**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

*Copyright © 2018 by BPClavel@gmail.com, all rights reserved. Reproduction, redistribution, or reposting of this work in whole or in part on another site, in print, or via any other means whether or not for charge or profit is forbidden without the express written consent of the author. The following story is intended for personal use by ADULTS only. By accessing this story, the reader certifies that he/she is of an appropriate age to access adult material and that such material is permitted where the reader resides. The story, all names, characters, and incidents portrayed are fictitious. No identification with actual persons or places is intended or should be inferred. All pertinent characters are 18 years of age or older.*

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: The Rescue -1**

It was well past midnight. Nate sat up late listening to music on his head phones. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed the light change on the sage brush covered hill that his bedroom faced. It was a subtle change, but one that he had grown accustomed to seeing, and one that he watched for with great anticipation. He had long known that the change meant that his neighbor’s back porch light had just been switched off. Years ago he had first noticed the light being turned off. Initially he had paid it little mind, but now he knew who turned it off and why. He quickly grabbed his binoculars and quietly slipped into his father’s dark study. Every night after his parents went to bed, Nate would visit his father’s study, to make sure the light was off and that the blinds were open exactly as they were now. Nate took a seat in his father’s desk chair, and watched through the window as a girl slipped out of the house next door and into the back yard. She quietly advanced a few steps and then stood still.

This was not just any girl. This was Dale. He had always found the name Dale to be unusual for a girl, yet via the Internet he had learned that 6% of the Dales in the US were in fact female. The name had grown on him, as had everything about Dale. He considered himself to be the luckiest guy in the state simply because it was his good fortune to live next door to her. In short, Dale was not just any girl, Dale was THE girl! She wasn’t his girl, oh how he wished! She was simply the most popular and well liked girl in his high school. She was a cheerleader, but she was not the head cheerleader. He had no doubt that she could be head cheerleader if she wanted to be. The head cheerleader happened to be Jodie. But Jodie was one of those girls that was very much a part of the in-crowd, constantly working to maintain and improve her social status. Nate’s high school, like every high school, had its popular kids. If they associated with the rank and file students in school, it was minimal, and not always friendly. Dale, however, was different. Her social status was of a different sort: she seemed to be on an entirely different plane. To Nate, she was so much more popular than the popular kids that she was not exactly a part of their group, but rather above it somehow. She was friendly to everyone, irrespective of social standing. To her great credit, she seemed to be genuinely kind to everyone. Everyone wanted to be her friend, but many were simply in awe of her, and kept their distance. Nate was one of those. He knew that if he approached her, she would be more than happy to talk with him. He knew that she knew his name, but as he tended to keep his distance, all their conversations could probably be counted on one hand. She did do things with the popular kids, but to Nate’s eye…watching her from a distance…she seemed a bit introverted, a bit of a loner. Unlike himself, she was surely invited to every party, and she usually went, but not always. Sometimes she’d be home watching TV, alone or with her parents. As they lived in a rural area on the outskirts of town, his house was not that close to hers. However, it was the closest house on their side of the street. He generally saw her coming and going, so he would know when she was missing a big party, opting for some quiet time at home. He was a keen observer.

He never grew tired of watching Dale, especially her late night escapades, for she was always completely naked. Well, she always wore tennis shoes, but other than that, she was naked – naked! Somehow the presence of the tennis shoes added to the effect. The shoes made her seem even more naked to Nate, as in “dressed to go out” naked. He couldn’t put his finger on it, but the look was stunning. Being that she was Dale, he probably would have stayed up to try and catch her late night escapades had she conducted them fully clothed. But naked, they were a true sight to behold. She always turned off the back porch light prior to emerging, but there were other lights in the general area, and there was a little moon light this particular evening. As he watched, Dale stood still, looking and listening. Once she had satisfied herself that the coast was clear, she launched into two cartwheels, ending in a perfect handstand. She held the handstand and slowly let her legs fall apart into a full “splits” position, one leg in front, the other extending behind. From that position she rotated her legs until they extended to her sides. She held that position briefly and then continued the rotation until the other leg extended back. From there she executed the second half of a “walk-over” ending up back on her feet. Dale’s sport was gymnastics, and Nate had been to a few gymnastics meets at school to watch her. Watching her was a hobby for him. He would typically go alone and sit in back, doing his best at observing without attracting attention. He would generally watch all the competitors lest anyone get the impression that he had come only to see Dale.

At this point Dale was done with the gymnastics and headed for her back gate. Her routine didn’t always include gymnastics, but Nate sure loved it when it did. As she passed through the gate and headed toward the slope that Nate’s bedroom faced, he saw her turn toward his house and freeze. Slowly she inched her way back to the gate and reentered her backyard. Nate swore under his breath. He’d done it again. He’d left his desk light on. This had happened before. As Nate watched, Dale went back inside her house and seconds later the back porch light came back on. His assumption was that she thought that he might be up reading because the light was on, so to be safe, she had abandoned her plans. Oh well, it was already too late. She was gone. He sat there cursing himself and at the same time reliving the memory of what he had just witnessed. The binoculars were in his hand, he had not once looked through them. The splits had been breathtaking! Every chance he got, he would look for evidence of pubic hair. Always in vain. He suspected that Dale kept her pussy completely bald, or very nearly so. He had never seen hair down there, but he had only seen her at night, so he didn’t know for sure. If the presence of the shoes added to the effect, then a smoothly shaved pussy would put it over the top! Before getting up and going to bed, he stared at the porch light. How he loved that porch light. Had it not been for that porch light, Dale might have engaged in these escapades for years without him ever knowing it. Just three months or so ago the bulb had burned out. He had waited about two weeks for Dale’s father to put in a new bulb. He was sure that without a new bulb he might never again catch one of Dale’s shows. Finally, when he was sure he was the only one home at either house, he had snuck over and replaced the bulb himself. As he had hoped, Dale must have assumed that her father had been the one who replaced the bulb. Nate went to bed, tomorrow was Saturday. He could sleep in.

It was to be an entire week before Dale’s next foray. Nate had expected as much. Typically a week or so went by between her streaks, in the summer anyway. This time he was much more careful with the lights in his room, in the whole house actually. He didn’t want anything to come between her and her apparent need to be naked and roaming. Indeed, he imagined he was doing it for her, not for himself. So she could have the freedom to be naked outside. He had a pretty good idea of where she went. He wanted to follow her every time, but he didn’t dare. He had figured out how to make some observations from a safe distance, but he rarely engaged in that effort now. The last thing he wanted was to somehow get caught or seen. He imagined such an occurrence might put an end to her streaks, or at any rate an end to his opportunities to view her naked goings and comings. While he did enjoy seeing where she went, he had always observed from such great distances that there was little enjoyment in it. Even with his binoculars he was unable to tell that she was naked. Indeed, he was typically so far away that although he could follow where she went if the moon was out, he couldn’t even distinguish that it was Dale that he was watching.

Again it was well after midnight when the porch light signaled her impending appearance. He carefully got into position. The moon was now just past full, so the light was even better than the week before. Unfortunately that positive aspect seemed to have a downside, for on such nights, Dale seemed to head out of her yard without any gymnastics. One moment she was there, the next she was gone. That was how it was tonight. Nate followed her form with the binoculars as she climbed the sage brush slope beyond the gate.

Their houses were in the valley, just behind them lay a brush covered slope that led up to a very large plateau area. The entire area had been covered with sagebrush and a few small juniper trees. Nate used to ride his dirt bike there. The trail that Dale took up to the plateau was the very one he had ridden his bike up. Back then, Dale too had had a bike and had ridden there. He suspected that she no longer had a motorcycle, for he had not seen her on a bike for years. Now Nate had to go much further to ride, because a few years back a golf course had been built on the plateau, or the bench as it was known locally. Largely Dale’s late night adventures seemed to involve mostly exploring the golf course. She would also go swimming. That he knew. Several valleys extended into the plateau, and up one of these lay the golf course’s clubhouse along with a newer section of town that included some fancy houses, the kind of houses that bordered a golf course. The clubhouse complex included a few things, a restaurant and a swimming pool, for example. Dale’s parents golfed, and were members, so Dale could go swimming anytime she wanted, during the day anyway. The pool was closed at night, and it had a tall barbed wire capped fence around it.

On one of his spying missions, Nate had seen Dale go swimming there. She had a route into the enclosure. In short, she went up and over the clubhouse building. Dumpsters, and small equipment sheds served as ramps on either side. The route might have been a challenge for some, but this was Dale, one of the most athletic girls at school. Nate imagined that she could even include handstands, splits, and cartwheels along the way had she wanted to. As it was summer, and a hot one at that, Nate knew that Dale was going swimming on most of her late night outings. Her hair was the giveaway. She’d go out with it looking like it did at school, but come back with it looking more plastered to her head. He didn’t always catch her return, but he tried to. Typically she was gone just one and a half hours or so. Sometimes he’d just sit in his father’s desk chair and daydream, waiting for her return. That’s what he had done on this night, but he had fallen asleep. When he woke up, he knew he had missed her return, for it was many hours later. The sky was beginning to grow lighter such that there were no stars visible. As he was getting up to go climb into bed, he noticed something startling. The porch light was off! Instantly he was wide awake. Dale always turned the light back on upon returning. Was she still out there? If she was then something was wrong. She hardly ever stayed out two hours, and it had been five. Something was wrong! In an instant, he had his shoes on and was out his back gate, running up the same trail to the plateau that Dale took. His concern for Dale overshadowed his concern about her finding out that he had been spying on her.

At the top of the slope, he realized that he should have brought his binoculars with him. From there the entire golf course was visible, save the little that was hidden by trees. There was no one to be seen, but then he saw something that quadrupled his fright. Off in the distance he could now see flashing police lights just to the left of the clubhouse. His heart told him that Dale was in trouble. He knew that while she loved to engage in the risky business of running around naked, that she was always so careful. He was sure that she would not want to go to the police station naked. Boy would the news of that event travel around town in a heartbeat. Nate was pretty sure that he was the only one in town who knew what Dale did late at night. Indeed, Dale was the subject of many conversations, and never had he heard a single hint that anyone else knew anything about this side of her. It made him feel special to be the only one who knew, and to have kept the secret so faithfully for years.

Quickly, Nate pieced together a search and rescue mission. If he was the only one that knew and it wasn’t already too late, then he might be Dale’s only hope. He grabbed his binoculars and was out to his motorcycle in a flash. His bike was a dual-sport model, legal and licensed for the street, but built for trail riding. It was also loud. To keep from waking his parents, he quickly pushed it down the street before hoping on and starting it. While the club house was not very far as the crow flies, it was quite some distance via paved road. Nate decided on an old dirt road that he sometimes took that skirted the golf course. He imagined that if Dale was eluding the police at this point, that she might be pinned down somewhere, possibly hiding in the sage brush around the perimeter of the golf course. He knew that she might be very hard to locate, but he had to try. At the top of the first ridge, he shut off the bike and put the binoculars to his eyes. In the distance he could still see the flashing lights. That gave him hope, for it seemed as if it might mean that whatever they were looking for, they were still looking for. Had they found Dale naked, he imagined that they would have taken her to the police station. Nate scanned everything carefully, but he didn’t see what he was looking for.

He rode to the next rise, and again stopped. It was now starting to be light enough that he didn’t need his headlight for riding. He spent a few minutes at the second rise, scanning with his binoculars...again no Dale. At the third rise he had a good view of the clubhouse. He was up higher than the police, so he had a view of the clubhouse roof. To his utter delight, he saw Dale on the roof, cowering behind ductwork to keep from being seen. His heart jumped! Maybe he had come in time!

After studying the lay of the land and considering his options, he rode down to the paved street, and then toward the clubhouse passing by, not one but two police cars. He did everything he could to avoid attracting attention, but he saw the officers studying him as he rode past. It was awfully early for anyone to be up on a Saturday. As he thought they might be watching or following him, he rode right past the clubhouse and a short distance up the dirt trail that led into the hills. There he hid his bike in a stand of small tress, and walked back toward the clubhouse. As stealthily as he could, he took the route he had seen Dale take to the roof. Once he was on the roof, he stayed down on his hands and knees to stay out of sight from below. Dale was there, but doing her best to hide from him, hiding behind some ducts.

Nate spoke quietly, “Hi Dale, it’s me, Nate. You know, next door. I’m here to help.” He paused, but didn’t hear anything, so he continued, “Dale, I know you’re naked. I’ve known for a long time that you go out at night. I mean, I live right next door. It’s embarrassing to admit, but I have seen you many times. Please don’t hate me. When you didn’t come back last night I got so worried.” Still there was no response, but he knew that Dale was there. Carefully he moved closer, to the other side of the duct she was hiding behind. He knew she was listening, thinking, so he continued, “Dale, I would never do anything to hurt you. I’ve known for years that you go out at night. I’ve never breathed a word about that to anyone. With me your secret is safe. I don’t know why they are looking for you. But I can help. I think I can get you out of here. My motorcycle, maybe you saw it, it’s just up the trail there. Together we can get away.” Again he paused and listened.

He heard stirring from the other side and waited, giving her time to process. He saw her face peaking around at him. Her eyes were red, and her cheeks tear stained. She’d been suffering there for hours. He tried to give her the most understanding look he could. She glanced down and crawled closer to him. He had expected her to speak, but she came right up against him, snuggling as close as she could while in a fetal position. Her breathing was unsteady, as if she was trying to calm the sobbing. He put his arm around her and held her. He was conscious of not knowing what to do with the fingers of his right hand that were touching her. He could not believe that he was holding Dale. He had probably never touched her, and now he was actually holding her. His mind was having trouble processing the fact that he was holding Dale and that she was naked. He had yet to see any of her girl parts, but he was very conscious of her nudity. Surprisingly he had not grown stiff at all. He attributed that to the state of emergency that they were in. As he thought about that, for the first time he considered his own circumstances. The police must be looking for someone who was reported swimming or prowling around in the middle of the night. If they were caught, it would be assumed that he had been the prowler. But if they were caught, think of the news that would spread through town. Earlier he had considered the damage that might be done to Dale’s reputation were she caught naked. Now he started to wonder what people would think if the police took them in together, himself dressed, but she stark naked. He was not well dressed. He had not taken a moment to change, so he was wearing just the shorts and tank top that he had had on last night.

Finally he heard Dale speak. He heard simply a quiet, “Thank you.” He was elated. His brain went into overdrive. Somehow he had to do everything it took to deserve her thanks. What to do now? They had to get to his motorcycle. He had gotten to the roof without being seen, so clearly they should be able to do it. Two options existed. They could go to the bike together, or he could go and get it and come back and pick her up. He weighed the choices. He was leaning toward the second option, but he decided that they should decide together.

Finally, he spoke, “Dale, it’s getting lighter by the minute. If we stay much longer, we’ll be trapped here all day. Once the employees or golfers start showing up, it will be too late. Let’s get you out of here.” He pulled away and took off his tank, handing it to her. She put it on. She was trying to stay as close to him as she could. Gradually they began to talk about getting to the motor cycle. Dale wanted to stay together, but finally Nate decided he should get the motorcycle alone. In that way, if he were caught, then he could take the fall. He would go to the police station alone and take the rap for whatever someone had reported. If that happened, he was sure that they’d only keep him a few hours, and then he’d be able to head back with some clothes for Dale. Hopefully that wouldn’t happen, and he’d get the motorcycle to the clubhouse. Dale would climb down, hop on, and they’d be up the trail in no time. If the police saw them, they would never be able to keep up. He had a fast bike. He didn’t have much practice riding double, but he knew he’d lose them quickly on the trails. If they knew who he was and came to his house later, at least he would have gotten Dale out of there.

So that was the plan. Nate tried to get up to leave, but he could tell that Dale did not want to let go of him. As he was crawling away, she called to him. Looking back he saw her peeling off his tank top, saying, “You need this. The police saw you in it. You should be wearing it.” She threw it to him. As he reached to catch it, he got a great look at her naked tits. They were stunning! He couldn’t help but stare. He had always known that she had gorgeous tits. He felt like he was going to go into shock seeing them now in the flesh. Dale, realizing what she was doing to him, arched her ribcage to the side to show them to their best advantage. She had been dreading and anticipating this day for so long. She had always known that someday she might be seen naked. Frankly she had been amazed at all the time she had spent nude outside without ever getting caught. So far her night had been a disaster, but now that Nate was here, things were looking up. She decided to make the most of it. She was an exhibitionist at heart, and the moment to show the goods had arrived. It was time to make the day memorable in a positive way. She knew that these tits on this gymnast’s body were a force to be reckoned with, and she let him have it…both barrels!

It took Nate a moment to compose himself. Once he did, he slipped the tank back on. Frankly, he loved this development. He did prefer her naked! The coast was clear, and within a few minutes he was back at his bike. Thinking it wise, he didn’t start the motor. It was downhill back to the clubhouse, so he was able to roll to where he intended to pick up Dale. Fortunately there was still no one in sight. As soon as he turned the bike around, he looked up and saw Dale climbing down from the roof. Yep, he finally had his confirmation. Her pussy was just as bald as her titties! And then she was climbing on the bike behind him. The motor fired on the first try. Dale grabbed him tightly around the waist, and together they shot up the trail.

Nate hadn’t really given the next part any thought. He’d done it. He extricated Dale! And now the police, the entire town, were disappearing behind them. Where should he go, how far should he go? He was loving having Dale holding on tight like she was. In every way it felt like a hug, but he knew she was really just holding on. Better not let himself get carried away thinking otherwise. This was after all Dale, and she was way out of his league. Then he thought of the east facing ridge a few more minutes up the trail. Why not stop there and catch the sunrise together?

