**Claire and the Boys Next Door Ch. 09**

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The men got the hint that I wanted help being unzipped. Luke started to rise but Colin was quicker, he was on his feet and muttered an, "allow me" in seconds and I turned to give him access. I waited and smiled at Luke who settled himself back on the bed with a look of mild disappointment.

"Next time, perhaps." I smiled as if to agree.

I soon felt Colin's hands on the back of my dress, and after a brief fumbling the zip went down. It wasn't a large zip and the dress wasn't too loose afterwards but I always got a jolt of excitement from a man undressing me. I turned back as he sat back down and whispered a thanks in his direction, he seemed happy.

"Well, then." I smiled and started to carefully pull the dress lower. I needed to go slow at first to make sure the adhesive bra stayed in place, but once that was fully exposed I had to pull somewhat firmly to slip it over my hips. I was concentrating on this manoeuvre so although it took a few seconds I didn't look up to get the reaction from the men until the dress was pooled at my feet and I was stood in just stockings, garter belt, panties and a tiny bra. Their expressions were as slack jawed as ever, and I drank in the confidence they gave.

"Is it what you expected?"

"My god," from Luke was all the audible reaction for now, so I stepped out of the dress and kicked it lightly towards the side of the bed to get it out from underfoot. Even doing that I felt my breasts move and the bra slip ever so slightly. I really would need to be careful, but I was too vain to try and shift it back in place while the men were taking their first proper look at me. I didn't want to spoil their view even for a moment.

I turned to face Colin, which meant I presented a view of my bum to both Geoff and Luke. The knickers were in keeping with rest of the clothing, black, elegant and expensive looking. They were laced and while not a thong were not that big either. I hadn't examined them closely but it seemed likely they gave a least a hint of my pubic hair. From behind I was sure they didn't get in the way of a pretty fantastic view.

"Money well spent?" I said it as I took a few steps towards him. He looked up at my face after a few moments.

"Yes, absolutely." His hesitation and perhaps slight deference to the other two men seemed to be much less, but then I was currently giving him all my attention. I stopped slightly in front of him and then gave a slow 360 turn. I glanced briefly at the other two men, but soon turned my attention back to Colin. As ever it was my intention to give all of them a private moment.

"Am I wearing it how you hoped? All the straps done up properly?" I was just saying things to make him look closely at my body, and every time he did I felt another step up in my mood. I was feeling totally in control and I realised I wanted more from him right now.

"Did you feel these stockings in the shop, they really are incredibly smooth?"

"No, I didn't."

I paused looking at him with what I hoped was a teasing glance. After a few moments I saw his right hand twitch and move slightly towards me.

"Go ahead."

His hand moved towards me ever so slowly and when I could I impatiently took hold of wrist and quickly settled it on the top of my stocking.

"It won't bite."

He looked up at me briefly, then gently lowered his hand down to my knee feeling the stocking as he went.

"See?"

"Yes, it's very smooth." He paused. "Lovely."

He started to raise his hand, running it back over my leg. He was now holding me quite firmly but wasn't squeezing and as he reached the top of the stocking he again stopped. I could feel myself slipping into full Claire mode and without a real thought again took his wrist and lifted his hand onto my hip and the garter belt.

"Feel that too, the whole thing is gorgeous against my skin."

He kept his hand in place and looked up at me. We shared a look and I couldn't help but think of how his son had done exactly this to me. He didn't look extremely like Tom but it was clear there was a resemblance, I didn't know quite what that meant to me over and above the excitement of another man ogling my body, but it seemed like something. Perhaps it just explained why I felt so comfortable and confident with him already.

After that look Colin's hand started to slide along my belly tracing the garter belt but not straying below to my panties. By now I was starting to feel the real excitement in my stomach, almost as if I was a bit sick. I realised I should really move away from him and on to Luke but I didn't want to.

"Wait, I hear voices."

Geoff's voice broke the moment, he sounded immediately tense and serious. Colin and I froze in place, his hand still on my body.

"You do?!" Luke was alarmed, he got up and joined Geoff near the door. We waited and this time we all heard them, they weren't very close but were obviously much nearer than the party downstairs.

"It's my wife!"

We listened again, the conversation continued. I couldn't make out any words.

"I'll just try and see what's happening." Geoff immediately went to the door. It appeared that Luke's immediate thought was to stop him but he let him go. Clearly none of us had any idea what to do, Colin took back his hand and I stepped away.

"Should I, er, get dressed?"

Luke looked at me in alarm, his reassured, easy nature seemed to have deserted him.

"I, um."

Before he could say anything else the door opened and Geoff poked his head round. He spoke in a low but firm voice.

"It's your wife, she's bringing someone to see the bedroom and they're already halfway up the stairs gossiping." He paused very briefly, "They'll be here soon so I think Colin and Claire need to hide. Good luck." And with that he shut the door.

I looked with panic at Luke, who returned the gesture. We heard a flood of laughter from outside nearer still and that spurred him into action. He looked around quickly, then opened a wardrobe.

"It'll have to be in here." He grabbed my hand and started to pull me towards it.

"What about the bathroom?" Asked Colin also sounding alarmed, but remembering to talk quietly.

"She'll show that off, it's her pride and joy."

I couldn't think, I was being bundled across the room.

"My clothes!"

"No time," said Luke. As he shoved me inside. It was a big closet but full of clothes, I ended up stood between fur or, more likely, fake fur coats.

"You too!" Luke was speaking to Colin now.

"In there as well?"

"There's no time!"

I saw Colin's face look worried before he stepped in. I turned to the side to give him space and the coat behind me was replaced by a man in his 40s. It felt like seconds before that we'd been sharing a moment by the couch, but Luke had already slid the door shut on us.

"Stay quiet," he whispered from outside, "she'll be gone in five minutes and then I'll get you out." We obviously had no choice but to obey.

We waited in silence for a few seconds, all I could hear was my own breathing. Then I heard a door open and voices came into the bed room. The closet door was thick so it was hard to make out what was being said, but it was clear it was two women and Luke.

"Are you OK?" Colin whispered the question almost into my ear.

"Yes, I think so."

I began to be aware of just how closely we were packed together, my bum was pressed into his crotch and I could feel him along my whole back and had to keep my head slightly bent forwards to not bang into his chin.

I tried to shift forwards a little bit and maybe get us a bit more space but there were things on the floor that I wasn't able to see, and as my foot hit one of them I lost my balance slightly. As I stumbled I felt Colin move awkwardly too and a hand of his that had been lightly touching my thigh grabbed my waist to steady us both.

"Sorry," I said.

"That's OK." We continued to whisper very quietly, but given how close we were it was easy to hear.

"Can you move backwards?"

"I don't think so, there's a box."

"Right."

Colin's hand had stayed where it was, gripping my waist lightly and really just resting there but I was too distracted by something else to give it much thought. As I'd stumbled I'd looked down and I couldn't help but notice I was no longer wearing the adhesive bra. I had no idea exactly when it had fallen off, but it was hardly a surprise that it had. I could feel my hardening nipples rubbing against the coat in front of me, it was far from unpleasant.

"I guess we're stuck."

"Yes."

We waited in silence again, the conversation carried on outside. They were discussing the choice of curtains. I tried moving again very slightly, just trying to find a slightly more comfortable way to stand. I felt my bum move across Colin's crotch and his hand gripped me briefly but then moved off.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to. I, er, thought I might fall." He seemed to be excusing his grabbing me.

