**Claire and the boys next door 1**

by janscoM

**Claire and the boys next door - 1 of 4**

When it came to puberty I was a bit of a late developer, even on my 17th birthday I still had pretty much no breasts to speak of and was much smaller than most of the other girls in my school year. As a result of that and my generally nerdy interests I was pretty unpopular at school and completely lacked confidence. I'd hang around with my few close friends and try and get by by being ignored. It wasn't so bad, I was close to the friends I did have and we had fun, just the burgeoning social and sexual life of High school pretty much passed us by.  
  
By the summer just after I turned 18, however, things had changed. Over the previous year my body had developed quite a bit, which was a big shock to me at first, but then an increasing source of pride. The thing is, however, I shared this with no one, I'd always worn shapeless and baggy clothes to school so it was easy to just keep doing this, I genuinely think no one really noticed apart from me and possibly my parents. Certainly my Mum bought me bigger and bigger bras as the year went on, but it wasn't really remarked on. I had always stared at the good looking girls at school, not quite understanding the feeling of excitement and jealously I had about their bodies and the confidence with which they showed them off, but that became an even stronger part of my sexual fantasy life over that year.  
  
By the time that summer started my breasts had actually become really quite sizeable, somewhere around a D cup, but on my pretty small frame they honestly looked huge. My hips and bum had also started to grow, the latter becoming curvier and curvier as the year went on. It was slightly ridiculous, I could eat what I wanted and all that ever happened was my ass and tits grew, nothing else. My arse had in fact been harder to hide in my school outfits, I'd had to eliminate a good 60% of my trousers as they became too tight. All I wore now were baggy dungarees, which really weren't in fashion but then no-one expected anything of me anyway. I used to stand in front of the mirror in my sexiest bra or topless with jogging pants or a thong, admiring my curves which were still so new to me and imagining myself as a popular girl, walking in front of the guys and showing off what was usually hidden. My measurements were something like 38-24-36, which I'd often type in to the internet to see what other women with my body were doing. As I looked at them the idea of showing myself off as well was so tantalising yet also still terrifying. I'd try and imagine ways it might happen involuntarily, like if someone surprised me getting changed, or (a favourite) someone spied on me in the school shower, but they always never quite seemed real enough.  
  
We moved house right at the start of that summer and ended up in a place with a much bigger back garden than I'd been used to. It was also secluded, with a large hedge on both sides and looking across a patch of private woodland. I'd heard some of the popular girls talking about their summers in the dining hall on the last day of term, it seemed their primary goal was to get tanned. One had talked about how she intended to tan topless or possibly even naked on her balcony. She'd explained that no one would be able to see, but had laughed and agreed when it was suggested there were some boys who she'd be delighted to be caught by. After all, she'd said, it was for their benefit she was getting the tan in the first place. The idea of a tanned body for people to look at excited me a lot, and when I saw the yard I decided it would be a pretty easy way to dip my toe into waters I'd been imagining for some time now. Even just the idea of being out in the open with my body obvious for anyone who could watch was pretty damned interesting.  
  
I had a bikini top I'd bought the summer before, but that was it. It was too small but not ridiculous as it was a very conservative cut. I immediately wanted to get some new clothes but the idea of going to a mall and looking at and then buying swimwear was still a bit much for me. In fantasies it was exciting but I knew the reality would be different, how would I react with people who knew what my body was actually like. People who even possibly started imagining what I'd look like in the clothes I was buying. For now I decided I would be fine in that top plus some cut-off jean shorts. Besides, my plan was to do it whilst my parents were at work, literally no one would even know what was taking place.  
  
After my parents left that first morning I tossed and turned in bed for another half an hour but finally couldn't take it any more. I told myself it was ridiculous to be so excited about so small a thing, but it would be more-or-less the first time I'd acknowledged my body outside of my own bedroom. I managed to wait till about 10am when the day had already heated up to about 80 degrees, but at that point I, with slight trepidation, headed out to our sun lounger wearing the shorts, my bikini top, and a shirt. I'd tied my shoulder length, brunette hear up in a loose bun and, although I was wearing my geek-ish (but these days fairly trendy) brown rimmed glasses, I was intending to take them off along with the shirt. I had a thong on under the shorts, but hadn't even thought about undressing that far outside.  
  
I sat down, and after looking round about 25 times to satisfy myself no one was looking, I took off my shirt. My heart was racing. I spent the first half an hour or so constantly shifting position, looking down at my body and getting really quite hot and flustered about the idea of being out 'in public' like this. My breasts were really only barely contained, although the cups covered almost all of their front they spilled out at the side and were squashed up at the top. I'd had to slacken off the band around my body as far as it would go and it didn't actually touch my skin underneath my boobs in the front. I looked like exactly what I was, someone with a woman's body wearing a child's swimsuit. I'd also cut the shorts a good few inches shorter the night before, and then made sure to pull the waist up high and buttoned tight. Again the coverage was good, but my butt cheeks swelled out from the bottom of the high cut shorts and were noticeably squashed into it. The slightly silly look to it just turned me on even more, my teenage body was bursting out of the outfit the way it felt as if my teenage sexuality was trying to burst out of me.  
  
After the initial intensity of enjoying my body and imagining non-specific someones also enjoying it, I began to also relax and enjoy the pleasure of being out in the sun in our beautiful garden. After another half hour or so the heat had worked it's magic and I drifted off into a light sleep, it really was a magical morning.  
  
I woke with a start sometime later, however, as, just as I was beginning to drift back into consciousness, I thought I heard voices. I lay still for about 30 seconds but heard nothing more, and just as I was thinking I'd imagined it and was about to drift off again I heard, clear as day, a stage whisper coming from the hedge about 20 feet away.  
  
"See, I told you, look at that!"  
  
"Wow, she's gorgeous!"  
  
"And look at that top, it's tiny on her, I think you can see underneath it a bit. I bet if we were closer you could maybe see her nipples poking out!"  
  
I froze, I couldn't think of anything to do so just stayed stock still.  
  
"Let's go down a bit more, we'll, be further away but maybe we'll be able to see up her top from below."  
  