As he coasted onto a flat spot, Nate cut the engine. Dale climbed off as he put down the kickstand. As he climbed off and turned around, he saw that Dale had turned and was facing the valley below. Nate looked at her from behind. She was silhouetted against the dawn sky. This girl was lovely beyond words from every angle, in every light. He started thinking about how everything in his world had now changed. He was no longer the closet voyeur. He was “out” so to speak. It felt like a relief, in a way, and yet at the same time he started to worry that Dale might feel otherwise. Now that the emergency had passed, she might decide that it was creepy that he had been watching her from his house. Had he been able to read her mind, he would have known that those were not her thoughts at all. In fact, she too was thinking about how her world had changed. She was no longer the closet exhibitionist. That secret was out, even if it was known only to one person. But one seemed infinitely greater than zero. She had always known that this day might come…now it had.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: The Rescue - 2**

Dale turned slowly to face Nate. As she did, she struck a relaxed yet provocative pose, feet slightly apart, weight on one leg, the other out to the side with the knee slightly bent, one hand on her waist. She looked into Nate’s eyes. With the adrenalin from the rescue draining from his system, Nate felt his shy self returning. He adverted his eyes to be polite. She noticed, and changed what she had been about to say. Instead, she said, “Nate, look at me.” He looked up, and she continued, “I don’t leave my house nude because I don’t want to be seen. I have for so long wanted to be seen nude. At the same time being seen nude is what I have feared more than anything.” She changed her pose to one like a giant X, legs straight yet apart, arms straight up at angles overhead. In many ways it was like the pose at the end of a gymnastics routine, yet much more wanton due to the angles involved (not to mention the nudity). “Look at me Nate!” Nate didn’t know what to say, but he couldn’t help but follow Dale’s instructions. He took full measure of her tits, her pussy, her tight body, and her lovely smiling face. Dale simply stood and let him get his fill. Finally she again relaxed her arms and said, “I didn’t know all these years that I was living next to my own personal knight in shining armor. I’ll never be able to thank you enough for what you did today. I can’t tell you how exciting this is. My heart is racing a hundred miles an hour. Internally I’m fighting a battle. My instincts say to cover up, but it is so very exciting to not cover up…to be seen.” With that, she came and stood next to him, taking his hand and putting it around her shoulder. Together they stood like that, side-by-side watching the rose colored eastern sky get steadily brighter. Nate glanced over at her, and his eyes were drawn to her tight nipples. It crossed his mind to comment on the effects of the chilly air during the motorcycle ride, but he knew better.

A few minutes later, the bright rays of the sun struck them on the ridge where they stood. Dale remarked, “You don’t know how long I have wanted to still be outside and nude when the sun came up. This is a milestone that I have longed for Nate. It feels so good to be outside in the sunshine. I’ve always wished I could get rid of these tan lines.” Looking at her now, Nate realized that he could tell exactly which skin had been protected from the sun by her bikini. Somehow her pussy and nipples had monopolized his concentration so fully that he had not noticed her very obvious tan lines.

“Why don’t you get rid of them in a tanning bed?” Nate inquired.

Dale smiled and remarked, “Silly. Don’t you get it? The point is not the tan lines. The point is being outside, exposed! The tan lines are simply a constant reminder that I always wear my swimsuit outside.”

“Have you ever tried a nude beach?” asked Nate.

“Yes, once on a trip with my aunt. But it didn’t do much for me. It did help me to learn about myself, however. I decided that the nude beach didn’t do much for me, because nudity was allowed there. Since I’ve bared my body to you Nate, I might as well bare the rest. For me, I guess it must be about taking chances. About being nude where you aren’t supposed to be nude. About being the only one nude.” She continued, “I know it is strange. I used to fight it, but by now I’ve come to accept it as a part of me. A real part of me that only you and my aunt know about. If there is one thing that I have learned today, it is that I can trust you. I suppose that I have been trusting you for years and didn’t know it. Can I continue to trust you Nate?”

“I guess you have to, don’t you,” said Nate. “Without me you are stuck miles from home with only those cute little tennis shoes. What would they say if you walked into town later today dressed as you are now?” Nate was relaxing, and feeling less intimidated by the presence of the nude beauty at his side.

“Nate!” she remarked, punching him teasingly in the arm. “You wouldn’t leave me here, would you?”

Nate considered his reply, “Well, maybe not, but something tells me that you might enjoy considering the possibility. I expect you’ve thought about something similar in the past. What it would be like to walk into town at noon on a Saturday with everything on full display? Don’t tell me this is a new concept for you.”

“Maybe we can talk about that in a few days. I actually might enjoy imaging the possibilities with you then. At the moment, I’d rather not go there. You surely recall that I spent most of the night hiding on a roof dreading just that. I was expecting that my nude introduction to the town was about to happen, but in the back seat of a police cruiser. Yep…we should continue this part of the discussion in a few days.” said Dale.

Dale’s words were music to Nate’s ears. “Continue talking about that in a few days”, sounded so promising. In the back of his mind Nate had been thinking that this day might be an aberration. That he and Dale would return to their past lives, neighbors who never spoke to one another. The idea of a continued relationship with Dale was a sweet idea indeed. All the more so if it included more of her nudity or discussions of her nudity. Nate and Dale engaged in some light hearted conversation, and to Nate’s great amusement Dale pranced around seemingly enjoying the fresh air and her nudity. Nate just watched. Given all her experience in gymnastics and cheerleading, this girl gave real meaning to the word prance. He could tell that she was doing it because she wanted to be observed, and he had no problem playing the role of observer.

Eventually, Nate decided that they needed to come up with their next plan. It was his idea that he should return to town, likely via a different route. There he could gather a few necessities before returning. He would get food, water, and somehow, maybe at the thrift store, pick up some clothes for Dale such that she could ride back down the hill with him. After listening to his plan, Dale stuck out her lower lip making a juvenile pouty face. She told him that the food and water sounded great, but not the clothing portion of the plan. She told him, “You’re not getting rid of me that easily. Get me some clothes and take me home, forget that! I’ve spent years trying to see how long I could be outside without my clothes. In the same way, I have gone to great effort to see just how far I could get from the security of clothes. Thanks to you and your motorcycle, I have now danced naked in the sunshine here on this ridge. And I have set a new distance-from-any-clothes record, miles to be sure. If I have any input on the matter, we should be thinking up options that keep me nude and involve me going further away from my clothes, not closer to them. You don’t mind being around a naked girl around, do you?”

The surprises for Nate just never seemed to cease. And he had thought he was the one indulging in her nudity. Nate had thought of another possibility, but it was not one that he had considered mentioning until now. He decided to go for broke. He began, “Well Dale, there are a few things that you don’t know about me…”

She cut him off there and announced, “Well neighbor, I probably know more about you than you realize. You will recall that we used to ride our motorcycles up on the bench together, for example.” That surprised Nate, for he had remembered that years ago they had both been riding up there at the same time on a few occasions, but never in his wildest fantasies had he imagined that they had been riding “together”. She continued, “…and I know that you play defensive end on the football team and wear…number 79, right?” The last comment floored him. Nate’s jaw dropped. She was right. He was on the football team, but he was a very low profile player, to say the least. In the first place, no one pays any attention to the defensive ends. And in the second place, he was a second string defensive end. He spent most of his time on the bench. Only when they were ahead by 3 or more touchdowns might the coach put him in, and then only in the fourth quarter. He did have a few friends on the team, but he was generally of the opinion that very few at school knew he played football. Yet Dale had known both his position and his jersey number! He was reminded about why he considered Dale’s popularity to be off the scale. She really did pay attention to everyone, and had a true knack for making those around her feel good. Maybe, as a cheerleader, she was required to learn such information, but even if that were true he was relatively sure that Jodie and the other cheerleaders didn’t know his position or number.

After recovering a bit from the surprise, Nate continued, “Well one thing you might not know is that I spend quite a few nights each summer camping. I keep my tent set up. It is about another 5 miles up this very trail, less than a mile from the forest service fire lookout, if you know where that is.” She didn’t. He continued, “Going there would probably triple your current distance-from-clothing record. We could make it a day trip. However, the stars are amazing there, being so far from the lights of town, until the moon comes up anyway. You could experience your second naked sunrise. 24 hours outside without a stitch of clothing. That is a record you must hope to set sooner or later. Your call.” He was watching her carefully, trying to read her face. She was looking away from town, up the hill in the direction he had indicated, processing what he was saying.

He could tell that she was trying to decide. She said, “Oh Nate, I so much want to do that, but I’m thinking of details that I don’t know how to deal with. Like my mother, she’s probably not awake yet, but soon she will be up and wondering where I am, then worrying. And sleeping arrangements. I didn’t get any sleep last night. How big is the tent?”

Nate replied, “You probably need a nap. Well, it is a typical two person pup tent, so there would be room for both of us, but it’s tight for two. I have just the one sleeping bag there, but when I go for supplies, I could bring back another one or a blanket. You could have the sleeping bag. You were outside all night last night, and you didn’t freeze. I promise you that I will be the perfect gentleman should we end up alone in a tent together. You’ll of course be naked, but you’ll be the only one naked.” As Nate was talking, he was walking toward his motorcycle. He took off the cap and looked into the gas tank. Until now he had given no thought to how full or empty it might be. The tank was on the low side. He continued, “I need to fill this up too. Now, getting word to your mom could be tricky, especially if you are staying naked. No pockets must mean no cell phone.”

Dale replied, “Yep, no cell phone, no I.D., no taxi fare, no can of mace. Just little ol’ vulnerable me. Just the way I like it. There isn’t a purse made that would go with this outfit.”, and as she said that she struck a fashion pose.

“Well,” Nate said, “I don’t have my cell phone with me now, but I could get it. You could use it to make any calls you want. There won’t be cell reception up here on the ridge, however. You can ride down toward town with me and then find a spot near town to wait while I go and get supplies, at home and the store.”

Dale replied, “Ok. Deal! You shop, I work on erasing these tan lines.” And with that last comment, she took a finger and started tracing along the lines on her chest.

“Good enough, we’ll go down the other side of the ridge, so I come out on the opposite side of the golf course, far from the clubhouse. I can’t imagine the police are still hanging around the clubhouse, but why risk it. Hop on!” said Nate. And in a moment they were working their way back toward town. Nate kept his eyes peeled for other motorcycles, but he knew that there wasn’t really anywhere to hide. If another motorcycle was on the trail, its rider would see him with his naked passenger. Again, Dale was holding on tight, and he loved the feeling of her body against his. Nate could not remember ever having been this happy. About a half mile from the first house, Nate headed off the trail toward a flat section of ground with a few willow trees. Again he killed the engine and they both climbed off.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: The Rescue - 3**

“It’s a beautiful day Nate,” remarked Dale. “Get a few things for me in town, if you don’t mind.”

“Not at all, but I will be working from memory. Nothing to write on,” said Nate.

“I’m pretty low maintenance, so I don’t need any make-up, but I would like a tooth brush, tooth paste, a hair brush, and maybe a wash cloth. We will have water, right?” said Dale.

“Sure, I’ll try and bring enough water for drinking as well as brushing, etc. How about food and things to drink. Any items to avoid, allergies? Vegetarian?”

“No, I’m good with about anything. I expect you know better than I what kind of foods work well for camping. One night, right?” said Dale.

Nate was still having so much trouble believing this was not a dream. Was he really talking to Dale about the two of them spending the rest of the day and the night together alone? And the entire time she would be naked? He was doing his best to not weird out on her, but it was taking all his mental faculties. He didn’t have much experience talking to girls his age, not pretty ones anyway. And he didn’t have any experience with naked ones. None. Some kissing, some touching through clothes, that was it. Nate replied, “One night, actually I was just thinking about that. One night would mean that tomorrow we have the same dilemma. I’d have to get you some clothes so you could go home during day light. Of course I could pick up something for you today, but then we’d have clothes for you with us, so you wouldn’t really be setting any distance-from-clothes record. So how would one and a half nights sound? In other words, we can go home tomorrow night. You can sneak into your house nude, as usual, through the back door?”

“OK, good thinking. One and a half nights then. At least that can be our tentative plan. We can always change it if you get weird on me, or something,” said Dale, “Now get going. Wait. First come here.” She faced him, taking his hands in her hands. She raised up on her toes, and kissed him on the cheek, and whispered, “Thank you.”

Nate decided he had to say what he was thinking, “I must be dreaming. The prettiest girl in school, naked and agreeing to go camping with me. Please God, don’t let me wake up!”

Dale struck another pose. It was a military type pose, heels together, chest out, arms stiffly at her sides, chin back. And then in the same manner she pointed toward town. Nate had his marching orders. He climbed back on the bike, and headed off. At a turn in the trail, he looked back, but she was not to be seen. Nate headed for home. He had to start there. He couldn’t go shopping. He didn’t even have his wallet. All he had was the clothes on his back and his binoculars. He thought of bringing the binoculars camping, for star gazing, but then decided that he didn’t know how he was going to carry everything as it was. He’d be using his backpack. His story was going to be that he had decided to go camping. His parents would assume he would be camping alone, because that was what he did, so all his arrangements would have to look like a camping trip for one. That wouldn’t be hard to pull off. He chuckled to himself; at least they would not see him packing any girls clothes in with his stuff. He wanted to think about the naked lady waiting for him less than a mile away, but he needed to focus. He wanted to be efficient. He wanted to quickly get what he needed, and get back out of town.

His parent’s looked at him questioningly as he entered the house. He decided to go with the truth, a somewhat limited truth. He said, “Couldn’t sleep, so I hopped on my bike and went up the trail to watch the sunrise. Now I’m going to grab my stuff and head back up to my tent for a few nights. I hope I didn’t wake you as I left. I pushed the bike away from the house before starting it.” He didn’t take the time to note their response, heading straight for the shower. After showering, he opted for a different pair of shorts and a tank. If Dale was going to be comfortable dressed as she was, then he certainly didn’t need heavy clothing. He started packing his back pack. He opted for two warm blankets rather than another sleeping bag. He was glad that he had left so much in his tent. He had pillows there, but he grabbed fresh pillowcases, along with two wash cloths and a towel. His stove was still there, but he had brought his dishes home after his last camping trip. He wished he hadn’t, but they were so much easier to wash at home. He filled two big jugs with water, and put in a roll of TP. Next he raided the kitchen for most of the food they would need. That always worked best. He could bring the exact quantities needed in zip lock bags. He really hoped to impress Dale with his cooking, but he decided not to worry about that. He couldn’t take the time to look up recipes. He had to make what he usually made, what he already knew how to make. Half way through packing, he decided to head off to the store. As he pulled away from his house, he looked at Dale’s house. All was quiet. Maybe her parents were wondering what had happened to their daughter, but there was no evidence of any activity from the street. Nate filled up his tank, and then hit the grocery store. He had no idea what kind of tooth brush, tooth paste, and hair brush to get Dale, but he did his best. He grabbed a few more things, some sunblock for Dale. He intended to be giving that to her within the hour. His mind flashed back to the light colored skin of her pussy, butt and tits; wouldn’t want to see those areas bright red and peeling. Some orange juice, makings for s’mores, some fresh fruit and he was in line to check out.

He saw a couple of high school students working in the store. He thought about how they’d never believe him if he told them he had spent the morning with Dale, and that she had been naked the entire time. But it didn’t matter. The best secrets were worth keeping. This was a secret he knew he would be keeping. Next he went back home to finalize his packing. He mentally reviewed everything he needed to make sure he hadn’t forgotten anything. The last thing he grabbed was his cell phone. Fortunately he had remembered to put it on the charger right after his shower. His parents were eyeing him funny as he said good bye, and slung the pack onto his back. He was sure they were noticing a determination in him that differed from his usual self, but it was what it was. No point in thinking about that when you have a naked girl waiting for you.

He fired up the motorcycle and headed off. The pack was heavy. He wished he had some saddle bags for his bike, but he didn’t. He had thought about a second smaller pack for Dale to wear, but that surely would have had his parents asking questions. In a matter of minutes, he was back to where he had left Dale. He couldn’t see her as he shut off the motor. He took off the back pack as he searched for her with his eyes. He checked his phone and was pleased to note that he had reception. He took a deep breath. He hadn’t relaxed in all the time that that had taken. Even though he had hurried, he expected that he had been gone two hours. He grabbed a small bag that he had in the top of his back pack and headed into the trees in the direction he had guessed that Dale might have headed. He was thinking that she might have felt too exposed, and had therefore headed into the trees. He considered the irony of that theory. She was clearly “into” exposure. He called her name a few times, but heard no response. And then he saw her, sound asleep on the ground. She looked so uncomfortable.

Nate sat down next to her, and started talking to her. She was sound asleep. Finally he started shaking her shoulder to wake her. She gave him an odd look, as if she didn’t know where she was, but then sat up, giving him a hug in the process. Nate thought to himself, I could get used to this. She stretched. Yep, he thought, I could really get used to this. He knew she must be thirsty and starving. He started offering her the things from the bag: juice, water, fruit, granola bars. She downed the orange juice, and then peeled a banana. They both sat there not talking while both of them had their first food of the day. Nate had been so focused that he hadn’t eaten anything yet either.

Nate remembered the sunblock, and pulled it out of his pocket. Dale looked relieved when she saw it. She took it from him, and then looked at him. He could tell that she was wondering if she should have him apply it. He was glad that she went ahead and did the honors herself. Looking at her nakedness was one thing, but touching her private areas was something that Nate didn’t think he could handle. He wanted to, but…well, everything was moving too fast as it was. Nate took the sunblock back from her and squeezed some out onto his hand. Dale looked relieved when he started rubbing it onto his own neck and shoulders.

At that point Nate offered her his cell phone. She looked at it, giving it some thought. She took it, “I’ve been trying to decide what to say. I’m not very good at lying. But it has to be done. I hope she buys my story.”

Nate told her about what he had said to his parents, about not being able to sleep, etc. And how they had looked at him funny as he left. They both laughed about that. “If they only knew,” she said.

