**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 86: Dale Talks**

Once everyone was seated, Dale began, “I’m sorry to be surprising you all like this. Even Nate had no idea we would be talking tonight. I had thought about bringing this up later in the week, but my mind was so busy thinking about it, that I decided to go ahead and get it over with.” She looked around and noticed the worried looks on everyone’s faces, so she continued, “Nate and I had a very nice weekend together, and we had quite a bit of time to talk. In case you hadn’t noticed, we are becoming a couple. We are good for each other, and I for one am taking the relationship very seriously.”  
  
After a brief pause, Dale continued, “I would like my parents to know more about Nate and I’d like you, Mr. And Mrs. Miller to have the chance to ask me any questions that you might have. Nate, if you don’t mind, I’d like to tell my parents a little about you. Of course they probably know a little of this already, but bear with me. Oh, I almost forgot, you guys are all coming to the game on Friday right? I really want everyone to see Nate play. And I’ll be cheering, of course.”  
  
“Yes, we haven’t forgotten,” said Nate’s mom. “Your mother and I have been discussing it, and we have an idea of our own, don’t we Beth? We thought that after the game, we’d all come back here for desert. We’ll bake some homemade pies, and we’ll put our husbands to work on operating the ice cream freezer. We haven’t used it for a year or two, but I know how much Nate likes homemade ice cream. That is what we thought we’d propose, unless you two will be going out with friends after the game.”  
  
Nate and Dale looked at each other to ensure that they were both in agreement. Dale spoke, “That is a lovely idea. We can go out with friends anytime. I just hope that the team manages a win, so that we have an upbeat party.” After collecting her thoughts, Dale continued, “Mom, dad, Nate tells me that he has been a ‘C’ student. He tells me that he never really tried to do any better than that. Well, I have something to show you. I doubt that Nate has even shown these to his parents, but he just got them back today. This is his Spanish test. You’ll notice the red ‘A’ at the top. I got an ‘A’ as well, but Nate beat me by two points. Studying together is paying off for both of us.” From their expressions, she could tell that Nate’s parents were both surprised and delighted. She continued, “Now this is Nate’s math test. This is a hard class, but again you’ll see that he got an ‘A’. And here is his Chemistry test. Three tests, three A’s. Between he and I we got a total of five tests back today. Five tests, five A’s.”  
  
“That is wonderful dear,” said Mrs. Jordan. “I am so glad that you aren’t letting your relationship interfere with studies.”  
  
“Mom,” she said dragging the word out, “I’m not sure you’re listening. The very opposite is true. We are both taking our studies more seriously because of our relationship.”  
  
“I was getting that dear. Your father and I are just used to you receiving high grades. I’m very glad to hear that Nate’s grades have improved so much,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“Nate was always a smart guy, but he wasn’t always very motivated,” said Dale, giving Nate a playful shove. “Nate’s main interests, he tells me, have always revolved around the outdoors. He likes to hike and camp, and his other outdoor interests include forestry and geology. As a matter of fact, Nate took me on a hike yesterday. We climbed a butte, and during the hike he explained its geological, I mean, volcanic origin. Nate is also quite well connected when it comes to the Forest Service. One of the things we did this weekend while in the capitol was attend a Forest Service convention. I don’t think Nate had any plans to mention this, but I think we should. He and I were both given these plaques.”  
  
Dale unboxed the two plaques and passed them around. “I know that Nate deserves this honor, but I’m not sure that I do. I mean, Nate has had involvement with the Forest Service for years. But they were nice to include me even though I first met these people through Nate less than two months ago.” Nate was just sitting back, enjoying listening to her weave her magic. He was chuckling inside thinking about how she was leaving out the nude hula hoop show. He was fairly certain that he probably received his plaque because they had decided to give her one, and didn’t want to leave him out.  
  
“I didn’t know you were involved with the Forest Service, Nate,” said his father.  
  
“Well, I guess I haven’t mentioned it. You know my camp up on the hill. Well, it is just below the fire lookout for this region. I visit that fire lookout daily when I’m up there, and sort of volunteer a little. I’ve gotten to know a few of the guys who work there pretty well.” He started to say that Dale had met the guys there as well, but then he remembered that their parents did not know that she had been camping with him. Instead he told them that she had met the Forest Service people when they had gone water skiing.  
  
“That is very interesting son. I’m glad you have a girlfriend so that we get to find out about what you’ve been up to,” said Mr. Miller with a chuckle. They all laughed.  
  
Dale continued, “If you didn’t know about the Forest Service award, then you might not know Nate’s current thoughts about college.” She looked inquisitively at Nate’s parents.  
  
“College plans? No, Nate has not talked seriously about going to college,” said Mr. Miller.  
  
“Should I tell them, or would you like to?” asked Dale, turning to address Nate directly.  
  
“Go ahead. For some reason this is all so much more entertaining and impressive when you tell it,” said Nate.  
  
“Sure,” said Dale. “Lately Nate has been considering a degree in either forestry or geology. He tells me that last year he had thought he would just get a job after high school. But now he is considering a career rather than just a job. I’ve been encouraging him. He is very intelligent. I’ve always been planning to go to college myself. That brings up one of the two primary things that we wanted to talk with you about tonight. Nate and I need to visit some colleges this fall. We are thinking that we’d like to do so together.”  
  
“Dale, what are you thinking you’d like to study in college?” asked Mrs. Miller.  
  
“I had always thought that I might major in Psychology or Sociology,” said Dale. “However, lately I find myself thinking about Public Relations.”  
  
“I can see that those majors might be a good fit for you dear,” said Mrs. Miller. “You certainly do have a lot of poise and an ability to communicate, so I can see why Public Relations might make sense.”  
  
“We’ll have to consider it on a trip by trip basis,” said Mr. Jordan. “But your mother and I had always assumed you would be visiting colleges in order to make a good decision. We had thought that one or the other of us would be involved, but we can be open-minded about you visiting with another perspective student, Nate, for example.”  
  
“We aren’t talking about going very far. Both of us think that we prefer staying in state,” said Dale.  
  
“OK Dale, one of us needs to ask,” said Dale’s mother. “Should we be assuming that, since you are becoming a couple, that you two are planning to attend college together?”  
  
Dale had not been expecting that question. She and Nate looked at each other, neither knowing how to respond. The silence was a little awkward, but finally Dale spoke, “Frankly we have only recently started talking about college plans. I have thought about that, but I have been too chicken to bring it up with Nate.”  
  
“I’m sorry dear, you don’t need to answer. I don’t want to make either of you uncomfortable,” said Dale’s mom.  
  
“No, it’s OK mom. I’ll just say this. I am serious enough about this relationship to want it to continue. That would be much easier if we end up at the same college, but on the other hand, it has to all make sense. If different colleges make the most sense for our career paths, then I expect we can manage. I don’t like the idea of a long distance relationship, but I’d much rather have a long distance relationship than break up. As I have told you a few times, I’ve got a good feeling about ‘us’.” As she said that she squeezed Nate’s arm so that it was very clear who she was talking about. “But I need to be careful what I say. I don’t want to scare the boy off. Now look what I’ve done. Sorry Nate. Please don’t be scared off.”

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Nate was beside himself. He hadn’t even gotten over the shock of dating Dale. Now suddenly she was talking serious. Could she be thinking that they might one day get married? Dale continued, “Are you OK Nate?”  
  
Nate nodded, “I’m fine, but I think I need a glass of water.” When he returned from the kitchen, he continued, “I had been expecting an evening of studying. Sorry. This whole discussion has caught me a bit off guard.” Dale took has hand and squeezed it as he sat back down next to her.  
  
“Dale, you said earlier ‘one of two things’ that you wanted to talk about. What is the other thing dear?” asked her mother.  
  
Dale picked up the large envelope that she still had in front of her. “The other thing that we want to talk about is this coming weekend,” she said. Nate knew what she was going to talk about, but he had no idea how she was going to approach it. She continued, “Along with our plaques, the Forest Service gave us a present. You see, all the fire lookout towers are now empty, including the one just up the hill from here. They are only manned during fire season. Well, they gave us a weekend stay in a fire lookout called Windy Ridge. They told us it is about a 90 minute drive from Prospect. Nate and I would like to go this weekend. All the information about it is in this envelope, and there are a few photos. To make a long story short, we want to spend two nights there, not just one. Because the game is Friday night, we want to go and stay Saturday and Sunday night. We don’t want to hike all the way in only to have to turn around and hike back out the very next day. As you are probably guessing, that would mean missing school on Monday. Nate and I have talked about it, and we both know that it would not affect our grades. Neither of us has missed a single day of school yet this year. We don’t want unexcused absences on our records, and we don’t want to deceive our parents. I think that this is a very nice gift, and I know how much Nate likes hiking. I enjoy it too. So what we are asking is for permission to miss school next Monday. You don’t have to lie and say we are sick, you just have to give us excused absences. People do it all the time when they take their kids on trips, for trips to Disneyland even.”  
  
Dale took the information out of the envelope and shared it with them. “Why don’t you take this and go confer in the kitchen. Discuss it with each other just like you did when you found out that we were on drugs,” she said with a teasing smile. “And then come back and tell us if you are OK with trusting us enough to miss a day of school to be alone together in the wilderness.”  
  
The four parents did as Dale had suggested and went to the kitchen. While Nate and Dale waited, Nate said quietly, “Funny, but you didn’t mention that you might be hiking nude to the lookout.”  
  
“Might be?” said Dale. “Absolutely will be! Unless my period doesn’t start soon, but I think it will. With a little luck it will have come and gone by Saturday. And I didn’t lie. Some details were simply not mentioned. They are simply assuming I will be dressed just as they are assuming that you will be dressed. What do you think their answer will be?”  
  
“Oh, they’ll agree all right. You give them little choice. You are very persuasive when you set your mind to it,” said Nate.  
  
To their surprise, their parents talked in the kitchen for quite some time. When they returned, Dale’s father said, “We are very glad to hear that you are both considering college so seriously. But finances are a concern for both families. College is expensive, so it is probably best that you are mostly thinking about in-state schools. Dale, you probably have a good chance of getting a scholarship or two.”  
  
Nate’s father continued, “Nate, you too should apply for scholarships, but even if you get straight A’s this year, your GPA will still end below a 3.0. Maybe the schools will notice how much your GPA has improved. Another idea is the Forest Service. Maybe they have scholarship money to award. You should inquire about that.”  
  
“That’s a good idea,” said Nate. “I hadn’t thought about that.”  
  
“Dale,” said Mrs. Miller, “Whatever you are saying to get Nate to study, please keep it up.”  
  
“I don’t think I’ve once told him to study,” said Dale. “We study together, but Nate’s doing this all on his own.”  
  
“He is?” asked Nate’s mom. “Is that true Nate?”  
  
“Mom, let me explain. Dale is behind it, but not because of what she says. It’s because of who she is. She’s an impressive person. Dale doesn’t do anything that she doesn’t give her all to. She is talented, but she doesn’t succeed at things because of talent. She succeeds because she always puts in the effort. She works her butt off, excuse my language. I can’t begin to tell you how much I admire and respect her.” Nate was thinking of the two women on the butte who had talked about ‘respect’ as he said that.  
  
Mr. Jordan interjected proudly, “That is our little girl to a T. Even as a little child she worked and worked to master everything she attempted. You should have seen her hula hoop! She put so many hours into being the best.”  
  
Nate thought about an innocuous hula hoop comment, exchanging knowing glances with Dale, but instead continued, “Dale has made me realize that one gets out of life what one puts into life. I’ve been enjoying life a lot more since Dale and I started doing things together. Granted, part of it is simply that she is fun to be with, but some of it is that I have been emulating her. I’m enjoying being more successful, in football and in my classes. I’m working hard and it is paying off. I’ve never met anyone more worthy of respect than this lady.”  
  
As Nate finished speaking, there was a pause in the conversation. Dale’s parents were looking at each other, and beaming. Everyone knew that what he was saying was true, but no one knew how to respond.  
  
Finally Dale redirected the conversation slightly saying, “So, what do you guys think about Nate and I visiting colleges together?” asked Dale. She mostly wanted to ask about the excused absences for the weekend hike, but she knew that the conversation would get there eventually. She had used the tests and the college plans as a smoke screen, so she had to stick with that.  
  
In short, their parents did not give them carte blanche to visit colleges as they saw fit. However, they did say they were fine with the two of them visiting colleges together as long as it all made sense. After some more college discussion, Dale decided to ask about the hike to the lookout. “You guys did also consider our request related to missing school next Monday, didn’t you?”  
  
“Oh Dale,” said her mother, “We are all fine with you missing a day of school. You aren’t little kids by any means. As long as you continue to be responsible, we have decided that we can allow such things. Such school rules about absences are not for the A students. Actually, we all decided that we were jealous of you. It looks like a very, should I say it, ‘romantic’ place to spend some time.”  
  
“We actually discussed all going along with you,” said Nate’s mom. “But you father checked through the information carefully. I guess you two are lucky that there aren’t six beds.”  
  
“But maybe we could bring sleeping bags,” said Nate’s father.  
  
“Dad!” said Nate.  
  
“Oh he’s only kidding son,” said his mother. “You two go and have a great time. I’ll bet the sunsets there are out of this world!”  
  
“You’ve got that right,” said Nate. “I’ve seen sunsets from the lookout near here, and they are amazing.” Nate noticed that Dale was beaming and squeezing his hand. She was clearly happy that they were going to be able to spend two nights at the lookout together.  
  
They talked a bit more, but finally Dale said, “Nate and I both need to study some this evening. Mrs. Miller, would it be alright if we used your dining room table again. I think we’ll mostly be studying for classes other than Spanish, classes that we don’t have in common, but I’d still like to study with Nate.” Mrs. Miller agreed. She really liked it when they studied there. She was so happy for her son, and loved seeing how nice Dale was to him. They all said good night, and in a few minutes Dale returned with her books.  
  
They were so looking forward to the weekend, that the week itself seemed to drag. Eventually Friday came and with it the game. Dale helped their parents find good seats. Nate was of course in the locker room, but she was free to socialize until just before the game started. It was a beautiful evening. Fortunately the team came from behind for a win. Nate played a solid game, but he didn’t really have a big play. Such is the life of the defensive line. They are important to a winning team, but the spotlight rarely lands on them.  
  
Late in the third quarter, Dale pointed Nate’s folks out to Coach Maynard. He managed to go and introduce himself to them while the offense was on the field. It was a brief hello, but Nate’s parents were impressed. Nate had always been a good kid, but suddenly he was dating a nice girl and the coach was saying that he was one of the most important players on the team. They were quite proud.  
  
Dale knocked on Nate’s door a little before the scheduled start of the planned pie and ice cream social. “Can I speak with you privately, boyfriend?” she asked.  
  
They slipped quietly back to his bedroom without being seen. “What is it, girlfriend?” he asked.  
  
“I have a present for you. Can you turn on some background music…masking noise, if you know what I mean,” said Dale.  
  
Nate turned on his stereo to make it difficult for his parents to hear them talking through the door, then asked, “So what’s up?”  
  
Dale produced a small envelope, smaller than any that came in the mail, handing it to him she said, “Here is your present. I really hope you like it. I made it myself.”  
  
Nate examined it, but then looking up at Dale he noticed that she looked both flushed and excited. “What is it?” he asked, purposefully drawing out the moment. He was sensing that it had great meaning to her.  
  
“Remember what they say: good things come in small packages! Now just open it, silly,” she said, excitedly.  
  
Nate tore open one end and slid out a small slip of thick paper. Looking at it he noticed a photo of Dale and some text. He read aloud, “Dale Jordan Virginity Lottery”. He looked up and saw her biting her lip nervously. She was watching him carefully, trying to gauge his response.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 88: Dale's Small Present**

He looked back at the little, very carefully made, lottery ticket. He continued reading, “Ticket number: 33-23-33. Lottery date to be determined.”  
  
“Well, do you like it?” she asked, clearly nervous.  
  
“I absolutely love it!” he said.  
  
“And just to avoid any future issues; I don’t want to set your expectations too high, you know. In the car I might have given you the impression that my virginity might fall around the time the one month is up. Unlikely! You should probably be thinking months, maybe years. Is that OK?”  
  
Nate looked at Dale. She was again biting her lip nervously, watching him carefully, trying to read his response.  
  
“It’s perfect! You’re perfect!” he said reassuringly. “I’ve been a virgin myself for eighteen years. There’s more where that came from…if there needs to be.” He saw Dale’s face light up.  
  
“Now remember, you can’t show that to a living soul. If you do then I’ll claim that you made it yourself, and the lottery drawing will never happen. Got it?” said Dale.  
  
“I would never share this. There are certain things that only you and I will ever know. This is one of them,” he said. He was glad to see a reassured look on her face. “But why is the number so high? I thought there was only going to be one ticket, so why not ‘1’”  
  
“Look at that number again. Don’t you know what that is?” said Dale.  
  
“33-23-33. Well, it’s not a phone number. Is it your locker combination?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh my gosh, Nate! You’re kidding me, right? Those are a girl’s measurements, your girlfriend’s measurements,” said Dale.  
  
“Your measurements?”  
  
“Yes, you know, 33,” she said with her palms on her chest. “23” with her hands on her waist, “and 33” with her hands on hips. “Not ideal measurements, but not a disaster either. The classic hour-glass measurements are supposedly 36-26-36, so I’m skinnier, but probably shorter than ideal too. Height is a factor.”  
  
“Well in my opinion, your shape is ideal,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, that’s sweet. At least my hips aren’t larger than my bust. When I measured myself this week, I really wanted to be 34 on top…finally. But guess what…I wasn’t! Oh well, maybe next year, but probably not,” said Dale.  
  
Nate looked at the ticket in his hand, then back at Dale. He felt tears beginning to form in his eyes, clouding his sight. “You know,” he said. “This is probably the most special present I have ever been given. And I don’t mean that on a shallow, vulgar level. Sure, I think I will love making love to you someday. But I mean, I can’t find the words. It just feels so special…what we have already shared. How we have grown together, and just knowing that we will continue to share experiences.”  
  
Dale too felt tears welling up in her eyes. They shared a hug that felt closer than any hug either had ever experienced.  
  
In an attempt to lighten the mood a little, Nate asked, “So how did you decide on running a Virginity Lottery? I mean in the first place.”  
  
“Oh, like I was saying on our drive. My virginity is something that I can only give to one boy, and only once. I’ve wondered for a few years now, who the boy would end up being. I never thought that you were on the short list, but I did sort of expect that it might be someone in Prospect, someone I already knew. In short, I decided I wanted to make it as fun as possible,” said Dale.  
  
