**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 17: Get In the Game**

Nate woke up and lay in bed thinking. He had been expecting to be experiencing Dale withdrawal symptoms. He did miss having her at his side, but he had so much on his mind that he was not dwelling on that. Initially he had spent time thinking about the goodbye kiss that Dale had given him, specifically how she had held his hands. While it could have been an innocent gesture, he was mostly thinking otherwise. That she had purposefully held his hands to prevent him from touching her skin. He wondered if it might have been her reaction to how he had run his hand along her leg at the start of the motorcycle ride last night. Had she been concerned about where his hands might wander during an embrace? She had told Mitchell, “…control those hands, Mister” before giving him his victory kiss. Had she simply decided to control his hands herself rather than saying something or taking her chances? He wondered.

He thought that he was starting to figure out a few more things about Dale. He was thinking that nudity and sex were more separate in her mind than they were for most people. In other words, she was able to be nude around others without sexual or romantic implications, just as she might be dressed around people without that having specific meaning. In other words, it was apparently wrong to think that her nudity represented flirting or romantic interest on her part. She simply liked being nude. If that was the case, then it would be possible to see how touching her leg might have seemed like out-of-the-blue inappropriate contact to her. To Dale their relationship might be entirely platonic. But he was having a hard time viewing the relationship in completely platonic terms given how Dale had been behaving. How she had been constantly displaying her pussy, for example. It wasn’t just that she had been nude. Certain actions, such as sitting astride the log, had been clearly designed to draw his focus to her most intimate area. Should he ask her sometime? He didn’t think he would.

He decided to set that topic aside for more consideration later. He had been developing a plan that he wanted to begin implementing right away. In his mind he had nicknamed this plan the “Get In the Game” plan. He was feeling as if he had a chance with Dale. They really seemed to click. He felt it likely that the two of them would be getting together once in a while for excursions involving exhibitionism. Getting to be with her nude was absolutely awesome, but he wanted more. He wanted to be around her while she was dressed. In a word, he found himself thinking about the possibility of Dale becoming his girlfriend. Just a week ago that idea would have been beyond unthinkable, but the world was different now. Now it seemed like he had a shot. He didn’t know what he might have to do to become the sort of guy who she might date, but why not try? What did he have to lose? His initial plan was to work harder at football. Rather than coast and spend the season mostly on the bench as he had done as a junior, he thought he could work hard and potentially become first string. This was all based on an overly simplistic theory that went something like: cheerleaders date football players, and the hot cheerleaders dated the better football players. He thought that Dale was way above the type of girl who could be summed up by such an insulting theory, but he also felt that being a better player couldn’t hurt. If he was going to go to practice, why not give it his all. He knew that Dale would. That thought inspired him.

Last night his poor level of conditioning had been on display. So step one was getting out of bed and going for a run. Step two was to go talk to the head coach and get some input about what step three ought to be. What else should he be doing if he wanted to be first string? In short, he hoped that by getting in the football game, he might also get in the cheerleader dating game. So he got up, and headed out for a workout.

Dale’s morning started similarly. She woke up and lay there thinking about things. For her the first step was to get up and find out if she had really spent 48 hours naked with no damage to her life in town. It was time to see if Nate was right about that. She knew that the newspaper couldn’t have run nude photos of her on the front page, but it would be reassuring to have that confirmed. Hopefully her alibi story had worked, and she could resume the life she had had on Friday. She got up, and put on a robe. She walked out to the kitchen and said “hi” to her mom. Things seemed normal, until her mom turned and looked at her. Suddenly her mom said, “On my God, what happened to you?”

Her first response was fright. Was two days of nudity written across her forehead? She tried to stay calm, “Mom, what are you talking about?”

“Your face dear,” said her mom, “Go look at your face in the mirror. What were you girls doing? You sure look like you got a lot of sun. Were you girls outside the entire weekend?” Dale was completely relieved to know that it was just the amount of sun that she had gotten that set her mom off like that. As Dale walked into the bathroom to look in the mirror, her mom continued, “And your hair too. You really should take more care of your looks dear.”

Looking in the mirror she could understand her mother’s reaction. It didn’t look like she would peel, she thought. But she was sure destined to be a lot darker once the red tones mellowed into brown tones as she thought they would. Her blond hair did look a fright though, but a shower would mostly fix that, but it might have gotten sun bleached a little. She mostly wanted to have a look at her tan lines, so she closed the door and slipped off the robe. The difference was pretty amazing. She could tell where her bikini tan had been, but here too it looked like she’d have to wait for things to settle to know for sure. She couldn’t wait for that to happen and she knew she would want to show off her lack of tan lines. She’d have to show Nate. There was no one else she could show. But how could she show him? The tan lines had existed in the first place because nighttime was the only time she had been nude. She’d have to give some thought to when and where she could get naked in front of Nate during the daytime. At the moment she was drawing such a complete blank on that that instead she started trying to figure out how she could get together with him at night on the golf course. It was what she knew. She could already tell that being nude alone, even outside on the golf course, would never again do very much for her. The weekend had shown her that there was better out there, and she was hooked. At the same time, the obstacles were as daunting as ever. There seemed about no way for her to indulge her obsession and retain the respectable life she knew and valued.

Nate jogged around town looking at everything in a new light. He was looking for places that Dale might be able to visit while nude. To his knowledge she had limited her outings to the golf course and its clubhouse area. There were other areas in town that she might visit, but they were not connected to the golf course directly. In other words, she would have to cross streets and walk through neighborhoods to reach them. Nate found a few possibilities and decided to return after dark to investigate further. To be thorough, he wanted to see how bright street lights were, how busy certain areas seemed late, and he wanted to walk around and try to note where guard dogs might be. He knew that he might have trouble talking Dale into leaving the golf course, but he also knew that he wanted to try. He knew that she wanted adventure, and it wasn’t on the golf course. Camping had been good, but with school coming, he needed to find options that were not so far. Also he knew that Dale needed more excitement. To fit the bill, they would need to seem risky, but in reality they could not involve too much risk. His goal was get her naked and then to get her places that made her worry she would get caught. She had said that she liked to worry. He had to keep playing his Ace, he felt. And that meant pushing her boundaries, but carefully. His goal was to get away with leading a naked cheerleader around, not get her arrested for indecent exposure.

He thought his talk with the head coach, Coach Neal, had gone very well. He expected that he might be in his office because the first football practice was that very afternoon. Coach Neal had been very glad to hear that Nate wanted to work his butt off to get off the bench. Coach Neal gave him a variety of suggestions and told him to also talk with the defensive line coach, Coach Maynard as well as the strength and conditioning coach. Both those guys were also at school, so Nate left sometime later with a whole list of things to work on. Coach Maynard was someone he knew pretty well from the prior year. He told him about errors that he had made last year that needed to be corrected. In short, Coach Maynard had talked to him about how Nate had gotten knocked on his butt during a few important plays the prior year. He told him that he had to focus on keeping his outside foot back, and that he needed to keep low and keep his feet moving, never stop and just push against a blocker. Nate had heard all this before, but came away with suggestions for drills he could do to help him finally get it figured out. They also talked about the primary responsibility of a defensive end: quarterback containment. The strength and conditioning coach put together a weight lifting program for Nate to follow. So each day Nate would visit the weight room in the morning. The coaches had felt that he would get enough aerobic exercise during the afternoon football practice, if he put his heart into it. So just before noon, Nate headed home with an entire program that included study and the watching of videos to help him improve. He felt quite fired up, and was now looking forward to the first practice that afternoon.

As he sat down to lunch back at home, he got a text from Dale. It was with great pleasure that he entered his pretty next door neighbor as a “new contact” on his cell phone. The text read, “We got away with it! Mom suspects nothing. Tan lines looking great. Can’t wait to show you!” Nate was so glad to hear the good news. He was especially glad to hear that Dale wanted to show him how her tan was looking. That was wonderful. It had seemed like a possibility that he would never again she her naked, a remote possibility maybe, but nevertheless a possibility. He spent a little time trying to think about what he should text back. He didn’t want to over communicate. The last thing he wanted to do was come across as clingy or desperate. He thought a few short texts would be OK, but he didn’t want to come across as being too Dale focused. He recalled how she had told him that the tan lines were a constant reminder that she always wore her swim suit. Finally he sent, “Great news! I can’t wait to see. I hope that tan reminds you of the bikini that you were NOT wearing ALL weekend!” In response he received a smiley face. He replied, “First football practice this afternoon.” He got another smiley face in reply. He decided to leave off there. He wanted to ask her questions about what she was doing, but decided not to.

Football practice went well, but when he got home he was pooped. He ended up going to bed right after dinner. He had thought about exploring town some once it got late, but decided that he needed a full night’s sleep more. The next morning he was up and out the door headed to the weight room. He had never done much with weights, but was more than willing to give it his best. After his workout, he went and located his motorcycle and then headed up the hill to get his backpack and return the bucket. He said hello to Mitchell, and talked to him for a short while. Mitchell seemed lonely and had all kinds of questions about “Carol”. Nate stuck with the story that she was from California and had left to go home. He finally decided that the only way to avoid all the Carol questions was to say goodbye to Mitchell, so he left, and rode his motorcycle home.

When he walked in the front door, his mother asked him, “Nate, who is Carol?” His throat went dry. What had she found out?

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As casually as he could he replied, “Someone I know, why?”

“A card came from her addressed to you, it’s on the kitchen table,” said his mother. He quickly investigated. Sure enough, there was a yellow greeting card size envelope waiting for him. The return address read simply, “Carol,” nothing more.

“Who is she?” asked his mother from the next room. Rather than replying, Nate took the card and disappeared into his room, closing the door behind him. He opened it carefully, excitedly. It was a card with a sheet of paper inside. The card read, “If we were meant to be naked…” Inside it continued, “…we’d be born that way!” I wonder where she found this, thought Nate. He looked at the sheet of paper that had been inside the card. It was a printout of the map of the golf course. It had an X drawn on it in red crayon. Looking back at the card, he read the handwritten note, “Meet me at the X at 1:00am Wednesday night (i.e. Thursday Morning). See enclosed treasure map. Yours, Carol.”

Was Nate ever pleased! His thoughts were doing somersaults! He was working on a get together of his own, but he was so pleased to learn that she too was thinking along similar lines, even making plans! He had learned that her birthday was the very next Monday. He decided that Dale needed to spend at least part of her birthday in her birthday suit, and not in the middle of the night, but rather in the sunshine. Seeing Dale on Wednesday night would give him the chance to ask her to set aside the time. He didn’t want to give the details away then, but he needed to see if she would do something with him that day. He figured she would likely be busy with family or friends in the evening, but hoped she might be available in the morning or mid-day. The card did not say RSVP, but Nate decided to let Dale know that he would be there. He sent her a text, “Loved the card! See you then.” He knew she would be naked, so he considered saying something like, “See ALL of you then,” but in the end he couldn’t think of a way to word it that did not sound stupid. A few minutes later he received a smiley face in reply. Tomorrow was Wednesday, so he had just over a day to wait. He hoped the time would go quickly. He decided to head out that very evening to the golf course to figure out where they were meeting. He wanted to go while it was still light, but after the golfers had left. He didn’t know if walking around the golf course was permitted during the day, and he suspected that it might not be all that safe when golf balls were flying around. He didn’t know the golf course like Dale did. He didn’t think he could find the spot on the map at night without visiting it during the day first. Later that night, probably around midnight he was planning to head out again to do the nighttime scouting that he wanted to do. He expected that whatever Dale might be planning, it involved staying within her safety zone. If that was the case, then he hoped to upset the apple cart a little.

Wednesday night he sat in his room waiting for the light change on the hill that would signal that Dale was leaving her house. Finally it was about time for him to leave. He went to his father’s study and saw the Jordan’s back light was still on. That was odd, but it was getting close enough to their meeting time that he headed out and up to the golf course. There was no moon, so it was quite dark. Even though he had been there during the day, he was still struggling to find the spot. Suddenly he heard a whisper, “A little more to the right.” He looked around but saw nothing. Then she started to laugh.

“OK, how long have you been there?” asked Nate.

“I’ve been right behind you as you crossed the last two fairways,” said Dale. “I guess you were concentrating so much on where you were going that you never stopped to listen for anyone else. When I’m naked, I have a very keen sense of hearing. Here, let me lead you to the blanket I set out for us. It is just up ahead.”

“The blanket?” said Nate.

“Sure, I thought it would be more comfortable. Just like the blanket we had outside the night we looked at the stars by the tent. I would have liked to have made a campfire, but I can think of several reasons not to build a campfire here in the middle of the golf course.”

“Yeah, Mitchell might call it in,” interjected Nate.

“I hadn’t thought of that, but I was sure someone would see it,” replied Dale.

Nate was sure she was nude, but he had not gotten visual confirmation. He thought of reaching his hand over to check, but decided that that would be weird. When they were at the blanket, they both sat down. That seemed to be what Dale had in mind. She said, “I thought we could have a mini-picnic, sort of a dessert picnic here. I baked you some cookies, two kinds actually. My cookies have been quite popular with the guys for whom I have baked. It is a very elite club. I think you are only the fourth guy to receive cookies baked personally by Dale Jordan. That should make you feel very special. You did such a nice job of cooking for me that I decided to return the favor. I also have juice and water for refreshments.”

“Thanks Dale,” said Nate. “What a fun idea: a middle of the night cookie picnic!”

“Another important part of this picnic is this candle that I brought with me. I have been anxiously awaiting the chance to show off my tan. I experimented with a flashlight, but it was too bright. Also, the light was quite harsh. A lady wants to look her best you know. I decided that the warm light of a candle would be perfect for a late night picnic, here on the blanket between us. I know you are good at making fires. Here are the matches, please do the honors.” Nate was more than happy to have some light.

“Dale, you aren’t concerned that someone might see the light and crash our picnic,” said Nate.

“I thought about that, but I think that it is quite late, and this is a very small light. We should be fine,” said Dale. “And as a backup plan, I always have my shoes, and I’m not afraid to use them. You saw for yourself that I can run in the dark. And I was only jogging that night.”

“Have you had lights up here on the golf course before?” asked Nate.

“Nope, and this is a first time for a picnic as well. I have been on the golf course with a boy before, but only once, and it was just a few days ago,” said Dale.

Nate lit the candle saying, “OK Miss, time for your official tan inspection. Why don’t you get into a better position so that we can get a good look?” Dale did as instructed, hopping up on her knees facing him. The candle, barely two feet from her, was illuminating her pussy perfectly from a low angle, leaving nothing to the imagination. For the first time in a few days Nate was thinking he needed to pinch himself. Could this be happening he thought? The hottest girl in school nude by candlelight. “Wow Dale, what a beautiful tan. That is not the tan of a well-behaved girl, a girl who has been wearing her bikini. OK, now your chest.” And with that he picked up the candle to better illuminate her upper half. He could tell how proud she was by how she held out her chest and moved it around to show everything to its best advantage, seemingly tracing figure eights in the air with her pert nipples. “Lovely,” continued Nate. “Is this the best tan you have ever had?”

“Oh, I’m sure it is. I’ve been this dark before, but always with tan lines. Here, now the backside,” said Dale as she turned, still kneeling on the blanket.

“Lovely, if there are any lines remaining in this tan, they don’t show up by candle light. With Fall coming, I’m not sure how we maintain that tan,” said Nate. As she turned back around, Nate continued to study her front. He knew she liked to be looked at so he indulged himself. He so very much wanted to reach out a hand and feel the smoothness of her skin, the firmness of her tits. He knew he didn’t dare. He seemingly had unlimited viewing rights, but touching was an altogether different matter.

“OK Nate, now it is time for your present,” said Dale reaching under the corner of the blanket and pulling out a wrapped present. “Here, this is for you.”

Nate was surprised, “A present? It’s not my birthday. But speaking of birthdays, I have an idea for your birthday. A birthday outing that just might involve your birthday suit.”

“Nate, you’re getting distracted. Please open your present,” said Dale as Nate started to tear open the wrapping. “Remember how you said that you wanted a picture of me so that later you would know that you weren’t dreaming?” Once the paper was off, Nate realized he was holding a framed photo. He angled it toward the candlelight. It was a picture of Dale in a lovely summer dress. She appeared to be standing on grass in front of some shrubs.

“Dale, this is lovely. What a beautiful smile, and I love the flower in your hair,” said Nate.

“It was taken at my sister’s wedding this summer,” said Dale. “I was in many of the family photos. I had the wedding photographer take an individual photo of me. I thought it came out nice, much better than my school photo anyway. Do you like it?”

“It is beautiful. You sure look great in that dress,” said Nate.

“I know that you would have preferred a nude photo,” said Dale, “but this will have to do. Did you read the inscription?”

“There’s an inscription?” said Nate as he looked more carefully. He found the inscription, reading it aloud, “Nate, It wasn’t a dream. Dale.” Nate continued, “Cool! I love it.”

“OK now Buster, don’t go showing that to all your friends. I don’t need to be fielding questions about the ‘dream’ mentioned there, got it?” said Dale.

“Of course I won’t. It all really did happen, right?” said Nate.

“That’s right Buster. If it was a dream, then you still haven’t woken up yet, right?” And with that Dale struck a most beautiful ‘nude in repose’ pose on the blanket. “Do girls look like this in your dreams? Wait, don’t answer that,” she said.

“By the way, I really loved your card. ‘If we were meant to be naked…we’d be born that way!’ Where did you ever find such a perfect card, such an appropriate card. You must have mailed that our first day back,” said Nate.

“Yep, I mailed it Monday afternoon,” replied Dale. “I actually found that card a few years ago. It spoke to the inner me. I bought it not knowing if I would ever send it to anyone. I was so pleased to finally have someone to send it to. Someone who might ‘get it’, so to speak.”