She dialed and then held the phone to her ear. She whispered to him, “I’m calling the house phone. They won’t know what number I’m calling from.” Then someone answered. “Hi dad. Yes, I know. I’m sorry. She did? Dad, I’m sorry. I couldn’t sleep, so I headed out for a walk. Dad, I said I was sorry. Ok, let me talk to her.” Then her mother got on the phone and the apologizing started all over. Nate was amazed by what her mother was putting her through. “Yes mom. Yes, I forgot my phone. Yes, I forgot my purse. Mom, I already told you that. I headed out so early that I didn’t take anything with me.” She gave Nate the biggest smile as she said that, extending her legs and her free arm as proof that she wasn’t lying. Nate got the best pussy view of his life with that gesture! “Mom, I’ve already showered. I’m across town, everything is fine. I’m with the girls mom. We’ve been making plans. The girls mom. Yes, you know them, they’re all on the team. What? The gymnastics team, mom. I’m sorry. Mom I’m staying here. We’ve got plans. All weekend mom. Yes, I’m fine, but I’m spending the night, probably the weekend. Whose house? We haven’t decided mom. Don’t worry.” And it continued for some minutes. Finally she was able to get off the phone.

“Wow, that was some call,” remarked Nate. “I can tell they care about you. Do you think they were convinced?”

“I don’t know what they think, but they trust me. I am their straight A student, after all. That was tough, but I did it. We are free! It sure was hard to give them no names. The last thing I wanted to happen was for my mother to run into someone that I said I was staying with, etc. Such a lie could get ugly. I’m free to go camping, for one and a half nights. Who goes camping for one and a half nights? That sounds strange, right?”

“Yep, but I’m starting to like strange. Strange with you is fun. Let’s get up this hill. It is time for Dale to set a new Distance-From-Her-Clothes record. In round numbers you are about to spend the next 36 hours about 10 miles from your clothing. See what I’m wearing. These are my clothes. Beg as much as you like, but they are staying on me. You are entirely naked, I can see everything. Anyone who chances by is going to see everything. You are completely naked and that is how it is going to stay. There is no backing out.” Nate had been thinking about how Dale wanted to be treated. Indeed, she had been schooling him on what she liked and why. He knew that if he played his cards right, he might be spending a lot of time in the presence of this naked beauty. He intended to give that his best shot.

Dale looked at him with an excited, yet slightly frightened look. Truth be told, she was realizing that it might be more fun to be forced to be naked than it had been to streak around alone completely voluntarily. Together they walked back to the motorcycle. Nate had given this part of the ride some thought as well. He knew that the pack was too heavy for Dale, and he knew there wasn’t really room for her on the seat behind him if he were wearing the pack. He turned to Dale and told her in no uncertain terms, “You’re driving. No hiding behind me. I want those tits up front and breaking the wind. If someone else is out here today, they are going to get a full on titty show.” With that, Nate swung the back pack into position. “Climb on and fire it up. I know you know your way around these things.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: The Rescue - 4**

Dale was suddenly more excited than she remembered ever having been. She felt a tickle inside her pelvis. She threw a leg over the bike and was getting a feel for the grips, when she looked down and noticed a tiny wet spot on the vinyl seat, a small slippery spot. She was glad Nate was behind her, and hoped she had enough kick to get the motor going. If not…if she had to climb off to let him do it, it was going to be pretty embarrassing. “OK, big boy, give me a quick refresher. Where is neutral?” Nate helped her with all the settings. When she was ready, she gave it all she had and the motor sprung to life. Nate was awestruck. He should have known that this powerful little gymnast could kick-start a bike. He wasn’t sure he had ever seen anything more erotic in his life. He’d never thought how kick-starting a bike was a gymnastics maneuver, but when Dale did it, it was all form and function.

Nate was not sure she was ready to have him climb on, however. “Why don’t you go for a quick ride and get the feel of that clutch before I climb on,” he said. She gave that a thought and then leaning into it, sped off, only over revving the engine a little. She turned and then did another start to head back toward Nate. Nate was glad he had suggested this, for practical reasons, but for other reasons as well. He got the ‘full on titty show’ that he had mentioned someone else possibly getting. For the umpteenth time that day he thanked his lucky stars as she turned the bike around to again point it up the trail.

Nate climbed on behind, and tried to get comfortable. “You know I’m going to have to hold on, right? This pack is full.”

“Yep, but whatever you do, don’t touch the titties. As I understand it, they are supposed to be on display, breaking the wind, right?” said Dale over her shoulder.

“You got that right. I’ll point out the turns to you as we come to them.” And with that she eased out the clutch and they were off. The first bit was unsteady, but as they got up to speed, things evened out. At first, Nate had tried to hold just the sides of her ribcage in his hands, but the heavy pack seemed to have a mind of its own. He found he had to wrap his arms fully around her to feel like he wasn’t at risk of falling off. Given their relative heights, staying away from the aforementioned titties was not easy. He was feeling their soft undersides resting against his arms, and there was little he could do about it. He could even feel his arms lifting them up on the bumps. Not that he minded. He just hoped she understood. A few times, he had removed his right arm to indicate which direction to take, replacing it carefully, sliding it up from below.

Once they stopped where he indicated, he again noticed how tight and pointy her nipples were, probably due to the cool breeze. While he was considering a comment about that, she beat him to the punch. She thrust out her chest, cupping her tits from below and aiming her nipples at his face. “These pointy puppies were breaking the wind as instructed, but you sir. You were coming awfully close to breaking the, don’t touch the titties rule.” She smiled a teasing smile. “Getting tired of looking at them yet?” she continued, still holding them up and out.

“You’re kidding, right?” was all he could think of to say.

“Where to now,” she asked, looking around.

Nate pointed out the tent off to the right. She hadn’t seen it as the faded green color blended in so well. I always push my bike from here, to keep from making another trail. Let’s walk over there. I’ll come back for the bike once I have this pack off my back. Nate walked, but Dale seemed to skip the last 100 yards. She looked around smiling. The weather was perfect, and the view from the tent was amazing. Nate busied himself with opening up the tent and removing the supplies that he kept inside when he was gone. He showed her the shovel and the TP and pointed out the woods further to the right. He was glad she had said she was low maintenance. The conditions were definitely rustic.

“Dale, you were so sound asleep when I woke you up earlier. I think you need more of a nap. How about it? Want to have an early lunch, and then take a rest?” said Nate. She agreed, and Nate spread out a blanket for a picnic. He then put together a few whole wheat sandwiches to go with the chips and carrots that he had put on a couple of paper plates. It was a simple lunch, but Dale seemed to like it.

They both relaxed and ate, enjoying the view. Dale commented on how nice the hills were, and how she ought to get out of town more often. Nate reminded her that not only was she out of town, but she was 10 miles from any of her clothes. “Walking the golf course at night was child’s play next to what we have here; bright sunshine and some serious distance. Even if you wanted to get dressed, you wouldn’t be able to. At this rate, those tan lines will soon be just a memory. It has now been about ten hours since you last had on a stitch of clothing. And the entire time you have been outside. Ten hours naked, ten hours and climbing!” He could tell that these words were music to her ears. “So tell me, does ten hours set a record?”

“Yep, I was already in record territory when you found me on the roof. Nate, do you think I’m kooky? Do you think I’m a slut?”

“Nope, none of the above. I think you are fun. Together we are going to have a lot of fun. We can test your boundaries. I mean, I am going to test your boundaries. Before today, you were stuck pushing your own boundaries. Not anymore. Now I’m in the picture. All day, you’ve been telling me about yourself. I’ve been listening. Let me see. You like to be naked where people aren’t supposed to be naked. You like being the only one naked. You like taking chances, and feeling vulnerable. You like being far from your clothes and nude for long periods of time. And you want to be seen and you enjoy being looked at. Well, I’m here, and I’m going to make it all happen. We are both going to have a lot of fun! Did I miss something that should be on the list?” Nate felt that if he didn’t go for broke, it would all slip away. Dale was still way out of his league. To be near her, he needed an Ace up his sleeve. His instincts told him that this was it. He had to deliver the excitement that she had been looking for, but maybe not quite finding, on all those late night walks.

Again, Dale was wide eyed, listening intently. “Nate, you are scaring me. I do like those things. But I go to high school. I’m a good student. I’m on the gymnastics team, and I’m a cheerleader. I can’t risk all that. I want to be naked and be seen, but I can’t be. If people find out, then my life will be ruined. What you’re talking about is out of the question.”

“No Dale, it is not. We’ve done these things today, and your life back in town is intact. You are still Dale, student, cheerleader, etc. I know you can’t lead a pep rally in the buff. I think we both might enjoy it, but we both know it can’t happen. But I do think you can have your cake and eat it too. Remember, I said ‘push boundaries.’ I did not say ‘cross boundaries.’ You are going to be challenged, but you want to be challenged. You are learning that you can trust me. We also both know that there are probably very few people that we can trust with this secret, probably no one at school. We’ll have to be careful, but those tits and that pussy are going to be displayed and seen.”

“Nate you’re still scaring me, but I have never been so excited. I think scary is exciting. I’m up for giving it a try. As long as I can have some input, or chicken out if the stakes seem too high. Now I think I need that nap; although, I’m not sure I will be able to sleep after this.” In five minutes, Dale was sound asleep on top of the unzipped sleeping bag in Nate’s tent. Nate was tired too. He sat there for a few minutes marveling at the pussy just a few feet away. It had been visible all day, but only now did he have a chance to really study it in detail. It was a thing of beauty. So perfectly shaved that he could see no evidence that it ever needed shaving. The skin was an even light color matching the rest of the skin that her bikini had protected from the sun. Fortunately it didn’t seem to be getting sunburned. Rather than looking like just one crack, it essentially looked like two. Two cracks started at her lower abdomen and extended down between her legs. He knew that the strip of skin showing in the center was a hint of the inner pussy parts, largely but not completely concealed by the outer pussy lips, or weren’t they called labia. He had trouble tearing himself away. He thought he could stare at Dale’s pussy for hours. Or he could fall asleep next to her. He had gotten more sleep than Dale, but not a full night’s sleep. However, he needed this time to put the next phase into motion. He left the fly of the tent wide open and headed up the trail toward the fire lookout. It was almost a mile away. He walked to keep from waking Dale with his bike. He was wondering who was on duty.

Nate visited the fire lookout regularly when he camped here. Initially he had come to ask about having a camp fire, which would be the pretext for today’s visit. Generally permission was granted, as long as strict protocol was followed. He knew that they had to always be notified. Their job was early detection, so even the smallest column of smoke would sound the alarm. Nate got to the tower and began the long climb up the stairs. The tower was on tall stilts to be above all the surrounding trees. When Nate got to the top, he saw that it was Mike on duty. Mike had been expecting him.

“Yep, I thought you’d be up sooner or later Nate. Unless of course that little hottie kept you too occupied,” said Mike. “Yep, the fringe benefits of this job are few and far between, but watching that girl riding her motorcycle topless today was sure one of them. Thank god for high powered telescopes and cameras!”

“You got a picture?” asked Nate.

“Hell yes, several great ones in fact! I’ll bet you want to see.” Mike went to his computer and pulled up a photo. It was obviously a distant shot, but quite good considering. Nate could see why Mike had said “topless”. Given the seated position and the handle bars, it was not obvious that Dale was bottomless too. Nate decided to tell him.

“Mike, she’s not topless. She’s completely naked. All the clothing that she is wearing today is below her ankles. And what is more, she has the hair on her head, but that is it. Her pussy is every bit as bald as the titties in that picture.” Mike listened with his mouth hanging open. “I’m thinking of bringing her here to meet you this afternoon. That is, if you promise me that you can behave yourself around a nude hottie, to use your word. Follow a few basic rules.”

“Wow, name your terms my friend,” said Mike. “I’d do about anything to see her in person.”

“She’s a bit of an exhibitionist, but she’s new to it. She wants to be seen, but she will probably be a bit scared or nervous,” explained Nate. Together they talked through the rest of the details, and Nate headed back. He wanted to be there when Dale woke up, and he wanted to gather some wood on the way back to camp. As it worked out, Dale was still asleep. So after pushing the bike over, he lay down on the blanket outside the tent and fell asleep.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: The Rescue - 5**

Nate didn’t know how long he slept, but when he awoke, Dale was up and stretching. It was amazing how limber she was. Every joint bent well past what seemed humanly possible. When she did a backbend, her arms and legs were nearly straight. Her hands and feet were surprisingly close together on the ground. Nude stretching was something he knew he’d never tire of watching. Once she noticed that he was awake, she came over and sat down. She made a little small talk with him, and then asked about her toiletries requests. He got them out for her and she proceeded to freshen up. Although it was, in theory, a bath, there seemed little reason for her to seek any privacy to conduct it. So she got the wash cloth wet and using it and a little soap, she went about her business. Nate watched. It was so warm that no towel was needed for drying. As she finished, Nate reminded her to renew the sunblock, and he suggested that she apply it more thoroughly…not just to the bikini spots. If they were going to be outside for two days, then she could easily burn her shoulders, neck, face, etc.

When she was done, Nate suggested a walk. Together they headed up the hill through the grove of trees on the slope above the tent. Dale seemed as if she didn’t recall that there was a fire lookout here, and Nate didn’t bring it up again. Suddenly they came out of the trees and it loomed above them. Dale looked up and asked, “Do you think anyone is up there?”

“Dale, it’s summer, fire season. Yes, it is manned,” replied Nate. “Let’s go up and say hello.”

Dale went behind the closest tree. “Nate, I can’t do that. In case you haven’t noticed, I’m nude.”

“In case I haven’t noticed? Dale, we both love that you are nude. He will too. His name’s Mike, and he’s expecting us. I came and talked to him while you were asleep.”

“You did what?” said Dale.

“There is nothing to worry about. He is a little older. He’ll enjoy it, we’ll all enjoy it,” said Nate.

“What if he recognizes me? Everyone in town knows me. What if he tells people?”

“Dale, that isn’t going to happen. He lives far from here. He promised to never mention this, and to be doubly safe, I told him that your name is Carol and that you are visiting from out of state, from California.”

“Carol? Why Carol? No one our age is named Carol.”

“Says the girl named Dale! Now come on, let’s go up,” insisted Nate. “I know, I’m going to go on ahead. I think it will be more fun for you if you come up alone. See that big porch that runs around the entire building. We’ll be on that porch watching you the whole way up. See there is Mike now.”

“Boy are you in deep do-do Mister!” said Dale.

“Why? I told you earlier that there was a fire lookout. I also told you that you were going to be seen. You know that’s the plan. Now give it a little thought, and head up when you are ready,” said Nate. With that, he left her there, waved to Mike and started climbing.

When he got to the top, he and Mike looked down to where she stood. Nate thought she’d be up, but Mike wasn’t so sure. She seemed to be pacing around down below. Finally, she took a deep breath of courage and started to climb the many stairs. Nate had wondered if she might use her hands and arms to cover up a bit near the top. She hadn’t covered up with him, but by that time, she knew he had seen it all, and had decided that he could be trusted. Meeting a stranger might be altogether different. He realized that this was a first for her. But she came right on up, arms at her sides, all the pretty little lady bits on full display. When she got to the porch, no one seemed to know what to say. Mike broke the ice, “Well hello Carol, welcome to my world. It’s normally very lonely up here. It’s so nice to have company. Thanks for coming!”

Dale relaxed. This was going to be OK after all. Dale marveled at the view. Up above the trees she could see 50 or more miles in every direction. Mike marveled at the view. He could see every little detail of her tight little body. They both had so much to look at. Nate, who had already seen both views, watched “Carol” walk around looking at the view, and he watched Mike look at “Carol” who was pretending to be oblivious to how she was captivating his full attention. Everyone was on cloud nine. After plenty of time to enjoy the view and the fresh air on the porch, Mike invited them inside for a full tour. Given that it was a one room glass house, the tour didn’t take long. Mike made some lemonade and served that along with some store bought cookies. While they were enjoying the refreshments, they tried out the telescope. They could see the golf course, being so green it stood out against the rest of the mountain desert landscape. The town itself was largely hidden in the valley. Nate noted that he could see people on the golf course, but he decided that they were too small for Dale to be able to give Mike much of a show from that distance. Dale’s mind was working too, and she asked where their camp was. She was somewhat relieved to be assured that it was completely hidden by the trees from the lookout.

Nate decided that Dale was getting too comfortable, so he decided that it was time to again explore those boundaries. He asked Mike, “Mike, have you noticed how fit and toned Carol is? Carol, stand up and give Mike a good look. I’m wondering if he might be able to guess what kind of athletic activities you engage in, if he takes his time. No quick guesses now Mike. Carol, on your feet please.” As instructed, Dale slowly stood up, walked to the middle of the room and turned to face the guys. “Ok, now show us all sides. Maybe Mike can get this if he takes his time to study your body in detail.” Dale was following instructions to the T. She was enjoying the spotlight, but she was glad Nate was calling the shots. Left to her own devices, she would not be doing this.

Mike had figured out what was going on. Even though he had a guess or two, he was going to milk this display of feminine beauty for all it was worth. “Maybe if you raised up on your toes Carol, that might help me see the muscularity of your legs,” he said. She complied. “Now raise your hands above your head and give us a full stretch. There are some good clues in all this. I intend to see how close I can come to guessing your sport, but I need more data.” Nate was loving the extent to which Mike had read his mind. Mike continued, now bend over and touch your toes, as far down as you can go keeping your legs straight. I need to get a feel for your flexibility.” Dale again did as instructed, she could do this! She grabbed the back of her legs just above her heels and pulled her face against her shins. It felt great to stretch. “Hmm, that’s interesting,” said Mike. “Now stand up and turn sideways. Again stretch your arms up as high in the air as you can.” Dale again did as she was told. She was enjoying her nudity, as well as being the center of attention. “Ok Carol, now again show me the toe touch bend, and really stretch this time.” Make waited 5 seconds, and then continued, “Ok, now turn and face away from us.” Suddenly Dale figured out where this was going and her face flushed a bright red. Mike and Nate exchanged knowing glances.

