**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 139: College Visits**

Nate woke up to the noise of the hair dryer. Dale had already showered and dressed. She seemed in a bright mood, wishing him a good morning and telling him to get up and get moving. On his way into the bathroom to get a shower, Nate caught sight of the box of condoms in the wastebasket. He wanted to retrieve it, but he was too smart to do so, knowing full well the conversation that would surely ensue.  
  
All during his shower, Nate thought about how Dale had been in his bed. In a way, it was dreamlike. She was not there as he had fallen asleep, nor was she there when he had woken up. But he knew that it absolutely had not been a dream. He’d had Dale dreams before, and he’d had Dale wet dreams, too. Indeed, those had started even before he had first seen her nude, that fateful night of the meteor shower. Consciously and subconsciously she had always had his attention.  
  
He knew he’d be able to take whatever she managed to dish out all day. No matter what she said about how they couldn’t be together. She probably didn’t know how much those words stung…or just possibly they were intended to sting.  
  
But all he’d have to do was think about how she had crawled into bed with him, and he’d get by…knowing that she must need him, on some level. What other explanations could there be?  
  
And if she needed him, then somehow it would work out. He wasn’t positive, but he was optimistic. At least he felt like he knew what he had to do. He needed to be the safe constant in her life. He needed to be the port in her storm. If she was going through a crisis, like she had said, then he needed to be there for her, not push her, but simply be there for her.  
  
As he was almost ready to turn off the water, he thought about his dick. It hung down limply. He had spent his whole shower thinking about Dale, but not in a sexual way. He touched himself and pulled. That felt good, so he pulled harder.  
  
He made a conscious decision to squeeze out a quick one. He decided that it would be wise to bleed off some sexual tension. It would help him concentrate on the discussions about the schools, and be less distracted by Dale and her very significant charms.  
  
When he came out of the bathroom, Dale was sitting on the bed, ready to go. “Sometimes you take the longest showers,” she said.  
  
Nate felt caught, but he knew that the main reason it had been a long shower was all the time he had spent thinking about Dale before he had jerked off. The jerking off itself had taken very little time. All he’d had to do was picture the wet spot on her tiny white panties, and then picture that in a scene with her strapped to the wheel, a line of people looking at the wet spot. That was all it had taken.  
  
Something about the thought of her vulnerable like that, all but nude completely unable to defend herself, and sexually aroused due to that very vulnerability, that had been enough. Those thoughts alone had put him quickly over the edge. He hadn’t even had to remove the panties in his thoughts, but he had been prepared to…had it been necessary.  
  
The eight mile drive to Watson College went quickly. It was a beautiful fall morning. The map from the college was easy to follow, and in no time then found the Admissions Office on the ground floor of a very old stone building. They were greeted warmly and efficiently. They began with a short discussion with an admissions counselor, who mostly briefed them on their morning schedule.  
  
Dale had made the arrangements, and even though Nate was included in all discussions, he could tell that the counselor was addressing Dale more specifically. He knew that was probably only because he probably seemed like a friend tagging along, not a potential applicant.  
  
After that, a Watson student gave them a campus tour. Two other perspective students were included on the tour, both of them girls. One of them was from California, the other from Japan. Nate could tell that they were both very academically inclined, but he wasn’t surprised. Watson College was a very highly rated liberal arts college.  
  
Mid-morning it had been set up so that Dale could meet with a professor and attend a class. Watson College didn’t offer a major entitled ‘Public Relations’, but they did offer course work that Dale knew was directly applicable.  
  
While she was doing that, Nate wandered over to the Science building to investigate his interest in Geology. Watson did offer a B.A. in Geology, but it was a small department with just one professor. As luck would have it, the one professor was in his office and the door was open. Nate introduced himself, and ended up having an interesting discussion.  
  
In addition to learning about the geology major, he was very interested to ask a few questions related to where gold was found. The professor gave him quite a bit of information. Nate knew that gold was generally found in or adjacent to quartz veins within a granite mass, but he had no idea how one might go about locating such veins while looking at the ground below his feet.  
  
Nate left the discussion with a list of suggested resources for further study, as well as an appreciation for how dirt and plants got in the way as far as geology was concerned.  
  
Watson offered no degrees in Forestry, per se, but similar to Public Relations there were many applicable courses available.  
  
Nate and Dale were given meal vouchers, and ended up having lunch with the two girls they had met on their tour. They ate in a cafeteria on the ground floor of the freshman dorm.  
  
After lunch they drove back to the U and started the whole process all over again. Even though they were expected in the admissions office, things were much less organized. There were more visiting perspective students, so nothing was personalized. However, they did manage to tag along on a tour that took place every day.  
  
After that, Nate and Dale explored on their own, visiting a few academic buildings as well as the student union building and the book store. Together they visited the forestry and the geology departments. The forestry department had its own building and the geology department had its own wing off of a science building.  
  
Nate was particularly impressed with the facilities even though he didn’t have the chance to meet with any professors. All the offices were simply locked and it seemed as if no one was around, but by then it was late afternoon.  
  
They ate dinner in the cafeteria. No meal voucher had been provided, but they were both impressed by the range of food available. And there were vegetarian, vegan, and gluten-free selections, as well as other offerings catering to every imaginable dietary restriction. As expected, the dining room was giant.  
  
While eating, Nate got a text from Daniel. Roger and Zack were hoping that they could come by to test out the straps and other attachment points that they had added to the wheel. They agreed, and headed that way after they had finished dinner.  
  
Walking up to the front door of the Fiji house was quite a different experience. Many individuals were busy. The Disturbia preparations were in full swing. The front lawn had been turned into a graveyard. Dale stopped in her tracks, spotting a giant rotating wheel right above the front door, completely hiding the fraternity’s Greek letters.  
  
She pointed it out to Nate. Above the red and white wheel was a giant banner reading “WHEEL of DEATH”. The rotating wheel was about the same size as the one that Dale would be strapped to, but on it was a skeleton, seemingly pinned in place by knives skewering it’s feet and hands.  
  
The knives in the hands gave it a hint of Jesus on the cross symbolism, which was about fully eliminated by the skeleton’s spread eagle position and the fact that it was wearing a tattered white bikini. The white bikini was the only indication that the skeleton was female.  
  
The most eye catching thing about the display was the giant knife stuck through the skeletons pubic bone and continuing right into the target’s bullseye, right through the tattered bikini bottoms. They both stared at the shocking, attention grabbing image.  
  
“That skeleton sure bled a lot for a skeleton,” said Nate. There was blood painted on its hands and feet where the knives were protruding and on the wheel itself in those areas. But the largest wound, in terms of blood was right in the middle. The center of the bikini bottoms was red as was the knife and the bones and target leading away in every direction from that point.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 140: A First Spin**

“Nate, please don’t throw any knives,” said Dale. “It must really hurt to be stabbed right through your CG like that.” She felt that it would be days, probably much longer, before she could get that image out of her head.  
  
“Don’t worry Dale, I’m not throwing a single knife,” said Nate.  
  
“Lucky I’m not having my period,” said Dale. “What do you think everyone would think if my thong turned all red like that one? Wait pretend I didn’t say that.”  
  
“Gladly! I’m going to do everything in my power to erase all memory of that comment,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Dale. “It is just impossible to look at this and not have that pop into your head…at least if you are a girl.”  
  
“I expect it might have been intended,” said Nate. “But you know what else is obvious.”  
  
“What?” asked Dale.  
  
“Your act is clearly getting top billing,” said Nate. “It almost looks as if they’ve renamed their spook alley ‘Wheel of Death’ in honor of your act.”  
  
“You mean our act!” said Dale. “All I do is hold on and go ‘round-n-round’, right?”  
  
“Well, maybe you could spice it up a little. Struggle a little,” said Nate. “You know. The girl who is not willing to be just any old girl when it comes to losing her virginity wouldn’t have to be just any old ‘Target Girl’ either.”  
  
“Maybe I’ll see what Zack and Roger think,” said Dale thoughtfully.  
  
They went on inside and received a warm welcome. They had met nearly everyone the evening before and were clearly celebrities. Even though it wasn’t easy, they made their way down to the pool room.  
  
Zack and Roger were busy. The wheel was now mounted in its nearly upright position. Dale hopped up onto the footplates and grasped the handles. While she was getting the feel for the position, Roger and Zack were busy showing Nate something small and electronic.  
  
Dale stepped down to get a better look. Nate pushed the button and they all heard the sound of a large impact from the wheel. “There is a hammer controlled by a solenoid in back of the wheel,” said Roger. “When you press this button, it should sound about like a knife hitting the target. You’ll have to practice, but maybe if you hold it in your left hand, and then pretend to throw a knife with your right hand. Those watching will see your empty hand and hear the sound of a knife hitting. If you get the timing about right, the illusion might be convincing, and the dim lighting will help.”  
  
Nate tried it. He didn’t think the illusion was too convincing, but the impact sound sure was. ‘Maybe with different lighting,’ he thought. ‘…or with a target girl to distract the audience.’  
  
Dale had left the lingerie at the motel, and the guys really wanted to see how the straps were going to feel against bare skin, so she ended up stripping down to her utilitarian bra and thong panties for the test fit.  
  
She didn’t really think about it, but she was wearing less than the day before when she had been wearing the skirt. Nate could tell that Zack and Roger were quite flustered as they tried to maintain their composure and go about the steps involved in strapping her to the wheel.  
  
Daniel was again keeping himself busy with door duty. He’d let those who wandered in watch a little, but then ask them to move along. There was a steady stream of observers.  
  
Nate walked back to the door, and just as he had suspected, there was a line. Word had spread that ‘Maddie’ was in the pool room in her underwear, and everyone was taking their turn getting a peek.  
  
Dale found the straps comfortable. They were wide and padded with several layers of polar fleece where they were in contact with her thighs and upper arms. An addition, knives had been stuck into the board on each side of her head. They too were padded. Zack and Roger had felt that her neck muscles would get very tired holding up the weight of her head given the amount of time involved.  
  
The straps holding her feet to the footplates were comfortable too.  
  
After she was in place, they turned on the wheel to give it a test. Dale had been worrying that she would be spinning rapidly, but in reality, it turned fairly slowly. About six revolutions a minute.  
  
All in all it was pretty comfortable, with one very significant exception, several really. Having her upper arms strapped to the board like that pulled he shoulders way back, forcing her ribcage and chest way out and up. She could tell that that would quickly start causing pain. And her shoulder blades were going to get rubbed raw.  
  
Zack and Roger had anticipated the exact problem, and they made adjustments, unhooking just Dale’s upper body. They placed a layer of polar fleece behind her back, and they cut some foam pieces to fit behind her upper arms. After some more testing, they made similar foam pieces to go behind her thighs and heels.  
  
They also decided to add layers of polar fleece between ‘Maddie’ and the board in other places where there was contact, such as behind her head and behind her butt, to limit and hopefully prevent bruising and abrasion. They would do that later, as it needed to be cut to shape and glued in place.  
  
As a final test, they tied Dale’s hair up and turned the wheel on. They all wanted Dale to get a feel for how it was going to be for a few minutes. While she was going around and round, Dale saw two girls come into the pool room. She couldn’t really get a very good look at them, given the constant motion, but she noticed that Daniel allowed them to stay and watch.  
  
When Zack and Roger finally stopped the wheel and started to unstrap her, they inquired about how she felt. They were indeed glad to hear that she wasn’t experiencing any nausea or other discomfort.  
  
At that point the girls came over and introduced themselves. The curvy brunette’s name was Kristi. The redhead’s name was Nikki. Kristi had wanted to meet the girl who would be Target Girl, as she had come very close to allowing herself to be talked into doing it.  
  
Dale learned that the two were indeed ‘wives’ of fraternity members and would be wearing zombie costumes in another room. They said they’d say ‘hi’ to her again before Disturbia opened the next day.  
  
At that point, Dale was done, so she got dressed. Nate watched her dress with a great deal of interest. He was trying to tell if it was with reluctance that she put back on her jeans and shirt. He couldn’t really tell, but she did meet eyes with him a few times as she went about dressing. They both noticed that he wasn’t the only one watching her dress.  
  
The Fiji house was a hive of activity, but Nate and Dale managed to slip back out. It was still early, so they decided to drive across town and wander around Watson College to get a feel for what that place was like on a Friday night.  
  
Watson College didn’t have a Greek system, but there were other social groups, such as interest houses and of course dorms. There were a few small parties here and there, but it was a pretty mellow place, all in all, considering that it was a Friday night.  
  
Based on a few posters in the student union building, they expected that Saturday night would be the party night. Several posters advertised Halloween parties that were on Saturday night. Given their involvement with Disturbia, they would be unable to come back.  
  
While they walked around the quiet campus, Nate decided to bring up something that he felt needed to be reinforced. “Dale, on the way here, you promised to keep the lingerie on. You promised to be good,” said Nate.  
  
“I know,” said Dale.  
  
“Remember, I only agreed to take you to the Fiji house because you promised. But you are making me worry. I see you around those guys in your underwear, and I can tell…I mean, it looks like it is exciting for you. And last night your thong was damp,” said Nate.  
  
“I had hoped it wasn’t damp enough to be all that noticeable,” said Dale, with a twinge of embarrassment.  
  
“Well, I saw it. I want to help you with your resolution. I think it will give us a chance, if you can do this and keep everything on. Do you want to renew your promise to me? I know you are probably itching to be naked, but I think it is important to you to not let that itch win out. Now that you know all that is involved, can you still promise me that you’ll be good?” asked Nate.  
  
“Honestly Nate, I’m a bit worried about me, too. I don’t know why my tits and pussy want out so badly, but they do. Tomorrow night I know that they are going to be screaming to be set free.  
  
But I’m going to ignore them, don’t worry. I will be good. I have to be good. I expect that the wheel might be the best thing about this whole thing. Once I’m all bolted it, I won’t be able to take them off. I’ll be locked to the wheel, and my panties will be locked on me. Even if I beg you to use one of the knives and cut them off me, don’t do it,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, don’t worry about that. I’m not worried about my resolve. I like getting you naked, but unlike you, I’m sure it is an urge that I can control,” said Nate. “But thank you for again promising to be good.”  
  
“Yes, I’ll be good; however….” said Dale.  
  
Nate interjected, “Dale, stop thinking about it. Whatever you were about to say, don’t.”  
  
“I am drawing a line, but there is one more thing that I’m doing that is still within my resolution,” said Dale.  
  
“No it’s not, whatever it is, don’t,” said Nate.  
  
“Actually, I already did, so it’s too late,” said Dale. “Do you want to know?”  
  
“Dale, this is a slippery slope. We both know that. OK, tell me, what did you do,” he said resignedly.  
  
“Well, I heard them talking. They wanted a topless girl with big boobs. Big boobs that go around and around, as she went around and around. Well, they’ve got the wrong girl for that,” said Dale. “But the other thing they imagined, the other thing that they really wanted was for the skirt to go up and down as the girl goes around and around.  
  
Well, that little ‘so-called modesty skirt’ is tight. With my butt planted against the wheel and held tightly there, it’s not going to go up much at all. I could hike it up, or take it off, but instead I wanted them to get their wish. While you were in the shower this morning, I went to the office and borrowed some scissors. Well, I cut the entire skirt into one inch wide strips.”  
  
“I hope you’re joking!” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 141: Morning Wood**

“Nope, not joking. It’s done. I got the idea from the string skirt,” said Dale. “So I’ll still have it on. It will just be a little less modest, especially when I am upside down. But I feel very good about that. They are such nice guys. They deserve for it to work as they envisioned, even if they did need a little help with the engineering.”  
  
“Dale, you are seriously worrying me,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, come on. What’s the worst that could happen?” asked Dale.  
  
“Please don’t make me picture the worst that can happen,” said Nate.  
  
“You’re thinking gang rape, aren’t you?” said Dale.  
  
“Well, your legs are spread and there’s no way you can get yourself free,” said Nate.  
  
“But I know that you and Nawlins will keep me safe,” said Dale.  
  
“There are just two of us, and there will be hundreds of them,” said Nate. “But I guess that gang rape is indeed the thing I’m most worried about. But I’d call everything off if I was seriously worried about it as a possibility, even a remote possibility. But to look on the bright side, if it does happen, you’ll make the Guinness Book of World Records!”  
  
“That’s not in there, is it?” asked Dale.  
  
“I doubt it is, but I know I’m not going to look,” said Nate. “Just keep the lingerie on, and no more alterations, please!”  
  
That evening back at the motel, Nate suggested to Dale that she do her nipple soak on her bed. She ignored him, again spending a long time in the bathroom.  
  
