**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 33: Cuffed**

Nate raced home after football practice. He was running a bit late, but fortunately Dale was waiting at the curb, she hopped in asking, “Do you need anything from your house before we go?”

“Let me think,” said Nate. “Handcuffs, check. Robe, check. Girl, check. I guess I’m all set. How about you?”

“Freshly shaved me, check. Hmm. Besides that, I think there is nothing I’m allowed to bring, just my little body. Maybe I should bring some courage. I’m still working on that. Let’s go before I think too hard,” said Dale.

Within five minutes they had reached the rest area. There was only one car there as Dale headed into the restroom. A few minutes later the door of the lady’s room opened slightly and Nate noticed Dale peeking out. The one other car had left, so in the next instant the door swung wide open and a completely nude Dale strode out into the late afternoon sunshine. Nate had purposefully parked far from the bathrooms, thinking that they would have some privacy for Dale to disrobe and be handcuffed there. He hadn’t imagined that she might undress in the restroom. Dale walked hurriedly toward the car, doing her best to look confident while keeping an eye on the entrance road.

“So Miss, now it begins! Where are your clothes?” asked Nate.

“I threw them away. I’m destined to be bare, unless you brought something,” said Dale, opening the passenger door. Nate could tell that she wanted the door open so that she could dive in if a car came.

“Ok pretty lady, take one last look at those hands of yours. I don’t know when you’ll next see them,” said Nate, opening the trunk. “OK, times up. Put them behind your back.” Dale now stood at attention, with her feet slightly apart, her chin high, and her fingers interwoven behind her back. As Nate walked toward her holding the handcuffs, he noticed how nicely this arm position made her posture, forcing her nipples up and out. He thought, ‘Wow, handcuffs must do for tits what high heels do for legs!’ He thought of making some comment to stress how vulnerable she would be with her hands locked behind, but he decided that the sound and feel of the handcuffs would say it all.

Dale looked over her shoulder and said, “Nate, you’ll keep me safe, right?”

He did his best to reassure her, as he began positioning the cuffs. First he looped the open cuffs over both wrists to make sure they were turned right. Next he started slowly ratcheting one down on to one of her wrists. He felt Dale shudder. He stopped just shy of the metal gripping her skin. He knew they could be tightened, but not loosened. He knew that with the second wrist, she would be locked. He was conscious of Dale taking irregular yet deep breaths. He thought he might be able to hear her heart beating, had there not been the steady car noise from the highway not too far away. The time was now, so he closed the second cuff. “Well, that’s done. Do they feel OK?” asked Nate.

“They feel a little cold, and very scary. But I didn’t panic like I thought I might at this moment,” said Dale, turning toward him. “Maybe you should find that robe before someone comes.”

“Sure, it’s right in the trunk,” said Nate, getting the robe.

“Nate, what happened to the belt?” asked Dale looking at the robe in his hands.

“I reread the letter,” said Nate. “It was quite clear: just ‘one clothing item’. To me a belt is a piece of clothing, so I took it out of the belt loops and left it home. Of course, I could have brought just the belt. Should I have asked you? I was pretty sure that the robe would be your preference.”

“Nate, you are in so much trouble! How am I supposed to hold the robe closed with my arms behind my back?” asked Dale.

“I thought of that. You won’t be able to, will you?” said Nate, giving her a hint of an evil smile. Nate draped the robe over her shoulders, pulling the front closed. He then let go as he stepped back to see how it looked. “Yep, just as I thought. It doesn’t stay together. It sure doesn’t hide much at all open like that. Well, maybe it will stay together in the car. Here, climb in.” Dale scowled at him but sat down in the seat, swinging her feet in. Her hips were forward because her arms were behind her. Nate buckled her belt carefully, and then walked around to his side of the car and got in. “Are you comfortable?” he asked.

“I’m not especially comfortable, and I’m not especially happy about the missing belt, but at least everything is covered,” said Dale.

“Yes, I see that,” said Nate pausing. “Unfortunately, Kelly is not the only person that you have to worry about this evening. Let me help you with your robe,” said Nate reaching over. He made some adjustments, opening the robe. “There, now at least your shoulders are covered. And this way with the robe bunched up on the sides, people won’t be able to tell that your hands and arms are behind you.”

“OK Buster, that’s hilarious. Jokes over, now put it back,” said Dale.

“Who’s joking? You look good like this, real good! I hope I’ll be able to keep my eyes on the road. Interesting how having your hands behind your butt forces it forward, bringing the pretty pussy out of hiding. I’m probably not the only one who will be having trouble keeping their eyes on the road this evening. Here let me adjust the seat belt a little. Ok, this upper one, right between…not covering anything. And the lower one, yep, perfect. Not even hiding your belly button. Let’s get rolling.”

“Nate,” pleaded Dale. “You’re not really going to drive with me like this?”

Nate just ignored her and started driving. He noticed that Dale was attempting to slide lower in the seat. “The truckers out here are going to love that position,” he said. “They have a great view right down into your lap. Here let me pass that truck up ahead. I wonder if I will need to honk to get him to look?” said Nate.

“You better not!” said Dale, sliding back up. Nate thought he might be pushing his luck, so he decided to be good and just follow the truck for a while. He noticed that Dale was keeping a close eye on the cars ahead and behind. The cars going the other way weren’t a real factor due to speed and lane separation. He knew that for Dale it was all about risk and worry, so the goal was to raise the level of those without a significant problem. He wanted Dale to think she had been seen a few times along the way, but he also wanted to complete the drive without getting recognized or stopped.

Trying to change the subject, Nate tried talking about the movies he had seen at her house on Friday. Dale was feeling too exposed to converse. She was still watching the other cars carefully. He saw her biting her lower lip gently as her eyes alternated between looking ahead and behind. Nate didn’t mind that she was too distracted to talk. He had his own distractions to deal with. He had meant to have the robe open such that her tits and pussy were in view. Looking now, he realized that he had gone a bit overboard. Dale was essentially entirely nude. Other than her shoulders, she was not covered at all, and nothing hid her identity. He started trying to think of ways to conceal her identity, maybe for other outings. It was tough. What can you do to a nude girl to conceal her identity? He recognized the challenge. Most disguises involve wearing something, but if the point is being naked, then a disguise can’t involve clothing items. Wigs and masks were about all he could think of. He didn’t think of a single idea that appealed to him.

Several cars passed them, but if they looked over, they probably just saw Nate driving. To see that Dale was nude, they would have needed to look over and back just after passing. For some reason, nobody seemed to be doing that. “Dale, I think I needed a ‘Naked Passenger’ bumper sticker, then people would probably look over at the right moment. Remind me to get one of those,” said Nate. Dale didn’t seem so impressed by the idea.

About half way there, he saw a semi up ahead, and decided that the time had come to have some fun. He knew that truckers traveled long distances, and given the license plate, this one had to be far from home. He started passing slowly. “Nate, what are you doing?” asked Dale.

“I’ve decided that this trucker needs to have his day brightened. You are about to put a smile on his face. Don’t chicken out and cover up!” said Nate.

“You’re really asking for it,” said Dale. He knew that it was a hollow threat. She might not say it, but later she would be glad to have been seen. As they pulled even with the cab, Nate saw Dale look down. He thought she was hiding her face, but then he decided that she might also be looking at her pussy, trying to picture just what the trucker might be seeing. Nate stayed right even with the cab for about 30 seconds. He was about to blow his horn to get the guy to look when suddenly the trucker gave two loud blasts with his horn. They both jumped.

Nate drove even with him for about 30 seconds more and then asked, “What does he look like.”

“I’m not looking up. I don’t want him to see my face,” said Dale.

“Well then, roll down your window and wave,” said Nate.

“How in the hell am I going to wave?” said Dale

Nate laughed out loud at himself. “I guess you can’t roll down the window either.” Nate started to pull ahead. He looked in his rearview mirror and continued, “Look! He’s giving you a thumbs-up.” Dale strained to lean forward a little to peer in the mirror on her side. Nate saw a big smile on her face when she saw the trucker waving and giving a thumbs-up. Nate set his sight on the next trucker, and sped up a little. “Here we go again,” said Nate.

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Dale objected, but he knew it was only for appearances. This time as he pulled even, he honked. Dale gave him the look that often came with a punch, but there was of course no punch. After a few seconds the second trucker blasted his horn as well. “Ok Dale, this guy must be staring right down at your pretty pussy. Time to show him the titties.” Dale scowled at him, but then a few seconds later he saw her shifting and turning. She turned her head all the way to the right, keeping her face pointed down. She was able to bend and twist her torso enough to touch the window with her right nipple, bringing the other one very close. Two more quick blasts indicated that her position change had been appreciated. They pulled ahead and Nate was approaching the next truck when he saw the sign for the Spruce Lake exit. “It looks like we are almost there,” said Nate. “In a few minutes you’ll be saying goodbye to the security of that robe.”

“Real funny Buster,” said Dale.

“What do you suppose will be in the mailbox?” asked Nate.

“I don’t know, but I am betting that whatever it is it does not make me any less naked. There is no chance that it is a real piece of clothing,” said Dale.

They went around the lake to the left, passing below the restaurant. In short order they found the address they were looking for, parking near the mailbox. Nate climbed out and went around the car to help Dale, first unbuckling her seatbelt. The robe fell off her shoulders as he did so. “Well, I guess getting you undressed won’t take long,” said Nate, folding the robe and placing it in the trunk. “Should we go look in the mailbox?”

“The sooner the better. Then we can get away from the road,” said Dale. Nate pulled open the mailbox and Dale leaned forward to have a look saying, “That looks like the kind of long jewelry box that necklaces come in.”

Nate took the wrapped box labeled “Carol” out of the mailbox. He unwrapped it while Dale watched. Taking off the lid, he held it so that they could both see. There was a medium sized gold chain with the large word “MINX” in the center and a loop on each end. “You are supposed to put it on immediately,” said Nate.

“Where does it go?” asked Dale.

“I don’t know. Maybe there are instructions,” said Nate poking around in the packaging. “Here it is.” He started reading:

Personalized Non-Piercing Nipple Chain
Your nipples DO NOT have to be pierced to enjoy wearing Nipple Jewelry!!
Our nipple jewelry features very comfortably fitting loops that snug onto your nipples. These loops feel so exciting that they are actually quite titillating to wear.

Putting on your NON Piercing nipple jewelry:
The secret to attaching the loops is to make your nipples erect. Once erect, slip the loop over your nipple to the base then simply move the bead up with a twisting motion. Snug up according to your comfort level. You control the tension.
It really and truly does not hurt at all, and in fact it looks and feels so sexy!

After Nate finished reading, he looked up and his eyes met Dale’s. She had her big eye “deer in the headlights” look and was again biting her lip. Nate realized that his eyes must look about the same. No one spoke. They were both feeling a little shell shocked.

“This is going to be really hard with my hands behind my back,” said Dale.

“Yeah,” was all that Nate could manage.

“Let’s go half way down the driveway and think,” said Dale. “The last thing I need is to be seen here by the mailbox. Someone would call the police if they saw a naked girl in handcuffs.” They walked down the gravel driveway, slowly because Dale was of course barefoot. “Well, we can’t go back. The handcuff key and the party are ahead,” continued Dale once they were a good distance from the road. I knew that I might need your help to put something on. It just never occurred to me how involved it might be. How intimate it might be. Handcuffed like this, I’m not going to be doing much, other than providing the nipples. The rest will have to be up to you.” Nate was excited by the prospect, but feeling something akin to stage fright. “Will you hold those loops up so I can get a better look at them?” continued Dale.

Nate held one end up, and they both examined it carefully. Nate experimented with the bead to get a feel for how it tightened up the loop. “OK Nate. My nipples are pretty sensitive. They don’t have many miles on them, so be gentle with those loops, but we’ll have to try and figure this out. I don’t have any experience with such things. I never try to turn on the high beams, it just happens sometimes. I know that cold does it, but I doubt you have any ice cubes hiding in your car. As far as I know, that leaves us just one option: arousal. I am thinking that half the project is the nipples themselves, but the other half is the girl,” said Dale.

“Dale, you are blushing,” said Nate.

“Duh! Of course I am. I’m preparing myself. Actually I’m trying to prepare both of us for the inevitable. In a moment, you and I will be doing things we’ve never done with each other before…here in the middle of a driveway,” said Dale.

“Well, I’m game if you are,” said Nate.

“Why am I not surprised? Well, put the jewelry in your pocket for the moment. You are going to need both hands. We’ve sort of had an unspoken ‘look but don’t touch’ rule. Well, that rule is temporarily lifted, for everything above the belt anyway. Time for you to find out if these titties feel as nice as they look,” said Dale. Nate didn’t move or reply. “Nate, wake up! Do you need a written invitation?”

“No. I mean I have wondered for so long what it would be like to touch you. I’m just…”

Dale cut him off saying, “Nate. Today please.” Nate put out his hands and gently applied one palm to each tit. “Nate, please hold me. Kiss me. Remember, everything above the waist is inbounds. There is a lot of skin here that needs touching. For this to work, the whole girl needs to get excited. The titties need plenty of attention, and don’t forget about the nipples.” Nate hardly knew where to start, being suddenly put on the spot like this. He gave Dale a big hug, and she angled her face up and their lips fell together. He was glad that he had experienced the one brief trial run with Ika in the dark just a few days before. He tried to kiss gently, but deeply and passionately. Initially he wrapped both hands around her back, but then casually snuck one back to her front to involve a tit. As she had said, they were half the project. It was quite strange to suddenly have such broad privileges, but she had said “temporarily” so he felt the need to make the most of the opportunity. It felt strange to be hugging Dale so unilaterally. The other times he had hugged and kissed her, her arms had been around him. Now they were out of play behind her back. She leaned into him. He could tell that she was doing her best to relax, to participate in becoming excited. Nate was loving the feel of her smooth skin. Her tits felt absolutely heavenly, firm yet so invitingly soft. They felt so much more wonderful than he had ever imagined. He experimented with seeing just how far he could slide them around on her rib cage without it seeming too obvious.

After a couple of minutes, Dale broke off the kiss and said, “Nate, I think we are ready to try kissing now.”

“But we are kissing,” said Nate.

“A different sort of kissing, Nate. You are so tall, I think you might need to kneel,” said Dale, hoping that he would clue in so she wouldn’t have to be more specific. Nate seemed to figure it out and got to his knees in a grassy spot to the side of the driveway. Dale leaned over him and he took one tit in each hand and then started kissing first one and then the other. Dale continued, “That is very nice, now it is time for some deeper kisses. Kiss those nipples like you were just kissing my mouth.” She could tell that she was going to have to give him specific hints. While kissing his head, she whispered to him, “Try sucking as well. First suck just the nipple, but you have heard he expression ‘More than a mouthful is a waste’. I’ve always wondered if I have more than a mouthful. It might be kind of exciting to find out.” Nate took the hint, sucking the nipples and then trying to see just how much of a whole tit he could suck in, opening his mouth wide. Dale felt herself getting excited with all the attention. She whispered, “And Nate, you are not to tell Jason that you sucked my titties…because he hasn’t. He’d be so jealous!”

Nate was noticing that her nipples were definitely feeling like little points in his mouth. He came up for air and with a small twinge of regret told her quietly, “I think we might be almost ready to try on the nipple-cuffs.” Because he thought it would excite her further, he started alternating small comments with periods of sucking. “It’s almost time to go the party,” Everyone there will see your pussy.” “I wonder what the other women will think.” “What will they think of a little minx with a freshly shaved virgin pussy?” “I can’t wait to see how they react to seeing these pointy little nipples chained together.” “There won’t be any way to cover up since you’re handcuffed.” “I’ll bet they all know who has the key.” “I’ll bet that they all know that you are here to shave Kelly’s pussy.” Dales breathing deepened. Nate was smelling something that he had only smelled around Dale, and only a time or two, the scent of an aroused woman. Dale was nuzzling deep into his hair, kissing his head passionately. The top of his head was all that she could reach. He was sure she would be attacking him had her hands not been secured behind her back .

Nate got the MINX chain into his hand, and focused on one nipple. Making sure that he had the correct end of the chain, he pinched the now rock hard nipple between his fingers and then slipped it inside of the loop. He glanced up and noticed Dale looking down at what he was doing with curiosity and excitement. He started sliding the bead into place, wanting it to be tight but not too tight. He asked her, “How is that.” She nodded indicating that it seemed about right. Nate let the chain hang straight down and moved to the other nipple. Dale’s state of arousal was so high that it too was hard. But Nate knew that he was even harder. Fortunately that fact was pretty well hidden at the moment given that he was on his knees. He felt on the very verge of release, something that had never happened absent physical contact.

Once the second end was secured, Nate leaned back to get a better look. Dale had a petit torso, and the chain was only a little longer than the distance between her nipples. The chain seemed to be pulling her nipples closer together as her arm position was pulling them apart. He stood up and she leaned into him kissing him passionately on the lips. Nate returned the kiss and hugged her close. Finally he said, “I’m enjoying this so much, but we are a little late. I don’t want Kelly to feel like she needs to punish you, there is no telling what that woman might do.”

“OK,” said Dale, seemingly reluctant to stop the kissing. She continued, “You won’t tell anyone about this right. My nipples miss you already, but I don’t think they can really be kissed through all this hardware.”

“Do you think it is going to stay on, or will your nipples get soft,” asked Nate.

“Oh, I have a feeling that these little loops and the pull of the chain are going to keep them up and proud. It’s pretty exciting to have jewelry on my titties. Does it look good?” asked Dale.

“It looks awesome. I would never have thought that your perfect titties could look any better, but I have just been proven wrong. It looks so pretty!” said Nate. And with his arm tightly around her shoulders, they started toward the house, walking slowly, not so much due to the gravel, but so that Dale could catch her breath and regain some composure.

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As they approached the door, it opened and Kelly greeted them, “Welcome, welcome. Now the party can begin! Let’s have a quick inspection. Nate, step away for a second.” Kelly walked around Dale slowly, examining the details. She inspected the cuffs, seemingly checking that they were secure without being too tight. She surprised Dale with a little slap to her butt. Coming around the front, she bent over and ran her fingers tenderly over Dale’s mound, carefully checking if her instructions had been followed. Then she reached up and grasped her tits, squeezing one in each hand, forcing Dale’s nipples out. Kelly studied the nipples. She grabbed each nipple between a thumb and forefinger and pulled. Dale tried to keep a straight face, but Nate could tell that she was caught completely off-guard and was very uncomfortable having her nipples pinched, pulled and studied like this. Kelly then yanked on the chain, causing Dale to inhale audibly, letting out a small yelp of pain. Kelly looked at Nate and said, “Well done Nate. Why don’t you go through the house, and into the backyard? The other guests are there. I’ll take Carol upstairs and make a few adjustments.” As instructed Nate entered the house. He looked back and saw Kelly leading Dale, pulling her along by her upper arm in the same way that the police handle handcuffed prisoners. Their eyes met, and Nate recognized a look of fear in Dale’s eyes. He watched as Dale disappeared up the stairs.

Nate went outside where he saw Mike and Mitchell, along with what had to be their wives. Henry was there as well, tending to the fire. They were all introduced, and Nate examined the lakeshore while he wondered what Kelly was doing to Dale. Mike asked him, “Is Naked Carol with you?”

“Yes, Kelly took her upstairs to ‘make a few adjustments’, whatever that means,” said Nate.

“Oh my,” said Mike. “That woman and her imagination! I can’t really wait to find out what she has in store for us this evening.” Nate didn’t notice the two wives exchanging knowing glances. They didn’t have to wait that long. A short while later Kelly appeared, asking them all to turn around and close their eyes. Nate wanted to peek but didn’t. About a minute later Kelly told them they could turn around and open their eyes.

