**Claire and the boys next door 2**

by janscoM

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

To say my mind was a whirl most of the rest of the day was an understatement. I couldn't stop re-living what had happened, focusing on my favourite moments and elaborating on what might have happened if I or the boys had done things differently. I did go through a few phases of embarrassment, spending five minutes or so wondering what I could have been thinking, but I always returned to just how exciting I found it. Being naked for them still made me nervous and slightly scared, but it was also like a compulsion or a drug, I thought seriously about just heading next door several times during the day. It was perhaps like riding a roller coaster or other adrenaline thrills, it was slightly scary whilst it was happening but the feeling of exhilaration was more than worth it.  
  
But, then, that wasn't all of it either. There was certainly something sexual about it, about making my body an obvious source of lust for Tom and Jim and being able to see their reactions. I was getting off on the power my body had to make them want to do things, but I was also getting off on the way it made them objectify and control me. They had literally stripped me for their pleasure a few times. It wasn't as if they actually knew me, but when Jim was lifting up my top or Tom was yanking down my thong they had no interest in anything other than my ass and tits, and were prepared, or had been pushed, to just take them. It was maybe being treated like a sex object on my terms, but I hadn't always been in full control and I think I liked that too.  
  
In any case it was perfectly clear I would be doing it again. The only questions were when and how.  
  
The easiest thing to do would be to get in touch with the boys and arrange something, but I did worry about seeming too eager. If I so quickly arranged to "try on some outfits" for them again I'm sure they would expect more from me than last time, and I didn't know if I was quite willing to provide it. I decided I probably shouldn't be the one to get in touch, at least not for a little while, and that I'd let them try and persuade me to do something more for them. I wasn't about to refuse them a repeat show but they would need to be the ones to ask for it, and if they thought I was maybe a little reluctant it would probably make things more exciting next time anyway.  
  
That all seemed to make sense, and I was resolved to follow the plan, but I also knew there was no way I could go back to the usual routine of a summer day - hanging about at home or a friends house doing nothing much and wearing my normal clothes. I had discovered I was something of an exhibitionist if I got myself in the right situation, and like anyone who discovers a new obsession I didn't have much patience for doing anything else. Reflecting on the situation the next morning a trip to a local mall seemed the obvious first step. Even if I wasn't sure how or to whom I'd exhibit myself, I had no wearable in public clothes that would show my body off.  
  
I had set off to the mall in slight trepidation, worrying about someone who knew me seeing me buy the sort of clothes I wanted, but I soon realised the mall is a fairly anonymous place and the day passed without real incident. I had a great time trying on the clothes, but all in the privacy of changing rooms. On the way there I had had some fantasies about showing off, but no opportunities arose, no cute sales guys strayed into the women's fitting rooms for some reason.  
  
Firstly I bought a couple of bikinis. Neither as revealing as the one I'd worn the day before, but both with tie-strings and one in particular pretty small, especially at the back. I figured I could wear them to go next door, but I could also possibly head down to some of the places in local parks that people sunbathed. Then I bought some of the kinds of clothes I'd seen the hotter girls at school wearing this summer. Tops and skirts that covered everything up but let you know what was underneath. I made sure to get a few tighter, smaller tops as ideas had come to me about wearing something close fitting and thin with no bra in public. I had no idea if I could follow through on these ideas - and it would have to be somewhere people wouldn't recognise me - but if I didn't even have the clothes there was no chance it could be anything other than fantasy.  
  
That day at the Mall was a Friday, and it wasn't until the following Tuesday that Tom and Jim got in touch. The weekend had been normal and busy, doing stuff with my parents and visiting family. Monday had been a little slow, I'd seen some friends for lunch and was slightly tempted to tell them something but I decided they probably just wouldn't understand. That afternoon was the first time I'd really had chance to do anything and was very tempted to see if anyone was in next door but I'd stayed strong.  
  
On Tuesday, however, something definitely had to give as I couldn't help myself and dressed in some of my new clothes. I chose a tight, string top with no bra and a short, floaty skirt with a some fairly revealing knickers. I'd then not done much, just imagined a few scenarios, when, excitingly, the doorbell rang around 11am. I hoped it was the boys from next door, and I wasn't disappointed.  
  
I greeted them brightly and was happy to see the two of them give me a once over with their eyes. Even though they'd already seen a lot more of me than was currently on show, it seemed like they still enjoyed it.  
  
"Hi Claire" began Tom.  
  
"Nice top" said Jim.  
  
"Oh, thanks, it's new actually, just wearing it for the first time today. Do you think it suits me?"  
  
They had a closer look. I think they were more interested in my nipples which were starting to become prominent than any fashion concerns.  
  
"Yeah, definitely!"  
  
"Thank you. Now, what can I do for you?"  
  
"We just wondered if you'd fancy coming round to maybe do a bit of sunbathing today?" Tom ventured.  
  
"Oh, really? I don't know, I was maybe going to see some friends later.."  
  
"Well, you could just come for a few hours."  
  
"I guess."  
  
