**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 304: No Heat Loss at All**

As they were finishing their breakfasts, Nate said, “You know, Lover, this is a little awkward because I don’t want to steal your thunder with your thoughtful gift…I really love the Jordan ad, but I’m afraid that I also have a gift for you. Yes, another gift.”

“Nate, you’re incorrigible,” said Dale. “I don’t need more presents. You give me too many presents. You already let me try on all my Christmas lingerie. The night of the dance you gave me a monogrammed suitcase. Whatever it is, I think you should save this present. It can be my Christmas present.”

“Well, I know that sounds like good advice, and I know you are right,” said Nate. “But again I have my reasons for needing to give it to you now. You’re going to get a lot of use out of this present before Christmas.”

“Nate…really?” said Dale. “Don’t make me feel bad because I can’t keep up with you with all the gift giving.”

“Oh, Honey, I don’t want you to feel bad,” said Nate. “You need to realize that all these gifts are as much for me as they are for you. The suitcase will be all about enforced nudity next time we go somewhere. You know we won’t have Kelly to lock up your clothes. I’ll be doing that myself. And the lingerie. Who do you think really benefits from that? Like right now. I can’t tell you how much I’m enjoying thinking about the seashell bra and panties you have on.”

“Even though you can’t see them?” asked Dale.

“It’s just fun knowing how cute you look under your clothes,” said Nate.

“Okay, then,” said Dale looking perturbed. “So it really won’t wait until Christmas?”

“No, you need my gift now,” said Nate.

“Alright, where is it?” asked Dale.

“In my trunk,” said Nate, hopping up and heading out to his car.

A minute later he was back with a wrapped box.

“And this is okay to open in public, right?” asked Dale.

“Of course,” said Nate. “It’s not sex toys or anything.”

“Okay,” said Dale. She frowned at him, but then she ripped off the paper. Inside was an unremarkable box, so using a butter knife from the table she cut the tape.

Looking into the box she asked, “Boots?”

“Actually there’s a whole outfit in there,” said Nate.

“There is?” asked Dale looking at the rest of the contents.

“Yes,” said Nate. “I think I’ll call this your boots outfit,” said Nate. “In other words, this can be your wintertime tennis shoe outfit. There’s quite a lot of outdoor nudity in your future, and as was quite apparent on Thanksgiving morning, we need to keep your feet warm and dry. I had this outfit already, but I thought the tennis shoes would be fine on the track. I didn’t know you were going to end up streaking all the way to Tink’s house. Look at the other items.”

“So, it looks like there is a hat, some gloves and some socks,” said Dale. “That’s supposed to be an entire outfit, huh?”

“Yep, all a girl needs to stay warm in winter,” said Nate.

“This does look like a warm hat,” said Dale, holding it up and examining it.

“It is,” said Nate. “The warmest I could find. It has Caribou fur on the inside. Caribou fur has hollow hairs, so it’s unbeatable as far as its insulation properties are concerned. The design also incorporates fleece, down and Gore-Tex, so it is waterproof and breathable. It is a trapper style hat, so as you can see it covers your ears all the way down to your neck. You can even snap it under your chin, or velcro the ear flaps up if it isn’t that cold. There is also this hidden facemask for when it is really cold.” Nate reached over and pulled out the facemask so she could see it. “Something that I really like is how effective it would be at concealing your identity. With the facemask on only your eyes will show. And the pocket where the facemask hides is a bit oversize, so it could be used to carry I.D. or a little bus fare money.”

“Bus Fare Money?” asked Dale in surprise.

“Sure, if you are out you should have a little money with you,” said Nate. “You might need to take a bus, or buy something.”

“Take a bus naked?” said Dale, her eyes getting very big. She was obviously picturing herself doing just that.

“Well, if it’s cold and you have to go five miles or more, it might be the best option…or a taxi,” said Nate. “And as you probably learned the night of the traffic stop, it might be good to have ID with you.”

“Nate, you’re scaring me again. I don’t want to take the bus naked,” said Dale.

“Well, it’s not really up to you now, is it?” said Nate. “Nudity Slaves simply obey, you know that.”

Dale just continued to look at him with a big-eyed, shell-shocked expression of worry.

“Look at the gloves,” encouraged Nate.

Setting the hat down, Dale and took the gloves out of the box. On the outside, they were a similar deep brown in color. They were mitten style, so they didn’t have individual fingers and the same tan color fur was visible around the arm opening. Dale put her hand into one and it extended about half way along her forearm.

“Wow,” she said. “I’ve never seen gloves like this before. The fur inside feels so warm and wonderful.”

“Again, these are the warmest gloves I could find,” said Nate. “The boots too are about as warm as they come…and they are waterproof. Combined with those socks they should be especially warm. There were bigger boots, but these seemed just right. They are sort of a hybrid boot, warm but light and flexible so you should be able to run in them. They are four season hiking boots. I am hoping to take you hiking this coming summer. I’ve got my eye on several point-to-point hikes, so we are looking at seven to ten days. You, My Dear, will be setting new records; the most time naked and the greatest distance from clothes. So get a good look at those boots. That is all you will be wearing for an entire week…most likely longer. Well, those, your nipple jewelry and lots of sunscreen. I hope they are comfortable, if not, we’ll exchange them. You can try them on after breakfast.”

“A week?” she said, her eyes indicating that she was processing what Nate had said.

“Longer,” said Nate confidently. “But not until summer. However, like I said, you’re going to get a lot of use out of this present before Christmas. That’s the reason behind the warm hat and gloves.”

“So, are you telling me I’m going to be outside dressed in just these things?” asked Dale.

“Yep, and as soon as possible,” said Nate. “I put a lot of research into this. Do you want to hear my thoughts?”

“I don’t know. Do I?” asked Dale apprehensively.

“Of course you do,” said Nate. “It seems that a 1970 U.S. Army Field Manual claimed that 40 to 45% of body heat is lost via the head. Those numbers have been discredited, I understand, but the underlying principal remains. An inordinate amount of heat is lost through the head. Similarly there are studies that indicate that the hands and feet are the other most significant parts of the body as far as heat loss goes. They are the farthest from the core…the heart…and both the hands and feet have a great deal of surface area, and very little heat generating muscle. One study claimed that one-third of the body’s heat can be lost via the feet and another third via the hands.

“It occurred to me that 40 to 45% plus one-third plus one-third is over 100%. In other words, we just might be able to keep a nude girl warm outside in winter by focusing on just her head, hands and feet…stop the heat loss there, and mission accomplished…no heat loss at all,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 305: Coming Clean with Susiel**

“Something is obviously wrong with those numbers,” said Dale.

“You think?” said Nate with a faux puzzled look on his face. “You will obviously be losing heat through the rest of your skin; however, I’m somewhat optimistic. Given your metabolism, and some vigorous activity, I think you might be comfortable outside for an extended period of time, especially if we keep you dry.”

“Well, I’m game to give it a try,” said Dale enthusiastically. “I did survive all the way to Tink’s house and that was with wet feet, and no gloves or hat.”

“But survival isn’t the goal,” said Nate. “It is my hope that you will actually be comfortable naked when you have these on. We might even be able to go sledding, but that might be asking too much. It’s probably going to work best if we keep you out of the snow.”

“Well, let’s go give it a try!” said Dale.

“Well, I’m glad to hear you are game; however, Slave Girl, I call the shots,” said Nate. “But we will, one evening here soon. You know I’m excited to see how you look in your new boots outfit.”

“I could model it for you,” she suggested.

“Well, sure. That sounds fun. You at least have to try the boots on to make sure that they fit. They need to be comfortable,” said Nate.