I heard shuffling in the hedge, obviously it was the boy from next door with a friend. I'd seen him the day we moved in and my parents had told me he was in the other local high school after they'd gone round to introduce themselves. Imagining the two peeping toms leaving the hedge to walk down the garden I took the opportunity to get out of the situation. I quickly got up, grabbed my shirt and glasses, and went into the house. I went up to the attic and looked out of the sky-light, which let me see part of next door's garden. I watched for a minute or so until I saw two boys emerge from the hedge. They stood around for a moment, jumping up to try and look over, but soon gave up and headed out of my view. I was pumped full of energy and fear but sunbathing seemed out for the rest of the day now, and possibly forever.  
  
As the day wore on, though, the memory became less and less scary and more and more exciting. Now I knew who had been watching me the situation didn't seem as if it had actually been threatening. Although they were my age the childish language reminded me of my cousins or kids I'd baby sat for - boys that I knew I had nothing to fear from, and who I could actually mostly control. They didn't know my social status at school, and they looked as geeky and timid as I did in my school outfits. But at the same time they were boys, and boys who were obviously taking a good look at my body, they'd discussed my breasts and how tiny my bikini top had seemed to them. That, and the tone of lust in their voice when they wondered about seeing my nipples became very exciting to me. As I lay in bed that night I replayed their comments and started to imagine what would have happened if, instead of leaving immediately, I'd played dumb and let them have a good look at me. Possibly even shifted position to show some parts of me off more. I knew that, at the very least, I'd be back out in the garden tomorrow hoping they would try for another look.  
  
The next morning I changed into my outfit as soon as my parents left, watching myself in the mirror was again incredibly arousing. I decided to wait until 10 am or so to actually go out, but my plan was interrupted by the sound of the doorbell ringing. I was expecting no one so had no real intention of opening up, but I decided to use the spy-hole to at least see who it was out of curiosity. I was very surprised by the fact it was the two boys who had spied on me the day previously. What could they want? I definitely hesitated before opening to door, the idea still scared me but I reasoned I had every intention of showing myself them to them later, so why not now?  
  
At that point I had my shirt on over my bikini top, but today I'd decided to tie it off at the midriff exposing my stomach and had left the top few buttons undone, the swell of my breasts was visible but definitely not obscene. My hair was down, glasses on and I wore the cut off shorts with the zip up but button for the moment undone - there was no danger of them falling down, though, thanks to my ample behind. I noticed both boys running their eyes quickly over my body as I said hello and asked what they wanted, it sent a shiver of excitement through me.  
  
"Oh, Hi, I'm Tom from next door, and this is my friend Jim"  
  
"Oh, hello, I'm Claire, I think my parents mentioned you. Nice to meet you."  
  
They shuffled their feet and seemed hesitant to say anything more. I looked at them expectantly, Jim looked at Tom and eventually Tom started to speak again.  
  
"Erm, yeah, so we noticed that you were sunbathing yesterday. And, well, it's just..."  
  
"You saw me sunbathing?!" I said, feigning surprise.  
  
"Yeah. We weren't spying or anything, just we were up in Tom's room in the attic, and we looked out and there you were." Jim had managed to speak, trying to sound firm but not really succeeding. For some reason I'd not realised this before but his story made sense - if I could see their garden from my attic, then they could probably see mine.  
  
"And why have you come round here to tell me that?" Their nervousness and hesitancy was doing wonders for my confidence, feeding, as it did, the sense that I was in control of these boys. The fear and nervousness were going and I found myself scanning their faces waiting to catch them sneaking a glance at my cleavage, which I started willing them to do more and more often. A lot of the time they looked at the floor, but did occasionally risk eye contact or quick peeks.  
  
"Oh, right, well it's that.." began Jim.  
  
"Mum says there's a peeper in the woods."  
  
"A what?!" my surprise and confusion wasn't an act this time.  
  
"Yeah, Mum never likes to sunbathe out there in a bikini as she reckons people go to the woods and look into the back yards here during the summer."  
  
"Yeah, and we, y'know, saw you and thought we should let you know."  
  
"Oh, well that's very kind. I take it you noticed I was wearing a bit less than this then." At that I gestured up and down my body, and even threw my hip slightly to the side, inviting the boys to have a good ogle themselves. As I finished the movement I could see they hadn't missed the opportunity, both of them were staring, mostly at my tits.  
  
"Oh, yeah, well we weren't peeping ourselves, just.."  
  
"Of, of course not, it's very neighbourly of you to mention this."  
  
Jim noticeably nudged Tom, inviting him to continue.  
  
"Yeah, and, well we also wondered if you might like to come round to mine if you wanted to sunbathe instead. We've a side garden as well and the woods don't look over it."  
  
"Hmm, that is tempting." Something occurred to me and I decided to go for it impulsively. "So, you're saying in your side garden it would be OK to.."  
  
I started to unbutton the rest of my shirt, the boys staying silent. Once I'd untied the knot I looked out at them and, grasping each side of the shirt, I held it wide open, revealing my barely contained boobs under the red bikini.  
  
"..just be wearing this?"  
  
I looked down at my bosom and then up at them, even bending slightly at the waist to accentuate the view. I fixed them with an exaggerated innocent look as I held the pose waiting for a reply.  
  
Jim went fairly red, both of them gazed openly at my breasts.  
  
"Oh, yeah, no problem." Said Tom, his eyes not moving. "I'm sure it'd be fine."  
  
My mind continued to race, showing off for these two was one of the most exciting things I'd every done. I couldn't see but I could tell I was beginning to get aroused, so I imagine they were now able to make out my hardening nipples. On instinct, I continued.  
  
"Hmm, that's tempting but I can't always rely on you. I guess I'll have to work out what outfits I can and can't wear in my own back garden too."  
  
"Err, will you?" managed Jim.  
  
"Yes, though I don't really know what encourages peepers, as you called them, and what doesn't. Hmm, I know, maybe you two could help?"  
  
There was silence for a moment, the boys just looked confused. Tim, very hesitantly, offered "You, er ... want us to help choose your sunbathing outfits?"  
  
"Well, yes, and for doing other things out there. I could model them for you and you could tell me if it would be OK to wear them outside. You know, to make sure this peeper doesn't watch me. Also, I guess I should find out what I can wear at your house too"  
  
"Well, yeah, we could do that.."  
  
