**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 51: Temporary Tattoo continued**

“My disguise?” said Dale, trying to process this piece of information. As he finished, he asked her to put her hair up in a ponytail, giving her a few rubber bands for the task. Next he had her put on her tennis shoes, and the robe, and quickly they were back out the door headed toward where Nate had his car parked. Within about five minutes of leaving the dance, they were driving away from the school.  
  
“Do I get to know where we are going?” asked Dale with a concerned look on her face.  
  
“You’ll find out soon enough,” said Nate, getting on the road leading out of Prospect.  
  
As they drove, Dale commented, “You know what’s funny, I’m wearing more right now than I have been wearing all evening. This robe covers about three times as much skin as my dress.”  
  
“Don’t get too used to it. In a few minutes all the skin above your ankles is going to be enjoying the night air! I do love that cute little dress though. I noticed that you were trying to stay away from the front of the stage during the ceremony,” said Nate.  
  
“I told you when you said ‘no panties’ that it was going to be challenging to keep from flashing people. I was not even thinking of the stage. Do you think I did OK?”  
  
“I think you were awesome. The best Homecoming Queen ever,” said Nate.  
  
“But did anyone see my pussy? That’s what I’m wondering about.”  
  
“I’m wondering about it too, but I didn’t see anyone pass out, so you probably kept your modesty intact,” said Nate.  
  
“What modesty?” replied Dale.  
  
Nate laughed out loud, “Right, what modesty,” he said in agreement.  
  
About ten miles from town, Nate took a right turn and Dale recognized the bright lights ahead. “Nate, not the county fair!” she said.  
  
“I knew you’d figure it out when I turned,” said Nate.  
  
“But Nate, there are probably hundreds of people there,” said Dale.  
  
“Surely thousands,” said Nate. “But none of the people at the Homecoming Dance is there to recognize their newly crowned Homecoming Queen, who is about to do something that she will never forget…as long as she lives!”  
  
“Oh my God Nate…I can’t,” said Dale. “There are too many people and it won’t be dark.”  
  
“Just relax! You’ll have fun,” said Nate, driving past the front parking lots. He drove into a back lot, away from the entrances. Ahead of them Dale saw a parking spot with orange cones and a sign that read, “Reserved - Nate.”  
  
“You have your own parking space?” said Dale, with her hands on her cheeks trying to deal with the variety of emotions that she was experiencing.  
  
“Just for tonight,” said Nate, hopping out to move the cones so that he could pull in. Once they were parked, Nate said, “Ok Dale, climb out and leave the robe in the car.”  
As Nate got out he slipped a large plaid shirt over what he was wearing. He also put on a hat with a floppy brim. These were precautions to disguise himself. He didn’t want to blow Dale’s cover by being easily recognizable in a photo.  
  
Dale had climbed out, and taken off the robe, but when Nate reached her on the other side of the car, she was clutching it tightly against her chest. “Nate, I’m scared,” she said.  
  
“Good. I know you like being scared, but I’m here, you’ll be alright,” he said, taking the robe. She watched him put the robe in the car and lock the door. She seemed to be more frightened than he had ever seen her.  
  
“Nate, there are so many people here and a lot of them are from Prospect,” said Dale.  
  
“Turn around Dale, there’s more to your disguise,” said Nate. Dale turned and Nate worked on attaching something to her ponytail.  
  
“What is that?” asked Dale.  
  
“It is a long blond braid,” said Nate.  
  
“That won’t hide anything,” said Dale.  
  
“No it won’t, but it will make you look like someone with long hair,” said Nate.  
  
Just then they both heard a voice, “Nate, is that you?”  
  
“Yes, Frank, we’ll be right over,” said Nate.  
  
“Who is Frank?” asked Dale. She had her fists clenched and her forearms crossed tightly over her chest.  
  
“Frank is head of Fair Security. You’ll meet him in a moment.”  
  
“I don’t want to meet him.”  
  
“He is our escort. He is taking us in the back gate and guiding us through the fair.”  
  
“Through the fair? I don’t want to go through the fair,” said Dale.  
  
“Deep down you probably do. Don’t worry, it will be fine. Frank is going to make sure we are fine, I bribed him to take care of everything, like the parking space.”  
  
“You bribed him? How much did you give him?”  
  
“Nothing. He is doing all this for the opportunity to see the most beautiful girl on the planet…naked. I showed him a photo so he would know I was telling the truth. Isn’t that right Frank?” Nate had noticed that Frank was now right behind him.  
  
“Absolutely, anything for you Carol,” said Frank.  
  
“Ok, Frank, lead on,” said Nate.  
  
“Right this way,” said Frank, shining a flashlight on the ground indicating their path. Dale wanted to follow Nate, but Nate forced her to walk ahead, just behind Frank. Dale still had her arms clutched tightly against her chest. Nate took the braid and placed it over one of her shoulders and she felt it with her hands. After she had felt it, Nate took her hands and firmly moved them down to her sides. Frank then unlocked the gate, and then relocked it after they were through. He then took the light and slowly moved it up Dale’s body. Dale stood at attention, letting him look. She knew that this was Frank’s bribe, and even though she wouldn’t admit it to Nate, she was warming up to the idea of her skin as currency. Touching, absolutely not, but looking, well, maybe!  
  
The flashlight was illuminating her perfectly shaped young tits, so she thrust them forward trying to make as much of their size as possible. As she did so, she noticed how rock hard her nipples were. In part due to the cool fall air, but also due to the excitement caused by something new, the idea of paying in this manner. The old expression ‘tit for tat’ popped into her head, and the adrenalin that accompanied being seen naked surged through her system. That was her theory. That it had to be adrenalin that made her bold once it really got going. How else could she explain the emotions that she would experience? She thought back to how she had been dead set against going water skiing, but then she had. And once she was up and skiing nude, she had wanted more. How else had she ever had the guts to stand on the bow of the boat while Kelly drove it slowly through all the other boats? Once that feeling kicked in, she always wanted more and more, and her daring would skyrocket.  
  
As Frank looked, Dale started tracing tiny figure eights in the air with her nipples, trying to improve his view. As the flashlight moved down her body, she moved her feet a little wider apart and then every so subtly going up and down on her toes, flexing her gymnast legs. For the moment, Dale had forgotten the fair and was enjoying letting this one stranger look. She rocked her pelvis a bit too. A thought flashed through her mind: if her little bald pussy was being inspected, it might as well look its best. She had never thought of doing it before, but she tried tracing tiny figure eights in the air with her pussy, just as she had done with her nipples. She noticed Frank bending a little to get a better look, which only made perfect sense to her. Pussies are small and they are nestled in between a woman’s thighs. They were not up where they are easy to see like tits. Next she executed a slow turn, continuing to alternately flex her legs while still rocking her pelvis. She knew that her toned butt was an attention grabber. When she was dressed, it sometimes seemed to be what guys looked at the most, but nude she thought it took a back seat to the view from the front.  
  
“Holy shit Nate. You weren’t even kidding! That is one hot little cousin you have there, and she does like to show off her charms, doesn’t she?” said Frank.  
  
“Yes she does,” said Nate. “OK Frank, lead on.” Dale looked up ahead and saw all the people and the bright lights. Her feelings of fright returned. She raised her shoulders and balled up her fists, but resisted the temptation to again cross her arms over her chest.  
  
“OK Nate,” said Frank, “But she’s acting a little scared. Are you sure she wants to do this?”  
  
“Of course she does Frank. You saw first-hand how much she likes to be seen. But why don’t you go on ahead for a minute, and let me reassure her,” said Nate.  
  
“No problem, I’ll be waiting by that concession stand up ahead,” said Frank. Dale looked ahead and saw the concession stand that Frank had indicated. They were standing in the shadows, but the area with the concession stand was lit up as bright as day.  
  
“Look how bright it is up ahead Nate. We have to go back,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, the gate is locked, the car is locked. We are going back, but the path back to the dance is straight ahead through those bright lights. Let me explain the plan to you. Look up. See that crane? Now watch for a minute.” As they watched, a large metal cage was dangling just below the top of the crane.  
  
Dale suddenly realized what she was looking at, and put both hands to her face. Her eyes were giant as she mouthed, “Oh My God!” While they watched, someone jumped from the metal cage, plummeting toward the ground. A thick cord, a bungee cord, was attached to their ankles. It went taut, slowly stopping their downward trajectory and then shooting them back upwards. As Dale looked up, watched the person bounce around, she repeated quietly, “Oh My God!”  
  
“Ok Dale, here is how it works. We are taking advantage of their, ‘Free If You Go Naked’ policy. Frank is going to take us to the front of the line. You’ll have to sign a release form. They won’t take you up to jump unless you sign. I told you that you could back out. So you have to decide. Sign and you go up and jump, don’t sign and we go back without jumping. Once you told me you liked the idea of trying daring things like bungee jumping. Well, now is your chance. And what is even better, this is both thrills at once. The thrill of the plunge, and the thrill of being nude, tits a-flapping. Sorry, I just couldn’t resist saying that. But to me it seems like this might be about the ultimate experience for an exhibitionist girl like you.”  
  
He stopped talking to try and get a read on what she was thinking. She gave him a giant clingy hug, again saying, “Oh My God Nate.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 52: The Plunge**

It seemed like she might be a ‘go’, so he continued, “I told them you were my cousin. I filled the form out for you in advance, but your name is Carol Miller, so you have to sign Carol Miller. Got that? I did that to protect your identity. That is why Frank said cousin, if you caught that. Oh, one important thing about the ‘Free If You Go Naked’ policy. You can’t cover up, at any time. It’s not free if your hands are hiding the titters. So hands and arms out, away from everything! The rule is everybody sees everything, got it?”  
  
As Nate searched her face, he saw her nod, but he also noticed that she looked like she was on the verge of crying. “Now a lot of people are going to see you, hundreds, but for most of them you will be pretty far away. Like the person we just saw jump. Can you tell me if that was a man or a woman?” Dale shook her head ‘no’. “See what I mean, most people will be too far away to be able to recognize you. If someone gets a picture, you have long braided hair and a big tattoo. Dale Jordan doesn’t have either of those, right? Ok, when we get up there, they’ll explain everything to you. They’ll weigh you to set the bungee cord right. They’ll secure a strap to your legs, and then you’ll ride up in the basket. I can’t go up, so it will be just you and someone named Randy in the basket. I bribed him too, same terms, so he will take good care of you in exchange for a good look at your charms. I’ll be waiting at the bottom. They’ll unhook you and we’ll head straight back to the dance. OK? So Frank is waiting for us. Any questions?”  
  
Again she gave him a clingy hug, squeezing him tight, “Nate, I’m scared.” He heard her say softly.  
  
“Ok, be brave! Walk right behind Frank, and I’ll be right behind you. We’ll zip through the crowd and few will notice the naked girl…especially if we stay right together. And remember, no covering up….not at all. Are we good?” He looked into her as of yet still tear filled eyes. After a pause, she nodded ‘yes’, wiping her tears on his sleeve. When he next looked into her eyes he saw that a look of resolve had taken the place of the tears. Something about her grip had changed too. What had felt clingy, now felt determined. He knew that she had found the courage to go on.  
  
He could also tell that she was still working at pulling herself together. He said, “OK, there’s Frank. On the count of three, we march out into the light.” Again she nodded. Nate counted down, and on cue Dale marched off toward Frank, Nate right behind. Frank watched them coming, clearly enjoying the view of the hot little teenager. Nate was feeling so proud of how brave she was being. He knew he had hit her hard with a lot in the matter of just a few minutes. He had decided that he had to do it that way. It would maximize the experience for her, and he knew that she probably wouldn’t even have gotten in the car had he told her everything in advance.  
  
As they approached Frank, Nate pointed, indicating to him that he should turn and lead the way, which he did. Dale focused on his back, trying to stay close and at the same time keeping her face angled down. She was very conscious of the crowd they were working their way through. She heard comment after comment, so she knew that people were noticing her and alerting others to the nude girl passing by. Glancing past Frank, she saw the sign for the Bungee attraction just ahead. Frank entered a small tent like area. To her relief it was much less crowded, but there were still about ten people inside, all were either signing up to jump, or they were engaged in operating the bungee attraction. Everyone turned and stared as she entered. She felt a nearly irresistible urge to cover up, but she remembered Nate’s words, so she bravely kept her arms at her sides letting everyone look. The small consolation for her was that she felt that the guys in the tent were only seeing her from the neck down. After she was gone, they might not even recall her hair color. She felt Nate move the braid back over her shoulder, and heard him whisper, “Try and keep this visible from the front.”  
  
The first stop was a table where people paid and signed the form. The middle aged lady behind the table acted as if she couldn’t care less that Dale was nude, even though she had to be looking right at Dale’s shaved pussy given her seated position. The lady explained a few things including how she’d have to pay if she “covered her privates”. Those were the woman’s words. There was a bit of a snag when she asked to see “Carol’s” ID. But Frank vouched for her identity, and Dale signed the form, advancing nest to the scale where she was to be weighed.  
  
The weigh in was quick and painless, but from there it again got challenging. Dale was led out the back of the tent and through some crowd control barricades that formed a path to where she would enter the jump cage. The word had obviously spread that a naked girl was going to jump, so the barricade path was lined solid, several people deep. As promised, Frank stayed with them, leading the way. At the end of the path was a raised bench. Dale was shown where to sit, and then introduced to Randy, who explained the next part of the process. Seated as she was, her pussy was somewhat hidden, but she felt very exposed as she could see a few dozen people watching this step of the process. She was also seeing their phones come up for photos. Nate had seated himself next to her, and he casually repositioned the braid, pulling it forward over one shoulder. Randy had her move her legs slightly apart, and then he wrapped a terry towel around both legs. Next a strap assembly went around the outside of the towel, and then it passed between her legs, looping around itself several times. Both Dale and Nate paid careful attention, because safety was by far the most important part of the process.  
  
Once the strap was secure, it was time for Dale to enter the cage. With her feet bound together, she could no longer walk, so Randy got on one side, and Nate on the other. With an arm around both, Dale was able to hop the short distance to the cage. Randy then showed them the attachments so that both Nate and Dale could confirm that everything looked connected and secure. Just as Nate stepped back, so that the cage gate could be closed, a woman ran up and climbed in. “What are you doing?” said Randy.  
  
“Mrs. Ryan told me to go with you,” said the woman.  
  
“Whatever for?” said Randy.  
  
“I guess she doesn’t trust you alone with a naked girl this young and pretty,” said the woman. Nate heard Randy start cussing, but he was glad that Dale was not going to be alone with Randy. He had seemed OK when Nate had talked to him earlier, but if Mrs. Ryan didn’t trust him, then he didn’t either. As the cage lifted up off the ground, he and Dale maintained eye contact. He was trying to read her thoughts, but he wasn’t really able to. He was having serious second thoughts about the whole idea. Already Dale had been seen by more people than he had imagined, and the people had been close. In his mind he had been focusing on the jump and how hard it might be to identify someone under those circumstances. Fortunately things had been moving along quickly, thanks in part to Frank. He looked at his watch and was surprised that only a half hour had elapsed since they walked out the front door of the dance. That was what he had estimated. It just seemed so long ago. He thanked Frank again for his help and together they watched the cage ascend the 50 meters – 164 ft. height. At least that was what the sign said the height was.  
  
Up in the cage, Randy was explaining to Dale how to jump and what was going to happen. She was so glad that the woman was there with them. After hearing what the woman had said, she realized how much time she might have been alone with this guy in a place where on one would be able to see what was going on. He started looking real creepy, and she noticed how much effort he was putting into getting a good look at her pussy. She watched him eyeing her nipples and the rest of her body as well. She was glad that her legs were bound tightly together. When the cage stopped, it started swinging gently back and forth. Randy opened the gate and moved the bungee cord into position. Its weight felt like it was trying to pull her out of the cage. Randy and her nudity had been forefront in her mind during the ascent, but now she was very conscious of the height, and how she was supposed to jump and plummet toward the ground way below. She decided to simply trust and be brave. With Randy’s assistance she hopped over to what served as the diving board, holding tightly to the railing on each side. She looked down at what looked like a sea of people. In the distance she could see the other rides and the rest of the fair, but below it seemed as if there must be at least a thousand people, all with their faces turned upward looking at the small cage dangling way above.  
  
Dale decided that if she was going to do this, she was going to do it with style and grace. She asked Randy a few questions about how to perform a swan dive. She planned to lead with her rock hard nipples, and give all those people below not only a view of a naked body, but the view of a naked body in a lovely swan dive. Randy did have some good advice. He told her that if she jumped, the weight of the bungee cord would pull her feet downward and she would fall feet first. To do a swan dive he told her, it was necessary to leave her feet on the platform as long as she could. She should simply fall forward. Dale was scared, but in gymnastics she had gotten used to trying new tricks by following her coach’s advice very carefully. She took one more look down in a futile attempt at seeing Nate. She then stood as erect as possible, removing her hands from the sides of the cage and stretching them out wide to the sides. She held her chin up, and thrust out her chest. Once she thought her body position was ideal, she allowed herself to simply fall forward as instructed, pointing her toes as her feet left the platform.  
  
Watching from below, Nate wondered when she would jump. He didn’t want to blink for fear of missing something. He then saw her advance to the edge, but linger there. He didn’t know that she was conferring with Randy. A minute later he watched as she executed a perfect swan dive, arms out, legs straight, toes pointed, head held high. Nate, who had watched quite a few people jump a few days prior, could not believe his eyes nor his ears. Not only was there no scream, but Dale looked as if she was performing her 100th jump, not her first. As he watched, the bungee slowed her rate of fall until she came within about 20 feet of the ground. For what seemed like a second she was suspended there, a perfect image of feminine perfection. His view was such that he even caught a glimpse of the lovely little slot of her shaved pussy. And then the bungee cord shot her back up into the air. She rose nearly all the way back to the cage. She oscillated like that, going up and down more than half a dozen times, each time not coming as low or going as high as the time before. While the first plunge had been a beautiful swan dive, she had now become a rag doll being tossed around by gravity and the cord. It was all quite erotic to watch.  
  
Finally Nate could tell that the cage was descending, Dale suspended below, braided ponytail hanging straight down. He was relieved that it had stayed on. As Dale neared the ground, a pole was extended for her to grab, and she was guided to a large mattress where she landed on her back. The barriers kept the crowd back, but that only served to maximize the number of people that had a good view of his naked girlfriend, stretched out on her back on the mattress. As the word girlfriend flashed through his mind, Nate felt a wave of pride mixed with raw emotion pass through his body. This girl was special, and she was his!  
  
In short order Dale was unhooked and on her feet. Not once had she covered herself, and she did not now as she jumped up and down in excitement. She ran to Nate and together they reconnected with Frank. This was the point that a typical jumper would retrieve their belongings, but Dale had nothing to retrieve and her adrenaline was pumping. Frank led the way back toward the gate, but Dale was unable to restrain herself. She passed him, sprinting through the crowd, a lone streaker. Nate tried to keep up, but he too fell behind. When he got to the gate, Dale was there, jumping up and down uncontrollably. As he came up she jumped on him, hugging him, first with her arms but then also with her legs. When Frank finally came up, he found them that way; Dale off the ground, all her appendages wrapped around Nate, hugging and kissing him as waves of excitement surged through her. “For cousins you two sure are friendly,” said Frank, suspiciously.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 53: Homecoming Dance, part 2**

“Don’t worry, we’re not first cousins,” said Nate as Frank unlocked the gate. As Nate went through the gate, Dale decided to tip Frank for all his help. She gave him a giant hug and a very friendly kiss on the cheek. She took one last glimpse of Frank as she herself ducked through the gate, and saw that he was staring at her from behind with a giant grin on his face. In an instant, she and Nate were both buckled in and Nate was backing out.  
  
They were out of the parking lot and headed back toward the highway before either of them noticed that Dale had not bothered with the robe. Dale was clearly still experiencing an adrenaline high. She reached up to remove the braid, suddenly realizing that it was gone. “Nate, I lost the braid,” she said.  
  