He thought about inviting her to just spend the night in his bed, as she had done the night before. He decided against it. He thought there was a greater likelihood that she would again sleep with him, if she thought that she had gotten away with it.  
  
She emerged from the bathroom again wearing a nightgown.  
  
Later, after they were both in their beds and the lights were out, Nate was listening to her breathing to know when she fell asleep. She always fell asleep quickly, and she typically woke up before him. As he listened, he suddenly realized that he wasn’t hearing breathing, but rather sobbing.  
  
‘Girls!’ he thought. He expected that she was crying about their breakup. She had mentioned earlier in the weekend crying about that. He got up, and went over to her bed. Being careful to do so as ‘a friend’ might, he knelt down to try and comfort her. “Dale, you’re crying. Why are you crying?” he asked.  
  
Eventually he got it out of her, “Nate, they don’t really want me. They wanted Kristi. Did you see the knockers on her? That’s why they came up with the wheel idea in the first place. They don’t want flat little me. Her boobs would be banging her in the chin on every rotation. You know mine are too small to move much at all, even with gravity switching around like that.”  
  
“You know I think your titters are as lovely as they could possibly be, Dale,” said Nate. “You are a hot little package in the white lingerie. It’s not really a ‘boobs’ scene anyway, it’s more of a full-body scene, and besides, your titters are perfect!”  
  
“I know you say that, but I’m not sure you’re being completely honest. How do I know you’re being honest, and even if you truly think that, there aren’t many guys like you. Guys like ‘em big, big like Kristi, or like Carly,” said Dale. “That’s probably the real reason I cut the skirt. I’ve got to use what I’ve got. Draw the eyes to my strengths.”  
  
“That’s ridiculous. There are plenty of guys, me included, that judge tits by criteria that don’t involve size,” said Nate. “Size is overrated.”  
  
“Well, the guys in the frat definitely wanted big knockers, swinging around. I heard them with my own ears, and I saw Kristi with my own eyes. I’m sure hers are real, and they are amazing,” said Dale.  
  
“It doesn’t matter,” said Nate. “We both know that you won the genetic lottery. Your titters are as lovely as I can imagine. There isn’t one ideal size. Little tits can be pretty, large tits can be pretty.”  
  
“And since I’m feeling so honest, Nate. There is one other thing I have to tell you,” said Dale. “Another reason that I went with the piercing? To try and make the most of what little I’ve got. When people see naked me for the first time, I don’t want their first thought to be about my inadequate size.”  
  
“That’s silly,” said Nate.  
  
“No, it’s not. We both know why Carly won’t get her nipples pierced,” said Dale. “She won’t do it because she doesn’t have to. She looks great topless, as is.”  
  
“This is silly,” said Nate. “Your nipple rivets look awesome, absolutely lovely, but it has nothing to do with compensating for or distracting from size inadequacy.”  
  
“You’re always nice to me, but I know the truth of the matter,” said Dale.  
  
“Where did all your confidence go? We both know how beautiful you are,” said Nate.  
  
“But they wanted Kristi, Nate! I’m just a poor excuse for a consolation prize,” said Dale.  
  
She wasn’t sobbing any more, but he could tell she was feeling down.  
  
“I know what you need,” said Nate. “You need a friend who honestly and truly loves you. Stand up!” She hesitated, but did get up after he had gotten to his feet.  
  
Once she was on her feet, he took her wrist and led her around between the two beds. Grasping her nightgown on both sides, he pulled up. She started to stop him, but then relinquished, even raising her arms. It went up and off over her head. As expected, she was nude underneath.  
  
“Nate, please. Don’t do this,” said Dale quietly.  
  
“Dale, I know what you need,” he repeated, lying down. “Try and think back to what you told me about that first night in my tent.”  
  
He lay down and tried to pull her by her hands into the bed next to him. She resisted, holding firm, but not saying anything.  
  
Nate continued, “Dale, I know you slept with me last night. Sleep with me again tonight. Consider me just your friend, if you prefer. We’ll both have a better night if we spend it together.”  
  
He stopped there, waiting for her to decide. The curtains were closed, so it was dark and he couldn’t see her eyes or face to read her expression. Eventually she gave in and climbed into bed with him. He held her close.  
  
“I didn’t think you knew about last night,” she said, allowing him to hold her. He didn’t reply; he just continued holding her. Eventually they both fell asleep, Dale first, as usual.  
  
When Nate awoke, Dale was still in bed with him. Usually she climbed out of bed, leaving him, to wake up alone in due course. It seemed as if she had been awake for a while, just lying there hugging him. It was a very tender moment, to wake up in her arms. He turned slightly, returning the hug. It felt quite nice to be so very close.  
  
Suddenly she shattered the mood with a crazy laugh, saying “Nate, you bad little boy. You’ve got morning wood!”  
  
“What?” said Nate, caught completely off guard. But she was right. ‘Where do girls think morning wood comes from?’ he wondered. “Dale, it just happens. I wasn’t being bad,” he said.  
  
Dale sat up and yanked the covers off him. His erection was more than obvious in the front of his pajamas.  
  
“I want to touch it. I’m going to touch it,” she said, holding out her index finger. Before he could react or say anything, she poked his dick firmly with her index finger, much as someone does a sticky key on a keyboard.  
  
“Hey!” said Nate, wanting to sound incensed, but also wanting her to do it again.  
  
She laughed out loud, but then, grabbing a few things, she disappeared into the bathroom. A bit later he heard her turn on the shower.  
  
Being certain that he had a few minutes to himself, Nate picked up where she had left off. It took very little time, and he hid the evidence. As far as he knew, that was the first time that she had intentionally touched his dick. It had been a wonderful moment, even if it had felt like a rude little poke. ‘Beggars can’t be choosers,’ he thought.  
  
Once dressed, they headed out to look for a place for breakfast. They weren’t in a hurry. They had done a surprisingly good job of seeing both schools the day before.  
  
Just a few blocks away they found a chain pancake house. The coffee was weaker than expected, but they were both in good moods, which more than made up for the poor coffee.  
  
Nate so much wanted some confirmation that they were again more than friends. He knew that rushing that only had risk, so he didn’t bring it up.  
  
He didn’t know if he could take another setback, although he fully expected that there were probably setbacks in his future. He decided that it was better to be expecting more pain. In that way, it would hurt less when it came. Dale had decided that they could no longer be a couple. Unfortunately, he was well aware of her typical level of commitment, when she dedicated herself to something.  
  
On the flip side, the last two nights had been very encouraging. She seemed to need him as evidenced by sleeping with him.  
  
As they carried on a pleasant conversation about the two schools they had visited, Nate’s mind was multi-tasking. He was trying to predict if the lingerie would stay in place.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 142: Martin from PHS**

Maybe cutting the skirt would satisfy her urge to be on display, but he doubted it. Indeed, he knew he wouldn’t cut it off of her. She had even instructed him not to do so. And he knew she would be strapped down, unable to strip herself. And while strapped in, the only way to get it off would be to cut it off. But then she might not even make it onto the wheel with the lingerie on.  
  
He remembered how fired up she had been before the hula hoop weekend main event. She’d probably be like that again. In the end, he decided that it was out of his hands.  
  
He’d try to keep her dressed, so at least it wouldn’t be his fault if some or all of the lingerie disappeared. But the more he thought about the wheel, the more concerned he became. He decided he had to discuss his concerns with her.  
  
“Dale,” he began, “I’m worried about the wheel.”  
  
“Me too,” she admitted. “Which part are you worrying about?”  
  
“Your body,” he said, “Everything. “Three hours is an eternity. I’m worried about your skin, your arms, your legs. I’m worried that you’ll be rubbed raw. And your muscles. Your arm muscles, from trying to hold yourself in position. Your neck muscles. You might start getting cramps. I want you to have fun, but I can’t really see how that can be fun.”  
  
“But everyone should have the experience once in their life!” she said with a chuckle, trying to lighten his mood. “Isn’t that what they say?”  
  
“Be serious for a minute, please,” continued Nate. “And I don’t want you getting dizzy or throwing up. Isn’t that why Kristi said she didn’t do it. How did it feel, the test run?”  
  
“It felt OK. I don’t think I’ll get dizzy or nauseas,” said Dale.  
  
“But three whole hours!” said Nate.  
  
“I know, I know. Don’t make me worry any more than I already am,” said Dale.  
  
“Just stay with me and keep me hydrated,” said Dale. “Be there for me, if it gets rough.”  
  
“If it gets rough, I kick into Knight mode, and I get you out of there,” said Nate.  
  
“Please do that, but only if I agree, or if I pass out. Okay?” said Dale. “You know me. If I’m going to do this, I want to do it right. And tonight doing it right means, going the distance.”  
  
“Okay, as long as we are a team. Are we a team?” he asked.  
  
“Absolutely. Today I need you. Today we are a husband and wife team, remember?” said Dale. Nate loved the sound of that, ‘husband and wife’. It made them sound very ‘couple’ like, but he really wished she had left out the word ‘today’.  
  
After breakfast, they ended up wandering around downtown Eatonville. Indeed the town was a component of the college decision, so it made sense to investigate it as well.  
  
Compared to Prospect, Eatonville was a big place. It wasn’t something that surprised them, but they did notice that Eatonville had parking that you actually had to pay for. That didn’t exist in Prospect. Who would pay for parking when one street over there were twenty empty parking spots?  
  
They wondered if Eatonville had a rush hour, something else that did not exist in Prospect. They talked about how nice it might be to live in a bigger town.  
  
After exploring town for a while, they went to the gym at the U. Dale had already asked questions about options related to continuing to participate in gymnastics at both Watson College and at the U, but she wanted to see the facilities.  
  
In the gym they saw a small poster on the bulletin board promoting Disturbia. It had an illustration of a girl on ‘The Wheel of Death’. They both studied it and Dale commented, “A little bit of false advertising going on here, don’t you think. I mean, not only is she topless, but she’s got knockers like Kristi.”  
  
“Well, you do have a point,” said Nate. “However, no one who sees you on the wheel in those little white nothings is going to feel cheated.”  
  
“I know that they’d rather have Kristi’s knockers hitting her in the chin on every turn, but I’m not going to focus on that. I’m going to just focus on doing my best. And I’m going to try and have fun, and if that is impossible, then I’m going to focus on going the distance,” said Dale. “I like these guys, and I want to still be spinning when the bell rings.”  
  
Nate took down the poster as a souvenir. They looked around and found another on a different bulletin board so they could each have one. They thought about searching out more, but didn’t want to cut into the fraternity’s promotional efforts.  
  
They were going down a wide staircase, when suddenly they heard, “Hey, Dale, is that you?” from off to the side.  
  
They both looked and saw Martin Thompson, a PHS graduate from the year before, walking toward them.  
  
“Hi, Martin!” said Dale, recognizing him instantly. “I didn’t know you came here for college.”  
  
“I was planning to go to State,” said Martin, “but the track scholarship they offered here was so much better.”  
  
Nate looked on as Martin gave Dale a big hug. While hugging her, he looked over at Nate. Nate could tell that he was struggling to place him.  
  
“Nate, right?” he said finally.  
  
Before Nate could reply, Dale said, “Yes, Nate Miller. My neighbor.”  
  
“Sure, I remember you,” said Martin. “We were on the football team together, weren’t we?”  
  
‘Ouch and double ouch,’ thought Nate. First to be introduced by Dale as her ‘neighbor’, and then having Martin barely remember him, even though they had both played defense on the same team.  
  
“How’s Gage working out this year, Nate? He has my old position, I’ll bet,” said Martin.  
  
“Yep, Gage is kicking butt at Safety!” said Nate.  
  
“And you, defensive line, wasn’t that it?” asked Martin.  
  
Nate could tell that Martin didn’t remember him well, but then, why should he? He was one class behind him and he had mostly just warmed the bench.  
  
“Yep, Starting Left Defensive End this year, Martin,” said Nate proudly. He was so glad to be able to work the word ‘starting’ into the conversation without it seeming too awkward.  
  
“That’s surprising, what happened to Blake? Did he leave town, or get injured?” asked Martin.  
  
“Nope, he’s on the team. I beat him out for the starting slot, fair and square,” said Nate.  
  
“Really?” said Martin, eyeing him, acting as if there might be a punch line coming. When neither Nate nor Dale batted an eye, he continued, “Well, congratulations then.” He didn’t sound very sincere.  
  
He turned his attention back to Dale. “So Dale, you must be up here checking out the U. With a group, I presume,” said Martin, looking around for others from Prospect.  
  
Dale could see how Martin was treating Nate. First, acting surprised and unimpressed that he was one of the starting players, and now obviously thinking that there was no way that just the two of them might be there together. She decided to have a little fun of her own.  
  
“Nope, just Nate and I,” said Dale, hooking her arm into Nate’s and pulling him close.  
  
She saw the surprised look on Martin’s face, so she gave Nate a tender kiss on the cheek, the kind of little kiss that had ‘girlfriend’ written all over it.  
  
She continued, “We drove up Thursday – for a long weekend together – to get out of Prospect. Nate found us a romantic little motel room just down the street. We’ve mostly been holed up in there, but our parents think we are exploring colleges.”  
  
Nate was delighted to see the look of shock on Martin’s face.  
  
“I haven’t talked ‘colleges’ with Michelle,” said Dale. “Is she considering coming here?”  
  
“So Dale, you and Nate going out?” asked Martin bluntly.  
  
“We’ve got nothing to hide, Martin?” she said with a wink.  
  
Martin looked a little perplexed, deciding to answer Dale’s question about his sister.  
  
“Umm…Michelle. Yes, I’ve been telling her she should come here. We have a great track team. You should both come here and run track. How cool would that be?” said Martin.  
  
“That’s not happening, Martin. But those were good time, Michelle and I on track. All the relays we ran together, but you know I haven’t been on the track team for years now…had to give it up to focus on cheer and gymnastics. You can’t do everything!” said Dale.  
  
“But you were so fast!” said Martin.  
  
“Well, Michelle is the true track star,” said Dale. “I was so excited when she set the state pole vault record last year as a junior. Just think how high she’ll go this year. That will be a record that will last!”  
  
“She’ll be offered some great scholarships, that’s for sure,” said Martin.  
  
“Yep, you and Michelle. Track clearly runs in the family. Nice talking to you Martin, but we need to be going. Nate needs to take me back to the motel for a nap.”  
  
As she said that, Nate saw her give Martin a little wink.  
  
As they walked away from him, Dale held Nate’s arm tightly.  
  
“So, what was that all about? Little early in the day for a nap, don’t you think?” asked Nate.  
  
“Just because you aren’t my boyfriend, doesn’t mean that Martin needs to think that we aren’t screwing every chance we get!” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 143: Final Preparations**

“You are such a confusing girl, Dale!” said Nate.  
  
“It just ticks me off sometimes. You don’t deserve to be treated like that,” said Dale.  
  
“It’s no big deal. I’m used to it, and I probably do deserve it. I wasn’t much of a football player last year,” said Nate. “You know him pretty well, don’t you?”  
  
“We were on the track team together, back in the day,” said Dale. “But I got to know him quite well because Michelle and I were good friends.”  
  
“I think I remember that, but I don’t think I’ve heard you mention Nutshell once this fall,” said Nate.  
  
Dale stopped abruptly, turning to Nate, she said, “Nate, her name is Michelle. She hates that nickname. Don’t call her that. But yes, in junior high we were good friends.”  
  
“What happened?” asked Nate.  
  
“We were track buddies. I didn’t have time to do everything, so I dropped track. We drifted apart I guess,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, did you notice how I quickly hid the Disturbia posters in among these Rec. Center fliers when we ran into Martin,” said Nate.  
  
“I did. Well done,” said Dale.  
  
“I don’t think we want him showing up at the spook alley, so I didn’t want him to see the posters and make any connection,” said Nate.  
  
“We’re on the same page there,” said Dale.  
  
“So, Dale, back to the motel for a little fun, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“In your dreams, Knife Boy!” said Dale, jabbing her elbow into his ribs. Continuing, she said, “Martin makes it three Prospect High grads that we have run into. I’m sure glad I’ll be wearing the blindfold tonight,” said Dale. “And you were right about the alias. Best not to be recognized.”  
  
“But, like you said, would it really matter? I mean, wearing the lingerie you will essentially be decent, like in a bikini,” said Nate, eyeing Dale carefully, trying to get a hint as to the extent of her resolve.  
  
