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

by Cheryl

**Claire and the Boys Next Door - FanFic P1**

Friday night, Tom text messaged me and asked if 3:00 would be okay for me to come around to his house. His parents would be out until late, and we would be undisturbed. I was a little apprehensive to be alone with him, but my desire to see what he had in mind was winning out. Plus, I knew that I could trust him – he was always very respectful, and much more so than Jim. I tried to get him to hint at what his plans for me were, but he gave nothing away. I even asked if I should wear anything special, and he told me that anything was fine, but to please bring back the maids' outfit.

The next day I was at loose ends, waiting for 3:00 to come, my mood changing from nervous excitement to second guessing. There was a very real part of me that wanted to txt him and call it off, and go to the mall or the movies. But I knew that part of me wouldn't really win – that I would arrive at his door and learn what Tom, the shyest of my opportunists, had in store for me. Just like my mood, the time vacillated as it ticked toward the appointed time. It passed at snail's pace, each tick of the hallway clock echoing into an improbably long silence before the corresponding tock finally came. Then, suddenly, an hour would jump by unnoticed, so that I was double checking against my phone clock to ensure I hadn't misread the hands. Back and forth, the passage of time shifted, teasing and taunting me with its uneven passage, until, suddenly, it was 2:30 and I hadn't decided what to wear yet. I sprinted up the stairs, and quickly selected a sexier pair of pink silky nylon panties and matching bra. The bra cups were fine eyelet lace pattered, which allowed a hint of skin to peek through, so that the transition from my breasts to nipples could be discerned as the smallest suggestion of color change. The panties were a tanga back (not quite as small as a thong, but not the full coverage of a brief or standard bikini), with the same lace pattern in the front, presenting the dark outline of my pubic hair with shape and size, but not graphically displaying anything.

I stood in indecision then. He had said not to worry about what I wore, but I still wanted to look good, without looking overeager. I didn't want to arrive in the frumpy sweats I'd pulled on after my shower, but also didn't think that a sundress and heels would be appropriate. Finally, I decided on sporty-cute, and selected a pair of powder-blue short nylon running shorts and a graphic t-shirt, white, with a superhero's emblem across the front. I should probably have known the name of the hero, but I'd honestly bought the shirt because I knew that geeky girls were considered hotter, and it fit me wonderfully. The shirt was tight without appearing overly so, and the bottom hem stopped just barely above the top of my shorts, so that my bare midriff would be exposed with almost any movement on my part.

Completing the desired look, I pulled my hair quickly into a high pony and freshened my makeup, what little I was wearing. Satisfied with my face and hair, I grabbed a pair of no-show socks, and donned my running shoes.

I had ten minutes, which was just about perfect, so tossing my phone into the larger purse into which I'd earlier neatly folded and placed the maid's outfit, I let myself out the front door. Only on the short walk to Tom's house did the butterflies return. As I'd stressed about my appearance, the gravity of where I was going and why had momentarily escaped me. Now, as I walked up Tom's driveway, I got that recently-all-too-familiar feeling in the pit of my stomach as I considered the fact that I was voluntarily walking to the home of a boy who would soon be asking me to dress in what would likely be provocative, revealing clothes – or less – because I "owe" him for letting me borrow such an outfit that I wore – and removed – for another man. The absurdity of this would have made me laugh, had my desire to show myself to Tom – or more accurately have Tom want to see me – not been so strong.

The doorbell chimed twice, bing-bong, and the door opened immediately, as though he'd been watching me come up the walk.

"Come on in," he said cheerfully. He was rather sloppily dressed, wearing a dark blue, plain t-shirt and long grey basketball shorts, along with a pair of mid-calf socks. I was glad I hadn't dressed differently.

Feeling the butterflies taking wing anew in my belly, I stepped across the threshold as he closed the door behind me.

"I love the flash!" he enthused, his eyes breaking contact with mine to travel down my body.

It took me a moment to figure out what he was saying. My brain was caught up in why I was there, and so "flash" took on a different meaning. I felt my face flush at the same time that I remembered the name of the superhero whose emblem was stretched across my chest.

"Cute shorts, too," he mused, as his eyes passed down my body and started gliding back up.

I wasn't sure what to say, and didn't know what his expectation was, but my brain was still almost entirely focused on different scenarios that might come to pass. I wondered if he would want me to dress in the maid's outfit, which made me remember my handbag. "I didn't forget," I mumbled, pulling the costume out and thrusting it awkwardly at him. A single stocking dropped to the floor as he stared at me, confused, for the briefest moment.

"Thanks," he smiled, taking the bundle from my outstretched hand as I bent to retrieve the fallen item.

"My parents don't really allow shoes in the house," he said, eyeing my feet meaningfully before turning on his heel and walking down the hallway. I hastily kicked off my shoes, stuffed my little socks into each, dropped my purse on top of them, and trotted after him, my bare feet slapping lightly on the tile floor. When I rounded the corner, he was standing in the kitchen, leaning against a counter with the table to his right. Straight in front of him was the family room, with a sofa and two chairs facing the empty fireplace, the television mounted to the wall above it. Looking around, I spotted the pile of fabric that was the maid's dress, and placed the loose stocking in my hand on top.

"Thanks for coming," he said, smiling shyly.

"I said I would," I replied, still unsure of what I should do or say.

"I know. But thanks all the same," he shrugged.

I slowly started to realize that he was as nervous as I was, although for different reasons.

"What did you have in mind for today?" I asked coyly, not wanting to rush things, but curious all the same. "I didn't even ask earlier how long I'd be here."

"Oh," he replied thoughtfully. "I hadn't thought of that. Do you have plans?"

He was such a gentleman. Jim would not have cared. Or at least not much. He would have let me go, of course, but he would have made me feel guilty. I got the impression that, had I told him I only had ten minutes, he would have been disappointed, but would have hidden his frustration from me and let me go cheerfully.

"No plans," I replied. "I guess I'll want dinner at some point..." I trailed off, shrugging slightly.

"I hadn't thought," he replied. "You'll be home for dinner. Unless you wanted to hang out..." He added, hopefully, it sounded.

"We'll see later, I guess."

We both stood uncertainly for a moment before he broke the silence. "I don't really know how to start."

"Well," I replied hesitantly, "I guess I owe you a favor, and you wanted to collect. Why don't you tell me what you want?"

