**Claire and the boys next door 3**

by janscoM

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

Once again I has the same mix of disbelief and slight embarrassment in the hours following my show for Tom and Jim, but soon enough all I could think about was how incredible I'd felt throughout and how much I wanted to do it all again. The moments I loved the most were when they were either asking or telling me to do things that would show me off. When they had me bring out the tray of drinks, or, obviously, when Tom made me take my top off to have my breasts lotioned. It was the chance to pretend to be annoyed or reluctant but to do it anyway, complaining that they left me no choice. It gave me an excuse and made it easier to do what I wanted to.  
  
I loved acting like a bimbo or an airhead, being a girl who was happy to have guys give her attention and would do anything to get it. I knew exactly what they were doing, and Jim obviously knew I knew as well, but there was something so powerful about the situation of them 'controlling' me. In the moment I genuinely had no idea if I was doing it because they told me to or because I wanted to, it often felt like the former but that seemed to just make me want it more.  
  
I had less fear about doing it too often now, I think we all knew what we were up to and I doubt the boys wanted to delay another meet up. I still thought it was fine to let them ask for it, but I didn't imagine I'd be waiting that long and I'd been thinking of a few ways to provoke it anyway. I was close to certain the story about the peeper was nonsense, and besides I didn't actually care any more. I'm sure a spot of sunbathing in my own garden wouldn't go unnoticed and was sure to get them asking me round.  
  
Thinking about sunbathing in the garden also brought to mind my new acquaintance Geoff next door. That had certainly been an interesting meeting, and my new instincts had kicked in when I gave him a show with my bum, but I was still a little worried about going round to his garden to swim. I knew if I did I'd wear the same bikini, I wouldn't be able to help myself, but an older man with a wife was way too complicated for me to think about at the moment. I'd just leave things there for now, I was sure I could pick them up if I ever wanted to. I was beginning to realise the power my body gave me, it maybe wasn't much but it seemed to be fairly easy to get attention from guys with it.  
  
As it turned out I didn't have to wait very long at all. Late that evening I received friend requests from Tom and Jim, I didn't see the harm in adding them and the next morning I heard my phone beep in the way that told me a message had arrived. It could have been from a few other friends, but I was happy to see it was from Jim. He was fairly brusque, just saying that they'd had a few ideas and they would like me to come round about 13:30. I was a little put out by the matter-of-fact-ness, but it was in keeping with the side of Jim that had begun to come out more and I can't say I didn't enjoy it yesterday. In short, I couldn't really complain.  
  
I also noticed another friend request, the name meant nothing to me but the thumbnail picture seemed familiar so I clicked to have a closer look and read their message. It was Geoff from next door. He explained that he wasn't really on Facebook but had started a fake profile a while back to keep in touch with some friends that ran a poker game via it, and now used that account a 'little bit'. He welcomed me to the neighbourhood and repeated his offer of a dip in his pool. I remained unsure, his story sounded somewhat plausible but could equally be a lie, though I could see he already had 50 or so friends so hadn't made it recently. If it was a lie it was still a stretch to believe he met enough teenage girls in skimpy bikinis to need a separate profile just to keep in touch with them. I still didn't really make any decisions, but a few hours later I clicked to add him impulsively.  
  
Soon enough I was finishing up lunch and it was only half an hour or so till I was 'due' next door. I couldn't help but wonder what they had planned and, more importantly, what I should wear. My first thought was a bikini again, why change a winning formula, but I'd begun to doubt that. For starters they hadn't said anything about sunbathing and the weather was warm but not that sunny. It was also true they liked to be in charge of my clothing themselves, even when I'd headed round in my skimpiest outfit they'd immediately asked me to change. It surely stood to reason they were planning something again.  
  
Besides, although I'd added him on Facebook I honestly didn't want to run in to Geoff on the drive wearing next to nothing again. It all pointed to wearing some of my new clothes, something that showed me off but in a way that was acceptable in the wider world, not just with Tom and Jim.  
  
I had a fun twenty minutes considering how exactly to have the effect I was after. I once again went with a short skirt, but this time chose something quite tight. It was black and came to around mid thigh, though seemed to ride up quite a lot given how snugly it fitted me. Underneath it I'd put on a smallish pair of boy shorts that were slightly transparent, but not too bad. There was little chance of them being seen whilst I was wearing the skirt but I realised that, one way or another, I would probably be taking it off at some point.  
  
On top I wore a slightly loose dark blue and white striped no sleeved t-shirt, which I tucked in to show off my waist and to keep the looseness from obscuring my braless boobs. I could tell my tits would move around a fair amount under the top, which easily allowed the shape of bounce of them to be seen but wasn't in any way transparent. I felt very elegant and sexy, especially when I put on the heeled sandals that were my fanciest shoes. I tied my hair up in a complicated but loose-ish bun at the back and decided to wear my glasses rather than lenses. I looked at myself in the mirror one last time, I knew I looked great and far more adult and knowingly sexy than my previous efforts, with the possible exception of the black lingerie.  
  
Just before half past I left the house, again carrying nothing other than my clothes and relying on the hidden key to get back in. I enjoyed the sharp sound of my shoes as I walked down the drive and the short distance down the street. This time there was no Geoff hanging around to watch me. That was as I'd wanted, but I couldn't help but imagine his eyes on my bum as I swayed it from side to side in the tight skirt. Maybe someone's watching from a window, I thought to myself. It was an exciting thought that there might be unknown voyeurs enjoying my body, I perhaps needed to get out in public more.  
  
It seemed that the boys were watching from a window as the front door swung open as I arrived without me having to knock. Jim was there and he gave me the usual up and down look before saying hello and telling me to go through to the kitchen.  
  
Rather than heading there himself first he stepped to one side allowing me past. As I did so he gave me a rather firm pat on the bum, pretty much a slap. "Nice skirt, Claire" was his comment.  
  
I stopped at the doorway through to the kitchen and looked back with an indignant expression. "Ow! I don't think that was called for, was it?"  
  
"Have you seen your ass in that skirt?" He grinned back.  
  
"Fine, but I don't think I deserve to be spanked."  
  
"OK, OK, I'll be more careful from now on." He held his hands up in mock surrender.  
  
I shook my head and turned back round, I was already feeling dangerously turned on from this first interaction. I went through into the kitchen to see Tom stood by the breakfast bar, he was wearing his now normal slightly worried expression.  
  
"Oh, hi Claire."  
  
I smiled brightly at him and carried on into the room, Jim followed me until I stopped near the bar. This time as we passed he rested his hand on my bum for a brief moment and gave it a small but noticeable squeeze.  
  
"How was that, then?" His cocky grin once again in place.  
  