After they had spent about a half hour just relaxing and talking, Dale said, “OK, next order of business, I have a spot to show you. So let me stuff all the picnic stuff in my backpack, and let’s go for a walk. I want to visit a viewpoint.” With that they packed up and started walking toward town.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 19: Madison Park**

While they walked, Nate again brought up the topic of doing something together on Dale’s birthday. Nate said, “As I mentioned earlier, I think it would be most appropriate for you to have an outing on your birthday that involves your birthday suit. I am hoping you are available in the morning, so that I can make it back for football practice. Something like nine to three maybe. The offer includes lunch.”

“Someone told you when my birthday is? Who?” asked Dale.

“I shouldn’t have to reveal my sources. As you know, I’m a person who can keep secrets,” said Nate.

“Well you were right about one thing, my mom is making evening birthday plans, but I think I am available during the day. What do you have in mind? ‘Birthday suit’ must mean that I end up naked somewhere. Where?” asked Dale.

“Yep, the plan is for you to be wearing just your shoes, or less, somewhere in the sunshine. I think you’ll have the most fun if most of the plan is a surprise, don’t you?” said Nate.

“Nate, you are worrying me. Naked somewhere is pretty vague,” said Dale.

“OK, you’ll need your tennis shoe outfit, so wear that,” said Dale.

“Just my tennis shoe outfit?” said Dale biting her lip. “I’m learning that I might be able to trust you, but I am pretty sure that I’m not heading out wearing only shoes…in full daylight.”

“Yes, you will need a little more clothing. But for the record, you did go about 10 miles each way in a Jeep with nothing more than that on. OK, swimming is involved. There will be other people where we are going, so you should wear your bikini. For the car ride, you might be most comfortable if you have a cover-up or a summer dress over your suit. A beach towel would also be good. I’ll bring the sunscreen, and I’m taking care of lunch, so that is all you should need. I’m expecting that your mom will be Ok with you leaving the house dressed like that and carrying a towel, won’t she?” said Nate.

“You’re right. If mom is home, she’d be fine with that. But Nate, how worried do I need to be?” asked Dale.

“Don’t worry, unless you prefer to. You’ll have fun! I might push you a little bit, but as you have requested, you can of course back out. I don’t think you will. You are a daring girl! Just meet me out front at 9:00.” said Nate.

“OK Nate. You know me. I’m good with being naked in the sun. But you have to promise me that what you are planning protects my reputation here in town,” said Dale.

“Yep, I promise. Dale strips down in the sunshine, but no one she knows finds out, and most importantly no photos! I got it! Now where are you taking ME?” asked Nate.

“Right here, this bench. Have a seat,” said Dale. “I love this spot. It took me nearly a year to be daring enough to come here. Don’t you love the view? We can see the whole town from here. I feel quite exposed here because if there are people or cars being driven down there, I can see them. They could look up here and see me.”

“Except there is no light, so they wouldn’t see anything even if they looked right at you,” said Nate.

“Don’t ruin it for me. I also know that other people come here for the view. That is why they built the bench. So I have to keep an eye out. Someone could come while I’m here, and I’d have to run!” said Dale.

“Is this the most daring spot you had been to prior to our camping trip?” asked Nate.

“Yes, this and the pool. The pool was more daring I think,” said Dale. “And as it turned out, a little too daring. But we should go there sometime, now that I have recovered a bit from what happened last week.”

“Dale, I think you are ready to do something more daring right now,” said Nate.

“Probably not, but what do you have in mind?” said Dale.

“See that large dark area off to the right? You probably know it is Madison Park. I think it needs to be explored tonight. Time to expand your naked map,” said Nate.

“Nate, see that light area between us and Madison Park. Those are neighborhoods. They don’t need to be explored. Neighborhoods have people in them at night. It might be a nice walk, but a girl’s perspective is a little different when her tits are out,” said Dale.

“That is why we are going. Not only are the tits out, but so is the pussy. Let’s take them all for a walk. Hide your backpack under the bench,” said Nate pointing. He was speaking nicely but firmly.

“Now you are dreaming, Buster,” replied Dale.

“Dale, I scoped the route out, during the daytime and at night. Look way off to the right. Over there a ravine heads down to the main road that heads up to the clubhouse. After we cross that road, we only have two blocks to go to get to the park. I walked those two blocks late last night, and they were very sleepy. One of the houses has a loud dog that might wake people up, so we go just one block further and I think we’ll have smooth sailing. So the route is three blocks long. There aren’t many street lights, and there are plenty of trees and cars to hide behind. No ifs, ands, or buts. Hide the backpack and let’s go!” said Nate firmly.

“I’ll tell you what, I’ll go down the ravine to the main road. I’m not agreeing to go any further. We’ll see what it looks like from there,” said Dale. She put her stuff under the bench, and with a little bit of trepidation she took the lead heading along the edge of the golf course. Nate was surprised that she went ahead, but followed along gladly. Unlike up on the golf course, here there was a little light from town. He was enjoying the view of her bare tush and shapely back. He thought that there was nothing more lovely than a lady’s back, completely uninterrupted by any sort of a bikini strap. The route down the ravine was a bit difficult. The trail was not straight and it was tricky in the dark.

When they got to a spot near the road, Dale stopped. “OK, now that we are close to a well-lit street, just exactly what do you imagine that we do?” asked Dale.

“Correction, what we are going to do!” said Nate. “First we cross and then we go along the street for one block to avoid the dog I mentioned. Then we turn in and head towards the park,” said Nate.

“You know you have some risk here too Nate. If I’m in jail, then I can’t come with you on Monday. Still want to do this?” asked Dale.

“I think it is safe enough Dale.” said Nate. Dale looked both ways carefully, listening carefully, and then suddenly she was in the road running faster than he’d ever seen her run. Rather than cross and head along the road, she went straight, essentially crossing the road at a steep diagonal. When she reached the intended street, she turned in and disappeared. She was gone, almost before Nate realized she was going to go. Caught by surprise, Nate followed as quickly as he could. After turning into the street, he went a short distance and stopped. He didn’t see or hear Dale. He looked around, and then started walking down the street, keeping his eyes and ears open.

Suddenly Dale popped out from behind a tree and was at his side. “OK, now what?” she said.

“Well, why don’t I walk down the middle of the street. You can follow a few houses back. That way, if there is anyone out here, I’ll see them, or they’ll see me first. I’ll say something to alert you and you can hide,” proposed Nate.

“Sure, let’s give it a try,” said Dale. So Nate walked openly down the middle of the street, and Dale followed along, darting from hiding spot to hiding spot. In that manner they reached the park without incident.

“That went well. Pretty much as I pictured it, except for the sprint there at the start. What came over you?” asked Nate.

“Well, I figured that if I was going to be in a well-lit road, I might as well get it over with quickly, before anyone came. That way, if they saw me, I’d be gone before they had time to figure out what they were looking at,” said Dale.

“I guess that all sounds more intelligent than it looked. You sure surprised me. How did it feel?” said Nate.

“It was fun! Running naked is fun. I must also have the streaker gene. I recall you saying that I might like cheering in front of the entire school nude, or something like that. Oddly enough, I think you might be right. It would probably be fun to run across the football field naked during a game too. The only problem is that it would be 30 seconds of fun, followed by years of repercussions,” said Dale. And before Nate could reply, Dale was off again sprinting across the park. Nate had a Déjà vu moment thinking back to trying to keep up with her on the golf course. He caught up to her at the swings. “Nate, swing with me!” she said.

“Sure, one never grows too old to enjoy swinging,” said Nate. And they picked out side-by-side swings and started swinging. They enjoyed swinging and talking for a long time.

Finally Dale was ready to do something else. She stopped, and said, “Let’s teeter totter!” They walked over to the teeter totters.

Nate commented, inspecting the wooden seats, “Check for splinters before you sit on your seat. Splinters in certain spots might be difficult to explain to the doctor if it got infected.” Nate weighed so much more than Dale that it turned out to be challenging. But they had a lot of fun. Mostly Dale rarely got close enough to the ground for her feet to touch. But that proved to be quite entertaining. Nate was wishing that the light was better. He was sure that a completely naked girl bouncing around up in the air on a teeter totter seat would be quite a sight. As it was, he got to enjoy what little he could see as well as her laughs and squeals. The park was turning out to have been a great idea. Next they decided to give the slide a try. As they should have guessed, a bare butt does not slide down a hard plastic slide very well. Nate could go down, but Dale just seemed to stick in place, so they gave up on that.

“Well Dale, we might want to be considering heading back,” said Nate. “I don’t know what you do each day right now, but I have football each afternoon, and every morning I’m lifting weights. I need to get at least a little sleep.” So they started back. They decided to again use the strategy of Nate leading the way. After going just one block, Nate started to cross a street when all of a sudden a police car appeared in front of him. It stopped, blocking his path.

The officer rolled down his window and asked, “So what brings you out in the middle of the night son? It is hours past your curfew.” Fortunately Dale was just far enough behind Nate that she had been able to slip behind a hedge without being seen.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 20**

“I couldn’t sleep officer, so I decided on a walk,” replied Nate. The policeman wasn’t so sure that he believed such an innocent story, and continued asking questions. He had Nate give him his ID, and then called it in, presumably to have Nate’s police record checked. He also asked questions, trying to determine if Nate was really alone as he claimed to be. While this was going on, Dale was working her way further away, looking for a better hiding place. Finally, she saw Nate get into the back seat of the police car. The police car started driving all around the area slowly. Dale could tell that the policeman was searching for anyone else that Nate might have been with. Finally the police car sped off, leaving Dale all alone.

The policeman dropped Nate off at his house, but not without giving him a lecture about wandering town in the middle of the night. Nate wanted to slip around the house, and head back up the trail, hoping to meet Dale along the way. However, the policeman sat watching him, so he had to actually go inside. He tried to do so as quietly as he could, not wanting to wake his parents. Once he was convinced that the policeman had left, he slipped out the back door, and headed up the trail. He decided to head for the bench where Dale had left her backpack. When he got there, the backpack was still there. He thought about going on, but he figured that he’d either startle her along the trail, or be unable to find her in town. Instead, he decided to sit on the bench and wait. He didn’t have long to wait. It was just a few minutes later that he heard someone coming quietly up the trail. Thinking she might be scared or mad, he decided not to mess around, so when she was pretty close, he quietly called out her name. She paused, but then continued walking toward him.

“Well, they sure let you out of jail quick,” said Dale. “I expected that they’d at least keep you overnight. Did they at least call your parents?”

“Nope, the officer just gave me a lecture and a ride home,” said Nate. “I might now have a police record, but surely not a very bad one. How about you, any trouble getting out of town?”

“No, I just took my time, carefully going from shadow to shadow. I’m sure that officer would be quite disappointed if he knew that he could have given naked little me a ride instead,” said Dale, striking a cute innocent little girl pose.

Nate laughed, “Yep, his evening could have been much more memorable for him. Well, are you mad at me for taking you into town?”

“At first I was sort of mad. You almost got my naked ass into the police station,” she said, giving him her signature punch. “But on the other hand, you did save me again. Even if this save was from danger you yourself put me in. But I had fun! I actually want to do that again! But not now. Walk me home Buster,” said Dale.

“Why are you always calling me Buster lately?” asked Nate.

“Buster, as in Buster Crabbe, Dummy,” said Dale. She could tell that Nate was drawing a blank. “Don’t you remember, I told you that Buster Crabbe was the name of the actor who played Flash Gordon, remember, Dale was his girlfriend. It would be too weird to call you Flash, so I’m going with Buster.”

“Does this mean I’m your boyfriend?” asked Nate, instantly wishing he hadn’t.

“Of course not!” said Dale. “I guess you must still be dreaming. Of course you aren’t my boyfriend, you’re just the guy I like to hang out with when I’m naked. And you are my Knight in Shining Armor. Besides, I already have a boyfriend. I’m sure you know Jason; he’s on the football team too. Whatever you do, don’t tell him you’ve seen me naked. Between you and me, he’d be quite jealous, because he hasn’t. OK?”

“No problem,” said Nate. “No need to ask. Everything is already covered under our secrecy agreement. He’s not even going to find out from me that you shave your pussy.” She shot him and evil glance, and gave him a punch that felt less playful. “Just kidding, “ he continued. ”What I meant to say, is he is not going to hear anything from me to even indicate that I saw you even once during the summer.”

They had just arrived at her gate. The last time he had been here, he had gotten a kiss. He didn’t know how to keep this from being awkward, but he knew that she would somehow keep it from being awkward. He turned to her and said, “Thanks for baking me the cookies. They were great. Do I get to keep the rest? You did bake them for me, right? And my present, the photo, it is in your backpack as well.”

“Of course, you may have the cookies,” she said digging through her backpack. She took out the cookies and the picture, but rather than handing them to him she set them down along with her backpack. Moving closer to stand right in front of him, she looked up into his eyes, as if trying to decide what to do. Nate noticed that she was suddenly tilting her head back and extending her neck into a position indicating a willingness to be kissed. Nate could tell that she was leaving the final choice up to him. He leaned down, bringing their faces closer. As he did so, her arms reached around his back. Nate, his hands free this time, reached around her shoulders and pulled her close. Their lips met. Her lips felt less stiff, less tightly pressed together than during their first kiss. Nate made sure to simply hold her, avoiding any movement of his hands that might seem like caressing. He didn’t know where the line was, but he made sure not to cross it. When they finally parted, Dale said softly to him, “Let’s not overthink these goodnight kisses, OK? I had fun tonight. It just felt right to me, to kiss you now. And remember, the secrecy rules cover this as well. In other words, Jason is not to find out that you have been kissing his girlfriend, got it?”

“He won’t Dale. Thanks for the fun picnic, and for going to the park with me. I’ll see you Monday morning, if not before,” said Nate.

“Goodnight,” said Dale as she turned and went through the gate. Nate made sure she was safely inside her house, and then went home and went to bed. Nate was on cloud nine. He studied the picture, admiring the lovely girl, before switching off his light. His mind was going ninety miles an hour, but it was so late, that sleep quickly won out.

The next morning, Nate got up much later than usual. He raced to the weight room. He had an especially good workout because his mind was elsewhere allowing him to continue lifting even when his muscles were yelling STOP! He found himself thinking about how relaxed the prior evening had been with Dale. She was so unbelievably comfortable naked, and he was growing accustomed to her nudity. In other words, he was realizing that he had been less focused on her nudity, and the tension had been much lower. It seemed as if they had just been enjoying each other’s company in the same way that two people might if they were both fully clothed. He had had such a good time, that he didn’t think he would be able to wait until Monday to see her again. He wanted to plan another get together prior to then, but he decided to just focus on Monday. It would come soon enough, and he still had details to work out.

Saturday, he didn’t have football practice, but he decided to still do a morning workout that included weights and a run. In the afternoon he went shopping. He had something specific in mind, and knew that it might be quite a challenge, especially since he didn’t know Dale’s sizes. Fortunately he found a very helpful woman in a department store. He thought that together they had probably come up with something that he was sure would fit.

Kenny, his best friend had called him. They had arranged to go and see a new action movie with a group of friends that night. At the movie theater, while at the drinking fountain, he felt a light tap on his shoulder. He turned around and was surprised to see Dale. She said, “Fancy meeting you here. Come meet my boyfriend.” And with that she turned and walked toward where he could see Jason standing. As they walked up to him, Dale said, “Hey Jason, this is my neighbor, Nate. You probably know him.”

“Sure, I know him. He is on the football team. He has tackled me a time or two this week during scrimmages,” said Jason, politely yet disinterestedly. They had a brief conversation about which movies they were seeing. As soon as he could manage it, Nate escaped to go and look for his friends. He couldn’t get away fast enough due to how awkward the situation had seemed, at least to him.

Sunday, was a busy day for Nate. He had to drive all the way to Spruce Lake, 52 miles each way. He had to do a little scouting, and he had to find just the right hiding place for Dale’s birthday present. He wanted to be absolutely sure of the setting. He knew that Dale could be surprised while nude, but it could get ugly if they were both surprised by something. He was planning lunch at a very nice view restaurant there, so he wanted to make reservations. As it turned out, the restaurant did not accept reservations for mid-week lunches because they were not busy. Nate was glad about that. He thought that it might be difficult to time their arrival to match a reservation. Once everything was in order, he went home.

Once home, he busied himself with vacuuming and washing the family car. While he was doing that in the driveway, Dale came out of her house and said, “Hey neighbor! Washing the car I see. You wouldn’t be getting ready for a date now would you?”

“Nope, no date. Just planning a quiet evening at home,” said Nate, “but in the morning I’m heading out to a lake with a friend. It’s a pretty good drive, but the weather report looks perfect.”

“Well, I hope you and your friend have an awesome outing,” said Dale with a wink. And with that she disappeared back inside. Nate was left thinking about how he seemed to be just the neighbor boy when Dale was dressed. He was thinking about the encounter at the movie theater as well. There he had been introduced as her ‘neighbor’. When nude, she knows me well, but when she’s dressed, she hardly knows me, I’m just the neighbor boy. But then he had an alternate theory. It was more likely to be about appearances. In the theater and on the street, it was daylight and it was likely that someone might be observing them. Maybe Dale was giving him a preview of how she would relate to him at school. Not as a good friend, but rather as a neighbor. He hoped not, but he had to admit that it might be better than if she didn’t acknowledge him at all.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 21: Spruce Lake**

The next morning finally came. Nate went out right at 9:00 and put a few last items in the car. He had been waiting inside his house for a while, not wanting to appear too anxious. As he got to the car, he saw the Jordan front door open and Dale come out. He saw her turn and reply to a question he did not hear, “I’m going with Nate.”

He heard Dale’s mother say, “You mean the Miller boy?”