Dale was standing on a high bench with her feet about three feet apart. She was still wearing the cuffs and the nipple chain. The most obvious difference was that her hair had been put up in pigtails. Dale had just turned nineteen, but Nate thought this change alone seemed to make her look fifteen going on eight. The only other change that he noticed was to her makeup. He had never seen Dale look quite like this. To his eye she used makeup so sparingly that it seemed as if she wore no makeup at all. The girl looking down at him now had dramatic eye makeup and lipstick. It looked a bit amateurish actually. Something about the look stirred a memory in him, which he couldn’t place at first. But then he found himself thinking of the girls back in junior high. Their initial attempts at makeup often looked like this…a bit overdone and unskilled. Kelly must be after a young look. The pigtails were certainly a giveaway, and the shaved pussy certainly had a youthful look to it. Was she after the young slut look? The “Minx” chain supported that possibility. Dale looked quite uncomfortable to Nate, quite embarrassed to be exhibited in this manner. He tried to give her a reassuring smile, but knew it wouldn’t help much.

After everyone had looked at Dale for a bit, Kelly said, “Sarah, Nicole, come here and have a close look at our little minx. You guys have already seen Carol, so give us a minute.” The guys all shuffled a little further away while the girls gathered around Dale standing on the bench, chained front and back. Nate watched as the girls all leaned in such that their heads all seemed to be within a foot of Dale’s pussy. They were studying it, talking about it. A time or two he saw Kelly raise her hand. He couldn’t tell if she was touching Dale or merely pointing at her pussy. Nate wasn’t the only one watching the three dressed women study the nude girl. Dale’s look angled up at the sky. It looked as if were trying to avoid eye contact with everyone. After a few minutes, the women invited their husbands over. Nate seemed to be purposefully excluded, but he was happy to watch from a distance, and he snapped a discreet photo. He’d give Dale the option of deleting it later. At this point, it looked as if they were all discussing Dale’s pussy. Dale continued to look up. Nate thought she looked like she was blushing, but it was hard to be sure given the makeup.

Nate found himself thinking about the Dale that he was seeing. Indeed this was the Dale that he had observed keenly since grade school. Dale Jordan, successful student, accomplished athlete. The confident young lady that everyone admired and wanted to be around. She was always smartly dressed, and always managed to say the just right thing whether talking to teachers, other students, or addressing an entire assembly holding a microphone. She was the epitome of the perfect nineteen year old, any parents dream. What a contrast there was between that Dale and the girl standing on the bench before him. The girl standing in an inverted “Y” position, legs apart, arms and hands hidden from view. Unlike the conservatively dressed Dale that he knew, this girl was completely nude, her hair and makeup imposed upon her, seemingly intended to make her look young. Not at all the confident Dale he knew. In her place was a young vulnerable looking girl chained front and back. Even Dale’s self-assured look was gone, replaced by a look overflowing with worry. To him it seemed surreal to think that this could be the same person. What a change! He wondered how she was coping, standing on the bench like that, being subjected to close scrutiny by multiple people that she hardly knew. And two of them were women she hadn’t even yet been introduced to. It crossed his mind that she might really be worrying had she not had Kelly’s assurance that no sex acts would be involved. Given the image before him, he was glad about that as well. Yet Dale wasn’t gagged. Nothing kept her from speaking. She could tell him to get her out of there if it was too much for her. And yet she stood there, just as Kelly had posed her, soaking in the experience and saying nothing.

As he looked at her standing there, his mind wandered to the fun they had experienced in the driveway. He sure had had fun, but she had given him every indication that it had been fun for her as well. That was such an amazing thought to him, almost too amazing for him to wrap his brain around. Hadn’t she said, “My nipples miss you already…” His mind was awash in happiness at the memory of those words. Kelly’s voice brought him back to reality, “Nate, I presume you have your phone. I’d like to take a few photos. First take a group photo for us, if you’d be so kind.”

Kelly positioned everyone such that each man was by his wife, and they were all grouped around but not in front of Dale. Nate took a few photos and then Kelly handed him her phone so that she could have some as well. She announced, “Nate and I are the only ones with cameras here this evening.” Kelly then had Dale turn around, and then she again had Nate take more photos using both cameras with the handcuffs showing. Next she had Nate take pictures of just the two of them. In a few she grabbed or yanked on the nipple chain, a few times so forcefully that Nate heard Dale cry out in pain.

Kelly then switched places with Nate, posing him and taking photos with both phones. First she had Dale stand as she had, up on the bench, feet apart. She had Nate stand behind her. Because the bench was narrow, Nate had to hold on to Dale to keep from falling off. First he held her waist while Kelly took a few shots asking for various expressions. Nate’s head was straight above Dale’s because she was shorter with the legs somewhat apart. Kelly then instructed Nate to grasp Dale’s tits. She posed him such that he was cupping them from below, but also squeezing their sides. Not covering the nipples, but rather forcing them out. It occurred to him that his ‘temporary’ permission to touch the goods had probably expired, but she couldn’t be upset at him. He was simply doing what Kelly was requiring. Kelly then had him straddle the bench facing Dale, with his arms around her waist. First she took photos of him smiling and facing the camera. Then she had him kiss the near side of Dale’s tit for a few more shots with each camera. Then Kelly had Nate kneel on the ground leaning back against the bench. This placed his head right between her inner thighs. Kelly took a few shots like that and then asked him to look up. Nate tipped his head back and looked straight up. Dale’s pussy was mere inches from his face. While he studied it, he was conscious of Kelly taking pictures, and she asked him to make funny faces while still looking up. When he finally looked back at Kelly, he noticed that the rest of the group had been observing the photo session and looked very much like they were enjoying themselves.

Kelly asked Dale to turn around so that the handcuffs would show. Mike came forward to steady her as she did so. Dale was again straddling his head. Kelly took more photos. Nate was sure wondering what these photos would look like, his head with Dale’s cute tush just above, handcuffs and all. He glanced up and saw Dale’s hands held in fists. Again she had Nate lean back and look up. As before he was staring right into Dale’s lovely pussy, the lips parted just ever so slightly. With his nose just inches away, he again detected the scent of arousal. He knew Kelly was taking pictures, but he was busy studying the layer of moisture that had formed on Dale’s most intimate bits.

Kelly then moved to the side to take profile photos. She instructed Nate to lean back just a little more, while she had Dale look down at the guy between her legs examining her pussy. Now Nate felt himself blushing. He didn’t know where to look. Into her eyes as she studied him, or into her pussy as Kelly had instructed. He tried to read her thoughts, but couldn’t. It was an awkward moment, but Nate knew that he wanted the photo. He knew he wasn’t dreaming. There was a pussy inches from his face, and not just any pussy. It was Dale Jordan’s pussy. He wanted the photo.

Finally Kelly allowed Dale to get down and relax. She instructed “Carol” to mingle and to get to know everyone. Dale was having a little trouble doing so considering that she was the only one nude, the only one handcuffed and wearing pigtails. But she seemed to be trying. Kelly had Nate get her a bottle of water. He held it up so she could drink and she ended up downing the entire bottle. Once they had a moment for a little private conversation he asked her how she was doing. Dale basically said that she was OK, but that even though she had expected Kelly to challenge her, it was all adding up to somewhat more than she had been expecting. They talked about the photos. Nate told her that she could delete the ones on his camera, but that the ones that Kelly had were out of his control. Nate could tell that she looked pretty worried about that.

Next Kelly asked the wives to help her in the kitchen, returning a few minutes later for Dale. Dale and Nate maintained eye contact as Dale was led away. They were both thinking the same thing, that the time for pussy shaving was at hand.

The guys all waited around the fire. Henry, Mike and Mitchell drank beer and talked. Nate joined in a little, but some of the talk was of little interest. They asked him about Carol’s nipple chain, and they all enjoyed his story. They had been tipped off that such an item was waiting in the mailbox, so they knew that it had been put on after they had arrived.

At least an hour passed before the girls started bringing out the food and setting up a buffet table. Dale reappeared, and she came and stood by Nate, seemingly looking for a safe zone. She was handcuffed as before, but she indicated that she had been free for a time, but was under instructions to be quiet about what had happened upstairs. Nate dished up two plates, one for himself, and one for Dale. They found a spot side by side at a table and ate dinner, Nate feeding Dale, the little girl in pigtails.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 36: The Bonfire**

After everyone had finished eating, they all stood around the bonfire talking and enjoying themselves. It was a peaceful night on the lake. The temperature was perfect, and the fire was keeping the bugs away. Kelly announced that she had a surprise for everyone, the main event was at hand. Taking Henry by the hand she led him to a central spot between the lake and the fire and then whispered into his ear. Nate saw Henry’s expression change. Kelly assumed a position with her hands to her sides, and after a moment of hesitation, Henry started unbuttoning her blouse. When it was all the way unbuttoned, he removed it. Kelly was topless and wearing a nipple chain like Dale’s, except that it read, “KELLY”. She turned slowly so that everyone could see. After she had made a full turn, she stopped and nodded to Henry. Dutifully Henry approached her again. He unzipped her skirt, sliding it down her legs. Kelly stepped out of it and Henry folded it and placed it with her blouse. Kelly was now standing there in just a pair of sexy black lace panties. For a moment Henry and Kelly seemed frozen, starring into each other’s eye, but again Kelly nodded. Henry moved behind her. He grasped the panties on both sides, but did not move. He looked around the group. He had everyone’s complete attention. Slowly he slid the panties down his wife’s legs and she stepped out of them. Nate and Dale were not surprised that Kelly’s pussy was shaved completely bare, but it was clearly a surprise to everyone else, including Henry. Kelly placed her hands on her hips and turned slowly letting everyone have a good look. Dale was watching with great interest how the guys were reacting. She had seen people react to her own shaved pussy, but this was the first time she had seen reactions to someone else’s. The Forest Service guys certainly seemed to be enjoying having another shaved pussy to look at. Dale felt a slight burden lifting. The spotlight had shifted over to Kelly.

Kelly seemed to be planning on staying nude, relaxing and continuing with the party, when all of a sudden she called for everyone’s attention and said, “OK, who’s next?” Everyone was silent, but then Nicole, taking Mike’s hand, walked out into the center. Again a few whispers were exchanged, and then Mike started unbuttoning Nicole’s shirt. Nate looked over and saw that Mitchell was looking at his wife Sarah, while she pretended to ignore him. When Nicole’s shirt came off, they all saw that she too was braless and “chained”. As expected, her chain read “NICOLE”. Like Kelly she was probably mid-twenties. She was taller and slighter. Her tits were close in size to Dale’s, but sagged somewhat. After she had done a slow turn, Mike began removing her skirt. Below it she wore a tiny nearly see-through white thong, which Mike removed in turn. She too was completely shaved. Nate looked at Dale, realizing why she had been gone so long. Dale looked at him and shrugged.

After a minute or two, Kelly beckoned Sarah. Mitchell advanced to the center, but Sarah hung back reluctantly, her feet seemingly rooted in place. Both Kelly and Nicole went over to talk to their friend. Nate saw her shake her head a time or two, but eventually they got her into the center, but with her arms firmly crossed over her mid-section. Mitchell started undoing buttons, but ran into difficulty when he got down to her arms. Kelly and Nicole again swept in offering their moral support. As if on cue, each of them took ahold of an arm and pulled it gently out to the side. Mitchell was now able to get the rest of the buttons undone. He opened her shirt and taking a peek was obviously delighted to see a SARAH chain just inside. Sarah noticed the delight on her husband’s face and seemed to relax a little. Mitchell pushed the shirt back off of her shoulders, and Kelly and Nicole managed to get the shirt down and completely off. Still holding Sarah’s arms, as much for moral support as for control, the ladies now turned Sarah completely around, allowing everyone the full view.

Sarah, while the oldest of the group had nothing to be ashamed of. Even though she was probably mid-thirties, she was obviously a regular at the gym. Her boobs were also smaller than Kelly’s, but they were the second largest of the four girls at the bonfire. When Mitchell reached for the zipper on her skirt, she pulled away, but Kelly and Nicole tightened their grips. Sarah evaded Mitchell’s attempts successfully a few more times, but eventually the three against one situation meant that Mitchell was successful. He reached the zipper and got it down. As Mitchell slid the skirt down her legs, it quickly became apparent that Sarah was not wearing panties. It was as if she had been planning all along to be as daring as anyone, or more so, but had lost her nerve right at the end. Once her freshly shaved pussy was out in the open for all to see, she looked as if a weight had been lifted and seemed to relax, even smiling and looking as if she might enjoy herself. She pulled her arms free of her friends and conducted a slow turn all on her own. As she did so she rocked her pelvis in a particularly provocative manner, maximizing the extent that the cleft of her pussy could be seen.

Nate decided that Sarah’s shaved pussy looked the best after Dale’s because the shape of her butt, hips, thighs and abdomen was the nicest due to her fitness level. He imagined that her body might have looked a lot like Dale’s at nineteen. Now that all the women at the party were entirely nude and identically adorned on top and shorn down below, the party took on a new character. All the men were smiling ear to ear, seemingly enjoying their wives being on display.

Kelly walked up behind Nate and slipped something into his hand. He looked up at her, and she winked, indicating Dale. Nate looked in his hand and saw a small key, which he showed to Dale sitting next to him. “Oh thank God!” said Dale, turning to give him access to the cuffs. Nate removed them, and Dale leaned back against him as she pulled her arms forward, stretching them out. Nate gave her a big comforting hug around her upper torso, going to the necessary to avoid touching the titties. Dale turned and gave him a giant hug. This was the first time that she had been around him without the cuffs on since the rest area hours ago.

Kelly beckoned to Nate, indicating that he should come talk to her. When he got there, she gave him her phone and asked him to again take photos. Being handed Kelly’s phone suddenly made Nate realize that he did not have his own. Kelly informed him that she had taken it earlier, but would return it as they were leaving. “That was one of the stipulations that I agreed to in order for Sarah and Nicole to get naked. They are OK with me taking photos, but they didn’t want you to leave with photos of them nude. I’m sure you understand,” said Kelly. Kelly then set up a group photo along the same bench. The four naked ladies lined up standing on the bench. They did various poses. Some were a little lewd; others were a bit more conservative. But all the photos were very risqué, given that they featured four naked ladies showing off shaved pussies and nipple chains.

Next Kelly had Dale step out and the three husbands join their wives. They tried different variations. Some with the men behind. Some with them reaching around and squeezing their wives’ tits, highlighting the nipple adornment. Next Kelly had Nate take pictures of just her and Henry. They posed in many of the poses he had been posed in with Dale earlier. Once that was done, Kelly took over as photographer and took individual couple photographs of Nicole with Mike and Sarah with Mitchell. Even though these were pretty ladies, Nate didn’t mind that he was not going home with any of their photos.

After the photography session, Kelly had the guys open two bottles of champagne. Dale was starting to feel like an outsider. The three nude women had stolen the spotlight. But what was worse was that her nipples were feeling sore. She had Nate remove her nipple chain and put it in his pocket.

It was late, so they both approached their hostess Kelly and told her that they were ready to leave. Kelly noticed the absent nipple chain, and Dale told her that she had asked Nate to remove it. Kelly frowned. She told them that she’d walk them out, and give Nate his phone back. Nate and Dale made the rounds saying goodbye to everyone. The guys all gave Dale very friendly hugs, and the ladies all hugged Nate similarly.

Nate wondered if Kelly would remain nude for the walk out to their car, which she did. She thanked them for coming, but then said, “I’m sorry Carol, but having the nipple chain removed without asking me was a clear violation. You will have to pay a forfeit. Nate, where is the clothing item that Dale wore out here today?” Nate fished it out of the trunk. Kelly took it saying, “I’m afraid that I will need to keep this Carol. Have a good drive home, and don’t get pulled over.” Dale’s jaw dropped. She was tired and ready to be done with cuffs, chains and nudity for the time being. Kelly continued, “Where is the MINX nipple chain now?” Nate took it out of his pocket and Kelly continued, “Carol, that is my gift to you. I hope that you find some nice occasions to wear it at in the future. If you do, I’d love to hear about it, or receive a picture. And where are the handcuffs Nate?” asked Kelly. Nate had them in his pocket with the key still in the key hole. “Nate, those are my present to you. I hope that you find a few good uses for them. Does your high school have a flagpole out front?”

“Yes, it does,” said Nate.

“Good, I’d like you to email me a photo of Naked Carol handcuffed to that flagpole…handcuffed with her back against the pole and her arms behind her, around the pole. Extra credit if the photo is during daylight hours! Nate, here is your phone.” They all exchanged hugs and a few pleasantries, and then Kelly turned and walked back to the party.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 37: The Drive Home**

Dale gave Nate a hug, and then said, “OK Buster, time to figure out how to get Naked Carol home. Before we leave, let’s check the odometer?”

“OK, why?” asked Nate.

“Look at me! This is as naked as I get, and there is nothing in the car for me to put on…things that aren’t chains, anyway. So this is the furthest that I have ever been from any clothes. I’m just a naked girl, no ID, no money, no phone, nothing. Not even a fur bikini, as you call it,” said Dale.

“I know it is over 50 miles, but we should see exactly what your new record is,” said Nate, climbing in. “The last digits are 33.7, so remember that. I presume you can buckle your own seat belt this time, but let me know if you want any help with it.”

“I’ve got it now Buster,” said Dale. “You were sure evil with my robe earlier today. What did I do to deserve that?”

“You are very deserving! I just know what you really want, and it is not to be fully decent at all times.” They drove along in silence for a few miles, each thinking back over the events of the evening.

They chatted some. Nate said, “I guess we took some risks today, and we got away with it. Don’t tell me that you didn’t have fun having your pussy shown to a few truckers. I saw those nips stiffen!” said Nate.

“You are so bad. In retrospect it was fun. I just worry that my luck will run out…like tonight. I’m glad it’s dark, but you never know what might happen,” said Dale.

“You’re right. You might be riding along in a car with a friend or neighbor, miles from home, completely naked, when all of a sudden… He decides to go through a drive through,” said Nate, turning off into a fast food restaurant parking lot. “What would you like? I’m ordering a large chocolate milk shake.”

“Nate, you aren’t serious. They’ll see me!” said Dale.

“I know they will. It’ll be great,” said Nate.

“No it won’t. Park and go in and get your milk shake,” said Dale.

“Only if you come in with me,” said Nate.

“Dream on Buster. I’m not going in and I don’t want a milk shake,” said Dale.

“Suit yourself,” said Nate, pulling up to the order point in the drive through lane. “One large chocolate shake,” said Nate.

“Will that be all?” said a male voice.

“Make that two large chocolate shakes,” said Dale, resigning herself to the encounter just moments away.

At the window the young man took Nate’s money and then said, “Wow, you’ve got a hot girlfriend!” Dale was just sitting there motionless, starring straight ahead arms folded but below her boobs, hiding nothing.

Nate replied, “Oh her? She’s just my neighbor. I don’t have a girlfriend. Carol, turn this way and let this guy have a good look.” Dale did turn, but to punch him. She started punching him repeatedly telling him how much trouble he was in. Whether or not she knew it, she was putting on quite a show. To a young man, a stationary naked girl is beyond interesting, but get her jumping around feisty like this, boobies bouncing and everything, and the entertainment value goes through the roof. The one guy at the window was joined by two others, one of whom was carrying the milk shakes. The guys handed Nate the milk shakes, but he had to ask for straws and napkins. The guys seemed a little preoccupied with starring at the spunky blond in the passenger seat. “Should I find out if she is ticklish, guys?” asked Nate.

“You wouldn’t dare, now get going,” said Dale, as she started beating on him again. Nate pulled forward heading back to the road. In his mirror he saw the guys just standing there, their tongues hanging out and looks of amazement on their faces.

Once they were on the road, Dale said, “You know I might have to reconsider our relationship if you keep this up.”

“I think the opposite is true. You want to be with me all the more when I do things like that,” said Nate. Dale just fumed. She knew he was right.

For a time they enjoyed their shakes in silence, but then Nate spoke, “Now I know why you were gone so long back at Kelly’s. You must have been operating a pussy shaving assembly line!”

“Oh my God Nate, it was terrible! I volunteered you to come help out. I even lied and told Kelly how good you were at shaving pussy. I told her I had personal experience with your skill, but she wouldn’t consider it. At least now I’m positive I’m not bisexual,” said Dale. “If those are the last pussies I shave in my life, I’ll be happy. I mean pussies on other women. Shaving my own, that’s all the pussy shaving I need.”