"You said you would." Added Jim.  
  
"I suppose I could head round for a little while. I'm not sure I should do much more than that, though, I was a little embarrassed after you both left last week."  
  
"Oh, it was fine! Nothing to be embarrassed about."  
  
"Well, I'm sure you thought that. Just, you know.."  
  
"Just a little while in the garden, that's all we were thinking of." Tom took up the persuasion once again.  
  
"Fine. I guess I should put on a bikini or something. I got a few last week so no need to lend me your sisters again." The boys didn't seem massively thrilled at that news.  
  
"I guess that's OK." Jim still thought he should be in charge of my wardrobe, it seemed.  
  
"Yeah, come round when you're ready." Tom was a bit more diplomatic.  
  
They headed off and I went up to my room to change. I chose the more revealing bikini, obviously, it was black and tied behind my neck and back up top and on each hip below. It had a more coverage of my boobs than Jim's sister's barely there bikini, and was actually intended for someone with my size. There was also more material for the front down below, covering everything nicely, but the back was once again largely string. My bum was mostly on show, but it was obvious I was wearing something this time. It was basically the most I could be showing off whilst still wearing something that felt like it wasn't obscene.  
  
Once I was ready I looked at myself in the mirror, it still gave me a thrill to see my body, my large breasts and bum bulging out and barely covered by the small amount of material. Just the idea I was about to go in public in the sort of tiny bikini I'd only seen before on airheads on TV was thrilling.  
  
I decided to just head out like that, not even a wrap or sarong for the journey. Our street was a cul-de-sac so it seemed unlikely anyone would see me, but the idea of walking down the street, even if it was just one house, gave me an extra tingle. My parents were predictable and hid a spare key in the yard, so I could get back in later easily enough.  
  
I closed the door and started down our drive, wondering how things would play out next door. I was just starting to anticipate the boy's reaction to my bikini when I heard a voice close by.  
  
"Hello there!"  
  
I froze, it was so close it could probably only be directed at me but I had no idea who it was.  
  
"You must be Claire, I suppose."  
  
That settled it, I didn't think I could ignore the voice even given my state of dress, so I turned to where it was coming from. There was a man probably in his early 40s in the front yard next door to the other side to Tom's house. He was walking over to the short border that separated it from our driveway and smiling at me.  
  
"Oh, er, yes, that's right, I'm Claire. Hello." I walked the few steps over as well and we shook hands.   
  
"I'm Geoff, I live next door. Your parents came round the other week and introduced themselves."  
  
"Ahh, right. Nice to meet you."  
  
Geoff took a step back and had a glance up and down my body, though I'm sure he'd already taken me in as he'd obviously seen me before I was aware he was there. It didn't seem like he was trying to be particularly discreet about it.  
  
"Well, I guess you're off to catch the sun somewhere. Not in the street, I hope."  
  
I'm pretty sure I must have blushed, I couldn't help but look down and avoid eye contact with him. I hooked one of my hands into my bikini top strap out of nervousness.  
  
"I'm just heading next door the other way, they said they have a side garden and that it's a bit more secluded. I didn't expect to meet anyone on the way.."  
  
"Yeah, I can imagine. Never mind, I doubt there's anyone else about." He again ran his eyes over me, and let out a slightly exaggerated breath. "That kid over there must be a fast worker to have you heading round dressed like that already. Well played that man, I say."  
  
I didn't really know what to say to that, so just stood there. Geoff was still looking at my body, this time not just glancing at all. I was still feeling pretty timid, it was quite different being looked over by an adult than the boys next door, though I could see it was the same sort of enjoyment he was taking in me, he certainly wasn't treating me like a child. He wasn't bad looking for an older man, I found myself thinking, and I wasn't trying to cover up despite the jitters. I tried to look a bit more confident and stood up straighter shifting my weight to both feet, my shoulders back a little bit more.  
  
"OK, it was nice to meet you.."  
  
"Oh, yes, certainly" said Geoff. "I guess I won't tell your Mum and Dad we met whilst you were wearing.." He gestured at my body. ".. well, not very much."  
  
I still didn't really know how to acknowledge that a man my Dad's age was enjoying my near nudity, so I stayed quiet again, probably blushing some more despite my new posture.  
  
"You young people, though, I guess today it's all just no big deal. In fact, if you're in to catching the sun then we've a pool in our garden, you're welcome to head round one afternoon."  
  
"Oh, thanks."  
  
"I work from home, so I should be around most of the time. My wife isn't usually there during the day, but.."  
  
This was definitely getting into territory I wasn't sure how to navigate, but every time I caught Geoff's eyes lingering on my breasts I got the same kind of buzz I'd got last week.  
  
"OK, well I'll let you know if I feel like a swim. Bye for now."  
  