“Wait, this is too funny. Am I hearing you right?” asked Nate pausing, with a big grin on his face. “Are you meaning to say that you thought that the mere act of making love to Dale Jordan – the most fun girl I have ever met and the girl with the hottest body at Prospect High – might not be fun enough? So – you put some thought into how you could make it more fun for the lucky lad?”  
  
“Well, something like that I guess,” said Dale.  
  
“That is really too funny!” said Nate.  
  
“Well, you know me. The girl who is never willing to settle for being average. If I’m going to do it, I intend to do it well. And that includes losing my virginity! If you are going to make fun of me, you can just give me that lottery ticket back!” said Dale, holding out her hand.  
  
Nate was smart enough to know when to quit, he quickly stowed the lottery ticket in one of his hiding spots, right next to a certain Rain check. As they prepared to leave his bedroom to attend the ‘social’ that their parents had been planning, he chuckled to himself. All these years growing up next to the beautiful Jordan sisters – two girls too pretty to even imagine talking to – and now he had a coupon for a blow job from one and a ticket good for the virginity of the other. How strange and wonderful his life had become.  
  
The pie and ice cream social at the Miller’s ended up being a big success. Earlier Nate and Dale had packed their stuff into the trunk for an early departure, so they were free to relax and enjoy themselves. It wasn’t all that many hours later that they standing in the parking lot at the trailhead, looking into the trunk and contemplating a little repacking. For appearance purposes, they had both packed a backpack. “First things first,” said Nate, “Time to get naked, little lady.”  
  
Nate had expected Dale to feign a little reluctance, and sheepishly remove her clothes. Instead, she worked with her phone until the unmistakable melody of a famous striptease song emerged. She set the phone down and button by button, piece by piece went through the motions of a most entertaining striptease. Nate decided to relax and enjoy himself, as if enjoying himself under those conditions could have been in doubt. Before him was a beautiful teenager revealing her lovely skin, inch by inch, in the fall sunshine.  
  
As Nate watched, he came to the realization that she was executing a planned routine. It was pretty good, seemingly choreographed. He should have known that with Dale an impromptu striptease would be anything but. She had picked the song and had surely practiced. Realizing this only made him think again about how lucky he was. Her routine wasn’t raunchy, just cute and very provocative. In due course, she was down to just her bra and thong panties, both plain white. As expected she was also wearing her shoes, and those would surely remain on. As Nate looked at her in underwear, he realized that he might be seeing her in a bra and panties for the first time. He thought she looked so pretty in them. They were the no-nonsense kind. Compared to the bra, the thong looked so tiny. But why not? There was so little to cover. Pussies were very small things, after all, especially shaved ones.  
  
Nate was expecting that the bra would be next. He had been missing seeing her tits and her bejeweled nipples, even though it had only been since Sunday. To his surprise, Dale grabbed her thong by the string on each hip, making a fist around it. She stretched it out to each side, holding it there. She then undulated her hips, leaving her fists stationary. It was a very provocative maneuver…dancing within the thong, like that. She worked the thong, pulling the sides up high, and sliding her hands toward the front to skinny up the tiny triangle that was barely protecting her modesty. To his surprise, she let go of the thong and moved her hands up to her front closure bra. She had been teasing after all. The thong would indeed be last.  
  
Rather than tease with the bra, she unhooked it and yanked it back and off in one rapid move. Every time he saw her tits, he could not get over the level of perfection. Modest size, yet nice and firm…like they had been inflated only recently and the skin had not yet stretched enough to accommodate their size. They rode high on her chest, and were nearly perfect half spheres. She handed him the bra rather than place it on top of her other clothes. He noticed that her nipples looked different. Typically starting just outside of her rose colored areola, the spherical shape transitioned to that of a perfect cone which in turn was capped by the nipple itself, which was the size, shape and color of a pencil eraser. Nate noticed that the nipples looked to have been flattened by her bra. The jewelry was there, but looked pushed back. Even the little rubber bullets hardly rose above the surrounding flesh. She supported them from below, holding them up while leaning toward him slightly, as if presenting them to him as a gift.  
  
Next Dale’s hands moved down and resumed working the thong. In short order it was off and she was handing it to him as well. She clicked off the music, ending the routine with a hug and kiss for her one audience member. “Did you like?”  
  
“I don’t think a hike ever started off better,” said Nate. “I have to admit to having missed your naked body this week. My God you look good! How are the nipples doing?” As Nate examined them, he noticed that they were well on their way to returning to normal, having mostly lost the smashed look that they had had initially.  
  
“I think they are healing without any issues. I brought some of the kind of salt I need so that I can make saline solution for them this weekend. You can help, since you seemed interested. I think I’ll make it through the month without getting an infection, or experiencing any of the other possible complications,” said Dale.  
  
“Great, this weekend should be good, if fresh air is indeed good for them. Lots of fresh air ahead. As I recall, your previous record is about 48 hours without a stitch of clothing. It’s now 10am, so you will be breaking that record by six or eight hours. Are you prepared to leave all your clothes in the car and commit to a nude weekend? Actually you have no choice, but as agreed, you can back out. But I know you won’t. This hike is part of you proving to yourself that you are not selfish, so you’ll leave all your clothes here. You’ll do that for me. But I’m a little concerned that you might get cold in the evenings. We’ll be at a high altitude,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, don’t worry about me. You know I don’t get cold. I’m a super-mammal. As I’ve mentioned, I think the nudity inspires an adrenaline-like reaction that keeps me from being cold,” said Dale. “Besides, there is heat in the lookout, and I have you to snuggle with!”  
  
“Yep, if worse comes to worse, we can always snuggle under the covers,” said Nate.  
  
They went about repacking. As Nate had insisted, he was going to carry the only backpack. Hers would stay in the trunk. Nate felt that she would be less than fully nude with a backpack. They transferred her essentials and the food she had brought for the meals she was in charge of. After putting on some sunblock they headed up the trail.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 89: Encounter on the Ridge**

The trail followed a ridge, but it was very lightly worn into the sparse vegetation and difficult to follow in places. The views were wonderful. They stopped for an early lunch at an overlook. Nate spread out a blanket, and they stretched out in the sunshine. Dale was happy to get some sun. Indeed, she was surprised that, so far anyway, she had been able to maintain her full-body tan, even though it was already one week into October.  
  
They spent over an hour there. There was no hurry. They had the whole weekend in front of them. Dale had just put her shoes back on and Nate was putting the blanket back in his backpack when they heard voices in the distance. Dale had mentioned to Nate that she thought that they might go all weekend without seeing another soul. The voices proved her wrong. They finally got a glimpse of the other hikers. There were two of them. They would lose sight of them due to trees, but then they would reappear a little closer. Dale was trying to decide if they should get going and stay ahead of them, or just get the inevitable meeting over with. Suddenly while watching the hikers, she stiffened staring intently at them. She turned to Nate with an angry look in her eyes, “Nate, what have you done?”  
  
Nate knew that she had figured it out. He shrugged.  
  
Dale continued, “How dare you! They’re from Prospect. They go to our school.” She had recognized Carly and Felipe. “This was not the plan. You are in so much trouble!” Nate let her just process the surprise. He was pretty sure that she wanted this, but wouldn’t yet admit it to herself. She was in shock. She continued, “Nate, give me some of your clothes. And we are heading down, right now! So much for a fun weekend together, just the two of us.”  
  
“Dale, just settle down. Everything will be fine. They won’t tell anyone, and we will still have a great weekend. They are heading home tomorrow, so we’ll have the second night just to ourselves.”  
  
“Nate, take off the backpack and give me some clothes.”  
  
“That’s not happening Dale. Remember, I am in charge of your nudity. That is how you like it. That doesn’t mean that I’m in charge of your nudity, subject to your minute-to-minute approval. You still have fifty-some hours of nudity ahead,” said Nate.  
  
Dale stiffened. She held her arms straight down at her sides in tightly clenched fists; she looked back and forth between Nate and the approaching hikers. She glared, staring angrily into his eyes, slowly taking a deep breath and letting it out. Suddenly she took off running up the trail. Nate had expected that she might need some time to warm up to the surprise, but he hadn’t expected her to be like this.  
  
He didn’t know where she thought she was going. There wasn’t really any place to go that way, other than the lookout. Other than her shoes, she had nothing with her. If she doubled back to the car, she had no key. He was pretty sure she just needed some time. He decided to let her have it, and took his pack back off. It was not how he’d imagined this. He’d have to meet up with Carly and Felipe on his own.  
  
Minutes later as they came up, Carly said, “Fancy meeting you here. Where did Dale go? I saw her run off.”  
  
“Well, as you know, she did not know that I had invited you guys. She’s not taking it so well,” said Nate.  
  
“Serves you right, shithead, tricking her like this,” said Carly.  
  
“She’ll get over it. As you know, she likes being naked, and she likes being naked around other people. But she is still a little shy, so I push her. She’ll be glad about it once she gets over the shock,” said Nate.  
  
“I hope you are right, for your sake,” said Carly. “How do you know she’s not getting dressed?  
  
“She has no clothes. She has her shoes, but that is it. She has no supplies, no keys, nothing. She’s naked with no way out. While she might not admit it, this is what she enjoys most,” said Nate. “She is having fun, but she probably doesn’t realize it at the moment.”  
  
“Excuse me,” said Felipe. “Am I hearing you right? Is Dale really naked, or are you guys talking in riddles?”  
  
“I’m afraid so, Felipe. I decided that we’d have the most fun with this backcountry meeting if you and Dale were surprised. Carly has known about Dale for some time now, so she and I planned it this way,” said Nate.  
  
“So Dale Jordan is here with you, and she’s naked. The Dale Jordan?” asked Felipe.  
  
“I know it’s hard to believe, but seeing is believing. Shortly you’ll see for yourself,” said Nate.  
  
“Why she puts up with you, I’ll never understand,” said Carly. “You’re such a shithead. How I ever let you talk me into this, I’ll never understand.”  
  
“But Dale has explained everthing to you, right?” said Nate.  
  
“Yep. I’m not supposed to have your kneecaps broken. Even if that is what I think needs to happen. I don’t get it, but she is happy with your relationship, odd as it may be,” said Carly. “And she has really been working on me, trying to get me to be your friend. So I’m trying, but I don’t really understand why I am supposed to like you when I think she should just break up with you and be done with all this.”  
  
“So, if I may ask another question,” interjected Felipe. “Forgive my curiosity, but why is Dale naked?”  
  
“I would like to hear Carly answer this,” said Nate. “I think I know, but what did Dale tell you about why she likes to be naked?”  
  
“I don’t remember her telling me why she likes to be naked. I just remember her telling me that she does like to be naked. She said that it is very scary. That she worries that she’ll be seen, caught, thrown in jail, and that makes her worry. She said that she didn’t want to be caught, but that she loves to worry about it. And she said she likes to be far from her clothes so that she feels as if she has no way out,” said Carly. “I used to think I knew that girl, and then she hits me with this!”  
  
“Exactly like today…far from her clothes with no way out!” said Nate.  
  
“And I’m supposed to try and understand and try to be your friend. She wants us to get along. So I guess if she is unhappy about today’s surprise, then she has only herself to blame,” said Daly. “She encouraged me to be nice to you, and look where me being nice to you has landed us.”  
  
“Yep, what it comes down to is that she loves to be naked. She loves to worry, and having no access to her clothes makes her worry, and she does like to be seen,” said Nate.  
  
Carly interjected, “Or is it just that you like to look at her Nate?”  
  
“Oh don’t get me wrong, she is beautiful to look at, that is true. She is beautiful dressed, but she is absolutely stunning nude. You have a real treat in store for you Felipe! Lucky Carly is not your girlfriend, or she would be so jealous. She probably wouldn’t let you look,” said Nate.  
  
“Are you kidding me Nate? Me, Felipe’s girlfriend? That would be absolutely absurd,” said Carly.  
  
“Well, you did go to the dance together,” said Nate. “But seriously Felipe, whatever you do, you are here because I trust you to keep this a secret. You are not to tell a soul about this. That is what Dale is deathly afraid of, that her life as she knows it will come to an end. She’s an exhibitionist at heart, but she is very attached to her life, as a well-respected student. You can make her worry that you might tell people, actually you should, but be careful how far you push that.”  
  
“As if you’re careful!” said Carly.  
  
“Well, I walk a fine line. How can I be careful and surprise her… make her worry at the same time?” said Nate. “I feel that I have to take chances…to keep it fun for her.”  
  
“I still don’t know if I believe you guys,” said Felipe. “Like are her girl things really showing?”  
  
“And how! You’ll see,” said Nate. “Let’s go find her. I was thinking about going to look for her alone, but I think we should just stay together. And Carly, she may ask you for clothes. Don’t give her any. She has put me in charge of her nudity. Even if she asks for clothes, she doesn’t want clothes. She wants to be naked and feel like she has no options. Trust me.”  
  
“I know, I know. I never want to trust you, but I know that Dale does, and she wants me to, so I’m trying,” said Carly.  
  
“Don’t worry. I know exactly what you’re saying. Dale is also asking me to make a real effort to get along with you. That’s actually part of the reason I thought of this and called you. The other reason I called you, is that I wanted my nuts to be a safe distance when I brought this idea up,” said Nate. Carly laughed, but Nate backed up a little, trying to make sure he was out of range.  
  
It was time to go find Dales, so Carly took the lead, and they headed up the trail together, Nate bringing up the rear. Nate had no idea how far they would have to walk before they would find her. He was also worrying that she might really have had some strange idea and gone off somewhere, back to the car, or who knows where. Fortunately they had not gone more than half a mile when they heard her voice behind them. They must have walked right past where she was hiding.  
  
“OK guys. This is not very funny,” said Dale, still hidden behind the trees and bushes along the trail.  
  
“Come out and greet our friends, Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“I can’t, I’m indisposed,” said Dale. “What have you told them? I saw you guys talking.”  
  
“Dale, please come out,” pleaded Nate.  
  
“First, tell me what he knows,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 90: The Name Calling Begins**

“OK, as you suspect, both Carly and Felipe know that you are nude. Carly knew beforehand, but I decided to surprise Felipe, just as I decided to surprise you. Don’t be mad at them. Be mad at me. I’m the one who set you up. Now get over it, and let’s all have some fun,” said Nate.  
  
“Is Felipe going to tell? He has to promise not to tell,” said Dale.  
  
“I can honestly say I have never seen Dale Jordan naked,” said Felipe. “That might change, but right now I can honestly say I have never seen her naked.”  
  
“Nate, I’m going to kill you,” said Dale. “You did make him promise, right?”  
  
“Dale, I didn’t tell him you’d be naked. How could I have made him promise, when I was surprising him. I decided that I would be able trust him,” said Nate.  
  
“He has to promise,” pleaded Dale, feeling like she was losing. Nate started whispering to Felipe. “OK guys, I can hear that. No whispering!” she said.  
  
Felipe spoke up, “Dale, I’ll make you a deal. Let’s do a trade. We both want something here. I’ll promise to not tell anyone that I have seen Dale Jordan naked, if you come out from behind that tree and show me what you’ve got. Let me see your body. That is what you have to trade.”  
  
“Felipe!” said Carly. “That’s blackmail. Dale is not a prostitute.” Turning toward Dale’s voice she continued, “You’re not a prostitute, right?”  
  
“Carly, you know I’m not a prostitute!” said Dale. “Don’t even suggest such things.”  
  
“Well, I thought I knew you. But after the bungee incident and all the revelations, I suppose nothing would surprise me now,” said Carly. “Why would Dale Jordan f---ing for money be any more surprising than Dale Jordan bungee jumping nude within an hour of having the Homecoming Queen’s crown placed on her head.  
  
“Wait,” said Felipe, “So Dale is actually Bungee Girl?”  
  
“OK Dale,” said Nate, “Felipe offered you a fair trade. Show him your tits and pussy in exchange for his sincere promise. Are you accepting?”  
  
“He only gets to look. No touching. I’m not a prostitute Carly, got that!” said Dale.  
  
“OK, then we have a deal, right Felipe?” asked Nate.  
  
“I can’t believe this!” said Carly. “This is too much.”  
  
“Yes, we have a deal,” said Felipe, with a big smile on his face.  
  
Dale emerged from her hiding spot and walked slowly up the trail towards them. She made no effort at covering up. Her titties jiggled rhythmically in sync with each step as she walked. Nate looked over at Felipe. His eyes were as big as saucers and his jaw was hanging open. When she reached Nate she punched him hard and then gave him a shove for good measure, saying, “You’re still in so much trouble, Buster. I can’t believe you’re getting your way. You will be punished…maybe an extra month!”  
  
“Well, I hope not, but I think you and Felipe need to shake on your deal…to make it official,” said Nate.  
  
Dale extended her hand toward Felipe, but Felipe just stood there motionless, seemingly too much in shock to control his motor skills. Nate managed to get his attention, and by diverting his eyes, Felipe was able to extend his hand and shake.  
  
Carly too had been staring wide eyed since Dale had emerged from hiding to join them. Suddenly she exclaimed, “My God Dale, you’re a f---ing porn star!”  
  
“Carly, I am not!” said Dale.  
  
“You are! Just look at you.”  
  
“I am most certainly not!” insisted Dale.  
  
“Yes you are! Look at you. Shaved pussy, no tan lines, pierced nipples, innocent looking face. I’m not a lesbian, but I cannot imagine a hotter looking girl. You could make so much money in porn…and I’ll be your manager!” said Carly.  
  
“Stop it, stop it, stop it! I’m not a porn star, and I’m not a prostitute,” said Dale. “Now please everyone. This is hard enough for me. You don’t have to make it any worse. I had no idea that anyone other than Nate would see me today.”  
  
“I knew you shaved your pussy. I mean, the whole school knows that, but when did you get your nipples pierced? That’s gotta hurt!” said Carly.  
  
“Just a week ago…a week ago today actually. It did hurt, but it’s over so quick. Do you like it? It was a surprise for Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“I guess it’s sexy, but I wouldn’t do it,” said Carly. “Especially not for a shithead boy.”  
  
“Well, I like it,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I guess it’s cute. But you totally look like a porn star” said Carly.  
  
“Oh my God, Carly, stop calling me a porn star!” said Dale.  
  
