**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic 06**

by cheryl

**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic 06 - Part 1**

That afternoon, I had to confine myself to the house. I was afraid to go outside for fear that they would peer over the hedge and see me, or come out the front door and catch me on the street. I could hear Geoff and his friends through the open window, and smiled each time I heard Yvette’s name mentioned. I couldn’t always make out each individual word, but found myself straining nonetheless.

My parents got home at their usual time, and I was restless throughout dinner. I excused myself and went upstairs, sitting in the dark on the floor near the open window, unable to see clearly into Geoff’s yard because of the trees, hedges, and angle of the house, contenting myself instead to listen to their conversation, surprised and pleased to hear my name occasionally still.

It was just before 8:30 when the doorbell rang. I didn’t move from my spot until I heard Jim’s voice drift up the stairs, mixed with my mothers. I jumped to my feet, grabbed my purse from my bed, and ran down the stairs. “I’m going out, mom,” I told her, pausing to kiss her on the cheek before stepping into my pink high tops. Tom and Jim were at the door, looking as surprised as my mother, but they didn’t try to stop me from walking out the door with them.

“Home by 12,” mom called as the door closed behind me.

“We were just stopping by because you didn’t respond,” Jim said as I hurried us down the sidewalk.

"Respond?” I asked, realizing belatedly that I’d never taken my phone off of silent after I left Geoff’s house earlier, and had been so enthralled with the men’s conversation drifting in through the open window that I hadn’t thought to check it. “Sorry! It was on silent and in my purse,” I admitted, pulling it out, flushing slightly as I stuffed the bikini deeper inside. That action suddenly reminded me that my panties were in my purse as well.

I had three DMs from Jim and two texts from Tom. “What’s going on Monday night?” I asked, scanning the messages.

“Marcus wanted us to come by his store after closing Monday,” Tom answered. “We’re hoping you’ll agree.”

“Repeat performance?” I asked, grinning.

“Something like that,” Jim replied. “He’s called me every day since then with other ideas of things you could have tried on. And he has something for you. A present.”

“Should I be scared?” I asked with a combination of real curiosity, excitement, and actual apprehension.

“No,” Said Tom. “I think you’ll actually like it.”

“Any hints?” I pushed, looking from Tom to Jim and then back.

“He asked us not to tell you,” Jim replied, “so no hints!”

“Sorry,” Tom agreed. “No hints.”

I eyed the two guys suspiciously, but let it drop. “What do you want to do tonight?” I asked. Belatedly realizing they might have plans, I added, “If it’s okay that I hang with you.”

“You can always hang out with us, Claire!” Tom said, a little more emphatically than the mood called for. I saw Jim shoot him a look, but I was too keyed up to wonder what that was about.

“Sounds like Geoff is having a party,” Jim inserted. “Wanna see if he’ll give us some beer?”

“I can’t go there!” I nearly shouted, too quickly and too forcefully.

Both guys stopped short. “Why?” Jim asked, vocalizing it first.

“Um,” I hedged, “I was kind of there earlier?” I was still worked up from earlier in the day, and from listening to the men talk about me, and there was a big part of me that wanted to tell them about it.

“Define!” demanded Tom, stopping short and grabbing my arm. The smile on his face was a combination of expectant and knowing, as though he was hoping I was going to say what he thought I would.

“Yes, like that,” I said, blushing. “He’s got two friends over, and I cleaned his pool in my black bikini,” I said quietly. “But they think I was hired help, and not that I live next door, so they can’t know I’m here!”

Jim and Tom looked at one another. “Let’s go over there!” cried Jim. “I’ll bet the pool is still filthy!”

“We can’t!” I insisted. “Please!”

Tom stopped Jim from pushing things, and I felt a surge of gratitude. It took almost no convincing, which eased my stress. “Can we go to your house,” I asked Tom. “I want to get inside before one of them leaves and sees me standing here. I’m wearing the same clothes I left in!” I tried hard not to be whiny but was failing just then.

“Yuk,” replied Tom. “My parents wouldn't give us a moment’s peace if you came in the house with us.”

“Can we go to your house, Jim?” I pleaded.

“More yuk,” he responded. “We can go to Sean’s house.”

Tom nodded thoughtfully, and I had the impression that he was considering my outfit. “Fine, we just need to go!” I said, feeling mild panic that I'd soon be discovered out here.

“One condition,” Jim said in a calculating tone, dangling his keys for effect.

“What condition?” I asked, still in dread and not thinking through what his conditions might entail.

“You have to tell us exactly what happened at Geoff’s this afternoon,” he replied. “Exactly.”

“Fine!” I agreed, figuring it could be worse. Besides, I was still in the mood to talk about it, to continue my high. These were two people who I could tell everything to, and they’d completely understand, and wouldn’t talk to others about it.

Jim’s car was parked on the street, and we were in and driving away quickly. I made them work for it, and doled out information sparingly at first. It was fun to see where their questions led, which gave me insight to what they enjoyed. Jim kept asking about how long I was topless, and enjoyed the fact that Geoff had removed my bikini top. In the end told them close to everything, censoring the finer details of my intimate exposure. I explained, for example, that had me put my shoes on, but not that I was bent over for close to five minutes, exposing absolutely everything for all that time.

For their part, the guys reacted pretty much like I'd expected them to, and in a way that increased my enjoyment of the telling. They expressed envy, largely, whenever I told them how Geoff made me take off my next item, and humor when I told them how I stripped back down, donning only my shoes, to get them a final beer before I left. They seemed impressed that I could speak French, and I dazzled them with a few choice phrases. "Je envie faire plaisir” was their favorite, when they learned it meant “I wish to please.”