“Yes mom, Nate Miller?” she said. Nate saw her roll her eyes. “I should be back sometime this afternoon.” She then shut the door and walked to his car, climbing in. “Nate, let’s get out of here. My mom is watching.” As Nate backed out and drove away, he could see Mrs. Jordan watching them from her living room window.

“I’m sorry if that was awkward. Maybe we should have met elsewhere,” said Nate.

“No it was fine. My mom is just surprised. She hasn’t seen us do things together before. It was a bit awkward, but not nearly as awkward as me introducing you to Jason. I’m sorry about that. I don’t know what I was thinking,” she said.

“That was fine. So I wasn’t the only one who felt uncomfortable?” said Nate.

“Well, let’s just forget about it and have some fun today, OK? I brought my tennis shoe outfit as requested,” she said, lifting up a foot.

“Perfect, I’m not sure you will need the shoes today. Maybe you’ll only be needing the rest of the outfit,” said Nate.

“Oh my, time to start worrying, I guess,” said Dale.

“Yep, it won’t be that long now. Today should be a great opportunity to maintain that uninterrupted tan,” said Nate.

“Do I get to learn where we are going yet?” asked Dale.

“Sure, we are headed to Spruce Lake. It’s about a fifty mile drive. Have you been there before?” asked Nate, hoping she hadn’t, even though it wouldn’t really matter.

“I have heard of Spruce Lake. If I have been there, it has not been since I was a kid. Isn’t it a long lake,” said Dale.

“Yes, it is quite long. We’ll pretty much be at the narrow end. Sit back and enjoy the ride. There are refreshments in the cooler there. I’d like a root beer if you’d be so kind,” said Nate. He then turned the discussion topic away from the lake. He wanted to leave her wondering. He was enjoying the glances he was getting of her in her cover-up. It was somewhat conservative looking, yet it was quite short. It was so short that it didn’t extend down to the car seat she was sitting on. Her lovely gymnast legs were on full display. He was surprised that he hadn’t seen her bikini bottoms as she had walked to his car. He attributed that to how at that moment he had probably been more concerned with Dale’s mom, than with looking at Dale’s attire.

As they got to the lake, Nate took the road to the right. The road to the left went to the restaurant, but the road to the right went to the swimming area. That was their initial destination. When they got there, he was surprised at how many cars there were in the parking lot. It wasn’t quite as many as there had been the day before, but that had been a Sunday. He had thought that there would be very few on a Monday, but it was summer, so kids were out of school. As they parked, he said, “OK Dale, we are here, are you ready?”

“Ready? Nate, there are a lot of people here. Surely you aren’t thinking that I’m going to be naked at a public beach,” said Dale.

“Well, that would be fun. No, I did have you wear the bikini for a reason,” said Nate. As he said that, Dale lifted up her hem to show her skin tight bikini. “Wow! That was a hot flash,” said Nate.

“You can’t be serious. This is almost the most you have seen me wearing,” she said.

“Still! You look so hot in a bikini. I can’t wait until you take the cover-up completely off,” said Nate.

“No problem!” said Dale, pulling it off over her head.

“OK, you might as well leave that in the car, but bring your towel and keep your shoes on. The pavement is surely hot,” said Nate.

As they walked toward the beach, Nate was definitely feeling proud to be with such a pretty girl. As she had said, this was essentially the most she had worn around him, but she was stunning. Her swimsuit was somewhat full cut, but it was skin tight. It hid everything and nothing at the same time. As the parking lot had indicated, there were quite a few people on the beach, people of all ages. They found a spot to spread out their towels, and then waded out into the lake. The water was a bit cool at first, but pretty much ideal for swimming. They had a great time paddling around, splashing each other, and just doing what people do in lakes. At one point, Nate swam between her legs from behind, and then lifted her up such that she was sitting on his shoulders. It was a lot of skin contact, but in a ‘just neighbors’ sort of way. Finally, Dale started wondering what Nate might be planning. This was fun, but she knew that nudity was in her future. She just couldn’t figure out what Nate had in mind. Finally, she decided to ask, “Nate, I’m having a great time, but I’m not naked. There are so many people here. You can’t be planning anything here.”

“Well, Dale, I’m glad you asked. I was about ready to proceed with the plan. Come out here where it is a little deeper,” said Nate. When they were in the water up to their necks, Nate turned to Dale and said, “OK Dale, I’m ready to tell you today’s plan. First, I need you to give me your bikini.” Dale looked around in shock. There were at least twenty people in the water at that very moment, probably three times that many on the beach.

“Nate, you can’t be serious. There are so many people here,” said Dale.

“I’m completely serious,” said Nate. “Trust me and hand me the suit.” Dale looked so unsure, that he continued, “After I have the suit, I’ll explain to you the rest of the plan. If you decide to back out, then I will give you back your bikini, I promise. But I decided that I will only explain the plan to you once you are entirely naked.” Dale gave that some thought, and then slipped off her bikini bottoms under the water, handing them to him.

“Ok Buster, if that is the way you want it, then pull the string on my top so that the knot comes undone,” she said. He did so, after which she ducked her head under the water so that no one would see her slip the neck string off over her head.

Once Nate had both parts of her bikini, he tucked them into one of the pockets of his suit. He commented, “Isn’t it strange that guy’s suits are so much larger than girl’s suits. Your entire bikini fits in my swimsuit pocket? Well, Dale, you should be feeling very naked right now. There is not a stitch of clothing on your cute little body, and you are at a public beach.”

“OK Buster, give me back my suit,” said Dale.

“Not yet, listen to my plan first. Here, swim out a little ways with me for more privacy. I don’t want anyone overhearing,” said Nate, swimming away from shore. After going about 25 yards, Nate continued, treading water, “Dale you are a great swimmer, I know. You probably didn’t come out here today for a workout, but that is the plan. See the opposite shore? The plan is for you to swim there, buck naked and all alone. I’ll get the car and drive around to meet you. See that restaurant on top of the cliff there. It is a somewhat fancy place called ‘Lakeside Bistro’. We’ll be having lunch there within the hour. So swim across, and don’t talk to too many boaters along the way.” Dale hadn’t really paid attention to the boats until now, but now she looked around apprehensively. The lake was far from empty. “When you get to the other side, walk up to the restaurant and meet me there.”

“Nate, you are forgetting something. Even if I swim across, I can hardly walk into a restaurant naked,“ said Dale.

“Yes, I do have something more to tell you. See that bridge on the other side, the one with the truck crossing it right now. There is an inlet coming into the lake right there. Under that bridge I have hidden your birthday present. It will be quite obvious. It is the only box there wrapped in pink wrapping paper. So go there, open it, and then come up to the restaurant to meet me, wearing your new present. To make getting dressed under a bridge as easy as possible, the package includes a towel and a hairbrush. Just leave those in the box under the bridge. I hope very much that you like your present. I think I got the size about right. I expect that you’ll be very attractive in it. Now, unless you have any more questions, get going. It will be an early lunch, but I’m already getting hungry,” said Nate.

Dale looked down into the water. “Nate I can see your swim trunks pretty clearly from here. This water is a little murky, but not murky enough to hide anything. What can you see when you look at me?” she asked.

“Dale, I see what you see, except in your case there is no swimsuit to see. I guess I can see your nipples the best. Given your even tan, it is your nipples that pop out, so to speak. If you were wearing a fur bikini bottom, I’m sure I’d see that, but since you shave, all I see is your even skin tone. I guess it might look as if you are wearing a skin colored bikini bottom. Basically, you look buck naked. Best not swim too close to any boats out there,” said Nate.

“OK, I guess this must be right up my alley, right? This is what I say I like. Naked and vulnerable and at risk of… Well, I better not think about that too much, now had I? But if I do this, then you’re buying lunch, right?” said Dale.

“Of course I’m buying lunch. You don’t have a dime. You have nothing at all with you: no money, no ID, no phone, no shoes, and not a stitch of clothing. And you are trusting me that there is something to wear on the other side of the lake,” said Nate.

“Yep, I can trust you. I can trust you to get me naked and far from my clothes,” said Dale. She gave him a smile and started swimming for the opposite bank. Nate watched her go. She was doing breast stroke. Nate wondered why, but then recalled that earlier he had noticed that her butt was on top of the water when she swam the crawl. He remembered seeing her blue bikini bottoms breaking the surface of the water. Those very bikini bottoms were now safely in his pocket, along with the matching top. After watching her swim for a minute, he headed for shore, where he gathered up their towels and then continued on to the car. He looked back over his shoulder, and saw Dale swimming at quite some distance now. She had switched to crawl.

Nate hopped in his car and drove around the end of the lake to the restaurant parking lot. The parking lot, like the restaurant was up a bit. The day before he had noticed that the far end of the lot had a wonderful view of the lake. He parked there and sat on the car’s hood. He had brought his binoculars with him for this very purpose. He estimated the crossing at a little over half a mile, and Dale was nearly half way across. It looked like she was going to have a trouble free crossing. He saw some boats , but they were all well away from the lonely swimmer. He hoped Dale liked the idea of swimming across a lake nude. He hoped that she would find it fun, just as she apparently had found it fun to run around a golf course nude. He wished he had had the ability to ask her, without giving away the surprise.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 22: Spruce Lake**

As Nate watched, a single quick moving boat turned and headed toward Dale from behind. It wasn’t a motorboat. Most of the motorboats typically stayed down at the other end of the lake. There the lake was much wider, making more room to turn around at speed. This boat looked to be one of the pedal powered pontoon style boats that he had seen somewhere before. He could see two people on the boat, and he could tell that Dale had not seen them. She was doing a steady crawl as the craft approached. Coming up behind her like that, he suspected that Dale wouldn’t see it until it was almost on top of her.

Down in the water, Dale was simply swimming along. She liked swimming, but had not been expecting a workout today. As she had done with the road crossing on the way to the park, she decided to just put her head down and go. The chance of an unpleasant encounter out on the water would be minimized if she spent as little time crossing the lake as possible. She was quite enjoying the idea of being way out in a lake, entirely nude. She was completely naked and there were probably over a hundred people on the shore and in boats. If they looked, all those people would be able to see the girl swimming across the lake. None of them would know that she was naked, but it was still fun to be naked during the daytime with people around. She hoped the obstacles that awaited her on the other shore would not prove too difficult. She hadn’t ever gotten dressed under a bridge before. She was also wondering if there might be people around the bridge. She hoped not. One of the things that she liked in particular was that she was completely dependent on someone else for clothes. Nate wouldn’t dare, but if there was no box under the bridge, if he kept her bikini, if he headed for home without her, then she would be in quite a pickle. Thinking about that made her worry, and it excited her to think about being stranded nude this far from home. She didn’t want it to happen, but this feeling of worry was something that she thrived on, it made her feel very alive.

Suddenly she thought she heard voices. Impossible she thought, but she rolled over onto her back to look back in the direction that she had come. There right on top of her was a brightly colored plastic watercraft. She found herself in an awkward position, lying on her back looking up at two people staring down at her. Knowing that it was already too late, she let her feet drop, to hide her nudity. She realized that the man and the woman had already gotten a full frontal view. She assumed a vertical position thinking that someone above would see mostly just her head, shoulders and arms. Treading water she squinted up at the people above her.

“Are you all right dear,” asked the woman. “You know it could be a bit dangerous swimming out here in the middle of the lake. A big boat might not see you. Are you all right?”

“Yes, I’m fine,” said Dale, not knowing what more to say.

The woman continued, “My husband and I decided to come over and warn you about the dangers of swimming out here, but then when we got close, we both noticed that you weren’t wearing your swimsuit. So I decided that in addition to warning you, we should make sure that you weren’t in any trouble. You haven’t been attacked have you?”

Again she said, “No, I’m fine.”

“We probably shouldn’t be so nosey, but it does seem somewhat odd for a young girl such as yourself to be swimming nude. Have you lost your suit? I could probably loan you a shirt if that would be of assistance. There isn’t really a way for us to take on a passenger, but we’d be happy to go for help if need be,” continued the woman. “By the way, my name is Margaret and this is my husband Lonnie, we are the Andersons. We have a cabin about a mile up the lake. We are from out of state, but we come here for the summers,” continued the woman. Dale was wondering what she needed to say to get them to leave. The woman continued, “My husband thinks you have a beautiful backside. He tells me that I once looked like that. I know that I was a pretty girl when I was young, but I’m pretty sure that my figure was never quite as trim as yours. You must be an athlete, are you a swimmer or a triathlete?”

Dale was realizing that she was going to have to take control of the situation, or the woman would just keep talking. The husband had yet to say a word, but he didn’t seem to be shy when it came to looking at her. She thought of simply continuing her swim, but she knew that that would give them a perfect view of her butt, not that they hadn’t already seen it. And they’d probably just follow her anyway. So she started thinking up the story that she was going to tell them.

“Well, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, my name is Carol. I’m from Eatonville,” said Dale. She picked Eatonville because it was in the opposite direction and because it was big. Even someone from there wouldn’t know everyone who lived there. She continued, “And you were right when you guessed that I might be a triathlete. Because we have to compete in open water, I like to train in open water. Today my boyfriend dared me to swim naked, so that is what you see before you. Nothing is wrong, I’m just swimming across the lake to meet up with my boyfriend, then we are planning to have lunch in the restaurant at the top of that cliff.” She pointed. The restaurant was quite visible now as it was so much closer.

Finally the husband spoke, “By the looks of your tan bottom, I would say that this is not the first time that your boyfriend has dared you to swim naked.”

Dale didn’t know how to answer that so she said, “Well, I better be going. Nate will be wondering what is keeping me. Have a nice day and thanks for your concern.” With that Dale simply turned and started swimming again. She could feel their eyes on her butt. She made no effort to swim with it submerged. Why should she? They had already had this view. Actually see knew that they had seen the whole package.

After 50 yards or so, Dale looked over her shoulder. She was glad to note that they were not following. They seemed to just be sitting there watching her swim. She put her head down and hoped that would be her only encounter prior to getting dressed under the bridge.

Nate, watching from above, could tell that Dale seemed to be having a long conversation with whomever it was that she had met in the lake. He hoped that it wasn’t someone she knew. That seemed so unlikely this far from home, but strange things do happen. Finally he saw Dale resume her swim. Well, hopefully it was just a couple of attractive college guys. Dale would probably love showing her pussy to a few cute guys, provided that she would never see them again.

As Dale approached the shore, she switched to breast stroke, swimming with her head above water. She started examining the shore and the bridge ahead. Contrary to how it had looked from a distance, the bridge was not right at the water’s edge, but back nearly 100 yards. She could tell that she would need to swim or walk up the river that distance. As she approached the shore, she was surprised to note how quickly it was getting shallow. The river was going to be too shallow to swim, and wading up a river would be slow. She would be in full view of any vehicles on the road during the entire time. Fortunately the traffic was light. She had seen only one car cross since she had been doing the breast stroke. She noticed a path on the left side of the river, and realized that it was the best route to the bridge. It looked like a 100 yard dash in the sunshine in full view of the road. She continued swimming as close to the shore as possible, almost to the point where her chest was touching the bottom. From here she was going to have to stand up and wade ashore then dash up the path to the bridge.

Nate was observing her predicament from above. He had known that this part would be challenging, but he had not seen a better place to hide the present, a place where Dale could dress. He watched Dale waiting. A car passed, and then as soon as it was far enough, Dale stood up and started for the bridge. He was enjoying the sight tremendously. Even at this distance, thanks to the binoculars, he could tell that she was naked and attractive. Dale couldn’t quite run, given the rugged trail and her bare feet, but she moved quickly along. Nate enjoyed watching her tits bouncing around as she hurried along. In under a minute she disappeared from view under the small bridge. He decided to start timing to see how long it would take until she showed up again. He had wanted to watch her dress, but he had decided that a few challenges all alone might be fun her, so he had planned it this way.

Dale was so glad she had gotten under the bridge without being seen. For a moment she just stood there, dripping wet, letting her eyes adjust. She shook the water out of her shoulder length blond hair and looked around. She had imagined herself trying to dress while standing in water, but because it was late in the summer, the river was low and there was exposed ground on each side. She looked around for a package, and then saw it wedged into the support beams above. She had trouble reaching it. She thought, for Nate this is easy, but for me quite a stretch on my tippy toes. The tag read, “To Carol from Buster. I hope you are enjoying your Birthday!”

Dale opened the present and found a few things inside, removing the towel first. She dried herself off, rubbing her hair to get it as dry as she could. She then took inventory of what else was in the box. She found a light blue dress, a pair of stylish shoes with practical heels, and a hair brush. No underwear, thought Dale…that will be interesting. Hopefully the dress is not too short or see-through. She slipped the dress on over her head. It was a light blue strapless dress composed of two layers. The outer layer was lace of a very open floral pattern. Had the dress been composed of that layer alone, the dress would not have been decent. Many of the holes were big enough to poke a finger through, or a nipple. The layer under that was of the same color, but composed of a solid woven muslin fabric. It too was thin, so thin and light that alone it too would not have been decent. Taken together, the dress was not going to be too revealing to wear, even without bra and panties. The bodice was fitted and hugged her torso nicely, and the skirt was loose and flowing. The outer lace layer ended just above the knee, but not way above. The muslin layer ended further up such that her thighs were visible through the lace. She thought she liked the dress a lot and wanted to see how it looked in a mirror. Next, she brushed her hair. She didn’t have a mirror to look in, but she had always prided herself on having low maintenance hair. She kept it shoulder length, because it looked feminine and pretty like long hair, but was much easier. Less time to dry and style, and less in the way for gymnastics and cheer.

She slipped the shoes on and was surprised that, like the dress, they were a pretty good fit. Nate is either smart or lucky, she thought. With that she put the towel and brush back in the box and started to climb up to the road. She had heard two cars pass while she was dressing, but when she emerged onto the road, there was not a car in sight. She looked back across the lake. Wow, all that way completely nude, she thought, and other than the Andersons, no one saw me. She turned and headed along the road to where she could see the entrance to the restaurant’s parking lot. As she turned into the parking lot, she saw Nate waiting for her by the car. “What, you haven’t gotten us a table?” said Dale. “I thought you were hungry.”