“Oh well, it did its job. I remember noticing it as you were getting up off the mattress, so it must have fallen off during the run. Any photos of you will show it as well as the tattoo, if taken from the back.” Dale took her hair out of the ponytail, shaking it out. Nate asked her about the robe, but she clearly didn’t want to have anything to do with it. She threw it into the back seat where she couldn’t reach it. As Nate listened she went on and on about how much fun it had been to dive, and then bounce, etc. She was even talking about going back and doing it again the very next day, just as naked as the first time. Nate tied to tell her that that might not be such a good idea. Everyone from their school had been busy with the game and the dance for two days, but many of them were sure to hit the fair tomorrow. He explained again that that was why he had chosen this particular night. Nate had scanned the crowd, and he had not seen one person that he recognized from their school. He felt very glad about that, but he did know that a great number of photos had been taken. He was glad about the tattoo and the braid, but he was worried. To him Dale looked like Dale.  
  
Dale then shocked Nate by saying that she was going to be the first nude Homecoming Queen. That she wanted to go back to the bathroom where they had changed to get her high heels, her sash and her crown, but that was it. She wasn’t going to put the dress back on. Nate agreed with her that she would look stunning dressed that way. He figured that she would change her mind along the way, but they were both enjoying the visual image of Dale walking around the dance in just those items. Nate didn’t suggest the robe again, and when they parked behind the school, Dale left it where it was and climbed out of the car nude. Nate unlocked the school building door, and they slipped back inside.  
  
The first thing that Dale did was change her shoes, then she looked in the mirror to analyze what kind of attention her face and hair needed. The makeup ended up being a bigger project than Nate had expected. He was very glad that he had the makeup items for her. Dale had been crying, and her makeup showed it. She had to start by washing her face to remove the smeared makeup. Fortunately the ponytail had done a pretty good job of keeping her hair from becoming a mess. In just a few minutes, she was almost back to where she had been prior to the outing. There was, however, one obvious difference; her eyes were red from the combination of crying and the wind. Dale then put on the crown and the sash, and then said, “Let’s go,” exiting the bathroom.  
  
Nate went after her saying, “Dale, you’re not serious!”  
  
“Yes I am, now come on, before I chicken out!” she said while walking nude down the hall.  
  
“Dale! What has come over you?” asked Nate trying to catch up.  
  
“Nate you are supposed to push me, find me daring adventures. Not talk me out of them,” said Dale.  
  
“But Dale, think for a minute, this will end badly. More daring adventures is one thing, but suicidal adventures is another,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh Nate, it would be so much fun! But I guess you’re right. I’d end up regretting it tomorrow, wouldn’t I? But I would make history! Just think of it! At least take some photos of me like this. Where can we take photos? I don’t want photos of me like this in a bathroom. The building they were in included the main school office, and they were almost there. Dale posed in front of the principal’s office and in a few other recognizable locations, such as next to the school’s mascot, the Maverick, sitting in its usual spot.  
  
Finally Nate said, “Dale I’m having about as much fun as I have ever had, but we should get back to the dance.” Reluctantly Dale followed him back to the bathroom where she removed the sash and crown to slip the dress on. As Nate packed up their things, she checked her hair a final time. They dropped a bag off at Nate’s car and then walked back to the front door of the dance. Nate checked his watch. One hour and five minutes. That had to be the most remarkable one hour of his life. Without the impromptu photography session, he would have achieved his goal of one hour flat.  
  
They tried to slip back in without being seen. Dale had a death grip on his hand. She said, “Whatever happens now Nate, don’t let go of this hand. I want you with me now, period.” Nate could tell that Dale was thinking that someone at the dance might have been at the fair watching. He knew that was impossible. The real danger would be later, if and when a few photos started making the rounds.  
  
Just as they got inside the front door, Nate pulled Dale aside and said, “OK, if people ask, we didn’t go anywhere. We were just outside talking, right?”  
  
“Nate, they’ll never believe that. Outside talking? Really? The story is that we were outside kissing and making out. That’s what people go outside to do. Here, let’s make it more believable.” She undid the top button of his collar and then started kissing him passionately, sharing some of her freshly applied makeup. “If anyone acts like they don’t believe that we were outside making out, then they get a demonstration. I’ll make them believe.”  
  
“Dale, I had fun at the fair, but I want to know what it would be like to kiss and make out with you for a full hour. Can we do that sometime?”  
  
“Sure, how about now?” said Dale, and she started kissing him like she was serious. Just then, Jodie came into view coming out of the dance, catching Dale with her face mashed against Nate’s. She was with a group of friends that included several other cheerleaders Susie, Vanessa and Erin along with their dates. Dale saw them out of the corner of her eye, and pulled away saying, “Oops…busted!” She whispered into Nate’s ear, “Perfect, Jodie. Now we’ve got our alibi!”  
  
“So Congratulations Miss Homecoming Queen…on your new title, and on your new guy. It looks like you are already treating this one much better than you did the last one!” said Jodie.  
  
“The last one had such a pathetic little cock. I could never get interested in it. Come on Nate. Time to make an honest woman out of me…on the dance floor!” said Dale, pulling Nate into the hall and away from Jodie and the others.  
  
“Why did you say that Dale?” asked Nate.  
  
“So she’ll spread the rumor that Jason’s cock is pathetic, and so she’ll wonder if we were ...ing?” said Dale.  
  
“I’m confused. First you want people to think that this was our first date, and now you don’t mind the rumor getting around that we were outside making love?” asked Nate.  
  
“Not making love,” said Dale, “...ing! I danced with Jason earlier. He was being such a prick. He’s told everyone that I’m a frigid prude. I want everyone to think that the reason he never got laid had nothing to do with me, and everything to do with him. If anyone asks you, I want you to tell them that you ...ed my brains out….after I sucked your cock. Got it? They’ll believe you because I’ll be telling everyone the same thing.” Nate thought that this had to be a major case of post jump excitement that was causing Dale to act like this, but he started to wonder if she was schizophrenic.  
  
“Dale, I’m sorry. That’s not how it is going to be. Once you explained to me how important a girl’s reputation is. I know we need a cover story, and I know that you are mad at Jason, but this is not the way to go. Tomorrow you will see it differently,” said Nate.  
  
Just then Carly and Felipe walked up. “Finally…we have been missing you guys. Where were you?” asked Carly.  
  
“We were outside, kissing and, you know, stuff. I sucked Nate’s cock and then he ...ed my brains out!” said Dale. Felipe gave Nate two thumbs up!  
  
“Very funny Dale!” said Carly. “I know you too well to believe that. Where were you really? Wait, let me look at your eyes. They’re all red. You guys were getting high, weren’t you? That’s why you’re talking nonsense.”  
  
“Thanks Carly. I’m glad you know Dale so well. I can’t figure out why all of a sudden she wants everyone to think that she is a slut,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m not a slut. Nate’s cock is just so much nicer than that pitiful little thing of Jason’s,” said Dale, “Now I want to dance! Let’s go,” and with that Dale was off, everyone else following fast behind. Dale took the dance floor by storm. Nate tried to keep up, but she was having so much fun, weaving in and out of people, and being wild. More than once Nate grabbed her and reminded her how close to her hem her bald little pussy was. Carly was sure Dale was high, and she wasn’t keeping her opinion to herself. Dale and Carly started dancing side by side, each following the others lead. Nate and Felipe danced too, but the girls seemed to know all the same steps, doing everything in unison. Carly and Dale were still going strong at midnight when they turned on the lights and started herding everyone out the door.  
  
As they climbed into the limo, Nate heard Carly exclaim, “Why you little slut. What happened to your panties?”  
  
He looked over, and Dale was sheepishly holding her hem down and clamping her knees together. At first she said nothing, but then quietly he heard, “Busted!” Nate looked over at Felipe who was smiling and again giving him the thumbs up. Dale continued, “OK Miss Perfect, let’s see YOUR panties!”  
  
Without hesitation, Carly lifted her dress way up, saying, “Acai…to match my dress.” She put her hem back down saying, “Show’s over.”  
  
On the way to Nate and Dale’s houses, Dale said, “Hey guys! I want to go to the fair. Let’s all go tomorrow.” They discussed it and decided that Dale would call Carly the next day and try and finalize something.  
  
Nate walked Dale to her door, expecting to say goodnight and give her a goodnight kiss and then go right home. As they approached the door, her mom and dad came out and congratulated their daughter, hugs all around. They had been waiting up. Her mom announced, “Thanks to your thoughtful date, we found out hours ago.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 54: The County Fair**

Turning to Nate, Dale said, “You called my mom?” Nate just shrugged.  
  
Dale’s mom continued, “It was so nice of him, wasn’t it? He said you were too busy with photos and everything. I didn’t have a picture to post, but I put it on Facebook, and everyone has been calling me! Even my sister called from New Jersey. Your dad and I have been having such a nice time celebrating. Come in, come in!”  
  
They all went inside, and Dale filled her parents in, showing off her flowers, sash and crown. It was past their bedtime, so Dale’s parents were excusing themselves to go to bed. Dale’s mom opened the door to say goodnight to Nate, thanking him yet again for the call. To Nate’s surprise, Dale stepped in front of the open door and said, “Mom, I want Nate to stay.”  
  
“Dear, you know we can’t allow that,” said her mom.  
  
“Mom, I’m eighteen. Everyone at the dance, hundreds of people, had to congratulate their new Homecoming Queen. Nate and I didn’t have much time to ourselves. I want some time with my boyfriend.”  
  
“Boyfriend?” said her mom, giving it a little thought. “Boyfriend already, huh? OK, for a little while, but only here in the living room.” They then said good night and went down the hall leaving Dale and Nate alone.  
  
Dale turned out all the lights and then pulled Nate over to the couch. She pushed Nate down, and then hiking her dress up to her waist she sat down straddling his lap, just as she had done on the log at Nate’s camp. “Earlier you said you wanted to find out what it would be like to make out with me for a full hour. Now’s your chance Buster!” Every once in a while they would come up for air and talk about the evening. “I can’t believe that a thousand people saw these titties tonight,” said Dale, cupping her tits through her dress. “I spent over two years running around the golf course naked and no one ever saw them.”  
  
“I saw them. Don’t I count?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, besides you, no one ever saw them. And then in one quick outing tonight a thousand people saw them. There were cameras everywhere. When the principal sees the photos and takes back my crown, will you promise not to dump me?”  
  
“Of course I won’t dump you. If anything like that happens, just tell them that you were forced, that you were blackmailed. I’ll confess. That might not save you the embarrassment, but it might save your crown. You’ll be a victim. Tell them that I threatened to rape you. Whatever you have to tell them,” said Nate.  
  
“I would never tell them that you threatened to rape me. You would never rape me or anyone else. I know that,” said Dale. “But it makes me so hot thinking of all those people seeing my tits and this bare little pussy,” said Dale, running her fingers across it. “My pussy gets so slippery thinking about that,” said Dale.  
  
“I know,” said Nate. “I can smell it.”  
  
“Oh My God, I know. It’s so embarrassing!” said Dale.  
  
“Nothing to be embarrassed about. My dick is nearly always hard around you. I try not to be embarrassed about that,” said Nate.  
  
“It does show. I see it all the time,” said Dale, with a coy smile and a wink. “That makes me wet too, just thinking about that. Nate, earlier I let you feel how smooth I am. Now I want you to feel not only how smooth I am but also how slippery I am. But you have to promise to only touch the outside. If you promise to only touch the outside of my pussy, then you can go ahead and feel how slippery your girlfriend is.” She started kissing him again, waiting for his touch.  
  
“Maybe later,” said Nate.  
  
“Later, why later?” asked Dale. “My pussy is wet right now.”  
  
“Dale, I want it to be just about you and me. Don’t get me wrong, there isn’t anything that I would rather do than touch your pussy, but tonight I’ve been getting the feeling that Jason is part of this. I’d feel bad if I thought that you were only offering your pussy because Jason told me I wouldn’t get anywhere near it. There’ll be other times,” said Nate.  
  
“OK, but just so we are clear. It wasn’t an open invitation, and now it’s expired,” said Dale in a huff.  
  
“I’m fine with that. But I haven’t used up my hour yet. Enough talk. Give me some more kisses,” said Nate. And without further discussion they both went back to making out, both of them trying to process what had just occurred between them.  
  
Over an hour later, they heard someone coming. Dale had just barely gotten her dress pushed down when a light came on. As their eyes adjusted, Nate saw Dale’s dad, who said, “OK young man. Time’s up. Time for everyone to get some sleep.” Nate got up, and Dale gave him a quick goodbye kiss, and he was out the door and on his way home. As he lay in bed a few minutes later, Nate didn’t even try to resist temptation. Why should be. He had had the will power to resist touching Dale’s pussy when she had even invited him to do so. Surely that was more than enough will power for one evening. The night had been so exciting that he considered it as inevitable.  
  
Sunday morning, Nate slept in. He woke up thinking about how the Homecoming Dance had worked out. As he went to the kitchen to get some breakfast, his mom asked him about his date. He told her how much fun he and Dale had had, and how she had been chosen Homecoming Queen. He told her everything that was fit to tell a parent, leaving out everything related to the fair, of course. His mom was so happy to see her son so happy about something related to a date with a girl.  
  
After he had showered and was taking it easy, there was a knock on the door. It was his hot little girlfriend. She and Carly had made plans for them all to go to the fair that afternoon. Nate’s mother congratulated Dale, and had a surprise for her. She had just been looking through the Sunday paper, and somehow the paper had managed to include photos of the Prospect High Homecoming Royalty. There was a nice photo of Dale and Jason, in their crowns and smiling for the photographer. Dale borrowed the paper, and with Nate in tow ran home to show her mother.  
  
Carly drove, and that afternoon she, Felipe, Dale and Nate all went to the fair. They had a lot of fun going on rides and doing the other things that teenagers enjoyed. Nate had a great time, and was delighted that Dale was constantly holding his hand. As Nate had predicted, the fair was full of students from their high school. They even ran into the group that included Jodie, Erin and Vanessa with their dates from the night before. It was almost the same group that had caught them kissing on their way back into the dance. Dale kept ahold of his hand during the brief encounter. Nate was feeling so good inside. It seemed as if he had achieved boyfriend status publically.  
  
While they were on the Ferris wheel, looking down at all the people they knew, he asked Dale if she thought that tonight would have been a better night for her naked bungee jump debut. Dale said that she couldn’t believe that she had done it, period. That it seemed surreal. She said that she wanted to walk over to the bungee area and watch, but lay low so as to not be recognized. They did that, and she again could not believe all the people, including a few from their high school such as Alexa. Alexa was the captain of the drill team, and had always been so jealous of Dale. She had always wanted to be a cheerleader, trying out at every chance, but never getting picked. Being Drill Team Captain was her consolation prize.  
  
Unlike the night before, most people were just going about their business. Dale and Nate remembered that the night before everyone had stopped what they were doing to watch the naked girl. Suddenly Dale saw something that almost caused her to panic. She said, “Nate, Oh My God, it’s me.” Nate turned to look where she was looking and saw a TV. And as they watched, a nude girl stepped to the front of the platform, and after about 15 seconds fell forward in a perfect swan dive. Dale walked about thirty feet away, but then turned to watch, to see who was watching the TV and to see how long the clip lasted. Nate stood by her, and she moved close, hiding her face behind his shoulder. Much of the clip didn’t include anything that could be recognized because it had been night, and mostly the figure of the girl was small and bouncing around. But there were moments when they zoomed in and you could tell that it was Dale’s face, and Dale’s nude body.  
  
Suddenly while they were watching the clip for about the third time they heard someone behind them say, “Carol, Nate.” Dale about had a heart attack, suddenly feeling like she was going to be sick. They both turned and saw Frank. He continued, “If you have a minute, follow me.” They were both caught off guard, but not knowing what else to do they followed the heavy set security guard as he headed away from the bungee jump area. He went up some steps into a mobile home style office, and they followed. After they were inside, he closed the door and offered them a seat. He continued, “I’m so glad to see you both again. Looking at Dale he said, “Somehow you look different, but I can’t put my finger on what it is.” He paused for a laugh, which didn’t materialize, and continued, “You guys were out of here so fast last night! They film every jump, and then at the conclusion, they try and sell you the movie. Well you guys were gone, but I made them a three for the price of one offer, so I have a copy here for both of you. It’s my gift to you. I thought you’d like to have copies just as much as I wanted a copy. I think they sold quite a few, and as you noticed, they are running it on their promotional TV. So here is a DVD of Carol’s jump for both of you,” he said handing them each a DVD. Dale was still in shock. She had been worrying about camera phones, not knowing that there was a professional quality video camera running the whole time.  
  
Finally Nate spoke, “Frank, how much longer does the fair run?”  
  
“This is the last night, why?” said Frank.  
  
“Oh, I think we are just a little surprised by the TV over there,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, that. Well compared to what we all got to see in person last night, it is a poor substitute. You Carol are one brave lady. How anyone can manage to jump from way up there is beyond me, but how you managed to do it stark naked. Well that must take some real daring. What amazes me is your dive. And everyone commented last night about how you didn’t scream. All the girls scream! We all decided that you must be on a diving team. Is that a good guess?” asked Frank.  
  
Dale started to say something, but then Nate jumped in, “Amazing guess Frank. She is actually on the University Diving team, over in Eatonville. You can let everyone know that they’ll be able to see her dive if they attend one of their competitions someday.” Dale smiled at Nate, realizing that he was trying to slip in a little bit of false info at this late stage.  
  
As they said goodbye to Frank and left his office, Dale said to Nate, “Let’s get out of here. Let’s tell Carly we are ready to go. Suddenly I’m feeling like I’m going to be recognized by everyone I walk past.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 55: Repercussions**

Nate wanted to be sympathetic, but he said, “Dale, last night you were ready to come back tonight and jump again, naked. What happened? Not ready to jump again?”  
  
“Stop it Nate! I loved it. It was such a thrill. I’m just panicking at the moment realizing how many people I know are going to see that video. Some of them are bound to recognize me. I hope not, but as I watched and then listened to Frank, I felt my life unravelling,” said Dale. “If that happens, I won’t blame you. You were only doing what I wanted you to do. I know that.” They tracked Carly and Felipe down. Fortunately they were about ready to head home as well. After being dropped off, Nate and Dale talked a little, but then they spent the evening apart in their respective houses.  
  
Late that evening Nate received a photo on his phone. I was a frontal nude photo of Dale hanging upside down and being lowered to the mat. The text with it read, “Is this Dale?” He decided not to answer, at least not yet anyway. Within an hour he had others. Then he received a text from Dale that read, “Meet me by the back gate in 5?” He texted her back, “K”. He was feeling so bad. This was entirely his fault. He had clearly misjudged.  
  
When they met, Dale hugged him close. He tried to comfort her. He could tell she had been crying. They walked up the trail to the golf course, and headed toward the bench at the overlook. Nate knew it, but he confirmed that people had sent Dale photos and questions about them as well. They had to come up with a strategy, but admittedly the situation looked bleak. Together they looked at the various photos they had each received. To them the photos all clearly looked like Dale, but the girl did appear to have a large tattoo on her lower back, and she did appear to have long hair in a braid. In many of the photos, those things did not show, but they showed in enough of them. Nate pointed out that he hadn’t seen himself in a photo. That would have been a giveaway. The messages with the photos never said, “Look at this photo of Dale.” They always indicated uncertainty, like, “Could this be Dale?”  
  
After talking through the options, they decided that the best course of action was the one that Nate had intended all along if such photos surfaced. They planned to deny that it was Dale, and to be just as surprised as everyone else about the uncanny resemblance. Indeed they had a pretty good alibi in that they were at the dance, but some people knew that they had been gone for a while. Nate told Dale that he had asked Carly to cover for them. Dale wasn’t too happy about that, but realized that Carly would have noticed them being gone from the dance anyway. Once they had determined that denial was the plan, they sat together on the bench sending out text replies to those who had sent them the photos. Nate asked, “How is the tattoo looking? Did you get it washed off?” Dale lowered her waistband so he could look, but there was not enough light. They headed back down, and went in Nate’s back door to check more carefully. Once inside, they went in the bathroom. Nate saw quite a few traces of the tattoo, so Dale took off her pants, underwear, and shoes, to keep them dry. She held her shirt up while Nate worked on washing off any last visible spots.  
  