"Um..." He said, flushing slightly and breaking eye contact, staring at my bare feet. "I was thinking I wanted to do something... different from when it's me and Jim," he replied.

"Different how?" I asked. I tried to keep my voice light, but I was a little nervous. I didn't want to have to fend off the wrong kind of attention, but I also didn't want to discourage him from his plans if they were innocent.

"Well, I guess I wanted to... kind of... really study you, if that's okay?" He turned it into a question at the end, which I found kind of endearing.

"Are you asking me, or telling me?" I asked, a little more confident, so teasing him now.

He paused for a moment, perhaps taken aback at my directness. "Telling?" He replied, the question obvious in his voice.

"I owe you a favor. You asked me to come over so you could collect," I said, bringing things back on track. "If you want me to do something, just tell me what to do." I kept my tone light.

Tom smiled then, catching on. I had always wanted to be told – not asked – to do things, and I could see him making that connection in his head.

"I feel like I've gotten to see your body pretty well, mostly" he replied, blushing furiously, but maintaining eye contact. "From a distance, anyway. But today I wanted to... I mean I am going to... if it's okay... I wanted to… really look at you. Close up. And stuff," he said, losing steam at the end.

"Oh," I replied. I almost said "okay," but I was working not to seem like I was enjoying myself too much. "Why didn't you want Jim here?" I asked, the question popping from my mouth as it entered my head.

"He tends to want things to progress... differently," Tom replied thoughtfully. "I have, well, my ideas, but he kind of pushes things his way"

I smiled in response to his openness. He was being very honest with me, and it was enjoyable to see him in this new light, away from Jim's influence. He was actually much sweeter than I'd thought.

"Would you like to come into the family room?" he asked.

"Is that what you want me to do?"

"Please, join me in the family room," he corrected himself, gesturing for me to walk with him. "Did the maid's outfit look as good on you as I'm guessing it did?"

I had guessed that if he cared what anything looked like on me, he'd have me model it for him, so I was a little surprised by the question, but strove for an honest answer in return for his previous candor. "I suppose you would think so. It was really tight, and really short," I grinned.

He smiled as he sat on one of the chairs. He reached out tentatively, touching my bare leg. I wasn't expecting it, and I started just a bit. "Is this okay?" he asked.

I grinned down at him. "I won't let you do anything that makes me too uncomfortable. If you need me to move at all, just tell me.

As he slowly ran his hands up and down my leg, he kneaded my calf muscles lightly, and then squeezed my quadricep and hamstring muscles. After a few times up and down, he put both hands on my waist and pulled me around, so now my butt was a few inches from his face. After a moment, he resumed his exploration, this time on my other leg. Again, he seemed satisfied after three times up and down my leg, ankle to mid-thigh, when he cleared his throat. He guided me by the hips and turned me to face him again, and absently continued stroking, one hand on each leg. I looked down at him, and he was blushing again.

"I was going to have you put on the bikini again," he announced, "so I could, um... you know. Better."

"Would you like me to go change?" I asked.

"Is your, um, I mean... what kind of underwear do you have?"

"Normal underwear?" I replied after a short pause. I wasn’t sure exactly how to answer. Did he want color? Material? A moment too late I realized he probably wanted to know how skimpy they were.

He stopped caressing my legs, and sat a little straighter. "Um... okay, so I'm, um... I'm going to take your shorts off and, um... I'll look and decide if you should change." He said, fumbling, but trying to sound assertive. "Okay?"

In response, I stood straighter and pulled my legs a little closer so that the shorts would slide down more easily.

Tom was obviously unpracticed, and without preamble or warning, he slid his fingers into the waist band and pulled. I felt my butt jiggle slightly as it was pressed, then released as the fabric descended rapidly and pooled at my feet.

"Wow," he said, his eyes glued to the small area of my body covered by the panties. I felt the familiar sensation of butterflies in my stomach as he stared, knowing he was seeing the tiny, short hairs protruding from the small holes in the lace. He stared, almost mesmerized, for a long moment. Then he took my waist and once again turned my body so that my half-covered butt was facing him. In the process, I shuffled my feet out of my discarded shorts, half standing on them. Just as before, he let his fingers explore my legs. still, he allowed himself to trail all the way down to my feet, but now his focus was higher, on my thighs and butt, going as high as my hips and the bottom hem of my t-shirt. Occasionally, he would squeeze one or the other cheek, and even lightly slapped me, then paused to watch my body jiggle. A few times I could feel his fingers slipping under the loose edge of my panty, touching more of my backside. After another minute or so, he turned me around again, resuming his study of my legs and hips. His eyes were focused between my legs as his hands caressed the skin fractions of millimeters away from my brief, sheer panties.

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When it seemed he was satisfied for the moment, he left one hand resting on my hip and sat up higher, looking around as though searching for something. He steered me gently backwards a step, then stood facing me. “I’m going to take your shirt off now,” he explained.

Holding eye contact with him, I slowly raised my arms over my head, and he grasped the hem of my t-shirt. Just as has been the case with my shorts, a slow, teasing reveal did not seem his goal, and he quickly pulled the shirt up and off, getting it briefly caught on my pony tail. He tossed the shirt absently behind him, where it came to rest over the back of the couch as he took in the teasing exposure of the lace bra. He turned me sideways, and began caressing me, like he’d done with my legs and butt before, but now on the flat skin of my abdomen and lower back. He ranged over all of my exposed skin, allowing his fingers to lightly brush the top of my low-rise panties, and then slowly up to graze the bottom of my bra. As he continued, his fingers became more brazen, and he allowed them to venture just under the waistband of my panties, and to make more and more contact with my bra-encased breasts.

This exploration lasted a bit longer than the time he’d taken on my legs. When he stopped, he leaned back for a moment. “Turn,” he said, motioning with his hand that I spin for him.

I complied once, then again, and then he took my hand, stood, and said “come with me.” He led me into the kitchen, where he stopped at a stool tucked under the counter top. He turned me to face him and sat on the stool, putting his face at almost the exact height as my breasts. “Perfect,” he murmured, and rose again, saying "Please turn around."

I couldn't get over how polite he was being. "please" was not something I expected to hear when this boy was asking me to take off my clothes, and it really struck me every time he said it. I turned slowly, until I was facing away from him. Almost immediately I felt his fingers on my back, as he pulled my bra strap away from my body. After five or six long awkward seconds, I felt it release. "Hold it in the front," he said, almost an exclamation, as though he just realized my bra might fall off.