“Actually, we do have a table waiting for us on the patio. That is unless you feel that you are getting too much sun, in which case we can sit inside,” said Nate.

“The patio sounds great, but I should freshen up my sunblock,” said Dale. Nate got her the sunblock from the car and then helped her apply it to her back, while Dale took care of the areas she could reach. He put the sunblock back in the car and they headed into the restaurant.

Upon entering the restaurant, they were greeted by a waiter who asked, “How was the swim Miss?”

Dale shot Nate a stinging glance, but answered, “Very refreshing, thank you.”

After they were shown to a nice little secluded view table on the patio, Nate ordered them each a Strawberry Lemonade. He expected that Dale was just as thirsty as he was. After the waiter had gone, Dale asked, “OK Buster, what exactly did you tell the waiter?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 23: Spruce Lake**

“Very little actually,” said Nate. “I just told him that I needed a table for two, but that I was waiting for someone who was swimming at the moment. He looked up and pointed at you in the middle of the lake and asked, ‘is that who you are waiting for?’ I said ‘Yes’. He wouldn’t have known that you were swimming in the buff. It would have been impossible to tell from here, that is of course without binoculars like I was using,” said Nate.

“So you were spying on me with binoculars, were you?” said Dale.

“Absolutely! I had inside information about your state of dress. Of course I was looking! Besides, I’m your Knight in Shining Armor. I didn’t really have a rescue plan, but had you gotten into trouble, I would have thought one up,” replied Nate. “Tell me about your swim. Was it fun, or do you feel like I played a dirty trick on you?”

“Well, it was a surprise. I was kind of frightened by the idea of being in the middle of a lake naked. But now that I have gotten used to the idea, it isn’t really all that different than being naked somewhere on dry land. The whole point, I suppose, is to be far from clothes, where you probably won’t be seen, but could be. You know, for me it needs to feel risky. I expect you saw the Andersons, the couple on the pedal boat. They sure surprised the heck out of me!” said Dale.

“I saw them. It looked like you talked to them a long time,” said Nate.

“I didn’t say much, but Mrs. Anderson sure kept babbling,” replied Dale. “They saw everything, and I mean everything. The lake water is crystal clear out in the middle. Only near the swimming beach is it a little murky, probably from being stirred up by all the people there. Not that it would have been any different in murky water. I heard voices, and rolled over on my back, so there I was belly up and there they were right on top of me. They already knew that I was butt naked, but as soon as I rolled over they knew that I was whole body naked. That woman would not shut up. She wanted to know if I was OK or had been assaulted, and why I was nude. I finally told her that I was training for a triathlon and that I had been dared to swim naked today, and that I had to leave. Fortunately, I don’t think I’ll ever see them again.” At that point the waiter came with their lemonade and took their food order. Dale was glad that the waiter didn’t say anything more about swimming. She decided that Nate must have been telling the truth.

After the waiter had left, Nate asked, “So bottom line, was it fun? I mean the swim, the dash to the bridge, and then opening your present and getting dressed.”

“Yeah, I guess it appealed to my inner needs,” said Dale.

“Good, because after lunch you’re going back.” said Nate.

“What?” said Dale.

“I think you heard me,” said Nate. Dale turned and looked at the lake, seemingly processing the idea of swimming back.

“But Nate, I was seen by the Andersons,” said Dale.

“It might not happen going back,” said Nate. “Besides, it wouldn’t be fun if there were no risks. I know you wouldn’t enjoy hanging out at home, nude in your bedroom. Barely a week ago you spent 48 hours naked, and you had a great time. We can’t cram 48 hours into a one day outing, but we can fit a little more nudity into the day.”

Dale saw his point. But she had to ask, “Nate, it was hard enough running to the bridge on this side. What am I supposed to do over there, streak the beach? That’s not happening.”

“Just as I did on this side, I’ve hidden something over there for you to wear,” said Nate.

“You have?” said Dale.

“Yes, your bikini. It is such a nice bikini. I was sure you’d want it back. So it is waiting for you over there. Remember the big floating platform in the deep area. If you surface under it, there are air pockets. Your bikini is in a bag, attached with a bungee cord to the center beam of that platform. All you have to do is swim under, find it, and then put it on,” explained Nate.

“Sounds easy, doesn’t it?” said Dale sarcastically. “I just slip in among all those people without being seen, no problem.”

“Yep, I expect you’ll be able to time your entrance, just as you timed your dash to the bridge. Great dash by the way. I can’t tell you how enjoyable it is to watch you run naked,” said Nate. Dale punched him. “What was that for? We have a perfect relationship. You like being seen, and I like looking. It’s a win-win situation.”

“I can’t believe that I entrusted you with my new bikini and you hid it under a floating wooden platform. I should punch you again. But a second swim? I’ll think about it. I’ll probably do it, but I have to think about it,” said Dale.

Their lunch came and they dug right in as they were both hungry. The food was good, and the weather and view were perfect, so they had a nice relaxing meal. Dale got up to use the restroom. When she returned, she had news, “Nate you’ll never guess who I ran into in the restroom. None other than Mrs. Anderson!”

“Really, what is she doing here?” asked Nate.

“Well, they do have a cabin just a mile away along the shore. They are here having lunch. But, this is the funny part, guess what she told me. She told me that tonight she is planning to shave her pussy for the first time ever. Guess where she got the idea?” asked Dale.

“Oh, let me see. I’m guessing she got the idea from you. So she did see everything, just like you said,” said Nate.

“Everything! Yes, she got the idea from me. Nate, she’s like 60, maybe older. She went on and on, little surprise there, on and on about how her husband was so taken with the idea of a shaved pussy. She can’t wait to shave hers and surprise him. She is sure that it will rekindle their romance. Like I said, on and on,” said Dale.

“Well, I suppose there are much worse things that rekindling a married couples romance. We can chalk that up as your good deed of the day!” said Nate.

Dale laughed, and then she said, more seriously, “Nate, there is something I’ve been meaning to talk to you about. You do realize that you did not include any underwear in my present. I’m just one little breeze away from showing the entire restaurant my meticulous grooming.”

“I guess if that happens you might do a few more good deeds today. There are probably other couples here who might enjoy having their romance rekindled,” said Nate.

“But Nate, I’ve got nothing on under this dress. I’ve never done this before, I mean go out in public panty-less in a dress. No bra either. It feels very naughty!” said Dale.

“You don’t really sound like you are complaining,” said Nate.

“I’m not. At the risk of making you think I’m a sleaze, I have to say I am liking it. I’m wondering why I never gave it serious consideration before. I feel nearly nude. Because of how the dress hangs, I don’t feel it when I walk. I don’t feel fabric touching me below the waist. In other words, I feel naked from the waist down, and yet when I look in the mirror in the bathroom, I look completely normal, I mean, I look dressed,” said Dale.

“First off, stop with the sleazy, slutty talk. Your greeting card made the point very succinctly. We are born naked. It is natural for humans to be nude. Being clothed is surely much more unnatural than being naked,” said Nate.

“Oh, and speaking of looking in the mirror, I really love this dress. You seem to have excellent taste when it comes to clothing,” said Dale.

“I don’t know about excellent taste, but I did spot something in the department store that I knew would look great on you. Actually, I had a hard time narrowing my choice down to just the one dress. I saw quite a few things there that I knew would look much better on you than the mannequins. But in the end, this blue dress was my favorite. It looks every bit as lovely on you as I imagined. I’m glad you like it,” said Nate.

“Maybe I’ll have to take you shopping with me sometime,” said Dale. “I’d be curious to see the other things that you mention.”

Just then, the waiter arrived with a small cake with a single candle. He took out a lighter, and lit the candle, saying, “Happy Birthday Miss,” and departed.

“Thank goodness this isn’t one of those restaurants where they sing to you,” said Dale. “I suppose you told them it was my birthday.”

“It might have slipped out,” said Nate. Dale blew out the candle and then they started sharing the cake.

Just then the Andersons showed up at their table. “Hello again Carol. When Lonnie and I saw that it was your birthday we decided we had to come over and wish you a Happy Birthday. We also wanted to get a closer look at Nate,” said Mrs. Anderson. Speaking directly to Nate she continued, “And Nate, what kind of a man dares his girlfriend to swim across a lake naked? She could have been run over by a motorboat, or worse yet, raped. Well, that’s all I have to say.” And to Dale’s surprise, she stopped talking and walked away.

Her husband said, “Happy Birthday Carol,” and then quickly followed his wife.

“Oh my goodness said Nate. She is a handful, isn’t she. I’m almost wishing you hadn’t told me her pussy shaving plans. Now I’m having to work at geting my mind off that. I have to get that image out of my head,” said Nate laughing. “She even knew my name! And she knows you’re Carol. I thought you didn’t like the name Carol.”

“Carol was the only alias I could think of on short notice,” said Dale. “So I went with it. I also told her I was from Eatonville.”

“And besides my name, did you also tell her I was your boyfriend?” asked Nate.

“I might have,” said Dale. “It makes more sense to get naked dares from boyfriends than from neighbors. What should I have said, ‘My neighbor dared me to swim across the lake naked.’ That doesn’t make such a believable story.” Nate just laughed. “I don’t think that Mrs. Anderson likes you very much Nate,” continued Dale.

“She doesn’t know me well enough,” said Nate.

After paying, they walked out and started toward the car. “OK Nate, I’ve decided that ‘I’m in’, so what is your plan to get me naked and back in the lake?” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 24: Spruce Lake**

“Well, I was thinking that we walk back to the bridge. Underneath you can undress and begin part two of your lake adventure. For the record, I had wanted to be waiting under the bridge earlier to see you arrive and open your present. I just thought it might be more fun for you to undertake that challenge alone. In other words, I like the idea of seeing you naked under the bridge now. I like the idea of seeing you make the daring dash for the lake. I’ll then bring everything back to the car, and get ready to meet back up with you,” explained Nate. “If you feel like you’d prefer a slightly less risky variation, we could walk out to the shore, and you could disrobe there.”

After a little consideration, Dale said, “I guess I’ll take the bridge option, but with a minor variation. You go up on the road, and tell me when the coast is clear. Then I’ll make my dash for the lake.”

“Ok, that sounds fair, but how do you know I won’t tell you that the coast is clear just as a bus with a high school football team comes into view,” said Nate.

“I suppose I don’t, but you do know that my trust is something that you are re-earning daily,” said Dale. Dale had Nate go over the details with her again about how to find the bikini in the swimming area.

As they got down to the main road, Dale fell a few paces behind Nate. She checked that the road was clear in both directions and grasped the hem of her dress on both sides. Then she said, “Nate.” Just as he turned to look, she yelled out, “Dress Up Day!” and lifted the hem up over her head. Nate was confronted with an amazing sight. Given the high waist style of the dress, Dale was naked from her rib cage to her ankles. Her upper body and her head were completely covered by the dress. Her feet were shoulder width apart and she had risen up on her toes flexing the muscles of her legs. Nate did everything he could to take a mental picture of the image of feminine beauty before him. Dale held the pose, but Nate noticed the hem drop just enough for her to peak out at him. A few seconds later, she dropped the dress back into position.

“Wow Dale! That pose would give a lot of guys a heart attack. You better be careful who you subject to that. I’m lucky to have survived! I need a moment to recover. The expression, ‘Dress Up Day’ will never again be the same for me” said Nate. Nate continued, “Dale, I have an idea. Now please hear me out before you say ‘no’. That pose just now was something else. I’d like to take your picture doing it. Realize that you were entirely exposed from the ribcage down, but entirely hidden above. Your face, even all your hair, they were entirely hidden. And part of what is great about the shot is that it is outside and there is the lake and the road. It is clear that this unidentifiable person is in a public area. Now I know and understand that you don’t want photos to get out showing an identifiable nude Dale Jordan. That makes complete sense. As you know, I kept Mike and Mitchell from taking photos. So I take these photos now, and they will be on my phone. I’d use your phone, but it is not here. I’ll look at them while you are swimming. We have an hour ride back. During the ride, you can look at the photos on my phone. You are probably curious about what you look like from this perspective. Well, you can look at the photos, and then delete any you choose. Delete them all if you prefer. Even if you delete them all, we will both have had the fun of taking them and seeing them. If you want a few of the photos, then using my phone you can send them to yourself. If you decide that I can keep a photo or two, then leave it on my phone and I will put it on a separate flash drive, I’ll password protect it, and I’ll keep it in a safe place. I’ll delete it from my phone permanently for security. I’ll never show it to anyone. So we just have a little fun, and then you are entirely in control of what happens to the photos. What do you say?”

Dale didn’t instantly say “no”. She seemed to be thinking it over. Her eyes were big and she was biting her lower lip. He could tell that he was pushing her, but that she wanted to agree. Finally she said, “OK. I agree, but only on those terms. We look at them, then I delete any or all. OK, where should I stand?” Nate helped figure out where she should be so that the lake and the road were in the background. Nate took a few photos of her to line up the shot. She smiled and posed with the dress in its normal position. Nate then told her he was ready for the ‘Dress Up Day’ pose, so on the count of three she lifted the dress way up and Nate took a few more shots. After the dress came down, he asked her to do it again with her legs as they had been before, slightly apart and on tip toe. Nate took a few more photos, unintentionally getting a few images of the dress part way up. The third time that her dress went up, he saw a car appear behind her. He took two more shots as it was getting nearer, and then yelled “Car!” He kept shooting as Dale turned to see the approaching car while at the same time pulling the dress back into position. Dale, suspecting that she had been seen, stood with her arms folded and her back to the car while it passed. Nate saw a single middle aged man looking at them with curiosity as he slowly drove past.

After the car was well out of sight, Nate asked Dale to try the shot again, but with her hands holding the dress about a foot above the hem. Dale looked puzzled, and started to ask why, but then she figured it out. “OK Buster, here comes your shot. Are you ready?” Nate started taking photos as the dress went up. He was so glad to have his new phone that would take photos at close intervals. The dress went up much higher than before and Dale’s tits popped into view. The dress was so high, that Dale couldn’t easily get it back down over her head. It ended up on just her arms. Nate seeing his chance, walked over and casually took the dress from her, folding it over his arm. Stepping back he took another photo. Dale, smiled for the next photo, and then did a pose of two. Nate could not believe that she had just let him take a fully nude photo while posing, with her face showing and everything. Not wanting to push his luck, he stopped taking photos, and suggested that they move along before a car came. They were not that far from the bridge, and he was hoping to not return the dress. Dale walked along with him, wearing just the shoes. She looked like she was having fun walking in the sunshine, but she was constantly monitoring the road ahead and behind. In this manner, they soon reached the bridge.

“Dale, at this point, I don’t see much point in going under the bridge. Do you want to just kick off your shoes right here and head for the lake. The coast is clear, and you are naked, except for the shoes.”

“Why not,” said Dale. “Wish me luck!” and with that the shoes were off, and she was headed toward the shore. Nate still had his phone out, so he caught a few quick shots of her as she ran toward the lake and dove in. He didn’t feel bad about the additional photos. Those images would be among the ones that she would look at and most likely delete on the drive home. Nate then went under the bridge to retrieve what was there. He then headed back to his car, occasionally glancing at the swimmer heading out into the lake. When he arrived at the car, he opened the trunk and placed the box with the dress in it next to Dale’s bikini, which was drying on top of a towel in his trunk. He looked at the bikini, chuckling to himself. Getting out his binoculars, he walked around to the front of the car to check on Dale’s progress. As he was watching, a ski boat came into view. It looked to be headed right at Dale.

Down in the lake, Dale was making excellent time. She had decided to have fun and get a workout at the same time. This time she had also decided to keep a better eye out for boats, so every dozen strokes or so, she would scan the horizon in all directions. She saw the speed boat headed straight toward her pretty early, but had no good idea as to what to do. On the one hand, she didn’t want to be seen, but on the other hand she preferred being seen to being run over. She started waving to get the driver’s attention, planning to dive at the last moment, if necessary. Fortunately the driver saw her and veered left, missing her. Just as Dale was being lifted by the front edge of the boat’s wake, a water skier wrecked a short distance away. She hadn’t even seen the skier, whose ride was seemingly cut short by the boat’s unexpected evasive maneuver. She saw the skier surface. She looked for the boat, and saw that it was turning around to come back to pick up the skier. She watched the boat turn, and soon realized to her horror that the boat was not heading for the skier, but rather straight for her. “Oh no,” said Dale to herself, “Here we go again.”

The boat pulled right up next to her, and the driver leaned over and looked down at her. He was a young man, probably 25 or so. He had dark hair and a dark closely cropped beard. “Are you alright Miss?” he asked.

“Yes, I’m fine,” said Dale. She had had plenty of time to get into what she hoped would be a good body position. She was treading water leaning slightly forward from what would have been a vertical position. She knew that her nipples were probably visible, but covering them with an arm would only draw attention to her nudity. Plus she needed her arms to tread water. She knew that it was the absence of a suit more than anything that would lead an observer to think that she was nude. In other words they would come to realize that she was nude, not because they could see her nipples, but rather because they couldn’t see any brightly colored fabric over her shoulders or on her chest.

“I’m so glad I saw you when I did. It was smart to wave your arms like that. Why don’t you climb into the boat for a minute? So we can talk. What are you doing way out here in the middle of the lake? Can we give you a ride to where you need to go?” said the man.

“Don’t you need to go pick up your skier?” asked Dale.

“Oh, that’s my wife. She’ll be fine. We’ll get her in a moment, please climb aboard, and then I can go pick her up while we talk,” continued the man.