While they were doing this, his mom knocked on the door? Somehow they had been so focused that they had completely forgotten that they had sneaked in the back door and were now talking in the bathroom such that they could be overheard. Suddenly his mom asked through the door, “Nate, what’s going on? Who is in there with you?”  
  
“Umm…it’s Dale mom,” said Nate.  
  
“I didn’t know she was here. I don’t think her parents would approve Nate.”  
  
“She came in the back door. We’re just trying to wash out some ink mom,” said Nate. They tried to stifle it, but they both couldn’t keep from cracking up such that his mom surely heard them.  
  
Both Nate and Dale were expecting a terrible day at school that Monday, with good reason. Students everywhere seemed to be looking at naked pictures of Dale on their phones. And the awkward glances and questions were unending. The teachers seemed to all be oblivious, and were congratulating Dale and the other members of the Homecoming Royalty Court, but for the students themselves the only topic of conversation was the photos of the nude bungee jumper.  
  
Finally as the bell rang signaling the end of the last class of the day, Nate got a text from Carly, “Cheerleader bitches strip searched Dale. She’s crying, asking for you.”  
  
Quickly he responded, “Where is she?”  
  
The reply, “Meet us at your motorcycle.”  
  
When he rounded the corner, he saw Dale hunched over and crying. Carly was comforting her, but glaring at him as he approached. As he walked up, Carly slapped him hard across the cheek, yelling, “You’re such an asshole. Look what you’ve done,” she said, indicating Dale’s tear streaked face. “And I warned you I’d kick your ass if something like this happened,” she said getting right in his face. A moment later he was on the ground, doubled up in pain, trying to catch his breath. Nate never saw it coming, but Carly had kneed him in the groin with all her strength and she was acting like she was just getting started.  
  
Dale got between them, pushing Carly back, “Carly, leave him alone.” Looking down at Nate writhing in pain she asked, “Nate are you going to be OK?” Nate was clearly in serious pain, but he had managed to get into a sitting position, and was looking up preparing to fend off the next attack. Dale kept pushing Carly further away, trying to get a safe distance between the two. She continued, “Carly, I’m fine, but please leave. I’ll call you later but right now I want to talk to Nate. That is, if you haven’t killed him.”  
  
“He deserves that and more. Better be watching your back Nate! Next time I won’t be nice and leave you with your nuts still attached!” said Carly. Finally she turned and stormed off yelling back, “You dump that piece of shit asshole right now Dale!”  
  
Dale came over to Nate and tried comforting him. “Are you OK? Are your nuts going to recover?” she asked, truly concerned yet having difficulty keeping an entirely straight face. To Nate she looked as if she were about to crack up.  
  
“It’s not funny!” said Nate, still obviously in pain. “But I know I deserve it. And you’ve been crying. I’m so sorry Dale. I understand you’ve been mistreated…something about the other cheerleaders. What happened? Am I now your former boyfriend?”  
  
Dale wiped her eyes on her sleeve and said, “Nate, don’t be silly. Of course you’re still my boyfriend…you might not be a boy anymore…but you’re still my boyfriend!” This time neither could keep a straight face and they both started laughing, which ended up being quite therapeutic. She continued, “You know you’re who I want to be with. I’ve told you that. You are the only one I can really talk to.”  
  
“Dale, I don’t want to lose you over this, but I can’t forgive myself. Please tell me what happened,” said Nate, struggling to get up.  
  
“Well, just before the last period, a few of the cheerleaders and some of the drill team pulled me into the locker room. I thought they were my friends. Jodie and Alexa were the ringleaders. I’m always so nice to Alexa, but I know she hates me.”  
  
“She’s just jealous of you Dale,” interjected Nate.  
  
“Well, there were too many of them. While some of them held me, the others pantsed me. I mean everything, underwear and all. They looked so disappointed that I didn’t have a tattoo,” said Dale. “They were sure it was me in the photo. A few of them still think it was me. Alexa acts like she is out to get me. Carly showed up and saved me. She said that she was with us the whole time in the limo, getting high. I don’t know if any of them believe that or not, but Carly went crazy. She’s a wild woman. You saw it. You felt it. I think Jodie will have a black eye tomorrow, and Alexa took some good blows. Carly can take down about three girls, maybe even three guys, right? You guys should have her on the football team!” said Dale.  
  
“I’m so sorry they stripped you,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, it was just the bottom half, and it was in the girl’s locker room. If only it would have been completely nude in the cafeteria at lunch time!” said Dale.  
  
“Are you serious?” asked Nate.  
  
“Nate, you know me better than anyone. Did you really think I was crying because some girls saw my pussy?” said Dale.  
  
“I guess that would make little sense, but maybe I thought you were crying because your cover was blown,” said Nate.  
  
“No, actually I was crying to maintain my cover, or what little of it might be left. That was our strategy, right? Deny that it was me, be just as surprised as everyone else, act like the innocent victim who just happens to look like the girl in the pictures. When they pulled off my pants, I had to play the part of the shy girl who couldn’t stand to be seen: the prim and proper Dale. But I’m pretty good at playing that role, been doing it for years. Hence the tears,” said Dale.  
  
“So where are we, in terms of people thinking that bungee girl is Dale Jordan or not Dale Jordan?” aske Nate.  
  
“I guess I think the jury is still out on that one, but I do know that there are people who are pretty sure now that she can’t be me. Carly knows it’s me. I pretty much had to tell her, but she more-or-less knew anyway. We need her help still. I guess it is sort of my fault that you got slapped and kneed. She doesn’t know the whole story, that is why she is blaming you,” said Dale. “But if you are physically able, you need to get to football practice right now. Like we decided yesterday, we can’t go into hiding. That would only make people more suspicious. I want to hear what kind of questions and comments you are getting, but that will have to be later. Can I borrow your motorcycle while you are in football practice? I think I better go talk to Carly, but I’ll come back and pick you up after practice,” said Dale.  
  
“Sure, wear the helmet. I’ll see you in a couple of hours,” said Nate, giving her a quick kiss and then limping off toward the locker room.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 56: And Now the Parents**

The talk during football was very interesting. What surprised him was that Jason was receiving several times as many questions as he was. He decided that he shouldn’t have been surprised; of course everyone would think that Jason would know Dale better than he. He couldn’t wait to tell Dale that Jason was essentially sticking up for her, saying that it couldn’t be her in the photo: that little miss ‘Goody-Two-Shoes’ wouldn’t be caught dead naked. He was pointing out that even if someone stripped her, that there was no way she wouldn’t be covering herself up with her arms, or in a fetal position even. He was saying that the girl in the photos was way too comfortable being naked to be Dale. Everyone was also taking about how Jodie, Alexa and their minions had stripped Dale. The news of that had spread like wildfire. There was a lot of talk about how she had a shaved pussy, but no tattoo. No one was surprised about the tattoo; no one thought Dale was the tattoo type. But everyone seemed surprised about the shaved pussy, thinking that Dale was too conservative to do that, even though they all knew that most girls trimmed and shaved their pussies to some extent. Even Jason was shocked that she had a shaved pussy. To everyone listening that fact alone seemed to support his assertion that Dale would never get naked, not for Jason, not for anybody. In the end, the coaches could tell that no one had their mind on football, so they were forced to run laps.  
  
Most of the questions directed at Nate related to Carly’s story about them getting high in the limo. While he wanted everyone to believe that they had been in the limo getting high, he found himself denying it. He quickly discovered that by denying it, everyone believed that it had happened, that he was only denying it to protect himself and Dale. He claimed that they were indeed in the limo, but just making out. The making-out part of the story fit with all the other rumors, as quite a few people had witnessed it themselves, but Dale’s behavior and wild talk supported the idea that she had been high.  
  
When Nate came out of the locker room, he wanted to fill Dale in, but all the other football players seemed to be paying them too much attention, so they rode over to the park to talk. Nate told her about what he had been hearing during the day and the new chapters from football practice. Dale thought it was pretty funny that Jason had come to her aid, “All that time we were going out and he never figured out what a slut his girlfriend was!” she said.  
  
“Make up your mind; are you a slut or a prude?” Nate asked jokingly.  
  
“Both!” said Dale. Dale also filled him in on her conversation with Carly. She had decided to finally level with Carly and tell her about how she was an exhibitionist junkie, “I’m not sure if she believes me entirely, but at least now she knows that I wasn’t forced against my will to go naked bungee jumping. That is what she was thinking earlier, and why she beat you up.”  
  
“Beat me up?” Nate decided not to argue the point. “Well, I hope she won’t tell anyone about you,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh I trust Carly. I think we’ll both have an easier time controlling the current situation if Carly is on board. I pretty much had to tell her, I didn’t want her calling in a mob hit on you or anything. I don’t think you need broken knee caps to go with your popped nuts,” said Dale.  
  
“She would do that?”  
  
“I don’t really know what she is capable of, but I do know that she is much better to have on your side than as an enemy,” said Dale. “I’ll bet Jodie and Alexa know what I’m talking about right now!” They talked a bit more then headed home. Dale went into her house, as Nate went into his. Nate had a big surprise waiting for him. His parents and Dale’s parents were all in his living room talking. His mom said, “Nate, I’m glad you are home. Where is Dale?”  
  
“We came home together. She just went inside next door. Why?” asked Nate.  
  
His mom continued, “I think you should go and get her. This concerns you both.”  
  
“OK,” said Nate, feeling a lump in this throat. He went next door and knocked. When Dale answered he told her that it didn’t look good; that their parents were talking next door. After a few deep breaths, they went back to Nate’s house together, expecting the worst and holding hands for moral support. When they entered the living room, they were directed to a couch. They sat down side-by-side, still holding hands very tightly.  
  
It seemed as if Dale’s mother had been elected to speak. She said, “This afternoon I received a call from another mother. What started off as a friendly call congratulating me on having a Homecoming Queen in the family, quickly turned into a more worrisome sort of call. This parent, who I will not name, was calling because she is has legitimate concerns about your safety and well-being Dale, concerns about both of you, and what went on the evening of the dance.” She paused, and Nate and Dale looked at each other. Dale’s mom continued, “Her student has reported to her that both of you smoked Marijuana and were high during the dance. Now Dale, you know your father’s and my attitude about drugs and alcohol. From the discussion we have had with the Miller’s, I can safely say that Nate’s parents see this issue just as we do. We cannot tolerate drugs or underage drinking. Now we were all delighted when suddenly after years as neighbors, you two suddenly took a liking to each other. If, however, the basis of your relationship is pot smoking, then it might be necessary for us to limit when you can be together. I’m sorry dear.”  
  
Dale and Nate again looked at one another. They were both so relieved to be confronting accusations of drug use as opposed to photos of a nude bungee jumper. Dale decided that she needed to respond, as it had been her mother talking, “Mom, you know I have never done drugs, and as far as I know, neither has Nate. There are some things that you should know about these first few weeks of school and about the night of the dance in particular. These weeks have been stressful for me, with my breakup with Jason and everything. You know that he wasn’t good for me, and that I should have ended it earlier. What I have never told you is that he was putting pressure on me; pressure on me to do things, sexual things. I was not ready, and I won’t be ready for a very long time. Nate knows that, and I can tell that he won’t pressure me. I am not very comfortable talking about this now, but I am so glad to be out of that relationship with Jason. I don’t know what I would have done without Nate. Finally I have a friend that I can really talk to. My other boyfriends were just boyfriends. For the first time I have a best friend who happens to be a boy. Don’t even think about trying to take that away from me mom. He is good for me.”  
  
“And about the dance,” she continued. “It was very exciting to be Homecoming Queen, but it put me right back with Jason. I don’t know if the Miller’s know this, but he was chosen Homecoming King. So we had to have a ‘special’ dance together while the whole school watched. And while we danced, he bragged about all the unkind rumors that he has been spreading about me since our breakup. In reality, the stuff he has been telling people doesn’t hurt me at all because it is only about how I would not give in to his advances. It’s not like he is saying I am a slut. It is more like he is telling everyone that I am not a slut. But still, his intent is to be mean. And then I had to stand next to him and smile for photo after photo. I survived all that, but then the whole school, one by one, wanted to congratulate me. I wanted time with Nate. I found out later that Nate called you during that time to share the news. Well he and I finally got some time together by leaving the dance for a while. When we came back to the dance, my eyes were red from crying.” She looked over at Nate, and he was listening carefully, nodding. “But Nate managed to get me back into a good mood, and we had so much fun on the dance floor. I’ve heard the rumors. No one saw drugs, no one saw us smoking pot. The rumors are simply based on me being gone from the dance for a while, returning with red eyes, and then of course how much fun we were having, how lively we were dancing. Mom, you and dad talked with Nate and I right after that, when we got home. Did I seem high to you then? Did Nate?”  
  
“No you didn’t dear. And I should have remembered to tell the Miller’s about Nate’s thoughtful call. Thanks to him, your father and I had a wonderful evening celebrating and sharing the news with friends and family,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“I have something to add,” said Nate. “I have not dated much, but dating Dale is entirely different than any other dates I have had. In the past when I asked a girl out, no one found out. No one cared. Dale is a cheerleader, but more than that, she is a celebrity. The entire school seems to track what she does. The morning after she said ‘yes’ to going to the dance, the entire school knew by second period. Dale breaks up with Jason, the entire school discusses it. Dale has red eyes, the entire student body is wondering if she is high. There were surely kids at that dance that were actually high, but nobody was talking about them. Dale does very little that isn’t discussed, and Dale doesn’t get high. Dale goes to class on time and gets good grades. That is normal, so people don’t talk about it. The reason that this is getting talked about is that it would be so unlike Dale if it were true.  
  
“Put yourselves in Dale’s shoes. It is a stressful life that she leads in the center of all this attention. She even goes to some effort to get the word out about things, to get it over with, so that it is less painful for her. Now that I’ve had a chance to see what she goes through, because I have been going through it with her, my admiration for her has grown. She is true grace under pressure.” After Nate finished talking, there was a long pause. They both thought they had answered the allegations well. Finally their dads decided that the parents should go into the kitchen and talk in private. While they were out of the room, Nate and Dale hugged a little on the couch.  
  
After the parents had all filed back into the room, Nate’s father spoke, “As parents we have always been so proud of you both. The allegations of drug use caught us by such surprise, because they were so unlike any behavior any of us had ever seen. Please understand that we had to take them seriously. We are all so relieved to know that the rumors are false. Thank you both for the detailed explanations. We all feel that it is a shame that you two did not get to know one another well earlier. We have decided that we are, in part, to blame. Here we have been neighbors since you two were in grade school, and we have never really gotten to know each other. We have decided to make amends and all go out to dinner. If your homework allows, we decided to all go and try the new Chinese restaurant in town.”  
  
After a pause Dale replied, “I don’t know about Nate, but I have time this evening for a dinner out. I’d just like a little time to change and freshen up. Today was particularly nerve wracking. Believe me, you are not the first people we have talked to today about this same pot smoking rumor.” After a little more discussion, they decided to get ready and leave in a half hour.  
  
As they were all seated in the restaurant, Nate joked, “One date and we’re already meeting the parents Dale.” They all had a good laugh at that. Just as Nate and Dale had found that they were compatible, so it seemed that their parents were as well.  
  
The Jordans were very interested in learning more about Nate, and the Millers wanted to hear more about Dale. At one point Dale told them, “Nate thinks that, unlike other kids, I am not trying to be popular. He thinks that I simply am popular, and can do nothing about it. What Nate still has not figured out is that I make it look effortless, but that it is not effortless. In reality it takes a lot of effort to make it look so effortless.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 57: An Anniversary**

Nate interjected, “I seriously thought that Dale put no effort into it. And she doesn’t do what I observe others doing, but now I know it takes work. For example, all the time expended today to squash the rumors that we were high at the dance.”  
  
“And Nate has had to deal with a lot as well,” said Dale. “Just last week he said something in defense of my virtue and, well, Jason pushed him over backwards in the bleachers. Nobody was hurt, but at least 20 guys toppled over. Now Jason tells me he likes Nate. But only because when the coach interrogated him, Nate refused to blame Jason, claiming that he himself had tripped.”  
  
“He said he likes me?” asked Nate with a surprised look on his face.  
  
“Yeah, when we were dancing. It was about the only nice thing he said,” said Dale.  
  
Later they talked about grades, and Dale’s ‘straight-A’ average came up. In regards to Nate’s grades, she said, “Nate’s working on bringing his grades up. He feels that a ‘C’ average just won’t cut it for a boyfriend of mine. I guess he’s right. A lady does have her reputation to think about you know.” She winked at him so that everybody could see. She of course hadn’t talked to Nate about his grades, so he was trying to figure out what she was up to. She continued, “But he has been working hard. We have Spanish together, so if we can study together maybe we can both get an ‘A’ in that class, but he is on his own in his other classes. I know he can accomplish things if he puts his mind to it. The coaches have been telling me how hard he has been working in football.”  
  
“They have?” asked Nate.  
  
“Of course they have. You know I have spies everywhere!” said Dale.  
  
“Yeah, but I thought we were talking about other students,” said Nate.  
  
“Coaches too! Everybody likes to talk to a pretty cheerleader, Nate. You have noticed that we cheerleaders hang out on the sidelines during the games. It’s just us and the coaches out there. Coach Maynard is especially impressed with you. He has even told me, probably in confidence, that you are a likely recipient of the ‘Most Improved Player Award’ at the end of the season. I was not going to tell you, but I want your parents to know. Mr. and Mrs. Miller, you need to come out and see a few games! Unfortunately, the game this week is an away game, and the following weekend is about the only weekend in the Fall without a game. But in two weeks, you should come and see the game. Bring my parents. They haven’t been to a game yet this year. You guys should all come! The games are a lot of fun, and you need to support your kids!”  
  
“Honey,” said Mrs. Miller to her husband, “We should do that. Nate has never encouraged us to come to the games.” Nate shrugged.  
  
“Well, if Nate won’t then I will,” said Dale. “We’ve won all three games so far this year, and Nate is a big factor. Defensive ends don’t score touchdowns, but they prevent the other team from scoring, and if they can keep the other team from making first downs, then we get the ball back.” Nate was enjoying hearing Dale’s simplistic explanation of his position. Dale continued, “But game before last, Nate did put points of his own on the board. He scored a Safety, which means that he tackled the quarterback in his own end zone.”  
  
“You saw that?” asked Nate.  
  
“Of course! Why are you so modest?” asked Dale. “You never even mentioned it later, but I saw it. You better believe I’m watching my boyfriend play out there. And right after it happened I had Coach Maynard telling me about it. I swear that guy is your biggest fan, but don’t tell him I said that. He absolutely loved it when I told him that you were taking me to the dance.”  
  
“You told him?” said Nate.  
  
“You bet I did! A girl can brag, can’t she?” Their parents loved watching these two talk back and forth. The Jordans and the Millers came away from the evening feeling that what Dale had said was indeed true: Nate was good for her, and vice versa. The Millers and the Jordans decided to attend the next home game together. During the evening, Nate found himself thinking that his dream did seem to be coming true. He had worried that his relationship with Dale might be limited to her naked activities. But here they were having dinner with their parents, and there was so much to talk about that did not include any nudity. He and Dale did have a real relationship entirely separate from their secret world of nudity.  
  
The next day was a continuation of the day before. The nude bungee jumper photos were still the topic of discussion, only now there was new information to be shared. Everyone now knew that Dale’s pussy was shaved as bald as could be. A bush would have meant that she couldn’t have been the bungee jumper. And those who had pantsed her had not found a tattoo, but of course a temporary tattoo was among the possibilities being discussed.  
  
Everyone also had other new information to consider. There was Carly’s claim that she herself was getting high with Dale when she had been absent from the dance, and there was Jason’s opinion that Dale would never get naked like that. Some people thought that the photos could have been taken at another time or on a different day, but there were those who knew people who had been there and taken the photos, so there was little real doubt about when the photos had been taken.  
  
