**CBND FanFic - Claire and the Boys Next Door**

by cheryl

**CBND FanFic Chapter 1**

The next day was Saturday, and my parents usually spent the day at home, working in the garden or doing normal house chores. This day, however, they had some work friend’s bar-b-que to attend, and I didn’t pay close enough attention to really understand if it was my mom’s friend or my dad’s. All I really heard was that they’d be gone until well after dinner. Normally, this would be good news, but I didn’t want the day to myself, honestly. I was afraid of running into Tom, while at the same time I kept peeking out the side window to watch for movement over there. I saw his dad in the window twice, and then gave up. I thought of going over to Geoff’s to use his pool, as he’d invited me to do once, before any of this had started, but I was afraid to spend time near his wife, for fear that our familiarity would seem odd to her. I thought of calling Jim, but he was just as likely as not to call Tom and, even if he didn’t, I wasn’t sure what he’d expect of me.  
  
I ran down the list of girlfriends in my head, but after the first two I called were busy, I gave up on that, realizing that I was more relieved when they’d turned me down than disappointed. I lounged on the floor in front of the TV, still a little sweaty after my workout but too lazy to go shower. I started a show I’d been binge watching, but it held little interest, and I found myself paying more attention to my phone and social media than the TV. I was so engrossed in a video meme that my phone vibrating with an incoming message startled me.  
  
“Did I see your parents leave?”  
  
It was from Tom. “They’ll be home later,” I replied.  
  
“Can I come over?”  
  
“I need to shower. I’m gross.”  
  
“I doubt that’s even remotely true, but don’t worry about it.”  
  
Ugh. I ran up the stairs and checked myself in the mirror. My pony tail was damp and limp, with strands of hair stuck to my forehead. My makeup was mostly still intact, but the eyeshadow and mascara had run, between sleep and sweat. The neckline of my shirt was dark with my sweat, and I could feel the moisture on my back. I gave my pits the sniff test but had no time to change my shirt as the doorbell rang. I spritzed with one of my body sprays and ran downstairs to pull open the door.  
  
Tom looked a little uncertain for a moment, then, like flipping a switch, he adopted an air of confidence. He smiled broadly and walked in like he owned the place. “Sorry to come over unannounced. I wanted a chance to talk to you alone.”  
  
“I’m really gross,” I whined. “Can you come over later?”  
  
“Jim’s coming over this afternoon,” he explained, sounding apologetic.  
  
“Okay, then what do you need?”  
  
We walked into the family room, and I dropped to the floor, cross-legged, leaning against the coffee table. I didn’t want to sweat on the couch. Tom looked uncertain for a moment, then copied me, leaning against the overstuffed chair that my dad always sat in to watch TV.  
  
“I’m sweaty,” I explained. “You can sit on the furniture.”  
  
“It doesn’t matter that you’re sweaty,” Tom said sternly. “I told you that. You look great. You smell great. Stop being so self-conscious!”  
  
How could I explain it right? I wanted to be at my most attractive for these guys. They enjoyed seeing me naked, and I enjoyed being seen. I wanted them to control me, to tell me what to wear, and what not to wear. I wanted them to decide who else got to see me. By and large, they seemed to get it, and they seemed to enjoy their roles. But until very recently, I had not been the kind of person who would get to live this life. Awkward and plain, I had blended into the background of every room that I walked into, and I had cultivated my persona to perpetuate that treatment. I had wanted to draw no attention to myself, lest other people realize just how much I deserved to be ignored.  
  
Now I was different. Physically, I was in good shape, with a strong body. And what a body that was! My breasts had grown, my butt had filled out, and my hips had broadened with the late onset of puberty, but my slight frame had not caught up, and the result was something straight out of a porno. I was still enthralled and borderline disbelieving when I looked in the mirror.  
  
Living as long as I had in the shadows, I had grown accustomed to being treated as a nonentity, and I knew the snide comments that the cool people made. I was so good at melting into the furniture, that often people didn’t realize that I was even there. Hygiene, fashion, and maintaining the perfect appearance were paramount to the shallow, and a voice in the back of my head warned me that I was putting myself into an untenable position. It was a long and hard learned lesson that I should not expect good things to last, and so, despite logic telling me that it was so, I lived in fear of all of this crashing down around me.  
  
"Fine, it doesn’t matter that I'm sweaty,” I pouted. “What can I do for you, then?”  
  
“I wanted to apologize about last night,” Tom said, nervousness seeping through his in-charge demeanor.  
  
“You already apologized. Last night,” I reminded him. “And I told you that you didn’t need to.”  
  
“I know, but you didn’t really know…” he trailed off.  
  
“Know what?” I asked. Jim had made things pretty clear, and Tom had not argued. I thought it was all in the open.  
  
“It’s nothing,” he said, dejected.  
  
“It’s something,” I said soothingly, crawling towards him. How did it happen that suddenly I was the one comforting him?  
  
“Jim’s afraid,” he said softly, barely above a whisper, “that if I tell you, you won’t want to… hang out with us anymore.”  
  
“Is Jim the only one afraid?” I whispered back.  
  
“No,” he admitted. “I’m afraid of that, too.”  
  
“So you want to keep it from me so that I will keep letting you tell me to take off my clothes?” I asked, grinning and trying to lighten the mood.  
  
“That really shouldn’t work,” he joked back. “I’ve tried it with other girls, and it only gets me slapped.”  
  
“That is odd,” I agreed solemnly.  
  
He sighed and leaned his head back. “You know you’re the funniest girl I know?” he asked. “And the smartest. And the bravest.”  
  
“And the nakedest?” I joked. I wasn’t comfortable with flattery of that sort. When they admired my body, it was easy to understand. I admired it, too! But my mind had not changed with the delayed onset of puberty, so that was hard for me to come to grips with.  
  
“That’s a bonus,” he responded. “But I think it’s even better because of the rest of you.”  
  
I was off balance once again. His words sounded truthful, and his eyes burned with sincerity, but my history wouldn’t allow me to believe that I was special that way. I, Claire, the human being, was a background player at best, appearing in the credits of the movie of life as “townsperson number 2.” I’d been genetically blessed with a growth spurt to my chest that had thrust me into the spotlight, but I knew that it would end soon enough. Claire the hot naked girl would become tiresome as Townsperson Number Two’s personality came to the surface. This was confusing to me.  
  
“Stop being ridiculous.” I murmured.  
  
“You don’t really have a good understanding of yourself, Claire,” he admonished. “And while it’s annoying that you don’t see yourself clearly, it’s also pretty endearing.”  
  
I felt my face flush as I continued to stare at my lap. My mind was stuck, unable to think of a single thing to say to him. I wanted to kiss him, and I also didn’t. I wanted to tell him that I felt the same, and I also didn’t. I was caught in a loop.  
  
“Jim’s going to be pissed that I came over to talk to you,” he whispered.  
  
“So don’t tell him.” I snapped. I didn’t like the thought of Jim controlling things even when he wasn’t here.  
  
Tom was silent for a few seconds, staring at his hands still. I couldn’t get a good read on what he was thinking, although normally it was pretty easy with him. He just seemed very despondent, as though there was more he wasn’t saying. I couldn’t imagine what more there was. I thought through the discussion, and then last night. He’d said it all. He liked me, and Jim was upset because that would put an end to our naked games. It was the same reason that I was reluctant to act on my feelings toward him. And there was no need to complicate things further by confessing those feelings. But seeing him, sitting there looking utterly helpless, my instinct was to hug him. And then to kiss him. Stinky and sweaty as I still was, that wasn’t going to happen. “If you're done, I want to go shower.”  
  
His face changed in an instant. At first I interpreted it as anger, but then I saw the smirk behind his expression, and read the teasing. “Damn it, Claire! You’re not gross, but if you’re insistent on a shower, let’s go shower!”  
  
My expression was easy to read. Shock. I was speechless.  
  
He waited for a moment, until he could see that the shock was surprised, and not offended.  
  
“Clothes off, right now!” he commanded. “Every stich.”

**CBND FanFic Chapter 2**

His mood shift was the most surprising thing here, but my body reacted to the thought of getting naked for him again. This was dangerously close to my dream, and I felt that nervous excitement spark inside the pit of my stomach. I moved slowly, unsure of his expectations.  
  
“Does ‘right now’ not make sense to you?” he snapped, the underlying smirk still present in his voice. I liked the admonishing tone.  
  
I stood, and after half a moment’s deliberation, I pulled off my still moist tank top. I reached behind me and unhooked my bra. Holding it to my chest, I glanced toward the back door, still standing open, just the screen between me and whoever might try to peek in.  
  
“Stop stalling, Claire. When I say ‘everything off,’ I mean everything. And when I say ‘right now,’ I don’t mean a minute from now.”  
  
Why was that attitude from him so sexy? I dropped my bra to the floor and quickly slipped my fingertips into my yoga capris and thong, pulling them both down, then stepping out of them in the same motion. I stood uncertainly, feeling exposed and somehow unprepared for this. Normally I know that nudity is coming, and I’m mentally prepared for it. My brain is ahead of my body, and there’s a certain sense of freeing relief that comes from it. This was different. It came on suddenly. Less than thirty seconds prior, we’d been depressed, fighting to deny our feelings toward one another.  
  
“Upstairs,” he insisted, stopping me when I tried to pick up my discarded clothes. He slapped my butt every other step as I ran up the staircase, giggling. I led him into my bedroom, where I stopped uncertainly in the middle of the floor. “Is this where you shower, Claire?” he teased.  
  
I shook my head, and led him down the hallway to the bathroom. At his direction I started the water and then stepped in to the spray. There was something extremely erotic to me as I stood there, letting the warm water wash over my body, and knowing he was watching. I felt uncertain and clumsy. I wanted to be sexy, but had no idea how to shower erotically. The clear glass doors hid nothing from him, and allowed me to watch him as he watched me. He sat on the edge of the tub, and I smiled as I saw him adjust his shorts, moving the bulge underneath to what I assumed was a more comfortable position. He had me turn off the water once I was fully wet, and I shampooed. I felt even more electricity in the air as I stood scrubbing the peach scented foam into my hair. I always closed my eyes for this activity, and as I tried to peek through my eyelashes to reorient myself to him, it stung.  
  
Standing there, naked, exposed, wet, a little cold, and blind, while knowing he was there, watching intently, was extremely arousing. The feelings were overwhelming as my ears seemed to reach out, trying to hear any hint of his movement over the dull hum of the vent fan. My sense of touch, too, seemed on heightened alert, and my skin bristled with the sensual energy in the room.  
  
“May I rinse?” My voice came out barely above a whisper, a little gravelly with my nervousness.  
  
“Of course,” came his voice. He was still where he had been. I was a little surprised that I could tell, almost exactly, where he was. His head was lower, because of his seated position, and he was still over on the edge of the tub. In my blindness, I had imagined him rising, now standing much closer.  
  
I turned the water back on, and had to adjust the temperature several times as I rinsed the shampoo from my long, thick hair. The water in the pipes had not had the opportunity to cool, but my shower control included a single handle that rotated from off to hot, and finding that perfect temperature was always a matter of slight degrees.  
  
The water off once again, I applied my conditioner, and then my body wash. Although I was fully clean, he seemed to enjoy watching me soap myself up, and had me do it again and again, finally without the wash cloth.  
  
“Your tits still look dirty,” he teased. Then, “I think you missed a spot by your pussy.” And, “Are you sure your ass is clean?”  
  
Finally, covered in goose flesh from the cool air of the bathroom on my wet skin, I turned the water back on and rinsed the conditioner out of my tresses, allowing the water to flow down my body and take care of the soap there.  
  
When I turned off the water the final time, he looked at me uncertainly, holding my towel in his hand. “Can I dry you?” he stammered. I found it extremely endearing that, after everything, he was still unsure of the limits.  
  
In response, I stepped out of the shower onto my bath mat, and held my arms to the side, giving a small nod. He was respectful, but thorough as he painstakingly dried my body, paying special attention to my breasts and butt. He seemed unsure about the area between my legs, and completely ignored my hair, which meant that water kept dripping, running down my back. I wasn’t sure what kind of permission he would think I was giving him, but I was aching to feel his hands, even with the towel as a barrier between us, on my crotch.  
  
“You missed my hair,” I whispered.  
  
He looked up uncertainly, and then patted my head, squeezing the long hair into the towel, absorbing much of the water, then took another pass down my back, paying special attention to my butt once again, and my legs, where droplets had run to my feet.  
  
He’d missed the subtlety, which I supposed I could understand, but it meant that I would have to be a bit bolder, which was not a role I liked to take. “You missed my other hair, too,” I breathed, so quiet I was surprised he heard me.  
  
He stiffened, shocked for a moment, before he tentatively made his way back around to the front of me. I don’t know if his intent was dominance, respect, nervousness, or awkwardness, but the result moistened me more than the towel dried me. He stared me directly in the eyes, a small smile on his lips, his eyes alight with excitement, as he took a small, mostly-dry corner of the towel and very gently scrubbed it along my pubic bush, and then down, pressing my mons, the back of his hand, bare and uncovered by the towel, contacting the skin on my thigh.  
  
With tenderness and a certain leisureness, he slowly ran the towel over and over my skin in possibly the most intimate moment of my life to date, and my body reacted much stronger than I had expected, and I feared that my dream would become a reality, and I would collapse in orgasm. While there was a certain appeal to that outcome, it mortified more than excited, and so I finally whispered, “I think you got it.”  
  
He handed me the towel and after a moment, I dried my hair the rest of the way. Not wanting to spend an hour with the blow drier and flat iron, I put my damp hair in a tight, off-center braid on the back of my head. I quickly applied a little eye liner, mascara, blush, and body lotion (which he enjoyed watching me rub in), and then walked with him back to my bedroom.  
  
“What would you like me to wear?” I demurred. I was a little more anxious than normal to get some clothes on. I knew that my body showed certain signs of arousal, and while my hard nipples might be dismissed as a reaction to the cool air of the house as compared to the more humid air in the bathroom after the shower, I had seen the bright pink skin and blossoming of my vagina in the bathroom mirror. Although more easily overlooked than the visible signs of arousal of a naked guy, I was ashamed by my reactions to him, especially considering his recent confessions of feelings for me.  
  
“Nothing. Ever,” he sighed in response. “Not a stitch. You look like a dream.”  
  
I was slightly nervous that he would want to keep me naked indefinitely. A big part of me reveled in that, for several reasons. I really thrilled to his enjoyment of my body. To all of them, really. Any and all guys. But Tom’s more so. I had delighted to the morning I had wandered around the house naked, but had not had the confidence to do it again. But it would be impossible to hide my sexual excitement if I had to keep wiping my pussy.  
  
I don’t know what expression was on my face, but he reacted quickly. “I didn’t mean anything by that. You can get dressed. I’m sorry I said that!”  
  
I smiled at him. “You just caught me off guard,” I replied. I didn’t want him to feel bad, and it was becoming apparent that I felt that way regardless of my own discomfort. “My parents aren’t going to be home for a while, and I suddenly pictured myself running around the house naked for hours and hours!”  
  
“Hmm,” he smiled back, still a little nervous. “That’s a hell of a picture!”  
  
I looked toward my closet longingly, still wanting some cover, and then turned toward him, trying to sound as cheery as possible. “So, naked it is. What are we doing, then?”  
  
That caught him a little off guard, and it was obvious that he hadn’t thought of much beyond that. “What were you going to do?” he asked.  
  
“Well, I was avoiding taking a shower, and then I was just going to hang out. Watch TV. Maybe go shopping. No real plans.”  
  
“None of your friends around?” he asked, sounding genuinely shocked.  
  
“I called a few of them this morning, but no one was available, and I was just in kind of a hang out at home mood,” I confessed, being too honest with him again.  
  
“Well, you look great,” he said, eyeing me from toes to chest and then back down, “but I think maybe I should let you put something on. Jim is going to be at my house soon, and if he comes over here, I don’t think it would be good if you were already naked.”  
  
“Already?” I asked, unable to suppress the grin.  
  
He smiled wickedly back at me. “But what to let you wear? For now, I mean,” he wondered, waggling his eyebrows like a cartoon villain.  
  
We stood in silence for a moment. I wasn’t going to suggest anything, because that wasn’t the way this worked. He needed to tell me what to wear, but that didn’t stop me from running through options in my head; some sexy, like my thongs or bikini, some less so, like my workout clothes, or jeans.  
  
“What would you think if I made a rather... um... bold suggestion?” he asked, snapping me out of my reverie.  
  
“Bold?” I inquired, raising my eyebrows in genuine curiosity.  
  
“Jim’ll be at my house in about 20 minutes,” he started. “What if we came over, and you were... prepared for us? Like, kind of like a joke. A really sexy joke.”  
  
“What did you have in mind?” I already knew that I would probably go along with whatever he said, but I wanted to know all the same, before I agreed.  
  
“You’re not going to get upset?” he clarified.  
  
“You know the rules,” I soothed. “You tell me what to wear, and I’ll wear it.” I worked hard to keep the nerves out of my voice, but they were definitely there, battering against my stomach.  
  
“Well,” he hedged, still uncertain, “I was thinking of the look on Jim’s face if you opened the door half naked.”  
  
“Which half?” Sometimes I couldn’t stop the sarcasm from escaping my lips.  
  
“Um, so maybe more than half?” he blushed slightly.  
  
“Just tell me,” I commanded, curiosity getting the better of me. I loved that he was so respectful of me and of my feelings, but I just wanted to know.  
  
“You know what?” he asked, not expecting an answer. “I’m going to make this fun for me at the same time! Go get those heels you wore to the mall.”  
  
A little confused, I obeyed, and was standing by his side with the heels in hand in very short order.  
  
“Put them on,” he commanded.  
  
“Oh!” The exclamation came out more like a squeak than a word. “So like ninety-nine point nine percent naked!” His sheepish grin and slightly pink face said more than a thousand words could have. I swallowed my nerves, and forced a smile. “If that’s what you want me to wear, I’ll wear it.”  
  
“Just for me,” he explained. “I’m going to go home and get something different for you to put on, but I want you to open the door for me just like that when I get back.” His eyes slowly traced from my shoes to my damp hair and back down.  
  
I followed him downstairs, and with a wicked grin he hugged me at the door as he left, promising to be back quickly.  
  
The instant the door clicked shut, I kicked off the shoes and ran upstairs, pulling out my wet braid as I went. I dried my hair with the blow-dryer, used my flat iron to give it a sheen and to tame the curls left over from the braid, and applied a little bit more makeup to complete my face. I was a little surprised that he was gone as long as he was, giving me almost twenty minutes to complete my beautification ritual.  
  
I was just blotting my lip gloss when the doorbell rang. I sprinted downstairs, awkwardly aware of my nudity. I stepped back into my shoes, and was about to pull the door open when I giggled at myself. “Who’s there?” I could only imagine the face of a solicitor, trying to get us to switch phone service, had I simply pulled open the door!  
  
“It’s Tom.”

**CBND FanFic Chapter 3**

I pulled open the door to find him standing there. In his hand he had a small paper bag, and a sheepish grin on his face as his eyes raked up and down my body once more. “I’m sorry I’m late, but man! I could get used to coming over to this!”  
  
I smiled and felt my face heat under his gaze, feeling suddenly awkward. It was a bit of a struggle not to cover up, which was strange, considering he’d watched me shower just an hour prior.  
  
“Jim will be at my house soon. I wish I could stay,” he lamented, unable to keep his eyes on my face for very long, instead looking down my body unashamedly. “Same shoes, and the contents of this bag. Nothing more.”  
  
I was about to ask him what took so long, but he thrust the bag at me, and took one last look before turning and jogging toward the street.  
  
I closed the door and felt a wave of heat wash over me. I had just answered the door naked! Shocked at myself, I kicked off the shoes and walked up the stairs in a bit of a daze. It wasn’t until I got into my room that I remembered the bag in my hand. I had no idea how long it would be until Tom and Jim came over, but Tom had made a hasty exit despite my nudity, so I guessed my wait would be measured in minutes rather than hours. I smiled when I dumped the contents of the bag onto my bed and sifted through them.  
  