I realised that if Geoff stayed where he was he'd get a good look at my basically bare ass as I headed off. Given that thought I couldn't resist walking slightly slower than normal as I moved away from him, making sure to sway my hips. The idea of him watching my round bum move and bounce slightly was somewhat intoxicating, I even considered stopping and bending down at the waist for him but I couldn't think of an excuse to do so. The best I decided I could manage was to adjust the back of my bikini as I walked, so I pulled on the string between my butt cheeks a little as if trying to get comfortable, if nothing else it would have made sure that's where his focus was if he was watching me.

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

As I turned into the drive next door I looked back and saw my performance wasn't in vain, Geoff was exactly where he'd been and was watching me pretty closely. I gave him a grin and a wave and carried on. As I rang the doorbell I wondered briefly if I should take him up on his offer, it seemed much more serious than just teasing Tom and Jim.  
  
That was what was on the cards for now, though. They quickly took in my bikini and ushered me into the house, we went through to the kitchen which opened onto a conservatory and then the back and side gardens, it was a beautiful, large space with lots of light, though the boys were pretty much only looking at me.  
  
"Oh, wow, Claire. You look great again."  
  
"Thanks."  
  
"Yeah." Added Jim, as his eyes roved across my body. "I thought you'd probably be wearing something much more .. er .. boring than my sister's one, but this is great too."  
  
"You mean you can still see my bum, don't you?" He at least still had the grace to look a little embarrassed, but not too much.  
  
"Is this OK, though, it's fine to wear in your garden?" My encounter with Geoff was really testing my resolve to not just show off for them. I found myself giving them a spin, letting them inspect my bikini, and myself, from all angles. I was right back to our dynamic from last week almost immediately.  
  
"Yeah, definitely."  
  
"You can wear anything out there, like we said no one can see in at all."  
  
"Of course, I forgot." I turned back round to face them. "If that's sorted shall we head out there?"  
  
"Well.."  
  
"We think it's time for you to try on that thing from last week first. You know, the underwear."  
  
"Oh, I thought I was here to sunbathe."  
  
"Yeah, like we said you can do that in anything in the side garden, so we figured why not the lingerie? You did promise."  
  
Jim was doing the talking mostly, but Tom wasn't idle, he had crossed the kitchen and picked up the black lingerie set from last week that had been on one of the chairs.  
  
"You're very prepared, I see." When they first asked I was a little taken aback and unsure, but once I saw how skimpy and sexy it looked I knew I'd do it. I'd not dared try on fancy underwear at the mall, so it would be the first time I'd put on that sort of thing. "Are you still telling me what to do, then?"  
  
"Yeah." The two boys again looked a combination of nervous and trying to be serious.   
  
"OK, well I guess it's not actually too sunny at the moment, so I shouldn't get weird tan lines." I'd just considered that if my Mum saw a tan from a suspender belt it would be a tricky thing to explain.  
  
Tom handed me the underwear, they looked at me expectantly.  
  
"Where do I get changed, then?"  
  
I could see straight away that that was something they hadn't considered, they looked surprised and glanced around nervously. I felt both sorry for them and slightly disappointed, they were realising that if they'd just done a bit more preparation they might have got a repeat of the show I gave them when I took off the bikini last week.  
  
"Err, we didn't really think." said Tom.  
  
"Maybe you could just.."  
  
I was worried Jim was going to suggest me changing right there in front of them, which did seem a bit much. I hastily cut in.  
  
"You say no one can see into the side garden at all?"  
  
"No, the hedges are about 8 feet, no way they can."  
  
"I'll just step out there then, and call you when I'm ready." I could see there seemed only one window that looked out onto it, over the sink in the kitchen.  
  
I started towards the door, but turned back as I got there wagging my finger at them. "No peeking, though, you'll see soon enough."  
  
I stepped out onto a smallish piece of grass with a few chairs and loungers. As they'd said the hedges were very tall and there was indeed no chance of me being watched. Apart from via the kitchen window, obviously. I realised there was no way they wouldn't look, so it was my intention to keep my back towards the house as I changed. I think I realised I was inching closer and closer to just being naked for them, but each step was part of the journey I didn't want to miss.  
  
I ended up standing about 10 feet away from the window and got to work. As with last week I was both slightly scared and incredibly excited. I began by pulling the knots behind my neck and back simultaneously, my bikini top fell to the floor and I was all of a sudden topless in my next door neighbour's garden. I quickly did the same with the knots at my hips, which this time gave no trouble and my thong dropped off me, I was naked. I took a moment to imagine my audience watching, then, being careful to keep my legs close together I bent down at the knees and picked up the underwear set.  
  
I couldn't resist prolonging my exposure, so decided to start with the suspender belt which wrapped around my hips and clipped in the back. It had 3 straps hanging down each leg, front, back and outer side. I then realised that putting on the stockings would involve lifting each leg in turn, and might present quite a sight from the back. It would also be pretty difficult standing up. I had no choice but to sit so I shuffled sideways to a chair and turned it to face not quite side on to the window. Then I put one arm across my breasts and sat down.  
  