"What?" Tom's nervousness was just being added to.  
  
"Never mind." I said. "Your friend is just getting ever so slightly ahead of himself."  
  
"Maybe."  
  
"Anyway, enough of that nonsense. What have you guys got planned for this afternoon, what was so important about half past one?" I looked mostly at Tom as I said this, I figured that if he was in control things might not go too far too quickly.  
  
"Oh, well, it's just that we ordered some food and it's going to arrive around now."  
  
"That sounds nice, but you should have said, I'm afraid I've already had lunch."  
  
"Don't worry, that's not why we had you come round." Jim joined in.  
  
"Yeah, well you would have been welcome to some, obviously." Tom carried on. "But, well it was Jim's idea really.. We, er, thought it might be fun to have a way for other people to, y'know, see you too."  
  
"What?!" Although this was exactly what I'd been thinking about on the walk over here, I certainly wasn't expecting it to be something the boys decided for me. "What do you mean, someone else see me?!"  
  
"Oh, come on, you know you love showing off. I also figured it'd be a way to save a bit of money. You'll see."  
  
"Well, I certainly am not just going to show off for a stranger just like that." Even as I said this, trying to give Jim a stern look, I realised how much the idea gave me that familiar combination of fear and excitement all at once. Even just saying out loud "show off for a stranger" was a bit of a thrill. Just then Tom's phone buzzed, he was receiving a message.  
  
"That'll be him. Tom, you go let him in. Claire, you need to put this on." He handed me what seemed to be some sort of veil, I stared at it in confusion.  
  
"What? What is this? Why do I need it?"  
  
"Well, you probably don't want this person to recognise you. Not from your face, anyway." He gave another grin at that. "You tie it round just below your eyes, I'm sure you've seen them."  
  
I realised I had seen things like it, they were the sort of veil that I think middle eastern dancers or harem girls seemed to wear. I unravelled it, but still just looked at it.  
  
"I really don't know about this." I said to no one in particular.  
  
"You should probably put it on anyway, Claire." That was Tom waiting by the front door, presumably the delivery person had texted to say they were a few minutes away. "You can do what you like, obviously, but may as well stay anonymous."  
  
There was a knock at the door. Tom's point seemed well made, though I was also aware that the further I let these things develop the chances of me doing things I'd not anticipated increased. There was however the fact that they were going to let this guy into the house and start their plan anyway, so I didn't really have a choice. I stepped backwards so I couldn't be seen from the hall, quickly tied the veil behind my head and settled it in place just under my eyes. I could feel that its layers of fine blue fabric hung down past my chin, and had seemed more-or-less opaque. It was probably a decent disguise.  
  
I heard Tom open the door and greet whoever stood there, he quickly told them to come through. A chubby man who seemed to be in his early forties came into the kitchen carrying a couple of pizza boxes. As he put them onto the breakfast bar he nodded at myself and Jim, I could see a momentary flash of confusion cross his face as he looked at me but he didn't react further.  
  
"There you go, chief." He said chummily.  
  
"Thanks." Said Tom as he followed him into the room. The man took a step back towards the door but then hovered where he was. It was pretty obvious he was waiting for his tip.  
  
"So, paid by credit card did you?"  
  
"Yeah, that's right." Said Jim.  
  
"Well, enjoy your pizza, guess I'll be heading out.." He didn't look like he was heading out just yet, though. I continued to stand a little bit awkwardly towards the back of the room, presuming this was all part of whatever plan Jim had come up with.  
  
"I'm sorry, we, er, don't have any cash to give you a tip."  
  
The pizza guy just stared at Tom now, his friendly demeanour was going a little bit but he didn't seem angry. I expect it wasn't the first time he'd heard something like that.  
  
"Right, I see."  
  
"We might be able to offer you something else, though." Said Jim, with a weirdly cocky edge to his voice.  
  
"OK.." He turned to face Jim.  
  
"I'm sure you've noticed our friend over there." He gestured towards me. "How would you like to have her model an outfit for you?"

**Claire and the boys next door 3 - Part 2**

He looked me up and down, but still seemed mostly unsure. "Look, I don't want to get into anything weird. I've got to get back to work, anyway."  
  
"There's nothing weird, I promise you, she'll just wear whatever you tell her, that's all. I think you should at least see the outfits before you decide to refuse the tip."  
  
The delivery man was still staring at me with a mixture of suspicion and the sort of appreciation I was starting to get familiar with.  
  
"You're certainly a good looking girl." He said to me. "Not sure about that thing on your face, though."  
  
I opened my mouth a little bit but didn't know what to say. Things were going way too fast even though I'd obviously guessed they had something in mind like this, I felt frozen in place and nervous but not really scared. I was also still pretty excited.  
  
"Give him a proper look at you." As Jim said this he made a spinning motion with his hand.  
  
I looked at Jim and then back at the delivery man, I'm sure my nervousness was evident in my eyes but I started to turn slowly round anyway. The three guys seemed happy to watch for the moment. Despite my discombobulation, and without really thinking about it, I stopped with my back to them and ran my hands quickly over my bum whilst bending ever so slightly at the waist. I then carried on round to face them again.  
  
The guy let out slight whistle. "Goddamn."  
  
"Now imagine that with a lot less clothing."  
  
The delivery guy stared at me a little bit more, then turned back to Jim and let out a little bit of breath that was halfway between a sigh and a laugh. "OK, I've no idea what's going on here, but I reckon I can spare the time to have a look at some outfits for her. There'd better not be any funny business, though, I'm warning you."  
  
Jim again raised his hands in a gesture of acquiescence. "Just think of it as your lucky day, there's no funny business I promise you."  
  
He turned back to me. "Are you 18?"  
  
I still wasn't feeling up to speaking, but I nodded my head.  
  
"They're not forcing you to do this are they?"  
  
This time I just shook my head.  
  
"She'll wear what you want, that's the deal, no one's asking her do anything bad or weird."  
  
I couldn't help but start to wonder about what outfits the boys had got to show him. I figured it would be some of the things I'd worn already, surely the lingerie and the bikini would be part of it. Maybe even the tiny cheerleading outfit. I tried to imagine myself dancing for the three of them, bending over in the very short skirt as a middle aged stranger watched me, it was a dangerously exciting image and I'd started to see that look of lust in his eyes that I enjoyed so much in Tom and Jim. I realised that I was already just going along with things as if it were inevitable, I wondered if I needed to make an effort and put a stop to it. I did want to see the outfits at least, though, I could always decide then.  
  