I was feeling strange. I sat on the edge of the sofa, but was too keyed up to stay for long. I paced around the room, and then perched lightly on a counter stool in the kitchen. It had been more than half an hour since Tom had left. At least. I had dressed quickly, pulling on the tiny school-girl skirt, white over-the-knee stockings, gauzy white, virtually transparent front-tie shirt, and tiny panty made of the same material. I had then re-checked my makeup before I’d even picked up my phone. It had been thirty-seven minutes since then. Maybe it was forty minutes by now.  
  
I checked my cell phone again, and resumed pacing. I felt more than naked. If I was merely naked and someone came in, there would be no explanation needed. I would dive for cover, and everyone would laugh it off. Mom and dad might scold me for being undressed downstairs. I could explain that I had run down to grab something from the kitchen, and being home alone, I hadn’t bothered to dress first. That would be legitimate. But if my mom, or my DAD!, came in the door unexpectedly and I was wearing a see-through shirt and a comically short skirt, there would be questions. A lot of questions. And trouble would follow.  
  
It was close to an hour later when the doorbell chimed. My pacing had me only inches from the door, so I stepped into my shoes as I called out “Who is it?” and my stomach erupted with butterflies.  
  
“Tom,” came the reply. I thought I detected something in his voice. Mirth, perhaps. Nevertheless, I pulled the door open wide as I’d been instructed, not hiding behind it at all, and trusting in Tom to wait until the view from the street made me safe before he knocked. The look on Jim’s face made it clear that Tom had not told him anything. The look on the other two guys’ faces told me that they’d never even heard of me, just as I’d never met them before.  
  
I looked to Tom for assurance as I registered the two strangers standing on my front porch. They looked completely shocked as I ducked back behind the door and Jim’s mouth split into a wide grin. “This is Chris, and this is ‘Stick,’” Tom said, nonchalantly indicating his friends and winking at me so that no one else could see him. “Come on in, guys.”  
  
He strolled casually through the doorway into the house with Jim eagerly on his heels. Chris and Stick were tentative, looking decidedly away from me even though I was still hiding behind the door.  
  
“Should we come back later?” the one he’d indicated to be Chris asked.  
  
“No, Claire was expecting us,” Tom replied coolly. “Weren’t you?”  
  
I looked at him angrily, but he was unconcerned, and winked in return. I wasn’t sure at all how to respond. If I said that I was expecting them, they would know that I’d dressed this way just for them. If I said that I wasn’t expecting them, then they’d wonder why I was dressed the way I was. And if I said I’d been expecting just Tom and Jim, they’d want to understand why. There was no way for me to come out of this without looking at least a little bad.  
  
“Claire is one of our best friends,” Tom explained, not waiting for me to respond. “She spent a lot of time in her back yard this year in her bikinis, and she got pretty used to hanging out with us while wearing next to nothing, so we bought her the outfit she’s wearing, and she agreed to model it for us. Right Claire?”  
  
This was a valid explanation, and since I was already going to look bad no matter what, I nodded in agreement.  
  
“So why don’t you close the door, and show us the outfit we bought for you!”  
  
I stood frozen, and after a few seconds Tom lightly pulled the door from me. I offered no resistance, allowing him to push it gently closed. When I’d hidden behind it, I had instinctively covered my chest, and my arm was still blocking their view of my shirt. “Let’s go into the living room and get comfortable,” Tom suggested, motioning for the guys to precede him. “You’re fine,” he whispered to me, taking my free hand and guiding me along in their wake.  
  
Jim slouched lazily into the side chair that my dad always occupied while watching TV, while the other two sat uncomfortably on the couch, obviously still ill at ease about the situation. They continued to try to look away from me as I was escorted to the center of the room. Tom released my hand and perched on the armrest of the couch closest to Jim.  
  
“Claire’s a really good sport,” Tom said, as though continuing a prior conversation. “For example, she’s wearing this outfit for us!” he laughed, joined by Jim, while their two friends remained silent and feeling a little awkward.  
  
“I think the first thing to do is to make sure we’re all good here. This won’t be much fun if you guys aren’t looking at her!” Turning to me, he asked, “Claire, are you okay with the guys being here while you model the outfit for us?”  
  
I could feel the uncertainty in my eyes, but I knew that I didn’t have much of a choice. I nodded mutely. I was more comfortable remaining silent in this situation for some reason.  
  
“See? She’s okay with it. And you’ll say something if you’re not okay with what’s happening, right?” he asked.  
  
I was looking more toward the floor than the guys, but I saw Chris and Stick look directly at me now. Still unwilling to speak, I nodded again.  
  
“And if we all look at you, that's okay, too, right Claire?” he questioned further, to make sure that everyone knew what was happening. I nodded again, still looking toward my shoes.  
  
“Excellent. Why don’t you turn around for us a couple of times? Slowly, so we can see your outfit.” His voice was still casual, not demanding or commanding, but he knew that I would obey nonetheless.  
  
Slowly I turned in place, keeping my left arm pressed tightly against my breasts. He said nothing as I turned in place twice, stopping when I was once again facing them.  
  
“I know you’re a little nervous, Claire, but that’s a beautiful shirt, and we can barely see it. Why don’t you turn around again, and then you can move your arms both down? Then, when you face us again, we’ll be able to see how lovely your shirt is!”  
  
I shuffled my feet to face away from them again. The green and black tartan plaid skirt was very small, and it didn’t quite sit at my hips. Just as the first time, I had pulled it on high, around my navel, where I’d fastened the clasp and pulled up the zipper, and then shimmied and twisted it back down as far as it would go. I’d checked myself in the mirror in my bedroom, and I knew that, resting just above my hips, it left at least half of my butt uncovered, and barely coved me up front at all. I knew that they had already gotten a tiny peek of slit, if not of my hair peeking through the sheer material when I walked.  
  
“She’s got a fantastic looking backside, doesn’t she?” Jim asked, trying to insert himself.  
  
“She sure does!” replied one of the guys, either Chris or Stick. I was really curious why he was called “Stick,” but didn’t want to ask just then.  
  
“Lift your skirt and show us the thong,” Tom said politely. “We got you that, too, so we should get to see it!” Then, to the guys, he added “All of her bikinis are thongs, and her ass is spectacular.”  
  
I was forced now to remove my arm from my chest, and I felt my face flush as I flipped the skirt up, wiggling my hips slightly.  
  
“Very nice,” Tom complimented. “Do it again, but hold the skirt up. Really let us get a look at it.”  
  
Following his direction, I lifted the back of my skirt, and shimmied my backside for them, the ties on the sides of the thong bouncing lightly off of my bare skin.  
  
“Nice!” exclaimed one of the two newcomers. I really needed to figure out which was which.  
  
“Oh, it’s so much better than nice,” Tom sighed. “Why don’t you keep hold of your skirt just like that, and then turn around for us, Claire?”  
  
The shirt was white, a bit see-through only due to the thin material from which it was made. There were no buttons, but instead two thin strips of fabric allowed it to be tied. It was obviously designed to fit a girl a bit smaller chested than me, which meant that it was extremely tight, pressing my boobs together and up, forcing them out the top of the tiny blouse. My nipples were barely covered, and my cleavage was quite exaggerated. The front of the skirt was still down, so I knew that the reason for me holding the skirt was so I would not be tempted to cover my chest again. Shyly, and feeling a blush, I turned, seeing all of their eyes lock immediately on my breasts.  
  
“Holy $hit!” That was Stick, I was nearly certain of it. Regardless, it made me blush as Tom asked me to shimmy once more.

**CBND FanFic Chapter 4**

“You guys want to see the front of the thong we bought her?” Tom asked as I continued to move my body for them.  
  
“Hell yes!” both guys replied, almost in unison. They were starting to enjoy themselves now that they knew I was playing along.  
  
My face heating quickly, I followed Tom’s instructions as I slid my hands around to the front of my tiny skirt, lifting it up as I wiggled my hips. The thong was tiny, white, completely sheer nylon, meant as a visual accessory with no practicality. It tied at both sides with long, shoelace thin pieces of the same material, and as I’d been instructed last time I’d worn this, I had tied it only with a bows. As a covering, it served to enhance, rather than obscure my nudity. It in no way hid my pussy from their view, but instead cast it in a fuzzy white tint. The strings hung limply in bows about four inches down each leg.  
  
“It’s see-through!” exclaimed Stick.  
  
“It is!” Tom mocked in a joking manner. He motioned with his hand that I should turn round and round, which I did, still half dancing as I shook and shimmied my hips, still holding the skirt up.  
  
“I really like the skirt, Claire, but I can’t get enough of that thong!” he finally said. “I can’t decide if you should leave the skirt on or not!”  
  
“That’s an option?” Stick laughed. “Take it off!”  
  
“Off!” agreed Chris immediately.  
  
“Well, Claire,” Tom smiled, “why don’t you go on over and let Al help you out of that skirt?”  
  
I looked questioningly toward him, completely confused as well as embarrassed. Of course I should have guessed I might not be removing my own clothes. But who was “Al?”  
  
Tom caught on immediately. “Alan Stickman. Everyone calls him “The Stick,” or “Stick,” he explained. That solved that mystery!  
  
Blushing, with butterflies battering my insides, I took a few shaky steps toward him. I jumped when I felt his hand brush the bare skin of my hip as Tom directed him to undo the clasp, and then unzip the tiny skirt. It was still a bit snug, but after he’d cleared the bottom of my butt, it fell easily to the floor. I stepped out of it and Stick picked it up, holding it uncertainly as I returned to my place to resume my slow, dancing turns for them. Their view was not all that greatly improved, since I’d been holding the skirt up for the prior few minutes, but they stared and uttered appreciative comments all the same.  
  
The guys were all looking me up and down, and occasionally reminding me to bounce, shimmy, jiggle, shake, or turn this way or that as I continued slowly dancing for them. I almost wished there was music, but I knew that would mean a strip dance, and I liked the leisurely pace that this morning seemed to be taking. They never stopped talking about me or my body, and every word they said was flattering, although at times a bit graphic. I enjoyed hearing it, even though I knew some girls would be offended. I blushed often, sometimes in response to a stray thought of my own, but more often to a comment about my butt, my dark bush or my slit, visible through the sheer panty, or the ample cleavage I was providing. About five minutes in, Stick pointed out that as I shimmied, my shirt had shifted slightly, and a small bit of my left areola had wiggled free, and was now peeking out of the white fabric.  
  
“That shirt looks really tight. Like, uncomfortably tight,” Tom said. “Can you breathe properly?”  
  
I nodded, wide eyed.  
  
“Come over here, Claire,” Tom insisted, motioning me toward him. I stepped around the coffee table to stand in front of him, where he was still perched on the arm of the couch. He was higher than the others, almost standing, so his head was right about chest level. All eyes were on the two of us as he gently and tentatively ran a finger between the shirt and my skin along my shoulder, following it down to my cleavage, but avoiding the exposed portion of my nipple. When he finished, he repeated the action on the other side, with the result being that both sides of the shirt stretched slightly, exposing a bit more of the darker ring of skin on each breast.  
  
“I apologize, Claire,” he said in mock sincerity. “We never should have made you wear something so obviously uncomfortable. I hope that you can forgive us!”  
  
I nodded, both in response to his ironic plea for a pardon, as well as the unspoken question in his eyes, as his fingers gently worked the knot in between my breasts. Without breaking eye contact with me, he tugged, and the shirt, as it had done in the past, exploded open, my breasts bouncing free.  
  
“Holy $hit!” cried Chris in surprise, as Jim and Stick both laughed and cheered.  
  
Tom turned me around and slid the shirt off my shoulders and down my arms, setting it on the couch beside the skirt, and then apologized again for making me wear such a confining garment. Kissing my wrist politely, he then sent me to resume my little show, making sure that I shimmied and shook at least as much as before. The comments were less frequent, but just as graphic now, and focused on my chest much more, which was understandable.  
  
I continued my little dance show, following the directions of all four guys as I now added squeezing and caressing my breasts and butt to the repertoire, wearing just the sheer thong, matching knee-high stockings, and high heeled shoes. I was wondering if things were going to go much farther when Tom broke one of the casual silences. “We should get going,” he announced, apropos of nothing.  
  
Jim jumped right up, but Chris and Stick groaned their displeasure, begging for five more minutes like they might plead with their alarm clocks. Tom had me stop dancing, and they grudgingly got to their feet and allowed themselves to be ushered to the door. Tom stood by my side, his arm resting casually on my bare shoulder, as I suddenly felt more awkward again. I had expected everyone to leave, but they were making small talk in the foyer, trying to figure out plans for the remainder of the day. Chris and Stick were subtly pushing for those plans to include me.  
  
Eventually, they were unenthusiastically ready to leave, sensing that the show was over, but glancing at me, letting their eyes roam up and down my body frequently. Tom shifted behind me, placing his hands on my upper arms as if to present me to them properly. “Well, guys,” he sighed. “Didn’t I tell you she was a good sport?”  
  
“Oh, my god!” exclaimed Chris. “The best!”  
  
“And so freakin’ hot!” Stick said, looking me up and down again. “You’ll have to tell us the whole story of how you met!”  
  
“She’s the best!” agreed Jim.  
  
“The absolute best,” Tom stated. “For further example...” He dragged his fingers down my back, eliciting goose bumps all over my upper body, and causing my nipples to further harden. When he got to my waist, he pinched the side ties on my thong, and pulled it quickly from my body, once again making me squeal in shock.  
  
“Don’t be like that, Claire,” he winked at me.  
  
Grinning at him over my shoulder, I stood straight, moving my hands casually to my sides.  
  
“Like I said,” Tom addressed the guys now, still grazing the fingers of one hand up and down my back, while casually swinging the thong with the other. “The absolute best.”  
  
As they walked down the sidewalk, I stayed hidden behind the door, straining to listen. “Okay, you win,” Stick was conceding. “We’ll buy lunch!”  
  
I smiled as they got to the street. That’s twice I’d been stripped in front of other guys so that my two friends could save money on a meal!

**CBND FanFic Chapter 5**

I stood leaning against the front door, the cool wood making me hyper-aware of my naked state. Tom had taken the thong with him, which made me smile widely. I wondered if they were still talking about me, or if they were passing around my discarded panty. I was just trying to guess what bet they may have made about lunch, when there was a knock on the door.  
  
“You forget something?” I asked gregariously, throwing the door wide. I had been expecting Tom, Jim, or perhaps all four guys to have come back, so I screamed and slammed the door when I saw none of them standing there.  
  
“Did I interrupt something?” Geoff’s amused voice called from the other side of the door.  
  
“No, I was just... give me a minute!” I called back dashing to the couch. I contemplated running to my room to get real clothes, but Geoff had seen me in less, I reasoned. I just didn’t want to answer the door naked again, so I pulled on the tiny skirt and silly top  
  
“May I come in, Claire?” he asked impatiently as I struggled into the clothes. Hopefully he wouldn’t stay long.  
  
Blushing brightly, I pulled the door open, hiding behind it. “What do you need?” I inquired, trying to sound casual.  
  
“I’d like to come inside, if you don’t mind,” he said, winking. “I take it you’re here alone?”  
  
“Tom and Jim just left,” I informed him.  
  
“I assumed as much when I saw what you were wearing,” he ginned, crossing the threshold. He pulled the door shut, and I did nothing to stop him, even though this meant that he could now see me.  
  
“That’s a very short skirt,” he commented, unable to hide the mirth in his voice.  
  
He teased me a little, and I teased back, even threatening to change into something more conventional. “I don’t plan to stay very long,” he argued, waving off that suggestion as a waste of time. We stood in the foyer, and he finally got around to the reason for his visit, and he apologized for the way he acted the night before.  
  
“Not that it’s a valid excuse, but I was drunk, and acted inappropriately,” he said.  
  
“I showed up at your house topless, and streaked through your front yard,” I reminded him. “I think it’s okay. I honestly didn’t find anything wrong with it.”  
  
He tried several more times to apologize, and each time I explained that it wasn’t necessary, finally letting him know that, while I appreciated his concern for me and my comfort, I would hear no more attempts to apologize from him. Were I to accept simply to allay his guilt, it may mean that there was something to apologize for in the first place.  
  
“Somehow, the guys next door have joined forces to decide what I wear, or don’t wear, and for now there is no issue with that,” I said matter-of-factly. “So, if you’re inclined to apologize for any of that, then the issue is yours, not mine.”  
  
“Is that so?” he grinned.  
  
“You think I wear this around the house on my own?” I asked, indicating my outfit.  
  
“Tell me about this,” he offered, taking my hand and leading me to the sofa where we could sit comfortably. I stood awkwardly for a moment, and as he sat, I heard his sharp intake of breath as he saw for the first time that I wasn’t wearing anything beneath the impossibly short skirt.  
  
Deciding on the most modesty I could muster, I sat beside him and crossed my legs tightly. Although most of the side of my butt was clearly visible, I was not graphically on display. I turned slightly toward him, and told him the high-level detail of Tom’s visit this morning, and the subsequent visit from the four guys.  
  
“And he stripped you naked before leaving with your panties?” Geoff grinned.  
  
“Such is my life,” I lamented sarcastically, and a little dramatically.  
  
“And you say that the gentlemen who live to either side of you can decide your attire?” he grinned.  
  
‘Here we go again!’ I thought. “That’s what I said, isn’t it?”  
  
“And if I owe you no apology for last night, and needn’t feel guilty for any of that?” he pressed.  
  
“You don’t owe me an apology,” I confirmed, rolling my eyes.  
  
“Then I would like very much if you joined me for the afternoon for a dip in the pool. It’s a hot day, and it would be refreshing, and for me at least, quite enjoyable.”  
  
“Would your wife be at all bothered by me?” I asked, genuinely concerned.  
  
“I doubt it,” he replied, “but it’s irrelevant as she’s at her sisters for the weekend.”  
  
I had indeed thought of going there for the day earlier. I enjoyed Geoff’s company, and a day swimming and having fun did sound enjoyable. “What... um... what would I... wear?” I had to ask the question.  
  
“I assume anything you like,” he responded kindly. “I’m not going to turn this into something it doesn’t need to be. Whatever bathing suit, or other clothing for that matter, that you decide to wear or not wear, it’s your decision.”  
  
I seriously thought about it for a moment. I thought through the pros and cons of my more conservative one-piece suits, as well as my bikinis. “I’ll change into something more appropriate for public, and then I’ll come over,” I offered.  
  
“That sounds acceptable. But I will say, I very much enjoy this outfit.”  
  
“It wouldn’t be appropriate for swimming,” I smiled at him. “The shirt is so thin it would probably become transparent! That would be awkward!”  
  
He grinned at my joke. “Very much so,” he agreed. “Although quite enjoyable!”  
  
We sat for a while, chatting about nothing in particular, as his eyes kept drifting from my face, down to my chest, and then to the bare flesh of my hip, where the short skirt refused to provide any cover, or to my stockinged legs.  
  
“Is this outfit distracting you, Geoff?” I asked coyly, adjusting the top of my stocking to emphasize the point.  
  
“Very much so. But I imagine you could be sitting here in a snow suit and would still be a distraction, as lovely as you are.”  
  
I flushed under his flattery. “I should change so I can come over,” I concluded, steering away from that subject. I was still quite uncomfortable with men thinking of me in those terms, although I knew I possessed several attributes that boys found fascinating; my big boobs and round butt, specifically.  
  
“I do wish that wasn’t necessary, but I agree,” he responded wistfully, getting to his feet. I stood, expecting him to ask me to strip before he left, but he simply walked to the door, took a longing look back at me, and let himself out.  
  
I double-checked the family room for stray clothing, and then headed up to my room, where I quickly shed the skirt and shirt. I looked in my full-length mirror for a few moments, trying to see myself from their point of view. I was tall, athletic looking, with toned, thin arms. My breasts were large, full and round, but still somehow pert. My areolas were higher set, smallish, and only a couple of shades darker than the surrounding skin, but continuing to deepen in color inward to the nipples themselves, which stood long and erect, pulling away from my body. Without a padded bra, I knew, they were very visible through my shirts and swimwear. My flat belly was a source of pride, tapering in the classic hourglass shape from breasts to hips, and pulling my navel slightly oblong, with small striations on either side, delineating the musculature under the skin. My pubic hair was now a small tuft in a thick line perched above the small slit that I knew would turn dark pink and pull itself open to betray my arousal.  
  