To Nate it seemed as if Dale’s shaved pussy was the primary topic of conversation, as the bungee jumper photos were yesterday’s news. He expected that his perspective might be distorted…it might just be that that was what people were choosing to say to him. Things like, “Dude, she’s got a shaved puss. Too bad you’ll never get in to see it for real!” There were a great number of variations, but mostly on that theme.  
  
At lunchtime Dale pulled him aside saying, “So boyfriend, do you know what today is?” He couldn’t think of an answer any better than ‘Tuesday’, to Dale’s disappointment. Finally she told him, “It’s our two week anniversary!” Two weeks ago today we went to the park; we shook hands, and the rest is history. And guess what else; my parents are letting me borrow the car, so I’m taking you out to dinner, my treat. And I’m wearing my blue ‘Dress Up Day’ dress, so you’ll need to dress nice yourself. No jeans! Pick you up at 6:00?” As she had two weeks prior, Dale held out her hand to shake his hand. He shook her hand, and the date was on.  
  
At 6:00pm Dale knocked on his door to pick up her date. She was indeed wearing the blue dress as well as the shoes he had given her. She whispered in his ear, “I’m dressed exactly as I was that day at Spruce Lake,” and she gave him a sexy little wink. As they walked out to her car, both sets of parents were outside to wave goodbye. Again she whispered to Nate, “Watch this Nate,” She grabbed her dress above the hem and called out so that their folks could all hear, “Dress Up Day!” Nate almost had a heart attack, but the dress stayed down. She merely pulled the sides out to show it off. Their folks clapped and wished them a nice evening. As they were driving away she asked, “Did you think that the dress was going up?”  
  
“It seemed like it might be. That is what you do Dale. You do tend to get naked, but this time I was glad the dress stayed down. Is the dress staying on tonight?” asked Nate.  
  
“Probably. You know me. I’ve never been very good at finding places to get naked; that’s where you come in,” said Dale.  
  
“After this past weekend, I have a feeling that you are going to fire me from that role,” said Nate.  
  
“Heck no! This week has been a nail-biter that’s for sure, but so far we’ve survived! You’re still in charge of my nudity. Just say the word, and all my clothes are off! That’s how it has to be,” said Dale. “I want to always be worrying that my next exposure is just around the corner. If you’re not in charge, then I would have nothing to worry about, and that would be so sad, no fun at all.”  
  
“Even now that everyone at school has nude photos of you?” asked Nate.  
  
“I love that everyone at school has nude photos of me! And my life as Dale Jordan, Cheerleader, ‘straight-A’ student goes on as before. Because they aren’t sure the photos are of me, I guess. It’s like a dream come true. And you know what else is so cool. Everyone today was talking about my shaved pussy. Everyone knows that Dale Jordan has a shaved pussy. That’s so cool! Too bad they didn’t all get to see it in person,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I guess that all fits with what I know about you. But I don’t think I can take more weeks like this,” said Nate.  
  
“Neither can I,” said Dale. “Nude photos of me can’t show up every week, that is for sure. Everyone would figure it out and my life as I know it would be over. Here we are,” she said pulling into the small parking lot of the local French restaurant, Tres Magnifique! “Have you been here before?”  
  
“No, I have heard of it, but I’ve never eaten here before.”  
  
“I’ve been here just once, and have been looking for a special occasion to come back.”  
  
As they walked in, the Maitre d' said, “Bonsoir Mademoiselle Jordan. Your requested table is ready, this way please. Congratulations on your special occasion!” They were shown to a very secluded table for two in the old world atmosphere dining room. As the Maitre d' seated them, a second gentleman approached, greeting them and lighting a small oil lamp.  
  
“They were expecting us?” asked Nate.  
  
“Absolutely! I made the arrangements a week ago, here and with my parents. This week got crazy, and we went out to dinner last night, but I still wanted to go ahead with the plan,” said Dale. “They should be bringing our first course shortly.”  
  
“I wondered why we didn’t have menu’s. Don’t we choose our food?” asked Nate.  
  
“I have already ordered for us. I’m spoiling you tonight!” said Dale. “I think you and I have something special, and I want everything about ‘us’ to be special.”  
  
The waiter brought out a tray with two bowls of soup, “Your first course, Soupe à l'oignon.”  
  
“What is this?” asked Nate.  
  
“Just as he said, French Onion Soup,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 58: French Restaurant continue**

“Dale, I need to ask you something. It is something that I have been scared to ask, because I have feared that the answer might wake me up from this dream. A minute ago you said that ‘you and I have something special’. This whole relationship is just so amazing to me. You are arguably the Grand Prize. I think most guys in school would rank you number one in terms of looks, and personality. You are athletic, smart, and so much fun to be with. You are nice to people, and honest and friendly. I’ve always been a nobody. I’ve never thought of myself as a loser, but I’m pretty average in most ways. I’m about as tall and strong as they come, but I’m not a top athlete. I haven’t worked hard at grades or extra-curricular activities. I’m kind of shy and quiet. If the girls at school ranked the guys, I wouldn’t be on the list. You could have your pick. You could have asked any guy to take you to Homecoming, and no one would have turned you down. I was absolutely floored when you said to me in the park, exactly two weeks ago, ‘…in my heart, I’ve been your girlfriend for some time now’. Being your boyfriend is a dream come true, and I don’t want to wake from the dream, but I don’t get it. Why me?”  
  
“Stop being so modest! I’ve already told you why our relationship works for me. I’ve told you that I like that I can be myself around you, that I can talk with you, and that I have fun with you. I like me more when I’m around you. The bottom line is that this is America. I get to pick my own boyfriend here. I get to have my own criteria, and last night you heard me tell our parents about our relationship. I went on and on about you, how you are good for me. Jason no longer fit my criteria, he’s gone. I know that it is going to work out real well for him. As we speak, the girls are lining up to take my place with Jason, and they all know that the price of admission is pussy. He’ll get all the pussy he can handle. He took Alexa to the dance, as you know. She is probably so tickled with herself for moving in on my old boyfriend. I don’t know why, but she has always been competing with me. We both know that Jason got laid,” said Dale.  
  
“We do?” said Nate.  
  
“Absolutely! Alexa is such a slut. She probably walked up to Jason and said, ‘I’ll let you f--k me if you take me to the dance.’ Promise me you won’t repeat that. I never let anyone hear me saying bad things about another girl, but with you I can speak my mind without worrying about anything being repeated, right?” said Dale.  
  
“Yep, I can keep secrets, as you know. But it never hurts for you to tell me which things are the secret, just so I don’t make a mistake,” said Nate. “And back to our parents. You laid it on pretty thick. I know that most of what you said was true, but I was surprised that you mentioned that Jason was putting pressure on you to have sex,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, there was method to my madness. First off, you noticed how quickly we carried the day. There is probably not a stronger instinct in the world for a parent than protecting a daughter’s virtue. What you said was great too, by the way. They didn’t ask any more questions. They went into the kitchen, and when they came out they were obviously convinced that we were good kids and that we should all go out to dinner, right? You heard my mom say something in the beginning about limiting when we can see each other. First off, I’m sorry, I’m eighteen! There is no f--king way she is going to get away with telling me who I can be with or when! Second, it will all be much easier if they like you and approve of us being together. Face it, our options for me to be naked are limited around Prospect. You and I are going to have to go further away to continue our fun. You know I am addicted. I want to keep doing naked things, don’t you?” asked Dale.  
  
“Absolutely,” responded Nate.  
  
“Well, then we need to go out of town. Remember Spruce Lake. So many people saw me, and there were photos taken. I don’t think that any of those photos made it back to school,” said Dale.  
  
“I have some of those photos, by the way,” said Nate.  
  
“You do?”  
  
“Yep. I found photos posted on the internet showing ‘Carol from Eatonville’, photos taken from other boats. I’ll show them to you sometime,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, like I was saying, we are going to have to go out of town, which most likely means overnight trips. Our parents will all go along with that if they think that we aren’t engaging in sex and drugs,” said Dale.  
  
“It’s funny that you should mention going out of town to get naked. I just heard from Kelly, and she is cooking up something. Should I be talking to her, or are you done with her after what happened last time?” asked Nate. As Dale and Nate talked, they had to occasionally take small breaks when the restaurant wait staff came to their table. They knew that portions of their conversation were too racy to allow it to be overheard. At this point, their appetizer was served, Escargots à la Bourguignonne. Nate asked Dale, “Really? You ordered this? Have you ever had Snails in Garlic Butter before?”  
  
“No. At least we’ll be able to find out once and for all what Escargots tastes like,” said Dale.  
  
“Back to Kelly,” said Dale, “What is she talking about? Did she send you another list of demands to read to me?”  
  
“She didn’t, but she probably will if I tell her that you might be interested in doing something again. She did give me some information. What she is planning would take place in the state capital, and it would be weekend after next. That is coincidentally about the only weekend that we could go out of town because it is one or only two weekends without a football game. It sounds like they do something like this each year to celebrate the end of the season for the fire lookout towers. They close those and the guys get desk jobs until next summer. Well, as you know it is about 200 miles away, so we would have a long drive, but in exchange Kelly says we would have our own hotel room for both Friday and Saturday night, in a fancy hotel,”  
  
“She would pay for our hotel room?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yes that is what she was saying. It sounds like they would pay for everything once we are there,” said Nate. “Let me see, what else? Oh, and she wants a show, a nude show. She knows that you’re a gymnast, and that you did gymnastic demonstrations for Mike and Mitchell. So she was thinking gymnastics. I haven’t mentioned it to her, but I was thinking of suggesting a hula hoop demonstration. Your hula hoop demo was sexy and fun. Of course it is up to you. Maybe you don’t want to go at all,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh this is going to be so hard to decide Nate,” said Dale with a pretend thoughtful look on her face. “Weekend with boyfriend out of town at a nice hotel, expenses paid. And I’ll have to put on a naked show. Where’s the downside? I’m in, what is it going to take to talk you into going?” asked Dale.  
  
“If you’re there, then I’m there. I wouldn’t want you to go alone,” said Nate.  
  
“I wouldn’t go alone. I like Kelly, but I need you. Little naked me all alone, I don’t think so,” said Dale.  
  
“OK, so then I’ll tell Kelly we’re a ‘go’. I think I should negotiate terms with her a little. I’m already planning to tell her that you prefer being the only one naked, and that you’d rather not shave any more pussy,” said Nate.  
  
“Yeah, tell her that. Don’t word it like an ultimatum, because I do want to go. We’ll have so much fun! Just tell her my preferences.”  
  
“Sure, what about the show? Do you like the hula hoop idea? I think you told me that putting on a nude hula hoop show was something you had dreamed about. This might be your chance. Or do you have a better idea?” asked Nate.  
  
“I like the hula hoop idea a lot! Try and talk her into that. The gymnastics might be difficult. There wouldn’t be any real gymnastics equipment. That was a problem in the tower. It was fun, but the floor was hard and there was hardly any room. Plus I think the ladies, Kelly, Nicole and Sarah, would enjoy hula hoop more. The guys would probably be fine with anything nude. Do you think Nicole and Sarah will be there as well?” asked Dale.  
  
“I don’t know, but if Kelly is there, then I would expect the other guys would have their wives with them,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh Nate, this is going to be so fun!” said Dale.  
  
“I agree! There is just one thing I can’t figure out. What do we tell our parents? We obviously won’t tell them that someone wants to put us up in a hotel so that you can put on a nude hula hoop show,” said Nate.  
  
“Why not? I’m sure they’ll approve now that they know we don’t do drugs or have sex,” said Dale. “Just kidding, but I do have an idea. My sister lives there. I’ll get her to invite me up for the weekend, and you’ll have to come so that she can meet you. You’ll like her. She’s just like me only she’s wild, not well behaved like me,” said Dale. Nate started laughing. Dale continued, “What? I behave. You know very well that the reason people think that bungee girl might not be me is because of Dale Jordan’s reputation. Jason isn’t the only one who thinks that I would never strip down.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 59: The Dock**

After they left the restaurant, Dale took a lonely road out of town. “What is up this way?” asked Nate.  
  
“A naked little girl with rock hard chest berries! Just up ahead. Wanna see? Earlier I said that I have never been good at finding places to get naked. Well, I’ve decided that maybe I can come up with something,” said Dale. After another mile she pulled over and parked in a wide area alongside the gravel road.  
  
“What now?” asked Nate.  
  
“You’ll see. Climb out,” said Dale. Nate did so, and as he walked around to the other side of the car, he saw that Dale already had her dress off and it was folded on the driver’s seat. “Here,” she said, handing him the car keys. Next she removed her shoes, then closed and locked the car door. She continued, “Now close your eyes.”  
  
“Why do I need to close my eyes?” asked Nate.  
  
“Because you will like it if you do,” said Dale. Nate closed his eyes, and she took one of his hands, placing his fingers on one of her nipples. “I just wanted you to feel this rock hard little chest berry?”  
  
“Oh that feels so nice,” said Nate. “What makes it so rock hard?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, it happens when I am cold or when I am titillated,” said Dale.  
  
“Which is it now?”  
  
“That is the fun part for you boys. When you see high-beams, you get to try and figure out which it is,” said Dale. “Which do you think it is right now?”  
  
“I’m going to go with ‘titillated’,” said Nate.  
  
“And why is that?” asked Dale.  
  
“Just because I want to imagine that you are excited, not cold,” said Nate.  
  
“Good answer!” said Dale. “OK, now from here, I can’t walk. It is too rough for heels, so I took them off, but it’s also too rough for bare feet. Time for that piggyback ride you promised me!” Nate turned around and Dale climbed up. He supported her by cupping his hands under her thighs. Dale wrapped her arms around his shoulders and upper chest.  
  
“This is nice,” said Nate. “Now I can feel both chest berries at once!”  
  
“Can you feel this?” asked Dale, drawing little figure eights on his back with her nipples.  
  
“That feels very nice,” said Nate. “Now where to?”  
  
“OK. Go a little further up the road, and we’ll watch for a path on the left,” said Dale. Nate found the path and followed it through some small trees. It opened up near the river. Dale continued, “Now follow the shore a little to the right, see the dock there? Go up on the dock and then you can let me down.”  
  
“What if I don’t want to let you down. I’m quite enjoying being hugged like this,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, if you let me down you can have the hugs and kisses too,” said Dale. He let her down, and hand in hand they walked to the end of the dock. “My dad and I used to come fishing here. I drove out here a week or so ago to see if it was still here. I think it is maybe a county park, but not one that is maintained, or that anyone knows about. It is a very peaceful spot.”  
  
“I’m a little surprised that you just took off all your clothes this close to town, and it is not even quite dark yet,” said Nate.  
  
“Right? I never would have done that back in my naked all by my lonesome days,” said Dale. “Look how you have corrupted me! I’ve really changed. I never think of going out naked alone now. I used to love running around at night nude, but now I’m sure it would be about as fun as being nude in my own bathroom.”  
  
“I’m sorry if I have ruined that for you,” said Nate.  
  
“You didn’t ruin it. You just replaced it with something much more exciting,” said Dale.  
  
“I’ve been wondering if being naked around me is also becoming less exciting. Like are you getting so used to being naked with me that it is starting to seem like being naked alone,” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, early on being naked with you was being naked with a stranger. Certainly it is not scary at all now, but it is still fun. Quite fun actually. It’s so out of place for a girl to be naked with a boy, outside like this. It’s a school night, so we can’t stay out late, but let’s watch the stars come out here. Lie down on your back please,” said Dale. Once Nate was lying down, Dale stretched out on top of him facing up, her head just below his chin. “Am I smashing you, or it is OK if I use you as my mattress like this?”  
  
“It feels nice having you this close, but I’m afraid you don’t weigh enough for this to be uncomfortable,” said Nate. Nate didn’t know what to do with his hands. Her tits were in a perfect position for fondling, but he thought they might still be off limits for another date or two, even though he had gotten to feel the ‘chest berry’. To his relief, Dale reached down and picked up his arms, placing them on her rib cage just below her tits. He hugged her in that position, and she hugged his arms against her body. In that position, they watched the stars come out. Nate was very conscious of his erection, and he knew that Dale had to be feeling it poking into the small of her back. But what was he to do. She had picked the position, and things like that were unavoidable with a naked girl on top of you. After about 15 minutes, Dale rolled over. She rested her cheek against his chest, with her forehead snuggled up against his neck. She was still fully off the dock on top of him and now his erection pressed into her stomach. Nate hugged and caressed her back. They must have stayed like that for a time, and then Dale started kissing his chest, kissing her way up until she was kissing his mouth. Nate lost track of time enjoying his shiny new girlfriend there on the dock. He hugged and caressed what was at hand, Dale’s naked little fanny, and he was delighted that there was no push-back. The proximity of the Promised Land only served to make him even harder.  
  
In due course, Dale climbed up saying that they should be going. She hugged him, and he lifted her up. They made their way back to the car with Dale in a sort of front piggyback carry position with her ankles hooked together behind him and Nate supporting her by holding her tush. Nate wondered if she’d put the dress back on, or drive home nude. She dressed, and their anniversary date came to a close.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 60: Dale's Bad Day**

The next few days saw a steady decrease in discussion about bungee girl. Nate and Dale didn’t feel that everyone had decided that it wasn’t her. It just seemed to be a case of innocent unless proven guilty. Nate also noticed a very welcome change in Dale’s behavior. She would now hold his hand in the hallways when their paths coincided, which was not very frequent. It did occur every day after Spanish class, however, as they could walk part of the way to their third period classes together. Kenny usually accompanied them, as he was also going the same way. Every time that Dale reached over and gently took his hand, giving it a small ‘hello’ squeeze, Nate would feel that he had died and gone to heaven. It was simply beyond anything that he might have ever imagined happening prior to the rooftop rescue. He had been a nobody, and she had been the woman on the pedestal, the Hollywood starlet that one could enjoy of the silver screen, but never actually meet. Now she was holding his hand. He couldn’t help but see the looks of envy on other guys’ faces. Especially the girls looked at him differently now. In the past they had walked by him without noticing him, but now they would look at his eyes, as if trying to gain a deeper understanding of who he was. It was as if they were all realizing that they had been stepping over a twenty dollar bill on the sidewalk and only now, after Dale had picked it up, did they realize that they had been missing an opportunity by ignoring him. When he wasn’t with Dale, other girls would say hi to him, especially the pretty popular girls who had never noticed him in the past. It was hard to get used to. At times he would almost feel like looking behind him to see who they were really talking to.  
  
On Thursday Dale had just taken her seat in her fifth period class. The bell had not yet rung, when Mrs. Shepherd entered to confer with her English teacher, Mrs. Barnett. Mrs. Shepherd was the Cheer Squad Advisor, so Dale knew her better than any other member of the faculty. After they were done talking, Mrs. Barnett said, “Ms. Jordan, you will need to accompany Mrs. Shepherd.” Dale got up and headed for the door where Mrs. Shepherd was waiting for her. “Dale, you should take your things. I understand that you won’t be back to class today,” added Mrs. Barnett. That final little comment had started Dale worrying about what was going on. She was very aware of the various cheerleader commitments, and knew of nothing that Mrs. Shepherd would need her for that afternoon.  
  
When they were both in the hall, Dale asked, “So Janice, what’s up?”  
  
The expression that greeted her was quite solemn. Mrs. Shepherd looked deep into her eyes and said, “Follow me.” Her words were without inflection; entirely missing was her signature enthusiasm. Turning, she headed off in the direction of the school offices. Dale’s anxiety had risen significantly. She was on a first name basis with Janice Shepherd, but stuck with protocol and called her Mrs. Shepherd under more official circumstances. She had never felt quite like this around her before. Mrs. Shepherd headed straight for the principal’s office and knocked. They both heard Mr. McRoberts say, “Come in.”  
  
Dale followed Mrs. Shepherd into the office. Principal McRoberts stood and indicated a chair. Dale took a seat. She had assumed that Mrs. Shepherd would take the seat next to her, but instead she went and stood leaning against the window sill, crossing her arms. Behind her the window looked out over the parking lot. From where she sat Dale could see the flag fluttering in the fall breeze. She could not see the base of the flagpole, but the school had but one flagpole, the one she had been cuffed to, the one that she now considered to be ‘my flagpole’.  
  