"They're through here." That was Tom, pointing the way through to the front room. The three of them walked in and I followed a little way behind, I could feel my legs shaking a little. The front room had the curtains drawn and the main light on. I stared at the pizza guy from behind as we went in, he was definitely overweight and had a few small food stains on the back of his white, branded polo shirt. I supposed both things were probably just hazards of his job, but his slobbish appearance made the idea of teenage girl like me getting half naked for him even more incongruous. I wondered what he was really thinking, whether he expected it to all be revealed as a joke at any moment or for me to refuse to go along.  
  
Jim told him to sit down, and asked me to go stand in front of the three of them who were now sat on the large corner sofa. I'd seen some clothes on the side table that was by where Jim had chosen to sit, but, standing where I was told they were behind the arm of the setee.  
  
"OK, first up is this." Jim reached across and picked up what I recognised as the lingerie set I'd worn in the garden yesterday. "Just a nice set of underwear, I can tell you her body looks great in it. Isn't that right, Tom?"  
  
"Oh, yeah, definitely. She looks fantastic wearing that."  
  
"I can imagine." He took the knickers from Jim's hand and held them up, looking at them and then me.  
  
"I bet that big round ass of yours looks incredible in these, I hope you'll give me a show like you did in the kitchen."  
  
He was certainly getting used to talking to me like that fairly quickly, I'm sure I was blushing though the veil was probably hiding it from him. I decided to keep quiet again, it seemed like the dynamic had been set and I was just there to look good and do what they asked. Not hearing my voice also meant he'd have less chance of recognising me if we ever met again, or so I told myself.  
  
"OK, that looks pretty good, the next one will have to be something special to beat it."  
  
"Like I said, she looks really hot in it, but I think we might be able to do better." He put the underwear back and picked up the next outfit, it wasn't immediately obvious what it was though the material looked very similar to what I was wearing on my face.  
  
"This one goes with what she's got on already." Jim started to hold up the fabric and it became clear it was someone's idea of a belly dancing outfit. There were what looked at first like two skirts. One with a very short, very transparent piece of fabric only on half of the 'belt', which I guessed I would wear around my chest, just under my arm pits, so the fabric would then cover my breasts. The second had multiple large handkerchief-like bits of the same fabric dangling by a corner from the belt, this was presumably the skirt. There were obvious gaps between the individual bits of fabric on the skirt, and whilst I was sure I could arrange them to be a little bit wider I knew I'd have to choose the orientation wisely and be careful with my movements. The thought crossed my mind that it was an outfit designed to dance in, however. Would Jim, Tom or the newcomer tell me to put on some kind of show? I supposed it was pretty much inevitable.  
  
"Oh, yeah, I get it." He said, once again holding up the outfit whilst looking at me, no doubt imagining my body in it to better make his decision. "You're supposed to pull these off one by one, aren't you?" He seemed to be indicating the bits of dangling fabric that made up the skirt.  
  
"I, er, think that is the tradition." This time it was Tom, he looked at me almost sheepishly.  
  
"Well, you're right, I think this one is even better."  
  
So my instinct was correct, I'd definitely have to dance for them if that was the choice, they might even tell me to strip. I thought back to how I'd felt doing that slow spin in lingerie, stood between the two boys as they sat down watching, acting exactly like a stripper just starting her act. That feeling was definitely part of my bimbo fantasy, but actually stripping for them seemed another step again. Even then the part of me wanting to put an end to things continued to do nothing about it. Inside I was full of nervousness and turmoil, but I'm sure from the outside it seemed as if I stood there waiting obediently for the three men to chose how I should undress for them. That idea just added to it all.  
  
"One more." Jim again reached over to the table. "This is my favourite, but it's up to you, obviously." He held up what looked to be a maid's outfit, or at least the beginning of one. It was a smallish white apron with a frilly edge and ties. It didn't look very practical, though I imagined it was designed and bought without cleaning in mind. He handed it to the delivery man. As the latter started to check it out I noticed that Jim wasn't then reaching back to the table for more.  
  
"Is that it?" Andy had obviously noticed too.  
  
"Yeah, I'm afraid we couldn't find the rest so she'll have to make do with just the apron. You don't mind, do you?"  
  
"Hell no, I don't mind." He chuckled again. "You realise no one I tell is going to believe this story, don't you?"  
  
I wasn't sure anyone should believe the story about not being able to find the rest. If it was even slightly true I'm sure the boys hadn't looked very hard for it.  
  
From the look on his face as he handled the apron and stared at me I quickly realised this was going to be his choice. I started to imagine how I'd feel wearing nothing but a loose piece of cloth tied to my front. I might actually look slightly presentable from face on, my breasts, stomach and loins covered as a top and short skirt might. However, as I first came out, showing them that view of me, we'd all know that from behind I was completely naked, and I was certain the instruction to turn round would come almost immediately. My heart was beating incredibly fast and my tummy was in knots. I was certain I'd be doing it for them, there was no way I was saying no now that scene was in my head. There probably hadn't been any chance from the moment Jim started telling me what to do.  
  
"Maybe I could combine the outfits, a little. Is that allowed?"  
  
"Er, I suppose so." Jim seemed hesitant, but probably wanted to know where the new guy was going.  
  
"Well, I was thinking she'd look good in this apron, but also with the stockings and suspenders from the first set."  
  
Tom reacted pretty positively to that suggestion, he rose from the sofa and excitedly added. "And maybe some shoes as well.." He quickly disappeared into the hallway again.  
  
The two remaining guys looked at one another. "And the knickers as well?" Said Jim, trying to keep his voice fairly neutral.  
  
The pizza guy looked at me. "Well, I don't know. I guess she'll keep her own on if don't choose.."  
  
I stayed quiet, shifting my weight from one leg to the other. They were both staring at me now even as they continued the conversation between themselves.  
  
"Do you want her to keep her knickers on?"  
  
"Well.." He chuckled. "No, not really."  
  
"So, we'll tell her to take them off too, then. It seems reasonable, we did say she'd wear the outfit you choose and if you don't choose any underwear.."  
  
There were a few moments silence as we all thought about the reasonableness of them deciding if I would wear knickers. Tom came back into the room enthusiastically carrying a pair of high heeled shoes. He sat back down and passed them to my new wardrobe consultant. "How about those, I've always thought her legs would look great in high heels, especially with stockings on, but we haven't had chance to see yet."  
  
I could see they were pretty high, maybe 4 or 5 inches, and slim heeled . I did quite like heeled shoes as I wasn't the tallest, but never wore ones like that. If they fitted I imagined I might totter about a little bit. I guessed there was little point in trying to discourage them, they would probably find my slight imbalance appealing anyway. I wondered what sort of views I might give them if I fell over whilst just wearing an apron.  
  
