**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by [BPClavel](mailto:BPClavel@gmail.com)

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 69: Room Service**

Nate awoke to the sound of the shower being turned off. A few moments later Dale emerged from the bathroom drying her hair with a towel. When she saw him awake, she jumped on him. It was nice to get a morning hug and kiss, but all the wet hair in his face was a bit of a rude awakening. She immediately got up and put on her high heels and then started stretching. Nate could tell that she was planning on practicing her routine. “Would you help me move this chair and table to make a little more room in here?” she asked.  
  
“Sure,” said Nate, getting up and rubbing the cobwebs out of his eyes. “I’m so happy that you are deciding to go through with the hula hoop show,” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, I’ll do the show. You know that I want to do the show. I’m terrified by the idea of doing the splits intro, but for you I’m going to try to be bold enough to do it. We should practice it a few times, but maybe you’d like to get your shower first,” said Dale. Nate watched Dale for a few minutes. She was still having a little difficulty getting the illusion turn down due to the difficulty of spinning with the high heels on.  
  
When Nate came out from his shower, she was still hard at work, not twirling the hoop, but rather incorporating the hoop into a few gymnastics tricks. “OK my topless assistant, take off that shirt and get over here. Let’s try a dress rehearsal of the intro. You need to promise not to tell Kelly, but let me use your shirt in place of the cover-up Kelly said she was providing.” They walked through it half a dozen times so that Nate’s removal of the cover-up went smoothly, as well as the hula hoop hand off. “I don’t know Nate, I am awfully spread open in this position. There are sure to be women I don’t know in the audience.”  
  
He knew she was probably going to do it now, but to help her feel comfortable with the position Nate said, “Dale you need to stop focusing on the little bit of you that is between your legs, and think about the overall beauty of the pose itself. The long graceful lines that your arms and legs are forming. Isn’t that what you do in gymnastics and cheer? You do splits there, but you don’t think only of the position of your crotch. The human body is a beautiful thing. Kelly is not having you do a porn show for a mixed audience. She and I did speak about this. This is a piece of performance art celebrating the human body and appropriately conducted in the nude. That is what you need to be thinking about.”  
  
She hugged him saying, “Thank you Honey. Can I call you Honey? I’ve never called anyone Honey before, but you’re sweet to me. I like that. And you handcuff me naked, I like that too. But I’m also going to work at being less selfish. But right now, I need to be selfish. I need some breakfast. How do you think a naked girl manages to get some breakfast in a hotel?”  
  
“I need breakfast too,” said Nate. “I think we could go down to the restaurant, or I could go and get food for us and bring it back, or we could order room service. Kelly did say that we could order room service.”  
  
“I don’t think there is any way I could go down to the restaurant, but room service sounds the most fun anyway. If Kelly is willing to buy, then my vote is for room service. We can pretend we are the Queen and the King!”  
  
“A very naked Queen. I’m sure you haven’t forgotten who opens the door for room service.”  
  
“No, I haven’t forgotten. I’ve secretly always wanted to answer the door completely nude and see the expression on a stranger’s face. I guess today is my day to cross that one off the list. How many people do you think they will send up?” asked Dale.  
  
“I suspect just one. Here’s the menu,” said Nate.  
  
When the knock came, Dale opened the door properly. Nate had been picturing an older man, but the guy pushing the cart seemed barely older than them. He was secretly glad. It felt good to be seen with such a beautiful brave girl. He knew that the guy would envy him for the rest of his life. The expression on the guy’s face was indeed priceless. He looked to be really working at acting like nothing was out of the ordinary, while he stole every glance her could at Dale’s lovely skin. At first she was trying to give him as much full frontal viewing time as possible, but he was shy. She noticed that he looked more when she was sideways or walking away from him.  
  
Nate worked to prolong the guy’s visit by asking him to set the table for them. That worked wonderfully because the guy was in no hurry to leave. Nate even thought of having Dale do a little hula hooping for him, but then he decided that the Queen would probably not hula hoop. Instead he told him that they were pretending to be Queen and King for the day, and that he should kneel and kiss the Queen’s hand. Dale giggled, but once he kneeled, she walked over to him and let him kiss her hand. They both saw that he managed to stare at her pussy the whole time he was kissing her hand. As Nate signed the check, he thought of letting Kelly give the guy a large tip. In the end, he decided that Dale had tipped the guy well enough, and he put an average tip on the check. They had a fun breakfast with the sun pouring into the room through the wide open curtains.  
  
After breakfast it was almost time to leave the hotel. Dale said, “I know Kelly will let me dress to go visit my sister. What do you think we have to do to get me some clothes?”  
  
“I suppose that is up to you,” said Nate. “We can call her at room 700, we can text, we can drop in and see if she is there. What do you feel like.”  
  
“I don’t know why, but I’m feeling a bit bold, and I’m feeling ready to get out of the room. Why don’t we just go? I’ll take my key in my hand. If we get in a tight scrape, I can just run back to the room. Sound OK?” asked Dale.  
  
“Of course that is fine with me, but I’m dressed. Let’s go! Stairs or elevator?” asked Nate.  
  
“Saturday morning. It’s likely to be a busy time. I’m thinking stairs,” said Dale. Nate watched as Dale opened the door and leaned out to look both ways. He could tell that she had seen no one, because suddenly she was off like a shot, headed down the hall. When Nate reached the stairwell, she had ducked in and was waiting for him. Not hearing the sound of anyone else in the stair way, Dale started going up, slowly and quietly, listening carefully at each landing. At the door out into the seventh floor hallway, she did the same thing as she had done with their room’s door. She looked out, but then she ducked back in, and waited. Once more she did the same thing, but on the third time Nate assumed that the coast had been clear because Dale shot out into the hall. By the time Nate was in the hallway himself, Dale was half way to suite 700 and moving fast. He followed this his eyes glued to her buns, wishing that he got to jog along behind her more often. She knocked deliberately on the door. Just as Nate caught up to her, the door opened. It was Henry. He stepped aside so they could enter.  
  
Henry, Kelly, Mike and Nicole were all in the room and had just returned from breakfast. They took a moment to catch up, Nate telling everyone about the young room service steward who had kneeled and kissed Queen Carol’s hand. Kelly was pleased that Dale had opened the door herself, and opened it wide. She said, “I suppose you want to dress for a visit with your sister. I gave a little thought to making you go nude, or making you wear the string skirt, but I guess we’ll stick with the original plan. Your bag is in the drawer where you saw me put it yesterday. Help yourself.”  
  
Dale dressed casually, jeans, T-shirt, and tennis shoes, and they headed off. On the way Dale filled Nate in on a few things about her sister Tess and her husband of just a few months, Luke. Nate asked a question that he had been wondering about, “If your parents named you for the girlfriend of a superhero, which superhero had a girlfriend named Tess?”  
  
“I’ll tell you, but you have to promise not to bring it up. I went through a long period of time when I didn’t want anyone to know about me and Flash Gordon. Even now I almost never tell anyone,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 70: Dale's Sister**

“But you told me,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s different. You’re you. But Tess has never wanted anyone to know how our parents came up with her name. She wasn’t named after the girlfriend of a superhero. Tess Trueheart was Dick Tracy’s girlfriend. Have you heard of Dick Tracy, he’s a fictional Police Detective?” asked Dale.  
  
“Maybe,” said Nate.  
  
“There was also a black and white serial Dick Tracy, in the 1940’s I think. An actress named Anne Jeffreys played Tess. She was beautiful. I’ll show you a photo sometime. I think she is more beautiful that Jean Rogers, the woman who played Dale. But I like the name Dale much more than Tess. You can tell my sister that, if you want,” said Dale.  
  
“I like the name Dale more too,” said Nate.  
  
“Some people think my sister and I are very much alike,” said Dale. “We might look a bit similar, but we are far from looking like twins. She can be pretty wild though. I’m the kid who goes to school on time and earns good grades. My sister always found ways to get in trouble. I think my parents are relieved that I am so much easier than she ever was. You’ll remember when my mom was at your house saying, ‘We cannot tolerate drugs or underage drinking. It might be necessary to limit when you two can be together.’ Well, she had a lot of practice saying things like that when Tess was in high school.”  
  
Nate had just found the house and they were parking. As they walked up to the door, a girl ran out and gave Dale a big hug. Nate was surprised to get a hug too. Even though he had not yet been introduced. Tess said, “So this is thy guy that has so captured my sister’s heart that she just had to have a weekend alone with him. You are right Dale, he has grown up to be quite handsome. I don’t know if you remember me Nate, but I remember you. I even remember the time you crashed your bike into our fence and ran home crying. Do you remember that?”  
  
“Unfortunately I do, but I was pretty young. I wasn’t ever going to bring that up to Dale because it was so embarrassing,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh Nate, you weren’t that young, but boy did you ball! Like a little baby,” said Tess.  
  
“Thanks a lot Tess,” said Nate.  
  
“Think nothing of it, now come inside and meet Luke.” Once inside Tess showed them around their modest rental house. Nate saw a group of wedding photos on the wall, and was studying them. Dale was in a few of them, and they were a match for the photo she had given him. Tess said, “Those are our wedding photos from this summer, Nate. Your girlfriend is in them if you look closely.”  
  
“I know,” said Nate. “Dale showed me a few of your wedding photos a few weeks back.” He didn’t mention that he had really only seen one, and that it was one that had neither the bride nor the groom in it.  
  
They went out in the back yard to enjoy the wonderful fall weather. Tess had made some lemonade, and they all sat around a table on the patio talking. In the sunshine Dale’s absence of a bra was pretty obvious, and it didn’t escape Tess’s notice. She said, “Sis’. Look at you, you’re not wearing a bra! Since when did you ever start going out of the house without a bra. I remember you even wore a bra before you had mosquito bites…a training bra they call those. I remember once mom telling you that you really didn’t need to wear it yet. You were so mad! You kept right on wearing it. You’ve always worn a bra. What’s up? Trying to look hot for the Natester? It does look hot! What do you think Luke?”  
  
“It’s no big deal, just shut up about it,” said Dale, hoping she would drop it.  
  
But Tess was not about to drop it. “You always wear a bra except…except…except when... Dale, does Nate know you’re a nudist?” asked Tess.  
  
“A what?” said Dale with a look of surprise on her face. Nate had gotten pretty good at reading Dale’s expressions, and this look was one he knew. Dale was trying to hide it, but she was really caught off guard by what her sister had just said. Her eyes had that look of fright in them.  
  
“You know what I mean. A nudist. Someone who likes being naked. Or did you really think that I didn’t know. Dale, we grew up in the same house,” said Tess.  
  
Luke who had been very quiet finally spoke, “This sounds interesting. I want to hear more about this.”  
  
“Oh Luke, I told you. I just made you promise to never tell, remember?” said Tess.  
  
“Oh I remember,” said Luke. “This is me pretending to know nothing, but wanting to know more. Can we hear some stories?”  
  
“Well, my little sister liked to run around naked. Most kids do, but they grow out of it, long before Kindergarten. Well, she discovered it late. I’m pretty sure that she started in junior high. Sometimes she’d run around the house naked. Probably everyone does that, right? But then Dale started leaving the house. It would be late at night. You know the golf course behind the house. Well, she’d go streaking up there late at night. I never told on her. Once when mom and dad were mad at me and saying how I was so bad, and why couldn’t I be more like Dale? Stuff like that. I almost told on her then, but I didn’t. So Dale, does Nate know?” Dale was too much in shock to respond, so Tess redirected her question to Nate. “So Nate, did you know?” Nate didn’t say anything, but his eyes must have given him away because suddenly Tess was saying, “He knows, he knows!”  
  
Nate felt Dale kick him. When he looked at her, she was glaring at him. Tess saw the glare too and said, “Oh Luke, look at Dale, she’s getting mad at Nate. There is a story here! I know it! I know it! Ok, who is going to spill the beans?” She paused, but no one said anything. “Nate, tell me? If you knew that she was a streaker, then you have seen her. What have you seen? If you want to get along with Dale’s family, then you have to get along with me. Tell me Nate!”  
  
Nate looked at Dale. She was still glaring at him, but he figured that Tess and Luke already knew and they had kept Dale’s secret just as he had, for years. He knew it was going to make Dale mad, but he decided to say something. “Dale, can I tell them about going bungee jumping?” he asked.  
  
That did it, instead of kicking him, she threw her lemonade in his face. “Well, I guess you just did, didn’t you?” said Dale.  
  
“No freakin’ way! You went bungee jumping? You went naked? You went topless?” asked Tess all full of excitement. “Tell me. This is too much. Tell me Nate! Now I have to know.”  
  
Luke had gotten Nate a towel to dry off with. Nate looked at Dale and knew that he was in so much trouble that it couldn’t get any worse, so he said, “Should I tell them or show them?”  
  
“Oh yes show me! I mean show us!” said Tess. “You have a photo? Let’s see it!”  
  
“Actually I have something better than a photo, I have a DVD. Do you want to watch the whole thing?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’m not going to ever talk to you again Nate,” threatened Dale.  
  
“Oh, I think you will. Your sister can keep a secret. She’s proven that. She’s kept this secret for years. She didn’t even tell your parents Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“But she’ll know. I don’t want her to know Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“She already knows,” said Nate.  
  
“Because you told her!” said Dale.  
  
“No she knew before then. She’s known for years,” said Nate.  
  
“Luke, don’t you love watching these lover’s spats. These two are so in love! I sense it. It’s written all over their faces. This isn’t an argument between high school students who are merely dating. These two are in love!” said Tess. Both Dale and Nate stopped everything and looked at Tess. An awkward moment followed. Tess continued, “That proves it! See how they both reacted when the truth came out! They are in love! Now Nate, go get that DVD! I’ll turn on the TV.”  
  
Nate was now feeling like he had probably messed up, and messed up big time, but it was too late now. He went out to his car and returned with the DVD. Dale had her arms folded, and she was madder than he had ever seen her, but she took a seat to watch, realizing that she couldn’t prevent what was going to happen. Other than the time at the fair, she had not seen the DVD. She had been wanting to watch it start to finish, but her sister was the last one on the planet that she wanted to see it. As the DVD played, they saw footage that hadn’t been in the clip shown at the fair. It started with the weigh in, and then progressed to the station where Dale’s legs were secured. No one spoke as they watched, except for Tess who just made little exclamations with large spaces of silence between them. Comments like, “Oh my God Dale! Oh my God, look at your pussy…it’s shaved! Oh look, there’s Nate. Oh wow, so many people!” and then during the jump itself, just “Oh…My…God!” Nate was thinking that he could tell that the two were sisters. They both swore exactly alike.  
  
When the movie ended, Dale said sternly, “At least do your former girlfriend one small favor and take the DVD back to the car and lock it up. Having her see it was bad enough, but letting her have it or copy it would be way worse.” Nate decided that if he was ever going to redeem himself, he better start trying. He got up and took the DVD out of the machine and took it back out to his car.  
  
When Nate got back in and had seated himself, Tess started back up, “Dale what I want to know is why mom thinks you’re a virgin. I take it she has not seen the video.”  
  
“She hasn’t seen it, and she better not hear about it!” said Dale. “My former boyfriend used to help me guard my secrets.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 71: Dale's Sister continued**

“But what I want to know is why she thinks you’re a virgin. The girl in that video has clearly been around the block. I saw the shaved pussy…virgins don’t look like that. How do you have mom so fooled. I never could fool her; she was always on to me,” said Tess.  
  
Nate and Dale just stared at her. Tess looked from one to the other, searching their faces for clues. “No freakin’ way! You’re still a virgin and you shave your pussy? Poor Nate! The guy has to look at that body of yours, that pussy of yours, and then the guy has to settle for a blow job, that is terrible! How do you stand it Nate? Guys have feelings Dale. A young guy has real needs. And all he gets is blow jobs?”  
  
Again Nate and Dale were silent. They didn’t want Tess to figure out any more, but she seemed so in tune to them that they couldn’t figure out how to look or talk to keep her from figuring out more, which she inevitably did. “Oh my God Luke! My sister flaunts her hot little body in front of him, and he doesn’t even rate a blow job? I mean, I have a hot body, don’t I Luke? But she has a smokin’ hot body! If I had been into sports and gymnastics, I might have looked like her. How can you take it Nate?”  
  
Nate didn’t know what to say, so he said nothing. Inevitably Tess continued. She didn’t need anyone else to talk to have a conversation. She could do it all on her own. She said, “Well, I know what I have to do.” She stood up, and continued, “Nate on your feet, come with me. I have to take one for the team, that’s what I have to do. Luke stay here and keep my sister company.” Nate had gotten on his feet when told to do so, but he didn’t know what was going on.  
  
“Tess, what are talking about? Nate, stay here!” commanded Dale.  
  
“You know very well what I’m talking about sis. Blue balls can be painful for guys. The boy deserves a blow job. He’s not leaving here without one. I can’t have the Jordan sisters getting a bad reputation. Into the bedroom Nate, now!” said Tess sternly. Nate didn’t know what to do.  
  
Dale was on her feet and crying, pulling on his arm, trying to pull him out of the house, toward the car. Tess had the other arm and was pulling him toward the hall. Dale was saying, “Nate don’t do this! Please, please don’t do this.” Turning to her sister, she barked, “You stay away from my guy, you bitch!”  
  