Mike continued with his instructions, “Ok, again the toe raise. I really need to see those glute muscles in detail. Ok holding that position, raise your arms and reach for the sky. Great hold, hold.” Dale knew what was next. She was glad they couldn’t see her face. She had decided to just go with the flow and follow instructions. She knew that given how flexible she was, they were going to see everything. The neighbor boy and this man she had just met were about to see about as much as her gynecologist had seen. She wondered how much her flower petals would open up. Then the instruction came, “Ok Carol, now bend, stretch, and hold. You are trying to go lower each time here.” Before bending Dale carefully moved her feet a few inches apart, hoping they wouldn’t notice. Nate and Mike watched, scarcely able to breathe. Keeping her legs and torso straight, Dale began to bend at the hips. She had decided to draw this part out, so she lowered her head slowly, bringing he face against her shins. She held that position, and then grabbed her heels. Pulling as hard as she could, she tried to force her belly to pass between her thighs. She knew everything was on display and she was very glad that she had shaved carefully during her last shower, front to back. She simply held the position, waiting for the next instruction. Not hearing anything, she moved her head slightly to the side to take a glance. Just as she thought, the two guys looked completely hypnotized, staring unflinchingly at her pussy. Her own level of excitement jumped. She knew she was at least partially open, and she knew she might be visibly moist. She wanted to sneak a hand up to find out just how moist she was, but she didn’t dare. If she hadn’t realized it before, she now knew she was hooked. For her exhibitionism was an addiction.

Nate knew that someone had to say something eventually, and Mike seemed to have passed the baton. He decided on one further position. He said, “Ok Dale, stand back up and relax for a second, but don’t turn around. Take a deep breath. Now move your feet apart. Way apart, say four feet.” Dale again knew what was coming, but she was wrong. “Now I want to see side bends to each side. Stretch… as far as you can go.” Dale did as she was told. “Now Carol, again, bend forward and touch your toes.” That was what she had been expecting. Again, keeping her torso straight, she bent slowly, reaching to the sides for her toes. Half way down she realized that this position was going to be showing the titties too. They weren’t going to be behind her legs anymore.

At first Dale looked straight down at the floor, just inches away. Then she rotated her head to look straight at the guys. She gave them a big smile, which served to break the tension. She asked, “Ok Mike, ready to guess?”

Mike decided to go with honesty, and said, “I’m worried that if I guess, the data collection phase will come to an end.” Everyone laughed and Dale stood back up, turning around. Mike said, “Hey wait, what’s going on? That wasn’t a guess.”

“Don’t worry Mike. We can have Carol do a few more things to help you narrow this down. She has such strong legs. Maybe you are thinking that she plays volleyball or basketball. Carol, show us how high you can jump. Why don’t you do four jumps for us in rapid succession, high as you can go,” said Nate. Carol’s jaw dropped. She did a lot of jumping around in cheer, but always with a bra on. Being an athlete, she considered herself a quality over quantity girl in the chest department. However, she probably had the biggest tits on the gymnastics team, but given that it was the gymnastics team, that wasn’t really saying much. She decided to proceed with the display, but she knew that her tits were going to be all over the place. To her they felt like they were, but to the guys watching, they looked to stay more or less in place, high and tight. Both Mike and Nate were grinning ear to ear at the end of the jumping display. Nate continued, “One more jump for us Carol. Again, as high as you can go, but this time do the splits and try and touch your toes out to the sides.” Nate knew she was great at this move. It was one of her signature cheer moves. Some of the other cheerleaders tried to do it, but no one else got the height, width and air-time that Dale was able to achieve. Both guys were wishing this demonstration was being recorded for later slow motion analysis.

“Ok,” said Dale, “It must now be time for Mike to make his guess?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: The Rescue - 6**

“Not quite yet,” announced Nate, “I’m thinking of one more movement that Mike might find very helpful. Go all the way over to those windows Carol, face us, and then do walkovers coming toward us. Nice and slow. I mean, the style of walkover where one foot is ahead and the other behind. You should be able to do at least 3 or 4 before you run out of room.” Dale knew that Nate had picked this trick as a giveaway. Only a gymnast would be able to do this. But she knew that helping Mike guess was beside the point. This was the finale, the pussy show finale. She would be doing the splits, creating a series of exceptional pussy viewing moments. Actually she didn’t mind at all. Compared to the bend and hold pussy displaying of earlier, she thought that what she was about to do would add grace and beauty to the show. She knew her pussy was going to be the star attraction, but she was glad Nate had included the walkovers. She loved gymnastics, and the walkovers would allow her to show off her talent, not just her skin. Fortunately the prior stretching had warmed her up, and she was able to execute 5 perfect walkovers in the short space available. They had felt elegantly executed to her, and Nate was impressed by how little she had to travel to complete each walkover.

Once he finally snapped out of his daze, Mike announced, “I’m ready to enter my guess!”

“Ok Mike, go ahead. Whenever you are ready,” said Nate.

“I believe that Carol is a gymnast. And not just any gymnast, but a very talented hard-working one at that. If she is not nationally ranked, then I expect that one day she will be,” announced Mike.

“Gee thanks Mike,” said Dale.

“We have a winner!” announced Nate.

“What, pray tell, have I won?” asked Mike.

“The award ceremony is at hand. Carol, please bestow the prize upon our most deserving winner,” said Nate.

The spotlight was again on Dale, only this time no one was telling her what exactly to do. Not having any pockets, from which to extract a physical prize, Dale knew that she was going to have to give of herself. With a big smile on her face, she walked up to Mike announcing, “Time for your victory kiss!” She hoped she was making Nate jealous. Nate had saved her from getting caught by the police, and his kiss had been on the cheek. Mike’s kiss was on the lips, and by the look on his face, she could tell that he couldn’t have been happier. While their bodies were touching, she became conscious of something poking her stomach. She looked over and was pleased to notice that Nate too was sporting something similar in his shorts. While she had little doubt that the show she had just put on in that small glass house might have been one of the most erotic sights either guy had ever seen, she was tickled to have confirmation.

“Well Mike, we should probably let you get back to your important duties. We wouldn’t want Carol’s nudity to somehow lead to a forest fire getting out of control.” With Nate’s comment, they all went out on the porch and scanned the horizon.

“It looks as if the forest is still safe Nate,” said Mike, “How long are you two spending out here?”

“One, maybe two nights,” said Nate. He thought about saying one and a half nights, but figured it might lead to a lengthy conversation. He was ready to have Dale all to himself. They said their good byes, and he and Dale started to make their way down the stairs.

A few flights down, Mike called down, “Nate, can I have a word with you?”

“Sure,” said Nate, “Dale, I’ll catch up with you in a minute.” Nate went back up to see what Mike had to tell him.

“Nate, I wanted to tell you something quickly,” said Mike, “Tomorrow is shift change day. Mitchell will be here at 10:00am. You know him. He might enjoy meeting Carol. I usually leave right away, but I could hang around a bit if you think she might like a slightly larger audience. What do you think?”

“Great idea,” said Nate, “When should we shoot for, say 10:30?”

“That would be perfect. Are you going to tell her, or let it be a surprise?” asked Mike.

“I think that she likes surprises. If she asks, I’ll tell her that you were reminding me about camp fire safety up here just now. You’ll tell Mitchell my terms right? Look, but don’t touch, etc. See you tomorrow.” And with that Nate headed down the stairs.

Dale was waiting at the bottom, very suspiciously she asked, “What was that all about?”

“Oh, Mike just reminded me about all the preparations I have to take to be allowed to have a campfire.” She seemed to be trying to decide if he was fibbing or not.

Just then, Mike called down to them, “Thanks for visiting. Nate don’t forget to fill up one of those buckets with water and take it with you. Remember, out cold before you go to sleep. And just so that Carol knows as well, this isn’t potable water. Have a great evening!” And with that, he disappeared inside.

Nate filled a bucket three quarters full and he and Dale headed down through the trees to their camp. Nate kept stealing glances at Dale. He saw that she was smiling, hopefully she was feeling happy. As a way of finding out what was in her head, he said, “Thanks for trusting me and climbing up those stairs earlier.”

She looked over at him. “That was fun Nate. I sure was exposed, wasn’t I? You two sure know how to get a girl to jump through hoops, so to speak. You sure were right about one thing. At least it is something I think you might have said, about boundaries. You can push me in ways I would never push myself. Do you think I would ever go into a fire lookout on my own and meet a stranger while nude? Do you think I would ever bend over so wantonly in front of a stranger? Do you think I would ever jump up and down like that, making my tits flop around for an audience? In a weird way it was a lot of fun, but like I said, I wouldn’t do it on my own. I didn’t know what was coming next. It’s kind of fun to not know what is coming next.”

“I had fun too Dale, so did Mike. But there won’t be any more surprises today. You’ve had a big day though, I think. From here on out, we’ll take it a bit easier. We’ll have dinner; we’ll have a campfire; we’ll do a little star gazing. But you will be doing it all naked, and your clothes are ten miles away. The adventure continues even if there are no more strangers to do naked walkovers for.” Secretly he was hoping to have a little quality time with Dale with the emphasis off of her nudity. For this relationship to really work, she needed to learn that there was more to him. Hopefully she would like the rest. Being the scout for her exhibitionist fantasies seemed to be working to get his foot in the door, but he was hoping for a more multifaceted relationship.

After they got back to camp, Nate decided that it was late enough to work on making a fire. Earlier in the summer when he was setting up camp, he had cut a section of log so that he would have something to sit on. He was glad he had cut it long. It was probably long enough for 4 or so. It was going to be perfect for the two of them to sit on at the fire. Nate folded the blanket they had picnicked on lengthwise, and draped it over the log. He didn’t mind siting on the bare log, but it wasn’t his fanny that he was trying to make comfortable. Dale sat down and watched him as he went about making the fire. He had a fire circle that he had used quite a few times composed of larger rocks that he had gathered. They had a relaxing time talking to one another about all manner of things that teenagers talk about. Somehow Dale’s nudity didn’t come up. They talked about their parents, camping, their town, and in general got a little acquainted. Nate was surprised at all that he had not known about Dale. He had mostly known of her as a popular girl, who was a cheerleader and a very good gymnast. Besides that, he hadn’t really known much about her, and he told her so. He didn’t know what kinds of music and movies that she liked. He didn’t know that she had an aunt in town. He hadn’t know what kinds of restaurants and foods she enjoyed. He hadn’t known where she had been on vacations, etc. He hadn’t known why her parents had named her Dale. They both had a good time learning about one another.

Regarding the origin of her name, Dale explained, “My parents named me for Flash Gordon’s girlfriend, Dale Arden. It’s pretty funny really, to be named after a cartoon character. Dale was played by a beautiful actress named Jean Rogers. Flash Gordon was played by Buster Crabbe, who had been an Olympic swimmer. Well to make a long story short, they were in these black and white Flash Gordon serials in the 1930’s. No one our age knows about them because they were way before our time. Way before my parents time as well. Most people think I have a boy’s name. I’ve grown to like my name. What do you think of Dale as a girl’s name?”

“I like it,” said Nate. I have always thought that it suited you. It stands out as different. If it was before your parent’s time as well, how did they even know about it? Why did they pick it for your name?”

“That’s a funny story too. The college where they met would play older movies in an auditorium on Saturday nights. They ran the Flash Gordon serials, which are short little films, before each full length movie, so a lot of people on campus were watching them and following the plot line on a weekly basis. My dad thought Dale was very pretty, and he and mom liked the idea of a unique name, so there you have it. She was very pretty in a 1930’s sort of way. I’ll tell you something, if you guard it with the rest of my secrets that you won’t ever be telling anyone. I actually think I am prettier, but that might be mostly because I think her 1930’s hair style, the curls, looks a bit odd. I guess it just looks outdated,” said Dale.

Nate also thought that Dale looked prettier than the Dale in the Flash Gordon serials. He had looked up the name and seen pictures of her on the Internet. He decided to not mention that. He thought it might make him seem like a stalker. He was concerned that she probably already thought of him as a stalker for spying on her nocturnal excursions.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: The Rescue - 7**

Nate had decided on the easiest and most typical camp meal for that evening: hot dogs. Dale seemed delighted with the idea of roasting hot dogs over the fire. She said that their family did not have cookouts, so it was something she had done very little. Nate was glad to hear that as it might mean that she would also enjoy the S’mores when it was time for dessert. The hot dogs along with some pasta salad from the deli section formed the basis of the meal. Nate was surprised that Dale placed her plate on the log, straddling the log facing him. It looked to be working well, so he did the same. He tried to act nonchalant about it, but was amazed to be having dinner under such circumstances. Not only was this the hottest cheerleader at the high school, not only were they enjoying a cookout together, not only was she naked, but she was sitting facing him with her knees over two feet apart. He knew that she didn’t mind if he stared, but he wanted to at least hold up his end of the conversation. At that point, Dale brought up the demonstration in the lookout tower, “Nate, I was glad you picked the front walkovers for me to do today.”

“Oh really, why was that,” inquired Nate.

“Well, the ‘guess her sport’ game was a novel idea, but I have to admit that I was glad I was facing away when I figured out where the “touch your toes” series was headed. I’m sure my face went bright red. I don’t know exactly what that pose might look like naked, from behind, but I have a pretty good idea,” said Dale.

“I’m sorry about that. It seemed a bit much to me, but you’ll recall that it was all Mike. I had you stand up and turn to show all sides, but that was when Mike stepped in. You told me that you wanted to be able to chicken out if the stakes got too high. I’m good with that, by the way, but when you followed his instructions, I figured it was OK with you. If it hadn’t been Ok with you, I was set to get you out of there. But you seemed OK, so I followed on with similar,” said Nate.

“No, I was fine with it, but ‘push the boundaries’ it did. You probably did notice, but before I bent over, I cheated my feet a bit further apart. I guess I was thinking that if I’m doing the full monty, then I might as well give it a 110% effort. Part of the reason that I am successful in school, cheer, gymnastics is that I tend to give things my all.”

“I did see you your feet drift apart. That was what gave me the idea for the next position. I figured, if a little was good, a lot was better. But a moment ago you said something about being glad that I had you do the walkovers. I’m still curious about that,” said Nate.

“Oh, right. Well, first off, I like walkovers and think I’m pretty good at them. I know that you probably picked that move because it too would leave nothing to the imagination. I was happy to do them because unlike the other things you two had me do, it brought an element of grace in to my little routine. To me it seemed to be showing more of the real me, not just my body,” said Dale.

“I’d like to claim that was intentional, but truthfully, I can’t. Frankly I didn’t have a lot of time to think,” said Nate. “I mean, 24 hours ago it had never crossed my mind that I ought to think up erotic tricks to have a pretty naked girl perform for an audience. I might have a vivid imagination, but today far surpasses anything I ever imagined. I did think of splits, because a lady’s legs would be wide apart during splits, but unfortunately the ground would be hiding all the good views,” said Nate.

“Oh, you are so wrong my friend,” interjected Dale. “There are many types of splits. For example, I could do the type of splits you are thinking of, straddle splits. But then I could lean back onto my elbows. Everything that you are thinking was hidden would come into full view. Or, let me move my plate out of my way here. If I place my palms together here in front of me, and pretend this log is a balance beam, I can do what it called a Press Handstand. I suppose the real show is going to be behind me, so you’ll miss most of it sitting there. First, I lift my legs up, straight, pointed toes. Next I rock forward into what is called the Straddle Lever Support position. You’ll notice that at this point I’m doing a handstand. The next part involves a great deal of strength and flexibility. Keeping my hips joints locked in this position, I raise my back up, pivoting at the shoulders. Once my back is vertical, legs still low, I begin the second part. I trace giant arcs with my feet. You can’t see from where you are sitting, but I’m spread open as wide as possible during this entire maneuver. I can stop here, with my legs straight out to the sides. Now the ceiling is getting the view you were describing the floor as having. Due to modesty, many girls can’t bring themselves to do this even with their leotard on. From here, I can complete the trick by bringing the legs on up to a legs together position.” Dale reversed the movement, and was once again sitting across from him on the log. Nate was awestruck. The power, balance and control Dale had just demonstrated left him speechless. “I do that on the balance beam, but I can also do it on the floor.” She didn’t realize it, but Nate was making mental notes.

“I’ve seen such moves before, but I’ve never known the names for them,” said Nate. “I was doing well to come up with the ‘walkover’ term today. So that is called ‘straddle lever support’ and then ‘press handstand, right.’”

“Yes,” said Dale. “Where have you seen these tricks before?” she inquired.

“At the gymnastics meets at school. I’ve even seen you do them, just differently attired,” said Nate.

“You’ve gone to gymnastics meets?” asked Dale. She wasn’t sure she believed him. She had never seen him there, and she thought she would have noticed him had he gone. One of her pet peeves was that there were pep rallies for football and basketball, and the student body was encouraged to turn out to show their school spirit, but when it came to gymnastics, there would be little or no mention of the meets. She discussed the gymnastic meets, the various events and how the meets were run with Nate and quickly came to realize that he was, in fact, telling the truth. She was impressed, he really did go to the meets, and he knew quite a bit about both the men’s and the ladies events.

“I think your best events are balance beam and floor exercise. You are also quite good at vaulting, but I prefer watching you do the events that include the slower, more elegant tricks.” It was Dale’s turn to be speechless. She felt the same way, and beam and floor were her best events. This neighbor boy was full of surprises! “Dale, tell me the names of other gymnastics moves?” Dale had a good time describing various tricks, from easy to advanced, and Nate listened intently. “Had I known all the tricks that you were able to do, which tricks might I have included today that might have made you blush the reddest.” Nate was so hoping that she wouldn’t pick up on what he was up to. That is why he focused the question on the past and used the word blush rather than asking her which move would display her tits and pussy the most dramatically.