"Yeah, they'll do." He looked up at me expectantly.  
  
"OK." Said Jim. "I think that's all sorted." He rose from the couch carrying what little amount of fabric passed for my new outfit in his hands. I stood up a bit straighter, trying to make myself look a little bit more purposeful and involved.  
  
"Here you go, Candy." He said, as he approached. It seemed he was going to call me by a pseudonym, which was for the best even though his choice was a little silly. It fitted with what I was about to do, though.  
  
"You can just use the hallway to change. Remember" he continued, looking me up and down, "take everything off first, then you can put your new outfit on."  
  
I glanced over at the doorway, it was hardly the most private space but if the guys stayed on the couch I'd be hidden from their sight.  
  
"In fact, why don't you pass out your clothes first and then I'll hand over the new stuff. That way we can be sure you'll have the right things on."  
  
"And nothing else." Said the pizza guy, delightedly.  
  
"Exactly." Jim grinned back at his new best friend.  
  
Tom was the only one looking at me with anything other than pure lust in his eyes. "Is that OK ... Candy?"  
  
I hesitated a short while, but nodded to him.  
  
"Of course it is, she'll do what we ask, won't you?"  
  
I turned slightly and found myself nodding to Jim as well.  
  
"Good girl, off you go."

**Claire and the boys next door 3 - Part 3**

I started to walk towards the hallway door, it was no real surprise as I felt Jim slap my arse on the way. It was the hardest he'd done it yet, and I could feel a slight sting where his palm had landed. I stopped for the slightest moment, but soon carried on without any more reaction.  
  
"See, she loves it." I heard him say as he followed me, still holding on to what I needed to change in to.  
  
I walked into the hallway and closed the other door through to the kitchen, then I turned back round to Jim who was stood side on to the opening. He wasn't looking in, but just had to turn his head. It seemed he was planning to stay there whilst I changed. The door opened into the front room and was propped all the way open with a doorstop, it looked to be a fairly permanent arrangement. I would have to go back out and push past Jim even to try and shut it. I didn't know if he'd just let me, it seemed unlikely, and it would mean changing the dynamic now established between us quite a bit.  
  
Whilst some part of me retained how ridiculous my attitude was, it honestly felt like trying to close the door was way more trouble than just changing in front of him. He's seen me before, I thought, and it was true. This would be the fourth time Jim had watched me get naked, though probably the most blatant. I'm sure he was loving being able to watch the other guys whilst they sat on the sofa, them knowing the show he was about to get but not being able to see it themselves.  
  
He still wasn't looking in, however, so I kicked off my sandals, untucked my t-shirt from my skirt and started to pull it over my head. It wasn't too tight, so it was easy enough to lift off. As I brought my arms down I could see that Jim was indeed now watching me, once again concentrating his gaze on my suddenly naked boobs.  
  
"I figured you weren't wearing a bra." He said with a leering expression as I handed him my top. I placed my other arm across my chest as I did, though it was pretty pointless to cover up now. I'd probably have to move it again almost immediately, anyway.  
  
He turned back towards the guys and ostentatiously tossed my t-shirt into the room. "One down!"  
  
"Goddamn, you lucky little punk." Said the pizza guy. Despite the words his tone said he was enjoying himself and not too jealous of Jim, no doubt anticipating what was to come later and not wanting to push his luck. I wondered what Tom thought, he was probably dying to watch me too but I was sure would stay where he was for now.  
  
I had already started to unzip but Jim couldn't help himself as he turned back to me. "Now the skirt, Candy, let's see those knickers this guy doesn't want you to wear."  
  
"If they're good enough, maybe I'll change my mind!"  
  
"God, no. Though, actually.."  
  
I could see another idea had occurred to him, I wondered what as I wiggled my hips to cause my skirt drop to the ground. I stood there in just my little boy shorts, unable to do anything but wait for Jim to pass his judgement. I still held one arm slightly uselessly against my chest as he peered thoughtfully at my underwear.  
  
"Wow, they are really nice. We've not seen her in anything like this before, Tom, but these hug her body really nicely." Now he addressed me again. "Turn round."  
  
I turned, presenting him my bum as I'd done a few times before.  
  
"Yeah, her arse looks great in them too."  
  
"Well, up to you, man." The delivery guy was being very understanding, personally I wondered why Jim suddenly seemed interested in me keeping more clothes on.  
  
"OK, here's what we'll do. Take them off for now, then once you're in the stockings on you can put them back over the top." He'd obviously learnt some logistical lessons about fancy underwear from the experience on the sun lounger yesterday. "We'll see what he thinks, maybe he'll like them, maybe he'll go back to the original plan and have you take them off again." He turned in to the room. "Is that OK?"  
  
"More than OK." The pizza guy laughed again. "I reckon I might know what my decision will be, but she may as well try it."  
  
Fine, so that was it, he was just angling for a way to have me undress all over again. It didn't seem to matter much to me, I was all set to go out there without them already, though I did wonder how I'd feel having a middle aged delivery man telling me to take them off in front of him. Would it be that much different to what Jim had just done?  
  
I contemplated that as I brought my hands to my knickers, about to get completely naked for him just as he'd asked. I realised, though, that this would be the first time he would see everything clearly. This situation was so weird and exciting that the internal logic we'd created was carrying me forward, and I'd been very close to just slipping them down without thinking too much about it.  
  
"Come on, Candy, no point wasting time." Jim obviously was aware of what was about to happen, he was looking at my knickers as his head made a downwards motion in encouragement. I thought how there was nowhere to go after this, that the tease was maybe over, though I quickly realised that was ridiculous. I was already next to naked for him, and my hands had already begun to ease the shorts down ever so slightly. He'd even seen what was underneath through the thong I had on yesterday. And, as for the tease, I was about to play a naughty French maid for him and the other two guys.  
  
As I stared to definitively pull them down still standing facing him, I realised that, despite the nervous fear and sensations in my stomach, this was exactly what I wanted. I bent to slip them down and off my feet and then straightened up to see Jim was a slightly goofy expression on his face.  
  
"God, Cla.. I mean, Candy.." I stood there holding my knickers out towards him, my other arm down by my side, not trying to cover up but not striking a pose either. After a few beats he reached out to take them from me, regaining a bit of his poise.  
  
"Pass me your skirt too." I'd just left it on the floor after I'd stepped out of it earlier. Jim could have easily reached down for it himself, but I crouched to get it anyway and then handed it over. He gave me another quick once over, and then turned and tossed the skirt into the room.  
  
"There's two, you can get the third later." He added as he dangled my knickers from his hand, brandishing them towards the couch.  
  
"Still sounds like a plan to me."  
  