"Hmm, though I really only have this for the moment, and you're certain it won't do?" At that I took the shirt off completely, dropping it behind me. The action caused my boobs to bounce quite noticeably. I again posed and waited for the boys to pass judgement on me.  
  
"No, I mean, yeah, you shouldn't wear that."  
  
"And the shorts are no good too?" I pulled the shorts up and turned round for the boys, looking over my shoulder and down at my ass cheeks hanging out of the bottom. They also had a close look.  
  
"No, that too. It's a bit, erm, much, I think."  
  
"Hmm, well." I said, turning back round, no doubt disturbing my breasts again. "I suppose I could maybe cobble together a few outfits from my wardrobe and maybe borrow some stuff from friends.. I don't really want to buy something before it passes your inspection, it would be a waste."  
  
My intention was to wear a few sexy outfits for them, maybe some jogging pants and short skirts, that sort of thing - clothes I had but had stopped wearing now my body had changed. It seemed like an easy way to get comfortable in them again, and to enjoy these boys enjoying my body too. Things took a slightly different turn, however, as Jim sprang to life.

**Claire and the boys next door 1 - part 2**

"I could help! My sister left a bunch of stuff behind when she went to college, I could bring some things round and you could try them. I'm sure there's stuff for sunbathing."  
  
"Well, maybe, as I said not just sunbathing ... If you'd like to help, that is?" I wasn't certain about this development but I also wasn't sure how to shoot it down, it made sense in the slightly silly situation I'd created.  
  
"So you want us to bring you some outfits, and you'll model them for us?"  
  
"Erm, yes, if you put it like that."  
  
"OK." They continued to look fairly dazed for a moment, both of them now slightly red faced. Then Jim added "Shall we come back in an hour or so?"  
  
I was slightly shocked they were so forward, I'd imagined maybe it would happen the next day however again I couldn't now think of a reason to say no. "Yes, OK" I smiled, hoping my confident exterior didn't crack.  
  
"Erm, well, bye then." They didn't move, and continued to stare at me in my too small bikini top and short shorts.  
  
"Well, I'll look for my first outfit in the meantime. I suppose I should get this off, now we know it's no good." At that I gripped the bikini shoulder straps either side of the top of my breasts and moved it up and down slightly, causing waves to spread around my cleavage. The boys were no doubt imagining me actually taking it off. For a split second I wondered if I dared, the idea of being topless for these two was starting to be very exciting indeed, however I hesitated and the moment passed.  
  
"See you later!" I said as I shut the door.  
  
I imagined that the boys wouldn't waste too much time in coming back, from their point of view I'm sure they couldn't believe their luck and would be worried the longer they left it the more chance I'd change my mind. A quick turnaround probably suited me too as there probably was a chance I'd get cold feet if I'd thought about it too much. As it was the hour was mostly spent sorting things out so I didn't get much chance to reflect on what I was doing, and the horny high I'd just got from showing off easily carried me through. The moment where I'd seemed to consider getting topless for them was something that I definitely dwelt on a few times, with that curious mixture of fear and desire I was beginning to get to know quite well.  
  
My first thought was my outfits. My vague first intentions had been to wear things like tight jogging pants or leggings, but when I considered that it immediately felt way too conservative. They'd already seen me in short shorts so covering up more, even if it was very tight seemed a step down. However I just didn't really have anything else. In slight desperation I took one of the tightest pairs of black jogging pants I had, cut them into hot pants and pulled them on. They seemed they would have the effect I was hoping for - I could imagine opening the door in them as they covered all of the curve of my bum, but anyone more than glancing at me would quickly realise they were skin tight, thin and completely moulded to my body, offering no support whatsoever and letting my arse hang and bounce naturally. Up top I kept the shirt and re-did most of the buttons but removed the bikini top. There wasn't much visible cleavage, but the shape and bounce of my boobs were obvious. It seemed like good starting point and after that I decided I'd mostly be at the mercy of whatever the boys decided to bring me, once again the idea was delightfully scary. I had thought briefly that there was always my underwear, but I wasn't quite ready to acknowledge the thought of modelling bras and thongs for them yet.  
  
Next I started thinking about where to do this. I quickly settled on my bedroom as that's where I felt most comfortable and I'd have easy access to most of my clothes. Then, the most exciting part, if I was going to have the boys in my bedroom where would I actually change? I could do it in the bathroom, it was the obvious choice, but I felt nervous about leaving the boys on their own in my room. Plus changing clothes in the bathroom was hardly exciting. I thought about changing in my closet but it was too small and there was no light in there. I thought about just closing the bedroom door and doing it in the corridor, but that seemed too exposed. Then I hit on the plan. The closet in my room just had shelves, my parents had said they would get me a wardrobe but for the moment I just had a clothes rack in one corner of the room. I pulled that away from the wall and draped a blanket across the top of the clothes letting it hang down one side. It seemed stable and if I then stood between the rack and the wall the blanket shield came up to just below my shoulders and down to below my knees. If I took a bit of care the important parts would be well covered from anyone sat on the bed. The idea of changing whilst still being able to see and talk to the boys was a big turn on. I gave myself permission to chicken out and use the bathroom if I wanted which helped me decide to leave things as they were, and more-or-less just as I realised I was ready the doorbell rang.  
  
I went downstairs and, after checking it was Tom and Jim, I opened the door. Obviously their first order of business was to look at me but I ushered them inside and told them to follow me up to my room. As I was halfway up the stairs I realised what a view my thinly covered ass must be presenting them and made an effort to sway and push it out. When we got into the room I told them to go sit on my bed, I noticed that they both had carrier bags which seemed a promising sign.  
  
"So, what do you think of my first outfit?" I said, giving them a spin. "I tried to think about the most I could wear whilst it still being worthwhile to try and tan, surely from a distance this is probably fine?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess it probably is." Said Jim.  
  
"You can't really see your, erm, chest very much this time." Said Tom, sounding like he was trying to be helpful. It was the first time either of them had referred directly to my boobs in front of me.  
  
"Hmm, can't you?" I said, looking down at my chest. "I took off my bikini top as I thought that might help me tan through the shirt, but I worried it might be too obvious when I moved. What do you think?" At that I moved my torso up and down fairly vigorously, I could feel my breasts bounce unfettered under the shirt. After a few moments of that I then waggled from side-to-side, again causing all sorts of movement. I realised there was every chance there'd been a flash of nipple in between buttons but I was sure it would have been for only a fraction of a second, though I wasn't certain if that was a good or bad thing. Once again I could feel a part of me beginning to want to just show them everything.  
  
