**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 105: Dale & Carly's Friendship**

As it turned out, the drive was largely uneventful. It was a fairly lonely two lane road, so there were no big rigs to pass. Nate had put his efforts into planning things for the time at the lookout and the rendezvous with Carly and Felipe, so he hadn’t planned any challenges for along the road. Being nude during the drive was surely challenging enough for Dale. Also, they had no need to stop for food or gas, and it was only a 90 minute drive.  
  
After they had been driving for a while, Nate asked, “Dale, tell me about Carly. I mean you and she have always been best friends. I even remember you two together way back in elementary school. In many ways, you two seem like opposites. She’s the rich, tough girl from the wrong side of the tracks, and you are, well, you’re the petite beauty queen tomboy.”  
  
“Don’t call me a tomboy. I’ve always hated being called that. I don’t get why people call me that. I mean, Cheerleading, Gymnastics, what could be more girly?” asked Dale.  
  
“It’s probably more an attitude sort of thing,” said Nate. “You’re not the weaker sex or the always primping type. I’ve never heard you say anything remotely like, ‘Oh please help me with this box you big strong boy. It’s so big and heavy and I’m just a weak little girl.’”  
  
“I would never say that, but that doesn’t make me a tomboy, does it? And by the way, today I did ask you to look out for me and bring me back from Kelly’s in one naked little piece, didn’t I?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yes, you did, but that is different. That is simply you acknowledging your vulnerability because you will be nude, not because you are the weaker sex. That hardly makes you a girly girl. Somehow you still seem tomboy like. I can’t put my finger on it, but I will try and remember that you don’t like being called one,” said Nate. “My only point was that, when comparing you and Carly, you can’t really be summed up by saying that you are a ‘petite beauty queen’.  
  
Indeed, you are so much more than that. You’re tough, you’re tenacious, you’re intelligent, you’re ambitious, and you ride motorcycles. I just threw the word ‘tomboy’ in because it is essentially the opposite of ‘beauty queen’. It hints at how well-rounded you are.”  
  
She did not reply, so Nate continued, “But back to Carly. How did you two first become friends?”  
  
“Carly and I?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yes, you two were really amazing together. The way you two bickered and the way she kept calling you names. You two behave more like I picture sisters behaving. I don’t mean like your actual sister, Tess. It was just very obvious how well you two really know each other, and I can tell that the bond is very strong, even though the banter sounded mean, at least on the face of it. How did such two very different girls become such close friends?” asked Nate.  
  
“Sure,” said Dale, “I’ll tell you. I want you to know, but realize that Carly and I tell the true story to almost no one. But that is just because we owe our bond to tragic circumstances.”  
  
“Really? You, of course, don’t have to tell me,” said Nate. “Especially if it is awkward or painful.”  
  
“No, I want to. I want you to know,” said Dale. “I think you might know that I have an aunt who lives in Prospect. She’s my dad’s kid sister, she was actually a cheerleader at Prospect High, back in the day. You probably wouldn’t believe it if you met her, because she’s so heavy now, but there is a photo of her in the trophy case at school. Well, she and Carly’s mother, Robin, were best friends, inseparable, I understand. She was even Matron of Honor when Robin married Carly’s dad, Keith Griffin.  
  
“Carly and I knew each other, even when we were little kids. Well, one of my most vivid memories from those years is of one afternoon at Kindergarten. Aunt Mary came in. Her face was tear-streaked. She looked terrible. She spoke with the teacher and then left with Carly in her arms.  
  
“I found out later that Carly’s mom had been hit by a truck while crossing the street, so she had come to take Carly to the hospital. She had hoped that Robin would wake up and that seeing her daughter would give her the will power to pull through. Well, it was not to be. Carly’s mom never regained consciousness and died that evening in the hospital.”  
  
“Oh, My God!” said Nate, “I can see why you might not tell this story to everyone.”  
  
“Well, Carly’s dad was devastated, as was my aunt. The two had never gotten along that well, but Aunt Mary did what she felt she had to, what she wanted to. She raised Carly. For all intents and purposes, my aunt is Carly’s mom. She never married, so she had no children of her own, and Mr. Griffin never remarried. Mary moved into a little house straight behind theirs. I think Mr. Griffin bought that house for her so that she could be close and help him raise Carly. Carly could go back and forth between the houses, cutting though the backyards. Well, being single, she had to work. She would often drop Carly off at our house, and my mom would watch us both together. And I was always over there, either at the Griffin house or at my aunt’s house. We had so many sleepovers back then. We even have sleepovers to this day, just as we talked about. Mostly at Carly’s house because it is so big and nice. It is perfect for dancing and watching movies. They have the world’s largest TV.”  
  
“Wow. That is some story. I can tell now why you two are almost like sisters,” said Nate.  
  
“Much closer than sisters, at least much closer than my sister and I,” said Dale. “And much closer than Tess and Carly, even though those two do know each other quite well.”  
  
Every once in a while Dale would ask him what the plan was for getting her dressed and home. He knew she was worrying, so he tried to increase her enjoyment by telling her nothing and letting her worry. He figured that was one of the nicest things he could do for her as her boyfriend.  
  
She started to get very antsy as they were nearing Prospect. He knew that she would start to panic when he drove past the rest area. He had rightly assumed that she was guessing that he had clothes stashed for her there. But that wasn’t the plan, so he drove right past.  
  
As they entered the outskirts of town, he was seeing real anxiety in her eyes. Suddenly her hand bra went up. She rarely resorted to the hand bra.  
  
Her pestering for answers changed to the point that she told him flat out to turn around and take her somewhere else, until they figured out a better plan. Just at the point where it seemed as if she could take no more, he turned left into the parking lot of a small public park less than a mile from their homes.  
  
There were three vehicles in the parking lot. Nate pulled up and parked next to a large older black pickup with tinted windows. He parked such that Dale’s side of the car was right next to the driver’s side of the pickup. “Nate, not here! Not here! Not here!” she insisted. “This is not cool, Buster. What if there is someone in the truck?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 106: Maverick Tricks**

Just then, she saw the window start to roll down. Nate knew she had had enough. “Dale, relax, its Felipe. He’s got your back pack,” said Nate. “You know I’m not going to let any harm come to you.”  
  
Dale looked up and saw Felipe’s smiling face leaning out the truck window. She rolled down her own window saying, “Felipe, is your passenger door open?”  
  
“Yes, why?” asked Felipe.  
  
“Can I come over?” said Dale.  
  
“Actually that is the plan,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m not listening to you,” said Dale sharply. “You’re not being nice to me.”  
  
Nate got out and walked around the car opening Dale’s door. Felipe climbed out of his driver’s door, holding it open. Nate continued talking as reassuringly as he could, “Here, Dale, get out and climb into Felipe’s truck. You don’t have to go around to the other side. Look around. There’s no one to see you. Your pack’s inside and the windows are tinted. You can dress without anyone seeing.”  
  
Dale got out of the car, giving Nate a mad look. Nate grabbed her and gave her a big hug. She tried to get free for a few seconds, but then relaxed and let Nate hug her. She wasn’t hugging back, but she was allowing herself to be hugged. Nate knew that it would be alright. He helped her up into the cab and closed the door. He talked to Felipe while she dressed, being careful about what he said. The truck window was open so he knew that Dale could hear everything that was said.  
  
Several minutes later a dressed Dale climbed out of the truck. “I was thinking of having Felipe drive me home, but I can’t think of how I would explain that to my mom,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, it all worked out, just as I had planned. No harm done,” said Nate with a matter-of-fact tone in his voice. “It was fun, admit it!”  
  
Dale was realizing that what he said was true. No one had seen her naked. “You know what I hate about you, Nate?” she said, “Tomorrow I’ll agree with you, and you know it. But right now, I’m still mad. Drive me home so I can get some homework done.” Turning to Felipe she asked, “How did school go today, Felipe? Did anyone notice that we were gone?”  
  
“It was a pretty normal day,” said Felipe. “If someone was wondering where you were, they sure didn’t ask me. But that doesn’t prove much. Why would they ever ask me?”  
  
“How is Carly doing? Did you see her today?” asked Dale.  
  
“I don’t see much of Carlos at school, but I’m sure she is fine,” said Felipe.  
  
“Great! I’ll see you at school tomorrow. Thanks for bringing my clothes, but don’t you ever help Nate with his diabolical plans again. If you do, I’ll have Carly knee you in the nuts, and if you don’t think that would hurt, just ask Nate. He’s got first-hand experience!” said Dale. Dale wanted to remind him about his commitment to protect her secret, but she knew he hadn’t forgotten; about her secret or his commitment.  
  
As Dale climbed back in Nate’s car for the drive home, he tried to brighten the mood by saying, “58 hours! That’s two whole days plus ten hours!” That did get a little smile out of her, but she immediately went right back to trying to look unhappy with him.  
  
After he parked the car and they were unloading their packs, she said, “OK, I want to only remember all the fun we had this weekend, so I’m going to try and forget how you had them take my pack so you could torture me. I’m going to focus my thoughts on how embarrassed you looked when I made you stroke yourself. Next time I’m taking photos so I can finally have some real leverage. What’s good for the goose is good for the gander, right?” She was glad to see a look of real concern on Nate’s face. She gave him a kiss devoid of passion and headed into her house.  
  
Nate let out a sigh of relief. Why was it so hard to find exactly the right level to which to push her? He found himself having serious doubts about the plans for that Friday. She had agreed to the naked drive. But maybe he should pull the plug on the entire outing. He’d have to give that some more thought. It was a pretty risky plan. He headed inside to do a little homework and get ready for school.  
  
As he walked in the door, his mom said, “Nate, your cousin Daniel called. He said he had been trying to call you back, but that you weren’t answering.”  
  
“Oh, right. There was no cell reception, so I had my phone turned off all weekend,” answered Nate.  
  
“Why are you trying to reach Daniel?” asked his mom.  
  
“Well, you know that he is going to the U in Eatonville. Dale and I are interested in visiting the schools there. As you know there is the University as well as a couple of smaller schools in Eatonville, including Watson College. Dale is pretty interested in Watson College. Dale and I are planning a trip there, and I’ve been getting advice from Daniel,” said Nate.  
  
He knew that the school visits was a perfect cover story. His mom would probably not be at all suspicious when their trip ended up coinciding with Halloween. Later that evening, Nate reached Daniel when no one could overhear their conversation. They had a good long talk, Daniel telling him that he get back to him after he had had a chance to talk to a few people.  
  
At the end of his first period math class on Tuesday, their first day back, Nate got a text that read, “I can’t help but think about what was about to happen to YOU… 24 short hours ago!”  
  
As he walked toward Spanish class, he got a second text, “Did you enjoy Naked Boy time?”  
  
Nate didn’t reply, but the texts sure were putting a smile on his face.  
  
Just as he was reaching the class room, he got a third text, “I think you did! Squirt, squirt, squirt!”  
  
Where did he find this girl, he thought to himself, as he walked in and saw her smiling at him. He felt his face flush, turning red, and she laughed, pretending to eat popcorn.  
  
The following day, shortly before lunch, he got a text from Dale that read, “Did you bring a sack lunch?”  
  
“Yes,” he replied.  
  
“Great! Why don’t you come eat it in the gym? It might be entertaining. You can see what your girlfriend is really made of!”  
  
Nate didn’t know what to think of that. He knew what she was made of. After her encounter in the principal’s office, she had wanted to be squeaky clean when anywhere near Prospect High.  
  
“I’m there!” he replied.  
  
As soon as the bell rang, he got his lunch and headed for the gym. Dale was already there. She was with two of her gymnastic teammates, Tyler and Sydney.  
  
Tyler was one of Dale’s best buds, as she called him. Like Dale he was one of the stars of the gymnastics team. Nate had watched him at meets. He was an outstanding tumbler.  
  
Sydney was also an excellent gymnast, and one of Dale’s numerous good friends. He hadn’t seen Dale talking to her much, but he thought that was simply due to gymnastics being a spring semester sport.  
  
As they were all saying hello, Kendra came in. Kendra was the sturdiest built cheerleader. As there were no male cheerleaders, it always fell to her to be the bottom girl in any small pyramid that they performed. At almost every assembly, Dale, being light and agile, would be standing on Kendra’s shoulders at some point.  
  
Dale shooed Nate over to the bleachers to eat his lunch and watch as they went about the project at hand. They had rolled the school mascot into the gym from its usual spot in the front lobby. It was a full-size wild Maverick, mounted on a platform with wheels. Its head was up in a majestic, mouth open position, mane flying. Three legs were down. One of the front legs was up in an arced position that indicated action was at hand.  
  
The cheerleaders sometimes brought it into the gym and incorporated it into skits during pep assemblies. Typically the cheerleaders would enlist a few football players to push it around. Among the skits that had become a school tradition involved jousting. One of the rival schools that they played every season was the Knights.  
  
Typically one or two of the cheerleaders would ride on the Maverick and joust with a dismounted Knight, always getting the better of him, to the enjoyment of the student body. Often he would end up dead, skewered, or simply run around: a weak, scared, shaking Knight being pursued by the Mighty Mavericks!  
  
They had located the Maverick next to a mat, and they were trying to incorporate it into a cheer. First, they worked on finding an appropriate way for Dale to get up onto the horse’s back in a standing positon with Kendra’s assistance. Sydney, who was not a cheerleader, but certainly should have been in Nate’s opinion, had a lot of suggestions.  
  