A bit later they were doing just that. They had gone back to Nate’s room so that she could try on the boots with the new socks while nude. That’s how she needed to be dressed to try them on. After all, that was how they were intended to be worn, and they both wanted to see how the ensemble looked together.

Fortunately, Nate had done his homework on the sizes, and Dale was pleased with the fit. Nate thought that she looked really cute, freshly shaved pussy, nipple rivets, hiking boots, warm hat and gloves. To his surprise, Dale even said that she was starting to feel a little too warm dressed like that.

They both shared a bit of a laugh about that, that a naked girl might feel overheated wearing just boots, hat and gloves. However, they were indeed warm. Nate had gone to a lot of effort to tack down the warmest items that he could find. His thought pattern had been, if only some of the skin is going to be covered, what is covered needs to be as warm as possible.

Once she had taken everything back off, Dale asked Nate something quite unrelated, “Nate, the handcuffs from Kelly. Can I borrow them?”

“You have a need for handcuffs?” asked Nate surprised.

“Can I just borrow them?” she asked again expressionless.

“Sure,” said Nate, sensing that she didn’t want to explain. He took down a box from a closet shelf, opened it, and handed them to her. “The key is attached with that little wire tie,” he added.

Standing there nude, Dale took the handcuffs and placed them in the pocket of her jacket.

“Thanks, you trust me don’t you?” she asked.

“Absolutely,” said Nate. He was quite curious why she needed handcuffs all of a sudden, but he could tell that she didn’t want to explain. He had a sneaking suspicion that she was planning to use them on him at some point, but he didn’t mind the idea. Whatever she might have planned seemed like it would have to be fun, maybe even kinky, but then he remembered how she had hidden scissors and ropes under her bed once and he started feeling a little concerned.

“So, I need to study,” said Dale. She was obviously done talking about the handcuffs.

“You and me both, Mads,” said Nate.

“Oh, it just gets me all hot and bothered to be called, Mads,” said Dale as she started to put her panties back on.

“Good,” said Nate. “I don’t get to call you, Mads, all that much. Like with Kenny and Felipe… But if it gets you all hot and bothered then you can bet that I’ll be using it to help keep you warm when we take your boots outfit outside for a test run!”

Once she was dressed, Nate got his books and they went over to Dale’s house. They spent the rest of the morning and the early afternoon studying at her dining room table. Their double date with Susie and Gage was that evening, so they focused on getting as much of their homework out of the way as they could.

Nate knew that Dale had been texting Susie, and mid-afternoon, she headed over to Susie’s house. Mostly they wanted to do a little planning in preparation for their double date. Susie had agreed to the idea, at least in principle, of spending a little time in just her bra and panties that evening after their dinner at The Bridge restaurant.

“A present?” asked Susie after seeing a small wrapped package in Dale’s hand when she opened the door to greet her.

“Yes,” said Dale. “But it’s for Allie. I know she’s out of town with your parents, but I thought I could leave this for her in her room. She saw the curious look on Susie’s face, so she added, “It’s a three pack of training bras. Better early rather than late, if you know what I mean.”

“That’s thoughtful,” said Susie. “But mom can get her some. She’s probably ready.”

“I like the idea of helping her out,” said Dale. “She seems like a good kid, and I don’t have a younger sister to help with such things. I still feel bad about what Carly did to you.”

“Ancient history,” said Susie. “And besides, you’re hardly to blame for what Carly does.”

“No, but she is my friend, so I feel bad,” said Dale.

Susie led Dale downstairs and they put the present for Allie in her room. They went back to the kitchen and Susie made some hot chocolate for the two of them to enjoy while they talked.

“So, Dale,” said Susie. “I heard what you told Allie and Taylor. That seemed to satisfy their concerns. You talked about how girls sometimes make bad choices: cigarettes, alcohol, and running around naked on Thanksgiving mornings. But me? I’m as curious as ever. You don’t have to tell me, but it would be fun to know a little more about what you and Nate have got going.

“You two say and do some of the most unusual things. Ever since that night at Jodie’s, I’ve known that you have some sort of personal connection with nudity, but the last thing that I expected to happen was for you to show up here naked like that,” said Susie.

“Believe me, it wasn’t planned,” said Dale.

“Well, if you’re not comfortable telling me, then I understand,” said Susie.

“No, I’ll tell you,” said Dale. “As long as you understand that it is a secret that absolutely has to be kept.”

“I’m not going to tell anyone,” said Susie. “But you have to decide if you can trust me.”

“I trust you,” said Dale. “But it’s a long complicated story. I hope you don’t mind if I try and keep it short.

“Tell me as much or as little as you like,” said Susie.

“Well, what I told your little sister is essentially true. Some girls smoke, some drink. I streak. Strange, huh? I’ve always found it to be very thrilling to be naked. I started leaving my house naked years ago…always at night. When boys started having their Nocturnal Emissions, I started going out on my Nocturnal Missions! Maybe I’m kind of messed up, but it’s who I am. The pressure to do it builds up. The longer it has been for me, the more I feel the need to rip my clothes off and do something irresponsible…to do something that could get me in a lot of trouble.

“That’s wild,” said Susie. “But it’s about what I had been imagining…not at first, but the clues have been piling up. But Nate…how does he fit in?”

“He’s part of my world. He knows everything. He helps me get naked, but mostly he takes care of me. He keeps me safe. I love him deeply. Every day that passes seems to find me deeper and deeper in love,” said Dale, realizing that she had never really mentioned the depth of her love for Nate to anyone other than Nate himself.

“I’m glad you have him,” said Susie. “So has he really done worse to you than he did to me? Has he ripped your panties off in public?”

Figuratively speaking, yes,” said Dale. “But you have to understand. He does it for me. “I’m the one with the problem. He gives me my fix, but he keeps me safe.”

“So, Thanksgiving, was he giving you a fix?” asked Susie.

“So to speak,” said Dale. “I was doing laps around the track at Prospect High, when these two dogs came at me. I got scared and ran…through the fence behind the field and into that neighborhood.

“You ran all the way here from the high school…naked?” asked Susie, clearly astonished.

“I’m afraid so,” said Dale.

“Oh, my God,” said Susie. “That whole way naked…just as naked as you were when you got here? Just the shoes?”

“I’m afraid so,” said Dale. “You heard me tell Nate that I made it, but not without being seen.”

“How did you not die?” she asked.

“Die?” asked Dale bewildered.

“I mean . . . and you like doing this? You do this on purpose?” asked Susie.

“Well, there’s always risk. For me, there has to be. It just doesn’t do anything for me if there isn’t risk,” said Dale. “But the dogs, and the run through town…that wasn’t supposed to happen.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 306: Double Date**

They talked for a while longer, Dale explaining a few other details. To her surprise, she didn’t end up retelling the rooftop rescue. Susie seemed most interested in the current situation. She finally decided that she had been with Nate so long now that Susie seemed to take it for granted that the two of them were a couple. She expected that Susie might have more questions in the future, once she had had some time to digest all that she had been told.

Dale did manage to leave all mention of the Nudity Slave agreement out of the discussion. Who planned and who instigated things, such as the run on the track, seemed to be covered, at least as far as Susie was concerned, by Dale’s admission that she had an irresistible need for nudity and the associated risk. That, in and of itself, was a lot for Susie to wrap her mind around, Dale realized. Especially given how it seemed to be diametrically opposed to how Susie herself must regard the idea of being nude.

As they transitioned to talking about being in just their bras and panties that evening, Dale reminded Susie that she couldn’t act or talk any different around Gage. Helping her keep her secret meant that she had to pretend to not know anything about Dale enjoying being nude. She needed to underscore that it might be particularly easy to slip up when they were doing things that involved next to no clothing.