“That’s true, but it’s still best to not to be recognized, as you said,” said Dale. Nate didn’t see a clue in her expression as she said that. She was, more or less, acting and talking like the lingerie would stay on. He, of course, had his doubts.  
  
Later that afternoon, as they were indeed running out of things they wanted to see or do, they did head back at the motel for a nap. They decided that it would be a good idea, knowing that it would be a late night. I didn’t prove to be easy for either of them to fall asleep, but in the end, they both did.  
  
When Nate woke up, he looked over at the other bed and saw that Dale was lying there looking at him. As he sat up, she said, “Nate, do you know what I was just thinking about?”  
  
“No,” he said.  
  
“I was thinking about how on the two campuses we were being treated like kids,” said Dale. “I mean, in the admissions offices and on the tour. I know that we are younger than college students, but not by very much.”  
  
“Yes, I felt it too,” said Nate.  
  
“It wasn’t bad, but it was noticeable,” said Dale. “It was not nearly as bad as the way Officer Alvarez talked to me. She talked down to me like I was a naughty twelve year old shop lifter.” Nate winced at the mention of a memory related to that fateful evening. “But you know why I brought this up?”  
  
“No, why?” asked Nate.  
  
“Because the Fiji house is different,” said Dale. “There no one has talked to me like I’m younger. And they are all so nice and friendly. In some ways, they make me feel like I do at Prospect High, comfortable, like I am a part of things.”  
  
“I’ve felt the same way. Even though we have only been there a couple of times, I am very comfortable with the idea of going there tonight,” said Nate. “It’s a very friendly place.”  
  
“And you know what else I feel like there Nate?” said Dale. “I probably shouldn’t say this, but I can tell you stuff, even if it might sound like bragging, right?”  
  
“Absolutely! Remember, you are my wife, at least for tonight!” said Nate.  
  
“I feel like a Rock Star there!” said Dale.  
  
“You are a Rock Star!” said Nate. “Disturbia is the U’s biggest Halloween event, and you have top billing. You feel good about that, don’t you?”  
  
“It’s fun. It’s sort of how I felt at the Essex Hotel, and that was fun,” said Dale.  
  
“Yes, similar,” agreed Nate. “Only tomorrow there will be no nude brunch.” He saw her sigh, and he wondered what she was thinking, but she got up and brushed her hair. “I don’t feel like a Rock Star myself, but I feel like the guys hold me in a position of awe, because I have a Rock Star wife!”  
  
Nate had decided that it was probably safe to play up the husband-wife thing.  
  
“I have an idea,” said Dale. “We don’t really have anything else we need to do. Why don’t we go to the Fiji house early. I am sure there is a lot to do. Maybe we can find a way to pitch in.”  
  
“I like that idea,” said Nate. “Let’s get an early dinner, and then head over.”  
  
“OK, but I need to be very careful what I eat. I need to eat light,” said Dale. “I don’t want it to come up later, and if it does, I don’t want there to be very much.”  
  
About an hour later they showed up at the Fiji house, which was indeed a hive of activity. None of the halls looked like halls, all had been papered. The paper covered the doors of rooms not involved in the spook alley, and it was painted or otherwise decorated to create the appropriate mood.  
  
Nate even learned that years ago, during a remodel, that they had added a few permanent passageways through a couple of walls to improve their annual spook alley. Indeed, the house itself was built with Disturbia in mind!  
  
Nate and Dale were greeted very warmly, and they made their way to the pool room. It had been tuned into something that was half dungeon of torture and half circus act. Ropes separated the Knife Thrower – Wheel of Death – Target Girl area from the part of the room that the public would file past in.  
  
There didn’t seem to be much to do in the Wheel of Death area. Indeed it looked to be the most elaborate and most complete scene. It was as if the whole fraternity had poured their energy, and probably their funds into making it the star attraction.  
  
Dale and Nate inspected the Wheel. Knives had been added, and the area that would be behind Dale was covered with a layer of polar fleece. Zack and Roger had even gone so far as to obtain red and white polar fleece and then attach it such that it matched the red and white concentric rings that comprised the target design. Nate and Dale were both very impressed.  
  
Nate found the remote control that made the knife hitting target ‘bang’ sound. He tried it out and inspected the mechanism behind the wheel that actually made the sound.  
  
The other half of the pool room had been transformed into a Zombie scene, and there were still details being finalized there. TJ, the big guy who had lost the game of pool was working there, so they ended up helping him. He was draping hiding areas with backdrop material. The areas were to be used by zombies, who would then stumble out and frighten the Disturbia goers.  
  
A bit later, Dale ended up applying heavy makeup to TJ and others in the same area, while Nate ended up helping with the last minute testing of some speakers.  
  
Eventually it was just a half hour before the whole spook alley was to go live, so Dale took her small bag and headed upstairs to the lady’s head to change. She returned wearing just the lingerie, giving Nate the bag with her clothes and other belongings.  
  
They decided that he should run it out to their parked car for safekeeping. Things were in such a state of flux that it didn’t seem as if there might be a safe place to keep it in the fraternity. Nate ended up leaving his wallet and phone in the car as well.  
  
When he got back, Kristi and Nikki were there to help him and Dale get ready. As Dale was mostly ready, they worked on Nate.  
  
He was stripped to the waist, and the girls went about applying scars to his upper body. Nothing bloody…they were all supposed to look like old wounds. In the Wheel of Death scene, he was the one dishing out the torture, not the recipient of it. The wounds were just to show that he had lived a hard life, around danger.  
  
For his head they had made a black cloth that tied in place over his head. It was patterned after the mask that Antonio Banderas wore in ‘The Mask of Zorro’. It covered the entire top of his head, and had two small eyeholes. It tied behind his head, the extra material hanging down behind.  
  
It wasn’t by accident that his head was so well covered. As with the bungee jump, he was concerned about giving away Dale’s identity, if his own identity was compromised. Both of their heads would be nearly covered. He had tried to think of every precaution that might be important.  
  
Nawlins showed up. He greeting Dale very flamboyantly, picking her up like a leaf, holding her out at arm’s length to get a good look at her. He then gave her a big hug, spinning as he did so. Dale laughed, tilting her head back as they spun.  
  
It was a bit hard for Nate to watch, but he was sincerely glad to see the look of glee on Dale’s face. He wanted her to be happy and have fun.  
  
The interplay didn’t surprise him, given how Dale had flirted during the pool game. He pictured how that must have looked to Nawlins. A young beauty coming on to him in her underwear. He tried to brush off the pangs of jealousy.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 144: So Very Vulnerable**

Even though it was against his nature, he had gotten used to sharing her with others. But that had always been just sharing her nudity for others to look at, but not to touch. Seeing this big older guy handling her, hugging her, and seeing their happy expressions while doing so. Well, it was like having a bucket of ice water dropped on his head, especially since the breakup meant that she might become another guy’s girl.  
  
He tried to shake it off, and greet Nawlins as good naturedly as he could manage. Nawlins was polite to him, but largely brushed him off. Dale had his attention. He bent down, looking at her skirt, saying, “Hey Maddie, this skirt looks like it got too close to a paper shredder.”  
  
Using his fingers, he flicked the ribbons up, revealing her tiny thong to his eyes. Dale spun to show the skirt in its full glory. Nawlins still had his face down at pussy level, and just like the string skirt, the ribbons all went up and out.  
  
Nate was just standing there, waiting for the Dale-Nawlins greeting to end. He looked over at Kristi and Nikki. He saw that they were also not exactly enjoying what they were observing. They both had their arms folded and were watching with amused, yet slightly sour expressions.  
  
Finally Nikki spoke, “OK Nawlins, enough. Get your shirt off, so we can get you ready.”  
  
Seemingly reluctantly, he turned his attention away from Dale, and took off his shirt. Nate was actually glad to see that he looked even more flabby than he had expected. There were a lot of football players that were successful, in part, because they had some serious weight to throw around. ‘Surely Dale couldn’t find him that attractive,” thought Nate.  
  
The girls went about applying a similar costume to him, scars and a Zorro mask. His primary role was to protect ‘Maddie’ on the wheel, so he was to be stationed just inside the rope, to keep people from taking photos, as best he could.  
  
Nawlins was dressed like Nate to look like his assistant, but also so that they could trade off if they wanted to. Nate’s first thought was that he might not want to trade off with Nawlins. ‘Knife Thrower’ seemed easy in comparison; all he had to do was pretend to throw knives.  
  
Nawlins’ job looked more difficult. Indeed the ropes were so close that people would be able to touch the edge of the wheel or her extremities with hardly leaning in at all.  
  
As Nikki finished working with Nawlins, Kristi moved over to Dale. She worked on getting her blind fold in place. It was really just two layers of white cloth chosen to match the lingerie. It tied behind, covering from the middle of her nose to the top of her forehead.  
  
Part of its function was to hold her hair in place, and it looked to Nate as if it would do a good job of that. Nate was surprised that Dale reported being able to see well, as he could not see her eyes at all. He wondered if that would still be the case once the overhead lights were turned off.  
  
Zack and Roger had been there, just observing for some time, but now they were ready to strap Dale to the wheel. Just as she was about to step up on the small foot platforms, she decided that she better pee, so she scurried up the stairs to the lady’s head.  
  
Nate was surprised to see her running blindfolded. Obviously she was able to see pretty well. As she ran his eyes were drawn down to her lovely tush. Like the string skirt, the modified modesty skirt seemed to disappear as she ran, putting her butt on full display. ‘What an awesome tush,’ he found himself thinking.  
  
As he waited for her to return, his mind flashed back to bedtime in the Windy Ridge lookout, when he had made that butt his own. It was a nice, yet slightly painful memory.  
  
In no time at all, she was back and climbing up onto the platforms. First, Zack and Roger went about securing her feet with the ankle straps. They were very important for she would essentially be hanging by them when she was upside down.  
  
From there they moved up to her thighs. The wheel was angled back about ten degrees. Dale had her butt against the wheel, but she held her upper body vertical, not quite against the wheel. She had her arms folded tightly, and to Nate he thought she looked cold. He was shirtless, and he wasn’t cold, so he didn’t really think it was that. He decided that maybe she was touching herself with her hands, realizing that for three hours she wouldn’t be able to do so.  
  
At that moment, they heard the signal indicating that the door had been opened. Disturbia now open for business. People were entering the first sections upstairs. The Wheel of Death was about third from last, so they still had five, maybe ten minutes.  
  
Nate watched as Zack and Roger proceeded with strapping Dale’s thighs.  
  
Still with her arms folded, she had her held tilted down, clearly watching what Zack and Roger were doing. To him it looked funny for the blindfolded girl to be watching so intently. He wondered what she was thinking and if she was experiencing emotions of worry or butterflies. He presumed that she was.  
  
Once Zack and Roger had the straps threaded into the wheel board, he watched as they both inserted their hands between the strap and her upper thighs. He knew they were being careful, smoothing out the fleece to ensure that there were no wrinkles that might pinch or rub uncomfortably, before cinching the straps down. He knew that the two had to be rock hard, and he wondered if either of them had ever touched a girl’s inner thighs that close to such a thinly veiled pussy. Next they tightened the thigh straps to the point that Dale thought felt appropriately snug.  
  
The strap on Zack’s side, the one across Dale’s right thigh, had a cut off knife attached to it. It was designed to look like she had a knife stabbed into her leg. Zack brought out a bottle of body paint, and painted some blood dripping across her knee and down her shin. That knife and about six or eight other knives in the board, including the two next to her head, were meant to add to the illusion that knives were really being thrown.  
  
They then moved up to work on the straps that went around her upper arms. Once those straps were in place, Dale would not be able to move. She would be locked to the wheel. And what is more, she would be locked in her lingerie.  
  
Even unhooked the bra would not be able to be removed without being cut off. The thong and the skirt too would only come off if cut. And she had instructed him not to do so. That was the plan, and he knew he would stick to it.  
  
Just as Zack and Roger were starting to pass the straps around her upper arms, he saw Dale lean forward. He couldn’t see her eyes, but he could tell she was looking directly at him.  
  
He saw both hands disappear behind her back and reach up high. She was clearly reaching for her bra strap. This was a very a very recognizable position, she was unhooking her bra! She had obviously decided to be a topless target girl.  
  
She remained staring at him, her arms moving, indicating that she was working with the clasp. And then, just as suddenly, her hands came back out from behind her back. Her bra strap was still in place and taught. She pointed at him with the index fingers of both hands, saying, “Ha! Got cha!”  
  
Nate cracked up. He wished he could see her eyes, but he could see her mouth, and she was smiling, clearly pleased with how well she had fooled him. Nate looked at Zack, Roger and Nawlins. That made him laugh even harder. He said, loud enough so that she could hear him over the din, “I’m not the only one that you got with that little stunt!”  
  
Dale looked from guy to guy. Their expressions all indicated that they had been taken in. She laughed a fake little ‘got cha’ laugh and then leaned back, grasping the dowels in a full spread-eagle position. Zack and Roger went back to strapping her down. In short order, she was secure to the wheel, and none too soon, for the first visitors were now reaching the zombie scene.  
  
At his knife throwing location, Nate said to Dale, “Glad to see you still have your sense of humor, Maddie! Are you ready for the first half hour?” They had all decided to stop the wheel every half hour and have a quick discussion to see how she was holding up and to offer her water. Of course she could call out and they’d stop it at any time.  
  
“Yup! Switch ‘er on!” she said, loud enough that Roger could hear.  
  
Nate held up his hand and said, “Wait!” just as Roger was about to throw the switch and set the wheel in motion.  
  
Dale looked at Nate to try and discerned why he had stopped things abruptly. His expression was so serious. She watched as he approached her slowly. She was glad that the blindfold allowed her to see; some of the detail was lost to the fabric layers, but not much.  
  
With his left hand he grabbed the center of her bra forcefully, yanking it away from her chest. Into the gap he inserted a big military surplus knife.  
  
“So, Wifey, time to show off the titties?” he asked solemnly.  
  
“Nate, you promised!” said Dale, pleadingly.  
  
“Ha! Got cha!” he said, clearly pleased with himself. “I guess you’re not the only one who can tease tonight!”  
  
Again, everyone laughed.  
  
As Dale observed Nate from her vulnerable, strapped in position, she saw him bend down, placing his head between her widely separated thighs. As she watched, he angled his face up at her pussy. Barely six inches separated her thinly veiled pussy from his face.  
  
Feelings of vulnerability rippled through her. Nate, after all, was her primary back-up plan, her primary escape plan. But if he’d tease with the knife like that, what might he really do? Not only was she barefoot, but strapped in like this, not wearing shoes so she could run was the least of her worries. She’d always been able to trust him, well, to some extent.  
  
But then memories of the fake traffic stop flashed through her head. If he had done that to her, what else might he be capable of? And that was back when she had been his devoted girlfriend. She knew how badly she had hurt him with the breakup and all that had been said.  
  
Could this wheel thing all be just another set-up? Was he preparing to exact his revenge? All these thoughts flashed through her mind in a split second, and she started to tremble.  
  
Here she was, nearly nude, and Nate held a knife that in a split second could render her entirely nude. All her appendages were strapped down tight, spread-eagle position.  
  
And where was she? In the basement of a college fraternity, the last bastion of male domination. Who might even be able to hear her scream, and of course, a scream in a spook alley would hardly bring anyone running.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 145: Mr. Stinky Knee**

She continued to watch him, worrying about what he was going to do. Suddenly, he stood up, placing his hands on her shoulders. He leaned in and started whispering quietly into her ear, “Dale, your little lady lips are hanging past the cloth. Do you want me to try and tuck them in, or should I have them unstrap you?”  
  
Suddenly Nate’s behavior made sense and again fit everything she knew and believed about him. She scolded herself for having had doubts. Along with feelings of relief, new feelings of embarrassment rushed in. She felt him lingering close, waiting for an answer, “Yes, Nate, please cover me,” she said softly.  
  
She saw him again bend down. And then she felt his fingers touching her in a way no other person had ever touched her. She felt a little tingling sensation, a new tingling sensation.  
  
Indeed she had tried to touch herself and create pleasure, as she knew that other girls and especially boys were able to do, but that had never proved very successful. She felt the tingling sensation increase, and a feeling of warmth spread up into her abdomen.  
  
She wanted him to go on and on, but suddenly she was conscious of the other guys in the room, watching. She was so very embarrassed, but the embarrassment seemed to be heightening the pleasure she was feeling. Time seemed to stand still, but suddenly he stopped, standing back up.  
  
Again grasping her shoulders, he leaned in to again whisper, “It’s not working, the thong is so very tiny, and you are beyond slippery.”  
  