Finally they came up with something that looked quite athletic in Nate’s opinion. Dale would stand on Kendra’s shoulders in front of the Maverick. She would then execute a round-off by placing her hands on top of the horse’s head and then land with her feet together on the horse’s back.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 107: Shopping at the Mall**

As they practiced, Tyler and Sydney stood on opposite sides of the horse to spot. They had only one significant mishap. About the second time they tried it, Dale missed the landing and as luck would have it fell toward the much smaller Sydney.  
  
Sydney did manage to slow her fall, but the two of them ended up in a pile, Dale on top. No one was hurt but it was pretty funny, at least Nate thought so. To Nate the trick looked very difficult, the horses back was rock hard and the surface was not big and not at all flat.  
  
After they were happy with the mount, they switched over to the more spectacular looking trick, the dismount. Dale was going to execute a layout backflip from a position standing on the horses back.  
  
This was to occur after she did an entire cheer in that one spot, as the other cheerleaders did the same cheer standing on the floor. She had told Nate that she had every confidence that she could do the back flip. Indeed she did the same dismount from the balance beam.  
  
The Maverick’s back was higher; however, which simply meant that she would have to slow the rotation slightly to stick the landing. The concern for her was the landing. She would practice using a thick mat, but during the assembly itself, she would have no cushion other than the little bit provided by her shoes.  
  
As it turned out, she seemed to master the trick quickly. And after a few landings on the mat, they removed the mat. The dismount also seemed to go well onto the hard gym floor. Tyler was spotting, but he didn’t need to lay a hand on her.  
  
Tyler himself executed a few backflips from the Maverick’s back for fun. Nate thought that they ought to sign him up as a male cheerleader. He thought he’d ask Dale if that had been considered, when he remembered.  
  
They then wheeled the Maverick back to its position in the lobby, Nate helping. He was bigger and stronger than Tyler, so the two of them had it back in position quickly.  
  
Dale wolfed down her lunch in about two minutes flat, and then it was time for everyone to race off to fifth period. Nate knew that the start of Dale’s fifth period English class was stressful for her now. She would always remember the day that she had been marched from there down to the confrontation in the principal’s office.  
  
She told him that she always breathed a sigh of relief once the bell had rung and Mrs. Barnett had started talking.  
  
At about the same time the very next day, Nate again received a text from Dale, “It’s Thursday. Can you meet me at my flagpole at the start of lunch?”  
  
“Sure, see you then,” he texted back. He absolutely loved it when she called it ‘my flagpole’ and selected it as a place to meet. The memory of that near disaster seemed important to her. She and the flagpole had indeed bonded.  
  
She was already there as he walked up, leaning with her back against the pole, surveying the scene just as she had done on that not too distant Sunday morning. To Nate it looked as if she might be reliving those memories.  
  
“Hi, boyfriend!” she exclaimed, turning to greet him. ‘Boyfriend’ was another of the things that she would say that he really liked. During their weekend at the Essex Hotel, she had started calling him ‘honey’. He didn’t know why, but that term hadn’t really stuck. ‘Boyfriend’, on the other hand had.  
  
“Hi, girlfriend,” he replied. “What’s up?”  
  
“Well, if you are free this evening, I’ve got an idea,” said Dale.  
  
Visions of Dale entirely nude flashed through his head. He had spent the entire weekend with her nude, but he was already having nude Dale withdrawal symptoms. “For you, I am of course available. What shall we do?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, there is one thing that I have wanted to do with you ever since our first trip to Spruce Lake. I told you then. This is a memory test. Do you remember what I said that I would like to do together, way back then?” asked Dale.  
  
She could tell that he was struggling.  
  
“Think boyfriend! Think! If you want to impress a girl, you have to pay attention to everything she says!”  
  
Nate was wracking his brain, “I’m trying, but I’m coming up blank,” admitted Nate.  
  
“Do you want a second guess?” asked Dale.  
  
“I’m sorry. It won’t help,” said Nate.  
  
“Wrong answer! I said that I wanted to go shopping, clothes shopping, with you. Take advantage of your good taste, and your excellent ability to pick my size. Remember now?” asked Dale.  
  
“Now, I remember,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, things have been a bit tight in the Jordan household, but my mom gave me some clothes money. And it’s Thursday, so let’s go! What do you say?” asked Dale.  
  
“Sure, let’s go shopping. But Thursday, why does it matter that it’s Thursday?” asked Nate.  
  
“Alexa works at the department store that I like to shop at. She has a club meeting on Thursday night, so she won’t be there. I wouldn’t go shopping if she were working,” said Dale.  
  
“OK, tonight then. Just out of curiosity, which club meeting does she go to on Thursday nights?” asked Nate.  
  
“The Back-Stabbing Jealous Bitch Club, of course. Actually, I’m not sure which club, but one of them, and it means she won’t be working. I’ve got spies everywhere, you know,” said Dale.  
  
Later that evening, they were eating enchiladas together in the food court of the somewhat dilapidated Prospect Mall. They had ordered at the Mexican food stand to practice their Spanish. Dale had said, “Yo quiero dos enchiladas, por favor, una con queso y otra con pollo,” She wasn’t sure how well she had done, but was delighted when the cashier put a few notes on a pad and turned to Nate.  
  
Nate said, “El mismo, por favor.”  
  
“That’s lazy!” said Dale scolding him.  
  
“Pero mis enchiladas con beef, por favor,” continued Nate.  
  
“Con beef? Really, Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I don’t know what ‘beef’ is in Spanish, do you?” asked Nate.  
  
“No. That’s why I ordered chicken. I’d rather have beef too, but I’m practicing what I know,” said Dale.  
  
“That makes no sense Ms. Smarty-Pants,” said Nate.  
  
The cashier then said, “order picadillo. Our shredded beef is called, picadillo.”  
  
“OK, then. Dos enchiladas por favor, una con picadillo y una con queso,” said Nate.  
  
Dale then turned to him and said, “El mismo, por favor.”  
  
“Now, who is the lazy one?” asked Nate. Dale rolled her eyes as Nate continued, “At least my method resulted in a new word to try and remember.”  
  
After they had eaten, they walked through the mall doing a little window shopping. They didn’t go into any of the smaller stores as Dale mostly wanted to look in the juniors section in the department store.  
  
Once there, Nate found a shirt he liked and said, “Here Dale, do you like this shirt?”  
  
“OK, Nate, let’s work on the lingo. That is a top. Guys go shirtless, right? Guys don’t go topless. Girls go topless. I go topless. That is a top. Got it?” asked Dale.  
  
“Don’t do that to me, Dale! Here I am, trying to have a little bit of fun at the mall with my clothed girlfriend, and you go and do that to me. It’s hard enough getting the images of your pretty titties out of my head. It doesn’t help when you say things like that,” said Nate with a teasing expression on his face.  
  
“Sorry,” said Dale “but I wouldn’t wear a top like that. It’s too low cut. It would highlight all the cleavage that I don’t have.”  
  
“Well, too bad. You’re trying it on! You don’t have to buy it, but you have to try it on. Remember why you brought me. I’m here because I have good taste,” said Nate with a smile.  
  
They both went around picking out five or six tops each. The store was nearly empty and there seemed to be almost no one working. They met at a sales counter, and Dale went through Nate’s pile of shirts, looking at them carefully, one by one. She then took his pile and walked toward the changing rooms, leaving her pile behind.  
  
As she headed off, she said, “OK, but don’t expect much. You’re probably just going to find out that your girlfriend isn’t curvy enough to look good in these tops.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 108: The Helpful Saleswoman**

Nate suspected otherwise. He was really enjoying himself. They had stopped by their houses on the way to the mall to drop off their books. Nate had thought about telling Dale to leave her bra and panties behind. He knew that that would have been his prerogative.  
  
He knew full well that she couldn’t streak the mall, but he thought that she might have fun being nude in the changing room between outfits. And he thought that just maybe she’d whip open the curtain and let him take a quick photo of her nude in the store. That would surely be a first for her.  
  
But as he had considered that, he decided to let her wear her underwear. Just as he had once longed to spend time with her dressed, he now found that he wanted to spend time with her when nudity wasn’t part of the agenda.  
  
He was so happy that they had been having a great time and nudity had not come up, not even once. That is until her shirtless vs. topless comment. It made him happy to think that they didn’t need nudity to be a couple.  
  
Dale came out of the dressing room wearing each top to show him how it looked. He had taken her pile of tops to her. He wanted to see them on her as well. While she was in the changing room someone walked up behind him.  
  
“Hi, Nate,” she said.  
  
He turned and saw the helpful saleswoman who had helped him select the blue dress and shoes that had been presents for Dale. She had been so helpful, and her size advice had been spot on. He greeted her warmly. He was impressed that she remembered his name. It had been well over a month since he had been in and bought the dress.  
  
“Who is the young lady you are with Nate?” she asked.  
  
“Her name is Dale,” said Nate. “The blue dress and shoes that you helped me pick out were for her.”  
  
“Wonderful. Did she like them and did they fit?” asked the woman.  
  
“They were perfect. I can’t thank you enough,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, the selections were all yours, I only helped when it came to sizes,” she said.  
  
Dale came out of the dressing room wearing one of the tops and came over to where Nate was speaking with the saleswoman.  
  
“Dale, this woman helped me pick out the blue dress and the shoes,” said Nate.  
  
“Correction,” said the woman. “I assisted him. He did the picking. If you liked the dress then this young man deserves all the credit.”  
  
“But how did he manage to do so well on the sizes,” asked Dale.  
  
“I simply described you, and she told me what sizes I should get,” said Nate.  
  
“Isn’t Mary wonderful when it comes to sizes?” said Dale.  
  
Nate looked carefully at the woman’s badge. It did say ‘Mary’.  
  
“You guys, know each other?” asked Nate.  
  
“Mary helps me every time I shop here,” said Dale. “Mary, let me ask you something. When Nate described me to you, to help you pick the sizes, did he mention my name, or did you figure out that he was talking about me specifically, or did you help pick the sizes not knowing who the dress and shoes were for?”  
  
“Oh, Dale, I knew that they were for you,” said Mary. “He didn’t mention your name, but his description left little doubt. I mean there is only one high school in town, and only just so many cheerleaders who happen to be on the gymnastics team, and about five foot three tall. Add in his description of your bust, and there was no doubt in my mind.”  
  
“Nate, you described my bust?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, it would be relevant as regards dress size, wouldn’t it? It was very important to me that the dress fit. I mean, imagine where you would have been had it been too small, for example,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I thought that you might have gotten lucky, but I didn’t realize how lucky you had been. You had the one salesperson here who knows all my sizes,” said Dale. “No wonder the shoes fit.”  
  
Turning to Mary, Nate said, “When I was shopping, you didn’t say that you had figured out that the dress was for Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“Client confidentially, Nate,” said Mary. “And I didn’t want to jinx you by letting you know that I knew who the dress was for. I could tell that you were shopping for a girl you had a huge crush on. I liked you, and I was rooting for you, but, like I said, I didn’t want to jinx you. Dale’s quite a catch, I know that. As sweet and as pretty as they come! A while back, Jason came in here. He was shopping for a birthday present for Dale. My good friend Molly, the redhead over in the jewelry department, ended up selling him a necklace. She put a hex on him, I think. We, salespeople, need to be very careful what we say and do. Poor Jason! Are you superstitious, Nate? If so, then steer clear of Molly.”  
  
“Wait, you know Jason?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh sure, I’ve known him since before he started going out with Dale,” said Mary. “I know most of the high school students in town. Almost every one of them shops here. You shop here. Just how big do you think Prospect really is?”  
  
“Touché’” said Nate.  
  
“Hey, I can take my lunch break now. Why don’t you kids take a walk down to the food court with me? We can all get something and continue our conversation there.”  
  
Dale quickly changed back into her own top while Mary got her purse, and they headed together down toward the food court. In Nate’s opinion, it seemed strange that they were going to the food court again, and this time with a department store salesclerk. They walked together through the nearly empty mall.  
  
“So tell me, Nate, how long have you two been dating?” asked Mary.  
  
Nate hesitated. He didn’t know what to say. It seemed like a personal question. But Dale was obviously very comfortable with Mary.  
  
When he didn’t answer, Mary turned to Dale and asked, “Dale, does Nate know about you?”  
  
“He knows,” said Dale nodding. Nate was exceedingly puzzled.  
  
“What does he know?” asked Mary.  
  
“He knows everything. Absolutely everything,” said Dale.  
  
“We’re talking about the nudity, right? He knows about that?” asked Mary.  
  
“Yes, he knows about it all. And I’ve finally decided to trust Carly and tell her as well,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, thank goodness. You should have told her long ago,” said Mary.  
  
Nate stopped in his tracks. “OK, Dale,” he said. “I must be slow, so help me out. How exactly do you two know each other?”  
  
“I was wondering if you already knew, or when you’d figure it out,” said Dale. “Mary is my aunt. Remember I told you all about her. How she raised Carly after her mother was killed. Sorry about messing with you like that, Nate. Here let me introduce you properly. Nate, this is Mary Jordan, my dad’s kid sister, as I always say. She was a Prospect High cheerleader, back in the day. Aunt Mary, this is Nate Miller, my neighbor.”  
  