“Now you tell me who Sean is,” I asked, when I was done with the telling of my story. We were pulling up outside of a row of houses, and Jim put the car in park along the street.

“Sean is a buddy of ours from school,” Tom replied, opening his car door and stepping into the street. Jim was already half out, so I followed their examples. “Big gamer, computer guru. He helps us get stuff, and he is the equipment manager for the basketball team.”

“And what does he know about me?” I asked nervously as we walked up to the front door.

“Nothing very specific,” Jim hedged. “He does know your clothing size,” he grinned. I didn’t have time to do much more than be shocked and confused when the door opened.

Sean was sloppily dressed, wearing a pair of sweatpants that were cut off into long shorts, and a Spiderman t-shirt. On his feet were dingy white tube socks, bunched around the ankles and loose on his feet.

“Hey, Jim. What’s up, Tom,” said Sean upon seeing his friends, but looking at me the whole time.

“This is Claire,” Tom said, throwing his arm around me as he said the words. My heart jolted at the casual contact, and I took a second to run through our past encounters. Although he’d touched me to slap my butt or caress some patch of bare skin, this was the first time he’d touched me like this; casually, but with affection and almost intimate friendliness. My body registered the difference.

“Come on in,” Sean offered, stepping out of the open doorway and allowing us to pass.

The foyer ran left to right, about as deep as a wide hallway, tiled in dark slate of uneven shapes. To the right was a corridor of dark wood paneled walls with a coat closet on one wall, a short bench opposite it, and stairs to the second floor at the end. To the left of the front door, a single step down led into the kitchen and eating area. The lighting in the foyer was provided by a chandelier which hung too high overhead, casting a weak yellow light that was not bright enough to combat the dark floor and walls. The darkness seemed at odds with my mood, still elevated from the time spent at Geoff’s and from the short car ride over.

We followed Sean straight ahead, down two steps into the main room, which was walled in the same dark paneling. The floors were an almost black hardwood, probably walnut, and the small area rug under the chocolate colored sofa was browns and deep reds. Most of the light in this room was provided by the sun filtering through the leaves of the bushes and trees outside the windows in the back, and by the TV that was almost comically large compared to the wall on which it was hung.

“Who’s there, Sean?” came a voice from the dark end of the couch.

“Tom and Jim came over with Tom’s girlfriend,” replied Sean lazily. I was surprised by how much I liked the sound of that.

“She’s not his girlfriend,” Jim cut in. I could easily see where Sean had gotten the idea, though; Tom’s arm was still draped over my shoulder. I casually ducked out from under it as I was introduced to Rob, another friend of the guys. He was playing a video game on a big screen TV, and barely glanced in our direction as we said our hellos.

Sean seemed to be unphased by awkwardness. “But isn’t this the girl you bought the lingerie for?”

“Oh, well,” said Tom, looking decidedly away from me, “yeah, but...”

“It’s just a thing,” Jim tried, quickly losing steam.

“They were helping me out,” I cut in, shrugging lightly.

“But you said she was gonna model it for you,” Sean persisted, still trying to figure out the 'not his girlfriend' comment.

“None of us are dating,” I tried again, “but I did model it for them, kind of in return for them doing me that favor,” I finished lamely.

“Hmmm,” mumbled Sean, eyeing me up and down in an appraising way. “I’m the one who fronted them the cash and actually did the buying.”

“What?” I asked. I was genuinely curious, and the question just popped out. Why would they go to Sean for this?

“His mom works nights. Manages that sports bar over by mall we went to a few days ago. So she gets home really late at night, and sleeps most days,” Tom explained.

“And she doesn’t really dig into my stuff,” Sean clarified, “so when it comes to online shopping, I can get the guys stuff that they wouldn’t want shipped to their own houses.”

“What else, besides lingerie?” I smiled.

“A man in my trade doesn’t reveal his clients secrets,” Sean replied solemnly, but grinning. “Bad for business!”

I giggled, but remained unsure of how I was supposed to react to this news. Jim and Tom were looking at one another, engaged in some unspoken conversation. I wondered where it was heading, but my body was kind of hoping it was going in the usual direction.

“It’s too bad we didn’t bring it along,” Jim mused, giving me an evil wink.

“Well, you remember I told you about the free gift?” Sean said thoughtfully, seemingly unaware of the mounting tension in the room. Maybe I was the only one feeling that, though. “I have it upstairs.”

“Free gift?” I asked, looking around the room. I was a little surprised that Rob had not registered any part of this conversation, and honestly, were it not for the explosions emanating from the TV and the cuss words that came out under his breath, it would be easy to forget he was even there.

“When he bought the French maid’s outfit he got to pick a free gift,” Tom explained. “I guess he never gave it to us.”

“It was free, and I figured I paid for the stuff, and you bought it from me, but you didn’t order the free gift,” Sean explained unapologetically. “I got another free gift when I ordered the schoolgirl costume, too, and I figured I might have an opportunity to sell them, but I’d be honored to gift them to the lovely Claire, considering she’s not your girlfriend.”

“What were the free gifts?” Jim inquired, ignoring the implication in the rest of his friend’s statement.

“Hang on,” Sean replied, jumping from his seat. His stockinged feet slid on the floor several times before he got purchase and was moving forward, bringing to mind a cartoon character. He ran up the stairs, and was back down less than half a minute later, sliding to a stop across the slate floor. He had two packages in his hands that he thrust toward Jim, who was closest to him.

“Thigh highs,” Jim commented, looking at the first package, “and a teddy?” he said, unsure of what he was holding. He handed both packages to Tom.