Things had gotten quickly out of control. Nate had Tess pulling on one arm, and Dale pulling on his other arm. Tess yelled to her husband, “Luke, restrain my sister. Now!” Luke too didn’t look like he knew what to do. He had seemed as if he was going to stand by and let his wife give Nate the blowjob, but now he acted as if he might not be on board with helping his wife give a blowjob by force. Dale’s crying had reached the hysterical level, and she was pulling him with all her might. Nate was getting weirded out and decided that he and Dale needed to escape, and right away! He had hoped to get off on the right foot with her sister, but all he wanted now was to get out of there. Tess was no match for them once he and Dale were both pulling in the same direction. They tore themselves free and raced for the car. Nate fumbled for the key, and somehow they both got in. As they started driving away, Nate saw Tess in the doorway. Luke was restraining her there.  
  
Dale continued to cry. He looked over at her thinking, ‘Oh great, twice in twelve hours! This weekend is not turning out how I had imagined.’ As Nate thought about it, he realized that the hula hoop show was now probably not happening. There was no way he was ever going to get Dale back to being in the mood for anything of the sort, but they did have a few hours to talk. They had been at her sister’s house less than an hour, so it was still morning. As he was thinking about what to do, he noticed that they were driving past a city park with swings, so he parked. “Why are we stopping here?” asked Dale.  
  
“Let’s go swing. I think we both need some fresh air and a chance to recover from what just happened,” said Nate, getting out of the car. Dale didn’t get out of the car, so Nate decided to let her take things at her own pace. He walked to the swings and started swinging, hoping that Dale would soon follow. After swinging for a half hour, he realized that she was never going to get out of the car.  
  
When he climbed back in the car, she was still sobbing. “I want to go back to the hotel room,” was all she said, so Nate drove back. Nate tried to get her talking, but Dale refused. She didn’t speak a single word the whole way. After he parked, Dale got out and Nate followed her up to the room. Once inside the room, Dale stripped off all her clothes, folded them and handed them to Nate. “You better take these up to Kelly. The last thing I need to deal with right now is an unhappy Kelly due to a rule violation. Whatever you do, please don’t tell her what happened at my sister’s!”  
  
Without discussion Nate took the clothes and left the room. Fortunately only Mike and Nicole were in the suite, so he was able to drop off the clothes without having to explain why they were back so soon.  
  
When he got back to his room, Dale was waiting for him just inside the door. She had used the few minutes alone to brush her hair and fix her makeup. Her eyes were red, but other than that, she looked like the Dale he was used to being around, completely nude and to his utter surprise, smiling. The smile wasn’t the only surprise, for she pulled him onto the bed and started kissing him. After a minute of kissing, she took one of his hands, placing it on a tit. A minute later, her felt one of her hands fumbling with his belt buckle. He broke off the kiss to ask, “Dale, what are you doing?”  
  
“Something my sister was trying to do,” said Dale. “You just relax and enjoy it, OK?”  
  
“Dale, that’s not going to happen. I can’t let you do that,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, you’ll give me a complex if you turn me down again. I understand that guys love blow jobs. I’m sure I won’t know what I’m doing, but let me try. I really want to try,” said Dale.  
  
Nate could not believe he was turning down a blow job from the prettiest girl he knew, and he could not believe he was turning down what would have been his first blow job, but that is what he knew he had to do. “Dale,” he said, “There are only two people who have any say when it comes to our relationship, you and I. Your sister does not know us and she does not know what makes our relationship work. Our relationship is different from others. I personally think that our relationship is superior to others, at the very least because it fits us. Your sister would not understand. We don’t need to change a single thing that we are doing. We have a relationship that thrives when you are nude and I am dressed. What we do with our relationship needs to be for our reasons, not your sister’s reasons.”  
  
Dale hugged him close. “I was worried you might say that, but I am ready and excited to attempt my first blow job. I’ve always thought the idea sounded icky, and I’ve always been just a bit afraid of guys’ you-know-whats. But because of my feelings for you, I think it will be fun.”  
  
Nate lay back on the bed, saying, “Dale, it’s just not going to happen. Now come here and give me some more of those kisses. I was enjoying those a lot.”  
  
Dale climbed on top of him, but not how he had thought she would. Instead she straddled him, sitting on his stomach. She then leaned over grabbing his hands and pinning them to the bed well above his head. “And after your blow job, I was planning on punishing you for telling my sister about the bungee jump. I can’t believe you did that! But now you have earned an additional punishment. This is your punishment for turning down the blow job. I’m going to titty slap you!”  
  
Dale brought her chest down so that it nearly touched his nose, and then she started twisting her torso quickly to and fro, causing her small titties to hit him, first on one side of the face, and then on the other. She wasn’t top heavy enough to get them really swinging, but there was certainly tit enough there to inflict a little damage, no matter how pleasurable it was for Nate. He was loving it. In fact, he thought if he had to forego a blow job, that this was a pretty good consolation prize. They both started laughing, which only inspired Dale to try even harder to slap him around using only her tits. Finally, she collapsed on top of him saying, “Now you better be good, there’s more where that came from!” But then her tone turned somber, as she continued, “Your punishment for telling my sister; I’m still deciding what that will be. It really hurt my feelings that you told her about the bungee jump.”  
  
“But Dale, it seemed like she already knew about the nudity, and that it wouldn’t do any harm to show her the video. It’s a fun video of a very daring girl. But I do regret it now. It really spiraled out of control. I can’t believe that she decided she had to give me a blow job. Do you think she would have followed through and actually given me one?” asked Nate.  
  
“I have no doubt that she would have given you a blow job, Nate. The main thing that I find myself wondering about is if you would have allowed it. It is very strange for me to think that you might accept a blow job from my sister, but turn one down from me. Or would you treat us the same and turn us both down. I don’t like the idea of that either….I mean you treating her the same as me…turning us both down,” said Dale.  
  
“I was simply too surprised to know what was going on, but I’m sure I would have turned her down. But probably for different reasons. After what happened there this morning, it is going to be very difficult to relate to her in the future, but at least I think it will be possible. Had she actually given me a blow job, then I would say that it would be impossible to relate to her in the future.”  
  
“Had she actually given you a blow job, Nate, I think it would have been impossible for me to relate to you in the future. I think that would have been the end of us. That’s sad to think about, but I would never have been able to get certain mental images out of my head. Thanks for getting out of there with me. But now I think I am ready for lunch,” said Dale.  
  
“OK lunch,” said Nate. “I guess we have the same dilemma as this morning. We could have stopped somewhere on the way back to the room, but now you are again naked. Why don’t we walk down the street? I saw a nice little deli next to where we had dinner last night.”  
  
“How about I stay here and you bring us back some deli sandwiches. I’m sure I’m not up for that walk, fully nude, and in the middle of the day,” said Dale.  
  
“Ok, I’ll go for sandwiches, but on one condition,” said Nate.  
  
“You are hardly in a position to give me conditions, Buster!” said Dale.  
  
“Hear me out! You said you’d like a chance to maintain your tan. Look how the midday sun is hitting our deck right now. This looks like your chance, and you’d only be visible to someone in one of the rooms right above us if they leaned way out. But it is your option, since you are probably right about me not being in a position to make conditions,” said Nate. In the end, Dale liked the idea, so Nate headed out to get lunch, and she headed out into the sunshine.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 72: Nate's Punishment**

All the way to the deli and back, Nate found himself thinking about his ‘punishment’. It had been seriously fun to get ‘titty-slapped’. He’d have to look for more small infractions to commit, so that he’d be punished like that again.  
  
When Nate returned, they ate together on the porch in the sun. After they were done eating, they stayed in the sun talking. They didn’t really have enough time to do much else, before Dale would be going to the salon with Kelly. As the time drew near, Nate sent Kelly a text so that she would know that they were in the room and that Dale was ready anytime. Kelly replied back that she’d come by in 20 minutes to pick up Dale. Dale was worrying that she’d be going to the salon naked, but Kelly showed up with an elegant black cover-up. It was short, about miniskirt length, and felt luxurious like satin. It had long sleeves and a sash that tied in the front. “This looks so sophisticated Kelly! Is this my cover-up for tonight’s show?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yes it is. We need to try and keep it clean,” said Kelly. “The salon that is doing our hair is a full-service salon. That means that we are both also getting manicures and pedicures.”  
  
“Really? Oh wow!” said Dale, obviously excited. She had always been secretly a little jealous of some of her friends who would get professional manicures and pedicures often. It wasn’t something that her mother had ever been interested in, and they didn’t have money for something like that, something that you could essentially do yourself.  
  
“You should wear your high heels,” said Kelly, “The open toes will keep your pedicure from smearing. I was thinking something that goes with your hula hoop might be nice, but you can think about that. It seems to me that when a girl’s outfit is so minimal, it makes sense for the components to be well coordinated. Let’s bring the hula hoop in case we end up trying to match it. I also bought you some earrings for your outfit, but I’ll give them to you later. That way they can be a surprise for Nate. He can see them when he sees your new hairstyle. Take a good look Nate. In about three hours you are going to get a very different looking lady back. Inside, where it counts, she’ll be the same person, but on the outside….well, you’ll see!” Nate could tell that Dale was beaming with excitement. She had always spent very little time on her hair and makeup, but she was obviously very excited to try a new, more elegant look. As she gave him a goodbye kiss he felt her tingling with excitement.  
  
As soon as they had gone, Nate lay down. Due to his late discussion with Dale the night before, he hadn’t had a lot of sleep. He ended up sleeping most of the time they were gone. When he awoke, he decided to take a quick shower as his hair was still sticky from the lemonade Dale had thrown at him earlier. He had just barely come out of the bathroom when Kelly and Dale returned. “Don’t you ladies look like a million dollars,” said Nate. They both had their hair up in very elegant styles. Dale was in the black cover-up and Kelly was wearing a casual blue button down shirt. In addition to Dale’s very elegant hairstyle he noticed earrings that looked like a small string of diamonds extending about an inch straight down from each earlobe. He had the girls pose for a photo together.  
  
“Please take another photo of us later Nate, at the party. After I have my dress on and after Carol has everything off,” said Kelly.  
  
“I can’t wait,” said Nate. “Why don’t I go ahead and get a few photos of Carol nude right now, with her beautiful hairstyle and the new earrings?”  
  
“I think she should keep her cover-up on for now,” said Kelly. Nate missed the wink she gave Dale. “She is going to be plenty naked in such a short time, and we have to hurry. Did you see her nails? Carol, show off your lovely nails.”  
  
“Oh wow, those are nice,” said Nate, looking at the nails on the hand that Dale had presented.  
  
“See, these shiny black arcs on each nail match my high heels,” explained Dale. “and the silver glitter background matches my hula hoop.”  
  
“What do these two larger sparkles signify?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh those...they… match the diamonds in my earrings,” said Dale.  
  
“Nate, why don’t you follow me upstairs to my suite and get your outfit. You can come back down here to change while I get dressed. And then I’ll come back to escort you two to Carol’s unveiling – slash – nude performance art hula hoop show. It’s going to be so exciting! Carol, doesn’t it give you butterflies thinking of all the people who will be watching your bare naked little pussy going ‘round and ‘round to the beat of Shakira?”  
  
“You don’t have to make it worse than it already is, Kelly,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, yes I do! I think we’ll get our very best show if you are a bundle of nerves. Nate, you keep her worrying, OK?” said Kelly.  
  
“That is a service that I cheerfully provide! And it won’t be difficult today. I’ve seen most of her show, and it leaves nothing to the imagination. It’s a twirling Virgin Vagina extraVaganza,” said Nate, emphasizing the V’s for effect.  
  
“Wow! I can’t wait…you mean a reVolving Virgin Vagina reVeal. Oh, she is just going to be so ‘On Display’ for all to see!” said Kelly. “Let’s get going Nate. It looks like we’ve got her worrying.”  
  
“Can I come along,” said Dale, “I don’t have anything to do in the room here.”  
  
“Sure,” said Kelly, “Let’s go.” They all went up to the suite.  
  
While Kelly went inside to get Nate’s outfit, Dale and Nate waited in the hall. There were a few hotel employees taking out furniture, so it was a hive of activity. “It looks like they are making room to have more people at the party,” said Nate.  
  
“Yep, standing room only,” said Dale watching the couches being removed, and biting her lip. Kelly gave Nate a small bag, and they headed back down to their room.  
  
Nate went into the bathroom to put on the black pants. When he came out, Dale laughed. About three inches of his underwear was showing above the pants. “These are strange pants Dale. They have no belt loops and no pockets. They are cut so low. I’ve never owned a pair of hip huggers, but that must be what you call these,” said Nate.  
  
“Finally you are getting a taste of what I deal with. It’s not quite a nipple chain or a string miniskirt, but now you know what it is like to have to wear something that Kelly picked out for you,” said Dale laughing. “You are definitely going to have to wear different underwear Nate.”  
  
“I don’t have different underwear,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I could lend you a pair of mine if I had any with me. Mine are probably cut low enough for those pants. I think you are going to have to dress like this under your pants,” said Dale, lifting up her hem and flashing her pussy.  
  
“OK, I guess I can try no underwear,” said Nate, going back into the restroom.  
  
When he came back out, Dale looked at him approvingly saying, “I guess I need to have Kelly pick out more clothes for you. That does look pretty hot. What else is in the bag?”  
  
“Just a small box labeled ‘Chippendales’,” said Nate.  
  
“Let me see,” said Dale. “Oh, cuffs and a collar with a bow tie. I know what she is dressing you up as.”  
  
“What?” asked Nate.  
  
“A Chippendales dancer, of course. A male stripper!” said Dale.  
  
“But she said I got to keep my pants on,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, you probably do, but it looks like I’m not the only one who needs to be worrying,” said Dale. “With Kelly, things can change. And without underwear, you don’t have a margin of safety, do you?”  
  
“Now you’re scaring me Dale. I’m kind of shy when it comes to my you-know-what,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh you are, are you? Well maybe Kelly will be curing you of that this evening!” said Dale, enjoying thinking about the idea of a role reversal.  
  
“I sure hope not! You know Dale, your hair looks so gorgeous! It makes me wonder who took my girlfriend and replaced her with this princess,” said Nate.  
  
Dale walked over to the mirror to admire her hair. “It is really attractive, isn’t it?”  
  
“I love it,” said Nate, walking up and hugging her from behind.  
  
As he was hugging her, he started sliding his hands up toward her chest. Dale grabbed his hands saying, “No you don’t Buster. I decided on your punishment for telling my sister. I’ll let you be my boyfriend again, but no touching the titters for a whole month!”  
  
“A whole month? That’s a little harsh! Can’t you just titty-slap me every day for a month?” asked Nate.  
  
“Dream on, Buster! No touching the titties for a month, that’s my decision.”  
  
“But Dale, won’t that be hard on both of us?” asked Nate.  
  
“Maybe, but I expect it will be harder on you than me. A lady can change her mind, but I doubt I will,” said Dale. She thought Nate’s look was pretty funny. She laughed saying, “Nate, you look like a boy who just had his Halloween candy stolen!”  
  
There was a knock on the door. It was Kelly, all dressed up in an evening gown. “Oh Nate, don’t you look nice!” she said.  
  
“I’ve been telling him that he looks like a Chippendale’s stripper, and that he should be worrying,” said Dale.  
  
“He looks exactly like a Chippendale’s guy, but he has nothing to worry about. You do!” said Kelly. “You Carol, are tonight’s star, and the time is near. To make this even more fun, I brought this blindfold for you to wear. I want Nate to remove this last, just as you are waiting for the music to start, but I need to tie it on carefully. I don’t want to mess up your gorgeous hairdo.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 73: Final Show Prep**

Nate noticed a scared look in Dale’s eyes, and then they were gone, covered up by the blindfold. Kelly continued, “The very next thing you are going to see my dear, is your audience. And that audience is going to be looking at an entirely nude you! And you will remain that way for the rest of your stay in the hotel. I already had Henry put your bag in our car, so once the cover-up if off, there is only nudity for you girl! Even Nate won’t have access to any of your clothes. OK guys, out the door and to the elevator. Oops, let’s not forget this. That would be bad, a hula hoop show without a hula hoop. Here Nate, you carry it.”  
  
“Thanks Kelly. Here Carol, hold to my arm and I’ll guide you,” said Nate.  
  
Once in the elevator Dale said quietly, “Kelly, Can you make sure the music volume is pretty loud. I’ll do better if I can really feel the beat.”  
  
“Sure,” said Kelly, “I’ll turn it up if I think it can be louder. And just so you are aware, Nate set the photography rules. So no one will be taking pictures, other than what he has authorized. Nate did agree to allow us to have a professional videographer here. We very much wanted the event to be recorded. So I am paying for that, but the master and several copies all go directly to Nate. So you two can decide together who, if anyone, gets a copy.”  
  
After the elevator door opened, they walked down the hall a distance and then Kelly pulled them both to the side. “OK, now wait here a minute or two. Nate watch me, and I’ll cue you, then bring Carol in as we discussed. As I am introducing her, remove the cover-up when I tell you, then get Carol immediately into her starting position. Nate described that to me, so once he has transferred the hoop to you, then he should remove the blindfold. Any questions? OK, great. Break a leg Carol!” She gave Dale a quick hug, and then went ahead into the room.  
  
“Dale, there is something you should know,” said Nate. “I don’t want you to actually break a leg. They’ve set up a raised platform for you to perform on. It should be big enough, but get a good look at where the edges are before you start.”  
  
“We’re not on the seventh floor, are we Nate?” asked Dale. “It felt like the elevator went down, not up, and there are more people here.” It was somewhat noisy and there were people milling around, but they were able to talk standing against the wall.  
  
“You’re right. Kelly wanted you to have a surprise,” said Nate.  
  