I kicked off my shoes and bent to remove the stockings. I had shapely but firm legs that looked both strong and decidedly feminine. Ignoring the fine lines left from the elastic that would disappear in a few minutes, they were unmarked and smooth, both in color and texture. My thighs were slender but solid, with defined quadriceps that tapered gracefully to my knees. When I’d been younger, I’d had knobby knees, but had thankfully outgrown them. My calves were hard, with obvious definition high on my lower leg. I pointed my feet, flexing the muscles as I rose up on my toes, seeing the tendons pull on the backs of my heels.  
  
I turned, looking over my shoulder at my butt. I liked my butt almost as much as I enjoyed my newly grown boobs. Firm and muscular, but round and soft in appearance, I wiggled my hips to watch it jiggle ever so slightly. My narrow waist flared at my hips, making my butt look a bit wider than it was. In profile, it still had shape to it, and I could see that its curves sat high and pert. I had always been happy with my face, even before. My skin was largely blemish free, with small pores that gave me naturally porcelain skin. My nose was small, well-shaped and proportioned for my face, while my lips were full and naturally darker in color. The summer sun had given my light brown hair some blondish natural highlights, and my deep green eyes were alive with excitement that was mirrored in the flush in my high cheekbones.  
  
Although I knew that my body had changed quite drastically, I still tended to picture myself as the homely, undeveloped girl of my past. I had always relied on my sense of humor and my intelligence to get by, because I had been failed by my genetics in the looks department. When I finally developed, I assumed that the boys would like me for my boobs, but hearing the compliments, and being told over and over that different parts of my body were wonderful, and seeing the looks on the faces of my many admirers had suddenly kicked in. Standing here looking at myself, it almost felt like I was seeing myself for the first time.  
  
I went to my drawer and pulled out my white bikini. The top was a bit larger than the black one but the bottoms were slightly smaller, higher cut on the hips, a slightly narrower tear-drop shape, and a bit lower-rise in front. The back was nearly identical, with just a thin piece of string connecting the narrow cords that wrapped around my hips to the crotch panel. I admired myself in the mirror, and then pulled on a pair of short jean shorts and a t-shirt, stepped into a pair of black flip-flops, and grabbed a beach towel.  
  
Geoff opened the door for me, and I kicked off my sandals and followed him into the kitchen. He offered me a soda or some iced tea, both of which I declined in favor of ice water.  
  
“You told me that whatever I wanted to wear, or not wear, it was my decision,” I said, still much more confident after my epiphany in my bedroom. I saw his eyes drift downward to watch me as I unbuttoned my shorts and slid them down my legs. The shirt was short enough that a good few inches of bare skin showed above the tiny white bikini bottoms. “Is that still the case?”  
  
“I told you that I wouldn’t dictate what you wore,” he responded. He’d obviously misunderstood the reason for my question, assuming that I would be nervous that he was going to make undress. I bent and picked up the shorts, knowing that he would direct me to fold them, and placed them on the countertop. He was trying hard not to look at my lower half, covered in only the small white thong, and that made me smile.  
  
“I was more concerned about making you uncomfortable,” I responded, pulling my shirt off without hesitation. “I took you at your word and didn’t even bring my bikini top along. I could run home and grab it if you’d be more comfortable!” Calmly, and contradictory to my offer to cover myself, I folded the shirt and placed it with my shorts as his eyes bugged wide, his mouth caught in a silent “Oh,” and then a smile spread across his lips.  
  
“I have no issues at all with your choice of attire.”  
  
Geoff was wearing board shorts and a white long-sleeved swim shirt to protect him from the sun. We sat together at the outdoor table for about ten minutes while I drank my water, and I thrilled silently every time his eyes strayed down my body to my chest or my legs. I said nothing, and he continued to pretend that he was not affected. I swam a couple of leisurely laps and floated around for a few minutes. He joined me in the pool and we played a casual game of frisbee, tossing the disc back and forth. I stood in the shallow water at one end of the pool, with most of my upper body out in the summer air. When I missed a catch, I would pull myself out of the pool and chase after it, knowing he was watching my butt bouncing and jiggling as I jogged after it, and my breasts doing the same as I bounded back toward the pool.  
  
After our game, Geoff dried off with his towel and went inside to refill our drinks and get a bowl of chips, while I spread my towel on a chaise and laid on my back, eyes closed against the sun, to give him free rein to look me over while we chatted.  
  
It was just after 3:00 when my phone chimed, and I sprang out of the chair to grab it from the table where he sat. Tom and Jim wanted to know if I could come over and maybe stay for dinner.  
  
“I should really get some housework done,” Geoff lamented, eyeing my backside from heels to head.  
  
“I had a lot of fun today,” I told him. “I was nervous about coming here alone, but you were a perfect gentleman all day! I hope you’ll invite me to come again!”  
  
“You are welcome any time!” he assured me.  
  
Without preamble, I bent over, pulling my bikini bottoms off in one quick motion. “Probably best to come when no one else is home,” I joked while he stared, wide eyed. “Oh, they were still damp,” I explained, casually waving the small piece of material. “Does this bother you?”  
  
"Um, not ‘bother,’” he grinned salaciously.  
  
“Oh, Monsieur!” I demurred, curtseying lightly. I picked up our glasses and the empty chip bowl from the table, and then turned and walked inside, where I stopped at the kitchen counter, depositing the dishes in the sink. “Your pool is a lot of fun,” I said casually, leaning against the counter to give him a better look. “I’d enjoy coming over again, when it’s convenient.” He shifted his hips slightly, drawing my eyes to his very obvious bulge. “I am making you uncomfortable?” I asked in my best Yvette voice, nodding toward his tented shorts.  
  
“It was unexpected,” he blushed, befuddled.  
  
My shirt was on top of the small pile of clothes, so I pulled it on first, leaving me naked below. “I really enjoyed today!” I enthused before slowly unfolding my small jean shorts and finally pulling them up my legs as he watched with a certain erotic hunger. I stuffed the bikini bottom, which was in truth completely dry, into my pocket, hugged him at the front door, and finally stepped into my flip flops. “Au revoir, monsieur Geoff!”

**CBND FanFic Chapter 6**

"Should I wear anything special?” I inquired of the group text with Jim and Tom, grinning to myself. I wondered if the pretense with the two of them would continue. It was fairly flimsy by this point, but we all still held onto it as the reason for my undressing. It was all about my attire, and them “helping” me to dress appropriately. I’d intentionally left the question open and vague, almost hoping for a fun response.  
  
“What are you wearing right now?”  
  
There was potential in their reply, and I debated how to play it. “Jean shorts, a t-shirt and flip-flops,” I typed. Part of me wanted to mention that I wasn’t wearing panties or a bra, but I decided against it. A standard response would be ‘shorts and a t-shirt.’ The undergarments would be assumed, or would be none of their business. I added the flip-flops because I had decided instead to give them a complete accounting of everything I had on.  
  
“Sounds fine,” Tom replied. “But can you wear your black and white Converse high-tops? We’re just hanging out. Sean was over earlier.”  
  
They were being cryptic, too, but obviously they had a new outfit for me to try on. The shoe request was odd, but I wasn’t too curious, because I had a good idea where events would lead us. “Be there in a few!” I thumbed into my phone as I turned up my own driveway. I sprinted to my room and tossed the bikini bottom from my pocket at my dirty clothes hamper, and then dashed to the bathroom. I ran a brush quickly through my damp hair, deciding on a pony tail, and then freshened my makeup. Less than five minutes later I was closing the front door and heading over, acutely aware of my breasts moving in my shirt, and of the feel of the denim of the shorts against my body. I smiled as I imagined their reactions when they found out that I was nearly naked already.  
  
They must have been watching for me, because the front door opened as I turned up the sidewalk. We hugged our hellos, and Tom ran his fingers over my back before raising his eyebrows. “No bra?” he inquired, not having felt the telltale straps.  
  
“I was swimming,” I smirked. I didn’t elaborate to tell them that I'd not worn a top all day.  
  
“What’s under the shorts?” Jim asked wickedly.  
  
They were quick. I would have thought things would have progressed much further before my sexy little secret was revealed. “Just me,” I grinned, stepping out of my shoes. “My suit was wet.”  
  
The guys were smiling widely as we walked to the kitchen. “Where are your parents?” I asked innocently, looking into the family room. As usual, the room was dark, with the back blinds only partially open, and the tall hedges blocking a good deal of the natural light. The bulbs in the lamps, which really shouldn’t have been necessary on this sunny day, were underpowered for the size of the space, and instead cast their small cone of yellow light only on the corners of the couch next to which they were placed.  
  
“Out to eat with friends,” Jim replied casually, leaning on the counter. “Can you stay for dinner?”  
  
“I had no plans,” I hedged. “You said you wanted to hang out this afternoon? What do you want to do?” I knew a big thing that we would do, but I hoped it wouldn’t be all consuming. I wanted to spend at least a little time being normal friends. Before or after didn’t matter much to me, although it would be easier to have the normal part if we worked our way up to the nakedness.  
  
“We were actually thinking about bocce ball,” Jim said earnestly.  
  
It was nice to know that they were thinking along the same lines as me, and wanting to have a real friendship that wasn’t just about my body. I wondered why they didn’t want to go out, but couldn’t think of a way to ask. Bocce ball wasn’t a game I was really good at, but I couldn’t think of a polite way to decline. “Sounds fun!”  
  
Tom laughed at the lack of sincerity in my voice, but let it drop. They further surprised me when they led the way out back immediately. Although my jean shorts showed off most of my legs, and my shirt allowed them glimpses of my bare belly, I half wondered if I was supposed to wear a tiny bikini or a mini-skirt while we played. I was amazed, and quite happy that it seemed they truly wanted to play a game with me. I glanced toward the front door, but decided in that moment that, even if it was just my shoes, I was not going to ask them if I could put on more clothes today.  
  
I was surprised at the easy laughter and comradery we all had. There were crude comments, usually about my body or lack of bra, but I made them as often as they did, and they bothered no one, obviously intended good-naturedly. I played better than I thought I would, but was never in danger of actually winning. For over an hour we were just friends, and I could almost forget that they would soon be asking me to try on some crazy lingerie or similarly revealing outfit. I was so comfortable that I agreed to stay for dinner without any of my former reservations or any hesitation.  
  
The late afternoon sun dipped below the trees, casting the back yard in deep shade. As the small pallino was more and more often lost in dark shadows, game play slowed, becoming too difficult to continue. Tom showed off his juggling skills with three of the Bocce balls before we returned everything to the small bag, and then headed inside. Jim grabbed his phone, and then confirmed our favorite toppings before ordering an extra-large pizza. At first, they insisted on paying, but I did get them to take a little money from me. Not nearly a third of the total, but considering that I didn’t intend to eat more than a slice or two, it still seemed okay to me.  
  
“While we’re waiting, do you want to see what Sean brought over?” Jim asked, apropos of nothing.  
  
“I was wondering when you’d show me,” I smiled, nodding.  
  
“It’s a whole costume,” Tom said apologetically, fetching a bag from behind the chair in the family room. “It was Sean’s idea. After he met you. He wanted to be here, but couldn’t stay, so he wants you to come back over sometime.”  
  
“Should I be afraid?” I asked lightly, still smiling brightly. I noticed that he was gripping the bag tightly, looking almost scared to hand it to me, and I wanted to keep things light. They had to know by now that virtually nothing was off limits, but I enjoyed how they continued to seem concerned that I might take away their favorite toy.  
  
“It’s stupid,” Jim cut in. “Not as revealing as some of the stuff you’ve worn. Just a costume.”  
  
“Show it to me.”  
  
Tom pulled several items out of the bag. A shirt, some tiny shorts, fishnet hose, a wig. There were other things in the bag still.  
  
“I don’t understand,” I admitted. I’m not sure what I expected, but this was a very strange collection of items. I could tell that the shorts would be very small on me, but couldn’t figure out why I’d wear hose under them. Everything seemed to provide full coverage, which was not at all like them.  
  
“It’s Harley Quinn. From Suicide Squad,” he added, seeing that the name meant nothing to me.  
  
“That’s not all that helpful,” I replied sarcastically, still grinning.  
  
“It’s a movie,” he explained.  
  
Jim grabbed his tablet from the kitchen, and soon I was watching a scene with Margot Robbie kicking ass with a baseball bat wearing this same outfit.  
  
“I get it now,” I said, looking back toward them when the scene ended. “Not as revealing as usual, huh?”  
  
“He’s got a thing for cosplay,” Tom said dismissively.  
  
“Cosplay?” I asked. I’d never heard the term.  
  
“Costumes. Dressing up like movie characters. Superheroes and sci-fi, usually.”  
  
“Cosplay,” I repeated, trying the word out. “What’s the ‘play’ part?” I wasn’t sure what was expected of me once I was in costume.  
  
The guys looked at each other, apparently a bit stumped. “I don’t know,” Jim said. “Like, playing dress up, I guess. I don’t know why the word ‘play.’ Like roleplaying, I guess.”  
  
“Not sex games,” I had to confirm.  
  
“NO!” both guys interjected at once, understanding my hesitance. “Nothing like that!”  
  
I relaxed my stance immediately, feeling some of the tension leaving my body, and only by feeling it, realizing that I had been tense. “Okay, so should I try it all on?”  
  
“Our favorite part,” agreed Tom. The guys sat on the couch and looked at me expectantly.  
  
“Shall I head to the bathroom?” I demurred, hoping that one of them would take the lead.  
  
“Um, if you prefer?” Tom said, momentarily flummoxed.  
  
“Absolutely not!” scolded Jim, talking over his friend. “But I think we should decide if you should take everything off before you put this on, or go top to bottom.”  
  
“By we, you mean...” I smiled. I’d have been shocked if they were actually giving me a voice in any of this.  
  
“Tom and myself, of course,” he responded, overly formally with a hint of affront to his voice.  
  
I had to laugh in response. “This is very different than things were a few short weeks ago,” I commented. “I’m starting to think maybe you don’t have my best interests at heart!”  
  
“I’m offended that you would even suggest that!” Tom said, playing up hurt feelings.  
  
“So insulted!” agreed Jim. “To prove that we don’t care at all, we’ll even let you decide if you want to take your top off or your shorts first!”  
  
“Wow,” I responded, playing up the sincerity. “I’m so sorry! I guess I was wrong all along!” Unable to keep from grinning, I pulled my t-shirt over my head and deposited it on the empty chair next to me.  
  
“Fold it, please,” Jim smirked, copying Geoff’s tone.  
  
I picked up my shirt and complied, setting it back on the chair neatly.  
  
“So what do you think?” Jim pondered, turning his posture toward Tom, but still watching me. “Give her the top from the costume, or have her take the shorts off?”  
  
Tom was fully engaged now, and he could tell that I was amused enough to allow their little games with me. “There are solid arguments for either,” he said in mock solemnity, steepling his fingers beneath his chin. “The costume itself is fairly complex, and it will probably be easier to work with if we start with the fishnets and shorts,” he reflected.  
  
“Excellent point,” mused Jim, pretending to still be undecided.  
  
“Contrarily, the shirt should be pretty tight, and short, and wouldn’t really interfere too much with the rest of the costume,” Tom continued.  
  
“Another great observation, but I’m afraid you're skipping over the primary point of consideration,” Jim said gravely, adding to the humor of the situation.  
  
“The primary point?” Tom asked.  
  
“In the movie, Margot Robbie pulls the shirt on last!” Jim explained. “We want to be sure to make our little scene here as authentic as possible!”  
  
“Of course!” Tom replied, smiling widely and trying not to laugh. “I hadn’t considered authenticity!”

**CBND FanFic Chapter 7**

I laughed at them, but truthfully, I loved it. The way they played with everything, rather than simply demanding I strip for them, made it so much more fun. I undid the button on my shorts, and pulled the tiny zip down, hesitating a moment with just the top of my bush peeking out the top, before pushing the jean shorts down until gravity took over and pulled them to my bare feet. Jim insisted I fold them, which I did before placing them on top of my shirt.  
  
“I’m glad I amuse you,” I giggled. The afternoon had been very enjoyable, and although I could feel the familiar heat of the blush in my face, I was more buoyant than usual in these situations.  
  
“Amuse, arouse...”  
  
“Enthrall!” Tom tossed the fishnet pantyhose to me, and I got my first good look at them. They were impossibly low-rise, designed to hide beneath the shorts, which by themselves would barely clear my hips. They were a fine mesh, but very sheer, so they would darken my skin, but hide nothing. In the scene they’d shown me, Harley Quinn had several small tattoos on her legs, clearly visible despite the hose. I sat on the floor as they watched me pull them onto each foot, up each leg, and then finally, standing, the rest of the way up. The material was elastic, so they stayed in place, but only barely. The top of my little pubic bush was uncovered, as was the upper half of each butt cheek, and my slit was clearly visible through the fabric. They had me turn for them several times before Tom, reluctantly, tossed the shorts to me. As I pulled them on I realized that, if I was going to wear this outfit for any length of time, I would have to tape the tops of the pantyhose in place on my skin, or sew them into the shorts. Simply bending down to step one foot into the tiny lycra shorts had the top of the hose cupping the underside of my butt.  
  
The shorts were very tight, and did an okay job of holding the hose in place, although I did feel them slipping down inside as the guys had me bend to touch my toes. Next came a black leather belt with silver studs, which I wrapped around my hips. It hid much of the shorts, but definitely looked very cool.  
  
Tom ran to the front door to grab my high tops, which I stepped into, now understanding the unusual request. “The actual shoes that go with this are way better, but they cost more than the rest of the costume combined,” he explained.  
  
Next, they gave me accessories, reminding me that the shirt had to go on last for the sake of authenticity. I fastened the leather, studded wrist bands in place, and then the matching choker. For my left hand, I was given a leather half-glove, and finally the wig, which I had to use the bathroom mirror to get into place. It was platinum blonde, with pigtails dyed red and blue. Out of excuses to keep me topless, they handed me the small, midriff baring tight white and red jersey-sleeved t-shirt with “Daddy’s Lil’ Monster” in blue script across the chest. It was intentionally distressed, with several small holes and re-sewn parts.  
  
Other than the lack of face paint and tattoos, it was a pretty good resemblance. The costume was surprisingly high quality, and not too uncomfortable. With normal movements, the fishnet hose stayed in place better than I had expected. I could see myself with a ballpoint pen drawing tattoos on my legs if I was going for a higher degree of realism. I was surprised to be enjoying this as much as I was. Dressing up in costume always seemed childish to me, but this was pretty cool!  
  
There was a knock at the doorbell, and at first I was shocked that the pizza had arrived already, but Jim exclaimed “Sean’s here! He wanted to see this!”  
  
Sean gushed at how great I looked as I blushed to be showing off like this to a relatively new guy once again. I knew I’d be taking things off, and that he’d be there for that part of the show.  
  
I paraded around the room, and Jim ran to the garage, returning with a baseball bat that needed a thick layer of dust wiped off of it. The guys played a few scenes from the movie, and I reenacted the Harley Quinn parts as best I could, getting a few of the lines wrong, and providing excellent comedy as I missed by a wide margin on the accent and voice. It was a lot of fun to laugh so riotously with them, and to catch Sean staring open-mouthed quite often. The scenes they chose were mostly those that made my butt wobble or my boobs jiggle beneath the tight, thin clothing. Tom joked that my erect nipples, which were pressing against the material of the shirt, were threatening to make new holes, making Sean blush harder than me.  
  
Before we knew it, the doorbell was chiming, and our pizza had arrived. Jim sprinted to the door with the cash while I learned the lines for my next scene, watching the tablet. A few seconds later I could hear the sounds of excited conversation from the hallway, but could only pick up the tone, and a couple of words. Two of those words were “Andy” and “Candy.” I froze in place, feeling a blush warm my face, and I could see Sean’s confusion cloud his expression.  
  