“You can’t say anything like, ‘I know this is easy for you, but it’s not for me.’ Little comments like that would be strong hints and could make Gage really curious. I know I can trust you, but the number of people that I trust with this information will have to remain miniscule,” she explained.

After they had planned the evening out in some detail, they even practiced a little what they would be doing. Dale realized that that seemed as if it made Susie more comfortable with things. They even tried to coordinate their lingerie. Doing so seemed to help Susie be less focused on her own impending near nudity because she wouldn’t be alone.

After Dale returned, she and Nate studied a bit more together, but it no time at all it was time to change and head out to meet up with Susie and Gage.

They met the two of them at The Bridge restaurant for their 6:30 reservation. Other than a casual thing or two with friends, such as pizza, it was really just Susie’s and Gage’s second date. Nate could tell that Susie seemed to still have an interest in Gage; however, he sensed that she was feeling a little awkward around him. He suspected that it probably stemmed from how being seen topless at Jodie’s made her feel uncomfortable.

Truth be told, Susie was having trouble coming to terms with the fact that so many had seen her boobs, some in person, but many more via Jason’s video.

As Dale had explained, being around Gage was particularly awkward as the topless show had disrupted for her how a relationship would normally develop. Knowing that, both Nate and Dale were hoping to use the evening to help the two of them regain the level of comfort with one another that would allow them to get things back on track.

They knew that that might be challenging given that the plan for the evening had switched from laser tag to the girls again being dressed in just their undies. Everyone but Gage knew that the post dinner activity was designed around helping Susie be more comfortable dressed as she would be dressed at the upcoming victory dance.

When the waiter came to take their orders, Nate said, “Me and the Missus, we’ll both have the Mardi Gras Cajun Symphony.”

“Hey, Buster,” said Dale, punching his shoulder. “What’s with the Missus, shit?”

“Just trying to keep it fun,” explained Nate, holding his shoulder and feigning a little pain.

“And isn’t it just a little presumptive to go ahead and order for me…without even consulting me!” she added.

Nate sighed heavily, smiling mischievously.

“Okay, then,” said the waiter looking at Dale. “One Mardi Gras Cajun Symphony, and what would you like Miss?”

Glancing back at the menu for a moment, Dale said, “Make that two.”

“Okay, two Mardi Gras Cajun Symphonies,” said the waiter, making a note on his pad.

“Make that four,” said Gage, recognizing a good opportunity.

“Hey, speak for yourself,” said Susie, copying Dale and punching Gage. “Don’t you guys have any respect for women?”

Nate started cracking up.

“Tink, ouch!” said Gage, also trying to act as if his shoulder hurt. “You bring up respect, and yet you women are the ones engaged in domestic violence.” Studying the waiter’s badge he continued, “Care to pick sides, Brian?”

“I’m pretty sure I’m going to have to side with the women,” he said. “It looks too dangerous to do otherwise; however, I do have other tables to get to, so Miss, what would you like?”

“Make it four of the Cajun whatevers,” said Susie capitulating. “Our companions seem to know something.”

“We know it’s spicy,” offered Dale.

“Yes, it is spicy,” said the waiter. Looking around the table he asked, “Everyone good with spicy?” No one objected, so he continued, “Okay, four Cajun whatevers coming up. It is a popular dish, especially with the younger set.”

“So, it is good, right?” asked Gage after the waiter had left.

“All we know is that it’s spicy,” said Nate laughing.

Dale took his hand under the table. She squeezed it while smiling at him. “You’re funny,” she said, leaning over and giving him a little kiss on the cheek.

Dale felt the need to clear the air a little, so speaking directly to Gage she said, “Tink and I have learned that there is a video being passed around of our little cheer demonstration.”

“Oh, you’ve heard about that,” said Gage. “Nate actually tried to get it deleted. He might have succeeded had he found out about it earlier.”

“Have you seen it?” asked Dale point blank.

Nate noticed that Susie was studying Gage to judge his reaction.

“Everyone’s seen it,” said Gage. “Well, just guys on the football team, as far as I know.”

“So you’ve seen it?” asked Dale.

“I’ve seen it,” admitted Gage.

“What’s your opinion of it?” asked Dale, trying to get some insight into his character. She was also thinking that Susie probably shared her curiosity.

“Well, I agree with much of what I have heard Nate say. It never should have been made. It was a huge violation of your privacy to take that video…and then to share it! I have never seen Nate so angry, so loaded for bear,” said Gage. “But the video itself? It’s as sexy as hell! Pardon my French.”

“Sexy, huh?” asked Dale, trying to get him to be more specific.

“Duh!” he said. “You two topless! My God! Sexiest thing I ever saw. It was quite a bit better in person. The video quality doesn’t do the two of you justice, but it’s still f\*\*king hot!”

“How many times have you watched it?” she asked.

“Dale, that’s not fair,” said Nate. “We’re guys. We watch it over and over.”

“They have dirty minds, don’t they, Tink?” she asked.

Before Susie could respond, Nate said, “We do not. You’re both just pretty.”

“Tell the truth, Nate,” said Gage. “They’re both sexy as hell!”

“Well, no argument there,” said Nate. “I’m just trying to be a little more diplomatic.”

The entire time Susie had been quiet, so Dale tried to draw her into the conversation, “So, Tink, how are you doing?”

“Oh, okay, but I’m still a little bit in shock, I guess,” she said. “And reminding me of the existence of that video isn’t helping at all. I’m still coming to terms with the fact that I am having dinner with three people who have all seen my breasts. That’s a first for me.”

“But like I told you, life goes on,” said Dale. “Everything’s okay, isn’t it?”

“”I’m not so sure,” said Susie.

“We’re all treating you as if it never happened,” said Dale.

“And I’m trying to behave just like Dale told me I should,” said Gage. “Ouch! What was that for, Dale?”

It was obvious to everyone that she had kicked him under the table.

“Dale told you how to behave?” asked Susie, turning to Gage but then glaring at Dale. “What did she tell you?”

“She just told me that I’m a brand new shiny boyfriend, and that I need to take it nice and slow. That I shouldn’t make the mistake of thinking that I can see or touch your boobies anytime I want just because I got to see them prematurely,” said Gage.

“Why does that sound so familiar?” asked Nate. A moment later he shifted saying, “Hey, no fair, stop kicking. It’s not my fault you forgot to swear Gage to secrecy.”

“I did swear him to secrecy,” said Dale adamantly.

“She did,” said Gage. “I’m just not willing to keep secrets from Susie.” Looking over into her eyes, he continued, “She’s the one I’m hoping to get to know better.” She smiled at him so he added, “I also don’t want what happened to negatively affect our chances for a relationship. She’s fun, and her bouncy white boobies are sexy as hell!”

“Well, I guess that sounds honest,” said Nate laughing. “Honesty must be the best policy.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 307: A Glimpse into the Future**

“But it sounds sort of racist,” said Dale. “I mean, really…white boobies?”

“It’s not racist,” said Gage. “They are white. I saw them with my own eyes. Tink and I have already had this talk. It gets us nowhere if I pretend that she’s not white, and she pretends that I’m not black. Neither of us is bothered by it, so we can talk about it. Just as we can talk about how I am taller than she is or the color of her hair.”

“I guess that sounds healthy,” said Dale. “I never had an African American boyfriend.”

“Just like saying that she’s a girl with tits and I’m a boy with a male chest. Admitting that and talking about it doesn’t make us sexist,” said Gage.

“Maybe not, but talking about a girl’s tits too much, just might…so watch yourself,” she cautioned. Looking at Susie she added, “Tink, you’re still so quiet.”

“Nothing to say, I guess,” said Susie. “I’m still just trying to get used to the idea that what my boobs look like is now common knowledge. Can we please talk about something else?”