Dale was so glad to have the blindfold in place, her face felt warm and she knew it had to be stop sign red. “Nate, please dry me off,” she requested.  
  
“I would, but I don’t know what to use, there’s nothing here,” he said. “Wait, I know.”  
  
Dale waited to find out what he had found to dry her off with. He hadn’t moved, he was still gripping her shoulders. Suddenly she felt firm pressure up into her crotch.  
  
She looked down and saw Nate’s knee pressing into her, between her legs. She felt it rubbing against her thighs and then front to back. She couldn’t believe that he had done that.  
  
She watched him again bend down, and then his fingers were again on her most delicate and sensitive parts. The fun, tingly sensations returned.  
  
Again Nate stood back up and whispered, “It’s still no good. The thong is just too narrow, that is right where it turns into just a string. It’s such a tiny thong.”  
  
“Nate,” whispered Dale. “I know it’s tiny. It’s the tiniest I have ever seen, but I know what will work,” whispered Dale. She was so conscious now of Zack, Roger and Nawlins, all of them watching very intently, their eyes wide and their mouths hanging open.  
  
She had also seen that the first Disturbia goers were now just on the other side of the rope, and watching as well. “Nate,” she said, “You need to pull the triangle lower. Lower in front will make it wider down between.”  
  
“I tried that,” said Nate, “But it just slips back up.”  
  
“No, it will work. I can arch my back to make room for your hand. You need to reach in and find the string where it comes up, and you need to pull it up. If you pull it up from behind, it will stay. First, dry me again,” she said.  
  
Nate again brought his knee up firmly into her crotch, rubbing it all around. He was glad that she had requested that he do that again. No sooner had he done it the first time, than he had begun wishing he hadn’t. He had felt sure that she would be mad about how he had dried her.  
  
Next he bent down and lowered the tiny white cloth triangle. It was quite soaked with her juices. Once it was in position, he reached around her back and found the string, just above where it came out from in between her butt cheeks. He was able to pull it up to secure the triangle in the lower position.  
  
But now it was so low that much of her mound was uncovered. The cleft of her pussy was covered, but not by a large amount, and her camel toe was severe. He pulled the front back up a little bit and then again tucked the little lips underneath the fabric. Once he was sure everything was fine, he stood back up and told Dale so.  
  
He didn’t know it, and she was doing her best to hide it, but the attention had increased the tingly sensations. She didn’t want him to stop, but she knew he had to.  
  
She turned her blindfold covered face and looked at Roger. He looked to be in a state of shock, she chuckled to herself saying, “Ok Roger, now you can switch it on!”  
  
She tried to say it with confidence, to put that little fiasco behind her, but her voice came out unsteady. Little surprise she thought. She was feeling quite flustered. That was essentially the first time a boy had ever played with her pussy. She watched Nate with curiosity as he turned to survey the room. She wondered what the experience had been like for him.  
  
Roger threw the switch, and the steady clockwise rotation began. Dale closed her eyes and tried to block out everything for a few rotations. She felt her heart beating in her chest as she worked to get her breathing under control.  
  
As Nate turned away from Dale on the wheel, he caught sight of Nawlins, the only other person on his side of the rope in front of the wheel. The other side of the rope was lined with people. Everyone was looking at him, shirtless, scars, Zorro mask and all.  
  
As he approached Nawlins, he saw his hand go up in the air. Reflexively he raised his own hand in acceptance of the offered high-five. As their hands slapped together he heard Nawlins exclaim, “Mr. Stinky Knee!”  
  
As Nate got back to his knife throwing station, he tried to get his mind back to the task at hand. He turned and looked at the barely dressed beauty on the wheel. He took a deep breath, drinking in her loveliness and trying to get his bearings. He chuckled to himself, remembering what Nawlins had said, “Mr. Stinky Knee.”  
  
As he watched Dale spinning slowly, he thought to himself, ‘well, that answers that’. She was actually on the wheel and locked there with all the lingerie in place. ‘She must be more committed to putting exhibitionism behind her,’ he thought, for it had now been exactly fifteen days since her last public nudity. She had to be feeling the need.  
  
Nate tried to focus on beginning his knife throwing act, but he looked again at Dale on the wheel. Her mouth looked relaxed and slightly open. It was probably just so that she could breathe, but for some reason it made him think of the position that women’s lips were shown in, in movies to indicate that they were having orgasms.  
  
Part of the reason that he thought of that was that he had felt how slippery she was and he had felt little shivers course through her body as he had tried to get her lady bits all tucked in.  
  
He picked up the remote and pressed the button to test it. He saw Dale jump as the shock of the impact, traveling through the wheel, surprised her.  
  
He looked at his watch. It was 7:40pm. The doors had been open for ten minutes. It had probably only taken a minute to get her thong in position, but it had seemed much longer. Time had seemed to slow down.  
  
He had to force himself to concentrate on the project at hand, knife throwing. He had spent time on YouTube watching knife throwers to get an idea of what he needed to do in order to make it a convincing performance.  
  
By searching “Throwdini Wheel of Death” he had seen some good examples. But in all those videos, the wheel had been spinning very fast, typically one second per rotation.  
  
He’d discussed the spin rate with Zack and Roger, and had learned that they had chosen the slower speed for two main reasons. In all those videos, the entire act was over in a fraction of a minute.  
  
They had decided that there was no way that a girl could survive three hours spinning that fast. And the second, and possibly most important reason, was that they thought that if the girl was a blur, it wouldn’t be very entertaining to watch.  
  
They had picked the speed for exactly the reason that Dale had overheard. They had decided that it was the ideal speed as far as tits were concerned. They had hoped to get a girl to agree to being topless.  
  
While upright, her tits would be sagging slightly down, but then as the wheel turned, they would both shift to one side, and then as she went upside down, they would be stretching up, (down actually) towards her shoulders.  
  
And the process would continue, such that the tits would seem to be going around-and-around on her chest. So in the end, the six revolutions per minute had been based on what would be sustainable for a girl, yet very entertaining to watch.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 146: They Might Be Big Enough**

From watching videos Nate wasn’t real sure how to best pretend to throw the knives. Throwdini tended to throw a knife about every second. He decided that, like a girl spinning at that rate, that that would be unsustainable and unconvincing.  
  
Instead he decided to act like he was spending a lot of time aiming, and then only pretend to actually throw two or three times a minute.  
  
The remote control noise maker seemed to make the illusion. Without it, it would have been entirely obvious that he was not actually throwing knives. Even with it, it was pretty obvious, but at least there was some doubt.  
  
He decided to act as if he was throwing each knife very hard and fast. Under those circumstances, it would be much harder to see the knife in the air.  
  
Nate made his first few fake throws and then looked over at the crowd. No one seemed to be looking at him. Dale on the wheel was stealing everyone’s attention.  
  
He relaxed and went into a steady rhythm, realizing that his was a more minor role than he had been thinking.  
  
A few minutes after the wheel had started turning, he found himself finally settling down enough to consider other details. The modesty skirt, as modified, was performing perfectly. When Dale was upright, its ribbons would settle temporarily into place, mostly hiding the tiny thong from view. But then as the rotation would continue, they would swing first to the side, and then eventually point straight up, relative to her body.  
  
The tiny white triangular patch covering her pussy had stayed in position, but it was barely large enough. Her slit wasn’t visible, so he supposed that it was, in actuality, large enough.  
  
He knew that on a girl with a natural bush, it would be just a decoration in the center of all the hair. It had to have been designed with shaved girls in mind. Possibly it might work with a small landing strip, but it would have to be a very small one.  
  
The skirts motion was entrancing. The thong was only covered very briefly.  
  
Without giving it a lot of thought, he lifted up one of his hands and gave it a whiff. Yep, he had evidence. He wondered how long her lovely bouquet would linger on his hands. He’d have to wash them, but it crossed his mind that he’d never need to wash his pants ever again. That made him think of Monica Lewinski’s dress, and he chuckled to himself.  
  
He became conscious of Nawlins efforts to keep the line moving. People were clearly willing to spend as much time watching Target Girl as he would allow.  
  
Nate strolled over to the wheel, pretending to remove a knife. He asked, “Everything OK Maddie? Doing OK?  
  
She nodded and said, “Yes,” so he went back to his position.  
  
At 8:00pm Roger signaled him that it was time for the first scheduled stop. Roger threw the switch, succeeding in stopping the wheel with Dale nearly upright.  
  
Nate approached her with a water bottle. He held it up to her mouth, asking, “Water?”  
  
“Please,” she said. He squirted some in and she drank it. After a few sips, she turned to Roger and said, “Roger, Zack, please unhook my arms for a minute. Nate, can I have another drink?”  
  
After she had her arms free, she rubbed her hands on her upper arms. Nate was quite suspicious, and she confirmed his suspicions. She reached behind her back and unhooked the bra, removing it.  
  
As the bra came off, a cheer rippled through the crowd. Handing it to him she said, “Will you please put this in your pocket for safekeeping, Nate?”  
  
He took the bra from her and did as instructed, putting it in his pocket. She had obviously made up her mind.  
  
“What are you doing Maddie?” he asked.  
  
“I think they might be big enough, Nate,” she said. Seeing the puzzled look on his face, she continued, “I can feel the straps moving around on me as they hold the titters in place. They’re not giant like Kristi’s, but they’re going to be swinging around a little. They might be big enough to create some of the effect the guys were hoping for.”  
  
He gave her another drink, saying, “Are you sure? Don’t you remember your resolution?”  
  
“I know, I know. I wasn’t going to, that is until I started thinking that I might be able to come through for the guys. And besides, this way the poster isn’t false advertising, right?” she said, obviously trying to rationalize going back on her word.  
  
She leaned back, returning her hands to the handles, and Zack and Roger went about reattaching her arms. Nate looked at them. Their initial state of surprise had dissipated. They were both now beaming.  
  
Nawlins clapped him on the back, “Mr. Stinky Knee!” As soon as he’d used his knee to dry her, Nate had worried that he’d be regretting it. Now he was, but for a different reason than he had anticipated.  
  
Nate remembered something that had occurred to him earlier. Picking up the small bottle of red body paint that had been used to paint her thigh, he asked her, “How about I make the nipple rivets look like they’re bleeding?”  
  
She thought about it and then nodded in agreement saying, “Sure, but don’t get any in the actual piercings. That might not be good.”  
  
Carefully, Nate painted two small streaks of blood, extending down a few inches form each nipple. Dale shifted suddenly as he painted.  
  
“Your titties are ticklish are they, Maddie?” he asked.  
  
“Not really,” she said, non-convincingly.  
  
Nate finished painting. Each streak ended in what was supposed to look like a larger drip. He stepped back to admire his work.  
  
“How does it look?” she asked.  
  
“It looks good! You look good!” he said with a sigh.  
  
He had hoped the bra would stay in place. With it off, the route back to being a couple seemed longer and more arduous. Yet he felt that they were on that road. He had decided earlier that if the lingerie, or part of it came off, then he would have to embrace that development.  
  
That was exactly what he was doing with the red paint; accepting Dale for who she was.  
  
Everyone was ready, so Roger again threw the switch, and the wheel’s motion resumed. Nate again popped the remote….to surprise Dale.  
  
Nate observed that she had been right. ‘The titters’, which seemed to have no real sag to them, were indeed swinging around, tracing small circles on her chest in time with the wheel’s rotation.  
  
Watching the motion was addictive. Nate had to keep reminding himself to focus on his own role in the Wheel of Death scene. However, he also noticed that with her tits out, the people filing by were paying even less attention to him.  
  
Nawlins was having even more of a time at his duties. He was constantly spotting phones coming up in the crowd. He would jump in front of them, trying to initially block the view of Target Girl.  
  
Sometimes he’d grab for the phone, often getting it away from the owner. He’d give it back, but he’d make people delete photos and he’d give them stern instructions about trying to take more.  
  
The photography attempts were only a part of his problems. People would simply stop and stare. He was constantly working to try and keep the line moving. And people would reach out and touch Dale’s feet or shins, the line was that close.  
  
At the next thirty minute break, the one hour mark, Nate reminded Dale of an idea she had mentioned earlier. Up to that point, she had simply been holding still, holding herself in position. That was completely realistic. Indeed, it was exactly what he had seen in the YouTube videos. Of course, a target girl would try to stay still. She wouldn’t want to distract the knife thrower, nor increase her chances of getting stabbed by being unpredictable.  
  
Nate thought, however, that holding still she almost didn’t look real, almost mannequin like. Of course no mannequins are as realistic looking as Dale spread eagle on the wheel, the circular titty motion giving her away as a true flesh and blood female.  
  
He suggested, however, that she try to play up her role. Move around, struggle against the bonds that held her. Maybe even scream once in a while or beg for mercy. All in the interest of making the scene more entertaining.  
  
Zack, who had been listening, thought it was a great idea, so Dale said she’d give it a try. She took another drink of water, telling everyone that she was holding up pretty good.  
  
“What a trooper!” said Nate. He could tell that things were taking a greater physical toll on her than she was willing to admit. He knew that she had decided to put her head down and pound through to the finish line.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 147: The Final Stretch**

The visitor line was very backed up. Nawlins had stopped forcing people to keep moving while the show was suspended, so they turned the wheel back on as quickly as they could.  
  
As the Wheel of Death show resumed, Nate saw Dale playing around with being more animated. First, she tried turning her head quickly to and fro. He could tell that that was uncomfortable. The knives that were right next to her head with padding on them, seemed to have been doing a very decent job of supporting her head when she was sideways, but they were in the way. Her ability to move her head was quite limited.  
  
She tried verbally acting out her predicament, yelling, “Help!” and other such obvious ‘damsel in distress’ statements. Her screaming was not bad, but it wasn’t that great either.  
  
It was hard to hear her over the background music and noise, and he could tell that holding herself in place made it hard for her to use her lungs. Nate also realized that it was unlikely that her voice could take two hours of screaming.  
  
Next he saw her trying to move her torso around. She arched her back, just as she had done so that he could reach behind to yank up the thong string. She also was able to force her chest out and side to side a little. Next she tried arching her back and forcing her trunk from side-to-side.  
  
Indeed, about the only thing she could move much was her trunk, and that she could move but little. As he watched, she would arch her back to one side and then jerk it out, or to the side in the other direction. It did very effectively create the illusion of a damsel struggling against her bonds.  
  
It had another distinct advantage in that it was, so very sexy. He even saw her attempting her signature move, integrated right in with the struggling, the tracing of figure eights in the air with her nipples.  
  
Nate felt himself transported back to the morning at the Windy Ridge lookout when, near the end of the popcorn show, Dale had said, “You’ve got me. Live porn!” And then she’d put on a little show for him, raising her arms and flexing her torso just like this.  
  
Nate had to force himself to try and continue his knife throwing routine, Dale was that sexy and distracting.  
  
He walked back to the wheel, pretending to retrieve a knife, and told her quickly how perfect what she was doing looked.  
  
She continued the struggling, torso flexing movements, with but few pauses, until the next break.  
  
At the next thirty minute break, the half way point, they again stopped the wheel as planned.  
  
Daniel had shown up a few minutes earlier, announcing his presence with his evil laugh. While Dale was having a sip of water, and a few bites of an energy bar, he came over and reported to everyone how Disturbia was going in general. Rather than growing shorter, the line was actually growing longer.  
  
Those charging admission were reporting that it was the Wheel of Death that was to blame. Those returning to campus were talking up the spook alley and people who had not planned to come were now showing up. Social media was also abuzz and playing a role.  
  
As they stopped the wheel at the two hour mark, Dale reported needing to go to the restroom. That had been anticipated, but was inconvenient. The entire spook alley would plug up, depending of course on how long the Wheel was halted.  
  
Zack and Roger went about unhooking Dale. As her arms came free, Nate saw her stretching and rubbing her arms. They definitely looked red where they had been clamped to the wheel.  
  
Once the thigh straps came off, she hopped down and promptly crumpled, falling to the floor. Nate helped her up. She tried walking. She was able to take a few steps, but then wavered, nearly going down again. Once she had nearly regained complete use of her legs, they headed for the stairs to go up to the ground floor where the lady’s head was located.  
  
Nawlins took the lead to plow a path through the crowd. He was followed Dale, who in turn was followed by Nate. The stairway was packed, as it was the primary route down into the pit for all spook alley goers. Nawlins got up a few steps, but due to the thick crowd, Dale couldn’t stay with him.  
  
Quickly, Nawlins – with Nate pushing on her butt – got Dale up into a piggy back position. Nawlins was then able to plow his way up the stairs, carrying Dale with him. Nate followed holding on to Dale’s waist to stay together.  
  