Jim held out the suspender belt for me. "This first."  
  
I couldn't see a preference between it and the stockings, neither would cover anything to make me feel less naked. I took it and wrapped it round my belly, looking down to clip it together. As I did so I realised I'd slightly widened my legs for balance and I was staring down at my cropped tuft of pubic hair atop my clearly visible pussy. Jim was no doubt contemplating the very same view. It was one thing to decide to put on this show, another entirely to be doing it. I glanced up and sure enough his attention on me was laser like, I felt a little bit dizzy again as I had done in the garden. I quickly clipped the belt together and put it in place, the straps hanging down my naked thighs waiting for the stockings.  
  
"Looks good. Now this." He handed me the first stocking. I wondered if I'd be able to pull them on standing up, I almost never tried and usually sat on my bed to do that sort of thing. I must have looked slightly awkward, standing naked on one leg, my large tits hanging down slightly whilst hesitating to begin the attempt properly, as Jim quickly added "why don't you just sit on the floor?"  
  
I looked up. I thought that it would be an unflattering pose to show him, but not so bad as falling over. I sat down, my bum squashing into the cold tiled floor of the hallway, I may have gasped a tiny bit. Jim laughed, this time I did look up with a bit of annoyance but I'm sure he didn't care even if my expression was visible under the veil. I raised my leg to start slipping on the first stocking.  
  
This time I did do something without really thinking. As I finished rolling the first stocking up my thigh and began to clip it in place I heard Jim let out a slight whistle. "You made a good call on the stockings, man, she just gave me quite a show."  
  
I quickly understood what he meant, as I sat on the floor I had my stockingless leg mostly flat but bent out slightly, and the leg I'd just covered was bent up towards me but also out a bit as I worked to connect the clip on my inner thigh. The result being that I was sat, a few feet in front of him, naked with my legs apart and my lips completely exposed and opened up somewhat for Jim to look at. I froze and I'm sure turned crimson all over, wondering how long exactly that had been the case and what a brazen exhibitionist I must have looked like. Quite possibly since I first slipped the stocking over my foot. I snapped my legs together quickly and fastened the clips on the other side.  
  
"Never mind, Candy, only one more to go." He leered back down at me.  
  
I didn't have to fake my indignation or embarrassment now, I snatched the stocking from him and shuffled round to be side on. He would still have a nice view of me, but not quite so openly pornographic.  
  
"Seems a bit late, but whatever." He laughed as I put the second stocking in place and stood back up. "See, there it is again." He nodded down to the space between my legs now framed by the suspender belt and black stockings. I was still a bit angry and flustered, so I put a hand down there to cover up and almost started to give him a piece of my mind. Then I remembered I'd decided to stay quiet, so I had to be content to try and cow him slightly with my eyes. I don't imagine it worked.  
  
"OK, fine, cover up if you like. Here's your knickers back."  
  
"For now!" Came the voice from the front room, this was getting almost rowdy.  
  
"Lovely." He opined as I slipped them back up into place, tugging at the bottom to make sure they sat nicely on my bum. Despite my anger I was still trying to look good for him and the others.  
  
"Now for the final piece." He handed me the apron. "I can confirm she isn't wearing anything else, by the way." He added, addressing the waiting audience.  
  
"Ha, good work."  
  
"The shoes as well.." Tom had decided to speak again at last, he'd been silent throughout Jim watching me change. He might have been thinking back to when he was the one more in charge, pulling my knickers down last week may have been the moment that definitively set this escalation in place.  
  
"Oh yeah." He watched as I slipped the apron over my head and started to tie it behind my back. "Good point, I'll have her put them on in a minute."  
  
When the white, frilly, utterly impractical garment was in place I quickly realised the idea of it covering me as much as a top and short skirt might, even from the front, was a pipe dream. The sides of the apron sat just slightly past the midpoint of my thighs, with my stocking tops and even part of the suspender straps still visible. It also sat high enough that, when the inevitable happened and I was told to take my knickers off, whilst it probably could keep my pussy covered I'd have to watch what I was doing to be sure. For now I was certain my knickers would be on display front and back.  
  
In terms of covering my ample bosom things were, if anything, worse. As I tried to tie it as tightly as possible, both behind my back and my neck, it became clear I had a choice to make of how to be exposed. If I went tight enough that it stayed against my skin a lot of both nipples and a good 40% of my tits were uncovered to the sides. I could leave it looser, and as it then bulged out at the front my boobs would have more coverage, especially with the frill now adding to the width of the protection. Again, however, it would all depend on being careful. That arrangement also meant that from the side you would see more or less everything.  
  
Obviously from the back once I stripped for them you would see it all. The slim, white frilly ties around my waist and neck probably just added to the effect, that is if anyone looked away from my naked butt long enough to notice them.  
  
I decided not to pick a horn of my dilemma for now, and reached out to take the shoes from Jim.  
  
"She's almost ready, just needs to put her heels on."

**Claire and the boys next door 3 - Part 4**

I saw that they were just one size out for my feet, so I would almost certainly be able to wear them without any trouble. I didn't know if I was happy or not with that, I realised I was probably indifferent. The main difficulty, possibly, would be taking my knickers off with them on. I was slightly shocked at myself for the way I seemed to be considering it all, but I was only being practical, really. There was almost no doubt it would happen and that I would do it. I was sure I'd manage when the time came, I was even looking forward to it, I knew the sensation that would run through my body like a shock as I was told to take them off.  
  
I slipped on the shoes, feeling my breasts fall out of their very light confinement as I bent down for each one. Jim was no doubt enjoying another show. As I stood slightly unsteadily on the heels I enjoyed the feeling of now slightly looking down on him.  
  
"All ready?" His eyes were still on my tits, suggesting I wasn't quite covered up. I looked down, adjusted the top a little bit and decided to go with an arrangement that I hoped concealed my nipples for now. I'd have to see what plans I came up with when I was asked to show myself from different angles. I looked back up and nodded. Jim grinned and turned back into the room.  
  
"OK, gentlemen, here she is. Enjoy." He stepped back and spread his arm to usher me past. I stepped beside him, and this time, on instinct, I decided to not just wait for his inevitable slap on my bum. I stopped and looked at him a bit defiantly, but also turned a little bit, bent and ever so slightly wiggled my arse at him. He looked surprised, but recovered fairly quickly, his eyes lighting up.  
  
"I knew it!" He quickly gave me two quite vigourous spanks, one on each cheek and with the second turning into a squeeze, his hand lingering as it grabbed my butt cheek. I wasn't sure if the other two could see, but I soon heard my answer.  
  
"Wow, that is one naughty maid. You look smoking, honey."  
  
