**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic - an interlude**

by Cheryl

**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic - an interlude 01**

The high from the events of the day lasted much longer. Although, because of who I am, there was a small nagging voice in the back of my head wondering if I’d allowed things to go too far, I was becoming more confident that the guys were enjoying this as much as I was, and weren’t judging me negatively for it. Unless it was to think that they had the ability to do this more frequently, and do more things, which, quite honestly, was part of what excited me.  
  
I replayed the events of the shopping trip in my head over and over, well into the next afternoon, as I lounged on the couch, TV off, lost in my own thoughts. I would have thought that I could want nothing more than those damned boots, but truth be told, I wanted that feeling I got when they I saw the unbridled lust in the guy's eyes so much more. The boots were a tool. A gorgeous, empowering, erotically charged and confidence building tool, but a tool nonetheless. In those boots I was sexy, I was feminine, and I was desired; all things that I craved, and had never been. But as I relived the afternoon, I realized that it wasn’t the boots. It wasn’t the stockings, nor the mini skirt, nor the tight shirts. It was me. One hundred percent me. The more of me, the less of the clothes, the better. I, Claire, was sexy. I was feminine, and I was desired. Me.  
  
The warm feeling from that epiphany was overwhelming, and I basked in the feelings. All the #MeToo and other feminist movements were really about letting women be feminine, letting women be desirable, without subjecting them to assault. It wasn’t about women not being noticed for their feminine characteristics, nor even about women being objectified. It was about all of those things happening, but those same women being treated with respect and with a view of equality, while still being seen as women.  
  
Jim was the most Neanderthal of the guys, unless you counted Andy, the pizza delivery guy (which I did not). And although he was the most demanding and the pushiest, he was still respectful. His lack of grace had nothing to do with his feelings toward women, nor his feelings toward me. They were all about his lack of manners. I’d seen him treat Tom the same way, and Tom was decidedly less feminine than I. Jim understood my boundaries, and while he was probably the most willing to push them, I was starting to realize the I could push back, and he’d resist only to a point. In the dressing room, he had taken my clothes, and he had given them back to me one piece at a time only as a reward for me strutting around, but I had the feeling that, had I complained things had gone too far for too long, he would have pretty quickly relented, and even left me alone in the fitting room to dress in private.  
  
I was becoming more confident with my place in this, and more and more confident in the fact that they would not soon grow bored of me. It made me both happy and anxious.   
  
I also began to think about the afternoon at Tom’s. One thing stood out to me more than anything else from that day, when comparing it with the experience at the mall. Tom had made a distinction between mostly naked and naked. Prior to that, I had thought of “naked” as being able to see my boobs. I was also naked if they could see my vagina. Those parts of my body constituted nudity in my mind. But Tom had challenged that concept. I had danced on his coffee table wearing nothing but a pair of stud earrings and a pair of knee-high, sheer nylon socks, but Tom had considered me “not naked.”  
  
I thought about the dressing room, and the very powerful feeling of nudity that had come over me. It had come, not when I’d been topless the first time, nor even when I’d put on the camisole and turned around, showing my tiny bush of trimmed pubic hair and my pussy just below it. It had come when I stood, after my boots had been removed. When I was truly naked below the waist. That moment at Tom’s house had surely entered my mind at the time, but as I spent the afternoon obsessing and reliving, I realized that moment had changed my thinking. Naked was naked. No clothing. Socks, shoes, boots (no matter how fabulous). A scarf. Anything on my body would be something. Naked, for me, had become “a complete lack of clothing,” not just baring the naughty bits.  
  
I started to think about this in the context of the guys. I wanted to tease, I wanted to excite, and I wanted to arouse. Jim and Geoff seemed already to enjoy me in clothing that revealed more than concealed. Stockings, thigh high boots, transparent shirts. With Andy, the pizza delivery guy, Jim had the opportunity to parade me into the room completely bottomless but elected instead to have me come out in panties, show them off, and then have them taken off of me. For him, in that moment, it was about the reveal, as well as about the power. I was thinking that I enjoyed the idea of that type of clothing; revealing, but still covering me. Thigh high boots, a skirt that was so short that everything showed when I moved, that ridiculous transparent shirt. But I also knew that I enjoyed being made to be utterly and completely naked. I wondered what clothes I owned that might show me off, might display more than they hid, before they were taken away from me.  
  
My phone chimed, interrupting my reverie. The text was from Tom. “Let’s play a game, Claire.”  
  
My heartrate accelerated, and my adrenaline spiked. “A game? What kind of game?” I replied coyly.  
  
“I will be at your front door in five minutes. Answer the door in just a towel, or there will be a penalty.”  
  
Nervous excitement flooded through me. For some reason I liked it better when Tom did these things to me. Had this been Jim, there would have been a little irritation, but I knew better now that I could trust him, mostly, and that likely, after the fact, I’d have enjoyed it. I liked when they took charge. All of this took place in my head as I bounded up the stairs. I wanted to see where this was going.  
  