Due to the spook alley, the light was dim in the stairwell. Nate found himself staring at Dale’s nude back just ahead of him. Her butt looked bare as well, covered only by the short white lacey ribbons of the ‘modesty’ skirt.  
  
She had a small whale tale showing above the skirt waist band, probably due to how Nate had yanked the string up higher earlier in the evening. Nate was anticipating possibly needing to do that again in a few minutes.  
  
The large black man charging up the stairs with the nearly naked blindfolded blond on his back was quite an attention grabber, Nate noticed. Those on the stairs had not yet been down to see the Wheel of Death scene, so they did not recognize Target Girl.  
  
Dale was pretty quick in the restroom in spite of the fact that she was not the only woman using it. When she was done, she hopped back up on Nawlins’ back and they made their way back down the stairs.  
  
As Dale, stood at the wheel, ready to climb back up into position for the last hour, Nate saw her plunge her fingers into the skirt waistband, pulling it out so it could pass over the thong waistband. In one quick motion she slid it down her legs. She turned around and faced Nate saying, “Can you hold this for me too?”  
  
Nate was both loving and hating that Dale had peeled off another piece of clothing. He didn’t have anything to say. He just took the skirt, putting it in his other pocket.  
  
When he looked up, Dale had her thumbs in the waistband of the thong. It and the large white blindfold were all that she was now wearing. She was biting her lower lip, and her head was facing him, so he knew that she was looking right at him, as if waiting for his approval.  
  
Nate made sure that he didn’t react. He didn’t want to send a signal that she would read as approval. He had thought about this moment – if it came – and he had decided to stand down. He was no longer in charge of her nudity. She was now in charge of that, and she had made it very clear that her choice was ‘no nudity’. The removal of the bra earlier meant that her resolution was in tatters.  
  
Nate glanced at Zack, Roger, Nawlins, as well as the crowd along the rope. All seemed to be waiting with baited breath, waiting to see what the girl with her thumbs in the waistband of the tiny white thong intended to do..  
  
When he looked back at Dale, he saw her sliding the string down her thighs. She stepped out of it, one foot at a time. Her impeccably shaved pussy came into view.  
  
Dale handed Nate the thong, saying, “Sorry, Nate.”  
  
And with that, she stepped to the wheel. Turning, she hopped up, pussy out, legs spread at the width of the footplates.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 148: Second Thoughts**

Nate gave a big sigh. “Okay, Madison,” he said, at a level intended only for her to hear.  
  
The crowd, who had been waiting during Dale’s trip to the bathroom, had erupted into a big cheer. They had seen a topless girl climb off the wheel, and it was clear that the show was about to resume, but now the girl was fully nude.  
  
And she wasn’t simply an attractive girl who just so happened to not be wearing anything. But rather, she was a girl seemingly designed around being naked. The diamond tipped gold barbells through her nipples were obviously not there for the purpose of being hidden under clothing. Her complete lack of even a single pubic hair made it clear that this was a pussy fashioned to be seen…down to the smallest detail. Even her subdued, yet line free tan, made it clear that not only was her body intended for viewing, but that it probably had been on display regularly, and outside in broad daylight no less.  
  
Zack and Roger seemed frozen in place, both acting as if they were seeing pussy for the very first time. Nate snapped his fingers to get their attention, and they quickly went about the task of strapping Dale’s feet and thighs in position.  
  
As Dale felt the straps being cinched down on her legs, she started to have second thoughts. Indeed she’d spent much of her two hours on the wheel vacillating about removing the lingerie. Once the bra had come off, and she had experienced the accompanying rush and heard the cheering, she had started to think about taking the thong off.  
  
Ever since learning about the spook alley on the drive to Eatonville, she had not allowed herself to consider the removal of the lingerie. Her resolution to give up nudity had not been one that she had made without a great deal of thought, and it was something that she had taken very seriously.  
  
The idea of removing the lingerie would pop into her head, but each time she had forced herself to dismiss the idea immediately. She had promised both herself and Nate that she would ‘be good’, and she had not done so lightly. She had had every intention of keeping her promise.  
  
Now that it was too late, now that she was naked, now that her thighs were held tightly in place and Zack and Roger had moved up to the straps that held her arms, there was no going back. She was going to be completely nude for the next hour, and she was having second thoughts about what she had done.  
  
She tilted her head down and examined her body. She saw her bare feet strapped to the small platforms just over three feet apart. She saw the knife seemingly protruding from her right thigh. She saw her bare mound, noticing how high it protruded. Having her butt against the fleece covered board, and having her thighs held back forced her pelvis into a position accentuating her mound, her pussy.  
  
She could clearly see the cleft of her pussy. And while she could not see everything from her vantage point, she knew that every detail was quite visible. She knew that her inner lips had come out of hiding and she knew that they were glistening wet.  
  
The reality of her situation suddenly struck her. Her raised off the ground, spread eagle position on the wheel, combined with its slow rotation, meant that she was going to be very, very intimately on display to those filing by along the rope. And the rope was so close. The Disturbia goers, standing there and watching her, were so very close. They could even reach out and touch her feet and lower legs, indeed many had, as if needing to verify that she was indeed real.  
  
Nawlins had always been quick to slap the hands away, but there was just one of him, and he was already severely taxed trying to keep the line moving. And Nate was too busy performing his assigned role to be of much help with the crowd.  
  
The one saving grace for Dale was the rotation of the wheel. It made it difficult for her to really watch the crowd. They were mostly a slowly turning blur. She hadn’t gotten dizzy, but it was very hard to concentrate on the crowd’s reactions given the motion.  
  
Also helping to make her naked and on display situation somewhat more bearable was the fact that the lighting had been designed to be consistent with typical spook alley lighting.  
  
The blindfold was also perfect. She had studied it in the mirror quickly in the bathroom and had been very glad to see that from the outside, nothing of her face or eyes could be seen, and yet her vision was only slightly impaired.  
  
While Zack and Roger were working on the straps, Nate had approached to freshen up the red paint. Initially he had redone the paint drips below her nipples. She had noticed in the bathroom mirror that they were mostly gone, presumably rubbed off against Nawlins’ skin as she had held on during the piggy back rides up and down the stairs.  
  
For some reason, Dale found that the paintbrush on her titties tickled more this time. Her attempts to conceal that fact from Nate were quite unsuccessful, and she squirmed, even giggling just a bit. Nate noticed and tickled her arm pit in fun. Dale tried to jerk away, which only served to make her even more conscious of how vulnerable she was, strapped to the board.  
  
Nate then redid the paint on her thigh around the supposed stab wound.  
  
Next, he stepped in even closer to Dale, asking, “I could paint some red on your CG, Maddie. What do you think? Not that you could stop me.”  
  
“Nate, don’t say that! You’re scaring me!” said Dale, “And please, no red paint. Let’s not go there. I don’t think a bloody pussy is something anyone needs to see. Not even in a spook alley. Certainly not on this girl.”  
  
“That’s not what I had in mind,” said Nate. “I knew you wouldn’t want that. I was thinking of a red dot, a bullseye, right in the center of your CG. Like a target for me to be aiming for.”  
  
“That sounds so fun, Nate. A cute shirtless guy like you, aiming at my pussy,” said Dale sarcastically. “Forget it!” she added sternly.  
  
Nate was disappointed. After Dale’s reaction to the paintbrush on her skin just below her nipples, he had wanted to see how she might react to the paintbrush on or around her pussy.  
  
Since she had said, ‘No’, he knew he couldn’t brush on paint, but he still was very curious. He decided to try and tickle her inner thigh, not with the paint brush, but with two of his fingers. He reached between her legs, right at the top of her inner thigh, less than an inch from her pussy, and he tickled her.  
  
She jerked violently, reprimanding him sharply, “Quit that, Buster!”  
  
Nate complied immediately. He could tell that she was quite serious and probably would have slapped him hard if she had been able to. While he knew that he was on thin ice, and needed to be doing everything he could do to get back in her good graces, he decided not to be too hard on himself for the one small transgression. Maybe she even needed to be taught a lesson for getting herself into her current predicament.  
  
And besides, he rationalized, boys will be boys. Could she really expect him to always be the perfect gentleman, given all the temptation that he had been constantly subjected to?  
  
As Nate stepped back, Nawlins who had been observing, clapped him on the back exclaiming, “Mr. Stinky Knee!”  
  
At that point, they were ready and Roger threw the switch, resuming the wheel’s steady rotation.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 149: Protect the Pussy!**

Nate’s ‘Not that you could stop me’ comment and his little tickle right next to her pussy had left Dale feeling very shaken. She was attempting to get a grip on things, but that one little ‘innocent’ touch, probably meant to be playful, had served to shine a bright light on her situation.  
  
Running around the golf course, her primary strategy for anything that might befall a naked girl had been: Run! Now she had no shoes, and what was more, she was bolted to the board, so even ‘Walk!’ was not an option.  
  
There was not a single layer of fabric protecting her, nor could she bring her legs together, nor could she cover herself with her hands. She couldn’t even fend off an advance by pushing someone away. Nate’s little tickle had made her realize that she really had no strategy…of her own…at all. Her primary strategy to avoid being violated or otherwise mistreated could be summed up in one word: Nate.  
  
Suddenly she realized that the only reason she had been willing to strip off every last piece of clothing and allow herself to be strapped down was that Nate had been there. She must have felt confident enough that he could and would protect her. Of course there were other fraternity members, like Nawlins, but she didn’t really know them. Had Nate not been there, she wouldn’t be in the predicament she was in.  
  
She was actually surprised to find herself completely nude and on the wheel, and she had only herself to blame. It hadn’t been a Nate scheme. Well, it had originally been a Nate scheme, but she now found herself nude due to her own actions.  
  
She had never before felt so vulnerable, and the level of her self-recriminations rose. She found herself thinking about how stupid she had been, even if Nate was completely trustworthy. But now that she was again wondering about his motives, she was really worrying.  
  
Suddenly she heard a loud voice that penetrated into her distraught core, “Nawlins! What the f\*\*k is going on down here?”  
  
Dale tried to see who had spoken, but the constant rotation made that next to impossible.  
  
She saw Nawlins reply, “Don’t look at me, Blue. She’s done took everything off all by herself. Nobody done helped her, not even Mr. Stinky Knee there.”  
  
She worked to focus on who Nawlins was talking to. The guy he had addressed as ‘Blue’ walked over and spoke directly to her, “Maddie, right? Is Nawlins telling me the truth? Is everything really okay here? You haven’t been mistreated have you?”  
  
She noted that he was looking at her face, as difficult as that was with it going around-and-around. He was even attempting to look her in the eye. He apparently knew her name, but that wasn’t at all surprising. Surely everyone in the Fiji house had been talking about her.  
  
He also knew that she could see through the blindfold. He was making every effort to be respectful and not stare at her pussy, like everyone else. Recalling her worry about feeling so vulnerable, she started to ask for his help, but stopped herself.  
  
“Everything’s fine. What Nawlins said is true,” she said loud enough that he could hear.  
  
“Well, okay then. But I’m going to make absolutely sure that nothing bad happens to you here tonight, got that,” he said.  
  
“Thank you…Blue?” she said, pronouncing the unusual name hesitantly.  
  
“Yes, call me Blue,” he said.  
  
Dale watched him. For more than two revolutions, he just stood there, acting as if he was deep in thought, considering what to do next, while all the while awkwardly looking everywhere but at her CG.  
  
Finally turning to Nawlins, Blue said in a raised voice, “Okay then. Nothing comes near this pussy. Got that, Nawlins!” As he said that, Dale noticed his finger coming closer as he thrust it towards her, pointing directly at her pussy. There was surely a gap of almost two feet between his finger and her pussy, but the swift movement of his finger toward her served to remind her of just how vulnerable she was. Blue continued, “Absolutely nothing, Nawlins! And certainly nothing goes in, not even your goddam little pinky finger! Got that!”  
  
And turning so that Zack and Roger at their stations just behind the wheel could hear, he continued, “And no one mentions anything about this to the alumni board. Got that! Absolutely nothing!”  
  
They all nodded to confirm their agreement.  
  
Addressing Zack directly, Blue said, “Zack, get TJ from f\*\*kin’ Zombieland. I want him here on the rope with Nawlins. I’ll find a couple of other guys I can trust and get them down here. Nawlins, keep the line moving, but above everything else, protect the pussy! Got that! Job one, PROTECT THE GODDAM PUSSY!” he said in a loud voice.  
  
Dale saw Nawlins nodding in agreement, and he moved into the spot right between the wheel and the rope. She didn’t know who Blue was, but he clearly seemed to be in charge. That fact, and his attitude about protecting her had helped her calm down a little. As she watched, he strode off.  
  
A minute later, TJ walked up with Zack. He was in heavy Zombie makeup, but Dale recognized him right away. She had helped with his makeup. He stopped in his tracks right in front of the wheel and said, “Holy shit, Maddie! They weren’t even kidding. Aren’t you a sight for sore eyes?”  
  
Dale didn’t respond. She decided to just hide behind the blindfold. After all, what was there to say?  
  
As she watched, TJ bent down and stared at her pussy from close range. Nawlins turned to him and said, “Hey TJ, snap out of it. You act like you ain’t never seen one before.”  
  
“To tell the truth, I have, but never quite like this!” said TJ. “My God you lucky bastard, you’ve been hogging this view for two hours. I’ll never catch up!”  
  
“That’s right, now get on the rope. We has got to keep everyone moving. All they wants to do is stand and stare,” said Nawlins.  
  
“Give me a break. This is so hypnotizing,” said TJ. “Watching this little bare beaver spin round and round like this. I could do this for hours!”  
  
“Get on the f\*\*kin’ rope, TJ!” commanded Nawlins.  
  
“I’m staying right where I am, Blue explained job one to me; Protect The Pussy. That’s what I’m doing,” said TJ. “The closer I am, the better I can keep an eye on it.”  
  
Dale saw Nate approach TJ, “Hey TJ, good to see you, but you need to move. Stay there and you’re bound to get a knife in the butt,” said Nate. “This Target Girl stuff is serious business, and you’re in my way. I mean in the way of the knives.”  
  
TJ reluctantly moved next to Nawlins, who explained the rest of his duties to him.  
  
Dale had found herself liking having TJ staring at her pussy from close range like that. He was a nice guy and she had enjoyed flirting with him. He was big and strong like Nawlins, but he seemed harmless, more so than Nawlins actually.  
  
Had she been forced to make a decision, she knew that she would have chosen TJ. Nawlins was quite disarming, but something about his eyes and his facial expressions had made her wonder if he could really be trusted.  
  
TJ staring at her pussy had again reminded her how much fun it was to be looked. And being looked at was even more exciting when those doing the looking weren’t complete strangers. That she was even thinking along those lines served to make her aware of just how much her fright had subsided.  
  
She breathed a small sigh of relief, knowing that she was still essentially just as vulnerable as ever.  
  
Just then Blue returned. He hadn’t found anyone unoccupied enough to add to the pussy protection detail, so he had decided to take on the duties himself. Dale wondered how hard he had really tried to find someone else. As he came up, he again asked Dale if she was doing okay.  
  
At the next thirty minute break, the two and a half hour point, they again stopped the wheel. Nate helped Dale with a drink of water. He offered her more bites of an energy bar, but she didn’t want any. As he spoke with her quickly, the five Fiji guys in the area all gathered around.  
  
Dale said she was doing fine, but Nate could tell otherwise. Her energy seemed to be flagging. He knew she was committed to going the distance, but he imagined that he might have to carry her back to the motel, given how she had had so much trouble walking when she had gotten off the wheel the first time. He was also worried that her skin would be rubbed raw when the straps finally came off.  
  
Blue reported to them that the line to get into Disturbia was actually growing longer. Those at the door were reporting that car loads of Watson College students were arriving, talking about having learned about the ‘Must-See Wheel of Death Girl’ via social media.  
  
Blue and the others told Nate and Dale that usually there was little reason to keep Disturbia open the full three hours  
  
One of the main reasons that the line was growing was that a lot of people were getting back in line to go through a second time. And people who had been through earlier were returning after hearing that Target Girl was now nude. That is what those charging admission at the door were reporting.  
  
It was time, so they restarted the wheel for the final half hour. Dale closed her eyes. She was determined to go the distance, and was attempting to find something to daydream about to make the time pass. She tried to remember if she had ever read about what marathon runners did to try and make long races bearable.  
  