I looked over at the dumpy guy on the couch staring at me with a grin from ear to ear. Tom was looking too with a slightly stunned expression, it was pretty much what I'd expected.  
  
After a few more rubs and a very light pat at the end Jim tore his hand off my ass and ushered me on. "Off you go, let the man see what he picked out for you." As ever the rational, normal part of me was still in there and wondering what the heck I was up to, but the instinct to show off was in full control. I made my way back to stand in front of the couch whilst Jim re-took his seat, I was taking care to hold the top of the apron in place as I walked until I was stood front on to Tom and the pizza guy. Then I placed my arms out to either side as if to present myself, before gripping the bottom of my apron and curtsying slightly. I wasn't certain, but was pretty sure I'd lifted it enough in the process to flash most of my knickers to them.  
  
At this point the guys were just watching me in silence, no doubt Tom and the delivery man hoping I'd repeat the show I'd just given Jim. I realised that wasn't the way I saw it, though. Earlier Jim had just watched me change when I couldn't help it, which seemed different. Now I was in the outfit I was back to the tease. Well, as much tease as was possible with my boobs wobbling around and possibly swinging into display with every movement.  
  
After a little while our guest did speak. "My God, darling, I thought your tits were probably big when you had that top on earlier, but they're huge. And those pert little nipples.."  
  
So, there was no doubt I wasn't staying fully covered all the time. Maybe he'd seen them as I bent to let Jim smack my ass earlier.  
  
"Yep, she's great, isn't she. I hope this is enough of a tip."  
  
"Hell yes!"  
  
I wondered what to do next, the instinct to put on a show was eating me up. I tried to think what I'd done the last few times apart from just taking more and more clothes off, but the fact that this outfit was so precarious seemed to restrict my choices quite a bit.  
  
"Well, I guess I need to pass judgement on those knickers of yours, honey."  
  
In my excitement to show off I'd forgotten the obvious.  
  
"Yeah, step over here Claire." Jim indicated the space directly in front of the right angled part of the sofa where he and the pizza guy sat on either side. I'd been wondering how I'd play this part of proceedings, but it seemed that, as was becoming the norm, Jim wanted to take a hand directly.  
  
I started to move unsteadily towards him when I heard Tom speak. "I think after what you just helped with it's maybe my and Andy's turn to sort her out, isn't it?" Good for him, I thought.  
  
Jim looked slightly put out, but obviously couldn't really object. Andy, whose name I now knew, sat back and laughed. "Hey, I don't mind, why don't we let her decide."  
  
I brought my finger up to my lips and made a slight pantomime of looking from Jim to Tom, then I tottered around to Tom's side of the sofa, stopping between himself and Andy about a foot in front of them. Jim slumped back in his seat a little ways away, he was being a bit childish but I'm sure his view for what was to come was still very clear.  
  
"It's your lucky day, man." Said Andy, slapping Tom on the back as he sat forwards, presumably to better reach me. I wondered what his plan was and whether I was expected to show them my knickers.  
  
"Honestly, Cl.. Candy, you look amazing. Again." He looked up at me with almost adoration in his eyes. I say almost as there was a healthy dose of raw lust as well, I was sure. I vaguely wondered if Andy was picking up on their slips with my name. I was sure he realised Candy wasn't it, but I doubt he had guessed what it really was.  
  
I looked down and mouthed thank you to Tom, but that was almost certainly useless.  
  
He reached out and grabbed the bottom of the apron. "OK, we should probably take a look.." He lifted it against my belly and held it in place, the two of them (plus Jim from his vantage point no doubt) stared straight at my knickers which were basically at eye level. I remembered I'd noticed they were slightly see through earlier and the guy’s view point was much closer than I'd been when I realised. Who knows exactly what they could make out.  
  
"Beautiful, baby." That was Andy. "Maybe I should check the back out as well?"  
  
"Oh, yeah. Can you hold the apron in place, please?" I didn't know why that mattered, but I reached down to hold it up in place, then I carefully stepped round on my shoes to let the two of them repeat the process for my bum. If anything not being able to see them drove me even more slightly crazy, all I could think about was how exposed I was and how I was surely about to become even more so. I stared to wonder how I'd take them off and would I be able to conceal my pussy as I did so? Would I even try to?  
  
"I can't resist." Said Andy, and shortly afterwards I felt a light slap on my left butt cheek.  
  
"Hey!" Said Jim, actually sounding slightly angry, he really did think he was in charge of my body.  
  
"Sorry, sorry, I didn't think she'd mind."  
  
I wondered if I really did, I knew I should but it also seemed a bit ridiculous to draw the line there. It sounded like Andy probably wouldn't push his luck again. Though, almost immediately, Tom had other ideas.  
  
"So, should we take them off?"  
  
"Hell yes!"  
  
In Andy's enthusiasm I wasn't sure if he'd noticed the verb construction Tom had used, but I certainly had. It wasn't me who'd be doing the undressing, it seemed they were going to be doing it for me. My stomach, as predicted, did a few somersaults. I wondered who it would be.  
  
"Well, over to you." Said Tom. I looked back over my shoulder, he was looking at Andy and pointing to my bum.  
  
Andy actually looked slightly shocked. I had turned my head to the same side that Jim was sat and I could see that he was outraged.  
  
"What are you talking about?! He can't do that!"  
  
"Why not? We both have, haven't we? Besides, she can just say no if she wants, can't she?"  
  
Jim once again slumped back in his seat, defeated. He waved his hand. "Fine". He's the jealous type, I was realising. Tom, on the other hand, seemed to get a kick out of offering me to others. Jim did it to show off, but Tom actually wanted to watch them with me. I filed all this away for future excitement.  
  
Meanwhile Andy was staring up at me, still hesitating but getting his jocular confidence back. I saw Tom's incredibly expectant face and realised I had no intention of thwarting any of their pleasure. To signal my OK I hoisted the apron a little higher in front, tuned my head back round and again wiggled my bum.  
  
"Hot damn!" I heard Andy clap his hands, no doubt preparing to strip me. I took the opportunity to squeeze my legs together, almost crossing my feet to try and make sure my naked bum was all they were about to get a look at. It was slightly difficult to balance like that, but crouching slightly helped.  
  
"Here I go." Like with Tom and then Jim I felt Andy's hands suddenly on my body at either side of my underwear. I was getting used to the sensation, I realised. He used a slightly different technique to either of the others, hooking his thumbs into my knickers and letting them slide down inside against my skin. He began to tug downwards with force, my almost crossed legs actually meaning there was some resistance as the crotch tried to make it's way down between them. He stopped when my underwear was around my knees.  
  