I had hung my towel after my morning shower. It was chocolate brown, matching the drapes in my bedroom. It was soft cotton, large enough to cover me completely. I had a set of white towels, but they were honestly a bit dingy from the hard water, so I quickly ruled them out. The final set were powder blue, the color of my bedspread. Those towels were virtually identical to the brown ones, and I decided that, not knowing what exactly would happen, I should probably opt for the clean, completely dry towel. I pulled off my t-shirt and bra, and then slid my jogging shorts and panties down my legs in one move. I was already barefoot, so that was everything. I looked at myself in the mirror and smiled at myself. My eyes were bright, my face and chest flushed with my excitement. I fussed with my hair for a few moments before I wrapped the towel around my chest and turned to look at myself from all angles. Part of me was a little disappointed that I was completely covered.  
  
Slowly I made my way down stairs, a little nervous that he might not be alone at the door, but when the knock came, I was both relieved and a little disappointed to find just him standing there.  
  
Tom smiled widely as his eye trailed from my face, down to my toes, and back up. “Nice outfit,” he smirked.  
  
I felt the heat rise in my face as I returned his grin. I had no idea what to say, so remained silent as I moved to let him in the door.  
  
“I wanted to talk,” he offered, kicking off his basketball shoes.  
  
“Sure,” I offered. “About what?”  
  
“Let’s sit,” he suggested. “When do your parents get home?”  
  
I knew exactly what time it was, and exactly when I expected them home, even with the twenty minute buffer I always built in inside my head just to be absolutely sure. “Two and a half hours,” I replied.  
  
After an awkward moment, we decided to sit in the family room. I felt very strange, wearing just the towel. Not that he hadn’t seen all of me before, but the strangeness of the towel had me off balance again. He lounged comfortably on the large overstuffed sofa while I sat demurely across from him on a small chair that my mom favored for reading. It had a narrower seat, which allowed me to sit with my feet on the floor and my shoulders against the backrest. “What’s up?” I asked as casually as possible.  
  
“I want to try to understand more about you, to make sure things are okay,” he said hesitantly.  
  
This was why I liked Tom. He was concerned about how things were proceeding. While I wanted the guys to instinctively understand me and know my limits, that cockiness and brazenness was exactly what rubbed me wrong about Jim.  
  
“Things are fine,” I replied, a little awkwardly. This was quickly becoming an uncomfortable conversation. And why the hell was I in a towel?  
  
“Why?” he started, cutting himself off.  
  
“Why what?” I shot back. I may have been uncomfortable, but I wasn’t opposed to answering his questions.  
  
“Why, well, uh,” he stammered, “do you, you know, like it?” he blushed brightly, looking down at his entwined fingers.  
  
“Like it?” I asked. I knew what he meant, but I hadn’t expected that.   
  
“It’s not that I care!” he interjected quickly. “Or think it’s weird! I just want to be sure you actually do. That we’re not being mean, or, you know, like bullying you or something.” His voice was hard, and emphatic.  
  
“No!” I smiled in what I hoped was a reassuring way. Just as I had been thinking about the #MeToo movement, so, it seemed, had he. “It’s really not like that. I can say no. Mostly, I don’t want to.”  
  
“It’s really okay?” he asked, a little skeptical, but starting to look a bit relived.  
  
“It’s really okay,” I confirmed.  
  
“So can you explain it to me?” he asked, smiling in a way that didn’t reach his eyes. He was still nervous. “Why is it okay? Why do you like it, or let it happen, or whatever?”  
  
This caught me off guard. It’s not that I hadn’t thought about it over the past few weeks. But how to explain it, when I didn’t really understand it myself? “Why do you like pizza?” I asked after a few moments silence.  
  
“Pizza?” he replied, clearly confused by my train of thought.  
  
“Why does anyone like anything?” I responded. “You like pizza. You can tell me it tastes good, but that’s the same as saying you like it. You can say it’s cheesy, and salty, but those are just flavors and textures. But how would you explain why you really like those flavors and textures? It’s the same for me. I have no idea why I like it. It makes me happy. But I can’t really explain why.”  
  
He contemplated this for a while. “So you don’t just do it for us?”  
  
“Look,” I said in what I hoped was a kind way. I wanted to end this discussion, but wanted him to know certain things, now that we were discussing it. “A few things make it fun for me. First, you guys have to want to see me. Your reactions are key. If you’re bored, or embarrassed, or whatever, then it feels like what I’m doing is wrong. You always seem, appreciative? I guess that’s a good word for it.”  
  
“Appreciative is a bit of an understatement,” he interrupted, smiling broadly.  
  
“Thanks,” I said, laughing at his exuberance. “Enthusiastic is probably another good word. Second, you guys have to instigate it,” I continued. “If it’s just me doing stuff while you watch, it would feel weird again. Like I’m doing it to try to get you to react.” A comparison struck me then.  
  
