**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 312: Susie’s Game Room, cont.**

In acknowledgment of Dale’s request Nate turned, abandoning his efforts to see what Susie was concealing. He tried to relax. He found that he didn’t really like being handcuffed. There was quite a feeling of vulnerability that went with it. Dale had worn the cuffs on a number of occasions, but this was a first for him.  
  
“Dale, where is the key?” he asked, trying not to sound overly concerned.  
  
“Don’t worry, Lover,” she said in a calm voice. “I have it. Not on me, but it is here.”  
  
“Okay,” he said, trying to sound as if he was not bothered by being handcuffed.  
  
Just then he saw black cloth coming over his head. The next thing he knew, it was pulled against his face.  
  
“A blindfold?” he asked.  
  
“It’ll be fine, Nate,” said Dale reassuringly.  
  
Nate recalled her saying that he needed to try and be a good sport. He took in a deep breath and let it out while he tried to imagine all that they might do to him while he was handcuffed and blindfolded. He did trust Dale completely, so he knew it would all be okay. He could rely on her to watch out for him.  
  
He tried to see, but very little light made it through the cloth. There were at least two layers, he realized. He heard a sound that he couldn’t place, then he heard Susie say, “Here Dale, will you cut this for me?”  
  
He felt the girls doing something behind him, and then there was more pressure on the blindfold over his eyes.  
  
“What is that?” he asked.  
  
“Just hold still, Nate,” said Dale. “Unless you want duct tape stuck to your hair.”  
  
“Duct tape?” he asked.  
  
“It’s going to be a really secure blindfold,” said Susie, attempting to imitate Dale’s evil laugh.  
  
Nate felt the tape being pulled tight and then being overlapped behind his head. Inside his world was now completely black and the blindfold was so tight that he knew that it absolutely wasn’t coming off.  
  
“I’m enjoying this, Nate,” said Susie. “I hope you are.”  
  
He felt the girls walk away and he heard things being set on the table. The next thing he heard was the air being turned on.  
  
“Okay, Tink,” he heard Dale say. “Are we taking off the bras together, or do you want to go first this time? Last time you left me high and dry.”  
  
“I’ll go first,” he heard Susie say, reluctance evident in her voice. Nate was skeptical. Susie first? That seemed unlikely.  
  
After quite a delay he heard Susie say, “There. Are you proud of me?”  
  
“I am!” said Dale. “So I guess it’s my turn. There you go, Nate, two topless cheerleaders, right under your nose. And My God, does Tink look hot!”  
  
Nate was trying to decide if they had really taken off their bras. It seemed unlikely – especially given that he was supposed to believe that Susie had just gone ahead and done it…without all kinds of trials and tribulations.  
  
“So, Nate,” said Susie. “Enjoying this?”  
  
“Enjoying what?” he asked.  
  
Both girls laughed.  
  
“Enjoying being double-teamed,” clarified Susie.  
  
He heard the sound of the puck being hit casually back and forth.  
  
“Do you want to serve first, Tink?” he heard Dale say.  
  
“Am I really supposed to believe that the two of you are topless?” he asked.  
  
“You better believe it!” said Dale. “Topless . . . and hot as hell!”  
  
“I’m pretty sure you guys are just teasing me,” he said. “Tink can’t take off her own bra, not in mixed company. We all know that.”  
  
“Well, surprise, she did,” said Dale. “Just like that! I’m so proud of her…she’s making real progress.”  
  
“I don’t believe you,” he said.  
  
“Tell him, Gage,” said Dale.  
  
“Tell him what?” asked Gage.  
  
“Duh! That we’re topless,” said Dale.  
  
“They’re topless,” said Gage.  
  
“I don’t think I believe you,” said Nate laughing. “You’re probably just in on the joke. All three of you ganging up to play a joke on me.”  
  
“Convince him, Gage,” said Dale.  
  
“What do you want me to say?” asked Gage.  
  
“Let him know what he’s missing out on,” said Dale.  
  
“Tits, Nate, Tits,” said Gage.  
  
“Oh, that’s real convincing,” said Nate with a laugh.  
  
“Try harder, Gage,” he heard Dale say.  
  
“Ouch…okay,” said Gage. “White tits, Nate. Not chocolate. White.”  
  
“Why the, ‘ouch’?” asked Nate.  
  
“Your girlfriend punched me in the shoulder,” said Gage. “Not that it hurt, but it was hardly nice.”  
  
“Well, that’s Dale for you. But white tits, really?” said Nate. “Well, I guess that proves it. There’s no way Gage would have known the color of your tits if you girls still had your bras on.” He continued laughing.  
  
“The jokes on you, Buster,” said Dale obviously enjoying herself.  
  
Nate sensed her approaching from his right. He felt her touch his elbow and then something being placed into his hands, “Does that convince you, Lover?” she whispered into his ear sweetly. She then kissed him lightly on the cheek.  
  
He held a textile object in his hands. He felt the slightly raised rays and the curved wires. It was unmistakably her seashell bra. The next thing he knew, one of her tits was against his cheek. He turned and kissed her nipple, feeling the familiar barbell brush against his lips.  
  
“Hey, rule violation!” exclaimed Susie loudly.  
  
“Shut up and give me yours,” said Dale.  
  
“No!” said Susie adamantly.  
  
Nate sensed a little commotion, and a moment later a second bra was placed into his hands. He intertwined his fingers around them both.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 313: Juggling**

“So, where’s a tit that belongs to the second bra?” asked Nate. “How will I know that Tink is really topless? This could always be a spare from her room. But if I get to suck a non-pierced nipple, then I might be convinced.”  
  
“Dream on, Buster,” exclaimed Dale.  
  
“Yeah, dream on!” echoed Susie.  
  
He heard the girls return to their respective ends of the table. A moment later the sounds of an air hockey game filled the air. As he continued to listen, he heard talk associated with a lively game, and he heard the score climbing, but he was too much lost in his own thoughts to pay much attention.  
  
He had for so long wanted to see Dale play air hockey topless. And now he was suddenly sitting right next to a topless air hockey match. Not one, but two topless girls were playing right in front of him, their cute titties bouncing around enchantingly on their tight teen bodies . . . and he couldn’t see a thing.  
  
“Okay, girls, this is cruel and unusual punishment. You’ve made your point,” he said.  
  
“Tink,” said Dale. “I know Nate. He thinks we’re going to remove the blindfold.”  
  
“Dream on, Nate,” said Susie. “No reprieve for panty grabbing bra snatchers!”  
  
“Nope,” said Dale.  
  
“Better suck it up, Nate. This torture is going to go on and on.” added Susie.  
  
“Gage, help us out here,” said Dale. “Give Nate a little play-by-play. Let him know what he is missing.”  
  
“What’s in it for me?” asked Gage.  
  
“I think we have enough material for another blindfold, Tink?” she asked.  
  
Nate heard Susie again trying her best to imitate Dale’s evil laugh.  
  
“Forgive me, Nate,” said Gage. “I’ve got to look out for number one. So, Dale, a little play-by-play?”  
  
“Right!” said Dale. “Your microphone’s on.”  
  
“Okay, let me see,” said Gage. “Tits, as far as the eyes can see. At least I can’t manage to see anything else…well…cute little panties…can’t forget about those.”  
  
There was a pause. “Keep going!” he heard Dale say.  
  
“Lovely white cheerleader boobies. But this is Prospect, so that is to be expected.” Seemingly addressing Dale directly, he continued, “Nasty or not nasty?”  
  
“Fun, but not gross,” he heard Dale say. “Surely you know the difference.”  
  
There was quite a pause during which he heard the puck being knocked back and forth aggressively.  
  
“Seven to eight,” he heard Dale exclaim triumphantly. “Focus, Gage, focus!”  
  
“I am focusing,” said Gage. “On beautiful teen boobies. On my right…hmm…the bigger pair…essentially perfect in every regard. And on my left, proving that there is much more to boobies that size, the smaller pair.”  
  
“Which is which?” asked Nate, knowing full well what the answer would be.  
  
“I’ll give you a hint,” said Gage. “Bling on my left…your right.”  
  
“Ok, Gage,” he heard Dale say. “Now that Nate knows which end of the table I’m at…which he already knew from my voice…how about that play-by-play? Like, describe this.”  
  
“Oh, my God!” said Gage. “Do that again.”  
  
“Not fair, Dale!” complained Susie. “You can do that all you want for Nate, but not in front of Gage.”  
  
“What did she do?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh, Nate,” said Dale. “You’ve already seen all of my titty tricks.”  
  
“Maybe, but I like them,” said Nate. “Haven’t I been punished enough?”  
  
“No!” said Susie adamantly.  
  