“Your neighbor?” asked Mary.  
  
“Yep, he’s my neighbor, but we’re kissing neighbors,” she said with a wink. She linked arms with Nate and kissed him on the cheek, as if to prove her point.  
  
“Wow, for a second there, when you said just neighbor, I thought you were breaking up with me,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, you ARE still my neighbor,” said Dale. “But Mary, more recently he became my boyfriend, and he’s also the guy I hang out with when I’m naked. It’s OK, Nate, don’t look so shocked. Aunt Mary knows.”  
  
Mary got herself some food, and Nate and Dale got ice cream sundaes, and they all sat down together. Fortunately, the mall was essentially empty, so they could talk.  
  
“OK,” said Nate. “Now I’m putting two and two together. You did tell me once, a long time ago, that only one person knew about you and nudity. And we talked about nude beaches, and you said that you had been to one. You said that your aunt had taken you to one. So this is THAT aunt!”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 109: The Food Court**

“Yep. I’ve been wanting to introduce you to her. We are real close. I just get busy, and before I know it has been weeks since I’ve seen her. Nate’s been doing a good job of filling up my weekends, Mary,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, good for him,” said Mary, “I can tell that you two have chemistry.”  
  
“Right?” said Dale.  
  
“I’ve got a few questions,” said Nate. “What doesn’t make sense to me is that Aunt Mary knew all, but your BFF, Carly, didn’t. Who tells their aunt something like that, but not their best friend? I mean, weren’t you concerned that she would tell her brother… your parents? Like, to protect you from yourself?”  
  
“Nate, the reason that you didn’t recognize Aunt Mary is that she almost never comes over to our house. She and my dad had a falling out. She does come over, but only when my dad is not around. And like you, she can keep secrets. Once she found out, she became my main confidant. She found out, so like you, I had to trust her. I thought I could tell Carly, but it is such a big important secret that I never took the risk, even though the chance that Carly would have betrayed me was surely miniscule.”  
  
“So how did you decide that you could tell your aunt?” asked Nate.  
  
“I didn’t. Like you, she saw me. Do you want to hear the story?” asked Dale.  
  
“Absolutely! A, Dale gets caught naked by her aunt, story just has to be entertaining. Did she rescue you, too?” said Nate.  
  
“Rescue you?” asked Mary.  
  
“Yep. Nate saved my naked ass from getting caught by the police. We’ll tell you the whole story, but first let’s tell Nate about our fateful trip to California, shall we?” said Dale, Mary nodded in the affirmative.  
  
“Two years ago, Carly’s dad decided that he and Carly needed to do some father-daughter bonding. Carly had been getting in more trouble,” said Dale.  
  
“That girl has always been such a handful, “said Mary.  
  
“Well, he took her to Europe for the whole summer. Aunt Mary and I were so jealous. We wanted to go, and he could have afforded it, but then it wouldn’t have been father-daughter bonding, so just the two of them went. I didn’t know what to do with myself without Carly in town, and Mary and I were feeling so left out. So we decided on a trip of our own. We decided on some aunt-niece bonding, if you will. We made a road trip to California. It was a low budget trip, but Mr. Griffin did give Mary some money for that summer, so that she would be able to do something,” said Dale.  
  
“Yeah, Keith felt a little bad about leaving me behind, especially since Carly was begging him to bring me along to Europe,” said Mary.  
  
“OK, let me guess. You couldn’t help yourself. You went streaking during the trip, and Mary caught you,” said Nate.  
  
“Don’t spoil my fun, Nate! I’ve never, ever had anyone, ever, ever, to tell this story to before, ever, so please, no shortcuts!” said Dale. “But you pretty much guessed it.”  
  
“On the way to California we spent one night in a little roadside motel. It was really just a wide spot in the road. There was the motel, and a diner, a gas station, that was about it. It was surrounded by a desert full of Joshua trees.  
  
“That was the first time that I had seen Joshua trees. I was lying in bed awake. I was experiencing such a strong urge, if you know what I mean. I had started visiting the golf course at night by then, but this was someplace different. I tried to resist, but I finally decided that my options were to give in and go, or lie there awake all night, resisting the urge. Well, as you are guessing, I got up and headed out in just my shoes.  
  
“Aunt Mary, Nate calls it my ‘tennis shoe outfit’.  
  
“ I think that is a cute name for it. It doesn’t really sound like I am nude, since it is an ‘outfit’, right?  
  
“Well Nate, to help you complete the mental image. I looked more or less like I do now, just probably a little younger, but there was one big difference. I wasn’t a shaved pussy girl yet then. I didn’t do that until later. I did trim though. It was bikini season and we were California bound!” said Dale.  
  
Nate was looking at Dale’s aunt. He was surprised to hear Dale talk about her pussy in front of her aunt.  
  
“Don’t act like this is so awkward, Nate. She knows I shave. Like I said, she knows everything. Everything, Pre-Nate anyway.”  
  
“OK, then back to your motel story,” said Nate.  
  
“Right, so I probably looked younger, but maybe my pussy looked older? But whatever. I put a pebble in the door to keep it from closing fully, so I could get back in, and I headed out into the night.  
  
“It was one or two am, so there was no one around, but there were security lights and a few cars going by on the road. I slipped from car to car to stay in the shadows. Then I went around the building, hopped the fence, and I was in open desert. There was a moon, so I could see where I was going. I went straight away from the road, and started up a gradual slope toward a ridge. It was such a beautiful night.  
  
“It is one of my best memories from my just getting started days. I wove through the Joshua trees. There was some cactus, but it wasn’t hard to avoid, thanks to the moonlight. I went a long distance. On top of the ridge I had a wonderful view looking back. I could see quite a bit of road for ten or twenty miles in each direction. I could see cars and trucks, just the headlights of course, moving along it going both directions.  
  
“It just felt so wonderful to be naked and so far from everything. I didn’t want to go back; I wanted to just keep going. By sunrise I could have been 10 miles away, but I knew that that would be suicide. I had no food or water. I wanted to stay out there and watch the sunrise. As you know, that was something I longed for.  
  
“Aunt Mary, that is a dream that Nate made come true! Now I’ve watched a sunrise in my tennis shoe outfit. A few sunsets, too!” said Dale.  
  
“Good for you Nate. It was not my mission in life to help my niece realize her nudie dreams. I was always too worried about her. Too worried that she’d get injured, like falling off a cliff in the dark, or being raped. I still worry about her,” said Mary.  
  
“Well, now you don’t need to. Now I’ve got Nate with me. He’ll keep me safe,” said Dale.  
  
“But back to my story. Well, I did have to go back. But when I got to the motel, the pebble was not in the door. I thought, maybe I mixed up the room number, so I crawled along the sidewalk, the entire length of the motel, checking all the doors for pebbles. And then I tried to get into the car. Locked! I must have spent an hour there in the shadows between the cars desperately trying to think of a solution that did not involve waking up my aunt. Finally, I gave up and knocked, softly at first.”  
  
“What happened to the pebble?” asked Nate.  
  
Mary replied, “I woke up in the middle of the night, and heard road noise. I investigated, and found that Dale was gone and that the door was slightly ajar. I couldn’t figure out why she hadn’t taken the key. I looked out, but she wasn’t at the car or in the parking lot. I didn’t know what to do, but I decided to teach her a lesson and close the door and go back to sleep.”  
  
“She says she is worried that I’ll get raped, so what does she do? She locks me out!” said Dale.  
  
“Hey, I didn’t know that you were naked. Not in a million years would that have occurred to me,” said Mary. “Sometime later I heard a knock, so I got up and opened the door. As soon as I opened the door, she shot into the room right under my arm.”  
  
“Of course I did! I was in a hurry. It was scary hanging out in that motel parking lot. I never expected to be there for so long. I kept thinking that someone might get up and leave, to get a real early start,” said Dale. “And that is how Aunt Mary learned about me. Not a very exciting story, but I’ll tell you, I was so very glad that it didn’t get any more exciting.”  
  
“So, Mary, what did you think of Dale being nude when she returned?” asked Nate.  
  
“I thought she was crazy. I thought she was stupid. I thought see was both. I mean there are some psychos out there, why tempt them? And I thought about my responsibility to her parents, to bring her back alive, with her virtue intact,” said Mary.  
  
“We had a lot of heart to heart discussions after that, during the rest of the trip. We had been close, but talking about my urge to be nude made us closer, in my opinion,” said Dale.  
  
“Mary really tried her best to understand me. Of course, she tried to convince me not to do such things, but eventually I think she came to realize that it was a part of me, a born in part of me like my need to pee. You can resist it for a while, but it only gets stronger the longer you wait. Eventually you have to give in. Have you ever tried to not pee for a day or two Nate?”  
  
“You’re funny, Dale! That strong of an urge, huh? So any more naked hikes on that trip?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, I have mentioned to you that I visited a nude beach. That happened on that trip. But first, we went to Disneyland,” said Dale.  
  
“You went streaking at Disneyland?” asked Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 110: California Stories**

“Of course not!” said Dale.  
  
“Had you been to Disneyland before?” asked Nate.  
  
“My parents took Tess and me when we were young. I remember loving Small World and the Dumbo ride, so it was my second time there. And then we headed up to San Francisco to see the Golden Gate Bridge and ride the Cable Cars. All the time Aunt Mary was psycho analyzing me, but she asked around and found a nude beach, bless her soul. We visited Baker Beach. My first and only nude beach. I mentioned it to you. It was a lot of fun, wasn’t it, Aunt Mary?” asked Dale.  
  
“I thought her parents would kill me if they found out. In deciding to go there, I had mostly been thinking about HER being nude. That is what I had been worrying about. But then when we get there, and I see all those naked dicks, and Dale is seeing all those naked dicks, and butts too! Well, I’m thinking that her mother would kill me for taking her young daughter to California and showing her nude men,” said Mary.  
  
“So you stripped off, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“She did, I didn’t,” said Mary. “Once upon a time I had a body somewhat like Dale’s. We share some genes, you know. But these days I obviously don’t have the figure for a nude beach. But Dale, on the other hand, she didn’t even wait to get down to the beach like you’re supposed to. She left everything in the car. She could have gotten us arrested. If I had had any doubt at that point about her desire or willingness to be naked in front of people, she quickly erased it. Like I said, she left everything in the car. She didn’t even take a towel.”  
  
“Shoes?” asked Nate.  
  
“No shoes, no nothing!” replied Mary. “If anything, she might have been wearing earrings.”  
  
“Not even earrings!” said Dale. “No half measures that day. I wanted to be as naked as I could be!”  
  
“And I could tell she was on cloud nine,” said Mary. “Most people find a spot and sunbathe, but not Dale. She went everywhere. It’s not that she walked up to people and spread her legs, nothing like that, but I’ll tell you. She is not shy!”  
  
“I did cartwheels!” said Dale.  
  
“Yes, she did! Like I said, she was everywhere on that beach. I couldn’t keep up. I staked out a spot and enjoyed the sun, looking at cute butts, while Dale explored.”  
  
“I mostly just walked around. It was a gorgeous day. I walked in the surf, but the water was so cold. I did dive in, but just mostly so I could say I had. I was right back out. What a neat beach. The view of the Golden Gate Bridge is spectacular from there. It just felt so liberating to be nude in the sunshine. My best beach experience ever, and I owe it all to Aunt Mary!” said Dale.  
  
“Now you are confusing me,” said Nate. “I thought you didn’t like it.”  
  
“That is not what I said at all. I loved being nude on the beach. It was so much more fun than any beach in a bikini. What I probably said is that it wasn’t scary. I didn’t have anything to worry about, and you know how I like to worry. It’s OK to be nude there. Mary knows this. For me it is not just the nudity, but as you know, the element of risk. If there is not the possibility of getting marched down to the police station, then my adrenalin doesn’t kick into high gear. I love that feeling! And the further away my clothes are the better. Naked, with no way out. That’s what I love!” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, Dale, it always makes me worry so when you talk like that,” said Mary.  
  
“I know, but I’m just being honest,” said Dale. “I saw my first shaved puss that day, Nate. And you know what, I wanted one. I wanted one so bad! So very bad! And guess what! By that evening I had one, and I’ve never looked back. And I wanted to take that ‘shaved – for the very first time – pussy’ back to the beach the next day. I wanted to show it off, have everyone see it. Having a shaved bare pussy is not nearly as much fun as DISPLAYING a shaved bare pussy. But we had to get headed home. Sadly.”  
  
“Dale, it is such a shock to hear you talk like that in front of someone, especially a boy your age,” said Mary. “I’ve heard you talk like this, but never in company.”  
  
“Oh Mary, Don’t worry about Nate. He has heard and seen much more than you can imagine. Right, Nate? If the other guys at school only knew! There is no doubt that he has seen more pussy than all of them combined. True, not a great deal of different pussies, mostly just my pussy, but for hours and hours, whole weekends even,” said Dale.  
  
“So you had your first shaved pussy, and weren’t even able to take it for a walk, what a shame!” said Nate.  
  
“But I did! I had one more little naked adventure before the end of that trip. We drove back over Donner Pass. Mary was feeling sleepy, so we stopped at the rest area. It is a cool rest area, not an ordinary one at all. Well, Mary took a nap in the car. I hopped the fence and headed into the woods.  
  