“I’d like to know what Felipe thinks of your pierced nipples, but he looks tongue tied. Maybe in a few hours he will have recovered enough to talk around the naked girl,” said Carly. “OK Nate. Dale has had her surprise. Felipe has had his surprise. And just like Dale requested, I’m trying to be your friend. This is your party. What do we do now?”  
  
“We enjoy the weekend!” said Nate.  
  
“We just pretend that Dale is not naked, and we go about our business? So that is the plan?” asked Carly.  
  
“Yep. That’s how it works. Dale and I had lunch before we met, but I’m expecting that you and Felipe need lunch,” said Nate.  
  
“You’re right,” said Carly. “Felipe is surely hungry after dragging his bulk up this hill. But he is clearly too busy drooling to be able to eat at the moment.” Felipe didn’t respond, or even give any indication that he had heard her.  
  
“OK, why don’t you two go on up the trail and find a lunch spot. We’ll catch up to you in a few minutes. I’d like a few minutes alone with Dale. I’d like to try and get back in her good graces,” said Nate.  
  
“As if that will be possible!” said Dale. Nate tried to take Dale’s hand, but she pushed it away. Carly gave Felipe a push forward to wake him from his daze, and together they made their way up the trail.  
  
Nate waited until they were out of earshot. “Are you still mad at me?” he asked.  
  
“Could you really be wondering about that?” asked Dale. “Seriously Nate, sometimes you are just so slow!”  
  
“We are going to have fun, and we both know that your secret is safe with these two,” said Nate.  
  
“Maybe, but this is pretty awkward. I’m not used to being naked in front of people I know. And I don’t want to be naked in from of people that I know…you knew that!” said Dale. “And I can tell that it is awkward for them.”  
  
“Once it was pretty much like that with me, remember. It was awkward that first day, but it’s worked out for us,” said Nate. “Just try and relax and have fun.”  
  
“I want to try, but I’m still mad,” she said, but then she came over to him and leaned her head against his shoulder. “It might end up being fun after all,” she said softly.  
  
“I want it to be fun. I thought you might have fun. But I also thought you wouldn’t allow me to set it up, if I asked you in advance…gave you the choice.”  
  
“I would have said ‘No’ that’s for sure,” said Dale.  
  
“One thing I’ve noticed about you is that you don’t seem to stay mad for very long. I like that about you. For example, the visit to your sister’s. That was a disaster. I thought you’d be mad at me for a long time…if you ever talked to me again,” said Nate.  
  
“Don’t remind me. I’ll get mad all over again over what happened. I still can’t believe you showed her the video,” said Dale.  
  
“I take a few chances. Just about everything we do is that way. Waterskiing was a calculated risk. Handcuffing you to the flagpole. But in retrospect, you and I have had a lot of fun together,” said Nate.  
  
“We’ve had fun. About the only thing I’d change would be the visit to my sister’s. I might still be mad at you if I hadn’t gotten even madder at her when she tried to give you a blow job. She’s such a slut, pardon my French.” Nate couldn’t help himself, he started laughing. They both had a good laugh and it relieved the tension, seemingly putting their relationship on a path toward healing.  
  
“I’m not sure I’ve heard you call anyone a slut before. You are generally complimentary toward others,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ll make an exception for my sister,” said Dale.  
  
“OK, but there is one thing I want to talk about specifically. I couldn’t bring this up before, because it would have ruined the surprise,” said Nate. “How much do we tell Carly and Felipe?”  
  
“What do you mean?” asked Dale.  
  
“I mean, they’ll inevitably ask questions. Like Bungee Girl already came up. How much do we tell them? I mean are we going to tell them about water skiing, about the hula hoop show, about Sunday brunch?” asked Nate.  
  
“Are you out of your mind, Nate? Let’s not tell them about those things!” said Dale. “It’s too much. They’ll think I’m a total slut. Let’s not tell them anything.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 91: Peeping Tom**

“I’ve given this some thought. We’ll have to tell them parts of it. I mean, they are curious and they are going to be asking how I found out that you were an exhibitionist, and how we got together. It’s going to come up. My idea is that we tell them only about things that have only you and I in them, and then only the things around town,” said Nate. “Like I think our first weekend camping is not bad, but we leave out the shows in the lookout and the jeep ride…they have other people in them. We don’t bring up the water skiing or the BBQ, or the trip to the capital. Nothing involving Kelly. So we keep the story limited to me and you, camping, the golf course, and the bungee jumping. I think we can keep it to that.”  
  
“That sounds like it might work. At first I was thinking that we tell them nothing, but you are right. They’ll want to know how we got together, and they’ll want to hear about the night of the homecoming dance,” said Dale. “No lying, but we don’t bring up the trips or anything with Forest Service people in it. If anything else comes up, we can simply not tell. I mean couples can have secrets. Like I’m sure they won’t ask about how sexually active we are, but if it comes up, we don’t answer. Couples don’t talk about such things, agreed?”  
  
“Good idea. If either of us is unsure what to say, let’s just say nothing. At least until we get a chance to confer. Friends?” said Nate, extending his hand.  
  
Dale slapped his hand away, but then changed her mind. She extended her own hand saying with feigned reluctance, “OK…friends.” They shook hands, and then headed up the trail holding hands.  
  
They found Carly and Felipe eating their lunch seated on a tree that looked as if it had fallen quite recently. The bark was still mostly intact. Nate took off his pack and sat down, but it was obvious that Dale didn’t know what to do, not wanting to sit on the rough bark. “Shall I get out the blanket, or would you like to sit on my lap?” he asked.  
  
“I guess the blanket. It might be more awkward for Carly and Felipe if I’m sitting on your lap. Having me here naked is probably awkward enough,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh don’t worry about us. We’ll survive your wonton displays, right Felipe?” said Carly. Felipe said nothing. “Cat got your tongue again? Well, he was talking a minute ago. He is not convinced that you are planning to stay naked the whole time.”  
  
Dale waved her hand to get his attention. Indeed, she already had his attention, just not on her face. Once it looked as if he was listening to her, she said, “Felipe. I did pack a backpack with clothes.” She turned saying, “See any backpack? That backpack with my clothes is in Nate’s trunk, miles from here. How I’m dressed now…this is how I’ll be dressed for the entire hike, except if I take my shoes off. I travel light.”  
  
Felipe responded, “Oh.”  
  
“Hey, that’s a breakthrough!” said Carly. “That’s the first word he has uttered in your naked presence.”  
  
“Well, fortunately Nate has never been tongue tied in my presence. Why is that Nate? Not shockingly naked enough to knock the wind out of you? Even the first time we were together, you were able to talk and function?” said Dale, sitting down on the blanket. Nate noticed that she was careful to pick a position with her thighs together. He thought she was attempting to make it as comfortable for Carly and Felipe as possible. But he also noticed a little later that she had apparently forgotten and had relaxed into a cross-legged position that left very little to the imagination.  
  
“Oh it wasn’t that,” said Nate. “I might have been tongue tied like Felipe, if the situation had been more like this. However, I first met the nude Dale Jordan in person under very different circumstances, emergency circumstances. I don’t remember even being very conscious of her nudity in the moment. I mean I knew she was, but other things were more important.”  
  
“OK, OK! Now you have to tell me the whole story! When Dale first came to my house and told me she had broken up with Jason and was going to the dance with her nerdy neighbor, a ‘first date’, I knew right away something was amiss. She was way too excited. Back up and tell me the whole story from the beginning,” said Carly.  
  
“Nerdy neighbor?” said Nate. “I’m not so nerdy. Nerds are typically much more into books and homework, or computers.”  
  
“I guess you aren’t too nerdy, but you hang out with nerds,” said Carly.  
  
“Hey, are you calling me a nerd?” said Felipe.  
  
“Wow! He is here,” said Carly. “You know what I mean. Dale breaks up with one of the most desirable guys at school and is all excited to go out with Nate here, a relative nobody. Now please just tell me what really happened this summer.”  
  
“She’s your friend Dale. You should go ahead and tell her,” said Nate.  
  
“I guess I can tell you, now that you know all about me. Before there was no way I could tell you, that would have made sense,” said Dale. “Well, I used to have this bad habit of streaking the golf course late at night. I’d sneak out of the house and run around nude up there. This past summer, I even started hopping the fence and swimming in the clubhouse pool in the middle of the night. My modus operandi was to take chances, but always trying to never get caught. Well one night in early August sometime, the police showed up at the clubhouse while I was swimming. Fortunately, I was able to make it onto the clubhouse roof, but I was trapped there. The police were searching for me everywhere. I had been there five or six hours, and the sun was about to come up. It was very traumatic. I was a wreck. I was shaking, balling, but trying so hard to keep quiet and stay hidden behind the ductwork.” said Dale.  
  
“And you were completely nude? You could have called me. I’d have come for you,” said Carly.  
  
“I was completely nude, no phone, no ID, nothing. All I had were these shoes. Nate calls this my ‘tennis shoe outfit,” said Dale, continuing, “I was lucky to have the shoes. Fortunately I had grabbed them as I hopped out of the pool and made my way onto the roof. Well, like I was saying, I spent five or six very uncomfortable hours on that hard flat roof. I cried almost the whole time. I knew I had messed up big time, and that the end of Dale Jordan as everyone knew her was at hand. I saw only two possibilities ahead. I’d either be taken to jail in the back of a police car, or I’d manage to hide up there for eighteen more hours, until it was again dark. I thought I preferred that outcome, but I knew I would pay quite a price. I’d be starved, dehydrated, and sunburned to a crisp. Especially my little white bikini patches…they’d be bright red and peeling. I was thinking that if I made it by spending the entire day there in the sun without water, that I’d have to be hospitalized for dehydration and severe burns across my entire body.”  
  
“You never told me these thoughts,” said Nate.  
  
“What else could I have done? What else might have happened? Well, I had long given up hope and the stars were beginning to disappear, when suddenly I heard someone climbing up onto the roof. I was sure my goose was cooked and that it was a policeman. I was cowering behind the duct work, as the person came closer, to the other side of where I was hiding. And then he started to talk to me, and it wasn’t a policeman, it was Nate. At first, I was so surprised that it took me almost a minute to comprehend that it wasn’t a policeman,” said Dale. She was wiping tears from her eyes as she relived the experience. “Do you want to tell the rest Nate?  
  
He gave her a big hug, saying, “Actually, I am very much enjoying finally hearing the story from your point of view, even though I can see that it is hard on you. I didn’t realize the depth of the trauma that you had been experiencing. And for some reason, it had never occurred to me that you weren’t swimming with your shoes on.”  
  
“Well, Nate had gotten there on his motorcycle, which he had hidden some distance from the clubhouse. Well, all those years I never knew that I was living next door to my own personal Knight in Shining Armor. And by the way, he’s not a nerd, he’s a hunk! Well, to make a long story short, moments later I was seated behind him on that motorcycle, and we rocketed up into the hills, leaving those policemen in the dust. We watched the sunrise together up on a mountain above town. And my life has never been the same ever since,” said Dale.  
  
“Wow!” said Carly. “I knew the dance wasn’t your first date, but it never occurred to me that your first date involved nudity, a motorcycle and a sunrise. I envy your kids. They are going to have the best ‘how my parents met’ story!”  
  
“Our kids?” asked Dale.  
  
“Of course, your kids! I can tell. You two have each met your mate. There will be kids,” said Carly. Both Dale and Nate looked at one another. They were both quite embarrassed, but wondering if she could be right. Carly continued, “Don’t think about it too much. If it happens, it happens. Right now you two seem perfect for each other.”  
  
“We do?” said Dale, continuing to look into Nate’s eyes. “This is the first time I’ve heard you say something other than ‘dump that piece of shit, Dale’.”  
  
“Hey, I’ve gotten to know him. He mistreats you, but today I’ve learned that he is doing it for you,” said Carly.  
  
“Mistreating me for me?” asked Dale.  
  
“I know it doesn’t make much sense. But you two have a very unusual relationship. I see in your eyes and hear in your voices how much you care for each other. I never had that with Darrell. I wanted to, but it wasn’t there,” said Carly. “But this story is too good. What happened after sunrise?”  
  
“Well,” said Dale, “Nate wanted to go and get clothes for me so I could return home.”  
  
“Wait, back up,” said Felipe, out of the blue, “What I want to know is how Nate managed to know that you were in trouble on that roof.”  
  
“Yeah Nate, how did you know?” asked Carly.  
  
“Well, I didn’t know it then,” said Dale, “But not only was I living next to my own personal Knight in Shining Armor, but I was also living right next to my own personal pervert! Nate had been spying on me. I’d go out naked, and he’d be there looking out the window watching me. Well, he got lucky. I guess we both got lucky. All that time I never knew that someone was watching me. But he saved the day; he literally saved my hide, so I forgive him for being a Peeping Tom.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 92: Baby Bump?**

“Hey wait, I was never a Peeping Tom. That is someone who looks in your window. All I ever did was look out my own window. Looking out is different from looking in,” said Nate.  
  
“You were still a pervert!” said Carly. “A shithead pervert.”  
  
“The funny part is that he watched me leave my house naked, over and over for a couple of years, and he never told anyone. Did he ever tell you Felipe? Did he ever tell you that he had seen Dale Jordan naked?” she asked, turning to Felipe.  
  
“No. He never told me, but you probably made him promise. Just like you made me promise,” said Felipe. They all laughed.  
  
“No Felipe, I never made him promise. I’m not sure you are fully following the timeline here,” said Dale. Again they laughed.  
  
“Give him a break. I think the poor lad is a little distracted,” said Nate.  
  
“But anyway Dale, what happened after sunrise?” asked Carly again.  
  
“Like I was saying, he wanted to get clothes for me and take me home. I would have none of that! I was naked and loving it. We ended up spending the next two days together, camping in the hills, and I was nude the whole time, the whole weekend,” said Dale.  
  
“Two days together nude. And two nights together; two months ago. Stand up Dale!” said Carly. “I need to look for the baby bump.”  
  
“Carly! There’s not going to be any baby bump,” said Dale.  
  
“I know, I know. You A-students are too smart and too disciplined to get knocked up,” said Carly.  
  
“Carly! We were just two neighbors camping. The dance WAS our first date. Nate got a thankyou kiss, but on the cheek. I was still going out with Jason,” said Dale.  
  
“But you slept together right?”  
  
“Yep, and we slept. Only one of us was naked,” said Dale.  
  
Carly let that go, but asked about what other things they had done together. They limited the stories to things that involved exploring the golf course at night. Felipe seemed to be listening, but he stayed quiet. They also told about the visit to Madison Park. Carly was surprised that Dale had ventured into town naked, even if it was late at night, and everyone had a laugh about Nate getting picked up and taken home by the policeman. “That could have been you, Dale,” said Carly.  
  
“One day it might be, but so far, knock on wood, I have been lucky,” said Dale. “One day I know my luck will run out. Will you guys disown me when my naked picture shows up on the front page of the newspaper?”  
  
“Don’t worry, if they print your naked picture in the newspaper, they would blot out your you-know-whats. But of course we won’t disown you,” said Carly. “You’ll be a celebrity! We’ll be riding your coattails, giving interviews even.”  
  
“Well, not the kind of celebrity that I want to be,” said Dale.  
  
“So what else happened?” asked Carly.  
  
Dale was hoping Nate would not mention the flagpole date as he started to talk. It did fit the ‘in town, just the two of them’ criteria, but she thought the handcuffs might be hard to explain. Instead Nate said, “Well, summer came to an end, and school started. I was fearing that Dale would not acknowledge me at school. She had sort of hinted at doing that to keep her two lives separate.”  
  
“I wouldn’t have done that,” said Dale.  
  
“But I didn’t know how it would work out,” said Nate. “It may sound funny Carly, but I remember wanting to be with Dale when she was dressed.”  
  
“You did?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yes. To me that seemed like the Holy Grail, as if that would signal that we had a real relationship. I wanted to be more than just a sidekick in your naked fantasy life. I wanted us to be friends, real friends,” said Nate. Before school started, we were only together two times when you were dressed. Those moments meant a lot to me. They were like gold to me,” said Nate. “The time we went for a walk and I sprained my ankle, and the breakfast at the diner.”  
  
“You guys are so strange,” said Carly.  
  
“Well, she is so pretty dressed!” said Nate.  
  
“Now I’ve heard it all,” said Carly. “My intuition was right about there being more to the story than Dale shared the evening she broke up with Jason, but I had no idea that it was this unusual. So then what happened after school started?”  
  
“Well, you know most of that,” said Dale. “Within a few days I had broken up with Jason and we were planning to double date with you two at the dance.”  
  
“But the bungee jump! That was extreme. I know that you told me the story earlier Dale, but it might make a bit more sense now that I know the backstory,” said Carly.  
  
“Nate, you didn’t tell me,” said Felipe.  
  
Everyone looked at him with surprise. He’d been so quiet, but Nate replied, “I didn’t tell anyone Felipe. Dale only told Carly because Carly had to save her. She gave Jodie a black eye. And Alexa felt her wrath. She was so mad. She really gave it to those girls, but I think I got the worst of it. My voice was high for a week.”  
  
“So why during the homecoming dance Nate?” asked Carly. “Dale told me it was your idea, a surprise.”  
  
“I know it seems weird, but that was the best night. Almost everyone who could recognize Dale was at the dance. Any other night there would have been lots of high school students at the fair. In retrospect, it was much more risky than I had expected, and it really blew up when all the photos were being passed around.”  
  
“Ya think?!” said Carly. “It was a very boneheaded thing to do. Dale should have dumped you for that.”  
  
“Carly, it was so fun! Nudity combined with terrifying! I wanted to go again. I still want to go again, and I survived,” said Dale. “You can’t believe how thrilling it was. I told Nate I was going back to the dance nude. I was going to be the school’s first nude homecoming queen! I even dressed in just my high heels, my crown and sash, and started back to the dance. Nate talked me into putting my dress back on.”  
  
“Well, it’s good thing he did. I’m glad to know that the pervert’s got a little sense left,” said Carly.  
  
“I’m not a pervert. I’m just a red-blooded teenage boy,” said Nate.  
  
“You boys are all perverts,” said Carly.  
  
“Nate’s a good guy. He looks out for me. If anyone is a deviant here, it’s me. Look at me. This can’t be normal, but I’m seriously addicted. I don’t think I’d be able to keep my clothes on no matter how much I wanted to,” said Dale. She looked at their faces. She could tell that only Nate looked as if he understood what she had just said.  
  