I wasn't that convinced by his explanation, I thought it might have something more to do with the pressure that had been building on my bum steadily over the last minute or so, and which I took to be his stiffening cock. It seemed that despite the precariousness of our situation Colin was still finding time to enjoy it a little.

"It's fine, I know we're pressed together." I waited a moment, then carried on. "If you need to you can put your hands on me." I was still acting like the Claire I had just become outside, always doing what I thought they would want me to do.

"OK, thanks." There was brief pause before both of his hands settled on my hips. "It is better if I can steady myself, I think." Another pause. "You know, with the box behind."

"Right. It makes sense."

I let myself settle back a bit more, relaxing slightly and allowing my bum to sink against him a bit more. There was no doubt about what I feeling back there now, and with a quick shuffle of my bum I felt his penis slip snugly between my butt cheeks.

"Is that OK?"

"Yes, I'm fine for the moment."

I wondered what he thought I was asking about, whether he thought he was getting away with something or if he was beginning to wonder how far I would go. Still, stuck in a wardrobe was a fairly risky position. For now I had no plans to do anything more with him. At least I didn't think so.

After a few more moments silence, during which we heard a mundane and muffled conversation about decoration, I felt the need to do more. The idea of the situation was beginning to seem less immediately scary and more like a ridiculous, sexy scene from one of my more outlandish fantasies.

"You know my bra has fallen off?"

"Oh, no, has it?" He seemed uncertain but interested.

"Yeah, all I've got on are those little knickers you bought me. I don't know when it happened, but I've just noticed." I didn't know quite where I was going with this conversation, but it was fun to talk about my nakedness.

"You probably saw ages ago, didn't you? Have you been looking down at my nipples and hoping I wouldn't notice."

"No, honestly. I couldn't see from here."

"Really, you're taller than me aren't you? Can't you see over my shoulder?"

Colin didn't need a second invitation and I felt his head move to look down. I pushed myself backwards a little more and tried to lift my nipples out of the coat in front.

"Maybe a little, but not really."

"Unlucky. I wasn't going to take anything else off for you three tonight, but you almost got a freebie."

"Maybe I still will, hopefully we'll be getting out at some point." There was a little hint of amusement in his voice, he was halfway between making a joke and stating seriously that he'd likely see me topless later.

"What if I put on one of these coats?" It was a measure of how comfortable I felt being naked that this was the first time the idea had occurred to me. I had no intention of doing it, however.

"Spoilsport."

I giggled ever so slightly, partly because I was enjoying myself, partly because I wanted to feed his growing confidence.

"It's OK, I won't for now. Besides, I'm afraid if I move too quickly I might do you an injury." As I said it I squeezed my butt cheeks together as tightly as I could gripping his cock even more firmly between them. It made it quite obvious what I was referring to.

"Ah, I'm, er, sorry." He didn't sound overly contrite.

"I feel like it might snap clean off if I move too suddenly."

"I don't know what to say, it's, er, not my intention but, you know."

"It's fine, I do know how they work. It's not your fault." I shifted around my bum quite a bit more, rubbing up and down against him several times. He gripped me tightly again on both sides. "It is a little uncomfortable, though."

"I'm sorry."

"You said that." An idea occurred. "Let me just see if I can."

As I said it I started to try and turn around in place. At first it didn't seem possible but as Colin lifted his hands off me and I used the back wall of the closet to steady myself I slowly managed it. I had to push my tits against him and he moved his torso back as much as he could to help them slide into place, pressed against his chest and abdomen. As I tried to stand comfortably against him, I could feel his chin rest ever so slightly on my head and his arms settled back onto my body, at first around my hips but they soon slipped lower to the top of my bum.

"I'm not sure this is much better."

"No."

"Though maybe a little."

I felt his hands lower again until they gripped each cheek. I said nothing, but started to lower one of my hands which had ended up pressed against his chest between our bodies. I moved it over his belt and I heard him give a slight intake of breath.

"Well, why should you have all the fun?" I said as I lowered it further and found what had recently been jammed into my bum. I gave it a few squeezes, it felt great. "Is this more comfortable for you?"

I could still hear Colin's breathing but he obviously didn't know what to say. I wondered if he was just deciding to keep his mouth shut and hope for the best. I can't say I didn't think of doing to him what I'd done to his son in the car a few days previously, but there simply wasn't enough room.

He brought one hand up my body to my head and gripped my hair lightly, pulling my head back. I went with it and we looked at one another in the dim light. After a few moments I realised he was going to kiss me, his other hand gripped my bum even more tightly and he leant forwards. I closed my eyes and our lips touched.

Then, suddenly the door to the closet was pulled open. We froze and then stepped apart quickly, suddenly finding enough space to have at least a few centimetres between our bodies. We needn't have bothered, it soon became clear whoever had opened the door was already on their way out of the room. A voice came from a few steps away.

"Right, it's clear. You can come out."

It was Geoff. Colin gave me a glance to say that he would deal with it, and he headed out. I just stepped forward and stayed behind the door. For some reason I didn't want Geoff to see how naked I'd been while squashed together in the closet with Colin.

"They've gone but I need to go down. Get Claire dressed and then come down and we'll figure out what to do."

"OK, great. Is, er, my wife looking for me?"

"No. Why should she be?"

"No reason." There was a pause, then I heard Geoff start to leave.

"I'll make sure no one else comes up, Luke's already gone back down with his wife. Hurry up." The door closed and soon Colin was back at the closet door.

"Did you hear that?"

"Yeah, I, er, guess I should get dressed."

"Right, yeah."

I noticed him look down at my body, it was his first time seeing me properly topless. The situation suddenly didn't feel quite like one of my adventures and I found myself bringing an arm up to cover my nipples. I didn't really feel embarrassed or exposed but it did feel slightly inappropriate.

"Oh, sorry." He looked up at my face.

"It's fine, it's fine. Just go get my dress and stuff from the bathroom, OK?"

"Right."

He stepped away and I walked out into the room. Keeping one arm across my boobs I started unclipping the stockings from the garter belt, ready to put on what I'd arrived in.

After I'd taken them both off I realised that Colin should have returned from the bathroom long ago. I looked across and he was just coming out looking somewhat flustered.

"They're, er, not in there. I've looked everywhere."

"What? They must be!"

"I, er, can't see them." He stepped aside, clearly indicating that I should look myself. I walked across and went into the bathroom. Everything looked exactly as it had when I arrived, no trace of my dress or underwear.

"Oh, god. Luke must have tidied them away somewhere." I looked quickly around the room, the only cupboard seemed to be above the sink but they weren't there. I looked in the bath, I even raised the toilet seat in desperation.

"He must have taken them out."

"In the bedroom somewhere?"

"I suppose so, but we can't go through all the drawers."

I walked back past him into the room. "I have to wear something." I stepped across to the chest of drawers and opened the top one. I was confronted with a stuffed underwear drawer, it seemed unlikely my clothes were inside but to be certain I'd have to empty it. It seemed hopeless but I needed something.

"You can wear the black dress, it's still just here under the bed."

I looked across and Colin was standing back up after having found it.

"I can't wear that, it's way too revealing for this party!"