“What is the surprise, can you tell me?” asked Dale.  
  
“Just that the room’s bigger and there are more people. I shouldn’t tell you how many people, to preserve some of the surprise,” said Nate.  
  
“Are there more than a hundred?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yes,” said Nate. He heard Dale draw in a large breath as she absorbed that information.  
  
“Nate, can I tell you something?”  
  
“Absolutely. You can tell me anything,” said Nate.  
  
“I was secretly wanting there to be more people. If I’m going to have this experience, I want to have the extreme experience. Same reason I took off the fur bikini. If I’m going to be seen, I want to really be seen. That is why the standing splits intro is a definite go. I am so pumped up right now. I’m going to knock this out of the f---ing the park!” said Dale. Nate was surprised at both her level of resolve and to hear her swear. She almost never swore.  
  
“Now you’ve gotten me excited! I didn’t think I could get any more excited than I already was,” said Nate.  
  
“I don’t think I’ve ever been more scared Nate. I can’t believe where this train is headed, but I don’t want off. I can’t believe that I’ll be nude and performing for an audience in just a minute. And being scared like this, and anticipating total exposure, well it’s exciting in a primal sort of way. It makes me feel so selfish to say this, but I’m going to have more fun doing this than I have ever had before.” She paused, then continued, “Nate, this is so embarrassing to ask, but…”  
  
“What?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, it’s kind of a sensitive subject for me, all girls I expect, but I’m sure you have noticed by now,” said Dale. “Are there any napkins or tissues around anywhere?”  
  
“Yes there is a tray with napkins and glasses by the door,” said Nate.  
  
“I can’t believe I’m going to ask you to do this, but I expect you’ve noticed my scent already. Could you please get one or two to wipe me? I mean wipe off my pussy. This is so embarrassing, but I don’t want that to be all that people see,” said Dale.  
  
She felt him step away, but he was instantly back. “Dale, I completely understand. You don’t need to feel embarrassed. It makes me feel so close to you…that…you trust me.”  
  
“Please, my inner thighs too,” said Dale, shifting her feet a little apart and waiting. Without paying any attention to who might be watching, Nate lifted the front of her cover-up and gently wiped away the moisture. Nate was experiencing another ‘I must be dreaming’ moment. Was he really wiping the moisture off of the pussy of Dale Jordan – the cheerleader who had lived next door since they were kids – and at her request?  
  
“Thank you Honey! That feels much better.”  
  
“Boy, are you really getting me excited!” said Nate. “I’m afraid my body is also betraying my excitement level. Good thing I’m supposed to be standing behind you on the platform.”  
  
“If you are turned on now, just wait! There might even be a notch up from here. I have a surprise for you!” said Dale.  
  
“You do? What is it?” asked Nate.  
  
“You’ll see. But kiss me now while we are waiting,” said Dale. As Nate held her and kissed her, Dale felt his level of excitement. It was pressing into her side. She chuckled realizing that even behind her, there would be no hiding that. For a second she got worried, remembering Nate’s low rise pants and his lack of a belt or underwear. She ran her hand casually, hoping he would not notice, across the top of his pants. Fortunately, she discovered that he was an inch or two short of peeking out above the waistband..  
  
Nate was so surprised to be suddenly groped by Dale, but he decided that it had to have been unintentional. But it had felt so very nice!  
  
Their moment to themselves came to an end as Nate saw Kelly signaling. “OK Princess Carol. The time has arrived. Hold on tight, we are going in!” said Nate. With one hand on his shoulder and one grasping his arm above his elbow, Dale followed where Nate led. They negotiated a few turns, and then Nate told her to go ahead of him. Steadying her from behind, he told her to go up two steps. As she went up the two steps, the talking in the room grew quieter. Nate had her take three steps forward. Nate spoke quietly to her from his position just behind her, “Now we wait for the introduction, and then I strip you.” As he said that, Dale took in deep breath then held up her head high and straightened out her back. To Nate it seemed like she was entering ‘the zone’.  
  
Just then they heard Kelly’s voice on the loud speaker. Dale had been expecting an introduction, but not one via a sound system:  
  
“Ladies and Gentlemen. It is with a tremendous amount of personal excitement that I introduce to you tonight’s entertainment. It is an honor to have with us this evening Carol, a local university student majoring in Performance Art. I know that the rumors have been rampant, and they are completely true. Tonight’s hula hoop dance performance will be conducted entirely in the nude. Nate, it’s time!”  
  
With that Nate reached around Dale’s waist and undid the sash, just as they had practiced. Dale had posed for this moment with one foot just slightly ahead of the other, her shoulders back, and her arms angled back. Her head was tilted down slightly. With her eyes covered, Dale couldn’t see it happen, but she felt the cover-up open and then a moment later she felt it sliding down her arms, and then it was gone. She didn’t know when Nate would notice her surprise because he was behind her, but the audience was in front. If they looked closely they would now be able to see that her nipples were pierced. She wished Nate was seeing them, but he would soon enough. They were slightly sore, but they felt great! Maybe it was just the idea of pieced nipples that made them feel so great. Either due to her excitement or the piecing itself, the nipples hoisting the tiny diamond tipped barbells were harder than they had ever been.  
  
Now completely nude, Dale lifted her left leg and together with her left arm raised it straight overhead. She raised her other arm and felt Nate handing her the hoop, as they had practiced. She had another surprise or two for him in the works. She had managed to master a few tricks that she had been careful to keep Nate from seeing. He had only seen her immediately bring her leg down from the high leg starting position, but she had a new first trick that she thought would ‘wow’ everybody. Kelly’s announcement resumed just as she felt Nate fumbling with the knot on the blindfold:  
  
“Ladies and Gentlemen, let’s give Carol a warm Forest Service welcome!”  
  
All at once there was a thunderous applause. The blindfold came off and Dale looked out into a large banquet hall. She saw dinner tables on all sides, maybe twenty in all and they each held ten or so people. It looked like couples mostly, all dressed in formal attire. Had it not been the first showing of her piercings, she would have been very conscious of her shaved pussy being stretched wide and fully on display while she waited for the music to start. It was all so much at once that she was sure she would have fallen over had Nate not had his two hands on her waist. She smiled while she was waiting. It was likely only a few seconds, but in that position, standing on the one high heel, every second seemed like ten. She heard Nate reminding her to notice where the edges of the platform were.  
  
As the first notes of the Shakira’s “Suerte” filled the room, she continued to wait, bouncing almost imperceptibly to the music to establish the rhythm. She felt Nate let go as arranged just as the primary melody began, the moment in the video in which Shakira’s rise to the water’s surface begins. She shifted the hoop to a position on the ankle of her raised leg and launched it spinning. This was a move that she had seen on the Internet. Initially she had ruled it out as being too difficult to learn in the short time available, but she had picked it up surprisingly quickly.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 74: The Hula Hoop Show**

As Nate stepped back, he was surprised to see Dale launch the hoop around her ankle and twirl it way up there. It was an amazing skill. She kept her upper leg pointed straight up with her hand on her calf. In this position, her stretched open pussy was aimed at the audience on the left. As he watched, she lowered her upper body down until it was horizontal. ‘The tilt’ was what she had called this position. Standing on just the one high heel, she started a slow turn, seemingly intended to give the whole room a chance to see her from all angles.  
  
Kelly had given Nate a seat at the nearest table. Nate saw Dale looking for him as she turned. As they made eye contact, she brought her lower hand to her lower tit, giving it a little squeeze. Just then Nate saw the diamond sparkles on the sides of her nipples and his face lit up. Having made sure that Nate had seen his surprise, Dale moved to the next step. She allowed the hoop to come down onto the arm holding her leg, and then pulled her leg out and down. As soon as it hit the floor, it shot right back up as Dale began a series of full and half illusion turns. She was like a whirling dervish, only whirling vertically. At this point she was holding the hoop rather than twirling it. To Nate it appeared as if the hoop were twirling her.  
  
At the conclusion of the illusion turns, Dale finally got both feet to the ground and set the hoop in motion around her waist. This was the style of hula hooping that Nate had first seen Dale perform in her living room. The hoop traveled down her body and circled at hip level. If the beginning of Dale’s show was seething with athleticism, then this part was dripping with cuteness. Here was a lovely smiling teenager with diamond earrings and an elegant hairstyle, not a hair out of place. Her shoes matched in terms of dressiness, but in between her neck and her ankles there was only skin. Her sleek muscular frame rippled just below her even tan.  
  
The whole audience, probably approaching 200 could see no hint of a single hair below her neck. Nestled in between her thighs and her lower abdomen rose a perfect little pubic mound, its only feature being the cleft of her pussy. Her nudity was accentuated by the diamonds at her nipples and the hoop, going round and round, crossing her pretty little pubic mound which was tracing circles in the air. To Nate it was both cute and over-the-top sexy.  
  
The beat and Shakira’s voice filled the room, and Dale’s rhythmic dance pulsated to the beat. Nate was struck by Dale’s stage presence. He hadn’t really been expecting that. She looked completely in control and happy. She was smiling an enticing little confident smile, and she was making eye contact with the audience. For some reason, without really thinking about it, he had expected her to look a little flustered. But as he thought about it, he realized that she was in her element. She was used to being in from of a large audience, as a cheerleader, in her small uniform. This was certainly different, but there were similarities. They both involved performing difficult routines with lots of people watching from all angles.  
  
Nate knew that Dale’s sister had been telling the truth; he was in love. He was just not ready to admit it to her out of fear that it might alter the trajectory of their relationship.  
  
Just then, Dale’s favorite part in the song’s lyrics came:  
  
Suerte que mis pechos sean pequeños  
y no los confundas con montañas  
  
Because Dale had mentioned liking it, he had made it repeat. Actually there were two places in the long version he had put together where it appeared two times. Nate saw Dale pantomime the hand motions from the video, pretending to cup her own pechos just as Shakira had done. To Nate, it was beyond cute… small and humble.  
  
At that point, Dale again incorporated a little gymnastics into the routine, specifically one armed walkovers. She kept the hoop rotating around an arm extended to the side. As the routine progressed, Dale continued to knit in gymnastics moves seamlessly into the routine. The hooped visited every level between her knees and her shoulders, over and over, at each level the pelvic motion differed, but was incessant. Dale’s passion for hula hooping was evident beyond all else, and her skill at turning it all into a sexy dance was entrancing.  
  
During it all she was spinning and moving along the edge of the stage, making sure there was not a bad seat in the house. One move that Nate liked in particular involved her arms straight down at her sides with the hoop spinning right at nipple level. He thought those nipples had to be sore since she had obviously had them pierced that very afternoon.  
  
Another one of his favorite moves, that he had watched her practice, involved her pushing on her tits from the sides, forcing them together, elbows high so there was room for the hoop below, as she continued to gyrate. He hadn’t seen her do that, leading him to believe that her tits were indeed sore. But even if that was the case, no one would have known. The only actual titty touch in the show had been the one at the beginning when she had been trying to draw his attention to her piercings.  
  
There was so much fun energy to the performance. It was a beautiful dynamic erotic dance to a pumping rhythm. At one point she even managed a handstand with a variety of leg positions, all of them exceedingly revealing. Nate thought there might be a few ladies in the audience who would term the display raunchy, slovenly, or slutty. But he thought that to most of the audience, it had to be an artistic celebration of the beauty of the female body.  
  
To the males in the audience he knew it was probably the most erotic thing they had ever seen. Not porno, but more exciting than any porno. And above all, it looked like a young girl having the time of her life! Nate knew that Dale’s sister had figured out the truth; he was indeed in love. Not because of how sexy she was, but because of who she was. He was just not ready to admit it to her yet, out of fear that it might alter the trajectory of their relationship.  
  
As the final notes of the song filled the room, Dale struck a giant “X” pose with the hoop held in both hands way above her head. It reminded Nate of the “look at me” pose she had struck that fateful morning on the ridge at sunrise. Her face was turned toward the ceiling and she was on her toes tightening all the muscles of her legs and butt. Indeed every muscle in her body was flexed and her whole body glistened, the natural outcome of all the exertion.  
  
The crowd rose spontaneously to their feet, giving Dale a standing ovation. Dale brought the hoop and her arms down. She kept her feet wide apart, bowing just her head, back still straight as an arrow. The standing ovation went on and on.  
  
Kelly signaled Nate, and whispered something in his ear. In response, Nate went over and picked Dale up such that she was sitting on his right shoulder, her feet together and hooked under his arm, around his back. Nate could feel Dale breathing deeply, and she caressed his neck with the one arm she was using to steady herself, the other extended overhead hold the hoop triumphantly.  
  
The applause continued. Nate saw Kelly signaling and figured out that she wanted him to circulate, which he did. Dale looped the hoop over her shoulder and held out her hand as they walked through the standing crowd. Everyone was holding up their hands, so as they passed, Dale was touching hands with the audience. There were also people touching her leg, hip and butt as they passed. Nate was unaware of it, but Dale was definitely feeling it. It didn’t bother her. It wasn’t intrusive, just friendly touches by people wanting to communicate their approval. As they circulated, Dale noticed the movie camera on a tripod in the corner of the room, tracking their progress. She pointed it out to Nate, who of course had already noted its position.  
  
Eventually, the clapping subsided, and Nate allowed Dale to slide down. He hugged her around her thighs with both arms as she slipped slowly though. To Dale it felt like a very friendly hug, and didn’t seem out of place even as her mound rubbed firmly against his forearms on the way down. As Dale’s feet hit the floor, she was surrounded by people wanting to continue congratulating her and thanking her for the wonderful performance. There were places for Dale and Nate saved at the table among their friends Kelly, Henry, Mike, Nicole, Mitchell and Sarah and one other couple they had not yet been introduced to. Her friends all gave her hugs as well. In all she was sure she had hugged twenty or thirty people, before the excitement died down enough that people started to take their seats.  
  
As the hotel staff began the process of serving drinks, Dale and Nate were holding hands under the table cloth. Additionally they had their legs pressed together, wanting to be close, but not have it be too obvious. Kelly leaned across the table and spoke, “I hope you are comfortable Carol. As you know, I’m keeping you naked for the rest of your stay in the hotel!” Dale gave her a shy, scared looking smile, but it was mostly an act. Her adrenalin was pumping. She absolutely wanted to stay nude, just as she had wanted to go back to the Homecoming Dance nude. And this was especially nice, having the decision made for her. It was out of her hands. Enforced nudity was fun, but she knew she needed to continue to be careful with that piece of information.  
  
Nate leaned over and whispered in her ear, “Tell me about the nipples.”  
  
“They’re your surprise! Do you like them?” said Dale.  
  
“I love them! How did it come about?” asked Nate.  
  
“At the salon – Kelly offered. I actually researched it a little after what you said – that you didn’t think my titters could be any more lovely until you saw jewelry on them. That it was about the cutest thing you had ever seen. And I remember you comparing it to shaving. You said, ‘if that chain were hiding under your shirt, wouldn’t it feel even riskier? Wouldn’t you have to worry even more about being seen?’ I agreed with all that. Now I’m going to even have to worry about my mom getting a peak at me topless. I had no idea how I would pay for it or find a way to do it at home, so when Kelly offered, I jumped at the chance.”  
  
“I do love how it looks! The diamonds are so classy! It’s too bad you aren’t going to let me touch for a month. How will I ever contain myself?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh that. I couldn’t let you find out ahead of time! That is why Kelly let me keep the cover-up on. You can’t touch them for a month, but it is not a punishment. I have a strict routine to follow while they heal. Handling could result in infection. But fortunately fresh air is good for them, so my titters can be out as much as we can manage,” said Dale.  
  
“Fun…topless for a month! That is almost better than getting to touch them,” said Nate.  
  
“I wish I could be topless for a month! Sadly that will never happen, unless we move to a deserted island,” said Dale. Nate’s mind was reeling. Had Dale really just suggested that the two of them move to a deserted island together? It had probably been just a random statement, but it had come from her. Images of palm trees and her bejeweled coconuts danced in his head.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 75: Hotel Security**

At that point they had to go back to participating in the conversation at the table, as it was all about Dale’s performance. No one had imagined that she would put on a show of that caliber. Everyone had been imagining sexy hula hooping, just not a polished professional-level erotic hoop dance incorporating so many gymnastic moves. Kelly was saying how glad she was that they had arranged the professional videography. Nate could tell that Dale was glad to hear that they would receive all the copies of the video. She hadn’t been wearing any disguise, even though the hairstyle made her look different.  
  
During the several course meal, various speakers took turns talking from a podium that hotel personnel had set up where the hula hoop routine had taken place. After desert, Mike was introduced and began, “Each year we try to make our annual Forest Service banquet fun for all who attend. Given the serious nature of our jobs as Forestry Technicians, this is often easier said than done. However, in contrast to the long lonely hours that we spend watching diligently for that next fire, just about anything seems more fun. This year we’ve had some unexpected help with the process of making our annual banquet fun and entertaining.  
  
“Nate and Carol, would you come up here please?” Nate and Carol looked at each other in surprise, but they pushed back their chairs and approached the podium. Mike continued, “I’m sure you will all agree that Nate and Carol have added significantly to this year’s festivities. As I sit above the tree line next summer, I will look back fondly on this evening, and the memories will make my head spin.” With that comment, Mike moved his head in a motion that caused his mid-section to move as if he were hula hooping. The audience started laughing. Dale thought of following suit, but didn’t want to upstage Mike.  
  