“Sean did help us out,” said Tom, grinning. “What do you think, Jim?”

“We couldn’t have done it without him,” Jim agreed quickly. “And I wouldn’t mind seeing her in this,” he continued, nodding toward the packages in his friends hands.

“I think it’s settled,” Tom grinned.

“You don’t ask her?” Sean asked, watching the exchange like a tennis match.

I was prepared to hem and haw, eventually giving in with good grace, but Tom cut me off. “She doesn’t really get a say in these things. It’s part of our deal.”

Sean looked stunned as Tom took my hand. “Do you, Claire?”

“Not much of one,” I admitted, trying to make it sound more like I always acquiesced.

**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic 06 - Part 2**

Together we walked into the bathroom that was just past and behind the couch. The powder room was small to the extreme, with the same dark wood paneling half way up the wall, and same black slate floor as the foyer. Here, though, it was much brighter, with white fixtures and white paint on the top half of the walls reflecting the light from the Hollywood-style fixture above the mirror with five round bulbs. There was about enough floor space to swing the door shut, and it was quickly apparent that the two of us in this small room would make allowing me to change difficult.

“Actually, I think we’ll need the hallway,” Tom said, pressed closely against me in the tight space. Keeping hold of my hand, he walked me back through the room, and up the stairs. Jim was looking longingly after us, and Sean still looked slightly stunned as Tom waggled his eyebrows. He moved the chair slightly so that he could see both the short hallway and the guys in the room.

“Why don’t you get,” he looked toward Sean as he emphasized the next word, “completely undressed, and then I’ll hand you your stuff.”

I could think of no argument, not that I wanted there to be one. I wondered if Rob was going to notice me walking into the room half undressed, and chuckled under my breath.

“Why don’t you start by taking your shirt off and hand it to me,” he suggested.

Enjoying the moment, and secretly happy that it was Tom and not Jim playing this role tonight, I smiled at him, then stuck out my tongue, then quickly pulled my shirt off my head and held it out as he snatched it out of my hand and waived it to the room. “One thing down!” he called. Kick off your shoe and then let me have your shorts, he continued, dropping the shirt to the floor near his feet.

I kicked off my shoes, and then unbuttoned my shorts. Suddenly, I remembered that my panties were in my purse, and I froze for a moment.

“Is there a problem?” Tom mouthed, so that only I could see.

I looked pleadingly at him as I tugged down on the short zipper, and then pushed them down slightly, showing him that I was not wearing panties. “They’re in my purse!” I mouthed urgently.

He nodded, indicating that they should come off regardless. I pulled them the rest of the way off. “Nice!” he said loudly, taking them from me and dropping them straight to the floor without waiving them around. “Now your underpants!” he cheered.

I stood there awkwardly, unsure of what to do. “You can turn around, Claire,” he said, winking. “I’ve seen it before.”

I smiled and mimed pulling my panties down, turning my back to him teasingly. I pretended to hold them in my hand, and to shoot them at him off of a finger. He did a quick doubletake and looked quizzically at my crotch for a moment.

“Now your bra,” he said, regaining his momentum.

Reaching behind myself, I pulled the bra off of me and handed it to him. As he waived it around his head, he nodded at me. “God, I love your boobs!” Then, turning to the room, still holding my bra in his hands, he announced “That’s everything! You guys should see this. She looks amazing!”

I curtseyed to him, suppressing a giggle. I was thinking about how, if it was Jim doing this, I’d not be having this much fun. I could imagine how he was probably sitting on the edge of the couch, tense and antsy, wanting to be back here calling the shots.

“Now let’s see what Sean got for you,” he said, opening the first package.

He pulled out the bright red fishnet stockings, and separating them, handed one to me. The top was elastic, meant to stay up on its own, and the netting was large mesh. I rolled it to the toe and was about to sit on the stairs to pull it on, but Tom stopped me.

“I think we can do better than that,” he grinned wickedly. “Give the guys a bit of a show, and me a bunch of a show.”

He repositioned the chair slightly, and then ran into the main room before returning a moment later. He did this twice more, until he was satisfied, and then directed me to stand in front of him, place my bare foot on his thigh, and pull on the stocking in view of everyone. I was able to press my bare breast against my own thigh, so that it was not visible to the room.

I got one toe caught in the large holes of the netting, but otherwise pulled it up to my knee without incident. I then placed one hand over my breast and pulled myself upright, looking to Tom for guidance. He nodded, and so I tentatively moved that hand away before pulling the stocking the rest of the way up. I noticed that Tom’s eyes had drifted between my legs, so I left that foot up on his thigh while I waited for the next stocking.

This next leg was the one farther from the room, so Tom pulled his chair toward me, explaining in a whisper that now they could see only my calf and foot. Otherwise, I would have been very exposed to the room, and I knew that this wasn’t their standard way of doing things.

This second stocking went on just as easy as the first, and Tom had me take a step back. The elastic stocking tops came up quite high, only about an inch below my crotch. “Oh, you guys should see this. She looks incredible!” he bragged.

He opened the package that the teddy had come in. It was also red, matching the stockings. He looked it over, and was about to hand it to me when he pulled it back. “Why are there snaps there?” he asked, pulling apart the crotch and showing me the two small silver studs and sockets.

I blushed because I knew what he was thinking. Boys were so single focused. “It’s not for sex, it’s so we can pee,” I responded quietly.

“Wouldn’t you pee before you put it on?” he asked, genuinely confused.

“Some girls wear these under their clothes,” I pointed out. “You don’t want to be in a restaurant and have to get naked to pee, so you just pull down your pants, unsnap,” I let the sentence drift off.