Colin just stared at me, clearly not knowing what to do. As I stood there also slightly paralysed by the situation I noticed his eyes continually flicking down to my body and then back up again. Ever since we'd discovered my clothes missing I'd been far too flustered to cover up, and indeed hadn't even been thinking about wearing just a pair of tiny knickers and an unclipped lace garter belt. My tits had no doubt been bouncing all over as I rushed about and I could see that my nipples were still hard. I could hardly blame Colin for looking but it did seem a little annoying given the situation we were in.

"I, er, I don't think we have a choice. You can't wear any of Leslie's clothes, and." He didn't finish but was obviously implying that I couldn't go out naked. He was correct.

I was still paralysed, though. There was no way I could go down to the party in that dress, and, moreover, there was no way I could go home in it. At least not for hours until my parents were asleep.

"I can't believe I'm in this situation. Again." I said that out of pure frustration without thinking. Luckily it seemed Colin didn't pick up on it, he was probably still too busy drinking in the sight of my boobs wobbling violently while I said it. There was another long silence, I felt Colin staring at my body but I was too far gone in frustration and anger to think anything of it, and I paced up and down slightly letting him look. Eventually he spoke.

"We, er, should hurry."

He was using a calming voice, as if he was talking to an irrational child. That annoyed me but just before I exploded at him I had the presence of mind to realise how irrational that would be. He was obviously just trying to do his best and get us out of there. I took a few deep breaths.

"OK, fine, I'll put it on."

"Great." he held it out and I snatched it from his hands. I was already pulling it over my legs before I thought of the stockings but it seemed pointless to put those back on. It would take ages and would just draw attention to the splits in the dress anyway.

I quickly got it up over my bum, but when I tried to get it in place over my boobs the real problem presented itself. Without the supporting and flattening power of the bra my tits were just too much for the dress, Colin zipped me up but the weight of my breasts overwhelmed the unstructured cups of the dress. If I stayed still then my nipples were just about covered, but any movement at all and they pretty much immediately peeped out. If I walked normally then after a few steps they would break free entirely.

"What am I going to do?!"

"We'll have to go slowly and you stay behind me and then." He trailed off.

"And then what? Where can we go?!"

"I, er." He looked at my boobs gormlessly as he said this, right now I could tell my right nipple was completely exposed and it hardly seemed worth the effort to pop it back in before we had a plan. "I don't know."

"Christ, Colin, doing this at the party was a stupid idea." It really was, but then I was as guilty as the rest of them for going along with it.

"You'll just have to hide at the back, keep away from people and I'll try and get Geoff or Luke to drive you home."

I ignored the fact that I couldn't go home for the moment. "Why can't you do that?"

"My wife will wonder where I'm going, and she can't find out about this." He sounded sheepish and apologetic but also quite firm on the point. I noted that he was likely prepared to leave me in the lurch rather than risk being discovered with me.

"Well, thanks for the support, Colin."

He looked at the floor and I expected he was no longer enjoying our little adventure. I was beginning to think a little straighter, it seemed clear what he was offering was the best that could be done. If I went slowly and held my dress in place, then I could maybe hang around the utility room again. Possibly even lock myself inside, then, afterwards if I could get out of the house to one of their cars we could maybe figure out a way to get me some clothes or a place to wait.

"Right, so let's get on with it. You need to get Geoff or Luke as soon as you can, OK?"

"Yeah, of course."

I stared at him, hopefully harshly for a few more seconds then spoke. "Go on then!" He turned and walked to the door.

"No one there," he said after checking and we went out. He went ahead slowly and I followed behind, both hands desperately holding up the front of my dress. I could feel my boobs tugging at it with every step.

We inched our way down the stairs, the sounds of the party getting louder and louder and a sick but in no way exciting feeling rising in my stomach. I tried to tell myself that I looked fine really, and that no one would be able to tell how close to exposure I was if I was careful, but I knew it was untrue. Even if I was wearing this dress at it should be it was close to scandalous in this setting.

We got to the bottom of the stairs and then Colin slowly rounded the corner to the rest of the house. He looked back and held out his hand stopping me. He edged back himself.

"There's someone in the utility room, I think getting some wine. I'll walk past quickly, they shouldn't notice, then you can slip by when they're gone."

"What?" I didn't want him to go, but I quickly realised that the sooner he did the sooner someone who was prepared to help me escape might turn up. I fought down my fear and nodded. "Fine."

He looked at me for a second, he seemed on the verge of apologising again but then turned and walked away quickly. I edged to the corner and peered round, the light was on in the utility and the door was ajar but Colin walked past quickly and quietly and turned into the kitchen. It seemed he had joined the party relatively unobtrusively.

I wondered about joining him as hovering here in the corridor seemed risky in itself, but after a few moments I saw Leslie some out of the utility carrying a few bottles of wine. I ducked back behind the wall but it seemed like she had no reason to even glance in this direction. I heard her also head back to the party.

After a few moments and no one else seeming to come out into the corridor I steeled myself and walked around the corner slowly. I used one hand to attempt hold my dress in place, trying to make the gesture seem casual. I think I probably failed on both counts and I stopped for a moment to hoist it up firmly and get both nipples covered again.

As I approached the utility room I started to doubt the plan. If Leslie came back for more wine what on earth could I say? I began to wonder if I could just stand towards the back of the kitchen and keep out of sight. Shouldn't I at least have a look to see how plausible that was? I could probably have a glance without anyone noticing. I carried on down the corridor.

I edged slowly to where I could see into the kitchen. It was still fairly sparsely populated, but it also seemed much smaller than I remembered and much better lit. There was certainly no unobtrusive place to hang out. I stared for a moment longer but it was clear it was the utility room or nowhere. I didn't think anyone had seen me, but I needed to hurry. I turned and started back.

"Claire?"

I froze, I couldn't believe it.

"Claire, it's Tom."

It of course was, I'd recognised his voice instantly. I didn't know what to do, but I know I needed to say hello.

"Tom, hi."

I saw his eyes sweep over my body, his eyebrows raised immediately. It was easy to realise why.

"Oh, wow, I. Nice dress."

"Yeah, look, that's the problem. I just need to get in here, OK?" I gestured behind me. I realised there was no way I had the time to get him to leave me alone, there was nothing for it but to have him follow me inside.

"In there, why?"

"I'll tell you, just I'm going in now."

"Right, but I'll, er, go and get Jim. He's here too and we were looking for you."

At this point I couldn't believe how much was going wrong but it didn't change things really. I still needed to get out of sight and there was no way I could stop him. He was already heading back.

"Fine, whatever." I said with genuine annoyance in my voice. I opened the door and slipped inside, I thought about locking them both out but there was no telling what they'd do then. They might bring the whole party after them.

I stood there, again lost in fear, annoyance and frustration but it was only a few seconds before there was a knock at the door and it opened. Tom and Jim slipped inside looking like they thought they were in a spy film.

"Hello, Claire." Jim grinned at me with his usual casual, silly arrogance.

"Hello."

"Fancy seeing you here."

"Yeah, fancy."

"Why are you hanging out in here?"

"I'm not hanging out, I'm hiding. It's my dress." I gestured down at myself with the hand not holding it up in place.

They looked. "What about it?"

"It's broken, it keeps falling down."

"You wore a broken dress?"

"No, of course not!"

Their two gormless, slightly worried expressions were almost too much to bear. I could feel the frustration building and building, but I knew I had to keep it together and try and come up with a story which didn't involve stripping in a cupboard for one of their fathers.