“Tink, your turn to do a titty trick,” said Dale. For a long pause there was no reply. Nate wondered what was going on. He imagined Susie shaking her head or otherwise acting inhibited, maybe bashful, but then Dale continued, “Come on! We’re double-teaming Nate. He hasn’t seen your titty tricks. Do one…please. Gage will describe it, and then Nate will feel like he’s missing out.”  
  
“Oh, I definitely feel like I’m missing out,” said Nate. “No risk of me feeling like I’m NOT missing out. I mean, letting me hold your bras…sheer torture…pure evil. Well played…I have to give it to you girls.”  
  
Dale was proud of how Nate was going along with what they were doing to him. In her heart she knew that he didn’t deserve it, but she had known that he wouldn’t let her down. He was taking his medicine like a man.  
  
“Okay,” said Susie, “How about this?”  
  
“Wow!” exclaimed Gage. “I’m in love!”  
  
“But you better like her for more than her tits, Gage,” remarked Dale.  
  
“I used to,” said Gage. “Actually I still do, but could it be so wrong? Falling in love with boobies this beautiful?”  
  
“Just don’t go overboard,” said Dale.  
  
“Now I’m confused,” said Gage. “Am I supposed to be making Nate feel like he is missing the titty show of the century, or not?”  
  
“Make him suffer!” said Susie vehemently.  
  
“Gladly!” said Gage. “Sorry, Nate . . . self-interest . . . you know. Now, Tink, do that again . . . so I can . . . Wow! Holy shit!”  
  
“Come on, girls! Please…” pleaded Nate.  
  
“Sorry, Buster,” said Dale. “Tink needs this.”  
  
“Damn right, I do,” exclaimed Susie.  
  
“But it’s cruel. It’s torture!” said Nate. Dale liked how well he was playing along. She knew that it was indeed torture, but she could tell that he was hamming it up a little for Susie’s benefit.  
  
“It’s supposed to be,” said Susie. “Now suck it up!”  
  
“At least, Gage, tell me what she did,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, okay. Do it again, Tink. I need it fresh in my mind,” said Gage.  
  
“You saw it. Describe it,” said Susie.  
  
“She rolled her shoulders, pulling her boobs up,” said Dale, helping him out.  
  
“Right, she rolled her shoulders. Like…alternately. In big circles, up and back… Wow! Oh, my God…just like that! She’s doing it again, Nate.”  
  
Nate heard Susie laughing.  
  
“That’s really good,” said Gage.  
  
“Really . . . good?” asked Dale. “Give me a break. Surely you can do better than that.”  
  
“That was awesome, amazing, amazingly awesome,” said Gage.  
  
That’s better,” said Dale approvingly.  
  
“Nate, it looked like she was juggling her boobies, but with no hands. See why I’m falling in love, Dale!” said Gage.  
  
“Or I can actually juggle them like this,” said Susie.  
  
“Wow!” said Gage yet again. “Now why can’t you take off Nate’s blindfold? He should get to see this. Hasn’t he suffered enough?”  
  
“Not enough,” said Susie. “The blindfold stays on.”  
  
“Girls, I think Gage is right. I’m completely convinced that I’ve suffered enough,” pleaded Nate, just the lower part of his face visible, his eyes covered by black cloth held in place by a single strip of silver duct tape.  
  
“No, you haven’t!” said Susie. “You don’t seem to appreciate what you put me through. Okay, Gage…describe this…make him suffer!”  
  
“Wow! I love it when you do that, Tink,” said Gage. “It makes me think of motorboating.”  
  
“Come on, Gage. Get your mind out of the gutter and get with the program,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, Nate. This is like real juggling. The other was no hands juggling. Without the blindfold you would be seeing fists pressed against the sides of her boobs, pushing them together, but kind of from below. So she’s really juggling. It’s f\*\*king hot, that’s what it is. The pretty boobies bouncing up and down. She hasn’t dropped one yet.”  
  
“I’ve never dropped one,” said Susie laughing.  
  
“But can she juggle three?” asked Nate goodnaturedly.  
  
“She doesn’t seem to have three,” said Gage sounding a bit bewildered.  
  
“Maybe she could borrow one of Dale’s” suggested Nate. He had decided to participate and have as much fun as his awkward situation would allow.  
  
“Wanna try?” asked Dale.  
  
“How about… No!” said Susie sounding resolute.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 314: Tink's Cherry**

“Let’s go back to the game,” suggested Dale. “Gage needs to describe that. That’ll drive Nate nuts. I know that’s what he’s been looking forward to all evening.”  
  
“For longer than this evening,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, Dale,” said Susie. “I hate to inform you, but I won the first game; eleven to nine. In our house, eleven points is a game.”  
  
“Okay, congratulations,” said Dale.  
  
“How about one game blindfolded, one game not blindfolded,” proposed Nate.  
  
“The beauty of this, Nate,” said Susie. “Is that you’re at our mercy. You should be aware that there are so many things that we could do to you right now. Don’t think for a moment that lack of imagination is what is limiting your punishment to this.”  
  
Nate gulped. Susie’s words did bring back his feelings of vulnerability, but Dale was there. Focusing on that fact was reassuring. His trust in her was unconditional. He knew beyond a doubt that she was not unhappy with him, even though she was party to what he was being subjected to.  
  
“Okay, game two,” announced Dale. As Nate again heard the puck being slammed back and forth, Dale continued, “Gage, your mike is on. Paint a picture for Nate, verbally, of all that he is missing.”  
  
“I’m supposed to be able to do two things at once, watch boobies dance AND talk about it?” asked Gage.  
  
“Damn straight!” said Susie. “If you know what’s good for you, you’ll make him suffer.”  
  
Nate knew that he needed to find it within himself to enjoy his predicament. It was what is was. He was missing out, but the girls seemed happy. He needed to attempt to focus on that. He decided to try and enjoy their happiness vicariously.  
  
“Make me suffer,” said Nate. “Describe for me every little jiggle that I’m missing.”  
  
He heard the girls laugh.  
  
“I can’t talk that fast,” said Gage. “So many jiggles, so little time. But I’m here for you, Nate. I’m here for you.”  
  
“Well, one girl at a time; Dale first. What’s that look like…when she hits the puck?” asked Nate.  
  
“It’s so f\*\*king hot, Nate!” said Gage enthusiastically.  
  
“Work with me, Gage, work with me!” pleaded Nate.  
  
“Okay, there’s a determination in her eyes. She’s so serious! It’s obvious that she’s not here just to play. She’s here to win. Every sinew of her body is involved…just not her bobbies. They look to just be along for the ride. She’ll pop to the side to hit the puck, and her cute little boobies are caught off guard, caught napping, so to speak. They catch up a split second later, but they overshoot. And as soon as they seem to have finally found home…home again shifts violently, starting the process all over again.”  
  
“That’s pretty poetic, Gage,” said Dale, obviously not interrupting her game to talk.  
  
“Well, I can go back to ‘f\*\*king hot!’ if you liked that better,” said Gage.  
  
“It’s all good,” said Nate. “So now, shift your attention to Tink.”  
  
“No problem,” said Gage. “I’m a little bit beholden to her pair, after all. Even if it weren't true, that’s what I’d say…out of self-interest. I’m no dummy.”  
  
“No, you’re not,” said Nate laughing. “But I’ve seen Tink’s tits. They’re beautiful, but describe for me how they look playing air hockey.”  
  
“Well, Dale’s tits do the side-to-side thing, and mostly just that. She stays low…low and nimble. She doesn’t seem to go in for a lot of celebration. Whenever she scores a point, she immediately shifts her focus to the next point,” said Gage. “Tink on the other hand is a little more relaxed.”  
  
“Hey, it’s her table,” said Dale. “Just like with Just Dance, she has had more time to practice. Home court advantage.”  
  
“Maybe, maybe,” said Gage. “But when Tink scores a point, she celebrates. It’s like she takes a quick breather to hop up and down a little, exercise her toes. So Dale is all side-to-side, but with Susie there is more movement. It’s lovely. It really is. Side-to-side, then boing, boing, boing, up, down, up, down. And then right back to side-to-side. Followed yet again by boing, boing, boing!”  
  
“Hey!” interjected Susie. “Keep it nice!”  
  
“He is being nice,” said Dale. “And he’s quite observant. I think that’s an adorable descritption.”  
  
“Make no doubt about it,” said Gage. “I can watch boobies with the best of them.”  
  
“And now, Gage,” said Dale. “Now you need to describe Tink’s face for Nate.”  
  
“Stop it, both of you,” Nate heard Susie yell.  
  
“Oh, Nate,” said Gage. “She’s a red faced girl, that’s for sure. Dang it must be embarrassing to have your boobies being described by an expert; having someone talk about the boing, boing, boing. Am I right?”  
  
“Leave me alone,” said Susie. “Give me my bra back!”  
  
