**The Cronenberg Saga: It Takes Two To Tango**by Burdick Randolph  
  
It had only been one short week since Catherine Bristow's debacle at Dance Class. She had been forced to spend over an hour of the hour and a half long co-ed dance class totally naked. It was her fault, but only in the initial event. It was an unfortunate (or fortunate, depending on your point of view) cascade of events that resulted in Catherine's humiliation. It had been the talk of the campus, both at the Cronenberg School for Girls and at the nearby all-boys school. When class convened again, there was an evil gleam in the boys' eyes. But this time, there was an evil gleam in the girls' eyes as well.  
  
Catherine had explained, and her classmates had believed her, what had happened. She told the whole story, from the gift of lacy underwear from her older sister, to the tumble she took in Ms. Clare's presence. She explained how Ms. Clare had confiscated the non-regulation panties. And how all would have been fine had it not been for Brian, Catherine's assigned dance partner, and his surreptitious toe-mirror. Things had just gone downhill from there.  
  
There were only six girls in all who had ever been forced to spend any time at school completely nude... so far! Two of them had graduated, but the other four: Catherine, Suzy O'Brien, Bridget Jones, and Sarah Fulci were still students. Of those four, only Suzy escaped being seen by boys from the boys' school.  
These four along with Catherine's roommate Emma Spalding and a former enemy of Suzy O'Brien's, Jackie Keaton came up with a plan for getting back at the boys. A plan that, if it worked, would teach Brian Whatsizname a lesson he wouldn't soon forget.  
  
Class started with the students paring off with their assigned partners. Catherine strode boldly toward Brian who smirked with his knowledge of what her naked body felt like in his arms. Catherine smiled back, as this was all part of the plan. She glanced down at his shoes.  
  
"Why, Brian," she chided. "I thought you'd have your toe mirror on again."  
  
"Oh, yeah, like you'd come here again with no panties on!" He took her right hand in his left and slid his right arm around her waist in preparation for the day's lesson in the Tango.  
  
"Oh, but I'm not wearing any panties!" she whispered in his ear. Actually, she was wearing panties, the regulation white cotton variety, but Brian didn't know that. Ms. Adler was directing the class to take their positions.   
  
Brian could hardly believe his ears, "You gotta be nuts! You'll be dancing naked again!" The music began and Catherine could feel his burgeoning manhood growing against her abdomen. She grinned the wider and winked at him.  
  
"Turn!" Ms. Adler called. The entire class changed hands and directions in a ragged parody of unison. Nobody had learned much last week. The one naked girl was a distraction, to say the least.  
  
"You think I was embarrassed?" Catherine hissed in Brian's ear.   
"I loved it. In fact, several of us have come here today with no underwear on at all. We're hoping to get "disciplined" so we can all dance naked."  
  
Brian's heart was pounding and his penis was straining in his shorts. He had the mirror in an inside pocket that he had clumsily stitched together, using a handkerchief for raw material, inside his pants just opposite the hole in the right hand front pocket. It was just large enough for the toe mirror. The thought of several girls dancing all around him without underwear was more than he could handle.  
  
"Several of you? Who!" he demanded of Catherine.  
  
Catherine looked around and made eye contact with each of her co-conspirators in succession. "There's Suzy O'Brien... Sarah Fulci... Bridget Jones... Emma Spalding... and Jackie Keaton."   
Brian was trembling. Unable to resist any longer, he stopped dancing and knelt down as though to tie his shoe. Catherine paused and again made eye contact with her comrades. Brian surreptitiously pulled the toe mirror out of its hidey hole and clipped it onto the lower laces of his right shoe. He stood up and placed his foot under Catherine's tartan skirt. She only stood there, smiling at him.  
  
There, imaged in the tiny glass was the bright white of modest cotton underpants. "Hey!" he barked. "You lied!" He looked up into Catherine's grinning face just in time to hear her yell...  
  
"NOW, girls!"   
  
Immediately Brian found himself surrounded by females who grabbed his arms. One had hooked her elbow around his neck. He couldn't move. He knew if his toe-mirror were discovered he'd be in deep shit and he tried to raise his leg to his immobilized hand. But two more girls quickly dove and pinned his ankles together.  
  
"WHAT IS GOING ON!?!" The incensed shout came from Ms. Adler. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THAT BOY!!??"  
  
"Look, Ms. Adler! Look what he's wearing on his shoe!"  
  
Ms. Adler came running over, afraid she was going to have to make girls strip again. She really hated humiliating Catherine last week, and here she was again involved in some sort of altercation. But when she arrived at the scene of the scuffle, she saw a struggling boy with an incriminating toe-mirror flashing on his shoe.  
  
"Brian!" gasped Ms. Adler incredulously. "So it's true! What Catherine claimed last week was true! You were looking up her skirt!"  
  
"No, Ms. Adler!" retorted Brian. "They... they planted it on me!"   
  
This gave Ms Adler pause. Who was she to believe? The girls immediately raised their voices as one: "No, Ms. Adler! He's lying. He pulled the mirror out of his pocket." Ms. Adler looked from girl to girl and then back at Brian. Of course the girls would all stick together. It had been inordinately cruel to make Catherine dance completely naked. She naturally would want revenge.  
  