“OK gang,” said Nate. “Let’s finish the hike. I’m excited to see the place. It’s supposed to be nice, and the sunset this evening is going to be amazing!” They got on their feet and headed up the trail, Nate taking the lead. Dale couldn’t get it out of her mind that Carly and Felipe had to be staring at her butt. They were just behind and below her. As quickly as she could she passed Nate. She was much more comfortable having him immediately behind her. The remainder of the hike was relatively uneventful, and pretty soon they were all looking at the tall stilt legs of the Windy Ridge lookout. Nate entered the combination at the gate at the bottom, and together they all headed up the many flights of stairs.  
  
As expected, the stairway led them to a wraparound deck, fully covered by the oversize roof. The view was indeed amazing, but they weren’t looking at it. They were all peering through the glass, curious about the interior. It was utilitarian, but they were on cloud nine. They were all excited to have it all to themselves. Nate got the door open, and they all went in to explore. They found the beds, but the lookout was too small to set them up prior to bedtime. They needed the space for other things. Nate informed everyone that he and Dale were taking the double, not that it would have been in doubt.  
  
Dale told everyone how their parents had considered inviting themselves along. “My mom said this place sounded ‘romantic’. Fortunately there weren’t enough beds.”  
  
“Well, she’s right, this place is romantic,” said Carly. “But it wouldn’t be with your parents here. But I suppose they must be used to your nudity by now, so it might not have cramped your style too much.”  
  
“They don’t know about the nudity, and I trust you’ll all help me keep it that way,” said Dale.  
  
“The neighbor boy found out, but the parents didn’t. How did you manage that?” asked Carly.  
  
“Well, my best guess is that my parents go to bed; however, my neighbor is a night-owl,” said Dale glaring at Nate. “I thought 1 a.m. was late enough for my late night excursions. Obviously it wasn’t!”  
  
“Lucky for you!” said Nate.  
  
“I guess so,” said Dale acknowledging the truth of his statement.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 93: Carly's Revelation**

Nate reviewed the meal plans with everyone. Carly and Felipe had been in on everything, but not Dale. The guys were in charge of making dinner, and Felipe had planned the meal, Mole Coloradito Enchiladas, a family recipe. Carly and Dale were in charge of breakfast. Dale was in charge of dinner the next night. Nate had put her in charge of planning that meal because there would be just the two of them. Having others in charge of the meals for four had made the deception easier.  
  
Nate made a pitcher of Strawberry Lemonade, and they relaxed on the porch, talking and enjoying the view. Dale was conscious of Felipe checking her out. She had become accustomed to letting people do so without seeming to pay attention. But Felipe was in a difficult position. He was trying to keep Carly from noticing too, so he’d quickly look away every time she’d turn her head.  
  
Dale had boiled water and made saline solution first thing upon arriving. Once it had cooled sufficiently, she poured some into two small cups and sat down on the couch. She dipped her nipples into the cups and then lay back. To get comfortable, she had shifted such that her head was at one end of the couch. One foot was on the floor, but the other she had placed on the couch with knee bent. She was just relaxing there, letting the minutes tick by when suddenly Carly yelled at her, “As if having you parade around naked is not bad enough! Look at you there with your legs spread wide. I called you a porn star because you looked like one. Now you are acting as if we’re filming porn. Porn star was probably too nice of a word. Maybe ‘slut’ would have been the appropriate term! Maybe ‘porn slut’!”  
  
Dale was taken aback. She brought her knees together and pushed them toward the back of the couch, trying to be less ‘on display’, but she couldn’t get up and she needed to keep her hands on the cups. She didn’t know how to respond, so she said nothing. Carly seemed to let it die. The guys had seen and heard everything, but they chose to not weigh in. Eventually the time was up and Dale got up and emptied the cups. Still no one spoke and an awkward silence continued.  
  
Finally Nate and Felipe were ready to start dinner. They had quite a bit to do, so Nate suggested that the girls go for a walk while they cooked. While they didn’t seem to be on speaking terms, Carly and Dale did head down the stairs together.  
  
As soon as he thought they were out of earshot, Felipe started talking up a storm. Nate was glad to have the old Felipe back, and he hoped that Carly and Dale would be able to set things right between themselves. Felipe just went on and on about how he couldn’t believe that Dale was nude and staying nude, and how hot she looked naked, and how hot her shaved pussy was, etc. And how lucky of a guy Nate was, and how could he stand it, etc. Nate really didn’t need to respond. Felipe was just letting everything that had been bottled up inside pour forth. Nate finally had to try and get him to focus on the meal at hand. He knew that Felipe was a good cook. He would help, but Felipe had to orchestrate.  
  
After they had gotten down to actually cooking, Felipe did end up asking Nate some questions to which he did seem to want answers. Nate just stuck to the plan. He didn’t tell him about anything that involved other people or had occurred on one of their excursions.  
  
Felipe also asked quite a few questions relating to things like kissing, sleeping together, how her titties felt, if she swallowed, and if she was a screamer. Nate did his best to deflect all such questions. He’d plead the fifth, and he’d say that they hadn’t really been going out very long at all. Felipe made Nate feel really good about Dale, as if he didn’t already. All this served to remind Nate just how lucky he had been; how Dale was the catch of the century.  
  
Finally Nate tried to get Felipe to stop by asking him about his relationship with Carly. That went nowhere. About all that Felipe would say was that she had a boyfriend, so ‘what relationship?’ Nate knew that what he said was true, but it seemed as if the two of them were getting along, and he tried to encourage Felipe. Finally he gave that up, realizing that Felipe was likely to be at his best with Carly if he thought there was no chance of a romantic relationship. He did spend some time talking with Felipe about his need to snap out of it and figure out how to participate in the conversation. He didn’t think Felipe had said more than a sentence or two in Dale’s presence the entire day. They discussed some ideas and Felipe agreed to attempt to try and ignore Dale’s nudity, in order to be more like himself, even if he had to look the other way or close his eyes.  
  
The cooking took quite some time because there were a lot things to prepare, such as vegetables to chop. Eventually they were almost done and were attempting to turn the central counter into a dining table when they felt the vibrations in the tower that indicated that the girls were climbing the stairway. Dale was the first to appear, and she came right in, tossing something colorful to Nate. “What is this?” he asked.  
  
“Do you need three guesses?” joked Dale, for it was immediately obvious to the guys that Nate was holding Carly’s shirt. He quickly determined that Carly’s bra was there as well, passing them off to Felipe, whose face indicated that he was figuring out what this meant.  
  
“What’s going on?” asked Nate.  
  
“It wasn’t my idea,” said Dale, turning toward the stairs to see if Carly was coming. And after a minute, Carly did indeed ascend the remaining steps and come into view. She had her palms held tightly against her chest, hiding her tits as best she could. “Come on Carly. You didn’t take off your top to hide things like that. Hands down! Display them proudly!” said Dale.  
  
After a moment, Carly dropped her hands, looking into the boy’s faces. Her expression was hard to read, for to Nate it seemed to include disparate elements. There was definitely a measure of pride evident, as she had to know that she had a chest that girls envied. And yet at the same time, Nate saw elements of shyness. He could also tell that she was trying to read their thoughts, trying to determine if they liked what they saw or what they thought of her for appearing topless.  
  
Nate looked over at Felipe. He could tell by the stunned look on his face that he, and he alone, would have to continue holding up the male side of the conversation going forward. He decided that he could get away with simply giving voice to the look he saw on Felipe’s face. He said simply, “Wow!” drawing the word out. He knew that that one word, more or less said it all. He took a deep breath and grabbed hold of the counter to emphasize how awestruck he was.  
  
After a few seconds had ticked by Dale broke the silence, “My God Carly, these poor guys. Look what you are doing to them. I mean, what did I tell you? You have tits to die for! I mean, I’d give anything for tits like those!” This forced the guys to look back and forth from one pair to the other.  
  
Nate decided he wanted to weigh in, “Actually, you both have tits to die for!” He looked over at Felipe and added, “And I think Felipe is about on the verge of a heart attack, which would prove the point. Felipe…breathe!” The girls laughed because what Nate was saying was the truth. Felipe looked as if he wasn’t breathing and needed to before it was too late.  
  
Nate had long felt that tits superior to Dale’s were an impossibility, yet this set certainly was testing that hypothesis. Carly did have Dale beat on size. Based on volume, both of Dale’s tits would easily fit inside one of Carly’s tits. If Nate had had to guess, he would have called Dale a B, possibly just a bit larger, and Carly at the top end of C, but probably not quite D. Nate had always suspected that he wouldn’t like the look of bare D-cup tits. He thought that they could look OK in a shirt, but that bare they would probably just look shapeless and fat. He knew full well that other guys preferred them large, but not him.  
  
As Nate continued comparing, he realized that Carly had Dale beat when it came to nipple size as well. Largely that was to say that her nipples were a perfect match for her tits: larger tits, larger nipples. Nate also noticed that Carly’s tits protruded quite far from her chest, looking a bit like the nose cones of rockets extending way out into the room. He suspected that one day gravity would start pulling them in and down. Due to their size, they were situated lower on her chest than Dale’s pair, but they were definitely up high, right where a teenager’s tits belonged.  
  
Nate found himself looking from pair to pair, comparing their various aspects in a way that he had never had the chance to do before. The girls knew that their tits were being scrutinized and without thinking about it, they moved side by side to allow the judges the best opportunity to determine the winner. Of course there could be no winner. While different, both sets of tits were undeniably superlative. Eventually the girls figured out that this was going nowhere fast, and started inquiring about dinner.  
  
Suddenly Carly said, “Dale, this is your fetish, not mine. I’m getting dressed,” and she reached for her shirt.  
  
“Carly, please,” pleaded Dale, beating Carly to the shirt, and holding it to the counter where Felipe had placed it. “Give it a bit longer. I know you’re not an exhibitionist, but this is fun. Look at the guys with their tongues hanging out. Stick with it for now.”  
  
Carly relinquished saying simply, “OK.” Actually she decided to model a bit, walking around and turning this way and that. She seemed to have adopted the ‘if I’m going to be topless, then I’m going to showoff’ mindset. This gave Nate a chance to get a better look at the entire package. Indeed, Carly was a beautiful girl, especially in just her hiking boots and her denim cutoffs. She was tall and slender. Overall, she was much less athletic looking than Dale. She had a narrow waist and a small ribcage. In general, she had a figure like a runway model, with thin, but somewhat shapeless arms and legs.  
  
Somehow the guys managed to pull themselves together enough so that they were able to finish getting dinner on the table. The food was delicious, and eventually a semblance of normality returned to the group as they enjoyed dinner. Somehow they were managing to discuss a few topics that didn’t involve the constantly present female nudity, with the exception of Felipe anyway. Carly’s toplessness had knocked him hopelessly back into a tongue tied state.  
  
Without actually asking, Nate was trying to figure out why Carly was topless. There had to be some explanation. Dale had said that it had not been her idea. That he believed, for he knew that Dale preferred being the only one naked. She wouldn’t have suggested or encouraged Carly to take off her clothes. He couldn’t wait to get Dale alone so that he could ask her, but he knew that would have to wait.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 94: Sunset on the Porch**

In the meantime, Nate decided to see if he could get Felipe talking. Mostly he started by asking him questions. By getting Felipe to look at him and by starting with yes or no questions, Nate did manage to get Felipe to join the conversation. Eventually he moved on to having him explain the background behind the meal.  
  
The Mole Coloradito Enchiladas were a Fuentes family recipe. Felipe said that to his knowledge the recipe came from his father’s mother, his grandmother Rosa. Most of his relatives had been in the US for several generations, but the family was originally from the Puebla region of Mexico. He thought that the Mole Coloradito Enchiladas were originally from that part of Mexico. Nate was so glad to finally have him participating and he worked to keep him talking about his family and his past. The girls too seemed to be enjoying Felipe’s stories, as well as the delicious dinner.  
  
After dessert, they noticed that the sky was getting red in the west so they wandered out onto the porch to enjoy the sunset. It had definitely cooled down, and to Nate it did not look like the girls were going to last outside very long. “You ladies are sporting some major high beams!” he commented.  
  
“So much like a pervert to notice,” replied Carly, pinching her nipples as if trying to heighten her state of nipple erection.  
  
“Oh, guys don’t miss such details. You hardly have to be a pervert to appreciate high beams,” said Nate, taking Carly’s comment in stride. He continued, “and your tan lines are exceptional as well Carly!”  
  
“Yep, not being a porn star, I don’t spend much time in the sun topless,” said Carly.  
  
“Hey, stop it already with the porn star stuff! I’m not a porn star,” pleaded Dale.  
  
“Sorry, I couldn’t resist, but you do look like a porn star,” replied Carly.  
  
“If I do, then so do you. Would you look at those tits! I have titties, but you have bazoombas. Those are the real deal!” continued Dale.  
  
“You two are amazing, and you’re funny to listen to,” interjected Nate. “But right now, I’d like to get a few photos of my girlfriend, if she doesn’t mind. The light is so perfect.”  
  
“Sure,” said Dale. “Where do you want me?”  
  
“Maybe down by the railing at the end. That will look neat. You’ll be framed by the lookout and the overhang and have that small peak in the background,” said Nate.  
  
“You’re going to trust him with nude photos?” asked Carly.  
  
“He has so many already,” said Dale. “Yes, I trust him. But I’ve learned that trusting him comes with a good measure of risk. I must like taking chances. I trusted him the night of the dance, and look what happened to me! Now the entire school has naked pictures of me!”  
  
“I guess they do,” said Carly. She and Felipe watched as Dale posed and Nate took some nude, yet tasteful photographs. To his utter delight she did her ‘X’ pose, the very one she had done on the ridge at sunrise, back on their first day together.  
  
“Come join me,” said Dale, beckoning to Carly.  
  
“Sure, as long as I get copies,” said Carly. Nate saw a look of worry flash across Dale’s face at the prospect of Carly having photos.  
  
“Aren’t you at all worried about Nate having topless pictures of you?” asked Dale.  
  
“I’m not the one here with a reputation to worry about. We both know what people say about me,” said Carly walking over next to Dale and posing alongside her. “And besides, if you are in the photos with me…nude, I expect Nate will be guarding them with his life. And besides, if they do get out, no one will notice the topless girl next to the porn star. Am I right?” asked Carly hypothetically. Dale considered a response, but instead simply scowled and then smiled as Nate started taking a variety of shots of the two girls together.  
  
“Felipe, your turn to take pictures,” said Nate, handing his phone to Felipe and joining the girls at the railing. He went on the other side of Dale and put his arm around her back. Felipe took a few photos of the three of them. Dale, the shortest of the three was in the middle with her arms around Carly and Nate’s shoulders. Out of the corner of his eye, Nate saw Carly trying to get his attention. She was winking, wanting him to do something. He nodded, deciding to follow her lead. She held up her free hand, showing it to Nate and then bringing it down to Dale’s knee. Before she realized something was happening, Dale felt a hand on the inside of each knee, picking her up. “Keep shooting Felipe,” yelled Nate, as he and Carly picked Dale up. Dale felt her legs being pulled up and out. She looked at Felipe and realized that he was taking pictures of her with her legs spread wide. She tried to squirm free, but it was of little use, her arms were trapped behind the two partners in crime on either side of her, and her feet were way up in the air.  
  
“Guys, quit it, put me down!” yelled Dale.  
  
“We’ll name this porno, ‘Bald Beaver at sunset’!” said Carly.  
  
“Put me down! Carly, I thought we decided to get along,” said Dale. Eventually, they did let Dale get her feet back under her, but not before Felipe had taken quite a few pictures with her squirming and her legs spread wide. “That was not nice at all guys,” continued Dale. “And you Nate, you just are not even trying to get back in my good graces.” Nate knew that she liked experiences like this, even if she wouldn’t admit it. She probably wouldn’t even admit it to herself.  
  
After Dale had settled down a bit, they returned to taking photos. Nate really wanted a photo of himself with Dale. For good measure they took a ‘couples’ photo of Carly and Felipe as well. “Better not let Darrell get a look at that,” said Carly. “I expect he would not be too pleased.”  
  
“Don’t worry,” said Nate. “Our paths just don’t seem to cross.”  
  
“Real funny, asshole,” said Carly. Dale shot Nate a stinging glance.  
  
“Hey, I didn’t bring him up,” said Nate defensively. “Let’s go in,” he continued. “It’s feeling chilly to me out here, and I’ve got clothes on.” Dale was relieved to be heading back inside. Her pride about never being cold hadn’t allowed her to mention the temperature or head back inside first. It was much warmer inside, even though Nate had not yet turned on the heat. Carly acted downright cold and put on her shirt, not bothering with the bra. The guys sighed as she did so, making the point as obviously as they could, using only body language, that her tits would be missed.  
  
“Thanks for not putting that back on earlier,” said Dale.  
  
“It was sort of fun to jiggle around in the fresh air. However, I am pretty sure it is not going to be my new hobby. Sorry guys,” said Carly, but she only buttoned one button. The girls went about fixing some refreshments, while Nate and Felipe busied themselves with figuring out the heat. Once the heat was working, they relaxed and enjoyed the sunset from within the glass hut. The view from inside was almost as wonderful as the view from the porch.  
  
Once it was nearly dark Nate announced, “Okay everyone, time for my big surprise. Who wants to play Twister?” He watched Dale for her reaction. He saw her jaw drop and her eyes get big as she contemplated the game she knew well from childhood. No one said anything at first.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 95: Dance Lessons**

“Count me out,” said Carly. “And I don’t think I’d trust Felipe that close to the porn queen.”  
  
“Oh, so now I’m a porn queen?” said Dale.  
  
“Don’t worry guys. I thought about getting the game to bring, but I didn’t. I figured that it would be too much, if you know what I mean,” said Nate.  
  
“I think we all know what you mean,” replied Dale, feeling relieved that it had simply been a joke. She knew she couldn’t have gone through with it, maybe alone with Nate, but not with Carly and Felipe.  
  
“Actually I do have a real idea for what we can do now that it is nearly dark,” said Nate, continuing. “The Sadie Hawkins dance is just so many weeks away. Now I haven’t been asked yet, but hope springs eternal.”  
  
“You haven’t been asked yet?” inquired Felipe.  
  
“No,” said Nate, delighted every time Felipe managed to speak. “You?” he asked.  
  
“Nope, but I never get asked,” said Felipe.  
  