Nate tightened his grip on the bras in his hands, and not a moment too soon. A moment later he felt a yank. Then he felt Susie’s hands trying to pry his apart.  
  
“Tink, calm down,” said Dale. Nate felt one of Dale’s hands on his shoulder and lots of her warm skin press against his arm as she sought to reassure Susie, presumably touching her with her other hand. “Gage is only doing what we’ve been asking him to do. The only thing that he is doing wrong is that he is doing it all so well. You wanted Nate to suffer. I know him. He’s suffering. I think he’s suffering even more than I expected he would. Earth to Nate. Are you suffering, Honey?”  
  
“Earth to Dale. What do I have to say to get you to take off this goddam blindfold?” he asked cheerfully.  
  
“See, Tink,” said Dale laughing. “We’ve got him right where we want him. Let’s draw it out a little more, okay?”  
  
“Okay,” said Susie resignedly. “But can we skip ahead to the threesome?”  
  
“Sure,” said Dale. “Let’s do that. I know that is bound to be crazy hard on Nate. Gage and the two of us, and all he can do is sit there and listen.”  
  
“A threesome?” asked Nate. “Not that. Dale, please don’t cross the line. You may not know it, but I AM the jealous type.”  
  
“See, what did I tell you, Tink,” she said.  
  
“I’m sure you’re right,” said Susie laughing.  
  
“Now we’re talking!” said Gage, his voice full of excitement.  
  
Both girls shared a hearty laugh.  
  
“Don’t get your hopes up too high, Gage,” said Dale. “We’re talking an air hockey threesome. Girls against boys, pick your end.”  
  
Nate heard both Susie and Dale laughing.  
  
“Okay, Nate,” said Dale. “Now it’s my turn to narrate. Now it’s Gage’s turn to look like the baby that someone just took candy away from.”  
  
“Yeah,” said Gage. “Silly me! For a second there I thought that threesome meant threesome.”  
  
“Poor guy,” said Nate. “I feel so sorry for him. All he gets to do is watch titties.”  
  
Susie and Dale both laughed at Nate’s comment.  
  
“Poor, Nate,” said Dale, stroking his hair and kissing his cheek. “He doesn’t even get to watch the titties. So sad!” Whispering quietly into his ear she added. “I’m sorry about this, Lover. It’s for Tink. My titties and I will make it up to you later.”  
  
When he thought the moment was ripe, he turned his head quickly to try and kiss a tit, but it wasn’t there. His lips found nothing but air.  
  
A few moments later, the ‘threesome’ game began. Nate just tried to sit there with an eye on trying to survive his misery. He decided to focus on Dale’s whispered comment about how she would make it up to him. He loved her and it was all in good fun he decided.  
  
As the game progressed, there was little talk. And what little there was tended to be just about the game. He could tell how much fun they were having. For a time he tried to have a real pitiful expression on his face, but all he learned from doing that, was that the blindfolded boy on the stool was completely forgotten. The game went on and he sat there feeling ignored.  
  
A bit later he suddenly heard Susie exclaim, “Oww!”  
  
“Oh, Susie, I’m so sorry,” exclaimed Gage. “Are you okay?”  
  
“You got her right in the tit, Gage,” said Dale.  
  
Nate’s ears perked up, trying to figure out what had happened. He tilted his head, listening carefully.  
  
“I didn’t mean to,” said Gage.  
  
“What happened?” asked Nate. “Don’t leave me in the dark.”  
  
“The puck went airborne. It flew straight into Tink’s tit.” After a pause she continued, “Come on, Tink, let me see.” A moment later she added, “Yep, I can see right where it hit, there’s a red mark, a welt.”  
  
“Right on the nipple,” added Susie.  
  
“Yep,” said Dale. “Now your nipple looks like a cherry with a stem.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 315: Tink on Top**

“Let me see,” said Gage.  
  
“Let ME see!” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, Gage,” said Susie. “I guess you can see, but tough titty for you, Nate. You’re still in time out!”  
  
“Ouch, that does look like it must hurt,” said Gage. “I’m really sorry.”  
  
“Oh, it was obviously an accident,” said Susie. “Boobies are just kind of defenseless without their bras . . . even with their bras.”  
  
“Here, Tink, let me kiss it better,” said Dale.  
  
“Well…hmm…haven’t experienced that before,” said Susie. Nate had heard the unmistakable sound of a kiss.  
  
“Another kiss?” asked Dale.  
  
“Holy shit!” exclaimed Gage.  
  
“What am I missing?” asked Nate, suddenly sitting up and turning his head slightly, straining to hear more, struggling to picture what was going on.  
  
“Coming up for air anytime soon?” asked Susie giggling.  
  
“Tink!” exclaimed Dale. “You didn’t have to push!”  
  
“Sorry, but that was getting a little weird,” said Susie.  
  
“Guys, what’s going on?” asked Nate.  
  
“You’ve done that before, haven’t you?” accused Susie.  
  
“Not saying,” said Dale, embarrassment evident in her voice. But then a moment later she continued in a more confident sounding voice, “I did it for Nate. Look at him squirm. Nate, Honey,” she said. “I sucked Tink’s nipple. You missed the whole thing.”  
  
“A truer statement has never been spoken,” said Gage.  
  
“You better have video of it, Gage,” said Nate. He could tell that Dale was feeling a little ‘caught’, so he was trying to help her out by playing along. “You guys are killing me.”  
  
“Here, Tink, lie down. We can really make Nate suffer,” she said.  
  
Nate didn’t know if she knew how badly he was suffering. And it wasn’t because of what he was missing out on seeing. What he had heard, that Dale had sucked Susie’s nipple, had brought all of Tess’s words back to him…how she would one day leave him…how she would one day be happier with a woman.  
  
“Dale, I’m not going to lie down,” said Susie. “This is just too weird. I think we need to be done with air hockey.”  
  
“Sure . . . okay,” said Dale switching gears.  
  
Nate thought she sounded as if she knew she had made a mistake. The next thing he knew, the girls were behind him.  
  
“Can we have our bras now, Nate?” asked Dale.  
  
“Sorry,” he said. He had decided to try and help the two of them move beyond that awkward moment by changing the focus. He continued, “I think I’ve suffered more than enough. It would be quite unfair for you to put your bras back on before removing my blindfold.”  
  
“Too bad for you. That’s the plan!” said Susie gleefully. “Now let go of our bras!”  
  
“First consider this alternate plan,” requested Nate. “Take off the blindfold, play a little air hockey, and in that way I’ll know what I missed.”  
  
“You already know what you missed. Two hot cheerleaders in little panties playing air hockey while their naked boobies bounced like crazy around on their chests,” said Susie. “Now release the bras.”  
  
“Sorry, keeping them,” said Nate. “They’re all the leverage I’ve got.”  
  
“Nate, remember what I said about being a good sport?” said Dale.  
  
“You don’t have any leverage,” argued Susie.  
  
“If you keep the bras, then Dale and I can go to my room and get dressed. Lot’s of clothes there. And we can leave you on the stool, handcuffed and blindfolded for the rest of the evening,” said Susie.  
  
“But if you release our bras,” said Dale. “Then we remove the blindfold AND the handcuffs and move on to our next planned activity…all four of us.”  
  
“But you’ll have your bras on,” he remarked woefully.  
  
“Yep, remember, you’re being double-teamed,” said Dale. “You don’t get to see the titties at all this evening. That’s how the ball bounces, Lover.”  
  
“That doesn’t seem so fair,” said Nate. “How about one quick topless air hockey game…just to three points.”  
  
“Not even to one point,” said Susie.  
  
“Make your choice,” said Dale.  
  
Nate let out a sigh and relaxed his hands, dropping the bras to the floor behind his stool.  
  
A minute later he felt them peeling the tape off of the cloth, and a moment after that the entire blindfold was lifted off. It had been on for almost an hour. He blinked as his eyes started adjusting.  
  
The girls saw him looking longingly from bra to bra, a profound look of loss on his face.  
  
“Look at the poor guy, Dale,” said Susie. “He looks like someone took his ice cream cone away before he got a single lick.”  
  
“They did,” said Nate.  
  
Both girls laughed.  
  
“Dale, Gage, can I have a moment alone with Nate before we unlock him?” asked Susie.  
  
“Sure,” said Dale. She and Gage walked out into the TV room, but Dale found a spot where she could observe what was going on through the doorway. She saw Susie climb up and sit astride Nate’s lap, their faces very close together.  
  
“Hey, what’s going on in there,” Dale yelled at Susie.  
  
“Don’t worry,” said Susie, turning to look Dale. “We’re just talking.”  
  
“It doesn’t look like you’re just talking,” said Dale.  
  
Nate was glad that the blindfold was off, but he still had that vulnerable feeling as Susie surprised him by climbing up onto his lap facing him. He looked down at her lovely chest, her smooth skin above the bra, she was absolutely gorgeous.  
  