Tom seemed to be able to read my eyes, and dashed off toward the front door. I could hear a muffled exchange between the three male voices, but even straining to hear, couldn’t make out what they were saying. Then I heard footfalls pounding on the stairs, and a moment later returning back down. It was Jim that surprised me, rounding the corner and closing the door to the family room again.  
  
“You up for some fun?” he asked, tossing the veil I’d worn last time Andy was here at me. I contemplated for a moment. Was he really giving me a choice? I wasn’t sure how I felt about that.  
  
“I don’t know,” I responded, both to his question, and the fact that he was asking.  
  
“Well, put it on or don’t, but Andy’s coming in,” he said, pulling open the door and waiving the others forward.  
  
I quickly tied the veil in place, this time further disguised with the blonde wig.  
  
“Oh, hell yeah!” Andy exclaimed, following Tom into the room. “I can’t believe she’s still hanging around with you lucky punks! What the hell does she see in you guys?”  
  
“She’s free to leave,” Jim said, eyeing me challengingly.  
  
I remembered that the last time Andy had been here I’d not said a word, so I again kept my mouth shut. I wasn’t really sure what the plan was, but I knew the general direction. When Andy had been here a few weeks prior, he’d gotten to see my chest, but only at the end, as the door was shutting, had Jim pulled off the apron off of me, revealing everything to the pizza employee’s hungry eyes. My brain kept racing through scenarios, but short of asking me to strip, I couldn’t see that happening again. Sean was looking incredibly out of place and confused.  
  
“Harley, Quinn, right?” Andy was asking. “Goddamn, she’s still just as hot, isn’t she?”  
  
At Jim’s instruction I showed off the costume, turning this way and that, and finally reenacting, silently, a couple of the scenes so that I was wiggling and jiggling inside of the costume for their delight. Andy was just as gregarious and outspoken as he had been the last time he’d been here, complimenting my body at every opportunity, wondering why these two punks were so goddamned lucky, and tossing out the occasional whistle or cuss word when I would bend forward just right, or otherwise excite him with my movements.  
  
Sean quickly figured out most of what was happening, and began to relax, remaining silent and allowing the scene to play out in front of him. I could sense that he was almost fearful of speaking, lest he break some spell.  
  
“It’s a great costume, but the fishnets are kind of crappy,” Jim said after a few minutes, addressing the comment to Sean. It struck me as an odd comment, but I continued swishing the bat through the air and jump-kicking. “She says that the shorts mostly hold them in place, but they don’t really stay on by themselves. I can’t really explain it right.”  
  
I froze in place, feeling the blush spread across my face again. I knew exactly where this was going. Turning to me, he said, in the same cheerful, nonchalant voice, “Why don’t you show Andy and Sean what we’re talking about, Candy?”  
  
I looked to Tom, and then back to Jim, but both guys were just smiling brightly. There would be no changing of minds. Andy was looking expectantly at me, the hunger in his eyes intensified as the thought of me wearing less clothing sunk in. Sean was looking more disbelieving than anything, but confusion was evident in the set of his brow.  
  
With slightly shaking fingers, I unbuckled the belt and let it drop to the floor. Andy leaned forward slightly in his chair, his grin growing wider and more wicked as he watched me.  
  
“Why don’t you turn around, Candy?” Jim said politely. Just like before, when he and Tom had played a game of words and inflections, he was now being overly polite, enticing Andy even more with not only my body, but the dynamic between the three of us.  
  
“Yeah, turn around, Candy!” Andy enthused.  
  
With my back to them, I slowly shimmied my shorts down, fixing the fishnet hose back in place, even more aware now of just how much of my butt was left completely uncovered from the top of them. It wasn’t as though the material would hide my skin from their gaze, but more the feeling of nakedness, and the self-consciousness of the unorthodox garment on this intimate part of my body.  
  
I glanced over to Jim, and he grinned as he read the unspoken question that must have been strongly evident in my eyes. “You know how this works, Candy,” he said, mostly for Andy’s benefit. “All the way off.”  
  
“Yeah! All the way off, Candy!” Andy cheered. “You know how this works!”  
  
Still peeking over my shoulder, I saw unadulterated shock register on Sean’s face. I blushed scarlet as I struggled a bit to get them over my shoes, but this only served to draw more excited comments from Andy, and raucous laughter from all four guys.  
  
“That’s an amazing ass,” Andy enthused. “I know it’s the same ass I saw last time, but how does it look even better today?”  
  
I flushed again, both at his compliment and the crudity of his speech. I couldn’t believe he was speaking about me like that while I was standing just in front of him.  
  
“Do a couple of your kick’s, Candy,” Jim suggested, still playing the word games by being overly polite.  
  
I did a few of the moves, feeling the back of the hose slide down almost immediately. “Leave them, please,” Jim corrected as I went to pull the material back up. The front was, by and large, unaffected by my moves, not that it hid anything at all.  
  
Feeling myself blush anew, I swung the bat and kicked my legs in my best imitation of Harley Quinn, all while fiercely working to keep my back to them.  
  
“My god, look at that butt! You lucky sons of bitches!” Andy sighed, jealousy and awe mingled in his voice. “I’ve been around for more than 40 years, and never had the good fortune to be this close to a body like this, and here you young pups have her prancing around half naked for you!”  
  
I was suddenly struck with the reality of his words. Although the internet was full of girls who take their clothes off, it probably wasn’t too common for guys, like Tom and Jim, or any of their friends, to have someone like me in their lives. Probably one in a few hundred, or maybe even less. The number of girls were even less. If every scenario was similar to ours, with one girl showing herself to two or three guys, and the guys were so few, then the girls like me had to be one in a thousand or fewer.  
  
“Candy, why don’t you show Andy some of your spin kicks, and maybe your battle stance,” Tom suggested, breaking me out of my reverie.  
  
I knew that they were asking me to turn around without being so straightforward, and I felt my face redden anew as I worked up the courage to do so. I was still thinking through my epiphany but was feeling more confident and emboldened as I realized how rare I was, and how lucky they were to have stumbled across me when they did. I did a quick, low spin kick, my leading leg out straight, attempting to go a full 180 degrees quickly.  
  
“Holy crap!” Andy exclaimed. “You can see her cunny right through them things!”  
  
Jim and Tom both laughed out loud at Andy’s crude comment, and I wanted to melt into the carpet as even Sean laughed out loud. My attempt at hiding myself by spinning quickly was obviously failed.  
  
Tom and Jim, and even Sean, took turns asking for more spin moves, until Tom had me stand facing the group, bat in both hands, showing my “battle stance,” while Andy continued to leer unapologetically. The front of the fishnet pantyhose had slid down a bit, but it didn’t really matter. My tiny tuft of pubic hair, what little there was of it, was perched above it regardless. The holes of the fishnet actually became smaller as the material bunched, so the sheer material began to obscure me more as time went on, although I knew I was still highly visible.  
  
“I think it’s time we got to eating our pizza,” Jim finally said. “I hope you enjoyed the costume, Andy!”  
  
“Best damned costume I’ve ever seen,” came the gruff reply as he hoisted himself up from his chair. “What’d you guys do to get so lucky?”  
  
“Right place, right time,” Tom said, ushering Andy from the room as Jim came to stand proudly by my side, ushering me along while Sean followed behind.  
  
As Andy got to the front door, he turned to give me one last glance, and Jim spun me slowly around.  
  
“Goddamned amazing looking girl. Look at that ass!”

**CBND FanFic Chapter 8**

Jim’s hands grazed my hips lightly, but I assumed he was just highlighting my butt for Andy’s gawking. Suddenly, I felt the hose get yanked to my thighs, and I screamed while immediately grasping for the transparent material. It was more the shock than the exposure; he wasn’t seeing anything he hadn’t already been staring at for the past few minutes.  
  
“I’m very disappointed that you would act that way in front of our guest, Candy,” Jim admonished as Andy laughed appreciatively. “Is that any way to behave?”  
  
After a few seconds, I shook my head. I knew what the guys wanted, and I didn’t really have a problem with it. If I did, I would have stopped this weeks ago. Or days ago. Or even earlier this afternoon.  
  
“Stand up, then,” he commanded impatiently. Sean’s eyebrows shot up on his forehead, and I heard Andy gasp behind me, both registering their shock that I obeyed so readily, and that I allowed Jim to carefully arrange my pantyhose around mid-thigh.  
  
“It really is a fantastic looking ass,” Jim commented lightly while gently caressing each cheek in turn. I squealed out loud again when he lightly slapped first one, then the other. “Love the way it moves,” he said, all four guys laughing boisterously.  
  
“Now, Candy,” Tom broke in still overly formal, “I think you owe our guest an apology. He expressed his enjoyment of your body, and when we tried to show him just how beautiful it is, you tried to hide it from him. Is it because you don’t want him to be allowed to look?”  
  
I was looking over my shoulder, my back still faced toward them, while Sean was looking directly at my exposed pussy, and I shook my head “no.” I actually liked him looking, but I had gotten embarrassed. I almost wished I could speak to explain myself.  
  
“Then you should allow him to look, shouldn’t you?” he pressed.  
  
I nodded. He was already staring at my butt, bare as could have been, with my pantyhose pulled down to about mid-thigh.  
  
“Then turn around and let him look,” he finished. His tone was still polite and casual, but there was an undertone of authority in his voice that I found so incredibly sexy.  
  
Jim slowly and gently guided me around until I was facing the other two guys. Sean slowly walked around me, joining Tom and Andy at the door, making Andy laugh uproariously. My stomach was aflutter with nervous energy and excitement as I watched all eyes drop to stare directly between my legs. After a moment, Tom broke the silence again.  
  
“I thought I told you to let him look, Candy,” he said, a small frustrated edge coloring his tone. “But you’re still hiding your tits. I don’t like to ask twice.”  
  
It took my brain a moment to process what he’d said, and another to make my body react, but finally I lifted my shirt to my throat, feeling both breasts bounce free of the tight t-shirt.  
  
I saw Andy’s amazement as I complied, and for a brief moment he was silent as his eyes roamed up and down my body before he whistled low, shaking his head. “God dam! I want one!” he whined, as Tom, laughing appreciatively, ushered him out the door. Sean was rooted in place, silently taking in my body.  
  
“You guys suck!” I complained, but couldn’t prevent the giggle from escaping my lips. I was so excited by all of this that I was getting giddy. I tore off the veil, picked up the bat, hoisted the tiny hose back into place, and burned off my nervous energy with some wild kicks and bat maneuvers, twirling it like a baton at one point.  
  
Finally, Tom pulled out napkins, and as the three guys sat on the stools and ate dinner, I leaned casually against the island with only the fishnet pantyhose covering me below the waist. After I’d finished my two small pieces, but while they were still working their way through the pizza, they had me put the belt back on, wearing it a little tighter and higher so that it didn’t, according to Tom, “hide too much of my pussy.”  
  
As I watched them devour all the food, I thought about Andy’s earlier words, and my realization. I determined that I was mostly proud of being the rare person I was, and that it was fun to be able to give the boys the thrills that I obviously did. The giddy, nervous energy returned as I came to this realization, enhanced by the boy's eyes ceaseless roaming over my body. I decided I wasn’t done for the night.  
  
“Do you have any other outfits you want me to try on?” I asked as the conversation lulled.  
  
“Um, nothing really new,” Jim stammered, obviously caught off guard by my question as Sean looked curiously from person to person.  
  
“I, uh, well...” came Tom’s reply. I could tell he was trying to think of something in the bag upstairs under his bed.  
  
I sighed. “I appreciate that you guys got me this costume. It’s really awesome,” I said, unable to suppress my grin, “but I think I'd like to get dressed soon.” Before they had a chance to agree or argue, I pressed on with my plan. “I know you probably don’t want me to, though, so what if I do a strip dance for you, take all of this off, and then, once the dance is over, I can put my own clothes on? Is that a fair deal?”  
  
“Sure!” exclaimed Jim, a little to excitedly.  
  
“Hmmm, I don’t know...” interrupted Tom. I don’t know if he had caught on to my mood, or if he was just smart enough to not accept the first offer without at least trying to push for more.  
  
Adopting as serious a face as I could muster, I thought for a moment. “What if, after the dance, I agree to watch one Netflix show with you topless?” I offered.  
  
Jim looked ready to happily accept, and Sean looked simultaneously disbelieving and euphoric, but Tom was quicker. “Only topless? That doesn’t seem like that good a deal. If we watch now, You’re pretty much bottomless. I could just tell you to take off that shirt, and it’d be even better.”  
  
“Okay,” I grinned. “Final offer. I’ll do the dance, and then I’ll put on anything at all – as much or as little as you want – from your bag of outfits, and we’ll watch one Netflix show. Then I get to get dressed.”  
  
“Deal!” Tom exclaimed, reaching out to shake my hand. Sean looked absolutely giddy at the thought. Jim and Tom whispered back and forth for a moment, and then Jim ran up the stairs and was back down in less than a minute. In his hands were the black thigh-high stockings, which was exactly what I had expected. I feigned exasperation for a moment, before giving in with good grace.  
  
“Two songs minimum!” Tom crowed as the three guys took their chairs. “Up on the coffee table!” He started a playlist from his phone that played through the stereo speakers, and I began to sway. I needed no time to find my rhythm; I had been the one to suggest this because I was excited to be doing it. I danced for about a minute before bending down to untie both of my shoes. After another fifteen seconds or so, I pulled off the shirt and dropped it on Sean’s lap. After a few twirls, I stepped on the heel of each shoe, kicking them off and to the floor. After another thirty seconds or so, I stopped with my back to the boys, and yanked my hose down, bending only at the hips with my legs as far apart as I could manage with the hose still on, thrusting my bare bottom towards them while exposing my pussy. I took my time pulling the pantyhose off of each foot before standing and turning back to face them again. Their cheers and comments only served to fuel my excitement as I continued dancing for them.  
  
The first song drew to a close, and the second started. I danced for a while, energetically and as erotically as I could, before reaching out toward them and pulling off the leather studded wrist band from my right arm. After another half minute, I pulled off the half-glove from my left hand. Another few turns and bouncing dance moves, and I unclasped the second wrist band. As the song was drawing to a close, I reached up and unclasped the choker, twirling it over my head as the final few notes faded out.  
  
I dropped the choker on Jim’s lap and stood, breathing a little harder than necessary. While I had been dancing, I had realized that two songs would not be enough for me. “Oh, dang it!” I exclaimed. “I forgot the stupid wig! You guys feel like letting a girl off the hook, or do I have to do a whole song to take off the last thing?”  
  
Exactly as I'd expected, Tom unapologetically insisted on another full song, and I resumed dancing almost immediately. I pulled the wig off immediately, running my fingers through my hair and shaking it out to get rid of any “hat hair” that might be making me look goofy, as I continued to bounce and spin, showing my body to them from every angle.  
  
I continued to dance into the fourth song, transitioning down from the table to the floor, and energetically danced out the rest of that song. I excused myself to the powder room to fix my hair, which was making me self-conscious. I was pleasantly surprised to find that, although messier than I normally wore it, it looked kind of sexy.  
  
I sat on the coffee table, my feet on the couch between Tom and Sean, as I pulled on the black thigh-highs one at a time, showing off my legs and the area between them as much as I could without being too obvious as I did. I sat between two of them on the couch, and we watched an episode of Big Mouth, laughing out loud at the crudity and sexuality of the storyline. I said nothing when Jim started a second episode, and we laughed along with it as well, but I did stand up before he could start a third episode. I was coming down from my naked high, and wanted to get dressed. I was feeling more awkward now that the attention had turned largely to the images on the TV screen and away from me and my body.  
  
They had a quick debate; Tom wanted to remove my stockings himself, while Jim wanted me to dance them off. I was getting ready to weigh in, when Sean shyly suggested I dance and let Jim and Tom each take one off while I did so. Tom started the music again, and I began to dance, feeling a little less exuberant than before, but fairly quickly feeling sexy and on-display again. After a minute, I stepped off the coffee table and made my way over to Tom, and felt the electricity between us as he slowly worked his fingers under the stocking top. I could feel his breath on my bare skin, and I knew his gaze was burning into my pussy, so close to his excited, lust filled eyes. Slowly and carefully he pushed the stocking down, his fingertips grazing my thigh, my knee, my calf, and finally my foot as I lifted my leg and he pulled it the rest of the way off. I shuddered, goose flesh breaking out over my skin, as I turned and danced away from him. After a half minute, I had calmed myself enough to dance over to Jim. He was less gentle, but more bold, and the electricity simply wasn’t there. It was fun, erotic, groping. He reached behind me, grabbed my butt, and pulled my body close to him. He slid his hands down, touching every inch of my thighs until he reached the stocking, which he yanked down to my knee before fondling the front of my leg. Then he lifted my foot to his own knee, spreading me open as he splayed my knee to the side, and then pulled the stocking down and off, tossing it carelessly to the side.  
  
I continued the dance, retaking my place on the coffee table, for the final minute of the song, and then the entirety of the next.  
  
I stood there on the table, laughing and joking with them for a few minutes after the music had stopped, before I finally stepped down, intending on dressing. Tom obviously wanted to find a reason to keep me naked a bit longer, and had me gather up all of the discarded clothes and fold them all up, as well as the stockings that were still in the kitchen. At Jim’s suggestion I pulled on the Harley Quinn shorts, and deciding to be silly, I resumed my sexy dancing, now without music. After a minute, I slowly peeled the shorts off, continuing my wiggling, swaying dance. “Can I get dressed yet?” I asked, pausing my erotic show.  
  
“NO!” said all three guys in unison.  
  
I sighed, for real this time, rather than dramatically, but nodded. “What are we doing, then?”  
  
“One more episode?” asked Jim hopefully.  
  
We returned to our seats, and Tom jokingly pulled my leg over his, which Jim immediately copied. As a result, I ended up sitting with one leg over each of theirs, my legs spread, as we watched TV, Sean’s eyes fixed more on my crotch than the screen. About ten minutes before the end of the episode, we heard a key in the door. I startled for a second, and then jumped up and pulled on my shorts and t-shirt, diving into the stuffed side-chair just as Jim’s parents walked into the kitchen. I could feel the heat in my face, and my heart was racing as the adrenaline burned through my bloodstream. They seemed oblivious, making idle small talk with us before going upstairs. As soon as the episode ended, I hugged my goodbyes to head home for the night.  
  
I had a lot to think about.

**CBND FanFic Chapter 9**

My parents were still not home, but for once I didn’t want to have the house to myself. If anything, it was a bit of an inconvenience. Were they already here, I could make the requisite chit chat now, get it out of the way, and then go to my room, ostensibly to watch a show on my laptop. They would leave me alone for the rest of the night, and would be unsurprised by my silence since I would be expected to have my earbuds in. Now I had the specter of their imminent arrival, and all of the social obligations that would accompany it, preventing immersion in my own thoughts.  
  
I wanted alone time. I wanted solitude in order to think through everything. There were so many new things, and a big part of my personality included an intrinsic sense of self reflection. Throughout my lift, I’ve striven to understand my motivations and my impact on others, and have always been silently proud of that aspect of me, because I've felt that it makes me a better person.  
  
Until now, this had all been a game. I had thought through it all from the standpoint of the guys’ points of view; would they consider me slutty? I had thought through it from the standpoint of my safety; would I end up being sexually assaulted? I had thought through the boys’ reactions to me; did they really find me attractive, or were they just making fun of me and bullying me? And lately, I had thought through my feelings toward Tom, his feelings toward me, and what they might mean.  
  
But I had thought through all of those things selfishly.  
  
What about the boys’ points of view? I was seeing now that there was more to it than them considering me a slut, or a whore, or a plaything. That was about me. What about them?  
  
And their reactions to me? I guess that was similar. If I made it about them and what they wanted, then it wasn’t about me.  
  
And my feelings toward Tom? I had framed all of that about my desire to continue the games. All about me. But what did he want? What did I want beyond this? Had I ever considered the friendship, and possibly more, that was developing there?  
  
I made my way upstairs. In the bathroom I brushed my teeth, washed my face, brushed my hair, and peed. In my bedroom, I engaged the rarely used lock on my doorknob. I was hopeful that I would hear my parents arrive home and they’d not notice, but I didn’t want to take the chance. I wanted to be naked. Perhaps I needed to be naked.  
  