“About a quarter of a mile in, I stripped down to my tennis shoe outfit. I hid my clothes and kept going. So the shiny new bare pussy got some fresh air and sunshine!  
  
“Walking naked in the daytime was a new thrill to me. All those trees, and any one of them could have had a person standing behind it. It was scary walking in that forest. I kept imaging running into someone out exploring just like I was doing. But that didn’t happen. It did get quite exciting, however. When I headed back, I couldn’t find my clothes! All the trees were the same size, and there were essentially no trails. One spot looked exactly like the other.”  
  
“Did you eventually find them?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yes. Fortunately, it wasn’t hard to find the rest area, because of the car noise, so I went back there to retrace my steps. It was scary exciting to hide, just outside the fence, and watch the people come and go. I was so drawn to that. I would actually start trembling with fright when people were close to where I was hiding. To be nude and have no idea where my clothes were. It was an amazing experience.  
  
“Afterwards, it all seemed so very fun, but at the time I was feeling emotions very similar to panic ripple through me, especially when someone would park close to where I was hiding, and then get out of their car. When people were near, my body would just about freeze up. Believe it or not, I actually felt drawn toward finding riskier and riskier hiding locations. It was terrifying, the idea of being caught nude there by strangers, but I had a hard time tearing myself away to work on finding my clothes.  
  
It was early in the day, so waiting for it to get dark, wasn’t a real option. Part of what made that little outing so fun was picturing myself streaking back to Mary’s car in the parking lot. I’m sure I would have been seen. Just the memory of that, a memory of something that never happened, has been a memory that I have relived over and over. That makes no sense, right?  
  
“I’ve told you before, it doesn’t have to make sense,” said Nate. “So, what did happen?”  
  
“Well, like I said, I did eventually find my clothes, not on the first try. I had to return to the rest area three or four times before retracing my steps took me to where they were hidden, and a little while later we were back on the road.  
  
“But it had felt really good to do some exploring with my pussy out, and at risk. And of course it felt all the more thrilling and risky because that was the first time I was not wearing the fur bikini. I mean, everything was showing: the lips, the little slit in the front. It hardly showed before I shaved. And of course my tits were showing. I think they were pointier then, Nate. I don’t mean the nipples, they are of course always pointy; I mean the shape of the whole tit.”  
  
“You’re kind of a potty mouth, Dale,” scolded Mary.  
  
“I am not. I hardly ever swear. I almost never use the ‘f’ word. Compared to me, Carly is the potty mouth, and you raised her, so you must be to blame for that. I’m just comfortable with my body, and I am comfortable talking about it. Would it be better if I used words like ‘vagina’ and ‘breasts’?” asked Dale.  
  
“I guess it is more what you talk about, than the actual words that you use. It is just such a contrast for me. Others know only the Dale that you let them see. The cute girl who doesn’t wear low cut tops or even yoga pants. The conservative girl who is always polite and well-spoken,” said Mary. “But today I saw that you had tried on a low cut top. It had a nice looking scoop neck. Were you finally thinking of buying such a fashionable top?”  
  
“Hey, that’s not nice! I wear fashionable clothes,” said Dale. “I always get compliments and I see other girls later wearing the same tops. There are girls who copy what I wear.”  
  
“Oh, working in the store, I know that. They come into the store and say they are looking for a top of this certain color, and then they describe a top I just sold you, in the last week or two. If the store manager was smart, he would give you free clothes, free, expensive clothes,” said Mary. “But I’m out of time. Let’s head back to the store. I want to see what else you picked out to try on.”  
  
“Nate picked those tops,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, then the man has good taste, but I knew that. He picked the blue dress. Like I said, I sold him your size, but he picked the dress,” said Mary.  
  
“But Mary,” said Dale. “I know those tops aren’t really risqué or anything. But I don’t like showing my chest like that. It makes it just so obvious that I have no cleavage.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 111: Carly and Tess**

“You are such a girl of contrasts, Dale,” said Mary. “There is so much irony in you loving to parade around naked, but not wanting to wear low cut tops. If you want real cleavage, then we can find you just the bra. You have never shown much interest in those, but you have enough there, that we could certainly make it happen for you. We can squish your boobs up and together if you feel the need for some real cleavage. That’s what other girls do, but in my opinion there is really no point in that. I think Nate will back me up on this. A lady’s chest is lovely. The subtle swell of a woman’s breasts just beginning to peek out in a low cut top is a thing of beauty. Breasts don’t need to be touching each other to be attractive.”  
  
“She’s absolutely right about that,” said Nate. “Even girls who have much flatter chests than you, can look way hot in low necklines. Even if they are nearly flat. They simply do not look like boys. They absolutely look like girls, and therein lies the allure.  
  
“Well said, young man!” said Mary.  
  
“And I especially like plunging necklines,” said Nate. “I’d love to see you in a dress that plunges down in front so low that it is obvious that there can be no bra. That is what is so wonderful about the gold shirt that Kelly got for you. And, unlike that one, it could be just a narrow plunge.”  
  
“The gold shirt? Who is Kelly?” asked Mary.  
  
“Another story for another day,” said Dale. “And we’ll also have to tell you about how Nate rescued me, but not tonight. Let’s go shopping!”  
  
At that point, they did go back to the store. In the end, Dale bought three new tops and two pairs of yoga pants. All of them were much more daring than what she had been wearing, but they weren’t more low cut or form fitting than what other girls typically wore to school.  
  
While Mary was ringing up another customer, Nate commented to Dale, “After the crying in the principal’s office, you told me that the girl you used to be was gone, the insecure girl who tried to be perfect and conservative on the outside to compensate for her evil twin hidden inside. If you start wearing clothes like these, then I’ll start to believe it is true.”  
  
“Maybe I should just wear the gold top and the string skirt,” said Dale.  
  
“You can wear those to the prom!” said Nate.  
  
“Not the Saddie Hawkins dance next month?” asked Dale.  
  
“Nah, I think they would be out of place. The Saddie Hawkins dance is more casual,” said Nate. “By the way, I still haven’t been asked by anyone to go to it.”  
  
“It’s still a long way off,” said Dale.  
  
“But like you told me when Jason hadn’t yet asked you to Homecoming, what if someone else were to ask me first?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh, that won’t happen. I think I have my territory pretty well marked. No other girl would dare. Remember my evil twin!” said Dale, adding in her evil laugh.  
  
As they were saying good night to Mary, she commented, “Dale, this one’s a keeper. He is good for you. I don’t recall seeing you this happy in a long time.”  
  
As soon as they walked out of the mall, Nate asked Dale a question that he had been curious about, “Dale, I didn’t want to ask you in front of your aunt, but why did your dad and Mary have a falling out. You, of course, don’t have to tell me.”  
  
“Oh, I don’t mind telling you. If you are going to know my family’s history, you may as well have the whole story,” said Dale. “I understand that my dad and Mary had been quite close, and that he had always tried to look after her. Then after Robin was killed, and Mary devoted herself so completely to taking care of Carly, my dad became very critical of her. At least that is what my mom tells me. I was so young at the time.  
  
“Maybe it was just my dad trying to continue to look after what he saw as his kid sister’s best interests. He saw Mr. Griffin as ungrateful, and he thought that Mary was throwing her life away. He thought that she should get married and have her own family. She was very pretty and had many suitors, but her loyalty to her deceased friend trumped all.”  
  
“So that is the falling out?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh, it gets much worse,” said Dale. “I guess Tess would overhear my dad badmouthing our Aunt Mary. And you know Tess, she has no good sense, not now as an adult, not then as a kid. She started funneling what she was hearing my dad say, right back to Carly. And of course she would add her own interpretations and embellish everything.  
  
“She’d say things like, ‘You’re ruining Mary’s life.’ And ‘Mary would be happier if you were dead,’ or ‘You should never have been born.’ I think she even told her, ‘your mom’s dead because of you.’ That, of course, never came from my dad. Those sorts of comments were just Tess being mean and nasty.  
  
“It all sounds so terrible now, but I was so used to my sister being mean that I don’t remember thinking it was all that bad at the time.”  
  
“That does sound awful,” said Nate. “Even hard to believe, except that now I’ve met your sister. I can picture her saying things like that.”  
  
“Tess was mean to me to, but I never fought back, so maybe I was less fun to pester,” said Dale. “Well, not true with Carly. She was younger and smaller, but she would get mad and counterattack. Tess’s abuse was verbal, but Carly didn’t respond on that level. She was physical. She would hit, scratch and pull hair.”  
  
“That sounds exactly like the Carly I know,” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, Tess would tease and taunt, and Carly would fight back physically. Carly was smaller, but she was a little wolverine, and she would get her licks in,” said Dale. “One time, Carly was particularly successful at removing a large handful of hair from Tess’s scalp. That night, she was sleeping over at my house. After we were asleep, Tess snuck in and cut all the hair off one whole side of Carly’s head. She woke up with her long brunette hair on the one side, and a patchy buzz cut on the other. All hell tore loose in the Jordan household that morning,” said Dale.  
  
“So did this lead to the falling out between your dad and Mary?” asked Nate.  
  
“Why do you always want to jump to the last page when I’m telling my stories, Nate? It’s not exactly polite,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m sorry. Tell the story at your own pace,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, my mom grounded Tess for a month,” said Dale. “But for some reason, my dad seemed to see everything more from Tess’s perspective. My parents and Mary had long meetings to decide what to do. In a way, my dad took Tess’s side. He tended to think that Tess was just responding to Carly’s aggression. You have to remember that this all happened years after Carly’s mom had died, and by then it was unclear who started it each time there would be a blow-up. Mary saw Tess as the evil, dangerous older child who should know better, and indeed she had a strong argument in that Tess was the first one to resort to something weapon like, a sharp pair of scissors.  
  
“My mom was always the one in between, but she mostly agreed with Mary. She knew what Tess had been subjecting Carly to, day after day. She was home when my dad was at work. So Mary started being very careful about allowing Carly to be around the terrible psycho Tess. But my dad didn’t mind that Carly was kept away. He saw Carly as the crazy one, and he had a good point. Tess’s attacks were verbal, but Carly would be the one who would escalate things by attacking physically.”  
  
“Well, now I understand why Mary and your dad have a strained relationship,” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, but I think it is time to let bygones be bygones. My dad and Mary need to mend things. So many years have passed, and Tess now lives far away. But things were very strained for a long time. My parents told me not to tell anyone about what had happened, but people knew. Carly went from having long beautiful hair to an army regulation buzz cut. How do you explain that?  
  
“And she was teased relentlessly at school. She had been really proud of her long beautiful hair, and she had been a very sweet girl. But after having short hair forced upon her, she changed. She kept her hair short for many years, and her bully personality emerged. Prior to that, she had only been aggressive around Tess. But after that, she acted as if the whole world had bullied her and cut her hair, not just Tess.”  
  
“Wow, so in a way it sounds as if Tess made the Carly that I know,” said Nate.  
  
“You are quite perceptive, Nate. That’s how I see it, but who knows how she would have turned out had all that not happened. She has finally moved on, and now wears her hair long again, but the personality changes remain,” said Dale. “So after the hair cutting incident, we saw little of Mary or Carly over at my house. But I spent a lot of time over at their houses. In a way, it was probably all for the best. Carly and I had a lot more fun together, because after that, Tess wasn’t around when we were together.”  
  
“Wow, your family does have some skeletons in the closet,” said Nate. “I always thought we were living next door to a model family. At least until I discovered that the youngest would go streaking late at night.” He winked, hoping Dale would appreciate his joke.  
  
“We may not be the perfect family, but surely I must be the perfect daughter,” said Dale.  
  
“But do you think that is how your parents would see it if the full extent of your naked exploits becomes known to them?” asked Nate.  
  
Nate saw a grave look of deep concern come into Dale’s eyes.  
  
“That’s not something I can even bear to think about. I just have to hope that day never comes,” said Dale.  
  
“I intend to keep you safe, and a big part of that is keeping your secret from your parents,” said Nate. “And my parents. And a lot of other people.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 112: Nate's Dale Photo Gallery**

They had been talking while standing in the parking lot next to Nate’s car. After they had climbed in and were headed home, Nate said, “I’m thinking that Carly might still be feeling the need to settle the score with Tess,” said Nate. “At least you did not mention that she already had. And I would suspect that Tess might always be looking behind her, worrying that Carly might one day be there. After all, Carly is a formidable foe, and this was not a minor, insignificant slight that Carly received.”  
  
Had Nate looked over, he would have seen a look of surprise and admiration on Dale’s face. She had come to realize that he was both very observant as well as having and astute sense for human interactions.  
  
“You’re right, Nate. Tess is deathly afraid of Carly. Carly is bigger and stronger than Tess now, unlike back then. And even back then Carly could sometimes get the best of her.”  
  
Nate and Dale had been at the mall longer than they had planned. They both had homework, and the next day was already Friday and their next trip to Spruce Lake. As they kissed goodnight, Nate added up in his head how long it had been since Dale had had her nipples pierced. That weekend would be two weeks. ‘Dang’ thought Nate, ‘Not even half way there. My how time drags when the titters are off-limits. ‘  
  
What made it particularly difficult for him was that almost as soon as they had been in-bounds, they had gone off-limits. He thought about saying something to her about that, but he wanted her to have the impression that he liked her for her mind and personality too, so he tried to go sparingly on such comments.  
  