Mike continued, “It is a sincere honor to present these two upstanding members of our community with these plaques conferring upon them the title of ‘Honorary Forestry Technician’.” And with that he presented them each with a wood and bronze plaque bearing the symbol of the U.S. Forest Service, shaking their hands. The audience rose to their feet applauding. Dale was of course still nude and Nate was shirtless, but the entire ceremony had been conducted as officially as possible without mention of all the skin on display. Nate and Dale were beaming, but very glad to return to their seats.  
  
At the conclusion of the meal and festivities, everyone mingled a bit, and Nate and Dale were introduced to far too many people to remember a single name. They understood that the party was moving upstairs to the suite on the seventh floor. Many people had left already, but Nate and Dale, holding hands, headed for the elevators in a large group.  
  
They both felt comfortable going out into the hotel itself, surrounded by people from the banquet. Suddenly Dale felt someone grab her arm. When she turned, she was surprised to see a member of the hotel staff, a lanky looking fellow with a uniform indicating that he was hotel security.  
  
He pulled her aside. Dale had a death grip on Nate, so he was right there as the man stated his purpose, “Miss, the hotel manager has asked to speak with you in his office. My instructions are to escort you there immediately, exactly as you are.”  
  
Instantly Dale felt her stomach turn inside out. She had been so comfortable in the Forest Service group that she had not been very conscious of being stark naked, and walking out into the public areas of the hotel. Timidly she said, “OK, but not alone. Nate comes with me.”  
  
The security man said simply, “He may come. This way ma’am,” and he indicated a hallway leading behind the hotel reception area. He was still holding her arm, but he let go as she entered the narrow hallway. Together the three of them walked to a back office where the security man knocked.  
  
There was an answer, and he opened the door for them. After they had entered, he closed the door, remaining on the outside. They found themselves in a relatively fancy office confronting a bald man seated behind a large desk. He stood and walked around the desk toward them. He then folded his arms and leaned back against the desk.  
  
He said, “American society is a strange thing indeed, isn’t it. A gentleman dressed as this,” he pointed, indicating Nate, “… without a shirt, can come and go as he pleases. However, a lady such as yourself, without a shirt, is in a very different situation. Women are not free to walk around anywhere without their chests covered. Had you been wearing pants like this gentleman here, you would still encounter problems. But dressed as you are, topless…and bottomless, you can’t really go anywhere, can you?”  
  
Dale did not know how to reply, she simply nodded, feeling the walls closing in around her and wondering if the police had already been called.  
  
The hotel manager continued, “In many regards this hotel is private property yet composed of public spaces. But when push comes to shove, I believe it is I who has final say as to what is permissible or not permissible in this hotel. My name is Bill Wilkinson, by the way. I have been manager of the Essex hotel for over twenty years now.” He extended his hand in greeting, shaking their hands.  
  
Continuing Mr. Wilkinson said, “The Forest Service is a very important client. In addition to their annual convention, they hold many events here throughout the year. It has been brought to my attention that you two are valued guests of the Forest Service, and as such I would like to extend my personal welcome. I will do everything within my power to ensure that your stay is pleasant and incident free. I have already informed my staff that Miss Carol is to receive every courtesy. She is to be allowed full run of the property dressed just as she is now, excuse me, undressed just as she is now. Here is my card, if you encounter any issues, I want to have the opportunity to set it right immediately. My cell number is on the back should you need to reach me when I am off property.”  
  
Both Dale and Nate took copies of his business card and looked at each other in disbelief.  
  
Mr. Wilkinson continued, “As guests of the Forest Service, it is my pleasure to take care of the bill for your room. In addition, I have this for you.” He offered Dale an envelope which she opened. It was a gift certificate for the hotel’s restaurant. “We offer an excellent Sunday brunch. Tomorrow you will be my guests. It is understood that Miss Carol will be nude during brunch, and I will be there in person to make sure that your experience in our dining room is satisfactory.”  
  
“I don’t know what to say,” said Dale.  
  
“There is nothing that needs to be said,” said Mr. Wilkinson. “But just so there is no misunderstanding, we are talking about only one person being nude, Miss Carol. I have not agreed to any male nudity or public sex of any kind. That needs to be clear.”  
  
Dale nodded and Nate said simply, “Understood.”  
  
He continued, “One of the spouses of a Forest Service employee just so happens to be a county sheriff. So I have had someone knowledgeable advising me on this somewhat delicate and unusual matter. So if you two can follow that simple rule, we should have no problems. Now you two return to your party, and have a very lovely evening. I apologize for taking a little bit of your time. And by the way Miss Carol, your performance this evening was absolutely stunning. I feel honored that my presence for that portion of the festivities was requested. You are a very talented lady!”  
  
“Thank you,” said Dale.  
  
Mr. Wilkinson escorted them to his door saying, “And don’t forget, my staff has been instructed that you will be nude and that they will be providing you with full VIP treatment. Please make the hotel your home. I regret that you will be leaving us so soon.”  
  
As they exited the hallway leading into the lobby itself, Dale was feeling a rush of emotion. “Wow! I thought I was done for Nate,” she said. “I was sure that the police had been called. I’d need to go to the room and change my underwear, if I were wearing any.” They both laughed, feeling the tension dissipate.  
  
“I know exactly what you mean. Mr. Wilkinson should have told his security guy to try to not scare the bejesus out of us,” said Nate.  
  
“He did grab my arm. That was certainly a shock,” said Dale. “But part of what got me so frightened was my own guilty conscience. Had I not been nude, it might not have seemed quite as scary.”  
  
“I think it still would have. He could have just asked you to follow without touching you at all,” said Nate. “It stressed me out. I can’t help myself, but I too would need a change of underwear. That it, if I were wearing any. At least I have underwear to change into!”  
  
“Maybe he didn’t know why Mr. Wilkinson wanted to talk to us, or maybe being a security guard has gone to his head,” said Dale.  
  
“I don’t know, but I know that I don’t need any more surprises like that!” said Nate. “I definitely thought that this might be the end of our fun this weekend.”  
  
Dale suddenly realized that she was walking through the lobby of a hotel, yet she supposedly did not have to be concerned about any ill consequences. That was a new concept. She looked around at the people noticing her, but she still felt apprehensive, she still felt a need to be behind Nate and hurry to the elevators.  
  
As they waited for the elevators to go up to the seventh floor, Dale suddenly changed her mind and said, “Come on Nate, there is something that I feel I have to try.” She turned and led him by the hand back to the lobby. She crossed the lobby to the casual seating area and sat down, pulling Nate down to sit next to her.  
  
Nate asked, “What is it that you’d like to try?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 76: The Hotel Lobby**

“This,” said Dale. “If I’m not going to be arrested, then I’d like to find out what it is like to be in a public area.” They both looked around the lobby. Dale was attracting about the amount of attention that a beautiful nude girl would in public.  
  
The two hotel employees behind the counter were trying to ignore her. One group of people looked as if they were part of the Forest Service crowd by their dress. Members of that group were definitely looking at her, but they weren’t acting as if her presence was much out of the ordinary.  
  
They noticed a middle aged woman and her husband who were checking in. They couldn’t hear what was being said, but they were pretty sure that Dale’s nudity was what they were discussing with the reception clerk. They kept looking over at her. Finally the couple had their keys and headed to the elevators.  
  
After a minute of simply sitting Nate asked, “So what does it feel like to be nude here?”  
  
“It’s very strange,” said Dale. “I’m having trouble relaxing. After all we’ve done, this somehow seems the most odd. Just getting used to the idea that it is OK to simply be here. I’ve been nude in public before, but never like this, with permission.”  
  
“Does it make it less fun? A bit like you once told me that the nude beach was not that fun?” asked Nate.  
  
“No, this isn’t like that. This is still a place where you aren’t supposed to be nude, and I am the only one naked….except for you, my shirtless buddy,” said Dale.  
  
“Yeah, but like the manager said, it’s OK for a guy to be anywhere dressed like this. So I’m underdressed, but I’m not violating any laws. You, pretty lady, are breaking the law, but I guess the manager is going to keep anyone from enforcing the law,” said Nate.  
  
“It’s funny how exciting it is, just to sit here. I can’t believe how naked I am, and how I am in such an exposed public spot. This is a hundred times better than wandering the golf course at night. This is even a hundred times better than the bench overlook. Can you believe that I once felt exposed there? You should feel bad about ruining the golf course for me,” said Dale.  
  
“I should?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’m just kidding. Look at all we’ve done together. I would have never had any of these experiences without you,” said Dale. “There I go again thinking selfishly. I’m sorry!”  
  
“Nothing to be sorry about. Do you think I’m not having the time of my life? I grew up admiring you from a distance. Not just how you looked, but every bit as much for who you were. How nice of a person you are. I have enjoyed so much getting to know the real you. And now I’m spending the weekend with you! Tonight we’ll sleep in each other’s arms. You’ll never convince me that I’m somehow coming up short on this arrangement!” said Nate.  
  
Just then they were approached by a girl of about their age who had come in with what looked to be her parents. She said to Dale, “Excuse me, but you do realize that you are naked, don’t you?”  
  
Dale looked at Nate not knowing exactly how to reply to such a silly question. Should she say ‘no’ and pretend to be stupid or on drugs? In the end she said simply, “Yes.”  
  
“Why are you naked?” continued the girl, sitting down.  
  
To Nate it didn’t look as if Dale was in the mood for this particular encounter. “I was born nude. I like being nude. Nate likes me nude. Don’t you Nate?” she said, passing the baton.  
  
“I do,” said Nate. “She has a lovely personality, and she has a gorgeous body. I enjoy both,” said Nate.  
  
“You two are strange. Why are you sitting here nude?” she asked again.  
  
“I told you,” said Dale. “It is something I like to do.”  
  
“But you can’t be naked in a hotel lobby,” said the girl.  
  
“Really? Just watch me,” said Dale. She stood up and walked up to the reception counter where a hotel employee was standing. Nate was loving this.  
  
At the counter, Dale inquired about the weather forecast for the coming day. The hotel employee looked it up on her monitor, discussing with her the forecast she had located. Nate and the girl just watched. They could hear nothing of the conversation, but the girl’s mouth was hanging open.  
  
When Dale was finished, she walked back, and said to Nate, “Let’s go upstairs, Honey.” Nate got up and they walked to the elevator. As they got in the elevator, they looked back. The girl was still sitting there watching them in disbelief.  
  
After the elevator door had closed, Dale said, “I probably should have been more friendly to her, but I really didn’t know how to answer. She’s right, people can’t be naked in hotel lobbies. It was fun to do that, but I might never be able to do it again. This is a very temporary situation, I know. That is why I had to do it now. I would have kicked myself later if we hadn’t spent a little time in the lobby just now.”  
  
They got off at the seventh floor and while they walked toward the suite, Dale continued, “I wonder what that girl is thinking. Had I run into a nude girl in a hotel lobby a year or two ago, it would have been a life changing event for me. You better believe I would have had questions. I’m sure I would have wanted to strip off and join her. But I would have been too chicken, but you know I would have wanted to, in the worst way possible. And I absolutely would have found out who she was.”  
  
“After you learned who she was, what would you have done,” asked Nate.  
  
“I probably would have wanted to get to know her, to be friends with her. I’ve never had a peer in this Nate. I expect that there are other girls out there with my affliction, but I haven’t met any of them,” said Dale.  
  
Nate wanted to discuss her interest in having a peer, but they had reached the suite. The party was overflowing into the hallway such that they had trouble getting all the way to the suite itself. Nate was noticing how everyone wanted to talk to Dale. He studied the men talking to her and came to the conclusion that they wanted to look at her pussy and were fascinated by the fact that it was shaved bald. But he could tell that they were all too shy to be seen looking too obviously, or to talk to her about it.  
  
However, there were a few bold guys who did manage to ask about her pierced nipples. Dale didn’t say much. She didn’t have to. If Nate had not already known it, he learned that evening just how popular a pretty young girl can be at a party when she is wearing nothing more than nipple jewelry. He was trying to figure out how to get her out of there, to have her all to himself, when he heard Kelly calling to them. With considerable difficulty he got Dale and together they reached Kelly who pulled them into her bedroom, closing the door behind them.  
  
Once they were alone she said, “Nate, I haven’t had my picture taken with Naked Carol yet, would you do the honors? I so much want a photo of us together with our salon hairdos.”  
  
“Sure, but I don’t have my phone with me. No pockets!” he said indicating his low rise pants.  
  
“Well, run get it,” said Kelly. Nate took off for their room. He too wanted photos. He had wished he had had his phone with him to take photos earlier, and was quite looking forward to the DVD of the hula hoop show.  
  
While he was gone, Kelly had a chance to speak with Dale, “I probably should have realized that it would happen, but I didn’t think about it. I’ve been talking to people here, and I think there are now dozens of women who now have a ‘Carol Problem’, just as I had. I know it is out of the question, but we could have a giant bonfire night, if we were to want to. I know your pussy shaving days are behind you…I mean shaving other ladies pussies. But in a way I feel bad. There are a lot of women here whose husbands have now finally seen what a bare pussy looks like in person, and that genie can’t be put back in the bottle. I’ve been telling them that all they need to do is to shave. We of course went much further, with the nipple chains and the semi-public stripping, to make sure we were the stars of our husband’s wet dreams. I’ll have to talk to Nicole and Sarah and see if we have an idea about how to help some of these ladies out. Too bad we can’t include you. You are of course the gold standard in the pussy department. Yours is the pussy to which all others are now being compared.”  
  
“Why are you ruling out including me? You know I like to be naked,” said Dale.  
  
“But it wasn’t to your liking last time,” said Kelly.  
  
“That’s not really true. I had a lot of fun. One of my best memories from that evening was how Nate had to put the nipple chain on me, and all I could do was stand there and get all hot and bothered. You know he wasn’t my boyfriend then,” said Dale.  
  
“I know that now, but back then I thought he was your boyfriend. But how could we go about involving you?” asked Kelly.  
  
“I don’t know. It is more fun for me if I don’t know what’s coming and have little choice,” said Dale. Subconsciously she knew she needed to be more careful saying things like that, especially around Kelly. “Maybe you can work something out with Nate. He has me pretty well figured out. Maybe you’ll need to handcuff me again, or even blackmail me.” She couldn’t believe she had just said that!

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 77: Nate Gets Photos of Kelly**

“Blackmail you?” asked Kelly. To her utter surprise, she started to tell Kelly about her early morning date with the flagpole. She knew that Kelly knew at least some of the story because it had been a request of hers that had caused it in the first place. And she knew that Nate had sent photos. “I love those photos,” responded Kelly, “Now that I know the whole story I’ll have to go back and enjoy them again.”  
  
Nate had returned, and he went about posing Kelly and Dale for a few photos that highlighted the ladies’ hairstyles, as well as the contrast between the naked girl and the dressed woman. He also took photos showing their nails. Nate commented, “Now I know what the two sparkles signify Carol. Those are the rest of your costume. They are the diamonds at your nipples. You weren’t ready to tell me before, were you?”  
  
“I wanted the nipple surprise to happen for you during the show,” said Dale. “Did you like the nipple surprise?”  
  
“Loved it! Like I said, Pierced nipples are about the cutest thing I can imagine!” said Nate.  
  
“Hear that Kelly. Has Henry seen his surprise yet?” asked Dale.  
  
“No. I’m saving it for later,” said Kelly.  
  
“Let’s take a picture together now,” said Dale. “May I unzip you? Get out of that dress and let’s have a photo taken with our matching nipples.”  
  
“Ok. But only if Nate promises not to tell and ruin my surprise.”  
  
“Oh, he won’t tell. He’s very good at keeping secrets, except from sisters,” said Dale, sarcastically while she unzipped Kelly and helped her out of her dress. She continued, “The panties have to go too Kelly. For these photos you need to be dressed exactly like the hula hoop girl, high heels, bare pussy, and nipple jewelry. Kelly locked the door to the rest of the suite, and then slipped off her panties. She had obviously just spiffed up her pussy as had Dale, per instructions. Nate had a great time posing the ladies and taking photos, including nipple and nail close-ups. They both ended up in the hula hoop for a few shots, and they both posed for a few individual photos before they were done.  
  
Nate commented, “The matching nipple jewelry is so hot. Henry is going to be a happy man tonight! That is until he finds out that he has to leave those beauties alone for a month. Or was Carol pulling my leg about that?”  
  
“Carol, did you really tell Nate that?” said Kelly teasingly. But turning to Nate, she said, “But in all seriousness, you and Henry both have a tit free month in front of you. Poor guys. It’s really hard to feel that sorry for you however. Given what we ladies went through today to decorate ourselves for you!” Kelly then insisted on taking photos of Nate and Dale together. They had fun with that as Nate was dressed as a Chippendale’s guy. She also had them pose in some photos that were appropriate given their girlfriend-boyfriend status. “You two make the cutest couple,” she said.  
  
As they were wrapping things up and Kelly was slipping her dress back on, she said, “Now Nate, you will email me photos, right? And can I trust you with the photos of me, right?”  
  
Nate started to answer, but Dale cut him off, “It’s too late now Kelly. They are on his phone. You might one day find yourself being blackmailed. Trusting Nate is complicated, I’ve come to learn.” Both Dale and Nate saw a look of concern on Kelly’s face.  
  
They rejoined the party, and to Nate’s surprise a few of the ladies wanted to have their photos taken with him. While Dale was watching this, Kelly walked up behind her and said, “We should probably make Nate take of his pants. If the ladies have a ‘Carol Problem’ it would be only fair for the guy to have a ‘Nate Problem’.”  
  