“Well, maybe this year buddy! Anyway, you girls showed Felipe and me up something awful at the Homecoming Dance. You both are excellent dancers! I brought some speakers with me; they should connect to any of our phones. And I made sure I had a good selection of music on my phone, so here is my proposal. Let’s adjust the lighting, and have a high school dance here at tree top. What I’m hoping is that you girls will teach us some moves so that, should we get lucky and be asked to the dance, we won’t be embarrassing ourselves quite like we did at the Homecoming Dance. Is everybody game to give it a try?”  
  
Dale, who had been holding his hand, gave it a squeeze and pulled his arm, pulling him down close to her face. He thought she was going to whisper something into his ear. Instead she gave him a little kiss on the cheek. “How did you know?” she asked. “I don’t remember telling you.”  
  
“How did I know what?” asked Nate.  
  
“Slumber parties and dancing are a big part of our friendship,” said Dale indicating Carly. “All during junior high we’d have sleepovers, and we’d put on music and dance and dance.”  
  
“Well then, it sounds as if this will be perfect!” said Nate.  
  
“Only back then we were both dressed!” said Carly. “Where’s the pole so little Miss Porn Queen can do her pole dance routine? Given her gymnastics, I’ll bet she is great on the pole.”  
  
“Carly, really?” said Dale. “You’ve never treated me like this. Do we have to have that whole conversation again, here, in front of the guys?”  
  
“Don’t you dare!” snapped Carly, and Nate saw fire in her eyes.  
  
“Well drop it then!” responded Dale sternly, “I know Felipe is flustered, tongue tied, but it’s not my fault. I left my clothes in the car expecting to be alone with my boyfriend, nobody else. I know you’ve been naked with your boyfriend. You agreed to come knowing how I would be dressed. I know it is awkward, but stop blaming me. You helped Nate set me up, so you have only yourself to blame, if you don’t like it.”  
  
“I know, I know, I still want to be friends. But you’re so f---ing naked! I’m just constantly being reminded of how I thought I knew you, and you were keeping this from me,” said Carly.  
  
“I was keeping it from everybody, for obvious reasons,” said Dale. “And I still need to keep it from everybody, and you’ll be helping me with that, I hope.”  
  
“Well, maybe. OK, OK, I’ll start trying again,” said Carly. “And as a show of good faith, I’ve got an idea to kick off the Windy Ridge High School dance. Hook up your speakers Nate!” While Nate started getting the speakers and his cords out, Carly whispered something to Dale and they both started laughing. Carly announced, “Remember this was your idea Nate. You and Felipe are not getting off easy tonight!” The girls continued laughing.  
  
They gathered around to watch the video that Carly wanted to show them on the screen of her phone. The voice of Vincent Price filled the room. The words were familiar:  
  
“And though you fight to stay alive, your body starts to shiver.  
For no mere mortal can resist, the evil of the thriller!"  
  
After the maniacal laugh, the beat of ‘Thriller’ filled the room. The guys watched and saw what was in store for them, exchanging worried glances. They were not thinking that they would be very good at learning the dance. It was fun to watch, but looked very complicated. After they watched it, Carly said, “OK, first step, watch Dale and I do the dance. Better sit and be comfortable, because after this little show, we are going to work your asses off, right Dale?”  
  
“You bet we are!” said Dale. Nate saw an intense gleam in her eye. He was so happy to see how pleased she was due to the direction that things were taking. He knew that the day had been quite a roller-coaster for her, so he hoped it could end on a positive note. As instructed, Nate and Felipe became the audience while the girls stood side by side waiting for their cue. With Dale standing, waiting, Nate took the opportunity to indulge in gazing upon her beauty. She was exquisite, a statue of feminine perfection. He wasn’t about to say so, but Carly was right. He couldn’t imagine a body more perfect for porn. There didn’t seem to be an ounce of fat on her. Sure she had boobs, but they didn’t seem to be composed of fat. They were high and tight, small yet proportioned nicely to her body. When they moved on her frame, it was not the movement one would expect, but rather the taut bounce of a rubber band, it was as if they were made of rubber, not fat! And yet he knew firsthand how soft they felt. The nipple rivets created the perfect contrast, innocent yet experienced.  
  
As Dale and Carly began the slow plodding of zombies that that preceded the actual dance, his gaze drifted lower and he drank in the loveliness of Dale’s athletic legs, not especially long, but long appearing due to her slender shape. Her beautiful legs seemed to go up and right past her crown jewel, her impeccably shaved pussy. He thought he could gaze upon it for hours at a time. It was a tiny piece of perfection. Her flat belly extended seamlessly down from her belly button to the top of her slit. Just smooth blemish free skin without the hint of a tan line.  
  
At that point, Nate looked up and saw that Dale had noticed where he had been looking. She rolled her eyes, clearly communicating to him that he had been caught, even though her rolling eyes meshed exactly with her Zombie persona. A quick flash of embarrassment hit him, but he forced himself to return his gaze to her pussy. He knew that she liked showing it, and for her she wasn’t really showing it if it wasn’t being looked at. He took a moment and glanced over at Carly. Her bra free tits were jiggling beneath her barely buttoned shirt. She was quite a sexy sight, but he was a Dale-man through-and through…always had been. He returned his gaze to her.  
  
At that point, the dance began. In perfect sync, both girls twitched their heads to the side, once, twice, three times. Nate made note of that, because he knew that shortly he’d be trying to mimic the maneuver. After that, the dance became a blur. It was a great dance, and the two ladies danced in perfect unison. In every way their moves were at least as refined as those he had seen in the video.  
  
After the demonstration dance concluded, Dale and Carly had Nate and Felipe stand behind them. Nate was to watch and mimic Dale’s every move while watching her from behind, and Felipe was to do the same while observing Carly. The dance was supposedly to a count of eight, so without the music, the girls showed them the first sixteen counts, counting out loud. The first eight counts included the head twitches that Nate had noted while the feet were shuffling in place. The guys eventually got the first eight counts down, but from there it got complicated. They had to turn part way to the side, put one arm ahead and one behind.  
  
That wasn’t so bad but then the movement included pelvic thrusts, steps and head bobbing. It looked great when the girls did it, but both Nate and Felipe were challenged when it came to doing it themselves. The timing was tricky. Eventually they were able to do it, and even did it to the music. In this manner, they progressed through the dance, adding sixteen beats at a time.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 96: Bedtime**

After about an hour, they took a break. They hadn’t even gotten to the half way point. Nate had pictured a very different dance scene. Thriller was very hard, but he was smiling on the inside because he could tell that the girls were enjoying themselves. Also he had noticed that attempting to commit the dance steps to memory had taken Felipe’s mind off of Dale’s nudity such that he was acting a bit more like himself.  
  
After some refreshments, they picked a few other songs and the dance became a bit more like Nate had pictured. The girls had fun dancing to the songs, and Nate and Felipe picked up a few random moves. But after a little bit of this non-choreographed dancing, the girls wanted to return to Thriller. After about another one hour stint, they had gotten all the way through the primary dance. The guys’ dancing was far from polished, and without the girls to watch, they probably would have gotten lost quickly, yet at times it did seem as if the four of them were indeed dancing together. Even though nobody would admit it, everyone was feeling a sense of accomplishment.  
  
They decided to take another break. In the end, they ended up having so much fun simply lounging around and talking, that they didn’t end up returning to dancing. Dale ended up sitting sideways on Nate’s lap, but she was very careful to keep he knees together. For Nate’s part, he made a point of keeping his hands mostly to himself. He knew that given Dale’s nudity, that even the smallest amount of fondling might make Felipe and Carly uncomfortable.  
  
As it was getting late, they set up the beds. Carly and Felipe set up the single beds, side by side, but with a gap between. The bathroom was a simple pit toilet all the way down the stairs, so they took turns. After a little bit of teeth brushing and face washing, they turned off the lights and climbed into their beds. They continued talking for some time. Nate was in heaven. He was comfortably lying on his back and Dale was snuggling up against him as close as she could get. He was wearing pajama bottoms, but no shirt, so their upper bodies were skin against skin. Nate was happy that the day had ended on such a positive note. At certain points during the day, such as when Dale had taken off up the trail alone, it seemed as if the day might not turn out so well.  
  
As was often the case, he was rock hard, but what could he do? There was nothing to lament. It was just the natural result of all the stimulation he was subjected to constantly. Dale shifted positions, and Nate felt her forearm inadvertently glide along his erection. He tried not to react, but he heard her breathe in sharply, causing him to chuckle. That in turn made her laugh, and she hugged him close, as if trying to hide her embarrassment.  
  
Carly, hearing the laughter, spoke up, “OK kids. Share! What’s so funny over there?” Nate and Dale grew silent, knowing they couldn’t explain. After a moment, Carly continued, “Well, I guess you had to be there.” That caused Nate and Dale to laugh, much louder this time. Carly tried pressuring them for an explanation, but eventually gave up.  
  
Nate lay there on his back. Dale was on her side facing him, her upper body on his arm which was wrapped around her back. Her head was resting on his chest. Nate decided to implement the plan that had been forming in his head for a few days. He had given some thought to his range of operations. The imaginary thong rule meant that the pussy was out of bounds, and the nipple piercings meant that her tits were off-limits. So what did that leave? It left her butt! Her beautiful butt! And the time to take advantage was at hand!  
  
He expected that Dale was unlikely to say anything, as everything they said would be overheard.  
  
With his right hand, the one behind her, he started massaging her lower back, giving her the beginnings of a backrub. She seemed to be enjoying that. He continued that for a minute or two. Next he moved his hand swiftly, and in one fluid movement, took ahold of an entire butt cheek.  
  
He felt Dale stiffen, rising up on her forearms, she turned her head and looked into his eyes in the dim light. He couldn’t really see her expression.  
  
Rather that squeezing the butt cheek in his hand, he started caressing it by moving his hand gently in a slow circular motion. Every bit of his hand, every bit of his palm and every bit of every finger was skin on skin with her bare skin. After about ten seconds, of staring into his eyes, Dale relaxed, resting her head again on his chest.  
  
In that instant, Nate knew that her butt was his! It hadn’t actually been off limits, but now it was one hundred percent his! Indeed he had touched it many a time, and yet this was somehow different. He had staked his claim, and he intended to take full advantage. Indeed, this was the very butt that he had admired for years, every chance he had gotten.  
  
It looked so glorious in her cheerleader skirt. It looked particularly nice in pants, and magnificent in tight shorts. And for the last few months he had had so many opportunities to stare at it completely bare. As butts went, it was, in his mind anyway, a butt without equal.  
  
How utterly splendid it felt in his hand, firm yet smooth. He found himself wondering about that, as he continued to massage and caress her butt cheeks alternately. How do girls manage to feel firm and yet so soft at the same time? Warm too! And he could feel the muscles rippling just beneath the surface of her skin as she made minor position adjustments. For a few minutes he caressed her in that position.  
  
Seemingly deliberately she leaned her pelvis into him, her right hip bone now against his right hip bone. It seemed like an invitation which he accepted instantly, reaching across with his left hand, as Dale slid up in the bed just slightly. Now with both hands he squeezed and massaged her magnificent derrière. ‘This is something I could never get tired of,’ thought Nate. Dale snuggled her face into his neck, sending a clear signal that she was enjoying his friendly advances. Nate let his hands explore, touching her everywhere, at least everywhere where that most tiny of imaginary thongs was not.  
  
Eventually, Nate felt Dale relax in his arms and he knew that she was asleep. He found himself thinking about love, and what love meant. He had known for some time that he was in love, but suddenly there was not a doubt in his mind. He was fully and completely in love with the young lady in his arms! And yet he knew that he was still not ready to tell her. He found himself wondering what was keeping him from telling her. He finally concluded that it had to be fear. What if she didn’t share his depth of feelings? What if he loved her, and she was not in love with him? Would that be the end up the upswing? The beginning of the decline? He had never been so happy, and yet there was that one agonizing thought.  
  
He lay there for a time, his hands resting gently on her tush and his raging hard-on making it difficult for him to relax. He so very much wanted to stroke himself and achieve release, but he knew that there was no way to do so without waking her. Eventually he too fell asleep.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 97: Breakfast and a Hike**

When Nate awoke the next morning, he looked over at Dale. She had the sheet over herself and was obviously wide awake, staring at the ceiling. Something seemed a bit odd, so he peaked under the sheet. Dale was holding little cups in place, doing her saline nipple soak. He heard her softly say, “Brrrrrr….nothing like cold water on the nips to start your day.”  
  
“You could have warmed it a little in the microwave,” whispered Nate.  
  
“I didn’t want to wake everyone,” replied Dale quietly. After a pause, she continued, “Look at the other beds.”  
  
Nate rose up on his elbows and peered across the dimly lit room. He saw that Carly and Felipe’s beds were together, touching. He gave Dale the thumbs up sign, and she nodded, smiling. Nate lay there for another minute or two, but then his need to pee became too great. He quietly got up, slipped on a shirt, and headed out the door.  
  
When he returned, Dale was at the sink, dabbing her nipples dry. He paused, enjoying the view of her gorgeous body illuminated by the weak dawn light. She looked over at him and smiled.  
  
They let Carly and Felipe sleep, but eventually everyone was up and the beds were put away.  
  
No one took a shower. The shower was little more than a shower head in the corner of the room. It had a great view of the countryside, but anyone using it would have been in full view of everyone in the single room.  
  
Dale had thought about showering; indeed, she was nude anyway. Unbeknownst to everyone she had done a little discreet shaving while they were all still asleep. She probably didn’t have to, but she didn’t like how her mound looked or felt when whiskers started peeking out.  
  
After they had enjoyed some coffee together, it was time for the girls to work on breakfast. Dale shooed the guys out so they would have room to cook. Nate and Felipe headed down the stairs to go for a short walk.  
  
As Nate suspected, once they were at a safe distance, Felipe turned back into his talkative self. Felipe had Carly’s tits on his brain and could think of little else. He went on and on about how large and beautiful they were; how far they stuck out into the room. He even wanted Nate to agree that her tits were absolute perfection, even nicer than Dale’s.  
  
Nate stood his ground. He was not about to agree that a single girl on the entire planet might have a nicer anything compared to Dale. And it was not just a matter of principle, he absolutely believed it. Dale had been the gold standard to which he had compared the entire female race for years. And now that she was his girlfriend, nothing had changed. In fact, he was even more convinced now than before. He had gotten to know her and had learned first-hand that her beauty was much more than skin deep.  
  
He was glad that Felipe thought so highly of Carly, but he was not about to agree with him on the tits question. Besides, in his opinion, a girl’s tits could not be considered in a vacuum. They were a part of the package. Sure Carly was attractive, and she was slender, but she was not very fit. Dale on the other hand was an athletic marvel, absolute feminine perfection from head to toe.  
  
He did, however, ask Felipe if he had gotten his hands on Carly’s tits during the night. As he asked, he thought about how he himself had not gotten any tit the night before. He smiled, thinking to himself about all the fun he had had enjoying Dale’s butt to his heart’s content.  
  
In response to his question, Felipe told him that he had been too shy to even attempt such a thing. He did learn that it had been Carly who had moved the beds together, and that the two of them had done quite a bit of kissing. He was so happy to see such a genuine look of joy on his friends face as he described how Carly, after pushing the beds together, had crossed the divide over onto his bed, even initiating the kissing.  
  
Nate was happy for Felipe. As they turned to head back, he reminded his friend to work on being more talkative around the girls.  
  
The guys timing was perfect. The girls were just putting the finishing touches on a big breakfast that included scrambled eggs, bacon, and flapjacks. To Nate, it seemed as if Carly was at peace with Dale’s nudity and that it might not again come up as an issue. At least, he hoped that was how things would go.  
  
Nate had planned a day hike by studying the information from Mike which had included a few maps. So after the guys had done the dishes, they packed a lunch and headed north along the ridge.  
  
The plan was to follow the ridge, which curved around to the left, then cross a high valley, and then attempt to scale Buford Peak, the highest peak near the lookout. According to what Nate had been able to ascertain, the peak should be climbable without ropes, or any other true climbing gear. He hoped so, but knew that it would be a nice outing even if the peak itself turned out to be too much for them. The weather was perfect. In fact it was so sunny that everyone had put on some sunblock, especially Dale.  
  
Nate was quite glad about the weather. He had watched the weather forecast carefully in the days leading up to the weekend. He knew that Dale seemed to be comfortable at temperatures at which others would be cold, but he knew that if it got cold or rainy they might have to alter their plans significantly.  
  
The hike to the base of the peak went as planned. Mostly they walked along together, talking about all manner of things. At some points the trail became narrow making that difficult. At such times, Dale seemed to always take the lead. He thought about that, deciding that it probably had something to do with her competitive drive.  
  
When they finally reached the point near the peak where the hike transitioned into a climb, Dale let Nate know why she preferred the lead. In short she was trying to keep Carly from yelling at her again. Carly and Felipe were too slow for Dale to bring up the rear, so she was avoiding being directly in front of either of them by going ahead of Nate.  
  
As they started scrambling up the steep sides of the peak, Nate was enjoying firsthand the views Dale was trying to avoid giving to Carly or Felipe. At times he’d find himself essentially level with her calves, and he would look up. Just above him her beautiful thighs would guide his eyes up to an unobstructed view of her most intimate area.  
  
He had gotten quite used to the look of her pussy from the front. From that position it seemed like a small dainty little double slit. But the view from behind and below was quite different, much more gynecological, so to speak. When she would pause and look ahead for her next step or handhold, he would have a quick moment for detailed pussy contemplation. He took the opportunity to study the very marked difference between what were called the outer lips and the inner lips.  
  
The outer lips were very smooth, and a little under an inch wide. In short, they were the rounded raised areas that extended front to back between the small valleys right against the top of her thighs and the slit that contained the inner lips.  
  
The inner lips were quite different in contrast. They looked so very delicate. Forward, where the cleft of her pussy first appeared, the outer lips were separated by about a quarter of an inch. In this gap a narrow strip of skin extended straight down from her tummy. This strip of skin extended down and back, about at the height of the outer lips on each side.  
  
Nate had, like most boys his age, looked at pictures of nude girls on the Internet. Prior to getting to know the exhibitionist next door better, he had largely looked at full body images using his computer. But being a young man, constantly subjected to up close and personal views of a certain young lady’s vagina, he had started studying close up diagrams and pictures. Wanting to be a good boyfriend had been all the justification he had needed to try and become an expert on the ins and outs of vaginal anatomy.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 98: Secrets are Overrated**

He had learned that this narrow strip of skin was called the clitoral hood, at least down lower. This clitoral hood divided and became the two inner lips, the labia minora. As he looked up between Dale’s legs, he could see the point where this divide took place. It protruded just a little lower between her outer lips, her labia majora. The point where the inner lips began had a tight ‘V’ shape to it. He knew that the clitoris itself hid right in this special tiny juncture. And even though he had been very close to her pussy, he had never actually seen her clitoris.  
  