"Look, OK, I'm in a bit of a panic, but if you'll just keep your mouths shut for a minute I'll tell you, OK?" I still sounded dangerously annoyed, but I was getting things under control. I hoped.

"OK, OK, fine," said Jim, holding his hands up. Of anyone he was by far the most used to dealing with me in this sort of state.

"I figured you might be here, Tom, so I thought I would come along dressed like this and maybe we'd have some fun. You know?"

They both know, obviously.

"What about me?"

"What about you?" He looked angry and I carried on quickly. "Well, I knew you might come as well." I gestured towards him. "Like you have, and that was fine but,"I carried on, steeling my voice more, "why should I be nice to you after what you did to me in the cinema the other day?"

"I helped you out, didn't I? Got Tom to take you home." There was an amused edge to his protestations.

"Yeah, right. We both know you could have just given me your spare outfit, but you didn't."

"I never thought of it!" There was still the slight smirk there but I hadn't the strength to go any further. I shook my head. "Who cares. Anyway, when I got here I couldn't see you two, I went to the toilet and I got my dress caught on the door. I thought I'd torn it so I unzipped it a bit and my bra fell off into the toilet itself."

"What?" Jim sounded totally sceptical. I realise it did sound ridiculous, but I had no better explanation.

"I know it sounds ridiculous, but it wasn't a proper bra. It just sat on the front, it was supposed to stick by itself but it was the first time I'd ever worn one and." I shrugged. "I guess I put it on wrong, and soon as I pulled the dress down it just fell off."

Jim continued to stare at me disbelievingly but he was quiet at least.

"Couldn't you have picked it out?" Tom asked.

"Out of someone else's toilet? No way. I just left it there. Besides, I didn't know then that the dress was unwearable without it. But it is, I just fall out."

"Really? Let's see!"

That was Jim, I gave him a look and ignored him.

"So then, when I came out and realised, I was stuck, I didn't know what to do. I couldn't go into the party but I also couldn't walk home like this."

"You didn't drive?"

"No." I realised my car was outside but I just had to hope they wouldn't notice it.

"So you just hung around in the corridor?"

I paused, my story really did sound ridiculous. Luckily Tom stepped in.

"I saw her out there. My Dad had just come in from there, actually, that's why I looked up. I think he was helping get some wine."

"Oh, was that your Dad? I saw some guy and Leslie out here just now, I was hiding up by the stairs."

All this time Jim was just staring at me, as if trying to figure out what I was saying was true and what wasn't. I had to just ignore his look, if I let him scrutinise the tale at all then I was certain it would just come crashing down.

There was a brief silence, then Jim spoke up. "So, what now? You wanted to find us."

"Well, you can help, can't you?"

"Can we? Drive you home or something?"

"Well, no, I can't go home yet. I can't let my parents see me in this dress."

"Didn't they see you leave in it?"

"No, I sneaked out, but there's no way I can sneak in. Can't we go back to yours, Tom?"

"Maybe, but, I dunno. What time will your parents go to bed? My Mum is probably going to go back soon, she rarely stays long at these things."

"Not for a few hours at least." It was true, despite what had gone on it was still barely nine o'clock. Now I was desperate.

"Jim, can we go to yours?"

He shook his head. "No, everyone's in there. That's why I agreed to come to this lame party."

"What, you asked me to let you come?"

It was Jim's turn to ignore a comment, he carried on. "I reckon we can help you anyway, though."

"Great."

"Yeah, we can just drive around for a few hours. Maybe get a drive through and eat. My car's here, so," he shrugged, "I'd be glad to."

"Thanks, Jim, you're a life saver." I felt slightly calmer for the first time in what felt like years, it was beautiful.

"I do have a condition, though." His grin grew very wide.

"Oh, right, let's hear." But before I could finish there was a knock at the door.

"Claire, are you in there." I froze, it was Colin's voice. I was instantly back at maximum alert. Tom and Jim also froze in alarm, I could see from their faces that they also recognised who it was.

All I could think to do was just wait it out in silence, but then I realised that no one had locked the door. I had left it open for Tom and Jim, and then in the excitement of the conversation I hadn't thought about it. I took one step to try and rectify that but there was another knock and this time the door started to open.

"Claire, are you here." Colin opened the door and then stopped immediately as he saw his son. "Oh, Tom, why." He stopped dead as he saw the rest of us as well.

"Dad, I, er." Everyone was frozen, I realised I had to act.

"Colin, I'm fine, don't worry. Thanks for coming back." I tried to sound perfectly calm, it was my greatest acting role yet.

He looked at me, and then at the other two. "Oh, right, OK." He sounded extremely nervous, but wisely thought better of speaking further.

I looked at Tom. "I'm sorry, I met your Dad in the corridor just before you. I asked him to help, to maybe quietly find someone who could take me home, but when you said you'd seen your Dad coming back to the party I realised who he was and I was embarrassed. So, I, you know, thought it was better to not mention it."

Tom nodded. "OK" He also sounded like he wanted to be anywhere but here.

I went back to addressing Colin. "I thought we'd be gone before you got back. They've agreed to give me a lift, so."

"Oh, right, well. That's fine, I think, only I did find out where your." He hesitated, he was probably going to say where my clothes were but realised he couldn't mention them in front of Tom and Jim. I cursed internally. "I mean, er, found someone to help, but, er."

"My car's here and it's no trouble. Really" Jim spoke up, just about. He sounded very different to how he had with me lately, deferent and nervous.

I thought quickly, it was surely better for me to get my clothes back but I couldn't be completely certain that's what Colin was going to say, or that there was a good plan for how I'd get them. At least in Jim's car I knew I'd get home eventually. There was his condition, but that was hardly something to worry too much about given what we'd done in the past.

"Yes, I'm fine now. I'll be home soon."

All this time I was still in the black dress offering an insane amount of cleavage despite the hand that was in place there. All three men were not so nervous as to not sneak glances at it and my legs as often as possible. I realised that if I could get over the fear of people finding out something that might make my life overly complicated, this was exactly the sort of situation I loved.

"Right, well, if you're sure, I'll head back in. Tom, are you coming or?"

Tom looked at me and Jim. "I'll go back with Claire and Jim, I think, Dad. I'm not loving the party and."

Jim looked as if he wanted to say something, no doubt encouraging Tom to stay here so he'd have me to himself, but he obviously didn't want to speak up with Colin here.

"Right, well, er. Nice to meet you, Claire, and, well, I'll see you later Tom."

"Bye, Dad."

I saw Colin nod to Jim before he left. I immediately crossed and locked the door.

"Well, well, very interesting!" Jim had immediately regained his normal, cocky attitude.

"Shhssshhh!" He'd spoken normally and I was worried Colin might still be able to hear.

He grinned back. "We'll have to invite your Dad next time, eh, Tom?"

Tom looked at me and then back at Jim. He clearly didn't know what to say, I decided we needed to move things forward.

"Oh, come on, don't be childish. Stop embarrassing your friend and tell me what this condition of yours is."

He looked at me for a moment, then smiled. "I mean, I'm pretty sure you can guess what it is."

"Yeah, I think I can." It seemed obvious that he would want me to get naked as we drove around, just like I had been with Tom the other day.

"Deal?"

We all knew that I had no choice, but we also all knew I would probably have agreed to it anyway.