I put my hands up, and at his next command, I turned in place. He guided me backwards a half step, then painstakingly pulled each strap down each arm, until he had freed each strap completely. I could have done it much easier and quicker, but this was his game, and I wanted to let him do it his way.

He looked me up and down once more, then reached out and gently tugged on my hands. I sensed what he wanted, and as he pulled my arms away from my body, I let the bra drop to the floor.

"Holy... wow," he said under his breath. His gaze was locked on my chest, and I felt my nipples erect in the faint breeze of the air conditioning. Almost automatically his hands rose, and he gently glided his fingers over my bare skin, which elicited goose flesh to rise almost instantly. He seemed pleased by this reaction, and smiled widely as he looked up to my face, and then almost immediately back down to my bare breasts. "It just doesn't get old," he said, and once again it seemed as though he was speaking only to himself. He guided me toward him as he backed onto the stool, and began very lightly running his fingers over my chest. He reexplored my stomach, and allowed his fingers to glide over my skin from my panties up to my shoulders. He seemed fixated, and I felt the familiar butterflies take flight once again, fluttering in my stomach and intensifying the experience. He was less surreptitious now, and on each pass, he dipped his fingers under the tops of my panties and grazed the top edge of my pubic hair.

After a long few minutes, he dropped his left hand and caressed his right up my breast one final time to my shoulder, then down my arm to take my hand. It seemed as though he were about to lead me somewhere, but instead he became very uncertain, and just stared down at me for a moment or two. Disappointment was evident on his face, and he opened his mouth twice to speak, but said nothing. Finally, he said in what sounded like a hollow voice, "I want to see you dressed in another costume."

"What?" I asked.

"An outfit," he replied. "I have another one upstairs."

I looked toward the hallway and front door, where I knew the staircase was. "Now?"

"Please," he replied, and he guided me away by the hips as he stood.

Nearly naked, I walked nervously through the kitchen as he followed. "Watching you walk is stunning," he said, making me blush.

It felt very strange to walk through the strange house almost naked. I had done this once before, but this wasn’t even my own home. He followed me up the stairs, one hand on my backside the entire way, and then he steered me to the second doorway along the hall. His bedroom was sparsely decorated, with a car poster above his bed, which was unmade. A pair of workout shorts and dry-fit shirt were on the floor near an overflowing laundry basket, and toys and gadgets cluttered almost every surface. From under the bed he produced a sports bag, and from it he took some fabric. "Schoolgirl outfit," he announced, working to sound cheerful, but only just failing.

My anxiety finally got the best of me. “Did I do something wrong?” I asked.

“Wrong?”

“You seem… a little… upset. Off.” I said, trying to explain.

He dropped the clothes on the bed, and sat down, a little dejected. “I wanted to do something else, but it feels… wrong. Or weird. Or something.”

“Oh,” I replied, confused. “What was it?”

“I just, well…” he was blushing furiously, staring at his own stockinged, fidgety feet. “It’s nothing.”

I couldn't understand. Was this about having me do something? Did he want to kiss me – or more? A big part of me wanted to drop the subject and move on. Or maybe leave. I was topless, standing in his bedroom in just my brief, semi-sheer panties, and the rest of my clothes were rather scattered downstairs. If I needed to make a hasty exit, I would not make it far. But the more rational part of my brain was screaming that he had always been respectful, and I was not in danger. It didn't fee scary, anyway. The bottom line was that he seemed very bothered by something, and it was in my power to help him. I had always been the kind of person who was compelled to help when I could, and even now, mostly naked in this boy's bedroom, I felt like I had to do something. I pushed the thought of trust out of my head. “Tell me.” I said, lifting his chin to look into his eyes.

He resisted at first, halfheartedly picking at the pieces of the schoolgirl costume, but finally he started to come around. “You know how I was… you know… checking you, I mean, looking at you? Closely? And stuff? He stammered.

I nodded and tried to look encouraging.

“I wanted to... never mind. Forget it, not important..." he trailed off.

“Do you want to take off my panties? Do you want me to be naked?” I asked. I was only slightly surprised. Honestly, I’d been a little amazed that I was still wearing them. And if I was being honest with myself, I kind of wanted them off. This was not so bad at all.

"I want to watch you take them off," he whispered shyly, looking down again.

Determined to help him feel better, I screwed up my own confidence and asked, “facing you or back to you?”

He looked up. “So... really?”

“Why wouldn't we?” I responded, a little confused. "Isn't this why you wanted me here today? You've seen me without panties before," I reminded him.

“I figured you’d think it was too… intimate. Because we're alone.”

“I think that the intimacy ship has sailed! And I trust you. I wouldn't be here if I didn't. You know what not to do. If you want my panties off, I'll do it,”

He seemed happier immediately, and regained a bit of his bravado from downstairs. “Just like I had imagined?” he asked, seeming to want my approval.

"That sounds scary," I joked, keeping the mood light. "Just tell me what to do."

He seemed to want to touch me constantly. He guided me a few steps backward by the hips, and then he sat on the edge of the bed, and said "Please turn your back to me, then drop your underwear to your knees. Don't take them off yet, though."

Following his instructions, I did as I was told. Knowing the boys liked to see my butt wobble, I allowed the elastic of my panties to compress my skin, making my butt quiver slightly as I bent at the waist. I widened my stance slightly to prevent my panties from falling any further than my knees, then stood straight.

"That was amazing," he said from his perch. "Pull them up, then do it again, just like that."

I smiled with my back to him, so he couldn't see. It was kind of cute, actually. I repeated the show, covering and then baring my butt to him, four more times before he seemed satisfied. "Pull them back up, and then turn and face me again," he instructed.

"Wow, you have nice looking tits," he commented, smiling. I couldn't help but to return the smile.

"Now I want you to take your underwear down again, but this time facing me," he announced.

I pulled them down exactly as I'd done five times prior, stopping at my knees and then standing straight.

"Pull them back up," he instructed. "When you bend forward, I can't see your... I mean your... I can't see as well," he said, flushing bright red.

I smiled slightly that he couldn't talk about my pussy. I looked down. "You can see it," I countered.

"I want to see it get uncovered," he explained, blushing even brighter.