I pulled my shirt overhead and pushed my shorts to the floor. Smiling to myself, hearing Geoff’s voice in my head, I picked them up and folded them neatly before placing them in my dirty clothes hamper. I spent a few moments in front of the mirror, looking at my body. My curves were womanly and decidedly feminine, but I still had the stance of an athlete. I was round and soft where I should be, but fit and slim, with hard muscles showing through my skin in other places. I had no idea how long I would be lucky enough to be this genetically blessed, and for a moment I was glad that I was able to enjoy myself as much as this summer had been allowing me.  
  
I went to my closet and pulled out an old pair of sweats and laid them on my bed. I hadn’t worn these since I moved here, but they were suitable for my needs tonight. When my parents came home, they would be really easy to quickly pull on, and they would disguise the fact that I was wearing nothing under them. I was not at all in the mood for clothes, but these would allow me those couple of minutes to see my parents and let them know that I was in for the evening, makeup free and comfortably attired for a night of lazing in bed with a book or a show. They were my guarantee of not being disturbed.  
  
I reclined on my bed, intentionally above the covers, relishing in the feeling of the warm summer evening air on my skin. I contemplated wandering the house as I’d done a time or two before, and recalled the physical and emotional high that had given me. There was a feeling of being naughty, and a bit dangerous, coupled with a running commentary in my head of what someone might see if they were peeking in a window, spying on me. It was intoxicating, coupled with hyper awareness of textures and temperatures. The hard, cool countertop as my hip grazed against it. The uneven texture of the tile floor under my feet. The brightness of the light in the refrigerator, and the blast of cold air that spilled out across my flesh.  
  
Nudity had always been something private. I wouldn’t exactly say that my parents had shamed me, but lying there I could recall being five or six, admonished to put my nightgown on when I'd run out of my bedroom in just a pair of panties. I couldn’t recollect the circumstances of the event, but I did remember my mom’s scolding vividly. That evoked other memories; running naked through the house after a bath, my mom chasing me with my pajamas, yelling that I needed to be dressed, and being caught sleeping naked at age 13, my mom telling me that it wasn’t appropriate.  
  
I tried to think back to the last time I’d seen my mom’s body. We belonged to a park district pool when I was younger, and would change in the dressing room, but she always used the small changing cubicles with the curtain drawn. I knew that there must’ve been a time, but I couldn’t come up with it. I knew without even thinking hard that I’d never seen my father naked, or at least not when I was old enough to form long term memories.  
  
Growing up, nudity had always been something to be ashamed of, and something to hide. Something had changed recently. I wasn’t sure what it was, but it had changed deep inside me, altering me to my core. When this had started, I just wanted to show off a little bit, to feel proud of my new body, and to see the thrill on the faces of the boys next door. But I had quickly allowed it to go much further than that. When they’d accidentally gotten a peek of a bit more than I’d planned to show them, I thrilled to it, rather than being upset. I welcomed the next visit with them. And the next, even as they pushed me farther, including someone else – a stranger! – in their games. I actually liked it.  
  
Was I always like this? As a girl I had always enjoyed running naked across the hall, dashing to the bathroom to hop into the tub or the shower. It hadn’t exactly become ritual, but it was something I’d done for years. Go to the bathroom and start the water. Return to my bedroom to undress, peek my head out the door to ensure the coast was clear, and then sprint naked back to the bathroom. I’d never been caught, of course. But on most other occasions I simply undressed in the bathroom, returning the dirty clothes to my bedroom after the shower, safely wrapped in my towel. Why had I sometimes wanted to play that little risky game?  
  
I recalled other times, when I was very young, playing with toys in my room. I had undressed myself, partially or completely, as it fit with little storylines I was creating with my dolls. Never sexual stories. I was uneducated about sex, and it entered my mind only when it was pushed there by a movie or a stray comment or joke from a school friend. My stories were harmless, but sometimes nudity was a part of them. Cindy, one of my dolls, was smuggling herself to see Robert, another of my dolls, who happened to be her best friend. Robert had moved away, and they couldn’t play together anymore. Cindy was going to mail herself to him so that they could spend the day playing together, but in my child's mind, she had to go into the shoebox without her clothes. I smiled, laying in my bed, as I recalled stripping off the little dress from my doll, and then pulling off my own clothes, and then putting my nude doll into the shoebox. I had crawled under the bed, imagining that I was in a shipping container, and then I popped out, my boy doll, Robert, overjoyed that I/Cindy was there.  
  
I didn’t recall the nudity being a big deal to Robert or Cindy. Robert noticed it, of course, but it was all explained away because I – Cindy – had to be shipped. Robert and Cindy played in my room that afternoon, until I heard my mother calling me for lunch. I had pulled on my own clothes and left the dolls on the bed. I found other things to do after lunch, and didn’t return to that fantasy that afternoon, but I did return to it often, on other rainy days when I was forced to play inside and alone.  
  
Was it possible that this was a genetic predisposition? I suddenly remembered kindergarten, playing Simon Says, the children’s game where you have to do what you’re told, but only if Simon says to do it. I had played with a little boy and little girl from my neighborhood. We were in my parent’s family room, and I was Simon. I had stood in the front of the room saying the things they should do, and then, without saying “Simon says,” I said “take off your shirt!” I pulled off my own dress, leaving me in just my little girl panties. I remembered thrilling to being almost naked in front of them. Neither child pulled off their own shirt, because Simon had not said to do it. My mom scolded me for that, too. I wasn’t allowed to play with that boy any more. I had completely forgotten about that incident until now. There was nothing “dirty” about it, but I had thrilled to being naked simply for the sake of being naked.  
  
What did that mean? Even at age five, I found it exhilarating to take off my clothes. Even when my body was asexual, and even when they would have no interest in seeing it. Did that mean something? Was it about the nudity, or about being seen?  
  
My mind strayed to flashers. People who open their raincoats to unsuspecting victims. I thought of it in those terms, picturing a creepy guy with an unattractive body, frightening women in an alley somewhere. My thoughts were immediately and unwaveringly negative about that, and I repulsed at the thought. To my way of thinking, it was a form of sexual assault. I tried to think of myself in a raincoat. What if the people I was flashing were strangers? What if they were offended, or had girlfriends or wives who would be upset? I couldn’t see myself “forcing” it on other people. It didn’t seem nearly as fun to me.  
  
Was that why I enjoyed the game we played with outfits? They were telling me what to wear, or what not to wear, and so I was not being creepy, but I was still getting the same thrill. That felt like the truth, or some of it, anyway. I liked being told what to do. Dancing for them, strutting for them, wearing what they liked to see me in.  
  
I moved on to my second question. What about the boy’s reactions to me? I knew what I wanted. I liked their comments, even the crude ones. I liked their enthusiasm. I liked their excitement when I took something off. But what did THEY like? I tried to think back through my encounters with them. Jim had always seemed to gravitate toward my butt. He really liked my boobs, too, but was always asking me to turn around, to wiggle my ass. He had preferred the thong bikini bottoms, and had commented on how my butt moved. What did this really mean, though? I couldn’t think of that yet. If I tried to think of what these things all meant, I would overwhelm myself and possibly derail my whole night of discovery.  
  
Geoff was easy. He liked my boobs a lot. He often complimented my legs. Geoff seemed to be the predictable, stereotype of a man. He seemed, like Jim and Tom, to like to include others in the games. I got the impression that he sexualized me a lot more than the younger guys did, and wondered if perhaps he included his friends in order to make the whole thing more innocent and silly, rather than sexually charged. Like Tom and Jim, he seemed to enjoy the costumes, although he was more than willing to have me naked with just the small bikini as the “costume” for the unveiling. He was also more patient, which may have been a result of maturity that comes with age.  
  
Tom was also pretty easy, but unexpected. I knew that guys liked vaginas, but I had always thought they were just for sex, not for looking at. I figured the legs, the butt, the boobs – they were the visual foreplay – and the pussy was the relief. Tom had surprised me with how much he liked to look there. I could tell almost instantly that it was his favorite part of my anatomy, and somehow that thrilled me even more. It was so very intimate, much more so than my backside or chest. While those were “private” parts, they were able to be glimpsed through clothing. Size and shape were discernable, and with a thin bra, even my nipples could be seen pressing out against the fabric.  
  
I stood in front of my mirror, looking directly at my pussy with the light skin folding inward, creating little more than a thin slit when I was standing primly. As I pushed my feet wider, I watched myself spreading slightly to show a hint of the pinker insides, my outer labia revealed. I moved to the floor, pulling my pillows down to prop my head, and allowed my knees to fall open, showing so much more of my intimate anatomy. I knew that my clit sometimes swelled, pulling free from its tiny hood and revealing itself, as it was now. For over a minute I watched my inner lips gently and slowly unfold, falling to the sides to reveal the vaginal opening, which was visibly moist.

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I quickly adjusted my pillows to allow me to see better, and then my right hand moved to my pussy. I was amazed at just how wet I actually was. At first, all I could focus on was the feelings, and the orgasm rapidly building in my core, coiling like a spring, winding tighter and tighter. I had been turned on all day, so I guess it made sense, but this had to be record time to climax. Watching my finger lightly caress my straining clit, I exploded in ecstasy, crying out as my body locked, and then released in convulsions as wave after wave crashed over me, exploding from deep inside.  
  
It seemed to go on forever, and my hand continued to stroke and caress my whole pussy now. I closed my eyes several times, but fought to keep them open. I wanted to watch myself. I kept up my ministrations, seeing the glistening wetness that my body was making, and that my fingers were spreading over myself, reflected in the lamplight. Watching myself like this, and even seeing my own butt hole, glistening in my moisture, spurred me on, and I continued to rub myself, thrusting my hips up to meet my hands. Soon I was having a second orgasm, less powerful, but still amazing.  
  
I lay on the floor, spent, lightly running my fingers over my sex, watching myself. I could feel my arousal rising again, but after the release of my back-to-back orgasms, it was slower building. Instead of working toward climax, I instead observed myself, trying to see my actions through the boys’ eyes. I quickly decided that they would not make fun of me. They would be just as excited by this as I seemed to be. Masturbation used to be a dirty, shameful secret. Boys denied doing it, and good girls had neither the need nor desire. As a society, that was changing, and now it was okay to admit to, although still a private activity. I had thought about them watching me more than once, so I was pretty sure that I knew that I wanted that.  
  
That line of thinking brought me around to my next quandary. What would I do with all of this new insight? Some of the answers were easy. Jim liked to see my butt, so I would make sure to show it off for him. Geoff liked my boobs and my legs, so I could find subtle ways to highlight them. Tom would be more difficult. How could I “casually” show off my pussy? On a whim, I jumped to my feet and dashed to the bathroom. Without giving myself time to change my mind, I grabbed my razor and conditioner, and in less than a minute I was hairless. I may not be able to nonchalantly draw attention to my vagina, but this alteration was certain to turn it into a conversation piece. Something about his reaction when I’d trimmed it down prior had made me think he would like the full-on Brazilian that I was now sporting.  
  
I returned to my room after making sure that I was completely clean down below, and stood admiring myself in the mirror. Something about it made me look a little sexier, in my opinion. I could feel my arousal rising again as I admired myself, looking at my whole body a little differently now, trying to see it through their eyes. My excitement, coupled with my earlier ministrations, had opened me up much more. Even standing casually, glistening moisture on my inner folds was visible, reflected back at me from the mirror. I stood enthralled, wondering if the guys had ever seen me like this, and if they knew what it meant. Surely Geoff would. I was about to watch myself a third time when my mom’s voice called to me from the stairs. “Claire? Are you up there?”  
  
I pulled on my sweats, glad that I’d had the forethought, and had barely replaced the pillows and laid on the bed when the door swung open. “Didn’t you hear me calling you?”  
  
“Sorry, mom. I was reading. Lost in thought,” I lied smoothly.  
  
“Your room is a mess!” she scolded lightly, eyeing the rumpled bedsheets and discarded outfits from earlier in the day.  
  
“How was the bar-b-que?” I asked, ignoring her reprimand.  
  
“Exhausting. I think your father is half asleep already!” she laughed. I suddenly realized that I had no idea what time it was, only that it was dark outside.  
  
“I’m pretty sleepy myself!” I agreed.  
  
I told her a little about my day, keeping details scanty. I went swimming, played Bocce Ball, then had pizza and watched a little Netflix with Jim, Tom, and Tom’s parents next door.  
  
She left my room and I followed her into the hall, ducking into the bathroom again. I had to wipe myself before I stained my sweat pants.  
  
I stayed dressed, lounging on my bed while absently staring at my laptop for a few minutes, and sure enough my dad peeked his head in on his way to bed. It was only 9:15, and while I really wanted to text Tom, I refrained. It would become less fun for everyone if I was too eager, and if it happened to frequently.  
  
With them home, I wondered if it was smart to strip, but the desire was too strong. Although they often entered my room without knocking, I felt like they would be asleep soon. I waited until my mom came up, which was only about ten minutes later. She cracked my door to poke her head inside and wish me a good night, and then I heard their bedroom door shut. I listened to the sound of her brushing her teeth and readying herself for bed, and then the ensuing silence.  
  
I stood, fighting the urge to lock my door, admiring myself in the mirror once more. I reasoned that, if the door was locked, I’d have to explain myself if they tried to come in. But if they opened the door without knocking and caught me naked, they would be the ones apologizing. I am in my own room, behind a closed door. It’s perfectly acceptable to be naked in that circumstance.  
  
I thought more about the boys. About their proclivity to show me off to others, about their enjoyment of lingerie, and the lengths that Jim and Tom specifically had gone to. Geoff had teased me, caught me naked, and then let me suggest that I be his French maid. I hadn’t expected his friends, nor the poker party, but I hadn’t minded, either. But Jim and Tom had invested their own money in buying me things to wear for them.  
  
I’ve heard it said that the most sensitive part of the body when masturbating is the ears. On my bed, listening intently for any sound of movement from my parents’ room, I gave myself a third orgasm, fighting hard to ensure I remained silent throughout. For ten minutes after, I struggled to decide, but finally threw caution to the wind, and dashed naked across the hallway to the bathroom. I needed to wipe myself again, and now I needed to pee. After flushing the toilet and washing my hands at the sink, I peeked my head out the door, listening for any sounds. My parent’s door was closed tightly, with no light issuing from underneath.  
  
I strolled slowly, stopping for a moment in the hallway to relish in the feeling of rebellion, before returning to my room and quietly pulling the door closed.  
  
I tried to get into bed, but couldn’t find sleep. I pulled on my sweatshirt, and checked it out it in the mirror. With my arms at my sides, it fully covered me, front and back, but only barely. If I was caught in the kitchen wearing this, I would surely be scolded, but unless I raised my arms, both parents would assume I had panties on. I could say that I thought they were asleep, and had snuck down for a glass of water. They both knew that I often slept in just panties and a t-shirt. It had become a topic of discussion when my mom noticed that my pajama bottoms were never in the laundry in the summer, and I’d been forced to admit that I found them too hot, and had been sleeping without them. My dad had found it no big deal, but my mother had raised a fuss, conceding with poor grace.  
  
If caught tonight, my dad would stammer an apology and return to his bed. My mom would scold me, but only for not wearing more in the public area of the house. It was a risk I was willing to take. This night seemed to be about exploration and self-discovery.  
  
I peeked out my bedroom door, and then walked quietly down the hall and down the stairs. The house was dark, but I could see well enough to get around by the moonlight from the back windows. I checked the sofa, happy to find it empty. When my dad had too much to drink, he tended to snore, and often my mother would banish him to the couch for the night. I didn’t think he’d seemed intoxicated, but I'd seen him only for a minute before he went to bed.  
  
I walked quietly around the first floor, peeking out the windows, feeling adventurous and naughty. In the kitchen I faced the sliding door, peering at the dark hedges that separated our own property from Geoff’s on one side and Tom’s on the other. I looked over my shoulder to ensure I was still alone, then lifted my shirt to flash my newly denuded pussy in that direction.  
  
Giggling quietly to myself, I went to the cabinet and quietly removed a glass. I almost used the ice maker, but stopped myself before it could make its normal grinding noise, and opted instead to have my water straight up.  
  
I pulled a barstool around the end of the island so that I could see the stairs, but so that my body below the breasts was hidden behind the countertop. I hiked up my shirt, and sat, bare butt against the leather stool. I knew my mom would freak out about how unhygienic this was, but the sensations were too decadent for me to care.  
  
As I sipped my water, I allowed a tiny bit to dribble to my chin, which dripped onto my sweatshirt. Grinning widely, I took the bottom of the shirt and used it to wipe my chin, bearing both breasts to the empty, dark room for much longer than necessary as I did.  
  
“Claire?” my father’s voice whispered from the top of the stairs.  
  
“Down here!” I whispered back, forcing my shirt to cover as much of me as possible while my heart pounded in my chest as the adrenaline spiked.  
  
I heard his footsteps as he crept down the steps. “You trying to sneak out?” he accused.  
  
“Getting a glass of water,” I corrected indignantly, still whispering, and holding up the cup with one hand while holding my shirt down with the other.  
  
“Are you certain you’re not planning to sneak out?” he demanded, relaxing his stance a bit.  
  
“Have I ever snuck out, dad?” I countered. “I was thirsty. Got a drink.”  
  
He thought about that for a minute, still not willing to let it drop. “Why were you being so sneaky?”  
  
“Because I'm not wearing any pants, and mom would be pissed, and I really don’t want to show my dad my panties!” I blurted, a little louder than I had intended.  
  
He looked stunned for a moment, then grinned. “I don’t really see why your mom would be upset.”  
  
“She thinks I should wear pajamas,” I reminded him. It was absolutely surreal to have my bare butt on the leather stool, my hand pulling the shirt down between my legs, and having a conversation with my father.  
  
“Oh, yeah,” he mused. He seemed intent on staying in the kitchen until I finished and went back up with him. Worried that he might walk around the island, I stood, pulling my shirt down all around, ensuring that I wasn’t exposed anywhere. I quickly swallowed the rest of the water, and feeling my face flush, I turned my back to him and put the glass in the sink.  
  
“Oh! You’re really not wearing pants!” he exclaimed, looking away quickly.  
  
I grabbed at the hem of my shirt, but it was still low. “Dad!!!”  
  
“I didn’t see anything,” he stammered, realizing how it had sounded, still looking pointedly away from me. “I thought you were lying to me, so I was surprised, that’s all!”  
  
I edged around the island. “After you?” I waived towards the stairs.  
  
“Oh. Probably best,” he agreed, moving quickly up. I followed at a cautious distance behind. He was standing by my bedroom door when I got up.  
  
“Get in bed, under the covers,” he ordered, then moved farther down the hall, his back to me.

**CBND FanFic Chapter 11**

I rushed into my room and jumped into bed, pulling the sheet up much higher than it needed to be. He came in cautiously a moment later.  
  
“I’m sorry I accused you of trying to sneak out,” he said sincerely. “You’re usually not that quiet when you sneak around the house, so I assumed you were up to something.”  
  
“Be louder when sneaking around,” I smiled. “Got it.”  
  
He laughed. “I didn’t mean to embarrass you, either,” he said, blushing. I got my skin tone from my dad, and his face reddened as easily as my own. Neither of us were good liars because of it.  
  
“That’ll teach me for running around the house in my underpants,” I joked. I had always had an easy relationship with my dad. He was strict when he needed to be, but I had been a pretty good kid, so that wasn’t all that often.  
  
“I should trust you more,” he admitted. “You’ve never been a rowdy one, always home by curfew, no wild parties, you’ve never been caught with drugs. I’m not aware of any tattoos.”  
  
“You should trust me, dad,” I agreed. “I’m smart enough to have never been caught with any of the drugs, and let me tell you, there’ve been a LOT of drugs. And I get all of my tattoos in places I know you’re not going to look. What I’m trying to say, dad, is that I’m pretty smart for my age.”  
  
He chuckled along with me. We had the same eyes, and I always liked to watch his laugh lines crinkle at the corners. “That’s my girl,” he played along.  
  