"Yes, fine, I'll take my clothes off while we drive around." I sounded resigned but also relieved, which was exactly how I felt. With the door locked behind us and Jim's car outside I had somehow made it out of this situation. All I needed to do now was strip, but that was becoming very easy for me.

"Great." Jim's grin grew to its widest extent. "OK then, get 'em off."

"What?! Not here, Jim, in the car."

"That's not the deal."

"Come on!" I couldn't believe it, just when it seemed like I'd escape easily it seemed Jim wanted me to walk naked to the car. "No way, no chance, I've had enough of being stuck somewhere I don't want to be naked."

Jim laughed, "if that's true you should probably think about the choices you seem to be making recently." He didn't seem close to budging from his request, and, as we all still knew, I didn't really have much of a choice.

"Jim, I don't know. I mean, if we get seen with her then we might get in trouble as well." It seemed as if Tom might be an ally.

"No one's going to see, it's late. How many people drive up here at night? Almost none. Besides, we can just hide her between us if someone does drive past, they won't be looking very hard anyway. Who's going to expect a naked girl?"

"I guess."

"And, come on, are you telling me you don't want to her bare ass and tits wobbling down the road in front of you."

From his look it seemed that Tom definitely did want to see that. It turned out he was sadly an easily converted ally.

"Oh come on guys, I've said I'll get naked in the car. We can stay out as long as you like."

I was starting to beg, but a part of me already knew I would be doing it. The idea of running up the drive naked with all the people at the party was terrifying, but that was exactly how I'd thought of wearing a bikini just a few weeks ago, and now look at me.

Jim fixed me with his usual grin. "You may as well start taking it off, the quicker you do the quicker we get out of here."

"Tom, please?" He looked at me, I could see he was caught between his desire to be on my good side and his love of getting my clothes off. Ultimately, although I'm sure he might feel bad about it afterwards, there was no doubt which one would win.

"It is Jim's car, Claire, so I guess he gets to decide."

"I can't believe this." I was now not begging but whining, they had definitely heard this one before and knew how it ended. So did I, and I was already reaching up to undo my dress. Both boys watched me closely, Jim with a confident smirk and Tom with a look of apologetic interest.

I quickly slipped it down to my waist and then pushed it off my hips, as I bent to pick it up Jim held out his hand.

"I'll take it."

"Yes, sir." I said sarcastically as I handed it over. As I went to unclip the garter belt I felt both sets of eyes take me in. The utility room wasn't particularly warm and my nipples were rock hard pretty much instantly.

"Why were you wearing that?"

"I thought about stockings, but then once I put the dress on I realised everyone would see them, so it seemed best to not bother." I shrugged. "But it didn't seem important to take it off." I looked up at him as I handed it over. "Is that OK?"

His eyes swept across my body again, now naked except for the tiny pair of black panties. "Fine with me."

I noted that neither of them had complimented me yet. I hooked my fingers in either side of my underwear, I obviously needed to try a bit harder.

"You sure I can't keep these on?"

"Of course not."

I shook my head as if disappointed in them, then smoothly slipped my underwear down my legs and off each foot. I stood up as purposefully as I could manage and handed them to Jim.

At least now I was naked the two of them took the time to stare at me properly. I could see Jim especially fixing his look on my now bared pussy. I had freshly trimmed and neatened my small strip of pubic hair that morning so I knew I looked great, and despite the anger, frustration and mounting dread about what I was about to do, their attention still gave a little spark to my stomach. I waited for a few moments, letting them look and trying to regain more confidence and excitement from it.

Finally, though, I needed to act. The fear was still there, but I decided to face it.

"Now who's holding things up?"

Jim finally looked back up to my face. "OK, fine, let's go."

Tom lead the way and opened the door, Jim gestured for me to follow next and I did so trying not to think too much about what was about to happen. I watched as Tom crept up the drive to the corner of the house, he looked around then turned back and gave the thumbs up. I felt a firm pat on my bottom.

"OK, show time." Jim's hand lingered on my bum.

"At least wait till we get in the car, OK?" As ever my attempts to regain the upper hand didn't quite work.

"Can't wait," he replied and gave me a squeeze. I tried to put him out of my mind for now and started forwards towards Tom, who was still watching from the corner of the house. There were no windows along this side so I quickly joined him and peered past his shoulder. The coast still seemed clear.

"Where's the car?"

"Oh, er. It's back at my house."

"What?" We were both whispering, me only just managing to keep it up given what I'd just learned.

"I, er, figured you'd realised."

I stared at him, I felt so resigned to the situation that this didn't seem to change things much. I knew I should be outraged, but even acting that way was difficult given how badly we needed to be quiet.

"Sorry, Claire." Tom did again look genuinely sorry, but it still didn't really count for much.

"What's the hold up?" Jim whispered as he arrived.

"Nothing!" I managed an angry whisper in his direction.

"She didn't know where your car was."

I didn't look in his direction, but I assumed Jim smirked first before asking, "all clear?"

"It seems to be," muttered Tom. It was still true, the light and noise of the party was evident but the curtains were drawn and the street itself was dark and deserted.

"Well, then, Claire. Off you go." Again I was treated to a grope of my bottom.

"One of you go first!"

"No way, we want to watch you."

I stood still for a moment. I could barely summon up the will to resist, I was cold and I just wanted to get to safety. My heart was still in my mouth but the idea of arguing any longer was completely unappealing.

"Fine!"

Without thinking much beyond my frustration I stepped forward, and before long I was trotting carefully up the drive. After a few paces I heard Tom and Jim set off behind me.

Once I was in motion and out in the open my nudity felt like much more of an issue. My boobs, bum and, so it seemed, almost every part of me bounced and jiggled as I ran. It made me self conscious of my body in a way I hadn't been for a while, and I felt visible from miles away. I put one arm across my tits and tried to control their movement somewhat but it was a pretty futile gesture. The only way to really control the wobbling would have been to walk slowly, but that was absolutely out of the question.

I knew I was giving the two guys behind me a good show as I received whispered shouts of encouragement, mostly from Jim and mostly about my bouncing bottom. I tried to ignore them, a part of me still enjoyed the compliments but it just fed my paranoia that every window we passed would be a discovery. I can't say I was worried about being seen, but I did feel genuine fear about being caught naked by the police. I wasn't quite sure what they'd do, but if they had an solid excuse to arrest a naked girl no one could be too surprised if they took it.

After a minute or so I seemed to be making good progress. I was still going as fast as I could, accounting for being barefoot and having to anticipate any passers by. Normally the walk back to our houses would have been about five minutes, but I was trying to convince myself that we were already about half way. Then, suddenly and inevitably, we heard the sound of car in the distance.

I stopped and turned to Tom and Jim, who also looked a little worried. As promised they jogged up to me and Tom stood in front of while Jim went behind. I obviously wasn't completely covered, but it did seem like a car just passing by wouldn't see much. The car got closer, it's headlights becoming visible just rounding a bend.

"We should walk a little too, make it look less suspicious."

I felt Jim once again touch my bottom, but this time it did seem like a genuine encouragement to walk forwards rather than just a thin excuse to grope me. I set off inching along and staying close to Tom, I tried to keep my head ducked down. The car swept pass quickly and although I didn't look it did seem like we'd gotten away with it.

"Thank god," I said as the noise receded into the background.

"I think I know who that was," replied Tom. His voice sounded pretty neutral.

"Did they see?"

"I think they saw me, they waved, but." He left things there, it was ambiguous but it didn't seem like he was too worried.