"You're not making this easy on me, honey. Though that view sure makes up for it." I presumed he was talking about my bum, which was probably only a few inches from his face. I wondered how effective my leg crossing really was as Andy got back to work. As he tugged again I felt myself wobble on my high heels, gallantly Andy stopped what he was doing and reached up to grip me on either side of my lower hips to steady me. He had a decent handful of each bare ass cheek as well which was surely deliberate, but I couldn't deny he stopped me from possibly falling over.  
  
"Steady there, darling. I'm not done with you yet."  
  
As I regained my balance he let go and turned his attention back to my knickers, which were still dangling around my calves. Eventually I felt them around my feet. Knowing that this bit would be difficult I turned my head and reached behind me to steady myself on one of Andy's shoulders. I'm sure he was momentarily confused, but as I obediently lifted a leg towards him he realised it was so he could slip my knickers off first one and then the other foot. It was predictably fiddly for him to ease them over the heels, but he managed both of them.  
  
After I was stood back up under my own steam I heard him from behind me. "I was right, you do look better like that!" I looked back to see Andy actually twirling my knickers round one his fingers whilst contemplating my arse. "That is one peachy behind, young lady, no mistake at all." I couldn't help but let out a slight giggle, he was a pretty corny guy.  
  
I realised that throughout I had swapped hands to keep the apron clasped to my tummy, and that meant I was now on full display again from the front. Andy and Tom wouldn't see anything, but there was every chance Jim was getting another exclusive show, though probably just a peek at my pubic hair from the side. Nothing he hadn't seen before, but the thought made me drop my apron back in place anyway.  
  
"Aww, spoilsport." Said Andy, though his view of my nakedness wasn't affected at all.  
  
Jim continued his disinterested slump, though he wasn't looking at anything other than me it seemed. I decided to continue to ignore him for now and walked back to the centre of the room, where, holding the apron in place below, I turned back round to face them. I felt I was maybe getting the hang of these shoes, now.  
  
Tom's expression was still one of lustful delight. "Your bum looks amazing when you wear those heels, Candy." He was getting used to my 'name' now, at least.  
  
"Too right, you are hot stuff, babe. I'm sure you know it, too, showing off like this. How many guys have you given this little show to?"  
  
"You're the first." Said Tom.  
  
"Wow, well, when this gets out to the other guys at work you'll have them queuing up to take your orders."  
  
I wondered how many times I would be expected to perform. I wondered if I would continue to just go along with it. I can't deny that the idea of guys lining up to watch me didn't trigger all the same sensations that were driving me at the moment.

**Claire and the boys next door 3 - Part 5 (Final)**

"Well, I don't think we can give out this sort of treatment every time, you can't go telling people to expect it." Said Jim, once again joining in, though still seeming pretty sullen.  
  
"Well, damn, I guess so, but I can't keep this to myself. Jesus, look at her!" He pointed to me, and I felt the need to do something for him. I went to curtsy again, but this time despite gripping the apron in the same way as before I held it in place rather than flipping it up.  
  
"You tease."  
  
"Well." Said Tom. "Maybe you can tell people, but not where it is. Say you're sworn to secrecy, but that we said it could happen to them. We might do it again after all."  
  
"Yeah, that sounds good." No doubt the exclusivity and mystery appealed to Jim.  
  
"OK, fine, whatever you say, I don't want to rock the boat. Definitely not." He looked back to me. "So, how about that little dance you did for us back through there. I think I was promised a version with a lot less clothes, and your current outfit definitely qualifies."  
  
"Yeah, give us a spin, Candy." Jim was trying to get back into the swing of things.  
  
I wondered how to do this, what I'd done before wasn't really a dance and I was hardly that skilled, but I wanted to perform for them. I started by wiggling my body as I crouched slightly, running my hands down my breasts, tummy, along my thighs to my knees and then back up. I rested them lightly on my boobs as I continued to gyrate, I could feel my breasts sway, no doubt the nipples had been peeking out one side and then the other.  
  
A thought flashed into my head and I couldn't resist, I quickly squashed the apron together from either side so my tits hung freely for them all to see. Then I raised my arms above my head and spun around. Keeping my legs close together again, and my arms straight up above my head I continued to shimmy my whole body and again bent at the knees for a few seconds, before straightening up. I couldn't believe I hadn't fallen over, I'd sort of balanced on the toe part of one shoe for the spin and somehow pulled it off.   
  
"Good lord, that is gorgeous, darling. Keep it up."  
  
Keeping the dance going I ran my hands now down the back of my body, going over my bum a couple of times. Another move I'd seen strippers do online popped into my head, I couldn't believe I would do it but I was already starting. I straightened back up and placed my right hand tightly cupping the apron against my pussy and up between my legs, stepped fairly wide apart and then bent fully at the waist keeping my legs straight and holding my left hand out in front of me. I fell forwards onto that hand and into the position I'd ended up in in the cheerleading outfit a week or so back, only this time I had no underwear on. The movement also caused my hair to fall down. I knew I couldn't look back between my legs this time, however, as my veil would flip down to cover my eyes.  
  
I didn't need to look to know this position pleased my audience, though. Andy actually broke into applause and I think Tom joined in briefly too. After a few seconds I stood back up, smoothed down the apron and turned around to face them again.  
  
"Bravo! Enore!" Andy was grinning like a madman, still clapping.  
  
"Wow, Candy, that was quite a show." That was Jim, back in his element it seemed. "OK, though, I think you've had your tip now. Time to head back to work."  
  
"I would protest, but my boss is going to kill me as it is. You were amazing, though, honey. These two don't deserve you. I mean, no offence boys, no one could deserve that." He chuckled to himself as he got up from the couch.  
  
Jim and Tom started to get up as well. Tom followed Andy towards the hall, but Jim came to stand beside me.  
  
"You know." Andy started. "I can't help but wonder what would have happened if I'd chose a different mix and match outfit."  
  
"What did you have in mind?" Jim placed his hand on the small of my back and gently pushed me to go with him as he walked towards the hallway to have this conversation with Andy.  
  
"Oh, well, I was wondering. If I'd asked for the stockings, suspenders, maybe that barely there fabric top and, you know, nothing else, would she really have come out pretty much naked?"  
  
By now I was stood next to Jim in the doorway, he still had his hand lingering on me though it had shifted downwards to be on my arse. Andy was paused in front of the front door, and Tom stood on the other side of the hall by the kitchen door.  
  
"Yeah, why not? Better luck next time, I guess." Jim had certainly got his cocky attitude back.  
  
I saw Andy glance down to where Jim was casually holding me, regret and envy were making their way across his face a little bit. "Awww, man." He started to reach up for the latch.  
  