"Oh, right, yeah - you can sort of tell you're not wearing a bra."  
  
"We didn't really see anything though. Maybe it'd be fine if you stayed still?"  
  
"OK, well that went well." I said, fixing them with a grin. "What have you got for me to try on, then? It is fun to model things for you boys, you're so polite and helpful."  
  
Jim was mostly just staring at me after that, but Tom once again took the initiative.  
  
"Well, you said we could ask you to model some outfits, so we've got a few things. One we thought might be good for here, one for when you come round and then another that, er.."  
  
"We'd just like to see you try it" blurted out Jim.  
  
"If you're OK to" followed up Tom.  
  
"I did say I was happy to model for you, so no need to be embarrassed" I said. "And it sounds like you're thinking about the right sort of things for me so there's no need for you to ask really, just tell me what to do".  
  
"Just tell you?" stammered Jim.  
  
"Yeah, it'll make things easier" I said. I was operating mostly on instinct now but I was beginning to realise I felt at ease with the situation, but had an incredible tension between wanting to and being scared of showing off for them. I thought it would be much easier for me to get what I wanted if I just let them decide, they seemed much more worried and nervous than I was so I wasn't too bothered about it getting out of hand. I'd wondered what might have happened if one of them had simply told me to take off my top when I'd floated the idea earlier?  
  
"So, should I keep this stuff on for the moment and maybe pose a bit for you, or do you want me in something else?" They still were mostly just staring, with slightly startled looks. "Well, over to you two, I guess." I giggled and tried to look innocent and unthreatening.  
  
"Oh, well, the first thing for you is this" said Jim, reaching into the bag that was by his feet. He took out what I recognised as the top to a cheerleading uniform. It was a sleeveless yellow and gold v-neck tank top with blue lettering stitched in. He handed it to me and then reached back for the skirt, which was also yellow and gold and seemed really quite short.  
  
"It was my sisters" he said, slightly redundantly I thought.  
  
"OK, no problems" I said and headed to the rack.  
  
"I thought I'd just get changed here, if that's OK with you two?"  
  
"Oh, yeah, absolutely" they added, unsurprisingly.  
  
I walked behind the rack and placed the cheerleading outfit on the top. Then I turned to face them, "it's now or never" I thought as I started to undress. Both boys were watching rather closely. I untied the shirt from my midriff and then undid the buttons. I made sure to keep the shirt covering most of both my breasts, although there was now a gap in the middle all the way down. At that point I was standing as tall as I could, I wasn't sure how far down they could see - it probably wasn't to the height of my nipples but it might have been.  
  
Gripping each side of the shirt, obviously ready to take it off, I said to them "let me know if this embarrasses you, but it seemed easier than having to go out to the bathroom all the time. I think I'm all covered up." As I finished I crouched down a little bit to make sure of my coverage, opened the shirt and let it fall off my arms to the floor.  
  
Looking down at my body and deciding to act quickly I tugged my shorts down and then off each foot. As I felt my boobs hanging totally free whilst bending over, I thought about the boys being able to see everything I'd been wearing now on the floor next to me. All three of us knew I was completely naked. I straightened back up and looked at them.  
  
"OK, now for the uniform." I smiled.  
  
I picked up the top, it seemed very small, I began to suspect that this wasn't Jim's sister's most recent uniform if she'd already gone to college. I decided to turn around whilst I put it on as I realised I'd probably have a bit of trouble slipping it down over my tits and didn't want to expose too much to them as I struggled. I reached my arms up, and slipped it down. As I suspected as soon as it got to my shoulders it became stuck and I started having to encourage it down whilst my face was covered and my arms were mostly sticking straight up. The idea of the sight I was presenting to Jim and Tom was distracting.  
  
After I got it below my arms, but still bunched up above my chest I turned back around. "This next bit might be tricky, I take it your sister wasn't really my size?"  
  
"Oh, no, she did have smaller boobs than you. Oh, sorry, I mean ... breasts"  
  
"That's OK" I laughed "you can call them what you like. Let's see if I can do this."  
  
I began to pull the top down, it took me a good minute to get it in place and my tits were very squashed. At one point I had to reach in a re-position them upwards. It created massive cleavage, but at least it allowed the elastication underneath to be against my rib cage rather than the bottom of my breasts.  
  
Then I picked up the skirt, it was honestly about 8 or 9 inches long and pleated. I could see it might hang just below my bum but even walking would make it drift up and show me a little bit. It was at that point I realised I had no underwear to put on beneath it. I was getting more and more excited by my exposure the further I went, but I couldn't go out there knicker-less in that skirt.  
  
Holding it up in my hand I said to them "Oh, I'm going to need some knickers to put on underneath this, did you bring any for me?"  
  
"Oh, no, we didn't, not for the cheerleading outfit. Can you not just keep on the ones you have?"  
  
"Well, I would if I could, but I'm afraid I didn't have any on under those shorts. I was sure you'd have noticed, they were pretty tight."  
  
"Yeah, I suppose we would have seen them. I didn't really think."  
  
"OK, well my underwear is in my drawer over there". I pointed to my dresser. "Best choose a pair for me". I wasn't completely sure I wanted Jim and Tom rifling through my knickers but it seemed the easiest thing to do. And the most exciting.

**Claire and the boys next door 1 - part 3**

"OK, well my underwear is in my drawer over there". I pointed to my dresser. "Best choose a pair for me". I wasn't completely sure I wanted Jim and Tom rifling through my knickers but it seemed the easiest thing to do. And the most exciting.  
  
They both got up, opened the drawer and started to look through. It surely wasn't lost on them that they had a very good chance of seeing whatever they chose under the tiny skirt. After a minute or so Tom walked over carrying a pair, I reached out across the top of the rack as he approached - if he came too close he might have been able to verify I was still naked apart from the top.  
  