Dale was having a good time talking about her sport, and naively just kept answering his questions, “Well, that move made me blush because I realized how exposed I would be. Yet it was pussy only. My tits were hidden behind my legs. And my face was hidden, so I didn’t have to look at you guys. I know it would have been really hard to be in a spreading position where my pussy was open and showing, and my tits were in full view, and I was facing the audience, so I would have to look at them knowing full well what they could see. I can think of a few positions that fall into that category.” Nate was hoping she would just keep going, which she did. “And like the press handstand I showed you, they are gymnastic moves…not just ‘spread your legs for us baby’ moves. They are regular moves that we do in gymnastics and to some extent cheer. In other words, they are modest enough when one has a leotard on. Actually, they are not modest at all, but they are done in public while wearing gymnastics leotards. The press handstand might have been a big hit with Mike. It shows the upper and lower areas typically hidden by a bikini.” Why she suddenly seemed to be exhibiting modesty by her word choice, Nate did not know. She continued, “But other positions would make me blush more because my face would be up at eye level, not down where I could look at the floor as with the press hand stand. The moves I’m thinking about are called standing splits.” She stood up to give another quick demo. So I lift one leg up, grab my heel and then extend it straight overhead, toe pointed like this. I can hold the leg in front like this, or I can put this shoulder in front of it and wrap my arm around the calf, pushing it back. A girl in this position has absolutely no secrets, especially a shaved one like me. See Nate….everything on display. Take a good long look.” Nate did as she instructed. She continued, “Another variation is called bow and arrow. I hold the foot with the other hand, and extend this arm horizontally. She why it is called bow and arrow?” Nate nodded yes. Again he was speechless. This day only kept get more amazing. “Another cool position is called the tilt. This is a lot like straddle splits on the floor, only you are standing on one foot, like this. One foot straight up, toe pointed, upper body protruding horizontally. See Nate, no way to hide anything in this positon. And I’m facing you, so I can see where your eyes are. Just try to look a shaved pussy girl in the eye while she is standing like this.” Nate tried, but he realized he’d have to be gay to look a girl in the eye when she was doing the tilt nude. Nate was making mental notes, but Dale’s display and narration was certainly not making it easy to concentrate.

“Yep…Wow! That must be about it then. Those are some elegant yet very ‘everything on display’ positions,” said Nate.

“Actually there are more,” she said, “Let me show you. Here is a standing split with the upper body down. And then this move, which is popular for cheer. You may have seen me do it. It is called the scorpion. I hold my foot like this and then raise it up behind me, pulling it toward my head, but usually above like this. From here I can straighten my leg above my head. This is more advanced. It is called the needle. Jodie can do the scorpion, but she is jealous of me because I’m the only one on the squad who can do the needle. Come to the first pep rally after school starts Nate. I’ll do the needle. I’ll do one just for you. I’ll have my cheerleader uniform on, of course, but I’ll look you in the eye while I’m doing it and I’ll be remembering the time I did it for you, and you alone, here, nude by campfire light. It will be a special moment for us. There will be hundreds of people around us there, but for a brief moment it will be just you and me. It will be our special moment. I’ll be thinking about how I was showing my pussy, and you’ll be remembering looking at it. Is it a date?”

Nate swallowed hard, “Definitely! I look forward to it, but to be picky, you are not lit only by firelight.” The sky was orange, and they both looked around. Unlike the ridge, where they had watched the sunrise, they could not see the actual spot where the sun had gone down. Nate continued, “I’ll bet Mike enjoyed a wonderful sunset this evening. I can’t believe it nearly got dark without us noticing. Actually when I think back to our discussion and the demonstration that accompanied it, I am not at all surprised. I doubt few sunsets can compete with nude standing splits.” They both laughed. “Ok, time for dessert.”

“Dessert? There’s dessert?”

“Oh yes, s’mores. Have you had s’mores?” She did know what they were, but was delighted at the prospect. They both had a lot of fun roasting marshmallows, burning a few, etc. At one point Nate, remembering back to when he found Dale sleeping on the ground after he returning from town remarked, “Dale, when I returned with the motorcycle to pick you up, you looked so uncomfortable sleeping there on the ground. I was glad that you had at least found a spot that had some grass, but it still looked so uncomfortable.”

Dale replied, “I do like being nude, but it does sometimes come at a price. I’ve learned that clothes do more than simply hide skin. Hiding on the roof yesterday wasn’t exactly comfortable. Wait, it seems like yesterday, but it was today? Oh wow, so much has happened. And then there is the matter of temperature. Being nude gets the blood pumping, which seems to help keep me warm, but there are so many winter months here. Even if the days aren’t so bad, the nights are always way too cold to consider going out.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: The Rescue - 8**

Nate could relate. He had so looked forward to spring this year. He had watched the forecast with great interest, wondering when Dale would reappear, would go on her first real nocturnal adventure of the New Year. “You must think I’m naughty to have watched you from my house, but I sure did miss seeing you all winter. I saw you in your backyard a time or two. You went out, but only very briefly. I was surprised to see you because it was so cold. One time, you even made a snow angel, do you remember that? That must have been cold!”

“You saw me make that snow angel?” Dale’s eyes were wide again. It was still sinking in that she had been observed. All those times she had thought no one was watching. She was now thinking how much more exciting it might have been had she known that she was being watched.

“Yep, it was a great snow angel. I was late for school the next morning because I snuck over and took a picture of it after you had left for school. I have it here on my phone.” With that he located the picture, and handed her the phone so she could see it.

She looked at the photo, still wide eyed. Her expression changed to one of apprehension. “Nate,” she said, “do you have pictures of me…naked?”

Nate took a moment thinking about how to reply. With each millisecond that passed, he saw the look of concern on her face intensify. He decided to let her worry a little longer. Finally he said, “Well, look at you, you are quite photogenic. You’re probably the prettiest girl at school. I’d be abnormal if I didn’t want naked photos of those…of that….I mean, of you.” He was pointing as he said ‘those’ and ‘that’.

“Nate!” she shrieked as she punched him again. “You’re such a jerk. Show them to me.”

“Should I?” he said, as if he was trying to decide if he would let her see some photos. Then he decided that he had worried her enough. To work, their relationship needed to be based on unwavering trust all around, so he decided to tell the truth. “Actually I don’t have any naked photos of you. I so much wanted to take photos. I always worried that your naked excursions would end, and I wanted a souvenir. I imagined that years later I’d wish that I had at least one photo so I would know that it wasn’t all a dream. I even tried to figure out how to take photos of you. See, here is one of your backyard.” He showed her a photo on his phone. She examined it, then kept the phone looking through his other photos. “I tried that one night when you weren’t home. The quality is bad because of the window, plus there is no light. Had I taken a photo like that with you there, nothing would show. I knew I couldn’t use a flash. One flash and my chances of ever seeing you again would have vanished forever, right?”

“Probably,” said Dale, “You know I went out so many times. It was risky, I knew that. One thing that I imagined might happen would be that suddenly, maybe on the golf course, suddenly I would see a flash or flashes, and be photographed. Like maybe someone, like you, would figure out my habits and then lay in wait, ambushing me. I worried about that, but I kept it up. I must be some sort of a thrill seeker. I always knew that it would probably end badly. And then this morning it did, and I was trapped there on the roof for hours. I figured that I would try and make up a story about how I had lost a bet, or been dared. But without anyone to back up my story, I doubted it would do much good. Worst case I thought the newspaper would be running a naked mug shot of me on the cover tomorrow. I even pictured trying to hide my chest behind the little sign with the date on it that they have criminals hold in those photos. You really don’t have a photo?”

“The only pictures of you that I have are in our yearbooks. Like I said, I want a photo, but I don’t have one,” answered Nate.

“I guess I believe you,” she said. “Want to take one now with your phone? Forget about it! I know how social media works. If one guy has a photo, the next day all the guys in the school have it.”

“Not in my case Dale,” said Nate, “I’ve known about you for several years now. Not a peep to my friends. I’ve made sure they all went home before midnight, if they were visiting, to make sure they didn’t see anything. I kept lights on, on that side of the house if it wasn’t safe. And I’ve done things to keep my parents from finding out, from accidentally seeing you. You are still not sure, but you can trust me.” Dale didn’t say anything more. She didn’t feel like she had to decide anything. He knew, so she had no choice but to trust him.

Nate was letting the fire die down, and the stars had come out. He walked a short distance from the fire and spread out a blanket. Come look at the stars with me Dale. He lay down. She came over and lay down next to him. They had a relaxing time looking up. They talked about infinity, time and other things that the size of the universe makes people think about. After a bit Nate had noticed that Dale had moved closer. It was cooling off, and she seemed to be trying to stay warm. He went and got the other blanket and threw it over her. Dale said, “You know, the cool air is what is keeping me awake at the moment, but I’m going to fall asleep if you make me too comfortable. Nate, let’s go to bed.”

“Wow, not in my wildest dreams had I ever thought I might hear Dale Jordan say, ‘Nate, let’s go to bed.’ Oh I’m sorry. I don’t mean to get silly on you. I just need a moment to pinch myself. And you don’t have to worry, I won’t attack you during the night either. Let’s figure out sleeping arrangements. You can have the sleeping bag and I’ll use the blankets,” said Nate. While Nate got the bucket and put the fire out as instructed, Dale busied herself with the bedding. When Nate got there, she had the sleeping bag open for them to sleep together on top of.

“I guess I’m ready to get undressed for bed now,” said Dale, as she took her shoes off. Nate crawled in. He left his shirt and shorts on, but also took his shoes off. He left the tent fly open. Dale spread a blanket over them, and then lay on her side close to him, facing him. After a few moments, he felt her lay her arm across his chest gently and move even closer so that he could feel her skin touching his in places. Nate noticed that Dale’s breathing became steady, indicating that she was asleep. He lay there reliving various aspects of the day for a while, and then he too fell asleep.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: Waking Up on the Mountain - 1**

When Nate woke up, it was fairly light out. He was alone in the tent. He listened, but didn’t hear anything that sounded like another person nearby. Dale didn’t seem to be around. After taking care of his basic needs in the forest nearby and changing his clothes, he tried to figure out where Dale might be. First he checked the tent. Her shoes were gone, so he knew that she was up and dressed for the day. He laughed to himself thinking about that. Somewhere near there was a girl wearing only her shoes, and that was going to be her outfit for the day. He was sure that many girls his age spent an hour or more getting dressed in the morning. Indeed for all he knew, Dale might be one of those girls. Here in the woods she was seemingly ready for another day in just the time it took her to tie her shoes.

Since he still did not know where she was, he began making preparations for cooking breakfast, cheddar cheese omelets. He went about setting up the stove, and getting things ready. He was planning to wait until she was back before cooking, but he put a pan of water on for coffee. He didn’t know if she was a coffee drinker, but he was prepared with coffee, tea and orange juice. Finally, he noticed her about a half mile away coming around the trees that were between the camp and the fire lookout. He decided to wander in that direction to meet up with her.

While he had been around her nudity an entire day, it was somehow different to see her at a distance; just a naked girl on a mountainside, miles from anything. He stopped and let her close the gap. She knew he was watching, so she smiled, hopping and skipping along to put on a bit of a show. Her friendly hello sent Nate’s heart soaring. She seemed to be in a happy mood. He asked her if she would like a cup of coffee. She responded, “I do like coffee in the morning, but I have already had two cups, so no thank you.”

“You’ve already had coffee,” said Nate, turning back to look at his stove that had not been used.

“Yep, I barged in on Mike earlier, and we had coffee together. I decided he was probably safe enough to visit without my bodyguard,” she said. “You know, I don’t think he minded having some company.” She smiled in such a way that Nate knew she was making a subtle joke, knowing full well that few guys would mind having a naked cheerleader pop in on them for morning coffee. “You weren’t up, and we didn’t have a lot of water, so I took a few things and headed up there to use some of Mike’s water for a quick bath.” Nate had noticed the wash cloth and hair brush in her hand. Her hair looked great. “So after helping myself to some of his water, I went up dripping wet to say hello. I tried to surprise him, but there is no way to sneak up all those noisy stairs. But even though he heard me coming he was still surprised and pleased to have a visitor. It must be quite lonely up there.”

Nate was curious, “So did you put on a show like yesterday?” he asked.

“No, of course not, he’s had his show. Besides, isn’t having a naked girl who looks like this, show enough?” She struck another pose. Nate had really enjoyed all the little poses she had treated him to the day before. This particular pose made him think of a flapper from the roaring 20’s. She had her feet slightly apart, but knees together. Both arms were out to the sides slightly, with the hands horizontal, palms facing down. It was just plain cute, clothing or no clothing.

Nate was worrying that it might now be tricky to get Dale to go back to the lookout with him since she had just been there. He decided that he might as well bring that up while they were on the subject. He said, “I was actually thinking of going up there and paying Mike another visit in a bit, but you’ve already been there today.”

“No, we should go see him again. Mike actually invited us. He said he had work to catch up for a couple of hours, but after that he’d love to see us again. I actually told him I’d try and talk you into returning with me,” said Dale. Well, thought Nate, I guess Mike must have had the same concerns, but there was clearly nothing to worry about now. Mike had taken care of that.

“Sure, let’s go back in a while,” said Nate, “In the meantime, I am all set up to make the lady breakfast. Today’s selection includes a fresh mountainside prepared cheddar cheese omelet. I’ll give you a little time to consider the choices, let me know when you have made your selection.”

Dale chuckled, “Ok, let me see, today I think I’d like the cheddar cheese omelet.”

“Wonderful choice, please make yourself comfortable while I go about pampering the lady,” said Nate. Dale loved being called a lady. She had always been a girl who had endeavored to be ladylike, always saying ‘please’ and ‘thank you’ and sitting with her knees together in skirts and dresses. She had avoided anything that might give her a trashy reputation. And yet she had this other side. She was an exhibitionist who kept her pussy completely bald and liked doing the splits. That side of her she had kept hidden, in part because she liked her ladylike reputation. Now Nate was the first one to see that side of her. She didn’t want him to think of her as sleazy. Somehow she wanted to be a lady…. a lady who liked being nude and happened to have a shaved pussy that she liked others seeing. She realized that that might be a very difficult needle to thread. But just maybe she could pull it off with Nate.

Nate was going to quite some effort to pamper her. The meal was somewhat basic, yet Nate had decorated her omelet with a small sprig of parsley. She thought it novel that in all the rushing to pack and get out of town, he had thought of that and taken the time to find it in the store.

“Well Dale, it is now over 24 hours since you last had a stitch of clothing on that cute little body of yours. Are you missing your clothes yet? Are you still game for heading back after dark, or does it need to be sooner? As I recall, you called my one and a half night suggestion ‘tentative’. When are you now feeling that you’d like to return to the world of the clothed?” asked Nate.

“So many questions at once. Well, first off I have been enjoying being nude. Just as I thought, a pair of shoes is all I need, in the summer anyway. Sometimes I think I should have been born in a time or place where no one wore clothes, but then I decided that would be a nightmare. I’d be used to nudity, and there would be no way to get more naked. Do you know why I started shaving Nate? I wanted to be more naked. I was trying to not be seen, but I wanted it to feel riskier, scarier. I wanted to worry that, if seen or caught, even more of me would be seen. That is why I ditched the fur bikini. That is why it isn’t ever coming back. Do you think it looks nice this way Nate?” And with that question, she raised a knee and pulled it to the side.

“I didn’t see the ‘before’ to make a good comparison. Your night time excursions did not allow me to discern certain details, grooming details for example. But I have no doubt that I prefer it this way. It is about the cutest thing I have ever seen,” said Nate.

“Am I missing my clothes you ask? Hardly! I’d be happy to stay here longer, but it can’t really be. School starts in three weeks. I have lots of getting ready to do plus cheer practice. I’m sure football practice starts soon too,” said Dale.

“Actually it starts tomorrow,” said Nate.

“What is more, I’m not very sure I convinced my mom of anything. If we aren’t back soon, she’ll start to figure out that I’m not with any of my friends, and then she’d call the police. So, unfortunately, I think I need to slip in the back door in the middle of the night tonight. I’d like to return nude, just as I left, that will complete the cycle in my mind. So I will have been outside and nude for over 48 hours, more than 10 times any previous outing. That will surely be a record that will stand for a long time. What is more, I’ve been seen by two guys. Two guys…that will also be a record that will last a while.” Nate knew she was wrong about the last point, but kept that to himself.

“Dale, as you were talking, I’ve been noticing your tan lines. So far it doesn’t look like you’re burning, but we’ve got a sunny day ahead of us. I think we should both put on some sunscreen, but you in particular…everywhere, but especially on those areas where the sun didn’t used to shine. You probably wouldn’t show them to your mom or the rest of the cheer squad, but peeling titties might be hard to explain, and uncomfortable,” said Nate.

“Right, I meant to do that as soon as I got back to camp,” replied Dale. She took care of that, and the two of them chatted some more. Nate keeping an eye on the time.

“Well, I’m ready for another visit to the lookout tower, if you are,” announced Nate when he thought the timing was right. They arrived at the tower just after 10:30, just as Nate had planned. Nate noticed the additional jeep parked by the other one, but the parking area was some distance from the tower. Nate was glad that Dale didn’t seem to notice the additional jeep. They headed up the stairs, knowing full well that there was no way to be quiet enough to surprise anyone. Nate of course knew that one person was about to be very surprised, Dale. He hoped she wouldn’t notice Mitchell before she went inside. He didn’t think she would chicken out and retreat, but he decided to be behind her and get the door closed quickly so she couldn’t.

Dale charged through the door energetically, and was three steps into the room before she noticed the other man sitting at the table playing cards with Mike. She froze. “Umm, guys, who is this?” she said, cupping a hand over each breast. Nate was surprised to see her covering up. He was also surprised that she did it in a manner that left her with no spare hands for her pussy.

“Hi Carol, this is Mitchell. He has tower duty this coming week,” said Mike.

Dale turned and punched Nate. “Ow!” said Nate.

“You knew there would be someone else here, didn’t you, you jerk!” said Dale. Nate realized that by virtue of punching him, she had abandoned all efforts of covering up.

Then Mitchell spoke, “Wow Mike, you were right, she is much hotter in person than in the pictures!” It wasn’t the best thing to say, given the circumstances. Mike had forgotten to tell Mitchell to not mention the photos. Nate had told Mike not to bring up the photos, but now the can of worms had been opened.