He smiled broadly, amused with himself. “I never thought about that!” he admitted, laughing.

He tossed me the teddy, and I refastened the snaps at the crotch before stepping into it. The chest was low cut, and as was the case with most things they bought me, a bit small. This, combined with underwires, the teddy pressed my boobs up and together, creating a lot of cleavage. There was stitched lace over most of the bodice, alternating with red sheer nylon. Although a good amount of by breasts were visible through the fabric, my nipples were strategically covered by the stitching. The stomach was mostly transparent, with large cutouts on either hip that went up to the underwires, exposing the sides of my stomach. My belly button was clearly visible through the material.

Below, they were designed more like a full coverage panty, with a full bottom and intricate latticework that obscured everything. The look was definitely sexy, but not as revealing as I’d come to expect from the guys. Much more flesh had been visible in my bikini.

Tom took my hand and twirled me around twice. “Should we have her put on the high tops or come out barefoot?” he asked. “Or do you have some high heels upstairs?”

“No high heels,” Sean laughed. “Barefoot is my vote!”

“Barefoot,” Jim responded, after thinking about it more than I’d have thought he would. Did it really matter? Then I thought about Geoff’s preference for these shoes earlier, and how Jim and Geoff alike really seemed to like me in stockings. Perhaps footwear and legwear meant more to the guys that I had assumed.

“Are you guys ready?” Tom asked, turning his back to me pulling me close behind him, so that I was blocked by his body.

The guys must have nodded, because all I heard was the musical score mixed with the explosions and other sound effects from the game. I wondered silently to myself if Rob was ever going to notice me.

Tom stepped to the side, took my hand, and led me down the two steps to stand there, where there was more floorspace and less furniture. Rob glanced in my direction, and then did a double take, staring wide eyed in my direction. “What the effing...?” he started. Then he cussed as a loud explosion emanated from the TV. “Aw, crap, I just blew myself up!” he complained.

Everyone, including me, doubled over in laughter at that. Rob was confused at first, but caught on quickly, and giggled right along with the rest of us.

“Let’s get this show on the road,” Tom said finally, as I was still giggling. He took my hand and spun me slowly in a circle, showing me from all directions to the room.

“Oh, my god!” exclaimed Rob, trying to figure out from context what was happening. “How did you get a girlfriend that hot?”

“Not really my girlfriend,” Tom replied, but mostly my natural charm and good looks.”

“No, seriously,” joked Jim. “How? You have no charm.”

“I still can’t believe she’s just standing there like that!” Sean said, still a little awestruck. “She just does that because you said to?”

“She does what we tell her to,” Jim said confidently. I hated his attitude, but my excitement was ratcheting up as I heard the words.

“Whatever you tell her?” asked Rob disbelievingly. He was still trying to catch up to what was happening here.

“Show us the snaps,” Jim demanded, as if in answer. I looked to Tom, who rolled his eyes but made no effort to stop things.

Tentatively I lifted a leg, leaning slightly back, and pointing with my fingers. Jim seemed satisfied, and didn’t ask me to open them up, but he did tell me to get closer to each guy, basically pushing my thinly covered crotch in each of their faces.

"What does her bra and underwear look like?” Jim asked, directing his question to Tom. “I’d love to show them her butt in a thong.”

Rob looked shocked at the exchange, talking about me as though I wasn’t there. Tom looked at me questioningly. He hadn’t seen my panties, because I hadn’t been wearing them. They were a tanga back, anyway, so not the thong that they were looking for. But then I remembered.

“My bikini is still in my purse,” I offered shyly.

Tom grabbed my purse off of the end table, and offered it to me. I pulled the bikini out of it, and stuffed my panties into his hand, knowing I could count on him. As Jim took the bathing suit from me to look at its suitability for the next phase in their game, Tom surreptitiously put my panties with my other clothes on the floor in the foyer.

“I remember this suit,” Jim enthused. “It’s awesome!”

Tom took it from him, asserting his dominance again, and walked me back up to my changing area. Teddy off, bikini on!” he mused, taking his seat.

I was starting to pull the teddy off my shoulders, when he looked pointedly at my crotch. “Snaps?” he mouthed so quietly I couldn’t hear. I understood immediately. He wanted me to unsnap the crotch, but he knew that if he said it out loud, everyone would want to see. He wanted this to be just for him.

Smiling indulgently at him, I reached down and undid the snaps, allowing the elastic fabric to pull the bottom up, away from my sex. He smirked as I twirled for him, and then I pulled the bottom up, removing the teddy more like a shirt, and tossed it to him.

I thought I was getting to the point where I could predict each guys’ preferences. Geoff was a fan of my pussy, and he seemed to enjoy my footwear, to the point where he’d prefer I have on my pink high tops over nothing. Jim was a breast man through and through, but he also enjoyed my butt a lot. He favored sexy lingerie, like thigh highs, thongs, and garters. Tom enjoyed my naked body, but his favorite part was my pussy, so it was surprising to me when he tossed me the thong, rather than the bikini top. I had to retie it before I could pull it on, and then had to adjust the sides. When I looked up expectantly, he was looking thoughtfully at the rest of my outfit, turning it over in his hands.

“She looks sexy as hell right now, guys,” he said to the room, not looking at me. “Does anyone care if I forgo the top?”

Jim and Sean were fans of this plan, so he turned to me. “I think I’ll send you out like this,” he mused. “But why don’t you put an arm up, like you did when you were trying to hide your boobs earlier?”

I must’ve looked a little surprised, but I lifted my right hand, placed it on my left breast, and held my arm straight across, so my right nipple was covered by my forearm, and then looked at him quizzically.