“And he has no underwear on, so he has only one layer to take off,” said Dale.  
  
“If I asked him to take off his pants, would he?” asked Kelly.  
  
“I doubt it,” said Dale. “Besides, I’m still not ready to confront his you-know-what.”  
  
“That’s right….take your time,” said Kelly, dropping the subject of trying to get Nate to strip.  
  
After a little while longer, both Dale and Nate felt like they had spent more than enough time with the Forest Service people. The spoke quickly to Kelly and she shooed them out. Nate was expecting to return to their room and call it a night. He was ready for some one on one time with Dale, but in the elevator Dale pushed the button for the first floor. When Nate asked her what she had in mind, she said, “Selfish me feels like spending a little more time in the lobby.”  
  
“Sure. You like the lobby, don’t you?” asked Nate.  
  
“It feels edgy, scary. The suite on the seventh floor feels like a private party, but anyone can walk into the lobby, and they do. I don’t know who is going to come in the front door or down the elevator. I like seeing the expressions on people’s faces when they see little old nude me in just my high heels. I’ve always imagined people seeing me, but in those scenarios, I was always planning to run. In the lobby I can just see how they react without the need to run. Part of what makes it fun is that being seen activates my ‘fight or flight’ instinct…in other words, my instinct is to run. I have to consciously tell myself that it is OK to not run,” said Dale.  
  
After they had been sitting in the lobby for a few minutes, Dale asked, “Nate, can I ask you a personal question?”  
  
“Sure, ask me anything,” said Nate.  
  
“This is hard for me, embarrassing for me, because it’s so very personal, but it is something I’ve been wondering about for a while now,” said Dale.  
  
“Like I said, ask away,” said Nate.  
  
“OK, but if you don’t want to answer, that it alright. You don’t have to answer,” said Dale. “And I don’t want you to think less of me because I asked, OK?”  
  
Nate was getting quite curious. “Dale, please just ask!” he said pleadingly.  
  
“OK,” she said, but then paused before sheepishly continuing while looking down at the floor, “I’ve been wondering if you are circumcised or not. You don’t have to tell me, of course.”  
  
It was not a question he had been expecting, but he could understand why a girl might be curious about that. “It’s OK Dale. It’s not something I have ever talked about before. I’m circumcised.” She hugged him, but there were no follow up questions, and he could think of nothing to add. He spent a lot of time later, trying to decide if she cared, wanted him to be one way or the other. After his answer, they quickly found other things to talk about.  
  
In the end, they spent about an hour in the lobby. When they finally went up to bed, they were both tired from a long day. Dale’s nipples were feeling sore, so they lay in spoon position, Nate hugging Dale from behind. Nate had had a nap, so he was still awake after she had drifted off. He had hoped for a little play time in bed, but it didn’t end up happening.  
  
As it was, he was so happy to simply lie there holding the girl of his dreams. His dick was still beyond hard, and it was snuggled tightly in between her buns, just a couple of thin layers of cloth – his underwear and pajamas – in between. He puzzled over her groping and the circumcision question. Both were curious, yet he decided that it seemed as if the perfect person was getting interested in just the right thing. That was something to be very happy about. It seemed to more than make up for the fact that he had had two different girls both wanting to give him blow jobs that day, and yet was going to sleep without having had a release of any kind.  
  
It was simply so nice to hold Dale. He still felt that she was way out of his league, but the relationship seemed to be working. Finally he too fell asleep.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 78: Brunch**

Nate awoke to the sound of the shower being turned off. A minute later Dale emerged from the bathroom drying her hair. When she saw Nate awake, she said, “I’m glad you took pictures of that hairdo because it is gone-gone. I do still have the nails and the nipples as evidence of my salon visit with Kelly. It was a beautiful hairdo though, didn’t you think?”  
  
“It was gorgeous. Do you think you could replicate it yourself?” asked Nate.  
  
“I could try. It wouldn’t come out the same, but I might do pretty well,” said Dale. “You missed a morning workout. Sarah, Kelly and I all hit the hotel gym.”  
  
“Really?” said Nate.  
  
“Yep, we made the arrangement last night. I was too chicken to go alone. But we girls had fun. Sarah and I did a strength workout. We did a lot of core. And Kelly worked out on an elliptical,” said Dale.  
  
“It must go without saying that you were completely naked the whole time, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“Of course, but don’t worry. I sat on a towel, and wiped the seats down afterwards. Besides, I don’t even know where my clothes are, in someone’s trunk I think, but I don’t need them. I can go anywhere in the hotel, remember. I’ve got to take advantage of that. Tomorrow we’ll be back at school, and the brand new nipple rivets will be hidden under a few layers. That’s sad to think about. I really like them! I’m having fun showing them off,” said Dale. “But right now you need to get out of bed and get ready. Mr. Wilkinson is buying us brunch, remember? I’ve never eaten in a restaurant nude before. It sounds pretty scary. I’m not sure I can do it. Force me if I get cold feet, OK?”  
  
“Cold feet or not, we’re having brunch together, and your nipple rivets, as you call them, are going to be the talk of the dining room. That is your destiny, embrace it!” said Nate. He got a quick shower, but when he came out, Dale was not there. She had left him a note which said to meet her in the lobby. When he got down to the lobby, he found her talking to Mr. Wilkinson. They looked to be having a pleasant conversation.  
  
As Nate walked up, Mr. Wilkinson stood up and shook his hand. He said, “I rarely come in on Sundays, but I wanted to be here today. Now let’s go find you two a table in the restaurant. It’s still early, so there will be plenty of seating available. Would you prefer something at the back with a bit more privacy, something near the buffet for quick and easy return trips, or something right at the entrance where you see everyone as they arrive and vice versa?”  
  
Nate and Dale looked at each other. Nate decided that he knew how to answer, “Mr. Wilkinson, this will be Carol’s first meal nude in a public restaurant. Thank you for that, by the way! She is very much looking forward to it! I think she needs the most extreme experience possible. In other words, put us where the action is. Carol has nothing to hide, if you hadn’t noticed.” Acting surprised yet excited, Dale punched his shoulder but then grabbed his arm. Hugging it close with both hands, she gave him a little kiss on the cheek, and then tried to put on her shyest smile for Mr. Wilkinson.  
  
Mr. Wilkinson replied, “I’ve got just the table in mind. Between the buffet and the windows on the left. Most people prefer the left because of the sun coming in the windows. And then if we have a few fuddy-duddies who complain, we can seat them on the right. Everyone wins, I think. Those on the left will get two views, the view out the window as well as the view of the most lovely Carol. Sound good?”  
  
“Sounds perfect,” said Nate, and the two followed Mr. Wilkinson into the restaurant where they had a brief conversation with the headwaiter who was introduced to them as Tony. Tony was not a shy guy, looking Dale up and down. He even indicated with his finger that she should turn around and give him a look at all sides. Dale smiled and graciously complied, putting one hand on a hip and giving him an even nicer little show than he could have hoped for. Tony acted as if he was going to faint.  
  
Dale was in fine form. Her trim and fit body sporting her pert little titties, her lovely tush that flowed seamlessly into her legs and her shaved pussy with its very obvious little cleft nestled right at the base of her toned stomach were all on full display. To Nate it was the nipples and the pussy that were the highlights, but he was well aware that what made them attractive was the body that they were mounted on. Even more significant than that, it was the girl that they were mounted on. Her personality nude, how she carried herself, flitting here and there with a perfect balance of controlled exuberance and shyness, how she smiled and the sparkle in her eye, how she held her arms and her hands. It generally looked as if she was about to use her hands to cover up, but was always resisting, as if she had to constantly be reminding herself.  
  
To Nate she looked like the embodiment of youthful beauty and innocence, but across her face contradictory emotions were often playing out, especially in settings like this around clothed men who were checking her out. She was a mixture of scared shyness combined with a full measure of bold daring. He loved watching her, because what she was feeling was usually written across her face, but not only her face. He could see the little trembles ripple through her body as she felt various emotions. He didn’t know if others saw all these things, but he did.  
  
The restaurant was not as empty as Mr. Wilkinson had led them to expect, but Tony found them an ideal table, if lack of privacy was the goal. They were half way between the windows and the buffet. As they walked to their table all eyes turned to look at Dale, and she felt the ‘flight’ instinct bubble to the surface, very enjoyably so. Dale loved that feeling for it meant that her subconscious self was yelling….trying to tell her to get out of there…that she was somewhere where she shouldn’t be….where she shouldn’t be nude.  
  
As they were taking their seats, Tony took their drink order. Mr. Wilkinson reminded them that he was buying, so they both ordered coffee and fresh squeezed orange juice. Tony then indicated to them that they were welcome to go straight to the buffet, so they got right back up.  
  
They went to the start of the line which turned out to have the traditional breakfast items, eggs, bacon, etc. Nate noticed that Dale was staying especially close, not that he minded. Her enthusiasm seemed to have faded a bit, and a measure of self-consciousness seemed to have taken hold. She was hovering close enough that he almost felt as if she was trying to hide behind him. They returned to the table with their initial plates of food and sat down just as a different waiter brought their drinks.  
  
The restaurant chairs were of a wrap-around style that included arm rests. Once seated, Dale’s lower body was essentially hidden. It seemed to Nate as if being essentially “just topless” was allowing Dale to relax a bit, but he could tell she was still very conscious of being the center of attention. At least half the tables were occupied, and there seemed to always be people looking at them.  
  
Mr. Wilkinson was going table to table talking to the other guests. “What do you suppose Mr. Wilkinson is talking to everyone about?” asked Dale.  
  
“I suppose he is asking them how they are enjoying their brunch, and then making sure that they don’t have a problem with there being a nude girl in the restaurant. Nobody seems to have gotten upset or left, that I have noticed,” said Nate.  
  
“I expect you are right. It sure would be interesting to overhear the conversations. There surely are some people voicing a dislike of my nudity, especially here in a restaurant. More likely than not it would be women who would not want their husbands seeing a nude girl,” said Dale.  
  
“You might be right, women who don’t appreciate the competition. But some men might protest, but only to make their wives think that they only have eyes for her.”  
  
“We should ask Mr. Wilkinson what people are saying. I’m really curious,” said Dale.  
  
“Let’s do that. I’m sure he’ll stop back by our table before leaving,” said Nate. They enjoyed their breakfasts in silence for a bit, while watching the other diners watching them. After a bit, Nate noticed that Dale was looking relaxed, so he knew it was time to stir the pot a little, “Dale, the fruit waffles that the chef at the end of the buffet is making sure look good. Would you please have him make one for me with strawberries? Maybe have him add a few bananas and blueberries if they look good.”  
  
“You have legs. You can get your own waffle,” said Dale.  
  
“Excuse me? That doesn’t sound like the girl who has been wanting to try and be a little less selfish, does it? This morning I’m feeling like being waited on,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 79: Brunch continued**

“Ok, I guess it might be fun to wait on you,” said Dale with a tone of reluctance in her voice. She started looking around while contemplating again being a little more on display.  
  
“Did you say, ‘I guess it might be fun’? Isn’t that evaluating the request from your own point of view?”  
  
He let her think about that, but continued, “And while you are there waiting for the waffle, ask him what he thinks of your piercings. I’m very interested in his opinion.” Dale looked to be experiencing a bit of anxiety as she slowly got out of her chair, but Nate thought it might be an act. He knew she wanted to take advantage of the opportunity that Mr. Wilkinson had granted. He watched Dale stroll quietly through the half full restaurant. She wasn’t covering up, but she looked as if she were trying to attract as little attention as possible. He chuckled to himself at the idea of how futile it would be for a nude girl to attempt to not attract attention to herself in such a public place. He looked around and noticed that nearly everyone’s eyes seemed to be following her as she made her way to the waffle station.  
  
Nate watched Dale approach and enter into a conversation with the chef making waffles to order. She was lovely up close, but tremendously so at this distance as well. To him she looked taller at a distance. She was between 5’3” and 5’4” and he was about 6’2”, so when he was standing near her, he was often conscious of their difference in height as he had to look down at her. However, at a distance her slender toned legs seemed to grow longer, as did her torso. He thought that at a distance she looked to be at least 5’8”.  
  
Her slender fit shape was very striking when viewed from the side, as he was viewing her now. He thought her proportions ideal. Her ankles tapered up into her calves. Above her knees her slim yet muscular thighs bulged out ever so slightly in front, a sign of her athleticism. Similarly behind, her legs transitioned seamlessly into her butt, making it impossible to say where leg ended and tush began. Her waist was narrow, widening attractively into her ribcage, which supported her taught tits.  
  
Part of the beauty of her body, when viewed from the side was how she carried herself. Her posture, surely an outgrowth of gymnastics, was upright and proud. She held her head high, with her neck straight. Her shoulders held back, but never so that it appeared that she was intentionally thrusting out her chest. Her tits were of modest size, yet perfectly shaped. If anything extended forward further than her nipples, it was only her toes. Nate smiled to himself as he considered that if she entered a room slowly, it would be her nipples and toes that would arrive first.  
  
Using his phone, he took a few photos as stealthily as he could manage. He was sure that Dale would also want some record of having been nude in a restaurant. He zoomed in for a few to focus on her beautiful profile. While he was doing so he got a photo of Dale thrusting her chest up a bit while looking down at her nipples. He could tell that she was looking down at them because she and the chef were discussing them. He zoomed out a little to take a few photos of the two of them. He thought these photos would be great…they were clearly discussing her piercings. Next he zoomed out even further to get a few photos placing Dale in the context of the busy restaurant. As he was photographing, Mr. Wilkinson joined their discussion so Nate zoomed back in to get a few pictures of the three together.  
  
A minute after he had put down his phone, Dale returned to the table with his waffle, saying, “Your waffle Sir!”  
  
“Thank you kindly,” replied Nate. “Are you going to have one as well?”  
  
“As a matter of fact, I ordered one already. Andre – isn’t that such a great name for a chef – offered to bring it to me when it was finished. I told him that it was probably my boyfriend’s preference that I return and get it myself,” said Dale.  
  
“Actually, it must be done. I think he is signaling you,” said Nate. Dale turned and looked, then walked back to the waffle station to pick up her waffle. When she returned with her waffle, Nate continued, “Our waffles look the same, but you have much less whipped cream.”  
  
“I ordered it that way,” said Dale, sitting down. “Being as active as I am, I generally don’t have to work very hard at maintaining my weight, but this outfit is not very forgiving. You might not believe it, but it does take courage to bare everything in public. I mean, I’ve heard that all women have body image issues, and to some degree, I’m no different. Personally, I try to not think about it, but I’m sure getting naked would be more difficult if I thought I looked heavy. By the way, thanks for getting me out of my chair. Oddly enough, I felt less uncomfortable about being nude once I was up out of it. That doesn’t make sense, does it?”  
  
“Fortunately it doesn’t have to make sense,” said Nate. “Next I’m going to have you get me one of those cinnamon rolls. They look gooey and delicious.”  
  
“I’ll get it now. That way it will be here when you are ready. If I’m going to wait on you, I’d like to do my best! Anything else I should get for you?” asked Dale.  
  
“Maybe later,” said Nate.  
  
After Dale had returned, Nate asked about her conversation with the chef, “So what did Andre think of your nipple piercings?”  
  
“I guess his feelings about such things are mixed,” answered Dale. “At first he said they were ‘f---in’ hot’, but then he was telling me that he didn’t really want his girlfriend to get her nips done. That he thought they’d be in the way for ‘nibbling’…that’s the word he used.”  
  
“Well he might have a point there,” said Nate. “I was missing nibbling on them last night.”  
  
“Well, that’s different. That is just until they heal. One day down, thirty to go!”  
  
“Don’t tell me that! That makes it sound like an eternity,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, do you want to get a different girlfriend, and then come back after a month?” asked Dale.  
  
“Absolutely not! I’ve got the hottest, funnest girlfriend on the planet. There’s a reason that Jason put up with all the restrictions. You’re worth it! I’d still be the happiest guy alive, even if I’d never gotten past first base and had never seen you nude. You are absolutely worth it. But I do have to admit that it would be hard to adjust to that now. I mean, being with a fully clothed Dale and kissing only. It would still be worth it, but I expect I’d go through withdrawal,” said Nate.  
  
“Don’t worry. I think that would be harder on me than you. I’m getting a little too used to being naked, don’t you think?” asked Dale.  
  
“I don’t see the downside, as long as we continue to keep your two lives separate,” said Nate.  
  
“I guess the only downside is that there aren’t that many more firsts out there. By now I’ve done so many things nude and been seen by so many people. We can’t always be taking greater risks. So at some point the initial excitement might wear off,” said Dale.  
  
“That’s true, but I expect that there is a lot more to it for you than just the excitement of doing things for the first time. For example, you kept returning to the golf course. I imagine that each time you were expecting that the outcome would be the same, that no one would see you and that you’d return home without incident. But somehow it remained something that you wanted to do,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s true. It never got boring. But it might be boring now,” said Dale.  
  
“Do you think that one day being nude around other people, like here in the hotel, might become boring?” asked Nate.  
  
“Never boring. Probably a little less exciting than the first time, but still fun,” said Dale.  
  
“Was kissing a boy the most fun the first time, and then all downhill from there?” asked Nate.  
  
“Certainly not! It was probably the scariest the first time, but kissing is always fun,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh good. I hoped that would be your answer,” said Nate. “So even if you are getting a little used to being naked, it is not something you are getting tired of, right?”  
  
“That’s right. I’ll still want to be naked. I guess the downside might be that it is going to become harder and harder to be dressed. Already I am dreading the coming week because it will be clothes, clothes, clothes…day after day,” said Dale.  
  