As I held them up I could see they'd chosen a white pair with a lace front. They weren't massive but also had a more or less full back. I'm sure they could have quite easily found a thong or even a sheer pair, I wasn't certain if I was pleased or not that they'd given me a fair amount of coverage. Still, I realised, if I wore this skirt and knickers combination in public it would cause quite a scandal.  
  
"OK." I said. "Best pop them on then".  
  
I quickly stepped into the knickers and pulled them up, like most of my clothes they were slightly too small so I could feel them stretched fairly tightly across my bum. I wrapped the skirt around myself and fastened it in place. There was nothing else to do but step out from behind my makeshift changing area and show them, so that's what I did. I walked over in front of them, Tom had returned next to Jim on the bed.  
  
"What should I do for you two?"  
  
I couldn't blame them for being silent for a moment, I caught a view of myself in the mirror behind them, it was completely obvious the outfit was meant for someone a few years younger and much smaller. Most of my rib cage and stomach was left bare by the top and the skirt was practically obscene without the large shorts cheerleaders normally wore. Although I didn't see anything myself I'm sure I had already flashed them my knickers. My chest was visibly straining the material, with two half globes of cleavage poking out from the v neck. I knew I looked like a teenage boy's fantasy.  
  
"Well, could you do a few cheers for us?"  
  
"Are you asking or telling?"  
  
"Oh, right, er ... do a few cheers for us."  
  
"You'll have to tell me what to do exactly, I'm afraid I've never been a cheerleader". Before today the idea had always seemed ridiculous.  
  
"Well, you er, raise your arms up and then out to the sides whilst dancing a bit".  
  
"Hmm, you mean like this". I stretched my arms out to either side and then brought them up straight above my head, starting to wiggle my hips as I did so. I can't say I was a great dancer, but the boys seemed to think my moves were OK.  
  
"Yes, that's good, erm do that a few more times". This was Tom giving the instructions at the moment. I continued on with my movements, getting a bit faster and starting to make a few letter shapes with my arms. I knew I was causing a massive amount of movement in my boobs pressing them one way and then another, I hoped my nipples didn't start to pop out.  
  
"You have to jump up as well sometimes, like a star jump." Jim decided to get in on the act.  
  
"OK" I leapt slightly in the air, throwing my arms out wide and my legs slightly apart. A breeze told me my skirt flipped up for the briefest moment on my way down. "Is that what you mean?"  
  
"Yes, you need to jump higher though. Do ten more star jumps, please."  
  
"Of course." I smiled at him and started my work, this method was definitely helping me to show more. With the instruction I leapt much higher this time and carried on bouncing away even though I could tell the front of my underwear was on display a good portion of the time. I was even able to watch the boys watching me, all their attention focused on parts of my body other than my face.  
  
After I finished the jumps my hair, which I'd had loose, was very messed up and all over my face though my glasses had remarkably stayed on. I asked the boys if they minded if I tied my hair up and they gave me their go ahead, so I got a hair band off the top of my dresser.  
  
"Erm, actually, you should put it in pig tails". Said Jim, who must have been really getting into things now. The idea was fine with me, so I grabbed another hair band and gathered my brown locks into bunches at either side of my head. They weren't particularly long, and one strand refused to play ball falling slightly in my eyes at the front, but it wasn't too bad. I stood back near them and looked up expectantly.  
  
"So there's this one move, you put your hands on your hips then lean to one side, and then rotate round so you end up bending over facing head on. Then you hold it there for a while, and then you reverse back up."  
  
"Oh, yeah, that's a good one"  
  
I think I understood what Jim was saying so I tried to re-create it as well as I could, easing my body round into the end position - bent over at the waist, hands on hips, presenting a view down my top to the two teenagers who were more than happy to look. Feeling more and more turned on by the attention I held myself like that for a while. "I think I can guess why you had me to do this one."  
  
"It's a real move, honestly" said Jim. "They do it at most games."  
  
"It's OK, guys, like I said I'm having fun." I finally returned back to the starting position as my back was beginning to ache a little bit. "Wow, if they really do that at games I bet the people on the other side of the field really get an interesting view".  
  
I honestly meant it in all innocence, but almost as soon as I finished I knew what idea I must have placed in Tom and Jim's minds. I decided to just wait as if I'd not realised. It was Tom this time who gave the instruction.  
  
"Turn round and then do the same move". Still without thinking too much I started to turn round. "And make sure to hold the pose at the end again" added Jim.  
  
I looked back over my shoulder. "Well, if that's what you want." I laughed "I suppose it's my own fault". Then I began the movement taking as muich time I could to slide into the end position and then holding. I could hear the boys shuffle on the bed a little but other than that I had no sign they were back there. I tried to guess how much of me they were seeing, certainly the skirt wouldn't be covering any of my white panties, and my legs were slightly apart just to hold my weight as I leant forward. I wasn't sure what they could be seeing between my thighs, probably not much of anything but I couldn't tell for sure. The thought was very stimulating and I found myself arching my back to present my lightly clad ass to them even more.  
  
After about thirty seconds my back started to ache again and I didn't want to try and hold it much longer. I was also feeling as sexually excited as I ever had, bending over in such a brazen fashion right in front of two guys. Doing it for no other reason than they told me to. I wanted to prolong it, so I took my hands off my hips placed them out in front of me and leant forward slightly, keeping my bend just at the waist and eventually supporting my weight on my arms as well. From this position I could look back between my legs to my audience, who were rapt on the bed. They looked nervous and almost as flustered as I felt.  
  
"Sorry guys, I can't hold that for too long but you hadn't let me get up yet. Hope this is OK?" I could feel my skirt was now hanging down completely the wrong way covering my midriff. "Well, at least you got to see the knickers you picked for me". I wasn't really pretending to be doing anything other than showing off for them now, and hoping they continued to take the bait.  
  
"That's OK" said Tom, eventually. "You can get up now." He turned to Jim. "Maybe it's time to give her the bikini?"  
  
"Oh, yeah" said Jim, picking up one of the carrier bags.  
  
I straightened up and turned round, fanning my face with my hand "Phew, that was exhausting, it'll be good to get this uniform off."  
  