“Pictures! What pictures?” said Dale, her eyes filled with a mixture of fury and concern. She turned again to Nate and punched him, only hard this time.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: Waking Up on the Mountain - 2**

“Why always punch me?” asked Nate, rubbing his shoulder.

“You knew! You guys took pictures yesterday?” she asked.

“I didn’t take any pictures. Mike took the pictures, punch him,” said Nate. She did. “Sorry Mike,” continued Nate.

“Show me these pictures! You guys are all in sooo much trouble,” said Dale. She of course thought that the photos had been taken there in the tower yesterday, and in her mind’s eye they were really explicit. Maybe Mike had managed a photo when she was bent over with her face against her shins. Now that would be a raunchy shot. “Is there a hidden camera recording me now?” she said, looking around.

“No Carol, no hidden cameras in here,” said Mike.

“Quit talking and show me the photos!” demanded Dale.

With that, Mike moved over to the computer and started bringing up the photos.

Nate could tell that Dale was mad. “You are in so much trouble, Buster!” she said to him, pointing her finger at his face threateningly. Mitchell had decided to be as quiet as he could be. He was enjoying watching the naked girl with steam coming out her ears punching everyone, but he didn’t want her to storm out. Mike had described a pleasant girl who had shown her body from every angle. He had been hoping for similar, and now it looked as if what he had thought to be an innocent comment might ruin it for everyone.

“Ok Carol,” said Mike, “Come look.” What Dale saw on the computer screen was not at all what she had been picturing. She saw a somewhat grainy photo of a topless girl on a motorcycle. She knew that she was the girl, but there were harsh shadows on the face, and her pussy was entirely hidden behind the handlebars. She started to calm down, but she realized that there might be others that had been taken in the tower itself.

“Keep going Mike. Show me all of them,” said Dale.

“Just sit down. You can run the mouse. This is the folder. Look through it. I took these photos yesterday, before you and Nate came up to visit,” said Mike.

Dale opened the photos one at a time, but asked, “Where are you hiding the photos taken up here yesterday?”

“There aren’t any Carol,” said Mike, “Just these.” She continued to look at the half dozen or so images, studying the face detail. She was calming down as she started to realize that the face detail was too weak for others to tell who the girl was, beyond a doubt anyway.

In one of the photos, she zoomed in on her chest. “Nate, come here,” she said. “What is going on in this picture? What is this?" she said. She again punched him, but it was a friendlier punch this time. “Why are my tits hiked up to my neck like this?” she said, lifting them up with her own hands as if to clarify. “What is going on with your arms there? You were taking liberties, weren’t you? You are so in the dog house.”

The tension was flowing out of the room, and they all started to laugh. “Ok, I guess I’m only a little bit pissed off now. I thought you might have poster size images of me showing every detail, head to toe. Mike, tell me again who your friend here is.”

“OK, let’s try that again,” said Mike as he went through the introduction a second time. This time Dale shook Mitchell’s hand.

“I suppose you told Mitchell all that happened here yesterday. I suppose you guys are all in on this and hoping for a repeat performance, am I right?” said Dale.

“Actually, I told him very little about that,” said Mike. “I thought that if a repeat performance were to happen, Mitchell shouldn’t have any advantages. I had to earn my prize the honest way. I was not going to make it easy for him, that is, if you decided to again play the game. It was a fun game.”

“Hmm…we’ll see about that,” said Dale. Now that the situation was diffused, they wandered around the perimeter porch, talking and taking in the view. As she had the day before, Dale went to a lot of trouble to keep her attention elsewhere, so that they guys didn’t have to be shy, so that they could stare at her from any angle to their hearts content. They spent over half an hour just talking and looking at the expansive view.

Dale was basking in all the attention, but Nate eventually announced, “I think it is finally time for the main event.”

“And what might the main event be, pray tell?” said Dale.

“I think we all know Carol. Now let’s all head inside where there is more room. You gentlemen can take seats over there. And Carol, your spot is in the middle of the room, following my every instruction.” said Nate. Carol wanted to refuse, but she took her place. She felt her level of excitement rising. Her audience had grown from the day before. Nate continued, “Ok Mitchell. You are today’s contestant. Your mission is to guess Carol’s sport. What is her primary athletic endeavor, OK? You have only one guess, so use it wisely. To be absolutely clear, you are not to guess until told to do so. If you guess prematurely, the data collection phase ends. Believe me; the other two males in the room do not want the data collection phase to end prematurely. I will give Carol instructions that she will follow to the letter. Today I’ll be the only one giving her instructions, agreed? I will have her perform tasks designed to give you insight into her skill set as well as her strength and flexibility. Today she will be performing a new and improved routine based on information that she herself provided last night.” Suddenly Dale’s stomach was full of butterflies. Why had she shown him and told him so much last night? She turned and punched him. “Carol, please get back in position.”

“You tricked me!” she said. She had known that he might be storing data for future use, but to her the future seemed to be one of returning to town, and starting a new school year. She had never considered that she might be here again, so soon, with him giving her instructions in front of an audience. She had figured that someday he might be having her do those things, maybe, but not the very next morning! Her face started turning red as she pictured herself in a standing split positon, watching as these guys scrutinized every inch of her body. She feared it was just moments away.

“OK, Carol. I want your best effort. Your first position will be…” Oh no, here it comes, she thought. “…your best pirouette pose.” What? Something pretty? She was so surprised. Maybe he had really been listening, not just hearing only what he wanted to hear. Realizing full well that the standing splits were surely yet to come, she took a breath full of courage. This might not be quite as bad as she had feared. Maybe it could be fun. Giving it her all, she moved into the most elegant pirouette pose that she could manage.

“Lovely, now the actual pirouette.” Fun, thought Dale. She also thought this might throw Mitchell off. He’d be thinking ballet, not gymnastics. “Ok, now I’d like to see the double turn with leg at horizontal,” continued Nate. Well, that is more gymnastics again, thought Dale. This move was in both her floor and beam routines. “Ok, your next position is an upward plank pose.” Following instructions, Dale dropped down into this position. Facing up she held her body as straight as a plank, heels on the ground, toes pointed, weight supported by her arms. She tilted her head back. She knew it was a pretty pose. With her back straight her nipples were the highest part of her body and they pointed straight up. “Ok, now facing our audience, I’d like you to go into a side plank position.” Gladly she thought. So turning toward Mike and Mitchell, she did a side plank. Both feet together, body straight. One arm down supporting her, the other straight overhead, relaxed ballet hand position. She knew her tits and pussy were on display, but her legs were together. She wasn’t more exposed than she had been during the social phase of the visit. To herself she was thanking Nate. She was still dreading what was coming. This, at least, was a nice way to start.

“Ok Carol, the next position is one for which I do not know the name, but I have seen you do it in the past year. I’ll describe it, and you’ll probably figure it out. From that side plank position, I think you rotate back a little. The upper leg bends at the knee so that the foot ends up near the knee of the straight leg. The upper arm extends away, in a line parallel to the body.” Before he had finished, she was in the position. Dale’s heart was soaring. She hadn’t mentioned the position last night to Nate, because it was uncommon. It was essentially her favorite position, and she had customized it such that it was all her own. It was probably her favorite positon, and she was delighted to be doing it now. She thought it was the height of elegance. To her delight, Mike yelled out something that sounded like ‘whoa!’

Nate let her hold the beautiful position a few seconds longer than the others, but then it was time to move on. “Ok Carol,” he said, “now walkovers. This is the only trick I decided to carry over from yesterday. Last night I learned that walkovers are really two different tricks: there are front walkovers and back walkovers. Why don’t you do two of each, slowly. Just two of each, because I’d like you to do them crossways, and the room is narrow. When I watched you do the trick yesterday, I felt that it was probably at its best, viewed from the side.” Again Dale was impressed. She agreed. This seemed to be a case of Nate utilizing gymnastics for what it really should be: a showcase for human beauty. Yesterday it had been exploited as a mean to put pussy on display. She hadn’t really stretched enough to do her best, but she was quite pleased with her walkovers. She looked at Nate and could tell that there was more to come. “Ok, now I have a few tricks for you that I first learned of last night.” Uh, oh, thought Dale. Nate continued, “First I’d like to see a standing backbend, side to the audience please.” More surprises. This trick started like a back walkover, but then she would stop, never putting her hands down. It wasn’t her favorite, but it was a nice trick, and left all kinds of room for showing grace and personality through arm and hand positions. “Nice Carol! Now something else I decided that it would be fun to see: the illusion turn. I’m not sure how this looks, so you pick the viewing angle.” Dale liked illusion turns, they were fun. She knew she’d be in a full split position, but only briefly, and due to the spinning she wasn’t real sure which way her pussy would be pointing.” She did the trick facing Mike and Mitchell.

“Wow, cool!” said Mike. “I know I’m not supposed to give instructions, but I’d like to see that a few more times. I got lost. I can see why it has ‘illusion’ in the name.” Dale looked at Nate who nodded in agreement, so she did the trick 4 more times, each time facing a different direction. Both Mike and Mitchell clapped. Nate followed suit. Dale was smiling; she was having a good time. It always felt good to have an appreciative audience. And at that particular moment she felt that they were applauding because they were enjoying her gymnastic skills. “Ok Carol, I think Mitchell still needs more data points. I’d like you to go into a pike position hand stand and then transition slowly to a back bend hand stand. I’m pretty sure this trick needs to be viewed from the side.” Wow, thought Dale, Nate has a good memory. I didn’t even think he was paying attention when I was mentioning these tricks. He’s had me do so many nice tricks, and because certain parts of her body did not seem to be the focus, she was less conscious of being naked. Dale focused on doing as nice a job on the requested tricks as she could considering, of course, that she was, in fact, performing naked for three men in a small glass hut with a hard floor above the trees on a mountain top.

As she completed the handstands, which she purposefully drew out to showcase her balance, Nate came near and whispered to her, “Time to take it up a notch. Are you OK with that?” She knew he was asking her permission to make her pussy the center of attention.

At this point she was ready for anything, provided that the instructions came from him, “Full steam ahead.” she whispered back.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: Waking Up on the Mountain - 3**

That made Nate smile, but then Mike and Mitchell started complaining, “Hey, no secrets, no whispering.”

“Ok guys, just so you are in the know, our star has just agreed to let me take it up a notch, so hold on to your hats! Mitchell, I’m not calling for your guess yet, but do you feel like you are receiving some good information to help you be successful in today’s challenge?” asked Nate.

“Yes I do, I’m narrowing it down. But more information is welcome. I have to say, from my seat, I can’t imagine how any of this could go any higher. If there is a notch up from here, I will be both impressed and grateful,” said Mitchell.

Dale knew it was coming now. While she had been apprehensive at first about spreading her legs wide and showing her pussy, now it was what she wanted. Nate had earned it, she felt. If it was pussy the boys wanted, it was pussy they were going to get.

“OK Carol,” said Nate…still concentrating to not mess up and accidentally call her Dale, “I want you to sit down in the middle of the floor here. Face away from Mike and Mitchell, legs real wide. Mitchell needs to see some aspects demonstrating strength. So first, straddle lever support position, followed by a press handstand. Legs straight and wide, REAL wide, toes pointed. Take it slow, pause for three counts when the legs reach horizontal. When you are ready, bring it back to the starting position nice and slow.” While she was getting into her starting position, Nate moved over next to Mike to improve his viewing angle. She thought, you could have just said, ‘do again what you did last night on the log’ and she would have known how to proceed. Of course Nate was positioned poorly then, but not now. She thought to herself, ‘Nate, this is for you!’ She gave it her all. First she rotated her torso until it was vertical, and paused. The guys were now seeing everything. Her tits sagged little, but in this position her nipples were a bit closer to her chin. Her legs were at her sides, extending down at sharp angles. To her seated audience, her pussy was at eye level. Her legs started slowly arcing up, pausing as instructed in the perfect splits position. Her pussy was essentially the highest point on her body, aimed straight at the ceiling. The guys watched mesmerized as the arcing leg motion resumed, and then after another pause, reversed. Dale was focusing on balance. She wanted to be as solid and steady as she could be. She could feel their eyes on her, but she was not seeing them as her face was angled straight down. At the conclusion of the trick, all she heard was silence. She turned to see dumb, happy looks on the guys. Mission accomplished, she thought.

Dale knew that the dreaded standing splits were at hand. Nate stood back up saying, “Ok Carol, stand up and take a few steps forward please.” With a little reluctance, Dale moved closer to Mike and Mitchell. “Carol, close your eyes, and keep them closed. Now lift up one foot, grasping it by the heel. Now extend it overhead into a standing splits position. Squeeze that leg against your body, pointing the toes. Hold that position. Imagine how wide open your legs are. Think about how ‘on display’ your pussy must be. Think about how the splits position is stretching your pussy wide, displaying the delicate inner petals.”

Nate felt quite uncomfortable talking like this, especially to Dale, but he was implementing a strategy he had decided upon. It was a big gamble. Dale had explained to him that she was a thrill seeker. Putting her nude body on display and having it seen was the thrill she had been craving. And she hadn’t been able to get there on her own. How many nights had she gone out looking for exposure, but always doing so in a careful way that kept her from actually being seen, kept her from what she really craved. Nate had an Ace up his sleeve, and his time was running out. He didn’t want this weekend to be an aberration. He didn’t want his relationship with Dale after this weekend to be similar to what it had been before this weekend. He could challenge her in ways that she could not challenge herself. That was the Ace that he was holding, and he had decided that he couldn’t let the weekend end without playing the card.

And so he continued, “Imagine the view that these two guys are getting, both of whom you had never met until this weekend. In a moment you are going to open your eyes and look at them. I want you to look at their eyes so you can tell exactly where they are looking.” Dale felt her face turning red. Nate continued, “Ok Carol, now open your eyes. Look at them enjoying the wide open pussy right in front of them.” She did as instructed, feeling more on display than she had ever felt in her life. “OK Carol, now close your eyes again.” She did as instructed. “Still standing on the one foot, I want you to shift your shoulder past that leg and curl your arm up around your calf. Good, now they are seeing both lovely titties. Push out your chest and aim those nipples at the audience. With your eyes still closed imagine them looking at your tits AND your pussy. Never before have you been so on display, and for such a big audience. Think about how they are examining your nipples. Wow, they are pointy. They look like they could cut glass. Think about what is causing that on this warm day. This must be exciting for you. And because you are a shaved pussy girl, nothing is left to the imagination. They can even see that your pussy is moist. Think about how it feels to have them seeing that. They can see your red face and they know that you are embarrassed, yet excited to be showing them every little detail. Now open your eyes. Show them your lovely eyes. This pussy and these tits are not just any nameless person’s body parts, they are your most intimate and private regions. And they are on display. Look at them studying the lovely lady in front of them. Now you are not only feeling their eyes on you, but you are seeing that their eyes on you.” At that point, Dale could take it no longer, and unwittingly her eyes angled up to the ceiling. Nate saw that, but decided not to push her any further. He started worrying that he might have pushed the boundaries a bit too far, that he might have overplayed his Ace, but he couldn’t stop here. He continued, “Now show us the bow and arrow position Carol. Hold it for a few seconds and then relax.” Dale did as instructed.

“How is everyone doing?” asked Nate. The two forest service guys took deep breaths, realizing that they probably had not been breathing. Dale shook out her arms a bit, trying to release the tension that had built up from holding the last few poses for so long. “Just two more poses left. Would anyone like a drink of water?” No one said anything and Dale shot Nate a stinging glance that clearly said, ‘let’s get this over with.’ Nate, realizing where she was mentally, chose to continue right away, “Ok Carol, two positions and we’ll ask Mitchell for his guess. Please take a step back and turn to the side.” He thought it best to ratchet things down a bit at this point, but he didn’t want to drop the next two poses from the routine. “Now Carol, show us the scorpion and then the needle… at your own pace.” Carol breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that she had survived. The last two tricks would also put everything on display, even though the pussy angle was going to be less ‘in your face’ so to speak. In a matter of moments the show would be over and she could return to being a talking human being rather than the naked circus girl. While she went about the last two poses, she thought about how it had been both better and worse than she had imagined. Better, because Nate had eased her into it with the various poses at the beginning. Yet worse, because Nate had kept her from letting her mind wander during the standing split positions; kept it from wandering as it was wandering now, during these final tricks. She scarcely realized she was even doing them. Yes, Nate had been pure evil, focusing her attention on that she was on display and excited at the same time. ‘That bastard!’ she thought. And making her look at the guys while they were looking at her. She wanted to punch him. And then she realized it was over and that the three guys were giving her a standing ovation.

“Ok,” said Mitchell, “Drinks all around!” and he went and got a bottle of water out of the fridge and started pouring everyone a cup. He continued, “I’m jealous of you Mike…because I missed yesterday’s show. Just one such show could be a life changing event, but two such shows!”

“Don’t be jealous,” replied Mike. “I thought yesterday’s show could never be surpassed, but somehow today’s show….managed to do so several times over. It’s today’s show that I will think back on.” The two men talked a bit more about what they had seen. It made Dale feel good. The terms they used were of flexibility, balance, beauty, and grace. It didn’t seem that they would be remembering her as a naughty slut.

“OK guys, enough talk,” said Nate, “I don’t want Mitchell to be getting any help from you Mike. Mitchell, time for your guess.”

“I’d say that there can be no doubt that Carol is a gymnast,” said Mitchell. In the back of his mind he was suspecting she was a cheerleader. Some of those positions at the end seemed as if they might not be from gymnastics, and a few of the positions seemed like they were dance or ballet related, but he was sure that she had to be a gymnast, first and foremost.

“Bing, bing, bing! We have a winner!” announced Nate. “Carol, what should Mitchell’s prize be?” He was trying to give her an out if she wasn’t in the mood to do the same as yesterday. Both he and Dale sensed that Mitchell might be a little more aggressive with his hands than Mike had been.

