem to get the message and gestured with a hand, seemingly for me to lean closer. Hesitatingly I did and he cupped one of my breasts, smiling again and nodding. He groped me as he had my ass earlier and spread his legs wider, trying to get comfortable. After a little while I could see the results as his dick grew firmer and more erect before my eyes. He again said, "you are very beautiful."

A little while after that he stopped and gestured down at his penis. I looked and then looked back at him, again smiling to say, "yes, I can see." He still wasn't satisfied. "You check it now, OK?" I finally understood that he wanted me to actually measure it somehow.

"Oh, right." Throughout all of this I'd been feeling weird but basically OK, it did seem part of a game and not the start of something more serious. This was a little further, though, and it was with a slow-moving and shaky hand that I reached forwards. I ended up lightly grabbing the head between the forefinger and thumb of my right hand. He smiled at me as I nodded again. Without really considering I then brought my other hand up and placed it fingers down to his groin against the side of his dick, as if seeing to where it would reach.

After a few moments I let go, this time he seemed satisfied and nodded whilst reaching for his briefs and trousers. I shuffled backwards and stood up whilst he tucked himself away. That hadn't seemed too bad, I breathed a sigh of relief. Turned out checking the size of a stranger's cock was the sort of thing I could do after all.

He stood and still smiling made his way to the door. "Will you send the next one in?" I was still able to think of logistics, at least. He nodded yes as he went and it seemed as if he understood. I stood waiting, wondering who it might be and how I should prepare.

It didn't take long to find out that it was Brad next, he came in looking a little subdued.

He shook his head, "what the hell have I gotten in to?"

I smiled a bit internally, this was more like I had imagined.

"Well, off you go then, time to start your striptease!"

Brad looked at me decidedly unamused. "Watch yourself, 'Yvette'."

I felt myself warming further to the situation, especially given how Brad had treated me earlier. I moved closer to him, pressing my body slightly against his. "Aww, do you not want to give me a show?"

"Jesus, so you actually want to do this?" He looked as if he was genuinely a little surprised. I stopped slightly, I hadn't considered that if the guy was in on it then we could just lie. Brad seemed to have already taken my bait, though, he put a hand down to rest on my bottom. "It wouldn't be so bad, I suppose. I might need something to get in the mood, though." It seemed the chance of avoiding things with him was already gone.

I looked up at him quizzically, but felt him take a firmer grip on my butt. He moved me with him as he shuffled a few steps towards the chair then sat down. I obediently turned and waited until his hands pulled me down onto his lap. I could feel at once that he wasn't as excited as earlier, at least not yet. I started to move about as before, Brad still held me by the hips and was pressing upwards slightly with his groin.

I found myself wondering what more could do, the familiar urge to please taking over once again. Brad took things into his own hands, though, specifically he took my breasts into his own hands as he reached round in front of me. I was pulled back into his chest, my hair started brushing his face as I slid back and forth.

"God, Claire, I've wanted to get my hands on these since I first saw them." I felt flushed and pretty turned on. The more the guys started touching my body the more physically excited I felt. The times before the thrill of exhibitionism had come from the danger, excitement and embarrassment, the sexual element was something that came afterwards when I thought about things, but having my breasts groped whilst sliding around on Brad's stiffening penis was bringing it to the fore. I really didn' know what I was capable of now.

I could tell that my performance was working, though, so some small part of me with some small amount of control asserted itself. I reached up with one hand to try and pull his away from my tits. "OK, I think that's enough."

He stopped grabbing but kept his hands lightly in place, I stopped my motion on his lap. "Oh, come on, I saw you with Tim earlier." I assumed he meant his younger colleague.

"Right, so you saw me stop him as well."

He ran his hands down my sides till they once again gripped my hips, he slid me against him a few times. "Oh, of course, you're a shy girl alright, aren't you?"

I felt myself want to stay in place but stared to stand and, to my slight surprise, he let me. "Let's get this over with, I've still two more to get through after this."

I turned round expecting to have to kneel and start unbuckling his belt, but I saw that he was already doing it himself. "That's what every guy wants to hear at this point." He sounded like he was joking. I watched as he pulled his trousers to just above his knees then reached into the fly of his boxer shorts, a few seconds later and his stiff cock was pointing up at me. I could see immediately it was much bigger than Mr Ito's. I didn't have any experience in real life but it seemed like it was just pretty big.

"Oh, wow." I couldn't help it, it was more impressive the more I stared. I saw him grin up at me.