My phone vibrated just then, and he looked genuinely shocked to hear it coming from across the room.  
  
His eyebrows raised, and I knew what it meant. He was challenging me. He was wondering if maybe I had been planning to sneak out, but I could see that concept warring with the fact that he knew I didn’t have my purse with me downstairs, and that I wasn’t wearing pants. I saw a flash in his eyes as he reassessed me, perhaps wondering if I'd been planning a sexual hookup.  
  
“It’s in my purse,” I pointed casually. “Do a chick a favor so I don’t have to flash you?” I wasn’t the good girl I’d always been, but I was the smart girl I professed to be. I always deleted any damming texts from my phone immediately, and would take no pictures that would get me in trouble. Tom and Jim’s texts were mostly benign without context, simply asking if they could come over, or if I could go there, but I deleted many of them anyway. “Outside zipper pocket, passcode is Christmas. 1225,” I offered casually, laying back against my pillow.  
  
“Who’s Tom?” he asked.  
  
“Guy next door. You’ve met him,” I answered casually, while silently wondering if I’d gambled poorly. My adrenaline was spiking again, and I worked to keep my breathing even.  
  
“You have plans with him tomorrow night?”  
  
I’d all but forgotten about that with the excitement of the day. I wasn’t sure what he’d be texting about, but I decided to go with a version of the truth so it wouldn’t be far off from whatever he’d said. I knew that if there was something dirty in there, my dad would be yelling, not trying to quiz me on my future plans. “We’re going to the mall. His buddy, Marcus, works at one of the shops there. He was able to get me his employee discount on a cute outfit that I totally can’t afford, and we were going to go pick it up after they close, and then hang out. Maybe dinner or something.”  
  
He glanced at the phone again, and then tossed it to me. “You suck all the fun out of being an overprotective father,” he admonished. “You’ve grown up into an absolutely beautiful woman, and I worry about you.”  
  
“Because you only have to worry about beautiful people?” I challenged. I knew him well enough to know that he was not this shallow. He was concerned that I wouldn’t have developed the social skills to handle the male attention that my new body would attract. We’d had this conversation before, and the last time I’d been able to honestly say that I’d had no male attention. I shuddered to think what he’d say about the attention I was attracting, and drawing to myself, recently.  
  
“Not at all,” he responded, his eyes crinkling in humor. “It’s just that no one cares when the ugly ones go missing!”  
  
I couldn’t help but smiling. “And I used to be ugly?”  
  
“Hideously so,” he cringed. “I’d been lobbying for stapling money to your clothes in hopes you’d get kidnapped, but your mother seems to have developed some sort of attachment.”  
  
“Thanks for not giving up on me, dad!” I gushed, overacting.  
  
“I wanted to sell you, but no one was buying,” he mumbled, hugging me back. “Wasted money on all those advertisements…”  
  
“Can you wake up mom?” I asked. “I want to give her the name of a good divorce lawyer I found.”  
  
“Where’d you find a lawyer?”  
  
“When I snuck out last night, you know, after curfew? Well, his client, the sex pervert, sold me some really amazing drugs. He said he loved my tattoos. Boy, that was a wild party!”  
  
He laughed out loud. “I miss hanging out with you.”  
  
“I miss hanging out with you, too, dad, but let’s have daddy daughter fun time when I’m wearing pants and a bra, shall we?”  
  
He laughed again, but flushed brightly. “Agreed!” He stood, kissed the top of my head, and backed out of my room, pulling the door shut behind him.  
  
“Phew!” I thought, slumping into the pillows. I couldn’t believe that I’d almost been busted half naked in the kitchen. What if I'd been wiping my chin when he snuck downstairs?  
  
I picked up my phone to read the text from Tom to see how well I’d lied. “Marcus just called, and we’re all set. Are we still on for the mall tomorrow night?”  
  
“All set!” I shot back. Then, "is Jim going to set rules for what I wear again?”  
  
“You’ll have to ask him,” Tom sent back. After a moment another text followed. “I guess I don’t see why it matters. Whatever you wear will come off anyway.”  
  
I smiled. “Cocky, aren’t you?”  
  
“When you can back it up, it’s just confidence. Can’t wait to SEE you, Claire!”  
  
I wrestled with several replies. Some were snarky, some were funny, and some were gushier than I was aware that I could be with a boy. In the end I went with what I hoped would be playful. “Harley Quinn says hi!”  
  
It took much too long for him to text back, so I knew that he’d struggled with how to reply. It made me smile to think of him, his eyebrows pushed together, fretting over the screen. He had finally decided on “Tell her I think she’s hot, but I liked her better after she danced.”  
  
I could tell that he’d danced outside of his comfort zone a bit, and I decided to let him sweat that reply. I deleted all the texts after my initial “all set,” and set the phone on my nightstand, and ended up falling asleep quite quickly.  
  
The next morning was Monday, and my parents were gone before I got out of bed. I pulled on my sweat pants and made the rounds of the house, ensuring I was home alone. Their bedroom was empty, bed freshly made. Their bathroom was still a little humid and smelled of my mom’s body wash. The stool I’d sat on the night before was returned to its usual spot, and my glass had been washed and was drying in the rack, along with two coffee mugs and two cereal bowls. The back blinds were wide open, letting in the natural sunlight and brightening the room to match my mood. A peak out the front window showed that both cars were gone.  
  
I stripped off my clothes immediately, grinning wildly and secretly excited at how little effort it took to make me naked, and pranced around the kitchen, giddy. I poured a large glass of water, and pulled a covered bowl of honeydew out of the fridge, eating it with my fingers. In the family room I turned on the stereo, and began dancing wildly, chomping on the melon and not caring that my face and fingers were getting slick with the juices. Over and over I returned to the kitchen to grab another handful, and I kept giggling at the mess I was making with it as my chest became sticky and shiny with the juice.  
  
When I'd finished the bowl, I washed my hands, and then the bowl and my water glass, and finally wiped my face and chest. I danced a bit more, working up a light sweat, before deciding to do my yoga session inside today. I shut off the stereo, laid the mat on the floor and went through an hour of yoga poses, thrilling in my complete nudity as I did. I kept hoping for a knock on the back door, or a surprised face in the window, but none came.  
  
A little disappointed, I rolled up my yoga mat, returned it to the closet, and then grabbed my sweats off the floor and headed upstairs. I tossed the clothes into the hamper and turned on some music. I was too energetic to try to relax, so I danced around my bedroom, watching myself in the mirror. The next song was my current favorite song, and I turned the volume to full and left my room, dancing down the hallway. I danced into my bathroom to watch myself in the mirror there, into my parent’s room to their full-length mirror, into their bathroom and the mirror there. Slight movement caught the corner of my eye, and I spun to look out the bathroom window. At first, I ducked down to hide my nudity, but after half an instant I threw caution to the wind and boldly looked out. My parent’s bathroom had the only window facing Tom’s house that was on the second floor, so it was the only place in our home from which I could see over the hedges. Normally, the blinds were closed, but my mom must have opened them to let in some light. I scanned the windows of the house next door looking for the movement that had caught my eye, boldly standing naked without care, by breasts very visible to anyone who might have been looking. None of the blinds or curtains on the first or second floor were open, and I could see no slight fluttering of slats or fabric. As I was about to turn away, my peripheral vision picked up the same motion, and I locked eyes with a squirrel, scampering across the roof. He stopped and rose up on hind legs, staring at me. I smiled, and shimmied my breasts in reply, laughing out loud as I resumed my dancing, heading back down the hallway.  
  
In the kitchen I refilled my water glass, not because I was exceptionally thirsty, but because I wanted the feeling of wandering naked through the house. The back yard beckoned, and I stood, indecisive, at the patio door. Geoff had caught me tanning naked in the back yard once before, and on a separate occasion had chatted with me while I did yoga more appropriately attired. I smiled as I thought about him finding me naked, but worried that it may turn into an invitation to his house, and I wasn’t sure if that’s what I wanted. I smiled as I remembered his arousal and slight discomfort as I’d pulled off my bottoms last time I was there. I wondered what he might say about my newly denuded pussy.  
  
In the end, although I wanted to wander around the yard and feel the sunlight on my skin and the grass under my bare feet, I decided I didn’t want to engage with Geoff. I wanted to dance!  
  
Still wishing there were more windows and that we lived on busier street, I danced around the house, moving from room to room and back until I was so tired that I flopped down, giggling, onto the living room floor.  
  
I started thinking about the coming evening at the mall. Surely, after last time, Marcus would expect a show. And, Jim and Tom being who they were, they would oblige. I tried to decide how I wanted to act. I could simply go along with their commands, obeying and letting them set the pace. That was what I seemed to enjoy. Another part of me wanted to wear nothing but a sundress and flip flops and pull them off the moment we got into the store, without even being asked.  
  
I knew what I would probably do, but it was fun to think of the alternatives. I could wear sexy panties with no bra. I could wear yoga shorts with nothing under them. I began to touch myself again, giggling out loud as I thought of how much I was masturbating lately, and how much I loved that about the new me. I began to fantasize that Tom would come to the door, interrupting me. He would call out that it was him, and I would go to the door, naked, and open it, inviting him inside.  
  
“Sorry, but you interrupted me. I was jilling off,” I would say nonchalantly.  
  
“Jilling off?” he’d ask.  
  
“It’s like jacking off, but with a pussy instead of a dick,” I’d explain.  
  
“Jack and Jill,” he would muse. “Funny. I’m sorry to have interrupted, why don’t you finish up?” he’d suggest coyly, looking my body up and down with hunger in his eyes.

**CBND FanFic Chapter 12**

Just the thought of him watching me drove me over the edge. Arousal came so quickly, and orgasms so easily with these fantasies in my head. I wondered if it would work as easily with him here in person, rather than just in my mind. I always felt a little off balance when they made me strip, but even that was shifting more from nervousness to a more erotic, sexual agitation.  
  
I decided that I couldn’t delay a shower any longer. Between the sticky melon that lingered in small amounts on my chest, the sweat, both dried and fresh from yoga and dancing, and now my own juices on my thighs, pubic area and hands, I needed to bathe.  
  
The hot water felt wonderful on my skin, and the air in my bedroom felt excitingly cool in comparison. I lotioned my skin from hairline to toes, and gave myself a pedicure, opting for French style, with clear, high-buff polish and white tips on each nail. I styled my hair with more care than normal, and applied minimal makeup, but with painstaking effort toward perfection. Part of this was to look my best for the coming evening’s activities, but another part of it was to delay having to get dressed. I was enjoying being naked.  
  
I strolled downstairs for a nude lunch of lettuce wraps with turkey, red pepper, and avocado. I felt another small wave of disappointment when I again saw no faces at any of the windows. I stepped out back onto the patio, and softly called out Geoff’s name, and then Tom’s. There was no reply from either side. I strolled into the grass, looking up at both houses to see if there was any movement at the windows. I walked slowly around the perimeter of the yard a few times, occasionally stopping to feel a leaf on one of the bushes, or to sniff the climbing roses. After ten minutes in the warm sunshine, I began to feel a thin sheen of perspiration forming, and forced myself to head back inside. I didn’t want to have to take another shower.  
  
After not hearing from anyone, at 2:30 I group texted Tom and Jim. “Getting dressed for tonight. Any special instructions?”  
  
I was frustrated when, by 3:00, I had still not gotten a reply. In my bedroom, I popped in my earbuds and watched the next episode of Big Mouth. There was a court scene in which the Hormone Monster’s penises got loose that made me laugh out loud, and for a while I forgot my irritation.  
  
“Nothing special, just be comfortable,” came the text reply, finally. I was a little irritated with that. I wanted them to command me into something sexy, or to tell me that panties weren’t allowed, or to insist on coming over to supervise my dressing. Now I had to decide, which made it harder.  
  
Thirty minutes later, half the contents of my closet were on my bed, and I was still naked. I couldn’t decide on bras, panties, or the need for either, until I knew what I was wearing over them. Surrendering, I pulled on a pair of jeans without panties, and a tank top with a cute bra that I picked because the straps matched the top well.  
  
Five minutes later I was naked again. I put on a skirt with a thong and a camisole with a different bra. Too fancy – he had told me to “be comfortable.” At 4:30 I texted him two full-length mirror selfies. Olive green cotton shorts and a superman t-shirt, and black capris with a white eyelet lace short-sleeved sweater. He wouldn’t know this, but I wore the same cute bra under both, and panties under neither.  
  
“The shorts are cute,” he replied.  
  
Ugh. How unhelpful. I almost didn’t tidy my room, but realized that I would still have two hours to wait, so I forced myself to put everything away, although I did toss the capris and jeans into the dirty hamper rather than fold them and put them away. “Let future Claire deal with that!” I thought, smiling ironically.  
  
In the family room, I absently snacked on some pistachios while I watched the final episode of Big Mouth, and then moved on to another series that my other friends had been pestering me to watch. Maybe it was my mood, but the action seemed slow, the drama forced, and I was bothered by the show’s decided lack of nudity.  
  
My text tone chimed. “Be there in five.” It was from Jim.  
  
I turned everything off, and ran up the stairs to grab my purse. I pulled on a pair of tan leather wedge sandals, and as I went to grab my purse from the dresser, I found a fat envelope half shoved into it. Inside was a note from my dad. “I miss our daddy daughter fun time. I would like to request a date with you next Friday. I will take the day off work, and you can wear your new outfit. I hope this covers it!” He had included six 20’s along with the note, and I immediately began to well up.  
  
I dashed to the bathroom to blot away the tears before they could make my mascara run. Back in my room I stuffed the cash into my purse. As the sentimentality wore off, I became unsure of what to do with it. I really hoped that the outfit that the guys had for me was suitable for my dad, or I'd be scrambling. I wished I’d found the money earlier in the day so I could have gone out and bought something cute and been able to show it to him as the one I'd bought with Marcus’ employee discount. I loved him for being sweet, and there was no way for him to know that it would bring me stress, but I had no idea how this would play out!  
  
“We should get there right around closing time,” Tom informed me as I climbed into the car behind him. Thankfully they were both attired similarly to me, in shorts, t-shirts, and athletic shoes.  
  
On the drive to the mall I explained that my dad had intercepted the text from Tom the night prior, and the lie I'd concocted to explain what we were doing at a closed shopping center. I then told them about the note and the money. “If I'd seen it earlier in the day, I could have gone shopping and gotten something,” I whined. “I don’t know what I’m going to bring home to show him!”  
  
Tom looked unconcerned. “With that much, you should be able to get some nice stuff at Marcus’ shop,” he said.  
  
“Didn’t you pay attention to the price tags last time we were there?” I sounded incredulous. “That little black dress was over five hundred!”  
  
We devolved into a conversation about the cost of women’s clothes versus men's clothes, which served to momentarily take my mind off of my concerns, but did nothing to help us figure out a solution.  
  
“Marcus can probably help you out. Actually get you his employee discount maybe,” Jim offered helpfully. “He seems to enjoy the way you look. Maybe you can show him something that makes it worth his while!”  
  
“You’re a pig!” I giggled. Truthfully, I was thinking along those same lines, but I wasn’t sure what the discount would be, and as always, I worried that he might want to do more with my body than simply look at it. Nervously I voiced those concerns, and was a little surprised by the vehement and violent reaction from both Tom and Jim, stating in no uncertain terms that no such thing would happen to me. I guess it was a night for sentimentality, because that filled me with a love and respect for both of them that I hadn’t known existed, and my outlook was considerably brightened.  
  
“Does this feel weird to you?” Tom asked while I considered my friends in this new light.  
  
“Does what feel weird?”  
  
“Like, you pretty much know what we're heading out to do.”  
  
“We’re shopping, and then, I assume, you’re going to be gentlemen and buy me dinner!” I said, making the word “obviously” completely implied.  
  
“Exactly,” replied Jim, unphased. “And we’re going to make you strip naked for us in the process.”  
  
“All the subtlety of a brick to the face,” Tom murmured as I feigned shock, ruining the effect by giggling.  
  
“I can NOT help it if you accidentally see a bit more of me than you intend when I am changing,” I huffed indignantly. “But to imply... that I? Why, it’s a scandal!”  
  
Both guys were amused with my poor acting abilities, but Tom would not be dissuaded from his original question. “Seriously, Claire. Does it feel strange to you?”  
  
“Maybe a little bit, but not that weird. I mean, it’s not like you guys ask me to come over so we can play Bocce Ball all the time. I pretty much know that if we’re hanging out, you’re going to try to help me find outfits that I can sunbathe in. Or whatever it was that you were pretending to do that first time.”  
  
“Are you insinuating that our intentions were anything but pure chivalry? Why, it’s an outrage!” Tom bellowed, imitating my tone.  
  
“My apologies, good sir. Both you and Sir Jim are noble and kind, and your willingness to repeatedly render such assistance to a lady in need is commendable. I am in your debt!”  
  
The car ride continued in this joking vein, discussing my pending nudity without addressing it head on, shifting our speech patterns from Game of Thrones to Hormone Monster to song lyrics. We were giggling like mad people as we passed the security guard who informed us that the shops were closing in less than ten minutes.  
  
We arrived at the boutique and went inside. Marcus was completing a sale to a very well-dressed woman who I guessed to be in her thirties. The three of us hung back while I began to look for “the outfit” that I would wear with my dad the next week. I found a cute summer dress that I was holding up to myself when Marcus pulled the glass doors closed. It was 180, but I was hopeful that with my dad’s money, some of my own, and Marcus’ good will, I might be able to afford it.  
  
“My supplier will be here any minute,” Marcus said cheerfully, lowering the security gate at the front of the store. “I’m happy you came, Claire.”  
  
I didn’t know how to respond. I stammered nonsense, caught between the surprise of hearing that a supplier was on their way, and wanting to make a sarcastic comment about how me being there was less my choice than theirs.  
  
Tom jumped in and explained my problem, asking Marcus if there really was an employee discount, and if what my dad had given me would be enough for any outfits that I could actually wear in front of him. Jim quickly let him know that we’d discussed it in the car, and that I would be willing to make it worth his while with a little show.  
  
Marcus ignored that part, and walked with me, awkwardly silent, while we looked at certain clothes that might work for my needs. While there was no official employee discount, he thought he could knock a bit off of the price of something to make it work for me. The only female employees there were his mother and two sisters, and since his family owned the place, there had never been a need to institute any sort of discount. Together we picked out two or three very nice things that could pass for my needs, but our shopping was cut short by a knock on the glass.  
  
Tom, Jim and I were introduced Darius, Dave, and Zach, who were, respectively, the local Account Manager, Area Manager, and Regional Manager for one of the distributors that the shop worked with. They represented four of the major clothing brands, and two more of the minor ones, that were sold in the shop. All three were attractive men, ranging in age with their roles. Darius looked to be no more than 21 or 22, with a boyish face and wispy facial hair, like he was trying to look older, but failing. His suit was stylish, cut well to his shoulders, but a little loose in the midsection, unable to taper in with his tall, lanky frame. Dave looked to be mid-to-late twenties, with a clean-shaven face. He was not as tall as Darius, but broader in the shoulders and chest. His suit looked perfectly tailored to him, and he wore his dress shoes without socks, half an inch of bare ankle showing below the pants. Zach was somewhere in his thirties, I would guess, with wire-rimmed glasses and a slightly receding hairline. He had on grey slacks with a blue sport coat, and no tie. He was less slender than the other two. It was clear from the way they interacted with Marcus that they had known one another a good while, and were quite friendly.  
  
“And this is Claire?” Darius asked. “I see what you mean!”  
  
Apparently, Marcus had called Jim the day after my last visit there to ask if I might be interested in modelling semi-professionally. Jim had said I would, and so Marcus had told Darius about me. Thankfully, not in great detail, from what I could ascertain. It sounded like there was no mention of the extent of my little show for the guys.  
  
“We sell both fashion clothing and lingerie,” Zach explained. “As Regional Manager I am responsible for a lot of our advertising. We represent multiple brands, and use local talent to do photo shoots. We can then provide those photos of the merchandise for them to put in fliers, catalogs, or online marketing.”  
  
I nodded, unsure of how to respond. My head was spinning as this whole evening had taken a turn in a direction I hadn’t considered. I wondered if I was still supposed to get naked, despite the conversation in the car.