She whispered into his ear, “I’m ready to make a deal with you, Nate.”  
  
“I’m listening,” replied Nate. He hoped she wouldn’t notice how stiff his dick was getting.  
  
“I felt the need to get back at you; I really did. I hope you understand,” said Susie, her lips nearly touching his ear.  
  
“Okay,” said Nate, expecting her to continue.  
  
“This was Dale’s idea, but when I heard it I fell in love with it. I wanted to torture you so bad, but now I’m ready to call it even. Your friendship meant a lot to me. I want that back,” she said. “Can we go back to being the best of friends? And I want to know if I can trust you. I don’t want to be worrying about being stripped naked when I’m around you. So can we be friends? Can I feel safe around you?”  
  
“Susie, I’d love nothing more than to be your friend,” said Nate. “And your bra and panties are safe around me, I promise. I’d love to see you naked…I mean topless…you know, topless air hockey. Sorry…it’s a little distracting having you on me…but consider your bra and panties safe around me.”  
  
“Thank you,” she said. “Dale told me how you strip her and keep her safe…which makes no sense. But that’s not how our relationship is going to be, okay?”  
  
“Okay,” he said. “She really told you that?”  
  
“Guys,” said Dale, calling from the other room. “How much patience is a girl supposed to have when another girl, wearing next to nothing, is sitting astride her guy’s lap?”  
  
Turning to reply, Susie called out to her, “Dale, come here.”  
  
When Dale reached them, Susie hadn’t budged from Nate’s lap. “Don’t worry,” she said. “I’m just laying out the terms of our truce. How about a group hug, and then let’s go and see what Gage is up to. I don’t want him to get too lonely.”  
  
Dale stepped up to them, putting her arms behind their backs, hugging them both. It was a nice moment. All three of them felt the tension draining out of their relationship now that the score had been settled…at least as far as Susie was concerned.  
  
A moment later, Susie climbed down and went looking for Gage.  
  
As Dale went about unlocking the handcuffs, Nate started chuckling.  
  
“What’s so funny?” she asked.  
  
“Now I think you’ve even gotten Susie worried that you might be a lesbian, or possibly bisexual,” he replied. “I wish I had gotten to see that moment…seen her eyes when she realized that you were sucking on her nipple…not just giving it a quick kiss. I’m sure her expression was priceless.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 316: It's Not About Nipples**

“I’m not a…” said Dale.  
  
Nate interrupted her to complete her sentence, “… lesbian! I know you’re not.” He laughed.  
  
“But I’m not!” she insisted.  
  
“I know you’re not,” he said continuing to chuckle. “But it’s still funny.” Nate realized that, ‘that was her story and she was sticking to it.’ He had found that he too had every reason to stick with that story. He so very much wanted to believe that it was true. He very much wanted it to BE true.  
  
The girls had limited their active plans for the evening to the dancing video game and air hockey. They figured that once completing those activities that they would be in the mood for something more relaxing.  
  
Susie had enjoyed the Settlers of Catan the time the three of them had played the game. She had an interest in trying it with Gage, so Dale had brought it along in case they were in the mood for a board game.  
  
The girls had originally talked about playing the game at the coffee table, but Susie mentioned to Dale that she was not very comfortable playing the game with the crotch of her panties in full view of the guys the entire time. Dale had been pushing hard on Susie; however, she decided she didn’t need to push her any more that evening.  
  
In part, Susie had done so well with being topless for such an extended period of time. She even let her know how proud of her she was. Dale had another reason for going easy on Susie, one that she wasn’t going to mention. While Nate and Susie had just made up, she suspected that her own relationship with Susie might have just become a bit strained. She sensed that she might have crossed the line, at least as far as Susie was concerned, with the nipple kissing. She was hoping that Susie would simply let it go as something that just happened.  
  
The board game ended up being fun, but anticlimactic after the active things they had done that evening. That was a good thing, it allowed them to wind down a little. Susie won the game, but then she accused Nate and Dale of letting her win. That sort of meant that the evening ended on a slightly sour note, even if she might have just been saying it in jest.  
  
On the short drive home Dale asked, “Are you mad at me about the blindfold thing?”  
  
“Should I be?” asked Nate.  
  
“I didn’t really want to do that to you,” she replied. “In my opinion, you deserved to have your fun, too.”  
  
“But Susie said that it was your idea,” remarked Nate.  
  
“It was my idea, that’s true,” said Dale. “But I still felt bad about it. I mean, I knew that you were hoping to one day get to see topless air hockey. So it seemed evil to make it happen in front of you like that…but to keep you from seeing anything.”  
  
“It was evil. That’s why you ladies did it,” said Nate. “I get that.”  
  
“What I’m trying to tell you,” said Dale. “…is that Susie needed that. I suggested the idea and she latched on to it. It was important for her to feel like she had settled the score with you. I just want you to know that as far as I was concerned, you didn’t deserve that. You came through for Susie the night at Jodie’s and tonight you were a good sport…you came through for her a second time. You’re a good guy, Nate.”  
  
“Aww shucks, Dale,” he said laughing. “I’m glad to hear you say that, but tonight I only did what I had to do…sit there blindly. I’m not remembering having any choice in the matter. I went from all fired up and ready to watch pretty titties, to sensory deprivation in a blink of an eye.”  
  
“I know you did. I just don’t want you to be upset at me. I just want you to understand,”  
said Dale.  
  
“It’s all good, Lover,” he said. “That’s apparently what it took for Susie to bury the hatchet, so I’m happy about how it went down. I don’t need a second girl’s tits in my world to make my life happy. But what a memory, right?”  
  
“I’m sure it will be a terrible memory for you,” she said.  
  
“On the contrary,” he remarked. “I wish I had the audio recorded.”  
  
“Not the video?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, sure…of course. But the audio alone would be so fun,” said Nate. “You guys really did a number on me, I hope you know. The threesome part…pure evil!”  
  
“That was my idea, to call our three-way air hockey match a threesome,” said Dale. “You didn’t think we were talking about three-way sex, did you?”  
  
“Well, I was pretty sure you weren’t,” replied Nate. “But boy did that send my mind into a spiral. I mean, if you really wanted to torture or punish me . . . then that would be the way to do it.”  
  
“How do you mean?” she asked.  
  
“Well, we’ve come so far, but you’re still a virgin,” said Nate. “I should be smart enough to not mention this, but the ‘threesome’ comments made me think of it…”  
  
His voice trailed off so she asked, “Think of what?”  
  
“Well, if you were to lose your virginity, like to someone else, Gage or anyone, while I was listening . . . handcuffed and blindfolded . . . that would be the worst,” said Nate. “Like you have said, you can only give your virginity to one guy, and only once. I’m not sure I would ever recover.”  
  
“Oh, I would never do that to you, make you listen while someone else took my virginity. That would be beyond evil! But I’ll keep it in mind,” she said with a sly smile. “…just in case you manage to do something so sinister that you deserve beyond evil.”  
  
“Don’t keep it in mind. Forget I said it,” said Nate backtracking. “I can’t even imagine what would be sinister enough to deserve that.”  
  
“Neither can I,” said Dale. “But don’t try too hard…please. You and I, we lose our virginity together, right? That’s our destiny.”  
  
“One day, I presume,” said Nate with a sigh.  
  
“Don’t sound so solemn,” said Dale. “You have no need to worry. It’s in the works, and it will be perfect!”  
  
“In the works?” he asked.  
  
“Yep, in the works. You wanted me to draw the winning number, and it won’t be long now. It will be very special,” she said with an enchantingly cute smile.  
  
As they got out of the car, Nate mentioned that it wasn’t a school night.  
  
“Are you hosting tonight’s sleepover?” asked Dale. “It’s your turn, you know.”  
  
“Frankly, I can’t wait to get you inside and get you naked,” said Nate. “This evening has hardly been what spoiled rotten little me is used to…I’m used to seeing tits and pussy. I might go into withdrawal. But the lingerie show you and Tink put on…that was awesome…that needs to be said.”  
  
“Well, as your Slave Girl, I know that you have options available. If mine will do, then surely you know that they are at your command. I’m hoping you take me up on my offer to make it up to you,” said Dale.  
  
“If yours will do?” he asked laughing. “That’s funny.”  
  
A bit later, Dale was nude in Nate’s room and all of her clothes were duly locked away in her drawer. “Now that you are naked and can’t run off,” said Nate. “I have something to mention.”  
  
“So, Loverboy, what might you mention that would make me want to run off?” asked Dale.  
  
She was sitting astride his lap, legs splayed wildly, and she was running her fingers lovingly through his hair as they talked.  
  
“If I promise to not be mad at you about the air hockey torture, will you promise to not be mad at me about something that I should tell you about?” asked Nate.  
  