“Just like that,” he smiled, making a show of dropping the bikini top on the floor by my other clothes. He reached forward, took my free hand, and walked me back out and down the two steps.

“Hot damn!” said Sean.

“Holy crap, you can totally see her tits,” said Rob, suddenly blushing as he covered his mouth. He obviously couldn’t believe he’d blurted that out loud.

“Not yet,” Tom replied, “but have a little patience.”

Tom, not releasing my hand, spun me in a slow circle, as though we were dancing.

“God, she looks amazing,” Sean sighed.

I stood uncertain, and after about ten seconds I could tell that Tom was unsure of what to do next, also. He spun me around a couple more times, showing my thong-clad butt to the guys.

“Have you guys ever seen a stripper?” Jim asked, obviously trying to take control again.

“Oh, all the time,” Sean replied sarcastically.

“Like, today?” asked Rob. “I mean, not in a few days, actually. Busy with work and stuff.”

“I think Claire’s a really good dancer,” Tom interjected, ignoring the snide comments from his friends. “I think she should do a strip show for us.”

“That’s a great idea,” Jim replied sarcastically, disappointed that his idea had been hijacked by Tom, who swatted my behind and took a seat with the others. “Can you mute that effing game and turn on some real music?”

**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic 06 - Part 3**

Sean fiddled with the TV remote and changed the input. It was a smart TV, and he went to the Spotify app, and music filled the room through the surround speakers.

I began dancing and swaying to the music, trying to find a rhythm. I mostly listened to pop music, or maybe to some alternative art punk. Sean had turned to a rap station, and I was struggling. “Can you put on some different music?” I asked.

The next channel he picked, obviously from preset selections, was electronica. Finally, he found an indie pop channel that was a little slow and melodic, but allowed me to find a danceable melody. “What am I supposed to do?” I asked, swaying and turning, but keeping my arm firmly in front of my nipples.

“Whatever I tell you to, remember?” Tom said wickedly, winking at me. “You’ll have to move your arm to get your thong off, so why don’t you move it now.”

Sean and Rob may have been a little surprised by the news that my thong would be coming off, but their cheers could hardly be mistaken for complaints. I planted my feet, with my back to the guys, and ran my hands up my body and through my hair, which was still in the ringlet curls. I had a moment where I tried to reconcile getting ready to go to Geoff’s as only this morning, but here I was, less than twelve hours later, getting naked for a completely different group of guys. I knew I shouldn’t, but I was absolutely loving this.

With my hands stretched high over my head, I began to writhe my body, snake-like, moving my knees, hips, chest, shoulders, head and arms independently, in control of my body as only yoga and Pilates could teach me. I then began a slow turn, shuffling my feet as I kept the rest of me squirming and wriggling in time with the music. The guys were going crazy as my breasts came into view, first one, then both.

Tom stood, watching me as I brought my hands down and danced more traditionally, and then walked over behind me. “I think I'll do the big unveiling,” he offered, catching my hips and locking his fingers around one string on each side of my bikini bottom. “Arms back up!”

The guys all screamed with delight as I moved my hips, tracing a figure eight in the air, but otherwise still. He tugged gently on the thin strips of fabric, slowly teasing his seated friends.

I don’t know what made me do it, but I ran my hands down, and then back up my chest, and then up farther, and back, to grasp his head and pull him closer to me, my hands clasped just behind his ears. I felt his cheek press against mine at the same time that I felt the ties at my hips give way and fall from my body. He dropped the bikini bottom to the ground, and his hands were suddenly on my stomach, caressing me, gliding lower and lower, skimming my tiny tuft of hair.

For a moment I couldn’t feel all of their eyes, roaming up and down my body, exploring between my legs, taking in my breasts. All I could feel was Tom’s hands, his hair, his face, his breath.

“Is this going to turn into a sex show?” Rob asked, nervously, it sounded.

Embarrassed, I disengaged myself from Tom, and dancing a little awkwardly, moved away from him. Tom stood, stunned or confused, for a few moments as the manic energy in me compelled me to move faster and much more than the music called for.

Horny, confused, embarrassed, and frenzied, I danced away from Tom and toward the guys. Without overthinking anything, I put my leg up on Rob’s lap, his athletic shorts slippery under my foot, clad in only crisscrosses of thin red nylon. Suddenly I could feel his hardness under my toes, and it felt empowering. Leaving my foot there, bending my leg to increase my exposure, I asked him, in my sultriest voice, to take my stocking off.

There was only an inch or so of bare skin between my stocking top and bare pussy, and he nervously reached up my leg to begin sliding the stocking down. Once it had cleared my knee, it virtually fell off, and I left it in his shaking hands as I returned to my dancing. Tom, I had noticed, was sitting in the chair off to the side, staring at me, wide eyed. I ignored him, dancing in front of the couch for another minute before lifting my foot onto Sean’s lap. I moved my foot, pulling his sweat shorts tight against his body, until I could see that he was hard as well, but sticking up and left, away from my foot.

As he pulled my stocking down and off, I altered my gaze between his face, grin solidly in place and eyes locked on my bare sex, and his erection, straining against his shorts as my foot continued to pull the fabric taut. I wondered if Jim and Tom were hard. I wondered if Geoff and his friends had been.

Naked now, my stockings in the hands of Rob and Sean, I continued to dance until the song came to an end.

“Time to get you dressed, I think,” Tom said suddenly, standing from his chair and taking my hand. He looked me over, head to toe, before walking me up the stairs to the protests of the others.