The very delicate edges of the two inner lips had a sort of granular texture to them. They were nestled side-by-side, extending back from the spot where her clitoris was hiding. As she climbed her inner lips were visible, but not on full display, like they were at times of arousal. At such times they would extend and bloom, like a precious flower, and they would part ever so slightly, and he could see deeper inside, right into her vaginal opening.  
  
That vaginal opening held such an attraction for him. While he knew that it could stretch, he had never seen Dale’s larger than about the size of his pinky. But it was so very cute, and he loved it especially when the flower petals were moist with feminine dew. Something about the thought of her delicate flower, open and moist with the dew of arousal brought about in him the strongest feelings that he had ever experienced. Certainly erotic, and yet they were not at all base or vulgar, but hardly platonic. They were so much deeper than that anything sexual could possibly be by itself; an ideal fusion of erotic romance and true love.  
  
He shook the thoughts of love from his brain. Forcing himself to capitalize on the opportunity for detailed feminine crotch study.  
  
Further back, where all of her pussy lips rejoined, there was a small flat area of skin. He couldn’t remember what that area was called, but he did remember that it started with the letter ‘P’. He had studied some very detailed vagina diagrams, and he found it somewhat amusing that someone had gone to the effort of naming every detail, no matter how tiny.  
  
And behind that, her anus was also in full view. He had caught glimpses of it before, but it had never been something that he had studied, but then again, he hadn’t had his head this close to her butt while she was climbing before. The very act of climbing involved bending forward and spreading her legs as each step, some of them quite large, was taken.  
  
He took the opportunity to study her butt hole quickly, but it was her pussy that fascinated him the most. He also took time to admire her lovely butt cheeks, reliving the time he had spent exploring and enjoying them the night before.  
  
At one point Nate saw Dale looking down at him as he was studying the intimate details between her legs. She didn’t seemed to mind, but indicated that she was glad that they had gotten a little further ahead of Carly and Felipe. She came right out and said that she thought things would go more smoothly if they didn’t get the same view. “Yep, from this angle, a girl has no secrets,” said Nate.  
  
“Secrets are overrated,” said Dale. “Just keep that in mind.”  
  
“Why might I want to keep that in mind?” asked Nate.  
  
“No reason, just keep it in mind. You might soon be looking a dwindling number of secrets yourself, Buster,” added Dale.  
  
Nate was curious now. He hadn’t heard her call him Buster for a while. It generally indicated some type of attitude shift. He tried to inquire further, but she only changed the subject.  
  
Nate was worrying that there would be no place on the peak suitable for a picnic lunch, and the slope was certainly too steep, but fortunately the top was large and flat enough to spread out the blanket that he had brought.  
  
He might not have put a blanket in the small pack he had been carrying, had they all been wearing pants, but he wanted Dale to be able to sit down comfortably. He didn’t mind sitting on a rock, but didn’t want her to have to. They had put a little distance between themselves and the other two.  
  
While Nate was looking around for a flat spot for their picnic lunch, he spotted an out cropping that was on interest. He took out a rock hammer that he had brought with him, and removed a small sample. I was the third such sample that he had collected that day.  
  
Carly and Felipe made the top about ten minutes later, by which time, Dale and Nate had gotten the picnic lunch all set up. They had a very sunny picnic. Nate could tell that Dale was trying to force herself to sit ladylike, as in keeping her knees together. He could tell it was taking a little bit of concentration on her part. She always seemed most comfortable sitting cross-legged when it was just the two of them.  
  
He listened with great interest to Carly and Felipe’s verbal interaction. In general, they had always traded jabs. That of course continued, but now it had a different tone to it. It sounded much friendlier in nature. Felipe still called Carly, ‘ Carlos’, but she had long since stopped calling him names, like Michelin Man, which had been what she had called him early on.  
  
He found it curious that she only called him, ‘Felipe’. Indeed, everyone else seemed to be subjected to her name calling. Dale had seemed immune to it, but this weekend had proven otherwise. Carly had unleashed on Dale more vehemently than she had on him. While he didn’t like it, he had grown quite accustomed to being referred to as, ‘shithead’. It was much more shocking to him to hear Dale being called, ‘Porn this’ and ‘Porn that’.  
  
Felipe’s name for Carly, ‘Carlos’, had grown on him. It was as if he had purposefully given her a Latino name. He knew that it had been spur of the moment, yet it seemed to carry with it some significance. Almost as if he was conferring upon her some acceptance, at a cultural level. And the way in which the nickname was spoken had change from something that had initially sounded spiteful to what now sounded like a term of endearment.  
  
Given what Felipe had shared with him regarding all the kissing, he knew that these two were clearly on a romantic trajectory.  
  
After the picnic, they packed up and started picking their way down the slope.  
  
Nate was caught off guard by how much more difficult it was to go down. He insisted on going first, sort of based on the idea that he might be able to catch Dale if she fell, even though he knew that he would be unlikely to be able to help, if she really fell.  
  
He started imagining the predicament they would be in if she were to break a leg, for example. Would someone have to go for help? Would they have to have a helicopter come and air lift her to a hospital? He wasn’t worried about the rest of them, just about Dale. In part it was because he cared so much for her, but a lot of it had to do with the nudity. How do you explain to the authorities why she is nude and injured? What if she were unconscious? If something happened, they certainly wouldn’t be able to carry her very far.  
  
Even though he was worrying, it did make him feel much better to watch Dale pick her way down the steep slope. She was, after all, very fit, very strong, and very flexible. He finally realized that she was probably the least likely to fall. She had the balance of a gymnast and was very surefooted. But he did breathe a huge sigh of relief when the steepest part was behind them, and then a second time when Carly and Felipe caught up to them.  
  
The trip back to the lookout tower was mostly uneventful after the tricky descent from the peak. At one point they did take a break, and Nate had Carly take some pictures of himself and Dale: two happy hikers, one gloriously nude.  
  
He was realizing that he had quite a few photos of Dale, but a very limited number of the two of them together. These were good times, and he wanted to capture them for posterity. At times, when he would be realizing just how lucky he was to suddenly be dating the girl of his dreams, it would occur to him that just as suddenly it could one day be over. He didn’t like those thoughts, but they did pop into his head from time to time.  
  
She had always been way out of his league. The normal order of things could one day return, so why delude himself. It was best to acknowledge it, enjoy the good times, and capture some good photos along the way.  
  
When they got back to the lookout, Carly and Felipe went about gathering their things, but as they were about to begin their goodbyes, Dale made a suggestion, “Carly, I think the guys need another dance lesson before you two head down the hill. I expect that they have already forgotten half of what we taught them last night.”  
  
“I’m sure you’re right. If this is going to stick, it needs some repetition. Guys?” asked Carly.  
  
“Well, I’m game…Felipe?” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, he’ll do it if I tell him to, right, Felipe?” said Carly.  
  
Felipe nodded. He didn’t like the sound of that, but he knew it was true. Carly did have him wrapped around her little finger. He was just hoping that it wasn’t too obvious.  
  
Nate didn’t mind at all the idea of working on the Thriller dance some more. He wasn’t so much into the dancing, but he had enjoyed watching Dale. He found that trying to mimic her every move was a small price to pay for getting to watch this hottest of cheerleaders, dance up close from behind. She always looked so hot, but especially while dancing.  
  
They found the dancing a bit more complicated than the night before. It had been dark, which had had the effect of turning the windows into mirrors, so the girls could be facing away and still keep an eye on how the guys were doing. During the daytime, the reflections were gone. Instead of them dancing all at once, the girls took turns. First Dale would dance with the guys behind, while Carly offered tips, and then they would switch. They ended up working on the dance for about an hour or so, and then it was time to say goodbye so Carly and Felipe could get going.  
  
Dale couldn’t let them leave without a reminder about how important it was to her that they both help her keep her secret. Nate could tell that she was still uneasy about the group of those “in the know” having grown, and there was nothing she could do about it. He had forced the situation upon her. He knew it was especially disquieting to her since these two were her age, and she would see them every day at school.  
  
He was sure it would be fine, but he realized that he had broken one of the major tenets of their arrangement. He had told her that she could always back out. In this case, she had been denied that option. That hadn’t really occurred to him until it was too late, but as he thought about it, he would still have gone through with the plan. How could he surprise her, nude like that in the back country, and give her the option of backing out?

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 99: Alone At Last**

Nate and Dale stood on the deck, watching Carly and Felipe head down the trail together. They were both trying to see if they might catch the two holding hands, but they did not.  
  
At first they said nothing, but once the two were about to disappear into the tree line, Dale remarked, “Can you believe those two?”  
  
“How do you mean?” replied Nate.  
  
“I mean what an unlikely couple! No one would ever fix those two up together. And yet I guess that is what we did. I mean, if I had gone looking for a blind date for Carly, Felipe is absolutely the last person I might have ever considered. Well, after Kenny, of course. He has nothing in common with any of the guys she has been attracted to in the past,” said Dale. “And what is more, he’s Latino. Not that I’m racist, but it never would have occurred to me that she might date a Latino.”  
  
“And on the flip side, I would never have fixed up Felipe with anyone at all,” said Nate. “In my experience, he has almost never been able to utter a single coherent word around the opposite sex. You saw that here this weekend. That night at the pizza parlor was such a surprise,” said Nate. “It was almost comical how tongue tied he was around naked you this weekend. That’s the Felipe I know.”  
  
“Yeah, Carly was sure pissed at me. When she and I took that walk while you guys were making dinner….my God was she mad at me, livid!” said Dale.  
  
“I’m so curious about what you guys talked about,” said Nate. “When you left, you weren’t on speaking terms. But then she came back topless. That was sure a surprise! How in the hell did that come about?”  
  
“Well, we just talked and talked. I learned quite a bit. I didn’t know how much she likes Felipe. What was really bugging her, but you probably know this, was the affect my nudity was having on him. Part of it was that he was tongue tied, but a bigger factor, even though she never came right out and said it, was that she was worried he wouldn’t be interested in her. As in, ‘how does a dressed girl compete with a naked one?’ She wanted me to put my clothes on.”  
  
“But you didn’t have any clothes to put on,” interjected Nate.  
  
“Exactly! Well…she could have loaned me something of hers, but you know I would never have considered that. Now you are figuring out why she came back topless. I simply hinted that if she was worried about not being noticed, she could do something about it,” said Dale.  
  
“So why didn’t she come back nude then, I mean completely level the playing field,” said Nate.  
  
“You know, I never suggested that, but she actually talked about doing it,” said Dale.  
  
“Why didn’t she?” asked Nate. “I mean, the obvious way to compete with fully nude, is to go fully nude, right?”  
  
“Well, she seemed to be giving it some thought. But she mentioned being pretty unkempt down below. But that would be understandable. Unlike me, in confidence, she’s far from being a virgin, very far. But with Darrell in jail, she’s been out of action for quite some time now, if you know what I mean,” said Dale. “But I told her that if she wanted to be noticed, that topless would do the trick.”  
  
“That it did! She got noticed alright!” said Nate. “When Felipe and I went for a walk this morning, he could not stop talking about how perfect her tits are. He went on and on!”  
  
“Oh I could tell! You guys were both drooling over her. I figured out how she must have been feeling. At times, I felt like I wasn’t even there,” said Dale.  
  
“You’re kidding, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“No, actually I’m not. I saw the looks on your faces, but it’s OK. But you were so busted! Paying all that attention to another lady in the presence of your girlfriend,” said Dale, “But she does have an awesome pair, doesn’t she?”.  
  
“You have an awesome pair!” said Nate.  
  
“It’s alright, don’t worry. I’m very happy with how I look. I know I won the genetic lottery. I just didn’t win the grand prize like Carly. But any bigger, and my gymnastics would surely suffer. Believe it or not, I’m probably the most top heavy girl on the squad,” added Dale. “But like I probably told you, that’s not saying much. Something about gymnastics shrinks the titties, or maybe the girls with big boobs simply drop out once they develop.”  
  
“It must be something like that,” replied Nate. “I’ve been to a few gymnastics meets, as you know. But I’m in heaven. I’ve always been a quality over quantity guy myself.”  
  
Dale smiled at that comment, “Well, I’ve mostly been happy with how I look, and now I like how I look even better. You know, the jewelry!” said Dale, supporting and squeezing her breasts from below and looking down at her pierced nipples admiringly.  
  
“You look so very awesome!” said Nate.  
  
After an extended pause he continued, “But back to Carly and Felipe, Felipe told me that it was Carly who pushed the beds together after the lights went out.”  
  
“I thought so!”  
  
“And he told me that there was quite a bit of kissing going on over at that end of the room last night,” added Nate.  
  
“Nate! You’re such a gossip!” said Dale.  
  
“Sorry.”  
  
“Kissing at that end of the room, and heavy petting at our end of the room,” said Dale. “All that butt action. You sure got my motor running. I wanted to take it up a notch, but I was so worried they’d hear us.”  
  
“I wouldn’t have cared,” said Nate. “But why would that have bothered you? I mean, you are an unabashed exhibitionist, after all?”  
  
“That’s completely different,” said Dale. “I’m OK with nudity being public, but the physical side of our relationship? I’d like that to remain private.”  
  
“But back to Carly and Felipe; you and I can feel good about that. You know, we brought them together. I’m happy for them. I’m so glad they seem to both be finding something in each other. Carly definitely needs a friend and she definitely needs to move on,” said Dale.  
  
“In a way, you and I are like Carly and Felipe,” said Nate.  
  
“What do you mean?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, I’m not Latino, but I don’t think anyone would have fixed us up, either. None of your friends, nor any of my friends would have set us up for a blind date, right?” said Nate.  
  
“Yeah, that never would have happened,” admitted Dale.  
  
“You called them an ‘unlikely couple’. Well, we must be just as unlikely of a couple,” said Nate.  
  
“Agreed. But we are a happy couple. At least, I am happy being a couple with you,” declared Dale, hugging him tightly around the midsection.  
  
“I don’t think I could be any happier,” said Nate.  
  
“We do have fun together, don’t we?” said Dale. “But I should still be mad at you for setting me up this weekend. I need to work on being madder when you do things like that. I should probably break up with you!”  
  
“Why would you do that? You had fun…this all worked out. There were bumpy moments, but all’s well that ends well. Besides, if you broke up with me, then I’d just have to blackmail you. One way or another, you are stuck with me!” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, you…” said Dale, and she started punching him. They were now back inside the lookout and the punching turned into wrestling, which gave way to making out.  
  
Later, Nate brought up the subject of dinner saying, “Dale, dinner tonight is your meal. When do I get to find out what you’re planning?”  
  
“All in due time, Buster!” said Dale.  
  
After giving it a little thought, she continued, “Actually, there is no time like the present. But I’m worried you’ll think I am lazy or overly sentimental.”  
  
“You, lazy? Hardly!” said Nate.  
  
“Well, anyway, I decided I wanted to recreate our first dinner. You know, the night of my rescue by my own personal Knight in Shining Armor. So I brought hot dogs for a campfire. You do remember that first campfire, don’t you?” asked Dale.  
  
“Absolutely! You’re kidding, right? If I live to be 90, I’ll still remember that campfire. My life changed that day,” responded Nate.  
  
“Mine too! What a coincidence! I even brought the same pasta salad from the deli section…and S’mores for later if you’re good, and I don’t get too cold,” said Dale.  
  
“But where can we have a fire?” asked Nate.  
  
“I looked over the info from Mike in detail. There was a fire circle noted on the diagram. When I went for that walk with Carly, I found it. It will be perfect, but there was no wood. We’ll have to scrounge up the firewood,” said Dale.  
  
“I can be in charge of the fire, if you like,” said Nate.  
  
“OK. At first I was thinking of being Ika, and having you be my caveman. But then I decided that I preferred being Dale and you being Nate. In other words, I wanted to recreate that evening rather than do something different,” said Dale. She continued, “I know it wasn’t our first REAL date, but when I think back, it sort of seems as if it was our first date. I can still be Ika some other time.”  
  
“Can you recreate the private little gymnastics demo? You know, straddle support, press handstand, all that?” asked Nate pleadingly.  
  
“I suppose, it wouldn’t be the same without that, now would it?” said Dale. “But if you want me to do that, you’ll have to scrounge up a big log…or did I see one there?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 100: Too Nosey for his Own Good**

Nate and Dale both had fun trying to recreate that first dinner as faithfully as they could manage. Even though it was difficult, Nate had even gone to the trouble of moving the big log that was indeed there. Not because it was in a bad spot, but simply because it wasn’t in the right spot. The spot that would make this fire circle as much like the other one as possible.  
  
Nate insisted that Dale eat her dinner straddling the log, pulling her pussy open and placing it so very central in his field of view. He didn’t really need to insist. It was a natural, comfortable position for her, so she probably would have eaten in that position had she been alone. But also, she liked having her pussy on display, and what is more, she remembered just as well as he did.  
  
When it was time, Dale began the obligatory gymnastics show with the Press Handstand just as before. “You’ll recall me saying that the real show was going to be behind me,” said Dale.  
  
“I remember that,” said Nate. “Being that it was our first day together, you were really quite shy!”  
  
“I was, wasn’t I?” said Dale. “I remember saying something like…” she paused what she was saying until she had advance the trick into the handstand positon with her legs straight out to the side. “…you can’t see from where you are sitting, but I’m spread open as wide as possible. Now the ceiling is getting the view you thought only the floor would get of a nude gymnast doing the splits.”  
  
“I remember being awestruck by your power, balance and control,” said Nate. “But I also remember being struck speechless by your beauty.”  
  
“Tell the truth, Nate,” said Dale. “In the first place you weren’t speechless. And in the second place , if you didn’t say something, it was because your little mind was already plotting my next ambush. You probably already had arranged for both Mike and Mitchell to be there at a certain time the next day, hadn’t you?”  
  
“Actually I had,” said Nate.  
  
“But when would you have even had time?” said Dale.  
  
“I can’t give up all my secrets,” said Nate.  
  
“You and your secrets,” said Dale. “You and all the tricks you play on your girl. You are really quite devious. And just so I get it off my chest, it made me very sad that you threw away half of our alone time this weekend. Why would you even do that? I hope it doesn’t mean that you only like being with me when you are showing me off to others.”  
  