Ms. Adler said, "Let him go." Over a chorus of protests, Ms. Adler waved her hand and flashed a menacing look at them, silencing them. The girls reluctantly released the boy, and he quickly stooped and grasped the toe-mirror. He cleverly made like he didn't know how it came off, tugging at it futilely and then finally "discovering" how to unclip it from his laces.   
But Brian was not a drama student. He overacted just slightly. Ms. Adler became suspicious. She looked around at the faces of the boys who had crowded around. She posed a question to them all in general: "Did Brian have a toe-mirror?" Then she locked eyes with each boy in turn.   
  
Fortunately for Brian, none of them really knew if he did or not, but knowing Brian, they all figured he did. Brian was kind of a strange, private boy who hid Playboys, Penthouses, and Hustler magazines under his mattress. They all suspected him of pathological voyeurism. It would be like him to engineer a way to look up a girl's skirt.  
  
"Turn out your pockets," Ms. Adler ordered. Brian complied willingly. He'd been through this exercise last week and it had exonerated him. Promptly, he pulled out both front pockets and held them for Ms. Adler's inspection.  
  
But Ms. Adler was not as easily fooled as last time. She looked closely and spied the hole along the inside seam of the right hand pocket. She took the material in her hand and felt the bunching of fabric within. She worked her fingers into the hole and found the secret pocket.  
  
With a stern look on her face, she stood up and pronounced her judgment: "Brian, for concealing a mirror used to look up girls' skirts, you will remove your pants."  
  
Brian's eyes, which betrayed the fear he felt when the secret pocket was discovered grew even wider. He looked around panic stricken at the smug faces of the girls surrounding him. Then his look ranged to the boys and pleaded with them for... for something... for some kind of help. The boys were equally smug. He tried it and got caught. Let him take his medicine like a man.  
  
Gulping, he reluctantly began to undo his belt, fly button and zipper. He bent over to remove his shoes in order to get his pants off. At least, he thought, it's only my pants! But Ms. Adler wasn't done yet. Once Brian had stepped out of his trousers, she continued.   
  
"For using that mirror to look up girls' skirts, take off your shirt."  
  
"Now, just a minute!" Brian protested. "I'm not a student at Cronenberg. You can't make me undress for punishment!" He had his hands folded in front of him, but it failed to adequately conceal his straining erection. His brave defiance was belied by his beet red, blushing face.  
  
"What's good for the geese is good for the ganders," replied Ms. Adler. "In this class, you're my student, nothing else. If you don't comply voluntarily, the girls and I will forcibly remove your shirt. Then it'll be ripped and you won't get it back at the end of the lesson!" Ms. Adler was steaming mad and her eyes flashed. This little Judas had all this coming... and more!  
  
Brian, looking very much like a treed 'possum, realized he was woefully out-numbered. And by the looks of the expressions on the boys' faces, they'd help the girls strip him. He decided to take off his shirt.  
  
Once the white uniform shirt fluttered into the pile with his pants, Ms. Adler pressed on. "For lying about the mirror, remove your undershirt." Brian was nearly resigned to that, so he pulled the tee shirt off over his head in one fluid motion. He couldn't think of anything else he had done to be punished for, so he felt sure he was going to be able to keep his shorts. That is, he was sure until he heard Ms. Adler speak again.  
  
"For talking back to me, telling me I don't have authority over you, take off your briefs!"  
  
This was more than Brian could take, "No, please! I'm sorry! I'll never do it again, I promise!" He continued to refuse. Ms. Adler, after two or three minutes of insisting that he comply with her order, and receiving nothing but whining and pleading, nodded to the girls. Six girls simultaneously grabbed the elastic of his jockeys and ripped them six ways. They were not careful to keep from scratching him with their fingernails. His penis fairly "sproinged" up to probe the open air.  
  
Brian, bleeding, crying, bare-ass naked, and oh-so obviously aroused, was told to put his shoes back on, join his partner and continue the dance lesson, which now had an hour and fifteen minutes to go. Catherine gingerly engaged him and led him through the Tango practice, roughly jerking him around when Ms. Adler called, "Turn!". Brian's shamelessly erect prick poked her repeatedly just below the hem of her skirt.   
  
The constant stimulation kept his cock rock hard and agonized on the verge of ejaculation. Brian was torn between his humiliation and his overpowering desire to cum. Catherine seemed to know instinctively just how much rubbing it could take without exploding. Just when he was reaching the point of no return, she pulled back and let it subside. It was horribly frustrating, and horribly embarrassing for Brian.  
  
Clear, viscous sperm-rich fluid was leaking from the tip of his penis, making small wet spots on Catherine's skirt each time it touched her. At the end of the music, she rudely stepped back and cried, "What have you done to my skirt!?" Ms. Adler had taken note of the boy's erection and determined that he was as much of an exhibitionist as she had thought Catherine to be the week before. Consequently, she decreed that his clothes would go back by courier later in the day and that he would return to his classes at the boys school without them.  
  
Retribution had been obtained. Restitution had been made. The girls were smug. The boy was humiliated. But Brian was not one to know when to fold. He was already scheming. He'd find a way to get them back!  
  
THE END