**CBND FanFic Chapter 13**

“Marcus told us your sizes, and we brought a few things with us. I assume that, since you’re here, you’re willing to model lingerie?” he asked, a little nervously, I thought.  
  
“Yes,” I hedged. “I’m not really comfortable with pictures, though,” I continued. “Or at least not yet.”  
  
“Of course!” he replied. “We would have to have you sign a release form before we’d be able to use your likeness in any of our advertising.” He’d misunderstood my reluctance to have photos taken as concern that they’d use the pictures without paying me. I wasn’t about to correct him. I had a lot of thinking to do.  
  
“I’m here to see how you interact with the product,” he continued, “and as the ultimate decision maker. Dave has been Area Manager for a year now but hasn’t had an opportunity to be involved in the modelling side of the business yet. I thought this would be a good opportunity for him to understand how we cultivate new talent.”  
  
I assumed Darius was there because he was the account manager for Marcus. I nodded politely at everyone, unsure of what I was supposed to do next.  
  
“I’m thinking of ordering dinner. I’m starving,” Marcus announced. “Everyone okay with sushi?”  
  
Marcus wandered a bit away with his cell phone while Zach, who seemed to be the take-charge type, lifted a wheeled case onto the counter of the store, zipped it open, and handed me a small red dress and a pair of red Miu Miu heels.  
  
I walked uncertainly to the dressing room and closed the door behind me. My adrenaline was spiked again, and I had to take a steadying breath. I now had no idea what was going to happen, but this seemed too legitimate to be turned into a nudie show with five guys crowded into my dressing room while I paraded around in just my shoes. I had thought I knew exactly what was going to happen, and now I had no idea, and it was more unsettling than I could have imagined.  
  
The dress was amazing, very tight and very short. The shoulders were wide enough that they hid the black straps of my bra nicely, but I lamented my lack of panties. If they got a peek, then so be it; there was nothing I could do about it now. I stepped into the shoes and checked myself in the mirror. I was so happy that I'd been such a perfectionist on my hair and makeup.  
  
I walked out of the dressing room, unsure of what to do next. Zach directed me to walk around a bit, as naturally as I could. He had me turn and pose a few times. I was using most of the free space in the store near the front counter, as well as two of the aisles between the clothing displays. “You’re a natural beauty,” he commented, “and certainly have an attractive shape. You also have some raw talent for this. Do you do yoga? Your posture is nearly perfect.”  
  
“Yoga and Pilates,” I confirmed timidly, pushing my shoulders back a little. I knew that I had a tendancy to slouch when I was nervous.  
  
“That explains it,” he complimented. He went on to explain to Dave and Darius certain aspects of my posture and movement that clued him in, and then moved on to the different clothing styles that I would and wouldn’t be able to model based on my body type. “Some of the sheath dresses would be great on her, because they’re fitted through the waist and hips. We’d have to be careful of putting her in a shift dress that hangs too freely. Her larger chest might cause the dress to hang out in front, making her look fat or pregnant. She could really look good in an Aline dress, and certainly in a maxi dress.”  
  
With that thought, he dug through his bag and pulled out a black maxi dress, and a pair of black shoes identical to the red ones I was currently wearing. Unthinking, I kicked off the red shoes and handed them to him before I walked barefoot back to the dressing room carrying the new outfit. Only after did I think that was probably not what was expected of me.  
  
I struggled a bit with the maxi dress. I’d never worn one before, and it was a bit confusing. The first thing that was obvious to me was that it was not intended to be worn with any undergarments at all. The bodice was backless, and low cut up front, so that the neckline extended down to only a few inches above my navel, where it immediately transitioned to the skirt, which was slit up each side well above the hips. There were so many strips of material that It was hard to figure out where the top was at first. I stepped into the skirt and then pulled the shoulders into place, forcing my breasts into the material. I stepped into the black shoes, and after checking myself in the mirror, exited the fitting room once again.  
  
“That looks spectacular on you!” Zach enthused. I walked the same path, stopping for the same poses, as Jim made a crude comment about my lack of panties, clearly visible from the sides when I took each step, as my bare skin was exposed. Mercifully, this comment was ignored.  
  
“I’d like to see you in an Aline dress, I think,” Zach said thoughtfully, looking me over. He dug through his case and handed me a long, flowing multicolored dress. “I think the red shoes,” he suggested, pulling them from the bag. He handed them to me, and I wasn’t sure what to do, so I headed back to the fitting room still wearing the black ones.  
  
The new dress was strapless, fitted from the bust to the hips, and then had a flair to the hemline, which was just above the knees. The bust and bodice was a little large for me, but seemed to stay in place. I did notice that when I bent to put on the shoes, the material pulled away a bit, showing more cleavage than probably intended.  
  
I walked out again, strutting a bit more confidently. Zach noticed the fit issue fairly quickly, and pinched the back of the dress a bit to see how it would look more fitted, as designed. When he released it, the bodice dropped a bit, revealing a bit more of my breasts, but not my nipples. I could see by his expression that he was surprised that I didn’t fix it immediately.  
  
I noticed that, while I had been changing, they had moved the case off to the side, and had laid out several sets of lingerie on the countertop. Zach must have seen me staring, because he smiled in a reassuring way and said “your friends told me that you wouldn’t be opposed to modeling some of this. Of course, it’s completely up to you, but it will help me to see what you might be comfortable with, and capable of, modeling for us. You’re free to decline, of course.”  
  
“No problem with it,” I shrugged, looking to Tom and Jim, who wore nearly identical expressions of encouragement. None of the stuff that was laid out was overly revealing, or at least not by the standards I was used to. I walked slowly along, looking at the pieces laid out there. There was a lot of lace and silk, and without even picking any of it up I could tell that the quality was well above anything I owned.  
  
“Why don’t we start with something a bit tame,” Zach mumbled, mostly to himself. I could tell that, as confident as he was trying to be, this wasn’t something he did often, and he wasn’t used to it.  
  
“Did you bring all of this for her to model for us?” Tom asked. I hadn’t seen him come up behind us, so he startled me a bit.  
  
“No. Well, I guess. Not really, though. It’s all a little unusual. Normally we don’t find talent this way, and there’s no precedent,” he explained. “We’d usually bring someone to our offices, with Ashley. She’s our Director of Talent Acquisition. But Darius told me that Marcus had insisted on doing it in the shop here. Since I hadn’t seen Claire before, I didn’t really know much about her body type, so I brought a little of everything from several of our designers. I wasn’t sure if we would do much of a fashion show, really. But, Claire,” he continued, now addressing me, “I’m surprised how quickly you’re adapting to this. You’re a natural beauty, of course, but you have a certain poise. You appeared quite nervous at first, but now you seem to be much more relaxed. I don’t want to push you too hard, and if you prefer not to model any of the lingerie, I completely understand.”  
  
“She modeled a little of it when she was here last,” Tom interrupted. “Do you mind, Claire?”  
  
“No,” I replied, knowing what my role was. “Anything you guys want me to model for you is fine. Just tell me what to wear and what to do!”  
  
“Well, I wouldn’t quite say it’s like that,” Zach replied, slightly taken aback by my words.  
  
“She didn’t mean anything bad,” Tom interrupted.  
  
“Just that I’ll be okay,” I said. “I’m capable of saying no if I need to.” I felt like he was really nervous about this, and I wanted him to know I was comfortable.  
  
“It’s all quite unusual,” he hedged.  
  
“Look,” I said reasonably. “I am interested in being a model, maybe. I hadn’t really thought about it, but I do need a job, and this could be interesting work for a while. Maybe I’ll be horrible at it. Maybe I’ll turn it into a career that lasts until I’m too old to do it anymore. Maybe I’ll hate it. But I figure I’ll never know unless I try, and you’re giving me the chance to try right now.”  
  
“I suppose that’s true,” he evaded, “but that doesn’t mean you don’t get a say...”  
  
“I didn’t say that I don’t get to say no,” I replied reasonably, “and besides, if I was on a real photoshoot getting paid, would I get to say that I hate the dress or that the shoes are uncomfortable?”  
  
“Fair point,” he conceded. “I just, well... We're not paying you for tonight...”  
  
“Look,” Tom said. “She’s a big girl. She can stop things. She trusts me and Jim, and I think I can trust you. If she says no, I think that we can agree that it means no. But let’s be honest. There are six guys here, and a girl who’s willing to strut around in some fancy underwear. It’ll be professional, but you guys are not going to hate doing your jobs tonight. And the other three of us aren’t even on the clock!”  
  
He laughed nervously at that statement, looking a little off balance. Tom pressed further while he was still a bit off balance.  
  
“Let’s pick out some of this stuff for her to model for us, and we can all enjoy ourselves as long as she’s willing. Now, I personally think that you can’t decide if she’s the right model for you until you’ve seen her legs in all their glory. They’re amazing.”  
  
Tom handed me a pair of black silk thong panties from the table. Zach looked like a deer caught in headlights, unsure of how he’d lost control of the situation to a teenaged boy, and of what to do next. His libido was warring with his sense of right and wrong. “You’re 18 years old?” he asked.  
  
“Last May,” I replied.  
  
With a slightly shaking hand, he picked up the matching bra and passed it to me. Tom steered me along towards the dressing room, but didn’t follow me in, obviously not wanting to frighten Zach any more than he had already.  
  
I kicked off the shoes and pulled off the dress, which I hung on the hook with the others. I was pulling on the thong when the volume of chatter in the store seemed to increase. I hoped they weren’t arguing over me doing this. It was scary, and certainly my largest audience yet, but I knew it wasn’t going to get out of control, and I was starting to enjoy myself. Zach would want to keep things mostly professional in front of his underlings, and this was their job, after all. It was still exciting to be half naked in front of them all, and I felt that familiar fluttering in my stomach replace the nervousness that had been with me in the expensive dresses.  
  
The thong was not as scanty in the front as some that I owned. The crotch panel was wide and tall, and would have easily covered all of my hair if I'd still had any. In back there was a thin strip of fabric strung with little crystal beads across the top, and the string coming up was similarly adorned for the top inch or so. The bra was black and silky, completely without padding. The cups were smaller, but not so much so that I couldn’t contain myself fully. The two sides were joined by a narrow band of fabric adorned with the same crystals as the thong, some of which dangled down against my skin. Looking in the mirror, I smiled as the shape and position of my erect nipples was clearly visible through the thin silk material.  
  
I stepped back into the black shoes and turned a few times in front of the mirror, feeling that nervous energy kick up as I realized I was going to be headed out into the store like this. Silence fell as I strutted down the little aisle, making my usual turns and poses. I was turning back toward the counter when I suddenly realized that my audience was not six, but eight young men. Involuntarily, I squealed in shock as I jumped back, my hands shooting up to cover my chest.  
  
Riku and Haru were twin brothers, friends of Marcus, and they had delivered our dinner. Their parents owned the sushi restaurant in the mall. When I’d walked out, they had been in the process of setting it up on the second counter behind the register. “We invited them to hang out, since they were nice enough to stay after hours to deliver our dinner,” Jim smiled. “We didn’t think you’d mind.”

**CBND FanFic Chapter 14**

I smiled at the brothers and shook their hands as their eyes popped nearly out of their heads while they looked me up and down with a lack of subtlety that I couldn’t help but giggle at. Darius and Dave seemed almost embarrassed, trying hard not to look at me, but I kept catching them staring when I would turn this way or that. Zach was making a very pointed effort to look only at my face, and I saw him adjust his pants, and the bulge that made it necessary. He seemed more nervous than I should have been.  
  
Before returning to the dressing room I grabbed a pair of chopsticks and snatched up a piece of asparagus maki with avocado. “This is amazing!” I complimented the twins.  
  
“Thanks,” mumbled one of them as they both stared directly at my breasts.  
  
“Do you see what I meant about her legs?” Tom asked, pulling me by the hand and twirling me around and around in front of Zach.  
  
“I do,” the older man agreed. “Um, yes. Quite... lovely.”  
  
“How about these stockings?” Jim called, holding up a pair of thigh-highs at the counter.  
  
“Part of the Coco de Mer Ametrine collection,” Dave replied, seemingly happy to have something to engage himself with rather that fighting the urge to stare at me. I strolled over, causing him to take a few steps to the side.  
  
The stockings were a fine black lace with an intricate floral pattern in a light gold throughout. The tops were a light elastic, in a half-inch wide border of black. The material was completely seamless to the toe, obviously of very high quality. Dave explained the hand finishing process that allowed the material to flow the way it did, and how they managed to make them without visible seams. The matching bra and panty were, at first glance, scandalous, appearing completely transparent, save for the golden leaves, but closer inspection revealed a thin, flesh colored fabric under the lace. “There are multiple standard tones available in each line,” he explained, “and they can custom make them to any person’s individual skin color.”  
  
I was surprised to see that they had two of the bras and panties in the bag, and Zach quickly pulled out the second, which much more closely matched my own coloring, especially since I’d been tanning. I took another bite of sushi and sauntered off to the fitting room, feeling all eyes on my backside.  
  
I pulled off the panties and bra quickly, placing them neatly on the table, and stepped out of the shoes. I began with the panties, which were a tanga-style back, covering perhaps half of my butt, but leaving quite a bit exposed. I sat on the small bench and pulled on the stockings, surprised at how amazing they felt in my hands and on my skin. They felt like pure silk, rather than the nylon that I was used to, but they must have had some lycra or similar material included, because they stretched as they formed themselves perfectly to my legs. They ended just below the midpoint between knee and crotch, leaving a tantalizing amount of bare thigh exposed below the panty. The bra was edgeless on the top of the cup, and the thin fabric matched my flesh almost perfectly, giving the illusion that nothing but a couple of strategically placed golden lace flowers hid me from view. There was, again, no padding in the bra, which meant that my hard nipples pushed visibly outward against the thin fabric.  
  
All conversation stopped completely when I walked out, and I again made my rounds. I heard murmuring, and smiled as I realized that only Jim and the guys from the distributor knew that they weren’t seeing my skin under the bra and panties. “…Sexy as hell!” I heard one of the twins whisper to the other as I passed.  
  
I paused to pop another piece of sushi into my mouth, and to chat with Darius. “Is everything you guys sell this sexy?” I asked, as Jim sauntered over to listen in on our conversation.  
  
“Not everything,” he said, fighting to maintain eye contact with me. “We have a collection of erotic loungewear, which is still sexy, but more casual and ‘girl next door’ kind of stuff,” he admitted.  
  
“Let’s see some of that!” Jim enthused.  
  
Darius pulled a silky camisole top and lacey panty from the case, which Jim stuffed into my hand. Dutifully, I headed to the fitting room. The top was short, ending a few inches above my navel, and quite loose. The spaghetti straps connected to the material low on my chest and the arm openings were deep cut and open so that a good deal of my cleavage was visible, as well as some of the flesh of my breasts from the sides. The panty was a thong, but with a very wide, loose eyelet lace ruffle that extended downward a few inches from the waistband, so that the lower half of my butt was bared, but when I walked and moved the upper part would flutter into brief visibility. It was sexy, but I could see that it was more designed as sleepwear, so I decided to go out barefoot, rather than in the stilettos.  
  
Again, the room fell silent as I walked the makeshift runway between the gawking men and boys, doing my poses and turns for them. I was starting to feel much more confident, and my nervous energy was making me jittery, so I danced a little, feeling my breasts bounce under the thin camisole, showing a lot of their flesh on the sides and top of the tiny shirt.  
  
“What’s next?” I asked.  
  
Zach tried to take charge again, saying “I think we have seen more than enough to go on, and I believe you’re well suited to...”  
  
“You do still owe Marcus for that favor,” Jim cut across him, “and we should all probably vote on the outfit you’re going to get.”  
  
Zach looked utterly confused, while Marcus smiled, blushing slightly under his dark skin. Jim and Tom quickly explained to the gathered group about my explanation to my father, and his generous gift of the outfit. Zach pawed through his case, while Marcus presented the few outfits we’d picked out before our browsing had been cut short.  
  
Zach presented me with a sundress that was fitted through the bodice and flared at the hips, in a light yellow with a golden, green, and very light orange floral pattern. Marcus had selected a pair of shorts with a wide leg, and a complimenting shift blouse. Obediently, I tried on and modeled each outfit, and the vote was split, so it was decided that I could have both outfits.  
  
“I can’t afford both!” I pointed out.  
  
“What about that other payment?” Jim offered, waggling his eyebrows.  
  
“What other payment?” Zach asked, confused.  
  
“Well, maybe she models some skimpier outfits for us, as a start,” Tom said lightly, as though this was standard practice when a young woman couldn’t pay her bill.  
  
Everyone was stunned into silence, waiting for the punch line, or to wake up.  
  
“Works for me,” Marcus agreed.  
  
“These are samples,” Zach murmured. “I don’t need to charge for... that is to say, you can take the one dress...”  
  
“Then it’s decided,” Jim exclaimed, clapping his hands together for emphasis. He grabbed a couple of things off of the counter and took my hand, pulling me along to the fitting room. He followed me inside, and closed the door behind him before presenting what was in his hands. He had a pair of white thigh-high stockings, a white garter belt, and white thong. “I don’t think we’ll need this,” he said, tossing the matching bra onto the table with the other lingerie I had already discarded.  
  
Smiling at him indulgently, I sat down and started pulling on the stockings. They were just as high quality and luxurious feeling as the last ones. But these came up much higher on my leg. I pulled off the sundress I was wearing, and fastened the garter belt in place under Jim’s lustful stare. As I was pulling on the panties, he finally gasped. “Did you shave your... did you shave?”  
  
“Very observant!” I smiled at him, stepping into the black shoes. “Should I be covering my boobs when I walk out, or just show ‘em off?”  
  
He took the question much more serious that I’d intended it. “Cover them with one arm... like that! Perfect! Then when you do your poses you can move your arms to position on your hips like you normally do! But really quick!”  
  
Taking a deep breath to calm my nerves, I waited about ten seconds, then followed him out. There was a collective gasp from everyone in the room except Tom as they saw that I was topless, hiding myself only with my left arm. I strutted towards the front of the store, turning as usual, before striking my first pose, facing the counter with my hands on my hips. The three guys leaning against the counter were Riku, Haru and Tom. The brothers’ eyes were wide and unblinking, and their mouths dropped open with an audible pop. I put my hand back across my breasts as I turned again, taking another few steps before striking my next pose, with my hands brushing back my hair, this time exposing myself to all eight guys. I didn’t have time to catalogue all of their expressions, but Darius was close to me, directly in my line of sight, and for the first time he was not even trying to look away, staring at my naked chest like a starving man seeing a wonderfully prepared meal for the first time in his life.  
  
After I finished my poses, I boldly walked over to the sushi table and popped a piece of the Dragon Roll into my mouth with my free hand while everyone stared, dumbfounded. Jim once again ushered me back to the changing room. “What do you think,” he asked. “Keep teasing ‘em or pop it up a notch?”  
  
“Keep teasing,” I giggled. He nodded thoughtfully, handing me a pair of red and black panties and a matching shorty silk bathrobe.  
  
“Keep the stockings and garter,” he instructed as I peeled off the white thong, “and don’t close the robe.”  
  
I pulled on the new thong, and switched to the red shoes, which better matched the red in the material. The robe came down just below the stocking tops, and because the narrow silk belt connected only to a single loop in the back, I removed it completely. When I stood naturally, the robe would keep my nipples covered, but show quite a bit of cleavage. When I walked, however, it flowed behind me like a cape, baring my chest.  
  
This time, instead of silence, half the room erupted in cheers upon my exit from the fitting room, and as I strutted across the room and did my poses, being only mildly successful in trying to keep the robe covering my chest. Once again, I grabbed a piece of sushi. No one seemed to have another outfit ready for me, so I stood, starting to feel a little awkward, near the counter.  
  
“Marcus, this show is for you,” Jim offered. “You have any requests?”  
  
“Do you want to put the boots back on?” he asked shyly.  
  
“Oh, I love those boots!” I gushed, smiling brightly.  
  
Marcus quickly ran into the back room and was back in under a minute, following Jim and me into the fitting room.  
  