“That depends,” she said. “I’ve already agreed to never break up with you, but mad…I can still get mad.”  
  
“Well, I don’t have to tell you then,” he said. “If I don’t tell you, you would never find out.”  
  
“But you just said that you ‘should’ tell me,” said Dale.  
  
“I just don’t want you to shoot the messenger,” said Nate. “It’s not something that I did.”  
  
“Okay, in that case I won’t be mad…not at you anyway,” said Dale.  
  
“Good,” said Nate pausing as if he was unsure if he should continue. “I received a letter from Kelly.”  
  
Dale started laughing. “She just never goes away, does she? I really thought that we were done with her.”  
  
“So did I,” said Nate. “But believe me, I did not get in touch with her. Her letter was entirely out of the blue. I’m actually glad that you can laugh about this.”  
  
“But it’s funny…I DO have a sense of humor,” said Dale. “But, okay, let me think. I know, she wants to buy my nipples back.”  
  
“Oh, they’re not for sale,” said Nate, laughing as well. Dale’s attitude was infectious. “But if they were, she couldn’t afford them. The dollar represented a token payment. Now, however, market pricing would apply. They’d be well over a million dollars…each. But they absolutely are NOT for sale…not at any price.”  
  
“But that isn’t what the letter is about, right?” said Dale.  
  
“Nope. That’s a good guess, but it’s not about nipples,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 317: More Double-Teaming**

“Well then, I will say this: we’re not going,” said Dale with a very earnest expression.  
  
“Fair enough,” said Nate.  
  
“Are you going to read the letter to me?” asked Dale.  
  
“I think tomorrow is soon enough,” said Nate. “I read it and nothing about it was time sensitive.”  
  
“So I just have to be curious?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yep, maybe this is your payback,” said Nate. “Since I had to suffer through blindfolded air hockey, then you can suffer through this. After all…you already said we’re not going, so why does it matter?”  
  
A little bit later, Nate was holding his naked forever and ever girl under the covers in his twin bed. For one reason or another, he was very much in a ‘make-out’ sort of mood, and was enjoying kissing her affectionately. As was often the case, they were completely in sync. Dale’s tongue danced with his as their mouths communicated their love for one another…not with words but silently, coupled together ardently.  
  
Nate absolutely loved pressing his mouth into Dale’s, caressing her more delicate lips with his own. He loved gliding his tongue along those lips, dipping it inside now and then, where their tongues would in turn kiss and play. He broke off the kiss for a moment to nuzzle into the silky hair alongside of her expressive face, rubbing his nose around the ridges of her sensitive ear while his lips kissed her ear lobe and then moved lower, down along her jaw line. Dale seemed to love attention of that sort so he indulged, but after a deep breath he returned his lips to her lips, and his tongue to her tongue.  
  
While he was enjoying being face to face with the woman of his dreams, her line from earlier played over and over in his mind. “It’s in the works!” she had said. It was so exciting to know that she had a plan! The handcuffed and blindfolded experience had been sheer torture, but her one comment, “It’s in the works!” had made everything about his day perfect.  
  
While he longed to make love to her, he knew that not having rushed that event would pay huge dividends. Their relationship was indeed based on unusual circumstances, nudity among them, but it was a relationship based on a most solid foundation. He had heard of relationships based on sex. Relationships in which the two people involved had not connected on an emotional level. If anything could be said about his relationship with Dale it was that their souls had become intertwined. Soon their genitals would also connect, and he expected that that experience would be all the more meaningful because it would be two souls making love, not simply a girl and a boy having sex.  
  
As he continued kissing her receptive mouth, his rock hard dick throbbed against her thigh. “It’s in the works!” didn’t make it throb any less, but somehow it made the situation quite a bit more bearable.  
  
With his face pressed against Dale’s, in the near darkness, some of the words from the song, ‘The Luckiest’ again came to mind,  
  
And where was I before the day  
That I first saw your lovely face,  
Now I see it every day  
And I know  
That I am, I am, I am, the luckiest  
  
He simply could not imagine being any luckier. Living next door to the girl of his dreams had somehow been transformed into living his life with the girl of his dreams. He was simply, ‘The Luckiest.’ About that there could be no doubt.  
  
Sunday morning in Prospect again started off sunny and cold. Nate had an idea of something they could do that morning. As he brought up the topic, Dale informed him that she would be busy that afternoon. The way that she said it, acting as if it was really nothing, made him very suspicious.  
  
She was typically honest to a fault, and that made it easy for him to tell that she was purposefully holding something back. After a little more inquiry on his part, she finally relented.  
  
“Okay, if you must know, you’re not the only one that Susie and I are double-teaming this weekend,” she said.  
  
“Really?” asked Nate. He was quite surprised. He had expected that she has been planning to do a little secretive shopping or something like that.  
  
“Yes, we’ll be paying Jason a visit this afternoon,” she said. “If you think Tink was pissed at you, you should see the steam come out of her ears when she talks about Jason. What you did, she was planning to do herself. Jason’s crime is a completely different animal. He made a video…something that lasts…and it’s circulating.”  
  
“Probably just within the football team,” said Nate.  
  
“Don’t try and defend Jason,” she said.  
  
“Oh, I’m not,” he said.  
  
“I know you’re not,” said Dale. “By the way, it was refreshing to hear Gage say how he had never seen you that angry before…how you were ‘loaded for bear’. That made me feel good. I expect that Susie appreciated hearing that too. Neither of us got the feeling that you were all that bothered by the video the night you told us about it.”  
  
“That night, I felt an obligation to tell you about it. However, I was probably trying to downplay it a little. I didn’t want Susie to get so worked up that she called Jodie and the others. I knew that the victory dance could come crashing down that very night. I didn’t want that to happen,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, like I said, I was glad to hear Gage talk about you like that,” said Dale. “And the video might be circulating just within the football team right now, but you and I know that months from now, years from now, that will no longer be the case…unless…”  
  
“Unless, what?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’ve already told you more than I intended,” said Dale. “But this video has really struck a nerve with Susie. Personally, I’m not all that worked up about it. I’ve had nude pictures surface, and I’m still standing. By and large they have proved to be less consequential than I ever would have imagined. It seems to be all about context. Like the photos showing you and I escaping from Jodie’s second story on Halloween. Mr. McRoberts had them; I expect he still does. Alexa got in a little trouble and had to give my dress back, but my life goes on as before.  
  
“That did just blow over, didn’t it?” remarked Nate.  
  
“That’s why I’m not all worked up about this video,” said Dale. “The two of us are just topless. It’s obvious that we were in a private home and that the video was made surreptitiously . . . without our knowledge or permission. We aren’t going to get in trouble over that. It might cause the dance to be cancelled, but nothing bad will happen to me.”  
  
“How does Susie see it?” asked Nate. “Quite differently, I presume.”  
  
“Oh, yeah,” said Dale. “That’s an understatement. She doesn’t want anyone to see her boobs, much less have images of them. She has a big problem with that. I’m not really sure why. It sort of sounds like she thinks it hurts her reputation, but I can’t really see how it could. She’s not engaging in any sex acts.”  
  
“That’s true,” said Nate. “One can be naked without being slovenly.”  
  
“I don’t think she realizes that,” said Dale. “But she wants blood, and I’m in the video too, so I’m part of this. I’ll back her up. And she needs me…because of my relationship with Jason.”  
  
“Well, don’t get yourself in any trouble,” said Nate. “Don’t kill him or cut off his dick or anything.”  
  
“There’s an idea!” said Dale. “I wonder if Susie has considered that. Probably.”  
  
“Well, don’t suggest it,” said Nate. “And whatever you do, don’t involve Carly. We do need Jason on the football field next weekend.  
  
“Oh, don’t worry,” said Dale. “I’m sure no blood will be spilled, but Jason will probably suffer a little.”  
  
“Like I did? Blindfolded?” asked Nate.  
  
“Maybe worse,” said Dale. “Probably quite a bit worse.”  
  
What Nate had hoped to do that morning was to take a walk up onto the golf course. In preparation for trying out Dale’s new boots outfit, he wanted to see how the trails were. There had been quite a bit of rain and snow. All the snow was melted at the moment, but the trails might be muddy. Also he wanted Dale to break in her boots a little bit. When they took the boots outfit out for its maiden voyage, he wanted to only be worrying about if she was warm enough. He didn’t also want her to be getting blisters.  
  
Dale agreed, so a little bit later they headed up the trail just behind Dale’s back gate. Nate and Dale were dressed alike, jeans and their matching blue jackets. They hadn’t had the chance to wear their matching jackets much. They were not winter coats, but with the sun shining and a little exertion, they seemed just right for their morning excursion.  
  
As they got to the top of the first ridge such that they could look across the seasonally closed golf course, Nate remembered something that he had wanted to ask Dale.  
  