From the corner of my eye I saw Tom and Jim at the window, they ducked down but I pretended I'd not noticed them. I needed both arms for the stocking so I would now be baring my breasts. Once they reappeared Tom and Jim would only really see my left boob from the side, but they would probably see the nipple if there was nothing in the way. I reached down to grab the first stocking and started to pull it on, I tried to keep my tit as covered as possible with my arms as they worked, but it was a fairly futile effort I imagined. The boys did pop back up as I rolled the stocking past my knee, I couldn't help but lift and arch my leg even more as I eased it up my thigh and clipped each strap into place deliberately. I still didn't react to them and they stayed watching, just the tops of their faces visible. Slowly, and with trembling legs and hands I did the same with the other stocking.  
  
Next was the knickers. As I picked them up I saw that although they were slightly bigger than the bikini bottoms from last week, they certainly didn't cover more. They were a black string at the back, with a lacy transparent frill across the top, then a fairly full front but again just transparent lace until right at the part which would cover my labia, which was a short piece of black fabric. My trimmed pubic hair would be visible, and my arse once again out in the open.   
  
I pulled them up to just over my knees whilst sat down, then I stood and completed the motion quickly, slipping them up over the suspender straps. I made no effort to cover my boobs now, though was still stood side on. I looked down to make sure I was as covered up as possible, but saw I definitely needed readjusting so, keeping my gaze downwards, I turned more straight on to the window and adjusted my knickers upwards, making sure to bounce my breasts with the body motion. Then I continued the turn right round until my back was to the window so I could look up once again without alarming my audience.  
  
Finally came the bra, which was, unsurprisingly at this point, mostly made from the same lace as the front of the knickers. There was some thicker fabric and elastic underneath, which would support and no doubt push up my tits, but the front of each breast would be more-or-less uncovered. The boys might be nervous, but they certainly weren't shy in getting me to show off for them. I clipped it in place around myself, slipped it up onto my shoulders and tucked in my boobs. Surprisingly although it was tight it pretty much fitted, Tom's Mum mustn't have been a small woman either. Without anything else to do I called out that I was ready and almost immediately I heard the door open so I turned round to face them.  
  
Their faces were again a picture of slightly stunned lust as they walked out towards me, by now not hiding their inspection of my body in the slightest. I decided to try and not act nervous and stood fairly naturally with one arm by my side and the other on my hip, not acknowledging how much of me supposedly covered was actually effectively on full display. I saw Jim in particular cast a few lingering glances over my knickers and what lay beneath, I was glad I'd started taking care of that a few months ago and had trimmed up the small patch of hair a day or so ago. It was still fairly amazing to think two boys my age were giving it a pretty thorough inspection, though.  
  
"So, was it worth the wait?"  
  
"Definitely."  
  
If anything wearing this lingerie, especially out in the garden, was the most titillating outfit yet for me. Everything before, even if it was tiny, were at least clothes you were supposed to wear in public, but now I was in sexy lingerie. There was no doubt this was an outfit intended for the bedroom with someone you knew, but I was stood in the garden with a few boys I met last week. I also felt incredibly sexy, the first few costumes were slightly ridiculous in the way they showed me off, but this felt powerful and adult.  
  
The boys took a few seconds off staring at me by taking seats on the two lawn chairs that were out there.  
  
"So, is there anything else you want me to do before I can relax?"  
  
"I think you should give us a spin like you usually do."  
  
"Oh yes!" I walked over to be stood between the two boys in their lawn chairs, just a few feet from both of them and, lifting my loose hair and holding it with both hands atop my head, I very slowly rotated right around. It was impossible for me not to think of how much I seemed like a lap dancer about to put on a show, I wondered if the boys made the same connection.  
  
I let my hair drop back down. "Does it look OK?"  
  
"Yeah, you look amazing." Said Tom.  
  
Jim leaned his chair back and towards me and inclined his head to stare closely at my bum. Then he reached up and pulled on the strap running down over my left arse cheek. It was elasticated, so as he let it go it snapped back tight to my ass cheek.  
  
"Ow!"  
  
"Sorry, always got to check though don't we?"  
  
He had a ridiculously cocky grin on his face. I tried to look slightly annoyed, though, as with last week, I was still loving the attention even when they treated me like a play thing. I shook my head and sighed. I could see that on the other side Tom was now looking up at me with an expectant air, his hand slightly extended. I had a fair idea of what he wanted.  
  
"Oh, go on then, if you must."  
  
I turned a little so my ass was now facing straight his way and bent slightly at the waist. I saw Jim still with his grin make a mime to his friend to use two hands, and a second or so later I felt the straps on both butt cheeks being pulled away from me. They held for a second or two then both slapped back against my arse at once.  
  
"Ouch! Honestly, you two."  
  
I heard them both laugh.  
  
"Sorry Claire, I couldn't resist. Your bum is just, you know, amazing."  
  
"Fine, OK, can I sunbathe now?"  
  
"Yeah, pretty much, though just go bring us all a drink out first. We got them ready, there's a tray in the kitchen."  
  