“That’s funny,” said Nate. “Lucky Kelly didn’t take you up on the offer of my services. I’m sure I would have messed up big time, or freaked out.”

“I nearly freaked out,” said Dale. “Kelly used me. The whole evening was a set up. It was all about those ladies trying to show their husbands that they still had it! I don’t mind that, but I guess I didn’t like being the pawn in their game.”

“Oh, don’t focus on the negative. You had a lot of fun. Tell me what part was the most fun for you,” said Nate.

Dale thought for a moment, and then said, “The best part by far was the titty kissing in the driveway! Lucky I was handcuffed or I might have ripped your clothes off, then and there. Oops, shouldn’t be so honest, right? I won’t last long as a virgin if I start acting on impulses. But boy did you have my motor running. It was probably a combination of things, everything adding up. Being nude outside, handcuffed, and then being forced into it by needing to put on Kelly’s gift, plus the scary aspect of the loops that I was about to have tightened down onto my tender little nips. You know I was a nipple jewelry virgin until tonight. Well, not any more. These nips are now experienced little ladies, aren’t you girls?” Nate looked over and was surprised to see Dale pinching her nipples and talking to them.

“Well, I’m actually completely glad to hear that you liked that part almost as much as I did. I’d be more than happy to volunteer my services any time you feel that your nipples could use a quick stiffening,” said Nate.

“I’m sure you would!” said Dale. “I don’t want to dash your hopes too completely, but your temporary permission has expired, and I think your expectations should be that tonight was a one-time deal. But how did you think the nipple chain looked?”

“Oh, it looked so hot, so very hot! I’m hoping that there is at least one picture of you wearing it that you won’t have to delete,” said Nate.

“There is at least one there of me wearing the chain with you kissing my left titty right here.” Nate looked over and Dale had her finger on the spot he had kissed. She continued, “That must be an interesting shot. I haven’t ever been photographed before having one of my titties kissed. And then there are the pictures of your face just inches from my pussy. Not only have I never had a photo like that taken before, but no guy has ever gotten his face that close to my pussy before,” said Dale.

“Don’t blame me. I was just doing what Kelly was telling me to do. Here’s my phone. You can delete photos now, or borrow it overnight if you prefer.” said Nate.

“Oh, you can keep the photos. I mean, you have to promise me that they’ll never get out, but Kelly has them all too. I’m much more worried about Kelly doing something with them than I am you. Keep them safe with the others. You know I left all the others for you as well. First I decided to delete most of them, and did. But then I decided, what the heck. So I left them in the sent messages. Tell me the truth, you found them there and saved them, right?” said Dale.

“Embarrassingly I did. I thought you left them there by mistake,” said Nate.

“Give me a little more credit than that. I am a straight A student, if you didn’t know,” said Dale.

“I thought you must be. Your reputation is one of being good at all things. In these few weeks, I’ve learned that there isn’t anything you aren’t good at,” said Nate. “So you actually intended for me to have all those photos? You know I could blackmail you with them.”

“Why would you do that? To force me to take off my clothes, put on naked gymnastics shows, or allow myself to be handcuffed naked? You seem to be managing pretty well without resorting to blackmail. Actually being blackmailed might end up being kind of fun!” said Dale.

“Really? That statement needs a little explanation. What are you saying?” asked Nate.

“I haven’t thought through the blackmail part. That just popped into my head, but I have given some thought to the idea of being lied to. Remember the hidden bikini I thought I was on a mission to find? Well, I’ve decided that I’d prefer not being lied to. But I see your point of wanting to have the ability to surprise me. I think you can surprise me without resorting to actual lies. You did so today. I was very surprised when you opened up my robe and left it open. That was really evil of you by the way. And you surprised me with the drive-through visit just now…also evil. What I’m saying is that you can surprise me and get me into uncomfortable nude predicaments without lies. I mean, we’ve become really good friends. If you tell me something, I don’t want to be wondering if it might be a lie. I want to be able to trust what you say. I can tell that you are an honest, trustworthy guy. I like that about you. I also know that your evil surprises end up having been fun when I think back on them the next day. But in the actual moment they aren’t things that I would go along with. Like there is no way I would have sat in this seat with my robe open if my arms had been free to close it, but tomorrow I might not be mad at you about that any more. Well, that might take three days for me to get over.” Nate looked over at her, and she winked.

“I’m fine with that. Lying does not come natural for me, but it isn’t lying if some parts of my evil plans are simply yet to be revealed,” said Nate, attempting an evil laugh. “But about the blackmail part. Do you mean that you can picture me forcing you to do things by telling you that if you don’t, I’ll be posting photos showing your fur-free pussy and your smiling face on the schools Facebook page?” asked Nate.

“You would never do that, right?” asked Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 38: The Drive Home**

“Well, if I promise in advance that I won’t, then it wouldn’t feel like real blackmail. Remember, I’m not supposed to lie. So if I tell you to do something, or else your photos are going up, then I need to post the photos if you don’t do what you’re told. You have to actually think that I will follow through, right?” asked Nate.

“Oh My God! I make one little comment, and now I think I’ve created a monster. You have promised to keep my photos private, remember?” said Dale.

“Yes, but I’m always receiving contradictory information from you.” said Nate.

“You better not release those photos!” said Dale.

“You know I won’t have to…if all my conditions are met!” said Nate. “This does certainly open up some unanticipated avenues for taking advantage of a vulnerable naked girl. I think you better be worrying now!”

“Nate, don’t even think about releasing my photos!” said Dale.

“Dale, you will only have yourself to blame if photos actually get released. I wouldn’t have even considered blackmail until this discussion. Just a minute ago I heard you say, ‘actually being blackmailed might end up being kind of fun!’ My primary goal in all this has been to try and make it fun for you, for both of us actually. I just have to keep looking for new ways to make it fun,” said Nate. “Like tonight, Kelly said she wanted a photo of you handcuffed to the school’s flagpole, during daylight hours. I wouldn’t have ever thought to have you do that on my own, but I made a mental note of the idea.”

“There is no way I am ever letting you handcuff me naked to that flagpole!” said Dale.

“We’ll see!” said Nate.

“Well, if you are thinking of any blackmail, it can’t include sex. No forcing me to give you or anyone else blow jobs, or to lose my virginity. Nothing like that,” said Dale.

“I would never do that to you,” said Nate. “I think I have you figured out. You like to be naked. If losing your virginity was your goal, you would have accomplished that years ago. Most guys would give their right nut to sleep with you.” Dale laughed. She thought about saying that it wasn’t true, but she knew it was.

“OK, if you promise no forced acts of sex, then I’ll follow through and let you have the photos taken at Kelly’s today. They probably aren’t worse than the first set taken at the lake. Actually they probably are worse, aren’t they?” said Dale.

“Worse or maybe better, if you like pig tails, nipple jewelry and handcuffs!” said Nate, pausing. “Dale, I have a question inspired by something you said earlier. You were talking about taking risks and about how someday your luck might run out. Are you a dare-devil in areas that don’t involve nudity? I mean, do you like the idea of parachuting, rock climbing, hang gliding, bungee jumping, that sort of thing? Maybe if you are worried about your luck running out with the nudity, then you could satisfy your need for thrills in other areas.” Nate had ulterior motives in asking this question, and was doing his best to not tip her off.

“Hey, I’m the girl who loves roller coasters. I’m certainly no fraidy cat. Those things all sound fun, but I haven’t really done much of that sort of thing. They are usually expensive. But given the chance, I certainly would! I don’t feel a real strong drive to experience them, however. I can’t see how they could take the place of my desire to be nude. How about you? Do you like roller coasters?” asked Dale.

“Roller coasters? Absolutely! It sounds like you and I are not only pizza compatible, but also thrill ride compatible. I love the kinds of rides that turn people’s stomachs or make them scream. I guess I see your point though. I love them, but I don’t have to have them,” said Nate.

“But back to the bonfire,” said Nate remembering something he had wondered about. “I know what your favorite part was, and I know that all the shaving was terrible. But what was it like for you, I mean, the start of the evening, standing on the bench. You looked a little uncomfortable, feet apart, chains front and back.”

“Oh My God. I know! I mean jail-bait on parade, right? How old did I look?” asked Dale.

“You mean, how old do you look,” said Nate. Suddenly Dale realized that her hair was still up in pigtails. As she started taking them out, Nate continued, “You looked quite young like that. Maybe fifteen tops. Why did Kelly fix you up like that?”

“I’m not exactly sure. She didn’t say, but I was looking in the mirror the whole time while she did it. I didn’t help with the makeup at all, how could I. But it was obvious she was trying to make me look like jail-bait. Nate, if I tell you something, something honest, will you try to not let it damage your opinion of me.”

“Dale, you know you can tell me. I don’t know what you have to say, but I’m flattered that you want to tell me. I think the world of you. Nothing will change that,” said Nate.

“Well, OK. You know I appreciate that about you, but try to be open minded. Standing on the bench like that. It was so embarrassing. With my legs apart, I knew that things were showing, open and showing. And what is more, it was all chosen for me: the handcuffs, the nipple chain, the hair and makeup, the position on the bench, everything. I felt like an object, like a piece of meat even. And everyone came up and was talking about my pussy right in front of me, talking as if I wasn’t there, as if I couldn’t hear what they were saying,” said Dale.

“I’m sorry I didn’t jump in and get you out of there,” said Nate. “I thought about doing that, but I reasoned that you could talk. If you wanted out, you’d say something. But you didn’t say anything. I’m sorry it was so terrible.”

“I didn’t say it was terrible. The pussy shaving was terrible. That I said. The time on the bench was embarrassing. That’s different. But here’s the part that I’m trying to understand,” said Dale pausing. “I liked it. I think I liked it a lot. What could that say about me? Does it mean I’m a messed up sleazy sicko?”

“You’re not that at all Dale. You are different, but nothing about it is bad. Actually, it is probably just an aspect of the exhibitionist side of you. You like to be the only one nude, and you like to be seen. You were just getting large doses of those things,” said Nate, attempting to be reassuring.

They were approaching town, so Nate was starting to think they needed a plan to get Dale into her house without a scrap of clothing. “So Dale, what are you thinking? How does the naked princess think she can slip into her house without difficulty tonight? Should I let you off at the front and you can walk in the front door, or do I let you off somewhere else, and you can cross the golf course and slip in the back.”

“I’ve been thinking about that. Without shoes, I don’t like the golf course route. That trail down the hill is so rocky. I’m thinking that we drive up to the front, or stop a block away and walk. If it looks like all the lights are off, I’ll probably just go around the back and sneak in. The back door is generally good. It is right by my bedroom,” said Dale.

“What if it is locked? Is it ever locked?” asked Nate.

“I hid a key, on top of the back porch light. I was worried that I’d be out nude, and my parents might get up and lock me out. So I have always had a hidden key, just in case. You can tell how much I trust you when I tell you things like that,” said Dale.

“OK, we’ll go in the front. And don’t forget that we need to check the odometer when we get there,” said Nate.

“Right, I’m glad you haven’t forgotten. Nate, school starts in just six days. That will mean no more nudie adventures together. Do you have another adventure planned? I’ve had my fill today, but I know that in a few days I’ll be itching to get out of my clothes and get outside,” said Dale.

“No, I don’t have anything figured out, unfortunately. We could go back to my tent, but with football practice and then the first game this Saturday, there isn’t much time. If we went up at night, we’d have to come back the same night. Do you have any ideas?” asked Nate.

“Well, I was thinking that I might be ready to swim in the pool again. I haven’t been back since that fateful night. I think I need to conquer my fears and go back there. Will you come with me? We can both swim, but I get to be the only one naked. I like being the only one naked,” said Dale.

“Sure, that sounds like fun. I don’t want to get caught, but you must have it all figured out. I mean you’ve gotten away with it many times, right?” said Nate.

“I probably went swimming there at least ten times this summer, after hours that is. It’s easy. I climb up and over the club house. It is much easier than going over the fence,” said Dale.

“When should we go?” asked Nate.

“Well, how about in three days. It’s Monday night, so how about Thursday night, in other words, Friday morning at 1 a.m. Let’s meet then at my back gate. I’ll wear my tennis shoe outfit. You wear shoes and swim trunks. We don’t need towels. Towels never worked for me. I don’t feel naked with a towel. I mean it’s more fabric than a bikini. And if you have a towel, you could give it to me if I got in trouble. I always want it to feel as scary, if you know what I mean,” said Dale.

“Maybe I should have you wear the handcuffs,” said Nate.

“Fun idea, only then I couldn’t climb over the clubhouse, and in the pool I’d sink. By risky, I don’t mean risking drowning,” said Dale smiling.

“OK, Thursday real late, and no towel or handcuffs,” said Nate. Just then they were coming to their street. Things looked dark and quiet, so Nate went ahead and parked in front of his house on the street.

As he was switching off the car, Nate checked the odometer. “The last digits are now 89.8.” Nate quickly subtracted 33.7 in his head. “If my math is correct, and I’m pretty good with math, we just drove 56.1 miles. So in round numbers your new record distance from clothes is 56 miles. We should write that down somewhere. It might be sometime before you have a chance to break that record.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 39: Clubhouse Surprise**

Dale scooted over and was surprisingly trying to get into his lap. “I’m not sure this is going to work with the steering wheel here. I don’t want to bump the horn. Wouldn’t that be perfect…for the naked girl to wake the neighborhood by honking the horn. I’ve got a better idea. Why don’t you slide over to the passenger seat, and then there will be room for me to sit in your lap.” Nate didn’t know where she was going with this, but he didn’t mind at all. If Dale wanted to sit in his lap, he was game. Even just the logistics of trying to trade seats with a naked girl in the front seat was turning out to be fun. More than once he had to move a hand because of what it had accidentally touched. Finally Nate was in the passenger seat with Dale sitting sideways on his lap. “You are probably wondering why I am sitting in your lap. Well, so am I. I guess I just wanted to. I didn’t feel like hoping out, giving you one little kiss and then going inside. I want to give you a goodnight kiss, and then I want you to give me one,” said Dale. With that, they started kissing, and it was quickly unclear who was kissing whom. Dale continued, “I gave you temporary permission to kiss the titters. I think that the temporary permission probably expires at midnight, so it looks like you have a few minutes if you’d like for the titters to get good night kisses too.” Nate didn’t have to be asked twice. While he had a mouthful of tit, Dale started talking. You never said earlier how your ‘more or less than a mouthful’ study came out.”

Nate came up for air saying, “Oh you definitely have more than a mouthful. I tried my best, but I was not able to get an entire tit in. There was always plenty to spare. Here let me show you.” Nate did his best to fit her whole tit into his mouth, but he couldn’t.

“Well, I guess that must mean that my tits are big enough. I’ve sort of been worrying a little about my size since Kelly went on and on about how I shouldn’t have them enhanced. I mean…you wouldn’t tell someone with big boobs not to have them enhanced. You’d probably only tell girls who needed their tits done to not have them enhanced, right? And she just went on and on. Ouch!” said Dale.

“That’s silly Dale. These are the ultimate titties. They look so good that it is almost impossible not to stare at them, dressed or undressed. You definitely won the titty lottery. You should be very proud of them,” said Nate. That must have been the right thing to say because Nate was rewarded with a giant hug smashing both tits into his face.

After several minutes of titty heaven, Dale pulled back and said, “Oops, midnight. Temporary permission expired. Time for us to go in.” She got off of his lap as she climbed out of the car. Standing outside the car, she gave him one last hug, and then slipped off between the houses to go around back. There was a little light from the street lights, and Nate just stood watching her tush until it was gone.

Nate stayed there for a few moments reveling in the mood of what had just happened. Hadn’t Dale said earlier in the drive that his temporary permission had expired? But then magically the expiration had been midnight once they had parked. In part he was loving that he had been granted some additional titty time, but more importantly he had learned that Dale was willing to bend rules to give him titty time, or “titter” time. That was the first time he had heard her refer to them as “titters”. He liked the idea of them being titters. It was a cute term. If Dale actually wanted him kissing and sucking on her tits, then the future of their relationship was looking bright indeed. And hadn’t she also said earlier that without the handcuffs she might have ripped his clothes off…plus something about losing her virginity if she acted on such impulses? He was sorry that the evening at Kelly’s had left her with a feeling of having been used. However, for him the evening had been full of positive developments. Finally he went in and went to bed. He decided that the most constructive thing he could do with all the sexual tension in his body was to pour the energy into football. He was trying to be a beast on the field, and he could tell that the coaches were noticing.

His attempt at shifting his thoughts to football failed completely. He couldn’t get his mind off of Dale, but maybe the problem was that his dick couldn’t get its mind off of her. She was everything! She was amazing! During their times together his appreciation of her had grown in depth and complexity. Her body was beautiful and beyond sexy. Indeed his member was constantly rock solid in her presence, just as it was now. He had tried to leave it alone on these nights after such periods of overstimulation, but he had learned that it was nearly impossible. He didn’t want to resort to that because he liked imagining that his attraction to her was much more than merely sexual in nature. He had gotten to know her as a person, and what a person she had turned out to be. She was smart, she was nice, she was fun! But in the same way that his attempt at thinking about football had failed, so too did his attempt to turn his mind to Dale as a wonderful human being. She was a flesh and blood female, and he was a teenage male, hard wired by evolution. As he had on other occasions, he gave in to the rock hard thing throbbing between his legs. It wouldn’t take “no” for an answer. He wondered how it was for girls, Dale specifically. Might she do the same thing? At that point his thoughts wandered to her exquisite fit body, and from there to the close up pussy views that he had been “forced” to experience. His relief came as he relived the final moments of his “temporary” privileges in the car, his tension peaking and then subsiding. He drifted off to sleep, happy and content.

He didn’t see Dale the next few days, but he did text her. He asked her if she wanted the photos from Kelly’s. She said she did, so after he downloaded them to his secure drive, he sent them to her, one after another. There were so many. A little while later he received one text reply from her that read simply, “Oh My God!” He thought she was probably shocked by the photos. She looked so wanton in them. He loved them, but they were some of the most explicit photos of a girl he had ever seen. They didn’t show actual sex, but he noticed that you could zoom way in. In some of the photos he could blow her pussy up beyond life size and it was still sharp. The photos had every appearance of having been taken at an orgy. Great blackmail material he thought, chuckling to himself.

Finally it was Thursday, and at the start of practice Coach Neal read off the starting lineup for the first game that Saturday. Nate was delighted to hear his name read as the starting left defensive end. He wanted to tell Dale, but decided not to. Better to just let her think that he had always been a starting player, if she didn’t know otherwise.

That night he was at Dale’s back gate a few minutes early, so he just waited in the dark, wearing just shoes and swim trunks. He saw the back porch light go off, and a moment later Dale emerged and glided over to him. Without a word, she greeted him with a hug, and then taking his hand, led him up the path. Once they reached the grass, she took off running. Nate was almost able to keep up. He was in better shape now, but he was not used to running across ground he couldn’t see. He was sure he was going to trip. He stopped and waited for her to stop.

When they were together again, he asked her, “Why the hurry? Can’t we walk and talk and enjoy the time together?”

“Sure,” said Dale. “I just like running too. It is a perfect evening. Sad that it is probably my last nudie outing before school starts.”

“Oh, but it isn’t your last one before school starts,” said Nate.

“Really? You figured out something else to do? But we have so little time. This weekend is going to be so busy. You have a football game, and I have to cheer, and then Sunday is going to be busy getting ready for school,” said Dale.

“You have a date with a certain flagpole!” announced Nate.

“Nate, I told you that there was no way I was going to let you handcuff me to that pole, and certainly not during the day. It would be way too risky. I’d be almost certain to be seen,” said Dale.

“It’s not up for discussion Dale. It is happening Sunday morning, early, there should be no one around,” said Nate.

“No! End of discussion,” said Dale. “Now let’s go have fun swimming and you forget about that fool idea.”