“Well, the customary prize is a victory kiss, but control those hands, Mister! Mike, keep an eye on this guy for me, will you.” And with that she walked up to Mitchell and delivered a hug and a kiss just as she had the day before. She did her best to have the prizes match. She didn’t want Mike to think that he had received any more or any less. The two guys watching cheered and clapped. Dale then interjected, “OK guys, next order of business, everyone to the porch to look for fires. I don’t want to be responsible for Bambi losing his home, or for you guys losing your jobs!” They laughed, but she was right, and they took a few moments to scan the horizon for anything out of the ordinary. Once that was complete, they quickly invited their guests to stay for lunch. To Dale it seemed as if they were anxious to keep her there a bit longer.

During lunch Mike said, “I have to take the jeep a few miles up the road and make a few checks before I head home. It will take a couple of hours. I’d love the company, if you two would like to come along. It is a lonely dirt road, so we are very unlikely to run into anyone. If you prefer Carol, I’d be happy to wait while you return to camp for some clothes. To be completely honest, I prefer you as you are, but I want you to enjoy the ride.” Dale and Nate exchanged knowing glances. They knew, of course, that there were no clothes for her back in camp. She was wearing everything.

Nate sat silently letting Dale make the choice. He thought the trip would be fun, but it did come with some risk of exposure for Dale, and she would be traveling even further from her clothes. Dale asked a few questions about the road, and the distances involved. Nate recognized Dale’s wide eyed look as she listened and considered the risks involved in the proposed Jeep ride. To him it seemed as if the camp and the fire lookout had become safety zones for Dale. She skipped around, seemingly not looking ahead anymore, hardly keeping an eye out for hikers or motorcycles. Dale considered the choice. She had been thinking that the next direction would be toward home and clothes, not further away. But she liked the feel of the butterflies in her stomach, so she agreed, with a little hesitation. Mike was pleasantly surprised. Especially when he figured out that she intended to come naked. He went about packing his things in preparation for leaving.

When they got down to the jeep, Dale did a double take. “Mike,” she said, “It has no doors.”

“That’s right Carol, it is a jeep. I didn’t think of mentioning it. I’m so used to it like this. Would you like to go back for some clothes?” said Mike.

“My motorcycle also has no doors,” Nate reminded her. Reluctantly Dale stuck with the plan. She climbed in next to Mike and Nate got in the back.

“Nude is OK with me, but I’d like you to wear your seatbelt,” said Mike. “I’ll probably be fired if someone finds out that I was giving a ride to a naked girl, however. Should that happen, please make up a damsel in distress recue story,” he said half-jokingly.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: Waking Up on the Mountain - 4**

As they headed out, Dale was noticing that she felt more exposed than she had on the motorcycle for some reason. The doors were completely gone, meaning that from the side she was visible all the way down to her shoes. She was also aware that Mike could see all of her, but probably not down to the cleft of her pussy, without straining his neck anyway. She was conscious of him keeping an eye on her, especially on the bumps when her tits were jostling around. She decided that she liked how they were bouncing. While she was probably about average from an endowment standpoint, she typically considered herself a bit light on top. The fact that she almost always wore a bra under similar situations reinforced her notion of having somewhat small titties. The bras she had typically kept things in place pretty well. Now, feeling them bounce around and noticing how much Mike was captivated by the movement was helping her to feel better about her body. She did have something to bounce! They continued along the dirt road with very little discussion. There wasn’t much to talk about, and given the noise of the open vehicle, talking was difficult. Mike stopped at a view point or two, and they got out to enjoy the scenery.

Finally, after driving for about an hour, Mike pulled over and announced, “We’re coming up on the camps that I need to check out. I didn’t really want to mention it before because I wanted the company, and truth be told, I didn’t want you to get dressed Carol. There are two camps ahead, one used by hunters, and the other a group camp with cabins that sometimes has church groups. It is likely that there will be people in one camp or possibly both. Probably few hunters, because it is not yet hunting season. But there could be quite a few people in the other camp. I know it would be awkward, to say the least, for me to drive into an occupied camp with a naked girl in the vehicle. Nate could come with me, but I think it might be most comfortable for everyone if you waited here Carol. At most, it could be almost an hour. I just have a few fire safety checks to make.”

Dale nodded, undoing her seat belt and hoping down. She looked at Nate, who didn’t act like he was getting out. “Nate?” she asked.

“I think I’d like to see the camps,” said Nate. “You’ll be fine.” And with that they all said goodbye, and Mike put the jeep in gear and started off. Nate had wanted to stay with Dale, but he had had to make a quick choice. He remembered how one of her hot buttons was the feeling of vulnerability. Suddenly the perfect opportunity appeared, and he took it. She was naked and alone in the backcountry, 20 or so miles from home. Surely she must be feeling vulnerable now. He hoped she wouldn’t be upset at him.

Dale watched the jeep driving away. When they were almost to the first bend, Dale saw the brake lights come on. The jeep stopped. She saw Nate hop out and start jogging back to where she stood. As he came up, Dale said, “So you decided to wait with me after all.”

“Not exactly Dale, for the second time today I decided that it was time to take it up a notch,” replied Nate. “I came back for your shoes.” And with that he pointed at her shoes with one hand, and held the other hand palm up. His manner was friendly yet firm. She realized that he hadn’t come back to discuss her shoes with her. He had come back to take them.

Dale felt the stirring of the butterflies again. She looked down at her shoes and then scanned her surroundings. “Really?” was all she managed to say. Nate again recognized her big eyed expression, showing her concern.

“Yes Dale, really. Please hurry, Mike is waiting,” said Nate. With a full measure of reluctance, Dale kicked off her shoes and hesitatingly handed them to him.

“Thanks, see you in a bit,” was all that Nate said before turning and jogging back to the Jeep. Dale watched as Nate climbed in. Then she saw the jeep disappear around the bend.

Dale had already been feeling vulnerable. One moment, she was riding along in the Jeep. The next moment she was standing all alone. And now, hardly a minute later, she was standing in the dusty road alone AND barefoot.

The list of things that she had with her was short: nothing. Not a scrap of clothing, not even earrings in her ears. No I.D., no money, no phone, no food or water, no shoes. She was glad she had been drinking from a bottle of water before she got out of the jeep. She was a nude girl 20 miles, give or take, from home. She knew they would be back, but she felt more vulnerable than she had ever felt before. She didn’t even have the cover of darkness to hide her. She had always worn her shoes when out naked. They gave her a small sense of security. Not because they hid anything from view, but they were her primary strategy should worse come to worse. Her plan for most things that could befall a nude girl outside alone could be summed up with one word, RUN! She had learned, crouched on the clubhouse roof, that the ‘Run’ strategy was imperfect. Of course she also wore the shoes to protect her feet from the rough ground. Walking around in the dark was hazardous enough, even with shoes. Without shoes, it was unthinkable.

There was a light breeze, and it was making her very conscious that her pussy was out in the open. She decided to try and enjoy her predicament. She was nude and there was nothing to do but wait. She looked around for a place to get some sun. She had been concerned that she was getting too much sun on certain areas such as her shoulders, but too little on others. For that reason, she had applied sunblock to her shoulders and the top half of her tits including her nipples, but none to the bottom half. Similarly she had put it on her butt, but not on her front, the white areas around her pussy. She found a place to lie down where she would be partially hidden yet able to see the road in both directions. In hopes that she could even out her tan somewhat, she lay with her feet toward the sun and wide apart. She didn’t want a sunburned pussy, but she knew that there was little chance of that happening. For cheerleading it would be nice if her inner thighs were not so white. She raised her arms too, in order to get sun on her under arms, so there she lay, spread eagle. The sun was warm, she thought about rolling over, but never did. After what seemed like an hour, she heard a vehicle coming, and sure enough it was the jeep. She hoped up and strolled back to the road. She couldn’t resist putting her thumb out. She thought, wasn’t it every guy’s fantasy to pick up a naked hitchhiker. To heighten the effect, she turned one leg out to the side and stood with her chest out and her other hand on her hip.

When they saw her standing like that, both Mike and Nate wanted to grab their phones and capture the moment. They so wanted to preserve the image of posterity, just for themselves, not to share. But after the blow-up that morning, they knew they didn’t dare. Dale continued playing the hitchhiker role when they stopped, “Going my way boys? Would you mind giving a girl a lift?” To her, it looked as if their tongues were hanging out. Nate, who had been in the passenger seat hopped in the back to let Dale have the seat. He returned her shoes. Dale thanked him, but decided to leave them off for the time being.

Mike and Nate were telling Dale about the camps they had visited, when suddenly they came around a bend and saw a pickup truck coming at them. It was just a one lane dirt road, so Mike swerved off the road in one direction, and the truck went off on the opposite side. As luck would have it, the truck passed the jeep on Dale’s side with just a foot or so to spare. Dale was completely exposed. She even had her arms over her head holding on to the roll cage. As they passed, Dale looked into the truck and saw two guys, eyes wide, staring right at her. Behind them they saw the truck come to a stop. Mike hopped out and headed back toward the truck.

Nate turned around to see what was going on, but not Dale. She didn’t dare turn around She kept whispering, “Oh shit, oh shit,” to herself, looking in the rear view mirror on her side of the jeep. She was expecting, at any second, to see the guys from the truck get out and come up to the Jeep to have a better look at the naked girl they had passed. After a few minutes, Mike returned. He climbed in, started the Jeep, and they again got under way. Dale breathed a sigh of relief.

“Mike, what happened?” asked Nate.

“I talked to the guys, and made them squirm a bit. I asked to inspect their hunting licenses, which were expired. They claimed they were not here to hunt, all evidence to the contrary. And we talked about when hunting season actually starts. I let them off with only a verbal reminder,” said Mike.

“I don’t get it,” said Nate, “You’re not with the Fish and Wildlife Service.”

“That’s the beauty of it Nate,” replied Mike. “You and I know I am not with the Fish and Wildlife Service, but those guys don’t. Look at my uniform, this shirt looks pretty generic, right? Those guys know they passed a Government Jeep, and they know that a guy got out and asked them about their hunting licenses. They didn’t mention to me the naked girl they had just seen, probably because they don’t want to have a FWS agent out to get them. Pretty great, huh?”

“That’s funny Mike, but I don’t get it either,” said Dale.

“OK, here’s the beauty of it. Those guys might talk. If they do they’ll be talking about how they saw a naked lady in a FWS Jeep with a FWS agent. Should that information get back to anyone, it will be to the local Fish and Wildlife Service office. I work for the Forest Service which is part of the USDA. The two agencies don’t talk. If the FWS gets such a report, word about it will never get to the Forest Service. To make a long story short, if those guys talk, no one will ever connect it to me. My job is safe. And Carol, you are completely safe,” explained Mike. Dale was feeling so relieved and they all had a good laugh. Fortunately that was it for close calls, and eventually they arrived back at the lookout tower.

They all went up to see Mitchell again, and Mike told him about the two guys in the truck. Before leaving for home, Mike reminded Mitchell that he’d be home with his wife that evening, but that it would be a week before Mitchell would again see his own wife. As Mike put it, pointing to Dale, “It doesn’t matter where you get your appetite, as long as you eat at home. I will be home tonight! You my friend are stuck out here in the woods for a week.” They all had a good laugh at that and then Mike left for home, saying that he hoped to one day see them both again. He said to Nate, “Please come back up here, and if possible, please bring Naked Carol with you.” Both Mike and Mitchell talked about making “Naked Carol” an honorary member of the Fire Lookout team. After Mike left, Mitchell said, “Nate, why don’t you and your girlfriend come back and enjoy the sunset from the tower here. It seems completely sunny, yet see all the clouds along the horizon. Just the right amount of clouds make for wonderful sunsets. Tonight’s sunset is bound to be gorgeous.” Nate started to tell him that Dale was not his girlfriend, but he decided that he would have a hard time explaining what they actually were, as he himself didn’t know. Neighbors? They told Mitchell that they were interested in the sunset because it was not visible from their campsite, but they left it at “maybe”, and departed for their camp.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: Waking Up on the Mountain - 5**

As they entered the woods below the lookout, Dale said to Nate, “You know we are only invited to come to see the sunset because he is hoping to see more of Naked Carol.”

“You know that’s not true,” replied Nate. “People like you for your fun personality. I would, however, say that I am only invited because of you. Had you been dressed, I think he would have invited us to come back just the same.”

“I don’t think so. Those guys were tripping over themselves trying to think up reasons to keep the naked girl there: lunch, Jeep rides, sunsets. Anything they could think of,” said Dale.

“Even if that is true, what are you complaining about? You enjoy being looked at, and you know these guys are safe. They’re married. They’re not telling anyone, out of respect for you, but also because they don’t want to threaten their jobs or marriages,” said Nate. Dale had been wondering about that. She hoped that what Nate said was true, that they wouldn’t be telling people about her.

“Nate, I do want to go back for the sunset,” she said a minute or two later.

“I hoped you would. I know it is only because it is going to be a beautiful sunset. I know that parading your cute little tush around in front of Mitchell some more has absolutely nothing to do with it,” said Nate. Dale’s only reply was s coy little smile.

Back at camp, Nate went about preparing dinner. He cooked up some rice on his stove, steamed the remaining carrots, and fried up a couple of ham steaks. Again, Dale sat facing him astride the log. He thought, if only the view at every meal could be so lovely. Alas, tomorrow at dinner time she will be wearing clothes and they will be apart. He tried to force those depressing thoughts from his mind.

Dale made it easy to force those thoughts from his mind. She said, “Nate, you have quite an evil streak! It was on full display today.”

“Oh?” replied Nate, hoping she would continue.

“Don’t act so innocent! You know what I mean. Taking my shoes…pure evil! Just little ol’ me, all alone in the wilderness! Stranded nude in broad daylight. Who would do such a thing?” she said.

“I’ll bet you loved it,” replied Nate.

“I’m not telling. However I will admit I had a good opportunity to work on my overall tan out there in the middle of nowhere, though. I even managed to get some sun on my inner thighs!” she said with a little smile. “You can’t manage that often. For example, it is not an area that one can tan at the clubhouse pool. Keep your knees together ladies!” she said, shaking her finger like she was someone’s mother teaching girls about being ladylike. And speaking of evil, about that demonstration you had me put on for the guys.”

“Evil, huh? What about it?” said Nate.

“You must think I’m pretty naïve. You probably think you tricked me into giving you all those tips last night about positions that would make me blush the most. Well, I knew all along that you were pumping me for information that you might, well, that you might one day use to make me blush. I knew that was what you were after. I just figured that those things might show up someday. As in ‘someday in the distant future.’ Not the very next morning! Pure evil! ” she said. Nate was doubly surprised. In the first place he had thought that he had tricked her, at least a little. In the second place, and much more significantly, she had just used the words ‘someday’ and ‘distant future’. Nate was thrilled. This was the first indication that Dale might be picturing him in her future. He had been trying to not get his hopes up too high, realizing that after the weekend things might go back to being like they were before. He figured she would always be an exhibitionist, but he didn’t know if she would again be getting naked with him there. Maybe she would get busy. Maybe she would simply not want his participation in her nude adventures. He had been trying to focus on enjoying the present with little thought of the future, but here suddenly was a hint. A wonderful, delicious hint!

“So I’m evil because I think I tricked you, and by the way, you told me that I tricked you. How does thinking that I tricked you make me so evil?” asked Nate.

“No, I got sidetracked,” said Dale, “What I was getting to is that you were evil in how you used the information I had given you. At first you were a sweetheart, an absolute sweetheart for picking so many beautiful gymnastics positions and tricks. As soon as I figured out you were going to have a ‘main event’ as you called it, I was expecting the first trick to be standing splits. But you surprised me, what a nice surprise. I was having fun! I was feeling like a gymnast who happened to be nude, but a gymnast first and foremost. It felt like I was showing off my skill and attractive feminine form, rather than just my naughty bits. Don’t get me wrong, I love to show and have my pussy looked at. I’m just a little conflicted about it, I guess. Conservative American upbringing maybe. But then came the standing splits.”

“I’m still not figuring out what was so evil. You knew they were coming. You were glad they weren’t first, and I happen to think you told me about them because you secretly wanted to do them for an audience. Or maybe not so secretly. As I recall, when I asked about taking it up a notch, you said ‘full steam ahead’. I loved that wording by the way. Full steam ahead!” said Nate.

“Well, maybe I did want to, but you were still evil. I’m not saying that I don’t like evil, but it was very evil to have me close my eyes and imagine, then display, then force me to look at the audience’s eyes. That was evil!” said Dale.

“Good! I was trying to be evil! I’m glad it worked. I think you like evil.”

Dale laughed, “You aren’t planning anything else evil today that I need to worry about, are you?

“Nope. Nothing up my sleeve. My plan is to enjoy the sunset, then help you slip quietly back into your house, so that you won’t be grounded for the rest of your life,” said Nate.

“Yep, somehow naked little me needs to wake up in her own bed tomorrow. What kind of thoughts might you have about how we accomplish that?” said Dale.

“Well, first off, I thought I’d leave my stuff here. I think we can ride down the trail at night, but I don’t really want to try doing so wearing a back pack. So I leave everything here, and come back for things later in the week. As I see it, there are three things we can do once we get to town. First option, we just ride the motorcycle to my house. At 1:00 a.m. there is probably a 50/50 chance we would make it with no one seeing us,” said Nate.

“Nope, not a good option. Exciting, but I don’t like the odds,” interjected Dale.

“OK, second option, I drop you off near the clubhouse, and you make your way back. I think you know the way. I then ride my motorcycle home alone. I find a nice hiding spot between our houses to wait for you. And then when you are in range, I take a series of flash photos…so that when I’m old and grey I will know that I wasn’t dreaming. Being a man of my word, I protect said photos with my life, never showing them to anyone,” said Nate.

“Hmm. That was sounding like a pretty good option until all the flashes woke up my parents,” said Dale.

“Your parents would wake up?” asked Nate.

“Probably not, but we aren’t going to find out, are we. OK, what is the third option?” asked Dale.