“Like fishing for compliments,” I said intently, leaning forward. This rang true for me, too, and I was learning about myself as I explained it to him. “If I ask you if my hair looks good after I get a haircut, you’re going to say it does. The compliment won’t mean as much. But if you tell me you like my hair, and ask if I changed it, without me saying or doing anything, then I know it’s genuine. It feels like a real compliment.”  
  
“It’s the same with this,” I gestured wildly at nothing, but seeing understanding in his eyes. “If you tell me what you want, then I know that’s what you want. It’s like you saying you like my hair. Or my outfit. It’s not you complimenting me on what I just did, it’s you telling me what you want to see. I want to know you’ll make corrections. Tell me what to wear. Or what not to wear.” I blushed brightly as my voice trailed off at the end, suddenly self-conscious that I’d said so much. Where at first there was intensity and the wonder at my self-discovery, now there was embarrassment at my oversharing.  
  
“Like, if I tell you to wear a towel when you answer the door?” he smirked. I should have known him well enough to know that he wouldn’t judge me. It was still difficult.  
  
“Yeah. Like that. Why am I wearing a towel, anyway?” I asked sheepishly, still not looking up.  
  
“Meh,” he answered nonchalantly. “I just wanted to see if you really would.”  
  
Shock took the place of the other, less desirable feelings. “You just...” I couldn’t finish the sentence. The emotional rollercoaster I'd been on seemed to hit me out of nowhere, and for some reason I found this to be absolutely hilarious. I doubled over with laughter, unable to catch my breath for a good few minutes.  
  
“Well,” Tom said after we’d both recovered from the laughing fit. “Let’s go upstairs to your room. I want to take an inventory.”  
  
“An inventory?” I asked, still giggling.  
  
“Inventory,” He confirmed, standing and indicating that I should lead the way.

**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic - an interlude 02**

We kept giggling as we walked up the stairs and into my room. I was a little out of sorts; my room was messier than I would have preferred, and the clothes I’d been wearing when he first texted were on the floor in front of the mirror. I felt off balance again, wondering what was going to happen next.  
  
“What do you think is your sexiest outfit?” he asked, looking around curiously. “Last time I was here you had a blanket hung there. It looks bigger now.”  
  
I flushed at the memory of our first time. I had been worried that the guys might think poorly of me. Things certainly had changed. “I don’t know. None of my skirts or shirts are all that sexy. Cute, but not sexy. Not revealing, like you mean. I guess my yoga shorts and a sports bra, maybe?”  
  
“Show me. Put them on,” he commanded, laying on the bed and lounging comfortably against my pillows.  
  
“Here? Should I take this off?” I asked, indicating the towel wrapped around me.  
  
He looked pensive for a moment, then responded. “I like the tease,” he decided. “Pull on the shorts under the towel. Don’t try overtly to flash me, but if I see something, then good for me. Then turn around and put on the top.”  
  
I grabbed one of the two pairs of small black shorts out of my drawer, thankful that only one pair was in my laundry basket, and pulled them on, keeping his view very PG. The towel was long enough, and any girl who has quickly changed bikini bottoms at the beach has practice keeping it quick and family friendly. I knew exactly how the shorts looked, because when I first bought them, I tried them on without panties. They were hot-pants style, with virtually no leg. They hugged and lifted my butt, and the center seam rode up my behind, emphasizing my rear more than hiding it. The front, relying on a panty, had no crotch panel, and so the lycra and spandex formed itself to my sex, showing the shape of me. Lululemon has a yoga pant specifically designed to prevent camel toe. When I bought these, it was because they had the opposite goal in mind when created, and had a small seam in the front that highlighted the split there as well. With my workout thong and its padding, they were not nearly as graphic as I knew they were now.  
  
The sports bra I selected from the other drawer was larger, with full coverage, designed to keep my chest comfortable and bounce-free. It was sexy because it fastened with a zip front, which allowed me to display as much or as little cleavage as I desired. I now left this zip as low as I safely could. I turned back to face him; the shocked smile on his face was priceless.   
  
“Oh my god, Claire! You work out in that?”  
  
“Just around the house,” I said, flushing at his praise. “and usually with panties that kind of hide... this,” I continued, gesturing vaguely toward my crotch to emphasize my final word.  
  
“Wow. Just wow,” he said again.  
  
I shrugged, unsure of what to do next.  
  
“Did you already work out today?” he asked.  
  
“Work out?” I asked, confused. “This morning I did.”  
  
“Okay, then I’ll watch you dance in that outfit,” he grinned, fiddling with his phone and starting a dance song.  
  
I began half-heartedly dancing, and somewhere around the middle of that first song, my top flew open. The slider had really been just connected, but not zipped even one tooth up, and so there was nothing to hold it closed except friction, which was easily overcome by the movements of my dancing. I squealed, and giggling, grabbed it shut.  
  
“No, Claire! He exclaimed. “Keep dancing!”  
  