"Maybe I can help you out a little bit." I felt Jim's hand creep up my body till it gripped the knot in the apron strap around my neck. I held my breath as Andy swung the door open and started to step out, his eyes however fixed on me. I didn't move even though I was pretty certain what was going to happen and sure enough I felt Jim start to pull on the knot.  
  
Things happened fast, but also seemingly in slow motion. The apron straps came loose and it fell down to my waist, my boobs completely on display for the pizza guy as he stepped over the threshold and onto the driveway. He obviously stopped there and turned back to keep looking, I couldn't help but clasp the apron back to my chest after a few seconds, using both arms crossed in front with my hands together.  
  
We all looked pretty shocked apart from Jim, who reached out and lightly grabbed my hands. "Come on, our guest is leaving." He gently pulled my arms down, and then the one nearest him to my side whilst I moved the other of my own accord. I'd offered no resistance to his pressure so it stayed gentle. My tits were out in the open again. Without really pausing he then used his other hand to reach behind me and take hold of the end of the knot around my waist, holding it out to my side so Andy could see what he was doing.  
  
Still none of the rest of us moved, I didn't have a thought in my head and just waited for the inevitable. I can't say I wanted or didn't want it at that moment, it just seemed out of my control. If Jim wanted to strip me completely for them to look at, what could I do about it?  
  
Jim handled this last part almost as if he planned it. I didn't think he had, but you never know. As he started to pull the final knot that would leave me naked he kicked the door firmly but not too hard. It started to shut, and when I felt the apron slip completely off my body and crumple on top of my feet, I had maybe half a second of Andy's amazed face staring at me before it closed completely,and he was left on the other side. I hadn't moved my arms from my side, it was a quick glimpse for sure but he'd no doubt seen all of me.  
  
The three of us left inside stood still for a moment, then I turned and walked past the boys into the front room.  
  
"I can't believe you just did that to me! What were you thinking?!"  
  
They followed me through, obviously. I had a vague inkling I was still wearing nothing but some stockings, suspenders and high heels, but all the tension, excitement, fear and anger I'd been holding in this past half hour or so was pouring out of me. I absolutely wasn't thinking straight.  
  
"Letting some random pizza guy come in here and have me pose for him! How dare you!"  
  
I was gesticulating pretty wildly as I almost shouted this, pacing up and down whilst the boys watched from near the couch. I reached up and mostly tore the veil off my face, flinging it to the ground. Tom meanwhile was back to his sheepish look, Jim was looking mostly bemused but with, I think, a bit of embarrassment.  
  
"If he ever recognises me out on the street! If he finds out where I live and starts telling people! Oh god!" Even at the time I don't think I truly believed what I was saying. It's not that those points weren't correct, it's just they weren't really what I was thinking. I was still in the high of exposure, I don't think I really cared much who could see me at that point. It was all just an outlet for the whirlwind of emotions, the sort of stuff the 'normal' part of me thought I should want to say.  
  
"I'm sorry, Claire, we thought you'd get a kick out of it. You seemed to enjoy what happened the other times, and you didn't know us any better than you knew Andy last week." Tom's words were obviously somewhat reasonable.  
  
"We sat up half the night coming up with that plan, and headed out really early to that dodgy mall across town to get the outfits." Jim was defending himself. "Besides, who are you kidding, you know you're still naked, don't you?"  
  
"Right!" I turned to face him, his tone provoking me to act angry again. "And who do I have to thank for that?!"  
  
I knew what I looked like as I stood face on to them both, my hair was a slight mess now it had escaped the ties and I had my hands on my hips. I was basically begging them to stare at my boobs and pussy, to stare at my whole body really, but my anger seemed to give me a sort of protection from embarrassment. Now I was stood still they both took the opportunity to have a long look at me.  
  
"Yeah, you really look like you don't want to be doing this."  
  
"Honestly, Claire, we didn't want to upset you. We were just thinking of ways to keep it exciting."  
  
I paused again for a little while, my anger cooling down a little. I crossed my arms under my tits. "OK, fine, I suppose I accept your apology. You have to tell me what's going on next time, though."  
  
Once again the words 'next time' brought smiles to both their faces. It hadn't been intentional to mention it, but I didn't regret it, there was almost certainly going to be a next time. I couldn't resist this kind of feeling.  
  
"Oh, yeah, absolutely. I've got some great ideas." Jim, as ever, was blowing his own trumpet.  
  
"Yes, definitely." Began Tom. "Though, and I hate to say this, Claire, I think you're going to have put some clothes back on. My Mum might be home in a little while, and we probably need to tidy up a bit first."  
  
"Are you insane?" Jim stepped over to stand beside me as he said this. "She can stay naked whilst we tidy up, I mean, she is our maid isn't she?" He was trying to return to the dynamic of a bit earlier, a slightly cocky grin on his face and his hand once again finding its way onto my body.  
  
Sadly for Jim the more matter of fact, boring talk about Mums and tidying up snapped me out of my mood a bit. I stepped forward away from his hand and started to look around for the clothes I'd arrived in. My nudity also began to seem more like something I needed to cover up so I cupped a hand over my pussy with the other arm across my breasts. I could hardly be said to be decent and Jim was no doubt watching me from behind anyway, but I was at least acting almost like you might imagine someone in my position would.  
  
Tom realised what I was looking for and gathered up my t-shirt and skirt from the table, I crouched down to get my knickers from where Andy had dropped them earlier by the couch. I took care to not expose more of myself to Jim behind me.  
  
"Aww, come on. I can't believe you've done this again."  
  
Tom ignored his friend. "Here you go, Claire, you can change in the kitchen whilst we sort out in here if you like."  
  
I took the clothes and decided to take him up on his offer, walking through to the other room and closing the door behind me. I could hear Jim still muttering complaints as I went.  
  
Thinking about Tom's Mum arriving shortly I wasted no time in getting dressed, though once covered I did make sure that they were arranged nicely again and I even put my hair back into decent shape. All in all I was presentable again in a few minutes, if she turned up now I imagined she'd never guess what had just gone on even if she was surprised by my presence there.  
  
That said, I had no real desire to meet her, so I popped my head back into the front room and announced to the boys I was leaving.  
  
"OK, Claire, see you soon. And thanks for understanding earlier, we'll keep you informed next time, I promise." Tom still had a faintly worried air as he was folding the harem costume presumably before he hid it somewhere, but he was also also trying for a sort of calm confidence.  
  
"Thanks. Well, you can get me on facebook if you like."  
  
"Oh, yeah, you can count of it." Said Jim as I opened the door to leave. "Bye, honey." I couldn't help but smile a little bit at that as I headed back to my own house.