“Maybe, the next nude adventure will never be far off. And you have a secret, many secrets. Hiding under the prim and proper exterior that everyone at school sees, is a very different girl. A girl with a shaved pussy and pierced nipples. A crazy fun daring girl. And at school, only you and I know about those secrets,” said Nate.  
  
“And Carly,” added Dale.  
  
“Right, Carly. Well she doesn’t know everything, and she doesn’t know about the nipples. Are you going to tell her?” asked Nate.  
  
“Probably not. I guess I don’t mind if she knows, but it seems weird to bring it up,” said Dale.  
  
Just then Mr. Wilkinson came to their table. “Having a nice breakfast I hope,” he said.  
  
“Absolutely,” said Dale. “The food is delicious!”  
  
“Oh good. I hope you are enjoying more than just the food,” continued Mr. Wilkinson.  
  
“We are!” said Nate. “We’re curious though. We’ve been watching you talk with people at the other tables. I expect that Carol must be coming up in those conversations. What are you hearing?”  
  
“Well, it’s been interesting for me,” said Mr. Wilkinson. “I haven’t been bringing her up. I just start by introducing myself and asking people if they are enjoying the food and the restaurant. Generally someone brings up the ‘nude girl over there’. So then they ask me questions and offer their opinions. Almost half the tables are Forest Service people. Those conversations are much different. As you are part of their group, they aren’t at all surprised to see a naked girl in the hotel. It’s the non-Forest Service people who are surprised.”  
  
“I haven’t seen anyone leave unhappy,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, there was one table of four, two couples. They were just not going to be happy, no matter what I said” said Mr. Wilkinson. “They left and I gave them gift certificates good for brunch on a future weekend. I expect they’ll be back.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 80: Mike's Present**

“I didn’t notice them,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I’m glad. It was all accomplished with little fanfare. To most people I expect it just looked as if they paid and left.”  
  
“How have you been answering the inevitable questions about why there is a nude girl in the restaurant?” asked Nate.  
  
“Actually that has not been easy. In the first place, I don’t really know why Carol is nude. I know that she is with the Forest Service, and performed last night, and prefers to be nude. However, I expect that there is a deeper reason behind it all. And I’m not one to delve into the secret lives of our hotel guests, so I’ve sort of made up a story that I have been telling people. One that seems to satisfy their curiosity somewhat,” said Mr. Wilkinson. “I hope you are not offended Carol. I probably should have checked with you first, but as it happened I just made up the story on the spot at one of the tables.”  
  
“I’m sure we are both very curious to hear what you have been telling people,” said Nate. Dale nodded.  
  
“Well, I told them that your state of dress relates to a project that you are doing for a Human Sexuality class at the University. I tell them that I really don’t know much about it, just that you are spending time nude in public, and then will be writing about the experience. Typically they have had questions, which I have mostly ducked by telling them that I simply don’t know any more. And then I’ve asked them if having a nude girl in the dining room is an issue for them,” side Mr. Wilkinson.  
  
“And how have they responded to that?” asked Nate.  
  
“Frankly the class project explanation turned out to be an inspired lie, in my opinion. After hearing it, many people didn’t say anything more about whether the hotel should allow nudity in the restaurant. Instead, if they had anything negative to say, it was often about the sorry state of post-secondary education in America, that sort of thing,” said Mr. Wilkinson.  
  
“What comments did you hear about Carol herself?” asked Nate.  
  
“Mostly that she was lovely, if anything was said about her appearance. I did hear a few people offer their opinions about Carol’s morals. The word ‘tramp’ did come up, as well as a few less savory synonyms. I’m just being honest, because I sense that you are wanting the truth, not some sugar coated version of the truth. To be honest, it tended to be women who looked upon her and remarked about low moral standards. I even think the word ‘whore’ came up, but just once or twice. I did what I could to make people comfortable with the unusual circumstances, believe me,” said Mr. Wilkinson. They both thanked him. They were feeling full and got up preparing to leave. Mr. Wilkinson walked them to the exit and said goodbye.  
  
As they walked toward the elevator, the girl who had spoken to them the night before in the lobby came up to them. She spoke to Dale directly saying, “Now I know why you are naked!”  
  
Dale replied, “You do? What have you learned?”  
  
“You’re a V.I.P.” said the girl acting proud of herself for being so knowledgeable. “After you left last night, I asked the woman at the counter. She said she had given you information about the weather forecast. Well, she told me that her boss had told her that you were a V.I.P., and that you could do exactly as you pleased, and that she was to show you every courtesy. I haven’t figured out who you are yet, but I will! I’m thinking you are a famous singer. I tried looking for you on YouTube, but I didn’t find you yet. Am I right?”  
  
“Wow, you are getting really warm,” said Nate. “I think we shouldn’t tell her, so she can have the thrill of figuring it out herself.” And with that he took Dale’s hand and led her away, leaving the girl standing there, watching them as they went to the elevator.  
  
Once the elevator door had closed, Nate and Dale again shared a chuckle at the girl’s expense. “Something about that girl is a bit strange, don’t you think?” said Dale.  
  
“Yeah, you told her the truth last night, that you enjoy being nude. And today she thinks you are nude because you are a V.I.P. Being a V.I.P. isn’t a reason for being nude. She isn’t the most logical thinker,” said Nate.  
  
“Exactly! There are plenty of V.I.P.’s who don’t spend time nude in hotel lobbies,” said Dale. They returned to their room, and packed up. Dale had only toiletries, so she was ready quickly. Nate put her small toiletries bag into his suitcase to carry it for her. Once they had gathered their things, they headed up to the seventh floor to look for Kelly.  
  
Rather than take the stairway to avoid being seen, Dale selected the elevator route. She was seen, but only by a maid who acted as if she had been instructed to pay no attention to the nude girl. Kelly opened the door upon hearing Dale’s knock and greeted them warmly. Just she and Henry were in the room, and they listed as Nate and Dale recounted their experience at brunch. “We’ll be going down shortly,” said Kelly. “I was up early for our workout, but Henry wanted to sleep in.”  
  
“How was your evening last night Henry?” asked Nate, wanting to find out if he had seen Kelly’s piercings without giving it away if he had not.  
  
“Actually I had a great evening,” said Henry.  
  
“I think Nate is wondering if you had any surprises after the party Honey, as in later…in the bedroom,” said Kelly.  
  
“Oh that…I mean those. Why yes! My lovely wife did surprise me. She is going ‘Full Carol’ top and bottom! What can I say…I’m a happy man!” said Henry.  
  
“Do you like the look?” asked Nate.  
  
“Absolutely!” said Henry. “I’m even planning on helping with the cleaning routine, if she’ll let me.”  
  
“The cleaning routine?” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I can’t do much, but I probably can help prepare the saline solution for the saline soaks,” said Henry.  
  
“I could do that,” said Nate, looking a Dale.  
  
“Nate, that’s nice, but they live together. I’ll pretty much have to take care of things myself. What would my mom and dad think if you came over daily and we spent time together in the bathroom? Awkward!” said Dale.  
  
“But I didn’t even know about the saline soaks,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I haven’t had a chance to tell you everything,” said Dale. “But there is a little more to the healing process than just keeping the boyfriend at bay.”  
  
“OK, but fill me in sometime if you don’t mind. You and I are a team now, right?” said Nate.  
  
“You’re so sweet,” said Dale, giving him a kiss on the cheek. “Somewhere I have a printed sheet of instructions. You can read it if you’d like.”  
  
“I put it in your bag with your clothes. Maybe you have forgotten that you have clothes. Oh, I almost forgot. I promised to text Mike when you were here. He has a present for the two of you,” said Kelly, typing on her phone. “By the way, why did you bring a full bag of clothes?”  
  
“Appearances,” said Dale. “What would my mom think if I went off for a weekend with only the clothes on my back?”  
  
“Yes, I suppose that you have to fool your mother into thinking that you are an ordinary girl,” said Kelly.  
  
“I am an ordinary girl,” said Dale. “Well, mostly ordinary. Or at least most of the time.”  
  
There was a knock at the door, but as Dale headed toward it, Mike let himself in. He was carrying a large envelope, which he handed to Nate saying, “This is a present for the two of you.”  
  
“A present,” said Nate, opening the envelope.  
  
“Yes, everything there relates to the Windy Ridge fire lookout,” said Mike. “In the off season, the fire lookouts are empty. They allow Forest Service employees to use them for short personal stays. I’ve sought and been granted permission to extend the privilege to Honorary Forestry Technicians, such as yourselves.”  
  
“Where is Windy Ridge?” asked Nate, looking carefully at the enclosed map.  
  
“It would be about a ninety minute drive for you. In a Jeep, you can drive all the way up via this route,” said Mike indicating a road on the map that Nate had opened. “However, I’ve marked a suggested parking location on the other side of the ridge, right there. From there, you have a nice four mile hike up to the lookout. You two might enjoy going in via that route.”  
  
“When can we go?” asked Nate.  
  
“Anytime you like really. Just let me know so that I can enter your plans into our system. We keep track of stays, mostly to prevent conflicts. There are only so many beds, so it would be awkward if other people were there at the same time,” said Mike.  
  
“How many beds are there?” asked Nate.  
  
“Windy Ridge is one of the nicer lookouts,” answered Mike. “Not only is the view unbeatable, but the accommodations are as nice as it gets. It’s hardly a five star hotel, but there is a nice double bed that can be set up and there are two singles as well. The beds are basic, but quite comfortable. We spend a lot of time in the lookouts, and we don’t put up with second rate mattresses. Everything you need to know is detailed in that packet. There are codes for the locks, as well as instructions for turning on the heat and the generator. It has cooking facilities, a fridge, water. There is even a warm shower. Just no walls. Even the shower has no walls. Remember, we are supposed to be keeping an eye out for rising columns of smoke at all times! My wife and I have spent a few romantic weekends there ourselves.”  
  
“Wow Mike, what a nice present!” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 81: The Parking Lot**

“Well, it cost me nothing,” said Mike, “just the time to put the information together for you. Now that you two are Honorary Forestry Technicians the possibility occurred to me, and I even took the liberty of penciling you in for this coming weekend. I checked the weather forecast, and it looks as if this amazing ‘Indian Summer’ fall that we are enjoying will continue for at least another week. So on the off-chance that being outside a little underdressed might interest either of you, next weekend looks good.”  
  
“Why is everybody looking at me?” asked Dale.  
  
“Oh come on,” said Kelly, “You must be quite used to having everyone looking at you.”  
  
“It’s actually about impossible to not look at you Carol,” said Mike.  
  
“I was joking, but you do realize that you all looked at me when Mike said something about one of us being interested in being outside underdressed,” said Dale. “I know very well that my secret is out.”  
  
“Yep, your secret is out. Your tits are out,” said Kelly. “It is pretty hard to have secrets when your tits are out, girl. There’s probably not a person in the hotel who doesn’t know that your tits are pierced. But I’m getting hungry, and I know that Nate wants to hit the road. I think it is about time to walk you two out to your car and say goodbye.”  
  
“Sure,” said Nate. “Let’s get going.” And with that they all headed out the door and toward the elevator. Nate continued, “Mike, I’ll have to get back to you about next weekend. I do have a football game, but I think this one is on Friday night, so Saturday might is a possibility.”  
  
Down in the lobby, Dale looked apprehensively out the front door of the hotel. She had gotten used to the idea of the hotel being a sort of sanctuary, but as she looked out at the sunny parking lot just outside, she was thinking about returning to the world where nudity was not permitted. Nate saw her hesitation. He took her hand. “You look like you’re getting cold feet,” he said.  
  
“Well, on the other side of these doors is the real world. As I’m sure you know, I’m naked, and out there it isn’t allowed. Where are my clothes, Nate?” asked Dale.  
  
“Kelly, where is Carol’s bag?” asked Nate.  
  
“It’s in our car. Henry will get it for you,” said Kelly, “Just follow him.”  
  
They all walked out the door following Henry. Dale kept ahold of Nate’s hand. She was doing her best to hide in the small group and was keeping a wary eye out for trouble. She mentioned that she had already decided that if anything went wrong, she was going to bolt back into the safety of the hotel. Henry reached his car and retrieved Dale’s bag, handing it to Nate. His car was nearby, so he opened the trunk and set the bag inside. Dale was reaching for her bag, but Nate held her back saying, “Not so quick little lady! I’m afraid it is now my turn to be in charge of your clothes, not yours.” He then unzipped the bag, and after poking around inside, pulled out the button down shirt Dale had worn on the drive on Friday.  
  
To Nate’s utter surprise, rather than take the shirt he had selected, Dale shoved him aside, diving into her bag. Seconds later she had a black dress with large white Pokka dots in her hands. And just as quick it went on over her head and she was pulling it down into place.  
  
“Whoa! What has gotten into you?” asked Nate, surprised at the sudden very deliberate action on Dale’s part. Everyone in their little group just stared at Dale, mouths agape.  
  
“Oh my God, was that ever close!” said Dale.  
  
“What was close?” asked Nate, looking around. “You saw something, didn’t you?” Everyone started looking around the parking lot, but it seemed like an ordinary Sunday morning in all respects; nothing happening.  
  
“While you guys were so busy watching naked little me, I was keeping an eye on the parking lot. My sister and Luke just parked over there,” she said pointing. As they watched, two people got out of a car on the other side of the parking lot and headed toward the hotel entrance. “Nate, we can’t let them go in. Someone inside might mention the naked girl.”  
  
Nate sprang into action, running across the parking lot, waving and shouting a greeting, “Tess, Luke!” They saw him and stopped. As soon as Nate saw them turn his way, he dropped into a walk.  
  
Back by Nate’s car, Kelly was zipping Dale up and helping her get her hair into place. “Heaven help me if that slut tries to give him a blow job again!” said Dale.  
  
“What, your sister?” said Kelly.  
  
“You heard me right! My f---ing sister!” said Dale in a tone of voice that surprised everyone.  
  
Her high heels were hardly the shoes she would wear on a Sunday morning with that particular dress, but at least they were the right color. She hurriedly said good bye to everyone and headed off to catch up with Nate.  
  
Kelly, Mike and Henry, walked off in another direction, trying to not be noticed by ‘Carol’s’ sister. They discussed the side of ‘Carol’ that they had just witnessed; one that they hadn’t seen before, and her fight-or-flight response; how she had responded so quickly and so intelligently to a perceived emergency. “Most people don’t do that,” said Kelly. “They get scared, they panic, and they do exactly the wrong thing. Like the deer surprised by the car that jumps right into its path. Yep, there is really something about that young lady. I’ve never met anyone like her!”  
  
“And what is more amazing,” said Mike, “is that on the way out of the hotel I heard her say that if anything went wrong she was running back into the safety of the hotel.”  
  
“I’ll bet that is what she would have done, had she not yet seen her bag when the sister alarm went off,” said Henry.  
  
“That is one amazing girl that Nate has found himself!” said Kelly. Mike and Henry agreed wholeheartedly, but they thought it best not to echo Kelly’s comment. Kelly continued, “And Nate is quite the catch, in my opinion as well. What a cute couple.”  
  
As Dale joined Nate, who was talking to Tess and Luke, she said in a sarcastic tone, “What a surprise! To what do we owe the honor of your visit?”  
  
“Luke forced me to come, to apologize for yesterday,” said Tess. She continued in a tone meant to sound disingenuous, “So I’m sorry for yesterday.”  
  
“Dear, we talked about how you were going to let Dale believe that apologizing was your own idea,” said Luke.  
  
“And we also talked about you making a little more effort to not sound like my mother when you talk to me,” said Tess. “I mean, part of why I married you was to get away from her, not simply replace her.”  
  
“OK, well I guess we should just go now,” said Luke.  
  
“Nate, this is for you,” said Tess, handing Nate an envelope. “And it is only for you. Don’t show my sister.”  
  
“What is it?” asked Dale, clearly not finding it appropriate for Tess to be trying to have secrets with Nate.  
  
“None of your business sis,” said Tess, walking back toward their car.  
  
Shortly thereafter, Nate and Dale were headed down the road. After they had gotten on the freeway Dale commented, “You know the last thing I wanted to do was to put on this dress.”  
  
“Well, we are both in agreement then,” said Nate, taking the next exit which happened to be a rest area. “It is a lovely dress, but I was picturing this drive taking place in the button down shirt that you wore on Friday. Amazing how quickly you were able to get that dress on!”  
  
“I can’t tell you that I didn’t practice. On the way here, this dress was the uppermost thing in my bag. I would have been dressed even faster, but Kelly apparently put my clothes from yesterday on top of it, so I had to dig a little,” said Dale.  
  
“It was still impressive. One second you’re nude, the next, you’re dressed!” said Nate while parking.  
  
“Well, like you know, my primary plan is always to simply run. These high heels aren’t ideal for running though. And had I run back into the hotel, what was I supposed to do? Wait for my sister in the lobby. The dress was a much better answer,” said Dale.  
  
“Yep, but now it is time to get the dress back into your suitcase before you start getting too comfortable,” said Nate, holding out his hand.  
  
Dale looked around the parking lot to see if the coast was clear, but then without comment she arched, supporting her weight on just her feet and her shoulders against the car seat. In one quick motion, she had hiked the dress up to her rib cage. Nate had a lovely view of her bare mound, all the details of her slit fully visible in the sunshine at dashboard level, before she sat back down and pulled the dress off over her head.  
  