“Dale, last night during air hockey, after you “kissed” (Nate made quote marks in the air as he said the word) Susie’s nipple better, you asked her to lie down. You said something about making me suffer. She refused, but what was that all about?” he asked.  
  
“It was something that Michelle and I used to do, but I better not say,” said Dale. “I wish I had not brought that up last night. I really don’t know what I was thinking.”  
  
Nate had a pretty good idea about what she might have been ‘thinking’. More specifically how her thinking process had probably been encumbered at that point in time. Under those conditions, Susie and Gage present, wearing just her thong, Dale’s state of arousal had surely been part of the equation.  
  
“Now you have to tell me!” said Nate. “Especially if it is something you used to do with Michelle.”  
  
“It’ll just start you worrying again . . . that I’m a, you know . . . the ‘L’ word,” said Dale.  
  
“Will you tell me? If I think I want to know?” asked Nate.  
  
“I don’t want to have secrets, not from you,” she said. “So I guess it’s up to you.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 318: Las Vegas**

“I guess I prefer knowing. Whatever it was, you were going to do it in front of Susie and Gage, so it can’t be all that bad,” he replied.  
  
“I really was intending to do it just to make you squirm. Gage would have described it. I thought that Susie wouldn’t mind . . . to put you through the torture,” she said. “But I misjudged.”  
  
“Okay, so she was supposed to lie down on the floor…” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, okay,” said Dale. “I’ll tell you. It’s pretty simple really. She lies down on the floor, on her back. I kneel on the floor, above her head, and then lean down over her and kiss – okay, suck – one of her nipples. That puts one of my tits right in her face – a nipple right at her mouth. It actually works really well, and it’s fun! We would have both sucked a nipple. Gage would have described it. You wouldn’t have seen a thing. What do you think? Wouldn’t that have made you squirm…suffer?”  
  
Nate took in a deep breath and let it out. “Oh, I would have been suffering, that’s for sure,” he said. And it was true; that he knew . . . just the thought of Dale – her mouth on Susie’s nipple, Susie’s mouth on her bejeweled nipple – was making him suffer.  
  
“I thought you would,” she said. “All guys seem to have a fantasy of witnessing a little girl-on-girl action. The position . . . it’s essentially a watered-down sixty-nine. It’s sort of the kid’s version of a sixty-nine, if you know what I mean, but that’s what we were when we came up with it . . . kids.”  
  
Nate found himself wishing that he had not been curious, that he had not brought the subject up. Her little story was indeed making him suffer, and not because he might enjoy seeing a little girl-on-girl action . . . it hadn’t been that at all. Rather, it had been the lively tone of her voice. He was reminded again of how fond her memories of a certain junior high school relationship were. Those had obviously been happy times for her, and like it or not, she had sought to reenact a Michelle memory with Susie.  
  
Dale looked into his eyes. Seeing the concern, she said, “I knew it wouldn’t be a good idea to tell you that.”  
  
“It’s okay. It really is,” said Nate. “Life is just not always so simple, so cut and dried. I love you and I do want to know everything. By the way, that is a pretty creative position…it had never occurred to me before.”  
  
“You never did any experimenting with your guy friends?” she asked. Nate was quite surprised by her question. He actually found the idea repulsive. “You can tell me,” she said continuing.  
  
Nate decided to answer the question as if it were a real question, without ridiculing it, “In all honesty, no,” he said. “Nothing at all like that ever happened. Can we change the subject?”  
  
“Are you mad at me?” she asked.  
  
“Of course not. Why do you say that?” he asked.  
  
“Your tone of voice just changed,” she remarked.  
  
“I guess that question . . . well, it caught me off guard,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Dale. They had just gotten to the overview bench. Everything looked quite different during the day. The town of Prospect stretched out in the distance below them. The bench was wet, so they sat side-by-side on the bench seat back, their feet on the bench itself.  
  
“Don’t you think you’ve tortured me long enough over the Kelly letter?” asked Dale. “I mean, I am really curious, but I can understand you wanting to get back at me a little.”  
  
“I don’t really have any score to settle with you, I just didn’t have it with me to read to you last night,” said Nate. “And I don’t have it with me now.”  
  
“Well, can you at least give me the gist?” she asked.  
  
“I expect I can do better than that,” said Nate. “I remember the letter pretty well.”  
  
“Go easy on me, if you don’t mind,” said Dale. “I haven’t told you, but ever since you told me about Kelly’s original plans for me . . . keeping me there . . . separating us . . . my permanent and complete nudity . . . no longer living in the wide-wide world . . . well, I’ve had Kelly nightmares . . . and not just the original nipple nightmare.”  
  
“I’m sorry to hear about that, honey. That was never my intent in telling you that. I’m just seeking an open, honest relationship. I don’t want to keep things from you,” he said.  
  
“So how bad is it . . . the Kelly letter?” asked Dale with a worried expression on her face.  
  
“Oh, it’s not bad at all,” said Nate. “Let me just go ahead and tell you so that you can stop worrying. Kelly showed the hula hoop video to someone.”  
  
“She did WHAT?” said Dale, a shocked look in her eyes.  
  
“Calm down, let me explain,” said Nate. “I guess that someone who saw the show in person told a friend in Las Vegas about it. The person in Las Vegas just so happens to be a talent scout. Well, that gentleman got in touch with Kelly inquiring about Carol, the university student majoring in performance art.”  
  
“I haven’t been called, ‘Carol’ in quite a while, have I?” remarked Dale, settling down a little.  
  
“You’ll recall that Kelly offered to give us all copies of the video,” continued Nate. “But for whatever reason, we never got back to her on that score, so she still has the video.”  
  
“She sent it to someone?” asked Dale, still looking shaken.  
  
“No, at least she claims she didn’t,” said Nate. “According to the letter, the guy from Las Vegas had been told such glowing things about your performance, that he traveled all the way to Spruce Lake where Kelly allowed him to view the video. She made it quite clear in the letter that she has not given anyone a copy of the video, nor has she shared information about you such as your real name or address…except you’re age…she did say in the letter that she told them your age. That could have been a deal breaker. The bottom line is that there is a casino that wants to hire you.”  
  
“I don’t want to work in a casino,” said Dale. “That would be gross.”  
  
“They’re repulsive, you got that right,” said Nate nodding. “But it’s probably not as you imagine. The position you are being offered would be on the stage. This particular casino, she didn’t mention the name, puts on a traditional Las Vegas variety show with singing and lots of showgirls . . . topless showgirls.”  
  
“I’d be a showgirl?” asked Dale, her eyes wide with wonder.  
  
“In a way,” said Nate. “I guess the talent scout liked your hula hoop show as is. So you’d perform that, as one segment of the show. The possibility of it being the opener was mentioned. The downside, that Kelly mentioned, is that you’d have to wear a sequined G-string. You couldn’t go full-nude. And for the afternoon shows, I guess the girls all wear matching tops. The night time shows are adult only, so those are topless.”  
  
“This isn’t at all what I thought might be in Kelly’s letter,” said Dale.  
  
“Right! I was quite surprised myself,” said Nate. “It was hard to not run right over and tell you, but I also thought about never telling you. I know that Kelly is no longer your favorite person like she once was.” Dale shot him a stinging glance. “Don’t try and deny it,” he added. “She had you wrapped around her little finger . . . and you loved it!”  
  
Dale let out a big sigh, “So, is that all there is? What else was in the letter?”  
  
“Well, they want to fly you down for an audition… to meet you in person, and to see your performance live on their own stage,” said Nate. “The letter mentions two options. Either they’ll just fly you down and put you up in their hotel for one night, or they’ll offer you a one week employment contract, as a way for you to try it out . . . and to limit their exposure if you don’t end up being a good fit for them.”  
  
“A job for one week?” said Dale.  
  
“Wait till you hear what they’ll pay,” said Nate. “They would pay three-hundred-fifty dollars a show, and they currently are running eleven shows a week. One day they don’t have any shows, but then on the weekend they have two shows a day, three on Saturday, the letter said.”  
  
“Three-hundred-fifty dollars for five minutes of hula hooping?” asked Dale, wrinkling up her nose in a puzzled expression.  
  
“Well, not exactly,” said Nate. “You’d have to be there for the whole show. You’d have a few other bit parts and have a curtain call at the end. Plus there’d be a few autograph appearances, the letter did mention that, but I multiplied it out. It comes to three-thousand-eight-hundred-fifty dollars a week. And your airfare, hotel room and meals in the hotel would be provided, so most of the money would be yours to keep.”  
  
“I don’t know what to say,” said Dale. “I’ve never had money like that. I’ve always just been planning to go to college.”  
  
“Well, this could be how you pay for college,” said Nate.  
  
“I don’t know,” said Dale. “It sounds scary. It sounds like a slippery slope to prostitution once you start accepting money for taking off your clothes. And I’d never go alone.”  
  