Jim obviously had thought quite a bit about what he'd do with a girl in her underwear ready to take orders. His commands were more and more direct, and even a little humiliating, but the idea of bringing out some drinks for them dressed like I was definitely appealed to me too. I imagined I was something of a submissive exhibitionist, though that should have been clear from what I'd just let them do to my underwear.

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

I went inside and sure enough there was a tray with three glasses of what looked like coke. It wasn't really my kind of drink, but that wasn't too important, so I picked it up and carried it out. The boys turned to watch as I came back in to view and walked past them towards a small table that was between them and the sun lounger. Remembering what I'd thought earlier when I walked for Geoff I stopped with my back to them and then ostentatiously bent at the waist and placed first one, then two, then three glasses on the table. Straightening up for the final time, I turned round.  
  
"Is that OK, gentlemen?"  
  
"Could you pass me my glass, actually?" Said Tom.  
  
"Of course."  
  
I turned and bent down once again, re-presenting my bum for them both, before picking up the glass and taking it to Tom. I then placed one hand on his knee to steady myself as I again bent at the waist in front of him to give him the glass. My boobs ended up hanging a foot or so in front of his face and being the focus of his gaze and attention. He took the drink after a little while, and without asking (it seemed pointless) I did the same show for Jim.  
  
As I stood back up after that I felt almost dizzy, and for a brief moment wondered about sitting in his lap, but managed to steady myself and my thoughts and went and sat on the lounger.  
  
"Oh, this is nice. I'm definitely looking forward to stretching out on here. Pity the sun isn't that strong at the moment." I said as I looked up and scanned the sky. There was a very light hazy cloud, it was warm and fairly bright but there wasn't really that much direct sunlight.  
  
"Maybe you should sunbathe topless, then." Said Jim. "Better to cover up less if the sun's not too strong."  
  
"It would avoid tan lines too." Added Tom.  
  
They were both quite forward now, though I noted that they'd still not felt quite ready to 'order' me to do it.  
  
"Maybe that's a good idea, but I don't know." I looked at the two of them, then down at my tits, and then back again at the guys. "I guess they're not really very covered up are they, I didn't realise just how see through this outfit was. I'm beginning to think you two aren't just trying to help me out!"  
  
"We saw you last week." Said Jim, who continued, staring quite intensely at me now. "You know, naked." He was still the one of the two of them pushing things. A quick turn around from our first meeting.  
  
"Did you?! Oh, well, just for a little while and I was covering up."  
  
"Well, not when we were leaving.."  
  
"Oh, never mind that for now." Said Tom, cutting in. He seemed a bit uncomfortable by this topic. "It was just an accident."  
  
Jim continued to stare, I wondered if he would now turn the top off suggestion into an order. I again decided to pre-empt that.  
  
"Well, I'm going to do my back first anyway, so why not?"  
  
"Really?" said Tom, looking surprised but pretty happy.  
  
"Yes, though I'm not sure you'll notice a difference really."  
  
I lay down on the lounger on my front, and propped myself up on my elbows. I looked at the two boys, they were both staring, Tom with a nervous excitement, Jim still with his more intense gaze and confident smile.   
  
"Go on then." Said Jim.  
  
"Patience." I replied. Then, keeping myself up with one arm I reached behind my back with the other and unclipped the bra strap. It fell loose, and with my nipples just grazing the lounger I was able to shuffle my body so the straps fell off each shoulder. I wasn't sure if the boys could see my nipples, but they certainly got a decent view of most of my wobbling boobs. I was then able to slip it off first one and then the other arm and then drop it to the floor. I propped myself up again trying to ensure a bit of a view for the two of them.  
  
"OK, well, I don't know about you two but I usually like to doze whilst I catch the sun."  
  
I laid my head down and relaxed. I was facing towards them but my boobs were now pressed against the plastic and completely hidden from their looks. As with last week we'd reached a point where I felt the need to end things, at least for the time being. I feigned sleep for a little while, and after a few minutes I began to just enjoy the warmth on my body and dozed.  
  
Some time later I became aware of someone sitting on the side of my lounger. I raised my head but there was no longer anyone on the chairs, so, covering my boobs I stretched up a little bit more and looked behind me. It was Jim perched next to my bum facing forwards, holding a bottle of sun cream.  
  
"The sun's come out now."  
  
"Oh, yes." It was true, the few clouds had now either moved on or burned off, and the sun was fairly bright.  
  
"I figured you could do with some sun cream on your back." He held up the bottle.  
  
"OK." I honestly don't know if I'd thought through what he meant when I said that, I was a little bit disorientated but it was fairly obvious what he was up to. Certainly I was expecting it by the time I felt him squeeze the first bit of cream between my shoulder blades, and I didn't say anything more. I just put my head back down and let him get on with it, though I was pretty far from relaxed.  
  
At first he concentrated on my back and shoulders, it felt strange and whilst not unpleasant not particularly pleasing either. He was a little rough, and, as he seemed to start on the second lot of cream in exactly the same area I wondered if I should stop it, if only as it seemed a bit pointless.  
  