Blushing furiously, I resumed my dance, my bra moving and swinging, doing nothing to hide my breasts. As that first song drew to a close and a second started, he beckoned me towards him. As I gently swayed in time with the music, he sat on the edge of the bed and slipped his fingers under the bra strap, pushing it off my shoulders, down my arms, and onto the floor.   
  
“What's your favorite color, Claire?”  
  
“Favorite color? Probably red,” I replied.  
  
“Keep dancing, he insisted. “Red?”  
  
I felt my face flush. “I like the way it looks with my skin,” I said, turning my back to him to keep things interesting. I slapped my own but lightly as part of my dance.  
  
It continued like that for the next few songs. While I danced slowly, topless, he questioned me about all sorts of insignificant details of my life. Movies I’d liked and hated, the few places I’d been and the many places I wanted to go. I told him all about school, friends from my old house, my old neighborhood, and my hobbies (I had tried rock climbing, but found that I didn’t have the hand strength to be very good, but really enjoyed yoga and Pilates). He didn’t seem to want me to strip, and I had the distinct impression that, had my bra stayed shut, he would not have even asked me to open it.  
  
As I moved and bent, occasionally squatting to keep the dancing interesting, the tiny shorts began to ride well up my backside and frontside alike, until the view was downright anatomical.  
  
“Nice workout clothes,” he commented once he had run out of questions to ask me. Then, apropos of nothing, asked “Where are your t-shirts?”  
  
“Second drawer,” I replied, pointing at the long drawer on my dresser. I was once again taken aback by his casual attitude.  
  
He walked over, opened the drawer, and began flipping through them. “I liked your Flash shirt,” he said. “Tight across your boobs and short. Are any of these like that?”  
  
“The Batman shirt, and the light blue one in that stack,” I replied. He was getting bolder, and I kind of liked it.  
  
He pulled out both of the indicated shirts, and unfolded them. “Cool vintage Batman,” he said approvingly, handing it to me.  
  
I pulled it on over my head. It was tighter than the Flash shirt, hugging my waistline and chest alike. I pulled it down to my navel, but it popped up slightly, resting half an inch or so above.  
  
“Wow, that’s nice,” he complimented, indicating that I should turn around. “Blue one the same?”  
  
“It’s a little bigger,” I admitted. “Looser and longer.” He looked at it and then tossed it onto the bed. “What’s your smallest shirt?”  
  
I thought for just a moment about lying, but to what end? “I have an old sleep shirt that I used to wear,” I admitted. “I’m not even sure if it fits any more, but I can’t throw it away. It was my favorite.”  
  
“Where is it?” he asked excitedly.  
  
I walked to my closet and pulled the small white piece of fabric off of the top shelf, feeling his eyes on my butt as I stretched up on my toes. “Here it is,” I offered.  
  
He unfolded it, eyeing it for size and tugging to test the stretchiness of the fabric. “Batman off, try this on,” he commanded.  
  
“It’s not going to fit,” I warned as I pulled the Batman shirt off, but I took it from him and pulled it over my head. It had been from before my growth spurt, when I was several inches shorter had still preferred too-baggy clothes, and I was much shorter. It wasn’t as constricting on my chest as I’d feared, and was in fact no tighter than the Batman shirt had been. But the hem ended a good three or four inches above my navel, which was pretty much right under my boobs. It looked like it was suctioned, or maybe painted is a better description, onto just my chest. I’d originally remembered this as a longer sleep shirt, but recalled now that it had always bared my midriff, and I’d worn it with a pair of boxers that I wore as sleep shorts. After so many years of wear and washings, the material had thinned, but was not threadbare; just well worn. My nipples, mostly erect after having been out in the relatively cool air of the room, pressed prominently against the soft, fine cotton, making themselves very visible.  
  
“Holy crap, that’s awesome!” he enthused.   
  
I made my way to the mirror. The yellow Harry Potter lightning bolt sat perfectly between my breasts, but the words, scrawled in red “Hogwarts Bound” were stretched and curved under, barely readable.  
  
“Oh, this is your new outfit,” he said matter-of-factly. “When I tell you I’m coming over alone, you put this on before I get here. No excuses.”  
  
I nodded my understanding.  
  
“No excuses, Claire,” he repeated.  
  
“No excuses,” I confirmed.  
  
“Now take that shirt off. We don’t want to ruin it. We need to complete the inventory.”  
  
I sighed internally as I pulled my shirt off again. He had me carefully fold it and put it back on the closet shelf, watching my butt again as I did so. When I turned back, he leaned back and stared. “Time to look for some different bottoms, but it'll be hard to improve on those!”  
  
Walking back to my dresser, he pushed the t-shirt drawer closed. “Where do you keep your underwear?”  
  
“Top drawers,” I replied shyly. “Left drawer panties, right one is bras.”  
  
He thought for a moment, and then pulled open the right drawer. “Nothing as good as the zipper one here,” he said, mostly to himself. “How does this one look on you?”  
  
He was holding a flesh-colored lace bra that I had bought to wear under white, and running his fingers along the cup, seeing how well he could see through the material. The lace was sheer, but because it was close to my flesh color, it wasn’t as revealing as I’d thought it would be. “Good, I guess,” I replied, shrugging.  
  