I attempted twice more, trying to stay upright as much as possible. "Why don't you pull them down?" I offered. I stepped forward, and he slowly pulled my panties down, at first revealing a hint of my hair, and then dragging them lower and lower, until they cleared my thighs.

"But I want to watch you do it," he said, steering me back a few steps again before he pulled them back up into place. "This time, try pulling them down to the tips of your fingers, then wiggle your body until they fall down."

I stood straight and pulled my panties down as far as I could reach without bending, and then released them. They were below my butt in back, but still on the thickest part of my thighs. Although it made me feel like an idiot, I wiggled and shimmied, and they slowly descended my legs until gravity could overcome the friction of my skin, and they fell to the floor. I stepped out of them, and looked to him for approval.

"Perfect!" he called, a little too loudly for the room. "Do it again, but with your arms out!"

Three more times I pulled up and then shimmied off my panties, and then he motioned me over to him, and he stared directly at my crotch as I walked the three steps back to him. He rested his hands on my bare hips, and sighed as his eyes stared with laser focus between my legs. After a long moment he turned me around, and his hands explored my naked ass, squeezing and groping much more frequently than before.

I was locked in a daze. Standing with my back to him, I was staring at my panties on the floor four feet away, feeling just how naked I was, and waiting for what he might do next. I felt him turn me again, and almost automatically shuffled my feet until I was facing him. At first, he was tentative, but when he moved closer and closer to my mound and got no reaction from me, his confidence grew. Although his fingers gently grazed my close-cropped pubic hair, he did not violate me, contenting himself to look as closely and as long as he liked. I felt the breath of his sigh on my skin, so close was he to my naked body. This was the longest he’d spent examining me yet, but finally he tugged gently and playfully on my pubic hair, swatted my butt from the side, and said “Schoolgirl outfit!”

"Shall I assume I’m not going to dress in private?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"I want to watch you," he confirmed. He picked up a piece of white gauzy fabric and handed it to me. I took the knee-high nylon stocking from him. "Please sit," he instructed, standing and motioning to the bed where he’d been.

Aware of the exposure I was about to provide, I sat on the edge of the bed. The stockings were cheaply made, and obviously meant to be a costume. The material was very thin, and I could clearly see the fine lines of my fingers through the white film as I rolled the stocking to the toe. When I lifted my foot, he stared between my legs, then almost unconsciously dropped to his knees to improve his view. I pulled the stocking on over my toes, then up to my calf, adjusting it as I went, and then looked to him for confirmation that I should proceed.

He nodded, not averting his gaze, and I repeated the process with the second stocking, twisting it slightly once it was on to get it perfectly in place.

"Shirt next," he instructed. The shirt had no buttons, but the front hung low in two long thin strips, intended to be tied. I pulled it on, and immediately discovered that it was a bit small for me. The arm holes were a little snug, and the sleeves very short, but the shoulders fit fine. The big problem was up front. I was almost out of fabric on the ties as I struggled to fasten them around my chest, which forced me to pull it very tight. Most of my breasts were being pushed up and out of the top, and I struggled to keep my nipples completely covered.

"That's better than I even imagined!" he exclaimed as leaned back on the bed for a better look, indicating that I should turn for him. "Now the skirt," he said after a pause, a smile large on his lips.

I picked up the green and black tartan plaid skirt, and stepped into it as he subtly shifted to sit on the bed, now watching me from there. The waist was very small, and it would not quite sit at my hips. I pulled it higher, fastened the clasp and pulled up the zipper near my navel, and then shimmied and twisted it back down as far as it would go. Resting just above my hips, it was at least an inch shorter than the maid's costume had been, which left at least half of my butt uncovered, and barely coved me up front at all.

"Oh my god, that's amazing!" he exclaimed, clapping excitedly. He asked me to turn for him again.

Finally, he handed me the panties. The thong was tiny, white, completely sheer nylon, meant as a visual accessory with no practicality, made of the same material as the stockings. It tied at both sides with long, shoelace thin pieces of the same material. I struggled to get it in place, never having tied panties to myself before, let alone with a tiny skirt in my way. It took much longer than it probably should have, but he sat smiling and staring the whole time. Once on, everything showed. Possibly more transparent than the white stockings, the thong didn’t hide my pussy, but instead cast it in a fuzzy white tint. The strings hung limply in bows about four inches down each leg, hanging almost two full inches below the bottom hem of the skirt.

**Claire and the Boys Next Door [updated] (Fanfic) P3**

He looked closely at the panty, in front and from behind while I held the skirt up and out of his view, and then took my hand and led me back downstairs to the family room.

There he had me sit sideways on the couch, facing him as he sat at the other end. He tried me in a couple of positions, and finally settled on me with my leg stretched out toward him on the seat and the other on the floor. The tiny skirt did nothing to hide my crotch from view, and the sheer panty allowed him to see very clearly what was underneath. He sheepishly admitted that this was his plan all along. "It was kind of a backup plan if I didn't have the guts to have you take off your underwear," he explained, trying not to blush.

Seated on the couch, my pussy displayed behind a tiny curtain of white nylon, he wanted to talk. He wanted me to tell him about the prior adventures with Jim and him, so he could hear about them from my point of view. While we talked, he tried to make me confess that I had wanted them to see me naked that first time.

“No!” I explained. “I actually felt like it went too far too quick.”

“But you came over and did it again, only more,” he countered.

“Yes…” I hedged, “but –“

"And again after that," he counted on his fingers

"I know, but..."

“And you’re here today,” he continued, driving his point home.

“Yeah, but I really didn’t expect it to go that far that first time,” I said lamely.

He let it go, asking me to recount the second time, when I’d gone to Jim’s house in the back yard.

Finally, he asked me the real reason I had borrowed the maid's outfit, and I told him in sparse detail about Geoff's poker party.

After we'd been sitting and talking for half an hour or more, he stated, "You like when I see you naked. Don't you?"

I stammered for a moment, then, feeling my face go red, responded. "Yes."

"I know." he replied simply, a bit of a smug smile on his face. He leaned forward and tugged on the string of my panty, first on one side, then the other. He pulled it undone, and then tugged it toward him so that I felt the tiny back string slide between my buttocks before he tossed it, slightly rumpled, onto the coffee table. "Now, why don't you go get us some drinks? I'm thirsty."

