**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic 05 - Claire & Geoff**

by cheryl

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I spent the evening watching TV with my parents, which was very uncharacteristic of me, but I didn’t want to be alone with my thoughts for too long. When they finally went to bed, I trudged up the stairs unwillingly, and dawdled with my nighttime ablutions, taking extra care to floss and brush my teeth much more thoroughly than normal, and washing my face both before and after. When I went to bed, I found that the thoughts were mostly pleasant, and that the stresses of earlier were much less present. While I didn’t really want to start dating anyone at all, the thought of Tom as my boyfriend wasn’t a bad one. He was younger than me, still in school, but the guys seemed my age.

If I was being honest with myself, the biggest reason that I didn’t want to date for fear that whatever boyfriend I got wouldn’t want to play these games with me. I could see that. Who would want to parade his girlfriend naked in front of other men?

As I lay in bed waiting for sleep to come, my thoughts coalesced, and I became aware of three things. First, I really did like Tom that way. Second, I also really liked playing naked games with boys, and I needed to do it with more than just one boy, especially if that one boy was my boyfriend. And third, and I could feel myself getting moist as the concept solidified, if the situation arose, I would almost definitely let him touch me in any way he wanted.

There are positives and negatives to finding out you’re multi-orgasmic. The biggest upside is, of course, that you’re multi-orgasmic. The biggest downside I’ve found is that, as you lie in bed waiting to fall asleep, you think that maybe a quick little orgasm will help you nod off. But then you realize that you can do that again. And again.

The next morning, I awoke refreshed and clear headed, but quite a bit later than normal. I had no difficulty recalling what had kept me awake so late, and I giggled to myself as I remembered all the things I’d imagined Tom making me do for him. But having run through the scenarios in my head, there was no real downside for me. Tom and Jim were addicted to our games as much as I was, and I felt pretty confident that neither guy was willing to jeopardize the idea of having a naked girl to play with. Tom was noticeably being more respectful of me, and more concerned for my comfort and safety within the games, but he’d proven over and over that his concern was for when I was naked, not if I wanted to be. Jim seemed willing to include others in the game, which was fine with me, and Tom had not yet shown any hint that he might try to stop that.

And, something that I’d realized belatedly, was that I was the one with the crush. I had no idea how Tom felt towards me. So that was a bridge I would cross when I got to it.

My parents were long gone before I had put one bare foot out of bed, and as I nibbled on a handful of trail mix and downed a big glass of water while standing in the kitchen in just a t-shirt, I decided to get in a morning workout. Upstairs, I pulled on one of my workout thongs, and a regular black bra. since I didn’t plan on jogging and didn’t need the support, there was no need to dirty one of my sports bras, which were harder to wash. I selected a pair of capri-length yoga pants, and a sleeveless cotton tank.

I grabbed my yoga mat, and headed to the back yard, where I began stretching. I was about ten minutes into my mat Pilates routine when I heard Geoff’s voice from behind me.

“Good morning, Claire.” he sounded friendly.

“Good morning, Geoff,” I responded cheerfully, pausing my workout to turn and face him. It was still strange to look up at his face, hovering a good eight feet off the ground over the tops of the hedges. I was reminded of the first time I'd seen him like that, and my embarrassment at not realizing that his yard was a good three feet higher than ours. Thankfully this time I was fully clothed.

“Doing yoga?” he asked kindly, obviously making small talk.

“Pilates, actually,” I responded, realizing belatedly that he most likely didn’t really care, and that I probably sounded pretentious.

He looked thoughtful for a moment. “What’s the difference?” he asked, surprising me with what sounded like genuine interest. “They look the same to me.”

“Well, Pilates is usually done on a reformer,” I started, “which is kind of a machine with springs and stuff. But I do mat Pilates, which is about flexibility and strength. It really focuses on core,” I finished, poking my stomach for effect. “Yoga is specific poses, helps with balance and strength, and usually includes meditation,” I finished.

“I think I understand,” he replied. “And you’re doing Pilates?”

“I am,” I replied.

“I'm glad I ran into you this morning, Claire,” he said, sounding like he was coming to a difficult conversation. “I have wanted to speak to you since the other day.”

Oh,” I said lamely, my face flushing.

“But I don’t want to interrupt your workout. Would you like to bring your mat over to my yard and continue your workout while we talk?”

The idea of bending and stretching in front of him was kind of exciting to me, but I didn’t know how he was going to react after the events at the mall. Although he’d seemed to enjoy himself, and he did join right in, I wondered if he’d second guessed his true feelings. Then a voice in my head told me that he wouldn’t be asking me to come to his yard if he felt badly about it.

“Sure,” I replied cheerfully, standing and grabbing my yoga mat. “I’ll be right over!”

I walked through our house, grabbing my key on the way, out the front door, and across the cool, damp grass of the still-shaded front lawn. His front door was standing open, and he was waiting for me, dressed casually in a pair of shorts, with a button-down short sleeved shirt and green Converse canvas gym shoes.

He escorted me through his home and out his sliding door onto his patio. He had a small in-ground pool, surrounded by a concrete patio. There were four chairs around a small round table with an umbrella that was not open. Along the side of the house were two chaise lounges, as well as a couple of smaller side tables. Against the house was a large stainless-steel grill that looked formidable. There were small beds of purple and pink flowers around the edges, and a small rose bush in a wooden barrel at the far corner of the patio. It was really a nicely appointed and quite pretty.