Nate had noticed that Dale had quit pretending to struggle against her bonds. He continued his knife throwing act, but he had long since decided that it felt really lame. He didn’t think he was a very good actor, nor did he think that it mattered. Few were paying any attention to him.  
  
The next half hour ended up being fairly uneventful. Blue would come and go, but Nawlins and TJ, working side-by-side, did make Dale feel relatively safe. Nate’s little tickle right next to her pussy had served as a shocking reminder about just how vulnerable she really was, strapped down nude and spread eagle in a fraternity house basement.  
  
At the height of her worry she had realized that every guy in the entire fraternity house, plus some, could have raped her, and there would have been nothing that she herself could have done to prevent it.  
  
As 10:30 pm arrived, Roger stopped the wheel. Dale was so ready for the world to stop turning, so ready to climb down, so ready to bring her knees together, and so ready to be able to bend her joints once again.  
  
But as the wheel came to a halt, she noticed that the line of people along the rope was still there. Blue was also standing in front of her. “Maddie, I need to talk to you,” he said.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 150: Martin and the Redhead**

“Can they unstrap me, and then we’ll talk?” asked Dale.  
  
“That is what I want to talk to you about,” said Blue. “You see, the line is still very long. It would be hard to turn everyone away. This has been our most successful Disturbia event ever, and the fraternity really needs the money. What I wanted to ask you, is about continuing for another half hour.”  
  
“Oh, I don’t think I can stand to have this thing go around one more time,” said Dale.  
  
She noticed that Blue was still managing to look her in the blindfold. As far as she had noticed, he had hardly looked down at her tits and pussy. It crossed her mind that he might be gay, but she rather expected that he was simply disciplined and respectful.  
  
Nate stepped up, saying, “Blue, can I have a moment to confer with Maddie.”  
  
Everyone backed away, and Nate stepped close. He and Dale whispered cheek to cheek for a minute while everyone else stood back.  
  
Nate turned to Blue and said, “Blue, Maddie has agreed to stay on the wheel, but under a few conditions. First, the wheel can’t be switched back on. In other words, she wants to remain upright. Staying upright, she thinks that the straps can be loosened. Not removed, just loosened.  
  
“And about the line, she thinks that you should not allow anyone else to get in line. In other words, put some guys at the end of the line to mark that point. So under those conditions she will remain on the wheel, for the rest of the line, but only up to a maximum of thirty more minutes.”  
  
Blue quickly agreed, and dashed off to have the guys outside stop more people from getting in line.  
  
Dale could not believe she had agreed. Nate had tried to keep her from agreeing, but finally she herself had decided that she could go on for a bit longer if the wheel stayed off, and the straps weren’t nearly so tight. She had considered having the straps removed, but she had decided that she might fall without them.  
  
As they were loosening the straps, Kristi herself showed up with some orange juice. “I have no idea how you managed to do this for three hours,” she said. “And I have no idea how you managed to do it naked. You are one brave soul!”  
  
Leaning in she continued in a whisper, “I wish I were one tenth as brave as you. I am so very jealous. I would love to be up there. I get so excited just thinking about this. Between you and me, I am all wet just thinking about having my body all on display like yours. But I’m way too chicken. I wouldn’t even let them talk me into it wearing lingerie.”  
  
“But your motion sickness?” said Dale.  
  
“Merely an excuse, but don’t tell anyone, please. The truth is I chickened out,” said Kristi.  
  
“Let’s talk some more, a bit later,” said Dale. “And thanks so much for the juice.”  
  
“I so wish I were you right now!” confided Kristi before stepping away.  
  
Disturbia was now back in business, but for only a little while longer. Dale found it almost relaxing to be able to just stand there.  
  
But she also found it a little disconcerting in that now she was able to observe everything going on in the room. With the wheel rotating, she had felt like she was isolated in a bubble. She hadn’t really been able to focus on anything, in part due to the movement, but also due to the need to constantly be bracing, first this way, and then that, to hold herself comfortably in position.  
  
For the first time she was really seeing the reactions of those along the rope to the nude Target Girl. She had been conscious that hundreds of people had been filing by, but it had seemed somewhat unreal, somewhat imaginary.  
  
Now, however, it was suddenly all too real. She could watch any given individual for an extended period of time. Indeed some people had on masks, so she could not see their reactions, but the majority of people, even those in costume, were not wearing masks.  
  
Initially she just watched the guys. Their reactions were the most exaggerated. They would smile and stare and exhibit other outward signs of delight at seeing the naked girl.  
  
The girl’s reactions were more subtle, but Dale ended up finding them more interesting. Often they would just stop in their tracks upon seeing her. Often their mouths would fall open, and their eyes would grow large.  
  
She suspected that, unlike the guys, they might be imagining themselves in her position. They seemed to be thinking, ‘that could be me’. Others seemed to exhibit condescending expressions. And still others seemed to go to some effort to cover their boyfriend’s eyes…trying to keep them from looking.  
  
She found that comical, in a way, because surely the word had spread. Everyone in line surely had heard that Disturbia featured a nude target girl. Had they seriously wanted to keep their guy from seeing her nude body, then they should have kept him away from Disturbia entirely.  
  
All in all, the time on the non-rotating wheel was much more interesting and entertaining, making it pass much more quickly.  
  
She also felt much more bare naked. Seeing all the reactions to her nudity, seeing the guys staring right between her legs, made her much more conscious of how utterly nude she was.  
  
She looked down at her bare mound, jutting way out like her hip bones. She glanced from the crowd to her open slit. She could even see detail…the narrow strip of skin extending straight down, making her slit look like a pair of little slits.  
  
Her pussy looked so very wanton like that. She glanced back at the crowd, just over an arm’s length away. From her position on the Wheel, her pussy looked so ‘on display’, and yet she knew that she probably had the worst view of it in the room. The crowd would be seeing that, but so much more.  
  
She thought about how Nate had described her as ‘beyond slippery’, and she knew that that had been before she had stripped off the lingerie. She was wetter now. And she was very conscious that she was no longer turning. Just as she was now much more able to scrutinize the crowd, so too would they now be able to examine her. No motion impaired their ability to inspect her intimate details at their leisure.  
  
She knew that her inner and outer lips were glistening with moisture. She wondered how much of it had spread to her thighs. Her level of arousal would be obvious to everyone. How embarrassing!  
  
She again felt so glad to have the blindfold hiding how red her face must have become since she started paying attention to just exactly how she must look. She needed to force herself to think of other things! But she couldn’t.  
  
She looked down again, and again became conscious of the fact that the raised position and the tilt of the Wheel were contributing to the intimate view that she was offering up. It was as if the target was a platter, serving up her moist, bald, spread open pussy for the crowd’s visual consumption.  
  
And she was completely powerless. She could neither cover herself nor bring her knees together, not even a tiny bit closer together. She tried to deny it, or block the feelings associated with it, but she was really enjoying being on display to so many people at such close range. Just thinking about everything was causing a feeling of warmth to spread up into her lower abdomen.  
  
She looked back down, this time at her nipples. How cute they looked with their pretty little barbells giving away that she was a girl who had had them pierced to dress them up for public viewing.  
  
Surely a girl who was never planning on being seen topless wouldn’t have her nipples pierced. The crowd must realize that. And just like the moisture down below, the nipples were betraying her excitement. They had been high and tight all evening, but they were especially so at that very moment.  
  
In her heightened state of arousal, she again scanned the crowd, looking for familiar faces. So far she had not recognized anyone, but the motion had made that nearly impossible before. Even now the subdued lighting, and the costumes made it difficult. She knew that a few Prospect High graduates were surely among those visiting Disturbia that evening, and she was again very thankful for the blindfold.  
  
She watched Nate some. His knife throwing pantomime was so comical. Even with the thud provided by the remote control, it was not at all convincing. She made a mental note to tease him later about being such a bad actor.  
  
She looked back at the crowd. Suddenly she thought she saw Martin Thompson. She was unsure; however, for the guy that looked like him was wearing a Dracula cape and had his hair slicked back.  
  
She quickly glanced away, not wanting their eyes to meet. Just then, she remembered the blindfold. Fortunately, it made it such that her eyes could not be seen. But as she considered it, she realized that if she angled her head right at someone, it might give away where she was actually looking.  
  
She continued to look at ‘Dracula’, but out of the corner of her eye. As she watched, she saw him point directly at her, and then tilt his head towards his companion, making a comment.  
  
She examined the woman he was with, still making sure she kept her face angled straight ahead. The woman he was with was tall, and dressed as a she-devil. She had amazing long legs. She was nearly as tall as Dracula, and she was a redhead.  
  
Suddenly Dale recognized her! She didn’t know who she was, at least not by name, but she had seen her before. She was quite distinctive looking. She had been on the Franklin Falcons track team; she was one of their stars. So it had to be Martin, and he was dating this girl who must now be going to the U, likely on the track team with him.  
  
She felt the redness of her face spread down her neck to her chest, realizing that Michelle’s older brother was right there. And she was nude with her legs spread, and he was looking right into her pussy. ‘Oh, My God! Oh, My God!’ she thought.  
  
She tried to think of what she could do to keep from being recognized, as her heart fluttered in her chest. There wasn’t anything that she could do, other than try and not draw attention to herself. Had she not been so nearly in a state of panic, she might have laughed at the irony of the naked spread eagle girl thinking about trying to not draw attention to herself.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 151: Fraternity Dance Party**

But she kept her head angled straight ahead, straight at Nate, and she tried to concentrate on breathing.  
  
The line kept moving such that Martin and the redhead slowly moved out of her field of vision. She tried to relax, but it was nearly impossible after seeing Martin.  
  
Again she started scolding herself for stripping off the bra and thong. The skirt was not a big deal, but why had she taken off the bra and thong? What could she have been thinking? ‘Might Martin have recognized her?’ she wondered.  
  
Maybe not, yet they had run into him that very day, so he knew that she was in town. And hadn’t she recognized the redhead? Thinking about how she had recognized the redhead, a girl she really didn’t even know, a girl wearing a costume, made her realize just how recognizable she might be, with no costume on…unless a blindfold could be considered a costume. She couldn’t stop worrying.  
  
After the last of the paying guests had come through, the fraternity brothers and the girls who had been helping man Disturbia all started coming through. They had heard that the girl on the Wheel of Death was nude, but most of them had been at their posts and therefore unable to come have a look see.  
  
The atmosphere in the pit now began to change. Dale was still strapped in, but Nate walked up to her. He gave her a little pat on the rib cage, saying, “Well Done! Well Done!”  
  
Turning to Nawlins, he said, “I know the rules, but surely a man can have a photo of his wife.”  
  
Nawlins nodded, as Nate pulled out his phone and stepped back to take a photo.  
  
“Smile,” he said. “On second thought, don’t smile. Make your best Target Girl face, Maddie.”  
  
Nate took a few photos, including a few very low angle photos, saying quietly, “Blackmail material, Maddie.”  
  
He then handed Nawlins his phone, joining Dale at the Wheel for a few couple’s photos.  
  
Nate then waved the team in, and they found another photographer for a photo that included Zack, Roger, Nawlins, TJ, Blue and even Daniel. Nate pulled off the blindfold for the last couple of shots.  
  
“This will be the true blackmail photo,” he whispered to her stepping back and again taking a few shots of her all alone.  
  
Handing the phone back to Nawlins for another photo, he again approached Dale. Before she realized what was happening, he planted a huge kiss on her lips. She was still strapped down and unable to fend him off, and Nawlins was photographing.  
  
He whispered in her ear, “Maddie, all these guys need to be convinced that you are indeed my wife. Especially now that your tits and pussy are out. I need to act very amorous, to make it convincing. I hope you don’t mind.”  
  
She nodded her head, saying, “Kiss me again, Hubby, and make it look good. Surely staring at your naked wife for hours has gotten you a little bit in the mood.”  
  
“Just a little bit,” he admitted, before moving in and kissing her in earnest. He made sure that his kiss was tender, and passionate. If he was having trouble winning her back via his solid logic, why not employ other means…especially since he seemed to be getting away with things at the moment.  
  
As Dale’s arms came free, she hugged him as their kiss continued. She pulled off his mask and started running her fingers through his hair. Taking a quick breath she said, “I don’t want anyone to have any doubt about our level of commitment to each other.”  
  
Up on the wheel like that, Dale was a little taller than he was. Nate was loving the kisses. It was easy for him to imagine that all their difficulties were now behind them, but he was reminding himself that that was unlikely.  
  
Finally, all of Dale’s straps were undone, and she climbed down. Nate kept his arms around her, hugging her while she regained her footing.  
  
At that point, the party started moving upstairs. Everyone wanted to congratulate ‘Maddie’ and thank her for a job well done. Once they got upstairs, they saw that fraternity members were moving everything out of the living room and rolling up the large carpet. The stereo was blaring, the kegs were tapped, and the bar was open.  
  
Within a few minutes Disturbia had been transformed into a Phi Gamma Tau fraternity party. As best as they could tell, only fraternity brothers and their girlfriends or others closely associated with the fraternity were now present.  
  
Dale was just looking around, stretching out her sore muscles and taking in all the excitement, when Nate asked her to dance. She quickly agreed. Indeed, almost everyone was dancing, many with partners, many not.  
  
‘Cheap Thrills’ by Sia came on. It was the version featuring Sean Paul, the version that Nate knew to be one of Dale’s favorites. He saw Dale’s excitement to be dancing to it. She, Kristi, and Nikki were all attempting to do the dances from the video.  
  
“I Love Cheap Thrills!” he heard the girls all shout in unison with Sia each time that line came up in the song.  
  
Nate and the girls’ dance partners did their best to follow along.  
  
Dale turned and started grinding a hip into him, and he held her waist. Attempting to mimic Sean Paul’s accent he sang into her ear, “U worth more dan diamond more dan gold.”  
  
She turned her head and winked at him.  
  
Everyone was having a great time rocking out, and Nate found himself wondering if Dale even realized that she was still nude, as she continued dancing and grinding. The transition to the party had been so seamless. He worried about her grinding against anyone else…like possibly Nawlins or TJ. That seemed like it could happen, and he knew how it might be taken wrong; a nude ‘Maddie’ grinding against a guy.  
  
Everyone else was dressed, many in costume. Dale was the marked exception. She was wearing nothing more than her nipple rivets…and a very small amount of red paint. Nate himself, like Nawlins, was shirtless. Nawlins, however, was still wearing his Zorro mask.  
  
Dale had to know that her bra, skirt and thong were in his pockets. He decided not to bring them up. She was nude because she had chosen nudity. He had done what little he could do to keep her dressed. At this point, what did it matter? Everyone had already seen her nude, so staying nude seemed of little consequence.  
  
The guys all seemed delighted to have a naked girl dancing in their midst, but that wasn’t obnoxiously evident. There was little staring and no pointing. They too had apparently grown accustomed to her nudity, or at least the initial shock had worn off. Everyone simply seemed to be celebrating a huge success and letting off steam.  
  
About three songs later, Thriller came on. Nate was surprised by how many knew the dance steps. He danced side-by-side with Dale, and did his very best to keep up. He wished he had practiced since the lessons at the Windy Ridge lookout, but he didn’t think he did all that badly.  
  
Dale was one of about a dozen people who had every single move down cold. So the dance floor quickly transformed into a grid of dancers, all facing the same direction and dancing in unison. Even though the song was nearly six minutes long, he enjoyed it so much that he was sad when it finally came to an end.  
  
After Thriller, Dale and Nate continued dancing to song after song. They were both having so much fun. They had both been to high school dances, but this frat dance was a big step up from there. Everyone knew each other so well, and they were all such good friends.  
  
Nate felt a huge sense of pride well up from inside of himself as it sank in that he was dancing with Dale. She was beyond wonderful. She looked so very energetic and alive, and happiness seemed to shine forth from every pore, especially her eyes. How they sparkled!  
  
Even though their relationship was not what it had been, what a wonderful moment! As he danced, he let his mind wander back to thinking about the hot cheerleader next door, the unapproachable beauty, the years of just enjoying each little glance, often across a significant distance.  
  
He would never doubt that she was way out of his league, but fortune had indeed smiled upon him. Here she was nude, and she was dancing with him! There was so much pride in realizing that everyone in the place knew that he was his ‘wife’. This pride and happiness was severely tempered; however, knowing that there were two people who knew that they were not the couple that they appeared to be. Sadly those two were the two that mattered most: he and Dale.  
  
Right at the very moment that he was confronting that melancholy thought, ‘Fight Song’ by Rachel Platten came on. Without a word, Nate simply walked away from Dale on the dance floor. He decided to go looking for refreshments.  
  