I went to the kitchen, and heard Tom follow behind me. Sitting on the couch with my feet up, the skirt had ridden up considerably, but he refused to let me fix it. This resulted in my butt hanging almost completely out, and my pussy being very visible from the front, now without even the thin coverage of the sheer nylon of the panty. He pointed me to the glasses, and I filled them with ice and soda from the refrigerator, and then he raced back to his seat so he could watch me slowly carry both glasses back to him.

He wouldn’t allow me to sit again, but positioned me in front of him so he could look at my nearly naked lower body as I stood and drank my soda. I drained half of it in a single draw, unaware until that moment how thirsty I actually was.

I finished my drink and set the glass of ice down on a magazine. Almost as though he’d been waiting for this signal, he reached up with both hands and struggled with the knot between my breasts for a few seconds, until the shirt popped open. My boobs almost bounced free as the too-tight fabric sprung away. "Take that the rest of the way off. It's time for you to do a strip dance," he informed me.

I blushed slightly, but nodded my agreement, almost making a snide comment about taking off a girls' clothes before asking her to strip. I knew, however, that this wasn't about watching me strip so much as it was about watching me dance naked, and with this skirt as my only covering, positioned where he'd made me leave it, I was already as good as naked. "Over there," he instructed, nodding toward the carpeted area between the coffee table and TV.

He fiddled with his phone for a moment, and then the music started. It was a dance song I’d heard on the radio a few times. I marveled internally how much practice I was getting at this, and began swaying my hips and dancing as I’d done the other night on Geoff’s table. Less than a minute into the song, I undid the hook on the skirt, pulled down the zipper, and allowed it to fall down my legs. I kicked it directly into his lap, displaying a level of grace and skill that surprised even me.

As I continued to dance, he seemed to look somehow unsatisfied. I tried dancing sexier, as I moved and touched myself. I turned to show my backside and front in equal measure, squeezed my breasts, and teased my nipples to full erection, but his discontentment only seemed to grow.

After a few minutes, I recognized the final chorus of the song starting, and he broke his silence. “Why aren’t you stripping?” he asked, the frustration I’d seen on his face evident in his voice.

“I’m… I’m naked?” I replied, looking down at my body.

“You’re still wearing the socks!” he whined petulantly.

“Oh,” I laughed. “I’m sorry, I didn’t realize you’d want them off! I'll do that.”

He picked up his phone and, not waiting for the final few chords to play out, started the same song again. I continued dancing, and after thirty seconds or so I bent forward at the waist. I allowed my boobs to swing free, giving him a bit of a different show, and then rolled one knee-high down to the ankle. I put two fingers inside by the heel, and pulled it off my foot.

I danced for another minute in just the single stocking before repeating the action on the other side. Now both naked and barefoot, I finished the song as his phone went silent.

“Come sit with me,” he offered, gesturing toward the couch where we’d chatted before.

Unsure, I tried to sit a bit more demurely than I had, but he shot me a look that told me otherwise. “Should I sit the same way as before?” I asked, feeling a little self-conscious.

“Of course,” he smirked.

“Why didn’t you take off the socks?” he asked as I found my position again. He was staring between my legs again, making me feel off balance.

“I just didn’t think?” I offered lamely. "I guess I just thought the big three were covered. Boobs, butt, beaver. All the 'b's'. All bare." I was trying to make a joke of it to ease my nerves. I felt like I’d let him down, somehow, and that was very confusing to me, especially since I’d just danced naked for him.

“Shouldn’t a strip dance be about stripping, though? And isn't stripping about ending up naked?” he pressed, smiling at my alliteration.

“I left the stockings on the other night, so I guess I just assumed…” I replied, belatedly realizing that I hadn’t really told him about the dancing at Geoff’s poker party.

“The other night? At Geoff’s? You did a strip dance there?” Of course he caught it, and understood completely.

Throwing caution and good judgement to the wind, I went into more detail about the poker bets, and Geoff having me dance before and after my panties came off. I was intentionally ambiguous and didn’t offer up that Geoff had actually taken them off of me, but I did mention that they’d all agreed to leave the stockings on, and even commented that they liked them.

“Are they sexier, the ones from the maid costume?” he asked.

“The stockings? I don’t know what you'd find sexy. They’re thigh high instead of knee high. And black. They seemed to like them.”

“How long did you dance for those guys?” he asked, shifting slightly in his seat. He seemed almost jealous.

“I don’t know. Four, five, six minutes maybe?” I said, trying to remember how many songs had played. “Maybe a little longer. But it was, like, five or six more minutes that he was on the phone before the other guys let me get off the table!” I complained, the frustration from that situation rising in me again.

“The table? You danced on the table? And what do you mean they wouldn’t let you off?”

Crap. I hadn’t told him that, either. “Well, his ceiling is higher than yours, and the dining table where they were playing poker is really sturdy…” I said lamely, breaking eye contact. I felt like I was somehow disappointing Tom again, and it was unsettling. “And then his wife called, so he had to take it, and they turned off the music and everyone got quiet, and they wouldn’t help me down, and I couldn't ask them or she'd hear me, so I had to just stand there naked. Well, I guess in your terms not naked, but in the stockings but nothing else. They were doing it to be mean. Or funny. Or something,” I complained. I could hear myself whining a bit.

“Brilliant!” he exclaimed, jumping up from his seat and surprising me. He dashed to the kitchen, and a moment later came back with the black stockings from the maid’s costume. He picked up a discarded white one from the floor, and compared the length. “How high do the black ones come?” he asked.

“About here,” I replied, indicating a point on my thigh almost directly between my knee and crotch.

“Brilliant. Put these on,” he demanded, tossing me one of the black stockings. “If they liked them, I want to see them!”

I wanted to leave soon. The kitchen clock said that it was almost six o’clock, and I was getting hungry for dinner. I’d been here for three hours, after all. But I’d already seemingly disappointed him several times, and didn’t want to bring it up.

“Just one more thing, I promise!” he insisted. He had seen me looking at the clock.

I sighed, then rolled the first black stocking to the toe, and then slid it up my leg. He tossed me the second, and I repeated the process. I stood when that was done, and he had me turn for him. "Those look great!" he enthused. "Way better than the little white ones. That's what you wore when you danced on the table?"

I felt my face heat as I nodded.

"Nice." He tossed me the white panties, and I again struggled to tie them in place.

"Bow only," he instructed just as I was starting to knot the left side. "I want them to come off really easily."