"Yes, thank you, you can probably guess I put myself first on the list." He sounded very pleased with himself, which was no surprise with Brad but it seemed like it was justified in this instance. Still staring at it I knelt down between his legs, I saw his expression change slightly but I didn't pay real attention to his face as I reached out to take hold of it and repeat what I'd done for Mr Ito. Just before I got there, however, Brad quickly grabbed my wrist.

"Hey, what are you doing?" He sounded shocked and even a little bit angry.

"Well, er, measuring it." I took back my hand and knelt back on my heels. His face did seem slightly outraged.

"I do have some limits, Claire. I'm married, remember."

I was a little shocked and angry myself. "Oh, are you the shy one now? Pretty strange behaviour given what you were just doing to me."

He did at least look a little cowed and less annoyed after that remark. "OK, fine, but I did not expect you to do \*that\*." He nodded towards his dick, which was now sadly drooping a little. "Also, I do have an agreement with my wife. She knows I like to enjoy girls like you, but anything more serious is off limits."

I wanted to explain what I was actually going to do, but it seemed slightly pointless given what I had already done with him. "Fine, I guess I got a good enough look." He started to get dressed again.

"You're taking this seriously, aren't you?" He seemed half impressed and half surprised.

I stood up and shrugged. "Why not, I have to keep you lot entertained somehow, don't I?" I sounded far more confident than I felt, my legs were still a little unsteady.

He looked up at me, his eyes roving over my naked body for the 300th time. "I don't think you'll ever have any problems keeping guys entertained looking like that.

No matter that I'd been like that in front of men for half an hour or more at this point, I still felt a thrill as he ogled me so blatantly. I couldn't help but smile at him as he got up and left the room. "I'll send Tim through."

I was still deep in the thrill of exposing myself and felt the familiar heat of my body and nervous confusion in my brain, but I was almost completely free of the reluctance around what particularly we were doing. I found myself checking my tiny amount of lingerie was sitting nicely against my body and anticipating Tim's arrival. I even wondered what his attitude might be and if he'd now be as nervous as Brad had seemed. Possibly it would be even more so given how confident Brad was normally. I smiled to myself, this time the experience was gong on long enough for me to realise I was having fun in the moment.

Tim knocked and entered a little while later. I smiled at him and thought about what comment to make but I didn't really get a chance to make one, he closed the gap between us purposefully and wasted no time in getting reacquainted with my body. He had been fairly bold the last time we'd been 'alone' in the other room, but it was immediately clear he wanted to take it up another notch. Before I really knew it he'd turned me round and we'd resumed the position from last time, with him pressing himself into me from behind as his arms wrapped around me and his hands freely explored my nakedness.

I didn't really know what to say or do, it seemed ridiculous to claim this wasn't what was supposed to be happening given our history and the situation, and despite him being an older and not particularly attractive guy, in my state of already heightened excitement I felt my body respond to his fairly rough touch. I could feel his palms were a little damp as he squeezed one breast and ass cheek simultaneously, tight enough to almost hurt. His breath was in my ear and I heard him speak for the first time. "Hello again, Yvette." He shifted his weight and I thought I could feel his penis on my back. I tried to get some control of the situation.

"It feels like you're already ready to be measured." I tried to sound slightly seductive, figuring he might be willing to let me dictate things if I was as into this as he was.

"I don't know about that, he might need a bit more encouragement yet."

I felt him shift position again, releasing me slightly as one hand left my body. After a few seconds he took my right hand and moved it behind my body and down. It was obvious where it was headed and I wondered whether to resist. I was still deciding when my hand was guided onto something and my fingers instinctively closed, so it was when it was already an established fact that I realised I was gripping his erection. He must have slipped it out of his trousers before taking my hand.

I froze but Tim was already moving again and I soon went with it. I stared to slide my hand ever so slightly as he moved his body. After a few more seconds he felt confident enough to resume exploring me with both hands, and although the fear and nervousness was back I didn't stop. For all the slight terror at the idea I was now wanking a middle aged business man, the sensation of his cock in my hand was as exciting as anything else I'd done lately, I couldn't believe how wrong it all felt. My breath went short, I think mostly out of nervousness but stimulation was a definite candidate as well.

I knew I needed to change things or else there was only one way this could end. I figured there was one surefire way to control him, so I stopped moving and tightened my grip. It produced an effect, Tim stopped his own exploration. "Hey!"