Just then their entrees arrived. That caused the conversation to shift naturally to the food and the restaurant for a time. As Kenny and Hannah had informed Nate and Dale, that particular menu selection was indeed spicy, but they had known that going in. It was also very tasty.

After a time, Nate decided that it was time to let Gage know that their plans had changed.

“Gage,” he said. “The girls had an alternate idea for a post dinner activity, so we’re going to have to save the laser tag for another time, presumably our next double date.”

“Not, ‘the girls’” interjected Susie. “It was all Dale.”

“But you’re going along with it,” said Dale.

“I guess I am,” said Susie meekly.

“But I was looking forward to laser tag,” said Gage, his voice full of disappointment.

“Don’t worry,” said Nate. “You’ll enjoy this more. Take my word for it.”

“Okay,” said Gage. “So what is the plan now?”

“As you may know, Tink’s family is out of town, so we’re all going to her house,” he said. Turning to Dale he asked, “Can I tell him what we are going to do there?”

“I’ll tell him,” said Dale. “In order to be able to go through with her victory dance commitment, Tink needs to spend a little more time in her undies…in mixed company.”

“Well, no need to twist my arm,” said Gage, purposefully twisting his smile.

“Dale, too, needs some practice at being around guys while nearly nude, don’t you?” said Nate addressing Dale directly.

“Right,” said Dale seemingly caught off guard. “We both need this. If we can’t get used to being around two guys while dressed only in our bras and panties, how will we ever manage to do so with the whole football team present.”

“Don’t you need to be getting your practice wearing just panties?” asked Nate hopefully.

“Well, we’ll see how it goes,” said Dale. Nate didn’t happen to see her wink at Susie, nor did he see the frightened look in Susie’s eyes. He was too busy exchanging hopeful glances with Gage.

When the waiter had cleared their plates and was asking about their interest in dessert, Nate said, “Four pieces of Black Bottom Pie, to go.”

With a sense of déjà vu, the waiter looked at the two girls saying, “Are you ladies fine with the gentleman’s selection?”

“So…Nate…a little anxious to get to Tink’s house, are you?” said Dale.

“Duh…but don’t blame me. I’m simply looking forward to what comes next,” said Nate smiling at her.

“What do you say, Tink?” asked Dale.

“Boys who take advantage of vulnerable girls in their panties don’t deserve to get their way,” said Susie while glaring at Nate.

Nate glanced up in time to see a most curious expression come across the waiter’s face.

“You go girl!” said Dale approvingly. Glancing at the other faces she asked, “Everyone good with Black Bottom Pie?” Not seeing any pushback, she turned to the waiter saying, “Four pieces of Black Bottom Pie. But we’ll be dining in, and no rush. A certain naughty boy deserves to wait for his dessert tonight.”

“Okay,” said the waiter studying Nate, trying to figure out what exactly he might have done to ‘vulnerable girls in their panties’ to be in trouble with the cute young girls at the table.

When the pie came, Nate noticed that Susie and Dale were acting as if they had all the time in the world. They had only managed to take about three small bites each by the time he and Gage had finished.

Finally he commented, “I’m not sure that it is fair to punish Gage just because you lovely ladies seem to be in the mood for double-teaming me.”

“Double-teaming, now there’s an idea, Tink,” said Dale.

“Why didn’t we think of that?” said Susie winking at Dale very flagrantly.

“And to think…our little panty-grabber wants to be the only one to suffer!” said Dale.

“Interesting!” said Susie, as she and Dale seemed to share a little private eyebrow based communication, but the next time the waiter came by, Dale asked for two small boxes so that they could take the rest of their pie with them.

A bit later they arrived at the Chandler house separately. Susie let them in and led them all downstairs.

“Over here, guys,” said Susie. “We’re going to start the evening with some Just Dance, so why don’t you two warm up while…we…” Her voice trailed off as a nervous look flashed across her face.

“What I think Tink was probably going to say,” said Dale taking the reins. “…was while we… slip into something more comfortable. And while we’re gone, why don’t you two review for each other the victory dance rules.”

“Right…the no touching rules,” said Nate, obviously liking where things were finally headed.

“Right…no touching!” said Susie acting a little concerned about how things might get out of hand. “Here is the first song I picked for you guys: The Final Countdown. It’s very masculine. So it’s time for you two to practice.”

Just after the girls left, heading down the hall, Nate and Gage gave each other a high five and then went about trying to figure out Just Dance on the game console.

A bit later as Nate and Gage were blundering their way through the dance, the girls came out barefoot wearing robes.

After watching Nate and Gage dance briefly, Dale said, “I can see that these two aren’t going to be offering us much of a challenge tonight, Tink.”

“Hey, this is hard,” said Nate. “I never know what they are going to do next.”

“That’s pretty obvious,” said Dale chuckling. “Right, Tink?”

Susie just laughed and nodded.

“What’s with the robes?” asked Nate.

“Just hold your horses, son,” said Dale. “You’re going to get more than you deserve this evening. If there had been a way to do it, you’d only see us fully dressed while we’d be naked for Gage.”

“Dale!” said Susie in shock.

“I mean, while for Gage we’d be in our lingerie,” she said correcting herself.

“That’s better,” said Susie. “Don’t forget…you and I are a little different.” Had she looked, she would have seen Dale glaring angrily at her.

While Susie took a moment to give Gage some pointers related to the clues running across the bottom of the screen, Dale pulled Nate aside.

“Come here for a minute, Nate,” she said leading him across the room.

She walked over to a large door and opened it. “Have you seen their game room? See anything in here that you like?” she asked switching on the light.

“Oh, cool!” said Nate. “Air hockey!”

“I thought that might turn your crank,” said Dale. “I recall how much you liked air hockey that night after the movie.”

“That was because you were braless…the fruit swinging deliciously free!” said Nate. “Nothing seems to animate the titters quite like air hockey!”

“Oh, I knew why you liked it. You had no secrets that evening, but secrets are overrated!” said Dale. After a pause, she continued, “Well, here’s my question, Master. Can your Slave Girl take off her bra a little later? I pretty much have Tink talked into topless air hockey. Of course she might chicken out. But I need YOUR permission to go topless. I’ll probably have to be first, so that Tink will feel comfortable enough to take her own bra off. Unless of course, that is not in keeping with what you want your Nudity Slave doing.”

“Oh, by all means, go topless,” said Nate enthusiastically. “The panties, however, they need to stay on.”

“Fair enough,” said Dale. “So you don’t mind if I challenge Tink to a game or two of topless air hockey?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 308: Dis-Robed**

“It would be the high point of my evening if the two of you were to play topless air hockey,” said Nate. “Play as many games as you like.”

“That’s what I thought you’d say,” said Dale. “But I had to ask…a Nudity Slave can’t do such things on her own. I hope it is okay if I get a little involved like this… asking for permission to disrobe.”

“It is entirely appropriate,” said Nate. “And thanks for asking. Slave Girl has made me happy and proud this evening.”

“Okay, the air hockey will be a little later,” said Dale, turning the light back off. “First item on the agenda…Just Dance.”

“Okay,” said Nate, holding her hand as they started back to where Susie and Gage were still talking. “Look, Dale,” continued Nate in a whisper, “They’re holding hands, too.”

Nate knew that he’d enjoy watching Susie and Dale dance to the video game. He’d enjoy it a lot, even in bras and panties – especially in bras and panties – but he was really excited about the air hockey. He knew that watching their titties bounce all around on their bodies as they slammed the puck back and forth was going to be awesome. He’d never seen Dale do that, other than in the sweater, and he’d certainly never had the honor of seeing Susie play air hockey, topless or otherwise.