I put the mat down on a patch of grass to the side of the patio, and nervously sat down.

“Go ahead and exercise,” Geoff said, smiling, as he pulled up a chair. “I had been thinking about trying to apologize to you for the way things ended up at my poker game, but after yesterday, I’m wondering if that was really necessary.”

“Mmmhmmm,” I responded, focusing on my leg circles as I tried to guess what he was going to say next.

“I mean,” he continued, “I had allowed things to go a bit farther than I had anticipated, and I felt that you might have negative feelings toward me for that. But after seeing the way you were at the mall, I begin to think that perhaps you were not bothered at all.”

“I’m fine,” I responded quietly, now in a V-sit while doing slow arm circles.

“Are you involved with either of the boys from the neighborhood? Tom or Jim?”

The thought of a relationship with Tom flooded through me, and so I responded late. “No, it’s nothing like that.”

I could tell he noticed my hesitation, and that he knew I was hiding something. But I think he could also tell that I would say nothing more. “Then what is the relationship with these boys?”

“We just have fun,” I said, moving into a new exercise, lying flat on my back with my knees at a right angle, continuing my arm circles. “Hang out and stuff.”

“And go to malls where you try on clothes while they watch you?”

“Shopping can be fun,” I said slyly, unable to suppress my grin. I knew that I was in a position of power here. He couldn’t get me in trouble without admitting his part in all of this.

“Especially when there’s a naked eighteen-year-old girl involved,” he said, grinning back. “And this is all okay with you?”

“They enjoy it, and I don’t mind it,” I said. “Like you, they think it’s fun. I figure it’s not harming anyone or anything, so why not let them have fun.” I shrugged, then returned to my arm circles.

He was thoughtful for a moment. “That shirt isn’t very flattering on you,” he said, seeming to change the subject completely. “Why don’t you complete your workout in your brassiere?”

I stopped my workout and sat up, squinting a bit as the sun reflected off of his back door. “Are you telling me to take off my shirt?”

“That’s what we’re supposed to do, right?” he asked, smirking.

With a rush of nervous energy, I pulled my shirt up and off, now wishing my black cotton bra was sexier. Lace, or sheer would have been nice. It wasn’t padded, so the shape of my nipples was visible, and at least the bra was black, matching my yoga pants. Without comment, I dropped the shirt to my side and resumed my arm circuit.

“I see their fascination,” he said, still grinning. “Tell me how this all started,” he asked conversationally.

I didn’t want to be rude and tell him it was none of his business, but I didn’t see that it was fully his business. I wove a narrative from pieces of the truth that better fit my fantasies.

“They came to introduce themselves, and I started chatting with them, just being polite,” I began. “I had thought of doing some sunbathing, and mentioned it them when they asked me what I enjoyed doing. They came back around when I was in my bikini, and told me that it might be safer for me in Tom’s yard, since it was more secluded and creeps couldn’t peep on me from the path. You saw me heading over one day,” I reminded him.

“I can see why they’d invite you over, after seeing you in that outfit!” he smiled.

“They mentioned that they had an old bikini of Jim’s sisters that I could have if I wanted it, and after I tried it on, they tried to trick me into trying on other outfits for them.” I was fully crafting a fiction here but attempting to make it keep to at least some of the facts. “I thought it was kind of funny, because they were trying to be subtle and tricky, but it was so obvious that they were just trying to see me half undressed. So I played along with them, to see where they’d go with it. It just kind of snowballed from there,” I finished.

“At first I was confused as to why you invited me to join you the other day. I had been operating under the impression that you were concerned for your safety, but it became quickly apparent that you were more interested in showing off,” he pressed.

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“Oh,” I replied, blushing, now doing a leg circuit. “I didn’t know Marcus, and I honestly was a little nervous. I knew the guys would want me to show off for them, and for him, so I thought I would be safer with you there,” I said honestly.

“Is that how you happened to have access to a French maid’s costume?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

“The guys have invested in their side of it,” I answered simply, blushing slightly.

He nodded. “I have a couple of friends coming by this afternoon. My wife is travelling, and we were going to have a bar-b-que this evening,” he began. “These friends missed my last poker party and were very disappointed to hear that they’d missed Yvette’s performance. I’d like you to put on that bikini you wore to Tom’s house and come clean my pool while my friends are here, as Yvette, of course,” he finished. His tone of voice was one of certainty. He was not asking.

I looked up at him, blocking the sun with one eye as I squinted against the glare.

“Unless you have access to a smaller bikini, of course,” he added with a wicked grin.

Rather than answering specifically, I nodded. I didn’t think I wanted to try to get the silver bikini from Tom and Jim, and wasn’t sure I’d want to wear it for what Geoff had in mind regardless.

“Please wear some normal street clothes over and bring the bikini,” he added thoughtfully. “It wouldn’t do for the neighbors to see you walking over to my house half naked. You can change here, and again before you leave. Be here at one o’clock, Claire.”

Wondering if he planned to watch me change into the suit, I pulled on my shirt, picked up my yoga mat, and said “I’d better go shower and get ready, then!”