"They'd have stopped if they'd seen Claire. I know I would."

"Thanks, Jim. How sweet." I managed to be sarcastic despite my cold and still worried state.

His hands were now gripping my sides and were inching closer to my boobs all the time.

"Can we hurry up again now?" I turned my head and he looked up from close contemplation of my bottom.

"Oh, yeah." He let go, and once again the guys hung back but I was just happy to pick up the pace again.

As we got closer then there started to be street lights. I hadn't thought it possible but I now felt even more exposed. It was somewhat surreal to be walking down such a familiar stretch of road stark naked. I saw my own house coming up and prayed with all my heart that neither of my parents would pick this moment to look out from the curtains. I tried to comfort myself that at this distance they maybe wouldn't recognise me and they surely would never assume that whoever was streaking down the street was their own daughter.

As I passed by as quickly as I dared I spotted what must have been Jim's car, it was parked in front of Tom's house. I looked behind me and asked by pointing if I was right and received a few nods. With my goal in sight I couldn't help but break into a faster jog, abandoning my efforts to keep my breasts under control.

"Claire, look out!"

Tom's half whispered shout took me by surprise, I stopped and looked back, he was pointing across the road but as I started to look in that direction his point turned to a wave. With a sinking heart I noticed a man stood at the end of the drive across the road, obviously in the middle of putting his rubbish in the bins. We locked eyes for a split second, he looked as startled as I felt, and then I sprinted to hide behind the car. As I ducked behind it on the side away from the man I heard him greet Tom.

"Hi there, Tom. Just out for a stroll?"

"Er, hi, Mr Walton. We're, uh."

The man, presumably Mr Walton, laughed. "Don't worry, Tom, I won't tell anyone about this. Though it looks like one of your friends has forgotten something."

There was obvious amusement in his voice, but he didn't seem angry at all. I supposed that overall that was a good thing.

"Oh, yeah, you know." Tom gave a nervous little chuckle. I was obviously hoping he'd shut this conversation down quite quickly, but so far that wasn't happening.

"It's just a dare, but we're finished now." Jim stepped in.

"Oh, right. She had to streak up the street, yeah?" There was a pause. "I remember that sort of thing," he now sounded pretty wistful. "I wish I'd come out a few minutes earlier and seen her going the other way too." He gave another laugh, but it didn't sound much like he was joking.

"Yeah, but she can get in the car now, so." Jim sounded like he was implying the show was over. I was quite grateful. There was another pause, then a shout.

"Thanks for making my night, honey!" It was obviously addressed to me but I didn't particularly feel like responding.

"Well, good night you two. I'm glad you're enjoying your youth, it'll be gone soon enough."

"Good night, Mr Walton, and thanks for, you know, keeping it quiet."

He chuckled again, "no problem. Though, if she has to do another dare you'll let me know first, right?"

"Oh, yeah, OK." Tom sounded not too sincere, but they all laughed along anyway. Mr Walton seemed to mutter something to the two of them quietly and then there was silence. After a few more moments I heard Tom and Jim walking over to my side of the car.

"He's gone."

I still didn't feel like standing up, but crouching down in front of them both was worse. I stood slowly, checking to make sure he was indeed gone.

"For God's sake, you two! I can't believe I just met another neighbour like that!"

Given we were now at the car the relief was starting and the adrenaline rush was pushing me into proper anger again. Tom and Jim just stared at me for a few moments.

"Don't worry Claire, I, er, don't think he was looking at your face much." Jim didn't seem quite as cocky as he had recently, but he was trying. "Besides, he's a fan of yours."

"Oh, very reassuring."

"It's true, he said he hadn't caught much but he thought you had the biggest boobs he'd ever seen!"

"Just open the car, will you?"

"OK, fine." Jim took out his keys and I heard the reassuring beep. I gave them both another look then yanked open the passenger side door and climbed in.

Jim opened the back and put something, presumably my clothes, inside, then got into the drivers seat. He looked across at me and smiled.

"Let's get going, OK?"

"OK." He started the engine, I noticed that Tom was staying outside and appeared to be waiting to watch us leave.

"Is Tom not coming?" I sounded surprised.

"No, it's my turn to drive you around naked, remember?"

I looked at Tom as we set off and he waved, he didn't seem too put out and I assumed it had all been set up between the two of them on the way back to the car while I jiggled about in front of them. I immediately suspected what I'd already imagined would happen, that Jim had heard what I did for Tom and, as ever, thought it was only fair he got the same treatment. As we drove away I can't say I was surprised or even really too bothered by the idea, as always it seemed inevitable. I would wait and see how he broached the subject, though.

We drove in silence for a while. It didn't really mater where we went, we just needed to drive until it was late enough that I would be certain my parents were in bed. I realised I was assuming that Luke and Geoff would handle getting my other outfit back to me, but that didn't seem like too much of a stretch. After a minute or so Jim decided to speak.

"So, anywhere in particular you'd like to go?" As ever he was joking.

Now I was starting to calm down I was starting to feel more comfortable again. Being naked with Jim was pretty much the norm these days, even if he did still take every opportunity to glance across at me. I decided to try and joke back.

"Why don't we go back to the cinema. We had such a great time there recently."

He laughed. "You're right, we did."

"You did, you mean."

"I think you did as well, you didn't have to show off for that group of guys in the car park, did you?"

"Show off? It was your fault I had to walk past them!"

"Walk past, yeah. You practically stopped dead in front of them and begged them to take a good look."

"Yeah, right." I didn't quite remember it like that, but it was true that underneath everything I'd enjoyed the moment. Maybe I had lingered with them slightly. Who knows, and I was sure that later that night I'd relive the moment with Mr Walton and find it far more exciting than it had seemed in the moment.

"How do you even know, anyway?"

"We all saw the CCTV footage the next day."

"There's cameras outside?!"

"Don't worry, the manager just thought it was funny and that it was just a prank. There's no way they can tell who it is, in any case. Well, not unless they somehow got you in a naked identity parade." There was a pause while I'm sure we both thought about how that might work. "Knowing you, you'd probably enjoy that."

"Yeah, right." My heart wasn't in that comment, Jim was quite clearly correct. There was more silence, then Jim spoke again.

"So, what were you really up to tonight?"

I got another jolt of fear. "What do you mean?"

"Come on, you might have fooled Tom but given what you said at the cinema the other day then there's no way I'm buying your story."

"What do you mean, what I said at the cinema?" I was trying to change the subject, but I was also a bit confused by his comment.

"That you do this sort of thing with other men."

My heart was starting to beat faster again, I'd forgotten I'd been so clear with him. At the time I was unbelievably horny and was just trying to provoke him, but now it seemed like a secret I very much wanted to keep. Mixing up Geoff with Tom and Jim seemed a recipe for disaster.

"Oh, yeah, I did say that, didn't I?" I tried to sound as casual as I could. "I was just messing around, Jim. I mean, where am I meeting these other men? At the neighbourhood party, along with their wives?"

I looked across at him, I could see that he was still slightly unsure.

"Maybe it's Tom's Dad?"

I laughed, trying to make it sound ridiculous. It was helped by the fact that what I had done that evening was pretty ridiculous. "Oh yeah, I find him irresistible."

"So, why did you wear that dress without a bra?"

"I told you, I." I stopped part way through the sentence, I could feel myself getting worked up again and I hated the feeling. I looked across at Jim, his mild demeanour of interrogation slightly annoyed me given the circumstances.