She handed him the dress, but kept a grip on it asking, “Do I at least get the shirt that you looked like you were getting out for me in the parking lot?”  
  
“I guess you’ll have to wait and find out, pretty lady,” said Nate, grasping the wadded up dress. At first it seemed as if Dale might not let go of the dress until she had a better answer, but then she relaxed her grip and let him have it. She removed the high heels and handed them to him as well.  
  
Nate took the dress and the shoes back to the trunk. Dale remained in the passenger seat, entirely nude except for the nipple jewelry.  
  
When Nate returned he handed her the tennis shoes and the shirt. She took them, letting out a sigh of relief, she clutched the shirt against her chest.  
  
Dale put it on, but rather than button it, she overlapped it across her chest, pulling it tight. As they merged back onto the freeway, Nate looked over and noticed that Dale’s shirt was creeping open, not yet wide enough for a nipple to show, but nearly so. He loved the look of an open shirt on her. It showed the beautiful feminine area in the center of her chest. Her tits weren’t of the sort that showed cleavage, per se, but the wide center part of her chest was lovely. He loved how she looked when just the pillowy areas between her nipples were showing. As expected, the shirt was fully open within a mile or so: bejeweled nipples in the sunshine! “Keep your eyes on the road, Buster,” said Dale noticing where Nate was looking.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 82: The Rain Check**

“I’m trying to, but your chest is so lovely that I could just eat you up!” said Nate.  
  
“It’s only been one day. You’ve got lots of waiting and wanting ahead of you, Buster!” said Dale.  
  
“I’ll manage. I’ll hardly be suffering…I’ll just be enjoying the view!” said Nate. “By the way, I’m not sure you got a very good look at the plaques they gave us last night. They are in the box on the back seat, if you’d like to have a better look.  
  
Dale was able to reach the box without undoing her seatbelt. She opened it in her lap, and studied the contents. “Nate, this plaque has my real name. It reads, ‘Dale Jordan’” said Dale.  
  
“That is the part I didn’t think you noticed last night,” said Nate. “They asked me about that a while ago, and I made the decision to give them your real name. Are you OK with that? I didn’t know what you’d do with a plaque that said only ‘Carol’ or possibly ‘Naked Carol’.”  
  
“I guess you’re right,” said Dale. “The plaque will be hard enough to explain to my parents with my real name on it. Who knows my real name now?”  
  
“Well, Kelly and Mike do, but I trust them. They might have told their spouses, but I expect they’ll continue to protect your identity,” said Nate.  
  
“I guess I’m OK with them knowing. I like them. I can’t imagine them doing anything to cause me harm,” said Dale.  
  
“No, your secret is safe with them. You might one day get arrested for indecent exposure, but it won’t happen because they betrayed you,” said Nate.  
  
“You know, I think about that sometimes,” said Dale.  
  
“Think about what?” asked Nate.  
  
“Getting arrested, getting caught. I mean, I used to worry about it when all I did was run around the golf course in the middle of the night. Compared to that, what we have been doing lately is so much more risky,” said Dale.  
  
“You know we don’t have to continue. If you are so worried about getting caught, then we can quit, or we can go back to doing only the safest of outings,” said Nate.  
  
“But Nate, I’m having too much fun to quit. I know I’m a junkie, but it is who I am. I’m addicted. After a week of no nudity my desire to get naked is almost unbearable. I think about getting caught, pretty much knowing that one day I will be. It seems inevitable. You know what is funny? One of the things I think about getting caught, about getting arrested is whether or not I’ll enjoy it,” said Dale.  
  
“So, do you think you’ll enjoy getting caught?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, I fear it and it is likely to be life changing, but it might also be kind of fun. In a perverse sort of way, I mean,” said Dale. “You know that I thrive on the worry. Like on the roof that night. I was in a state of panic, but I was also feeling so alive. I didn’t expect you to come. I expected a ride in a police car. It was so thrilling to be that close.”  
  
“And I thought I did you a favor by showing up. Now you make it sound like I ruined it for you,” said Nate.  
  
“No, I’m eternally glad that you came and whisked me away. I was crying you’ll recall. I was seriously worried, my stomach was churning, but on some level it was thrilling. The point is not getting caught. That would be easy, just as easy as losing my virginity. But close scrapes are simply thrilling. I can’t think of a better word. The night we both ran from the pool after tripping the alarm. That was thrilling! You were by my side that night. Wasn’t it thrilling for you?” asked Dale.  
  
“It was exciting, I guess. But in my case I guess it is an excitement I can do without,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, that must be how we differ. It is an excitement that I need. The inescapable truth for me is that I know I will keep taking chances, and then one day my number will come up. I know that the close scrapes are thrilling, so I wonder if actually getting caught will be even more thrilling,” said Dale. “I expect to one day find out. But in the meantime, I just keep enjoying avoiding getting caught.”  
  
“We did quite well this weekend. I mean hundreds saw you nude. The dinner in the string skirt, the hula show, and all the other experiences in the hotel. But you didn’t come close to getting caught, so was it not so thrilling?” asked Nate.  
  
“It was a wonderful weekend. I promise you I’ll remember it forever. It is not only about the close scrapes…fortunately. Being nude is fun. It is even a lot of fun to just be sitting here with you in the car, shirt open wide. But by the way, unless you have forgotten, we did have one of our closest scrapes ever. Remember getting marched into the hotel manager’s office. I was sure we were done for. I was sure that the police had been called,” said Dale.  
  
“But you weren’t crying like on the roof. You kept your composure,” said Nate.  
  
“I had to. But also I think my tolerance keeps going up,” said Dale. “Once, the idea of sitting like this in a car with someone driving would have been nearly unthinkable. Now it is doable. It is not tame or anything, but I can handle it and still carry on a conversation. I mean I enjoy it, but compared to the rest of the weekend, it is sort of tame.”  
  
“And don’t forget the close call just now in the parking lot,” said Date. “Lucky for us both that Tess and Luke did not arrive and walk into the lobby just ten minutes earlier, or while we were in the restaurant.”  
  
“Yeah, things would have gone much differently had they come earlier,” said Nate.  
  
“I don’t even want to think about that! I guess we dodged a bullet, so to speak,” said Dale. “I like being seen, but not by her.”  
  
“But what I don’t get is why that is such as issue. Clearly, like me, she saw you sneaking out of your house at night,” said Nate.  
  
“Just because you are sometimes so mentally slow, doesn’t mean that I should be OK with you allowing my sister to see the bungee video, Nate. I mean, she is my sister, and she clearly has not let bygones be bygones,” said Dale. “I had thought that the past was in the past, but she still clearly carries a lot of baggage. You’re not going to keep the letter she gave you a secret from me, are you? Showing her the video was bad enough, but having secrets with her could end up being even worse. I know that you talk and scheme with Kelly behind my back, and I am at peace with that. But don’t even think about doing that with Tess!”  
  
“No, Dale, I was not going to keep the letter from you. Here it is,” said Nate, taking it down from above his visor and handing it to her. “You may open it, provided you agree to read it out loud and promise to give it back.”  
  
“That sounds fair,” said Dale, tearing open the envelope. “What a Bitch!” she said, examining the contents.  
  
“What does it say?” asked Nate, trying to see.  
  
“It’s not a letter, it’s a God damn Rain check!”  
  
“A Rain check?”  
  
“A Rain check for a blow job!” said Dale. “What a slut! She is absolutely trying to mess us up. I’ll give this back to you, but just don’t have any doubt that you and I are through if you ever redeem it.”  
  
“Don’t worry, I’ll never do that! Besides, when would I ever do that?” asked Nate.  
  
“The Rain check suggests Thanksgiving, so I guess that will be your opportunity,” said Dale. “I expect she is planning on coming home for Thanksgiving.”  
  
“Don’t worry. There is only one Jordan sister that I’d ever consider being that intimate with,” said Nate, continuing, “But why in the world might she want to mess up our relationship?”  
  
“If you weren’t an only child, maybe it would make more sense to you,” said Dale. “But I think I am pretty sure why she is this way. I had just thought that she would grow out of it. Since we have such a long drive ahead of us, I’ll bore you with the details, if you want to hear them.”  
  
“I do want to hear them. I can’t imagine that they’re boring,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, unfortunately the story you are about to hear is not totally unique. There has been more than one boy who Tess was interested in, that got interested in her younger sister. And just so we are clear, I never did a single thing to try and steal their attention,” said Dale.  
  
“I can tell already that this story is going to be far from boring. Please go on, and don’t spare me any detail. As you said, we’ve a long drive ahead,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, the first time, and probably the worst time was a boy named Terry. He was one of the Rodeo club guys that you see around school. He wore a cowboy hat and walked with his knees far apart; you know the walk. You might even remember him; he had hat hair when he wasn’t wearing his cowboy hat. He graduated two years ago, so he was one year younger than my sister, but much older than me. She really took a liking to him, and they even went to one of the high school dances together. That year was my first year as a cheerleader; my last year of junior high. Well, I came home from a game in my cheerleader uniform that evening, just as Terry was picking Tess up to take her to the dance. So he saw me in my uniform. I don’t think that he had realized that we were sisters until that night. Well, to make a long story short, they had fun at the dance, and Tess was really falling for the guy.”  
  
“I told you to include all the details, so please don’t make a long story short,” said Nate.  
  
“OK, well like I said, Tess liked him a lot, but he never called her again. Instead, that schmuck started calling me! Can you believe it? I’d hang up on him. I mean, he was older and I had no interest. Tess found out right away. I think he couldn’t tell our voices apart on the phone, so a time or two he must have put his foot in his mouth.”  
  
“So I get it, you stole her boyfriend!” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 83: Virginity Lottery**

“I did not! I never did anything! I didn’t want anything to do with Terry. He was older, and as far as I was concerned, he was Tess’s, but what could I do?” said Dale. “And unfortunately it took him so long to figure out that I was not going to talk to him. For all I know, Tess might have thought I was actually talking to him. I told her I wasn’t, but she was still mad at me. And then there was another guy. He was one of the boys in a family that our family used to do things with growing up.”  
  
“Just how many of her boyfriends did you steal?” asked Nate.  
  
“That’s not nice, Nate. I didn’t steal any of her boyfriends!” said Dale.  
  
“I suppose you think it is not your fault that you look so hot in your cheer uniform. It just happens, right?” said Nate.  
  
“That’s right! It’s not my fault. I don’t wear miniskirts…just my cheer skirt…that’s the only short skirt I wear,” said Dale.  
  
“And now your string skirt,” said Nate. Dale thought about punching for that, but she was trying to reserve her punches for special occasions. Nate continued, “I know what you should do. You should retaliate. You should send Luke a coupon good for a blow job.”  
  
“Eww – Icky! Just because she is a slut doesn’t mean that I am,” said Dale. “And besides, could you really stand it if I actually were to give him a blow job? You do know that that is where such a high-stakes game of chicken could lead, I presume.”  
  
“I’m pretty sure I wouldn’t like that,” said Nate.  
  
“It is your destiny to be the recipient of Dale Jordan’s first clumsy blow job, that is if you play your cards right… and stop turning me down!” said Dale.  
  
Dale’s words hung in the air. Nate worked at committing them to memory, word for word. He would have to add them to his list of famous Dale quotes that he had been keeping. He was experiencing another one of those moments; another one of those, ‘did Dale Jordan really just say that to me Nate Miller’ moments.  
  
Nate didn’t know what to say. He looked over at Dale. She definitely knew what affect her words were having on him, and she tried to underscore them with a sexy little coy smile. Nate came very close to cumming in his pants. Not only was he floored by the expression on her face and her words, but her shirt was wide open and he could even see a hint of the slit of her pussy showing at the base of her mound. She was a vision of sexy innocence, yet she knew how to drive him wild with her words, whenever she chose.  
  
“Why are you exiting?” asked Dale.  
  
“I think it is time that we find a quiet little spot along the side of the road and make our virginity a thing of the past,” said Nate, attempting his own sexy smile.  
  
“Dream on, Buster!” said Dale. “Get back on the freeway before you get slapped. Dale Jordan’s virginity is a precious thing. I can only give it to one boy and I can only give it once. I choose the time and place, got it!”  
  
“OK, OK,” said Nate.  
  
“And besides, you would not be able to keep your hands off the titties. And I wouldn’t want you to,” said Dale. After pondering the matter for a moment, she continued, “And I can already picture how it has to go down. When I lose my virginity, I want the boy, and I’m not saying it will be you, to be sucking on my titters the whole time. I like that so much that it definitely needs to be part of the program. So keep that in mind should you one day find yourself to be the winner of the Dale Jordan Virginity Lottery.”  
  
“How do I enter?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, you are holding the only ticket, but the drawing is at least a month off,” said Dale. “So get back on the freeway.”  
  
“Actually the real reason that I took the exit is that there is a little sandwich shop here that I know of. I’m going to get us lunch,” said Nate.  
  
“You can’t be hungry…after that giant breakfast?” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, I’m not hungry. I’m getting us some sandwiches to go. We can eat them later.”  
After parking at the deli, Nate continued. “You can come in if you like, dressed as you are. If you’d rather wait here, then I’ll need you to give me your shirt. You won’t be needing it for a while.” Dale looked around the parking lot. Without a word, she took off the shirt and handed it to him. After all, she had put him in charge of her nudity, so there was nothing to say. Nate took the shirt. After locking it in the trunk, he went into the deli.  
  
When Nate came back out a few minutes later, he went straight to the trunk and placed the lunch inside. As he drove toward the freeway, he noticed that the naked beauty in his passenger seat had slid down a little. It was hardly necessary. It was a small town and given that it was Sunday, not many people were out. He chuckled to himself anyway. She was bold and daring, but also somewhat shy and cautious.  
  
A few miles down the road, Nate decided to let her in on his plan. “You’ll recall thinking that the entire weekend was designed around you and your hobby. You called nudity your ‘stupid hobby’ as I recall. Well, you were wrong. I designed something into our weekend that I have been wanting to do for years. But Friday night I was not ready to tell you.” As Nate was talking, he exited the freeway and took a small two lane road headed north.  
  
“Where are we going?” asked Dale.  
  
“I’m in the process of telling you,” said Nate. “See the butte up ahead? Every time I pass by here, I lament that I don’t have time to stop and climb it. Well, this time I worked with Kelly to get us on the road so that we would have time for a hike.”  
  
As he talked, Dale was peering ahead at the butte, a solitary lone feature in the dry plain. “I’ve seen that before, but I never gave it a second thought,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, it is quite interesting from a geological standpoint. It’s volcanic. Up ahead at the parking lot, there is an information sign we can read. Our hike starts there. So remember, this is all about me and what I want to do. And it will be all the sweeter for me since I get to make the climb with you. Hiking is so much more fun with good company. And, in case you haven’t guessed, you’ll be hiking today in your tennis shoe outfit, nothing more. That is for my selfish enjoyment as well, by the way,” said Nate.  
  
As they parked in the small empty parking lot, Dale was relieved to see that there was a small bathroom, provided for those going on the hike. No sooner had they parked, than She was out of the car, running for the bathroom. Nate stopped to watch her pretty little bare tush as she ran. He decided to use the facilities himself.  
  
When Dale returned to the car, Nate was busy packing their lunch into a small backpack that he had managed to keep hidden in the trunk. As she walked up to him, she said, “You may think you have seen it all,” waiving her hands to indicate her nude body, “but one thing you have yet to see is me squatting and peeing in the dirt. We came close just now. I almost had you stop a few miles back so I could go by the side of the road.”  
  
“Yep. I have yet to see you pee, but I have presumed that you must. If and when we finally see each other pee, it will be no big deal. At least not to me,” said Nate.  
  
“But I think it would be embarrassing. It must look funny, the way we girls have to do it,” said Dale.  
  
“It can’t look that funny. Show me.”  
  
“No way!” said Dale, giving him her signature playful punch. Nate gave her a smile and made a face to pretend that it had hurt. He opened a fresh bottle of water, and the two of it finished it off in preparation for the hike ahead.  
  
After locking the car, they walked over and read the sign about the butte and the butte trail. While they were reading, Nate handed Dale the sunscreen saying, “I thought this might come in handy. Even though the hike is all me, me, me, it doesn’t hurt if we take advantage of the chance to maintain your tan. We aren’t going to be in the sun for all that many hours, but you should probably put some of this on your shoulders, neck and face. I expect your bikini areas don’t need any. They are still looking great, by the way!” Dale took the sunscreen and applied some as they read the sign. Nate stowed the sunscreen in his pack, and they headed up the trail, hand in hand.  
  
The first part of the trail was wide, steep and a little dusty. They climbed together, side-by-side holding hands, enjoying the sunshine and the landscape with long pauses between conversation. Nate was constantly aware of the nude beauty at his side, and he was enjoying immensely the feeling that they were both quite comfortable in each other’s presence.  
  
Nate found himself thinking about the explanation for the hike that he had given Dale, the me, me, me explanation. Indeed he had originally designed the hike around her. She had mentioned wanting to maintain her tan, and he was well aware that she seemed as if she could never get enough naked time. So it was her needs that he was thinking of as he had planned the hike. And yet it did happen to be a hike that he had always had an interest in, otherwise he wouldn’t have known about it.  
  
As he thought about it, he realized that the “white lie” that he had thought he was telling her was entirely true. In fact, he was realizing that he couldn’t have designed an outing that would appeal more to his true tastes than the hike they were on. He loved nothing more than being with Dale, and he loved hiking in the sunshine. For him it was ideal. When Nate was being honest with himself, he knew that he preferred being alone with Dale. That was what made the hike up the butte absolutely perfect. It was just the two of them.  
  