“Dale, I’m not asking. Come Sunday morning I will be handcuffing you nude, tits out, to the flagpole. Kelly wants a photo. I want a photo,” said Nate. “You don’t have a choice. I already picked the photo that gets posted if you don’t do as you are told. It was one of the ones taken by the lake just after I took the blue dress from you. You look happy, you are smiling, you are wearing shoes, but nothing else. You look like you are out in public having a great time being naked. You don’t look under duress, etc. You are beautiful, but clearly showing off your tits and bald pussy. It goes up on the school site if you don’t do as I say.”

“Nate, you are scaring me. You know that the school would take a photo like that down right away,” said Dale.

“I expect that they would, but not before 50 or 100 people have seen it and downloaded it. Even if they take it down quickly, it will be out there circulating forevermore. Everyone will see it. Don’t you like the idea of the whole school finally getting a chance to see you entirely naked?” asked Nate.

“No I don’t. Don’t do this,” said Dale.

“I am, and you are. Like I said, you have a date with a flagpole. Sunday morning. I’ll drive. Come out and climb in my car at 6 a.m. Wear a robe, nothing more. I actually just got your robe back in the mail from Kelly, so you can wear it,” said Nate.

“Nate, instead let’s…”

Nate cut her off, “Dale, there is no need to talk about it anymore. Your only choices are the flagpole, or the post. Now let’s go swimming!”

Dale was about as worried as she had ever been, but her nipples were rock hard and she was getting moist thinking about it. She couldn’t let Nate find that out, but she also couldn’t let him handcuff her to the flagpole. It was about the most exposed spot she could imagine. Why had she ever said anything about the possibility of blackmail being fun? It looked like she might have to pay dearly for that one little comment. She decided to let it lie for the time being. They were about to the clubhouse.

The golf course and the clubhouse were Dale territory. Dale led and Nate followed. Silently, but confidently she scaled the front of the building. As they passed the place on the roof where Dale had been hiding nearly three weeks before, she paused and thanked him yet again for the rescue. They then climbed down into the pool enclosure. They hadn’t gone more than ten feet toward the pool when suddenly the entire enclosure lit up with blinding light. “Let’s get out of here!” yelled Dale. And in a flash she was headed back up onto the clubhouse roof, Nate in hot pursuit. Within 30 seconds they were running across the parking lot toward the golf course. Dale didn’t stop until she was 3 holes into the golf course.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 40: The Flagpole Date**

“Wow,” said Nate as he caught up to her, “Now I know why you wear shoes. I don’t think I ever ran that fast in my life before.” As they stood there, they heard an approaching siren, and then a moment later a police car speeding to the clubhouse came into view.

“Now I think I know what happened three weeks ago,” said Dale. “They must have been suspecting something, and had a silent alarm installed. I must have triggered it, but the lights didn’t go on. The first I knew that something was wrong was when I heard the police car, but I was in the pool. I made it to the roof, but like a dummy, I hid there. I probably would have made the golf course, had I kept going. I’m not going to make that mistake again. Best to run, even if you get seen than be pinned down on a roof.” As they watched from a distance, the police car stopped at the clubhouse.

“I’ll bet you’re right. Thank God for those lights! Either they weren’t working the night you were here, or maybe their installation wasn’t yet complete. Or maybe they decided to add them because of you,” said Nate. “I’m so glad to be out of there. I did not want to be caught in swim trunks!”

“You didn’t want to be caught in your swim trunks! Now maybe you can start to imagine how I felt, not wanting to be caught bear naked,” said Dale.

“Yeah, I was running fast, but if my dick was out and flapping around, I’m sure I would have passed you! It would be terrible to get caught by the police naked,” said Nate.

“So you finally seem to get it,” said Dale.

“Oh, I always got it. A close scrape just makes it more vivid,” said Nate.

“Nate, that is the first time I have heard you say ‘dick’. I’ve heard you say ‘tits’ and ‘pussy’ hundreds of times, but not ‘dick’ or any other word for the same thing,” commented Dale.

“Out of sight, out of mind, maybe. I don’t think you want to hear me talking about it,” said Nate.

“Nate, it may be covered, but it is hardly out of sight. I mean, I can usually see it poking out. It seems to be hard a lot of the time,” said Dale.

“Now it’s my turn to blush,” said Nate. “But what do you expect. You seem to only see me when I’m around a naked cheerleader. Naked hot girls just do something to us guys, I’m sure I’m no different than other guys. Any guy would be rock hard around you. I’m not complaining. It’s a little obvious sometimes?”

“That’s an understatement!” said Dale. Turning the other way she continued, “It looks like the show is over the policeman is leaving. Why didn’t he ever leave when I was on the roof? At least that is in the past, as is this close call. Now follow me, I have a small surprise for you.”

“OK, where are we going, or is that the surprise?” asked Nate.

“To my bench, the one with the view,” said Dale. When they got to the bench, Dale reached under it and retrieved a small bag. “This was meant to be a post swimming snack/celebration. I guess midnight swims are now permanently a thing of the past. Too bad you didn’t get to do it with me. So we have some champagne, non-alcoholic, to toast with, and I baked you some more cookies.”

“That’s fun! What are we celebrating?” asked Nate.

“We are celebrating three weeks of fun, and my last nude outing before school starts!” said Dale, removing the cap and pouring.

“Ok, I’ll toast to that,” said Nate, picking up his cup. “Here’s to Dale’s last nude out prior to school, her Sunday morning date with the flagpole!”

“Nate, I don’t want to toast to that because I don’t want to do that. Let’s toast to our friendship,” said Dale.

“To our friendship!” said Nate, tapping his glass to Dale’s and taking a sip. “This friendship has made this the best summer ever!”

“Nate, I wish I had gotten to know you better years ago,” said Dale.

“You’re just saying that in hopes that it will help you in your negotiations with your blackmailer,” said Nate.

“Let’s talk about options to your Sunday proposal,” said Dale.

“Dale, there are no options, and it’s not a proposal,” said Nate. “Please don’t try to turn me into a mean blackmailer. I am the friendliest blackmailer a lady ever had. I will be there for you, and I will be smiling, having fun. We’ll both be having fun, but I am a serious blackmailer. At 6 a.m. you will get into my car, and we will drive straight to your flagpole date. I will handcuff you to it and take photos to share with Kelly. I will unlock you once the task is complete. I doubt you will be seen by anyone. If you are late, your chances of being caught there nude increase minute by minute. If you want to ensure that you are seen nude, then be a no show Sunday morning. Your photo gets posted, and everyone in school finds out how pretty Dale Jordan’s shaved pussy is.”

“Nate, have a cookie and reconsider. You don’t have to be a blackmailer. Do you really think that we can be friends under such terms?” asked Dale.

“I don’t expect to be blackmailing you very often, but I suppose I certainly could. There are a lot of photos there. Many of them are quite slutty in appearance. After everyone sees one nice nude photo, you will understand that I am serious, and you’ll do what it takes to keep the rest of them private. You should be thankful that I was kind enough to have chosen a photo that is simply an attractive nude photo of a girl looking happy and enjoying the sunshine. In the photo you don’t even have your legs apart….very much,” said Nate.

“Well Nate, I really don’t know what this does to us, but you do leave me little choice. I guess I will be there at 6 a.m.” said Dale reluctantly.

“I’m glad that you are finally resigned to your fate,” said Nate. Dale didn’t want Nate to know it, but she was excited to have to do something that she honestly believed was too risky. She tried to punish him by not talking much, and by giving him neither a hug nor a kiss when they said goodbye sometime later at her gate. Nate suspected that it was either a ruse, or maybe she was just scared or upset. He hoped that the flagpole event would go well, and she would be glad to have been forced to do it. But he knew that it might take a few days for her to lose her anger. He also knew that it could go badly.

The first game of the season on Saturday evening went real well. Nate saw Dale cheering on the sideline from a distance, but he had no chance to talk with her. In one play, he went careening off the field with a player from the opposing team. Together they crashed into Dale and one or two other cheerleaders, but fortunately no one was hurt. Once on his feet he trotted back onto the field not even knowing if Dale had realized that it was him. Nate made a few key tackles that he was proud of, and their team won.

Dale was scanning the team as they were headed into the lockers, trying to catch a glimpse of Nate. Jason came up to talk to her, but while he was talking she kept scanning, looking for Nate. Finally she saw him and they made eye contact. While they were looking at one another, she saw Nate pointing at something. She turned around to try and figure out what he was pointing at. It was the flagpole. She turned back around to look at him again, but he was gone. She looked at the time and realized that her “date” was now less than nine hours away. Jason asked her if she would wait for him so that they could go and get a late pizza together to celebrate the victory. Dale turned him down, saying she was tired, and she went home, too preoccupied to enjoy going out.

When she got home, she decided to wait on the front porch for Nate to get home. She wanted to try again to persuade him to change his mind. However once he arrived, she didn’t even try, realizing that it was futile. Nate told her that he had something for her, and returned a moment later with her robe, the belt again in its belt loops. She thanked him and said goodnight, again not offering a hug or a kiss. No word was exchanged about the “date”. There didn’t seem to be any reason to bring it up.

When Nate went out the next morning just before six, Dale was standing by his car. He said ‘hi’ but she just looked at him. Their drive to the school was similarly silent. Once at the school he parked some distance from the flagpole. When they got out of the car, she started walking to the flagpole with the robe on. “Dale, the robe and the shoes should stay in the car,” said Nate.

“Why did you park so far away?” asked Dale.

“I just don’t want my car in the photos,” said Nate. “I’m imagining a photo of a solitary nude girl with a solitary flagpole, the school behind. As few cluttering details as possible.” Dale walked back to the car and put the robe and the shoes in the passenger seat. Then she walked boldly past Nate toward the flagpole. Nate noticed that she had goosebumps and pointy nipples, reminding him that he had seen 58 degrees on the thermometer before leaving the house. It was a clear cold morning, but at least the low angle sunlight would make for excellent photos. The sun would be shining on Dale’s front, but from an angle. Nate followed a few paces behind with the handcuffs in his hand.

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The base of the flagpole was up a few feet in a small raised garden area. There were a few bushes nearby, but the area right around the base was clear as it was used to raise and lower the flag. Dale, clearly trying to get this over with as quickly as possible, hopped up and stood with her back to the flagpole, facing away from the school. She stood at attention with her feet just over shoulder width apart, and her arms extend back on each side of the pole. She held her chin up, and Nate noticed that she didn’t look at him. Instead her eyes were scanning the parking lot and the main road into the school grounds which headed right at her, right at the flagpole. If someone else entered the school grounds, they would be driving directly toward where she stood, and the road didn’t turn until a T-intersection right in front of the flagpole. No one would miss a stark naked girl standing right where she was.

Nate paused to admire Dale’s physique. Her sleek muscular legs led up to her impeccably shaved pussy, the skin of which was a perfect match for the skin of her legs, completely wrinkle free and similarly tan. The crack of her pussy consisted of two cracks actually, because a smooth section of skin, barely wider than a quarter of an inch extended down from her lower abdomen. It was at the same level and was the same color as the surrounding skin. Further down this strip of skin acquired a little detail where it transitioned to become her innermost pussy lips, just the edges of which were usually visible. At times, the flower would bloom, and these inner lips would extend and open. Doing the splits would cause this to happen, or it would happen if Dale was excited, Nate had learned. As she stood at the flagpole, the inner lips were evident, but not protruding. Her stomach was flat and her hipbones were quite prominent. When she had been wearing her blue bikini, Nate had noticed that the waist band crossed from one hip bone to the other without seeming to touch the skin in between. The rest of her abs were toned and had just the faintest hint of wash boarding. Her perfect tits sat high on top of her rib cage. They were exquisitely shaped, more or less average in size. They seemed to be entirely spherical, except for the nipple area. Starting just outside of her rose colored areola, the shape transitioned to that of a perfect cone which in turn was capped by the nipple itself, which was the size, shape and color of a pencil eraser. Nate could not imagine a lovelier chest. Standing as she was with her arms back, Dale’s tits were thrust up and out. This seemed to add to the overall perfection, and the height of the conical portion of her nipples. Just above, her collar bones, shoulders and neck were all perfectly proportioned. They, along with her arms attested to her years of gymnastic training. From head to toe, she was a stunning specimen.

Nate was finally awoken from his trance by Dale, “When you’re done drooling over my hot little body, get up here and get those handcuffs on me. The sooner I’m secured to this pole, the sooner I can start worrying if you brought the key and intend to actually use it.”

“Oh sorry,” said Nate. “Yes, I guess your shape did have me distracted for a moment there.”

“A moment? A minute more like it,” said Dale resuming her scan of the big open area around the school. As planned, Nate climbed up behind her and clicked the handcuffs into place, one after the other.

At the moment Dale felt the handcuffs in place and secure, she felt something in her stomach that she didn’t think she had felt before. It was essentially a new level of terror. She had worn the handcuffs before, but then her feet had been operational. Secured to the flagpole, there was really nothing that she could do. She couldn’t cover herself, and she couldn’t run or walk away. She had never felt so vulnerable and dependent before. If Nate didn’t unlock her, she’d still be her Monday morning when everyone started showing up for school. She tried to put on a brave face, but she felt scared. She hoped that the photos would go quickly so that she could be unlocked. Even though she was scared, she wanted the photos to be outstanding. Thinking about posing as attractively as she could seemed to distract her slightly from the terror that she was feeling. She shifted her feet slightly further apart and transferred weight to the balls of her feet to tighten up her leg muscles. To make her pussy more visible, she tightened up her buns to change the angle of her pelvis, pushing her mound up and out. She also pulled her shoulders back even more, moving her nipples up and forward. She stretched out her neck and stared straight ahead, trying to have an attractive expression, but no smile. As she stood there, she was conscious of Nate circling around her taking photos. She had been aware that his first photos had been taken so close that they were surely close-ups of her face, tits, pussy, and butt. The next group were not so close, but close enough that they must have shown just her body from the neck to the thighs, and he kept circling. Getting photos from all positions at increasing distances until he was as far away from her as his car. She was surprised that he got in and started the motor. Her terror notched higher when she realized that he was driving away.

Nate drove down the hill away from the school until he was out of sight. He turned around and parked, looking at his watch. It was 6:20. He had decided to wait five minutes before returning and unlocking Dale. He knew that since she liked the feeling of vulnerability, then being alone and wondering ‘when’ or even ‘if’ he would return would surely add greatly to her experience. He looked at his watch again. It was still 6:20. He knew that five minutes would probably seem like 10 to him, but that for Dale 5 minutes might seem like an eternity. Just as he was about to restart his car to drive back, a large older pickup passed him headed straight for the school. He recognized it as the one driven by the school groundskeeper. ‘Oops!’ thought Nate. This is not a good development. He got his car started, but the truck was already out of sight.

Once he came around the turn so that he could again see the flagpole, he saw that the truck was there and turning to the right. As he drove closer to the pole, he was surprised to not see Dale. She couldn’t have disappeared! As he parked, he saw that Dale had simply shifted to a position behind the pole. He grabbed her robe, getting to her as quickly as he could. She was seated behind the pole. She looked up at him over her shoulder. He tried to read her expression, but couldn’t. He was certain it was probably a mix of relief and anger, but that was only based on a guess, not anything he was actually seeing. He unlocked her wrists, and then placed her robe on her as she stood up. She wrapped the robe tightly around herself as she walked to the car. At the car, she got out her shoes and put them on. Nate walked to the car and got in, but to his great consternation, Dale did not get in. Once she had her shoes on, she closed the car door and started walking. Nate thought of following her in the car, but decided to walk with her. He did not know what to say, so he decided to just walk with her. Possibly she would talk eventually. He couldn’t tell if she was meaning to walk all the way home or not. If so it would take well over an hour.

Finally just as they were exiting the school grounds, Dale said angrily, “Nate, you left me there.” She just kept walking.

Nate was mumbling and trying to think of something to say, when she turned to him and in a real angry voice said, “I’m not mad!” And then she came to him and hugged him. Nate didn’t know what to make of the conflicting signals, but Dale continued, “That was actually fun. I’m just trying to make you think I’m very mad. I’m so worried about what you’ll force me to do next if I tell you that it ended up being fun. And now look what I’ve gone and done! How long were you going to leave me there alone anyway?”

“I meant to leave you there for five minutes. Just as I was about to come back, the truck passed me. Did he see you?” asked Nate.

“I’m surprised, but I’m guessing that he didn’t see me at all. When I saw the truck coming, I tried to hide. Granted, it is pretty hard for a butt naked lady to hide when she is handcuffed, tits out, to a flagpole in the sunshine, but I must have pulled it off. I rotated around the pole and sat down, making myself as small as possible. I wasn’t looking at him as he went by, but he must not have been paying attention. That old guy would probably be kicking himself right now if he knew that he just passed within 15 feet of a naked nineteen year old girl and seen nothing. I was fully expecting him to stop and come investigate,” said Dale.

“That would have been an interesting conversation,” said Nate. “Any idea what you would have said to him?”

“I don’t know. I guess I could have gotten on my knees and given him a blow job, right there at the flagpole while I waited for you to return and unlock me. Maybe he would have promised to never say anything to anybody in exchange for a blow job.”

“You would do that?” asked Nate, somewhat in shock.

“No, of course not! At least I hope I wouldn’t. There are certain things about yourself that you only learn once you are put in the actual position of having to make impossible choices,” said Dale. “What kind of options does a girl have when she is handcuffed naked to a flagpole? She can’t cover herself. She can’t run. She can’t do anything with her hands, so hand jobs are out. But she does have her mouth, so she can talk or give blow jobs!” They had started walking together back to the car.

“You gave me the impression that you didn’t like giving blow jobs. Suddenly it sounds like something that you do regularly,” said Nate.

“Nate, I’m just talking hypothetically. If you must know, the pussy is not my only virgin orifice. Poor Jason has been going out with me for well over a year and the guy hasn’t even gotten past first base. He’d die if he knew that you’d gotten to second base with his girlfriend, twice in one day. That’s why Jason never finds out, right?” said Dale.

“Nope, Jason learns nothing from me,” said Nate.

“I probably would have just talked to the groundskeeper if he had approached me there. Maybe I could have told him that I was Susie Chandler, and begged him to not tell a soul that he had seen me there naked,” said Dale.

“That’s actually a pretty good idea,” said Nate. Susie Chandler was another cheerleader. Of all the cheerleaders, she probably looked the most like Dale, blonde hair, petit build. “If you did that, he might not say anything. And if he did say something, it probably would have been about seeing Susie there nude. Students would be able to tell you two apart, but this guy might not remember your face. Meeting you naked, he might not look at anything above your neck. For the record, I’m positive that I could tell you and Susie apart if shown just a small portion of your bodies.”

“I would hope you could. You’ve seen more of my skin than I have,” said Dale.

“That’s probably true. The only skin that you have that I have not seen many times is hidden by the hair on your head,” said Nate.

They had reached the car. “Where are we going?” asked Dale. “Given the magnitude of my ‘date’ this morning, I had not given any thought to what came after. I hoped to survive, but I was not counting on it.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 42: The End of Summer**

“Well, it’s still early, not even 7 a.m. yet. We probably have time to handcuff you somewhere else before the town wakes up….just kidding! Actually, I was hoping to take you out to breakfast. The diner at the truck stop out by the highway is always open. Why don’t we have breakfast there? First we can go home, you can go in and change. And we’ll go when you’re ready,” said Nate.

“That sounds fun. I guess I’ll run in and get dressed. As I am at the moment, my only options are the robe or nude. You know I’d most like to go nude, but for society’s sake I will reluctantly wear clothes. I love that I can talk like that around you,” said Dale.

“I love that you DO talk like that around me,” said Nate.