That comment made me blush, and he grinned at my embarrassment. Once they were correctly fastened and positioned, he gave me the schoolgirl shirt, which I tied tightly in place. I looked up at him, and he smiled brightly in return.

“You’re ready!” he proclaimed. I don’t know why, but I had assumed he’d give me the skirt as well.

"Here you go!" he giggled as he pulled all the magazines and papers off the coffee table. "A proper stage for a proper strip dance. EVERYTHING off this time," he said, emphasizing the word with a mock-scolding tone to his voice. “Shirt first, underpants second, thigh-highs last.” He was really enjoying himself, full of energy and excitement now. “And you danced for them for six minutes, and then stood there naked for another six... What’s your favorite song?”

I stammered for a moment, considering the twelve minutes he'd just added up. I named a song that I was fond of, that I thought I could dance to reasonably well.

“Give me a sec,” he said, working at his phone. “About four minutes a song, that's four songs..." He didn't wait for a reply as I stood nervously. "Perfect. Now, up you go!”

The table was about four feet square, solid looking, and completely made of wood. It looked like oak, with its very visible grain and light color, but I had no way to know for sure. I felt my face flush, and was about to step up onto it when he suddenly stopped me. "I almost forgot! Go fetch me a drink first!" His grin made it impossible to take offence at this, and I obediently picked up his empty glass and refilled his soda.

When I returned, he was lying on the couch, looking very comfortable, positioned so that the table was the center of his vision without him having to move his head. He took his drink and nodded for me to take my place. It was an easy step up, and the table didn’t protest or flex in the least as it took my weight. Before I could say anything, he started the same song for a third time.

I danced for about 30 seconds, and my hands moved to work the knot on the front of my shirt. Before I was quite ready for it, the shirt exploded open, making him laugh in his raucous enjoyment of the moment.

I blushed slightly, but continued dancing as I pulled the shirt the rest of the way off and tossed it to him. He caught it deftly, and put it on the floor beside him.

"You were dancing better before," he noted, referring to the extra effort I'd been putting in when I'd thought he was disappointed with my moves. I sighed internally, but stepped it up a notch, gyrating and grinding more, and trying to be sexier as I turned to let him see me from all sides and angles.

"Much better," he complimented me after twenty seconds or so. "underwear off now! Facing me, please!"

I turned slightly to ensure that I was facing him full on, and moved my hands down my body to grab the strings hanging loosely from my hips. As I swayed and thrusted my hips, I tugged lightly on both sides, intending to tease as part of my strip show. I had forgotten that I'd tied them only in a loose bow, and the slight pressure was enough to loosen the silky, slippery fabric. In an instant they fell away from my body, and they were left dangling in front of me as I held on to the two ends.

Recovering from the slight surprise, I dropped the panties to the floor by the shirt and resumed dancing.

Taking my cue from the cadence he already set, I tried to time it to about thirty more seconds before I started taking off one of my stockings. I knew what kind of show I was about to give, but he had asked me to dance better and raunch it up a bit, and since I was in the middle of a turn, I allowed myself to stop with my back to him. I spread my legs just a little wider than my shoulders, and bent at the waist, laying my palms flat on the table. I bounced one knee in this position for a moment, which I knew would make my butt wobble a bit, and heard him gasp behind me. Unwilling to peek back to see his face, I kept my eyes closed and focused on the task at hand. I reached up my leg without unhinging my waist, and started rolling the stocking down. I fought my desire to get it over with quickly, and took about fifteen seconds to roll it all the way down. I stepped out of it, kicked it to the floor, and then stood upright again.

I completed my turn so that I was once again facing him, and his grin was quite literally larger than I'd ever seen it. "That was so awesome!" he exclaimed. "Do that again the exact same way for the other one!"

I turned again, and repeated the movements exactly, taking a bit longer this time, emboldened by his praise. I stood again, and swayed my butt toward him for a bit before turning again.

**Claire and the Boys Next Door [updated] (Fanfic) P4**

He had obviously set up a playlist on his phone, because the song ended and another one started immediately. "Get into it!” he enthused. “Up the intensity!" He was enjoying the show, and the feeling of power, and it showed.

I tried my hardest to stay energetic and sexy as I danced, and I wondered how I would keep going for another three songs. I thrust, grinded, twisted and rocked my hips. I shimmied and shook my boobs. I touched them, tweaked them, and pinched them. I bent at the waist and looked through my legs at him, running my fingers up and down my thighs. I wiggled my butt and squeezed it. The second song ended, and a third started. I had to change my dance style slightly for the different beat, but kept up the same basic moves, and tried to keep the intensity high. This was about him seeing my body, I reasoned, and so I made every effort to make sure he could see it all. The song transitioned immediately to the next, and I kept going, my anxiety now wondering if he might regret asking for twelve minutes, and if he was going to get bored.

It was this concern for his boredom, and my fear of being thought of as boring, that made me do what I did next. I figured it was the last song, only three minutes and a few seconds left. I danced for another minute, then stood on the edge of the coffee table, a gap of no more than eighteen inches between me and the couch. I lifted my leg, swiveled, and extended. The result was that I had straddled him, my one leg still on the coffee table, the other perched on the back of the couch, my body now hovering over his stomach as he reclined on the cushions as I was in a half-split pose. His face registered shock, and then the grin spread back across his lips as I resumed my “dancing.” I was unable to move my feet, so now I was merely grinding my hips and caressing my skin, bouncing my knees slightly in time with the beat.

When the song ended and another one started, I looked at him confused. “Four songs, right?” I asked.

“Four songs naked,” he corrected. “The first one was the one for you to strip to!”

Cursing internally, I resumed my dancing. About halfway through the song I pushed myself back onto the table, and finished the last two minutes very energetically, figuring that there was nothing to lose at this point, and deciding to really give it my all for the finale.

The playlist came to an end after that final song, and I had a light sheen of perspiration on my skin.

He stood and applauded wildly. I couldn't help but to courtesy in response. Although I didn’t need it, I offered my hand, and allowed him to help me down off the coffee table.

He had me pick up the magazines and return them to the table, and had me fold all of the clothes, bring them up to his room, and put them all neatly into the bag that he then returned to its hiding place under the bed. I knew that this was not him taking advantage of me as a cleaning slave, but him wanting to find reasons to keep me naked, so I didn’t complain. In his bedroom, he picked up my panties off of his floor, but didn't offer them to me. Once everything was back in order, we walked downstairs together, and as the very last part of his show, he watched me dress in first my bra, then panties, flash t-shirt and finally running shorts. It was a little embarrassing to walk half-dressed from room to room because of how scattered my clothes were around his house. At the front door, as I was putting on my socks and shoes, Tom said “I can't wait for next time, Claire!"