Mr. McRoberts took his seat and then turning to Mrs. Shepherd began by asking, “Janice, what have you told Dale about what we will be discussing today.” Dale noticed an unusual level of formality mixed with discomfort in his voice. Mr. McRoberts was a very friendly easy-going man and smiled constantly. He seemed to have a cheerleader personality in way. He was always trying to raise student and faculty spirit, at least that is what Dale thought. He was an unusual looking man. His hairline had moved way up such that the front half of his head was bald, but the back of his head was thickly covered in greying hair. That made him odd enough looking, but the most unusual thing about him in terms of appearance was his ears, which stuck out. Students occasionally referred to him as Dumbo, as in Dumbo the elephant.  
  
“I’ve told her nothing,” said Mrs. Shepherd. At this point Dale had only one guess as to what the meeting was all about. She had spent quite a bit of time worrying about what would happen to her if the administration learned about the bungee jump. She didn’t really know what they might do. After all, it had not occurred on school property.  
  
Mr. McRoberts nodded and turned back to look at Dale. “Dale, I had been hoping to see you under different circumstances so that I could congratulate you on being our new Homecoming Queen. Instead a very serious matter has come to our attention, so I am compelled to discuss that with you instead. Mrs. Whitaker has shared a number of photos with us that show a young lady doing a bungee jump. Said young lady is not wearing any clothes and bears a striking resemblance to you Dale. I can show you these photos on my computer should you wish to see them.”  
  
“No thank you. I’ve seen the photos that are circulating Mr. McRoberts. I don’t need to see any of them now,” said Dale, trying to be as brave as she could, waiting to see how this was going to play out. This was one of her nightmare scenarios, a day that she had hoped would never come.  
  
Mr. McRoberts continued, “Mrs. Whitaker wanted to be in this meeting because she is certain that the girl in the photos is, in fact you, and she strongly believes that you should be expelled or at the very least suspended from school due to this behavior. Just to be clear, as Principal, I have the ability to suspend a student for a period of time from three days up to ten days. Only the school board can expel a student, and an expulsion lasts from eleven days up to a maximum of the remainder of the school year. Both can become a part of a student’s permanent record and appear on their transcript. Colleges would see that information and might take it into account when considering an application. Suspensions and expulsions often involve additional penalties such as ineligibility to participate in sports, and other activities. In your case, your position as a Cheerleader, your Homecoming Queen title, and your ability to be on the Gymnastics Team when gymnastics season starts next semester could be affected. These activities are all considered privileges, and are all subject to revocation. Some students already know all these details by heart, through personal experience. I imagine that you are hearing all this for the first time.” Dale was reeling. These activities were who she was, how could she go on without them. But she nodded and Mr. McRoberts continued, “Today we are having a preliminary discussion. If this were an actual hearing to formally discuss a suspension or an expulsion then your parents would be present.” Mr. McRoberts stopped and took a deep breath, looking over at Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
Dale was beside herself with anguish. She was doing everything she could to keep from crying for she was certain that that would be interpreted as a sign of guilt. So far everything Mr. McRoberts had said was bad news, very bad news. She wished that Nate was there to help her through this. She honestly felt that he deserved some of the blame, or even most of the blame, yet she was the one who had been nude and she knew that it was she who would suffer the consequences. She had always known that. Nate always said that he would tell people that he had forced her, to prevent this from happening, but he was not there to do so, nor would it work, nor would she want him to. She had been willingly nude in public and it was time to face the music. She saw so much of what she had worked for slipping away, college, everything. Being that she had such a spotless reputation and was such an exemplary member of the student body, she expected that her fall was destined to be great indeed. There was just one glimmer of hope in all that she had heard. Mr. McRoberts had said that this was a ‘preliminary’ discussion not a formal hearing. All these thoughts and more flashed through her head.  
  
Mr. McRoberts resumed talking, “OK Dale, before I continue, I should probably ask if you have any questions up to this point.” Dale shook her head. He continued, “Like I was saying Mrs. Whitaker wanted to be in this meeting. I did not allow that. Instead I thought that just Mrs. Shepherd and I should speak with you. I know Mrs. Whitaker’s opinion, and don’t need to hear it again. Mrs. Shepherd on the other hand knows you better than anyone else here at the school, and she is your most ardent supporter. I too have always admired your abilities and efforts Dale. I do not exaggerate if I state that I believe that this school is a nicer place for all students to attend simply because you are here.” Dale was only half listening to what he was saying. She had heard the mention of Mrs. Whitaker three or four times already, and she was puzzling over that. Mrs. Whitaker was the Drill Team Advisor, and Dale had never had much contact with her. She had never been on the Drill Team. Why would she be out to get her? Why would she be collecting photos, building a case against her, and then presenting it to the principal? It made no sense, but then suddenly it dawned on her. Alexa! Alexa was the Drill Team Captain! She and Mrs. Whitaker were always together. There could be no other possibility. Alexa had gathered the photos, built the case, and was now using Mrs. Whitaker in an attempt to bring about her downfall. She had no doubt that Alexa would do such a thing, but she was surprised that a member of the faculty would take sides and support Alexa’s petty jealousies. She heard Mr. McRoberts say, “Mrs. Shepherd, do you have anything to add?”  
  
Mrs. Shepherd looked up and giving Dale a weak smile said, “All I can tell you is that, in spite of all the evidence, I cannot bring myself to believe that Dale is the person in those photos. In the first place, she would have been at the dance while that was taking place. And in the second place, I know this girl like a daughter. She dresses conservatively and has never been one of the cheerleaders who is modifying her uniform to make it more daring. We have certainly had our share of those over the years. You would not believe the effort that some girls will go to in an effort to grab attention. I’ve seen shortened skirts, modified necklines, and altered bloomers. Not Dale, she is conservative through and through. While that does look like her, even down to the detail of her personal grooming, I understand based on what Mrs. Whitaker said, I can’t believe that she could bring herself to do that.”  
  
“Well then,” said Mr. McRoberts, “let’s cut to the chase, shall we? Dale, are you the young lady in these photos? Did our new Homecoming Queen undertake this activity shortly after being crowned?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 61: Dale's Bad Day continued**

Dale had been expecting this moment. She had been denying the “allegations” all week, but this was different, in front of the school administration. She said what she had decided she would say. She was tired of lying. Angling her head toward the floor and looking down she said, “Mr. McRoberts, am I able to take the fifth?” Mrs. Shepherd’s mouth fell open and a sigh of surprise escaped. She had been certain that Dale would deny the allegations. Even if it had been her in the photos, she had expected her to deny it. She had talked to a few students and was well aware of the denials that Dale was telling them.  
  
They all sat there in silence for a moment, and then Mr. McRoberts said, “Mrs. Shepherd, may I speak with you in private?” They both got up and exited the office, leaving Dale alone and afraid.  
  
Dale pulled out her phone and considered sending Nate a text. What would she say? Maybe, “I’m in the principal’s office and it looks bad, real bad.” Or maybe…she had no good ideas about what to say. What would she tell her parents? What would she tell anybody? Why had she done this to herself? As these thoughts flashed through her mind, the tears that she had been suppressing came, and they came in torrents. Her body shook with anguish as despair washed over her. Her heart pounded in her chest. Pain and feelings of isolation tore her insides apart as she imagined a much altered future.  
  
She was still like that minutes later when Mr. McRoberts and Mrs. Shepherd returned. Mrs. Shepherd, seeing her state, went to her directly, wrapping her arms around her, seeking to comfort her. She cared so deeply for this young lady, and it was tearing her apart to deal with these photos and allegations, and to see the proud Dale Jordan reduced to this level and suffering to this extent. “May I tell her?” asked Mrs. Shepherd, looking up at Mr. McRoberts. He nodded in the affirmative. “Dale, Mr. McRoberts had decided not to proceed with any formal investigation or hearings. We are resolving this matter today, just among ourselves, and there won’t be any suspension or expulsion. Nothing on your record.” Dale looked into Mrs. Shepherd’s eyes to try and judge her sincerity. Once this had sunk in, the sobbing returned full force. She worked to get herself under control, but it was as if there was simply a certain number of tears that had to flush though before she was going to be able to bring herself back under control. Mr. McRoberts decided to leave the two ladies alone for a bit.  
  
When Mr. McRoberts returned to his office a few minutes later, Dale was still crying and Mrs. Shepherd was still holding her, but now at least it now appeared as if they might be able to resume talking. “Dale, we have more to discuss, but I have been thinking. Would you like to return tomorrow instead of continuing now? I would be fine with doing that. I don’t want this to be harder on you than it has to be.”  
  
Dale considered this and replied, “I think I would rather get it over with. I would be miserable waiting to hear what else…” she stopped midsentence as her sobbing returned.  
  
“OK then,” began Mr. McRoberts, sitting back down at his desk. “In order to proceed, I’m going to assume that you are not contesting the allegations. Neither pleading guilty nor pleading not guilty. Is that essentially correct?” Dale nodded in the affirmative, and he continued, “There are several reasons that I feel that I can let you off with just a warning. First, this is a first offense and so unlike your past behavior. Mrs. Shepherd has convinced me that it is most likely a one time lapse of judgement. Second, the nudity did not occur on school property of at a school function. To some extent, what students do on their own tim,e far from here, is between themselves, their parents, and the law. But we can and do take things into account that take place off property. For example, we attempt to keep violence away by expelling students who have committed violent crimes. We have an obligation to maintain a safe learning environment. And third, you are an ambassador of the school. If you are publically disgraced, then the school is publically disgraced. And there is a fourth reason, a personal reason. And a reason that no one mentions after this meeting. I admire and care for you so much that I am almost unwilling to play a role in your downfall.” Upon hearing that Dale looked up, and her eyes met Mr. McRoberts’. “And I just thought of another reason. I’m not very interested in heading down a path that might put me in the position of needing to share these photos with your parents or the members of the school board. If these are indeed you, then they have surely been seen by enough people.” Dale nodded in agreement. She didn’t want her parents to see them. Mr. McRoberts turned to Mrs. Shepherd, “I know that you have a few things to add Janice.”  
  
“Yes I do,” said Mrs. Shepherd, “Dale. I always stand up for my girls. I did not expect to ever be standing up for you, but you need to know how deep my commitment to you is. I have worked so hard today to negotiate a solution for you that did not involve serious consequences. I don't know what you ever did to get on Mrs. Whitaker’s bad side, but you clearly did. But all discussion of that stays in this room. No comments to her or anyone else about that. As a matter of fact, everything discussed here remains secret, understand. Mr. McRoberts does not want to consider taking back your Homecoming Queen crown, but he is also not willing to have the school being represented by a sullied Homecoming Queen. The same goes for your cheerleader position. So the path we have chosen is one in which we team up to protect your reputation and the school’s reputation. The two go hand in hand. You now have an important role to play.”  
  
Dale was listening intently. She was feeling whiplashed by the turn of events. First she had seen her life crumble, and now it seemed to be reassembling itself, and what is more they were going to all team up to protect her reputation? “Ok, what can I do?” replied Dale.  
  
Mrs. Shepherd continued, “First you need to continue to deny the allegations. Surprisingly you have many of the students convinced. Later I might like to hear the full story, tattoo and all. But for the purposes of this discussion, I’d like to thank you for being honest with us today and not denying everything. It must have taken real guts to ask if taking the fifth were an option. Second, you need to avoid any kind of repeat performance. If something similar happens then all these allegations are back on the table. I know you know how to behave. Unless Mr. McRoberts has anything more to say, I think we can conclude our discussion. Mr. McRoberts?”  
  
“Yes, I’m satisfied. I’d suggest that you drive Dale home, and do so before the students hit the halls at the end of fifth period. With all due respect Dale, you look a mess. Anyone who sees you will think that we have been engaging in corporal punishment. Do your best to be your cheerful self in the morning, and we’ll put this all behind us. My job now will be to speak with Mrs. Whitaker. She will not be happy, but I am the principal and I have final say on such matters. Dale, do you have any questions?” asked Mr. McRoberts.  
  
“No, but I thank you both for this. I’ll make sure you don’t regret it,” said Dale, again wiping her eyes on her makeup stained sleeve. “I think we should hurry before the bell rings. I’m sure my face looks awful, especially my eyes, smeared makeup and all. I don’t want anyone to see me.” And with that the meeting was dismissed and Mrs. Shepherd whisked Dale out to her car and home.  
  
Dale was so glad that no one was home when she got there. She took a long shower, deciding to tell her mother that she had come home early with a headache, if asked. As she got out of the shower she had a few concerned texts on her phone. Nate was especially worried, given that he had heard that she had been marched down to the principal’s office. She told him quickly that she was home and fine, but that she needed him. She finished by texting, “Please come over after football practice. I need lots of hugs.”  
  
“You got it!” replied Nate. When Nate came over, the two of them hiked up the trail behind their houses, and started walking the perimeter of the golf course to avoid the golfers. Dale told him first that everything that had been said was secret, and she had been instructed to tell no one. “Nate,” she said, “I can’t have secrets from you. You are the person I can talk to, so I’m interpreting the secrecy rules to mean ‘don’t tell anyone – anything – at all – other than Nate’. I know that wouldn’t hold up in a court of law, but it is what I have to do. Like it or not, we are in this together, like Bonnie and Clyde, right?” Nate laughed.  
  
Dale then told Nate the entire story. He listened intently, and emotionally. His had planned what he had hoped would be a fun bungee jump, but it had gone awry. The magnitude of his error was great and the level of anguish for Dale just kept escalating. As Dale concluded the story, she told him, “Nate, I don’t think I have ever cried so hard in my life. And it was entirely involuntary, I shook and the tears just poured from my eyes. I was devastated. I was an utter emotional wreck. I saw everything I had worked so hard to achieve melt and disappear down the drain. I didn’t think I’d ever be able to face anyone ever again. The neckline of my shirt was wet as was the sleeve that I was wiping my tears on. A girl could get dehydrated crying like that.”  
  
“Dale, I’m so very sorry,” said Nate, his voice cracking with emotional pain. “Based on what Mrs. Shepherd has told you, we have no choice but to go cold turkey. Maybe after graduation, maybe next summer we can figure out how to have some fun again, but for now it is clear that we need to put the tennis shoe outfit in storage.”  
  
“Nate, after I showered, I came up here alone, and wandered around thinking. I thought so hard about everything that was said. The possibility of losing everything. That is what I always worried about, and in the office today, my nightmares definitely seemed to be becoming reality. But as I walked, my inner self started to reassert itself. Suddenly I had a revelation.”  
  
“A revelation? How so?” asked Nate.  
  
“Suddenly I figured out who it was that cried so hard in the principal’s office this afternoon.” Dale turned and faced him, looking into his eyes, “The girl crying there today was the girl I used to be. That was the pre-Nate girl. The girl who ran around the golf course at night making sure she was never seen. That was the girl who knew she was an exhibitionist, but who did everything she could to avoid being a TRUE exhibitionist, one who gets seen, because appearances were more important than being true to oneself. That was the girl who was so insecure about who she was that she needed to wear a Cheerleader outfit. While walking and thinking this afternoon, I came to believe that I would still be Dale Jordan without my little black and white skirt and the tight little “Mavericks” top. I don’t mean without them as is nude. I mean without them but dressed in regular clothes. They can take the outfit away, and I am still me. I’d still be Dale Jordan. Nate do you know what I’m saying?” asked Dale.  
  
“I’m really trying to understand,” said Nate.  
  
“What I’m saying is that someone died in that office there today. The old me. I’m no longer the girl that cried so hard today. All our experiences together have changed me. You have changed me. I’m having trouble saying this because I’m still trying to figure it out. What I guess I am saying is that the tears in the principal’s office were the last gasp of the girl I was, that insecure little girl. The girl who went about trying to be perfect on the outside to compensate for her evil twin hidden inside. Yes I think I was doing that. Neither one of those girls was me. I wasn’t the prim and proper girl people saw at school. What are you smiling about? I know why you’re smiling. Now quit it, this is serious, Buster. I wasn’t that girl, nor was I the nude girl that you would witness leaving her house. Somehow, surely without intending to, you started me on a voyage of self-discovery.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 62: Letter from Kelly**

“I’m trying to understand, because I can tell that there is a lot of meaning behind these words,” said Nate. “I don’t really understand why you say that the old you died in the office there today.”  
  
“What I mean is that Janice, Mrs. Shepherd, told me that I would need to behave. And what she meant is that I’d have to go back to being my old self. Well, that girl is gone. I can’t be her anymore. I can’t go back to having my only outlet be a once a week nude jog on the golf course in the middle of the night all by my lonesome.”  
  
“I’d come with you,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s not the point. The point is that we have to go forward. The tennis shoe outfit is absolutely not going to be gathering dust in a box somewhere. I’ve never felt more alive than I have recently. The weekend camping with you, the water-skiing, meeting Kelly and being forced by her to wear a nipple chain and having to have you put it on me, the bungee jump, even dealing with all the repercussions this week. And especially falling for the neighbor boy. I have felt so absolutely alive! I’m not just coasting anymore. Somehow we have to keep my naked ass out of the principal’s office, and jail for that matter, but no way are we accomplishing that by keeping it covered with a pair of panties. This ass, pardon my language, is going to be naked and it’s going to be seen! Why do I feel like I’m quoting you when I say that?” asked Dale.  
  
“I think you are, but I’m pretty sure the term was not ‘ass’. But ass works, so go with it,” said Nate. “Are you sure Dale? You mean that you want to continue to take risks?”  
  
“You know me better than anyone Nate, so why do you ask that? You know me and my relationship with risk and worry. I feel alive when my tits are on the line. I’m sure that you know that I’d rather be naked right now, even though it is daylight and there are golfers,” said Dale. “Just please try and keep me safe.”  
  
Eventually they returned home, but not until after dark. Nate could not believe that Dale was in such a good mood given what she had been through earlier. ‘What a resilient young lady,’ he thought. And the next day at school, she made a point of speaking casually with both Mrs. Shepherd and Mr. McRoberts, neither of whom could believe the bright mood that she was in. They had expected her to put on a brave face, but she actually seemed to be beaming with an inner happiness. Unbeknownst to any of them both Mrs. Whitaker and Alexa noticed as well.  
  
The away game that weekend against the Franklin Falcons ended up being their first loss of the season. Nate had hoped that he would see more of Dale at an away game. He imagined how fun it could be to ride in the bus together each way. The reality was quite different. The football team went on one bus, and it departed early to give them time to dress and warm up. The cheerleaders went on a bus that departed later and included the pep band and a mixture of other people who went to games. On the way back, that bus departed while the team was in the locker room changing.  
  
With a little encouragement from Dale and Nate, their parents had decided to go to dinner and a movie on Sunday evening together. They knew that their relationship would be the primary subject of conversation, but it created the opportunity for Nate and Dale to be together. They planned a dinner and a movie evening at Dale’s house, which their parents knew about. That Dale would be nude the entire time was not mentioned. Dale and Nate didn’t even discuss that with each other, there was no reason as it was simply understood. Indeed they were already together and working jointly on cutting up vegetables for stir fry as Dale’s parents were getting ready. As soon as her parent’s car was backing out of the driveway, Dale’s clothes vanished, and she continued working on dinner stark naked. Nate had seen her body countless times, but each time that her rubber bullet capped titties and shaved pussy came into view, it took his breath away. “What are you staring at Buster?” said Dale.  
  
“You! You are so lovely. Even your back looks so feminine and beautiful. I love the look of the female back, uninterrupted by a strap of any kind. It’s amazing how much sexier a back looks like this than with just one small bikini string going across,” said Nate. “And your tan is as even as ever. It might have faded a little, but there is not a line to detect anywhere.”  
  
“Oh, that makes me feel good. I love having proof under my clothes that the sun has seen every square inch of my skin, even if I never get very dark. It is amazing that there were no comments about my lack of tan lines when I got pantsed. But I think that really had more to do with the poor lighting in the locker room than anything else, and that they were focused on finding a tattoo. I wonder how I can get some more tanning time in before winter?” wondered Dale out loud.  
  