I kept my hand in place but turned to face him. "Come on, sit down."

"Fine."

It seemed genuine so I let go. He unbuttoned his trousers quickly, letting them slip down before sitting on the chair. Like Brad his cock poked out from the fly of his loose boxer shorts.

"We're not finished, though, are we?"

"No, I guess not." I stepped forwards and he took the opportunity to also slip his boxer shorts down to his knees.

"I'm not sure there was any need for that."

He grinned at me as I knelt in front of him. "I like to be comfortable."

I shook my head and reached for his dick, deciding that it was best to get this over with. I don't know why it was the case but I was still fixated on repeating the gesture of 'measurement' I'd done on Mr Ito. Tim, though, reached up to my head and started to pull it lightly but inexorably towards his groin. I brought my other hand up and jammed it against his upper thigh stopping my movement.

It was my turn to cry, "hey!"

"What?" He still held each side of my head and had the nerve to sound slightly innocent.

"I'm not giving you a blowjob, Tim!" I looked down, his dick was just a few inches from my lips and there was definitely a submissive part of me that was already parting my lips to take it into my mouth. It had, however, been so unexpected that I'd thankfully reacted in pure shock.

"What are you doing, then?" He still sounded surprised and perhaps a little embarrassed. He released his grip.

"Measuring you, what else?"

We both contemplated the scene, I realised I was still holding his dick and even moving my hand up and down it ever so slightly. My instincts to please men obviously ran deep.

"OK, Yvette, I'm sorry, but, well. I don't think you can blame me, much."

"Let's just get this over with." I quickly brought my other hand up and assessed him as I had his potential client earlier. He was bigger than Mr Ito but way behind Brad. I let go and settled back on my haunches. "OK, you're done." I couldn't resist adding, "you're not the biggest, I'm afraid."

He looked at me sadly for a few seconds, even then his eyes failing to not slip down to my breasts at least twice. "OK, Yvette." He waited a little longer, I wondered why I wasn't getting up. "You couldn't just finish me off, though, could you?" With his suddenly sad eyes and tone he sounded a little pathetic. I was glad of that as if he'd asked me with the confident force he'd displayed earlier I would probably have agreed.

"No, Tim, I can't. I'm just a stripper, OK?"

"I won't tell anyone." He paused, then added "Just your hand?"

"No."

I saw him look at me again, taking in all my body as I still waited naked in front of him. He was probably also wondering what if he'd just taken control like he had at first, but it was clear that energy had left him. "Fine."

I watched him, it was slightly fascinating to see him stuff his cock away awkwardly. It was a logistical problem I'd never considered before. It was still clearly visible as he headed to the door. "Send in," I paused.

"Chris. And yeah, I'll send him."

This time the wait was not an experience spent in contemplation. My heart was racing and I could still feel Tim's penis pressed in to various parts of my body. I wondered how close I had really come to letting him have his way with me, and tried not to let the vague image of his cock in my mouth and what it would have felt like fully form. Exposing myself to men was one thing, but was I really so ready to go that far? I hoped Chris would be easier to manage, it had seemed like he would be but I didn't want to be overly confident after what had just happened.

As soon as he entered, though, it was clear the experience was going to be at least quite different. He almost crept through the door and stood looking at me, seemingly a little lost. He didn't even seem to be checking my body out that much.

"Hi, Chris."

"Hello."

"So, shall we get this over with?" I tried to sound sympathetic and to remember how into this I'd felt before the encounter with Tim.

"OK." He still didn't move.

"So, do you want to come sit over here."

"Right." He moved slowly and timidly over, giving me as wide a berth as was possible in the small office. I smiled at him nonetheless and knelt down to shuffle into my by now customary position. He still didn't make any moves to do anything so I leaned forwards and reached to start unbuckling his belt. I made fairly fast process and pretty soon had his trousers loose. I grabbed them by the waist and after a few tugs he realised to lift his bum to help me. I looked up again and wondered about using the fly of his boxer shorts, but didn't like the idea of reaching in to grab his penis. I wasn't sure why given I would be touching it sooner or later, but instead I also slipped those down. I looked up again and there it was, it was fairly small but also seemed not really very erect.

After a few seconds of me looking at it Chris finally spoke. "Is that, er, all you need?"

I looked up and smiled. "Well, it's not really ready, is it?"

"Oh, right." He looked down at himself then back at me. "I'm sorry, it's not your fault, you're gorgeous, it's just." He paused. "I'm a little nervous, I'm not sure it will, well.."