"It's a bit rich getting questioned about my motives by you. Especially given what you're going to try on now that you've gotten rid of Tom."

"What do you mean?" it seemed he had the amused edge to voice back.

"Oh, come on, you're going to tell me to give you a blow job, aren't you? That I 'owe' you one."

"I, er, I'm." He paused, looking genuinely astounded. "What?" There was no way Jim was that good an actor, it was immediately clear I'd messed up.

"Oh, well, maybe not. I'm sorry."

There was silence for a moment, then he looked at me with genuine fear and apology in his eyes. "Claire, I know I mess about and take advantage a bit. And I guess things got pretty, er, heavy the other day, but I wouldn't make you." He had sounded completely genuine but his tone fell off towards the end. He waited another moment, then continued.

"Though, you said 'owe' you a blow job. Why would you owe me one?" From his expression now it was pretty clear he thought he had figured something out.

"Look, Jim, I made a mistake, OK? It's been a pretty weird night, and now."

He cut me off. "You gave Tom one, didn't you? On the way back from the cinema."

I hesitated, my instinct was to lie, obviously, and now I thought about it it was entirely in character for Tom to have not told his friend about it. But I was also fairly sure he wouldn't lie to Jim if asked directly.

"I, er, yeah. I did."

Jim concentrated on the road for a few seconds. "Fucking hell." His reaction didn't surprise me. I decided to wait it out. "You would have done it with me in the cupboard if I hadn't messed up your dress, wouldn't you?"

At this point it seemed pointless to lie. "I don't know. Probably."

"And you thought Tom had told me, and I'd feel entitled. Like I did about the spanking."

"Yeah." I paused, there was silence for a moment. "I mean, obviously." I tried to sound ever so slightly teasing with that last comment, hoping to reintroduce a bit more levity into our conversation.

Eventually he looked back at me for the first time in a while, he seemed to be less angry. "I guess I maybe would have thought that."

"Maybe?"

"Well, OK, yeah. Definitely."

There was silence again and there still seemed to be a bit of an atmosphere. I remembered that he'd seemed a little upset at my accusation.

"It's alright, Jim, I didn't think you'd make me or anything, just that you would expect one and then I'd probably." I tailed off, I realised I was going a bit too far here.

"Probably do it?"

His eager tone suggested I had managed to dispel his bad mood. I didn't trust myself to answer but my lack of denial said all it needed to and Jim didn't leave the subject alone. He sounded more and more like his old self as he went.

"You know, it has always been the three of us in the past. Doing the same things." His cockiness was there again, but there were still audible nerves. The effect was almost endearing.

I tried to joke my way out of it. "Well, next time with Tom you're welcome to be there and watch."

He snorted a short laugh. "Come on Claire, if you were going to when you thought I was being annoying, it's hardly fair if you don't now!" He sounded ever so slightly like I did when I was whining.

I stayed silent again, it seemed like he was making a good point. After a short while he looked across at me and we held eye contact for a long moment before he had to look back at the road. He obviously saw what he needed to.

"Yeah, it's definitely unfair. I won't have it. I'm pulling over now." His was part joking, part nervous and part his normal pushy self.

"Jim, come on!"

The truth was, though, that he'd read me perfectly and we both knew it. I was naked, in a state of extreme adrenaline and, as ever, pretty damn horny. All Jim needed to do now was keep it up and I would do exactly what he wanted.

We drove in silence for a minute or so, we had been going through a commercial area on the edge of town and he soon headed into the deserted car park for a hardware store. He looked across at me and grinned as we headed slowly to the side away from most of the lights.

"I can't believe we're doing this." My tone wasn't angry in the slightest, it was an obvious acceptance of what was going to happen.

He reached across and stuffed his right hand under my bum, squeezing lightly. "I can give you another spanking if you like. You know, to get you in the mood." There was still a slight tremulous edge despite the usual Jim act.

"No thank you."

"What if I insist?" He squeezed again as the car pulled to a stop.

"Don't push it, Jim"

Even as I said this, though, the image of being made to lean over the hood of the car flashed through my mind. I saw my naked body presented under the street light for any passers by to see. I felt a tingle in my stomach and I thought about how attractive an image it was.

Jim undid his seat belt and shifted round towards me more. He slowly brought his other hand up to my body and when I offered no resistance let it settle on my right breast before it slowly started to explore where it wanted. For now he stayed on my boobs and stomach and I relaxed and enjoyed the sensation. What had happened with Geoff the other day wasn't far away from my mind, and I thought again of Colin's body pressed against me in the cupboard. Now I had accepted what was happening the fear and frustration were falling away and I was concentrating on being naked for Jim. I was in my element and a part of me was still wondering if he would insist on spanking me first.

"God, Claire, I can't believe this. Can we do it here?"

It seemed Jim was already ready to move on to the main event. It wasn't particularly surprising, but there was a part of me that was disappointed. I looked down to his groin, I could obviously lean over like I had done with Tom but I wasn't quite at the levels of desperate horniness I'd reached there and I remembered how awkward it was.

"It's probably better in the back, more room."

"Oh, yeah, of course." He looked over his shoulder. "We'll need to, er, get out."

By now the idea of a few seconds exposure in a clearly empty and dark car park felt like nothing, so I just nodded. He got out and I quickly followed. As I opened the door and got into the back seat I saw him push the drivers seat as far forward as it would go. He soon slid in beside me and we again made eye contact for a few moments.

As we broke it he smiled nervously and sat back, a hand going to his belt buckle. I took my cue and started to get on my knees in the footwell in front of him. Jim's car was an old but still fairly spacious SUV and, once he'd shuffled about a bit making sure I could fit past him, I found I had plenty of room. My back was touching the seat in front but I wasn't really squashed in at all.

I looked up at Jim, he had stopped fumbling with his trousers after undoing his belt and button. It wasn't clear if that through nervousness or because he wanted me to do it. In any case I realised I was long past the point of no return and I brought my hands up to his knees and then ran them both up towards his groin.

He gasped slightly as I felt his dick, which already seemed close to fully erect. Like he had done to my bum many times that evening I gave it a quick squeeze before I let my hands carry on up to his zip and quickly undid it. He eagerly lifted his bum to help me slip his jeans down to his ankles, then I smiled at him again before looking down to his underwear. They were alarmingly tented and I didn't waste any time in also yanking them down. They came relatively easily and I watched his cock spring out into the open. I hadn't been wrong, it immediately pointed at the roof of the car and the head looked shiny and moist. It was surprisingly large, possibly the biggest I'd seen yet.

"Wow, Jim. That looks gorgeous." I'd spoken without thinking and was just telling the truth, it looked hard and powerful. I was slightly aware that it was just my horniness and desperation to please him controlling my thoughts, but I honestly couldn't wait to get it into my mouth. I was already imagining the taste and the feel on my tongue.

He was obviously pleased with my comments but he also seemed slightly pained with anticipation. I reached a hand across and slowly curled it around his shaft, eventually gripping it. It felt as good as I'd imagined, warm and smooth, and I stroked up and down slowly as I moved my mouth closer.

"Fuck, Claire. Fuck."

It wasn't particularly eloquent but the desire in his voice was a powerful spur. I extended my tongue and licked slowly from just above his balls to the tip. I could already taste was I thought was likely his pre-cum.

"Oh, God."