“That’s quite all right. I’m swimming across the lake. I should continue my swim,” said Dale. For a second time that day she was trying to figure out how to get away from a boat and resume her swim. She started swimming as best she could while remaining vertical.

Then Dale heard another voice, “It’s OK Henry. She doesn’t want to come aboard because she is naked.” The second person showed his face before continuing, “…because she is Naked Carol! Hi Carol, good to see you! I mean, I can’t wait to see you. Climb on up so we can get a good look at that pretty little naked body of yours…and so that we can go over and pick up Henry’s wife.” Dale was squinting up at the guy in the boat trying to place him. The sun was at a bad angle, but finally she recognized Mike from the lookout tower. He continued, “What a coincidence running into you out here like this!”

“Oh yeah, some coincidence,” said Dale. “A setup more likely. Let me guess, you and Nate planned this whole thing.” Dale was starting to realize that shortly she would be climbing up into the ski boat naked. The inevitability of the direction things would take brought the butterflies back to her stomach. Finally she gave in saying, “OK, what is the best way up gentlemen?”

Come around to the back of the boat. There is a small ladder here. A moment later, she was climbing into the boat. “I don’t suppose you have a towel handy, do you?” asked Dale.

“Wow, the weather was so nice that we didn’t bother with towels,” said Mike. “I guess this is a come as you are party. Arrive naked, stay naked!” Dale looked around and confirmed that there didn’t seem to be any towels or spare clothing. Henry already had the boat moving towards the skier floating a short distance away.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 25: Kelly**

As the skier climbed aboard, Mike introduced her, “Carol, this is Kelly, Henry’s wife. Henry also works for the Forest Service, so he and I work together, which is not really true, because we all work alone. This is their boat. They have a cabin here at Spruce Lake. I come up a few times a summer to do a little skiing with them.” As Mike talked, Dale was sizing up Kelly. Like Henry she looked to be about 25. She had longer brunette hair, slicked back by the water. She looked fit and tan and was wearing a no nonsense bikini. The kind of swimsuit that had a good chance of staying put when she went down while water skiing, as she had just done.

“Hi Carol,” said Kelly. Dale was trying to cover herself up a little. She was feeling quite shy, finding herself naked in front of two people whom she had never met before, one of whom was a woman. She realized that Kelly was the first woman to see her under such circumstances. “Now Carol. I have been briefed, so I was expecting a nude girl. In fact I insisted on being here. I understand how much you enjoy being naked and being seen. Now move those hands. That defeats the purpose, now doesn’t it.” Dale hesitatingly did as Kelly instructed. “Ok, now stand up and turn around slowly. These guys need a good view from all angles. Wow! Mike told us that you were very attractive. But Mike, your description, glowing as it was, falls far short of this reality. Carol, your body is amazing.” Dale was getting embarrassed, but Kelly continued. “I don’t think I have ever seen such perfect titties. And that pussy, my God! Those legs, that butt! Guys, what do you think?”

“She is very pretty,” said Mike, trying to think of a way to take the spotlight off of Dale to make her more comfortable, “But we should be moving along. We have a schedule to keep. Time to rendezvous with Nate at the boat launch pier. Would anyone like to ski as we head up the lake? Carol? Ready to ski?” Suddenly Dale realized that today would be a chance to water ski. She loved water skiing, but it was clear that skiing today would mean skiing nude. If she felt naked and on display in a boat with three people, imagine what it might feel like to water ski naked. She felt that it was not something she would consider doing. On the one hand it would be awesome, but she knew she would definitely be turning the opportunity down. She felt a bit sad about the idea of refusing to ski as she loved water skiing so much. She was quite good at it as she had grown up doing it every summer.

No one seemed ready to ski, so Henry hit the throttle and the boat took off up the lake. Given all the boat noise, no discussion was possible. Dale tried to just look ahead, but she was continually aware of the others looking at her. She was letting it sink in that her little two person outing to the lake had turned into a five person water skiing trip. Dale was also thinking of the list she had started back home. It was a list of those who had seen her nude. It included five people: Nate, Mike, Mitchell and the two hunters in the truck, in that order. After today she would be adding the Andersons, Henry and Kelly. She wondered if the list would grow before the end of the day. She didn’t have to wait long for her answer.

As they approached the pier, Dale recognized Nate standing near the end. What she also saw was other people around him on the pier. She looked around for a cushion, anything to cover up with, but Kelly had her eye on her. She said, “Don’t be getting any ideas Carol. You are to stay sitting right where you are, facing forward. Wait, on second thought, let’s make a few adjustments. Place your hands on the seat by your hips. Move your knees apart, a little further apart. This is not a moment for modesty.” Somewhat reluctantly Dale did as Kelly was instructing. In part she liked being told to do these things. She knew that it wasn’t the way that girls were supposed to be, but deep down she wanted her knees apart. But she wouldn’t have done it on her own; however, this Kelly woman was definitely getting on her nerves. Who did she think she was, bossing her around? They pulled up to the pier, and both Mike and Kelly grabbed ahold. While Nate was going about climbing in, several people in his vicinity noticed the naked girl and were approaching, trying to get a better look. Once Nate was in, Dale started to wonder, ‘why weren’t they shoving off?’ Then she noticed that Kelly was delaying things. Kelly said, “Since we are here, does anyone need to run to the restroom?” She looked around at the faces giving everyone more than enough time to reply. “OK then, does anyone need to run to the car or the little store for anything?” Again she waited for a reply. Dale was simply frozen, holding her Kelly posed position and staring straight ahead. She knew that at least six people were now right above the boat, looking down at her.

Finally Mike said, “OK then, it looks like we are good. Let’s cast off.” As they pushed away from the pier and Henry engaged reverse to pull back, Dale breathed a sigh of relief. As they putted out into the lake, Mike introduced Nate to Henry and Kelly. Dale was still not moving. She was trying to decide how she felt about Nate and the trick that had been played on her.

Nate wanted to speak with Dale, but Kelly had seated herself right next to her and was whispering to her. She seemed to have Dale’s complete attention. Finally Kelly stood up and Nate saw his opportunity, “So Carol, I trust you have already been introduced. You look as if you might not be too happy with me at the moment. Are you acclimatizing to your new reality?” Nate decided that adding to her discomfort might be a better strategy than apologizing for the surprise. He continued, “What is Carol’s new reality? Hmm…let’s see. She is completely naked on a motor boat far from shore. No clothes above the waist, no clothes below the waist, not even shoes, but that wouldn’t make any difference. Out here there is nowhere to run! She is naked, and staying that way…there is not a scrap of clothing for her in sight.” Dale was glaring at him. She was feeling trapped and vulnerable, some of her favorite feelings. But they were feelings that she was conflicted about. Nate continued, “You guys have seen everything, right?”

“Oh they certainly have,” said Dale glaring at Kelly, “Evil Kelly here seen to that! She has been bossing me around. Do you think I picked this pose for our visit to the pier?” said Dale spreading her knees a little wider and pushing back into the cushion to indicate what she was talking about, “No, she did!” Nate was beginning to realize that possibly Dale was actually mad at Kelly and not at him, at least she seemed to be madder at Kelly. That could work to his advantage. Nate turned to Kelly and said, “Kelly, is this true? Have you been bossing Carol around?”

“I certainly have,” said Kelly, “and I’m just getting warmed up. This is my boat, and here I make the rules, isn’t that right Henry?” Henry didn’t appear to like being brought into the discussion, but he nodded. “See,” continued Kelly, “My boat, my rules. This little minx is going to continue doing what I say. I’m going to make sure she enjoys the boat ride…fully. She’s going to love me, or hate me. That pussy is shaved for a reason. We’re going to explore that reason. I’ve heard some stories, and I’ve had some time to prepare.” Dale glared alternately at Nate and Mike. She knew that one or the other, or both, had been saying things that were supposed to be kept secret. They both were doing their best at trying to look innocent and surprised.

At that point Kelly sat back down next to Dale and resumed speaking softly so only she could hear. Dale stared straight ahead, listening intently, wide eyed. Nate recognized the look. Whatever Kelly was saying was making Dale worry, probably pushing her boundries. Because the girls were busy, he chatted with Mike and Henry, and looked around as they motored slowly up the lake.

After a few minutes Kelly stood back up, and looked like she was about to speak, but Nate interjected, “I brought Carol some sunblock. I think we should give her a chance to put a little on before too much time passes.” Nate had been having trouble finding a chance to give Dale the sunblock. Kelly had been monopolizing her. Kelly took the sunblock from him, and said, “Yes, so much exposed skin needing protection. We girls are going to look out for each other, aren’t we? Here Carol, stand up. I’ll put some on your shoulders and back.” Kelly squeezed some sunblock into her hand and applied it liberally to Dale’s shoulders. She then applied it lightly to Dale’s back. She then squirted more into her hand and said, “OK Carol, turn around. Now get some of this on your index finger, and apply it to your nipples very carefully, one at a time. Nipples are very sensitive, and need special attention when exposed to the sun. Yes, round and round.” The guys watched transfixed as Dale carefully applied the cream to her nipples as instructed. Kelly continued, “Ok, now a light coat to your upper body, but a heavier layer on your face and neck. Not too much on your tits, they don’t look like they have gotten as much sun as some of your other areas. You’ve obviously been outside with them covered.” The guys continued to watch the show with great attention. “Ok Carol, let’s give the tits a little more attention, no more cream, just more attention to make sure it is evenly distributed.” Nate didn’t know about the others, but he was sure enjoying watching Dale rubbing her own tits. To him it was so interesting how they moved around when manipulated. Kelly continued, “OK Carol, now the legs, a light coat should be fine there. Ok good, now your butt. Turn around and touch your toes. I suppose I will have to apply the sunblock there to make sure it is even. I heard you were a gymnast; show me how limber you are.” Per instructions, Dale bent until her upper body touched her legs. Nate was a little surprised that she was following Kelly’s instructions without obvious evidence of wanting to resist. “Hmm. Look at the little shaved pussy peeking out back here! Wow! Can you guys all see it?” Nate saw Dale wince. He was suspecting that Dale must be realizing that Kelly was probably going to apply sunblock to her pussy from behind. Kelly continued, “It is such a cute pussy, but it is not getting too much sun, so no sunblock needed there.” Nate saw Dale breathe a sigh of relief. Had she actually been prepared to allow this woman, who she had only moments before been so angry at, touch her pussy? “OK, Carol, now turn around,” said Kelly. Dale turned, bringing her pussy to a position only about a foot from Kelly’s face. “What does your bikini area need from the front? Actually I think we are done. This area is also a little lighter. I think it needs a little more sun than the rest to even things out. You should have a very lovely even tan after today!”

Dale looked relieved that the sunblock application was complete. Nate expected her to speak. She had gotten so quiet. He was having a hard time figuring out what was going on in her head, but at least she did not seem unhappy. Dale was still standing and Kelly was still seated facing her as before. Again Kelly spoke, “Guys, I want you all to have a good opportunity to study this pussy in detail.” Dale started to turn away, but Kelly grabbed her wrist gently. “Carol, turn a bit so the guys can see what I’m seeing. Carol is obviously a careful shaver. Carol, when did you last shave your pussy?”

“This morning,” Dale said quietly. Nate detected an embarrassed strain in her voice.

Kelly continued, “Being a girl who shaves, nothing hides her most intimate details. I can’t even see a hint of a whisker from here. Carol, put this foot up on the seat. I want the guys to be able to see every detail. And this pretty little pussy flower is going to be on full display for the entire boat ride Carol, as is your cute butt. And your tits. Everything is in full view and staying that way.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 26: Kelly**

Henry, seemingly thinking that his wife was getting carried away said, “Dear, I think it would make our guest feel more comfortable if you took off your top. We both know how you like being topless on the boat, and you are the only one on board wearing anything above the waist. Besides, Carol’s little titties need some real competition.” Dale welcomed the idea. She thought she might be able to relax a little if hers weren’t the only tits out for the guys to look at. She did know that what Henry said was true. Kelly’s boobs were quite a bit larger, and many guys seemed to prefer large boobs. She also hoped that Kelly might lighten up and focus on her a bit less if she were also topless. She could tell that Kelly was right about one thing: she knew she was going to either love her or hate her. At that point Dale could tell that her emotional response toward Kelly was going to be very strong, but surprisingly she couldn’t yet tell if it was going to be love or hate. However, it was crystal clear to her that it would not be anything in between.

“Sorry Henry, not happening,” said Kelly after a millisecond of consideration. “My boobs might be bigger, but Carol’s tits have the advantage of having that just sprouted look. They look like they might have popped out overnight. Look how taught they are, how perfectly symmetrical everything is. Look at those cute little pointy nipples. I actually think they are a bit more pointy since Carol was just teasing them with her fingers. Isn’t it amazing how close to her chin her tits are. It’s like her chest is a zero gravity zone. Are tits like that even possible? I know they are real. No fake boobs would ever be that small and cute. Fake tits are always bigger, usually too big, always uglier. Whatever you do honey, never let anyone talk you into enhancing these little puppies. I’m being completely serious now. This level of perfection would only be ruined by the knife. By the way, I wouldn’t give a girl with small unattractive tits the same advice. Some girls need to have their boobs done. But these are perfect, just as they are. Don’t you guys agree?” Dale was definitely a little red given all the detailed study and talk about first, her pussy and now her boobs. And now it looked like evil Kelly was taking a poll on whether or not she should have her tits enhanced. Could it get any worse? At first no one answered Kelly, so she added, “Come on guys. I know you are probably all boob connoisseurs. Do you agree or not?”

Mike was the first to answer, “I absolutely agree. If my wife were here, I’d say that these are the second loveliest breasts that I have ever seen. She’s not, so I can be honest. I have never seen a nicer pair, in person or in a photo.”

“Mike, ‘breasts’, really?” said Kelly, “Our mothers have breasts. Carol here has tits. These are hardly breasts, these are pretty little titties. OK, Nate, your turn. What is your opinion?”

Nate was more than happy to offer his honest opinion, “I agree and I have an advantage over you guys because I have seen Carol dressed. In my opinion, in a shirt, there is not a lovelier chest on any other girl anywhere.” Dale glanced up at Nate and snuck him a cute little appreciative smile.

“What about you honey?” asked Kelly, addressing her husband.

“Well, my wife is here. I’d like the opportunity of seeing a side by side comparison. Without that I’m going to call it a tie. However, I definitely believe that getting this pair enhanced would be the biggest mistake a pretty girl could ever make,” said Henry, speaking to Carol directly.

“Well it is unanimous. OK Carol, I want you to promise me that you’ll never consider enhancement. Do you promise?” said Kelly.

Dale had no intention of ever getting a boob job. She said sheepishly, “I promise.”

“Great,” said Kelly, “Now let’s scrutinize Carol’s entire naked body as a package.” Dale could not believe that Kelly was not done. “We have the lovely tits. We have the cute butt. We have the pretty little flower pussy, its petals within, but not entirely hidden. I think they are just dying to bloom, to come out and show themselves. All this skin, so smooth and such an even tan color. This naughty little minx has obviously been sunbathing nude. Carol, have you been tanning your pussy in a tanning bed or outside?” asked Kelly.

“Outside,” said Dale softly.

“I’m not surprised. Naked outside just like you are right now,” said Kelly. Nate could tell that Dale was suffering under the constant barrage. More than once he had noticed that her eyes were moist. He was thinking that he might need to play the Knight role and intervene. While he was deciding what to do, Kelly continued with her questions, “You are a virgin aren’t you Carol? This pretty little shaved pussy is a virgin pussy, isn’t it?

With tears in her eyes, Dale looked up at Kelly and nodded her head, ‘yes’. Her level of embarrassment had gone a few notches higher. She hadn’t ever told anyone before that she was a virgin. She wasn’t embarrassed to be a virgin. It was just something that, like her exhibitionist tendencies, she kept private. And now she had admitted it to strangers, and more importantly to Nate.

“Just as I thought,” said Kelly, “You are a naughty little shaved pussy virgin, aren’t you?” Again Dale nodded her head. Nate saw a single little tear run down her cheek and decided that he could wait no longer. He leaned over to Dale, bringing his head alongside hers. Dale’s arms flew up and grabbed his arm. She pressed his arm tightly against the center of her chest, holding him, as if she needed the feeling of security that it must be giving her.

Nate whispered into her ear, “Dale, do you want me to put an end to this?”

Dale, seemingly whimpering, said quietly, “No Nate, I’m OK. It’s OK.”

Nate was surprised, but he felt her grip relax and he stepped back. The others looked at him. He shrugged, and then stepped back further. Kelly got the message. It was OK to continue. But the mood had been broken. Everyone stood there trying to decide what to do. Henry and long since reached their initial destination and cut the motor, so they were just floating in a small cove. Kelly pulled Dale down into the seat beside her. As Nate watched, she resumed whispering into her ear. As before, Dale listened intently, wide eyed.

Finally Mike said, “It must be time for lunch, let’s get into that cooler and make some sandwiches. Nate, Carol, let’s start with you. What would you like on a sandwich?”

“Carol and I had an early lunch, so food wise, I think we are set. If you have some pop, I’d like one, and I’m sure Carol would like something to drink as well,” said Nate.

“Nate, why don’t you help yourself? There are drinks in the cooler there. I’ll take care of Carol personally,” said Kelly, winking at him. “Carol, I have something I’d like you to do for me. We are a little short on room here in the boat. At most, we usually just have four people. Why don’t you hop up on the bow there, and I’ll get you a drink. Would a bottle of water be fine, or would you prefer something else?”

“Water, thank you,” said Dale quietly, rising to her feet.