“One more song!” they were chanting now, as Jim joined us. He looked at first like he might overrule his friend, but something made him hold his tongue. Tom offered me my panties, but I had no patience for them. I pulled on my shorts and t-shirt, naked underneath, and then stepped into my shoes. I took my underwear and my bikini and jammed them into my purse.

“Don’t forget these,” Sean said, suddenly behind me. He was holding out the stockings and the teddy.

“I’ll take them,” Jim said, snatching the items from his friend’s hand.

Our exit seemed a little abrupt, but I don’t think Sean or Rob minded too much. Jim shoved the new lingerie into his center console as I warned him about snagging the fine material.

“What the hell was that?” Jim said furiously as we sped away from the curb. “You told me you could handle it, and then you’re practically molesting her!”

It was silent for a beat. “I’m so sorry, Claire,” Tom said quietly. “I didn’t mean to do that. If you’re upset with me, I’m sorry.”

“Sorry for what?” I asked, genuinely confused. They had stripped me in front of other people. It couldn’t be that.

“For dry humping you in the middle of the god damned living room!” Jim shouted in a voice too loud for the car. “You said you could handle your effing infatuation with her,” he said in a quieter, but still harsh voice, turning to his friend. “We have a good god damned thing going here, and you’re going to ruin it!”

I sat, grinning like an idiot, running through the ramifications in my head. Infatuation, Jim had called it. At least it meant that Tom liked me, too. That was really cool, and it was what I wanted. But Jim was right about something else. We all had a good thing going here. I wasn’t ready to give up this fun, and if Tom and I decided to become a couple, I couldn’t exactly go hang out at Geoff’s house and serve drinks for his buddies wearing nothing but a pair of pink Chuck Taylors. And I likely wouldn’t end up at his other buddy’s video game house, dancing naked after modeling a teddy and some thigh highs.

“I’m sorry,” Tom said pitifully.

“I’m pretty sure we just saw her tits for the last god damned time,” Jim spat.

Trying to lighten the mood, I lifted my shirt. “These tits?”

The car swerved as Jim swiveled his head almost all the way around on his neck. It made me smile that, even as pissed off as he was, I could still get that kind of reaction from him. I was not happy, however, to see that Tom had merely glanced, but was now, once again, staring at his hands, folded across his lap. I pulled my shirt the rest of the way off and dropped it on his legs, but only got another glance from him.

“I couldn’t believe that Sean had a boner!” I said enthusiastically, trying to cut through the stress levels in the front seat of the car. “I could see it through his shorts when he was taking my stocking off me!”

“We all had hard ons,” Jim said, slightly less upset.

“Really? Do you always get hard?” I asked.

“Viagra’s got nothing on you for making erections, Claire,” he replied, teasing now. For Jim, at least, the worst of it had passed.

“Will you please smile, Tom?” I asked.

In answer, he turned to me and tried to force a grin, but it was more a grimace.

“Sorry, my boobs are hideous, I know. If you just hand me back my shirt, I’ll cover them up,” I said, pouting.

“Shut up,” he said, the smile still not reaching his eyes, but more natural on his lips now.

“Like hell you’ll put your effing shirt on,” Jim snapped playfully.

We were just pulling to a stop on the street in front of my house, and I ducked down squealing and giggling as a car’s headlights swept across us.

I screamed even louder at the hard rapping on the car window. “If it’s not my favorite lads!” Geoff called through the window, slightly drunkenly. “And Claire bear!” he added, seeing me. Then he took in the full sight of me, topless, with my arms covering my ample breasts, and pulled the back door of the car wide open, stumbling into the seat next to me.

“You gentlemen are having some kind of fun without me!” he said, pulling the door closed. “What’s the game, then? Are we driving around flashing out the windows?”

Jim and I took turns quickly recapping the evening, and all the while I kept my arms up on my breasts. I didn’t mention Tom’s behavior, nor our fight, and instead ended the story generically, stating “…and now Tom has my shirt!”

“We’ll let’s bring you inside and see if we can’t get this sorted out!” Geoff crowed, slapping Tom soundly on the shoulder and pulling open the door. Tom tossed the shirt to me, still despondent, but Geoff, even as drunk as he was, had faster reflexes and intercepted it. “That’s the spirit!” he cried, jumping out of the car and, waiving the shirt over his head, walking quickly towards the house.

Tom sprang from the car to chase after him, and Jim wasn’t far behind. They were making so much noise that I was concerned my parents would peek outside to see what was happening, and without thinking I dove out of the car and sprinted after them, using both arms to pump myself faster, overtaking both Tom and Jim as I ran through the lawn on an intercept course with Geoff at his door, while they followed behind him, down the sidewalk and up his driveway.

I collided with Geoff just as he was reaching for the door, pushing him to the wall. “Your friends can’t know I’m here!” I reminded him sternly in a whisper. Both cars were still in the driveway, and I wasn’t in the mood to try to explain why Yvette had returned with a couple of teenage boys.

“They’re gone,” Geoff explained, half understanding my urgency as the boys arrived, taking up positions on either side of him. Tom angrily snatched my shirt from Geoff’s hands and handed it to me. “The Uber just left. Too intoxicated to drive home, I’m afraid,” he said, gesturing towards their cars.

I relaxed then, as the boys slowly began to understand.

“Now let’s get you inside and sorted out!” Geoff said, staring longingly at my bare chest. He fumbled behind him until he found the latch, and then pushed the door open.

I sighed, and grabbing Tom’s hands, dragged him inside with me. It was only a couple of minutes after 11:00, after all, and I didn’t need to be home for another hour.

“Look, Tom,” I said. “Whatever you think happen, I guarantee it’s not that big a deal. Let’s move past it and hang out for a bit.” I dropped my t-shirt on the kitchen island.