He tossed it to me, and I pulled it on. “You look better with it off,” he commented, smirking, holding out his hand to take it back. “Are any of them really good?”  
  
“Not really after some of the other stuff you guys have had me wear,” I replied, getting topless again.  
  
After returning the bra to its place, he pulled the left drawer open. It took him a moment before he reached in. He lifted the panty I’d worn to his house. “I remember these,” he said fondly, grinning.  
  
He didn’t seem to want a response. He placed them on top of my dresser and pulled out a small white thong. “Are these comfortable?”  
  
“I guess. They take a little getting used to.” I replied honestly, shrugging.  
  
“I thought you only wore these when we made you. When we bought them for you.” he continued, looking at them closely.  
  
“No, I have a few pair,” I answered. My voice was still not strong; I was waiting for him to tell me to do something. It felt a little awkward just standing there topless.  
  
He dug through the drawer. “Four thongs?” he asked, pulling them out.  
  
“I guess,” I replied, leaning forward curiously to see which pair he’d missed.  
  
“White, blue, another white, red,” he said, holding each pair up.  
  
“There’s a black pair,” I blushed, no volume to my voice. He noticed the fresh redness in my face, but didn’t know its cause.  
  
A few second later he held up the black pair, which were unremarkable, unless you considered that they were the largest, and most padded in the crotch, both to hide the camel toe and to absorb moisture and sweat. I wore them with my yoga pants and these shorts, and had purchased them in the athletic section of the store. He sifted through the other pairs, before holding up the red ones. “Wow. When do you wear these?”  
  
Heat colored my face. I had bought them on a whim, just after that first time with the guys. They were wholly impractical, but I had thought they were really sexy. I’d put them on once, right after I’d bought them, and realized that I’d need to trim my already scanty pubic hair a little lower to make them look right. I had gotten into the bathroom to do it when I worried that they’d notice the difference, and so I had put them in the back of my drawer and ignored them. “I don’t,” I whispered. “They don’t fit right.”  
  
Tom had gotten to know me as well as I’d gotten to know him, and he could hear the lie in my voice.  
  
“Tell the truth, Claire,” he commanded. His voice was stern, but his eyes were still friendly.  
  
“My. They’re too small. For my, um, for my Pubes.” I stammered in a small voice.  
  
“You barely have,” he started, then paused thoughtfully, reassessing tiny size of the front panel and its coverage. “Then why did you buy them?”  
  
I closed my eyes, but remained silent.  
  
“The truth,” he said softly. “Doing what I tell you to do includes telling me the truth when I ask a direct question,” he said softly, but with authority behind the words.   
  
I opened my eyes, and something in his gaze gave me courage. “I thought they were really sexy. When I got home, I tried them on. My bush stuck out the top. I was going to shave more, but...”  
  
“But?” he prodded.  
  
I looked down at the floor, placing one bare foot on top of the other. My voice came out barely above a whisper. “I was afraid you guys would notice and ask why.”  
  
He laughed, making me jerk my head up. It took me a moment to realize he wasn’t laughing at me, but rather at the situation. “Do you know how sexy that answer is?”  
  
I grinned at him.  
  
“I want to see them,” he announced excitedly. “Put them on. Show them to me.”

**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic - an interlude 03**

I froze for a second, before taking them from his outstretched hand. I turned away from him, and he didn’t object, so I slid the yoga shorts down and off, bending as little from the waist as possible, and then pulled the thong on. I had little experience with a panty this small and light; I could barely feel the fabric against my skin, and the elastic was barely tight. The fit was loose, but there was no danger of them falling down. Once I was satisfied, I glanced over my shoulder at him, and he gave an encouraging nod. I turned slowly to face him, looking down as he surely looked at the same place.  
  
I normally shaved to a short, tight landing strip, roughly three-quarters of an inch (2 CM) wide, and an inch and a half (3.5 CM) or so high, extending up from the top of my vagina. The front panel of this thong covered no more than half of this hair, and probably a little less. After a few moments of silence, I looked up to see his face.  
  
He looked pensive, but did not alter his gaze, barely blinking.  
  
“So...” I said after the silence had stretched on.  
  
“You were right,” he said simply.  
  
After another few moments of silence, I had to ask. “About what?”  
  
“You need to shave.”  
  
I felt the heat of my blush over my entire body and I wanted so much to cover myself.  
  
Tom took a step forward. “Jim would love to watch you do this,” he whispered, “but I’m a bit selfish, and he’d take too much control.”  
  
“Now?” I asked, shocked. “In front of you?” I don’t know what I had thought, but I guess it hadn’t occurred to me that I’d be shaving my pussy right there in front of him. But being honest with myself, the thought was more arousing than not.  
  
“No time like the present,” he said lightly. “Of course I want to watch!”  
  