Geoff escorted me silently through his house. As I was stepping onto his front porch, his confidence seemed to waiver for the first time. “You’ll really be here?” he asked.

“Unless you’re second guessing,” I responded, pausing with my hand on the door.

“Even recalling the poker game?” he responded, eyebrows raised.

“I’ll see you at one, Geoff, I said, pulling the door closed behind me.”

I ate a quick breakfast of toast and melon, and then showered. I hadn’t shaved my legs since the morning before the shopping mall, so I took my time ensuring they were smooth and perfect. I continued to my pubic hair automatically, giving a fresh shave to all of the already denuded areas. As I was carefully swiping up to my small bush, I recalled the dream with startling clarity, and felt the blush cover my body. I took a steadying breath, and looked down at my crotch. I didn’t want to go completely hairless, but that dream did make me wonder about a smaller patch of hair there. I carefully swiped in from each side, and then balanced it out by swiping up from my slit, baring more skin between my pussy and the small dark square of remaining hair. Once I'd done it, I couldn’t believe I had. I told myself that it wasn’t that noticeable a change; a millimeter or two.

That being done, and nothing I could do to change it, I shut off the water and dried myself with the same brown towel that had featured in the dream. I tried to do my makeup the same as I had that night, and, because I had time, used my steam curler to do my hair in ringlet curls all over. I then put on my black bikini before remembering that he specifically asked me to bring it with, and not to wear it. I turned and looked at the thong back in the mirror, and then took the bikini off. I assumed there was a better than average chance that he’d be seeing me take off or put on whatever it was that I brought over, and so I put on the sheer, eyelet lace bra and panty set that I’d worn to Tom’s, and picked a cute pair of short jean shorts and a midriff baring t-shirt. I wanted to look casual, and not out of the ordinary walking around the neighborhood, but still sexy. I finished the look with a pair of high-top pink canvas shoes, with which I didn’t wear socks.

Geoff seemed a little surprised to see me, but quickly recovered as he ushered me into the house. “Your hair looks fabulous!” he gushed. “The sunglasses are a nice touch,” he said, commenting on the faux designer frames.” The guys will be here in about half an hour. I’d like to quickly show you how to use the skimmer, and I’ll have you use the chemical tray, but with plain water. I did the chemicals this morning,” he told me as we walked to his patio.

Geoff had raised the umbrella in my absence, but otherwise the back yard remained unchanged. The skimmer was very easy to use, and not unwieldy, although it would make my chest move quite a bit as I swished it through the water. I found myself rising to my toes as I completed each pass. “You have wonderful legs, Claire,” Geoff complimented as I repeated the movement, flexing my calves as my heels left the patio once again. He showed me where the “chemicals” were, and how to use them. This was obviously an excuse to get me to squat low over the pool, and he specifically instructed that I have my back to them as I bend and stoop to complete this part of the task.

“I suppose it’s time to get you changed,” he said, sounding a little uncertain once again. I wondered if it was because he was alone with me this time, or if it was something else.

I walked back to the house with him close behind me, and pulled the bikini from my purse, and looked at him quizzically as I held it up. “Where would you like me to change?” I asked.

He mumbled, talking to himself, but I was sure that I heard "I think I'll give myself a bit of a treat before the guys arrive.” Then, louder, that same nervous edge to his voice once again, he spoke to me. “Right here will do fine.”

I smiled at him, trying to encourage him a bit, as well as to let him know this was okay. The afternoon would be extremely awkward if he didn’t trust in this. “You’re calling the shots.”

“In that case,” he said, still seeming a bit nervous, “why don’t you take your shirt off?”

I pulled my shirt over my head and held it loosely to my side.

“My, that’s a very sheer brassiere you’re wearing,” he said casually, seeming to be more comfortable with his role now that things were starting to move along. “Now fold up your shirt neatly, and place it on the kitchen table.

As I did that, he pulled out one of the barstools from his island and dragged it over, directly facing me with the window to his back. He was slightly silhouetted in the noon sun, and I knew why he had pulled the chair back there; so I would be much more visible.

“Shorts next, I think,” he said.

Quietly, I unbuttoned the shorts and slid them down my legs. I struggled to get them off over my shoes, and he said “Oh, I’m sorry! I didn’t even think of your footwear...” he hesitated for a moment, watching me jiggle as I pulled the tight shorts over each shoe individually. “But honestly I like the way your body moves as you struggle! Why didn’t you just take off your shoes?”

"Je envie faire plaisir," I demurred, bowing slightly. Not only did I need to get back into the Yvette mindset, but I thought this might help him to slip back into the role he’d played the last time I was here.

“You want to please?” he smiled. “Yvette, you are an absolute delight. Please fold your shorts and put them with your shirt,” he directed, “and then turn for me.”

I did as I was told. “Not quite as good as a thong, but quite enjoyable,” he said as I slowly spun in a circle. "Now,” he said thoughtfully, looking me up and down once I’d returned to the center of the room. “What should come off next?” His smile was more relaxed now, and he was obviously becoming much more comfortable in his role.

“C'est ton choix,” I replied, curtseying to him.

“Ahh, Yvette,” he replied, smiling broadly. “If it’s my choice,” he said wickedly, “I think you need to take those underpants off this instant.”