Marcus may have seemed embarrassed to ask me to remove the stockings, but he wasn’t too shy to watch me. He then put one of the little footie socks on each of my feet before sliding me into the boots. Oh, those boots! Thigh high, black, supple leather, with a zip up the inside, and a six-inch heel. It was impossible not to feel sexy in those boots.  
  
“Just those panties?” he asked shyly.  
  
In response, I smiled brightly at him. He watched, enthralled as I pulled the garters out from the waistband, and unclipped the belt. It was nearly impossible to keep the gown closed while I did this, so I didn’t even try, giving him an unfettered view of my breasts with each movement. When I shucked off the robe, he started, his eyes widening.  
  
“Holy… I didn’t… when I said the panties…” he stammered.  
  
“Do you want me to keep the robe on?” I asked sweetly, making no effort to cover myself.  
  
“No. I mean, if you… I just didn’t mean…”  
  
I loved that he was so flustered that he couldn’t get a complete sentence out. Jim handed the robe back to me, settling things. “Let’s keep the tease going a bit longer.”

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Jim ushered him out of the room before he could say more, leaving the door open behind them. I counted to ten to let them get settled before I followed, arms swinging freely at my sides, allowing the robe to flow. After fifteen or so steps, the robe had blown completely open, baring my breasts to the room. This time, only Zach wasn’t cheering, trying to hold on to his professional demeanor. Even the shy brothers were clapping and smiling brightly. Dave and Darius both had abandoned their pretense of detachment, and were smiling and clapping, raking their eyes up and down my body, front and back, as I walked around the room, striking my poses, and now starting to dance a little. With each pose, I was able to arrange robe somewhat more conventionally, and by and large it would stay put, unless my runway walk took me more than ten steps or so. Walking in these boots seemed to give me more of a “strut” than normal, and my gate was faster, each leg extending a bit further than my normal stride. As a result, I tended to walk faster like this, which caused the silky fabric of the little gown to blow open with the breeze. It seemed that the increased speed, at that distance, was what was necessary to pull the fabric away from my breasts.  
  
Tom grabbed my hand, leading me over to Zach. “I feel like you’re not enjoying yourself,” he accused.  
  
“It’s just, well, I’m um...” he stammered, looking above and slightly left of my eyes now.  
  
“Do I make you uncomfortable?” I asked sweetly.  
  
“Oh, um, of course not. I’m, um, not at all.”  
  
“Is it her boobs?” Tom asked, pulling the robe open. I saw his eyes dart downward, and then quickly back up. His head didn’t move an inch.  
  
“They’re fine, I’m sure,” he responded.  
  
“She doesn’t care if you look,” he told him. “Everyone else is looking at them. And at her butt.” He turned me around, lifting the robe to show the thong, but Zach was pointedly staring at the ceiling, flushing crimson.  
  
“Do you care if he looks, Claire?” Tom asked me.  
  
“No,” I responded. “If he wants to look.”  
  
“That’s a fair point. Do you want to look at Claire’s boobs, Zach?” Tom asked.  
  
I saw a small bead of sweat breaking out on Zach’s forehead as he fought with himself.  
  
“I don’t know!” he whispered. “Yes!”  
  
“Are you concerned about looking unprofessional?” Tom asked.  
  
“These are my employees. This is my job. I could lose my job.”  
  
“Claire, are you going to file a complaint?”  
  
“Why would I do that?” I asked, genuinely curious. “I have access to more clothes than this. No one forced me to wear this. I mean, I don’t mind.”  
  
Zach let his guard down for one instant, tilting his head and looking directly at my chest before resolutely jerking his head back. “It’s disrespectful, to ogle you like that.”  
  
“It’s disrespectful not to,” countered Tom. “She’s an attractive girl, clearly trying to show off her body. You’re trying to look everywhere but at her. How is she supposed to feel about that?”  
  
I giggled. I couldn’t help it. It was just like our normal banter, the twisted logic that made it okay for them to tell me what to wear. And somehow, it actually worked. I saw the resistance in Zach crumble and fall away. It wasn’t a weakening of his resolve, but complete destruction of it. Greedily, he turned fully toward me while Tom held my robe open, his head tracking from the toes of the boots up to my throat, and then back down. I spun for him, and Tom lifted the robe, letting him see my butt, clad only in the tiny thong.  
  
“Claire, thank him for looking at you,” Tom admonished. Only I picked up on the joking tone of his voice, because Zach looked slightly scandalized.  
  
I had to make sure that he knew it was okay, so I stepped forward, hugging him and lightly tittering in his ear, “Thank you, Zach. I hope you like my body!” I kissed him on the cheek, then turned and bounced off toward Marcus and Jim, who were staring at me from the counter, adjusting my robe only after I’d come to a stop.  
  
“Anything else?”  
  
“Hmmm,” pondered Jim. “I think so.”  
  
I felt a hand on my shoulder, which sent an electric current through me. I wasn’t used to being touched when I was naked, or nearly so, like this.  
  
“Zach seems to have overcome his shyness,” Tom grinned, turning me toward him. “He says he’s a real fan of that girl next door look. Says he likes your legs.”  
  
Zach was smiling shyly, blushing brightly, standing by his case with some fabric in his hand. I walked over to him, and he thrust it toward me without a word, smiling awkwardly, unable to raise his eyes to my face. I took it and spun on my heel, headed to the changing room. Surprisingly, no one followed me.  
  
I shook out the garment that I had in my hand, and found that it was a powder blue oxford-style shirt, with white buttons down the front. The buttons were on the right placket, so it was definitely a woman’s shirt. I immediately knew what he meant by the “girl next door” look. I pulled it on, and it seemed to fit me pretty well, if not perhaps a little large in the waist and hips. The sides were tapered up from the bottom, but from all angles my thong was hidden from view. I fastened the bottom three buttons, leaving an ample amount of cleavage showing, just like women in movies who put on their lovers’ shirts in the morning. I sat on the bench and removed the boots and tiny little footie socks, and then stood, planning to exit the room, when a thought hit me. Previously, they had given me absolutely everything I was supposed to wear, or had specifically told me to leave something on.  
  
Was I supposed to be wearing panties, or was I supposed to be naked underneath? I moved and spun in front of the mirror, catching only glimpses of black and red as the shirt lifted or pulled apart below the bottom button. Throwing caution to the wind, I pulled the panty off of me and repeated my spins, now seeing glimpses of my flesh peeking through.  
  
Taking a deep breath, I dropped the panty on the small table as I passed it, pausing only to open the door.  
  
“Oh, god, that’s a sexy look,” said Darius immediately upon seeing me, to a chorus of agreement from his fellows.  
  
I strutted and posed, a little more reserved than before in an attempt to keep my shirt down. Although I succeeded in showing nothing too obviously, Tom noticed almost immediately, and jumped to the correct conclusion. “We didn’t give her anything to wear except the shirt, so she’s naked under there!” he crowed, laughing.  
  
“What, seriously?” Dave asked, incredulous.  
  
Still wanting to keep the tease going, Tom commanded me to stand with my back to the group and lift the shirt halfway to my shoulders, proving him right. The cheers were nearly deafening as they all oohd and aahd about my naked butt.  
  
I continued to circulate the floor, doing my poses, knowing that I was showing very little, but thrilled at the possibility. “I love your legs, and the barefoot look is so sexy,” Zach complimented as I paused next to him to eat another piece of sushi.  
  
“Thank you!” I enthused, curtseying to him.  
  
“Is everyone enjoying the evening?” Tom asked, taking control again as I chewed. In return he received cheers.  
  
“I was thinking that we should start to clean up a little to help Marcus out,” he continued, “but then I remembered that Claire likes to be helpful!”  
  
The guys all cheered as, rolling my eyes, I sauntered over the counter and organized the couple remaining pieces of dragon roll onto a single plate, one of which I popped into my mouth. I wiped up a small puddle of spilled soy sauce, and stacked the clean napkins neatly to the side, depositing the rest of the trash in the basket under the register. The guys were all chattering amongst themselves, making comments about my legs or cleavage in the shirt. I pretended to ignore them, but listened intently to every positive word, reveling in their appreciation of my body and my attitude.  
  
Next, I moved to the other counter, where I started folding clothes that I had not tried on, but had been pulled out. A few dresses were cute, but I liked the ones he’d had me try on more. It also looked like I’d already modeled the sexiest lingerie. I had to make two trips to the fitting room, returning with armloads of clothes and shoes that I had tried on. I folded all of the panties and paired them with their matching bras, stockings, and garters where appropriate, and then moved on to the dresses.  
  
“You’re such a good helper, Claire!” Tom enthused while Zach loaded the neatly folded stacks into the messy case that he’d been digging through haphazardly all night. “Just one more shirt to put away!”  
  
The guys all cheered, and Zach, who was squatting down next to his bag on the floor, actually fell over as he spun to look in my direction.  
  
Knowing exactly what he meant, I stepped around the counter as the guys widened into a semicircle in front of me, and Zach scrambled to his feet, an eager hunger on his face.  
  
I unbuttoned the bottom of the shirt, holding it together with my hands. Looking up into their eyes, I moved one hand upward, pulling it off of one shoulder, so that most of that breast peeked into view. “I should just take it off?”  
  
Tom’s answer was quiet, and I could tell it was in the affirmative, but the rest of the guys cheers drown out his voice.  
  
I shrugged my shoulder a little, which allowed the rest of my boob to pop out of the shirt, before quickly pulling it back on. I repeated my little tease on the other side, leaving that breast exposed for a moment before I slid the shirt down to my elbows, exposing both of my breasts. Only my left hand was preventing the shirt from falling open or off now.  
  
“The whole thing?” I asked in as sexy a voice as I could muster.  
  
This quickly started a chant of “Take it off! Take it off!”  
  
Smiling, I turned my back to them and pulled the shirt the rest of the way off, completely baring myself to them from behind. I very quickly folded it and dropped it on the counter, and then placed one hand in front of my pussy and turned back to them as they cheered for me. I bowed lightly to them a few times before raising both hands above my head for the briefest second. “Thank you, gentlemen!” I called, dashing into the fitting room, my heart racing, my hand covering my crotch again, but my boobs bouncing with each jogging step.  
  
I was catching my breath when a cheer went up from the guys again. Figuring that someone had made a comment about me, I turned to the table to grab my clothes so I could dress and more quickly rejoin the fun. That’s when I figured out what the cheer was about.  
  
I opened the door to peek out, seeing all the guys standing by the counter, smiles on their faces, watching the door eagerly. Tom was out in front of the group, grinning mischievously, holding up my shorts with one hand and my bra and t-shirt with the other. “Missing something, Claire?” he grinned as the guys all laughed rowdily.  
  
I looked around the fitting room, but it was decidedly empty. He must’ve snuck in here when I was folding the other clothes. I had to give him credit for ingenuity. Head held high, a smirk on my lips, with a hand in front of my pussy and the other arm covering my breasts, I walked back out to the applause and appreciative whistles of the guys.

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“I couldn’t find your underwear, Claire,” He laughed over the din. “I think you might have given them to Zach to pack away!”  
  
“I didn’t wear any panties!” I replied, blushing tomato red as the cheer renewed. I noticed that the twins had drifted behind me and were openly and obviously staring at my butt.  
  
Tom looked at me quizzically, to make sure I was alright, and I winked, nodding my head almost imperceptibly to let him know everything was fine. He held my bra out to me, but as I uncovered my chest to reach for it, he pulled it away. “I think we should get a good look before we let our fun come to an end!”  
  
“It’s impossible to put on a bra one handed,” I reminded him sarcastically, my arm firmly back in place.  
  
“That would be merely a look,” he smirked to more laughter, “when I clearly said, ‘a GOOD look.’”  
  
“What do you want me to do?” The guys cheered once again, hearing the good-natured resignation in my voice.  
  
“Why don’t you do all your poses for us!” called one of the twins, moving around to the front of me, obviously disappointed that he’d missed the brief moment when my hand had left my breasts.  
  
"Pose-es! Pose-es! Pose-es!” chanted Zach, surprising me as the other joined in.  
  
Tom stepped back to join the group, which was forming a loose semicircle around me as I felt my face flush again. They continued to chant as I worked up my nerve. I moved my hands to my waist and tilted my hips, placed my legs shoulder width apart, and rose to my tiptoes, receiving the loudest ovation of the night. After a couple of seconds, I turned slightly, crossing one leg in front of the other at the knee, and placed both hands in my hair. A few more seconds and I turned, legs in a neutral stance, tiptoes again, sticking my butt out slightly and wiggling my ass at them. I turned to face them again and raised both hands high in the air, stretching, and slightly arching my back with my legs locked together, on my toes once again. Last, I stood with my legs a little wider than my shoulders, one hand flared out by my hip, the other straight in the air, wrist cocked.  
  
I immediately returned my hands to their protective positions over my chest and crotch as my nervous excitement continued to build. “Satisfied?” I asked, hoping that they weren’t.  
  
“Claire wants to know if we’re satisfied!” Tom called, eying my hands meaningfully. I knew that the best way to make him push me to do more was to stand here and do nothing. If I uncovered, he would be powerless, but as long as I hid myself, he and Jim could make me show more. Instead of moving my arms, I winked at him again. He winked back, then turned to the guys. “I don’t think she should cover up until we give her something to wear, but I’ll leave it to all of you! Do we think she’s done, or does she need to learn not to cover up?”  
  
"Pose-es! Pose-es! Pose-es!” came the renewed chant. I think Darius was the first, but Zach was the loudest for sure.  
  
“Sorry, Claire. You shouldn’t have covered up, I guess!” Tom apologized halfheartedly. Then, to Marcus, “Can you turn up the music in here? Maybe she can dance a little!”  
  
Marcus dashed behind the counter and twirled a volume knob that was mounted in the wall. Even at full blast, the sound wasn’t overpowering, and the soft rock of the 80’s was not something I’d normally have picked. I Danced around, striking each pose again and again, holding them for a second or two longer than I had the first time, as the guys catcalled and applauded for their favorites and for my dancing. I finished the final pose and held it without moving for a solid ten seconds as the song played its final notes. “Am I done?” I asked covering my crotch again, but only halfheartedly covering my chest with the other arm.  
  
“I think she was a great sport!” he called to the guys, who applauded me.  
  
Marcus, blushing furiously, stepped toward Tom and whispered in his ear.  
  
Tom smiled brightly. “He asked if we can have her walk her normal runway with just those boots on!” he called to the group. “So what say you?!”  
  
They hadn’t been put away yet, so they were quickly at my side, and I was ushered onto a low stool, and all the guys crowded around in front of it. I allowed Marcus to put the little socks on each foot, and to then slide each foot into the supple boots. His hands were visibly trembling as he pulled the zip up, his eyes locked between my thighs. He helped me to my feet, unable to look me in the face for more than a few seconds before his gaze roamed south.  
  
With the music still playing, I strutted and danced now as I made my way up and down the aisles, stopping to pose as I had done so many times that day, while the guys took up positions more spread out than the tight semicircle around the counter. I took a little longer with each pose, smiling and waving as the cheers grew more and more exuberant, intent on ending along with the song. Tom caught my arm and whispered in my ear, getting a nod from me before announcing his plan to the group. As the song drew to a close, I sauntered over to the counter, and hopped up to sit on the edge. I spun, kicking my legs up, and then stood, resuming my dance, now on the bar, as the boisterous mood in the store reached a fever pitch.  
  
Tom, and then Jim, started the chant of “Take it off! Take it off,” and I smiled, nodding at the crowd to let them know that I would. I danced for about half the song, and then turned, setting my legs a little wider than shoulder width, and hinged forward at the waist, touching my palms flat to the countertop. I bounced each knee momentarily before I slid my hands up each leg, finding the zipper pulls. The supple leather fell gracefully away to either side as the zipper lowered, until they were peeled like a banana, my bare legs exposed inch by inch. Standing again, I lifted a heel, and my foot slid easily out of the boot. Without touching the ground, I lifted my leg so I could pull off the little sock, and then straightened, only my pedicured toes touching the countertop. I repeated that movement with the other leg, now standing, and dancing, with my bare feet between the boots. Tom reached forward and dragged them off the counter as I continued to dance, barely hearing the transition from song to song as the noise of the guys all but drowned out the Muzak.  
  
It was that volume of rowdiness that made it so that we didn’t hear the security guard. I caught some movement from the corner of my eye, and spun to see him, confused but enchanted looking, staring through the security fence.  
  
Surprised by his appearance, I screamed, dropping into a ball on the countertop. The guys spun around, and Marcus jogged to the front of the store to let him in.  
  
All of the noise we were making had drawn him to the store, and he’d been watching for a few minutes before I’d seen him. “I tried shouting out, but you guys couldn’t hear me!” he explained.  
  
Tom and Jim had helped me off of the counter, but had not given me any clothes, so I was introduced to him naked. Randall was good natured, and willing to allow us to continue our revelries, but I was getting ready for it to come to an end. I feared that they would want to repeat too much now that another guy had joined in.  
  
Tom held up my bra in one hand and my shorts in the other. “We have to say goodbye to something, gents!” he called to lighthearted boos.  
  
Shouted votes, mostly in favor of my ass, pussy or tits, devolved into a short debate as I slowly danced around, naked in their midst. Dave, reserved and mostly quiet until then, boiled it down. “We all like her chest, but putting on the shorts hides both her pussy and her ass!” In the end, I was given my shorts, and asked to dance around the room, doing my poses topless. I was then handed my bra, and I had just hooked it into place when Jim stepped forward. “We were really undecided, and I, for one, think we made a mistake,” he said, trying to quiet the lively room. “I think it would have been much better if you’d put your bra on first!”  
  
The guys finally silenced themselves, waiting with baited breath as I began to wonder if they’d ever let me dress fully. Jim was looking at me, a smirk playing on his lips and eyes, and I knew what he wanted. Meaningfully, he gestured towards my shorts, and then the floor. A cheer rang out as I sighed and slid them down my legs and handed them to Jim. I repeated my walk and poses, now naked below the waist. When I finished, Jim held up his hand. “Which was better?!” he called out. “Bottomless, or…” he looked pointedly at my chest and stage whispered, “take the bra off,” as I complied in mock frustration and handed it to him. “Topless!” he yelled.  
  
He dragged the unofficial voting on just to keep me naked, and had me walk and pose in just my sandals while he and Tom whispered conspiratorially and smiled at me. I didn’t have to wait long to figure out what that had been about, because next Tom handed me my shirt to renewed loud cheers. I walked and posed again, the guys growing more and more bold, calling out for me to spread my legs farther apart for this pose, or to bend forward for that one.  
  
Once I’d been given my shorts, I was passed around the room for multiple hugs from each of the guys.  
  
At first, Marcus was unwilling to take my money, but when I told him that it made me feel like a prostitute not to pay, he agreed, and ran the sale through his register with more than a 50% discount. I stuffed my bra into the shopping bag, which Tom insisted on carrying. We had to leave through the back of the store and were a boisterous crowd as we walked down the long concrete corridor lined with doors. I flashed them all several times, mostly at their requests, but also on my own as the twins parted ways to head back to their restaurant to pick up some of their things. At the main entrance, the three from the distributor walked jovially towards their cars after asking if we wanted to join them for a drink.  
  
“Thanks again for your help, Marcus,” I said sincerely. “I really, really appreciate it!”  
  
“I still feel like a jerk, taking your money,” he replied.  
  
“And I’d still feel like a whore if you didn’t,” I reminded him.  
  
“Technically you’d be a stripper,” Tom corrected. “You didn’t screw him, you just stripped for him.”  
  
After an awkward silence, Marcus said “I hope you get to model for them. They’re totally on the level, and you’d be really good at it.”  
  
“Thanks,” I replied. “I hope so, too!”  
  
Jim, Tom and I walked to the car while Marcus followed after his vendors. “When did you shave your pussy?” Tom demanded.  
  
I smiled. “I’d wondered if you noticed.”  
  
“I’m SO going to have to take a closer look at that!” he threatened.  
  
I think he was expecting a snide remark, or denial from me, because he looked a little shocked at my reply. “I was hoping you’d say that!”