Then, however, he let his hands drop lower to the small of my back and he rubbed across either side just above the suspender belt before letting each hand trace back up my body along my sides, finishing by letting his finger tips brush each breast as they were squashed into the lounger. That made me realise that he would be seeing the side of each tit as they bulged out beneath me. Whilst it was still a little weird I can't deny a shiver ran through me, he was the first person to touch my boobs apart from myself.  
  
I thought about saying something but didn't know what, mostly as I still didn't know if I wanted him to stop or carry on. After a few more strokes like that Jim spoke first.  
  
"I don't want to get cream on Tom's Mum's stuff, so it's probably best if I unclip the suspender belt."  
  
I didn't move and Jim didn't waist time before unclipping it using both hands. It was a tad clumsy, but effective. He tried to open it out but obviously realised at that point the problem that the straps ran beneath my knickers.  
  
"Oh." He half grunted and half exclaimed.  
  
I stayed frozen, terrified and excited about what he would do next. I realised I was probably just going to let this play out.  
  
"I think I'll have to.."  
  
He was now pretty much just speaking as he acted, not asking or even really explaining. I felt his hands grasp my knickers at either side, I wondered if he'd dare pull. I suppose he'd had a few days to think about watching his friend rip my panties down and wasn't about to miss an opportunity. He did pull them down and you couldn't really blame him, nothing I'd done suggested I would do anything other than let him.  
  
In actual fact, I did more than just let him, I found myself lifting my bum slightly so my knickers would slip down more easily. At first he left them just above my knees. I lay there imaging him looking down at my legs and arse, the knickers bunched up around the top of my stockings. I was getting very flustered and excited but tried to stay still.  
  
Jim obviously decided to go for broke as he soon started pulling them further down. I lifted my knees slightly as they slid beneath them, then bent both legs up at the knee so he could slip my panties off my feet. This time he didn't stop to admire me, but unclipped the back strap from the top of each stocking and opened the suspender belt, giving himself full access to my lower back and my round, now totally naked, arse.  
  
At this point he did pause, I wondered if he was bending his head to try and see between my legs. If he did he might well have been able to see everything.  
  
When the cream hit my bum I think I let out a bit of a gasp, I'm sure I did when Jim's hand followed. This time he wasn't even a little bit subtle about where he rubbed, wiping a hand from the left to the right cheek with a fair bit of pressure. He then concentrated on first one then the other cheek, a few times his hands slipped fairly far into my butt crack, at least once he obviously let the fingers on one hand slide up it as his palm rubbed up my right cheek. There was no pretence now, he wasn't helping me protect against the sun, he was just groping my bum as he pleased. Even though I can't say his touch was gentle or that I was particularly attracted to him I was spectacularly turned on, I'm sure I'd have let him touch me anywhere he wanted.  
  
As it was he just spent a few minutes concentrating on my cheeks,which absorbed more sun cream than they ever had before. He eventually signalled he'd finished by giving my ass a smack, not that hard but not exactly gentle either.  
  
"There you go, all done."  
  
I felt him get up from the lounger and start to walk inside.  
  
"I'm just heading in to watch TV with Tom again, but you can stay out here as long as you like. Enjoy the Sun."  
  
I lifted my head and saw him reach the door. As he turned back I raised up a bit further on my elbows until I felt my nipples lift off the surface. Even without looking down I knew they were rock hard, they were even a little sore. I smiled at him.  
  
"OK, thank you."  
  
He stopped and stared at me before closing the door, probably deciding if telling his friend what had just happened was better than another partial view of my boobs. I'm sure, at this point, he thought his chances of seeing them again were pretty high, so after a little while he did close it and head inside. I lay back down, still practically naked. I wondered briefly about turning over, but the intense excitement was going a little and I was still very comfortable. I put my head back down and was soon dozing again, this time I actually fell asleep.  
  
I woke sometime later, how long wasn't immediately obvious but the sun was still shining and there was no one else in the garden. I felt hot and slightly thirsty, so unless I wanted warm, flat coke I needed to head inside. I took a moment to check there was no one at the window and sat up. If the boys came out now they would get a proper show. I looked around for the rest of the underwear or my bikini, but all I could spot on the ground were the knickers. It appeared the boys, or more probably Jim, had taken the rest inside. I quickly realised that it was surely deliberate, so there was no point waiting in the hope they would return with the rest of my outfits, the idea was clearly that I'd need to go back in topless.  
  
I clipped the suspender belt back around me and did up the two straps Jim had undone, then I slipped on the panties, again making sure I was as decent as possible. I wondered how to play it, obviously my first thought was to creep in quietly with at least one arm across my tits and hope the kitchen was deserted, but I then did wonder if I had the confidence to stride in without covering up, acting indignant and angry about it. The second thought was very tempting, but I still wasn't quite there.  
  
In the end I decided on a compromise, I would have an arm across my chest but hovering a little out as if it was largely for show rather than effective cover, and I would open the door normally expecting to see them on the other side. As it turns out I was right to have done the latter, they were sat at the breakfast bar both facing the door with a few sandwiches and crisps in front of them. It seemed as if they were just eating, but who knows how long they had been waiting for me.