I was expecting bra or shoes, and for half a second, my hands were unsure where to go. The urgency of his words made me rush, and I pulled them very quickly down. They were smaller and more elastic, and therefore came off over my shoes much faster than the shorts had. I then stood bottomless, expectantly holding my panty in my hand less than two full seconds after he’s stopped speaking.

“An absolute pleasure to behold,” he sighed almost to himself. “Did you shave yourself a bit, uh, smaller than the other day?” he asked, nodding toward my pubic hair.

Flushing furiously, I nodded. I’d had no idea that he had paid that close attention, nor that he would have today. There was probably only half an inch of skin showing that hadn’t been before, but apparently this was a half inch of skin that guys tended to notice. “Fold,” he commanded, nodding toward the growing pile of clothes on the table with a smile. “And for the record, I very much like it this way.”

With my back to him, standing at the table, I carefully folded them in half, and placed them on top of my shorts, taking a moment for my deep blush to fade before I returned to the center of the room.

“Now, Yvette, before we expose the rest of you and start to work on getting you into uniform,” he said, “I’d like you to do a couple of turns for me.”

I turned once, twice, and then again, and then bowed to him. “D'accord Monsieur?”

“More than okay, Yvette,” he agreed. “For some reason I’m enjoying those little pink high tops of yours, so let’s leave those be for now and get that brassiere off of you.”

I reached up behind myself and unhooked my bra, letting it slide down my arms. I folded it in half and tucked the straps into the cup before walking the few steps to the table and placing it on the rest of my clothes.

“Oh, that’s very nice,” Geoff said appreciatively. Another turn, please?”

Eyeing me appreciatively, he directed me to get a small grocery bag from his cabinet under the sink for my clothes. “Please bend at the waist,” he corrected as I demurely squatted down. I straightened my legs as he came up behind me, and he placed a hand lightly on my behind as I bent down.

I put my clothes and purse into the bag, and placed it on the floor by the back door as he returned to his seat. “Now, I suppose, we need to determine if you are to keep your shoes, aren’t we?” he smiled.

I returned his grin and repeated my prior sentiment of ‘it’s your choice.’ “C'est ton choix, monsieur Geoff.”

As he was staring at me, pretending to mull over the decision but decidedly looking everywhere but my shoes, the doorbell chimed.

“Already?” he said frantically, tossing my bikini at me. “Be outside in back when I let them in. I’ll stall for time while you get this on!”

“Shoes?” I asked urgently, but in a whisper, ready to kick them off as he was dragging his chair back to the kitchen island.

“Leave them on,” he smiled, pausing for a moment to eye me from my toes to my head and back down once before he patted my behind and then hurried toward the front door.

I quickly pulled on the bottoms, and was still tying the top as I slipped out the sliding door onto his patio. I could hear him talking to his friend, who he called Steve, at the front door.

I had the skimmer in my hand and was on the opposite side of the pool, facing the house when the two guys came outside.

“Steve, this is Yvette. She is quite the maid, and I recently discovered that she cleans pools as well as houses,” Geoff said, casually waiving his arm in my direction.

“THE Yvette?” Steve said, stunned. “From the poker night I missed?”

“The very same,” he agreed. Then, to me, Geoff called “Did you enjoy yourself at the poker night?”

“Oui Monsieur,” I said, repeating my curtsey. "Très, um, how you say, fun?"

“Holy crap, she’s even hotter than you made her out to be!” Steve said quietly, just to Geoff, but nonetheless in a voice that carried to me.

“Well, I wanted to get the pool clean, and I think she is well worth the money,” Geoff replied. “Yvette, can you please put down the skimmer and fetch us each a beer?”

“Oui Monsieur.”

"Wow, look at that ass!” Steve whispered as I entered the house, my thong clad bottom swaying as I passed them.

“She’s really something to behold, isn’t she?” Geoff replied wistfully.

“Oh, to be holding her,” Steve mused.

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I closed the door to the sound of their laughter. Geoff had left a few pint glasses on the countertop, and there were several bottles of some sort of beer on the top shelf inside the refrigerator, so I poured two of them into the glasses and carried them outside. The men looked at me appreciatively as I placed the glasses on the table in front of them, curtseyed, and then returned to skimming the pool.

After another minute or so, the doorbell rang again. I was a little surprised to hear it so clearly outside, when I realized that there was a second ringer installed just over the sliding door. Geoff went inside and came back a minute later with another man, who he introduced as Todd. “Yvette, a beer for Todd, please,” he called.

Todd was less vocal, and simply stared open mouthed as I walked past and Geoff briefly explained my presence there. The three men discussed me at length as I continued to use the skimmer, commenting frequently on my breasts moving, or on my calves and butt moving and tightening as I rose to my toes each time I lifted the skimmer from the water. Once I'd gone completely around the pool, I hung it on its hooks, and fetched the “chemicals.” I bent and stooped, sticking my butt out and bending over much farther than was really necessary to take in the pool water to “test” it, before adding the clear vials of water that Geoff had set up for me in the kit.

“I think we’re all ready for another beer, Yvette,” Geoff called, addressing me directly for the first time since introducing me to Todd.

“Oui Monsieur's,” I replied, repeating my curtsey as I came to collect their glasses.

“Keep them straight, Yvette,” called Todd.