“Kelly actually anticipated that,” said Nate. “So the offer includes airfare, room and board for me as well. We could go together, have our own hotel room. I’d make sure to keep you away from that slippery slope. Frankly, I wouldn’t let you go alone. I’m not willing to lose you to the big city, but most importantly, I won’t let anything bad happen to you.”  
  
“But there’s mafia in Las Vegas,” said Dale. “You’d be no match for the mafia.”  
  
“Well, we’d have to investigate the offer carefully,” said Nate. “Kelly could probably help us ensure that everything is on the up and up. Her law enforcement background could be quite helpful.”  
  
“I don’t know, Nate,” said Dale. “I’ve been planning to make my living with my mind. It sounds distasteful to earn money with my body. But my parents and I are even having trouble figuring out how to pay for piano lessons. To go to college, I’ll need a full ride scholarship.”  
  
“And I think you’ll get one,” said Nate. “But we’ll both probably graduate with a lot of student loan debt.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 319: A Seven-Foot Tall Guy**

“Given the amount of money you are talking about, I almost have to do this,” she said. “In one show I’d earn about as much as I could make in a week during the summer, working full-time at minimum wage.”  
  
“In a way, you are like a seven foot tall guy,” remarked Nate.  
  
“You lost me,” said Dale.  
  
“It seems that a seven foot tall guy will almost invariably be forced into playing basketball,” he replied. “Given your beauty and your artistic slash athletic abilities, you might be facing somewhat similar circumstances. If you can earn in five minutes on a stage in a G-string, what you can earn in a week with all your clothes on, then that will be a hard opportunity to turn down.”  
  
“Well, I was thinking about saying ‘no’, but I really can’t, can I?” said Dale.  
  
“You most certainly can,” said Nate. “But you don’t have to decide now. Give it some more thought. Kelly told them that you are in school, so the letter did mention the possibility of the trial week being just after Christmas…before school starts back up in January, so we could celebrate New Year’s in Las Vegas.”  
  
“Wouldn’t that be such a fun week, Nate!” said Dale. “Just you and I in Las Vegas, and even with eleven shows, we’d have a lot of free time.”  
  
“And in the one week you’d have saved about what you might be able to make in an entire summer,” said Nate.  
  
“Unless I did this showgirl thing all summer,” said Dale. “It does sound fun . . . but I really don’t want to be a sex worker.”  
  
“Well, you have to decide,” said Nate. “And you wouldn’t be a sex worker. Don’t think of it in those terms. You’d be a dancer . . . or think of it as performance art. That’s what Kelly called it for the Forest Service audience. When we get back from our walk, I’ll give you the letter. You can read it for yourself.”  
  
“But I’m most certainly not going without you,” she said.  
  
“And if we go, I’m most certainly not leaving your side,” said Nate. “I think the offer is legit, but you mean too much to me to send to ‘Sin City’ all alone. I would never take that chance.”  
  
“I’d feel safe with you,” she said. “I love you, but I can’t believe that I am actually thinking about doing this.”  
  
“Well, I want you to know that I’ll support whatever decision you make,” said Nate. “Even though you are like the seven foot tall guy, and the world might seem as if it will force you to make your living off of your looks, you need to just view it as an opportunity. An opportunity that you can say ‘no’ to. It’s your life. It’s yours to live as you see fit.”  
  
“It’s our life, remember,” said Dale. “I don’t have to live it alone. I don’t want to live it alone. This decision, like the decisions we’ll have to make about college. These are our decisions. We stay together.”  
  
“I’ll try and be supportive, but the Las Vegas showgirl decision is pretty much all yours. It has to be right for you, but I agree. It would be a really fun week,” he said. “It might make a lot of sense to just have that experience and then go from there, but we might end up with a scheduling conflict.”  
  
“How so?” asked Dale.  
  
“The victory dance…it will pretty much have to be during Christmas break,” said Nate.  
  
“Yeah, it would be pretty tacky to miss that,” said Dale. “All the girls would get mad at me again. Not to mention what the guys would say. Besides, I wouldn’t want to miss it.”  
  
“I expect we can figure out how to make it all work,” said Nate. “We can have some input on which day is chosen, and maybe we could set the Las Vegas arrangements to work around it.”  
  
“And earning three-hundred-fifty dollars a show, I could even afford to fly us home for the dance!” said Dale.  
  
“I’ve never heard you talk like a big spender before,” commented Nate. “But the first thing to decide is if you want to do this at all. No one has to become a showgirl. Your life will be full of many great opportunities. The trick will lie in knowing which ones to accept and which ones to turn down.”  
  
After a few moments to ponder things, Dale asked, “Nate, why does it seem as if the world is trying to force me to wear panties? First, none of the other cheerleaders would agree to full nude, and now even Las Vegas,” said Dale. “My pussy likes fresh air, and now all of a sudden it looks like its destiny is to suffocate.”  
  
“Go figure!” said Nate laughing. “But I know how to get it some fresh air. The trails up here are solid enough. I think we need to take your ‘boots outfit’ out for its maiden voyage real soon.”  
  
“How about tonight?” asked Dale, her voice full of excitement.  
  
“Well, it is a school night,” replied Nate.  
  
“I know, but I think we wouldn’t have to wait until 1:00 a.m. I mean, who is going to be out on the golf course on a Sunday night in late November?” said Dale.  
  
“I’m sure you’re right about that,” said Nate. “I really can’t wait to find out how comfortable you’ll be with just your hands, feet and head covered. According to the math, you won’t lose any heat at all.”  
  
“Yep, none at all,” said Dale laughing.  
  
“…but around ninety percent of your skin will be bare in the cold air, so I’m starting to suspect that there might be something wrong with the numbers,” said Nate.  
  
“And don’t forget, I no longer have the fur to keep me warm…right…here,” she said poking an index finger firmly into her jeans exactly were her racing stripe used to be. “But even without my track outfit, I want to try it. Wouldn’t it be cool if my boots outfit made it so that we could do that sort of thing year round? And given that it is winter, there will be very few people out. We might be able to do some pretty daring things.”  
  
“Hold your horses, broncho-busting girl, let’s not get ahead of ourselves here,” said Nate. “That does sound fun, but I still think we’ll have to limit your exposure when subfreezing temperatures are involved. And we’ll of course need to stay indoors if it is snowing or raining, but I am excited to find out how well the new outfit works!”  
  
“So tonight, then?” asked Dale excitedly  
  
“Why not?” replied Nate, equally as excited.  
  
That afternoon Nate was studying alone at his dining room table. He’d left the curtains open and was sitting in a different chair than the one in which he normally sat. Doing so allowed him to watch the street in front of Dale’s house.  
  
Eventually he witnessed what he had been hoping to see; Susie pulling up in the family SUV. He saw Dale run out and climb in. She was dressed as she had been dressed earlier, in jeans and her light blue jacket. She was carrying a small duffle bag. Nate was quite curious about what the girls had planned.  
  
He sent Dale a short text, “Have fun, but don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”  
  
A minute later he received a reply, “Don’t worry. Besides, it’s Tink you should be worrying about.”  
  
He thought about sending her another text, telling her to keep Susie in check if that was what had to be done. Instead he decided not to worry. Dale was a smart girl, as smart as they come. Dressed, she always made good choices.  
  
Much later that evening Nate and Dale were relaxing in Dale’s room, watching the clock. It was 10:00 p.m. and Dale had already changed into her boots. The rest of her ‘boots outfit’ was next to her and ready to go. They were planning to wait until eleven before heading out. They had already heard Dale’s parents turn in for the night.  
  
The temperature had risen into the upper forties during the day, but it had already dropped back down to thirty-one degrees outside. The forecast had a predicted overnight low of twenty-four degrees. The sky was clear and there was a first quarter moon, so visibility would be good.  
  
Nate was a little torn. He didn’t want to go too early and risk an encounter, but he also thought that the difference between thirty-one degrees and twenty-four degrees on bare nipples and a cleanly shaven pussy was probably significant.  
  
He could tell that Dale was excited about their outing. Even though she had said some negative things about nighttime adventures on the golf course – that they were tame relative to other things that they had done – she did have many fond memories. And it had been quite a while since she’d been naked on the golf course at night, so she was anticipating some fun.  
  
Nate had packed a backpack with a flashlight, some cookies and a thermos of hot chocolate. Of course it wasn’t Mexican hot chocolate, but he thought that it and the cookies would help keep Dale’s energy pumped up. Dale had seen the flashlight and had made him promise not to use it. A flashlight would make them visible at a great distance, she had reminded him.  
  
Nate had decided to wear just a T-shirt. He thought that doing so would help him gauge how Dale might be feeling. He’d have no hat and no mittens, but unlike her, he’d have the shirt. He knew that that wasn’t the same, but it seemed more participatory than if wore his coat.  
  