As they rejoined the others in front of the TV, Dale said, “Okay, Tink, cue up our first song and let’s see if we can lose a little bit of our girly shyness. Boys, back to the couch,” she commanded while pointing.

“But, Dale, I don’t want them staring at our butts,” said Susie.

“They’re going to see us from every angle no matter where they are in the room…that’s the point. And besides, they’re not going to see YOUR butt, remember? I couldn’t talk you into wearing the thong tonight,” said Dale.

“It still shows,” said Susie bashfully.

“Well, not as much as mine,” said Dale.

“I hope this isn’t a butt contest,” said Susie.

“No, it’s not that,” said Dale. “I’m sorry. I just only wear thongs. They’re what are comfortable for me, and they look nice in clothes.”

“I’ll give you the nice in clothes part,” said Susie. “But I’m not convinced that they might be comfortable…that one can actually get accustomed to wearing them.”

“Okay, Tink, we’ve reached the moment of truth. Time to dis….robe!” said Dale purposefully putting a big gap in the middle of the word. “And for the benefit of the audience, Tink has agreed to go first, with only a minimal amount of arm twisting. As we all know, she chickened out the other night, making me be the only one topless for a bit, forcing Nate to step in and set things right.”

“Hey!” said Susie objecting. “You said you agreed with me about Nate.”

“I do,” said Dale turning and winking stealthily at Nate. “Why else do you think I agreed to double-team him.”

“So, I really have to go first,” said Susie.

“Correction…you want to go first. You want to show yourself that you can do this without assistance, right?” asked Dale.

“I guess,” said Susie reluctantly undoing her sash, but holding her robe closed tightly.

“Okay then,” said Dale. “As we practiced.”

Susie turned to face the TV, her back towards Nate and Gage now seated on the couch. Looking back over her shoulder she relaxed her hold on the robe and shrugged the collar back off her shoulders. Standing there with the robe down at shoulder blade level, bra straps showing, she looked back over a bare shoulder and gave the two of them the sexiest little half-bold, half-shy look that Nate thought he had ever seen. She was biting the side of her lower lip.

But after a moment in which she seemed to be struggling with her inner demons, she pulled the robe the rest of the way off, twirling it a few times round and then flinging it to Gage straight over her head.

Her underwear were pure white and very lacy. The bottoms had the same cut as the black ones she had worn Tuesday night at Jodie’s, crossing about half way up her butt cheeks. Her bra seemed similar to what she had worn that night as well, standard shoulder straps with no clasp evident from the rear.

“Okay, now turn around,” coached Dale.

“I think we said we’d do that together,” said Susie, keeping her back to them while still looking over her shoulder.

“Sure, either way is fine,” said Dale, undoing her sash.

She too turned and shrugged her robe off of her shoulders. She looked back over her shoulder as Susie had done, giving Nate a steamy look. His trained eye saw a hint of a blush as she glanced over at Gage before proceeding. A moment later her robe was being twirled and then it landed on his face.

Dale looked to be wearing peach undies, but he knew that from the front they were ivory, her new seashell lingerie. She and Susie had obviously done their best to coordinate things in terms of color. Nate had known that she was wearing them. In fact, as far as he knew, she had worn nothing else since he had given them to her the morning before. She had made a point of letting him know that she had managed to wash them the night before.

“Okay, don’t chicken out, or I’ll sick Nate on you,” said Dale. “On the count of three, ‘Ta-Da’, right?”

Nate saw Susie frown at Dale upon the mention of his name, her face still blushing red. He laughed to himself thinking about how he still seemed to be playing a role even though he was just a spectator.

The two girls stood side by side, hands on their hips. Looking at each other they counted in unison, “3..2..1..” and then they spun around. Nate was delighted that they both struck Dale’s signature ‘X’ pose saying very enticingly, “Ta-Da!”

He looked over at Gage who had an excited mouth hanging open kind of look on his face as he gazed upon the two beauties in their lacy white lingerie. Nate felt so proud. Dale looked so classy standing there in her new seashell outfit. He was so glad that he had gotten her something nice in time for her to wear that evening. It was sexy and pretty without being one bit raunchy. The coverage of the bra was similar to Susie’s. The thong panties were of course smaller, even from the front, but they were still somewhat typical in terms of coverage.

Looking at Susie he thought that he detected a hint of camel toe. Studying more closely he was pretty sure that he no longer saw any bulge hinting at bush within.

Dale looked fairly confident, and was alternately looking Nate and Gage in the eyes; however, Susie’s red face had spread down her neck to her upper chest. She was also looking down nervously at the floor.

Dale looked over and noticed that Susie’s arms were dropping; one into a position across her chest the other somewhat in front of her crotch.

“None of that,” said Dale, reaching over and slapping her arms away. “Remember your penalty clause? You’ll have to go topless BEFORE air hockey. And I’ll stand by my word; you’ll be the only one topless.”

Gage looked over at Nate with an excited look on his face. “Topless air hockey,” he mouthed.

“That’s what I hear,” said Nate nodding and smiling.

“Okay, guys, prepare to be impressed,” said Dale. “The first song that we are dancing to is one of the few that we actually practiced together: ‘Die Young’ by Ke$ha.”

“Dale, don’t say it like that. We’re hardly perfect,” said Susie.

“Don’t be so modest,” said Dale. “We’re way better than they are. Besides, we’re in our undies. Do you really think this is going to be about how well timed our dance moves are? Look at them!”

“I see what you mean,” said Susie chuckling nervously. “They appear entertained…with us just standing here.”

“Exactly,” said Dale. “All we would have to do is hop around a bit and they would think we were exceptional dancers.” Tuning to address Nate and Gage directly, she continued, “Why don’t you two switch sides.”

“What’s wrong, Dale,” asked Susie. “Uncomfortable having Gage looking straight at your butt?

“It’s not that,” said Dale. “I just don’t really want my guy looking straight at YOUR butt. But, fine, it’s up to you. Nate does have a history of grabbing panties, but if you’re most comfortable with him right behind you like that…then fine!”

Seeing Dale’s point, Susie quickly changed her tune, “She’s right guys. Why don’t you switch sides.”

They both laughed but did as instructed. Nate moved to a position such that Dale was standing right in front of him. He had a perfect view of her lovely tush, the little line of her thong all but hidden between her perfectly round little cheeks. A nice little peach colored whale tail just above, essentially on her lower back.

Dale and Susie took up their start positions, Dale in front of Susie, bent over oddly, her forearms hanging down from her extended elbows. As the music started they walked to their respective sides, first Susie and then Dale, in time to the two figures on the screen that they were mirroring. Susie was mirroring the figure in shorts; Dale, the figure in the black pants that were slit every few inches across the front.

Ke$ha’s voice filled the room.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 309: Just Dance**

I hear your heart beat to the beat of the drums
Oh, what a shame that you came here with someone
So while you're here in my arms
Let's make the most of the night like we're gonna die young
We're gonna die young
We're gonna die young
Let's make the most of the night like we're gonna die young

Both girls placed a hand above their chests, pumping them away to the heartbeat, exactly in time to the figures on the screen. Nate noticed a green ‘Perfect’ flashing repeatedly on the screen for both girls.

Both girls pumped their arms and their hips furiously, arching their backs in time, as the ‘We're gonna die young’ line repeated over and over. Nate tried to pay attention to the dancing itself, but he found that essentially impossible. In the first place, all the skin on display was so very distracting, but coupled with all the pelvic twisting, there was just no way he could experience the show at all platonically.

He found himself enjoying first the lovely round globes of Dale’s fanny, so enticingly at eye level right in front of him. She would tilt her pelvis so far that at times he was able to see the front of her shell thong from behind. Standing still, her tush was as lovely as could be, but it transformed into a thing of wonder as she clicked though the fast paced dance steps, her muscles rippling just below her sleek even toned skin.