They did talk briefly before parting, but mostly just discussing the details of getting on the road headed toward Spruce Lake. Nate had told her that he had a plan for getting her naked for the drive, so that she didn’t need to be thinking about that, worrying, yes, but thinking, no.  
  
They had decided to leave at 5:30 pm and have dinner at the truck stop just outside of Prospect. Nate had suggested it for it was on the way, and it had good memories associated with it dating back to the breakfast they had shared there after the ‘Flagpole Date’.  
  
Nate was doing some laundry and trying not to focus so much on the evening at hand when there was a knock on the door. He looked at his watch. It was only 4:45, so he thought it wouldn’t be Dale.  
  
However, it was, indeed, Dale at the door. She said, “I couldn’t sit still, and I certainly couldn’t focus enough to do anything productive so I decided to come and see what you were up to. My stomach is all butterflies knowing that…” she paused, looking around him into the house, “…are your parents home?”  
  
“Yes, my mom’s in the kitchen,” said Nate.  
  
“Good to know. I don’t know how much my voice carries,” said Dale.  
  
“Come in. Would you like something to drink or a snack?” asked Nate. She tilted her head acting like she might, so they went into the kitchen.  
  
“Hi, Mrs. Miller,” said Dale, upon seeing Nate’s mother at the sink.  
  
“Oh, hi, Dale,” said Mrs. Miller, “Nate tells me that you guys are headed out of town to visit some of your Forest Service friends this evening. I hope you two have a good time. I find it interesting, I mean delightful, that you two have a group of older friends. I mean, friends other than just your high school buddies.”  
  
They talked a little, and Nate got them each something to drink, then Nate said, “We’ll be back in my room, Mom. I have something I want to show Dale.”  
  
She nodded. He knew that since they had spent two nights together at the Windy Ridge lookout with their parents’ knowledge, that she would have no problem with them being alone in his room. He thought that Dale had been in his room just once or twice in the past.  
  
After Nate had closed the door behind them Dale asked, “So what are you wanting to show me boyfriend? Something new, or something I’ve seen before?”  
  
As she said that she made a blatant point of staring at his crotch.  
  
Nate tried to ignore the comment, but felt a very familiar twitch in his pants. He desperately needed to make an adjustment, but definitely didn’t want to be seen reaching into his pants to do so.  
  
Instead he turned and removed something from his shelf, showing it to Dale, “My picture.” She said, recognizing instantly the photo of herself that she had given him on their cookie picnic.  
  
“Yes,” said Nate, “I guess I wanted to ask you if it would now be OK if I hung it up in here. In keeping with your wish that my friends not see it, so that you wouldn’t be fielding any questions about the ‘dream’, I’ve always kept it hidden. Even my parents have not seen it. But now that you are my girlfriend, I thought it might be OK.”  
  
“I’d love for you to have it up, Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“Great, I’ll hang it in my ‘Dale Photo Gallery’,” said Nate.  
  
“Wait…your ‘Dale Photo Gallery’?” asked Dale, with a touch of concern.  
  
“Yes, this will be my third Dale photo on my wall,” said Nate indicating two other smaller framed photos just above his desk.  
  
Dale walked over to study the photos, breathing a sigh of relief as she recognized them. “My back porch light,” said Dale, with a look on her face that clearly communicated that she thought he was strange.  
  
“Yes, the light. I love that light. Were it not for that light, we would not be standing here right now. You wouldn’t have been rescued by the neighbor boy. History would be quite different for you and me,” said Nate.  
  
“And the snow angel photo,” said Dale.  
  
“Yes, this has been my ‘Dale Photo Gallery’ for some time now. I start to get emotional whenever I look at them,” said Nate.  
  
“What an oddly sentimental boyfriend I have,” said Dale, a contemplative expression on her face. “Haven’t your parents asked about them?”  
  
“My mom did ask about them once,” said Nate.  
  
“What did you tell her?”  
  
“The truth,” said Nate.  
  
“You’re kidding, right?”  
  
“What I told her was true. I told her that I had thought of an idea for a poem. And that the images in the poem were a porchlight and a snow angel. I told her that I thought that having the pictures on my wall would inspire my creative juices, and help me make progress on the poem. That sort of thing,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh…that’s sweet. Is there really a poem?” Nate nodded, and Dale continued, “Can I hear it?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 113: Poetry and Grandparents**

“Not yet. When it’s finished,” said Nate. “The problem I’m having with it is that the subject is a moving target, the story and the feelings that I am trying to capture keep growing and evolving. But the initial parts don’t change.”  
  
“Can I hear those?” asked Dale.  
  
“I guess, but I’m not much of a poet, and I am trying to write in a difficult style of poetry… that of Goethe,” said Nate.  
  
“Who?” asked Dale.  
  
“Arm und kleiderlos war, als ich sie geworben, das Mädchen;  
Damals gefiel sie mir nackt, wie sie mir jetzt noch gefällt,” quoted Nate.  
  
“You didn’t write that,” said Dale.  
  
“No, I didn’t, Goethe did. I found it on the Internet, and it made me think of you,” said Nate. “She was poor and without clothes when I was first wooing her. I liked her naked then, and that is how I still like her. It’s almost as if Goethe had you as his girlfriend.”  
  
“Is that really what that means? Nate, you don’t even speak German,” said Dale.  
  
“True, but when I was little, I heard a lot of German from my Grandmother Schreiber,” said Nate. “She grew up in the old country, and she spoke German with me, hoping I would learn it. I didn’t learn much, but I still remember some lines of poetry, such as:  
  
“Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,  
Im dunklen Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, zieh'n.  
  
“That is from Goethe, which she would quote to me,” said Nate. “Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was one of the most famous poets to ever live. Similar to Shakespeare, in many ways, except that he of course wrote in German.” Dale looked at Nate wondering why she had at one time thought that her neighbor was not very intellectual.  
  
“What is that poem about?” asked Dale.  
  
“It’s a lovely poem really, describing a beautiful Mediterranean countryside where the lemons and the oranges grown on the trees. And it’s a love poem, because it says, essentially, ‘Such a beautiful place, and I want to go there with you, my beloved.’ It is very special for me because it brings back wonderful memories of my grandmother. And now it also makes me think of all the places you and I can visit together, and all the adventures that we can experience together,” said Nate. “I’m picturing you and I having such a bright future together.”  
  
For her part, Dale was thinking of all that they might experience together in the future, starting with another fun, and a bit kinky, evening at Kelly’s.  
  
“I haven’t heard you talk about your grandparents much, Dale,” he continued.  
  
“Didn’t I show you the four generations photo in my room?” asked Dale. “In it, I’m about three, and sitting on my Great-Grandmother Parsons’ lap. I don’t recall how old she was at the time, but well into her nineties. She died shortly after that photo was taken. Can you please let me hear some of your poem? I mean, I do believe you that there is a poem, even though you are always messing with me. But you do seem to be trying to distract me with the German poetry and by bringing up grandparents.”  
  
Nate took a notebook off the shelf, opening it.  
  
“OK, I’ll read you verses, one, two, three and five. Four is about the snow angel, and it is giving me a lot of difficulty. At the moment, the poem is entitled, One Lucky Boy,” said Nate.  
  
He sat down again on the bed next to Dale. He glanced at her. She was smiling, waiting patiently. He began to read:  
  
The neighbor girl, quite skinny, so pretty,  
Blossoms into a gorgeous teenager.   
Out of my league, a bittersweet pity;  
Who knew one day I’d find her in danger?  
  
Outside, watching a meteor shower,  
A porch light switched off, the night darker still.  
She emerges, amazing, at this late hour,  
Buck naked, she cartwheels, such a big thrill.   
  
Wearing just shoes, out the gate, up the trail,  
Surely, I think, this will never repeat.  
Not just any girl, the one and only Dale,  
Her outings become a regular treat!  
  
Subconsciously signaling her neighbor,  
She departs on that destiny filled night.  
Rescued by her Knight in Shining Armor,  
Whisking her away, just after first light.  
  
As he finished, Dale couldn’t help herself. She leaned in close, longing to be near him. Almost kissing him, she paused, opting instead to simply lean her head on his shoulder, smiling. ‘Why was this boy doing this to her?’ She loved how she felt around him, but at times she found it uncomfortable, to be falling for a boy so quickly and so completely.  
  
“I was a skinny kid, wasn’t I?” said Dale.  
  
“You were. I actually had ‘scrawny’ there, instead of ‘skinny’,” said Nate.  
  
“Scrawny? That doesn’t sound so nice,” said Dale. “I’m glad you changed it to ‘skinny’.”  
  
Nate gave her a gentle kiss, and they shared a tender embrace. Nate pulled back, just slightly, stroking her cheek with his thumb and losing himself gazing into her eyes. They shared another kiss, also tender, but passionately tender.  
  
Nate felt that the moment was full of emotion on both sides of the relationship, but it was time. He broke the mood by announcing, “We’ve got to be going. I’ve got a dinner date!” They said goodbye to Nate’s mother, and shortly thereafter they were studying the menu at the truck stop diner.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 114: Nate Buys a Newspaper**

After they had ordered, Nate said, “Dale, I heard back from my cousin, Daniel. I know you haven’t met him because he didn’t grow up in Prospect, but I mentioned him to you once. He’s a sophomore at the U in Eatonville, and he’s in a fraternity. We are working on a plan together. Want to know more?”  
  
“Sure, don’t tell me everything, but tell me, at least, what I need to know,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, we should visit Eatonville to visit the University, and while we are there we can also visit Watson College. I know you are interested in Watson College. I think you said you were interested in it because it is small, very academic, and has a reputable faculty. So we can visit both on one trip,” said Nate.  
  
“Sure, when should we go?” asked Dale.  
  
“I was thinking two weeks from now, but I have my reasons,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, you do, do you?” said Dale, trying to cutely feign a great deal of suspicion.  
  
“Yes, you see, Daniel’s fraternity has a big Halloween tradition,” said Nate.  
  
“You’re not thinking Ika, by any chance?” said Dalee.  
  
“How much, exactly, do you want to know?” asked Nate.  
  
Dale thought about that, then replied, “Well, don’t tell me everything, but if we do this Halloween thing, will my nipple rivets be seen?”  
  
“I can pretty much guarantee you that,” said Nate.  
  
“By very many people?” asked Dale.  
  
“Most likely,” answered Nate.  
  
“And my pussy. Is ‘he who is in charge of my nudity’ also going to put my pussy on display?” asked Dale.  
  
“I think I should leave that as a maybe. On the one hand, I have to leave you with something to wonder about, and, on the other hand, the situation there is a bit tricky. As you know, every year a number of people from Prospect High head up there to attend the University. I very much want to show off the pretty pussy, but not if you are at all recognizable. After the bungee jump fiasco… Well, suffice it to say, I don’t think we ever need to have nude Dale Jordan photos making the rounds at school again. I’m pretty sure that Principal McRoberts wouldn’t be able to say anything, but I think complete anonymity has to be the goal going forward.  
  
“I think that’s even more important now that there are all the bungee jump photos out there for comparison. And what is more, Alexa, Jodie and their ilk have their eye on you, and since they got such a good look when they pantsed you, they know exactly what they are looking for. So I prohibit photos and I maintain your anonymity. That’s what has to happen.”  
  
“That’s what I like about you, Nate. You have this way of making me feel so very vulnerable, and yet safe. At least a little safe,” said Dale.  
  
Nate laughed, “Vulnerable, yet safe. I like that!”  
  
“And then I was thinking we could go and visit State, the weekend after Halloween, maybe. That would be a shorter trip. The drive isn’t as far, and we would be visiting just the one school. There is a football game that weekend, so I thought we might drive down Sunday evening, spend the night in a motel, visit the school on Monday, and drive back that evening, or we could do it as a day trip. That would save the cost of the motel. We’d miss school on just the one Monday,” said Nate.  
  
“That sounds like a good plan. Why don’t we make tentative plans to do that, and then decide for sure after the weekend in Eatonville,” said Dale. “What part of all this should I be in charge of arranging?”  
  
“I was hoping you’d ask,” said Nate. “Why don’t you contact the Watson College admission office and make arrangements for the Friday before Halloween. I doubt my grades are good enough for that school, and if we go on Friday, you can probably arrange to sit in on a class, or meet a professor. I’ll take care of the motel arrangements and arrange a tour of the U. Sound good?”  
  
“Sounds perfect,” said Dale.  
  
They continued to talk about this and that through the rest of their meal. In addition to being sweethearts, their relationship had developed to the point that they were also best buddies, enjoying each other’s company tremendously.  
  
As they climbed into the car for the drive to Spruce Lake, Dale suspected that the moment for nudity to start was likely at hand. Nate had purposefully parked a few rows from the diner with the car facing away to give them privacy for this moment. Dale wondered if he would start the car and drive somewhere, or simply have her undress there. To her surprise, he turned to her and asked if she had a quarter.  
  
“A quarter? No. I left everything at home, besides these clothes; so no I.D., no phone, no money. Why a quarter?” asked Dale.  
  
“That’s alright. I have one,” said Nate. “I just thought it would be more fitting if you paid to lock up your own clothes.”  
  
“Paid to lock up my clothes? Do they have lockers here?” asked Dale.  
  
“Sort of,” said Nate. “Give me your clothes, and find out.”  
  