“Wow! That is a loaded thought!” said Nate. “Why could you even think that? Let’s take a break from the gymnastics demonstration to talk.”  
  
“Nope, sorry. No break! I need to stick to my routine. I want this to be an authentic recreation,” said Dale. “But even if I was sad about the alone time issue, I am very glad that you and Carly talked and seem to be getting along. You both are so important to me, that I can’t stand for you two to not be friends. I am so glad that you two talked, even if it was just to arrange a conspiracy, and even if I was the target.”  
  
Nate didn’t comment, so Dale continued, hugging him close, “Thanks so much for trying to get along with Carly. And even if I felt bad about losing half our alone time, it was worth it to me to have you and she get to know each other better this weekend. She really is a nice person, isn’t she?”  
  
“Nice person?” asked Nate. “Are we talking about the same girl? Carly seemed to be going out of her way to be mean to you. I think the world of you. I respect everything about you. It was so hard for me to hear you being called things like prostitute.”  
  
“That was pretty much your own fault, Nate,” said Dale. “As I remember it, you were the one offering my body in barter.”  
  
“I guess that is a fair thing to say,” said Nate. “But I never said anything about sex, only about spectator rights? Offering looks is not really offering your body, per se. Carly, on the other hand, seemed to cross the line. She seemed to go beyond fun teasing and innocent name calling.”  
  
“Well, I guess you’re right. But she is dealing with a lot right now. I’ll explain some time, but right now we have a gymnastics demo to get back to. Quit distracting me!” said Dale.  
  
“OK, great. And since you are now less shy, why don’t you show me what that Straddle Lever Support to a Press Handstand again, but this time turned around.”  
  
“OK, but you better be good. If you promise to keep your fingers and tongue to yourself, I’ll do it shocking close to where you are sitting. Shockingly close!” said Dale. “Don’t forget the imaginary thong rules.”  
  
“Dale, the first time I heard about the imaginary thong, I liked the idea a lot. At that time, it opened up a lot of territory. But now it has been a little while since the border last shifted,” said Nate.  
  
“Too bad for you, little boy,” said Dale. “Besides, the border can really only shift one more time. And that time will probably be associated with a certain lottery. Better hope you’re lucky! Now toss these paper plates into the fire and I’ll show you what you missed that fateful day back in August, when you just happened to be sitting on the wrong end of the log.”  
  
Dale did the straddle lever support position so close to him that she had to start sitting on his lap, facing away. Her hands were on the log, placed right between his knees. She slowly rotated up in a splits position. She was conscious that her butt and pussy would come just inches from her face.  
  
Just as she was about to start to sweep the large arcs with her feet to bring them together overhead, she felt something enter her pussy. In shock, she cartwheel away from Nate, and faced him incensed. “What in that hell was that!” she yelled, as she took a step toward him and aimed a slap at his smirking face.  
  
Nate was ready for her, and grabbed her wrist before her hand reached his face.  
  
“I thought I was clear about the fingers and tongues,” she said, “And I shouldn’t even have had to say anything at all. You know the rules!”  
  
“Yes, but since you mentioned fingers and tongue specifically, I thought that…”  
  
“You thought what?” said Dale as Nate had not finished his sentence.  
  
“I thought that my nose wasn’t under any restrictions,” said Nate meekly.  
  
To Nate it looked like he was going to be in big trouble, but then he saw a hint of a smile cross Dale’s lips. “You stuck your nose in me?” she asked.  
  
“It’s not like I really had to move to do it,” said Nate. “I mean it is almost just as true to say that you planted your pussy on my nose.”  
  
Dale looked like she was about to start laughing. “I guess I’m glad your nose isn’t any longer. I don’t think I’d like the idea of losing my virginity to a nose. You better be telling the truth!” she said pointing her index finger at him and smiling.  
  
“Well, if I was lying, then my nose would grow longer, and…”  
  
“Enough, enough,” said Dale. “I don’t need to hear the rest of the Pinocchio analogy. I am ready to forgive you the one little transgression, if you promise to respect the imaginary thong again.”  
  
“I promise, but I am not sure you want me to continue to respect the imaginary thong,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ll decide when things change, but for now you need to respect the imaginary thong, got it!” said Dale, forcing as much sternness as she could muster.  
  
Nate agreed, with a measure of reluctance. He knew his day would come. But he was secretly very glad that he had plunged his nose into her vagina. Why not? How much is one boy expected to be able to withstand without ever giving into temptation?  
  
Unfortunately the first campfire reenactment had been entirely derailed by all the talk and the nose sex incident. And it had gotten cold, too cold for Dale, so they put out the fire and headed back to the lookout and back up the long stairway.  
  
Inside they managed to make s’mores over the stove. Even if their authenticity fell somewhat short, they were at least a part of the evening, as of course they needed to be.  
  
After they had finished their s’mores and were relaxing, Nate said, “You know there is another campfire event worthy of reenacting, if you are in the mood. And since it is now too cold outside, we could do it in here, just like we did with the s’mores. You know, since I gave half of our alone time away, gave it to Carly and Felipe, we should make up for it by going double-duty with the time that we do have.”  
  
“OK, I’m game. But which event are you referring to, pray tell?” said Dale.  
  
“The time just before it rained,” said Nate. “Remember, it was the first time that I had seen you naked after we became boyfriend and girlfriend.”  
  
“I had fun dancing in the rain,” said Dale.  
  
“Yep, that time. Before it rained, I said something like, ‘It’s really fun to have a naked girlfriend! I think I’d like to take advantage of you,” said Nate.  
  
“And I said, ‘Nate, you know that’s not allowed’, right?” said Dale.  
  
“Exactly!” said Nate, turning off the light so that only post sunset glow filled the room.  
  
“But there’s no log to sit on here,” said Dale.  
  
“Who needs a log? I’ll sit on this chair, and then you sit on my lap facing me,” said Nate.  
  
“I know, and now I say, ‘OK…but you better be good’,” said Dale as she climbed onto his lap. “Now what do we do.  
  
“Don’t you remember? We kiss a lot,” said Nate. With that, he placed a hand behind her head as he remembered doing, bringing her head down toward his and they started kissing. As they had before, they hungrily enjoyed their passion, intertwining their tongues.  
  
Nate let his hands wander. “This is where it starts to differ from that first time,” he said, moving both hands way down onto her butt cheeks and massaging them in earnest. As he had on that prior visit to his camp, he started kissing his way down her neck to her chest.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 101: A Bedtime Hike**

Dale could feel that she was wet, and she knew that Nate had to be able to smell her scent. It was, of course, just one aspect of being a woman, but it was one that was a little hard to come to terms with. Having an odor when aroused was embarrassing. It seemed so animalistic, and was, of course, completely uncontrollable.  
  
She pushed thoughts of her scent out of her head, saying, “Nate, I’m enjoying all the attention. And your caresses feel divine, but please don’t wreck our evening. I wouldn’t be able to forgive another transgression and maintain my dignity, you know.”  
  
“Don’t worry girlfriend, my nose is way up here,” he said.  
  
After a few moments she asked, “Did you wash it?”  
  
“Should I have?” he asked.  
  
She didn’t respond, instead taking in a deep breath. She leaned her head back, closing her eyes, simply letting herself enjoy the kisses on her chest…and, of course, all the caressing.  
  
For her part, she was feeling more comfortable with the physical aspects of their relationship. She was starting to pay more attention to Nate, with her own hands.  
  
She caressed his head and shoulders very tenderly as she allowed herself to enjoy the sensations in her body.  
  
Suddenly, Nate leaned back and contemplated her chest. “You know Dale, I’ve given those typed up piercing rules a little thought. Do you think they might have been written by lawyers? Do you really think that not allowing the titties to be touched at all is really where the line needs to be drawn, to prevent infection?”  
  
“They are probably very conservative guidelines,” said Dale. “But you know how passion is…one thing leads to another.”  
  
“Yes it does,” said Nate, “For example, we went on a hike today. We hiked to Buford Peak. We reached the base of the peak.”  
  
He moved his head again to the center of her chest and started licking the area where the swell of her right breast began. He concentrated on just one small area.  
  
Opening up a little gap to talk, he said, “We didn’t, but very easily we could have walked around the entire peak rather than climbing it. We could have stayed right at the base of the peak, all the way around. Similarly I could make my way all the way around, being very careful to stay right at the base,  
  
He slowly licked an entire circle around her right breast, being very carefully to stay right at the base, half of his tongue ‘on’ and the other half ‘off’.  
  
“After we have circled Mr. Buford Peak, we might have noticed Mrs. Buford Peak right next to Mr. Buford Peak,” said Nate. “And we might have walked over to its base.”  
  
He allowed his tongue to cross the center of her chest, to the base of her left breast.  
  
Dale was now looking down at him with an amused smile on her lips. She was arching her back, allowing him the best access to her sensitive titties as she could. She didn’t want to stop him. She expected that he would not break the intent of the rules, even though he was clearly planning on breaking the letter of the rules.  
  
“And over at Mrs. Buford Peak we could have also decided to walk around its perimeter.  
Again, right where the ‘tit’ and the ‘not-the-tit’ meet,” said Nate.  
  
Again he slowly licked the entire circle, right at the base, half of his tongue ‘on’ and the other half ‘off’.  
  
“Indeed, hiking the perimeter of both peaks, we might have decided to go home and call it a day,” said Nate.  
  
“No! Not that!” said Dale, playing along.  
  
Nate looked up into her eyes. He quickly gave her a little kiss on the lips, saying, “Right, we probably wouldn’t do that. More likely we would decide on hiking a figure eight around both the mister and the missus, right where the ‘tit’ and the ‘not-the-tit’ meet,” said Nate.  
  
Very slowly he licked that route. Pausing, he said, “Once, twice, and thrice for good measure.” He continued licking.  
  
“But then we’d notice the foothills just above the base of each peak, and we’d realize that the route around each peak would be a little shorter if we stayed part way up in the foothills,” said Nate. “To test the theory we decided to climb just a little ways up Mr. Buford Peak, and circumnavigate the peak around the foothills.”  
  
He started licking around her right breast.  
  
Pausing he said, “And we found we were right, so we kept going!”  
  
“Nate, circumnavigate is for ships, not for hiking,” said Dale.  
  
He looked up her, interrupting the licking, “Right! Circum-walking! No, wait! Circumventing! That’s it!”  
  
He returned to licking around the ‘foothills’ of her right breast, Mr. Buford Peak.  
  
“Nate, circumventing? Really?” said Dale, looking down at the wet circles he was making on her chest.  
  
“Absolutely! Mr. and Mrs. Buford happen to be volcanos, so they have these little vents right here on top,” he said, indicating her nipples. “So, circumventing!”  
  
“I see,” said Dale, “So they are volcanos! But Nate, I think Mrs. Buford is feeling a bit lonely.”  
  
“Oh, we can’t have that!”  
  
“No, I think she needs to be circumvented too!” said Dale.  
  
Dale was enjoying the attention so much. She wished that it had been a month already so that Nate could conquer her summits. Knowing that that was out of the question, she said, “Nate, why don’t we get ready for bed? I think that all this hiking might be even better if Mr. and Mrs. Buford were pointing straight up, like regular volcanos, rather than sideways, like here on your lap. And after you are done hiking the ‘tit’ and the ‘not-the-tit’, you could always try a ‘not-the-pussy’ hike. That is, if your tongue isn’t getting too worn out. Pussies aren’t volcanos, but maybe it too needs to be circum-somethinged. I’m sure you’ll come up with something.”  
  
After a lengthy pause she continued, “Just not circumcised. In this relationship, I should be the only one naked, and you should be the only one circumcised, OK?”  
  
“Agreed,” he said, and they shook on it.  
  
They hiked down the stairs, holding hands and feeling very close. Nate had had had some other activities in mind, in case they got bored. He had not counted on the ability to fill time in the mountains with ‘hiking’.  
  
They took turns using the toilet, returning then to the lookout where they brushed their teeth and set up their bed. Amazing how quick some things can be done, when you want to get back to an enjoyable activity involving tongues and titties, with butt fondling thrown in for good measure.  
  
To his surprise, Dale had also tried her hand at butt caressing and fondling; tentatively at first, but then she seemed to warm up to it. In addition to that, she had stroked his shoulders and his chest more tenderly and affectionately than ever before.  
  
It made him very happy to realize that she seemed to warming up to the idea of participating more fully in their progressing physical relationship. Things hadn’t really seemed that out of balance, but her tender caresses that evening made him realize that he had been giving more than receiving.  
  
Later, after Dale had fallen asleep, Nate lay in bed thinking. The campfire had worked out wonderfully. He thought about how nice it had been to learn how sentimental she was about that first weekend together. As he listened to her soft breathing, he again started thinking of himself as the luckiest man alive, lying there next to the girl he was in love with.  
  
He chuckled at himself for poking his nose into her pussy. ‘What could have come over him?’ he thought. He decided not to chastise himself too severely for it. It hadn’t been planned. It was one of those spur of the moment things that you almost feel like you are watching yourself do, rather than actually deciding to do.  
  
Nate didn’t know it, but Dale herself had fallen asleep also feeling very lucky. ‘Where did I get this guy?’ she had been thinking. She was new to having her titties fondled, but she had heard other girls talk about it, and often not in very favorable terms.  
  
Sometimes she could tell that they had enjoyed it, but often it was just described as, ‘Grope, grope, grope. Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze. Rub, rub, rub.’ Nate’s hike around her twin peaks had been very different. Strange, yet fun. And somehow she knew that he was just getting started, in terms of creativity. Life with him might end up being lots of fun.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 102: Nate's Morning Surprise**

Nate awoke to wet hair in his face. He tried to turn over to get away, but then he figured out that Dale was putting her wet hair in his face on purpose, to him wake up. “Dale, that’s not nice. Why are you doing that?” he asked.  
  
“Well, first I tried to wake you up gently with a sexy shower show, but that didn’t work. You just kept sleeping right through the best parts, and let me tell you, there were some very erotic parts. So if the nice wake up that I planned didn’t work for me, I decided that you deserved harsh treatment,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, now I’m regretting what I missed,” said Nate.  
  
“Too bad for you, but I have other plans, so all is not lost. Go downstairs, use the restroom, and take your time. When you’re done, come back up and we’ll see,” said Dale. It took him a minute to get moving, but he followed her instructions.  
  
When Nate returned, he was surprised to see Dale sitting in a chair in the middle of the room eating a big bowl of popcorn. “Popcorn…for breakfast? Where did you get popcorn?” asked Nate.  
  
“It’s just microwave popcorn. It was in the food bag with the hot dogs that I put in your pack,” answered Dale. “It’s for my show!”  
  
“Your show?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yep, it’s time for my show,” said Dale. “Remember yesterday when the subject of secrets came up? I told you that you might soon be looking a dwindling number of secrets. Well, the time has come!”  
  
“What do you want to know?” asked Nate.  
  
“You mean, what do I want to SEE?” she corrected him. “It’s time for me to see what you’ve got. See how my chair is facing the shower. You need a shower and I’m going to watch. It’s Show Time!”  
  
Nate had known, hoped actually, that one day, if their unlikely relationship continued, things would become more intimate. He had been forcing himself to not push her before she was ready.  
  
Indeed, he had just slept with an absolutely naked Dale for two nights in a row. And he had remained a gentleman, mostly respected the imaginary thong, despite very strong urges. He had just been biding his time until the time was right. Not in his wildest dreams did he imagine that it would go down like this.  
  
“So am I just supposed to undress and shower?” he asked.  
  
“Bing, bing, bing, we have a winner! Now get on with it, Buster!” answered Dale, “It’s about time I know what I’m dealing with. I mean, it’s only fair. How long has it been since you first saw me naked? Months? Years? Now get a move on!”  
  
Nate started to pull his shirt off over his head.  
  
“What’s the hold up, Buster?” she asked, egging him on. He could tell that she was trying to act bold and confident, even though she was in uncomfortable territory. Dale stood up, saying, “C’mon, c’mon. You’ve seen mine, now it is time for me to see yours!” She was putting on an act, to try and hide her faltering confidence.  
  
“No hold up, Dale. That’s completely fair,” said Nate, placing his shirt carefully on the bed. “I knew that this day would come. Actually, I have wanted this day to come.”  
  
Nate had never considered himself well-endowed, nor poorly endowed, but he did tend to think that his height, his physical size tended to make his dick look proportionally…not so large. However, at that moment his dick was as pumped up as ever. At least her first look would be with it at its largest.  
  
Nate continued, “Like I said, I wanted this day to come. I just never pictured that it might happen like this, in the morning, rather than at night during a time involving lots of kissing and passion. But it’s all good. It’s a natural step in a relationship. Your way is good. Frankly, your way is best, because it is your way.”  
  
He removed his pajamas and placed them on his shirt. Now that he was down to just his underwear, Dale suddenly seemed to change. The pseudo-brave look on her face disappeared, and she suddenly looked unsure. She turned meekly, taking a few steps away.  
  
After a moment she continued softly, “I’m sorry Nate. I don’t want this to be uncomfortable. I’ve always been kind of scared of those things,” she said, pointing back at the front of his briefs. “Apprehensive, yet curious. Frankly, I’m scared stiff, but excited as hell! That makes no sense, I know.”  
  
“It makes complete sense, and nothing is uncomfortable. It’s something that kids supposedly say, ‘you’ve seen mine, so now show me yours.’ But the logic is sound and undeniable,” said Nate. “Now please, sit back down with your popcorn. Like you said, It’s Show Time.”  
  
He was trying to be mature, trying to be brave. Never would he have imagined that he might be showing Dale his dick in this way. She was unsure and getting cold feet, but this was what she had decided upon, and she had given it enough advanced thought and planning to bring popcorn.  
  
He needed make sure it ended up being a nice memory for her. Once Dale was seated, he turned and faced away. He looked over his shoulder, and then whipped his underwear down and off as quickly as he could manage, tossing them with his other clothes..  
  
‘Best to just get that over with quickly,’ he thought.  
  
His untanned buns were in full view and he tried to strike his best pose. He thought of Michelangelo’s David, as he stood looking over his left shoulder. The look of delight on her face emboldened him. He winked, but she didn’t see it. She was too busy staring at his butt.  
  
“Are you ready for me to turn around?” he asked, feeling a lot of tension knowing that the final reveal was at hand.  
  
She didn’t respond.  
  
“How come I don’t get any stripper music?” asked Nate. “You have it on your phone, right?”  
  
“Too late for that, Naked Boy!” she said, throwing a single piece of popcorn at him.  
  