“I’ll let you know if I think of something,” said Nate. “By the way, I have a letter from Kelly that I am supposed to read to you, just like before. On Thursday I thought I might as well just tear this letter up, but then you surprised me yet again by telling me that you are still game for adventure. The best part is that this next adventure, if we do it, is far from Prospect and very unlikely to land you back in Mr. McRoberts’ office. I thought I’d wait until we finish dinner to read it, if that is alright with you.” Dale nodded in agreement.  
  
After they had eaten they moved to a couch. Nate pulled out the letter to read while Dale snuggled up next to him. He jerked the letter aside saying, “Hey! No cheating. No trying to read ahead over my shoulder. What do I have to do to keep you in line?”  
  
“I wasn’t trying to read,” said Dale.  
  
“Yes you were. Don’t lie to me!” said Nate.  
  
“OK, OK. But read the letter. Please don’t make me wait any longer. I am ready to find out my fate,” said Dale.  
  
Nate started reading:  
  
Dear Nate,  
We all enjoyed the bonfire evening with you and “Carol” immensely. I’m glad to hear that you both had fun, but I am sorry that certain aspects of the evening were not ideal from Carol’s point of view. Our plans for next weekend never involved anyone other than Carol being nude or her shaving any pussy other than her own, so I can agree to your terms without having to change my plans at all. While she will be the only one nude, it is my plan that one other person be topless…you. As you can probably appreciate, we ladies can’t let the guys have ALL the fun, but don’t worry. I sense that you are not an exhibitionist like Carol, so your pants stay on. I’ll provide the pants, but bring black dress shoes. As before, we’ll all work to help “Carol” conceal her real identity. Before you come, please read the following to Carol. Again, these are my terms. Carol will be expected to follow them to the letter.  
  
My Terms:  
Before you leave for your drive, Carol should shave, front to back. She will also be expected to shave each morning while here, so she should bring what she needs and take care of that without any further mention. Additionally, Carol should bring the MINX nipple chain. To toughen her nipples for the weekend, she should wear it during the week, 4 to 6 hours a day, but not on the day of the drive. I don’t want her arriving with sore nips.  
  
She may bring clothes with her and wear clothes during the drive; however, she is not to bring or wear a single piece of underwear, i.e. no bras, no panties. Once you arrive at the hotel (address below), you are to come to my room. Arrive as close to 5 pm as possible. I will text you my room number. She will then bring all luggage to my room, and I will take charge of it. Carol is not to leave any clothing in the car. I will have checked you in, and I will give you keys to your room. Carol will not wear any clothes in her room (Sorry Nate!), nor have any clothes in her room. If someone knocks, such as one of our group or room service, she herself will open the door wide without covering up.  
  
I do like the idea of a nude hula hoop demonstration. Please prepare an approximately 5 minute long show, the sexier, the better! Please pick the music you’d like and have Nate send me MP3 files. Nate has told me that he saw a hula hoop demo with black high heels, so bring those to wear for the show. Also, I would prefer a silver hoop that sparkles, buy one if you need to. You won’t need to bring anything else for your hula hoop outfit, because there won’t be any more to your hula hoop outfit! Prior to the actual show, you will be wearing a black cover-up which I will provide. Nate will remove this, stripping his girlfriend for maximum effect in front of the audience just prior to the start of your show.  
  
While here Carol will follow my instructions exactly. In Nate’s case, I will be giving suggestions that will not be mandatory. As before, I won’t require any sex acts, but Carol would be well advised to leave any shyness at home.  
  
I understand that you want to visit a sister while in town. You are mine, as in I OWN YOU, Friday evening from 5pm-on and Saturday from 3pm-on. So the times to visit her would be Saturday before 2 pm or on Sunday before you drive home.  
  
Nate:  
• confirm with me that Carol agrees to my terms,  
• send me the music files,  
• provide me with your pants size,  
• tell me when you will be visiting your sister. I might decide to add to your schedule, depending.  
  
Sincerely, Kelly  
  
When Nate finished reading, he looked up. Dale looked deep in thought. He asked, “So is this a go? If so, five days from right now we will be in the capital and you will have handed over all your clothes to Kelly. Are you prepared to do that?”  
  
Dale nodded, but then she stood up and taking his hand, led him down the hall. Entering her bedroom, she turned on just the small bedside light. She then patted a spot on the bed indicating that he should sit. Next she retrieved something from a drawer, and gave his knees a push so that he would scoot back. To his delight, she climbed up facing him, straddling his lap. She then sat back onto his knees, placing something into his hand. He looked down, recognizing the MINX nipple chain. With a coy little smile and a cute wink, she lifted her chest up toward his face. Nate didn’t need any more of an invitation. He really liked this part! He grasped the offered titties gently, placing tender kisses on each nipple. Dale finally spoke, “If these nips need to be chained, then there is no time like the present, right?” After a pause she continued, “I suppose I could do it myself now, but you are the one with all the experience.” Nate didn’t answer, his mouth was full. Dale reached around him, one hand around his shoulders and one hand on the back of his head. She gently pressed his face into her soft pillowy flesh. Nate didn’t see her lips part as she tilted her head back and allowed herself to enjoy the waves of pleasure emanating from her nipples and coursing through her body.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 63: The Imaginary Thong**

While switching from one nipple to the other, Nate asked, “So is everything above the belt temporarily in-bounds?”  
  
Dale had been in her own little private world, and the question forced her to come back to reality. After a little thought she replied, “No, everything not covered by a thong is now in-bounds.”  
  
“Your thong? What thong?” asked Nate.  
  
“An imaginary one, silly,” said Dale.  
  
“OK, so everything not covered by a thong is now temporarily in-bounds,” said Nate caressing Dale’s thighs and again switching nipples.  
  
“I didn’t say ‘temporarily’ Nate.” Nate moved his lips from her nipple, angling his face up and looking into her eyes. He was realizing the major milestone they were crossing. For a moment they merely stared into one another’s eyes, their faces scarcely more than an inch apart. Nate grasped her head tenderly in both hands, and planted a passionate kiss on her enticing lips. Dale broke off the kiss, and with her hands on his head, forced him to return his attention to her nipples. She continued, “Sorry, the titters really like you.” Nate recalled that just half the project was the nipples, so he put an equal amount of effort into getting the entire girl excited, caressing her smooth skin as he considered how much of it was now in-bounds. He almost said something, but then he realized that he should just let Dale enjoy herself. He looked up and saw a lovely image. Her mouth was open, her eyes were closed, and her head was tilted ever so slightly back. Her nipples were now hard, and she was breathing heavily, deeply. Nate reluctantly began the process of attaching the Jewelry  
  
After the chain was in place Dale sighed and climbed off his lap. In the dim light, Nate caught a fleeting glimpse of her moist inner lips, visibly open. His own hard on strained in his pants. Dale went to the mirror to study how she looked in her jewelry. “Nate, what do you think of nipple jewelry?” she asked.  
  
“I think I told you before that I didn’t think your titters could be any more beautiful until I saw them adorned like this. I like it a lot! It’s about the cutest thing I have ever seen! I still remember you telling me why you shaved off the fur bikini. You said, you wanted it to feel riskier, scarier, and you wanted to worry that if you were seen, even more of you would be seen,” said Nate. “To me this seems similar, cute with a hint of wantonness. If that chain were hiding under your shirt, wouldn’t it feel risky? Wouldn’t you have to worry even more about being seen?”  
  
Dale pondered his comments, but then announced, “I think we have to get to work. Let’s go back and study the letter. Wait! First let’s look at my hula hoops.” She walked over to her hoops and picked one out. “This looks perfect. Silver glitter, exactly like what Kelly wanted.” They went back to the couch to reread the letter.  
  
After reading Dale said, “Tonight we should focus on the hula hoop routine. I have been hooping this week to get some of my skills back, but we’ll have to pick music and try and figure out ways to make it sexier.”  
  
“What could be sexier than a naked hula hoop show?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh, you know. Like the high heels. Those make it a little harder, but I’m sure they also make it look sexier. I also want to see what it is like to hula hoop with the nipple chain on. I suspect that that is why I’m supposed to bring it. I expect she plans on having me wear it during the demonstration. The main way I can think of to try and make the show even sexier is to find a way to incorporate some gymnastics into the routine. Things like splits or walk-overs would be sexy, but I don’t think I can twirl the hoop while I’m doing such things,” said Dale.  
  
“I have an idea,” said Nate. “She says that I will be in charge of removing your cover-up and exposing you to the audience. What if after I do that you go into a pose that is way sexy while you wait for the music to start. If you can’t hula hoop while you are doing the splits, then that could be your chance to do the splits. It would be over-the-top daring, but you could do the standing splits then. Splits on the floor might be hard for people to see.”  
  
“You can’t be serious! How big of an audience do you think there will be Nate? Has Kelly said anything to you about that?” asked Dale.  
  
“She hasn’t said, but I’m sure there will be more than there were the night of the bonfire, maybe two or three times as many. What do you think?” said Nate.  
  
“I don’t know. It’s kind of scary to think about. We better just focus on what we need to prepare. I think we need to use our movie time on getting this figured out. Can you move the coffee table while I get the high heels and hook up the speakers?” said Dale.  
  
After they were ready, Dale said, “Here is a song I liked hooping to when I was younger. It’s by the Archies, ‘Sugar Sugar’. As the song started, Dale started hooping. If he had had any doubt, Nate instantly knew he was in for a wonderful evening. The beat was perfect and the lyrics fit his mood as well as his feelings for Dale.  
  
Sugar, ahh, honey, honey,  
You are my candy girl,  
And you got me wanting you!  
  
He thought, could life get any sweeter than a nude hula hoop show from his shiny new girlfriend? As the song ended, Dale said, “That’s only two and a half minutes long. Here is another song that is a bit similar, great beat for hooping, but it is even shorter, The Monkeys, ‘I’m a Believer’.” She started the song and then started hooping.  
  
Then I saw her face, now I'm a believer,  
Not a trace of doubt in my mind,  
I'm in love, I'm a believer,  
I couldn't leave her if I tried.  
  
“Those are so fun, but that isn’t the right direction for this particular show. As I’m sure you noticed, I did plenty of hooping with the hoop crossing my nipples, so at least we know that there are no issues with the jewelry. While we think about other music ideas, let me try a standing split pose like you suggested with the hoop. I’m thinking that if I do the Bow and Arrow then I might be able to hold the hoop, making it the bow. Let me try that.” Nate watched as she raised her left leg up, and then reached over her head to hold it in position with the right arm. She then reached across over her raised leg with her left arm, into which she had transferred the hoop. She was able to get into the position, but the hoop transfer seemed awkward.  
  
Nate, seated on the couch just feet from her, could not believe the ‘pussy-in-your-face’ aspect of the pose. In their most recent exploits, like the bungee jump, he had not seen her pussy like this at all. It was like he was seeing it for the first time. Her legs were fully one hundred and eighty degrees apart, pulling the outer labia open, and with them the inner labia. Everything looked completely free of any evidence that she could even grow a bush, such as he knew a woman of her age certainly could, and the skin tones all matched exactly. Between her outer labia was a raised strip of skin that became the two little delicate inner lips far back from her abdomen. In this position those inner lips were apart creating a small opening about the size of the tip of Dale’s pinky finger. Those inner lips glistened with moisture. While he looked, he suddenly became aware that Dale was speaking to him. Tuning in he heard, “Like what you see?”  
  
“Oh sorry, I suppose I was getting a little absorbed in the human anatomy lesson before me,” said Nate.  
  
Dale brought her leg down saying, “I’m not sure I can do this Nate. It’s pretty lewd, isn’t it?”  
  
“You sure aren’t hiding much,” said Nate, “But that’s the point. I know you like being looked at. Like Kelly says, you’ll need to leave your shyness at home. I love the pose, because I think you are beautiful, and the area between your legs is absolutely beautiful.”  
  
“Maybe it is beautiful, but Nate,” said Dale, “You know you hurt my feelings. Only once in my life have I given a boy permission to touch me there. I never imagined that I would one day allow a boy, a boy that I liked a lot, the opportunity to touch my pussy, and he would turn me down.”  
  
“Dale, I wanted to, believe me. I just want it to be perfect, that’s all,” said Nate.  
  
“I know,” said Dale, “Come here and kiss me, and touch me, anywhere your heart desires. Anywhere….in-bounds, that is.” Rather than stand up, Nate pulled her down on top of himself on the couch. He had some fun with his new range of operations. The tits were especially fun, only the hardware complicated things a bit. After a few minutes, Dale said, “I’m having fun but we are using up valuable time. Let’s get back to figuring out the routine. Here is what I’m thinking about the standing splits opening, pun intended,” Nate laughed. “I’ll probably chicken out. I can’t imagine standing in that position in front of a mixed audience, but it is driving me insane…just the thought that I might do it. But I want to have an alternate ready to go in case I chicken out.”  
  
“That sounds great,” said Nate, “but whichever way it goes, you will hardly be a chicken. No girl who performs a nude hula hoop show for an audience that includes strangers could ever be called a chicken.”  
  
“I suppose that is true. Now I have an idea about how we do this. If you hadn’t noticed, and you did seem a bit distracted, I was having a lot of trouble balancing. That will be worse in front of an audience. I think you’ll have to steady me, but that won’t seem out of place because you’ll be right there after undressing me. I think you may need to hand me the hula hoop too. Let me get my robe, and let’s try it.” Dale returned with her robe, and put it on. “Now I can’t have the hoop in a hand when you take off the robe. It won’t fit through a sleeve.” They came up with a plan. Dale would stand with her arms down and slightly back. Nate would reach around and undo the sash, letting the robe fall open. He would then reach up to her shoulders and pull the robe back and then down and off her arms. Once Dale was nude, she would raise her left leg until it was vertical and being held at the ankle by her left arm, which would wrap around in front of it so that her entire chest was fully on display. As she said, “If I have my pretty jewelry on my nips, then it needs to show!” She would raise her right arm up such that her two arms would be overhead forming a ‘Y’. Nate would then place the hoop such that it rested on her raised foot and was held in her other hand. They practiced it a few times until they had it down. It was still a challenge to stand like that on one high heel, but with Nate having a hand or two on her waist it worked. She chose a ‘Chicken-shit’ alternate which would be similar except that she would only raise the left leg enough to place the toe of her shoe on the knee of her supporting leg. This too opened up her legs, just much less so. In this position she would hold the hoop overhead in her two hands. Once in one of these positions, she would wait for the music to start, and as it started Nate would step back and watch the show like everyone else.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 64: Capital Bound**

With that figured out, they talked about gymnastics moves that she might incorporate. Dale thought that a full or half illusion turn was a good possibility, but she didn’t know if the hula hoop would be in a hand or around her waist. She decided to give it a try, but the high heels were a challenge. Finally she found that she could do an illusion turn with the high heels if she stayed on her toe, keeping the heel itself in the air. So she could do it, but that was without the hoop. She did three other gymnastic tricks that she thought had potential, the double turn with leg horizontal, front and back walkovers, as well as a standing backbend. She knew she couldn’t really hoop while doing a walkover, but there might be a way to stitch in all into a routine, using the tricks as transitions.  
  
“I’ll be able to work on that later, but now maybe we should go back to finding music. A minute ago I had a great idea, I don’t know if the beat works for hooping, but the lyrics seem perfect. You know Shakira’s song, ‘Hips Don’t Lie’, right? Let me try hooping to it.” She brought up the song and gave it a try. Dale was right about the lyrics being a good fit, for example:  
  
And I'm on tonight you know my hips don't lie  
And I'm starting to feel it's right  
All the attraction, the tension  
Don't you see baby, this is perfection  
  
Dale tried some of Shakira’s Spanish songs which she had been listening to as a supplement to her language learning. Eventually she had it narrowed down to ‘Waka Waka, Esto Es Africa’ and ‘Suerte’, the Spanish version of ‘Whenever, Wherever’. She tried hooping to both and found that Suerte was her favorite. The audience wouldn’t understand it, but this part of the lyrics appealed to her:  
  
Suerte que mis pechos sean pequeños  
y no los confundas con montañas  
  
The English version had those lines as:  
  
Lucky that my breasts are small and humble  
So you don't confuse them with mountains  
  
The ‘humble’ concept didn’t seem to be in the Spanish version, but they certainly both featured Shakira talking up her small breasts. The rhythm was perfect for hooping, but the song was only 3:12 long.  
  
Nate said, “I think I can do this Dale. I think I can make a mashup based on Suerte since it seems to be your favorite. Maybe I’ll merge in sections from ‘Hips Don’t Lie’ and ‘Waka, Waka’. She agreed to let him give that a try. Dale was a bit tired as she had been exercising for about an hour and a half, and while Nate had not been hooping, he had been contributing mentally to the project. They decided that they needed a break. Nate pulled out the letter and looked again at the list of four items. “Oh, your sister, did you have a chance to get in touch with her?” asked Nate.  
  
“I did. It’s going to all work out perfectly. She and her husband have next weekend mostly free, so I think Saturday 10 to 2 will work great. She agreed to call here and tell my mom that she wants to invite me up for the weekend, and then ask to talk to me. So my parents will think that I’m with her the whole weekend, but we’ll be there just for the visit. She is happy to cover for me. She says she remembers wanting to have time with boys out from under the watchful eyes of the parents.”  
  
“That’s awesome. Everything is coming together, and like usual I have the easy job. All I have to do is walk around without a shirt on. For a guy that is nothing. Oh, and I have to strip you in front of an audience. That should be fun!” said Nate. “You are the one who has it rough. You are going to be naked for God knows how long, and in front of God knows how many people! You should be worrying!”  
  
“Actually after hearing her letter, I was feeling that I was getting off easily. I was expecting worse I guess. I mean, for the bonfire I had to be handcuffed naked for the drive. I was supposed to be covered by a robe, but,” she punched his shoulder playfully, “somehow that didn’t quite work out for me. I wonder why. This time I get to not only wear clothes in the car but also bring clothes with me. You’re not going to be able to show off these tits to the boys in all the drive-throughs along the way.”  
  
“Now you’re giving me ideas. Just because Kelly says you may wear clothes in the car, doesn’t mean that you have to wear clothes in the car,” said Nate. “Let me see, Kelly’s letter says, ‘I own you Friday evening from 5pm-on and Saturday from 3pm-on’. By my interpretation, that means that other than those two periods of time, I must own you. It looks as if I own you going and coming. I’ll have to give this some thought. And since everything not covered by a thong is now in-bounds. Maybe I should have you wear only a thong on the drive, but that doesn’t work because of Kelly’s no underwear stipulation. So much to think about.”  
  
“You give it some thought, but to me having one crazy master in a weekend is quite enough. You can always just be my boyfriend, and play with the titters to your heart’s content,” said Dale.  
  
“That is certainly one possibility,” said Nate. “But back to the topic of Kelly being easy on you. It only makes sense for you to have some access to clothes. It is a long drive and you can’t very well visit your sister naked. What would her husband think?” said Nate.  
  
“Yeah, that wouldn’t be good to be naked in front of my brother-in-law. I presume that he is probably going to be my brother-in-law forever. I don’t need him, or my sister for that matter, telling my grandkids about the time I visited them naked with my little pussy shaved bare and all. That would not be good,” said Dale. “Uh oh, times up. Headlights in the driveway. Quick, put the coffee table back while I dress,” said Dale running to her room, grabbing her high heels and the hula hoop on the way.  
  
The next day after Spanish as they were walking in the crowded hall Nate gave Dale a USB drive. “What is this?” she asked.  
  
“I stayed up until 3 am making it last night. It’s my Shakira mashup. I figured I needed to get right on it. You might want changes, plus you need time to work out a routine that fits, right?”  
  
“I was thinking of that. I’ve got a lot more hula hoop work to do. Why don’t you come over after dinner and we can work on this together in my back yard. Our parents will just see us hanging out and talking while I hula hoop. I won’t be able to wear my ‘game day’ outfit and shoes, but that’s OK. It would be nice to be able to practice in the high heels, but I can’t wear them on the lawn. I’ll have to find time later in the week to practice in the high heels,” said Dale. Continuing in a whisper she asked, leaning in,” Can you tell that my nips are chained together under my shirt?”  
  