“Bien sur monsieur,” I replied demurely, nodding to him.

Inside, I set the beer glasses in the order each man had been sitting, and poured three more bottles into the glasses. I couldn’t carry all three out at the same time, and so I took Todd’s and Steve’s first.

“I hate to see her go, but I love to watch her leave,” Steve said raucously as I walked back in to fetch Geoff’s beer glass from the counter, eliciting laughs from the other guys.

"La, um, sweemeng pool est fini, monsieur," I said after setting Geoff’s beer on the patio table, bowing to him.

“We won’t need your official services for a bit,” Geoff said casually, “but you’re on payroll for a while longer. Last time you were here we were able to include you in our poker match,” he offered, eyeing me up and down. "Of course you had a bit more to offer, from the standpoint of clothing, I mean.”

The guys all laughed boisterously at this comment.

“Muy bien,” I smiled nervously, caught slightly off balance. They were the first words that had popped to my head, but “very good” was not the right response to be sure!

“Let’s get those clothes off her!” said Steve boisterously, the beer emboldening him a bit.

“Hear, hear!” responded Todd, raising his glass.

“Yvette,” Geoff said thoughtfully. “My friends believe you’re wearing too many clothes. How do you feel about that?”

“Je porte, um, I mean to say,” I said quietly, keeping up my French accent “I am to wear as monsieur Geoff is to enjoy.”

“As monsieur Geoff is to enjoy?” Steve moaned. “I want one! Can I have one? Seriously, where did you find her, Geoff?”

“Yvette is one in a million, gentlemen,” Geoff responded, eyeing me with respect and admiration. After a pause, he nodded to me. “For now, Monsieur Geoff would enjoy watching you bend over deeply to remove those delightful, but wholly unnecessary, pink shoes.”

Turning my back to the men, I slowly bent at the waist until I was touching the toes of my high tops. They had elastic laces that didn’t tie, so there was no reason for me to do this, but I fiddled with them briefly, and then gripped the heel of the shoe and lifted my foot out. I stood, shoe in hand, and turned back to face them. “Était-ce bien?” I asked.

“That was more than good,” Todd groaned. “Holy crap, I think you just stopped my heart, Yvette!”

“To Yvette!” agreed Steve, raising his glass for a toast.

“Put your shoe beside the back door, then come back here and take off the other, Please,” Geoff said calmly.

I walked the five steps to the back door, bent deeply to put my shoe just to the side of the step up into the house, and then turned and walked back. “Le même?” I whispered.

“Le même,” Geoff agreed. “Exactly the same.”

With my legs an inch or so wider than previously, I repeated the show, uselessly fiddling with the laces a bit longer before stepping out of the shoe and rising. I walked to the door again, bent again, and placed the shoes perfectly before standing and returning to the table.

“Je vais bien?” I asked, curtseying once more.

“Yes, Yvette,” Geoff responded, patting my backside gently. “You did very well.” Looking around the table, he sighed. “I’m afraid you’re a bad influence on us, Yvette. We seem to be drinking rather faster than we normally would. Perhaps you could get us some chips so that we have something to eat with our drinks?”

The other guys rapidly agreed. Inside, I went in search of chips and a bowl. The third cabinet I opened contained the same glass chip bowl I’d served them at the poker party, and I quickly found about 3/4 of a bag of tortilla chips in another cabinet, which I emptied into the large bowl. When I opened the refrigerator, I found a jar of salsa, and went in search of a smaller bowl, which I then filled. I came out with the chips and salsa, for which the guys were almost as appreciative as they were for my presence there.

Geoff had moved his chair away from the table slightly, so that he was more or less directly facing his friends, who were sitting across the table from him. “You were gone a while, Yvette. We missed you!” Geoff beckoned, puling me lightly toward him. He didn't seat me on his lap in a traditional way, but instead more chastely, so that I was perched on his thighs, more toward his knees. “My friends really enjoy you, Yvette,” he began. “They find you very attractive, but men being what we are, we are rarely satisfied.”

As he spoke, I could feel him tugging on, and untying, the strings of my bikini top, but he was keeping them taut in his fingers, so that from the front, where the guys were looking, they could not see what he was doing. I didn’t turn to face him, so I had no idea if his motions were subtle. The guys did not look like they were anticipating anything, regardless. They just looked jealous that I was on his lap.

“I will admit that I feel the same,” he continued, still slowly manipulating the strings on my top. I kept my face neutral, a small, polite smile in place. “So please remind me, Yvette. What are you to wear?”

I had to think for half a second before I figured out what he wanted me to say. “I am to wear as monsieur Geoff is to enjoy,” I said demurely, bowing my head.

“Please tell my friends what I’ve done while you’ve been sitting here on my lap,” he said in his polite but commanding tone.

“Monsieur Geoff has détaché, I mean to say, he has untied mon bikini,” I said in as sultry a voice as I could manage.

“Oh, yeah!” called out Todd, as Steve hissed “Yesss!” under his breath. Both men leaned forward in their chairs in anticipation.

“I believe we’re ready for some more beers now, Yvette,” he stage-whispered into my ear.

I felt the strings on my back relax slightly as he placed his free hand on my waist, easing me up. As I stood, he held fast to a single string, and the bikini slid and snaked across my skin until it dropped off onto his lap. I stood for a moment with my back to Geoff as the other two guys cheered and clapped.