While Nate waited for Dale to change, he grew nostalgic about his summer. He was realizing that what they had shared the last three weeks had been just between the two of them. She had not made any efforts to involve him in things with her friends, and he hadn’t invited her to a single thing that included his friends. As far as their friends were concerned, the two of them hardly knew each other. He imagined that when school started, they each might simply return to their separate social universes. Sure they might say “hi” to one another now and then, but any time together would be rare and would probably continue to be just the two of them. Nate started to feel like breakfast together was an end, not another chapter. If it did end up being that way, at least he was happy that the flagpole event had worked out. It was much better to end on a positive note than a sour one. It had been a close call, but it seemed as if that close call had somehow made it even more positive than it might have been without it.

He could never have brought himself to post her picture as he had indicated. He couldn’t do that to her, and he couldn’t do that to himself. Those photos were special to him. They were remembrances of something that he alone had experienced. If he shared them, then their magic for him would decrease. He could not tell Dale that he wouldn’t have shared the photos. He wanted her to have the real experience, really know what it felt like to be blackmailed. While it felt very foreign to him, he did now have a pretty solid understanding of what made this girl tick. She seemed to be wired opposite of other girls. She wanted to take risks, she wanted to be embarrassed, she wanted to be uncomfortable with how things might turn out, she wanted to worry. She hoped to get away with the risk taking, but there had to be the possibility that she wouldn’t. He knew that she would get very little out of pretending that she was being blackmailed. It had to feel real, and to feel real it had to be real.

She had almost fooled him into thinking that she was a normal person when she had pretended to be angry. He now saw that he should have seen right through her act. He should have known that a truck driving toward her when she was handcuffed was a situation so perfect for her that he could not have planned it any better. In the first place, this was not somewhere an hour away where she was anonymous; this was at the school where she was a cheerleader. This was where she could not be seen because she would be recognized. Obviously her worry, i.e. her enjoyment would have spiked. And then somehow she had survived just when all seemed lost. Of course she would have enjoyed that! How could he have ever doubted it? He knew he would blackmail her again, but he would have to be very careful. It hadn’t gone quite as he had anticipated. It had been more like playing with fire than he had expected. He had even wished he hadn’t initiated it at one point, but at the same time he knew that his credibility was at stake and that he couldn’t back down.

When Dale came back out of her house, she reported that her parents were still asleep, so they hadn’t even known that she had been gone, so there were no questions to answer about wearing the robe.

When they got to the diner, they both sat in his car because Dale wanted to look at the photos. She stopped on the first one, and said, “Nate, what is this?”

“Let me see,” said Nate. “What do you mean? Those are your titters!”

“Why did you take a photo of just my titters?” asked Dale.

“Oh, obvious reasons. Actually because I think I am love with them. They are beautiful, and I can’t stop remembering how Kelly tricked you into letting me kiss and suck on them. You never would have let me near them had we not had the nipple jewelry emergency. Too bad Jason hasn’t had an ally like Kelly!” said Nate.

“You’re so bad, leave Jason out of this!” said Dale. Together they looked through the rest of the photos. “I guess I like the ones of me where I look the most vulnerable,” continued Dale. “Like this one taken from a distance. The handcuffs are visible. It is so obvious that I am not at all in control. I’m nude and handcuffed in a wide open area tits out, pussy out. One can imagine that hundreds of people might show up and I could not get away. When I would go out at night, I would never carry any clothing with me because I knew that I could just put it on. With a piece of clothing in hand, I wouldn’t feel nude. In your car on the way to Kelly’s I found that I still felt nude even with my robe right there because I was powerless to put it on. The primary power that I have always allowed myself was my ability to escape, my shoes. We tested that out a couple of nights ago at the pool. So the shoes make me feel less vulnerable. I can disappear into the cover of darkness. But this morning you deprived me of both, or all three. You took the shoes, you took the darkness, and with the flagpole you took my ability to run away.”

“Yes, but I guess I didn’t take away entirely your ability to hide. You still managed. I guess I should have rigged it so that you had to stay standing, facing the parking lot. And I probably should have secured your feet so that you wouldn’t even have been able to close your legs,” said Nate.

“Too late now Buster, but it was terrifying enough,” said Dale.

“But next time! Thanks to you, I now know how to make it even more terrifying,” said Nate.

“Nate, no next time. No more blackmail!” said Dale.

“Dale, we both know that there will be a next time. Probably not soon. Today you kept your naked picture off of the school’s web page. I look forward to seeing what choices you make in the future,” said Nate.

“You don’t have to blackmail me. I’ll get naked for you without blackmail. You know that. You say where and when, and all these clothes are off,” said Dale, waving her hands to indicate what she was wearing. Nate was still having trouble believing how fortune had smiled on him that summer. Had he really just heard the hottest girl in school say, ‘you say where and when, and all these clothes are off.’ Could he really command her to strip anytime, anyplace?

“Dale we both know that is not completely true. But with blackmail it might be true. There are many times and places that you will willingly get naked. There are other times and places that you will unwillingly strip, like the flagpole this morning. That is where blackmail comes in. You need to be worrying! Now let’s go in and have some breakfast.” Part of Dale was wishing she could put the blackmail genie back in the bottle, but there was another part of her. That part of her was wishing that Nate had chained her up spread eagle that morning at the flagpole. She knew she should try and hide those desires from him. He was likely to make it worse than she could handle without any encouragement, so encouraging him was playing with fire.

With the end of breakfast, Nate’s summer came to an end. He knew that he would next see Dale at school. He thought that she would probably acknowledge him, but that things would be more like they had been at school in the spring than how they had been during the summer. Only time would tell.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 43: First Day of School**

Monday morning was the first day of school for Nate, the first day of his senior year at Prospect High School. His alarm went off much earlier than he had been getting up. He rode his motorcycle to school, and went about looking for his first period class, calculus. It turned out to be in a portable classroom. His second period class was second year Spanish. He wasted a little time talking to people he had not seen all summer on the way and made it to Spanish just moments before the bell rang. Fortunately his friend Kenny was saving him a seat in their usual spot, two thirds of the way back. He and Kenny had had Spanish I together, and they had made sure to register for the same Spanish II.

He had a big surprise waiting for him as the teacher, Señora Flores took attendance. Dale was in the class! He hadn’t noticed her in the front. He hadn’t even known she had taken Spanish I the prior year, but there were several Spanish I classes taught each semester. He had had so few classes with her in the past that he hadn’t even bothered to compare schedules with her. When Señora Flores got down to the M’s and called “Miller, Nate”, he saw Dale turn around and look at him expressionless. He tried to figure out what that lack of expression might indicate. The class involved a lot of student participation, so he had opportunities to hear her efforts at pronouncing Spanish words, and vice versa. It seemed that everyone in the class had forgotten a lot over the summer and Señora Flores was visually frustrated. He was slow to get up after the bell rang, and was talking to Kenny as Dale walked by headed for the exit. She paused next to him, gave him another difficult to read look, and then punched him. Before he could react, she was on her way out the door.

Kenny, who had observed the encounter, said, “Dude! You just got punched by Dale Jordan! What was with that! If I was you, I would never wash my shoulder again. That was amazing! Dale Jordan!” Nate just listened to him blankly. It didn’t seem all that amazing to him now, but he knew that he would have reacted about the same prior to that summer. He and Kenny both had to get to their third period classes, so he had no opportunity to comment. Simply acting surprised fit Kenny’s expectations.

At lunch he sat with a group of friends, including Kenny, Mason and Felipe. Most of his friends were pretty nerdy, like Kenny and Mason. Of his close friends, Felipe was the only one on the football team. He was a large Latino who played Defensive Tackle, on the left next to Nate. He had been a shoo-in as a starter, and had been very encouraging to Nate as he hustled in hopes of his own starting slot. As Nate took his seat, Kenny told everyone about what had happened at the end of Spanish class. How Dale had walked by and punched Nate. Mostly they seemed jealous, and teased him. Finally he was pressed for an explanation. He tried to get away with, “I guess, because we’re neighbors?” But that didn’t cut it….they had always been neighbors. Finally he had to tell them something with a sliver of truth in it: that they had talked a little over the summer. While they seemed to have trouble imagining Nate and Dale actually talking, they seemed to buy it. Why else would Dale take notice of Nate? It had been just a punch, but they were all acting so jealous.

That afternoon Nate got a text from Dale that read, “Can you give me a ride home after football?” He was on cloud nine realizing that it meant that she was going to associate with him, as in allow other students to see her associating with him. He hadn’t been able to interpret the punch one way or the other.

Nate texted back, “Sure! I have my motorcycle.” The reply that he received was a smiley face.

Football practice was a bit different than it had been. Being after the first game, the coaches had a lot of things that they wanted everyone to work on based on what they had observed in the game. And now there would be a game nearly every weekend, so there was a specific team to prepare for as well. When Nate walked out of the locker room, he saw Dale waiting by his bike. Her greeting was quite friendly. Cheer practice typically ended earlier, so she had been waiting around. She normally got a ride home from one of the other cheerleaders. He asked what had happened to her usual ride, and she said simply that she had wanted to ride with him instead.

He was ready to go, but she wanted to wait a bit longer. He couldn’t figure out why they were just standing around, but finally she offered an explanation, “Nate, at lunch Jason wanted to know why I had punched you in class this morning. Welcome to my world! I can hardly do anything without starting rumors. It seems that Jason thinks something is going on between us. If he only knew, right? Well, if he is going to worry about a little friendly punch, then I decided that I’m going to give him something more to think about. I think that the whole school needs something juicy to talk about. I want a few more guys coming out of football to see us here together. I want Jason to know that I got a ride home with you. I hope you don’t feel like I’m using you, I just think that the rumors tomorrow will be a lot more interesting if we game the system.” Nate wasn’t feeling used at all. He was beside himself thinking that tomorrow the rumors might be about Dale and himself, but more than that he was happy that Dale was willing to be seen with him.

He decided to play along and act as if nothing was out of the ordinary, talking to Dale about helmets without looking around to see who might be watching. He said, “Had I known you might want a ride, I could have brought another helmet. By law we are supposed to wear them, and my parents are insisting. Since I have just the one today, you wear it, but in the future, I’ll have my spare with me just in case. After a bit, they climbed on and rode home together. He was in heaven having her arms around him. For so long he had fantasized about being around a dressed Dale, and the experience did not disappoint.

When Nate got to Spanish on Tuesday, Dale was talking with a smiling and visibly fidgeting Kenny. As he walked up to them, she said, “Let’s sit together guys.”

Nate said, “Dale I don’t really want to sit up in the front.”

“No problem, we can sit here,” and she sat down in the row next to Nate and Kenny.

When Señora Flores took role, she asked Dale why she wasn’t sitting in the front like usual. Her reply made both Nate and Kenny feel good, “I felt like sitting with my friends today.” Nate was reminded of why he thought Dale was so well liked, she built everyone up. Around her everyone counted, and was treated with respect. After class she walked down the hall with both Nate and Kenny, and nothing felt out of place. Kenny even commented to Nate at lunch that Dale had talked to him as if they had always been good friends. Felipe asked Nate if his parents would consider adopting a poor Latino boy. Since being Dale’s neighbor was working out so well for Nate, maybe it could work for him as well. As Nate walked between classes that afternoon, he noticed that everyone seemed to be taking notice of him. From his friends he had learned that Dale riding with him on his motorcycle was indeed the topic of the day.

When Nate came out of the locker room later that day, Dale was again waiting by his bike looking for a ride. As they were climbing on, she said, “Nate can we go home via Madison Park. I feel like swinging.” Nate liked the idea. It would mean more time with her than just the ride home. He had not been to Madison Park since the night that the friendly policeman had given him a ride home.

Once they were swinging, it became evident to Nate that Dale wanted to talk. After a bit she mentioned the homecoming game and dance, now just a week and a half away. She added, “Jason has not asked me to the dance, but I expect that he will soon.” Any mention of Jason typically served as a harsh reminder of reality to Nate. He had been slipping into his fantasy world, the one that included just two people, he and Dale, and suddenly she has to bring up the boyfriend. She continued, “Because we are ‘going-out’ he’ll be expecting me to say, ‘yes’.” Why does she subject me to this, thought Nate. He tried to change the subject slightly by bringing up the team that they would be playing and their chances of actually winning the homecoming game.

Nate listened politely, but then she circled back to the dance, “I really am looking forward to the homecoming dance. I love dancing, and I love to dress up. But like I was saying, Jason hasn’t asked me yet. I can only go to the dance with one boy. If someone else were to ask me to the dance first, then it would be Jason’s own fault for having waited, right?”

“Right,” said Nate, but as soon as he had said it, his mind switched into overload. Was she hinting? Was she saying what he thought she might be saying? It couldn’t be, but why else would she say that. It was so unbelievable that he was sure there was an alternate explanation. His mind raced trying to decipher her words.

Dale paused, hoping that Nate was cluing in. The pause grew uncomfortably long, so she continued, “In my most recent dates with Jason, I have found that we don’t have much to talk about. You and I never run out of things to talk about. I have given this a lot of thought, and I realize that you are the only person that I have opened up to…as in…ever opened up to. I have always hidden the real me from everyone. There are so many things about me that Jason, my best friends, and even my mom know nothing about. A lot of it is the exhibitionist thing, but there is more than that. For example, I have talked more about college plans and career ideas with you than with anyone else. I doubt Jason would be interested to hear me talk about such things. With everyone else, I am playing a role. I’m acting. I’m reading the ‘Dale’ lines from the script. Only with you am I not acting, only with you am I being myself. I was even able to tell you how much I enjoyed the embarrassment of being put up on that bench by Kelly. And you didn’t ridicule me. The sad part about this is that it means that until a month ago, there was not a single person on the planet that I was being myself around. I’ve decided that I like the real me. I’d like to be able to be the real me around more people, but in the meantime, I’d like to be around you more. That way I can spend more of my time being me. Now I’m just babbling. I’m probably making no sense.”

Nate decided it was time to say something encouraging, but his mouth was dry. Clearing his throat as quietly as he could, he said, “Dale, you are an exceptional person. If the Dale that I know is a different person than the Dale that others know, then that is sad. The Dale that I know is genuine and even more beautiful on the inside than the outside.” He’d thought of that ‘line’ as they had talked once during their cookie picnic, but had never imagined actually saying it. He continued, “I’d like more people to know the real you. I know that the nudity aspect can’t be shared, but you should be able to share other aspects, your other thoughts, your hopes and dreams. I know that the real you is the naked you, but…” He paused knowing that that had not come out right, and she laughed. “What I meant to say is that I think you should be able to be yourself around people with your clothes on. That’s still not coming out right, but hopefully you know what I mean.
I think your friends and your parents would like the real you, and you would be happier.”

“Nate, stop being so serious,” said Dale. “Can’t you ever read between the lines? What I’m really trying to do here is to embolden you into asking me to the Homecoming Dance. We’d have fun together! Now you are getting all philosophical on me. Our society convention is guys ask girls, so I am supposed to wait to see who asks me to the dance. I’m weary of that, so I’m trying to stack the deck in my favor. Please don’t make me beg!”

Nate was in shock. His brain was on the verge of shutting down. He fought to regain control. He had never thought that he might really be here, but now that he was he needed to try and not mess up big time. Nate knew that there was no way that he could ask her to the dance now and make it sound like it was his idea, but he wanted to try. He expected that it would come out sounding stupid, but he had to say something. He said, “Dale, I know that you have a boyfriend, and will most likely go to the dance with him. But please listen to me with an open mind. You and I get along so well. We have fun together, and we can have fun together with our clothes on!” Again he stopped knowing that he had tripped over her words. Dale was laughing. “What I really mean to say is, Dale, will you go to the Homecoming Dance with me?”

Dale stopped swinging, and then grabbed onto his swing, stopping it. She pulled him to his feet, giving him a big hug. “Nate I would love to!” She gave him kiss on the cheek, and after a thoughtful pause continued, “We both know that I have been a very bad girl, and I’m embarrassed about it. We both know that I have been two-timing Jason, but I am ready to put that behind me. I never intended to, but it happened. Jason was my boyfriend, and you were my neighbor, my friend who helped me live out my fantasies. I thought that the way to keep my nude life a secret from everyone was to keep the two lives entirely separate. Maybe an analogy was that he was my boyfriend in real life and the other was just a video game, and you were a person in the video game. I probably could have kept it all separate and it would have been fine had you remained just my neighbor, my friend. The truth of the matter is that I started falling for you right away. I tried to imagine that they were just goodnight kisses. Since I want to be honest I have to tell you that it was so difficult for me to limit myself to just one kiss. I should have broken up with Jason weeks ago. But like I said, I was trying to keep my non-naked life unchanged, for appearances sake. But I can’t anymore. I have been turning down Jason when he asks me to go out, and when he kisses me he can tell that something is wrong. The reason that Jason suspects that something is going on between us, is that something is going on between us. He’s no dummy. To everyone else, the homecoming dance will be our first date, but in my heart, I’ve been your girlfriend for some time now.”

Nate was worried that Dale would see the dazed, surprised, stunned look on his face. He could not believe what he had just heard. A part of him wanted to run around all the park equipment, acting like a crazed lunatic, but another part of him didn’t want to mess this up. Once he had collected his thoughts he said, “Dale, I don’t know what to say. To be completely honest with you, I have been in love with you since the third

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 44: Madison Park Revisited**

…since the third grade! I guess I was two-timing every girl I ever went on a date with. All two of them!” Dale cracked up and it helped relieve the tension. This was a lot of truthfulness for them to both be dealing with at once. Nate continued, “These have been wild weeks. We’ve had a lot of fun, but in your defense, you’ve had a lot of new experiences and the stress that goes with them. For example, you’ve shaved a lot of pussy, so many pussies in fact that you were two-timing both Jason and I!” Nate deserved the punch provoked by that comment. “I think we should just move forward, and stop kicking ourselves. I was hoping that you and I were building a relationship that would grow beyond the Naked Carol world. I didn’t want to jinx it by trying to move it along too quickly. I tried to let you take the lead with the kissing, but doing so always made me worry that I would come across as disinterested, or too passive.”

“You were always great. To be honest, if you had tried to put the moves on me while I was naked, it all would have had to end right there. A girl always feels like the weaker sex, especially around a big guy like you. Add nudity and how we were usually alone in remote locations to the mix. If you had been aggressive, then a wise girl would be careful to not put herself in such a spot a second time,” said Dale. “But like I started to say, to everyone else this has to seem like our first date. While I have been a two-timer, I don’t think that Jason or anyone else needs to know. But between the two of us, I am ready to be your girlfriend, and I want to consider you my boyfriend. I want it to be secret to everyone else for now, but between you and I, I want it to be official. Can we shake on that, unless you have an objection?” Dale held out her hand to shake his hand. To Nate it seemed unusual, but cute. He shook her hand, and in an instant they were ‘going steady’.

Nate decided that if Dale was now his girlfriend, then it would be completely within his rights to be a little more aggressive. He led her over to a picnic table, sitting down. He then guided her to a position sitting sideways on his lap. With one arm around her back, he examined her face, brushing her hair back and drinking in her beauty. He then brought her cheek to his, feeling her soft warmth on his face. He kissed her, first on the neck, but eventually transitioning to her lips. While they had dabbled with it a time or two, this was the first time that they had actually French kissed. They took a few minutes enjoying each other and taking advantage of their new official status.

Finally Dale spoke, “Nate, for me this is a two-step process. A few minutes ago with step one I became an official two-timer. It is not something that I am looking forward to, but I need to go find Jason, and end it with him: step two. Once that is done it will be just you and me baby. I don’t know how Jason will take it, but it is time. Could you drop me near his house? I’ll walk the last block or so. He is probably there, so I should be able to deliver the news to him in person. After I talk to him, or if he is not there, I might need a ride. Could I text you if I need a ride home? It could be in minutes, but more likely it will be an hour or so.”

“Sure, that sounds like a good plan. I’m ready if you are,” said Nate. It was a short ride, but Nate enjoyed it. He was so happy. The girl riding behind and holding on was suddenly his girlfriend! His GIRLFIEND! He dropped her off, taking her helmet and strapping it on the bike.