"This is next" said Jim, handing me some fabric which hardly seemed to amount to anything. I dutifully headed off to the changing area and, with a mounting excitement, decided to take my first outfit off before really seeing what I'd be wearing next. The cheerleader top wasn't any easier to get off than it had been to get on, and once again I turned with my back to Jim and Tom whilst I struggled with it up over my head and off. The skirt came away with one gesture and fell to the floor and without hesitation I bent down slipping the knickers off. I stood back up and turned round, and then on a whim told Tom to come collect the outfit.  
  
As he walked over I leant forward making sure most of my body was pressed against the clothes on my side of the rack, but this time I let him get right over in front of me. His eyes darted down a few times, but despite knowing I was naked all he would have seen was a bit of cleavage. I gestured to the clothes which I'd placed on the top of the rack, he gathered them together and started back.  
  
"OK, let's have a look at what I'm putting on next."  
  
The bikini, which turned out to be glittery silver, was really tiny. I couldn't believe someone would leave it lying around for their brother to find, but it still seemed the best explanation for them to have it. It was basically just strings that tied together along with three small pieces of fabric. Looking at it more closely I could see there was no lining at all, just the silver material which was thin and very slightly elastic. This was going to leave nothing to the imagination.  
  
I decided to put the bottoms on first. The stings tied at either side of the waist and I had just about enough material to cover everything in the front, where I had a strip of closely cropped hair but was mostly clean shaven. I couldn't quite see but the string at the back was almost certainly invisible in my bum crack.  
  
The top tied above each shoulder and then between my breasts. Arranging the front of the top was quite a challenge, I could tell straight away that most of my tits would be uncovered. The triangles of material that stretched between the three strings just about covered my areola but that was it. To have my nipples covered, though, left the strings that tied in the middle a good inch or so above the bottom of my breasts, so the top just sat on my front rather than cradling my boobs as a normal one would. I had to tie it very tight to feel like it would stay in place. I looked down and tried a few light bounces, my breasts moved a great deal but it seemed like everything remained as decent as it could.  
  
"Are you sure this was your sisters, where did she ever manage to wear it?"  
  
"I don't know, I just found it in her stuff after she left. Maybe she wore it to tan in as well, we have a fairly private garden."  
  
"So you never saw her in it, then?"  
  
"Oh, no! I don't think I'd want to see my sister wearing something like that!"  
  
"I see, it's good enough for me but not your sister?!"  
  
"No, it's just, well..."  
  
"Relax, Jim, I know what you mean. I think you guys are going to see quite a bit of me in this outfit. Still, you have been kind enough to offer me a place to sun bathe and the whole point was I didn't need to worry about covering up."  
  
I walked out from behind the rack and turned to walk towards them. This time their faces were even more astonished, Tom even let out a gasp which he turned into a slightly elongated "Wowww", I laughed a little as I stopped stood in front of where they were sitting. "You look amazing, Claire." He added. "Really amazing".  
  
"Thank you, that's very kind." I decided to let them get a good look at the outfit they'd given me, and started to turn around. "It's amazing something so small can cover what it needs to really." I stopped with my back to them, looking back over my shoulder. "I can hardly tell it's there".  
  
"Yeah." Said Jim, looking closely at my essentially naked bum. "It doesn't really look like you're wearing anything from this side, Claire, well apart from these little strings." At this he actually reached out and brought his hand up as if he was going to tug at the bikini going across the top my ass. It was my turn to let out a little gasp, though I imagine neither boy noticed. I stayed stock still wondering if he'd dare. Jim's hand briefly hovered a few cms from the string, two fingers and his thumb extended in readiness. As he then lowered his hand he tore his eyes away from my bum and looked up at me slightly sheepishly.  
  
"Were you going to check the knots?" I said.

**Claire and the boys next door 1 - part 4**

"Oh, erm, yes."  
  
"Well, it would be a bit embarrassing if they came undone and it's the first time I've put on something like this. Maybe you should."  
  
Once again I found myself pushing my posterior out slightly, my plump round arse presented a few feet in front of Jim's face. I was certainly making no effort to move away from his hand. He fairly quickly took the bait and grasped the string, making brief contact with my skin as well, then he pulled it slightly away. I could feel the string between my cheeks come out a little as he did so. He then tugged at it a few times.  
  
"Hmm, it seems OK".  
  
"Oh good". I said, my mind really beginning to spin with what was happening. Jim's hand was still holding my bikini slightly away from me.  
  
"I'll try this side" said Tom, who quickly reached up and slipped all four of his fingers inside the waist band with the back of his hand resting against my bum. Things were definitely getting interesting. Jim let go of his side, and allowed his friend free reign with my thong. I was still rooted to the spot.  
  
First he tugged outwards a few times over near the left-hand tie, amazingly nothing came undone though I could once again feel the string sliding into and out off my butt crack. I vaguely wondered if it was noticeable from the boy's angle. Then, his hand once again resting against my skin, he slid it rightwards until his fingers were either side of the middle string. Next, taking a firmer grasp, he starting tugging once more. This time he was vigorous enough to jolt me backwards a small amount each time he pulled, no doubt jiggling my bum in front of him. He stopped with the bikini as far away from me as it would go comfortably, I had to steady myself to keep the tension and stop being pulled towards him. I could tell that the string was more or less completely out of my arse, it felt like he might have been ready to rip them down. It felt good.  
  
"You've really tied this fine, Claire, I think".  
  
I looked back and down as he looked up at me, his hand still holding my tiny bottoms several inches off my body. "Perfect, thanks a lot for checking, you two". He let the bikini snap back to my body and I let out a little yelp. I noticed that this time neither boy apologised.  
  
"We should check the top, though". Added Jim.  
  
"Yes, turn round."  
  
I turned round. We were well into territory where I had no idea what was about to happen or what I would let them do to me. I realised, however, I had no intention of stopping here. I was getting nervous again, but the overall feeling I was getting from shamelessly showing my body off to these two was still far too exciting to ignore.  
  
"Erm, I think it would be best if you knelt down, Claire, that way we can reach easily."  
  
"Oh yes, good point." I lowered myself to my knees, they were now slightly looking down at me from their position on the bed. They shuffled forwards a little bit, presumably so that whatever parts of me they were thinking of grabbing were in comfortable reach. I found myself pushing my shoulders back and my tits out, I really was being blatant.  
  
Tom started things this time, he hooked a finger into the bikini between my breasts and around the knot I'd tied. He was certainly going to test it, it seemed. He tugged down quite lightly a few times, my boobs wobbling with each movement of his hand and my nipples prominently sliding up and down the silver material.  
  