He felt a little awkward, just sitting there and staring at her butt like that, from close range. But it wasn’t really all that awkward. He and Gage were ‘The Audience’, and as such they were supposed to be watching the show. The girls, well probably Dale, had set this up to help Susie with her shyness. So they were supposed to play their part…and look.

As Nate contemplated Dale’s gyrating butt cheeks right in front of him, he found himself thinking about how deserving she was. He would own that butt, that he knew, and there didn’t seem to be much reason to wait all that much longer before declaring his ownership.

When Dale would turn, he found himself examining the area where the racing stripe had been peeking out the day before. There was no hint of where it had been. He found himself thinking that had it been summer, she would have had tan lines there indicating just where it had been.

He did glance up at her bra covered titties a time or two when the opportunity allowed, but mostly she danced facing forward. Given that fact and his seated position behind her on the couch, he mostly just watched her butt as she poured her heart into her dancing. He really loved how she gave things her all, and the Just Dance video game was clearly inspiring her to great effort.

He noticed Dale glance his way a time or two, but she was too focused on getting the dance moves right. That required her to keep her eyes on the screen, leaving her little time for looking back at the audience. It was a very dynamic, energetic song.

After watching Dale exclusively for a while, Nate decided that he should take full advantage of the opportunity to get better acquainted with Susie’s sexy form as well. She was very pretty, and she was a lovely dancer.

He noticed that her running score was a bit higher than Dale’s. That surprised him as he thought Dale the better dancer of the two. Dale was more graceful and certainly more athletic…her movements were more crisp, more precise; however, Susie’s moves had a certain fluidity to them. As he watched, he figured out why Susie had the higher score. She seemed to know the moves a little better; she seemed to anticipate what was coming quite expertly. But that wasn’t surprising; it was, after all, her game and her game console. She had the luxury of being able to practice any time that she wanted. Dale did not.

He saw the cute coy expression on Dale’s lips as she mouthed the words, “That magic in your pants, it’s making me blush.”

Nate noticed that Susie seemed to bend her knees and work a little as she did the side to side jumps. Dale, on the other hand, seemed to not need to bend her knees. Somehow her legs were like taught little springs and she lifted up off the ground as if by magic. Her already straight legs would seem to pop…go ridged…and she would shoot up into the air a few inches, traveling to the side to complete the move. It was impressive and it seemed to violate the laws of physics.

Nate leaned back, intertwining his fingers behind his head. He had decided to just relax and enjoy butt…female butt. He found himself alternating; ten seconds Dale, ten seconds Susie, repeat. In reality, it was probably; ten seconds Dale, five seconds Susie, repeat. It was hard to pull his eyes away from his forever and ever girl. She looked much more naked from the back. The little peach shoelaces covered nothing, and they blended in. Susie on the other hand did look much more dressed. She really wasn’t, but the white bra strap and the white panty bottom were much more noticeable.

At one point he looked over at Gage and noticed that he seemed to be doing about the same thing. It was an opportunity made in adolescent boy heaven, and it would be an utter shame to let it go to waste. Photography was clearly not an option, but they could commit what they were seeing to memory.

As the song ended, Susie and Dale gave each other little celebratory hugs. Dale plopped down next to Nate on the couch, her legs folded underneath. Susie, however, just stood there, but she turn and look at Gage. Nate saw the feelings of embarrassment escalate in her expression as her mind was no longer focused on dance moves. As he studied her, he saw her knees drifting together and a hand begin to move toward the fig leaf position.

Dale pointed aggressively right at her and said sternly, “Tink…don’t even think about it! Remember the penalty clause.” Susie rolled her eyes, but her arms relaxed to her sides.

A moment later she shifted in to a saluting stance, one hand at her brow. “Yes, Ma’am!” she said in her best military voice. Although her body position no longer betrayed her instinctual shyness, her red face certainly did.

“At ease, soldier,” said Dale, playing along. Looking over at Gage and smiling, Dale continued, “Okay, guys, your turn. Cue up their song, private.”

As Susie started flipping to ‘The Final Countdown’ by Europe, Nate asked, “Did those lyrics really say, ‘That magic in your pants, it's making me blush?’

“Fraid so,” said Dale, smiling. “Ready to dance?”

“Shouldn’t you two do another dance before Gage and I take a turn?”

“Absolutely not, Buster,” said Dale. “It’s you who needs the practice. “It’s less than six weeks to the talent show. I know you haven’t forgotten?”

Nate let out a heavy sigh as Susie asked excitedly, “You guys are doing the talent show?”

“Yep…Nate’s dancing in the talent show…and singing!” replied Dale.

“Why did you have to remind me?” asked Nate dejectedly. “I was having such a good time.”

“Oh, don’t worry, Nate. Tink and I will make absolutely sure that you remember this evening very fondly…very fondly,” she said, giving him her evil smile. “Remember, air hockey is next!”

That brought a smile back to Nate’s face but he noticed a look of grave concern on Susie’s face. However, she managed to say, “Cool! Singing AND dancing!”

“Now, Tink,” said Nate. “Please don’t encourage her.”

“But Nate, poor Nate,” said Susie attempting a look of compassion. “Don’t forget that she promised to help me double-team you. Dale and I are a team when it comes to exacting revenge.”

“You go girl!” said Dale giving Susie two thumbs up.

“Okay, okay,” said Nate, reluctantly getting to his feet. “Come on, Gage. Let’s try to not embarrass ourselves too badly.”

“Speak for yourself, White Boy! Even my moves have got moves,” said Gage, dabbing…to the delight of the girls.

“Oh, so now I’ve got all three of you ganging up against me,” exclaimed Nate dejectedly.

“Oh, I’m on your side,” said Gage. “But it’s a well-known fact that white men can’t dance.”

“But we CAN dab!” said Nate angling one arm up and bowing his head into the other.

Both girls cheered and clapped.

“Gage, will you do the talent show for me?” asked Nate. “Dale needs a decent dance partner.”

“Oh, so now you’re really asking for it,” said Dale. “Just passing me off like so much dirty laundry!”

“I was just kidding,” said Nate.

“So, Tink,” said Dale. “Now I don’t have to feel so bad about what we have planned for Nate. He probably deserves it.”

“What do you mean? He absolutely deserves it,” said Susie.

“What do you have planned for me?” asked Nate.

“Nothing…nothing at all. Now shut up and dance,” said Dale, again flashing him her evil smile. “You remember Good Dale, and Bad Dale, right?”

“Yes…” said Nate.

“And I’m sure you haven’t forgotten Evil Dale,” said Dale.

Nate looked at her with a little apprehension in his eyes. “Evil Dale?” he said with a gulp.

“I want to hear about Evil Dale,” said Gage. “This sounds like it might be good.”

Dale looked at Nate, smiling, ignoring Gage. He looked over and saw the puzzled look on Susie’s face. He was starting to wonder if Dale and Susie really did have plans for him. At first it had seemed like all talk, but now he found himself wondering.

As he got into position next to Gage, he imagined himself being double teamed by the two girls in their lingerie; one of them holding him down while the other pulled down his pants to administer a spanking. That image brought a smile to his face. Whatever they might have in mind would probably end up being fun, he thought.

Susie had the song all cued up, the one they had tried dancing to earlier while the girls had been changing. The screen showed a wrestling ring with two Pro Wrestlers.

“Okay, who wants to be who?” asked Susie. “There’s P1, the guy in the purple mask, outfit and cape. And there’s P2, the guy with the winner’s belt, the orange trunks and cape.”

“I’ll just be here…” said Nate. “…in Dale’s spot. Which one will that make me?”