This was more like it, finally someone who was more out of their depth than me. I knew I shouldn't, but there seemed to be only one possible course of action. I didn't like the idea that Tim, the guy who had easily behaved the worst, should get to enjoy me the most.

"Relax, we might be able to do something about that." I was trying to sound sexy again. I had been resting my hands on his knees, but I started to move them slowly up his legs. I kept eye contact with him as they inched closer and closer to his dick. He stayed silent and nervous looking. Eventually I let my right hand close over him, he gasped and seemed to involuntarily reach a hand down to almost try and stop me.

"Is there something wrong?" I switched to grip his cock like I had Tim's and started to slowly wank it, it already felt harder than it had at first. He shook his head very slightly. There was a part of me still marvelling at what I was doing but after three previous guys I had already adapted my repertoire. I grinned. "Are you worried what your wife might think?"

There was silence for a moment. "We've been divorced for a few years now."

I carried on, my movements getting longer and more enthusiastic as Chris's cock grew in my hand. After just 30 seconds or so it seemed like it had reached its full potential and he seemed slightly bigger than Tim. I considered stopping but I didn't, the look of both nervous fear and delight on his face was slightly intoxicating. As someone who had been in plenty of situations recently where I had no idea what was happening but clearly didn't want things to end I knew his dilemma perfectly, and I found watching his reactions difficult to give up.

It was also inevitable that what Tim had asked of me would pop in to my head. I found myself grinning slightly as I imagined Chris's face if I started to lean forwards and part my lips. I think I probably did move my head a bit closer without completely realising, but before I had anything but a vague thought I felt Chris tense in my hand. He let out a strange half cry, I looked up in mild alarm confused as his face contorted. The first spurt hit me in the chest and face.

On auto pilot I continued to stroke his cock. I knew from pornography that you were supposed to, but it was only part way into the experience that I even worked out he was cumming. The sensation of his semen hitting my breasts and chin was strange but, given it was warm, not really that unpleasant. After the third or so blast I did at least get my reactions under enough control so that I lifted my head and mostly directed the increasingly small bursts onto my breasts. I felt Chris progressively relax and his penis soften in my grip until finally the spasms stopped and he was slumped backwards.

I finally stopped my movements and he looked sheepishly at me. "Yvette, I'm so sorry, I didn't think it would happen but then.." His sentence trailed off.

I looked at him, I was still a little bit shocked but I realised that I only really had myself to blame. "It's fine, Chris, it was a little unexpected but it wasn't really your fault."

I lifted my hand from his now limp cock and looked around for something to wipe it and the rest of me with. Nothing seemed to present itself. I could see Chris was putting himself away, it seemed he was clean enough. I stood up and tried to find something on the desk but all I could see were papers. I looked down and I was still a sticky mess, it was starting to drip towards my underwear. I put an arm below the worst of it and turned to Chris.

"I, er, really need something to clean up with." He looked around slightly uselessly. "No, there's nothing here. You'll have to go get me something, I can't go out like this."

"But where can I go?" He was continuing his slightly pathetic performance.

"I don't know." I said, somewhat exasperatedly. How did he expect me to know? He surely realised he needed to do something. Suddenly I had an idea. "Look, go into the restaurant, there's a young waiter, Nick. Ask him to bring a damp cloth to the office, tell him it's for the girl he met in the corridor."

He still looked pretty unsure but I think realised he had no choice. "OK." He stood up and left and I followed to stand near the door, if the boy from the corridor was coming back I wanted to be able to take the cloth without him finding out what was currently dripping down my naked body. I poked my head out of the door and watched as Chris hesitantly went into the restaurant, there was nothing for it now but to wait.

In the end it wasn't long before I heard a noise behind me. I turned terrified, expecting to see a chef and wondering what on earth I could do, but it was Nick carrying a wet looking cloth. He smiled at me and I waited until he was close. I was holding the door tightly so when he went to open it he couldn't.

"Just hand me the towel, please."

"Oh, I can help if you like."

I wondered what Chris had said to him, I'm sure it wasn't the truth and it seemed likely he didn't realise it was my naked body that needed cleaning. Or, on second thoughts, maybe he did.

"No, that's OK."

He looked at little surprised but held out the cloth to me. I reached one hand out to take it, taking care to not expose too much. "Thanks, I'll be out in a moment."