Feeling surreally numb, at Tom’s instruction, I peeled off the thong and handed it to him, then walked with him to my bathroom. He questioned me about my shaving habits, and inspected my disposable razor. He filled the tub with only a few inches of hot water, and had me sit on the far edge of the tub facing the room. I scrubbed warm water into my hair, and then squirted a small amount of conditioner onto my hand, rubbing that in as well. When I picked up the razor I needed to take a deep breath to steady myself; my hands were shaking. There was no way to maintain any semblance of modesty, and he didn’t want me to try. His eyes were laser focused between my legs, and I doubt anything could have removed the grin from his face.  
  
He dropped to one knee, and watched intently as I meticulously ran the razer over whole area, freshening it all up from the prior mornings shower. I looked questioningly to him, and he understood immediately.  
  
“All of it gone, Claire,” he whispered.  
  
With a racing heart, I began swiping down, left and right with the razor, slowly shrinking the already tiny tuft of hair. It was thicker here, and after every two or three little strokes of the blade, I had to lean down to swish it in the water. In another minute, I had removed all of my remaining pubic hair for the first time since it had grown there eight years prior.  
  
I was glad for the water and conditioner, as it helped me hide some of my own moisture. My voice was hoarse and husky as I asked him to pass me the still-damp brown towel. He watched closely as I dried myself, and applied my moisturizer. After a brief inspection, he helped me to stand, lifted the towel from my hand and returned it to the towel bar, rested one hand gently on my backside, and ushered me back to my bedroom. My hands were still visibly shaking from the combination of nerves and undeniable arousal as he handed me the panties and I stepped into them. I started to look down, but he caught my chin. “For me to see only,” he smiled, his eyes burning into mine. I couldn’t get over how erotic this whole thing was feeling.  
  
He took a step back, and stared for a long moment before grinning widely. “Absolutely amazing,” he whispered.  
  
My eyes were locked on his, and he took a half step forward, bringing us close enough together that I could feel his body heat. “You look straight ahead,” he whispered. After a moment, I nodded. Only then did his gaze slide slowly down, and then back up my body.  
  
Placing one finger on my shoulder, he traced a line across my chest and then across and down my back as he slowly walked around me, while I fought to keep my eyes locked on a point on the wall in front of me.  
  
Once he was standing in front of me, his fingertip began lazily tracing across my chest, coming within a hair’s breadth of my very erect nipples. I wondered if he could feel my heart hammering under my skin. “Do you want to see yourself?” he whispered.  
  
Not trusting myself to speak, I merely nodded, a very slight movement. My body involuntarily shuddered as I took a steadying breath, causing him to smile even wider. With a hand at the small of my back, grazing the bare skin of my butt, he guided me over to my mirror.   
  
The girl staring back at me was flushed, pinks staining her chest, and darker reds coloring her cheeks. Her eyes were intense, wide in wonder and need, but bright. It was hard to think of this reflection as me. I looked so different to myself. More excited than I thought I would.   
  
My nipples were harder than I recall seeing them, pulling outward from my chest, which was visibly rising and falling with my breathing, quite obviously accelerated. I could see the throb of my pulse in my throat, which was a splotchy red. My stomach was flat, lightly sculpted. It was a source of pride for me, and one of the areas of focus for my Pilates and yoga. It was more pink than usual, my blush extending down to my hips. I could see my accelerated breathing there, too, as my diaphragm pushed and pulled the muscles. The panties were tiny, as I remembered them, and looked so different to me now, with no hair peeking out from the top. Once again, staring there, I got the feeling that I was looking at someone else. This didn’t look like my body to me; I wasn’t used to seeing skin there, where there should be a small dark patch.  
  
My legs were casually spread, roughly shoulder width apart. I could see tiny movements in my alabaster skin as I continued to shiver. Above my knees, specifically, the small rapid movements evidenced my excitement. I wondered briefly if Tom might take it as nervousness.  
  
My eyes continued down to my calves, muscular but feminine, beautifully shaped. Another source of pride for me; I had always thought my legs were one of my best features. My bare feet continued to my toes, as naked as the rest of me, devoid even of polish.  
  
“Let’s see everything, now,” Tom whispered, breaking me out of my reverie. He was standing behind me, and he dragged his fingers down from my shoulders to my wrists, then back up, following the curves of my skin to my sides. He slid his fingers lightly down my body, following a lazy route over my stomach and around to my back, until he slipped two fingers into each side of my red thong with a feather-light touch against my skin. He paused there for a moment, and I felt him breathing on my shoulder. I could feel his body heat behind me. I swear I could feel the dust motes in the air bouncing off my hypersensitive skin at that moment. I had been watching his face in the mirror, but now I slid my gaze down my body, locking where his eyes were focused - between my legs. Almost leisurely, he began pulling my panties down my legs. I could see the string of my moisture on the tiny piece of fabric as it clung there, stretching away from my body before breaking away as the thong lowered further, exposing me completely.  
  