Nate turned half way around, giving her a profile view of his dick. That broke the tension for him, and he walked around behind her chair, letting her look. She followed him with her wide open eyes. His dick was a full attention, bobbing a little as he walked. It was pointing straight at the ceiling, the head barely more than an inch from his belly.  
  
He continued watching Dale as he walked on around her chair until he was again right in front of her.  
  
He was trying to be mature about this, and not embarrass himself in from of her, but it was far from easy. It was his first time nude in front of a girl. He had been examined in medical settings, and he was used to being naked in the boys locker room, but this was completely different.  
  
Summoning all his courage, he turned and faced her, taking a step in her direction. Based on her out of the blue question, he figured that she was quite interested in his circumcision. He took another step toward her, making it even easier to see.  
  
She did seem to be enjoying the little show, at the very least she was staring.  
  
“This is a little bit hard for me,” he finally admitted out loud.  
  
“It looks very hard,” she said. “But it seems to always be hard, real hard,” said Dale, somewhat quietly. “But you aren’t an exhibitionist like me.”  
  
“No, I’m not. I’m not hard because I’m on display. I’m hard because you are on display, Naked Girl,” he said.  
  
He went to his bag and got what he needed for his shower.  
  
“Is it shower time?” he asked.  
  
“Yes, time for that shower!” she said. “And Nate, thanks for being a good sport. I’d been worrying about actually doing this, but you made it OK.”  
  
“It’s all OK,” said Nate. Thinking he continued, “Would you like to touch it?”  
  
She shook her head indicating that the answer was, ‘No’, and he didn’t push it.  
  
He went and started his shower, doing his best to act as if nothing were out of the ordinary. He went through his routine in his customary order, shampoo, soap the body, and finally shave.  
  
He had always shaved in the shower, never understanding why some guys needed to look in the mirror to be able to do it. He tried to simply face this way and that, letting Dale see all sides. Mostly he was trying to appear as if he was neither trying to hide his dick, nor show it off.  
  
It was amazing how much thought and effort it took to make it look as if he was giving it no thought or effort. He would steal glances of Dale, there in her chair, watching the show, eating her popcorn, and trying to make it all look as relaxed as possible.  
  
As he turned off the shower, he held out his arms offering her a big wet hug. She stood up, but tossed him a towel instead. He dried himself, finishing by wrapping the towel around his waist.  
  
“Nate, can I have the towel back,” she said.  
  
Realizing that it wasn’t over yet, he took off the towel and tossed it back to her. She laid it aside.  
  
“You’ve been such a good sport, that you shouldn’t really have to do this, but you do. I have a Show Time, Part 2, in mind!” said Dale.  
  
“Ok, what did you have in mind?” he asked. “Are you ready to touch me?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 103: Nate's Rocks**

She said something so softly that he didn’t hear what she had said.  
  
“Sorry, what was that?” he asked.  
  
“I said I want to see it squirt,” she said so he could hear. “I mean, ejaculate”  
  
“Here?” asked Nate.  
  
She looked sheepishly into his eyes, nodding.  
  
Trying to sound as mature as he could manage, he said, “OK, come here. Give me a kiss me, and I’ll walk you through it.”  
  
“That’s not what I had in mind,” said Dale. “I already told you I’m a little scared of your thingy. Don’t you want to help me get past that? If I’m going to someday make it ejaculate on my own, I’d like to see what I’m dealing with first.”  
  
“You mean that you want me to, uh…”  
  
She looked at him, biting the nail of her thumb, and nodding her head, ‘Yes’.  
  
“Are you serious? It’s hard enough just standing here with a boner,” said Nate.  
  
“Well then, this can be your punishment, Naked Boy,” she said.  
  
“Punishment?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yep, your punishment for setting me up this weekend,” she said. “OK, I’ll give you a choice. Make yourself ejaculate now, or if you prefer, you can do it this evening after we get back, but for a bigger audience. For Carly and I! That is what I should make you do. You shared me with friends, so I should share you with friends.” said Dale, trying to act stern, her fists firmly planted on her hips.  
  
Nate snickered. He couldn’t help himself. She looked so darn cute. Naked, not even wearing her shoes, feet firmly planted a comfortable distance apart, fists on her hips, and such a serous expression. And to top it all off, she was saying that she wanted to watch him jack off.  
  
“What?” she asked, trying to figure out what was so funny.  
  
“You are so cute, I could just eat you up,” he said.  
  
“Now be serious,” she said.  
  
“There’s no way I could do that in front of Carly,” said Nate.  
  
“OK then, stop wasting time, but don’t point it at me,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, I can’t touch myself in front of you. This isn’t fair!” pleaded Nate.  
  
“Fair? And was it fair to expose me to Carly and Felipe?” asked Dale.  
  
“But I’m in charge of your nudity. You put me in charge. That means when and where…and who sees you,” said Nate.  
  
“OK, then I’m in charge of your thingy and your ejaculations. That’s fair,” said Dale.  
  
“I guess I’ll do it, but you have to call it a ‘dick’, not a thingy. I don’t want to have a ‘thingy’. And you have to say ‘cum’ and ‘jack off’,” said Nate.  
  
Dale hesitated. Talking about this was hard enough without using street language.  
  
“What’s the problem? You refer to yours as a pussy,” said Nate.  
  
“OK, OK, Naked Boy,” said Dale. “Jack off for me. I want to see your dick cum…just be careful where you point it. Satisfied?”  
  
Nate knew that he had no choice now. He grasped his dick gently with his right hand, thumb on top, four fingers below, and started moving his hand slowly.  
  
“I usually need some type of porn for this,” admitted Nate.  
  
“Well, then this is perfect. You’ve got me. Live porn! I don’t know how many times I heard this weekend that I look like a porn star!” said Dale. “Here, let me help you a little.”  
  
Nate knew that she wasn’t offering help with the stroking.  
  
Instead she raised her hands over her head and shook her hair back. With her arms raised, she started flexing her torso. As he watched she did her signature move, tracing figure eights in the air with her nipples. My God did he ever love it when she did that. Carly was absolutely right, she absolutely had a body built for porn. She continued to put on a slow little show, nothing extreme, no splits or bending over, mostly just some provocative stretching. But never once did she take her eyes off his dick.  
  
Nate tried to slow down. Even though this was embarrassing, he wanted to make it last. He didn’t want her to think he had no stamina, but nature was taking its course. And suddenly he knew it was too late. His eyes glazed over and in seconds great globs of cum were shooting out, landing on the floor several feet away from where he stood. His knees felt as if they might buckle.  
  
He looked at Dale. She had stopped moving and her eyes were as large as saucers, staring intensely at his boner as the pulsating contractions started to subside. Nate leaned against the counter, his whole body suddenly feeling heavy.  
  
He looked over at Dale and saw her mouth the word, “Wow!” He was feeling droopy, but she was up on her toes, bouncing with excitement. “Wow,” she said again, audibly this time. “Wow, do you realize that we should be in Señora Flores’s class right now. This beats the heck out of Spanish!”  
  
Nate nodded in agreement. “Can I have a hug? You aren’t going to think less of me now because I did that in front of you, are you? Do you still respect me?” he asked with a teasing smile.  
  
“Don’t be silly Naked Boy! That was way cool! Now I want you to do it for me and Carly this evening. How long does it take to reload?” asked Dale.  
  
“Fortunately, I know you’re kidding,” said Nate.  
  
“Actually, I am kidding. But it was so cool! I’m definitely thinking of when to have you do that again. I know, maybe during cheerleader practice. That would be something!” said Dale, with a hint of excitement in her eyes.  
  
“Don’t even think about that!” said Nate. “Remember what you said last night, about wanting the physical side of our relationship to remain private.”  
  
“I did say that, didn’t I?” said Dale. “Well, I guess what I meant applies to only the physical relationship that involves us both. Technically you jacking off is fine. It doesn’t involve us both.”  
  
“I’ve got a better plan,” said Nate. “Next time, you’ll do the jacking off. That way it does involve us both, so your privacy preference applies. And besides, that will be more fun for us both.”  
  
“Wishful thinking,” said Dale.  
  
She walked over to him, giving him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. “Now put your pants on…enough Naked Boy for one day. I did want to see your, um…circumcised dick and how it works. I mean, I wanted to see you cum. But now I have. It’s time to go back to me being the only one naked. Sorry.”  
  
“Nothing to be sorry about,” said Nate. “I’m quite happy with you being the only one naked, and me, of course, being the only one circumcised. That’s what works for this relationship,” said Nate, as he started to pull on a clean pair of underwear.  
  
After breakfast, they decided to head out earlier than they had been planning.  
  
Dale wanted some time to lay in the sun to work on her tan. She had gotten quite a bit of sun during the weekend, but not evenly distributed. They both remembered some wonderful viewpoints along the hike in and decided that one of them would be a perfect place for relaxing and tanning.  
  
They worked together putting the lookout back into the required state before leaving. There was no maid service, so it had to be clean, just like they had found it. Once that was done, they headed out.  
  
Once Dale found a spot along the trail that she liked, they stopped. Nate took off his pack and spread out the blanket they had used for their picnic on the peak so that she would be comfortable. Dale sat down saying, “Finally a chance to work on erasing my tan lines!”  
  
“What tan lines?” asked Nate.  
  
“I guess someone is not paying very good attention to his ‘whole’…with a ‘w’…girlfriend,” said Dale, kicking off her shoes. “See, my ankle tan lines. They have only gotten worse this weekend.”  
  
Nate did see that her feet were quite pale looking compared to her legs. “Well, I should have known, you’re right. But in my defense, I haven’t seen that much of your feet this weekend as you’ve mostly had your shoes on. It is quite obvious when you are barefoot.” Hoping that it would be funny, he continued, “I’ll try to be better at paying attention to all your holes.”  
  
Dale just rolled her eyes at his lame attempt at humor and laying back down she said, “One of these days that mouth of yours is going to get you in a lot of trouble, Buster.”  
  
Nate had brought along a rock and mineral field guide, so he got it out along with the rock samples that he had been collecting along the way. He lined them up along the edge of the blanket and began studying them, while referring to the book. After a while, Dale sat up and watched him examining his small rock collection. She asked, “Nate, what are you doing?”  
  
“Looking for gold,” said Nate.  
  
She considered his comment carefully, “No, Nate, what I’m asking is why are these rocks on my blanket?”  
  
“Are they bothering you?” asked Nate.  
  
“I guess they are OK where they are. I was thinking that I really should make you get your rocks off, but then, I’ve already made you do that once today, now haven’t I?” said Dale.  
  
“Very funny!” said Nate. “I guess I might not be the only one with an evil streak.”  
  
She made a cute little evil laugh and then said, “But seriously now. Are you really looking for gold? Do those have gold in them?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 104: Another Leter from Kelly**

“Most likely not, but see these rocks? I’ve been collecting them all weekend, and numbering them. I’ve written the numbers on the map from Mike so that I know where I found them. They are all various types of granite,” said Nate.  
  
“So, keep going. I’m interested,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, this area of the state was raised up by a giant batholith. In short, a batholith is an injection of volcanic rock that takes place deep underground, cooling very slowly. Because it cools so slowly, crystals form. You can see the crystals in these pieces of granite,” he said, handing her one to examine. “Precious minerals including gold are generally found in quartz veins, adjacent to granite.”  
  
“You’re sounding quite a lot like a professor today,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, I’m sorry,” said Nate.  
  
“Actually, I’m enjoying this. Don’t stop.”  
  
“Well, as you’ve no doubt heard over and over, the town of Prospect was founded by some miners well over a century ago. Those particular mines weren’t very successful, but some of the mines closer to here were. This entire region is on top of one large batholith. To make a long story short, by studying the size of the crystals, one can figure out how quickly the rock cooled. That helps figure out where the edges were underground, and hence where the precious metals are most likely to be found,” concluded Nate.  
  
“I saw you using that hammer, and collecting samples, but I didn’t know why you were doing it,” said Dale.   
  
“I brought my rock hammer along, and I thought you would have had to see me using it, but I was trying to not make a big deal out of it either,” said Nate.  
  
“Well I’m glad you’re interested in geology,” said Dale, lying back down. “That makes me happy. This weekend was supposed to be about me being less selfish. It would seem that we are much more than just pizza compatible. I might not take up geology any time soon, but at least we both have reasons why we like being outdoors and hiking!”  
  
Nate looked at her stretched out spread eagle in the sun. He saw that she was smiling and it gave him that warm happy feeling that he would often get deep inside while thinking about her.  
  
After a bit, Nate put his rocks in a pocket of his pack and got out a sheet of paper. Dale opened her eyes and looked at him. “What is that Nate?”  
  
Nate had gotten out the paper because he had decided that it was time to broach the next subject, “Dale, you and I have another invitation from Kelly.”  
  
Dale sat up, shading her eyes to look at him. “Did she send you another email to read to me?” asked Dale.  
  
“She did,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, we’re going,” said Dale, lying back down. “Please read it, but we’re going.”  
  
Nate unfolded it and read aloud:  
  
Dear Nate,  
We all enjoyed the recent weekend with you and “Carol” immensely. As I had hoped, the hula hoop show was a huge hit. I trust you two had as much fun as we did. Our plans for next Friday are coming together nicely, and you and Carol are invited. Carol will of course be nude the entire time, but she won’t have a very active role. She doesn’t have to worry about shaving any pussy while here. Before you come, please read the following to Carol. Again, these are my terms. Carol will be expected to follow them to the letter.  
  
My Terms:  
Before you leave for your drive, Carol should shave everything. By now you probably think that this goes without saying, but it doesn’t. Carol needs to know that while she is here, she is mine! And that includes her most intimate areas. While she would probably shave her pussy on her own accord, when she shaves it Friday, she will be shaving it because she is following my instructions, to please me. This must be clear and understood. Also, the nipples. Mine! I did not “give” her the diamond tipped barbells. I still own them. They are where they are and staying there, as a symbol of ownership. Pure and simple. In my private conversations with Carol, I’ve given her some inklings of where this is all going and what she needs to prepare herself for.  
  
On Friday, she may neither wear clothes nor bring any with her. To be absolutely clear, she is entirely naked during the drive and there is not an article of clothing for her in the car. She is wearing MY nipple jewelry and shoes, that’s it! We are starting a bit later this time, so arrive as close to 7:30 pm as possible.  
  
While here Carol will follow my instructions exactly. As before, there will be no sex acts. That’s enough for her to know in advance.  
  
Nate:  
• confirm with me that Carol agrees to my terms,  
  
Sincerely, Kelly  
  
As Nate finished, Dale again sat up, shading her eyes to see him in the bright sun. “OK… Wow!” said Dale looking down at the barbells in her nipples. “So these things have more meaning than I thought. But, based on how she talks to me, I shouldn’t really be surprised.”  
  
“I was quite surprised when I first read those lines,” said Nate. “She seemed to have mellowed out. I mean, she seemed friendlier at the convention in the Essex Hotel as compared to the night of the bonfire. Will this Friday be the return of Evil Kelly?”  
  
Dale looked concerned, but Nate also noted a hint of excitement in her expression.  
  
“I thought they always had their Bonfires on Mondays,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, they usually do, but this time Kelly is working around our schedule. I told her that school nights didn’t work well for us. And I told her the football game this week was on Saturday, so she set this up for Friday,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s nice of her,” said Dale. “But the ‘nude on the drive’ part... As I said, I’m in, but I don’t much like that part…it just seems so risky. Sure it’s fun, but it’s risky.”  
  
“But you’ve done it,” said Nate.  
  
“But that doesn’t mean that I think it’s safe. It’s very risky,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, look at it this way. She didn’t mention handcuffs, so in that regard it must be less scary,” said Nate.  
  
“I suppose, but maybe now I need to be worrying about these little nipple studs. And they don’t come off with a key like handcuffs do,” said Dale lying back down. “Nate, one woman can’t own another woman’s nipples, right?”  
  
“Not in America,” said Nate. “They’re your nipples. It’s just Kelly. It’s just her game. Play along for fun if you want, or don’t go.”  
  
After a pause he continued, “Well, do I tell her that we are coming?”  
  
Dale’s mind was full of thoughts relating to one woman owning another woman’s nipples. Kelly had apparently marked her territory. Neither she nor Nate had been realizing it while it was happening. It had all been so innocently accomplished.  
  
“I already told you that we are going, before you even read the letter. So we’re going. Have I ever changed my mind? You just better look out for me,” said Dale. “Bring me back in one naked little piece. Even if she now owns my nipples, I have a strong preference that they remain just where they are.”  
  
“You know I’ll always look out for you,” said Nate.  
  
“I know I can trust you. But as I’ve said before, I just don’t know what I can trust you to do,” said Dale. “I’m sure if there is real danger, you’d always be there for me. But sometimes the danger is created by those I should be able to trust, you and Kelly for example.”  
  
“I guess that is a fair statement,” said Nate. “I’ll let Kelly know we’re coming.”  
  
They got back to where the car was parked without meeting any other hikers. Had it not been for Carly and Felipe, they would not have seen another soul the entire weekend.  
  
Dale commented, “I’ve been nude now for about 56 hours, by my estimate. That’s a new record! Sad to see it come to an end.”  
  
She didn’t see Nate’s funny smile as she said that, but she did see him get down on his knees and start feeling around under the car’s back bumper.  
  
“What are you doing?” she asked.  
  
Nate didn’t respond, but he found what he was looking for, keys. He got up and opened the trunk. Dale looked in, and her mouth fell open.  
  
“Nate, where is my backpack?” asked Dale.  
  
“Don’t worry, you won’t be needing it,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, we’re going home. I need my clothes,” said Dale.  
  
“Remember, you can trust me,” said Nate.  
  
“Tell me! Where is my backpack?” demanded Dale.  
  
“I knew you wouldn’t need it. I had Felipe take it home for you. What are friends for, right?” answered Nate.  
  
“You better be kidding. You better have some plan other than ‘Dale rides home naked.’ It won’t be dark until long after we have to be home,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, you guessed the plan! 56 hours and counting. More fun for you, right?” said Nate.  
  
“You are really pushing it, Buster. First Carly and Felipe show up, now this. How many lives do you think you have saved up?” asked Dale.  
  
“Just think of it as good practice for the drive to Spruce Lake on Friday,” said Nate.  
  
“I am really going to have to figure out some punishment for you,” said Dale, who was now resigned to her fate and climbing into the passenger seat. “I think the idea of jacking off for everyone at cheerleader practice might just have to happen.”