“Then you’re P2, the guy in orange,” said Susie.

“Hey, wait a minute,” said Dale. “Who says I want to look at your butt?”

“Do we have to have this conversation again?” asked Nate. “Do you want to be looking a Gage’s butt?”

“You’re right,” admitted Dale. “Let’s not have this conversation.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 310: Just Dance continued**

The music started, and Nate and Gage started circling each other like the images on the screen, flexing their arms to show their muscles.

Susie and Dale started cracking up.

“What’s so funny?” asked Nate.

“You guys are hilarious!” said Susie, both girls continuing to snicker.

“Hilariously bad!” exclaimed Dale laughing out loud.

“It’s just a dance, right?” commented Gage.

“Yeah, who picked this?” asked Nate.

“Oh, so you guys really want to dance…like with each other?” asked Dale. “We should make them, shouldn’t we, Tink? Make them put their arms around each other and dance like a couple. Now that would be really funny! We should make them do the dance I picked out for Nate and I.”

“If we were only talking Nate, I’d say ‘yes’, but Gage has been very nice to me,” said Susie. “I don’t really feel like being mean to him.”

Given all the talking, Nate and Gage had stopped dancing.

“Why aren’t you guys dancing?” asked Dale feigning anger.

“Because you were talking,” said Gage.

“Yeah…distracting us,” added Nate.

“Well, Tink. I guess they need to start over…at the beginning,” said Dale. “Cue the song back up.”

“No problem,” said Susie.

“And this time, guys, all the way through!” said Dale acting very stern.

“Yes, Ma’am!” said Nate, saluting as Susie had done, but then getting into position for the start of the dance.

The second time through, Susie and Dale seemed to adopt a more favorable attitude. They were much more complimentary, even clapping and cheering for them as the song came to an end. Gage’s score had been quite a bit higher than Nate’s, but Nate bowed anyway, Gage following suit.

“Well done!” said Dale. “You guys need a lot more practice, but ‘A’ for effort!”

“Absolutely, ‘A’ for effort,” said Susie, giving Gage a little peck on the lips.

“Hey, no breaking the dance rules!” said Dale, swatting Susie down low, just below her panties on the bare part of a butt cheek.

“Not even one little kiss?” asked Susie spinning to get out of range for another swat.

“Not at the dance, but here I guess it is okay,” said Dale, walking over to Nate and kissing him hungrily.

“Now you’re breaking the dance rules!” said Nate, swatting Dale’s completely bare bottom.

“And spanking my bot-bot, is not breaking the rules?” said Dale.

“You swatted Susie,” observed Nate.

“There’s absolutely nothing in the dance rules about girl on girl action…I checked,” commented Dale, giving him a grossly exaggerated wink.

“Dale, don’t do that!” said Nate. “Your sister got me worrying enough without you saying things like that.”

Dale looked deep into his eyes and gave him her evil laugh.

“These rules are going to be tough, aren’t they?” commented Gage, grabbing Susie and giving her a real kiss.

“So, Tink,” said Nate, noticing how friendly she and Gage were becoming. “Are you two a couple now?”

“None of your business, naughty boy,” snapped Susie.

“Okay, then,” said Dale, stepping in to change the subject. “Cue up my secret weapon, Tink.”

“Your secret weapon?” asked Nate.

“Yep. I finally figured out how to beat Tink at her own game,” said Dale. “After all, the game console, the games, they’re all hers. What I have to do to beat her is find a song that she has not already danced to a bazillion times.”

“But it’s a hard dance,” said Susie.

“They’re all hard,” said Dale. “Prepare to get owned.”

“What song?” asked Nate.

“A Russian one,” answered Dale.

“I don’t think it is really Russian,” said Susie. “But it sounds Russian.”

Nate read the name off of the screen, “Rasputin by Boney M.”

As the song began, the girls did a series of three claps. The words were in English, but with an accent. Everything else about the dance seemed very Russian. It looked like a very hard dance, a very athletic dance, given the Russian style jumping moves. Nate was glad that the girls had not chosen it for him and Gage. Dale’s gymnastics background took center stage.

Nate relaxed back onto the couch, easily sliding back into the role of audience member. If two cute girls in their undies needed an audience, he was happy to oblige. As he admired first one butt and then the other, his mind drifted yet again to how much his life had changed. A year ago he hadn’t done anything at all that remotely resembled watching cheerleaders dance in their skivvies.

In front of him were two pretty teen butts, and only about enough cloth to cover about one of their four buns sufficiently. ‘Girl butts are beautiful,’ he found himself thinking. ‘Especially girl butts doing traditional Russian folk dancing.’

Dale was right; that song had been her secret weapon. She seemed to always be scoring ‘Excellent’ or ‘Good’; whereas, Susie was more in the ‘Good’ to ‘OK’ range. Unlike with ‘Die Young’, Susie often seemed uncertain about what came next, having to rely on the on screen clues just like Dale.

As the song finished, Nate noted that Dale’s score was several thousand points higher than Susie’s.

“Okay, Buster,” said Dale plopping down next to him. “Now it’s our turn. May I have the honor of the next dance?”

“I’d love to,” said Nate cheerfully. He didn’t really want to dance very much, but he much preferred the idea of dancing with Dale over dancing with Gage again. He would have preferred to just continue watching Dale and Susie dance, but he knew that he needed to go along with the program that the girls had put together.

“Bailando, right?” asked Susie, looking through song lists on the various discs.

“Yep,” said Dale, hopping energetically back to her feet, trying to pull Nate up. “How much do you weigh, Buster?”

“Twice what you do…almost,” he said. “But I know you are strong enough to pick me up and carry me.”

“This is Enrique Iglesias,” said Dale. “The King – the King of Latin pop. He is from Spain. So the ‘s’ sounds come out ‘th’. Like ‘heart’– ‘corazón’ sounds like ‘corathón’.”

“See, Gage, this is what I put up with,” said Nate. “Date an ‘A’ student, and you never really leave the classroom. And every weekend, we have study dates.”

“And most school nights, as well,” added Dale rubbing it in.

“Yeah, buddy, we’re really suffering tonight, aren’t we?” said Gage. “Hot chicks in their underwear. And you’re complaining?”

“Yeah, Nate!” said Dale, giving him a playful shove. “Thank you, Gage,” she added, looking back at Gage and smiling. Susie had taken up a spot on the couch right next to Gage, a hand on his shoulder. She had her legs folded under her, and had seemingly abandoned all pretext of covering up.

The song started and Nate did his best to mirror the guy on the screen. He actually found it to be very fun to dance with Dale in that manner.

Yo te miro, se me corta la respiración
Cuanto tú me miras se me sube el corazón (me palpita lento el corazón)
Y en silencio tu mirada dice mil palabras
La noche en la que te suplico que no salga el sol

Dale was pretty good at keeping up with where she needed to be, but Nate found himself falling behind and then he would have to skip steps in an attempt to get back to where he needed to be.

Part of what made it difficult for him was that Dale often needed to dance in front of him. And he needed to place one hand on her waist and hold her other hand. It was simply distracting. Difficult to watch the TV with Dale swinging her hips right in front of him like that. She, being the female, also had some chest shimmy parts. Those parts looked so sexy in the seashell bra. He knew his score was suffering, but he decided that it was simply much more fun to watch Dale during those parts than it was to focus on his particular dance steps.

As the song ended, Dale whispered to him, “You were having a little trouble focusing, weren’t you?”

“I’m sorry,” he said softly. “I gave up trying when you were doing the shimmy. Are you mad at me?”

“No,” she said. “I know you like it when I shimmy. I don’t blame you. It’s fun dancing with you. I love you. Thanks for the dance.”

“I’d do it over and over,” he admitted.