As they parted, Dale squeezed one of Nate’s hands in both of her’s saying, “Wish me luck boyfriend!” Nate nodded, and Dale set off on her mission. Once home, he kept his phone handy watching for a text from his “girlfriend”. He got out a piece of paper and wrote down a few of the amazing lines that he had heard Dale say that afternoon. He didn’t want to forget them. His favorites were:
“I started falling for you right away.”
“In my heart, I’ve been your girlfriend for a long time now.”
“I am ready to be your girlfriend, and I want to consider you my boyfriend.”

Over an hour after dropping her off, he received a text which read, “The deed is done! No ride needed. XXOO” He wondered how it had gone and what had been said, but he knew that it wasn’t really any of his business. He had to force himself to get out his books and do a little studying. He was working on math in the living room around 9 p.m. when there was a knock on the door. Both he and his mom went to the door. It was Dale. “Hi Nate,” she said, “Hi Mrs. Miller.” He saw his dad peeking into the room out of the corner of his eye. Dale reached into the house and took Nate’s hand, holding it tight. To Nate it seemed like an awkward moment, Dale holding his hand while his parents watched. Dale continued, “Did you tell your parents Nate?”

Nate started mumbling, but then Nate’s mom said, “I don’t think he did. Nate what do you have to tell us?”

Nate was still at a loss for words, so Dale helped him out. Beaming she said, “Nate asked me to the Homecoming Dance! It’s in a week and a half.”

Nate’s mom smiled and said, “Why Dale, that is wonderful news!” She knew it had to be wonderful news given how excited Dale looked. She continued, “Please come in and have a seat.” Dale came in and they walked over and sat side by side on the couch, Dale still holding tightly to Nate’s hand. Nate was enjoying how happy Dale was, but he was still finding it a very awkward way to tell his parents that he and Dale were going to the dance together. Nate’s father had seated himself in his recliner, and Nate’s mom brought in some juice and glasses, pouring one for Dale first. As she continued to pour them each juice, his mom said, “Well, tell us the whole story!”

Nate said, “Well there really isn’t anything to…”

But Dale cut him off, and started to tell Nate’s parents about how she and Nate had known each other a long time. Nate was amazed that she actually managed to weave a narrative out of little more than they were neighbors who attended the same schools. She even mentioned motorcycling together on the bench in years past. She then told them how they had gone waterskiing and had had a lot of fun, and then had gone back for a bonfire with the people they had waterskied with. How Nate had driven and how they had had so much time to talk during the drives, and how they now had Spanish together. Nate was impressed about how she made a complete story out of the snippets that his parents already knew about, leaving everything else out. And then she told them that after football practice Nate had approached her and asked her to go to the dance with him, and how much she was looking forward to the dance. Nate found Dale’s whole tale quite entertaining, and he could tell that his parents were enjoying listening. He wondered what they were really thinking, but they seemed genuinely happy about the whole thing. He knew his mother was; she had been encouraging him to ask girls out for quite some time.

At the point where he thought it would get awkward because there was nothing more to say, Dale brought up wanting to go next door and tell her parents. Nate didn’t really want to do that, but his mom thought that it was “important”. The next thing Nate knew, the two of them were seated on Dale’s couch and he was listening to a slightly different version. At Dale’s house, she added a few details about having broken up with Jason. The date of the breakup was not mentioned, but the order in which things were related made it sound like it had happened a while ago. He could also tell that Mrs. Jordan was not surprised about the breakup. Dale had clearly been telling her for some time that her relationship with Jason was not going well. Both of Dale’s parents were nice and congratulated him on his upcoming date with their daughter. They seemed much more surprised that Dale was going to the dance with him than they were about anything related to Jason.

Once both parents were briefed, Dale and Nate went out front for a walk, walking with their arms around each other.

Nate said, “Dale I had no idea we’d be telling our parents so much so soon.”

“I’m sorry, but I’ve just been so excited to tell someone. I’ve especially been wanting to tell my mom. For a few weeks now I’ve been wanting to tell her all about the cute boy I was falling for. It was so hard to keep it all from her. I knew she would love hearing that I was going to the dance with the nice neighbor boy. I just had to tell her! And your parents looked very happy for us. Don’t you think?”

“I actually think they are probably in shock right now. I’m sure they have known for years about my crush on you, but they have also known that we didn’t really talk because you were popular and I considered you way out of my league. So now I am sure that they are trying to figure out what in the heck happened. But I know how they feel. I’m also in shock over today’s developments. Two days ago I started school worrying that you might not even acknowledge me there. Sort of like how you were saying…that you might try and keep your two lives entirely separate,” said Nate.

“I didn’t know what would happen with school starting myself. I surprised myself a time or two. I was surprised with how I reacted to Jason bringing up how he had heard that I had punched you in Spanish class. And thinking back now, I don’t know why I wanted to make him jealous by getting a ride home with you. I mean, why torture the guy when I should just be breaking up with him?” said Dale.

“Did the break up go OK?” asked Nate.

“I actually thought he would be madder or sadder. I was mostly worried that he would try and talk me out of it. Maybe his pride kept him from showing his feelings. At one time I thought we were pretty close. He did hurt me a little by saying that he was ready to be done with me because I’m such a prude. What hurts is that it is probably true. He’d been putting pressure on me to give in. His hands would wander, and I wouldn’t allow it, and he was doing things like trying to take off my shirt, always unsuccessfully,” she said.

“But you like being naked. Not with him?” said Nate.

“You know what is funny. If he had taken me outside and told me to take off all my clothes, I probably would have. But sitting in a car alone with him kissing me and unbuttoning my shirt? That’s not happening,” said Dale.

“You are not the easiest person to figure out Dale,” said Nate.

“Probably not, but maybe so that we don’t have issues right away, we should discuss a few ground rules.”

“OK, what are the rules?” asked Nate.

“Well, I might let you kiss me on a first date, but try to get to second base and you’re getting slapped Buster!” said Dale.

“No problem, you’re saving yourself for marriage, got it,” said Nate.

“I didn’t say that! Just because you can see these…” she said hiking her shirt and bra up to her neck, “…any time you want, doesn’t mean that you can touch them,” said Dale.

“OK, look but don’t touch. I have to admit that I had hoped that the ground rules might be a little different for a boyfriend,” said Nate.

“Just look at it this way. Quite a few people have seen this body recently. All the people at Kelly’s for example, but those husbands…they had spectator rights. Had they tried to kiss or touch me, it would have been out of line. Think of yourself as two people. One of them is a spectator, the other is the boyfriend. The spectator is just that. He can look. The boyfriend, well…he is a brand new shiny boyfriend. He needs to take it slow, like any new boyfriend. Just because he has seen everything doesn’t mean that he gets to go to second base on the first date, got it?”

“I guess you’re saying that the spectator got to second base, right? Because I wasn’t your boyfriend yet,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 45: Rumors**

“Actually you were my boyfriend that night, I just hadn’t told you yet. In your case it is going to be complicated, because you get to play both roles. Lucky you, right?” said Dale. Nate nodded in agreement. He did feel very lucky.

The next morning he made it to Spanish class just as the bell rang. He slipped into the same seat by Kenny and Dale. A few minutes later when Señora Flores was not looking, Kenny showed him a page of his notebook where he had written, “Dale tells me that you are taking her to Homecoming.” Nate wrote, “Yep,” on the corner of his own notebook so that Kenny could read it. A moment later, he saw Kenny write something and then show it to him. It read, “Dude!”

As Nate walked between classes, he was noticing guys that he hardly knew giving him the thumbs up sign. Girls were looking at him, sizing him up. He could tell that people were pointing at him and talking about him as well. A few guys gave him high-fives, and many girls just smiled at him. While walking to his fourth period class, he heard a female voice behind him say, “Congratulations Nate!” He turned around and saw that it was Kendra, another cheerleader. She was attractive, but not petit, tall and big boned but not at all pudgy. He was sure that he had never talked to her before. She continued, “Rumor has it that you are taking our Dale to the Homecoming Dance.”

Just then, Jodie, the head cheerleader joined Kendra, saying, “So who do we have here? Dale’s next squeeze? What should we do to initiate him? How in the heck did you pull this off son?”

Nate said, “Just lucky I guess.” And then he sheepishly left to get to class on time. Even though it was somewhat true, he was instantly kicking himself over his stupid line, “Just lucky I guess.” Just because he had gotten used to talking with Dale did not mean that he was going to be able to talk to the other cheerleaders without putting his foot in his mouth. He vowed to try, but knew that he was bound to mess up regularly.

Later on the way to lunch, he heard another voice calling his name. This time it was Carly. As far as he knew, Carly was Dale’s best friend. As he started to say something, she grabbed him by the elbow and marched him into a dead end hall saying, “We have to talk!” He let her push him, but he had little choice. She stood him in a corner, and standing with her hands on her hips, blocked his retreat. Carly was another one of the hot girls, but one who had never been involved in anything like drill team or cheerleading. She was a tall lean brunette with long hair. In the past he had noticed that she had a tattoo or two, partially visible depending on what she was wearing. She hung out with a rougher crowd, and dressed the part. She said, “Dale tells me that you are taking her to the Homecoming Dance.” Nate nodded, still having trouble finding his voice around girls that he had only admired from a distance in the past. She continued, “Dale is pretty excited about this date. She tells me that it will be your first date. I’m not buying it! She has always told me everything, but something’s fishy. I haven’t figured it out yet. What is going on between you two?”

Nate knew that he had to stick to the narrative, but he wished he knew more about what Dale had actually told Carly. He had to play it safe. “We got to know each other better over the summer. I decided to see if she’d go to the dance with me, and she said ‘yes’.”

“I’m not buying it. There is more to this story. You guys are hiding something. I’ll get to the bottom of it,” said Carly, still blocking his retreat. “But just so you know, I love that girl. And she is so excited about you and her date with you. You better treat her right! She is special, that one, very special. No one knows her like I do. She is not the girl that everyone thinks she is. There is a lot more to her than anyone knows. You hurt her…I’ll kick your ass! Mess with Dale, and I’m coming for you!” she said pointing her finger at his face. Nate saw the fire in her eyes, but then he saw it soften. “Maybe Dale sees something that I don’t.” Suddenly Carly grabbed his neck with a hand on each side and planted a big kiss on his lips. It wasn’t just any kiss. It was a big sloppy kiss that went on and on. Nate didn’t know what to do. He didn’t want to be rude and pull away, but he didn’t want her to think that he was kissing her back either. As suddenly as it began, the kiss was over. Carly again pointed at him and said, “I’m watching you!” and then she strode off.

Nate looked for Dale at lunch, but she wasn’t around. She was involved in a few extracurricular activities that took place during lunch. He also didn’t see her during the afternoon, which was typical. Football practice turned out to be quite an experience as well. He did get a few comments about moving in on Jason’s girl, things like that. And then even Jason himself got in his face at the end of practice in the locker room. He expected that things would be better the next day. Hopefully by then he and Dale would be yesterday’s news.

When he came out of the locker room, Dale was again waiting by his bike. As he walked up to her he said, “Man are you ever a sight for sore eyes! It has been a challenging day. Just out of curiosity, how many people did you tell? The whole school knows!”

“For the whole school to find out, it’s only necessary to tell Jodie. I actually use her for the purpose of spreading news sometimes. It’s less work. If it happens to be something juicy about me, then the whole school is going to find out. It’s best to just get it over with. I probably should have warned you though,” said Dale.

“So you only told Jodie?” asked Nate.

“No. First I told Jason that you and I were going to the dance…when I was breaking up with him last night. Then I walked to Carly’s and told her, she’s my BFF. I tell her everything, except certain things. And then we told our parents last night. This morning I told Jodie and then Kenny in Spanish. Besides that, I just had people asking me about you during the day,” said Dale.

“I’ve never lived through a day like that before. I had girls congratulating me. I got so many slaps on the back and high-fives that I lost count. I could tell that people were whispering to each other as I walked by, and I was threatened and nearly raped,” said Nate.

“Threatened and nearly raped?”

“Yeah, maybe I shouldn’t say, but Carly is something else! First she is telling me that she doesn’t buy the first date part of the story. Then she tells me that she’ll kick my ass if I hurt you, and the next thing I know she is giving me this big kiss that just went on and on,” said Nate. “She is flamboyant, but I was very impressed by how much she cares about you. I think she’d step in front of a bullet for you.”

“Carly’s got my back. And I’d do anything for that girl. I’d walk a mile barefoot across burning hot asphalt for her…butt naked. Clothed, maybe not, but butt naked, sure!” said Dale, with a wink.

“Do you have much homework for tonight, or any commitments? I’m feeling like doing something spontaneous.” said Nate.

“I’m all ears. What are you thinking?”

“Let’s get some take-out and head up the river a few miles or up the hill to my camp. You can enjoy a little naked time and we can have a relaxing dinner together. Nothing fancy, no distance between you and your clothes, no handcuffs. Just you and I,” said Nate.

“I’d like that. Let’s go to your camp. The view is great, and I have nice memories of that spot. Can we have a campfire?” asked Dale.

“Probably, but I’d have to go and get permission. It might be best if I go to the lookout alone. I have no idea who is working, which could be awkward. If Naked Carol goes with me, then we could get hung up there. That could of course be fun, but I’d prefer alone time with my shiny new girlfriend,” said Nate.

“OK, let’s do that. Let’s grab some Japanese take-out and see how quick we can get to your camp and get me naked!” said Dale, calling her mom to tell her that she was with Nate and would be late. They hoped on his motorcycle and headed up the trail that went past the clubhouse. To Dale’s surprise, Nate stopped at Sunrise Ridge. It probably didn’t actually have a name, but that was what she and Nate had been calling it ever since they had enjoyed that first sunrise there together. “What’s up?” she asked.

“Small change of plan,” said Nate. “So far there has never been a dressed girl in my camp, and there is no reason to start allowing that now. So I’ve decided on a new rule. Girls are allowed beyond this ridge, but no girl clothes. You can come on up with me, and I want you to, but the clothes stay here.” Climbing off, Dale looked around for a place to undress and hide her clothes.

“OK. Like I said, all you have to do is say where and when, and all these clothes are off! Just give me a couple of minutes,” she said walking off toward a small group of juniper trees. A few minutes later, she was skipping and cartwheeling back, wearing nothing more than her shoes and a big smile. As she started putting her helmet back on she said, “Rules are to be followed!” Climbing aboard she hugged him tightly. Before, her holding on had felt hug like. This however was a true hug, and it felt so much nicer. Nate knew he had never been happier.

As they were riding up a steep section, Nate suddenly felt Dale let go with one hand and the bike started shaking. He looked back over his shoulder and saw her hand up in the air waving. He looked ahead and noticed the lookout tower just visible above the tree tops. Dale was waving to whomever might be on duty! Unfortunately for them, he was driving, blocking the view…no titty show.

Minutes later they were seated on the log eating their dinner before it got any colder. Nate had again put the blanket on the log to make it more comfortable. “Your tan sure looks awesome,” said Nate.

“I think it has faded a bit. I guess I wasn’t handcuffed to the flagpole long enough, or maybe it was too early in the day,” said Dale with a wink.

“Probably both!” said Nate. “You know, it’s pretty fun to have a girlfriend. I’m realizing that this is the first time I have seen you naked since you officially became my girlfriend. It’s really fun to have a naked girlfriend! As much as I like looking at you sitting astride the log like that, I think I’d rather be taking advantage of you.”

“Nate, you know that’s not allowed,” said Dale.

“What’s not allowed? You don’t yet know what parts of you I am thinking of taking advantage of, and in what way. Give me the benefit of the doubt and get your butt naked self over here and onto my lap,” said Nate.

“OK…but you better be good,” said Dale as she climbed up off the log.

“OK, now sit on my lap facing me.”

“Facing you?”

“Facing me! Yep, one leg on this side, the other leg on this side,” said Nate.

“OK I guess, but you better be on your best behavior. I don’t want to have to fire my new boyfriend after just one day,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 46: Rain**

“Just trust me. I’m not a saint, but I think I can do this,” said Nate, helping Dale to balance while she climbed up and sat down straddling him. Nate’s legs were on one side of the log, and Dale’s were dangling on the other side.

“OK, now I suppose you are going to take advantage of me.”

“That’s right!” said Nate. He took her arms and placed them around his neck, and then reached behind her back, pulling her toward him. He moved one hand up behind her head and brought it closer to him and their lips met in a kiss. The first kisses were gentle, but the depth of the kisses increased steadily until they were both hungrily enjoying their passion. Their tongues had met, but now they were finally getting well acquainted. Initially Nate kept his hands on her back, but gradually he started to let them roam around, caressing her seemingly endless soft skin. He was careful to stay away from areas that he knew were off limits, but he decided that he could get away with claiming some new territory, her hips, her sides, her outer thighs, and every inch of her back. Nate was conscious of how close Dale’s naked pussy was and realized that her leg position would be pulling it open. It was exciting for him to think of how close he was to the Promised Land, but they were both careful to maintain an air gap. Neither was ready for contact of that sort, not even with Nate’s pants in between. In this position, Dale’s head was higher than his, and he started kissing her neck, and then down onto her upper chest. He was careful to stay away from second base, but he was pretty sure that he could get away with base one-and-three-quarters. Dale was enjoying that his face was mere inches from her sensitive nipples. Dale relaxed, realizing that he was not going to go any closer to her tits than where he was at the moment. She was enjoying the kisses, caressing his head and pulling him to her.

Nate noticed the tell-tale aroma of an excited woman, and felt Dale’s breathing becoming deeper. Dale too noticed that she might be getting to an excitement level that she might have trouble pulling back from. She wanted to turn and offer a nipple to Nate’s mouth, but she felt that she shouldn’t be breaking her own rules, the rules she was expecting Nate to follow. But she had so enjoyed having her titties kissed the night of the bonfire. Until that night she had not really had any idea how wonderfully exciting it would feel to have a man kissing and sucking on her nipples. But she knew that she wanted to stick to the rules, for now anyway. Without pulling away she mentioned her interest in a campfire again. It had started clouding up and was cooling down. Fall was coming.

“I’ll take the motorcycle up to the lookout tower and request permission,” said Nate. “That will be much quicker than walking. I have a project for you while I’m gone. I want you to go into the forest there, and give me your very best imitation of Ika, the cute little cavegirl from long ago. Ika needs to gather firewood. I have a few bigger pieces here, but we need some branches and twigs to get the fire going. You’ll have to do your best to get into the role without the full body make-up. Someday, we’ll do the make-up.”

“Promise? And you’ll wear furs and be my caveman?” said Dale.

“Yes, and I’ll tie you up in a tree just like the cannibals tied her up, hands and legs,” said Nate. In a short time Nate was back, and he and Dale were communicating in grunts and other unintelligible gibberish as they got into their roles. Nate wished that he had marshmallows, but commented on how they couldn’t roast marshmallows as they hadn’t been invented 80,000 years ago anyway. They were just starting to enjoy the fire when they felt the first rain drops. Within moments they were in the midst of a downpour.

Initially Nate cursed the rain because it would cut their outing short. The trail would be fine for a while, but if it continued to rain it would eventually become treacherous. But he had no sooner cursed the rain than he was seeing it as a blessing. Dale had hopped up and was dancing, reveling in the rain. He chuckled to himself as he realized that she was instantly soaked to the skin! It was one of those unusual rainstorms. The evening sun was sneaking in under the rain clouds which were straight above. The sun shone brightly on Dale, and her wet skin glistened as she danced. Gene Kelly was well known for his “Singing in the Rain” dance in the streets of Paris. Well, in Nate’s opinion, Dale’s rendition put the Gene Kelly version to shame, even though there was no singing. But truth be told, a dressed guy in black and white never stood a chance when compared to a tan, wet, nude cheerleader in living color. Dale was managing quite well in spite of the difficult terrain. Arms, legs, and tits were flying in every direction. Nate was loving the impromptu show, all the more because the dancer looked to be experiencing true joy…a youthful happiness emanated from her every pore. She seemed oblivious to him, and only occasionally looked his way. She seemed to be dancing as if it were entirely a reflection of an inner glee that the warm rain had inspired. Some of the moves Nate recognized, especially the gymnastics moves like the occasional illusion turn, cartwheel or walkover. He even saw one handspring which surprised him given the rocks and the slope. But even though she did go upside a few times, it was mostly just lovely dancing. At one point he was even reminded of the well-known water dance in the movie “Flashdance”. This dance was every bit as energetic as that one and similarly the water was flying from her skin as she moved and shook. Nate wanted video!