“Next time?” I shot back. “Why do you think there will be a next time?”

“Oh, you still owe me,” he replied, still high from the afternoon’s activities.

“For what?” I replied, joking along with him, but curious if he really thought it.

“Stand up. Stand perfectly still,” he said, instead of answering my question.

The whole afternoon I’d been naked, or mostly so. It was nearly four hours since I’d gotten there. I saw no real harm in him doing what I assumed was coming next, except perhaps a slight delay of my departure, so I obeyed.

Tom dropped to one knee, and looked up at me. When I gave no sign of resistance, he pulled my shorts down to my ankles. He looked up at me again, and I rolled my eyes in mock exasperation, so he did the same with my panties. Then he wiggled both articles over my shoes, and I obligingly stepped out of them. Now bottomless, with the bottom hem of my Flash t-shirt sitting just below my navel, he had unfettered access to tug gently on my pubic hair, and then slap my ass. “Yeah, there’ll be a next time.”

Somehow, even though I’d been naked on and off all afternoon, I was feeling off balance again. I found myself at a loss for what to say. I tried for self-assurance, replying "Oh, there will be no next time."

Tom rose from his knees and smiled at me with that cocky smile. He twirled his hand, indicating that I should turn around for him. Unable to think of any reason why not, I followed his instruction.

We both then stood for a moment. Tom then, looking a little unsure, stepped forward and reached behind me, almost like he was giving me a hug. Somehow, one handed, he managed to unhook my bra. With a look of self-satisfaction, he said “Arms up!”

Sighing internally, but not opposed at all, I raised my arms over my head, and he quickly pulled my shirt and bra up and off of me, once again getting a little hung up on my pony tail. Grinning, he had me turn around once again.

“Stay for dinner?” he asked.

I was a little uncertain, and still reeling that I was naked once again. "I don't think that's a good idea," I replied as kindly as I could. I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

"That's okay," he replied, giggling suddenly.

"What's funny?" I asked.

"I just realized. I've taken everything off of you, but I've never actually stripped you naked."

I looked down and pointed to my naked body.

"Shoes and socks," he replied, smirking. "And earlier, you took off your own underwear. You've always taken off your last thing."

"You've never taken off my shoes and socks, so if you want me naked by your definition, you'll have to take everything off of me. Otherwise, I'm not getting naked." I replied, trying to eke out the smallest of hollow victories.

"My parents still don't allow shoes in the house," he replied, waggling his eyebrows at me.

"I wanted to leave!" I said petulantly, but unable to suppress another giggle. I almost stomped my foot. "Haven't you had enough? I've been naked for almost four hours!"

"If you hang out with me for another..." he checked the time on his phone, "eleven minutes, it will be exactly four hours!" he said. "But you know something? Now that I think about it, I DO want to be able to say I've taken everything off of you, but never gotten you naked. Put this on," he said, tossing me my shirt after a short struggle to untangle my bra.

Sighing and rolling my eyes again, I pulled the shirt over my head, intensely aware of how it did nothing to cover me below the navel. His smug smile was equal parts infuriating and endearing.

"Maybe next time I'll strip you naked," he teased, as he dropped to his knee and untied my shoes.

"There's not going to be a next time," I said again, as he pulled each shoe and sock off, then lightly tickled one of my feet.

He ignored me. "Meanwhile, what do you want to do for eleven minutes," he asked as he stood, pausing to lightly swat my butt on the way up. "Dance?"

My feeling of shock must have been very obvious on my face, because he laughed. "Kidding!" he said, raising his hands in mock surrender. "Let's just talk." He turned and walked into the kitchen, and I followed.

His reminder of the dance prompted a question. "How long was your playlist?" After he'd mentioned that he wanted to be sure that I danced longer for him than I had for Geoff, I'd wondered.

His smirk turned guilty now. "twenty-three minutes," he replied. "But the first song was over four minutes, so you only did naked dancing to, like, seventeen minutes!" he reasoned.

I knew better. I was, for all intents and purposes, naked within the first minute, maybe minute and a half of that first song. I also noted that his math was way off, but I let it drop.

It was strange, but after an awkward start, we were able to just talk. We stood in his kitchen and chatted. I felt very self-conscious because of my naked lower body, but after a few minutes we fell into a nice rhythm, and had a great talk that had little to do with me, my body, my clothes, Geoff, Jim, or any of it. It was refreshing, and had it not been for the fact that he kept looking me up and down, or reaching out and tugging lightly on my pubic hair or swatting my butt, I could have almost forgotten I was so exposed.

"You've been more than fair," he said after a while. "Are you sure you won't stay for dinner? I promise that I won't make you flash the pizza guy," he joked.

I was secretly a little disappointed that he hadn't stripped my shirt off me again, but I already knew he preferred my pussy. I thought I might be able to trick him into taking my shirt off of me, and then I could make fun of him for finally stripping me completely. I stepped very close to him, keeping eye contact, and raised my arms over my head. "I'll need this off if I'm going to put my bra back on," I demurred.

His fingers caressed the skin on my lower abdomen, tracing very slowly up my body, up to my rib cage, lifting the shirt as he progressed. Suddenly, he stepped back and squeezed my boob over my shirt, making a "honk" sound. "You were trying to get me to take off your last thing!" he accused, laughing at my failed plot. "This calls for retribution!"

**Claire and the Boys Next Door [updated] (Fanfic) P5**

He took me by the hand and dragged me into the family room. I was giggling and tugging back in mock protest, so he stopped, spun me around, and swatted my butt rather harder than he had all day. I squealed in real shock as I started laughing harder. "You must learn respect!" he chortled.

Still holding onto my hand, he swiped a foot across the coffee table, scattering the magazines across the floor. He pulled me up onto the table, "Two songs," he instructed. "One to strip, and one to apologize." He released my hand then, and I could see him considering for a moment before he reached back out and scratched his nails lightly through my pubic hair.

I've never heard of an "I'm sorry strip dance," I said, still giggling.

"It's your new way of apologizing to me. Remember that," he replied. "And I am going to find a lot of reasons for you to apologize to me!"