“OK, third option, I hide the motorcycle just up the trail from the clubhouse as I did before. From there, you and I make our way back across the golf course. You can give me the tour, so to speak. For years I have dreamed of following you or accompanying you on your nudie excursions. For me, it would be a dream come true. We arrive at our houses, and slip in quietly. In the morning you wake up in your own bed. I wake up in my own bed. You go about your life. I retrieve my motorcycle. I’m sure there are many other options. Most of which you wouldn’t prefer because they have you walking through town naked, or waking up in jail naked. What option do you like, or what better ideas do you have?” asked Nate.

“Well, no and no to walking naked through town and waking up naked in jail. I’ve been thinking I like the idea of completing what I started by returning on my own legs from the clubhouse. That has a certain symmetry to it that appeals to me. 48 hours later, but nude and on my own two feet,” answered Dale.

“OK, option two then,” said Nate.

“No option three,” said Dale. “It has the same symmetry. I’m nude and I return to my house on my own two feet. It has a big advantage in that it doesn’t involve flash photography. I can keep an eye on you, keeping Nate’s evil streak at bay. To be honest, I like the idea of company. I’ve done the golf course alone, many times. I know what that is like. You say that your dream was accompanying me. Well, I had dreams of my own. Frankly, I never had a dream in which you accompanied me. Sorry, didn’t. But seriously, I did dream of one day not being alone, of being seen or being caught. True, most of my dreams were nightmares, but they were still my dreams. Now I don’t have to explore the golf course alone and naked. In a way, I guess my dream has come true, and it’s not a nightmare. It almost was. I did thank you for that, didn’t I?”

“Yes you did. Ok, option three,” said Nate. “Let’s say we leave the camp about 1:00am. I don’t want to go too early. I don’t want people in town seeing the headlight coming down the hill. Someone will probably see it, maybe even the police. I’m a little concerned about someone seeing the light and deciding to meet us. Probably wouldn’t happen, but that might be a good reason to be leaving the bike where we will leave it. That way we don’t come out the end of the trail. We do actually, but we come out of it quietly and on foot, with no lights. Ready to go watch the sunset? After sunset, let’s come back and have a campfire. A campfire sounds like a nice way to wait for 1:00am to roll around.”

“Yep, let’s go watch the sunset. What a nice way to close out my second complete day of being the nude girl on the mountain…sunrise to sunset,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: Waking Up on the Mountain - 6**

When they got to the top of the stairs, Mitchell was waiting for them. They were early; the sun was well above the horizon. Mitchell said, “I have a surprise for you.”

“Uh, oh! I’m not sure I like the sound of that,” said Dale looking around. “Unexpected visitors or naked pictures of me possibly? Those were my surprises this morning. Or maybe something worse?”

“Oh, nothing like that. Nothing concerning you,” said Mitchell. “Go outside on the porch and have a look around.” They did, but they were mostly looking close. “OK, I’ll give you a hint. What am I supposed to be doing up here above tree top?” Given the giveaway clue, Nate and Dale started scanning the horizon. Dale saw it first, a column of smoke, but at a great distance. “I didn’t see it first,” said Mitchell, “but there are two other towers closer. The closest one was the one who saw it first. That gentleman is a good friend of mine, his name is Mark. He is in a lookout on the other side of the fire. If there is any stress in this job, it deals with being the first to call in a fire that you have the best view of. I think Mark would like to meet you someday Carol. Maybe we could arrange that. Actually there are a number of guys in our division who I am certain would like meeting you.”

“Ok Mitchell. I need a clarification,” said Dale somewhat sternly. “Please explain. So they would they like meeting me, but not Nate here? Why? Is it me that you think they would like to meet? And if so, would a clothed me suffice? Or are you saying that you think they’d like to meet Naked Carol? I just want to understand fully what you are thinking.”

Mitchell looked dumbstruck, but then replied, “Actually you caught me, Carol. To be honest, what I was thinking when I said that was that my friends ought to also have the chance to meet you and see your cute little body. Nothing against Nate there, but I can’t suggest any of the guys go out of their way to meet him. You on the other hand, are worth going to some trouble to meet, clothed I mean. Not that I can picture you clothed. Naked Carol, however, is worth a cross-country drive to meet. Basically, my friends should be so jealous of me for what I’ve had the chance to enjoy today. They won’t be however, because I’ll never say anything to anyone. I presume I can talk to Mike, however, about our shared experience.” Nate was making mental notes. Getting Dale together with more of the guys? Why not? He already knew about 4 or 5 guys that he had met in this particular lookout.

Dale laughed, “OK Mitchell, at least you are honest. Are you getting this Nate? Above the neck I’m worth a drive to meet. Below the neck I’m worth a very long drive. And you my friend, you are only worth meeting if you happen to be with me, got it! Ok, I thought of another clarification I’d like to have. Just how far of a drive would it be worth to meet the below the neck me? And how far of a drive would it be worth to meet the below the belt me?” Nate was enjoying the discussion. It was fun to see Dale try and pin Mitchell down on this topic. He sure stepped into it with his initial, ill-considered comment; at least in retrospect it seemed ill-considered.

“Ok Carol, I’ll figure out another answer to that question, in the meantime, let’s not miss the sunset. Look how the sky is starting to change,” said Mitchell. They all took a few minutes to admire and enjoy the sky. Both Dale and Nate remarked how correct he had been when he had earlier said that the clouds might be just right to make for a beautiful sunset.

Suddenly Dale said, “Oh wait guys, I almost forgot.” She walked a little ways away from them so they would be able to see all of her and then turned. She then asked, “OK, who notices something different?” Both guys studied her thinking, why do girls do this to us? They studied her hair. They had her turn around, then back around.

Nate was thinking it must be something about her tan lines, which he studied in great detail. They had certainly faded, but that had been a gradual thing, so it couldn’t be what she had in mind. But then he saw it. “You don’t have your shoes on!”

“Right, I’m completely nude. Just as I was when you stranded me in the wilderness earlier today, you jerk.” She punched Nate. “I can’t believe how long it took you guys to notice that you had a completely nude girl in your midst.”

“Wow Carol, nudity looks great on you! I’d go with it if I were you. Where are your shoes, by the way?” said Nate.

“At the bottom of the stairs. I’ve been completely nude for well over half an hour and neither of you noticed,” she said. They all laughed.

“Ok Carol,” said Mitchell, “I’ve got your answer for you.” They both looked at him and he continued, “Ok, remember that these are just one man’s opinions. I’m sure all guys would have different answers. I’m probably putting my foot in my mouth, but here goes. The above the neck you would be worth a 100 mile drive. The below the neck but above the belt you would be worth a 300 mile drive. Great tits! So to clarify, 300 miles for no clothing between the neck and the belt, looking only, no touching. The below the belt you would be worth a 600 mile drive, so covered above but completely naked below the navel, again looking only, no touching. If you’d like a breakdown, I’d say that is 200 miles for the exceptional shape of your legs, hips, and butt. Another 200 for the pussy itself, plus 200 bonus miles for the exquisite grooming, so 600 total. OK, now let’s add the last two. We are talking completely nude from the neck all the way down to the floor. That would be worth a 1500 mile drive. The sum is greater than the parts. In other words, 300 plus 600 equals 1500. Ok, now add the above the neck part back in, so no clothes from head to toe, looking only, no touching. That would be worth 2000 miles. So 100 plus 1500 equals 2000 miles. Now add in your personality, and the total package would be worth a 3000 mile drive. So a cross country trip, just like I said earlier. That would be the worth of the you that is standing in front of me right now, a 3000 mile drive. So 2000 miles if you don’t talk or smile. Add in the personality: she walks, she talks, she smiles, she punches Nate, and she turns bright red when Nate tells her to do the splits. The total equals 3000 miles. Got it? Any other combinations you want me to consider?”

“Wow,” said Dale, “Little ol’ me, 3000 miles. And 300 miles, all the way across the state, for just these little titties?”

“Yep, at least 300. I gave you the maximum allowable nipple points too, by the way,” replied Mitchell.

Dale seemed to like what she was hearing. She liked her tits, but at times she thought bigger would be better. “But Mitchel, you didn’t mention Nate.”

“Right. Nate. I think you were pretty much right. Nate is a great guy, but driving to meet him? Only if he is with you. Sorry Nate, no offense intended.”

“None taken,” said Nate. Nate remembered to ask about having a campfire, and said he wanted to use a bucket again to put it completely out. Mitchell was of course fine with the campfire. He knew Nate knew the drill. They then all looked to where the distant fire had been. Mitchell had wondered if orange flames would be visible once the stars were out. But the fire must not have been on a visible slope, as they saw no orange glow.

As they were leaving, Mitchell invited them to return in the morning for coffee. Nate thanked him but told him that they would unfortunately be departing early. He didn’t tell him how early.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: Waking Up on the Mountain - 7**

After Dale had her shoes back on and they were headed down through the trees, she brought up Mitchell’s coffee invitation, “See, what did I tell you? These guys trip over themselves thinking up ways to get Naked Carol back in the fire lookout. I’m sure he would join us at our campfire if it was allowed. I’m not sure he was being honest, but he did give me 100 miles for above the neck. And he gave me 1000 miles for personality once naked. That was pretty funny. I guess I must have a pretty good naked girl personality.”

“You have a great personality naked. You have a great personality all the time,” said Nate who continued, “but I have to admit that I don’t have much experience talking to you with clothes on. Almost all my personal experience with your personality has been while you were naked.”

“Hmm…that’s true, isn’t it?” said Dale thoughtfully, “Maybe we should keep it that way. Maybe the way we keep the naked side of me a secret from the rest of the town is by only talking with one another only when I am nude. We could actually make that a rule. If Dale has clothes on, then Dale and Nate don’t talk to each other. If Dale is nude, then Nate can talk to Dale. That could work, because if I am nude, it would mean that there is no one else around to see that we actually know each other, or overhear what we talk about. That could work!”

Suddenly Nate was worried that she might be serious. Why had he brought up the part about how he had only talked to her while naked? That might prove to have been a big mistake. He had to think of how to counter this unfortunate direction that the conversation had taken. “Now Dale, you know I can keep secrets,” said Nate.

“Well maybe, but someone might wonder why we suddenly seem to talk to one another. Worse yet, someone might overhear us talking about nudity, or my pretty pussy. Wouldn’t that cause a rumor that would spread like wildfire. ‘Guess what? I just overheard Dale asking Nate if she might need to shave her pussy for the weekend!’ Now wouldn’t that make for a great rumor!” said Dale.

“Maybe we could have the rule that we only talk about nudity when you are actually nude. Maybe we don’t have to go to the extreme of outlawing all talk when you are dressed,” said Nate hopefully. She seemed to be giving that some thought. At least Nate hoped she was giving it some thought. He continued, “Besides, I’m not a very social guy. I don’t do so well talking to people.”

“That’s not true Nate. I had thought you were shy, but you’ve surprised me completely this weekend. I had thought that you might be one of those guys who totally puts his foot in his mouth when a pretty girl is present. You are much less of a nerd than I had thought, not that I had given you much thought. Sorry. But you’ve been able to look me in the eye and hold up your end of the conversation pretty well. I doubt there are many guys at school who could carry on a conversation with a naked cheerleader,” said Dale.

“Well, one on one I do fine. I’ve always been good at that. I didn’t know that I could talk to a naked cheerleader. I am grateful to have had the opportunity to find out. But in groups I don’t do so well. If you and some of your cheerleader friends are together, expect me to just walk shyly past. If you talk to me under those circumstances, keep your expectations low. I won’t slip and mention nudity, but I will probably get tongue tied.” Nate didn’t know if Dale had decided one way or the other. They were back at camp and he went about making a fire. They had quite a bit of time to kill, and they spent it talking, getting to know one another better and again roasting marshmallows.

Eventually it was about time to head back. Nate went about storing his things in the tent and dousing the fire. He’d have to return the bucket when he came back for his stuff in a day or two. When they were seated on the motorcycle and he was about to put it in gear, Nate looked down at the arms around his waist and the shapely thighs that were gripping his hips, the speedometer light providing illumination. He couldn’t help himself. He reached down and ran his right hand gently along her leg starting at her calf and ending mid-thigh. Her skin was so soft and warm. “What was that Nate?” she asked.

“Oh, sorry,” was all that he could think of to say. He had seen so much skin, but actual contact had been quite limited. She had snuggled against him in the tent last night, and now she was against him on all sides on the motorcycle. Other than that, they had hardly touched one another. Several times he had considered taking her hand as they walked along, but he had been too smart to risk it. What if she refused to hold hands?
Slowly, he picked his way down the trail. The last thing he wanted to do was spill the bike. Getting Dale home without a scratch on her was topmost in his mind. Once they finally reached the bottom, he had her hop off while he rode the bike into the trees to hide it. Then he made his way back to where she was waiting for him.

She was standing there silently, listening. So he stood next to her, also listening. As he had just switched off the bike, their eyes were adjusting to the darkness and their ears were adjusting to the quiet of the night. After about a minute, she whispered to him, “OK Buster, you’re on my turf now. Follow me…quietly. I don’t intend to take that police car ride now just because you can’t walk without making a racket.” She took his hand and they continued on toward the clubhouse. It felt nice to be holding her hand, but Nate knew that she had taken his hand to lead him. It was friendly, but clearly lacking romantic intent.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door: Waking Up on the Mountain - 8**

They slipped quickly past the clubhouse without comment. Nate thought about how he had climbed up on the roof to rescue her the day before. Once they were out on the golf course, Dale took off running. Nate quickly fell behind. She stopped to let him catch up. “I can’t see well enough to run so fast,” said Nate.

“What’s to see? It’s a golf course,” said Dale. “Do you know how much effort goes into making these greens smooth?”

“I’m sure there are water and sand traps,” said Nate.

Well, sure there are, but I know my way around, believe me. Stay close behind me and you won’t fall into anything. You said that you wanted to see what I do naked at the golf course. Well, this is one of the things I do,” she said as she again took off running. Nate tried harder to keep up.

Once she finally stopped and Nate had again caught up to her, he said, “You sure are in good shape. You continue to impress me.”

“Well, I used to be in track. I only dropped out once it was conflicting with cheer and gymnastics. I also used to be on a summer swim team. But you only can do so much. I do jog quite a bit. I’ve always thought that one day I might be running away from a situation, as in running away naked. For that reason, I’ve always thought that maintaining my speed and stamina might be in my interest,” said Dale. “You’re in football. I’m sure you’re in good shape. Now keep up!” And with that she was off running again.

“Well I’m not sure I am in such great shape right now, but if I always had your pretty little tush to chase after, I’d be in great shape,” said Nate after she had again stopped.

“Well, if you want to see more of this tush, then try harder to keep up.” And with that she headed off running for a fourth time.

Nate yelled after her, “Not again. Don’t you do anything else up here on the golf course?”

She stopped and came back to him. “Shhhh! Remember, you might not be naked, but I am. Keep your voice down. Of course I do other things up here. I do lots of cartwheels, watch!” Nate liked this better. Watching her do cartwheels by moonlight was his idea of fun. Much better than running after her. After doing ten or twelve, she stopped and lay down on the grass spread eagle. He went over and lay down next to her. “We’re almost home Nate. How sad. That means, ugh, clothes. At least I can sleep naked, but in the morning I’ll have to dress.”

“You sleep naked? Don’t you worry your parents will come in?” Nate was smiling as he imagined his cute neighbor sleeping in the buff.

“My parents respect the bedroom door. I think they worry more about catching me naked than I worry about them catching me naked,” said Dale.

“Do they know about your exhibitionist tendencies?” asked Nate.

“I don’t think so. Actually, I haven’t asked. How would I ask? Wouldn’t the question betray my secret? I think it is best not to know if they do. They either don’t know or are pretending they don’t know. Either way, it seems to work for the present,” said Dale.

“Yeah, it is probably best to not bring it up. Well Dale, 48 hours of nudity! Did you think you would ever be nude for such a long period of time?” asked Nate.

“Frankly no. At least not around here. Had I made 48 hours of nudity a specific goal, I probably could have thought of only two ways to accomplish it. First, a nudist resort. Second, someplace completely alone, like my bedroom. Neither option does anything for me. Both are places where nudity is acceptable. This was so much better. The entire time I was nude where you aren’t supposed to be, outside, fire lookout towers, motorcycle and Jeep rides. I was almost never alone. Five guys saw me nude, counting those two in the truck. But I spent an extended amount of time around three guys, you, Mike and Mitchell. It was pretty fun for me. I won’t ask if you had a good time, because you always seemed to be having fun. I don’t want it to end, but that is where we are, at the end,” said Dale.

“Dale, will you do me a favor?” asked Nate.

“Let me see, now how should a naked lady answer such an open ended question? I guess I’m going to have to go with: it depends,” answered Dale.

“What were you worried that I might have in mind? No wait, don’t answer that. Here is what I was going to ask. I’m concerned about how things are going to go between you and your mom in the morning. Will you somehow let me know that everything is OK in the Jordan household?” said Nate.

“Sure, I can do that. I’ll send you a text tomorrow,” said Dale.

“Great! I’ll give you my number,” said Nate.

You don’t need to do that. I already have it,” said Dale. Nate was surprised. He didn’t see how she could have it. She continued, “Remember you loaned me your phone to call my mom. Well, I snooped. I have it memorized. I’ll send you a text tomorrow. OK Buster, on your feet, time to do the last 300 yards. Walk with me.” Nate stood up, and Dale took his hand. Side by side they walked toward their houses. This time it felt like hand holding to Nate. They walked in silence.

When they arrived at her backyard gate, Dale turned to Nate. She held both his hands facing him and said, “Thank you for the best rescue a damsel in distress ever had, my knight in shining armor!” With that she pulled both of his arms firmly, pushing her body up into his. He felt her body against his. He was especially conscious of her chest pressing into his rib cage. Her mouth sought his, and she kissed him fully on the lips. In many ways it was like a hug, yet a hug in which his hands were held, preventing him from caressing her skin during the embrace. She lingered against him like that, holding him there. Slowly she relaxed the pull on his arms and they separated. She then turned and went through the gate. He watched as she walked to her back door. Halfway through the door she turned and waved to him, then the door closed and she was gone.