I closed the door and started to wipe myself down. The cloth wasn't the biggest but it was probably going to do the job well enough to be able to leave the office. After a few wipes, though, I head the door start to open. I didn't think I could stop it so turned with my back to it and tried to finish quickly.

"Honestly, I can help you, it's no problem." Again, I couldn't blame him, he probably didn't want to miss another chance to see my body and with my behaviour earlier could hardly think I'd object.

"It's fine, it's just I'm the thing that needs cleaning. I'll be done soon."

"Oh." He seemed slightly mesmerised again, I assume he was closely watching my bum as I tried to get all visible traces from my tits and belly. After a little while it seemed good enough and I turned back to face him. I smiled and tried to hold his gaze but he cracked after a second or so and his eyes moved downwards. I looked as well, my boobs were damp looking but I didn't think it was obvious it was more than water. I tried to use a drier part of the cloth to dry me a little, dabbing at myself as he continued to take me all in.

"What happened?"

"Nothing much, someone spilled a drink on me."

"Whilst you were here in the office?" He sounded a little confused.

"Oh, er, no." I paused, thinking of an excuse. "I came here looking for a cloth but didn't find anything and I couldn't go anywhere else like this, could I?" I indicated my body, still on display for him.

"No, I suppose not." He paused, he looked at my face for the first time in a while and his expression changed. "You've, er, got something there." He pointed to my chin. "Some .. drink, I guess."

I reached up suddenly, probably looking worried. My hand hit what definitely didn't feel like champagne. I quickly grabbed the cloth and wiped my chin and hand. "Thanks. Is it gone?"

He looked, a bit less enthusiastically than he had been. "Yes, I think so."

I knew I couldn't risk it. "Is there anything else?" I nodded downwards to indicate he should check the rest of my body.

"Oh, right, well." He peered at me, taking a step closer. I was still getting a kick out of displaying myself to him. He looked closely at my tits and then swept his eyes lower, I raised my hands to either side of my head in the cliched position.

"Nothing, turn round."

There wasn't really any chance of Chris having got me from behind, but I was powerless to resist. "OK." I shuffled round keeping my hands in place, he, presumably started giving the back of me a close inspection. I found myself bending forwards slightly to emphasise my ass.

"I think you're good."

"You sure? If you see anything then just use the cloth." I held it out behind me.

"Oh, well perhaps.." I felt him take the cloth and then a few seconds later it dabbed a few times on the small of my back. I didn't react and held my position for him. He eventually felt bold enough to rub down onto an arse cheek briefly.

"Make sure you get everything." It was tame with regards to what had just happened, but I was just doing what I was sure he wanted me to. After a few more increasingly vigourous stokes across my bum I felt him straighten up.

"You're fine now."

"Phew." I turned back to him. "I'd best get back again."

"Right." I smiled at him but he didn't move. After a little while longer he spoke again. "Look, er.."

"Claire." I realised I'd given my real name, but it was too late.

"Oh, hi Claire, I'm Nick." I nodded. "Claire, could I, you know, take a picture with you?"

I hesitated. "Now?"

"If I can. It's just no one will ever believe me, and.."

"You'd like to show off to your friends?"

"Not just that, I want one with you because you're gorgeous." He was back to mostly looking at his toes. It was impossible to resist.

"Not with my face, OK?"

"Not with your face? So, just your.." He looked down at me.

"Is that not gorgeous enough?"

"God, of course, it's just. I would have thought the opposite was more what we'd do."

"Oh, right." It hadn't occurred that he wouldn't want me to be obviously naked in the picture.

"That's fine, though, I guess." He already had his phone out and was stepping over to stand next to me. He knelt beside me, his head around belly button height, and put one arm around my midriff. "Is this OK?"

I looked down, from what I could see on his phone my face wasn't involved. Every other part of me was, though. "Yes." He smiled and took several shots, then stood back up.

"Thanks." He grinned.

"I definitely have to be heading back now."

"Right. Oh, I put your clothes in there." He pointed to a cupboard at the back of the room.

"Thanks."

He waited a few more seconds, still staring at me, then finally turned so we could both leave the office. He went towards the restaurant and I headed to the door back to Brad and the others. As I went to open it I saw Chris hesitating and watching me.

"Getting one last look?" I hoped I sounded amused rather than annoyed.

He didn't seem to be too embarrassed to be caught. "Yeah, I guess. They're lucky." He nodded towards to room I was about to enter.

"You've seen as much of me as they have."

"I suppose, but I'd rather stay than have to go back to work."