Suddenly, the feelings and emotions were too intense, and I squealed as my body convulsed. My eyes slammed shut, and an orgasm tore through me, starting deep in my belly, but also seeming to fly from my nipples and my pussy inward, upward. My knees came together as my body squeezed, and my hand, acting independent of conscious thought, pressed against my clit as the second wave hit me. He caught me under my left arm and over my right shoulder as I dropped to my knees, and in so doing his hands locked tightly around my breasts, intensifying the feeling.   
  
Writhing there, my body continued to shake and tremble as the squeal turned to a moan, and he continued to hold me up as more waves of pleasure washed over me.  
  
I was still shuddering when the humiliation hit me. The sound that escaped my lips can be best described as a mewl as I scrambled to my feet, my panties pulling against my thighs. Tom dropped me, stunned and confused, and I clambered away from him and dove into my bed, pulling the covers over me in a fit of irrationality. Fat tears rolled down my face under the blanket as the feeling of mortification washed over me.  
  
“Are you okay?” came his shocked, concerned voice.  
  
“Can you go away?” I begged.  
  
“Are you crying? Claire? How can I help?”   
  
He was pulling at the covers, trying to get to me, but I held them tightly. “Go away, please!”  
  
“Are you hurt?” he asked.  
  
“Embarrassed!” I replied, much louder than I had intended.  
  
“Why?” he asked, sounding truly baffled. “Claire, why are you embarrassed?” he asked again when I didn’t respond. “Did you... did you just... come?”  
  
“Oh, my god! I just had an orgasm!” I moaned, more tears spilling.  
  
“I almost did myself!” he laughed shakily, trying to coax rationality from me. “Please talk to me?”  
  
Taking a deep breath to settle myself, I tried to extricate myself from the blankets. I was curled in a ball, my knees and feet on the bed, with the covers pulled up and around me. I twisted and after a short struggle, was able to work myself into a more conventional position, with most of my legs sticking out from the comforter, but the triangle of it covering me from thigh to neck.  
  
Tom gave me two Kleenex from my box, and I dried my eyes, laughing at myself for crying. I wanted to dry my pussy, but didn’t know how to do that without being obvious and embarrassing myself further.  
  
“You don’t need to be embarrassed,” he said, sitting on the edge of the bed, and placing a hand gently on my forehead. It was amazing how naturally he slipped into a nurturing role.  
  
“I can’t believe that happened,” I mumbled, drying a fresh tear that had leaked out of my right eye.  
  
“That has to be the sexiest damned thing I've ever seen,” he said, hugging me casually with one arm.  
  
“Sexy?” I replied skeptically.   
  
“I’ve never seen a girl come before,” he replied. “I mean, before you, I had never seen a real live girl naked, but I'd seen stuff on the internet,” he continued. “And, like, in porn the girls fake it, and it’s pretty obvious. But that. Wow. That was amazing. Holy crap!”  
  
I couldn’t help but laugh, although I didn’t want to. “You really think that was sexy?” I asked doubtfully.  
  
“As hell!” he confirmed, making me feel a little better.  
  
“Will you hand me my shorts?” I asked, holding the blanket to my chest and leaning over to confirm they were still on the floor by the mirror.  
  
He looked thoughtful for a moment. “Would it be really wrong if I didn’t want you to get dressed yet?”  
  
I fought the smile that wanted to come to my lips. “Really?” I asked, aiming to sound incredulous.  
  
In response he reached down and pulled on something. I looked down toward my feet to see him tugging the thong, which was still wrapped around my legs. I nodded, and he pulled it down from my knees and off my feet.  
  
He lightly pinched the covers, but didn’t tug them as I gripped them tighter. Our eyes locked, and after a long few seconds, I relaxed my grip on the blanket, and nodded almost imperceptibly. In a flourish he threw the covers from me.  
  
I giggled slightly at his enthusiasm, then froze as his eyes locked between my legs. I knew he was seeing the moisture that I could still feel there.  
  
“Wow,” he said quietly. “Can I?” he asked, eagerly, it sounded, as he reached his hand dangerously close to my vagina.

**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic - an interlude 04**

I looked down, and it was pretty much as bad as I expected. My lips were spread slightly, and my clit, which was still mostly erect, was peeking out from under its hood, and I was glistening with my body’s lubricating fluids. A single finger was extended toward me, and I knew that he wanted to feel the moisture for himself. Still half frozen, I nodded and widened my legs by an inch or two, and watched with wide eyes as he moved the final few inches, becoming the first guy to touch me there.  
  
He was not at all tentative, perhaps worried that he would get only one chance. My body’s aroused state had me open and accessible to him, and so his finger slid painlessly and quickly into me, causing my body to tense with the shock of the invasion. “Is this okay?” he asked, pulling away immediately as he felt my reaction.  
  
Without looking up at his face, I nodded again, and he returned to his exploration. “It’s so slippery,” he commented, slipping his finger back inside me, deeper this time, and then pulling it slowly back out. He had bent forward, his face closer to me now, and his finger gently traced the shape of my lips, entering me again upon the completion of each trip. “Is that your clit?” he asked quietly as he brushed against it, making me shudder.  
  