**Claire and the boys next door 2 - Part 4 (Final)**

"Hi Claire, enjoy the sun?"  
  
"Yes, thank you, though I would have also enjoyed finding all my clothes again when I woke up just now." I continued in to the room and stopped a little way from the bar. I decided to change things up with my arms though, and switched to cupping both boobs with my hands. "Look at me!" I continued, glancing down at myself, my hands struggling to hold my boobs in effectively.  
  
"What do you mean?" Said Jim. "You said you were sunbathing topless so we put that back upstairs, and I figured you wouldn't want your stuff just lying in the grass." He again spent a lot of his time looking at my kickers, or, perhaps more accurately, through them.  
  
Tom was glancing between his friend and me looking increasingly nervous.  
  
"I'm sorry, Claire, I thought maybe we should leave them."  
  
"Oh don't be daft. Like I said, she enjoys it, she could have covered up a million times but didn't."  
  
"I enjoy sunbathing, I'm not sure I enjoy you boys taking liberties when I've been good enough to try on that underwear for you."  
  
"You asked us for help, didn't you?"  
  
"Last week I did, but today all I wanted to do was enjoy your garden."  
  
"Well, doing what we say is the price you pay for that, isn't it? You told us you'd follow our orders."  
  
I exhaled loudly and rolled my eyes to the ceiling trying to look put out but basically acquiescent. "Fine, I guess. So are you two two satisfied at the moment, or am I still having to earn this amazing privilege." At that I again went back to one arm across the front of my boobs, gesturing vaguely around me with the other.  
  
"See, I told you, she loves it. Go on.." Jim half whispered that to Tom, I wondered if he thought I could hear or not though it was fairly easy for me to.  
  
Tom continued to look half terrified but carried on. "Well, it does look like you've caught the sun a little, Claire."  
  
"Does it?"  
  
"Yeah, on your chest, er, I mean, your breasts. They look pretty red."  
  
I looked down, lifting the arm away even more though trying to keep it between the boys and my nipples. It was true I looked a fair bit redder than normal, though it was surely just heat and being a little flushed from the situation. There was no way it could be sunburn given how I'd been lying.  
  
"I do look red, but I don't think it's the sun."  
  
"Better safe than sorry, though, isn't it?" That was Jim.  
  
"Yeah." Continued Tom. "We've got some after sun lotion here, I think you should put some on now before you get dressed again."  
  
I was beginning to see roughly where this was going, I wasn't totally sure about it but as they hadn't given an order yet I carried on playing dumb.  
  
"Oh, no, I'm sure I'm fine. We've probably some at home if it's a problem."  
  
"Err ... I mean ... It's important.."  
  
I looked at Tom enquiringly, he seemed so apprehensive I couldn't help but find him slightly cute. Visions were already running through my head of what might follow, the image of me in front of them topless was very arousing, it was almost as if it were someone else and I was just taking pleasure in seeing it happen.  
  
Jim gave his friend a shove, Tom managed to continue with a litte more force.  
  
"You, y'know, have to."  
  
"Oh, right, it's one of those. I guess I've not much choice then." That didn't make sense, of course I had a choice, but no one was about to point that out. I kept my indignant look and pointed to the bottle which I'd noticed was by Tom on the bar. "Is that it, then. How do you want to do it, shall I come round to you?"  
  
From the shocked look on Tom's face I realised I'd assumed too much. I think they really did just plan to watch me put the cream on my tits, but my matter of fact, slightly annoyed tone meant he went with it almost without thinking.  
  
"Erm, yeah, just walk round." Even Jim looked wide eyed as I walked round and stood beside Tom who picked up the bottle and turned on his stool to face me. His eyes were at roughly nipple level.  
  
My head was a whirl, but I was managing to suppress most of my thoughts deep down and keeping up this slightly peeved exterior without having to think too much. I found myself shifting back to the two hands style, but this time just using the very finger tips to cover the nipples leaving almost everything else in plain sight. I looked down "So where are you going to treat this redness, then?"  
  
Tom looked up at me like he could barely speak. After a few seconds I added. "Well, just carry on I suppose." With that I dropped my hands to my side and bent forward ever so slightly, my tits presented to him. I was completely topless with no pretence. Jim got off his stool behind Tom, and stood to the side.  
  
Tom eventually tore his eyes from my tits and squirted a healthy dollop of the lotion into a palm and lightly rubbed his hands together. It seemed he was about to take a double handful. He still didn't quite have the courage, though, and started by gingerly placing his hands at the top of my chest and circling them very slowly. At this point the anticipation was almost killing me, I looked down and then in his eyes.  
  
"I though you said it was my boobs?"  
  
I heard Jim give a little chuckle, Tom pulled his hands back.  
  
"Oh, right, yes."  
  
And with that he reached back and grabbed both of my tits, his hands doing a better job of holding all of them though still not quite equal to their size. I again felt a shiver run though my body, I could feel Tom's slightly rough skin run over my rock hard nipples as he started to apply the lotion.  
  