“No,” said Nate. “I’m not sure I believe you.”  
  
“Well, you can feel them if you do it discreetly,” said Dale. “Let’s stop at a drinking fountain. You turn on the water for me, and I’ll bend over to drink. That will bring my you know what within inches of your free hand. You should be able to go for a quick little feelsie. Be real careful though. If people see, then I’ll have to slap you hard to maintain my squeaky clean reputation.”  
  
“You’d do that?” asked Nate.  
  
“Just test me. Try for a feelsie right here. I dare you!” whispered Dale.  
  
“No…I guess I prefer it your way. Let’s stop at the next drinking fountain.” Dale’s method worked perfectly, and Nate felt a hard nipple with an attached chain through her shirt and bra. After the confirmation, he asked quietly, “Is that going to keep them rock hard all day?”  
  
“Pretty much,” said Dale.  
  
“Does that mean you are going to have an elevated state of arousal all day?” asked Nate.  
  
“Pretty much,” said Dale again.  
  
The week went by quickly. Homework wise it was a busy week. They both had tests during the week, and they wanted to get ahead on their homework knowing that they’d be out of town on the weekend. Nate was impressed by the time and energy that Dale poured into perfecting her hula hoop routine. As she had told him, “If I’m going to look naked, I might as well look good.” Later that night, he added that quote to his growing list of Dale quotes that he had been maintaining.  
  
Friday was a half day, so at 11:50 am the last bell rang and both Dale and Nate headed for his car. Their packed bags were in the trunk to speed their exit from town. Nate said, “I presume we should swing by your house so you can leave some underwear behind, right?”  
  
“You can’t tell that I have been in compliance with that part of Kelly’s terms all morning?” asked Dale.  
  
“I was wondering, but your shirt is a little thick to tell for sure,” said Dale.  
  
“I picked this shirt for that reason. On the one hand I wanted to be and look braless, but on the other hand, I wanted no one to be able to notice. I’m such a conflicted little girl aren’t I?” said Dale. They were on the road out of town and she was unbuttoning her shirt as she spoke. She pulled it wide open saying, “but I did hope that YOU would notice. You’ll likely get tired of these before the weekend is over.”  
  
“I can’t imagine ever getting tired of those Dale,” replied Nate. Nate looked over at Dale who had her shirt pulled completely to the sides and her arms back. She was looking down at her bare chest. “Reliving the drive to Spruce Lake it would appear?”  
  
“I guess. I can’t believe I sat here like this for over an hour while evil Nate passed those trucks,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, not quite like that. The pants do make a big difference, don’t they?”  
  
“I decided once that being topless was like being 25% naked. And the bottom half is the other 75%.”  
  
“That’s interesting. So how naked are you sitting there like that?” asked Nate.  
  
“About 24% I guess,” answered Dale.  
  
“But you have your shirt on. It is just open.”  
  
“Yeah, but it’s all about the titters. If they are out, then it counts as being topless, wouldn’t you say? If a bikini top counts as a top, then it is clearly all about the tits.”  
  
“Why don’t you take your top the rest of the way off then?” asked Nate.  
  
“Because like this, I can close my shirt if a car comes,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 65: Hotel Arrival**

Nate had decided to not give Dale any nudie challenges on the drive that day. They didn’t have time for any detours, and he expected that she had to be worrying about what lay ahead under Kelly’s command. As their road trip continued, he enjoyed observing Dale. He could tell that she was craving more nudity, but when a car or truck was next to them, she would cover her chest with her shirt. Once any possibility of being seen had passed, the shirt would magically return to its wide open position. He felt like he was witnessing her limit for self-imposed exposure. This then was where he and Kelly came in. Without their encouragement she could not take things to the level that she craved. He was still working at figuring her out, but it was clear that she was wired differently than other girls. He had learned so much from their talk after the principal’s office trauma. Part of it seemed to be a need to be nude, but as important as that, was a possibly larger piece of the puzzle having to do with her need to worry. She seemed to thrive on the worry that she might be caught naked. He had noticed in the days after the bungee jump that she was almost in a state of panic that her secret was about to be revealed to the entire school. But he had noticed that it was not debilitating, but rather a nourishing sort of terror that was gripping her. Rather than hide or sulk, she had gone to school early each day to be as close to the danger as possible. That is why he thought that she liked being far from her clothes or even handcuffed nude to a flagpole. Such things increased the intensity of the worry by placing obstacles between her and any ability she might have of covering herself. He did have something in store for her on the return trip, but it would be a surprise for her if they ended up on the road early enough on Sunday.  
  
As they approached the capital, he received a text, handing the phone to Dale so she could read it aloud. It read, “We are in suite 700. New instruction: Have Carol strip in the hallway and stow EVERYTHING in her bag before she herself knocks on my door.”  
  
“And so it begins,” said Dale.  
  
It was not too much later that they were standing in the hallway on the 7th floor of a large fancy hotel looking at the double doors of suite 700. Dale kicked off her shoes and then reached up and slowly started undoing the buttons of her shirt. She had only just done them up before getting out of the car in the parking lot. After the last button was undone, she looked both ways down the long corridor before shrugging off the shirt. Nate took the shirt from her, folded it and then placed it in her bag along with her shoes. Dale again looked both ways as she reached for the top button on her jeans. As she looked past him down the hall, Nate saw an expression that he recognized. Dale eyes were big and she was biting her lower lip. Once the pants were off and in the bag, Dale did a slow turn saying, “That must be EVERYTHING!”  
  
“Yep, you are as naked as you get,” confirmed Nate. “And when you get naked, you get real naked!”  
  
“How is that? Naked is naked,” said Dale.  
  
“Not exactly,” said Nate. “A naked girl with a bush is naked. But you are quite a bit more naked.”  
  
Dale smiled a pretend embarrassed smile and then struck a cute pose with her hand up as if about to knock. She suddenly pulled it back and did a quick little ‘scared and shaking’ pose. Nate thought it was very entertaining. They both laughed, but then taking a deep breath of courage, the nude girl in the hotel hallway knocked confidently on the door.  
  
The door opened and there stood Kelly smiling, with Henry just behind, straining to get a look at their guests. They went in and received a very warm welcome, Dale got hugs from both Kelly and Henry and Kelly hugged Nate while Henry shook his hand. “OK,” said Kelly, “It would appear that all instructions have been followed to this point.” She noticed the hula hoop in Nate’s hand remarking, “That hula hoop looks perfect! After what Nate has told me, we all have very high expectations for an exciting show. I would love a preview, but I suppose I’d rather see it for the first time with the high heels and the music. Let me show you guys around.” The suite had a large central area with couches and floor to ceiling windows overlooking the city. Near the entrance was a kitchen-bar area as well as a bathroom. On each side of the central area was a bedroom complete with luxury bathroom. Each bedroom had its own private balcony which the large central area did not.  
  
“OK, which is Carol’s bag?” asked Kelly. Nate picked it up and handed it to her. Kelly took the bag into one of the bedrooms, indicating that they should follow. She placed it on the bed and opened it, removing some of the stuff to get a feel for what Dale had with her. “OK Carol, this is what you may take to your room.” Dale looked and noticed that it was just her jewelry, makeup and toiletries kit. Kelly continued, “Henry will give you each a key. You are two floors down in room 521. I’ve taken the liberty of removing the robes from your room. I left the towels and sheets, but they are not to be used to cover up. If I catch you covering up Carol, even placing your hands over your nipples or pussy, you will not like the consequences.” Just then there was a knock on the door. Looking right at Dale, Kelly said, “Will you please see who that is Carol?” Dale walked to the door and with only a slight hesitation, she opened it wide. Nate noticed Kelly nodding approvingly. It was Mike with his wife Nicole. They came in with their luggage, and Kelly indicated which room was theirs. After they had set their bags down there were hugs and handshakes all around. Kelly said, “I was just about to send Nate and Carol down to their room to get settled. Carol, come back to my room at 6 pm, to get ready for dinner. We are going out to a nice restaurant that is across town.” Kelly saw signs of worry flash cross Dale’s face, and continued, “I picked out an outfit for you to wear this evening. When you return, I expect you to be wearing your MINX jewelry.”  
  
Dale spoke quietly, “May I make one request?”  
  
“That depends,” said Kelly.  
  
“May I take my high heels to my room? I’d like the chance to practice a bit more. I mean, hooping in high heels,” said Dale.  
  
“Yes you may, but wear them, don’t carry them. Go put them on now and model them for us. I’d really like to see how high heels look on a naughty little shaved pussy minx like you,” said Kelly. “Put them on and then strut around a little for us.” Dale did as instructed, and Kelly whispered a few things to her that nobody else heard. Dale picked up the hula hoop and her toiletries bag and walked to the door. After Kelly had opened the door to let them out, she said, “Room 521. Elevators to the left, stairs to the right. Oh and when you return at 6:00, be wearing the shoes and the jewelry, nothing more. Oh right, you don’t have anything else that you might wear. Nate, you don’t need to come at 6:00, just meet us in the lobby at 6:45, dressed up for dinner.” With that, they said goodbye, and the door closed.  
  
Dale looked both ways and was relieved to see that they were alone in the hall. Nate took the toiletries from her, so that she was only carrying her hula hoop. Dale turned and headed toward the stairs, thinking that that path might be the least likely for them to run into other hotel guests.  
  
As luck would have it, they got all the way into their room without being seen. The room was nice, and they were both quite excited. This was a first for them. This was their first hotel room together and it had a giant king size bed, a balcony, and a luxury bathroom with a shower and a jetted tub big enough for two. Dale had thought she would use the time to practice hooping, as she had been sitting in the car all afternoon; however, when presented with the opportunity, she kicked off her shoes and pulled Nate down onto the bed on top of her. They had a little over half an hour before she had to go back, and they used it for kissing and playing on the bed.  
  
As 6:00 pm approached, Dale finally got up and retrieved her nipple chain. She had put it on herself during the week, but enjoyed it much more when Nate put it on for her. She gave it to Nate, then stretched out on the bed spread eagle. She knew how wanton that pose had to look, but knew that Nate would enjoy the view. She didn’t mind teasing him, because she knew he would respect her boundaries. Nate did, but as he moved into position to attend to the nipples, he ran his hand up her inner thigh, thinking about just how small a thong really was. He decided to come right out and say just that, “My Dale, this imaginary thong is so very tiny!”  
  
Dale clued in quickly and said, “You are right, it is my very tiniest! It covers only the bare essentials. It is much smaller than my missing furry patch ever was.”  
  
“A girl would have to feel so very exposed and vulnerable wearing such a small thong, indeed it really isn’t much larger than a Band-Aid,” said Nate. At this point, Nate noticed that Dale’s nips were as hard as he’d ever felt them, and they were nearly out of time, so he attached the jewelry. He hoped that that they could continue the exploration of just how small the thong was later. Dale took one look at the clock, pulled her high heels on and with a quick goodbye kiss, was gone out the door. Nate noticed she had left her key behind, but she didn’t really have a way to carry it.  
  
As the room door clicked shut behind Dale, she looked down the hall toward the elevators, and saw a group of people coming straight at her. She turned and raced to the stairwell. She knew that she had given a group of people about a five second long show featuring her naked butt. Her luck on the stairs and in the seventh floor hallway was better, and she knocked on the door without being seen. Kelly was slow to open the door, and as she waited she kept looking to the right and left expecting someone to emerge from any of the many doors at any moment. Finally the door opened.  
  
“Come in Carol,” said Kelly. “My, don’t you look like you just had a bit of a tussle. I thought I left you with a hair brush, but you can borrow mine.”  
  
Kelly’s look indicated that she knew exactly why her hair was messy. She said simply, “Busted.”  
  
“No issues,” said Kelly, “I hope you like my top. I have one just like it for you,” she said, turning to show the top from all sides. It was made of a shimmery gold metallic material. It was sleeveless, and from far out on her shoulders the neckline plunged nearly straight down to her waistline in both the front and the back. At chest level, the fabric covered the nipples, but with little margin for error. The two sides of the shirt were connected only at the waist. Kelly continued, “This is the most daring top I have ever worn. It’s sort of like a top that is missing its entire middle half. You’ll probably feel like a nun in it, but I feel like my boobs are showing…because they pretty much are. Here, come and try yours on.” Dale followed Kelly into one of the bedrooms where her top was lying on the bed. It was hard to figure out which was the front and which was the back. It looked like it probably didn’t really matter. Once she had it on her shoulders, she found that the wide black waist band clipped together below her belly button.  
  
Dale went over to the mirror to see how it looked. “I love it!” she told Kelly. The color of the material was a perfect match for her MINX chain. The MINX itself floated in midair above her chest. She looked back at Kelly who was engaged with attaching her own nipple chain. “I don’t feel at all like a nun. I don’t have any daring tops. Everything I own is quite conservative. But this top is spectacularly beautiful.”  
  
“I’m glad you like it Carol, because it is yours to keep,” said Kelly.  
  
“Wow…thanks! But it is so risqué I don’t know where I will ever wear it,” said Dale.  
  
“Give me a break Carol. You find places to go fully nude, but you don’t know where to wear a shirt with a plunging neckline?” said Kelly, “I got you a black miniskirt to go with it, but looking at you standing there bottomless, I’m not sure we need it.” Dale turned back to the mirror and examined how she looked bottomless, with just the shirt, and the high heels. She had told Nate earlier in the day that 75% of nude was below the waist, but suddenly she was feeling at least 90% naked.  
  
“Wow, that is the most worried looking face I have seen on you,” said Kelly. “I was only kidding. You’ll need the skirt I have for you where we are having dinner. Come and sit on the bed here for a moment. I want to talk to you.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 66: Kelly's Explanation**

Dale walked back to the bed and sat by Kelly. “Let’s talk woman to woman for a moment,” said Kelly, “I want to tell you what is going on here, as a friend, and then I’ll return to my role as your alpha female. Late in the summer Nicole called me and told me how Mike had come home sexually on fire from a week of duty. She eventually got a few details out of him about a visit from a beautiful young nymph. We ladies try to subscribe to the old adage that, ‘It doesn’t matter where he gets his appetite as long as he eats at home.’ But that’s sometimes easier said than done…to enjoy sex with your husband when you know he is thinking of another woman. That’s not easy. Well, to speed the story along, she learned that Mike was arranging to go waterskiing with Henry and that the naked little hottie would be there. She couldn’t bring herself to go even though she was invited. But she wanted me there, and I wanted to be there to keep an eye on Henry. Well, you showed up and I could not believe what we were dealing with! Holy Shit! I mean, Nicole and I always got more than our share of attention from men, but we aren’t as young as we once were. But even at your age we couldn’t hold a candle to you. I doubt there are many other eighteen year olds who can…in the entire state. After that day on the lake, Henry was so horny, but so was I. I’m as straight as they come, but seeing a pretty little shaved pussy in the sunshine even got my motor running. The next day Nicole called and reported how Mike had come home in his Energizer Bunny suit. We got together and included Sarah because Mitchell had also been on the receiving end of your charms.  
  
“Well, we talked over lunch about how to deal with our mutual ‘Carol Problem’. We knew we couldn’t beat you at your own game. We aren’t as young, as beautiful, or as daring by any stretch of the imagination, but we knew we had a few advantages. First and foremost, our husbands can’t have you. We won’t let them. I don’t think you’d let them either.” Dale shook her head confirming the statement. “Second, our husbands sincerely love us. So we tried to figure out a way to turn our ‘Carol Problem’ into a ‘Carol Opportunity’. And that is where the plans for the bonfire evening originated. In essence it was based on an, ‘If you can’t beat them, join them’ strategy.  
  
The first aspect of the plan, one that you surely figured out, was to make you look young, too young, like jail-bait. Nate told me afterwards that you termed the look, “jail-bait on parade” in the car on the way home, which sounds pretty accurate. We decided to try and make it patently obvious to our husbands that you weren’t just young, but so young that it would be wrong, very wrong. Now that strategy could backfire. There are certainly men who like them young, way young. Or they like the young look. Why else would the school girl outfits be so popular at Halloween? But we talked that through and all felt that our husbands aren’t the pedophile type.  
  
I’m sorry that you felt used. I sincerely apologize about that. And I shouldn’t have had you shave all of us, but I didn’t know. I’m sure there are girls who would love to do that. I just want you to know that behind it all, we love our husbands. We want to hold on to them, and we want to give them what they deserve…in bed too. I also want you to know how daring that was for each of us. We’d never seen each other nude before that night, and we’d all pretty much gotten into routines where we were only naked with our guys alone in the dark. To have our pussies shaved, to put on nipple chains, and then to strip in front of each other and all our husbands! Well for each of us it took more courage than we thought we had. But from our husbands’ point of view I can say that it exceeded expectations. We’ve talked, and these guys were so impressed by our daring, so proud of us. And let me tell you, based on what I know personally and have heard, they are all constantly raring to go. They seem happier, but the best part is that it now seems as if their horniness is being inspired by thoughts of their own wives, not a beautiful eighteen year old virgin. You are still a virgin, aren’t you?” asked Kelly.  
  
“Yes, and staying that way. Even though I know Nate thinks he is getting close, the poor guy is just going to have to continue waiting and waiting,” said Dale.  
  
“Good for you. You are absolutely worth waiting for!” said Kelly. “So to continue, now we all feel as if we have our husbands’ undivided attention. In addition to all the sex I am getting, I have never felt closer to Henry. He is lovingly tender and attentive these days. We all owe you such a huge debt of gratitude. I want this weekend to be very special for you and for Nate. To reward you, I’ll be making you jump through a few hoops, pun intended…” She paused to laugh at her own joke, “… while fully nude. You can count on that! But that isn’t what tonight is about. Tonight you won’t be the only one nude because no one will be nude. Tonight is just us four couples going out to dinner, more or less as equals. I hope you don’t mind that we all have matching shirts and will be wearing our nipple jewelry. We married ladies can’t rest on our laurels. We still have to keep up our efforts to be the stars of our own husbands’ wet dreams, if you know what I mean. From the waist down we three will all be fairly conservatively dressed in things we already had, Nicole and I in black pants, Sarah in a long black skirt.”  
  
After Kelly finished off, she gave Dale a hug, and Dale said, “Thank you for the explanation. To some extent, I had figured out a bit of what you just told me. I’m so glad that things are going well with your husbands, they are really nice guys, and you are all beautiful classy women. And by the way, Nate and I did have a lot of fun at your bonfire. I hope that what Nate told you didn’t make you think that we didn’t. I’d do it again in a heartbeat.”  
  
“That’s kind, but we are going to run out of time. You need to get up and put your skirt on. It’s over there on top of my dresser.” Dale looked at the black skirt on the dresser across the room. It was a miniskirt, but not a particularly short one. Knowing that she would not be wearing panties, she was contemplating the challenges of not exposing herself in public in such a short skirt. Walking over to it, she noticed that it had an attractive fringe motif. But when she picked it up, she realized that it was all fringe and fringe only. It was nothing more than a waist band with hundreds of individual pieces of black string hanging down. “Get it on girl!” said Kelly, clearly back in her alpha role.  
  
Dale slipped it on, and walked over in front of the mirror. Standing still it looked more or less like a normal skirt. All the thin cords hung down parallel and the hundreds of slits closed up. But when she moved her hips all the slits opened a little and she could see skin showing though everywhere. She tried walking toward and away from the mirror to see how it looked. She noticed that it was almost as if it was transparent when she walked. Even though only some of her skin was showing at any moment, the movement allowed the brain to put it all together. She thought of how the spokes of allow wheels disappeared such that the brakes inside were so clearly visible on cars on the freeway. When she turned or spun the fringe all lifted up such that she became instantly bottomless. “Where did you find this skirt?” asked Dale.  
  
“I ran across it at the mall. It originally had a solid layer below the fringe…snip, snip! It’s much better like this, don’t you think?” asked Kelly.  
  
“Well, assuming that it is non-negotiable, I’m trying to wrap my head around it,” said Dale.  
  