I blushed brightly once again. “Yes,” I whispered. “I guess I’m still turned on.”   
  
“It’s hard!” he said, pausing his circuit to press lightly against it. My body pushed back against his finger instinctively, and my hips rocked toward his hand as he continued to explore my nub, now adding a soft pinch and prod to his pattern. In, out, around, pinch, repeat.  
  
“Please stop,” I said in a low voice after what seemed too long a time. “I’m not ready for sex." I could feel another orgasm building, and I didn’t want this to be my first sexual experience.  
  
He didn’t shift his gaze at all, but did stop moving immediately. His finger was inside me when he froze, and he acquired a slightly inquisitive look. “Sex?”  
  
“You’re giving me a hand job,” I reminded him, panting and blushing anew as I nodded toward his hand, one finger of which was buried in my bald, soaking vagina.  
  
Pinking slightly, he withdrew his hand from my body, and thinking for a moment, sniffed, then licked his slick finger. We stared at each other, a smirk on his face and shock on mine, for a moment before he asked, “You still do what I say?”  
  
I thought knew where this was going, and I quickly assessed if it was okay. My body reacted in answer to my own question; my heart rate accelerated, and my nipples, mostly deflated at this point, popped to full erection.  
  
“I do.” I whispered.  
  
“Make yourself cum,” he said back to me in the same quiet voice.  
  
My hand moved tentatively. This had always been something extremely private, on the rare occasions I actually did indulge. It had increased in frequency since I’d met the boys, and since we’d started our games, and I had, at one point, fantasized that they were watching me, but I had never expected this to actually play out. Once I started, however, I couldn’t stop. My body had a need, and very soon my left hand was gently kneading my breasts as my hips rocked in time with my ministrations.  
  
Lately, when I touched myself, I had been fantasizing about the guys watching me strip. I had run through our adventures in my mind, or thought about what might happen next time. I had thought about what might have happened if they’d told me to do something different. What if Jim hadn’t liked my panties when the pizza guy was there? I would have come out already bottomless. All that time spent sliding my panties down my legs – how would the guys have spent those minutes without those panties to remove?  
  
This time, Tom was right there. Fantasizing wasn’t necessary, because he was really watching me. I was naked, and he was watching me pleasure myself. I liked that he was watching, and my body reacted quickly. As my masturbation sessions went, this one was extremely short. I was honestly a little surprised; I'd not been multi-orgasmic in the past, but here I was, moaning in extasy for a second time in five minutes.  
  
My eyes flew open as my body rocked, and I found my fist clenched on the couch cushion. My other hand was underneath me, and I was momentarily confused and disoriented as the orgasm hit me hard. I normally wasn’t this vocal, with my parents in the room down the hallway, but now, although I was a little embarrassed by how loud my moans and wails were, I was unable to modulate the volume. When my body was finally spent, I felt the embarrassment creep in once more. I lifted my head to look around. I was alone in the family room, one knee on the floor, still gently humping my own hand and the edge of the couch.  
  
A dream? I took a moment, then righted myself. I was wearing my running shorts and t-shirt. I could feel my bra, uncomfortably twisted and half pulled up one boob from my unconventional position. I hurriedly checked my phone; still an hour until my parents would be home, and no texts from Tom. I had fallen asleep on the couch while thinking about the guys and our adventures, and apparently my unconscious mind had taken it from there. Holy crap, this was going to take some thought. Why only Tom? What did it mean that I had let him finger me? What did it mean that I had stopped him? What the hell did it mean that I had masturbated in front of him? Did this mean I was developing a crush on him?  
  
What did it mean that I had shaved my pussy in front of him? I stood suddenly, thrusting my shorts and panties down. My normal tuft of hair was still there. I sat, confused and still coming down from the high of the intensity of that orgasm. I had the feeling that I’d actually had the other one for real, while I’d been asleep, but I couldn’t be sure. I thought back through everything; it had all seemed so real. I pulled myself up off the couch again, and walked up stairs. Ugh, my panties were uncomfortably wet. I’d never had a wet dream before. I honestly didn’t even know women could have them!  
  
As I changed and cleaned myself off, I searched through my underwear drawer. I knew that it wasn’t there, that it didn’t really exist, but still I looked twice to be sure there was no tiny red thong. Needing to feel more dressed, I pulled on a pair of sweat pants, rather than my shorts. I went to the closet, and searched the stacks on my top shelf, and then the pile of old clothes in the corner. The Harry Potter shirt was in a pile of clothes on the closet floor that I’d never fully unpacked after the move. I tried it on, and it was nothing like the dream had imagined it. Tight, but only in the chest. The bottom of the shirt bloused around my waist.  
  
Sighing, a little shaken, I ventured back downstairs. I needed to turn on the TV and let something else fill my brain. Unbidden, a thought popped into my head that scared me more than any of the others.   
  
There was a part of me that wanted to tell Tom about my dream.