While he thought that he would love having Dale all to himself, he was too smart to think that that would be a good idea. In the back of his mind, he knew that Dale was his girlfriend because he shared her with others. While Dale was acting as if she did like him for himself, he knew that the exhibitionist opportunities that he continued to provide for her were a big part of the attraction. He knew that he got to be with her because he shared her naked beauty with other people. He knew that he had a jealous streak, but in his opinion, sharing Dale was a very small price to pay to be able to spend time with her. And it was all fun. The time in the hotel with so many people around had been fun. The hula hoop show and related events had been a blast, and yet his most memorable moments had been some of the moments the two of them had spent alone.  
  
About half way up the butte, Dale brought up the opportunity to go to the Windy Ridge lookout the following weekend, “You know Nate, I think we both love hiking. I really want to go to Windy Ridge next weekend. It would be so much fun.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 84: Lunch on the Butte**

“I really want to go as well. But every time I think about it, I end up wanting to be able to spend more than one night. In the first place it is a pretty long hike, and in the second place it sounds so fun to spend the night with you in a fire lookout. Remember the sunset! There would be sunsets and sunrises. If we go, I won’t want to head home after one night. But fortunately the football game is Friday night, so we can’t head up until Saturday morning. And we have school on Monday, so we’ll have to head home on Sunday.  
  
“We could miss school on Monday,” said Dale.  
  
“Did I really just hear that? Dale Jordan considering missing a day of school?” said Nate.  
  
“Just because I don’t tend to skip school, doesn’t mean I never would,” said Dale.  
  
“But how do we both skip together and not get in trouble. You know that they’ll call our parents. And then our parents will sit us down and ask us if we do drugs again. I don’t think we need a repeat of that program,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, maybe we come up with somewhere that we need to go together,” said Dale.  
  
“I know, let’s tell our parents that we need to go back and spend more quality time with your sister!” said Nate. “I do have a Rain check burning a hole in my pocket!”  
  
“Stop it! That’s mean and you’re not being serious. Maybe we could tell them we are going to visit colleges in Eatonville. And we could tell them that we have to stay over Monday to meet teachers or attend class or two,” said Dale.  
  
“That is actually a good idea,” said Nate. “But we ought to really do that, not just use it as an excuse. I mean, they’ll want to hear all about what we saw, and the questions will be awkward if we only went hiking. We should really do that sometime, but not use it as an excuse for a long weekend this coming weekend.”  
  
“Let’s give it some more thought. I’m sure we can come up with a good reason to miss school on Monday,” said Dale.  
  
“Let’s both just be out sick,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, they’d call our parents. That only works if we both stay home and pretend to be sick. It doesn’t work so good if we pack up and head out Saturday morning,” said Dale. Dale had an inkling of how they might be able to pull it off, but she decided to keep it to herself for the time being. She needed to consider the details from every angle.  
  
The vegetation on the butte was very sparse due to the dry climate and its young volcanic nature. There was some sagebrush, but it was not even knee high. A time or two Nate pointed this out to Dale, how there was no cover to run for. Dale didn’t seem too concerned. She commented, “There’s nobody to hide from on this lonesome hike. This is just like it would be, me and you on a deserted island.” But Nate reminded her that it was a well-known hike and that other hikers could show up at any time, and there would be little way to avoid meeting them as a single trail went up the butte, where it connected to a small loop trail that went around the central crater. Nate gave up trying to make her worry. After all, she had become somewhat accustomed to being seen naked.  
  
At the top they found a nice flat area with a lovely view. Nate spread out the blanket that he had brought. Dale stretched out, hogging nearly the entire blanket saying, “Why thank you. This will be the perfect spot to work on my tan.”  
  
Nate didn’t mind at all. He was more than happy to have her stretched out spread eagle nude in the sunshine. “Who needs a view of the desert when I have you along to look at,” he said. He sat down on a small available section of the blanket right next to her and relaxed. After a few minutes he opened his pack, offering her a drink of water.  
  
Dale took a good sized drink, spilling a little water down her chest. “That feels good,” she said, playfully ‘spilling’ a tiny amount of water on each nipple. Due to the dust on her skin from the trail, the water turned into small muddy rivulets. Noticing this, Dale continued, “Too bad we don’t have enough water for me to take a bath.”  
  
“Actually we do have at least an extra bottle of water. Here, allow me.” He took the water and a napkin and went to work. Enjoying the feel of the cool water on her skin, as well as the attention, Dale lay back and let him bathe her with the napkin. As Nate got to her legs, she kicked her shoes off, thinking that she didn’t need tan lines around her ankles.  
  
When she sensed that he was just about finished, Dale raised up on her elbows to check his work. Everywhere her skin glistened, clean and moist, in the sunshine, with one notable exception. “Nate, you left my pussy dirty!”  
  
“Oops…how about this?” said Nate, pouring water from the bottle onto her exposed crotch.  
  
“Nate…now I have a muddy pussy!” complained Dale.  
  
“I wanted to clean it, but there is that ‘imaginary thong’ rule,” said Nate.  
  
“Stop making excuses and finish the job!” said Dale. “And I want your very best effort. Take your time and do it right Buster!” Nate did not have to be asked twice. He pulled out a fresh napkin and with a great deal of care he went about making Dale’s pussy squeaky clean. She assisted him in the effort by putting the soles of her feet together and pushing her knees down against the ground in opposite directions. Dale watched with great interest as Nate carefully made sure that even the crevices were carefully cleaned and spotless. “You’re acting as if you’ve never seen a pussy before,” she continued.  
  
“Let’s just say I have never seen it in quite this light,” said Nate.  
  
“OK,” said Dale. “Time to finish up there Buster. We’re breaking the ‘imaginary thong’ rule, but it is justifiable because it is for cleaning. This is not play time…and I think it is lunch time. Time to dig out those sandwiches.” It proved to be an ideal picnic spot. Dale, who never seemed to be too hot or too cold, was particularly comfortable in the sunshine.  
  
Once they had finished their lunch, Dale said, “You realize you only did half the job.” She rolled over, continuing, “Time to finish my bath!” Nate was more than happy to oblige. Again using a napkin and the water that remained, he carefully cleaned the dust from her back, from head to toe. He knew that she’d again be dusty when they reached the car, but she was beautiful and he considered it a tremendous privilege to be allowed to bathe her in this manner. When he finished, she seemed so relaxed that he was not sure if she had fallen asleep or not. He decided to let her rest, or tan, whatever she was doing. He got up and wandered around the top of the butte studying the interesting landscape.  
  
A little while later, he noticed that Dale was sitting up, so he walked back to speak with her. “Dale, this is such a nice spot. With your permission, I’d like to take some photos. Would you mind posing?”  
  
“Not at all, what did you have in mind?” asked Dale.  
  
“Let’s start with some on the blanket here. Why don’t you stretch out and look lovely, and we’ll go from there,” said Nate. Nate got some great photos of a ‘nude in repose’ style. Dale was always good at striking interesting poses. It was as if she would think of a character or a mood and then personify it. “Now I think I need some close ups…close ups of your freshly pierced nipples. Are you game ?”  
  
“Sure. I’m game for a jewelry shot or two,” said Dale. Nate took a few, but then he ended up getting back a little to include Dale’s head in the photos. He thought those shots might be the best as they would showcase the piercings but include Dale’s smile. After a few of those shots, Nate had Dale get up and he took a series of photos of the nude girl walking around on the top of the butte. She had to pick her way along carefully as she was still barefoot.  
  
“These are great photos Dale. I’d love a poster size one of these on my bedroom wall,” said Dale.  
  
“You better not! What would your mom say?” asked Dale.  
  
“What would my dad say?” said Nate. “I know he’d be pleased. He hasn’t exactly said so, but I know that he thinks you’re hot. I’m sure he’d get quite a kick out of a large naked photo of you.”  
  
“How do you know he thinks I’m hot if he hasn’t said so?” asked Dale.  
  
“I can tell. And besides, everyone thinks you’re hot,” said Nate.  
  
“You better forget about the idea of a poster Buster. No posters allowed!” said Dale.  
  
“OK, no poster, but maybe blackmail. There is some great blackmail material here,” said Nate. “Nude, obviously Dale Jordan, and very pretty. Yes these would work for blackmail. Let’s try some jumping photos. Jump up in the air and I’ll try to catch a photo of you suspended above the desert.” Nate was very glad he thought of this. Dale did some wonderful jumps, many of them based on cheer jumps. Nate thought that her splits jump was out of this world, and he told her so. “That splits jump looks so awesome. I think it could be cropped so there would be no butte in the foreground. It might look as if you are suspended a mile above the desert. It would really make a great poster!”  
  
“Nate, no posters! If there were a room where only you went, then maybe, but there isn’t, so forget about it… right now!” said Dale.  
  
“OK, no poster. But that one can be my blackmail photo. It looks exactly like you, and everyone would know that only you could perform that stunt,” said Nate.  
  
“You aren’t going to blackmail me again!” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, at the moment it doesn’t seem as if I need to. However, I expect that sooner or later I’ll need to force you to do something against your will. Who knows what the future holds?” said Nate. Dale didn’t reply. They decided to pack up and head back down. As the parking lot down below came into view, they noticed that there were now three vehicles there. “It looks as if it is your destiny to encounter at least two small parties of butte hikers today, Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“It does look that way, doesn’t it? It gives me butterflies a bit, but after what I went through at the hotel, I’m sure I can handle it,” said Dale. “You know Nate, I’d actually be scared if I didn’t have you with me. Alone, this might be dangerous. But with you I feel safe.”  
  
Nate looked at her and tried to give her a reassuring smile. “Even with me, the best strategy might be your old favorite…run!” Dale nodded and turned, looking at the cars below.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 85: Trail Encounters**

As the trail was narrow near the top, they had to walk single file. Nate made Dale go first. He thought that was the fitting way for her to encounter hikers, and besides, he loved looking at her bare back and tush as he walked along.  
  
They didn’t have to go far before they saw the first hikers ahead. Given the limited vegetation, they saw the other hikers at quite some distance. Dale commented, “I’m not sure that I have had quite this experience before. Walking straight toward some strangers who will see naked little me coming long before we meet. You know a month or two ago, I never would have done this. I would have gone way to the side, making my own trail, at the very least. Look how you’ve corrupted me!” said Dale.  
  
“I’ve corrupted you?” said Nate. “All I’ve done is let you be yourself. This is what you’ve longed for. I’m simply your companion.”  
  
As they got closer, they could see that the hikers were two middle aged women, both similarly broad in the beam. Dale tried to put on a happy face and have a pleasant greeting in mind as they approached. But as they approached the women, they met with an acerbic tone of voice, “You know, men do not respect women who do not respect themselves.”  
  
“Excuse me?” said Dale, not really knowing how to respond.  
  
“You heard me. It’s all about respect. You get what you deserve. Behave like trash, and you’ll be treated like trash. Think highly of yourself, behave like a lady, and men will treat you like a princess,” continued the woman.  
  
“I see,” said Dale.  
  
The woman continued, “Behave like a hussy, and you’ll get the attention of men, but not the kind of attention that you want. And not from the sort of men that you want. They’ll chew you up and spit you out. You’ll be passed from low-life to low-life, and by the time your thirty, you’ll be all used up.”  
  
“I’ll give your words some thought,” said Dale.  
  
“I doubt you will. You’re probably too far gone mentally. You are pretty, but you must be a crazy one, to be out here like that. Like I said, respect yourself, and men will respect you.” As the woman continued to talk, Dale and Nate walked around them and head away. It was a memorable encounter, but one they both wanted to try and put behind them.  
  
Before they had gotten out of earshot, the second woman spoke, “Can you believe what has become of girls these days? That one is sure a piece of work. I doubt she will heed your advice, but you told her what she needed to hear.”  
  
After they had walked a distance, Dale turned to Nate and said, “Well, that was interesting. Part of me thinks that she might be right.”  
  
“I think you should just forget what she said,” said Nate. “I mean. I know you, and I can’t put into words how highly I respect you. And it has little to do with nudity. You are a person who excels at everything, because you always put in 110% effort. You inspire me daily. You are hardly a hussy. You are simply more comfortable in your own skin than others.”  
  
“Well, I hope you are being honest…at least about respecting me,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m being absolutely honest. You know that,” said Nate. He pulled out the remaining water bottle, and they took a quick break. But then it was time to continue toward their next encounter. Dale was a little more apprehensive now, after meeting the women.  
  
Fortunately the next encounter was much less confrontational. It was an elderly couple. The man kept saying things like, “That’s how you used to look Ann!”  
  
And the woman kept saying things like, “I did not. I never looked like that!”  
  
Then he’d reply, “Oh yes you did. I remember like it was yesterday. You are every bit as beautiful in our wedding photos. I sure wish I had naked photos. If I had naked photos I could prove it to you.”  
  
They never addressed Nate or Dale directly, but they did not seem to have much of a problem with someone being nude on a hike. Nate commented, “I think you brightened their day. He’ll be telling her his memories of how lovely she was for the rest of the day.”  
  
“What I’d like to hear is the conversation they have with the two women once they meet up on the butte,” said Dale. “For some reason, I expect my state of dress will come up. It would be interesting to hear that conversation.”  
  
“I agree,” said Nate. “I wonder which take on the matter will carry the day. But we’ll never know.”  
  
Shortly thereafter, they were back at the parking lot and headed straight for the restrooms. No sooner were they climbing into their car, than another car drove up. As they were backing up, Dale saw a bunch of kids climbing out. “Whew, I’m glad we didn’t run into that family on the trail. I wouldn’t know what to say, and I doubt it is appropriate to be seen naked by children. At the rate I’m going, I suppose it is inevitable.”  
  
“We’ll cross that bridge when we reach it,” said Nate. “I expect there were kids watching your bungee jump.”  
  
“Probably, but probably not that many. It was a little late in the evening for the little ones,” said Dale.  
  
The drive the rest of the way home was somewhat uneventful. Before they got back on the freeway, Nate stopped and got Dale’s shirt out of the trunk. He thought that she enjoyed being as daring as she could, but then being able to close the shirt when she chickened out. He really decided to give it to her for his own selfish reasons. It was very entertaining to watch. Dale also had him get the instructions for nipple care out of her bag. He had wanted to know more about that, so she read it to him as they resumed driving. It was mostly just a list of dos and don’ts. The saline soaks were the only thing that would take some time each day. She would be getting a late start on them, but it had barely been 24 hours since her nipples had been pierced. Nate made her promise to do it when she got home, and once in the morning before school.  
  
They stopped at the rest area outside of town so that Dale could dress. It was a bit crowded, so she dressed in the car. Before going home, they stopped at a store and bought some saline solution. Later Dale would make her own, but for that evening she thought that it might be awkward to explain why she was boiling water and then letting it cool. Unlike prior returns from trips, the logistics were simple. Nate parked in front of his house. They then got their bags from the trunk, shared a goodbye kiss and simply went into their respective homes. Such little details were easier when both people were dressed and it didn’t matter if they were seen.  
  
The next morning before his first period class, Nate received a text that read, “Wearing something from our weekend to remind me of the fun we had!”  
  
Nate replied, “I had a great time! See you in Spanish.” Nate was sure that she was referring to the nipple jewelry, but when he got to Spanish he saw that she was wearing the string skirt. She was wearing it over a pair of leggings, so the overall effect was quite different. However, it looked cute and quite unusual. She was having fun making it swish as she walked. As they walked down the hall after class, he commented to her that she seemed to be swinging her hips a bit more than she had on Friday night. She just nodded and gave him her coy smile.  
  
As they walked Nate asked Dale if she thought the skirt over leggings look might catch on. “It is pretty hot, isn’t it?” said Dale. Nate smiled and nodded. Dale continued, “I’m never trying to be a trend setter, but it wouldn’t surprise me to see a few girls with skirts over pants before the week is out.”  
  
“I’ll keep my eye out for them,” said Nate. It was not a stressful school day. Teachers were handing back tests taken the week before, and going over them.  
  
That evening after supper, Nate was studying at the dining room table when there was a knock on the door. It was Dale, who came right in as Nate opened the door. She was no longer wearing the skirt. Nate’s parents were in the living room, and Dale addressed them directly, “Mr. And Mrs. Miller, would you have a few minutes to talk with Nate and I?”  
  
Nate’s mother responded, “Sure Dale, anytime.”  
  
“If it is OK with you, I’d like to bring my parents over so that we can all talk together. Would that be OK?” asked Dale.  
  
“Sure, that would be fine. Can you give us about ten minutes, so I can straighten up a little,” she said. Dale agreed. As she looked at Nate, she could tell that he wanted to know what she was up to. She decided to let him find out in due course. She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, and was back out the door.  
  
While she went about putting away magazines and straightening the cushions, Nate’s mom asked him, “Can you give me a hint what this is all about Nate? Dale’s not pregnant, is she?”  
  
“Oh no, certainly not that mom. I’m pretty sure that one is saving herself for marriage,” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, can you give your mother and me a hint son?” said his father.  
  
“Dale’s not your ordinary high school girl. I frankly don’t know what her agenda is tonight. I wish I knew,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I like her Nate. She’s something, isn’t she,” said his mom.  
  
“That is an understatement,” said Nate.  
  
A few minutes later, the Jordans all came over. Nate’s mom offered them tea, water, etc. While they were getting settled, Dale took Nate by the hand and the two of them disappeared back toward his room. When they reappeared a few minutes later, Dale was carrying a few things.