“OK now Carol, climb up on the bow there. It used to be a difficult climb, but ever since we removed the windshield, it’s simple. I get a lot of use out of the bow now. It is a great place to sun. OK, now lie down on your back and work on your suntan. No, head toward the bow, that’s right.” Everyone else was watching, because it was pretty obvious that Kelly was going to orchestrate Carol’s every move. What was even more surprising to Nate was that Dale was going to obey. It was almost as if she were in a trance. This woman had established some sort of a relationship with Dale. It was as if a switch had been thrown in Dale’s head. She was behaving differently. Initially Dale had been mad at Kelly. And Kelly had ratcheted up the pressure. Now Dale seemed to have capitulated. Kelly continued, “OK Carol, now lift your shoulders up and support yourself on your elbows, place your hands behind your back. Yes, that’s right. Hold your head up. I want you to look at me. Try to keep eye contact with me. I’ll be having lunch, but I want you to focus. If I tell you to do something, I want you to do it right away. I don’t want you distracted. I don’t want to have to get your attention first. I want to always have your attention. That’s good, look at me.” The guys were all exchanging curious glances. Everyone was surprised at the level of control that Kelly was obviously exercising over Carol. Kelly continued, “OK Carol, you are our boat’s decorative hood ornament. We are going to have lunch now, and your role is to decorate our environment. You are lovely, and our lunch will be more enjoyable with you to look at. Now, as a gymnast I know you are very limber and graceful. I want you to keep your upper body in just that position, but point your toes and lift your legs straight up. That’s right, legs together, knees straight. OK, now hold that position for a few minutes. Your cute little shaved pussy is peeking out between your legs. I know that having it seen like this is why you shave. Try and picture what we are seeing! Your little bare virgin pussy.” Kelly was sitting at the side of the boat such that Carol’s legs did not block her view of Kelly. As she had said she would, Kelly went about eating lunch, as did Henry and Mike. Kelly paid Carol little attention, but every once in a while she looked up and was pleased to note that Carol was looking at her, ready to obey the next instruction.

Kelly, deciding that it was time said, “OK Carol, now I’d like you to switch slowly into a new position. Please try and transition from this position to the next over the course of a full minute. I’d like you to let your legs fall apart gradually. Keep your toes pointed, and your knees straight. A minute from now, I’d like for you to be in a splits position with your two big toes as far apart from each other as you can possibly get them, and then you’ll hold that position. So both legs will be resting firmly on the deck, but in opposite directions. Go!” They all watched as Carol’s legs fell slowly apart, revealing more of her pussy as they did. With every degree of angle change, Dale’s pussy was pulled wider, and bit by bit the small crack that contained the petals started to open. The guys were mesmerized by the slow reveal. As the legs came apart, her chest and face came into view between them. She was maintaining eye contact with Kelly. Once her legs were all the way down and resting on the deck, Kelly continued, “OK Carol, that will be a perfect tanning position for you for awhile. Hold that position. You really are such a naughty little virgin. It is so very naughty of you to shave your virgin pussy and then put it on display like this, showing yourself to these two married men as well as Nate and I.” At that point, Kelly looked away, and went back to having a relaxing lunch. Dale kept her attention on Kelly. The guys had trouble focusing on anything other than the display on the boat’s bow, but they did talk about who should go water skiing next. It was decided that Mike would ski, followed by Nate. Kelly then announced, “And after Nate, I will have Carol take her turn skiing.” Dale said nothing, maintaining her focus on Kelly.

As they were all finishing up their lunches and putting things away, Kelly again spoke to Dale. “OK Carol, well done. You can get down now and come back into the boat. I’d like to brush your hair. It is really such lovely hair. It looks like it might be even lovelier if we brush it.” As instructed, she climbed down from the bow and then sat with her back to Kelly. Kelly pulled out a brush and went about brushing her hair. She experimented a bit, but finished with her hair in a ponytail. Kelly then stood up and said, “Now Carol, I’d like you to brush my hair, but first I’d like you to remove my bikini top.” Carol did as instructed, carefully unhooking the strap behind Kelly’s back. She then removed the top by lifting it off over Kelly’s head. After folding it she handed it to Kelly, who stowed it in her bag. Kelly then handed Dale the brush, and sat down so that she could brush her hair. Kelly gave her a few pointers, but largely just relaxed and enjoyed having her hair brushed. The guys just stood silently by enjoying the show. Kelly’s boobs were evenly tan. Even though she was older than Dale, she was still a young woman. Her breasts were larger and lower than Dale’s, but still rode proudly on her chest and were capped by beautiful upturned nipples. In short the guys had two different sets of tits to study and enjoy, each lovely in its own right. Once she was satisfied with her hair, Kelly announced that it was time for water skiing. The preparations got under way to get Mike in the water. While the guys worked on that, Kelly sat next to Dale and talked quietly into her ear. What was said, Nate did not know. Dale listened patiently and every once in a while, Nate saw Dale nod in agreement.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 27: The Cove**

Mike turned out to be an excellent skier. With Henry driving, he was up on one ski on the first try. He had a good long run, typically skiing outside of the wake in the smooth water, but crossing and recrossing the wake for variety. Finally he signaled that he was done, and Henry cut the throttle and they got him back in the boat. There was virtually no other boat traffic where they were.

Nate too did well, but he had only tried skiing a few times before. He got up on two skis after about the third attempt. He skied for a long time within the wake, going back and forth a little. Finally he made up his mind to get outside of the wake, but crashed on the attempt.

At that point, all eyes were on Dale. Nate could tell that she was very nervous. Kelly stood up and told her that it was her turn. Nate watched Dale get to her feet resolutely. Kelly talked with her quietly, then announced, “Carol just needs the one ski. I’m going to drive, and once Carol is up and steady, we are going to head north to Inlet Cove.”

“Kelly, you know that’s were all the boats are, right? There’s probably 50 or more boats there, all full of people enjoying the sun and partying,” said Henry. “Are you sure about this?”

Looking right at Dale, Kelly replied, “Carol’s ready. She’s a bit scared, but she knows that I am going to show her to as many people as I can today, don’t you Carol?” Dale nodded, and Nate saw the fear in her eyes. He couldn’t imagine what had come over her. Why had she let Kelly take charge as she had? “Carol tells me that only five people had seen her outside nude like this before today. Now that number is above ten. I’ve explained to her that my goal for her is to bump that number up to a hundred or more before the day is done. “Carol will ski, I will drive and the people hanging out in the cove will get an unexpected show.”

“OK Kelly, but you know that boats don’t go fast in the cove. It’s small and the waves will rock the boats,” said Henry.

“Henry, I know what you know. No one will be mad. Who would complain about having their boat rocked by a pretty naked water skier with that body,” said Kelly indicating Dale. “Now, enough talk, let’s have some fun!”

Dale grabbed Nate and hugged him close. While she was hugging him, she whispered to him, “Nate, I’m scared, but I’m doing it. If you have your phone, take pictures. Same terms, OK?” Nate nodded and Dale let go of him.

Nate announced to the group, “Carol has given me permission to take photos, but only me.” He expected that others had their phones and might start taking photos when they saw him doing so. He said it while she was in the boat, so nobody would doubt him.
A few seconds later Dale jumped in holding the ski. Like Mike, she was up on the first try. While Mike might have been a very competent skier, Dale took skiing up to the level of an art form. Every move was fluid and graceful. Add the exquisite nude female form to the mix and her water skiing was breathtaking. Like Mike, Dale would slalom on one side of the wake and then cross and do so on the other. Nate was getting some great pictures.

“She’s calling for more speed,” yelled Henry to his wife.

“You’re kidding,” said Kelly. She gave it the little bit of throttle still remaining. As Dale felt the additional speed, she started doing a giant slalom, crossing the wake every time and going as wide as she could. After a few passes, she started going even wider by holding the handle in just her inside hand, stretching a bit further, extending her free hand out and back. Nate thought it a most beautiful move as it presented her chest in an unobstructed view. At times her tits were hiding from his view behind her arms, but not when she held the handle in just one hand. He made an effort to make sure he got a few photos of her in that position, with her leaned way over and both tits showing proudly.

Nate felt Kelly throttle back a little, and turning to glance ahead he saw that they were coming up on a giant cove. He could tell that Dale saw it as well, as she was skiing less aggressively and looking up ahead too. He wondered what thoughts were going through her head as she was anticipating her nude water skiing debut, now just moments away. Her nude form was lovely. Because of the distance and the motion, he knew that the observers would not see the details of her pussy, but they would instantly ‘see’ the absence of her bikini. Her legs were together, more or less. Actually one was ahead of the other, meaning that her pussy was more visible from one side than from the other. He knew that most observers would quickly realize that her pussy was bald. The telltale dark patch was simply missing entirely. Nate felt the boat turn right into the cove, and then he saw all the boats. A second later he saw all the people. The shore seemed covered with boats, and the boats seemed covered with people. He looked back and noticed that Dale had decided on giving it her all, water skiing wise. She had apparently decided that if all these people were going to see a naked girl water skiing, they might as well see a naked girl who could really ski. He loved how she gave things her all. It was an amazing sight, and adding to the mix he heard a cheer rise up from the crowd. He was surprised that he heard it at all given the noise of the motor. He looked over at the crowd and saw that they all seemed to have their arms in the air waving. He couldn’t help himself, he waved back. He knew that few people would see him, as they all had their eyes glued on the naked water skier. He looked back and saw that Dale had just one hand on the handle. With the other hand she was waving to the crowd and at the same time presenting her tits at their finest. The loop was accomplished quickly and in a flash, they were headed back out of the cove.

Kelly turned the boat to head back, when suddenly they all heard Henry yelling to her, “She wants to do the cove again. Let’s go back.”

“What?” said Kelly, but she looked back and with her own eyes saw Carol’s finger in the air making circles, signaling ‘turn around’. Henry gave Carol the ‘OK’ signal as Kelly began a sweeping turn. Again they reentered the cove, but quickly they realized what a big mistake it was. At least a dozen boats had pushed away from the shore or had otherwise moved since their first visit. Nate figured out that they were intending to head out to pursue the naked water skiing goddess. Kelly tried her best to find a path through the boats, but she quickly realized that there wasn’t one. She was forced to pull the throttle all the way back to avoid a collision. They looked back and saw Carol gracefully sink into the water right in the midst of a number of boats. What happened next should have been easy to predict. From all the close boats, guys started diving into the water. Instantly there were eight or ten swimmers converging on the naked skier. Kelly had gotten the boat turned and she gunned the motor in an attempt to frighten the guys off, but it was too late. There was a tight circle forming around Carol. All the guys had stopped just short of actually reaching her and were now talking to her as she treaded water. Kelly headed right in, motoring very slowly. Mike jumped up on the bow and started yelling at everyone to make way. In this manner, they managed to get alongside Carol, and Nate pulled her aboard. One of the guys had the ski and handed it to him after she was in the boat. Henry had gotten the rope in, and they looked around, realizing that somehow disaster had been avoided.

All the guys in the water were still yelling and cheering. Kelly called out, “Carol, up on the bow, now! Your fans are calling. Get up there and give them a bow.” So Dale, all full of adrenalin, climbed up on the bow and faced her admirers. Slowly Kelly headed around the cove, picking her way through all the boats. Carol, standing on the bow waving and bowing to the cheering crowd. If anyone had had any doubt that she was nude, this final loop convinced them. There now wasn’t a single person there that hadn’t had a good opportunity to see her body in its entirety. Nate saw phones and cameras, but Dale seemed oblivious to them. The onlookers were also noticing that the person driving the boat was nude, or so they probably thought as her suit bottom was hidden by the boat. Kelly too began to wave to the crowd. And then the loop was done, and they were headed back. A few boats followed them initially, but they seemed to figure out that the show was over and eventually turned back.

Kelly stopped the boat a mile or so from the pier where they had picked up Nate, and she stood up and gave Dale a congratulatory hug. Everyone was in a jubilant mood after their successful cove raid. Nate was trying to move things toward a conclusion because he didn’t want to be late for football practice. Kelly was inviting them to stay until evening for a waterfront bonfire at their cabin. Kelly and the guys kept pushing for them to stay, for Nate to miss his practice. Nate thought about it, but decided that he was too committed to his ‘Get in the Game’ program to consider doing so. So they started saying their goodbyes while Henry headed the boat toward the pier.

As Dale watched the pier getting closer, she asked, “Nate, where is the car?”

“Up in the parking lot at the boat launch. Why?” replied Nate.

“You haven’t forgotten that I am naked, have you? How am I supposed to get to the car? There are going to be lots of people on the pier and between the pier and your car. I can’t just walk to your car naked.” said Dale.

“Why would a few more people matter after all those that saw you in the cove?” said Nate.

Dale punched him. “Nate!” she said.

“OK, I actually did think of that. Where is the bag I had with me when I got aboard? It has your cover-up in it.” said Nate. He found his bag, pulled her cover-up out and handed it to her.

“Nate, this is a cover UP, not a cover DOWN. It’s so short. Didn’t you notice this morning?” said Dale.

“Actually, I liked how short it was this morning!” replied Nate. “And besides, you told me at lunch how much you liked the feeling of being naked under a dress.”

Again she punched him. “Nate, that was when I was wearing a dress that hid my ‘you-know-what’ from view. This cover-up was only decent this morning because I had my bikini on under it.”

“Well, it is your option. At least I brought you something to wear back to the car. Try it on, I’m sure it will be fine,” said Nate. Dale put it on and they all confirmed that it was a couple inches short of decent, front and back. Dale was refusing to wear it to the car, but then Kelly whispered something in her ear, and she agreed. Nate was again wondering what this woman’s power over Dale consisted of. But he was glad that Dale had agreed to walk to his car in just the cover-up. They were running short on time, so Henry pulled up to the pier and Nate and Dale climbed up.

The cover-up was very full at the bottom, meaning that its hem could be close or far from her body. As they stood on the dock, the guys looking up from below were treated to a view that extended up nearly to her belly button. Mike’s parting words to her were, “Carol, whatever you do, keep your arms down.” He knew that everyone would see her belly button if she raised her arms. Dale raised an arm to wave good bye as they motored away, confirming the soundness of his advice.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 28: The Cove**

After the boat was gone, Nate and Dale turned and walked along the pier. Dale walked behind Nate, a little to one side or the other, but as close as she could manage without tripping. She gripped his arm in both hands as part of her effort to shield herself from the view of people that they were approaching, switching sides depending on which side had people. In this manner she largely avoided being seen from the front, however walking this way was drawing the attention of those they passed. These people would invariably turn and have a look at Dale from the rear. What they saw was a pretty girl in a skirt so short that the bottom half of her little butt was showing. Had she been wearing a thong bikini bottom under her cover-up, the view from the rear would have been essentially the same. In other words, she looked like she could be bottomless, but viewers were left wondering. Nate enjoyed the walk. For him it was actually fun to have Dale so close and holding on. Nate unlocked the passenger door and Dale hoped in. Nate climbed in the other door and started the car. As they were pulling out of the parking lot, Dale brought up getting her bikini from the swimming area. She told Nate that he would need to swim out to get it as her outfit was not suitable for the mission.

“Dale you don’t have to worry about that. Your bikini is in the trunk,” said Nate.

“What?” said Dale. “Are you telling me that you sent me swimming across a lake to find a bikini that was not even there?”

“I’m afraid so. Even though you thought the bikini was the plan, it was never really the plan. The plan was always the ski boat with Mike and company.”

“I’m going to have to give this revelation some thought,” said Dale. “How can I trust you if you are going to lie to me?”

“I viewed it as tricking you to enhance your experience,” said Nate. “Had I told you up front that you were going water skiing nude in front of 100 people, you probably wouldn’t have gone with me today, but I think you had a lot of fun. As a matter of fact, it is a surprise to me that you skied for such a big crowd. I didn’t know what would happen. Sleep on it and let me know if I took advantage. I don’t want you to mistrust me in the future because you were expecting one thing and got another.”

“OK, let me think about it some more. It was a really wild time. Isn’t Kelly amazing!” said Dale.

“What was up with that? I am totally confused. What was there between you two? First you are calling her Evil Kelly, and then the next thing I know, she has you eating out of her hand,” said Nate.

“I don’t know how to describe it. I guess I just felt like she understands me. I mean at a very deep level. Let’s go back to the bonfire. Might we be able to do that? I probably can’t get free of my mother’s birthday plans, but I could try. You’ll probably be done with football long before I could get free,” said Dale.

“Are you serious? You like Kelly so much now that you want to make this drive again today? Maybe. I guess I just don’t get it though,” said Nate. They sat in silence for a minute or two, then Nate asked, “Are you ready to look at pictures? There are actually a lot. I haven’t seen the water skiing ones yet, but I expect there must be some good ones there.”

“Sure, I can’t wait to see them. Sadly for you, I’ve decided that I have to delete most of them, especially if they show my face. However, on a completely different topic, I really need a restroom stop,” said Dale.

“I always knew you would delete them. It’s quite alright. It was fun taking them. You are so very pretty, and so daring. I haven’t mentioned it, but I always felt lucky to live next to you. Just seeing you once in a while, I mean with clothes, would brighten my day. And now that I’ve seen you nude, and get to spend time with you. Well, I consider myself the luckiest guy on the planet. Go ahead and delete the photos. I’ve seen the real thing, and I have the photo that you gave me…to remind me that it wasn’t a dream. Here is a fast food place. We can both use their restrooms,” said Nate. He pulled in and parked.

“You don’t expect me to go in there dressed like this, right?” said Dale.

“Certainly not. One of my primary goals remains keeping your from getting arrested. I’ll get your bikini from the trunk. It is probably even dry,” said Nate. He returned a moment later with her bikini in hand. While she slid the bottoms up her legs, Nate said, “You probably want your shoes as well. Let me get those.” After Dale had her shoes on, the two of them went inside, Dale clutching her balled up bikini top tightly in one hand. Dale was already back in the car when Nate returned with two cold drinks. As he sat down, he pulled out his phone. “Let me take a minute to look at the water skiing photos. That way I will have at least seen them before you delete them,” he said. Dale scooted over next to him to look at the photos over his shoulder. Nate noticed the bikini tie at her neck. “Does it feel good to have your bikini back on and again be ‘decent’?” asked Nate.