"Good idea". I said, looking down. "It really would be a problem if that gave way, wouldn't it?"  
  
"Yeah" grunted Tom, not really wanting to talk much at this point it seemed.  
  
"Just imagine someone seeing me topless, I don't know what I'd do". The ridiculousness of the statement given my current state of undress just excited me more. Jim and Tom, however, seemed to be pretty much ignoring what I was saying and concentrating on their tests.  
  
Next Tom started to gently pull the bikini away from my boobs. There wasn't much to give, but it came out a little bit where he was pulling. Looking down I could see that the fabric triangles were slightly away from me at the sides closest to his finger, but was still flush against me on the others. I couldn't see my nipples so it was unlikely the boys could either, but they may have seen a bit more of me. Tom tugged down slightly but everything stayed in place. I realised as he did so that any pressure upwards and my tits would probably just fall out. Again I wondered if I should stop them but I didn't make the slightest effort to.  
  
"My turn" said Jim, causing Tom put his hand down. I shook my head from side-to-side and reached my arm up to brush the stray piece of hair from my eyes, I think I was mostly just releasing some tension before the next test but it obviously gave Jim an idea.  
  
"Er, Claire, put your hands on your head, please."  
  
"Like this?" I placed my hands on top of my head, interlocking the fingers so I could rest them there a bit more comfortably.  
  
"Yes, that's it. Leave them there whilst I, y'know, test your top."  
  
Judging by his gaze he obviously liked the way that position made my boobs look. This time it was Jim who used his whole hand, grabbing my top by inserting it down between my breasts squashing in to the sides of both of them. I was slightly amazed he'd been so bold, but once again just held my position as he worked his hand down and gripped around the whole knot. It was fairly obvious what his goal was, at the very least he was going to pull the top far enough away from my tits to see everything. I realised that I wanted it as much as I'm sure he did. He pulled outwards slowly but firmly, looking down I watched as both my erect nipples came completely free of the bikini top, the boys certainly watched as well.  
  
"It's still holding, isn't it!" I said, trying to sound as innocent as I could.  
  
As Jim held the top out away from my breasts it was clear gravity had had its inevitable effect, and my bikini was now several inches away and above my nipples. As I knelt there, continuing to brace myself in order to keep up the exposure, they concentrated on getting as good a look at my tits as they could. I wondered if Jim would try and cover me back up when he was done. After a few seconds Jim started to relax his hold, but as he placed my top back against my skin he, if anything, eased the tiny bikini even higher so it hung slightly loosely near the top of my chest. I was effectively topless for them, hands still on top of my head with my now naked breasts thrust out. I held the pose for a few seconds longer then pretended I'd just realised my level of exposure.  
  
"Oh, I seem to have popped out a little bit." That was quite an understatement given my bikini was not much more than a necklace at the moment, but the trembling excitement I felt was still spurring me on and I didn't want to scare them.   
  
"Er, yeah, sorry". Said Jim.  
  
Tom sprang into action and grabbed my top with both hands, pulling it down. I stayed as I was as the boy fumbled with it, his hands more than just grazing my boobs as he yanked it down underneath them. He had got on the underside of my tits, staying in place and causing them to rise up and stick out even more pertly towards them, however, as I'd found when I first put it on, if the bikini was down there the triangles of material didn't cover my nipples. Those two were still rock hard and continued to point out at him and his friend. He had essentially made sure my breasts were perfectly presented for them both.  
  
"Is that better?" I said. "I'm sorry, I maybe didn't put it on very well, it's the first time I've worn something like this."  
  
"Well, maybe you'd best try and sort it yourself." Said Tom.  
  
I stood up and turned round. I stayed more-or-less where I was giving them another close up of my bum whilst I tried to settle the top back in place. I had to tighten the knot but managed to regain what little decency the bikini offered. I turned back round to them and gestured towards my bosom.  
  
"There we go, all fine again. I am so embarrassed about that, hopefully you didn't see too much."  
  
The boys tried not to look too disappointed, I was pretty sure we'd all be thinking about me kneeling topless in front of them in a glamour model pose later on. I was already re-living it a little bit, I felt both glad I was mostly covered again but delighted at the memory.  
  
"Should we move on to the third outfit?"

**Claire and the boys next door 1 - part 5 (final)**

"Oh, yeah." Said Tom. He started to once again reach for a bag. "I got this one, it's, er.."  
  
"He got it from his Mum's chest of drawers." Said Jim.  
  
"Your Mum's?!"  
  
"Yeah, well, I don't have a sister so I couldn't look there could I?" Tom shot Jim a slightly aggrieved look. When he brought the outfit out I was once again surprised they could put their hands on it at such short notice, and that Tom's Mum would have it, but there it was. It was an expensive looking but fairly tiny black lingerie set that seemed to have a bra, panties and then stockings and suspenders.  
  
"Oh, wow, I'm not sure I could go sunbathing in that!"  
  
The two of them, perhaps wisely, just stayed silent for the moment.  
  
"I suppose I did say I'd try on outfits for you, didn't I?" I added, bringing my finger up to my lips in a fairly clichéd but I'm sure effective pose. "And I think I might actually be wearing less at the moment." I again looked down at my body, inviting them to do the same. Not that they needed an invitation at this point.  
  
"Plus, we're telling you to do it" said Tom, this time actually achieving a slight firm edge to his voice.  
  
"Oh, well, in that case!" I laughed and turned round heading for my changing area with the skimpy underwear in hand.  
  
This time Tom and then Jim followed me over, standing a few feet in front of the clothes rack whilst I went behind.  
  
"We'll take the bikini back." Said Tom.  
  
"OK, I'll just take it off for you." We really were starting to get into interesting territory now and I still had no clear idea of how far I'd let them take it. I felt in control, but given we all seemed to want the same thing for the moment I wasn't 100% sure about that. I decided to not think too much about it for the moment, and I reached up to undo the knot between my breasts.  
  