“Is that the way you put your clothes away, Yvette?” he asked, a mock scolding tone to his voice.

“Non, monsieur,” I replied sweetly, curtseying. I picked up my t-shirt and folded it neatly as the two younger guys looked on in surprise.

“Did Claire tell you that she entertained my friends earlier today?” he asked, eyeing me as I turned back to face them.

“She did,” replied Jim. “Yvette?”

“It’s the name he uses for me, so that they don’t know my real name,” I shrugged. “Like when you called me Candy.”

“Candy?” asked Geoff.

And suddenly all of the stories were being told. The only one that was still a secret was the one day I’d spent alone with Tom. We each caught the others eye, and knew without speaking that we would not tell that story right now. By the end, even Tom had lost his surly mood and was laughing along with the rest of us.

“And now, I guess, my job is to stand around topless!” I joked, shimmying my boobs for emphasis. Not that they had stopped glancing my way at all during the telling.

“Absolutely not!” said Geoff, scandalized. “This is unacceptable, and I’m appalled at our oversight! Your role is to stand around NAKED! Shorts off this instant, young lady!”

Jim and Tom both turned expectantly toward me, and so without preamble I dropped them to my feet and, struggling a bit with my shoes, pulled them off.

“Commando, I see,” Geoff said delightedly as I folded the shorts and put them with my shirt.

“We left in a hurry,” I explained, “and I didn’t have the patience for underwear. They’re in my purse. Oh, crap! Is the car locked?” I had just realized that my purse was still in the car, which we’d all abandoned very quickly.

Jim turned and jogged out the front door, leaving Tom and I alone with Geoff.

“Can we have a beer?” Tom asked, filling the silence.

“You're underage, but the point is moot regardless. I'm all out!” Geoff responded jovially. “Yvette here was a bad influence on us, and got us off to far too quick a start!”

The door opened, and Jim reentered with my purse. “Three of the doors were standing wide open!” he explained. “It’s locked now. Here’s your bag, Claire, and I brought these, in case Geoff wanted to see them!” he added gleefully, holding up the stockings.

“No teddy?” I asked sarcastically.

“Covers your tits too well,” he responded. “And your ass. Horrible thing, that teddy.”

“We can have none of that!” Geoff trumpeted, slurring the tiniest bit. “Tits and ass uncovered at all times!”

Geoff suddenly placed his hands around my waist, and as though I weighed no more than a grocery bag, he lifted me onto the island. He snatched up one of my feet, spreading my legs apart in the process. “Isn’t that a lovely sight, gentlemen?” he asked, nodding toward my bared pussy as he pulled my shoe off.

“The loveliest,” Tom agreed, looking over the older man's shoulder. “Hey, I meant to ask, did you shave for Geoff?”

“Shave?” Jim asked, doing a double take toward my spread legs. “She’s still got her bush!”

**Claire and the Boys Next Door Fanfic 06 - Part 4**

“It’s smaller,” Tom replied in an exasperated tone, as though it should have been obvious.

“Are you sure?” Jim asked, ducking around his friend to get a closer look. In reaction, Geoff shuffled to the side, inadvertently pulling my leg farther to the side, spreading me even more open. I now had three guys heads between my legs, staring directly at my pussy, and my excited embarrassment was at an all new level.

“There’s definitely more skin between her hair and her... womanhood,” Geoff said, his finger hovering dangerously close. “She admitted it to me earlier,” he added as an afterthought, resting his hand on my upper thigh.

“My... my womanhood?” I asked, laughing. “What the hell is my womanhood?”

“I was attempting not to be vulgar,” he responded, blushing a bright red, while the guys laughed. “What would you prefer I call it?”

“Um, almost anything?” I replied sarcastically, still very aware that the guys were all still standing between my legs. “Pussy, cunny, vag, snatch, trim... hell, even vagina!” I laughed. “And for your information, I trimmed it smaller because I wanted to. Now, while you’re all looking there so intently, please let me know if you find my modesty. I seem to have misplaced it, and it may be up my womanhood!”

All three guys laughed hysterically, but Geoff released my ankle immediately, as though he suddenly realized he was holding something hot. That wasn’t the outcome I was looking for. I had been enjoying their hungry, lustful stares. “Other shoe?” I asked, lifting my leg toward Tom, who was closest to that foot, hoping to let them know that I wasn’t upset.

Realizing exactly what I wanted, he pulled the other high top off of me, moving my legs wide apart once more. He leaned in once again, and after a long pause, looked up at me with a salacious grin. “I don’t see it in either hole, but I honestly believe you lost it quite a few weeks back!”

I had no idea how to respond to that, but didn’t try to pull my leg free of his grasp. Geoff and Tom tried to hide their renewed interest, and I pretended not to notice. Finally, I picked up one of the stockings from the countertop. “Am I supposed to put these on myself, or were you going to try?” I asked.

“I’m sure I could figure it out,” Geoff said quickly, reclaiming the front and center spot between my thighs. His fingers lingered on my bare foot as he gently lifted it once more. Tom had not released the other, and the two grinned at one another as they lifted them higher and pulled me almost into the splits.

“Ahh!” I screamed, laughing out loud as I fell backwards.

“Laughter does interesting things to your womanhood, Claire,” Tom grinned, sending a new round of laughter around the group.

Geoff had begun absently stroking my upper thigh. “It is helpful to begin with the stocking,” I said, still giggling.