Dale looked around in all directions. Determining that the coast was clear, she started undressing. She had worn new clothes, purchased the night before, a pair of black yoga pants and a light blue top with a scoop neck that went from shoulder to shoulder. She slipped off the pants first, and Nate’s mouth fell open. “Now I know why yoga pants don’t show panty,” he said.  
  
“It’s not like you are imagining, Buster,” said Dale. “Girls generally wear thongs under yoga pants.”  
  
“Were you bare under your pants all day at school?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’m surprised you have to ask,” said Dale. “I felt like I had major cameltoe wedgie all day. And you didn’t even notice?”  
  
“Oh, I noticed. It looked awesome. I just couldn’t tell if you had no panties, or a pair of thin panties. But I had fun wondering, and looking, while trying to avoid getting caught,” said Nate.  
  
“Boys!” said Dale.  
  
“Hey, who’s to blame, the one looking or the one showing?” asked Nate. Dale just scowled her cute little scowl, shaking her head ever so slightly. Nate thought that he had now seen all of her little expressions, and this particular one was among his favorites.  
  
“This morning I didn’t wear a bra or panties. I figured, ‘why bother’ since I’ll be completely nude later anyway? And it kept me worrying about tonight,” said Dale.  
  
Once she was down to her tennis shoe outfit, Nate put her clothes in a non-descript paper bag and climbed out of the car. Dale watched him with trepidation as he walked toward the diner. It was now sinking in that she would be entirely nude the rest of the evening, with no access to clothing. While she had been nude on drives before, the worrying about being nude in the car had not diminished.  
  
To her surprise, she saw Nate stop at one of the newspaper vending machines lined up outside the diner door. She saw him put in a quarter, take out a newspaper. He then carefully placed the bag with her clothes just inside, on top of the remaining papers.  
  
She hadn’t been expecting that. She had thought that they probably had lockers inside the truck stop as a big sign did list ‘showers’. When Nate climbed back in the car, he handed her the newspaper. She looked at the front page briefly then tossed it into the back seat.  
  
“Nate, those are my new clothes. How do you know they will still be there later tonight?” asked Dale.  
  
“I don’t. Something to worry about, I guess,” said Nate with a smile, starting the car and heading toward the freeway. “But if you had looked at it, you would have noticed that I bought the morning paper. This time of day, most people would buy an evening paper. But if someone buys the morning paper, then all bets are off. And if they are gone, then I’ll buy you replacement clothes.”  
  
“But how will I get home, Nate?” said Dale.  
  
“Well, we could swing by the mall and do some more clothes shopping,” said Nate.  
  
“Great idea!” said Dale sarcastically.  
  
Nate tried to take it easy on Dale during the drive by not passing any cars or trucks that he didn’t have to. He and Kelly had planned the evening, so he knew what was coming for Dale. He expected it would be tough on her, so he thought it best to go easy on her during the drive.  
  
About half way to Spruce Lake, Dale announced, “Nate, I had a dream this week.”  
  
“Was I in it?” asked Nate. “Was it a happy dream or a nightmare?”  
  
“You weren’t in it, and it was a nightmare. A bad nightmare! I had it the first night after our hike, the night after you read me Kelly’s letter. That makes complete sense, as the dream was about my nipples. I know that she doesn’t really own my nipples, but I decided that I wanted that part her letter to feel real. So I purposefully let myself worry about that, and I guess it got into my subconscious.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 115: Dale's Nightmare Begins**

“I didn’t mention it earlier because it was a scary dream, and I was hoping to forget it. But frankly the reason I remember it in so much detail, is because I was trying so hard to forget it. Dreams I don’t think about are forgotten right away,” said Dale.  
  
“Can you tell me about it?” asked Nate.  
  
“I brought it up now with the intention of doing so. Maybe, since trying to forget it didn’t work, telling you about it will help me get over it,” said Dale.  
  
“OK, in the dream I was kneeling and completely nude. I had my hands behind my head with my fingers interlocked. I was in a big empty place, a place like a warehouse. I think it had a concrete floor. Kelly was there. She was friendly, even smiling, yet so very strict.  
  
“She had rolls of cord, two rolls. She tied loops around each of my nipples. I didn’t try to stop her; I just watched.  
  
“She didn’t tie the cord to my jewelry, I mean her jewelry, instead she tied a snug loop around just the nipple itself, just behind the barbell. The barbell kept the loop from sliding off. Like I said, I didn’t try to stop her.  
  
“Once both loops were secure, she threw the rolls of cord straight up into the air. What goes up, must come down, right? Well, they didn’t come down.”  
  
“Was Kelly the only other person there? Just you and Kelly?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yes, it was just Kelly and me,” said Dale. “I looked up and saw that there were two motor winches on the ceiling, each with a roll of cord attached to it.”  
  
“Uh, oh! I think I can guess where this is going,” said Nate.  
  
“Just listen. Spare me the guessing,” said Dale.  
  
“When I looked back at Kelly, she had a remote control in her hand. She pushed a button, and I felt a tug on each nipple. I looked up and saw that the winches were slowly winding in the cord.  
  
“I felt my chest rising, pulling my ribcage up with it. For some reason, I didn’t want to stand up, but eventually I had to, so I was on my feet. Kelly was smiling, a very reassuring smile, but the winches kept turning, winding in cord.  
  
“I was able to take my hands off the back of my head, but it did no good. I couldn’t untie the little loops, nor did I have anything with which to cut the string. I tried hanging on to the cord, but it was so small, and if I gripped it, it only got shorter and tighter, increasing the pain. Eventually, I had to go up on my toes.”  
  
“This is a terrible dream, Dale,” said Nate. “I’ll bet the first thing you did when you woke up was check to see if you still had nipples.”  
  
“I did! How did you guess?”  
  
She paused and Nate looked over at her. The color of the sky was changing as sunset approached, and Dale, bathed in lovely warm light, was looking down at her nipples. She had a hand under each breast, pushing it forcefully toward the ceiling of his car, as if reliving the dream.  
  
“Next, I found myself on my very tippy toes. The pain from my nipples was intense, so intense. I think I was on the verge of blacking out. I knew that they couldn’t hold much longer and would be torn from my chest.  
  
“I thought the pain could not get any worse, yet it did! And suddenly I realized that my toes were no longer touching the floor. I was completely suspended by the two small cords attached to my nipples; somehow they had not torn loose.  
  
“I swung slightly to and fro, suspended there like that.”  
  
“Wow, this is intense! Now I see why you tried to forget this dream,” said Nate. “But no wonder you couldn’t. Please don’t stop, what happened next?”  
  
“Well, I had been paying attention to being lifted, not paying attention to Kelly. She was facing away from me as I again became conscious of her presence. She still had the remote control in her hand, and she started turning back around. Her face was angled down, looking at my feet, but it slowly tilted up.  
  
“That’s when the crazy dream got even crazier. In the place of Kelly’s smiling face was suddenly Alexa’s face, and her look was pure hate, pure evil.  
  
“I screamed, and she laughed an evil laugh. She stared into my eyes and her look was one of someone out for blood. I saw her raise the remote over her head and press a button.  
  
“My first thought was, I’m safe. I’m suspended, but the nipples are holding. I’ll be alright, but then I felt a tiny jerk indicating that something had changed. I looked up at the winches, and to my horror, I saw that they were moving apart on tracks on the ceiling.  
  
My first thought was, ‘uh oh!’ This has to end badly.  
  
“Gradually I felt my nipples being pulled apart on my chest, and I felt myself being lifted gradually further from the floor as the cords started to angle down to where they were secured to my nipples, just behind the barbell rivets. The force on each nipple increased with the angle.  
  
“I looked back at Alexa, and saw that she was taking great enjoyment from my pain. Just as I felt the tissue beginning to tear, I was fortunate. I blacked out.”  
  
“My God, Dale! Can it get any worse?” asked Nate.  
  
“Fortunately for me, I woke up then, but the dream had been awful. My soul felt scarred. I sat there, in an upright fetal position, holding my nipples tightly pressed back into my ribcage.  
  
“I was so conscious of the jewelry, and my mind raced thinking of what Kelly had written. I didn’t get back to sleep for hours. I feared falling asleep, lest Alexa should be there waiting for me, and the dream would pick up where it had left off.  
  
“So, Alexa seems to be getting to you on a subconscious level,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, Nate, what is with that girl? If I look across the lunch room, I often see her, and she is always glaring at me. She usually has one or two of her minions with her, and they, too, are glaring at me. And she is friends with Jodie, and now I’m getting similar vibes from Jodie. What did I ever do to deserve to be hated?”  
  
“Oh, Dale, I’m sure you are just oversensitive. They are probably mostly just looking your way. You are nice to everyone. Don’t worry about it. If anything, they are just jealous,” said Nate.  
  
“I wish I thought you were right,” said Dale. “But my subconscious thinks they are plotting to dismember me…I guess the term would be to ‘disnipple’ me. Ouch, ouch, ouch! Nipples are so sensitive, and just the thought of having them torn off is beyond too much.  
  
“But seriously, I think they are quite wrathful. They seem to know beyond a doubt that I was bungee girl, and it is driving them crazy that I suffered no real consequences. At least that is my theory. I’m sure it all goes back to jealously for Alexa, over never being picked to be a cheerleader. ”  
  
“Maybe,” said Nate.  
  
And then in a louder voice he interjected, “Shit…Damn It!”  
  
The abrupt change in his voice surprised Dale, causing her to snap her head in his direction to look at him. He almost never swore. He was looking in his rearview mirror.  
  
As she turned to see what he was looking at, she heard him say, “Oh, Dale, I’m so sorry. This might be it. I sincerely hope not, but this might be it!”  
  
She was now looking back at the red and blue flashing lights of a police car. “Don’t stop, Nate,” she said.  
  
“I have to stop. I don’t want to stop, but I have no choice,” said Nate.  
  
“Were you going fast?” asked Dale.  
  
“I must have been. The speed limit drops way down right back there. I was so intently following your story,” said Nate.  
  
As the car slowed, Dale started to panic. She felt her world collapsing in on itself. As Nate pulled onto the shoulder, Dale unbuckled and slid down into the foot well. Kneeling, she curled up into a little ball, her chest pressed against her thighs, her back parallel to and as close to the seat as possible. She was trying to disappear, trying to slide under the seat.  
  
She had managed to make herself so small, and Nate was instantly reminded of how she had managed to disappear while cuffed to the flagpole.  
  
“Nate, hide me,” she pleaded.  
  
“With what?” asked Nate, looking around in desperation.  
  
“I don’t know, anything,” said Dale.  
  
The newspaper in the backseat caught his eye. He had to stretch to get it, but he managed, and started taking it apart.  
  
Only Dale’s back was visible. He noticed the small bumps of her backbone down the center of her back. Working quickly, he positioned newspaper sections to hide her from view. He had only just completed that task, when he saw the officer walking toward his car.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 116: The Nightmare Continued**

He got the registration out of the glove box, and was working to get his wallet out of his pocket when he heard the officer say, “License and registration, son.”  
  
Below the newspapers, Dale was trying to keep herself from unraveling. One side of her face was pressed into the dirty carpet right next to the gearshift. She was completely unnerved, panicky, and she was trembling, even though she was trying not to, knowing full well that the newspapers could not move.  
  
Her heart was pounding so hard that she felt it in her ears. Initially she didn’t allow herself to breathe, but that only made it worse once she realized that she was going to have to. She let out a first breath as carefully and quietly as possible, opening her mouth wide in the hopes that that would make it more quiet, but she felt that it was surely too loud. The officer surely had to have heard her, see thought.  
  
Her mind went round and round. She tried to concentrate on staying small and still. She couldn’t help but worry that the worst was about to unfold. Her nervousness was making it almost impossible for her to follow the conversation, but she heard the officer tell Nate that he had been 12 mph over the speed limit. Then she heard Nate apologizing.  
  
After a minute, she started to think that her hiding spot was working, but then she heard the officer ask, “What was all the commotion in the car as I was walking up? I couldn’t see what you were doing, but you were certainly busy with something.”  
  
“I was just finding my registration in the glovebox, Sir,” said Nate.  
  
“Is that all,” said the officer, bending down and peering into the car’s interior. The sun had set, but it was still light enough that he didn’t need his flashlight.  
  
Dale knew it was over when she heard, “What are you hiding under the newspaper, Mr. Miller?”  
  
“I just have a lot of car cleaning to catch up on, Sir,” said Nate.  
  
“I think you need to show me what is under the newspaper there,” said the officer.  
  
Dale knew that Nate was trapped. He had no choice. She felt the newspapers being removed one by one. She hoped that he would not have to remove the final layer, but then it got brighter and she knew that he had. “What am I looking at, son. Is that a body or another person?” asked the officer.  
  
Reluctantly Dale raised her head and looked at the officer, using her hand to sweep her disheveled hair to the side, exposing her face. Sheepishly she said, “Hi.” She knew it sounded stupid, but it was somewhat reflexive.  
  
“Up on the seat where I can have a look at you,” instructed the officer. “Well, well, what have we here? A young lady, and a not very dressed one at that. Your I.D., Miss,” demanded the officer.  
  
“I’m sorry, Sir, but I wasn’t driving, so I didn’t bring it,” said Dale.  
  