“Yes and no,” said Dale. “You know me. In my ideal world I would be nude a lot. But I live in America, so compromise is required. At least dressed like this you can drop me off and my mom won’t know that her daughter was displaying ‘her naughty little shaved virgin pussy to married men’ today. That was what Kelly called it, right?”

“Yep, I think that is pretty much how she said it. But maybe, the pussy itself was not what she called ‘naughty’. I think it was you that she was calling ‘naughty’. As in ‘you’re a naughty little minx for displaying your shaved virgin pussy,’” said Nate.

“You’re probably right. I guess I’d rather be called a naughty little minx than a sleazy slut. It might mean about the same thing, but it sounds a little better. Now open those photos Buster,” said Dale.

“OK, scrolling down to the water skiing photos. Here we go. You are tiny in the first one, I hadn’t zoomed in yet. This one is better, wow! Pretty hot, huh?” said Nate.

“I look like that?” said Dale. “Just kidding. I knew that I must look about like that. I just haven’t seen photos like this of me before. It is pretty interesting to finally see what you really look like naked. You know I’ve been curious. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a photo of myself water skiing before.”

“You are an amazing skier. I thought Mike was good until you started slaloming. It looked like art, nude art. It was breathtaking. Hopefully there is something you don’t have to delete. Oops, sorry about this one. I really didn’t know you were going to bow right at that moment. Some of these bowing shots are pretty fun, but they are all from the back. I couldn’t help that. This one is great, you’re in profile, look at all your admirers! Too bad the photos don’t have sound to capture all the cheering.” Nate and Dale spent about 5 minutes looking at the photos, but then Nate had to get on the road to stay on schedule. After they were driving, Nate asked, “Tell me about that moment in the cove when Kelly had to cut the motor. What was it like knowing that you were going down right in the middle of all those boats? And then all those guys converged on you. It looked like you were talking to them. What does a naked girl talk about when surrounded by a dozen excited, partially drunk guys?”

“I expect I’ll relive that moment hundreds of times in the future. I’ve always thought about what could happen to a girl that runs around nude. I never imagined being stuck naked on a rooftop, or going down like that in a cove full of party animals. But I did imagine that a naked girl might get gang raped if she fell in with the wrong company. When I surfaced and saw all those guys coming at me, that’s where my mind went. I said to myself, ‘now you are really in for it.’ But then they all stopped, which was good. I might have drowned if all those guys had come close and grabbed me. I think most of them had no idea what to say. I heard a greeting or two, like ‘Hi gorgeous.’ I think someone complemented my skiing. I think I got asked out, or to come back to one guy’s boat. I got asked my name. I probably said that I was Carol from Eatonville. It is a bit of a blur, then you were there, pulling me into the boat. You weren’t that careful where you were grabbing, I should have slapped you,” said Dale.

“I was just pulling you into the boat. That’s all I remember,” said Nate.

“And I suppose that’s your story and you’re sticking to it, right?” said Dale.

“I’m actually wishing now that I had memories of groping you, if that is what happened. I know that no one would ever feel sorry for me, but it is quite difficult to look upon your beauty and resist the temptation to touch,” said Nate.

“Poor guy!” said Dale teasingly. “Now stop talking for a few minutes while I look at the other photos. They then drove in silence while Dale studied the Dress Up Day group of photos. “Can I hang onto your phone while you are at football practice? I’d like a little more time to decide which photos to send to my phone and which photos I’m going to delete.”

“Sure,” said Nate. Soon they were back and Dale hoped out. Nate got out too and gave her the rest of her things including the box with the blue dress. Nate had what he needed for football, so he didn’t need to stop at his house.

“OK Buster, now no hugs or kisses, we don’t know whose parents might be watching. Have a good practice,” said Dale as she turned and walked toward her house. It felt quite abrupt, but Nate hopped in the car and made it to the locker room just on time. He was so pumped up that he poured his heart into that afternoon’s scrimmage.
After practice, Coach Maynard pulled him aside and gave him the news that he had been penciled in as a starter for the coming season. “Keep up the hustle, and you’ll play a lot of football this season Nate,” he had told him. Nate went home feeling very good about things. As he parked in his driveway he noticed that there were a few extra cars next door. Birthday party at the Jordan’s he thought to himself.

After dinner he was in his room when he decided to search social media for “Carol Eatonville waterskiing”. Sure enough, he found a few photos and a video or two. Most were from the bowing portion of the cove visit. But that made sense as the waterskiing must have caught any would be photographers by surprise. He even noticed himself in a few of the photos. He downloaded the photos and saved them with the motorcycle photos from Mike. Even if Dale deleted everything, at least he now had some great full frontal nude shots of her. He even had a great photo of Kelly with her tits on full display.

A little after 9:00 pm there was a knock and he heard his dad go to the door. A moment later his dad called to him. When he got to the living room, his dad was talking to Dale, dressed in jeans and a tank top. “Nate, our neighbor wants to know if you are available to go for a walk,” said his father.

“Sure, I’ll put my shoes on,” said Nate.

Once they were both outside, Dale asked, “Nate, why did your dad ask me how the water skiing was today?”

“It came up during dinner,” said Nate. “We often talk about our day at dinner. You don’t? Don’t worry; it was a basic ‘trip to the lake with the neighbor girl’ story.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 29: A Sprained Ankle**

“I guess that is fine. I guess I don’t need to be mad. My mom knows we went somewhere today. In case my parents talk to your parents, it’s good if they have about the same story, right?” said Dale. “I thought it would be nice to go for a walk and have a chance to talk some more. I thought about waiting up until 1:00 am and then meeting on the golf course, but after the workout and all the sun I had today, I expect I’ll be asleep long before then. You don’t mind talking to me even if I am dressed, do you?” said Dale.

“Of course not, but I did almost forget what you looked like. I mean with clothes on,” said Nate, jokingly. Dale thought about punching him, but she was starting to worry that she was overdoing the punching thing.

“I thought about wearing the blue dress that you got me this evening. It would have been fun to wear, even if it was just a small family birthday party at home. The reason I didn’t wear it was that I knew there would be questions that I wouldn’t know how to answer. Like, ‘why did the neighbor boy give you a dress for your birthday?’ What could I say, ‘Otherwise I would have been naked at lunch’. I decided it would just be easier to not wear the dress this evening. But I do like it,” said Dale. “Before I forget, here’s your phone. There aren’t too many pictures left, but there are a few. I left you a couple of the ones from the road. They don’t show my face, but they show everything else. And I mean EVERYTHING else. I see why you wanted me back up on my toes, but I shouldn’t be surprised. I know why we go up on our toes in gymnastics. But nude like in these pictures, it looks indescribably hot, if I do say so myself. You better guard those photos with your life Buster!” said Dale.

“Oh I will,” said Nate. He thought about telling her about the photos he had just found of “Carol” on the web, but decided against it. He thought they wouldn’t be connected up with her, so she didn’t need to worry about them. In part she looked a little different just due to the simple fact that Kelly had put her hair in a ponytail. He did decide to tell her about the motorcycle photos, “Dale, remember the motorcycle photos? Well, Mike emailed them to me. I wanted you to know that I have those as well. I’ll also be guarding them with my life.” Nate didn’t tell her how much those photos meant to him. In those photos they were together, smiling, and they were taken on that first day. It had been a day of destiny that he would remember forever.

“Of course I remember those photos,” said Dale. “And I remember that in one you were taking liberties. I’ve decided that my face was not clear enough to be too worried about them. Mike and Mitchell were pretty clear that they weren’t supposed to share them, but I suppose that sharing them with you doesn’t count. After all, you’re in them. So are you now building a collection of naked photos of me? Is that what you’re doing?” asked Dale.

“That does sound a bit creepy, doesn’t it? I guess I would prefer to think of them as remembrances of an amazing summer. They happen to be naked pictures of you because you’re making my summer amazing, and you were always naked, until this walk anyway,” answered Nate.

“Nice try Buster. Remembrances? You know very well it is a naked pictures collection,” said Dale.

“I guess you’re on to me,” said Nate.

“OK next topic. My week is looking pretty busy, as is next weekend, but I’ve got Friday evening completely free. So I have an idea, unless you already have plans for Friday,” said Dale.

“Other than football practice, and morning weight training, I’m free. What do you have in mind?” asked Nate.

“Well, my parents are going out to dinner and a movie with another couple. That means I have the house to myself, so I thought I’d invite my newest best friend over. I thought I could cook us dinner and then we could watch a show. So, if you are up for it, dinner and a movie at my house! What do you say?” asked Dale. Nate hardly heard what she said after ‘newest best friend.’ On the one hand he liked the sound of it. He was enjoying Dale’s company, and it was music to his ears to hear that she was thinking of him as a friend or a best friend. On the other hand, friend was a term that he knew that girls used for guys who were not boyfriend material. His mind had wandered so completely that a curb caught his foot and he went down hard. “Nate, are you all right?” she asked.

“What happened? One second you’re talking about cooking dinner, and the next I’m lying in the street. That sure is embarrassing,” said Nate, struggling to get up. His left foot and ankle felt numb. “Sorry Dale, I don’t know what happened.”

“I know what happened,” said Dale, “I invited you over for dinner and a movie, and you were so shocked that you tripped,” said Dale.

“Something like that,” said Nate. “But I would love to come over, just tell me when. I’ll bring the wine…oh wait….we’re not old enough. I mean, I’ll bring some imported French bottled water.” Dale laughed. “Seriously, can I bring something?”

“You don’t need to bring anything. You cooked for me for a whole weekend. It’s my turn! Say seven o’clock. My parents will be gone by then,” said Dale. Nate was up, but his ankle didn’t want to bear much weight. The two of them headed slowly home with Dale supporting Nate on the left. Even though he felt stupid, he was very much enjoying having his arm around Dale, having her so close. It was the first extended physical contact that he had had with her since she had snuggled against him in the tent.

“Look at the bright side;” said Nate, “At least I picked a moment to injure myself when you were dressed. Can you imagine helping me home like this from Madison Park? That’s over a mile, and we wouldn’t have been able to do the trail side by side. It would have meant going right through town.”

“You know I would have abandoned you!”

“That’s not nice. I wouldn’t have left you there, naked and injured,” said Nate.

“You better not abandon me somewhere naked, injured or not!” said Dale.

“I wouldn’t. I’d at least call 911 to get you some assistance,” said Nate.

“You better not call 911!” said Dale. To Nate it looked as if he was about to get punched, but then she seemed to change her mind.

“Let’s hope it never happens, but if you had twisted your ankle in Madison Park, I could have gone and gotten the car. That might be a better strategy than you limping all the way home naked. Or, depending on how far it is, I could give you a piggyback ride,” said Nate.

“Hmm. Nude piggyback rides. That sounds fun! I’ll bet you’d like it too. My titties would be mashed against your back. You’ll absolutely have to give me a nude piggyback ride someday,” said Dale.

“Anytime, but not until my ankle is back to 100%. I hope this ankle heals fast, we are less than two weeks from our first game,” said Nate.

They had arrived in front of Nate’s house. “Do you want me to help you in? If we say goodnight out here, there’s a good night kiss in it for you. If I help you in, then your parents might be watching, and that would mean no kissing,” said Dale.

“I’m pretty sure I can limp in on my own,” said Nate.

“Is that your final decision?” Nate nodded yes. “OK, then,” continued Dale as she embraced him. “Today at the lake was pretty wild. Thanks for making my birthday so fun!” And she rose up on her toes to kiss him. They shared one long kiss. Nate wanted to kiss her more deeply, and over and over. He was a teenage boy after all, and being around Dale got his hormones going something fierce, but he was determined to play this cool. He had to let Dale set the pace. She had a boyfriend, she was way out of his league, but he felt like they were getting closer. Best not to push his luck, he thought. One wrong move and it might all come crashing down. Dale pulled away, and without another word, walked home and went quickly inside.

Nate made his way in and went straight to his room. He wanted to see which photos were still on his phone, and see them blown up on his computer screen. Of the group taken on the road, she had left him several photos with the dress down. There were then a few with the dress way up, including the one where it was so high that everything from the neck down showed. It was a top notch image, he tried zooming in on a nipple and it was so sharp that he could see very small details. The group finished with two showing Dale running for the lake. She was obviously completely nude in those, but being from behind they didn’t show her face. There were only two photos from the boat. One was of Dale waterskiing, but the face was completely hidden by her hands and arms due to the position of the rope and handle. The other was taken during the bowing showing Dale standing. It was from the rear, but at an angle. Dale’s face did not show, but it was a nice shot of a girl with a ponytail and a hint of her tit from the side. It was cool because the cheering crowd looked large and animated.
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He thought it humorous that she had left him photos with the dress both down and up. Those with the dress down were clearly of Dale, pretty and smiling. Those with the dress up were obviously of the same girl. Taken together, there was no doubt that the girl displaying her tits and pussy on the road by a lake was Dale. After Nate had downloaded the photos and erased them from his phone, he looked at his sent file. To his surprise, Dale had not erased the sent messages. He was able to view all the photos that Dale had sent to herself and then erased. These were the best photos. There were so many that showed everything, tits, pussy and face, from the road, from water skiing, and from the bowing set. Nate took the time to download these as well and then he deleted them from the phone. He decided not to feel bad about doing this. He had allowed Dale to delete the images. It was not his fault that Dale was not very good at deleting photos, and besides, he would keep them safe so that no harm would come of him preserving them. By then it was late. Nate turned off the light and fell quickly asleep.

The next morning, his ankle felt much stiffer. He knew he could still do much of the weight lifting exercises, so he headed to school, driving rather than jogging. After weight training, he went looking for a coach to talk to. He found Coach Neal. Together they decided that he should come to practice, but not dress down. He would just watch from the sidelines. By Wednesday, he was ready to suit up and resume practice, but he had to be careful with the ankle for another day or two. While watching practice on Monday and Tuesday, he had a better chance to observe the cheerleaders, who were also practicing, just in another area of the field. Both the cheerleaders and the football team were practicing at the same time of day as they would once school was back in session. The distance was a bit far, but Nate was able to pick out Dale in the group. Once he had figured out which girl she was, she was easy to follow based on clothing. The girls were not practicing in their uniforms, mostly wearing just shorts and t-shirts. From his discussions with Dale, he knew what they were doing. Like the football team, they had lost all the seniors and had many new members. They were spending almost all their time teaching the cheers to the new cheerleaders. Dale had said that were it not for the new cheerleaders, they would have not needed to practice much at all.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 30: A Letter from Kelly**

Nate was very glad when Friday finally came. As they had arranged to get together on Friday, neither had tried to contact the other. Nate had made an arrangement with Kelly that he was excited to tell her about. All week he had been wondering if she would be dressed or not during their ‘date’. Nate didn’t know if it was a date, per se, but to him it was very date-like: one boy, one girl, dinner and a movie. Yet she had called him her “newest best friend”. Whatever it was, he was very much looking forward to it. He loved every minute he was with Dale. He decided that it didn’t matter if she was dressed or not. If she were dressed, it might signal that the relationship was normalizing somewhat. If she were nude, then he knew he would enjoy looking at her body. He knew he’d be enjoying looking at her a lot, dressed or undressed.

At seven pm he went next door. He had seen Dale’s parents leave a little earlier, so he knew that she would be alone. The door opened wide, and there was Dale, as nude as ever. Well that answers that, thought Nate. He felt slightly disappointed. To him it meant that he still might be just the boy from next door, the guy who helped her explore her exhibitionist side. Nate had felt that had she been dressed it might have meant that their relationship was in transition. But he knew he shouldn’t be getting his hopes up. Jason was still her boyfriend, as he had been for a year or more. “Come in! I’ve been looking forward to this evening all week,” said Dale.

“As have I,” said Nate. “Wow your tan is looking awesome!” Once the door was closed, Dale did a little twirl to show all sides, ending in a dainty pose.

“Thanks to you I now have the perfect tan. First time in my life!” said Dale. “And to look even better for tonight, I shaved my legs…all the way up…if you know what I mean. Here have a look, but no touching,” said Dale presenting herself for inspection.

“No need to tell me ‘no touching’,” said Nate. “I have come to understand that I am a ‘Friend with Benefits’, but that those benefits are restricted to viewing. But, I’m not complaining. The last two weeks have been so much fun. I can hardly believe that just two weeks ago, you were getting ready to head out on your ill-fated adventure to the clubhouse, the adventure that brought me into the mix. Awesome shaving job, by the way. To me it appears as if nothing grows there, as if you never need to shave.”

“Well, that is how I am trying to make it appear,” said Dale. “Alas, it is many years since it looked like this without shaving. I want to do laser someday, but it is expensive. Come into the kitchen. Keep me company while I work on dinner.”

“What’s for dinner?” asked Nate.

“Pizza. I hope you like pizza, but everyone seems to like pizza. I make it from scratch. Good pizza, people tell me. I’ve got the dough all ready. I’ve just been waiting until you got here to find out what you like on your pizza,” said Dale.

“I’m easy. I generally order combo, but I’m fine with anything as long as it doesn’t have onions or the dreaded anchovies,” said Nate.

“I’m glad to learn that we are pizza compatible. I’m a combo girl myself, but just for you I’ll leave the onions off. I love olives and then I like it with fresh tomatoes added after it is baked. Does that sound OK?” asked Dale.

“Sounds perfect. I like Olives, and I’d like to try the fresh tomatoes. I don’t think I have had it that way,” said Nate.

“I take it that the ankle is doing well. I noticed that you were on the bench for a couple of days, but after that you must have been suiting up for practice,” said Dale.

“Yep, the ankle is fine now,” said Nate.