Geoff surprisingly knew what he was doing. He rolled it to the toe, and guided it onto my foot, still high in the air and far from the other, as I was laying on my back on the countertop. He pulled a little too tight, so that the netting stretched too much, but otherwise he was able to fit it correctly on my leg. His eyes got wider and wider as he kept going up, surprised at how close to my spread pussy his hands came in order to pull it all the way up.

“Anyone else wish to take care of the second stocking?” he asked, wiping his forehead as he stepped away. His shorts were visibly bulging in front, and I enjoyed knowing that I was responsible for that, so I left my leg extended to the side as I laid back, looking up at them.

Jim pushed Tom forward, sticking the remaining thigh high into his uncertain hand.

“Bunch it up, down to the toes,” I advised, watching him clumsily follow my instructions. His hands felt like fire on my skin, more so than Geoff’s had, even though the older man had caressed my bare leg much more brazenly. Tom took his time, straightening and smoothing the stocking as he worked his way up my leg, but he seemed to try hard to touch my skin as sparingly as possible. Lightly he would pinch the netting, and once it was away from my leg, he would work his way up, still stretched out.

Watching his fingers and the stocking, he was singularly focused, and probably the only guy in the room not actually looking at my splayed pussy, and didn’t notice that he’d stretched it too much, and had actually made it longer. The back of his hand dragged against my moist, exposed skin, and sent a jolt through me just as he realized what he’d done, and pulled away suddenly.

“I’m so sorry, Claire!” he pleaded, blushing bright red.

“It’s okay,” I breathed huskily. I had agreed with myself that I’d let him touch me, but I had envisioned it differently. This was almost disappointing. I took a moment to collect myself as I straightened out the stocking. “Am I just to sit here, or am I supposed to model them for you somehow?” I asked sweetly, kicking each leg out straight in turn. I was determined not to let awkwardness ruin all of our fun.

“Down you get,” Geoff said, pulling me off the counter by the waist just as easily as he’d hoisted me up there. “Walk around a bit, and let us see what we’re working with!”

I strolled sensually around the kitchen and front room, making sure to move my hips. I stopped a few times, stretching up to peer at an item on a shelf, or lifting myself onto my toes to bend over the countertop. The three of them moved to the sofa, seated comfortably and content to just watch me. Although there was no music, my sauntering was bordering on becoming a slow, sensuous dance, and I stayed on my toes much of the time.

I had been ambling about the room like this, showing myself from all angles, but still somehow more modest than I had been on the counter, when my phone chimed from inside my purse. “It’s my mom. They’re going to bed,” I informed them, trying to mask the disappointment in my voice, “so I should probably go.”

Jim and Tom stood to walk back to the kitchen with me when we realized that Geoff had fallen asleep. Or perhaps passed out is a better description; he smelled like a brewery. I shushed the boys, and slowly and carefully straddled his lap, my knees on either side of his hips. I gently picked up his hands, and placed them around my hips, resting solidly on the curves of my butt.

Winking at Tom and Jim, I turned back and slapped Geoff. Not hard, but hard enough to wake him up. “No means no, Geoff!” I said loudly as he jolted back to life, looking confused and startled.

“I’m sorry!” he cried, throwing his hands up in the air. “I’m so sorry, Claire!”

The three of us cracked up with laughter as I bent and hugged him. “We’re just messing with you!” I giggled. “I can’t believe you passed out! Does this bore you?” To emphasize my meaning, I pressed my breasts together, then shimmied them around.

“I drank quite a lot,” he mumbled, still embarrassed, but staring at my display.

Back in the kitchen I began pulling the stockings off so I could get dressed, but Jim stopped me. “I’m starting to see the obsession Tom seems to have with your pussy,” he said. “I want to look for your modesty again!”

Chuckling all around, he and Tom hoisted me back up onto the island, and pulled my legs almost into the splits so they could take my thigh highs down and off. Each guy took a turn starting from front and center, and then they had me put on my shirt before they’d let me close my legs.

Geoff bade us goodnight, and closed the door behind us. Tom and I walked Jim to his car, and waved as he drove away. I turned to hug Tom, only to find him staring down at me, conflicted and shy once more. I didn’t want to deal with this, and I wasn’t ready for that conversation. I was about to break away from our hug and make my escape, but he seemed to sense it and pulled me tighter as he spoke. His tone was apologetic. “I’m sorry. I know you don’t feel the same. I’ll try really hard to keep it all casual. I’m sorry about before, too.”

My breathing kicked up a notch, and my body instinctively nuzzled against him. Could I have it all? It’s what I had been thinking before. This felt nice. Right. I wanted this, but I needed to know I could have the rest of it, too.

If I turned my face to the side – if I pressed my lips against his neck – I knew beyond doubt what would happen. It would be very easy, and it would feel right. There would be no need for discussion tonight.

But could I do it? Could I give up my games, so new and exciting to me, for this? His embrace, his warmth. They were separate, wonderful feelings, so at odds with each other. Butterflies took flight in my stomach as I thought about turning my head. I hadn’t decided yet, and now I was out of time.

My phone chimed in my purse. I hadn’t responded to my mom, and now she was texting again. Tom released me, as though the tinkling electronic tones had physically shocked him.

“I’ve gotta go,” I said awkwardly. “Talk to you this weekend?”

“This weekend, sure,” he responded sullenly, beginning to walk away.

“Tom?” I whispered, causing him to stop and turn around.

I ran the two steps to him, wrapping my arms strongly around his waist. “Don’t be sorry!” I breathed. “Never be sorry for that.”

There was so much to think about as my head hit the pillow, but I couldn’t focus until I dealt with the most pressing issue first. My fingers traced down my naked body and began to quell the aching need between my legs. The rest could wait until morning.