Just then Nicole came in. She looked all dressed and ready to go to dinner. “You ladies are looking lovely!” she said. “Isn’t that skirt wild Carol? Show me how it moves.” Dale did a little walking, and spinning while Nicole watched. “Wow!” she exclaimed. “Wow! Won’t you be turning heads!”  
  
“I think I’ll need to try and walk as if I have a book balanced on my head,” said Dale.  
  
“When Kelly first showed me that skirt, I thought it was for your hula hoop show. In other words just for a private party. And then I learned that her plan was for you to go out in public in that. I could never do that!” said Nicole. “Do you have a hoop here? I’d love to see how that would look.”  
  
“No hoop, but…” said Dale as she set her hips in motion so that they could all see how it might look.  
  
“Wow, that is hot!” said Nicole.  
  
“It does have potential,” said Kelly, “but all she will have on for the hula hoop show is her high heels. I don’t want even a single piece of fringe hiding the view of her butt or pussy. And I’m the one who decides, isn’t that right Carol?”  
  
“Yes ma’am,” said Dale.  
  
“OK Carol, one last thing, let me touch up your hair and then we’ll all head for the lobby. By the way, tomorrow afternoon I have a salon appointment for you. I have a classic updo in mind. I don’t know if you watch movie classics, but I have a look in mind reminiscent of Audrey Hepburn in ‘Breakfast at Tiffany’s’. You won’t come out looking quite like her because you’re blond, but I expect it will be beautiful. Those high heels are so classy. I want the rest of the outfit to be every bit as sophisticated. I hope you like the idea, but you really don’t have a vote,” said Kelly. Dale did not respond, even though she liked the idea of having her hair professionally done. As they headed out into the hotel hallway, Dale was trying on figuring out how to walk with as little hip movement as possible. She quickly discovered that the high heels were not her allies in this attempt. They seemed to force a sexy walk which included hip movement. If she hadn’t known it before, she quickly realized that she was in real trouble. There was no way to keep the fringe from dancing around, and if she walked behind someone, the show would simply be from the rear. She decided to try and simply relax and focus on the fact that she was wearing a skirt. Earlier she had had none. It was better to think of the glass as half-dressed rather than half undressed.  
  
When they arrived in the lobby, they were delighted to find the rest of their party there and waiting for them. Nate looked nice, and took in Dale’s whole outfit as she walked up and gave him a quick hello kiss. She noticed that Mike, Henry, and Mitchell were focused on their own wives and scarcely noticed her or her skirt at first. She was pleased about that, but finally everyone seemed to be staring at her. She stood absolutely still. Kelly decided to do something about that, linking elbows with her to make for a little show and tell, she twirled her around. Dale saw Nate’s jaw fall open. From her time in front of the mirror she knew that her pussy would be fully on display for brief moments. To compound her distress, she learned that the restaurant was four blocks away, so they would walk rather than drive or take taxis. Dale whispered to Nate, holding his arm tightly with both arms, “What am I going to do Nate? This skirt hides nothing.”  
  
“I know. I’m loving it!” replied Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 67: Dinner in the String Skirt**

Dale glared at him saying, “At least try and walk between me and some of these people.” As they went out the door, she discovered yet another hazard as the wind through the door blew the fringe forward. She imagined that she had just mooned everyone behind her in the hotel lobby. As they walked to the restaurant, the group was causing a lot of head turning. There were a lot of people on the sidewalk. It was early evening, the temperature was comfortable and it was light out. To Dale’s relief the number of people doing a double take on her skirt was fewer than she had expected. The four gold tops tended to be what caught people’s eye, and once someone had seen the nipple wide neck-line they seemed unable to take their eyes away from the ladies’ chests. Dale ended up being pleased about that after having just heard Kelly’s story. She could see how proud the husbands were to have their wives attracting attention and stopping traffic. She also noticed that they were each doing their best to limit the extent and duration of the inevitable nip slips caused by the width of the deeply plunging neckline combined with the fluid nature of the material itself.  
  
The restaurant was quite fancy, specializing in seafood. They had a reservation and their table was ready for them. They were seated immediately, girl-boy-girl. As she sat down, Dale put her napkin in her lap, which caught Kelly’s attention. “Now Carol, that comes very close to violating my no covering up rule.” She continued, “Please put your napkin back on the table where you can reach it should you actually need it during the meal.”  
  
Dale did so, looking down at her lap. She whispered to Nate, “Nate, look, the fringe is forming a dark triangle making it look almost like I have pubes.” Unfortunately she misjudged the volume and everyone heard. As they weren’t all quite yet comfortably seated, most of them took the opportunity to walk around the table to look at how the fringe had settled. Dale thought her hips felt entirely bare, but with Nate on one side and Mike on the other, the view of them was somewhat hidden to the rest of those in the dining room.  
  
Part way into the meal the waiter asked them about their matching outfits. He said, “My staff and I are wondering about your matching tops. My money is on the possibility that you are all models for the car show in town. Those tops are so striking and the matching necklaces are quite lovely.”  
  
Kelly had been hoping for something like this to come up. She said, “Oh, they aren’t necklaces. You don’t see any chains around our necks do you?” The waiter looked from girl to girl confirming what Kelly had said. He had a puzzled look on his face and Kelly continued, “Mike, Nate, would each of you please assist Carol with one of her shoulder straps. Seeing is believing!” Dale froze, gripping Nate’s thigh as the realization of Kelly’s intention struck her. Just a moment later Mike bared her left breast to the waiter’s view. Nate hesitated, seeing a look of panic in Dale’s eyes. But with her left side on display, Dale realized the inevitability of the situation, she relaxed her grip saying quietly to Nate, “It’s OK, go ahead.” Nate followed suit and pulled the strap on his side down as well. Kelly, who had just been observing the small drama unfold, now continued, “Yes, now take the sides all the way off her arms. The halves of her shirt now hung from her waist and Dale, suddenly finding herself topless in a half full public restaurant, looked around nervously, trying to gage how many people were aware of the situation.  
  
The waiter, realizing that all four chains were attached to nipples, glanced quickly from chest to chest. “My,” he said, “Today I guess it was my fortune to ask just the right question. Three of you seem to have your names on your chains. Is the young lady’s name really ‘Minx’?  
  
Kelly, anticipating a question of the sort, had an answer at the ready. She said, “Oh no. When she loses her virginity she’ll be allowed to wear nipple jewelry with her name on it.” Nate heard Dale take in a sharp breath of air. Not only was she topless and wearing nipple jewelry in a restaurant with people in all directions taking notice. But to make matters worse, her virginity had just been ‘outed’ to the entire dining room. Kelly’s voice was one of those that carried.  
  
The waiter, his face red and obviously unsure about how to react to the situation, said simply, “I see. I need to check on…” and he slipped away. It was taking everything that Dale had to resist the urge to cover her chest, but she knew it was not within her prerogative to do so. She sat there hoping that Kelly would have them pull her shirt back up, but Kelly did nothing. Out of the corner of her eye, Dale saw kitchen staff coming and going from the dining room. Seemingly everyone needed to see the bare from the waist up girl for themselves. After a few minutes, the waiter returned and addressed her directly, “Ma’am, I am personally very disappointed to have to bring you this message, but the manager has asked me to respectfully request that you cover yourself while in our establishment this evening.” Dale looked to Kelly for permission. Kelly nodded and Nate and Mike went about assisting Dale with getting their respective sides of her top back up. Once that was accomplished, Dale forced herself to return to her meal.  
  
Once the plates had been cleared and people had ordered after dinner drinks, Mike spoke up so that those at the table could hear him saying, “As I sit here, I find myself wondering about how the pretty ladies at this table have maintained their nether regions since the event at Spruce Lake, now just over a month ago. Because I have decided that it would be inappropriate to ask another man’s lady this most personal of questions, I’ll address my question to the guys around the table. You girls know that we guys talk about such things, I expect. So guys, in as much or as little detail as you choose, please tell us about the current state of your lady’s muffin. I will be happy to go first, and I am very happy to announce that Nicole has done an exceptional job at keeping herself baby-bottom smooth, left, right, up and down, with no other encouragement beyond seeing the twinkle in my eye every time I have the opportunity to behold the object of my desire.” Once Mike had finished, everyone looked at Nicole, and Henry and Mitchell made gestures of celebration. Nicole smiled broadly but with a hint of embarrassment, bowing her head repeatedly in all directions to acknowledge what seemed to be praise.  
  
Mitchell then spoke up, “Similarly Sarah has kept herself quite presentable. For the first two weeks she was as smooth as could be, but for the last week or two she has been experimenting with the narrowest of racing stripes imaginable. To paint a picture, I’d say she has about a week’s growth in a strip that is about the width of a pencil. Down lower…absolutely smooth! Unlike Mike I have been quite vocal in expressing my interests, and I have to say that she has accommodated my wishes cheerfully….so far, so good.” This time all four guys at the table made celebratory gestures, Mike even giving Mitchell a silent high-five. Sarah beamed, but in a manner that hinted at how embarrassing it was for her to hear her husband talking about her pussy in public.  
  
Everyone looked at Henry. “What can I say guys. I’m a happy man. I call the style, not the ‘Full Brazilian’, but instead the ‘Full Carol’. My apologies Carol! Well, it is my good fortune to go home to a ‘Full Carol’ every night. I doubt she has to, but it pleases me to know that she shaves daily.” She tells me that the regularity of the grooming has solved the little bit of trouble she was having with razor bumps initially. Kelly scowled at Henry over the last comment, but then bowed her head repeatedly as everyone made silent celebratory gestures. They didn’t want the rest of the dining room to realize that they were whooping it up.  
  
Nate did not know if he would be expected to answer or not, but everyone looked at him so he figured it was his turn. He said, “I think everyone has seen Carol already today. If not earlier, then certainly during the walk to the restaurant, so no one needs confirmation from me on her state of grooming,” He looked a Dale who seemed to be listening intently, then continued, “I’m starting to think that female pubic hair is a myth. I’ve seen exactly four pussies this year, and I have yet to see even one single pubic hair.” Everyone laughed.  
  
Not wanting Carol to feel left out, Mike said, “Let’s hear it for Carol!” At that point Carol smiled and a few high-fives were exchanged, the ladies pretending to clap.  
  
The walk back to the hotel turned out to be easier for Dale than the earlier walk to the restaurant, and she felt like she was able to relax a little. It was now dark and there were very few people on the street. In the elevator on the way up, Kelly whispered something to Nate, who quickly pushed “5”. When the elevator door opened, Nate got out. Dale attempted to follow, but Kelly held her arm, gently indicating that she was to come to the seventh floor with them. As soon as they walked in the suite, Kelly asked Dale for the top, which she took and hung up. Just as she was returning to the living room area, there was a knock at the door. “Why don’t you get that Carol?” said Kelly. Dale opened the door to find Nate standing there with the hula hoop. After he had entered, Kelly continued, “Earlier when Carol first had the string skirt on, Nicole wondered out loud how the skirt might be for hula hooping. Without giving us too much of a preview of tomorrow’s show Carol, could you give us a short demo. I think we’d all like a more complete understanding of the virtues of that skirt before we turn in for the night.  
  
Without comment, Dale took the hula hoop from Nate, put it around her waist and set it in motion. She kept it pretty basic. She just let the hoop go round and round, reversing its direction a time or two. She kept her arms at shoulder height, elbows bent, and caused the hoop to climb up to chest level, and then she allowed it to slowly go down inch by inch until it was at her knees, at which point it started back up. The body movement to keep the hoop in motion was different when the hoop was at different levels. Without music it all seemed like a pretty boring demo to Dale. But her audience was mesmerized. The shaking of the fringe caused it to become nearly transparent. After she grabbed the hoop, bringing the short demo to an end, she struck a cute little pose and everyone clapped. Dale then curtsied.  
  
Once the clapping had died down, Kelly spoke, “What a fun evening and what a nice little string skirt show. OK Carol, I guess it is time. Keep the heels and the jewelry on, but only until you get to your room, then give the nips a rest. Nate can carry the hoop. Remove the skirt…everything else stays here. See you two in the morning.” After a round of hugs and handshakes, Dale and Nate found themselves again in the hallway. This time they headed toward the elevator. Just as they were about to push the button to call the elevator, the door slid open. A middle aged couple looked out of the elevator at the clothed young man and the nude girl in high heels. After a few quick and awkward glances, the couple got out and Nate and Dale got in. Nate pushed the button for their floor. As soon as the door had closed, they both started cracking up.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 68: Alone At Last**

Dale took the first turn in the bathroom. Nate then took his turn. He realized that he was taking longer than she had, but he was taking off his clothes and putting on pajamas. He found himself thinking about how quick it was for Dale to “change” for going out or going to bed when no actual dressing was involved. As he brushed his teeth he realized that he had surely died and gone to heaven. In a moment he would go into the bedroom where Dale would be waiting for him nude, and they would share their first night together. They had slept together in his tent, but this was different, now they were boyfriend and girlfriend and this was a real bed. He thought of the King size bed, and how it was far larger than they needed. They were sure to sleep snuggled up together.  
  
When he exited the bathroom, all the lights were off. He turned off the bathroom light behind him to let his eyes adjust, but then to his surprise he heard sobbing. There was a small amount of outside light coming in the window, and he was able to see Dale in an upright fetal position in the middle of the bed. She had her face down, hidden by her arms and knees. He went to her asking, “Dale, what’s wrong? Did something happen?” She didn’t respond, so he tried to comfort her by wrapping his arms around her.  
  
Finally through her quiet sobs he heard her say, “I’m such a terrible girlfriend Nate.” She didn’t say anything more; she just continued to cry quietly.  
  
“Dale, talk to me, that’s ridiculous. Why would you say that?” said Nate. “We’ve had such a fun day? You are an absolutely wonderful girlfriend! A dream-come-true girlfriend!” Nate kept trying to find out what had caused such a drastic change in her mood.  
  
Eventually Dale started talking. She said, “Nate you’re so good to me, you do everything for me. I have such a stupid hobby…nudity. How dumb is that? And you go to so much effort to help me have fun, and here I sit. I don’t even know what interests you have. Some girlfriend, right? And I don’t know because I have never asked. I’m such a selfish person, aren’t I?”  
  
“Dale, you’re being silly. I love that you like being nude. It’s not just you being selfish. It’s something fun that we do together.”  
  
“I am too a terrible girlfriend! You know so much more about me than I know about you. I love that I can be the real me around you. I’ve told you how around other people I feel like I’m playing the Dale role. See what I mean… Me Me Me! Did I ever ask if you felt like you could be the real you around me. No I didn’t, did I?”  
  
“Dale, what got you thinking about this? This is crazy, one moment you are happy and having fun. We were laughing about the couple we ran into at the elevator, and now you are crying. What happened to change your mood?” asked Nate.  
  
“I just started thinking about the effort that you went to, to set up this trip. I know that it took calls, emails and texts. And now you are giving up an entire weekend just so I can be naked. I know you like looking at my body. I don’t want to sound conceited, but I know I have a beautiful body. I’m not bragging. I’m just being honest. I know I can be honest around you. I would never say that to anyone else, that I know that I have a beautiful body. Other people would take it wrong. What I’m getting around to saying is that I know you like seeing me naked and having these experiences with me. We both have fun, yet it is all designed around me. Do you want to know what happened, what got me thinking about this? While you were in the bathroom just now I started thinking about our dinner in the restaurant. And I found myself thinking about how it wasn’t ideal from my standpoint. I’ve never worn a sexy shirt like that before. I don’t have a single shirt with a daring neckline. I don’t have a single daring skirt. What I have in my closet is conservative clothes of the sort that Dale Jordan wears. Do you know why I don’t have sexy clothes Nate?” asked Dale.  
  
“I think I do. Or I thought I did. Actually even a boring shirt looks hot and sexy on you,” replied Nate.  
  
“The reason I don’t have sexy clothes is because for me it has never been about looking sexy. Nudity and sexy have always been quite separate for me. For me the nudity is risk taking. And so just now I started to think about what might have made the evening nicer for me! Get it…Selfish, Selfish, Selfish. Kelly gave me the whole backstory today. About how the bonfire evening was designed around turning their ‘Carol Problem’ into a ‘Carol Opportunity’. She explained that they had done all that to keep their husbands interested in them rather than being interested in a hot teenager. And she told me that the evening tonight was about them keeping up their efforts to be the stars in their own husbands’ wet dreams. As she was saying that, I was glad that they had designed this evening around themselves. But then sitting here I found myself thinking selfishly about how it could have been better for me. Don’t you see what a selfish person I am Nate?”  
  
“Dale, you are not a selfish person. The reason I think you are so well liked is based on how seriously you take the feelings of others. I will never forget how you knew that I was number 79, and a defensive end. Not for as long as I live! I will never forget how you moved back to sit with me and Kenny in Spanish class.”  
  
“But Nate, you set up this weekend, you set up the bungee jump, you set up two trips to Spruce Lake. What have I done for you? How much time did you put into planning all that? It could even be argued that I forced you to be my blackmailer…forced you to play a role that really wasn’t you. You did it very well, by the way. But it wasn’t you being yourself. I feel I might not really know the real you because I am so selfish! I have never really asked much about you. I took you to a restaurant that I wanted to go to, the French restaurant. I didn’t ask you what restaurants you like, did I?”  
  
Nate finally figured out the argument that he had to make to get her to start thinking more rationally. “Dale, you do know the real me. And you have gone to a lot of effort to participate in activities that the real me enjoys. I like to hike and camp. Our first real time together was a long weekend spent camping. And we went back later for another nice evening and a campfire. I like my motorcycle. I can’t begin to tell you how nice it is for me to take you places on my motorcycle. You even borrowed my motorcycle. That made me very happy, by the way. And you ride home from school with me. Riding home from school with me on my motorcycle is not about your need for nudity…it is you sharing an interest of mine with me while fully clothed. Take Spanish, it is an interest that we share. I did not start taking Spanish because of you. I love that we can study together. I like football, and I’m doing my best to help the school win games. Not only are you at and watching every game, but you are cheering the team on every step of the way. To me it feels as if you are cheering me on. I feel like I have my own cheerleader at every game. That feeling is special to me…please don’t say anything to take that away from me. And I like my fire lookout buddies. I’ve known a few of the guys for several years. They are older than me, but they are my friends. Now they are our friends. So YOUR nudity has become OUR hobby…and these other things have also become things that belong to both of us. MY motorcycle now seems to be OUR motorcycle. MY forest service friends are now OUR friends. I don’t have a hobby that you don’t know about.”  
  
“Nate, that is why I like you so much. You are so sweet. You’re trying to make me feel better,” said Dale.  
  
“Is it working?” asked Nate.  
  
“A little bit, but I do want to do better by you. Maybe we can start in the morning. Maybe we should just get up in the morning and leave.”  
  
“Why would we do that?”  
  
“We could cut this naked adventure short and work on a more balanced relationship. A more normal relationship that takes your needs into account,” said Dale.  
  
“Who wants balanced and normal? And besides we can’t leave, you have no clothes. We can’t let everyone down. Like it or not they are counting on you tomorrow. The non-selfish thing to do is to stay and follow through with this commitment. The non-selfish thing to do is to go through with the hula hoop show. And if you really want to take MY interests into account, you’ll do the more daring intro, the standing splits into,” said Nate.  
  
Nate heard Dale breathe in sharply. “Nate, their suite is pretty big. I think it would probably accommodate a lot of people, maybe an audience of twenty, leaving room for me to hula hoop. I’ve saw them talking to other people in the lobby, so I know their group is much bigger than just the six of them. I can’t do that intro for so many strangers.”  
  
“Well, you decide, but it is the intro that I would like to see you preform. It is the sexy intro, and Kelly asked for sexy.” Nate decided he was not above such a blatant attempt to manipulate, even though he knew he was taking advantage of Dale during a weak moment. They ended up talking late into the night. Nate had pictured an evening of passion involving all parts of Dale’s body not covered by the small imaginary thong. It didn’t end up being such an evening at all, but they ended up closer emotionally. And they slept as close together as is humanly possible.