After quite a few minutes, Dale surprised him by suddenly collapsing onto his lap. Not that he minded. In spite of his clothes, he was essentially as wet as she was. They hugged and laughed for a minute, but then Nate called an end to the outing on account of trail conditions. At his insistence, they packed up quickly and hopped on the bike. Nate drove down the hill very carefully, again wanting to get his nude passenger home without a scratch. At Sunrise Ridge Dale put on her soaked clothes, and then they continued down. Once they arrived home, the both disappeared into their respective houses for hot showers.

At lunch the next day, Nate got a text from Dale, “We have to talk. Meet me at MY flagpole!” As Nate came around the corner, he saw Dale standing just were she had been on Sunday, leaning against the pole, looking out toward the entrance just as she had then. As he approached, he could tell that she was unhappy about something. As he walked up, she said, “A lady’s reputation is important Nate. I need you to be looking out for me!”

“Absolutely! I’m always looking out for you,” said Nate.

“I’m hearing otherwise Buster!”

“Really?” said Nate. He honestly had no idea what she was talking about.

“My spies tell me that Jason was saying bad things about me in the locker room, and that you weren’t sticking up for me,” said Dale.

“We’re on the same football team. I didn’t want to fight him,” said Nate.

“You don’t have to fight him. But my sources tell me that he was saying bad things about me and that you didn’t defend my honor. You can stand up for me without fighting,” said Dale.

“I was looking out for you. He was saying that you were a prude. That as far as he was concerned, I could have you because you wouldn’t put out. I don’t think that is so bad for a lady’s reputation. What was I supposed to say? That you do put out? That you are really a slut, he just doesn’t know it?”

“Is that really what he said, that I’m a prude? Then why did I hear that he was saying bad things about me and you weren’t sticking up for me?” asked Dale.

“Well, it was in the locker room, so I’m assuming that your spies are male, right? To guys, saying that a girl is a prude isn’t exactly complimentary. I had to stick with the ‘first date’ story, as in, how would I know if she puts out or not,” said Nate.

Dale looked at him squinting, trying to figure out if he was telling the truth. After a long moment she said, “I guess I believe you. You were going to be in the dog house. I guess you’re not in the dog house,” she said. Dale wanted to get closer to him, but she knew that they could be seen. Maybe after the dance she could hold his hand at school, but not before. Dale continued, “Why don’t you come over after dinner. We can study Spanish together.”

After dinner, Nate got a text that read, “Parents not going out. Can’t be nude. Study at your house instead?”

Nate replied, “Sure, give me about 15 min, then come over.” Nate told his mom that Dale was coming over to study, and then he went about cleaning up the dining room and the dining table. He could tell that his mom was very pleased about the idea that he and Dale were going to study together there.

A little later Dale knocked and he let her in. While they were studying, his mom baked some cookies, so they had a milk and cookie study break after they had cooled. After going over an entire chapter in their Spanish text, Dale said she had a small surprise. She had some DVDs. “Unless you have to study other subjects, I thought we could relax a little. Would your parents mind if we watched the TV here?” asked Dale.

“I’m sure they wouldn’t.” said Nate. “What did you bring?”

“Well, this is a telenovela from the library. It might not be very entertaining. It’s designed around learning Spanish. I thought it might be nice way to supplement what we are learning in class. And this is Flash Gordon. I thought we might watch the second episode,” said Dale. “Of course we have to watch Flash Gordon first, Buster. That is how they were designed…to come before the feature film.” Nate took Dale into the family room, and he went about putting the ‘Flash’ DVD in, giving Dale the remote.

As she cued up the next episode, Nate read, “Flash Gordon, chapter 2: The Tunnel of Terror”. Together they read the recap of the first episode. “You haven’t seen these?” asked Nate.

“Oh, of course I have. But it has been years. I thought they’d be fun to watch together. You do look a little like Flash, minus the curls,” she said. Dale snuggled up against Nate, while they watched the show. She knew Nate’s parents might walk by and see them from behind, so she kept it respectable.

As the episode ended Nate said, “Wow, Lion Men and forced marriages, this show has it all. At least Dr. Zarkov saved the planet, but we don’t know if Dale’s wedding to Ming gets finalized. Does it?”

“I guess you’ll have to wait and find out. Things are better if you have to wait for them,” said Dale, winking. Nate knew that there was a lot of meaning intended for him behind that innocent little comment.

After the telenovela Nate walked Dale home. After his first kiss of the evening, he said, “I guess things are better if you have to wait. I’ve been waiting to kiss you all evening. That was fun, but having my parents around is not ideal.”

“Yeah, I had to keep my clothes on! Sometimes the school year makes it tough to run around naked. We should figure out how to get me out of these clothes!” said Dale.

“I know. I’m working on a few things, but if you have any ideas, I’m all ears,” said Nate.

“You’ve done much better at getting me naked than I ever did on my own. Besides the golf course, I didn’t figure out much to do. I never could have put together naked water skiing on my own. I can go along with such things, but I sort of need to be persuaded or surprised,” said Dale. “Left to my own devices I’m sort of a chicken shit.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 47: Whale Tail**

The second football game took place on Saturday evening, the Prospect High Mavericks winning again. As Nate came out to the locker room, Dale was waiting for him. “One week from this very moment, you and I will be having our first official date!” she said.

“I can hardly wait!” said Nate.

“Carly and I are going out for pizza, and I want you to come along,” said Dale.

“Dale, I’m not so good in groups. And Carly sort of spooked me this week. I’m not so sure that she and I are going to get along so well,” said Nate.

“Oh, but you have to. She’s my best friend. You have to get along with my best friend!” said Dale.

“But two on one? That doesn’t sound like survivable odds to me,” said Nate.

“Well, bring a wingman. Four will be fun, just not Kenny. I don’t mind how nerdy he is, but Carly would eat him alive.”

“I have an idea,” said Nate going back into the locker room. A couple of minutes later he came back out with Felipe. “Dale, this is Felipe, help me talk him into coming with us. He’s a bit like me, intimidated by pretty girls,” said Nate.

“Hi Felipe! You and Nate looked good out there tonight, working together, side-by-side on the line! I don’t think the other team had any luck going through you guys,” said Dale.

Felipe looked inquisitively at Nate. “She’s full of surprises Felipe. I think she watches the games. She probably even knows your jersey number,” said Nate.

“I do,” said Dale. “Nate is 79, and you’re 74, but I don’t have to look at your numbers to tell you two apart out there. Your size gives you away!”

“Is she calling me fat?” asked Felipe, looking a Nate.

“Felipe, you’re big, and you use it to your advantage. Even if she is calling you fat, we both know that you aren’t sensitive about it,” said Nate.

“All the calories you burned on the field tonight. You definitely need some pizza. You’re coming with us Felipe. Who’s driving, Nate?” said Dale. And they started walking toward the cars. Nate was impressed by how Dale had gotten Felipe to join them, mostly just by putting him at ease and assuming that he was coming. Dale continued, Carly is meeting us there. She lives close, so she’s parking at home and walking to the pizza parlor.

“Dale, please give us some pointers about Carly. She is pretty scary. Any advice on how we keep her from putting our heads in a leg lock,” asked Nate.

“Oh come on, she’s not that bad! It’s all show. She’s a kitten at heart, she just hides it well. Just be yourselves,” said Dale.

“A kitten? A baby tiger maybe! Doesn’t she have a boyfriend? Why isn’t he going out to pizza with her tonight?” asked Nate.

“Oh yes, she does have a boyfriend, but don’t bring him up. He’s actually in jail right now. I don’t like him much, but she misses him. Darrell doesn’t have one tenth the smarts that Carly does, in my opinion. Not a good topic for conversation,” said Dale.

“What’s he in jail for?” asked Nate.

“Like I said, not a good topic for conversation,” said Dale.

When they got to the pizza parlor, Carly was already there. “Who is this?” she said, looking at Felipe askance. “This better not be a blind date! You know I’m off the market,” said Carly scowling at Dale.

“Nate, you didn’t tell me this was a blind date!” said Felipe looking at Nate and acting incensed. “’Cause I don’t think either of us is blind enough for this to work out!”

“Hey, speak for yourself Michelin Man!” said Carly.

“Michelin Man? He was a whitely!” said Felipe. “I’m brown.”

“Settle down you two, it’s just pizza, it’s not a date!” said Dale walking up to the order counter. “What kind of pizza should we order? Nate and I are good with Combination, no anchovies, no onions. What do you guys like?” said Dale looking at Felipe and Carly.

“Combo, no anchovies, no onions! Oh My God! Are you buying this first date crap, Michelin Man?” asked Carly, looking at Felipe.

“The name’s Felipe. Now what are you asking me?” said Felipe.

“Dale tells me that Nate here asked her to the Homecoming Dance, and that it will be their first date. Give me your opinion. Do the two of them really act like a guy and a girl who haven’t yet been on a date? I mean, combo, no anchovies, no onions. Really?” said Carly.

“I see what you mean Carlos,” said Felipe. “Let’s get to the bottom of this. Nate, what color are Dale’s panties?” Dale punched Felipe.

Nate was glad to see someone else on the receiving end of Dale’s wrath. “Dale? Oh she never wears panties,” said Nate. Now it was Nate’s turn to get punched.

“OK Felipe, you hold her while I look!” said Carly. Felipe grabbed Dale’s arms while Carly went for her waistband.

“Nate, help!” said Dale trying to squirm her hips away from Carly. Nate just stood by and watched.

“Nope, white,” said Carly. “See!” The guys looked and saw that Carly had pulled the back of Dale’s thong way up. She was now sporting major whale tail, a white whale tail.

“Thanks a lot Nate!” said Dale. “You guys get some pizza ordered, while I go to the restroom to fix this.” The three of them were too busy laughing at Dale’s expense to get down to business very quickly, but by the time she returned, the pizza and a pitcher of root beer had been ordered.

Together they found a table. As they sat down, Dale asked Felipe, “Did you call Carly ‘Carlos’ earlier?”

“I thought everyone missed that,” said Felipe. “Isn’t Carly short for Carlos?”

“He’s asking for it,” said Carly.

“Say’s the girl who called me Michelin Man? Carlos fits a lot better than any feminine nickname. You’re way too nasty for anyone to ever call you anything sweet like Cuddles, Kitten, Cupcake, or Princess?” asked Felipe.

“That does it, I’m leaving!” said Carly.

“Sit down Carly,” said Dale. “The man has a point. Your reputation cannot support a sugary nickname.” As Nate and Dale watched, Felipe and Carly continued to insult each other. Dale was glad that Carly had been distracted from pursuing the ‘first date’ inquiry, but she hoped this wasn’t going to end badly. Gradually she started to realize that Felipe and Carly were enjoying each other’s company, even if their actual words might have led one to think otherwise. Felipe wasn’t backing off of the Carlos nickname, no matter how big of a deal that Carly made out of it.

Nate mostly listened. With the other three talking, there was little for him to say. To Nate’s utter surprise, by the end of the evening Dale had talked Carly and Felipe into going to the Homecoming Dance together, just as friends. They would be double dating. Carly had been planning to simply stay home. It wasn’t discussed, but with her boyfriend in jail, that seemed her only option. And Nate knew that Felipe simply never asked girls out. He liked girls, but he simply never considered asking one out. As Nate saw it, he was shy and had low self-esteem … he was always sure he would be turned down.

After dropping Felipe off at his house, Nate found a spot to pull over for a chance to talk with Dale alone. Nate tried to get Dale to snuggle up against him, but she refused, saying, “Boy are you ever in the dog house! What was with the, ‘Oh she never wears panties’ comment. You’re going to be lucky to be back in my good graces come the dance. I thought you had better sense than to say something like that, especially because it’s true. I don’t wear panties around you,” said Dale.

“What do you mean?” asked Nate, “I thought I handled that well. I know you normally wear panties, just not around me, so I’ve never seen them. I don’t even know what colors of panties you own. Your panties are always long gone when I see you. Carly was looking for proof that we know each other a lot better than we would if it were just a first date. Had I guessed a color, I might have guessed right, and they would have continued to tease us. So I guessed ‘no panties.’ That was the only way I was sure that I would be wrong. And it worked. Like I said, I thought I handled it well, After that, the topic went away.”

“I guess you’re right. I guess you’re right, but I’m still mad at you. I still had to endure a major wedgie,” said Dale.

“It was funny too! But you would have gotten the wedgie no matter what I had said. And by the way, you look really cute in a whale tail!”

“You are really asking for it!” said Dale. Changing the subject, she continued, “I know you say that Felipe is shy, but I didn’t see it tonight. The guy held his own against Carly. I’ve almost never seen anyone do that. She has this way of scaring everyone off before they ever get to know her. And we both saw her try to do that tonight, calling Felipe the Michelin Man right out of the gate. Few heavy people put up with being called Fatso nicknames, but he seemed to take it in stride.”

“Felipe was in rare form tonight. He is usually quiet and reserved around girls, especially attractive ones. And face it, you and Carly are as attractive as it gets. My theory is that Felipe somehow felt safe. My guess is that you were with me, so he knew you were taken. And Carly is Darrell’s girl, so he knew she was off the market. He didn’t have to think about being appealing to either of you, so he didn’t worry about it. The Felipe that came to the pizza parlor tonight was the Felipe that shows up only when there are only guys in the room,” said Nate.

“What ever happened, I think it was awesome. Carly needs a pal like Felipe right now. Waiting for Darrell to get out is no good in my opinion. In the first place, it is waiting. She should be having fun. And in the second place, Darrell is a piece of shit. The last thing I want for Carly is to be back with him,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 48: Trying on Dresses**

“I just had a funny thought,” said Nate. “Monday morning, my other friends are going to be asking me, ‘does Dale have a friend for me?’ Everyone was so shocked that I landed a date with you, and now they are going to find out that you and I hooked Felipe up with Carly. I need to keep track of the number of times I hear that. The only way I don’t hear that is if Carly and Felipe tell absolutely no one.”

“That wouldn’t keep the whole school from finding out,” said Dale.

“Why not?” asked Nate.

“Because I’m telling Jodie. Here, I’ll text her right now,” said Dale, typing on her phone. “There, the deed is done. By second period Monday, the whole school will know that Felipe and Carly are going to Homecoming together! Now you keep a tally of how many people ask you if I have a friend for them.”

“I will, it will be fun,” said Nate. “We also need to figure out where to have dinner before the dance.”

“What do you mean we?” said Dale. “Homecoming is a guy ask girl thing. I already broke that rule once. You’re on your own now. Dinner is your problem, or you and Felipe’s problem. But you’ll want to get right on that, the nice restaurants are going to book up.”

Dale was right about one thing, Monday morning the word about Carly and Felipe spread quickly. Felipe ended up having a day a little like Nate had had, only the congratulations were mixed with condolences. Carly had burned her share of bridges, and there were people who wanted nothing to do with her. There were even a few guys that warned him that Darrell might come looking for him once he got out. Nate had to admit to Dale that he had been wrong. To his amazement, no one had come to him and said, “Does Dale have a friend for me?” After talking to Felipe, he ended up deciding that most people seemed to think that Carly was less of a catch than he had thought. He thought of her as feisty and attractive. Others seemed to think of her as way more trouble than she could be worth.

The week ended up being one of lots of homework and tough football practices for Nate. He felt like he had hardly seen Dale, when out of the blue Thursday evening, he got a text from her that read, “Nude girl next door trying on dresses. Wanna watch?”

He texted back, “On my way!” He walked out his front door slowly, trying not to attract his parent’s attention. When Dale let him in, she was nude, as represented.

She took him back to her room, saying, “I do have a dress that I got just for Homecoming, but I’m having a little trouble deciding between it and a few others. And then I remembered your great fashion sense, so I decided to ask you to help me pick. I have heard that clothes shopping with girls is boring for guys, so I hope I don’t put you to sleep. I think I might have found a way to keep this interesting. The first part of my concept is no changing room. You get to watch! The second part of the plan is no underwear!”

“Works for me Dale. I don’t think I’ll be nodding off. If your experiment works, then you should share your concept. Just think of all the people that might benefit! ” said Nate. “Wait…you aren’t completely nude.”

“I wondered how long it would take you to see the high heels,” said Dale. “Part of me thought that you wouldn’t notice anything below my knees or above my neck for five minutes. On the other hand I thought that you might notice how much taller I am, even if you never looked down.”

“Give me a little credit,” said Nate. “But wow, do you ever look great dressed like that. And I thought you looked awesome in just tennis shoes! Now I know what outfit I am voting for.”

“Down boy! Don’t go crazy on me. Going to the Homecoming Dance nude would be a kick. But even if I could handle it, no one else could. Focus Nate, we are picking a dress tonight.”

“Where are your parents?” asked Nate.

“They went out to dinner,” said Dale. “They just didn’t give me any advance warning, otherwise I would have given you a little notice. I think their plans don’t include a movie; however, so our time is a little more limited than before. Ok, here are the three finalists.” Nate enjoyed himself thoroughly, watching Dale put on, model and then take off the dresses one at a time.

“You know Dale, I’m going clothes shopping with you every chance I get if I get to watch. I think that watching you dress and undress is more exciting that just watching you remain naked,” said Nate. “Isn’t the mind a wonderful thing? Every time you start to take off a dress, I find myself wondering what you will look like without it. You’d think that I would know by now, right?”

Nate was flattered that one of the dresses that she seemed to be considering was the blue dress that he had given her. He tried to say nice things about each dress because he wanted the choice to be hers. In the end the dress that was chosen was the one that she had originally gotten just for this Homecoming Dance. It was a short dress, coming down to almost mid-thigh, and it was relatively form-fitting everywhere. It was covered in sequins and beads making it very sparkly. At first he was thinking of it as silver, but Dale had been referring to the color as that of lead, because it was a darker grey than true silver. It only had a strap over one shoulder which was about an inch and a half wide. There was a large cutout area on that back. Because the back angled down from the single strap, the large cutout angled down as well creating a single large parallelogram shaped opening.

“OK,” said Nate. “While we are at it, let’s finalize the whole outfit. Are those the shoes you are going to wear?”

“I think so,” said Dale. “I have some silver ones, but they would be too light for this dress. So these blacks ones seem like the best choice.”

“Ok, then the outfit is complete. No panties, no bra. Just the dress and the shoes, agreed?” said Nate.

“Well… there is really no way to wear a bra with this dress. Even a strapless bra would show across the back. But I was planning on wearing panties,” said Dale.

“Maybe that was what you ‘were’ planning, but now we are agreeing on just the dress and the shoes, right? No bra, no panties,” said Nate.

“OK, but I’ll have to be very careful getting in and out of the car.” said Dale.

“Good. While we are on the subject of clothing, I have something else to discuss with you. I would like to borrow your tennis shoe outfit from you now…for you to wear during the evening,” said Nate.

“During the evening of the Homecoming Dance?” asked Dale.

“Yes, during the dance?” said Nate.

“Nate, you aren’t going to try and blackmail me into streaking the dance are you? I’m so not doing that,” said Dale.

“No, nothing like that. During the dance, but not at the dance,” said Nate.

“Why during the dance? I think you should explain to me what you have in mind,” said Dale.

“Well, I’ll tell you a little bit. First off, no blackmail this time. The morning we had breakfast after your date with the flag pole you told me…” Nate took a piece of paper out of his pocket and read, ‘You don’t have to blackmail me. I’ll get naked for you without blackmail. You know that. You say where and when, and all these clothes are off.’ I liked those lines so much, that I wrote them down for safekeeping. So that’s the plan. I’m going to be telling you where and when; I’m just giving you some advance notice,” said Nate.

“You haven’t told me where,” said Dale.