I bent slightly, picked up the three empty beer glasses, then walked into the house, releasing a large pent-up breath as I closed the door, and leaning against the counter. After a moment to collect myself, I walked to the refrigerator, poured the three beers, and headed out to cheers carrying Todd and Steve’s glasses.

“Monsieur,” I said, exaggeratedly putting Steve’s glass in front of him, bending lower than I needed to. “Monsieur,” I repeated, going through the same motions for Todd’s glass. Then, turning to Geoff, I bowed much deeper than prior. “Un moment, monsieur Geoff.”

I went back inside, and walked out carrying Geoff’s glass. I walked straight to him and copied my prior actions, bending deeply and allowing my breasts to hang and swing freely as I placed the glass on the table in front of him. I then stood straight and curtseyed to each of the three men, wondering what they would want from me next.

Geoff twiddled with his cell phone, and soon an older rock song started playing quietly from somewhere nearby. “Do you like to dance to this kind of music, Yvette?”

I nodded, and started moving my hips. “Oui, Monsieur.”
The guys continued to snack on chips and salsa, and sip their beers as they eyed me appreciatively and made comments about my body. “Look at her boobs sway when she does that!” “Check out her ass when she wiggles her body like that!”

Geoff let me continue dancing for another song or two, and then turned to his friends. “I’m afraid that Yvette is almost done for the day,” he told them, checking his phone. It was close to 4:00 in the afternoon.

“Boo!” cried Steve.

“Don’t leave us!” begged Todd, dropping off his chair to his knees.

“We still haven’t eaten lunch,” Geoff reminded them. “Yvette is quite distracting.”

“I like being distracted!” called Todd, crawling toward where I was dancing, wearing only my black bikini thong bottom.

“Hear, hear!” cried Steve, toasting me.

“I did say almost,” Geoff said, talking over the complaints of his friends. Turning to me, he asked “Remind me again, my sweet. What is Yvette to wear?”

I smiled, still dancing. “I am to wear as monsieur Geoff is to enjoy,” I replied, bowing my head once more as his friends exchanged thrilled looks at where this was surely headed.

“And does Yvette think that monsieur Geoff enjoys her bikini bottom, or does Yvette think that he has grown bored of it?” he asked. The guys were giddily silent, listening to this exchange.

“Yvette hopes monsieur Geoff has no ennuyé!” I replied in a shocked but sad tone.

“No ennuyé,” he assured me. “But I do think we need a change of scenery, to keep things interesting. You have been wearing that same bikini bottom all afternoon, and variety is the spice of life.

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Tue Sep 4, 2018 18:00

“Excusez-moi, monsieur Geoff,” I demurred, dipping my head once again, but still dancing. It wasn’t quite the right type of apology, but it was the only one I knew in French.

“And so I shall now ask my friends,” he said regally, turning away from me for the moment. He was really getting into his role. “If it’s a given that her bottoms are coming off, would you prefer that I take them off, or that she does?”

Steve was all for watching me take off my own bottoms, and the sooner the better. “Take ‘em off, baby!” he called several times. Todd lobbied for option three, where he got to take them off of me.

“Come here, Yvette,” Geoff said quietly, waving his finger to beckon me forward. I danced over to him, and allowed him to position me directly in front of him, between his knees. “Legs a bit wider, my dear,” he said quietly, pressing lightly on my upper, inner thigh. I straddled his knee so that my legs were a bit wider than shoulder width.

“You stay where you are!” he admonished his friends, both who had stood to come around and get a better look. “As host,” he explained, “it’s incumbent upon me to ensure that everything is up to snuff for my guests.” He signed dramatically, wiping his forehead. “It’s a difficult job, but one I’m willing to endure, for you.”

He began softly tugging on the strings tying one side of my bottoms to my hips, but stopped after pulling less than half an inch of the thin material. Instead, he slipped his fingers between my skin and the waist band of my bikini and slid it gently down my legs, to a point about three inches above my knees. “Absolutely beautiful,” he said. After a long moment, he Leaned around me, looking toward his buddies. “Gentlemen, I give my official endorsement.”

“Awww, you lucky son of a bitch!” moaned Steve as Geoff exaggeratedly held my bare hips, his fingertips pressing lightly into the soft flesh of my bare backside, and his eyes zeroed in on my bare sex.

After pulling my thong back into place, he spun me around by the hips and swatted my butt lightly. “Now, go take your place, and exactly like you took off your shoes, get that bottom off for us.”

The guys were all raucous as I stood where I had when I removed my shoes and turned my back to them. I stuck my fingers into the small strip of fabric running across my hips, but Geoff stopped me. “Not like that,” he admonished, waggling a finger at me and smiling. I began tugging on the side ties, but he stopped me again. “I said exactly like you took off your shoes, Yvette. That means you touch your toes first. Only then can you reach up and take them off.”