I smiled. "Well, you'll just have to figure out how to see me again, won't you?" I made to enter the room. I didn't quite know what I meant by that, it just seemed a cheeky thing to say. Besides, that had been my experience so far, once each guy had figured out how easy it was to get me to strip for them, they just thought of new ways to get me naked again.

I opened the door leaving Chris still staring in the corridor. The mood in the room immediately seemed different to earlier, the sense of a party was not really there and it seemed as if the men were in their own thoughts apart from Mr Ito and the translator who seemed to be chatting in low voices at the table.

Brad looked up from his own seat. "Ahh, Yvette, at last, I was about to send a search party."

"I'm fine."

He glanced over at his colleague who was over near the bar. "Chris said you wanted to freshen up?"

"Yes." I left things there and he looked quizzically at me for a moment, but it didn't seem like he was any the wiser.

"OK, then, I guess you need to mark our answers. Mr Ito, how does this work?"

He spoke to the interpreter, who then addressed the rest of us. "Yvette must look at each paper, if anyone has the answer correct she tells him so. If no one has, then no one is the winner."

"Wait a minute, so only the winner gets to know the real answers?"

Mr Ito spoke briefly. "Yes, he says that is the game."

Brad looked even more annoyed, but gestured at me to go look at the papers which were still folded on the table where they had left them. I headed over and realised that even Tim wasn't paying a great deal of attention to me. He seemed to be content to drink in a corner and avoid eye contact.

I quickly gathered and then glanced at each paper, there was only one correct answer.

"Mr Ito was correct." He grinned silently at me and bowed his head slightly.

"Congratulations." Brad wasn't making much effort to sound genuine.

With that the Japanese man stood up from the table. He spoke himself in extremely halting English. "Thank you for a most stimulating afternoon, I will see you tomorrow for the business." And with another broad smile in my direction he and the interpreter headed for the door.

Brad watched them leave, then turned back to us. He already seemed fairly philosophical. "Well, I have no idea how that went. What fun."

There were a few moments silence and I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable stood naked with three slightly morose guys largely ignoring me.

"I'll be leaving as well, shall I?"

Brad looked at me, he hesitated. "Ahh, Yvette, well I did sort of promise the manager I'd send you back to the kitchens when we'd finished."

"Brad, come on." I crossed my arms, the mood to perform was starting to leave me and that did sound just a little bit too arrogant even for my ideal of a fantasy stripper to be OK with.

"Not in the mood?" He smiled cockily, the old Brad was definitely returning.

"I think you've all got more than your money's worth, already!" I couldn't help but catch Chris's eye at that point, he quickly looked away.

"Yes, you're probably right. Besides, I don't care, the manager seemed like a bit of a dick if I'm honest." He looked around at the room briefly, then looked back at me. "OK, off you go. Thanks for your work."

I looked around briefly, although I was no longer feeling like a performer I was still comfortable being naked for them. It was clear it was time to leave but I felt a strong pull to just stay that way anyway. Brad must have taken my hesitation for a slight reproach.

"Oh, yes, sorry, of course. I put the payment in an envelope with your clothes, I figured I might not have time afterwards." He paused. "I had hoped I'd be off closing a deal." He shook his head. "Just leave the dress in the office."

"No problem." I tried to straighten up and carry my body in the perfect way as I walked to the door, I wanted them to at least watch my exit. As I left I thought I had succeeded but I didn't turn to make absolutely sure.

I didn't waste any time in the corridor or getting changed, I put the envelope with the money in my pocket and didn't feel like looking inside for the moment. The more normal I looked and felt the more I didn't want to meet anyone who had just witnessed my little performance. I tried not to think about it but images of me with the four men's penises were not far from the front of my mind and I didn't really know what I thought about that. I can't say I felt regretful but it was a lot to take in.

I straightened my clothes as best I could and put my hair up using a band I had in my pocket, I wanted to look as different as possible for my exit. Then, taking a breath I left the relative safety of the office and quickly tried to cross the restaurant to the exit before anyone noticed. I was making good progress but I could help but look around to see if Nick was there. I saw him heading towards the kitchen and he glanced my way. He looked bored and then surprised, I smiled at him but carried on out.

Pretty soon I was in my car, I looked at the clock, I had about half an hour before my Mum would be home so had no real time to spare. I started the engine and drove off. As I crossed the car park I noticed Nick stood outside the entrance waving slightly awkwardly. I waved back but he was soon out of sight.