Again I found myself almost taking in the situation from the outside. A skinny teenage girl with large boobs and bum stood in a kitchen in just stockings, suspenders and a pair of tiny, mostly see through panties, bent over presenting her bared D cup breasts to a fully clothed guy to fondle. It felt amazing, not so much the sensations of being groped but the thrill of the whole situation. I had thought earlier I was wearing the kind of bikini an airhead might wear, but it was more than that, for now I was just one of those girls happy to show off my body to guys for them to take advantage of. I was loving it.  
  
Tom may have started timidly, but his attention to and exploitation of my breasts certainly developed as he realised I wasn't doing anything to stop him. At first he mostly slightly squeezed them and rubbed in circular motions around and underneath each boob. After a little while of that, though, he started to concentrate on one at a time being a bit more firm with his touch, though never really clumsy like Jim had been earlier. The most blatant thing he did was squeeze each side of a boob from below, lifting it and causing my nipples to stand right out, and then use the other hand to rub circularly on it. To say they were still hard was an understatement.  
  
Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jim staring throughout, I half expected him to join in but he just watched mouth literally slightly agape. After maybe 3 or 4 minutes of this, and a couple of re-applications of lotion from the bottle, Tom took his hands down and, continuing to peer intently at my chest, said that he was finished.  
  
"I certainly think you've covered them in lotion." I said, looking down myself. My boobs were in fact glistening after the enthusiastic application. "I should say thanks, sun burn is prety bad."  
  
"Oh, that's OK."  
  
I wondered if I dared ask again if they had any more orders. A large part of me was dying to, but Tom for some reason rescued me from myself.  
  
"So, are you heading back now then?"  
  
"Yes, I think so. Can I get my bikini back, please?"  
  
Jim shot his friend a slightly aggrieved look.  
  
"It's on the chair over there." He gestured to the kitchen table behind them, so I started to walk over. Ever since Tom had finished his work I hadn't made any effort to cover up, I'd decided to just go with it for now.  
  
As I picked up my bikini I heard a half whispered conversation between them.  
  
"What are you doing, I thought we were going to get her to do some more stuff, maybe try on those high heels?"  
  
"Yeah, I don't know, I was just pretty embarrassed after I ... y'know"  
  
"Felt her up? Why were you embarrassed, she asked you to do it."  
  
"Well, I think she just misunderstood"  
  
"Yeah, right. We should make sure she comes again, maybe add her on facebook or something later, I found her on there last week I'm pretty sure."  
  
Whilst they were talking I'd unclipped the suspender belt and then pulled it up so the straps slipped out of my knickers and it was off. Then I rolled down both stockings. The boys had been watching slightly over their shoulders as they discussed me, I was side on again pretending I wasn't taking notice of them, but had obviously reached another crucial decision.  
  
Keeping my head turned from them I called out. "You're not looking are you?"  
  
"Er, no." Said both boys, though obviously both now doing exactly that. I quickly pulled down the knickers, put them on the table and yanked on my bikini bottoms. I then turned back round to face them, keeping my head down.  
  
"Thanks, I've sorted that bit out now." Giving them permission to look again I raised my head and sure enough they'd ended their conference and were both facing my way. I stood topless in my thong, holding my top in my slightly raised right hand. "I would put this back on, but I think my boobs are still pretty damp from the lotion. Are you sure you maybe didn't put too much on Tom?"  
  
"It's, er, possible"  
  
I bounced up and down a little, shaking my tits from side to side slightly as well. "Maybe I can dry them off this way."  
  
"It's worth a try." Said Jim. "You can stay topless for as long as you like."  
  
I carried on for a few more moments, the cooler air flowing across my wet boobs felt good.  
  
"Thanks, but I do have to head back, I think. Can you pass me some kitchen roll?"  
  
"Yeah." Jim picked it up off the breakfast bar and stepped across to hand it to me.  
  
"Thank you."  
  
I tore off a couple of strips and started to wipe down my boobs. Jim stayed where he was nearby, watching intently as I gently rubbed across each part of first my right and then my left boob. As I finished I licked my fingers and traced round each nipple.  
  
"There we go." I looked up at him smiling.  
  
"God, Claire, you have to come back round again soon, you're amazing."  
  
I giggled. "I might, especially if you keep that sort of talk up."  
  
"That and the orders." He looked right into my eyes as he said that. He definitely was getting more confident in my presence.  
  
"Well, if that's how I can thank you for letting me use the garden, I suppose it's fine. Today has been OK, really."  
  
"More than OK." Now it was Tom's turn.  
  
"You won't tell anyone, will you?"  
  
"No!"  
  
"Not until you tell us to." The second was Jim.  
  
"Well, OK then." I held up my top again. "Can I put this on and get going?"  
  
"I suppose."  
  
I laughed again, but did put my top back on finally ending the show. Pretty soon I was saying goodbye at the front door and then, for the second time that day, walking away and putting on a bit of a show with my bum. It was tame stuff now, but I figured I may as well.