The guys were even more vocal as I positioned my feet the proper width, and bent, touching my bare toes. I hovered in that position for a moment, allowing my breasts to sway, unencumbered and visible between my legs, before I slowly ran my hands up the backs of my legs, up to my butt, until I found the thin fabric ties hanging down from each hip. After a brief moment, knowing exactly how much of my body I was about to be showing, I began to slowly pull each bow loose, feeling the slight resistance before the strings slipped free. I released the strings from my fingertips, allowing friction to keep the material of my bottom on my skin. The front of the bikini fell free, no longer encumbered by the knots, and I felt its tug as the material slide down, following the curve of my backside, until the thong freed itself and dropped to the ground, exposing me intimately, revealing everything to their lust-filled eyes. They were loud, and I saw them leaning forward and scrambling out of their chairs as I continued to hover in that position, dragging my fingers up and down the backs of my legs. After I felt that they’d had enough of a show, I walked my hands between my legs until I could grab the thong, and then I slowly stood, holding it in my hand.

Geoff stood, and walked to me. He took the tiny scrap of black fabric from my hand as he spun me to face the guys, then continued past me and into the house. Before I could panic that he was leaving me alone with them, he returned carrying my bag of clothes and my purse. “Yvette, please go and fetch your shoes, and bring them to me,” he said in his sweet but commanding tone.

Obediently, I walked to my shoes, and bent at the waist to pick them up, one in each hand, to appreciative calls from the guys. I walked them to Geoff and set them on the ground near his feet.

“non ennuyé, monsieur?” I asked sweetly, standing a few inches from him, my shoulders back and hips thrust forward, emphasizing my nudity.

“No, Yvette, we’re not bored anymore,” he smiled. “Now, please take your place, and you can dance for us some more while we decide what comes next.” Then, to Todd and Steve, he said “Now, Yvette needs to be leaving soon, and needs to put on her clothes before we can send her out into the streets.”

Clearing his half of the table, Geoff laid out my clothes, one item at a time. “Now, I'm sure that you’re all in agreement with me that we’d rather she not dress at all, but that option aside, we must now decide in what order she will put on these clothes,” he said. “We can put her bottoms on, leaving her topless as long as possible. We can put her top on, leaving her bottomless as long as possible,” he added. “Or we can put her bra and underwear on her, although that’s less attractive, considering that the bikini was smaller than these are,” he added.

“Topless!” voted Steve.

“Let’s go bottomless!” argued Todd.

Geoff shushed his friends. “It would appear that I’m the deciding vote,” he said thoughtfully, eyeing me as I continued to dance naked. “But I think we can all agree that there’s no harm in you putting your shoes back on while we weigh our options.”

He stood and walked up to me, standing very closely, he winked at me and whispered so that only I could hear, “You’re a wonderful girl, Claire.”

He bent and placed the shoes a little closer to the table, with the toes facing away from them, to be certain I knew to bend with my butt towards them. “Now, why don’t you see if you can put your shoes on the same way you took them off,” he smirked, returning to his seat.

I sauntered over, and turned my back to the guys. I knew this was going to be difficult, and explicit. I decided to focus my brain on the music playing, rather than on their comments. I slowly bent at the waist, my bare lower half mere feet in front of their wide, staring eyes. I pulled my shoe to my foot, but found that lifting that foot in order to slide it into my shoe would be, if not impossible, very difficult. There is a Pilates move called the Elephant, in which you’re on flat feet and palms with a rounded back. To make the move more difficult, you tuck one knee to your chest. I knew that I could do that move, but I had never tried it with one hand off the ground. There is also a yoga pose called the birddog, in which you raise the opposite hand and leg, but are on hands and knees.

Combining the two poses proved a little difficult, but the guys really enjoyed cheering me on as they watched my extremely graphic display as I struggled, flexed, and faught to retain my balance. Although it took some doing, I was able to successfully get my first shoe on my foot. The second foot was only slightly easier, since my body had a better idea what I was asking it to do. In the end, I had run out the entirety of a song and a half before I had both shoes on, and had been bent over, showing absolutely everything for quite some time.

“I think that was an amazing effort, and that Yvette deserves a round of applause,” Geoff cried after I’d stood. I was bright red from being upside down for almost five minutes, and most of my body was covered in a light sheen of sweat from the exertion. I bowed and curtseyed, catching my breath.

"Poor Yvette looks exhausted!” Geoff said. “Go get yourself a glass of ice water from the kitchen, my dear! Would you like to go for a swim to cool off?” he offered.

“Non, monsieur,” I demurred. “I jeest poot my shoos back on!”

“Nonsense, dear,” he said, stepping forward and grabbing my calf, putting his face inches from my stomach. He pulled one, then the other shoe off my feet to the laughter of the other men, and guided me to the staircase of the pool. “Cool off,” he insisted, as I stepped into the ankle-deep water of the first step. I conceded quickly as he coaxed me into the water, which was chest deep at the bottom step. I didn’t want to get my hair or makeup wet, and they didn’t push me. I spent four or five minutes in the water, which actually did feel good, and then Geoff invited me out, where I stood glistening, wet, and naked in the afternoon sun.

“Ugh,” commented Steve, taking in the sight of me as Geoff took my hand above my head and twirled me slowly around a couple of times. “I didn’t think she could look better, but wet like this?” He groaned as he dramatically fell onto Todd’s shoulder.

“Why don’t you dry off here on the lounge chair, and then we’ll worry about dressing you,” Geoff said, smiling.