“Likely story,” he said. “Your age, Miss?”  
  
“Eighteen, Sir.”  
  
“Eighteen,” he said, shaking his head. “I’m not sure you look a day over sixteen. What is your name?” he asked.  
  
‘Carol,’ she started to say, but then realizing that it wouldn’t work to be ‘Carol’ in front of the law, she said resignedly, “Dale Jordan, Sir.”  
  
“OK, Mr. Miller, exit the vehicle. Both hands flat on the trunk. – You, Miss Jordan, sit where you are. Hands on your knees, where I can see them. Have you been raped or otherwise sexually abused?” asked the officer.  
  
“Definitely not, Officer. Nate is my boyfriend,” said Dale.  
  
An expressionless Deputy Petersen looked her up and down. To Dale he looked as if he were trying to decide if he believed her or not. Admittedly the condition in which he had found them would lead to a certain amount of skepticism.  
  
“Please get dressed, Miss Jordan,” he said. He left the car window and walked back to a position just behind Nate. “OK, Mr. Miller. In my experience, when something seems fishy, it’s because it IS fishy. Have you taken liberties with the young lady in the car? I have a pretty keen eye for such things. And she’s not eighteen, that much I can tell you. A little underdeveloped for an eighteen year old, I should think,” said Deputy Petersen, clearly thinking out loud.  
  
“Like she told you, she is my girlfriend. And she IS eighteen, just petite. I know it doesn’t look good, but we were just out for a drive. Nothing illegal is going on here, but I was probably speeding. I know that the speed limit drops down back there, but we were talking and I hadn’t gotten my speed down yet,” said Nate.  
  
Deputy Petersen grumbled, obviously still quite suspicious about what was really going on with these two. Looking into the car he shouted, “Miss, you’ve been instructed to get dressed!”  
  
He walked back half way to his car, taking out his radio he called in, “Dispatch, this is Petersen twelve.”  
  
“Go ahead, Petersen twelve,” barked the radio such that Nate could hear what was said.  
  
“I'm code six with a suspicious vehicle and two suspects about a mile and a half south of the Spruce Lake cutoff,” said Deputy Petersen.  
  
“Go ahead.”  
  
“Requesting female back up, code two. Is Deputy Alvarez on duty?”  
  
“Affirmative. Dispatching Alvarez nine now, code two.”  
  
“Copy that. First suspect, an eighteen year old male, I’ll transmit driver’s license momentarily. Second suspect is a potential victim, a nude female, suspected minor, no I.D.”  
  
“Did you say, a nude female minor?”  
  
“Affirmative, a nude female, suspected minor.”  
  
“Copy that, I will inform Alvarez nine.”  
  
Nate heard Deputy Petersen walk back to his car, and get in. He looked at Dale. She was just sitting there. He could hear her sobbing quietly. He tried to think of what he should say. Finally he said, “It’ll work out somehow, Dale.” There was no response.  
  
Up in the front seat, Dale was sitting as instructed, hands on her knees. Having no clothing, she had been unable to follow the instruction related to dressing. Her stomach was turning inside out, and her body was trembling. Oddly she felt slightly at peace with the situation. This was, after all, the inevitable outcome of the risks they had been taking. In a way what surprised her the most, when she thought about it, was that it had not happened earlier.  
  
Her sobbing was a reflection of the level of anguish she was experiencing. She couldn’t help herself, but she was trying to do so as quietly as possible. She didn’t want Nate to know. She didn’t want to make this any harder on him than it had to be.  
  
She was feeling somewhat at peace with the situation because she could tell that all that she would need to do was follow basic instructions and answer factually. She probably would not have to make many choices, so she could just relax while the officers dealt with them. Everything was out of her hands.  
  
As Dale considered her predicament, it occurred to her that this situation was different from what she had always pictured. She had always imagined that she would be arrested for public indecency or indecent exposure. She hadn’t been nude in public, but rather nude alone in a car with her boyfriend. She was unsure what, if any, law that was in violation of.  
  
Clearly the officer seemed very concerned about her age. She wished that she had her driver’s license to prove that she was eighteen. She knew that sex with a minor was statutory rape, but she also thought she remembered reading that simply being alone with a nude minor could also be considered statutory rape. She found herself worrying about Nate.  
  
But then her thoughts switched to her parents. While she might not be prosecuted for indecent exposure, she knew that her parents would be called. The thought of that call was unimaginable to her. She didn’t want it to happen, but was realizing that there was probably nothing she could do about it at this point.  
  
Just then another car veered over, crossing the center line, and parked facing them, its light bar was on and its headlights shone in the car’s front window, blinding Dale. An officer climbed out. Walking back, she shined her flashlight through the open driver’s window at Dale in the passenger seat. After studying her for a long moment, she walked back to confer with the other officer next to his car.  
  
A few minutes later, Deputy Alvarez opened Dale’s door saying, “Are you OK, Miss? Can you stand?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 117: Separated**

“Yes,” said Dale, sheepishly.  
  
“OK, then. On your feet, young lady!” Dale climbed out of the car. Turning, she saw Deputy Petersen walking a handcuffed Nate back to his car.  
  
“So, young lady. You need to forget about him for the time being. Now it’s just me and you. You can call me, Deputy Alvarez. Tell me your name.”  
  
As she spoke, Deputy Alvarez circled her, inspecting her up and down.  
  
“Dale Jordan,” said Dale. “Deputy?” she asked.  
  
“Yes, Deputy, out here in the country, the Sheriff keeps the peace,” said Deputy Alvarez.  
  
“OK. I understand that you told Deputy Petersen that you are eighteen and have no I.D. with you. Is that correct?” asked Deputy Alvarez.  
  
“Yes, that is true,” said Dale.  
  
“OK, young lady. There’s a couple of things you need to know about me. I can be your friend, or your enemy. You can have it either way. I don’t tolerate lies, and I don’t put up with smarty pants girls. Get cute with me, and you’ll find out how nasty I can be. Got it?” said Deputy Alvarez.  
  
Dale watched the other car drive off with Nate in the back seat. ¬¬  
  
“Yes,” said Dale. She wasn’t used to being talked down to like this. It was uncomfortable enough to be standing along the side of the road nude talking to a sheriff’s deputy. Fortunately it was now mostly dark, and they were on the side of the car away from the road, but cars were passing by, one or two every minute.  
  
The cars would slow to get a better look at what was going on. The light bar on Deputy Alvarez’s car was still flashing, red and blue. Dale was turned such that all someone might see would be her back, but she knew that that her nude back was plenty to grab anyone’s attention as they drove slowly by. Plus they might be able to see her naked buns.  
  
“OK, next question. Do you really want me to believe that your parents named their daughter ‘Dale’? How about you tell me your real name,” said Deputy Alvarez.  
  
“I get that a lot, ma’am,” said Dale.  
  
“Not ma’am. Deputy Alvarez! Got it?”  
  
“Yes, Deputy Alvarez. It is unusual for a girl, but ‘Dale’ is a name that can be both a girl’s name or a guy’s name. There are other girls named ‘Dale’, just not many.”  
  
“Well, I’ll just have to take your word on that at the moment,” said Deputy Alvarez. “Next order of business, Deputy Petersen told me that he instructed you to get dressed. Why have you not obeyed?”  
  
“I have no clothes to put on,” said Dale.  
  
“OK, I should have a blanket for you in my car,” said Deputy Alvarez, walking back to her car and opening the trunk. A minute later, she returned empty handed saying, “Well it would seem that whoever used the blanket last, did not put it back. The hospital should at least be able to give you a gown or robe.”  
  
“The hospital?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yes, the county hospital will be our first stop. They will perform a sexual assault exam,” said Deputy Alvarez.  
  
“A sexual assault exam?” replied Dale, not liking the sound of that.  
  
“Yes, they look over the entire body for any injuries. It includes a pelvic exam, as well as a rectal exam should they determine that it is necessary. They take samples of fluids. They look under the nails for an attacker’s skin samples. They take photos to document findings. Stuff like that. I’m sorry that you’ll have to go through that, but it is standard operating procedure in all cases that might involve rape or sexual assault. The time window to gather such evidence is quite short. Please get in the car.”  
  
“But Deputy Alvarez, there was no rape, no sexual assault. Nate is my boyfriend,” said Dale. With quite a bit of hesitation, she added quietly, “…and I am a virgin. There is nothing to find, no reason for such an exam. There is no semen, no trauma. Please reconsider!” Dale was feeling very frightened at the prospect of such an exam. Indeed, the idea that she would one day have to endure a Pap smear was bad enough.  
  
Revealing to a stranger that she was a virgin, was very hard for her. She just hoped it would strengthen her argument, that there would be nothing to find. Everything about the evening had been so embarrassing, and that was before she had decided to mention her virginity. She started having second thoughts about that. Might her claim to be eighteen be weakened by her claim to be a virgin?  
  
“An eighteen year old virgin, huh?” said Deputy Alvarez, chuckling. “I’m sure there are those. But one who just happens to ride around in the car with her boyfriend nude. Remember the part where I told you not to lie to me, or get cute with me. So are you eighteen, or are you a virgin, or am I supposed to believe that you’re both?”  
  
“I know it is not a common thing, but it is true. I am both,” said Dale, heightening her feelings of embarrassment by having to argue the point.  
  
“Tell me then,” said Deputy Alvarez. “If that is your boyfriend, and you are a virgin, is your boyfriend gay? This doesn’t add up. Do you see what I’m saying? You’re not telling me something. Get in the car and we’ll talk on the way.”  
  
“He’s not gay!” said Dale, climbing into the back seat of the cruiser. “We just haven’t been going out very long, and he respects me.”  
  
Deputy Alvarez started laughing as she put the car in gear. “OK miss, tell me the whole story, and keep to the facts,” she said as they drove off toward the county seat.  
  
Dale learned more from Deputy Alvarez about the differences and similarities between police officers and sheriff deputies. Dale was very glad to learn that she had at least been able to convince Deputy Alvarez that the hospital exam was unnecessary.  
  
“You do understand that if you are not the victim of a sexual assault, then you can expect to be charged with indecent exposure,” Deputy Alvarez explained. Dale had tried to argue that she had not been in public, but all Deputy Alvarez would say was that it would be up to the judge.  
  
Dale had only been managing to stop crying because Deputy Alvarez had been keeping her busy. Inside she was a mess. The whole experience was turning out to be a nightmare. Granted, she wasn’t hanging by her nipples, but she had no idea what awaited her at the station. She knew it would be terrible. The only thing that could make the situation worse would be the sudden appearance of Alexa. Even without her, it was already a nightmare.  
  
A little while later, Deputy Alvarez and Dale entered the county courthouse through the Sheriff’s Department entrance. Except for her shoes and the barbells through her nipples, Dale was just as nude as the day she was born. And just as on that day, the day when the doctor had first confirmed her gender to her eager parents, not a single pubic hair obscured any of her intimate details.  
  
Had it occurred to her, she might have used her hands to cover up. Not because she was uncomfortable being nude, but rather because others might expect her to do so. As it was, she was so at ease with her nudity that it didn’t really cross her mind.  
  
Once inside, Deputy Alvarez kept her busy by working on filling out forms with Dale’s information: name, birthdate, address, etc.  
  
As part of this she explained that her parents would need to be called right away. Among other things, to verify her birthdate and other information, as well as to inform them of the location and situation of their daughter.  
  
In the car, Dale had decided that she wasn’t going to go down without a fight, and she had had an idea. A year or more ago, she had told her Aunt Mary, that if she got arrested, that she’d use her one phone call to call her. Aunt Mary had been very non-committal about helping her out in such a situation. As she thought about it, she was very glad that Nate had just made such a positive impression on Aunt Mary.  
  
And so when Deputy Alvarez had asked for her address, Dale had told her that her Aunt Mary was her legal guardian, and she had given that address and phone number.  
  
As Deputy Alvarez went about loading the number board for the mugshot, Deputy Petersen came upstairs. Dale noticed that she was prisoner #55178 as they handed her the number board to hold. They had her stand in front of a wall marked with lines to indicate a person’s height. Deputy Petersen looked through the viewfinder. He asked Dale to raise the number, so that “it would not be cut off”.  
  
Unbeknownst to Dale, the photo extended down almost to her belly button. In reality, Deputy Petersen was having her raise the number up higher to keep it from covering her tits in the photo. He didn’t say anything, but he was enjoying the view, and was hoping for a good photo. Especially one that showed the nipple jewelry that was captivating his attention.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 118: The Basement Hallway**

He then took a little initiative and started going about preparing to take Dale’s finger prints. Generally no one liked finger printing suspects. The same reason that made people dislike it, was why he wanted to do it now. You had to be close to the suspects, touching their hands while inking them and pressing their fingers against the card stock.  
  
The typical suspect had not bathed for days and smelled of alcohol and other less pleasant things. But touching this young girl’s hands would mean finally being close enough to get a real look at those enticing nipples.  
  
He still hadn’t gotten an honest to God look down below, but he had seen her slit while taking her picture, and he knew that she was baby butt smooth. If he set things up just right, he was expecting that he might get a nice clear view of her pussy while fingerprinting her.  
  