At 10:30 they decided that they had waited long enough. Dale put on the rest of her boots outfit, and they made their way quietly down the hall to Dale’s back door. Nate had an experience that he thought that he would never have; he witnessed a naked Dale turn off the porch from inside her house.  
  
As they exited, being as quiet as they could possibly be, Nate looked to his right. He looked at the dark window of his father’s study recalling the times that he had been seated just within, watching Dale cautiously exit her house. How different it was to now be accompanying her as she listened for any sound that might indicate that it wasn’t safe. He watched her turn and slowly close the door to keep from waking her parents.  
  
Once they were a short distance into the yard, she turned and smiled. “So far, so good,” she whispered. She then pulled him close for a kiss. He felt her oversize mittens on his back as he leaned down and kissed her face, framed by the fur border of the warm hat.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 320: Our Park**

“Chilly?” he asked.  
  
Dale nodded in the affirmative, but held up a finger to her lips indicating that he needed to keep his voice down. She took his hand and led him to the gate. Nate followed silently, examining her slender back and her cute buttocks lit so enticingly by the moonlight.  
  
Once through the gate, Dale headed briskly up the trail through the sagebrush. Nate found himself working to match her pace. Dale obviously had exceptional night vision, in addition to complete familiarity with the route.  
  
At the top of the ridge, they paused to take in the view. They stood there for a few minutes, talking quietly. Nate hugged Dale from behind, cupping her breasts, holding her body against his. He imagined he was doing so to help keep her warm, but he knew that covering her tits like that was probably more for himself than it was for her. He preferred to think that there was something in it for both of them.  
  
He held her nipples, his thumbs on top. He could feel the nipple jewelry, but he wasn’t feeling it actively. He was simply holding her, squeezing her nipples gently, providing her tits with a little protection and support. He felt a familiar stiffening in his jeans. Given the movement of her tush against him, he knew that she was aware of it as well. The position he was in meant that it wasn’t particularly comfortable, but he didn’t want to separate himself from her long enough to point his dick up so that it could extend comfortably. He decided to just try and ignore it until they were again walking.  
  
“Toward the bench or toward the clubhouse, Mads?” he asked when they came to the juncture in the trail.  
  
“The bench,” she said without hesitation. “The back of the golf course is sure to be quite boring tonight.”  
  
“But boring is good,” he remarked. As they started toward the overlook bench, he continued, “Wouldn’t it be funny to run into another couple out here? I mean another couple just like us.”  
  
“You mean a naked girl with a clothed companion?” she asked.  
  
“Yeah,” said Nate. “If there is another couple like you and I, they might be out at night, just like we are.”  
  
“I hate to burst your bubble, Nate,” she said. “But I think we’re unique.”  
  
“Probably,” admitted Nate. “But it would be really something to find some peers out wandering about. Even if you are one in a million, that would mean that you are far from unique.”  
  
“Maybe,” said Dale. “But in Prospect, I’m surely unique.”  
  
When they got to the bench, Nate again inquired about how she was doing given the temperature.  
  
“I do think that the hat and mittens help a lot,” she said. “I am so much warmer than I was Thanksgiving morning.”  
  
“And that was in the sunshine,” observed Nate.  
  
“Right,” said Dale. “I’m sure I couldn’t convince my nipples that I’m warmer. Or my pussy for that matter. Here, feel.”  
  
“Don’t mind if I do,” said Nate. “All in the interest of science, of course.”  
  
Looking down at the town’s light, Nate again hugged Dale from behind. One of his hands found its way to a nipple, while the other stroked the soft folds of her labia gently, feeling its relative warmth and noticing a little feminine dew, but only right in the center.  
  
“Yep,” he remarked. “My fingers are indeed warmer than your lady bits. That much is obvious, but they’ve been in my pockets.”  
  
Dale pulled off a mitten and placed her hand first on one of his hands, but then on his face.  
  
“But feel how warm my hand is,” she remarked. “The boots outfit seems to be working pretty good. Superficially, I might be a little cold, but I don’t really feel all that chilly. I’m not shivering or anything.”  
  
“Well, that’s good,” said Nate. “Should we quit while we’re ahead? It is a school night.”  
  
“I was hoping to talk you into ‘our’ park,” said Dale.  
  
“You mean Madison Park?” he replied.  
  
“Of course,” said Dale. “I think it is ‘our park’ now. It has come through for us at several important junctures.”  
  
“I guess that might be okay,” said Nate. “But it’s not yet all that late.”  
  
“Please,” said Dale. “It will be after eleven by the time we get there.”  
  
“Okay, but here, have some hot chocolate,” said Nate. “I’ll leave the thermos here so we can have another cup on the return trip. I want to make sure that you’re warm enough. If we go to ‘our park’ you’ll be a long ways from the warmth of the house, and I don’t have my coat on to wrap around you.”  
  
“I like being a long ways from my clothes,” said Dale. “You know that. The excitement of having nothing anywhere near to put on is part of what is keeping me warm.”  
  
When they reached the road, Dale again sprinted diagonally across just as she had done back in the summer. Nate started with her. This time he had not been caught by surprise, but he still fell behind. He just was not that accustomed to sprinting, especially at night.  
  
Once in the park, Dale made a beeline for the swings that they had adopted. The seats felt ice cold, so she stood up to swing. Before taking his own swing, Nate stood in front of her, hugging her close. Her elevated position put her chest at face height so he nuzzled his cheeks into her soft yet cool tit pillows. He wanted to suck on her nipples, but restrained himself thinking about the cooling effect that his saliva would have.  
  
Her firm buns were also at an ideal height, so he indulged in caressing and fondling them. It was of course easy to justify rubbing his hands all over her smooth skin as he might thus share a little of his body heat and at the same time stimulate a little warming circulation. Holding to the chains, she didn’t have a free hand to hug him, but she rubbed her face against his hair, kissing him occasionally on the forehead.  
  
At length, Nate followed her lead and climbed up onto the swing beside her. They both had a good time standing up and swinging, laughing and reveling in their love and the freezing air.  
  
Nate was trying to keep close tabs on Dale’s comfort level. She said that she was fine, but he had noticed that she had snapped the fur flaps of her hat below her chin.  
  
As Nate was about to suggest that they head back, a car stopped and parked on the street. Two figures got out and entered the park, holding hands.  
  
As quietly as they could, Nate and Dale stopped and climbed down from their swings. There were a few large trees not far from the end of the swing set, so they moved in that direction to conceal themselves amid the trunks.  
  
From that vantage point, they observed the couple who had seated themselves on top of a picnic table. Not knowing that they were being watched, they engaged in some light hugging and kissing. Nate could hear a little conversation, but they were just barely too far away to distinguish what was actually being said.  
  
After a time, it became obvious that the intruders were not going anywhere soon, so Nate motioned to Dale and ever so carefully they started slowly backing away from the couple on the picnic table.  
  
Unfortunately, given the uneven ground and some scattered twigs, they were not able to do so quite as silently as they would have liked. The moonlight was also not helping matters.  
  
Suddenly they were both caught in the beam of a blinding flashlight. In an instant they both turned and took off running as fast as they dared in the dark. They had not gone more than fifty feet before a voice called out, “Hey DJ, it’s me.”  
  
Nate looked over his shoulder and saw Dale look back. She slowed and then turned. He reached for her hand to stop her, but she was already out of reach, reversing direction.  
  
“Dale, don’t,” he called out in a loud hushed voice.  
  
“It’s okay, Nate,” she called back to him. “It’s Nutshell!”  
  
“It’s NOT okay, dang it! Get back here!” he called out to her as she continued in the direction of the couple.  
  
He took off after her, but in that instant there was a bright flash and then a moment later a second one. As he got close enough to grab her arm, the flash went off a third time.  
  
“Alexa!” he heard an insistent voice call out, but then there were other sounds, sounds that seemed consistent with those of a scuffle. He glanced from Dale ahead into the darkness, but the flashes had dulled his night vision. Next he heard a sharp, “Hey!” followed closely by, “What the heck?” There were clearly two women there, and he was pretty sure he knew which two.  
  
Switching his attention back to Dale, he picked her up and threw her over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry position. As he did so, the flash went off yet again. He sprinted about a hundred feet back in the direction they had come and tossed her down behind some low bushes.  
  
In a friendly but desperate voice he commanded, “Now stay here, I have to deal with those photos.”  
  
Leaving Dale behind, he turned and sprinted back to the scene of the crime, but the two girls were well ahead of him, climbing into their car. With a chirp of the tires, the car sped off just before he reached it. Dejectedly he walked back to where he had dropped Dale.  
  
She was there, standing up, brushing herself off.  
  
“You threw me into the bushes,” she said not sounding all too happy about it.