He pulled the chaise into the sun so that I’d be facing them, and I obediently laid down, my legs demurely crossed at the ankles. Geoff gently took each foot, putting it flat on the patio on either side of the lounge chair, so that I was fully on display. The men retook their seats at the table, pleased to have extended my nudity, and with my current exposure. I knew that they had not offered a towel not because they’d not thought of it, but because it was more fun to have me drip-dry in the sun. They worked to include me in their conversation, and I kept up the French accent, throwing in the correct French words when I knew them. I tried to remain flirty and submissive, which I knew they enjoyed.

My front had dried in the sun in about ten minutes, but my butt and back, sitting on the wet chair, were still damp. I stood, turning slowly, swiping at my butt, which the guys very much enjoyed. I decided to give them a bit of a show, and I bounced up and down, jumping a few inches in the air as I tried to shake off the water. “Je pense que je suis sec,” I said, looking down and swiping at my breasts.

“You think you’re dry?” Geoff asked, confirming my meaning from my poor grammar while walking over to me with his beer in hand. “Let me check to see,” he said. He looked me over closely, turning me this way and that, even swiping his hand across my stomach, back, and butt. Then, turning back to his friends, “Bad news, gentlemen. I think she’s right.”

They all “awwwed,” but didn’t put up a fight. Geoff took me by the hand and twirled me a few times over to my spot. “It seemed quite the struggle for you to put your shoes on before,” he said, obviously thinking of some new way to expose me. “Why don’t you have a seat here,” he offered, pointing to the fourth chair in the circle. “Steve will help you into one of your shoes, and Todd can help you into the other!”

He winked at me, and I knew that this was an idea left over from the shopping trip the other day. “Merci,” I said. I knew what the intent of this was, so I sat on the very edge of the offered chair. Steve quickly knelt in front of me, locking his eyes on my crotch as he gently grasped my calf and brought my bare foot up, spreading my legs, and my vagina, in the process.

“Don’t you need her shoe?” Geoff asked, laughing.

“Eventually,” growled Steve, not looking away. “For now, I’m just enjoying the view.”

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“Oh, Monsieur!” I giggled, lightly swatting his shoulder and trying to sound scandalized.

Geoff handed him my shoe, and after a moment Steve realized it was the wrong one. Happily, he grabbed the other foot and lifted it just as high, so he now had both of my legs raised and spread, to boisterous laughter of the other two guys.

Finally, he dropped one foot, slid my foot into its proper shoe, and sighed, taking a last look between my legs at my very exposed sex, before returning my foot to the ground.

“My turn!” cried Todd, slamming the last of his beer before dropping to his knees between my legs, his face only a few inches from my crotch. He lifted my bare foot, and placed it on his shoulder.

“Monsieur!” I said, actual surprise coloring my voice as I teetered backwards in the chair.

He laughed and moved back, more like how Steve had been, and slowly put my foot into my other shoe. He, too, took a long last look before returning the foot to the ground.

Geoff looked down at me as I held my hand out for him to help me up. Instead of taking it, he dropped to his knee, and lifted one of my legs, spreading me open once more. “I’m sorry, my dear, but I was jealous of the others!” he said.

“Monsieur Geoff,” I laughed, slapping him softly on the top of his head. He grinned, stood, and helped me to my feet. “I’m very sad to say this, Yvette, but you can dress now.” he said, handing me my panties.

I pulled them on over my shoes, and then into place. He lifted my bra, but put it back down in favor of my shorts, which I stepped awkwardly into.

“Gentlemen, say goodbye to our entertainment!” he said, handing me my bra.

I pulled on my shirt, hugged each guy goodbye, and Geoff walked me through his house to the front door. “You truly are a great sport about this, Claire,” he whispered. “I wish it didn’t have to end so soon.”

I thought for a very brief moment, and made a quick decision. “I’m not staying long,” I whispered. I kicked off my shoes, pulled off my shorts and panties in a single motion, tore my shirt off over my head, and reached around to pull off my bra while Geoff started at me in stunned silence. “Do you really like the shoes?” I asked him, drawing his eyes to my bare feet.

“They’re cute as hell,” he responded, still quite confused.

“Not long,” I repeated as I stepped into them.

I walked through the house as he followed behind me, leaving my clothes in a pile by the front door. The guys were both shocked and excited to see me walk back outside, wearing nothing but my pink high tops.

“Monsieur Geoff say you need more bier before Yvette leaves,” I said, bowing to them. “Ee insiste Yvette serve les messieurs, um, 'ow you say, undressed.” I picked up the three empty beer glasses, and winking, turned back toward the house to find Geoff, still looking dumbfounded, leaning against the door.

I poured the three beers and brought them out, taking two trips. I hugged each man, and kissed them on each cheek, and then said goodbye. I took Geoff’s hand as I went inside. “That was a pleasant surprise,” he said when we got to the front door, taking a sip from his beer.

"Je envie faire plaisir, Monsieur Geoff," I said, smiling. “Your guests are waiting.” As I pulled on my clothes quickly, I tried to step into my panties and shorts at the same time, and missed one leg of the underwear, but noticed only after I’d buttoned the shorts. Grinning, I simply pulled them off of the one foot, and stuffed them into my purse. I finished dressing and hugged him again. As I let myself out the door, I turned to him. “I’ll see you next time!”