“Great. Now don’t forget that you promised me a naked girl piggy back ride someday. I hope I don’t have to twist my ankle to get my ride,” said Dale.

“How about a ride around the block right now?” asked Nate.

“You’re so bad! It’s not even dark,” said Dale. “A different time, OK?” Nate agreed, and Dale put the pizza in the oven.

While the pizza was baking, Nate decided that it was a good time to discuss with Dale what he had been emailing Kelly about. “You will recall that you liked the idea of the bonfire that we were invited to last Monday. Well, I got Kelly’s email address from Mike, and you and I have been invited to the next bonfire. I guess they have bonfires on most Mondays during the summer. If you are interested, Kelly sent me something that I am supposed to read to you. Are you available Monday? We’d have to leave for Spruce Lake right after I get done with football,” said Nate.

“This Monday would be fine. We should go. The Monday after is already the first day of school. What are you supposed to read to me?” asked Dale.

“I got a box in the mail. I’ll run next door and grab it. I left it there so it wouldn’t have to be the first thing we talked about tonight,” said Nate. He ran home and was right back carrying a small box. “OK, here is the box. Let me read you the letter, then I’ll show you what came in the box.” And with that, he read her the following letter:

Dear Nate,
We all had a great time in the boat with you and “Carol”. Mike and I have figured out that her name is not Carol and she is not from California. But that doesn’t matter. We know that you are protecting her identity, so to us she can be Carol, and we’ll help her conceal her real identity as best we can. Henry and I would love to have you both come to our bonfire this next Monday. Before you come, please read the following to Carol. These are my terms, and I can tell that she and I are on the same wave length. If she does not agree to them fully, then the invitation is null and void.

My Terms:
Before you leave for your drive to Spruce Lake, Carol should have a freshly shaved pussy and strip naked. No shoes, no nothing. Be aware that the ground around the lake is rough. She should then put on the enclosed handcuffs. Her wrists should be cuffed together behind her back, don’t squeeze the cuffs too tight. I have the key, so once the cuffs are on, they aren’t coming off until I take them off. Cuffed like this, she won’t be able to cover up using her hands at all. She’ll be nearly helpless like that, which is what I want. I want her to feel vulnerable. During the car ride, she may wear one clothing item, like a dress or robe. There may be no other clothes in the car at all, not in the trunk, not anywhere. She needs to wear her seat belt, but she will be a little uncomfortable during the drive cuffed with her hands behind her back. Too bad! That is what I require. Nate, you need to drive very carefully. You do not want to be pulled over with a nude handcuffed passenger. When you get to our house (address below), you are to park on the road. After you are out of the car, lock the one clothing item in the trunk. To be absolutely clear, Carol is now wearing nothing but handcuffs. Go to our mailbox. There should be a box labeled “Carol” inside. Carol is to immediately put on and wear what is inside the box. Walk down the driveway, and ring our doorbell. Arrive as close to seven pm as possible. If there is no box in the mailbox, that will mean that the item I ordered did not arrive in time. In that case, proceed without it.

Carol, except for the handcuffs and the item from the mailbox, you will be naked the entire time at my house. At some point during the evening, you will be required to shave my pussy. If you do not wish to shave another woman’s pussy, then you should not come. From Mike and Henry I have learned how exciting shaved pussies are to men, and you are clearly very talented when it comes to shaving. Henry tells me that after seeing you he feels as if he has never seen me naked. Well the man needs to finally see his own wife naked! There will be others at the bonfire. The men, you have already met. Each man present will be accompanied by his wife. This is a couples event. While here you will follow my instructions exactly. I will not require any sex acts. You will arrive a virgin and leave a virgin. Have Nate send me your answer on Saturday at the latest, so that I have time to make all arrangements.

Sincerely, Kelly

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 31: A Letter from Kelly**

When Nate looked up after reading the letter he saw that Dale’s eyes were as big as he had ever seen them, but this time she looked as if she were in shock. He handed her the box. She took it and peered inside. “Take it out and examine it,” said Nate. “I did. They look like real police issue handcuffs, to me. This center part seems to swing through, so that it doesn’t really lock when there is nothing in the cuff. But with your arm in there, it would lock. Don’t test it. We wouldn’t be able to get it off without the key.”

“Nate, I’m scared,” said Dale.

“Well then, it’s easy, we don’t go. I’ll send her the handcuffs back,” said Nate.

“Nate, we’re going,” said Dale, and then her voice got very quiet, “I’m just scared.” She looked down, acting very pensive.

“You don’t have to go,” said Nate.

“I said we’re going!” added Dale very resolutely. “It’s just scary. Will you keep me safe? I think I can do it if I have a Knight with me.”

“You know I would never let anything happen to you,” said Nate. With Dales comments, Nate felt emotion surging through him, some of the strongest emotions he had ever felt. It made him wonder if men had some primal urge to protect the fairer sex. Dale looked searchingly into his eyes, but before anything else could be said, the timer rang, breaking the mood.

Dale went and took out the pizza, quickly adding fresh tomatoes before putting it on the table. She then lit two candles and turned off the overhead light. “Have you ever had pizza by candlelight, my Knight?”

“I’m pretty sure that I have not,” said Nate. “But I am looking forward to it, it smells delicious, and you are beautiful by candlelight…on a golf course or at the dinner table.”

“So Nate, do YOU want to go to the bonfire Monday evening? That’s just 3 days from now,” asked Dale.

“I don’t think it is up to me. Sure, I’d like to go, but my part is easy. I get to drive and hang out with a fun girl, who will be naked. And, if we get pulled over, I’ll have to go to jail for kidnapping with an intention to rape. If that happens, your job is to stay quiet and let me take the blame. But that won’t happen, so like I said, my part is easy. You have the hard part. Your hands will be handcuffed behind your back. Your nose will start to itch, and you’ll have to find something rough to rub it on, or you’ll have to ask me to scratch it for you. Frankly, neither of us knows what Kelly has planned, or what might happen that is not preplanned. We do know a little. There will be a few other women there, you won’t be able to cover up if you feel shy, and you’ll have to shave Kelly. I presume you have never done that before, shave another woman.”

“Of course I haven’t,” said Dale.

“Well, how am I supposed to know? Us guys don’t know what goes on in the girls locker room, or at girls slumber parties,” said Nate. “For all I know you cheerleaders might…”

“Enough, enough,” said Dale deliberately interrupting him. “Please don’t finish that thought. Most slumber parties are quite tame.” She purposely included the word “most” to leave him wondering.

“OK, well then let me ask you a serious question. If you haven’t done it before, do you think you will be able to shave another woman? I mean, I have never asked, but I have never had any reason to believe that you are other than straight,” asked Nate.

“Yes Nate, I have a boyfriend. I prefer boys. Shaving Kelly is part of what makes it scary. I think that I will be able to do it, but I know that it can’t be done from across the room. Likely it involves sitting between her legs… touching and looking at everything. I don’t really want to do it, but I think that I can probably focus on the project and get it done. As you know, I am an exhibitionist. I feel a need to be naked, risking being seen. Shaving other women is not one of my kinks. While we are on the subject, I also haven’t asked you if you are straight or gay. You’ve been subjected to a lot of feminine flesh this past two weeks, and you’ve kept your composure. Maybe you’re not into girls? And I don’t recall seeing you with a girlfriend.”

“Hold on there! You don’t really think that my good behavior around you might mean that I’m gay, do you? I mean, it is true that my love life is nothing to brag about. But I’m 100% convinced that I’m straight. I just haven’t dated very much. My composure around you is nothing more than a sign of the respect I have for you. But it is also that I’m not very experienced around girls. To be honest…I feel the need to be honest…you are not the only virgin in the room,” said Nate meekly. “I don’t have any good excuses for not dating. If you want to know, I think it is that I am not attracted to the girls that I think would go out with me. And the girls that I would like to ask out are too scary to even talk to.”

“You never asked me out,” said Dale.

“Dale, you were the scariest of them all. I knew that if I had I asked you out, which I never considered doing, that you would have turned me down, politely of course. I of course never considered putting either of us through that awkward exercise in futility,” said Nate.

“You’re funny. Dating is funny. There were things that I wanted to go to, like dances. And in the end, nobody ever asked me. I’ve been told that everyone thinks that I get asked to everything by multiple boys. My reality has been the opposite. At least now that I am going out with Jason, I at least get to go to things that I want to go to,” said Dale.

“So does that mean that if I would have asked you out last year, that you would have gone out with me?” asked Nate.

“Probably not, but I hardly knew you. Now I know you. And you are much more fun than I would have ever guessed,” said Dale.

“You just feel that way because I help you get naked in more places than you had managed to get naked on your own,” said Nate.

“Boy, are you asking to be punched! That’s a little true, but it is more than that. You’re fun to talk to and to be around. And you have great taste in clothes! We do need to go shopping sometime,” said Dale.

“That’s funny,” said Nate, “I think I have better taste in the complete absence of clothes!”

“That too!” said Dale laughing. “Now have another piece before the pizza gets cold. Maybe the scariest part is the ride. Nude, handcuffed with just one piece covering me. I suppose the people in other cars won’t really be able to tell I’m naked, but how do I even get into that position. It will be light out, and Monday we’re likely to have parents home. I can’t walk out the front door wearing just a robe. I couldn’t put on the handcuffs and then put the robe on myself. So you’ll have to handcuff me and then put the robe on me and then you’ll have to buckle my seat belt. Once I’m in the car like that, it might be OK, but how do I even get there?”

“I’ve been thinking about that since I first read the letter. The best idea that I have had is for you to get into my car wearing normal clothes. Then we drive to some place remote, where you strip. I put the handcuffs and robe on you and get you back into the car. Then I hide your clothes, so we can get them on the return. Another idea I’ve had is that we go to the rest area on the way out of town. It is never very busy. We could park at the end and probably have enough privacy to do what we need to do. There we could hide your clothes and get them later. Or possibly we’ll be coming back so late that you can sneak into your house wearing just the robe,” said Nate.

“I think I like the rest area idea. I could use the restroom there. That might be a good idea. I don’t think that I want to be in the position of needing to stop along the way to pee. How would we even do that? You’d have to come in with me to take the robe off, and…awkward!” said Dale.

“OK, sounds like we are going. We probably should leave here at 5:30,” said Nate.

“Nate, will you do me a favor? Send Kelly an email right now saying that we are coming. I want to know that I am committed, so that I can stop thinking of backing out,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 32: Ika**

“Oh you are not backing out. I won’t let you! OK, while I send the email, do you want to go pick out a dress or robe? I can then take it and the handcuffs next door. You will next see them when I’m putting them on you,” said Nate. Nate pulled out his phone to send the email, and Dale went to her room to look in her closet. When Dale returned with a few things over her arm, Nate continued, “The message is sent. You now have no choice. You are going, naked and handcuffed!”

“Wow. Scary, huh? Come Monday afternoon I’m sure I’ll be shaking in my boots,” said Dale.

“And then Monday evening you’ll be shaking in these cuffs!” said Nate, holding up the cuffs menacingly.

“But I know I’ll survive because you’ll be looking out for me. I think I should be able to wear one of these,” said Dale. In the end they picked a white robe. A dress did not end up being an option because they wouldn’t stretch enough to fit around her with her arms inside. Once the choice was made, Nate took the robe and the cuffs next door and stashed them in his room. When he came back, Dale was making root beer floats for dessert. “OK, I’m ready to forget about Monday for the time being. My stomach needs to settle back down. Remember, the invitation was for dinner and a movie. The movie I picked, unless you’ve already seen it is an oldie called, ‘Quest for Fire.’ It is about cavemen and came out in 1981. Have you seen it?”

“No, I haven’t even heard of it. I’m fine with watching a caveman movie,” said Nate.

“OK, great. But first I have a treat for you. Instead of all the ads and trailers that come before a movie in the theater, we will have a short film, like in the olden days. Take your root beer float, and go into the family room,” said Dale. Nate took the root beer float, and then took a seat in the middle of the couch facing the TV. Nate was delighted that Dale came and sat right next to him. She sat with her feet folded under her to the side, and leaning into him such that her rib cage was touching his. It felt very nice to have her snuggle against him like that. Dale pressed a few buttons on a remote, and a black and white program started.

“What is this?” asked Nate.

“Just watch, you’ll see,” said Dale.

“Flash Gordon, chapter 1: the Planet in Peril,” read Nate. “Is this the movie you’re in?”

“Just watch!” repeated Dale. After the 18 minute short, Dale asked, “So what did you think?”

“Like Flash said when he heard Dale’s name, ‘Nice name.’” said Nate. “Why don’t we watch more of those? They’re funny! Toy rockets with fireworks for engines, and alien kings with Chinese names. We have slightly more understanding of what true aliens actually look like now, don’t we? How many episodes are there?”

“This serial has 13 chapters. If you want to see more, you’ll just have to come over again,” said Dale. Nate liked the sound of that….12 more dates! “What did you think of Dale Arden? I think she is pretty, but her hair is so dated looking.”

“She is pretty. Not as pretty as you. And I can tell she isn’t nearly as hot naked!” said Nate.

Dale punched him, even though she had been trying to resist, “That’s all you boys think about. How girls look naked, isn’t it?”

“Well, it is a little difficult to not think about nudity around you, Naked Carol!” said Nate. He got another punch for that, and then Dale went about starting the feature film, Quest for Fire.

After the movie finished, Nate said, “Well that was interesting. It sure makes you glad you were born here and now.”

“I saw this years ago. I was very struck by it. At that time, I had never been naked outside, or even thought about it. And then I saw this movie, and the girl who is always naked, except for all the make-up, or dirt, whatever it is. That’s why I wanted to show it to you. I so wanted to be that girl,” said Dale.

“Keep going, this is interesting,” said Nate.

“Well, I was younger then. My body looked a little more like hers. I’ve gotten a bit rounder in places since then. I started imagining what it would be like to live like that, without clothes. I started wanting to go outside naked and pretend that I was her. I guess that was my start. When you asked me to go camping, it was like this old dream coming true. There’s no way I could have turned you down. And you had no idea that you were hitting the nail on the head with that invitation, but I was too shy to tell you then,” said Dale.

“Ok. Let me see if I understand. You were naked with me for 48 hours, and during the camp fire you showed me every type of splits imaginable, but you were too shy to tell me that you liked a caveman movie about fire,” said Nate. “And girls wonder why guys don’t understand them?”

“Sounds silly doesn’t it. I guess what I mean is that I thought you’d think I was crazy if I told you I had dreams of living nude with a caveman. In reality, it was more that the girl living nude, made me think about being nude, and wanting to be nude. I used to think that that was why I went to the golf course, because it is somewhat barren like those landscapes. Actually the real reason was that it was where it was safe because there were no people,” said Dale.

“So, now I know who you can be on Halloween. We dress you up like… Does she have a name?” asked Nate.

“Her name is supposedly Ika. So I put on makeup like her, and then I go to a Halloween party? Unfortunately, people would know it was me. And the movie is so old that no one would know why I was dressed like that. It would be fun, but it’s not happening. Nice try though,” said Dale.

“Maybe not Halloween, but maybe for the annual caveman party. There is a tradition we could start, an annual caveman party!” said Nate.

“I also wanted to be the actress playing that role. That was Rae Dawn Chong. She supposedly was cast as Ika because she was so comfortable with nudity. I’ve read about the filming. She had to stay naked between shoots, during breaks to keep from affecting the makeup. I imagine her hanging out naked with a fully clothed film crew. That might happen in pornos, but this is different. I so envy Rae Dawn Chong for getting to do that. If they make a sequel, I’m going to try out!” said Dale enthusiastically. “But I know what movie my folks went to, and we are running out of time. I can’t really have them find me naked with a boy on the family room couch. Even if I got dressed, I don’t need the questions.”

“OK, I can take a hint. I’ll be going. But about Monday, what is the cover story for our parents?” asked Nate.

“I think we can tell them the truth. That we are going to a bonfire with some people we met last week water skiing. I just vote that we leave the parts about handcuffs and shaving other women out of it. Sound OK?” said Dale.

“That sounds good, then if we smell like smoke, there won’t be any questions. Now give me the ‘just the neighbor’ kiss, and I’ll get out of here so you can pretend you spent the evening alone. ” said Nate.

“Sorry, no neighbor kiss for you tonight. Here, let’s turn out all the lights. Stay where you are. Tonight you are getting my Ika the cavewoman kiss,” said Dale. And she climbed astride his lap and kissed him like a passionate woman of long ago. Nate was floored, but he remembered to keep his hands in check.

As the short little make out session came to an end, Dale climbed off and turning on a light said, “Now don’t read anything into that passionate kiss. I was playing a role I have fantasized about, and giving it my all. Now get out of here. She opened the door, and Nate left with little more than saying goodbye, watching the door close behind him.

A short time later, a very happy Nate went to bed. It had been his fortune to make out with the hottest girl in school. In make out session terms it had been brief, but it had more than tripled the amount of time he had spent kissing Dale. Even though she had put it in terms of a role that she was pretending to play, there had been so many extenuating factors on the positive side. Had she not shaved her pussy just for him saying something like, “to look even better for tonight I shaved…” Hadn’t that very pussy been bare and just inches from him when she sat astride him during the kissing. His mind was just going around and around given all the developments of the evening. So the idea of camping with him had ignited her naked cavewoman fantasies. He tried to figure out a way for Dale to dress as Ika so she could be naked at a Halloween party. He didn’t have any good ideas about how to make that happen, but it did inspire one idea. He decided to call his cousin who was attending the University in Eatonville. Possibly they had Halloween parties that a naked cavewoman might attend. At the very least, he could call. It was over 100 miles away, so the distance might be great enough. There were quite a few people that had graduated recently from their high school going to college there. That might be a problem. Everyone knew Dale. Anyone who had graduated in the last three years would know her, but in white and black makeup like in the movie she might not be recognizable to many.