“What I will tell you is that you’ll be naked, just not at the dance. For that reason, I’d like to also borrow the robe along with the tennis shoe outfit. We’ll use it to get you to and from the place where you will be naked,” said Nate.

“Where will I be naked?” said Dale.

“That part is a surprise. I’m not going to lie to you, but I’m also not going to tell you. As agreed, you can back out, but I’d like you to trust me and try to go along with my plan. I’ve put a lot of planning into this, and I think we’ll both have a lot of fun, and ‘in a flash’ pun intended, you’ll be dressed and back at the dance,” said Nate.

“There isn’t a better day to do it?” asked Dale.

“No, I’m afraid that the evening of the dance is best,” said Nate.

“OK, I guess I have decided that you are in charge of my nudity. I’ll get the shoes and the robe,” said Dale. She looked worried, but she followed through and got them. “Are people going to see me?” she asked.

“Yes, quite a few.”

“Will it be OK?”

“Yes, I think so. It will be night.”

“OK…” after a long pause she continued with a resolved yet frightened look, “… it sounds scary, but I want you to be in charge of my nudity. It’s addictively terrifying to have someone else in control of something so consequential. So like I said, you say the word, and all my clothes are off.” She mumbled something that Nate didn’t hear.

“What was that?”

“I was just saying to myself, ‘just promise me you’ll wait for me like Carly is waiting for Darrell,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 49: Incident in the Bleachers**

“Don’t worry about that Dale. Society puts dirty old men in trench coats in jail for flashing, not pretty young girls. Men and women alike seem to enjoy your nudity. If we ever run into trouble, I’ll always find a way to get you out of it by saying that I dared you or forced you,” said Nate. “And since I’m thinking about it, why don’t you put in whatever you might need to freshen up your hair and makeup after our quick outing during the dance,” said Nate. Dale grabbed a hair brush and a few makeup items and put them in the grocery bag with the shoes and the robe. Nate took the bag and carried it out and put it by the front door so that he would remember to take it with him when he left. When he came back to Dale’s bedroom, she had removed the dress and hung it up. She was again wearing just the high heels. Earlier, Nate had noticed hula hoops in her room, but had waited until now to ask about them. “I’d really love a hula hoop demonstration. Since you have several, I’m assuming that you know how to hula hoop.”

“Sure, let’s go in the living room where there is more room,” said Dale, grabbing a hoop and leading the way. When they got to the living room, she continued, “You better sit down. I don’t want you to get excited and fall over and hit your head or something. I’ve hula hooped in the nude before, but never with anyone watching. I have a feeling that this is going to be a pretty sexy little show, but you just watch, and let me know what you think. When I was younger, I spent hours and hours practicing.” Nate had taken the seat that she had indicated. Just as she started, she stopped. “Wait, let me put on some music. Truth be told, for years I have dreamed of putting on a nude hula hoop show. So if now is my chance…I might as well do it right!” Dale took a moment turning on the stereo and locating the track she wanted.

As the music started, Dale spun the hoop, launching it with one hand. Nate could not believe his eyes. He had expected to see the hoop traveling in circles around her waist, and he had expected some pelvic motion to keep the hoop moving. He had thought it would be very sexy. Indeed it was, but Dale clearly had a passion for hula hooping. He had never seen anyone so skilled. She could keep it spinning at any level between her knees and her shoulders. She would walk around…dance around actually, keeping it going. She could turn slowly or even spin quickly all the time keeping the hoop revolving. She could put her arms down straight along her sides and keep it spinning on the outside of them. One move that he liked in particular involved her arms down with the hoop spinning right at tit level, crossing her nipples with every revolution. She also kept it going at tit height with her arms up. Her performance was full of energy.

The gymnastics routines in the fire lookout had been sexy, yet a slow and graceful sexy. This was so dynamic in comparison, a wonderful erotic dance with an incessant rhythm. Largely her legs stayed together, but not always, so it wasn’t exceptionally revealing in that regard. It was just exciting and beautiful. Much of the time, she twirled the hoop at hip or belly height, leading her to keep her arms and hands up. She had developed various interesting things to do with her hands, such as running her fingers through her hair, or simply holding them behind her head or neck. But his favorite move was when she pushed on her tits from the sides, forcing them together, and holding them there while she continued to gyrate. This movement would then evolve into her gripping her tits, one in each hand, with her elbows up and wide. Then she would transition to a hand bra position, aiming her nipples straight at his eyes. She would twirl the hoop one direction for a while, and then grab it with one hand and set it spinning in the opposite direction. One move that she could do, that didn’t seem possible, involved her bending her arms tight at the elbows and pointing them straight back. This caused her nipples to jut out. Somehow in the position, she was able to spin the hoop around her arms in vertical loops keeping it always behind her. The variety seemed endless. Nate had seen Dale nude for hours on end, but he had never seen her do anything quite like this, an erotic show to the steady beat of the twirling hoop. Yet it was hardly a porno film style sex scene, for it had an innocent quality to it. In many ways it was nothing more than a young girl having fun.

When the music stopped, Dale plopped down next to him. Nate leaned his head back looking up at the ceiling and said, “God I’m in love. Just when I think I’ve seen it all, you go and surprise me again. Am I really the only person who has ever seen you do that?”

“Absolutely! Who else could I ever show nude hula hooping to, my parents? I hardly think so,” said Dale. “But that is enough fun for tonight. I think we should take a study break now. Go and get your Spanish and meet me in the dining room.” Nate ran home, taking the bag with him. He was back within the minute. Sometime later, while they were studying, a car pulled into the driveway, and Dale ran off to her room. Before her parents opened the front door, Dale was again seated next to him at the table, now fully clothed. As she must have intended, her parents had caught them studying.

The next day was the day of the highly anticipated homecoming game. Having just one high school, the entire town of Prospect was full of excited alumni who would all be rooting for the Mavericks that evening. The football players all wore their game jerseys during the day, and the cheerleaders were all in uniform. Nate had always loved the days when the cheerleaders were in uniform. They all had gorgeous legs that seemed to go on forever. Their sleeveless white and black uniforms with burgundy details left little to the imagination. The short skirts each had a single large V-shaped cutout that went far up the front of the left leg. Through this slit, the bloomers were always visible, and any movement at all their bloomers came into view in other areas as well.

For Nate, having the Cheerleaders in uniform had much more meaning now that one of them was his girlfriend! When he spoke to her at lunch, he told her how much trouble he had had concentrating in Spanish with her legs in view in the row next to him. Dale laughed, “Nate you crack me up. This uniform seems like a nun’s habit compared to what I usually have on around you.”

“It’s hard to explain. It just looks so hot on you,” said Nate.

Dale just shook her head smiling. “Men!” she said.

That afternoon, a block of time had been carved out of the school day for a pep rally in the Gym. The football players in their white and black jerseys sat in one section of the bleachers, and the marching band and the drill team all performed. There were speeches, and the cheerleaders connected the various parts up into a continuous show, Jodie presiding. Toward the end, the band played the fight song, everyone was on their feel clapping in time to the music, and all the cheerleaders were each cheering to a section and doing various stunts. Nate had been following Dale continuously during the entire rally. As he watched her now, she made eye contact with him. He saw her lift her leg up into the scorpion position, all the while maintaining direct eye contact with him. From there, she pressed her leg up higher still, straightening it, toe pointed, into the position she had told him was called the needle. She held the position maintaining eye contact with him, smiling the cutest smile. He had never forgotten how she had told him at their first campfire that she would do a needle just for him at the first pep rally. He recalled her saying something like, “…there will be hundreds of people around us, but for a brief moment it will be just you and me. It will be our special moment. I’ll be thinking about how I was showing you my pussy, and you’ll be remembering looking at it.” Facing him like this, he couldn’t see her bloomers, but as he watched, she broke her gaze with him and started a slow 360 degree turn, somehow pivoting on her one foot. It was an amazing display of balance and flexibility.

As her bloomers started to come into view, her heard Felipe standing next to him say quietly under this breath, “Oh my God, would you look at Dale. I can’t believe you have a date with that piece of ass.”

Nate leaned over toward him and said, “I can’t either. I still have to pinch myself to make sure I’m not dreaming. You too are doing quite well in the date department my friend. Carly has an amazing ass on her!”

Just then from behind them, they both heard, “My God, you guys are both a bunch of pathetic assholes.” They turned and saw Jason right behind them in the bleachers. “Neither one of you is getting near any pussy,” he continued, “Dale will be a grandmother before she loses her virginity, and Darrell’s holding the only entrance permit to Carly’s pussy. No way are you getting between her thighs!” Jason seemed quite animated and was talking loudly.

Trying to diffuse the situation, Nate said, “It doesn’t really matter, there is so much more to both ladies than just pussy.”

For some reason Nate’s comment only served to make Jason madder. He repeated, “Pathetic asshole,” and gave Nate a shove. It all might have amounted to nothing, except that they were standing in the bleachers. Nate’s feet were locked in and he went over backwards. Dale had been watching the commotion, and she saw Nate fall. He was in the middle of the football team, so he didn’t fall far, but a domino effect occurred involving about 25 players.

Coach Neal had seen everything, and as the assembly was breaking up, he asked both Nate and Jason to follow him to his office where he tried to get to the bottom of what had happened. When he grilled Nate, all he would say was that everyone was pumped up about the game, and he had tripped. When Coach Neal told him that he had seen Jason push him, Nate said that he had been talking to Jason when he had tripped, and what might have looked like a push, was really just Jason trying to catch him and keep him from falling. Somehow they got out of Coach Neal’s office with both of them sticking to that alternate ‘truth’. As they walked away, Nate heard Jason say, “Thanks man. I owe you one.”

As it was game day, there was no football practice and no cheerleader practice. Dale was waiting by his motorcycle for a ride home. Nate had a few hours before he had to be back to suit up. As he walked up, Dale said, “My spies told me what happened. This time I made sure I got the full story, word for word.”

“So am I in trouble again?” asked Nate.

“Of course not! I’m pleased to know that you think that there is more to Carly and I than just our pussies. Girls are silly. We want guys to be interested in the whole , with a ‘w’, not just the hole, no ‘w’. I’ve also been hearing that Jason is telling people that you lied to keep him out of trouble. So I guess you come out smelling pretty clean. Not bad considering you and Felipe were supposedly talking about how nice your dates’ asses are.”

“Last time you said I didn’t stick up for you. This time, when Jason said something derogatory about you, I did. That ought to be worth something,” said Nate.

“I agree. Your ‘whole’ with a ‘w’ girlfriend wants to buy you a treat. Let’s stop for ice cream on the way home!” said Dale.

The homecoming game turned out to be the Mavericks third win out of three. Dale and Nate discussed going out to pizza again, but decided not to as their big date was the very next evening. Dale told Nate that Carly’s dad, a wealthy owner of parking lots all over the state, had decided to hire a limo for the four of them. It was her opinion that he was hoping Carly would find someone else to be interested in while Darrell was in jail. It didn’t even matter who Felipe was; he wasn’t Darrell, so he had Carly’s dad rooting for him. They both thought that was pretty funny, because Carly and Felipe were hardly destined to be anything more than friends. The limo sounded fun, but it complicated Nate’s plans. He would need his car during the dance, so he would have to park it behind the school earlier in the day.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 50: Homecoming Dance**

The limo had already picked up Carly and Felipe when it arrived to pick up Dale and Nate. Both Dale and Nate’s parents came out and took photos of both couples. They had been neighbors for a long time, and had always gotten along well, but this was really the first time they had had much to talk about. Nate and Dale thought that both sets of parents seemed to quite enjoy the idea that their kids were going out on a date. Dale’s mom was extremely excited because she thought that Dale was likely to be chosen Homecoming Queen. She wanted to go to the dance to watch, and she was embarrassing Dale by even mentioning the possibility that she might be Homecoming Queen. Nate had decided that Dale was probably sure to win. Based on comments that he had been hearing in the halls, he could tell that breaking up with Jason and going to the dance with a relative nobody had only increased her popularity with the masses. Dance royalty was a popularity contest, pure and simple.

Dale and Nate climbed into the limo first and it looked like they would have a quick moment of privacy before Carly and Felipe joined them. Taking advantage of the moment, Dale grabbed Nate’s hand saying, “I thought that you might like to verify the correctness of my outfit.” She then took his hand and slid it up one thigh under her dress, across her mound and then back down the other thigh. She then whispered in his ear, “I know Jason told you that you weren’t getting near any pussy on your date. I guess HE has just been proven wrong!” Nate was caught off guard and didn’t know what to say. Dale had told him that he wasn’t getting to second base on a first date, and here he had just had his first glimpse of third base.

Finally Nate regained his composure enough to speak, saying, “Well, I guess what Jason doesn’t know won’t hurt him. I think we should stick with the old, Jason never finds out rule.” Dale nodded. Nate continued, “It does seem as if you did follow instructions as regards the outfit. It would also seem that you shaved for the evening as did I.” He took her hand and held it to his face. At that point Carly and Felipe were climbing in and their moment of privacy had come to an end.

Nate and Felipe had picked the nicest Steak house in town, and they were glad that the girls seemed excited to have dinner there. After they had been seated, Carly said to Nate, “Dale tells me that you were telling the football team that you think there is more to the two of us than just pussy. Why might you guys have been talking about our pussies Nate? ”

Nate did not want to have this conversation again. He had been hoping to have a nice dinner without arguing with Carly, but he decided that she wasn’t going to let it lie. His best course of action was probably to just face it head on. He said, “Well Carly, this is not what I had hoped to talk about here at dinner, and I expect you already got the whole story from Dale. Let’s talk about something else.”

“Not until I hear your side of this most interesting story Nate. Enlighten me!” said Carly.

“Alright Carly,” said Nate realizing that the topic was not going to just go away. “Unfortunately Jason overheard us talking about how excited we were about our dates, so he decided to rain on our parades by informing us that neither of us was getting close to any pussy. He told me that Dale would be a grandmother before she lost her virginity. There’s probably a logical fallacy in there somewhere.”

“You think?” interjected Felipe.

Nate continued, “And he informed Felipe that he wouldn’t have any luck getting between your thighs.” Turning to Felipe he asked, “Did I get that about right?” Felipe nodded. “So I simply said that it didn’t matter because there was much more to you both than just pussy. Believe it or not, neither Felipe nor I are here tonight in hopes of getting laid. We just want to have a fun time at the dance with some pretty girls.”

“That sounds so nice Nate. So Felipe didn’t say anything about my pussy,” said Carly.

“Hell no Carlos! I was thinking, if the bottom end is as nasty as the top end, I didn’t want to have anything to do with it,” said Felipe. Nate almost spit out the water he was drinking upon hearing that. Felipe continued, “But I’m an open minded guy, and I know where a limo is if you’re feeling like proving Jason wrong.” Carly seemed to have dropped the Michelin Man nickname, but Felipe seemed to be sticking with ‘Carlos’ and surprisingly getting away with it.

Softening up her tone, Carly said, “Oh Felipe, I can tell that your favorite parts of me are the nasty parts.”

“So far I don’t know about any parts of you that aren’t nasty,” said Felipe.

Dale decided to step in, “OK, OK. I agree with Nate. Can we change the subject. I’m sure that in some circles pussies make for very wonderful conversation, but I’d like to propose a ban on any further pussy talk during dinner. What do you gentlemen think of Carly’s dress.”

“It looks great on her. Purple is a great color on you, Carly,” said Nate, trying to follow Dale’s lead.

“It’s not purple,” said Carly, “It’s acai! The label said ‘deep acai.’” For a time they did manage a somewhat pleasant conversation, but then it came up how pretty and feminine Carly’s hair looked. Carly then asked if she didn’t look feminine all the time, and then she and Felipe had to argue about how he didn’t think that looking feminine was among her goals, since she generally dressed like a guy. Nate and Dale finally gave up, realizing that Carly and Felipe were having fun even though all they seemed to do was insult each other.

Nate was glad to get to the dance so that he and Dale could have a break from Carly and Felipe. They were among the first there. Nate had planned it that way in order to offset somewhat the time they would be absent later. They decided to have their pictures taken first because the line was short. As they stood in line, Dale took Nate’s hand. It was a small gesture, but nevertheless a first. It was the first time she had allowed high school friends to see them holding hands.

The dance progressed somewhat awkwardly for Nate. He felt like an imposter when he and Dale were with some of the popular crowd, but he tried his best to not embarrass himself. Dale was more than happy to mingle with his friends, but most of them seemed too tongue-tied around Dale. He liked it most when they were dancing, even though he felt that his inexperience on the dance floor was painfully obvious next to Dale. As they would dance, other girls would come over and dance next to Dale, and the two of them would generally start doing some dance steps that they both knew, almost as if it had all been planned and choreographed.

Once it seemed as if most people had arrived, the microphone was handed to the Student Body President, and the royalty announcements began. The Homecoming Queen was the last to be announced. While they watched, Dale stood quietly at his side holding his hand. He could tell that she was trying to relax. When Jason was announced Homecoming King, she covered her mouth with her free hand and he heard her inhale sharply. As he had expected, Dale was the new Homecoming Queen. A giant cheer filled the hall, much louder than all the prior cheers. Dale looked into his eyes, gave his hand a light squeeze and then headed forward to the stage. Once there she was presented with a sash, a crown and a bouquet of red roses. Everyone was taking photos. Nate noticed that Dale was doing her best to stay back from the front of the stage. At first he didn’t know why, but then he realized that she was doing her best to keep from flashing the audience. Nate noticed how low some of the camera phones were being held by those standing against the front of the stage. He was hoping that no one got a Homecoming Queen pussy shot, but there was nothing he could do about it. From where he stood, it looked as if Dale had the situation under control. He chuckled to himself wondering just how many people would be taking pictures of the Homecoming Queen’s pussy later that evening.

Next came the obligatory dance. He saw Dale and Jason talking while dancing together, and he wondered what they were saying. Next the royalty court adjourned to have photos taken. It would be more than fifteen minutes before Dale rejoined him. During this time, he had everyone congratulating him, especially his friends. They were now much more comfortable talking to him since Dale was not present. Nate took a moment and stepped outside to call Dale’s mom and tell her the news. He knew she would be excited and that Dale was too busy to call. The Jordan’s home number had been in his phone since Dale had used it to call her mother the morning of the rescue, but this was the first time he himself had called it. After Dale was back at his side, everyone seemed to want to congratulate her directly. It seemed as if everyone at the dance was going to give her a hug. Some of the encounters were quite brief, but others dragged on. Nate hadn’t planned on this. Not only was it time that they be leaving, but he was getting worried that her absence was going to be a lot more noticeable than he had anticipated.

He finally excused himself and went looking for Carly. When he found her, he told her that Dale needed a break, and that he was going to take her away for a short amount of time. He asked her to cover for them, as best she could. Carly wanted to come with them, but he talked her out of that. With Carly’s and Felipe’s help, he was finally able to get Dale out the front door. Carly didn’t seem suspicious, but he wasn’t too sure. Dale held his hand tightly as they exited, and then asked quietly, “Is it time?” Her expression was one of concern mixed with anticipation.

Nate said, “Yes,” as he pulled her around the building, heading for a dark section of the school’s campus. Nate kept an eye out making sure that they weren’t being followed. When he was positive, he went to one of the back buildings, opening the door with a key from his pocket.

“Nate, where did you get a school key?” asked Dale.

“I’ve been lifting weights each morning. Coach finally gave me a key because he was tired of having to be there on time every morning.”

“I suppose it is almost time for me to be naked,” said Dale.

“Yep, that is the plan. I put our stuff in this bathroom earlier in the day,” said Nate, opening one of the womens bathroom doors. “OK, here is a hanger for your dress, so take it and your high heels off and then come over here to the sink,” continued Nate.

Dale followed instructions, as she watched Nate take something out of his bag asking, “Nate, what is that?”

“It’s a temporary tattoo. Turn around.” She did and Nate started applying the large ornate tattoo to her lower back.

“Nate, why do I need tramp stamp?” asked Dale.

“It’s your disguise,” said Nate.