As with Chris a few weeks earlier it started before I had any idea what has happening. I felt Jim tense in my hand and saw his face contort, but also felt something warm splatter onto my forehead. This time, though, I did realised what was happening quite quickly, I carried on stroking with one hand and put the other other in front and felt a blast hit the palm.

Jim was now moaning in enjoyment and as the first drips of his cum reached my left eye I finished him off, letting whatever fell from my hand settle back onto his cock. I was already conscious that this wasn't a great strategy for cleaning up afterwards, but it seemed like the only option for the moment.

As his orgasm subsided I slowly stopped my movements. My left palm was somewhat covered and there was a few drops on the fingers of my right, but I needed to clear my eye nonetheless. I carefully used a clean finger to clear it out and wipe up a few more drops from my forehead. I can't say I felt clean, but it stopped the immediate issues.

I smiled up at Jim who was coming back to himself and was now looking shocked and apologetic.

"Sorry, Claire, I." I thought he was apologising for his cum being everywhere.

"It's OK, I knew it would happen. Do you have any tissues?"

He seemed surprised by the question at first, but then caught on. "Oh, right. Er, no, I don't think so." It was pretty much what I'd expected.

"Never mind."

I turned my head away from him, trying to conceal what I was about to do though I knew that was fairly futile. I quickly licked clean my two fingers, then sucked up what was still sticking to my palm. It wasn't much and the taste was about what I expected,w arm, salty and slightly bitter. I could feel Jim watching and I supposed he enjoyed it, which then excited me quite a bit. Despite Jim having just had some relief I was still as amped up and deep in the zone as I was before, as I looked back to him I couldn't keep myself from asking.

"Shall I clean you up, as well?"

"Oh, er, yeah."

I looked down, his now softening cock was covered in his cum and there were splatters on both of his thighs. As I bent my head towards it it was impossible to quite describe my feelings. There was a part of me incredulous and slightly disgusted, but I was largely imagining how obedient I was being and how much that idea excited me, as it always did. It was similar to how I felt when I waited in place for a smack of pain to flood across my bottom. The pain was still pain and my mouth still felt sticky, salty and stale, but the other things I got from the experience more than compensated.

I first lapped up the still warm cum from his legs, licking and swallowing several times on each one until there was nothing left but a thin coating of my own saliva. I found myself smiling up at him once again, and then, as I bent back towards his cock, I felt Jim's hand settle on my head as he half guided me down.

I set back to work, first licking at it. I swallowed as I went and the taste and texture was beginning to seem just normal to me. After a few passes I smoothly took his penis completely into my mouth to get the whole shaft clean. I ended up giving him a far more comprehensive blow job than I had ever managed during the event itself. After a few sweeps up and down its length I swirled my tongue into his foreskin and I heard him gasp again, I was pretty much finished but I could also feel his dick growing in my mouth which I enjoyed.

I swallowed down along its whole length once more, then took it in my hand and looked at his balls. Jim was shaved and I could see a few spots there as well, so I licked gently where needed. Eventually I was happy with my work and I looked up, still holding his now pretty much erect cock in my hand.

"Right, all done."

Although I smiled at him Jim still had a fairly glum look on his face.

"I'm sorry, Claire, I can't believe that happened." I realised he was apologising for ejaculating so soon.

"That's OK, it's no problem. It's pretty flattering really."

"I suppose, but." I realised that as well as being slightly ashamed he was probably also annoyed for missing out.

I was sitting back slightly now, but I was still holding his dick. Jim's eyes went down to it and mine followed.

"Do you think you could just, you know?"

It was fairly obvious what he meant. "Give you another blow job?"

"Not another one. It, er, had hardly started." Jim was speaking pretty hesitantly.

"I don't know, Jim." If I was honest I was mostly just surprised he seemed to be ready again so quickly. Though part of me was also wondering if he told Tom would my 'duties' to the both of them ever end.

"Please, Claire, it's just, it's er." He paused, he was now looking even more nervous than when he and Tom had originally turned up on my doorstep. "It's the first time, that, you know."

I did of course realise what he was saying, which shouldn't have been a massive surprise to me. It wasn't as if I had lots of experience either. I knew that there was no way I would deny his request now.

"It's fine, Jim".

I smiled at him I hoped warmly and started to lower my head again. This was probably the most real interaction we'd had, with neither of us putting on that much of an act. I began by licking slowly up his dick and I felt him settle back into the seat, ready to enjoy my work.

As I took his cock into my mouth it was already completely hard. I felt compelled to take as much as I could inside and it pushed against my throat. I realised I was getting a pretty big kick myself out of what I was doing, it was the first time I was able to relax and enjoy the sensations. With Owen it was mostly a surprise and with Tom it was a confused and slightly desperate blur, but now I was in full control. I could feel how Jim reacted to everything I did, and the sensation of seeming to control his whole body via what I did to his cock was slightly intoxicating.

I experimented with various ways of kissing, licking and trying to swallow it, not seeming to think of anything else but what I was doing. It sounded like he enjoyed pretty much all of them, though as time went on I started to concentrate more and more on running my lips up and down over the head as I let one hand stroke the shaft beneath. It seemed to provoke the most noises of pleasure from Jim, and once I'd properly settled into a brisk rhythm I felt his hands again hold my head gently. They seemed to be telling me to stay where I was.

I was so wrapped up in the moment that it was hard to tell how long it lasted, but in perhaps a minute or two I realised he was again close to the edge. His breathing was getting shorter and I could feel him start to tense and pull my hair a little. After what had happened earlier there was no question that I would let him cum in my mouth and a few moments later he let out a fairly loud grunt and I felt a burst of semen hit my throat. It was still somewhat of a bizarre sensation but I kept going and was able to swallow several times to keep my mouth mostly clear. By now the taste of his semen was familiar, thought the texture seemed much more watery this time. As things subsided I found myself sucking the last drops from the tip as if it were a delicacy.

This time Jim was much more relaxed and ready to just be thankful.

"God, Claire, that was amazing."

I wiped a hand across my mouth and then laughed. "Thanks, I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"It was unbelievable."

I looked around at where we were. "Yeah, it is a bit unbelievable."

He smiled. "Well, we had to do something before you were able to go home, didn't we?" He was already regaining some of his normal attitude but it felt like a good natured joke. I shook my head at him and started to get up and sit next to him. He took the opportunity to pull up his jeans.

"So, er, will they be in bed yet?"

I looked at the clock, it was possible but not certain. "They might, but I wouldn't be sure."

"Right, I guess we can drive around a bit if you like."

"Yeah, OK."

I saw him looking up and down my body again, I knew I was flushed and maybe even a little sweaty from what had just happened. I sat back and enjoyed the attention.

"Do you, er, want to put your dress back on?"

It seemed that sucking his cock was a way to make Jim behave a little bit. I thought about it, though not really for that long.

"I don't mind, I can just get changed when we go back if you want?"

A big grin broke out on his face. I was delighted to see that even now he still wasn't taking me completely for granted. "Great."

We headed back to the front of the car. Despite my choosing to stay naked for him it did feel like the adventure was winding down and I was OK with that. I was still pretty high on adrenaline and could feel my body in need of its own release, but I would take care of that myself later. It would give me a chance to go over every thing that happened, and I was very much looking forward to it. Though possibly Jim take a few more liberties with me on the way back, I could never be certain. I smiled and got back into the car.