Not only did he not want to hear the song, but he could not imagine dancing to it with Dale. He knew it might not be the most mature way to behave, but sometimes logic took a back seat to emotions. He thought that in Dale’s case it happened often, but it happened to him, too.  
  
Dale stopped dancing, watching him walk away. While it was odd behavior for Nate, she was not all that surprised. She decided to ignore him and went back to where Kristi and Nikki were dancing. Together they all had a spirited time dancing to the popular anthem.  
  
Nate got two cups of lemonade at the bar, one for himself and one for Dale. He then turned and observed Dale dancing with an excessive amount of energy and vigor to the song. He found himself thinking how many couples had their special song. As far as he was concerned this song was exactly the opposite, it was like their ‘anti-song’ and he hated it for the memories it brought back.  
  
He needed to counter that, and he had had an idea. At least he had thought of a way to make that particular song, that particular artist a little less painful. ‘Maybe tomorrow,’ he thought.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 152: Maddie's CG, in depth**

Just as the song ended, Zack and Roger approached him, each holding a beer. They were both in very jubilant moods, and the reason quickly dawned on him. Even though Dale had been Target Girl, the success of the Wheel of Death was really their success. It had been their conception, and through detailed planning and a lot of hard work, they had pulled off something amazing. They were likely to be Phi Gamma Tau legends.  
  
“Nate,” Zack said. “Roger and I have been discussing Maddie’s CG.”  
  
“Oh, you have, have you?” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, we have,” he said. “And we are considering doing a thesis on the subject.”  
  
“But, I thought you were Engineering majors,” he replied.  
  
“Oh, we are, and it seems as if it might make a great engineering thesis,” said Zack. “It might be nice to combine efforts with someone majoring in Anatomy, or possibly Evolutionary Biology. Of course, we’d like the opportunity to study Maddie’s CG in much greater detail.  
  
“Of course! Who wouldn’t?” agreed Nate, realizing how strange Engineering majors could be.  
  
“Yes,” said Roger. “Fortunately, for the purpose of our study, we had the foresight to mount a video camera on the far wall perfectly aligned with the wheel’s axis of rotation, so we should already have some great data.”  
  
“A video camera, huh?” said Nate, bobbing his head.  
  
“Yes, but we already know what it must show,” said Roger.  
  
“Oh, you do, do you?” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, her Center of Gravity, with her arms and legs in that particular position was right about exactly where the blue bow was on the panties,” said Roger. “But that is based simply on how it appeared to my eye.”  
  
“Very interesting!” said Nate, playing along.  
  
“Yes, after she removed them, I would have liked to have put a series of Sharpie dots on her skin, say at one centimeter intervals, starting right at the top of her…her…”  
  
“Her slit?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yes, exactly, I was trying to think of the technical name for that particular invagination,” said Roger.  
  
“Invagination? Now there’s a word!” said Nate. “I can’t wait to go to college.”  
  
“Yes, the camera’s data might be easier to calibrate had we had the opportunity to mark her skin like that,” said Roger.  
  
“Why didn’t you just go ahead and mark it? Didn’t you have a Sharpie?” asked Nate, trying to keep a straight face.  
  
“Oh we had one. It just seemed as if it might have been a little awkward,” said Roger.  
  
“Awkward, really? To write on a girl’s pussy? But for the sake of intellectual knowledge, it would have made complete sense, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“Right! But that point would only represent her apparent CG, as viewed from that axis. Her actual CG would of course lie inside of her body, approximately half way down to the wheel’s surface,” said Roger.  
  
“Interestingly, we believe that her true CG must be in her vagina,” said Zack.  
  
“In her vagina?” said Nate, straining to not laugh.  
  
“Yes, neither of us had thought of this before,” said Roger. “That is why this particular thesis might best be accomplished from an interdisciplinary approach. There might be evolutionary reasons that make it advantageous for a woman’s CG to lie within her vagina.”  
  
“Or conversely reasons why a woman’s vagina might evolve at the site of her Center of Gravity,” said Zack.  
  
“How many beers have you guys had?” asked Nate.  
  
“Interestingly, our initial estimates are that the CG’s depth inside of her vagina might approximate median penile length,” said Zack.  
  
“Would that be erect penile length?” asked Nate, trying to sound faux intellectual.  
  
“Of course,” said Zack. “In other words, we believe that later tonight, your penile glans is likely to find its way to about exactly where Maddie’s CG is really located. There might be evolutionary advantages relating to impregnation for ejaculation to occur at a woman’s CG.”  
  
“Of course, we’d like the opportunity to study Maddie in more detail,” said Roger.  
  
“Of course,” agreed Nate, finally giving in to a cuckle.  
  
“One question comes to mind,” said Nate. “A large breasted woman would probably tend to have a higher Center of Gravity. Would this tend to make her vagina deeper such that a longer penis might be required to reach her CG? And conversely would smaller breasted women be well advised to seek out men with smaller penises? For evolutionary advantage, of course.”  
  
“Interesting,” said Roger, giving his comment due consideration.  
  
Nate was loving the ‘intellectual’ conversation, but he didn’t want to be away from Dale any longer. He had already noticed that Nawlins had moved in on her and they were dancing.  
  
He returned to Dale, giving her a big red cup of lemonade. He hoped she wouldn’t be upset with him for how he had just deserted her on the dance floor. He saw a look of understanding in her eyes, and she gave him a small peck on the cheek, saying, “Thanks for the lemonade, Hubby.”  
  
They decided to take a break. It was now just after midnight. Dale had been off the wheel for an hour, and had spent nearly every minute of it on the dance floor.  
  
They talked about how everyone seemed to be known only by nicknames. Largely it was just the girls that seemed to have real names, but many of them had nicknames, too.  
  
For example, they learned that Daniel was called ‘Valentine’, because he thought he was such a ladies man, but wasn’t. And they found out the Zack was called Tripp, supposedly because he had a third nipple. And Roger was called Cox. As Daniel explained it, it was just his last name, but everyone thought it was funny enough that he didn’t need a nickname, per se.  
  
Nate found out that Kristi was called ‘Spanx’, just never to her face. Part of the reason she was so chesty, was that she could stand to lose a few pounds, but to Nate’s eye not that many. She’d still have large boobs, even if she were skinny, that much was obvious. And he had a girl pointed out to him whose real name was Tori, but everyone called her BAV, which supposedly stood for Born Again Virgin. Nate quickly realized that the Fiji’s weren’t especially considerate toward women, even those that they tended to hang out with. Or maybe they were just guys, typical college guys.  
  
Nate and Dale couldn’t believe the level of energy in the fraternity house. Neither one of them had ever experienced a party with such a high level of energy.  
  
But all that energy translated into heat, and it was indeed hot and they were both sweaty. The blood red paint on Dales tits had dissolved and run on down onto her stomach.  
  
They wandered out the front door to get some fresh air. Dale was amazed to find herself standing nude on the front lawn of a big house in the U district. The Fiji house wasn’t the only place with a party. The other fraternities also showed considerable signs of life, and an occasional car drove past.  
  
While they were catching their breath, Blue came up and spoke to them. They found out that he was Chapter President. He thanked them both profusely for their very significant roles in making Disturbia such a huge success.  
  
Suddenly Nate saw Dale throw her arms around Blue’s neck, pulling him down to her level. She squeezed his neck tightly, and just hung on. Being much shorter, she was up on her toes, holding the side of her head against his. To Nate, Blue looked so surprised and unsure. He stood bent over, holding his arms out the side, clearly not knowing where a naked girl could be touched. Nate observed Dale whispering in Blue’s ear.  
  
When she finally let go, he saw her wipe a tear. He looked over at Blue and saw a very concerned, understanding look on his face as he held one of Dale’s hands, nodding all the while as he looked down at Dale with a very empathetic look on his face. They looked into each other’s eyes, clearing communicating some deep feelings.  
  
After Blue had walked away, Nate asked Dale, “What was that all about?”  
  
She replied, “He was nice to me. When you were being a Butthead, he made me feel better.”  
  
That was enough of an explanation for Nate. He too, had observed and appreciated Blue’s contribution to the positive vibes in the Wheel of Death scene, but Nate was surprised to hear himself termed a ‘Butthead’. He hadn’t behaved perfectly, he knew, but he thought that he had laid most of the groundwork for a safe experience for Dale, some of which she had flagrantly thrown to the wind.  
  
Other fraternity members made positive comments to the both of them, and Nate was very glad to see Dale’s cheery mood return.  
  
Dale was torn, she wanted to keep enjoying the party, but she also was ready to streak campus. “Nate, run with me!” she said. “I want to go everywhere. The night air feels so wonderful. Which way is the Quad?”  
  
“Maddie,” he called her, in case anyone was listening. “I don’t think that would be a good idea. It seems that there are going to be times when I just have to put my foot down. This must be one of them, so I’m not going to let you do that. At times, my good sense will have to win out over your raw emotion.”  
  
“Catch me if you can!” she said, darting away.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 153: Catching Maddie**

A quick little game of cat and mouse unfolded on the front lawn. Dale didn’t take off running toward the Quad, instead she scampered to and fro, avoiding Nate’s attempts to grab her. She was quite nimble and sure footed. She would dart behind someone standing with a beer, and then wait to see which way Nate would go, and then she’d dart off again.  
  
In no time, everyone on the lawn was following every move as Nate attempted to catch her.  
  
For some reason, to Nate’s dismay, everyone seemed to be rooting for Dale, not him. They started chanting, “Maddie, Maddie.”  
  
The chant attracted the attention of those just inside the door, and people started streaming out of the fraternity, adding to the chorus. Those on the lawns of the neighboring fraternities had also heard the chant, and caught sight of the naked girl hopping around, sprinting to and fro, avoiding capture.  
  
Dale was in fine form, squealing with delight, as she continued to succeed at staying one step ahead of Nate. The excitement in the audience was palpable.  
  
The growing audience, about equally split between male and female, wasn’t actively assisting Dale. She was just proving to be very adept at using them as pawns in her game. For his part, Nate did not want to take anybody out. He found himself needing to suppress his football instincts, which were to make the tackle by simply running over or through any and all blockers. But, he didn’t want to possibly hurt anybody, seemingly handing the advantage to Dale.  
  
Nate was noticing camera phones, up and recording the event. Dale seemed, of course, to be oblivious to them. Early on Nate had noticed how careful she was about guarding her identity while nude, until she reached a certain point. Once she got to that point, it was as if a switch had been thrown. After that switch had been thrown, it was almost as if she was on a mission to make sure that her identity was compromised.  
  
Originally he had wondered if she had been pulling his leg by acting like she wanted to return to the Homecoming Dance nude. By now, he had gotten to know her better, and he was quite sure that she would really have done it.  
  
Inside on the Wheel, she was supposed to keep the bra and panties on. As additional security he had arranged an alias, a no photo policy, and a face covering blindfold. Of all those, only the alias now remained.  
  
He had to get her to safety. He knew that, but she was doing everything she could to attract attention and evade capture. But what a glorious sight!  
  
As she ran, her muscles rippled just under her skin which glistened with her sweat. And then in an instant, she’d stop or cut, and those muscles would snap taught. Just her little titties would bounce around as she made those quick movements. They were the only thing that didn’t seem to be completely fastened down tight. They were so very cute, thought Nate, bobbing around on her chest like that.  
  
Clothed, her level of fitness would have been very evident, but without a stitch of clothing, it was breathtaking.  
  
Eventually Dale’s field of play became more difficult, as the lawn got more and more choked with people. The distances she could dash became shorter and shorter, and the pathways between people became narrower.  
  
Finally Nate succeeded in grabbing a wrist as she tried to dart away. That unsettled her balance, and she went down, pulling him down on top of her.  
  
They both lay there in a heep, laughing, trying to catch their breath as cheers rang out! To Nate’s annoyance, a few of the fraternity brothers were cheering, “Mr. Stinky Knee!”  
  
“Let’s get out of here!” they both said at once.  
  
Breathlessly, they managed to say ‘goodnight’ to a few people. Among them, Daniel, Nawlins, TJ, Kristi, Nikki, and Roger. They couldn’t find Zack or Blue, so they told Roger to thank them for them, and they headed out.  
  
Dale was still talking about wanting to run, but Nate managed to get her into the car, saying that he had a better idea.  
  
Once they were in the car, he pulled out her blindfold. He had grabbed it earlier, putting it in his pocket with the other things. He said, “I need to blindfold you for this part of our journey, Maddie.”  
  
“OK,” she said, “But you do remember that I can see with that on, don’t you.”  
  
“I know. I’m hoping you’ll play along.”  
  
Dale turned so that Nate could tie the blindfold in place. After the blindfold was in place, he buckled her in, and then drove straight to the motel.  
  
Recognizing where they were, Dale said, “Nate, not the motel. I’ve got energy to burn. Let’s run!”  
  
“How could you still have energy? Just play along, Mads. I know that your adrenalin is pumping, but I have an idea. Please let me experiment with my idea,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, I can hardly guess what you might have in mind!” said Dale.  
  
“No guessing, please. Just try and play along. I have an idea about how we might channel all your crazy adrenalin energy into something less likely to get you into trouble.”  
  
“Oh, like what, sex maybe?” asked Dale.  
  
“I told you to stop guessing,” said Nate. “Now pretend you can’t see a thing, and let me lead you into our room.”  
  
“OK, but remember, just because I’m not your girlfriend anymore doesn’t mean I’m not wearing my imaginary thong,” said Dale.  
  
“Yep, you’re not my girlfriend. Tonight you’re my wife!”  
  
“Whatever I am, you still need to respect the imaginary thong. Got that!” insisted Dale.  
  
“Okay,” agreed Nate.  
  
Once they were in the motel room, Nate had Dale lie down on one of the beds. “Ok, now lie down spread eagle. I want you in exactly the same position that you were in on the Wheel.” Surprisingly she complied with no further comment being necessary.  
  
Nate pretended to reattach the straps across her ankles, thighs and upper arms. “OK, grab the handles and hold on,” he said.  
  
Again Dale complied.  
  
Looking carefully at her arms Nate observed, “Mads, your skin looks a little angry where those straps were.”  
  
“I’m a little sore,” said Dale.  
  
“I haven’t noticed that you bruise very easily,” said Nate.  
  
“I don’t, fortunately, but I expect I’ll be a little black and blue tomorrow,” she said.  
  
“At least I don’t think I see any abrasion,” said Nate scrutinizing her thigh.  
  
“The fleece was very soft,” said Dale. “I think I’ll get off with just some minor bruising. Hopefully it won’t last very long.”  
  
“Are you okay with having the straps on now?” asked Nate, reverting to role playing.  
  
“They need to be really tight, Nate. I want to feel just as vulnerable here as I did on the Wheel,” said Dale. “In retrospect it felt pretty cool to be tied up like that.”  
  
Gently, so as not to aggravate the bruising, Nate cinched the straps down even tighter than they had been on the actual wheel.  
  
“Okay, I’m sure that’s tighter than Zack or Roger were doing it. You’re not going anywhere!” said Nate.  
  
Next he adjusted the lighting and double checked that the curtains were tightly closed.  
  
“Now you are just as vulnerable as you were this evening in the pit,” said Nate. “And there are eyes on you from every angle. Now I’m going to take advantage of you.”  
  
Nate expected Dale to say something about that not being allowed. Instead he heard her just suck in some air rapidly. Maybe she had decided to trust him, and yet she had already reiterated the ‘imaginary thong’ rule.  
  
“Okay, we are going to start with a quick bath to make sure you are as comfortable as possible. Hopefully it will feel good after that sweaty workout on the fraternity lawn,” said Nate, walking to the sink and turning on the water.  
  
He returned with a wash cloth and some lukewarm water in the ice bucket. Starting with the visible portion of her face, he bathed her very tenderly. From there, he worked down, bathing her neck and then her upper chest.  
  
Arriving at her tits, he washed around and around, carefully avoiding the nipples, but going all the way up to the very edge of the areola. He removed every last bit of the red paint and sweat. “Four weeks to the day since you got these pretty puppies pierced, Mads. Sadly, that’s not yet a full month.”  
  
Nate returned to the sink for a cup of water, and to wash his own hands with soap. He made sure that she heard him doing so. While washing his hands, he looked back at the naked, blindfolded beauty stretched out spread eagle on the bed.  
  
He wondered what she was thinking, but he knew not to ask. He thought about being a gambling man. He hoped to play his cards just right tonight. The situation was piled high with opportunity, but also piled high with risk.  
  