While they were busy with finger printing, Deputy Alvarez was preparing a form for Dale to sign. Once it was complete, she said, “Miss Jordan, here is the statement we discussed in the car. As you’ll recall, this form summarizes your declaration that you were not sexually assaulted. And it includes your choice to forgo the sexual assault exam. Please read it to ensure that it is factual. This form will make it next to impossible for us to prosecute Mr. Miller for sexual crimes committed involving you. If you are certain, then sign and include the time and date below.  
  
After Dale had signed, Deputy Alvarez’s demeanor seemed to change. Her look became more business-like, and less comforting. “Now that we have determined that you are not a victim, I must now read you your rights.”  
  
“What?” said Dale.  
  
“I told you how this would play out,” said Deputy Alvarez. “Don’t act so surprised.” She continued, “You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you? With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?”  
  
“Why are you doing this?” said Dale. “I was alone in the car with my boyfriend!”  
  
“First things first, Ms. Jordan, Yes or No?” asked Deputy Alvarez.  
  
As Deputy Alvarez was clearly waiting for an answer, Dale finally said, “Yes,” agreeing to talk.  
  
Just then, someone finally showed up with a blanket, and Dale wrapped it around herself ‘toga’ fashion. She hadn’t been cold, and she was comfortable being nude, so she put it on more for everyone else than for herself. Essentially, because she knew they thought that she would want to be covered. Even though they had found her naked in the car, even though she had been around Deputy Alvarez for over an hour without using her hands to cover up or acting shy about being seen, she knew that they still were expecting that she must be embarrassed to be nude.  
  
At that point, Deputy Alvarez led her downstairs. “What’s down here?” asked Dale apprehensively.  
  
“The cells and the interrogation rooms,” said Deputy Alvarez bluntly. That sounded ominous, and Dale felt reminded that her world was changing.  
  
As they turned the corner at the bottom of the stairs, Dale saw Nate right ahead. He was standing in a cell facing her, his hands resting on a ledge within the bars. He was no longer wearing handcuffs. Behind him someone was sleeping on a bunk. She noticed a toilet in the corner of the cell. She and Nate locked eyes as the deputy led her past and down the corridor.  
  
“What’s down this way?” asked Dale.  
  
“This is the women’s wing,” said Deputy Alvarez chuckling.  
  
They turned a corner, and Deputy Alvarez pointed her into a large group cell, the door of which was standing open. She closed the steel barred door and locked it. “How long will I be in here?” asked Dale.  
  
“That depends,” said Deputy Alvarez. “Now it’s time for me to go and call your aunt.”  
  
After she had gone, Dale turned and inspected the bed. It seemed clean enough, so she sat down, holding her head in her hands in despair.  
  
Nate had seen Dale being led past, and then he had heard a cell door close. The female deputy had then walked back by, continuing up the stairs.  
  
A few minutes later he heard, “Nate, can you hear me?”  
  
“Yes, Dale,” he responded, shouting in order to be heard.  
  
He waited, expecting her to continue.  
  
Dale looked around at her austere environment. She was in a large cell with bunkbeds for six. The ceiling was high, and there was one barred window high up the wall. The room was lit, but only by fluorescent light shining in from the hallway. The hallway had numerous non-descript doors, but this seemed to be the only cell. There were piles of boxes along the wall of the hallway indicating that the hallway doubled as storage. One pile of boxes was clearly large boxes of toilet paper.  
  
She got up and found plastic cups by the sink. It amused her to think that the cups were probably plastic for safety, so that prisoners wouldn’t be able to break them and use the glass to slit their wrists. She filled the cup and drank its entire contents greedily. She hadn’t had anything to drink since the diner. Nor had she used the restroom since then.  
  
She looked at the toilet. How degrading it seemed to have a toilet just out in the open like that, visible to anyone else in the cell or hallway. It had a seat, but no lid. At the moment at least, there was no one around, but she decided to put that off, at least for a little while, even though she really needed to go. She felt that it would make her feel like a common criminal to pee in full view, like that, in the corner of a jail cell.  
  
She found herself thinking of Nate, down in that cell around the bend in the hallway. While she knew that ultimately he would not be charged with anything. Indeed, no crime had been committed. She hadn’t been raped or assaulted, and she was not underage. But how hard this must be on him, be treated like a criminal. And for a decent guy like him to be forced into a position where he was defending himself against sex related charges. She knew that that had to taking a significant toll on him. And she knew that his parents were destined to be called or at least find out as well. And he was enduring all of this because of her, because of her ‘hobby’.  
  
She was feeling very bad, for he really was such a decent guy. He cared about her. Sure, he was sexually attracted to her, but unlike other boys she had dated, she knew that in his case it was different. There were real depth to his feelings. She knew he would not stop at anything to help her in a moment of need. She laughed to herself, knowing that he had probably already begun plotting their escape. And given his resourcefulness, he might just be able to pull it off.  
  
She knew that he was in his cell, feeling bad about her, worrying about what she was going through.  
  
And his thoughts would be genuine. She knew that he loved her. She hadn’t heard him say it, but she knew, she could tell. And at that very moment, she realized that she loved him! She had suspected for a while that her feelings constituted love, but in that instant, all doubt disappeared. Even though the setting, the jail cell, was horrendous, she found herself experiencing true joy. She had never been in love before, but suddenly she was! There was no doubt in her mind.  
  
Down in his cell, Nate again heard, “Nate, can you hear me?”  
  
“Yes, Dale,” he responded again, shouting in order to be heard. “Are you OK?”  
  
About fifteen seconds passed and then he heard her voice, “Nate, I love you!”  
  
His heart soared as waves of emotion washed through him. He could not believe what he had just heard! So many conflicting thoughts flashed through his mind.  
  
“Dale,” he shouted back, without hesitation, “I love you!”  
  
He looked back at the drunk sleeping it off on the bed. He had not budged. As far as he could tell, their special moment, the first time they had voiced their love to one another had not been overheard. It had been just the two of them!  
  
How ironic that it had been shouted down a prison corridor, and that they were not even able to see one another due to the bend in the hallway. He didn’t know what more there was to say, so he decided to just leave it at that. It was a declaration of love, without a single qualifier.  
  
As he heard nothing more from Dale, he presumed that her thought pattern had been similar. What more was there to say? They were two young people, and they were in love!  
  
A little while later, Dale heard sounds at the other end of the hall. She heard what had to be a cell being opened and then relocked. After a minute she called out again to Nate, but there was no response.  
  
The feeling of helplessness that comes from being locked up was really starting to sink in, especially that Nate was not within shouting distance. Deputy Alvarez returned fifteen or twenty minutes later, and took her back down the hall. As she turned the corner, she looked for Nate, but as she suspected he was not in the cell.  
  
Before going very far down the hall, Deputy Alvarez put her in what had to be an interrogation room, again locking the door and leaving her alone. It was quite similar to those she had seen on TV. One central table, four chairs, a clock on the wall, and a large mirror that was surely one of those two-way mirrors allowing people in a darkened room on the other side to observe.  
  
She allowed her feelings of dread to overpower her efforts to maintain her composure, and she again started crying. Her sobbing was not as violent or as uncontrollable as it had been in the principal’s office, but the tears ran in a steady stream down her face. Even though she had told Nate that ‘the girl who she used to be was gone’, she was still a girl with emotions. And she knew that she now had some difficult times ahead. Possibly Aunt Mary could bail her out and keep her parents from finding out, and hopefully the charges might be dropped. In reality, she had no idea about how the legal matters might work out. Thinking about that only increased her sobbing.  
  
Looking in at Dale, crying with her head hanging down, Kelly remarked, “I really think she is going to kill you, Nate.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 119: Hallway, revisited**

“She just might, this time,” said Nate.  
  
Nate, Kelly and Henry were seated in the darkened observation room. Not only could they see Dale, but they could also hear her sobbing via the speaker system.  
  
“Do you want to stick with the original plan, or intervene now?” asked Kelly.  
  
“I guess we’ve come too far to chicken out. I mean, I always knew she’d cry,” said Nate. “That’s hardly a surprise. But it is really hard for me to watch, knowing that I am putting her through this. Personally, I much prefer to see her happy, yet the crying seems to often go hand in hand with what she craves. I’ve learned that there’s so much more to it than just the nudity for her. She seems to need the worry, the emotional roller-coaster that she experiences along the way.”  
  
Nate continued after a short pause, “As I told you, just two weeks ago on our drive back from the capital, Dale did say, ‘The close scrapes are thrilling, so I wonder if actually getting caught would be even more thrilling.’”  
  
“She still hasn’t learned her lesson,” said Henry. “She just doesn’t know how dangerous it is to make little comments like that around you, does she? And she doesn’t know what you and my wife are really capable of, when you put your heads together. The poor girl, she just had no chance tonight!”  
  
“It really tears at me to watch her suffer like this, and I expect that she will be mad at me when she finds out,” said Nate. “Just like she was after her flagpole date. In a way that came about similarly, Kelly made the suggestion, and then Dale imagined out loud how she might enjoy being blackmailed. So just like this time, she herself was partially to blame. But now, the flagpole date would seem to be one of her most cherished memories. She uses the flagpole as a meeting point at school even referring to it endearingly as ‘my’ flagpole, and when I walk up, she generally looks as if she is reliving the experience by standing in the exact position she was handcuffed.”  
  
“And the nipple stuff was diabolical,” said Henry.  
  
“The nipple part ended up being real hard on her,” said Nate. “Harder by far than I had anticipated. Like I told you, even though she knew that they were still her nipples, she still experienced such a nightmare. From the tone of her voice, I could tell how profoundly that nightmare impacted her.”  
  
Just then Deputy Alvarez opened the door interrupting their conversation, “Ok, Sheriff, so is the plan still as we discussed?”  
  
“Yes, Jennifer, grill her for about twenty minutes or so, and then you and Petersen release both Nate and Dale on their own recognizance. Tell them that they will be contacted regarding a hearing after one has been scheduled with the judge,” said Kelly.  
  
After Deputy Alvarez had left, Kelly continued, “I still think it is funny that Dale never asked me what I do for a living. It is surprising to me that the young career bound girls can be just as prejudiced as everyone else. I guess she just assumed I was a housewife…a housewife with police-issue handcuffs, not the kind with fake pink fur. No one ever expects a woman to be sheriff.”  
  
“I sure was surprised when I first found out,” said Nate.  
  
“Admit it, Dear, you hardly look like Buford P. Justice,” said Henry.  
  
“I know I’m not a fat middle aged man, but why is everyone so surprised to learn that I am the sheriff?” said Kelly.  
  
“Part of it is your baby face.”  
  
“I know, and it doesn’t help that I robbed the cradle and married you. It has always been my curse to look much younger than I am,” said Kelly.  
  
“Yes, that, and the fact that there aren’t that many young female sheriffs in the country,” said Henry. “And you did have a few things in your favor. Connections and the fact that this is the least populous county in the state. And did I mention connections,” said Henry.  
  
“Shush! Now you’re in the doghouse. You know I hate it when you say that. I think I had Nate convinced that I worked my way up through the ranks,” said Kelly. “You need to always remember that other wives can just make their husbands sleep on the couch; whereas, I can have you locked up in the drunk tank overnight!”  
  
“So how old are you, Kelly?” asked Nate bluntly.  
  
“She’s twenty nine, wink, wink,” said Henry.  
  
“Now you’re for sure spending the night in the drunk tank!” said Kelly.  
  
Just then they saw Deputy Alvarez enter the interrogation room. She handed Dale a box of tissues, and sat down to begin the interrogation.  
  
“She and Deputy Petersen are sure convincing. Out there on the side of the road it felt exactly like a real traffic stop gone bad,” said Nate.  
  
“Why would that surprise you?” asked Kelly. “They aren’t really acting. This is what they do, day in and day out. Of course, we had to discuss suspending some of the usual protocol, for example, to keep Dale nude. But other than a few things like that, it was easy for them to come across as real deputies. They mostly just go about their jobs, and it comes out just as if you and I hadn’t set it all up.”  
  
“I know that is true, but it has all been so convincing. I’ll bet it never crossed Dale’s mind that this was a ruse,” said Nate.  
  
“Yep, and just as you wanted, she’ll have had the full experience without any downside,” said Kelly. “But we had better be going. We need to get back to our guests. Walk out with us so we can get your key and make sure you know where they put your car when they brought it in.”  
  
They stepped out into the hall, and Kelly continued, “And don’t worry about it if Dale, I mean ‘Carol’, is not in the mood for coming to the party. I kept her role very small knowing that…” Suddenly their conversation was interrupted because Deputy Alvarez and Dale were coming out of the interrogation room.  
  
As soon as Deputy Alvarez saw them there talking, she said “Oops,” and she tried to turn Dale around, but it was too late. Dale had seen them. She just looked dumbstruck.  
  
Nate, Kelly and Henry all had no idea what to say or do. There was no way to get around that they had been seen. For a few moments, everyone just looked from face to face, no one knowing what to say.  
  
Finally, Deputy Alvarez spoke, “I’m so sorry, Sheriff. She asked to go to the bathroom, and it never occurred to me that you guys might be out here in the hall. I thought you were observing the interrogation and would know of her bathroom request.”  
  
As Nate watched, the blank expression on Dale’s face started to change, and he didn’t much like the expression that he saw taking its place.  
  
“Deputy Alvarez,” said Dale, “Who is the sheriff of this county?”  
  
“I am,” said Kelly, before Deputy Alvarez had a chance to respond.