"That's going to get awkward if I accidentally step on your foot at the mall," I joked.

"I'll hold the grudge until I can get you alone," he replied confidently.

He fiddled with his phone, and the music started. I was a little awkward at first, because I kept breaking into fits of giggles, but after a minute I was able to find my rhythm. Tom was in no big hurry for me to remove my shirt, instead asking me to turn and bend over, or to squat down. About halfway through the song, he nodded for me to remove my shirt, which I took about fifteen seconds to do, pulling it up slowly, then leaving it rest with just my nipples covered while I switched hand positions to pull it up and off. Midway through the second song, I decided to repeat my earlier risqué move. Even though he was sitting instead of laying this time, I stepped across to the couch. My foot landed rather closer to him than I intended, and as I struggled to pull back, he instinctively reached up to steady me, solidly grabbing my butt with both hands. I squealed in surprise, and lost my balance. I fell, pelvis first, right into his face. This sent us both into another fit of giggles, and I ended up laying on the sofa laughing so hard I could barely breathe, the rest of the dance completely forgotten.

After a few minutes I had finally calmed down. "I should go," I said, looking at the clock for the first time. "Hey! Eleven minutes my ass!" The kitchen clock read 7:44. We had chatted, and then I had danced, for well over 45 minutes.

He smiled apologetically. "Let me dress you." he commanded.

At this point it seemed pointless to refuse, so I nodded my agreement. As he followed me to the front hall, he commented "Your boobs bounce very nicely when you're laughing." I looked over my shoulder as though scandalized, and he slapped my bare butt. "If you're really leaving, I want one last bit of fun," he said. He reminded me that my socks and shoes came off last, and dropped to his knees and ran his fingers lightly over the top of each foot and each toe, before gently lifting each in turn, and caressing my sole. From his position on the floor, He watched intently as I knelt and shod myself, and then we both stood.

He grinned. "Something kinda sexy about that look," he commented. "Turn for me?"

He decided that my bra was to be next, so he repeated his earlier caressing of my breasts, ranging from my pubic hair to my shoulders. He struggled to figure out how to clasp my bra as he put it on me, and then watched me adjust my boobs inside each cup, and then asked for another spin. Next, he had me raise my arms, and instead of immediately putting on my shirt, he paused, and asked for another turn, looking at my body appreciatively. "Remind me to get you in this position next time you're topless." Then, his voice pleading slightly, "Unless..."

"Oh, for Christ sake," I said, hastily unhooking my bra and tossing it at his face, but smiling at him all the same. I didn't want to have dinner with him because I was afraid he would start to think of it as a date, and I didn't want that. But if I was honest with myself, I was enjoying the attention, and aside from my hunger, I really wanted to stay. I was enjoying all of this. I was especially liking his very apparent delight, and the fact that five hours hadn't dampened his appetite to find new ways to undress or expose me. I raised my arms high in the air, and shook my boobs, then turned, bouncing around in circles so my breasts and butt both wiggled and jiggled. I kept going, bouncing, jumping and turning, until he finally nodded that he was satisfied. Stalling to remain naked a bit longer, I pulled out my hair tie, shook my head, and gathered my pony tail back up, and finally resecured it with the hair tie.

"You're the best, Claire," he said. "And since I don't want to press my advantage any further than I already have..." He picked up my bra and, quickly squeezing each breast first, put it back on me, clasping it a bit easier than last time, while I left my arms straight over my head. He had me turn again, and then he pulled my t-shirt over my head, this time being very careful of my pony tail.

I left my hands raised over my head and turned around once again, this time without being asked.

"I love you without pants on," he said, staring directly at my pussy. "Jim prefers if you're topless, and that's really awesome," he continued, "but I'd take you like this in a heartbeat."

"I was just like this for half an hour in your kitchen!" I said, mocking him.

"Mostly, but you know me," he replied lightly. "It's very different because now you're wearing a bra and shoes."

"Which is better?" I asked. "With or without the shoes?"

"Without," he replied, "but only slightly. Just something in my head that says you're just a little bit closer to COMPLETELY naked."

"So the bra?" I asked.

"I can't really see it, but I know it's there, and it makes me very sad." He mocked, eliciting yet another giggle from me. I was laughing a lot more today than I would have ever guessed.

Without waiting for a response from me, he knelt and ran his hands over my upper thighs, butt, and the front of me, carefully and respectfully avoiding only the very smallest area. After close to two minutes, he had me step into my panties, and he started to pull them up my legs.

"This isn't quite right," I said quietly, barely aware that I was saying it aloud.

"What?" he asked. "They're not backward, I checked."

"No, you pulled my shorts down, then you pulled my panties down, and THEN you took them off. If you pull my panties up now, it's wrong," I corrected him.

"Did I mention you're the best? I SO can't wait until next time!" He took another very pointed and obvious look between my legs, and lightly brushed my pubic hair with his fingernails. He grabbed my shorts and helped me step into them. "Bye, naked pussy!" he said, tugging my pubic hair again. "Bye naked butt!" I giggled in spite of myself. He pulled up my panties and turned me very awkwardly in place. My shorts, bunched around my ankles as they were, prevented me from moving with any grace. With my back to him, he smacked my butt again. As I finished my turn, he looked up at me, hesitated a very brief moment, then pulled my panties down in front, quickly saying "Bye pussy!" again, and then he pulled up my shorts.

I was still laughing when he stood, and his current giddiness coupled with the prior laughing fits had made me feel quite silly. I pulled my shorts and panties down to my knees, used my fingers to move my pussy like a mouth, and said "Bye Tom! I had fun today!" In a silly, high pitched voice. I then quickly pulled everything back up, blushing furiously.

"Stay for dinner!" he begged one last time, taking both of my hands into his.

I had been dressed for less than ten seconds, and already I wanted to say "yes," just so that I could see how he would strip me again. I shook my head sadly. Now I had to leave before it was me who started thinking this was a date.

Tom was chuckling when he reached past me and opened the door. "Thanks for today, Claire. I'm sorry if I was too... something. Or maybe something else. But you really are the best."

"You weren't too anything," I replied. As I walked out the door I turned back to him. “See you next time!”

It took a moment for him to understand, and then a huge smile spread across his face. "Next time, Claire!" he called back.

I walked quickly down the sidewalk, chuckling to myself.