As I looked down in my peripheral vision I saw the two of them take a further step forward, they were now right by the makeshift barrier. Given I was a little back from it they now almost certainly had a clear view of most of me. I hesitated ever so slightly, but then tugged at the knot and after a brief bit of resistance it gave way. The bikini top fell wide open and my breasts bounced into their natural pert shape, nipples still straight out. I waited a beat to let the boys have another look at me and then brought an arm up. I slipped out of the top quickly, swapping the arm in front of my boobs in the process and then I looked up and held the top out towards them.  
  
"There you go". I said, making eye contact with them both. At that point it was obvious we all knew they were watching me change, Jim's gaze in particular went obviously down to my sparkly thong that was all I had left on. I wondered what I'd do or what they might tell me to do next. Tom reached out and took the top off me, immediately dropping it to the floor behind him.  
  
With my free hand I took hold of one of the ends of the knot of my tiny bottoms and held it out as if I were about to pull on it.  
  
"Time for this, I guess."  
  
This time I knew I wasn't quite ready to get completely naked for them, so, keeping my arm in place up top I turned and, kinking my hip out towards them I did start to pull on the end of the string. I was slightly more turned round than sideways on to them, so I was fairly sure I'd not be showing more than I was already. They would see my ass, but it had been on practically full display to them both for about ten minutes at this point.  
  
Sadly this knot didn't seem to want to co-operate, and despite tugging at it a few times with increasing force it stayed where it was. I hadn't paid much attention to the knot I tied earlier on, and it had already been subjected to some force from both Tom and Jim.  
  
"Hmm, I don't think this is going to come undone."  
  
It was very awkward from me to try any harder as much more movement or using both hands would leave me very exposed to them. One of the things turning me on was the slight tease of the situation, and the way we weren't quite completely acknowledging just how blatantly this was now about me showing my body off to them. I didn't want to ruin that balance, but didn't really know what to do next without asking them to go back and sit down. I supposed I would have to do that after a few more tries, though.  
  
"I'll help." Said Tom.  
  
"Oh, OK."  
  
He reached over the clothes rack and tried to take hold of the bikini string himself, but, although he did manage to take it from me he was stretching out and couldn't put much effort into the tug. The knot stayed resolutely tied.  
  
"I think you'll have to go round there." Said Jim. Probably immediately wishing he'd offered to go round there himself.  
  
At this point I was realising I probably wasn't 100% in control. Before I had completely taken it all in Tom was stood behind me on the same side of the clothes rack, Jim was leaning over next to him trying to get as close a view of it all as possible. Tom then crouched down, so his face was at bum level and again tugged on the end of the knot which still didn't budge. With each yank I fidgeted and wobbled, my arm still clasped to my breasts.  
  
"You're making it worse!" Said Jim.  
  
"Yeah, it really is tightly tied now." Tom had his head close to the knot and me, staring at it. "I don't think I'm going to be able to do it."  
  
"Maybe we'll have to cut it off." Added Jim.  
  
"Oh, I don't think we'll be able to do that." I said, trying to once again break into the conversation. "I'm sure I can sort it out, maybe you two should go back to.."  
  
I tailed off at the end of that sentence, I could suddenly feel Tom's two hands now grasping my thong at either hip. He was still knelt directly behind me.  
  
"Don't worry, this should work"  
  
And with that he yanked down my bikini bottoms with a fair amount of force. I think all three of us were slightly stunned as, when my very generous bottom halted it's progress about halfway down its round cheeks none of us moved much. Well, I'm sure I was wobbling a fair amount but apart from that.  
  
Possibly taking my lack of reaction for permission Tom tried again, this time switching his hands to grabbing the thong on either of my butt cheeks. As he tugged again, this time getting the back under my arse I realised that Jim was probably about to be able to see all of me unless I did something. I quickly slipped my spare hand inside the thin material at the front that was still just about covering me up. At that point the battle between Tom, the thong and my bum was won, and he easily brought it down to my ankles. Again without completely thinking it through I lifted one foot and then the other as Tom, now almost gently, slipped it off each leg and straightened up.  
  
I was stood completely naked in front of them. Tom had nothing stopping him from just staring at my backside, Jim had stepped a little bit to the side and was enjoying a view of my front where I had one arm across my nipples and the other hand cupped over my vagina. I looked down and noticed he could definitely see part of my pubic hair, though not much.  
  
At this stage, with me totally undressed, there weren't many places this could go so I turned to be able to face both of them. I think as we looked at each other we all realised just how far we'd gone and got a little scared.  
  
"Well, I'm not sure there much point in trying that lingerie on now, is there?" I began.  
  
"Er, I guess not."  
  
"I mean, you'll certainly not get to see much more of me than this.."  
  
"No. I'm sorry, Claire, I was just trying to help. That knot would never have come loose."  
  
"I know, it's OK, I'm not angry, just I think we should probably leave it here for now. I can maybe try on that underwear for you next time."  
  
"Oh, yeah, definitely." Said Jim, immediately perking up. Both of them made no moves to go though, continuing to enjoy the sight of all of me.  
  
I shifted a bit, possibly allowing a nipple to come free for a moment.  
  
"Well, OK, I think you can probably both find your own way out. You've got all the clothes don't you?"  
  
That spurred them to action. Tom bent down to collect up the lingerie which I'd put on the floor beside me, Jim picked up the bikini top from where his friend had dropped it. They both made their way back to the bed and put the items into the bags they'd carried them round in.  
  
As they went back to the other side of the room I was able to move my arms and stand properly, the rack now keeping most of me once again concealed from them. I was still naked, though, the boys even having taken all of my outfits.  
  
"So, yeah, we'll be in touch then?" They began to shuffle towards my bedroom door.  
  
"Oh, yes, I know where to find you." I smiled at them. "Maybe I'll come round to yours next time."  
  
"Oh, yeah. We'll think about what we can have you wear."  
  
"Or not wear."  
  
That second comment was Jim's and was definitely delivered more to his friend as they headed out of the room than to me. A bit too late I realised the door was to the side opposite where I was standing, so as Tom turned to close it, with Jim hovering behind him on the landing I moved to press myself against the clothes taking the front of me out of their view. It was obvious they'd both just had one last look at me though, and my bum was probably still on display as their observation window drew shut.  
  
I stayed like that till I heard the front door shut a minute or so later, then I ran and lay on my bed. I knew what I'd be thinking about for the rest of the day and I didn't want to cover up just yet.