He couldn’t afford any screw-ups, so he opted for a series of small progressive bets rather than betting it all on one hand. At least she seemed to have accepted this game over streaking the quad, he thought. That at least was a big win.  
  
Returning with the cup of water, he went about gently washing her nipples by pouring on a little water and then rubbing it around with just one finger. She didn’t balk, and he didn’t push it. This was the first time he had touched her nipples in four weeks. It was quite a milestone, all the more so because it was something that he had been imagining that he might possibly never be allowed to do again.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 154: Strapping her down again**

Once the nipples had been attended to with the minimum amount of manipulation, he moved way out to her hands. Starting with her fingers, he bathed her hands and arms very attentively with the wash cloth, removing a grass stain or two along with the sweat. Next he bathed her mid-section from her ribcage down to her hip bones.  
  
From there, he jumped down to her toes, and washed her feet and her legs as he had done her hands and arms. He gave her feet special attention. They needed it, after the game of chase on the lawn. He even washed between each toe. She had grass stains on her legs, but nothing that looked like a bruise or other type of injury.  
  
That left only the pelvic area unwashed, from the front at least. He would have liked to have her flip over so he could do the back side, but being strapped to the wheel, as she was, precluded that.  
  
“Mads, I’d like to violate the imaginary thong rule, for the purpose of this bath. Just like that day on the butte, it seems as if it might be nice to have a clean pussy, rather than a grassy, sweaty one,” he said.  
  
“Permission granted,” she said, almost stopping there, but on second thought she added, “Take your time. Target Girls should have CGs that sparkle!”  
  
Nate thought back to that time on the butte, when he had bathed her pussy with bottled water and a napkin. He had been allowed to clean even the crevices quite extensively, but had ultimately been told to finish up because it wasn’t ‘play time’.  
  
He wondered how far he’d be allowed to get this time. He decided to find out.  
  
First he took the wash cloth and carefully bathed all the areas that he had missed that fell into the ‘not-the pussy’ category, her lower abdomen and her hips, for example. Then, still using the wash cloth, he bathed the outside of her mound and then the tops of her inner thighs paying particular attention to her pussy down between her legs.  
  
The wash cloth was not suitable for fine detail cleaning. It was much bigger and rougher than the napkin he had used for the bath on the butte, and she had encouraged him, telling him to ‘take his time’ because she wanted a pussy that ‘sparkled’. Rationalizing that he had gotten away with touching her nipples with his fingers, he decided to see if he might be allowed to wash her pussy the same way.  
  
In preparation, and in order to give her time to anticipate what was coming, he returned to the sink and again washed his hands with soap, so that she could hear. Fortunately he had just recently trimmed his nails. Again he looked back, wondering what she was thinking. She looked so relaxed, so content.  
  
In reality, their thoughts were very much in tune. Dale was hoping that he would wash and caress her innermost details with his fingers. Unbeknownst to Nate, she had decided that she was not going to stop him, as long as some semblance of washing remained. She felt she’d have to draw the line at actual finger f\*\*king, but she very much wanted to be touched down there. She had found his touches earlier on the Wheel to be so thrilling.  
  
When Nate returned to the bed, he first poured a small amount of water on her pussy. He decided to not worry about getting the bed wet. That could end up being an excuse for why they would need to sleep together.  
  
Next, using the fingers of one hand, he spread her outer labia, exposing the details within, and poured a little water on them in turn, setting down the cup of water.  
  
Still holding her outer labia open, he used his right index finger and rubbed up and down along the long area separating the inner labia from the outer labia, all the way from where the slit began at her mound all the way back. He tried to make sure it seemed consistent with a cleaning effort, but he rubbed the area gently ‘taking his time’. He made sure to wash pressing against the outer labia, and pressing against the inner labia.  
  
He stopped twice to add a little water, not that he really needed to. He could tell that Dale’s pussy was contributing its own natural lubrication to the process.  
  
Next he shifted and began repeating the effort on the other side.  
  
He looked up at Dale’s blindfold covered face. She had tilted her head back slightly, relaxing. Her mouth was now open. Before, she had probably been breathing through her nose, but now she was clearly breathing through her mouth, taking slow deep breaths. He observed her chest rising slowly as she inhaled.  
  
Dale didn’t act like she was going to stop him, so he continued. He pinched her inner lips gently together between the thumb and forefinger. He stretched them out a bit, and then started sliding his fingers along them, stretching them, pinching them, caressing them, but always washing them.  
  
“Mads, I hope you understand. I feel it is important for you to be very clean. That is essential given the Disturbia crowd that is watching you right now,” he said. “And TJ especially. That guy! He is watching from such a short distance. Nawlins, Zack, Roger, Daniel, and Blue, too. So I need to get all the grass stains off of the bullseye so that absolutely every little detail can be seen.”  
  
He thought he heard a little moan as she seemed to go along with the role playing.  
  
Deciding to be bold, he began washing each inner lip individually in this same manner. This meant that while washing the one side his thumb entered her slightly; not an inch, not even half and inch, just a little.  
  
When he switched to the other side his first two fingers were inside the opening by a similar amount. Back and forth he washed her most delicate of intimate parts.  
  
He remembered the little feature that he had read about, but never seen, the clitoris. He moved his finger into that area where it should be, again adding a little water. He massaged, caressed and washed that area.  
  
Looking up, he noticed her head arching even further back, and her mouth opening even further. She had allowed him more freedom than he had been expecting, much more. The little gambles seemed to be paying off. He decided to stop there. Better to leave her wanting, than to end on the sour note that getting told to stop would surely be.  
  
“Mission accomplished, Mads,” declared Nate. “The pussy sparkles. The crowd loves it and is cheering! Can you hear them?”  
  
“What was that, Nate? It’s hard to hear you over the crowd,” said Dale.  
  
As Dale sensed that her pussy bath had come to an end, she felt Nate moving up along the bed.  
  
Nate crouched with his face just above hers. He had been thinking about kissing her, but then he saw her lips close, and her head turn slightly away, so he opted for something fun. He gave her a series of Eskimo kisses, then announced, “Ready for phase two?”  
  
“Phase two?” she asked.  
  
“Yes, phase two,” said Nate, standing up. “Don’t go anywhere. Oh, right, you can’t. Entertain the crowd!” he said, walking out the door, leaving it open.  
  
“Nate, where are you going?” she called after him.  
  
There was no response. She lay there forcing herself to stare at the ceiling. She tried to picture what she looked like from the doorway. She wondered what someone might think if they looked in and saw the nude, blindfolded girl spread eagle on the bed. She listened intently.  
  
Inside of a minute, Nate returned with a bucket of ice, closing the door behind him.  
  
He took an ice cube in each hand and started running them along her skin, beginning where he had begun her bath, on her face. From there he slid the ice cubes all over her body, in the same order that he had washed her. Fortunately the room was warm enough that he had not needed to dry her, and he expected that the ice on her naked flesh felt good. Her expression gave him every indication that he was right on that point.  
  
He decided that the nipples probably needed extra ice, so he concentrated two cubes at a time on one nipple and then the other. They had looked very pointy before he applied the ice, so there was only a little more room for them to stiffen up.  
  
He watched her expression, trying to figure out just how much she could stand. Wanting to keep it fun, he quit the nipple torture when he saw her grit her teeth. She let out what seemed to be a sigh of relief as he moved on.  
  
Eventually he had given her whole body a thorough ice treatment, using up a number of ice cubes in the process. Upon finally arriving at the pussy, he went around and around until he reached the border of the imaginary thong.  
  
“About the Imaginary Thong, Mads. Shall we include Target Girl’s CG in phase two?” he asked.  
  
“Permission granted,” she said, adding, “But don’t forget how strapped in and vulnerable I am. Please don’t give me frost bite down there. I think we got a little close on the nips.”  
  
As he began icing her pussy, Nate struggled trying to read between the lines. He hadn’t thought that she would like having her pussy iced, but just maybe she liked the idea. He just had to make sure he stopped before it was too much.  
  
Using his left hand he spread the outer lips and with the other had he started running a big ice cube up and down both sides of her inner lips, paying particular attention to the area around her clitoris. After a minute of that treatment, he felt her small inner lips to see how cold they had gotten. They felt just as cold as his finger which had been touching ice for maybe fifteen minutes.  
  
He decided to quit before he crossed the line. In finishing up, he ran a small ice cube down the very center, right across the clitoris and between the inner lips. He had a naughty thought, pushing on it a little to see how much resistance there would be. Suddenly it slipped in. Instantly he regretted it, but it was gone…irretrievably so.  
  
He looked up at her, and saw that she had lifted her head off of the bed. She was looking at him.  
  
“Where’s the ice cube, Nate?” she asked.  
  
“It kinda slipped,” he replied.  
  
She continued holding her head up, clearly looking at him. The blindfold prevented him from reading her expression.  
  
She didn’t say anything, eventually laying her head back down on the bed.  
  
After a significant amount of time she asked, “Is that the end of phase two?”  
  
“Yes,” he replied, “and now it’s on to phase three. Do you need to be unstrapped for a bathroom break, or do you need a drink of water?” asked Nate. “It’s time for your scheduled half hour break, unless you don’t need one.”  
  
“How many phases are there?” she inquired.  
  
“Just three,” he said.  
  
“In that case, I’m fine to go on, but first you can feed my mouth a piece of ice. It’s a bit jealous of my CG.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 155: "Cut It Off Me!"**

“Oh, we can’t have that!” said Nate, feeling glad that her fun comment must mean that he wasn’t in the doghouse because of the piece of ice that had ‘slipped’ into her pussy.  
  
As Nate fed her a piece of ice, Dale thought about how she was secretly glad that he had put a piece of ice into her pussy. Not because it was good for ice to go into pussies, or because of how it had felt, but rather for him.  
  
She had felt bad back when they were a couple about how she had essentially emasculated him by leaving him so few options.  
  
While the Virginity Lottery and the Imaginary Thong had been fun ideas, they had represented lines in the sand that he was not supposed to cross, removing from him the option of taking any initiative. Girlfriends shouldn’t really do that to boyfriends, she remembered thinking.  
  
While she sucked on the ice cube, Nate got up and brushed his teeth.  
  
Returning he asked, “Ready for phase three?”  
  
“Do I have to be?” she asked. “Strapped to the wheel like this, I’m at your mercy, right?”  
  
“Absolutely,” he said.  
  
He leaned his face down to hers, again giving her an Eskimo kiss. That brought back memories of his nose dive during the campfire up at Windy Ridge lookout and he chuckled. That had given him an idea.  
  
“What are you laughing about?” inquired Dale.  
  
“Nothing, Mads. I was just thinking about how much fun I had dancing with you tonight,” he fibbed.  
  
“That was by far the most fun I have ever had dancing, Nate,” said Dale. “And I’ve had a lot of fun dancing. Both at dances and at sleepovers.”  
  
“It was amazing! I mean you were stark naked, and we were just dancing in a big crowd. And everyone else was just dancing, having fun. I would never have thought that that could happen. And you were so gorgeous!” said Nate.  
  
“It was quite an experience, that’s for sure. But Nate, I’m sorry. I was bad,” said Dale.  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“I promised you I’d be good, and then I was bad. I really did mean to keep my clothes on. I wasn’t lying to you when I made that promise. I am sorry that I broke it,” said Dale.  
  
“We can talk about that later, if we need to,” said Nate. “Right now, I’d like for you to clear your head, relax and just enjoy the crowd and phase three.”  
  
“What is phase three?”  
  
“Relax and find out,” said Nate. “But it just might include an Aussie Eskimo kiss.”  
  
“They don’t have Eskimos in Australia,” said Dale. “What is an Aussie Eskimo kiss?”  
  
“Well, you know what an Eskimo kiss is, right?” said Nate. “So like that, only down under.”  
  
Nate looked up to see a reaction, but there was none, other than an intake of breath.  
  
“Now just relax and think about the large crowd,” said Nate.  
  
Target Girl did as instructed, and Nate went about kissing and licking her tenderly. First, around her face, her ears and her neck, continuing down onto her shoulders and upper chest.  
  
Arriving at her titties, he kissed and licked them, first concentrating on kissing. And rather than licking around and around, he found himself starting in the ‘not-the-tit’ and then licking straight up onto the ‘tit’, straight toward the summit, and ending just at the edge of the areola. He wanted to go all the way up, but that could wait.  
  
From there, he kissed and licked his way down across her belly, giving her sides and her belly button due attention.  
  
From her belly button, he ventured straight down to the top of her pubic bone, going back and forth along it with his licks and kisses just about an inch above where the cleft of her pussy started.  
  
“I’m imagining a very small thong,” he admitted out loud.  
  
“It’s tiny!” she commented.  
  
“It’s so small it doesn’t even cover any of the little black dots that Zack and Roger drew on your pussy,” said Nate.  
  
“What?” said Dale, lifting her head up off the bed and looking down.  
  
“Nothing, nothing,” said Nate. “But ask me tomorrow.”  
  
Next Nate moved down to the area between her splayed legs. First he kissed and licked up the inner thigh on one side, all the way up; then he did the same on the other side. From there, he licked her back and forth right along the margin, right where ‘pussy’ and ‘not-the-pussy’ met.  
  
His tongue was half on her outer labia, as he did this. He knew without a doubt, from his own personal experience earlier that this skin would not be covered by a tiny thong. Indeed, it had taken real effort to position that tiny white panel of cloth to get the inner labia completely covered.  
  
“Mads,” he called out.  
  
“Yes,” she replied.  
  
“Is it embarrassing?” he asked.  
  
“Is what embarrassing?” she asked. “Having you this close?”  
  
“No, not that. Being this totally naked, in front of all these people. Your legs spread wide. I’m thinking it is very embarrassing, yet exciting for you, too. I’m mean, everything is showing, and the crowd is big and so close. It must be very exciting. There is quite a bit of evidence of feminine excitement down here,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate!” said Dale.  
  
“You’re so moist, and I’m pretty sure it’s not melted ice. It doesn’t smell quite like water. It smells lovely, really,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate?”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“How many people can see me naked like this?” she asked.  
  
“Everyone at the U, Dale. Not all at once, but they all came by…and now they are all going by for a second time.”  
  
After spending considerable time kissing and licking just above her inner thighs, he decided to go all the way around the imaginary triangle. He didn’t worry about strings. This imaginary triangle floated in position.  
  
He continued to lick and kiss the perimeter of the small triangle.  
  
He looked up at Dale, she again had her head back, her neck arched. And her mouth was open. She looked to be enjoying herself, sort of in a pre-orgasmic state.  
  
He looked back at her pussy, so open and inviting. The outer areas all wet with his saliva, but the inner areas all moist with her feminine juices. Juices that he had been tasting where they had run down onto the skin just below. What a tremendously erotic sight it was.  
  
Just the fact that it was a pussy, was so exciting. But it wasn’t just any pussy, it was Dale Jordan’s pussy. He loved to indulge in thoughts that tied things back to his neighbor, the cheerleader goddess that he had always viewed as being on a pedestal.  
  
She was such a wonderful, kind, talented individual. He knew he would permanently view her as out of his league, but now he was staring into the depths of her pussy, the pussy he had been licking around. It was all so incomprehensible.  
  
He never would have ever considered the conquest of Dale Jordan, and yet here he was, his face mere inches from the Promised Land.  
  
He looked up and saw that she had raised her head, surely wondering why he had stopped.  
  
“Nate,” she said. “I mean, Mr. Knife Thrower. By any chance, do you happen to have any of your knives with you?”  
  
“I just might,” said Nate, playing along.  
  
“Would you do me a favor and cut off this thong,” said Dale. “It’s very much in the way. I’m feeling very over-dressed. I want the crowd to see the naked me. And strapped to the Wheel like this, I can’t do it myself. And it can’t be slid down off my legs. It needs to be cut.”  
  
“Mads, as I recall, you made me promise to not cut your thong off, even if you begged,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, please, don’t hold that against me,” said Dale. “Don’t make me beg. I want to be naked in front of all these people.”  
  
“I think I want to hear you beg. Even if it might do you no good,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, please, please, cut off the thong. And that promise was related to the real thong, a fabric thong, not this imaginary one. Please, Nate, cut off the imaginary thong! I’m begging you!” she said.  
  
Nate was in absolute heaven. “But Mads, if I cut off the imaginary thong, it won’t be able to be repaired. You know there is no such thing as imaginary thread and imaginary needles. And there is just the one imaginary thong. Once it’s gone, it’s gone.”  
  
“I realize that. I don’t need it anymore,” said Dale.