“I’d like that,” she said. “We’d get pretty good…if we did that.”

“It would be fun to be good at that…with you,” he said.

“We’ll have fun doing La Bicicleta,” she said, her voice full of hope.

“I know we will,” he said resolutely. “I’m going to try love…for you.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 311: Susie’s Game Room**

“I want you to do it for us, not for me,” she said still talking softly enough to keep Gage and Susie from overhearing. “It’s our song! It’s special!”

“Okay, for us then!” said Nate. “It’ll be for us. If you want to do it, then I want to do it…well. I’ll do my best. You’ll be the star, but I’ll try to hold up my end of the bargain.”

“I know you will,” she said softly, hugging him.

“What are you guys whispering about?” asked Susie.

“The talent show,” said Dale truthfully. “Nate’s getting in the mood.”

“Oh, good for him,” said Susie. “But right now it’s our turn to dance. Gage, on your feet!”

“Okay. What are we dancing to?” asked Gage.

“Hangover, also known as BaBaBa,” said Susie. “It’s by Buraka Som Sistema. You get to be the guy, I get to be the girl.”

Nate saw Gage roll his eyes. Susie’s jokes were often pretty corny, or maybe it was just her delivery. Susie cued up the song and Dale snuggled next to him on the couch as they watched.

Bababa bababa bababa
Nhem Nhem Nhem Nhem Nhem
Tututu Tututu Tututu
Bababa bababa bababa

Dale whispered into his ear, “I tried to pick something romantic for you and I. Tink was worried about what Gage would think. So she wanted something fun and lively without all the touching. But this song really worried her. The way their knees are always shooting apart…especially when they are facing each other. When I was over here earlier, she actually brought a big mirror in here and danced in her underwear. She struggled with it…it seemed naughty to her. I’m glad she found the guts to go ahead with it.

“It’s pretty damn hot!” said Nate. “That’s for sure. I want you to borrow the game console and dance to this for me naked.”

“I’ll bet you do!” said Dale. “You just never get tired of pussy, do you?”

“I just never get tired of you!” admitted Nate truthfully.

“I won’t ever tire of you either,” said Dale snuggling closer.

As the song ended, Nate asked Dale, “So, time for air hockey?”

“Chill!” she replied quietly. “Tink and I might do one more dance.” Speaking louder, to Susie directly, Dale added, “So, Tink, time for topless air hockey, or do we do another dance?”

“One more song…please,” pleaded Susie.

“Okay, but just one, soldier,” said Dale commandingly. “And then the titties come out. You promised, remember?”

Nate saw a look of anguish come over Susie and her shoulders raised way up, almost to her ears. It almost looked as if she were cold, her forearms wrapped across her belly. But he knew she was just fighting the inclination to cover up. Her face had again turned beet red.

Pointing at her directly, Dale scolded her, “Don’t even think about it, soldier. Arms at your sides!”

Reluctantly Susie took her arms away from her stomach. She hadn’t covered up her bikini areas, but it had been obvious that she had been struggling with the inclination to do so.

Nate and Gage took their spots behind their respective girls while Susie cued up ‘Call Me Maybe’ by Carly Rae Jepsen.

It was a very cute feminine dance, perfect for the two pretty girls in their undies. Nate slipped comfortably back into the role of butt watcher, alternating gladly, ten seconds between Dale’s thong framed buttocks and five seconds Susie’s partially covered fanny. He chuckled to himself thinking that that was giving them equal time, since twice as much of Dale’s tush was bare, twice the time seemed appropriate.

He tried to give the tits little mind. He expected he’d let himself be a tit man when the bras came off in a few minutes at the air hockey table. For now he decided to be a committed butt guy!

After the song ended, Nate noticed that Susie had a look of extreme reluctance on her face. He could tell that she did not want it to be time for the next phase.

“Okay, Tink, it’s Air Hockey Time!” proclaimed Dale, boldly announcing that she wasn’t going to be cutting Susie any slack.

“Dale, can you and I talk…alone?” requested Susie. “Maybe there is a better plan.”

“If you want to talk, we can do so after topless air hockey,” said Dale.

Nate and Gage were grinning at each other. As much as Susie seemed to not like what was coming, they did. And to Nate it was obvious that Dale intended to hold Susie’s feet to the fire.

“But Dale,” pleaded Susie. “Let’s reconsider the bras…please. There is another football game that will have to be won before the question of the bras is decided.”

“Sorry, you agreed,” she said. “Besides, we both thought that it felt pretty fun…topless air hockey…when we gave it a test run this afternoon. It can be fun to jiggle like that. You told me you liked it. Gage is going to love it, and he’s already had his talking to. He knows he doesn’t get a Boobie Pass just because we are practicing for the victory dance in front of him. Chime in here, Gage.”

“That’s right,” said Gage. “I mostly think that ALL the lingerie should disappear for the rest of the evening. That’d be so hot…”

“Gage… Contain yourself,” reprimanded Nate.

“What I was getting around to saying, Susie, is that I respect you. Your body is damn hot, but it’s YOUR body. You set the limits. I’m not going to claim that I don’t want to…”

“Gage…” said Nate again interrupting him.

“Right,” said Gage. “You guys are just practicing to be more comfortable at the dance. I get that. I respect that.”

“That’s better. Air Hockey Time!” announced Dale with fanfare in her voice.

Dale led the way to the game room, opening the door and turning on the lights. She was followed closely by Gage and Nate. Susie, obviously struggling, brought up the rear.

“Okay, guys. Tink and I set up the spectator chairs,” said Dale. “Nate, that one’s yours.”

She pointed at the far chair against the wall.

Nate looked at the two chairs, one on each side of the table, right at center court. They were tall barstool height chairs with seatbacks. They looked as if they would have ideal views of anyone playing air hockey. He found himself getting even more excited. The chairs were high enough to make even the girls’ panties visible, and the anticipated titty show promised to be spectacular from that vantage point.

“So…assigned seating?” asked Nate.

“You got it,” said Dale, pointing at the chair close to the wall.

“Okay,” said Nate agreeably. “No problem.”

Once he was seated and comfortable, Dale walked behind him. She was obviously concealing something.

“Hands behind you,” she said.

Nate turned and recognized the handcuffs in her hands.

“Handcuffs?” he said surprised.

“Remember, Nate…you said you trusted me,” she reminded him.

“I do, I think,” he said remembering her ‘Evil Dale’ comment from earlier in the evening.

“Does Gage have to wear handcuffs too?” he asked.

“He doesn’t have a track record of grabbing girl’s panties and bras,” said Dale. “Try and see it from Tink’s perspective.”

“Okay,” said Nate, reluctantly putting his arms behind him.

As Dale went about cuffing him, threading the chain through a rung of the chair near the seat, Gage asked, “So why do you guys have handcuffs?”

“Gage,” said Susie. “I think we best not ask. The more I learn about these two, the weirder it gets. I just try and pretend that what they say and do is normal.”

Dale looked up at her but didn’t respond. Once she was satisfied that the cuffs were secure, she leaned in, giving Nate a little kiss and whispering in his ear, “Remember, Lover, you’re being double-teamed tonight. Try and be a good sport.” She stood up and in a louder voice said, “Okay, Tink, he’s all yours.”

Nate looked over at Susie. She suddenly looked much more confident. She approached and he noticed that she too was concealing something. She had something behind her back and the expression on her face hinted at vengeance.

“What do you have there,” he asked feeling concerned and vulnerable.

“Just go with it, Nate,” said Dale reassuringly. “You’ll know soon enough.”

Once Susie was behind him, Nate turned to try and see what she had.

“Eyes forward, Honey,” said Dale. “Don’t forget what I said about trying to be a good sport.”